12-1982

Wavelength (December 1982)

Issue
26

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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Tupelo’s TAVERN

DECEMBER

Fri 3 - Blue Vipers
Tues 7 - Nina Hagen
Tues 14 - Folk Night - Joe Barbara, Jim, & Dave, & The Half Moon Trio
Thurs 9 - A-Train
Thurs 16 - The Backbeats
Fri 10 - Volumeatix
Fri 17 - The Rockabyes
Fri 24 - Woodenhead
Fri 31 - New Year’s Eve!
Thurs 23 - U.K. Subs

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Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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**Tipitina's**

501 Napoleon Ave, corner - Tchoupitoulas

**DECEMBER**

**Happy Birthday, Fess. Dec. 19**

**MUSIC AT 9:30 PM MON.-WED.**

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<td>5:00pm-10:00pm MON - SAT</td>
<td>Jan 7: BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO</td>
<td>THE SUBMARINE ATTENDANTS</td>
<td>MASON RUFFNER AND THE BLUES ROCKERS</td>
<td>THE RADIATORS</td>
<td>THE NEVILLE BROTHERS free draft with English Beat ticket stub</td>
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<td><strong>NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT PRESENTS HOLLY NEAR</strong></td>
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<td><strong>9</strong> live on WWOZ</td>
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<td>only one show at 7:30 p.m.</td>
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<td>CISPES PRESENTS A CARRIBEAN NIGHT</td>
<td>SPENCER BOHREN</td>
<td>EARTHQUAKE DISCO REGGAE DUB</td>
<td>WOODENHEAD</td>
<td>JOHNNY COPELAND</td>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>MARCIA BALL</td>
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<td>food at 3:30</td>
<td>try our new Blue Monday</td>
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<td>FREE SCHOOL BENEFIT WITH BRYAN LEE AND THE JUMP STREET FIVE</td>
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<td>BLIND, CRIPPLED AND CRAZY</td>
<td>JAMES BOOKER</td>
<td>CLOSED</td>
<td>SPENCER BOHREN</td>
<td>GARY BROWN AND FEELINGS</td>
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<td><strong>19</strong> music at 8:00 pm</td>
<td>JOHN MOONEY'S BLUESIANA BAND</td>
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CONCERTS

Wednesday, 1
• The Who, Biloxi Gulf Coast Coliseum.

Thursday, 2
• Johnny Copeland, Dream Palace

Fri. 3
• B.J. Thomas, Riverboat President, tickets at Ticketmaster.
• English Beat, Trinity's Baton Rouge, call 1-928-2630 for more information.

Friday, Saturday, 3.4
• Lou Rawls and Roberta Flack, 8 and 11 p.m., Orpheum Theatre, 525-0500.

Saturday, 4
• English Beat, Riverboat President, tickets at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Sunday, 5
• Holly Near, Tipitina's, 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, 7
• The Persuasions, Leisure Landing, 5:30; Tipitina's, 10:30.
• Nina Hagan, Tupelo's Tavern.

Thursday, 9
• Romeo Void and Translaio, Riverboat President, tickets at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Fri. 10
• Glenn Miller Orchestra, Riverboat President, tickets at Ticketmaster.

Saturday, 11
• PIL, The Agora, 665 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Georgia. This is the band's only southern appearance! For information 404/874-7500.

Sunday, 12
• Benefit for CISPES, Caribbean night at Tipitina's with reggae band Kush plus the film Rockers and Caribbean dance, poetry, and tropical cuisine. 5:30 p.m.

Thursday, 16
• Johnny Copeland, Tipitina's.

Friday, 17
• David Allen Coe, Riverboat President, tickets at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Sunday, 19
• The Producers, Riverboat President, tickets at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Thursday, 23
• U.K. Subs, Tupelo's Tavern.

FILMS

• C.A.C. Film & Video, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Wed. 1: Independent Video program, including "Roy Orbison" by Sol Korine and Blaine Dunlop and Stan Vanderbeek's "After Laughter." & p.m. Wed. 8: Independent film program, including D.A. Pennebaker's "Daybreak Express" (apres Duke Ellington), Denis Colom de Daunant's "A Dream of Wild Horses," Guvrorn Nelson's "My Name Is Oona," and Lenny Lipton's "Dogs of the Forest," 8 p.m. Admission $3 and $2 (members).
• Loyola Film Buffs Institute, 865-3196. Wed. 1: Le Notti di Cabiria (Festrini), 7 & 9. Thurs. 2: La Ultima Cena (Tomas Gutierrez Alea), 7 & 9. Mon. 6: Bande a Part (Godard), 7 & 9. Tues. 14: High and Low (Kurosawa), 7:30. Thurs. 16: The Harp of Burma (Kon Ichikawa), 7:30. Wed. 30: Sanjuro (Kurosawa), 7:30. Tues. 28: Ugetsu Monogatari (Mizoguchi), 7:30. Wed. 29: The Seven Samurai (Kurosawa), 7:30. All films are in Bobet Hall.
• Luigi's, 6319 Elysian Fields Avenue, 282-9210. Mon. 6: Transatlantic Tunnel 1935, with Richard Dix and Leslie Banks). Mon. 13: The Shape of Things To Come (1936, directed and designed by William Cameron Menzies, written by H.G. Wells, with Ronald Richardson, Cedric Hardwicke and Raymond Massey). Mon. 20: King Kong (1933, directed by Schoedsak and Cooper, with Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong and the "darkest, tallest leading man in Hollywood"). All films at 8; free.
• New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Sat., Sun. 4:5: Mr. Hulot's Holiday, 1:00 p.m., and Playtime, 3:00 p.m. (Jacques Tati).

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ART


• Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Through Sun. 19: Third Annual Sculpture Biennial, featuring Louisiana Sculptures; "Brother Michael," focusing on George Febres' uncle; works created by local artists; Robert Mapplethorpe, provocative photographs.


• Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal St., 523-4662. Through Sat. March 26: "Bound to Please: Selected Rare Books from the Historic New Orleans Collection."

• Louisiana State Museum, 751 Chartres, 568-6968. Through Fri. 31: "Louisiana Landscapes and Cityscapes," paintings and watercolors from the Louisiana State Museum's collection; "Louisiana Clothes and Culture," an exhibit interpreting state history through the clothes of its citizens, early 1800s through the present; "Two Centuries of Jewish History in Louisiana," photographs, portraits and artifacts.


MISCELLANY

• The CAC Jazz Piano Series, Thurs. 23: Larry Selberth, Wilson Turbinton and David Torkanowsky, 900 Camp St., 523-1216

• Concert Choir of New Orleans, 861-4936. Sun. 12: Bach's Christmas Oratorio, cantatas 4.5, and 6, St. Joseph's Church, 1802 Tulane Ave., 3:00 p.m.


• Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans, 861-4289, 866-7455. Sat. 11: Recital, Dixon Hall of Tulane University, 10:45 a.m.


WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982
1983 Band Guide

Let's Get Listed!

In January, Wavelength will publish its annual Band and Booking Agent Guide, a comprehensive list of the working bands and musicians in the New Orleans area, with all the pertinent information—addresses, phone numbers, members' names, what kind of music, agent's name, and anything else you might want to add.

After almost a year, we still receive requests for last year's Guide from people who are looking for bands, and since Wavelength goes all over Louisiana and the Gulf South, club owners and bookers in other cities and states often want to find the bands they read about in Wavelength. Don't miss out on a job because a club owner can't find you!

To get your band listed, fill out the form below (use an index card if you don't want to mutilate your copy of Wavelength) and send it to us as soon as you can, along with a black and white photo (non-returnable) if you have one. A listing in the Band Guide is free, of course. Deadline: December 10

Wavelength, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175

Please list our band in your 1983 Band Guide.

BAND NAME

TYPE OF MUSIC

BOOKING AGENT-PHONE NO.

MEMBERS' NAMES

WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982
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current jazz listings across the city.


Wavelength club and concert listings are available free of charge. Call 899-342 for information.

WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982 9
Thirty-one-year-old Jonathan Richman is a man, now, not a boy, but he hasn't lost the knack for delivering his charming little homemade love songs in the grip of sincerity, as a packed house at Tupelo's on October 22, found out. Blues aficionados got a special treat with Jonathan's hilarious parody "I'm A Jerk" ("gone down to get my cousin, Little John the Jerkaroo"). Returning for four encores, The Original Modern Lover summed up his personal philosophy in three words: "I love life." And we love you, you little dinosaur... uh... I mean "sir."

ICE MEETS FIRE

In an elemental encounter of ice meeting fire, snowballing Albert Collins brought his super-soulful Icebreakers down to Tip's October 29 to jam up with his ever-smokin' mentor, Gatemouth Brown. As usual, Albert worked his refrigerating telecaster on the stage, in the audience, through the dancers, out the door, in the street and back again without ever missing a beat! Gate almost stole the show by giving one of the most screaming, note-bending, helter-skelter-leather-pickguard sit in performances of his career, but Albert came back to cool off the crowd till the wee hours of the morning. -rico

CLOTHES MAKE THE FAN

As some of New Orleans' snappiest dressers filed onto the Riverboat President for Gary Numan's October 21 date, some music critic somewhere was undoubtedly demeaning the new wave as more of a fashion show than a vital movement in contemporary music. Well putting personal opinions aside, let's just say the crowd at Voodoo managed to provoke a verbal confrontation with the audience, some of whom obviously could not appreciate the spastic quality of the Wall's musical bricklaying. Numan and Co. took the stage looking absolutely divine in white tie and suits with sixteen (count'em) synthesizers in tow. Their high-tech funk proved catchy enough to get the smartly garbed group of wavers dancing however, and both smoke machines performed flawlessly throughout the entire set. -rico
BUFFETT'S KING CLONE

Jimmy Buffett is the 1983 King of the Krewe of Clones, and the Krewe needs music! Small ensembles and bands of various types are invited to join in the Clones parade on Saturday, January 29 and march along with Jimmy Buffett. This is a volunteer request: lend your band to Clones and be a part of the special parade "evacuation route" for this year's theme of "Apocalypse N.O."

You might also want to become a member of the Krewe of Clones and attend special workshops to learn to make your own roach costume so that you can also march with King Jimmy, who will ride the giant roach in the city's only artistically designed evacuation from impending disasters.

To volunteer your band, musical ensemble, or spirited feet to the Krewe, call Project Director Sandra Blair at the CAC at 523-1216.

THE BEST

See, when you make it really big like Tony Dagradi, famous drummers like Johnny Vidacovich will actually pay you for the honor of playing in your band. But seriously folks, T.D.'s Astral Project is considered by many to be the best modern jazz outfit in the city that birthed the medium and one of the most democratic groups going. After hypnotizing a full house at the Contemporary Arts Center's Halloween Eve bash, Dagradi and Co. ventured uptown to work their magic on a willing throng at Tipitina's.

AMAZHENG

In the "Elmore-James-Never-Sounded-Like-This" department we have Miss Yao An of the Shanghai Music Conservatory, People's Republic of China playing the "zheng." Sort of a Chinese dobro, the zheng is a two-thousand-year-old stringed instrument that looks as good as it sounds. Miss Yao performed an exquisite piece that illustrated the life of the East River fishermen (abstractly, of course) and gave this writer a permanent case of goosebumps with its subtle harmonic beauty. Lucky international musicologists may have also witnessed the October 25 performance in Duncan Plaza Brown Bag Concert.

WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982

FISHER HEADS IN MINNESOTA

Zeke Fishhead reports on the Radiators' recent jaunt to the Minneapolis-St. Paul area: "There's some serious fishheads up there by the Canadian border. We got requests for songs that we've only played a couple of times, like 'Rain dancer.' There's a healthy underground scene—people making and exchanging tapes of the Radiators, as well as other New Orleans music. At a party, we heard an excellent tape from Tipitina's of Doctor John. Slowly we realized that Dave and Reggie were both on it. It was recorded at Fess' birthday party in '78! "We played four clubs. Each one was a different world. At every gig this tie-dyed contingent on uncontrolled substances would show up and the ice would quickly get broken. There was one place that could have been the inspiration for Lowell George to write 'Spanish Moon.' It was called Moby Dick's and it was!!"

HOOOOWEEE!

Mabel (shouting): "Shoot Daddy, this ain't no country music: Sce the Tupelo Marquee they're from Nashv'l, but they sound more lak punkin' rockers t'me. Uncle Jimmy never put duck tape all over his geetar lak 'at ole boy up 'ere with this cigareet up 'is nose."

Hank (boppin'): "Look honey, this here's 'Trashabilly,' best damn music this side a the Grand Ole Opry! Reckless Country Soul, mama, now git them knees a-knockin' an' let's tear it up! Hoooweeeee!

Mabel (dancing, apprehensively at first, but finally giving in to the beat): "Oh yeah daddy, this does feel good, but lookout, that skinny singer-boy's a'bouncin; off th' walls! In his stockin' feet, too!"

Hank (wildly): "Go boy, go!! Hoooweee!!!"

Mabel: "Wha's this band called, Daddy-O?"

Hank (jitterbugging and screaming): "Jason and the Nashville Scorchers, mama, hoooweee!!"
AWYLD NIGHT

WYLD AM and FM's recent Talent Night at Municipal Auditorium was a sold-out, ecstatic "family affair," with 27 contestants, all well rehearsed in advance (twice a week for ten weeks prior to the show), accompanied by the Battiste Brothers Band. Brute Bailey, WYLD-FM's program director, who came up with the Talent Night idea, explains it best: "There is a need in the community for people to express themselves ... not only did we get people to express the talent they had but we also teach. During the rehearsals we teach discipline, we teach poise and the proper way to communicate. Moreover, in the final analysis, when you have 5,100 people watching people like themselves stand up and perform, it brings about an "I am-ness" in the people who are watching."

Our correspondent, Kalamu ya Salaam, wrote as follows of the winners: "The first place winner was Criss Haggan, a diminutive singer with a grand and booming voice who emotionally shredded at least sixty per cent of the audience with a melodramatic reading of Peso Brison's 'Impossible.'

"The third place winner was Distinguish Guest, a male trio who did a truly exciting rendition of the O'Jays' 'Your True Heart.' Dressed in gold, this young trio was mesmerizing in its movements and incendiary in the excitement they created... The best piece of comic entertainment was Carnell Taylor, who not only performed Stevie Wonder's "Master Blaster" but mimicked Wonder from the beaded hairstyle to the valet to lead him on and off the stage. The audience howled and rolled with delight."

SOLIDARITY

CISPES, an acronym for the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, is sponsoring Caribbean Night, December 12, beginning at 5:30, at Tipitina's. A full evening of live and filmed diversions and gustatory pleasures begins with a special Caribbean menu, and Frenz will play during supper, followed by the much-lauded film, Rockers, starring Leroy "Horsemouth" Williams, Peter Tosh, Burning Spear, Third World, Benny Waitley and a host of others, starting at 7:30, followed by the locally-based Jamaican band Kush in a live performance with promised interludes of Caribbean dance and poetry. Tickets are $5 for film and musical performances (dinner is extra), at Leisure Landing, and it's all in the worthy name of the people of El Salvador.

PARTY DOWN

Dianna Chenevert (Omni Attractions) threw the party, Williec Tee did the introduction, and Tommy Ridgley blew out the candles. The occasion was Tommy's birthday and Halloween, which are one in the same (as if a group of healthy New Orleanians needed more than one reason to party!). Notable musicians shaking the rafters at the old Rosy's club included Mason Ruffner & The Bluesrockers, Danny Barker, Rusty Kershaw, Gary Brown, and members of the Newboys, Family Players, and Aubry Twins. Who was that tuxedoed, limo-ed Italian-looking guy with the gold-plated pinky and a girl on each arm anyway? -rico

BLIND DATES

Hey guys, tired of seeing the same old furry hardlegs on stage every weekend? Then drop those barbells, Junior, put on your bifocals and grab an eyeful of the Blind Dates, fast becoming a regular opening act on the local club scene with their very danceable covers and an energetic bop bop shoo wop. Long live miniskirts... -rico
For most new bands, the first career goal is to make a name for themselves. For the Underground Brass Band, a Dixieland marching band, the goal was just the opposite: this band, as its name suggests, avoided making any kind of splash until almost six months after it got started.

Like the Storyville Stompers, the UBB has its roots in the Pair-a-Dice Tumblers. Band leader Mike "Bear" Lemoine was the Tumblers' leader for two years before deciding to leave. But Lemoine was concerned about being accused of trading on the Tumblers' renown, so he kept his new band "underground," practicing and playing some conventions and weddings.

Although all members of the UBB had played with the Tumblers at one time or another, they didn't all know each other. However, last April Eastern Airlines hired the band to play a week-long series of gigs in Jamaica; needed to say, the guys came back with a strong feeling of unity, both musical and personal. Since then, they've played more shows for a wider audience, and even allowed themselves to attract a little attention. Currently they're working on organizing a trip to Honduras next May for the spring fiesta in La Ceiba.

---

KIRK TO T-BIRDS

CLUB LOG, STARDATE
11/17-11/82: Backstage at Jimmy's. Some guy saying "Lowell George was standing there wanting to sit in but nobody would let him..." "This is like workin' at Seven Eleven"... Later big chromatic harp sounds like an accordion, Kim's voice gets thicker each year grows felt like deer antlers, Keith and Fran nailing it down two hundred nights a year, should join the carpenter's union.

The pedal steel's in tune this time for Lucille, big long bus outside means the Thunderbirds are in town "I'm in the mood to tear it up..."

---

SNAKE BIT

Lucky vegetable spaghetti addicts who came to Tipitina's for their Monday night fix on November 8 got more than the usual dose of rockabilly as the Blue Vipers brought up a whole gang of stand-in friends including golden-throated Mandeville Mike, harping John Herbert, and boy-wonder Fred LeBlanc of the Backbeats, and the Snakebite Horns of Chris Kaercher and Nick "All Key" Sanzenbach. Truly venomous!!

---

God descends through the ceiling to touch Jimmy's left hand, double-blessing the pinky with the gold ring "You will play the rhythm and blues, bring big happiness to many people" and ascends silently, invisibly above the night clouds. Everybody goes home.

---

—Keith Twitchell
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THAT PUTS AN END TO SILENT NIGHTS!

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The day after The Go-Go's concert in Baton Rouge last month, the Baton Rouge daily State Times ran a page one story on a father and daughter who hadn't seen each other in more than twenty years.

But it wasn't just any father and daughter—the daughter in question was The Go-Go's lead singer, Belinda Jo Carlisle; the father was Harold Earl Carlisle, a Baton Rouge resident who operates a vinyl repair shop and moonlights as a convenience store clerk. The two had been separated, Harold says, when his former wife left him twenty years ago in Hollywood.

Despite hard, documented evidence that proved Harold Carlisle was Belinda Jo's father—birth certificate, work records, family photographs, etc.—turned out to be irrefutable—Belinda Jo's record company and management people repeatedly scoffed at the notion. They weren't scoffing by the day of the concert, though: by the time The Go-Go's were ready to hop on stage, two backstage passes for Harold Earl Carlisle were left at the back entrance at LSU's Assembly Center.

But as fate would have it Belinda Jo and Harold still didn't get to meet face to face that night, nor have they since. A paranoid road manager, perhaps fearful that the newspaper would get wind of the story, succeeded at keeping Harold Carlisle safely at bay.

Then again, blood may be thicker than backstage passes. Shortly before she left town on the way to The Go-Go's next date, Belinda called Harold to say she loved him. She apologized for the mixup, Harold says, and promised to write him. She did. End of story.

—Eddy Alleman

In Memoriam: Becky Kury, 29, who died November 17. She was a New Orleans musician, who sang and played bass, was a founding member of the Rhwap-seditzers, led her own group, The Cartoons, and had appeared most recently with RZA. Her many friends will miss her musicianship and infectious good humor.
Robert Rossetti's got a parrot named Elia Fitzchicken who sings blues and vaudeville and even dances the Charleston. He's also got a groovy shop full of unusual gifts for music lovers and connoisseurs of the eccentric and abnormal. For example: 78's on Ace, Chess, Black and White, Okeh, an autographed copy of Stan Getz's Jazz at Storyville, the original Miles Davis record, a marbled-vinyl version of "Bye Bye Blackbird" by the Virginia Creepers, and most of them are under twenty bucks! Don't forget to pick up a voodoo doll to hang on your Christmas tree.
Does the fear of being dubbed a “sterilized collegiate reptile lover” prevent you from giving the usual Izod and Nike-type apparel presents? Then do like Rocko and hitch it down to Judy Jetsonz in the Faubourgh for some real sixties funk. Try on a free-form blob pattern sweatshirt ($18), some super-slick snakeskin vinyl (that’s vinyl, as in plastic), stove pipes ($30), and a side order of white leather, side-lace roach killers, and leave the Izods and Nikes where they belong...in the shopping mall.

Tulane Stereo has an item no aspirant to the Billboard charts should be without, given the right amount of lucre: a TEAC Tascam series-20 self-recorder. This little job will mix reel to reels and you can make your own demo or one for a friend (and can you gouge ‘em!); set you back approximately two thousand smackers or the equivalent of two hundred seventy-five cartons of Luckies.

Guaranteed to cause temporary heart failure for the electric string picker on your list is this beautiful ’53 Fender Esquire guitar. The Esquire, along with Fender’s Broadcaster and Telecaster, was the original prototype electric guitar and has several classic features not to be found on the newer models, like a one-piece solid ash body and primitive hand-wound pickups for a brilliant tone and increased sustain.

To double your gift-giving pleasure try a Rickenbacker 12-string hollow body electric, the accepted instrument for modern masters from the Byrds to Tom Petty. Root around the funkier pawn shops or contact a guitar collector who’s certifiably in-the-know to find these beauties, about $1,500 and $800, respectively. (Guitars courtesy of the Uptights.)
Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but we know of one local torch singer who'd rather have a bass clef. Master craftsman Alan Hill at Symmetry Jewelers on South Carrollton created this beautiful ring of 14 carat yellow gold overlaid on black jade. About $500.

If your idea of a concert—or that of someone you're shopping for—is glittering tiers of ladies in sables and elbow-length kid gloves and gents in tails all peering through mother-of-pearl opera glasses, why not give tickets? No gift-wrapping problem either. Depending on their interest, you can send them to the New Orleans Ballet's production of The Nutcracker (tickets $6 to $20), at the Theatre of the Performing Arts December 17 through 19—a notorious family favorite, too, right up there with Holiday On Ice and E.T. Or would you consider a night at the opera with the New Orleans Opera's star-studded (Carlo Bergonzi and Cristina Deutekom) production of Verdi's early and immensely entertaining I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata, December 9 and 11 at the same venue. Tickets are $8 for the "gods" and $30 for a commodious box. Both attractions ticketed through Ticketmaster.

Magazines that cater to the rarefied interests of New Orleans fans, beside the one you're clutching in your hot little hands, are: Footnotes ("dedicated to New Orleans Music," primarily traditional jazz; $10.50 a year from 44 High Street, Meldreth, Royston, Hertfordshire, England SG8 6JU), the Canadian Coda Magazine (primarily jazz ancient and modern); $12 a year from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8, Canada; Whiskey, Women and..., a delightful publication indeed, four issues a year for $8 from Daniel P. Kochakian, 39 Pine Avenue, Haverhill, Mass. 01830; Living Blues, $8 a year to you from the Windy City (2615 North Wilton, Chicago, Ill. 60614); Blues Unlimited, $15 for four issues (a British magazine distributed through Dick Shurman, 217 N. Lincolnway #224, North Aurora, Ill. 60542, to whom checks should be made payable); and the German Blues Forum, a quarterly of quality (15 DM for 4 issues, sent airmail, from Glogauer Strasse 22, D-1000 Berlin 36, Germany).
Even in these times of ultimate portability, you can't be diddly-boppin' every last second and odds are you know someone that might want to curl up with a good book on local music. These—hélas!—are not as plentiful as we all might hope, but we've culled a crockful for the cognoscenti, no matter what they might like. Students of New Orleans jazz at either the elementary or advanced levels will certainly want, for recreational or reference purposes, the following essentials:

New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album, the revised edition, by Al Rose and Edmund Souchon, $24.95; Martin Williams' Jazz Masters of New Orleans, $6.95; Rudi Blesh's Shining Trumpets, $7.95; Donald Marquis' In Search of Buddy Bolden, the definitive book on the man who lead jazz from the Permain to the Mesozoic, $5.95; Sidney Bechet’s charming autobiography, Treat It Gentle, $6.95; and Alan Lomax's Mister Jelly Roll (about you-know-who Morton), $4.95; as well as Danny Barker’s Bourbon Street Black (written in collaboration with Jack Buerkle), out of print but still available at de Ville for $4.98.

Blues scholars might appreciate Sheldon Harris' monumental Blues Who's Who, $16.95; Paul Oliver’s lavishly illustrated The Story of the Blues, remaindered on B. Dalton’s third floor at $9.95; and two mail order items for specialists, Jimmy Beyer's Baton Rouge Blues ($3.50 by mail from the Louisiana Arts Council, 437 Laurel Street, Baton Rouge 70801) and Carl Heide's Deep South Piano: The Story of Little Brother Montgomery (also $3.50, by mail from Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530). Rhythm & blues fanatics will require, if they don’t already got it, John Broven's Rhythm & Blues in New Orleans, $22.50; Arnold Shaw's Honkers and Shouters, which has plenty of local info, $9.95; a Ray Topping's New Orleans Rhythm & Blues Record Label Listings ($3.50, also by mail from Down Home Music at the address above).

Classists, especially those who tickle the ivory themselves, might want to spend Xmas morning and afternoon at the Bechstein with the score-sized Dover volume of the Piano Music of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, $7.95, and John Barron's charming compilation, Piano Music From New Orleans: 1851-1898, $22.50.
Need a tax-bath at Christmas? A tax-shelter from the slings and arrows of the IRS? Or do you just feel, repentant-Scrooge-like, the urge to do something kindly and altruistic without being either saccharine or exhibitionistic about it? All of these donations/contributions/gifts are tax-deductible, and each should be accompanied by explicit instructions as to whose name the gift should be in. A membership in the Contemporary Arts Center (individual) is $15 per year and includes free entry to all exhibit openings and discount on all performance events; the address is 900 Camp Street, New Orleans 70130. A membership to WWNO, individually, is $25 and includes their monthly newsletter-program guide, "Les Amis." One can also obtain a family membership ($40) or a lifetime membership ($1,000), by addressing WWNO, University of New Orleans, Lakefront, New Orleans 70148; WWOZ has individual memberships of $20 and OZ T-shirts for $5, from WWOZ, Box 51840, New Orleans 70151.

Tulan's William Ransom Hogan Jazz Archives will accept—for that Big Noble Gesture—a donation in any amount (especially nice if done in memory of, or in the name of, another) by contacting the archives c/o Howard-Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University, New Orleans 70118.

For those on a student budget may we suggest giving two bus tokens and two nickels, and a firm push towards the St. Claude-Refinery bus. Get on it, and ride, Red, ride. Cross the Industrial Canal and get off at Caffin Avenue—near such landmarks as Puglia's (the other Puglia's, kids) and the Fox Hole Lounge. Cross St. Claude, staying on the uptown side of the street, and walk one block towards the lake to Marais Street. And there is Fats Domino's house; genuflect and worship, and when your devotional duties are done, hoof it back to the bus stop and go back where you came from, secure that you now have something to tell your grandchildren.

For those on a student budget may we suggest giving two bus tokens and two nickels, and a firm push towards the St. Claude-Refinery bus. Get on it, and ride, Red, ride. Cross the Industrial Canal and get off at Caffin Avenue—near such landmarks as Puglia's (the other Puglia's, kids) and the Fox Hole Lounge. Cross St. Claude, staying on the uptown side of the street, and walk one block towards the lake to Marais Street. And there is Fats Domino's house; genuflect and worship, and when your devotional duties are done, hoof it back to the bus stop and go back where you came from, secure that you now have something to tell your grandchildren.

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They make you sad, they make you homesick, they make you wistful, nostalgic and blue...but it's just not Christmas without the wonderful old tunes. Here's some with a decidedly Louisiana flavor, along with a few selections from the musical left field.

...the tree's up and so is the mistletoe. Your stocking is hung by the fireplace with the greatest of care, and you nurse a cup of eggnog while you watch the flames dance in the fireplace. Cozy scene isn't it?

But wait. Something's missing, but you can't quite put your finger on it. Of course! What Christmas is complete without an old fashioned carol or a fine Christmas album?

So before you get too settled by the fire with that cup of eggnog, here's a few record suggestions that will make Christmas just a little more enjoyable. An added plus is that lots of these albums are on budget labels so you can save enough to buy Uncle Lang that new pipe.

Please Come Home For Christmas (Charles Brown) Without doubt, "Please Come Home For Christmas" is the one R&B Christmas standard. Surprisingly, it was recorded in July of 1956, right here in New Orleans. (What a time to think of Christmas!) Glorious versions of "Christmas In Heaven," "Merry Christmas Baby," and a host of other yuletide selections on this one.

Elvis's Christmas Album (Elvis Presley) This is one of my favorites, I even listen to "Blue Christmas" on Elvis's birthday. "I'll Be Home For Christmas," "Oh Little Town Of Bethlehem," are also included. A must for Elvis fans.

Lanza Sings Christmas Carols (Mario Lanza) Lanza'a tenor brings to a Christmas song what no other singer is capable. The perfect Christmas party record — when you're trying to get everyone to go home!

Have A Merry Cajun Christmas (Various) Of course when Santa arrives on the bayou he has to dispense with his standard sleigh and reindeer and switch to a tраннеус (mud sled) pulled by eight tiny alligators. I recommend "Christmas On The Bayou," by Vin Bruce. Also available on eight-track as all good Cajun records are.

Merry Christmas (Bing Crosby) Not only is this the biggest selling Christmas album, it's the biggest selling disc of all time. Everyone gets a lump in their throats when Der Bingle croons "I'll Be Home For Christmas" - especially if they won't.

Phil Spector's Christmas Album (Various) Contains rockin' renditions of yuletide numbers by the Ronettes, the Crystals, and Bob B. Sox and the Blue Jeans. Quite honestly the sax solo on Darlene Love's "Christmas Baby, Please Come Home" alone, is worth the price of the album.

Rhythm and Blues Christmas (Various) This one's good enough to listen to all year long. "White Christmas," by the Drifters; "Run Rudolf Run," by Chuck Berry, Amos Milburne's "Let's Make Christmas Merry," and the inevitable Charles Brown classic "Please Come Home For Christmas." Perfect for a rhythm and blues Christmas.

Jingle Bell Rock (Bobby Helms) Probably the title tune is rock 'n' roll's most popular, if not only, Christmas Classic, though I doubt you'll ever hear it at Midnight Mass. Bobby runs through an even dozen tunes including "Rocking Around The Christmas Tree."

Christmas In My Home Town (Charlie Pride) This could be subtitled "Christmas Goes Country." Charlie took the time out to pen some new Christmas tunes which he blends with a number of more traditional hymns and songs.

New Orleans Christmas (Johnny Adams) This is probably the best of the lot. Johnny just sounds great in these reworks of Christmas greats.

Guitar Christmas Album (John Fahey) This is a most pleasant album. A fine guitarist, Fahey performs acoustic versions of "Joy To The World," "The Bells Of St. Mary," "Silent Night," and more.

Merry Christmas From The Jackson Five (The Jackson Five) These guys were just so cute. Fine Motor City versions of the usual assortment of Christmas faves. I'll be listening to this December 25.

T'was The Night Before Christmas (Huey Smith and the Clowns) This is my favorite, and gets me in the Christmas mood. The record was banned when it was first released for its "blasphemous" renditions of sacred Christmas classics. Wait till you hear the Clowns work out on "Silent Night."

WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982
Disco Noel (Mirror Image) I'm just listing this; don't go out and buy it. But if you do you'll find the album jacket contains disco steps choreographed by Arthur Murray's Disco Dance School, no less. Disco versions of "Joy To The World" and "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town" are included.

Barbara Streisand's Christmas (Barbara Streisand) What's a nice Jewish girl like Barbara singing Christmas carols for? You'll wonder too after hearing this album.

Light Of The Stable (Emmylou Harris) This is the kind of album that reminds you of a cozy Christmas with snow outside on the ground, and a nice warm fire inside. You might get away with listening to this year 'round.

Gospel Songs Of Christmas (Various) Stunning renditions of Christmas favorites by the brightest of Gospel's stars. James Cleveland gives out the definitive version of the "Lord's Prayer," and Shirley Caesar does the same with "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear."

It's Christmas Time Again (Various, Stax 8519) Perfect if you happen to be spending Christmas in Memphis. Little Johnny Taylor, Rufus Thomas, Albert King, and the Staple Singers will insure a soulful Christmas if you pick this bargain up. Mae West's "Santa Claus Wants Some Lovin'"—my choice for Christmas tune of 1982—is contained here.

Christ Was Born On Christmas Morn (Various, Historical 34) This is a collection of mostly pre-war country blues on the Christmas theme. But with Blind Willie McTell and Blind Willie Johnson featured, you'll probably listen to this all year.

Christmas Soul Special (Various, QAG 1600) Wilson Pickett, Martha Reeves and Ben E. King sing more of the best of the yuletide season. The title of this one pretty much sums up the contents.

Punk Rock Christmas (The Ravers, Rhino 503) If you didn't get this one in '78 you might want to pick-up-on-it even if just for nostalgia. Give this and a box of safety pins, and you'll open some eyes under the Christmas tree.

A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens (Radiola 1004) John Barrymore reads this Christmas classic. You might consider getting this for the kids.

Merry Christmas (NBRQ Rounder 4520) This is a four-song EP that contains NBRQ doing "Jolly Old St. Nick" and "Christmas Wish," plus (you guessed it) two more.

Hanukkah Rocks (Gefilte Joe and the Fish, Rhino 650) Not to be outdone, Gefilte Joe has given us a four-tune EP...
The story of this popular vocal group began when they were literally kicked out of the gospel ranks and right to the top of the rhythm and blues charts.

In the 1950s, literally thousands of R&B groups were searching for fame, fortune and the perfect vocal harmonic combination. New Orleans, with its tradition of eccentric individualism, produced only one such group—the Spiders, who perfectly blended gospel harmonies with blues-influenced R&B.

The group centered around two brothers—Hayward "Chuck" Carbo and Leonard "Chick" Carbo, born in Houma and sons of a minister. As Chuck recalls, singing in his father's church, The Pure Light Baptist at Broad and Melpomene, came naturally: "We were Protestants. We had to go to church. I used to sing in the little junior choir. Then we tried singing as quartets—with different guys in the neighborhood."

After military service, Chuck moved to Indianapolis with his sister, sang in two gospel groups, and returned to New Orleans in 1947. His brother Leonard asked Chuck to join a gospel group, the Zion City Harmonizers—and the Harmonizers included all the future members of the Spiders: beside the Carbo Brothers, it included Oliver Howard, Matthew West and Joe Maxon. The Zion Harmonizers (no relation to the other group of that name, which was formed in 1939) gained a reputation around the city for their powerful harmonies.

The Harmonizers' style evolved into an altogether slicker gospel style, emphasizing close harmony and Chuck's lead singing. Changing their name to the Delta Southernaires, the group found a radio gig, singing on WWEZ from 11:30 to noon on Sundays during 1952 and 1953. Promoter Phyllis Boone heard them and asked the group to audition at Cosimo Matassa's J&M Studio.

According to Chuck, "What they were looking for was a group to sing like the Orioles, the Ravens and all that. We disappointed them for the simple reason that we didn't know any rhythm and blues numbers. We ran over a few songs and Cosimo said, "You guys have good voices, but that's not what we're lookin' for." Cosimo let them continue singing, just for rehearsal's sake, and had a brainstorm. "When we finished the song, Cosimo said, 'Don't leave... Could you guys put some blues to that song?' We told him no, because being gospel singers we didn't want to mess with the gospel songs—switching them to the blues. And he said, 'If you guys can come up with something similar to that, we'll go ahead and record you.' [Adolph Smith and I] got together... When we came back with 'You're The One' and 'I Didn't Want To Do It,' they wanted us to record just those two songs. We said, 'No, we record two gospel songs or we don't record nothing!'"

With these two songs pending release on Imperial, Chuck, at his wife's suggestion, renamed the group "The Spiders" but still had reservations about entering R&B. Trying to preserve their autonomy as the Delta Southernaires and their anonymity as the Spiders, the group didn't count on WWEZ disc jockey Jack The Cat letting the cat out of the bag:

"Man! I remember we were on the road, I think we were going to Amite to sing gospel songs, and we're listenin' to the radio—we'd never heard the songs on the radio, you know. After the song got through, Jack The Cat said, 'I guess you wonder who that group is, huh? It's the Spiders and the Delta Southernaires!'" "Oh, my God," I said, 'That's the end of our gospel songs now!'" The group's end in gospel was traumatic: they were expelled from the Historic Second Baptist Church, where all were members, following an admonition from the minister..."
luckily their record was a big success. A fine mellow mama came a-knockin', Knockin' on my front door. Hip-shakin' mama wanted rockin', Rockin' and reelin' slow, But I didn't wanna do it, No, no, I didn't wanna do it, No, no, I didn't wanna do it, But she moves me so.

Released in December 1953, "I Didn't Want To Do It" became a national R&B sensation early the next year; it also helped start the trend for suggestive songs, predating the Midnighters' "Work with Me, Annie" by several months. The subject matter got the song banned in Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles—but the record was so popular that the flip side, the dreamy "You're The One," also made the R&B top ten on stations where the A-side was considered too salacious.

The record's success led to a cross-country tour, where the Spiders had their greatest thrill, nearly causing a riot at the Howard Theatre in Washington, D.C. Carbo remembers: "We were the last to come on. The people were bollering, 'Bring on The Spiders! We want The Spiders!'... the people were all in the aisles. When we finally came on stage we couldn't sing the song because people were all on stage dancing with us...The police were just pulling people out of the patrol cars, carrying 'em away because they wanted to see the Spiders."

Such frenzy was due in part to the non-stop New Orleans syncopation, provided by drummer Earl Palmer, bassist Frank Fields, guitarist Irving McLean, pianist Edward Frank and tenor sax man Lee Allen. On the other hand, "You're The One" emphasized the group's voices, about which Dave Bartholomew comments, "Leonard was a natural bass; Chuck was a natural tenor with a touch of baritone." Oliver Howard also sang bass, Matthew West baritone and Joe Maxon first tenor.

Both songs were written by Adolph Smith, a local guitarist who gigged around the city. Smith also wrote the follow-up, "I'll Stop Crying," which had an almost gospel-like purity but was unsuccessful perhaps because (like most of Smith's compositions) it was very bluesy. During the height of their success, the Spiders couldn't get a decent local gig. As Chuck puts it, "In our whole career, I don't think we played three good gigs in New Orleans. I'm talking about nightclubs—good nightclubs where they booked the big dances."

Dave Bartholomew remembers them, ironically, as the class act among local vocal groups: "They had a very professional. Cosimo and Phyllis [now their managers] had done a real good job with them. They looked good, had nice clothes. They were always beautiful—clean and everything."

Bartholomew began producing the group and selecting, as well as writing much of their repertoire. Their next
derived from the bass line of "I Didn't Want To Do It." A major R&B hit in December 1955, "Witchcraft" came back to the charts in 1963 when Elvis Presley released a cover. But Chuck's successful return to the group only aggravated the internal frictions and Chuck even wanted to take Lew Chudd up on his offer. "He said, 'No, we'll just let this be the Spiders. And from now on every record you put out is going to be the Spiders featuring Chuck Carbo or the Spiders and Chuck Carbo. That way we can weed you out from them and you'll just be on your own,' " As "the Spiders with Chuck Carbo," the group limped through three more releases, until Leonard left in 1956 and made a solo record on Atlantic, "Sentimental Journey Blues," the Les Brown standard with new blues lyrics.

Early the next year, Chuck made one more record under the Spiders' name, the excellent "Honey Bee," on which Chuck and Junior "Izacoo" Gordon overdubbed all the vocals. Chuck then went solo himself on Imperial with a double-sided local hit, "Poor Boy" (based on Big Walter's "Shirley Jean") and a cover of Smiley Lewis' "The Bells Are Ringing." Despite solo success, he missed the solid framework of a vocal group: "I felt good, you know what I mean? I could walk on there and it was Chuck Carbo instead of the Spiders. But I still missed the group—couldn't see the guys in back of me, you know."

While Chuck went solo, Leonard led makeshift Spider groups in local shows (such as the one pictured in John Broven's Rhythm and Blues in New Orleans, who were, in order, Bill Moore, Leonard, Oliver Howard and Junior Gordon) and recorded the blues ballad "So Tired" in 1958, re-recorded "You're The One" in 1960 with strings and a jazzy piano replacing the vocal harmonies, and recorded (as Chick Carbo) two 1962 sides produced by Allen Toussaint, the first of which, "In The Night," had an ingenious subliminal refrain based on the "shoop-bop, shoop-bop" in Chuck Willis' "Hang Up My Rock 'n' Roll Shoes": "juke-box, juke-box."

When Chuck's Imperial contract expired (after a couple of beautifully rendered but mediocre ballads in 1958), he got an offer from Mac Rebennack and signed with Cosimo Matassa's Rex label, distributed by Ace. The Rebennack-penned ballad, "Promises," was a 1959 hit and Rebennack supervised Chuck's Rex sessions, writing most of the material and employing session men like James Booker, Clarence Ford, Sam Alcorn, June Gardner, Deacon John, Earl Stanley, Red Tyler, George Davis and Toussaint on Chuck's records. Ace decided to push Roland Stone's "Something Special" instead of Chuck's "Tears, Tears and More Tears" in 1961, and he feels that the record might have had greater success; it remains his second favorite among his recordings. "I felt like I was floating when I sang that song." Chuck's last Ace record, in 1963,
“Cutting Out,” foretells hard times for New Orleans artists and predicts the near­mass exodus to California:

Gonna leave New Orleans
Cause everybody’s gettin’ on relief,
Gonna leave this poor man’s land
Before I won’t be able to leave.

Chuck’s biggest local hit in 1963 was a song that he had never recorded: “They had a white artist named Chuck Como and he recorded ‘Bells In My Heart,’ the Spiders song. There was a lot of confusion about it because people thought it was Chuck Carbo who was singin’ it. I remember several times I got on the air and said, ‘No, that’s not my record.’ And the jockey would play both of them. Pop­pa Stoppa would say, ‘This is Chuck Como, with the little light voice, and this is Chuck Carbo’—which it wasn’t, it was my brother singin’ lead.’ Chuck says he still gets requests for his third-hand hit. Despite only occasional gigs throughout the 1960s, Chuck and Leonard each had a one-shot hit in the late 1960s—Leonard’s “Touch Me,” written by Willie Nelson, anticipates Johnny Adams’ gospel-country fusion, while Chuck made a good funk record with Eddie Bo, “Can I Be Your Squeeze,” which did well enough to go national on Canyon Records.

Although Dave Bartholomew had called Chuck “the best voice to come out of New Orleans in the last thirty years,” by 1982 Chuck, the father of ten and long settled into domesticity, had “practically given up” on performing when he appeared at the WWOZ Rhythm & Blues Revue earlier this year.

“When I was standing up there behind the stage waiting to come on I looked at the people and it came back to me: ‘Hell, it’s nothin’; you’ve done it all your life in your younger days. And you’re an artist. Go out and sing your song.’ And when I walked out on the stage I was ready, you see. And now, when I get on the stage it’s routine. It’s just like Chuck Carbo and the Spiders. It’s a good feeling.”

Discography

Delta Southerners
1963 By and By/John The Revelator
The Spiders
1953 I Didn’t Want To Do It/You’re The One
1954 I’ll Keep Crying/Tears Begin To Flow
1954 I’m Slippin’ In/I’m Searchin’
1954 The Real Thing*Mmm Mmm Baby
1954 She Keeps Me Wonderin’/21*
1955 That’s Enough/Lost And Bewildered
1955 Am I The One*Sukey Sukey Sukey
1955 Bells In My Heart*/For A Thrill
1955 Witchcraft/Is It True
1956 Don’t Pity Me/How I Feel
1956 Dear Mary/I’ll In My Heart
1956 Goodbye/That’s The Way To Win My Heart
1957 Honey Bee/That’s My Desire
1960 You’re The One*/Tennessee Slim*
1961 Witchcraft*/True You Don’t Love Me

Leonard “Chuck” Carbo
1956 Sentimental Journey Blues/My Love Your Love
1958 So Tired/Pigtailed and Bluejeans
1962 In The Night/Run Henry
1962 Two Tables Away/What Does It Take
1966 Touch Me/Biggest Fool In Town

Chuck Carbo
1957 Poor Boy/The Bells Are Ringing
1958 Times/I Miss You
1959 Promises/Be My Girl
1960 Lucy Brown/Picture of You
1960 Black Velvet/It’s You
1961 Tears, Tears and More Tears/I Shouldn’t But I Do
1963 Cutting Out/Out On A Limb
1963 Love Of Love/Wake Up Crying
1963 Quiet As It’s Kept/He’s Back Again**
1969 Can I Be Your Squeeze/Take Care Of Your Homework, Friend
1976 I’m Gonna Marry Your Daughter/Black People Music

If anyone knows of the existence of this record, please write the author, care of Wavelength.

*Lead vocal by Leonard Carbo; all others by Chuck Carbo.

**This is a Huey Smith and the Clowns record, on the A-side of which Chuck Carbo sings lead.
New Orleans has given a lot of good music and musicians to the world. Until now, though, the city's musical contributions have mostly been in the fields of jazz, R&B, early rock'n'roll and perhaps new wave. With the imminent success of Zebra, a band playing good, very hard rock, a new dimension is being added to the legacy.

Zebra is a straightforward three-piece band, which is note-worthy enough in a time when there is an ever-increasing emphasis on multilayered instrumentaition. Guitarist, singer and primary songwriter Randy Jackson and bass and keyboards player Felix Hanemann are local boys, drummer Guy Gelso is a transplanted Californian. They started playing together about seven years ago, and almost immediately began the frustrations of performing heavy metal rock in a city whose music mainstream completely ignores it.

Luckily for them, they got the word early on that Long Island, New York, was a happening place for their Led Zeppelin-type hard rock. They started playing regularly on the Island's extensive club circuit in 1977; by 1980, Zebra had won over so many people that they were selected the most popular band in the area by Good Times, the Long Island music journal whose cover they've graced several times. Throughout, they continued to play New Orleans and the South (“particularly in winter,” grins Guy Gelso), and they built up a large grassroots following in this area without attracting much media attention. There were some slow times, like when the band had $50,000 worth of equipment stolen in Texas; there were wrong turns, like chasing illusions in California for a spell; but mostly the band worked hard and established themselves as a consistently strong draw.

Having achieved considerable success on the club scene, the next step for Zebra was to secure a recording contract. Several years of hard work and the near-miss heartbreaks that typify the music industry finally bore fruit this July, when the band signed with Atlantic Records, an industry biggie. They've spent three months in the studio, at the Record Plant in New York; they're going to do some work at Studio in the Country, concluding in early December, then do the final mixing back up in New York. The album is due out in February. Simply titled Zebra, it will contain all original tunes.

Working in the studio is not particularly new for Zebra, veterans of numerous demo tapes and a couple of radio station showcase albums. But working with a name producer, in this case Jack Douglass (John Lennon and Aerosmith are among his credits), is a different experience. The band feels very positive about Douglass and his contribution: "He's low-key, but he gets a good performance out of you," says Gelso. Felix Hanemann adds that "He'll make suggestions, but he doesn't force anything on us." Randy Jackson, the quietest member of the trio, gets straight to the point: "It's all sounding good so far." And Douglass likes the band enough that he's already talking about their second album. Zebra simply hopes the first album does well enough to warrant a follow up.

The album contract is not the only success indicator racked up by Zebra this year. The band also signed a corporate sponsorship agreement with Miller Beer; for those of you unfamiliar with this relatively new phenomenon in the music industry, we're going to take a brief side trip here and explore it some.

On its largest scale, corporate sponsorship involves something like the Jovan-Rolling Stones deal or the current Who-Schlitz contract, with the sponsor underwriting most of the expenses for a major tour in return for publicity from the band, frequently in the form of the sponsor's name and logo appearing on ads, t-shirts and so-forth. In some cases, like the Charlie Daniels-Skoal deal, the star endorses the product and appears in
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commercial, but this differs from one contract to another.
Miller took a new course in the game by tying in with the regionally successful acts. In addition to Zebra, four other regional bands, spread as far apart as Dallas, Atlanta and Milwaukee, have been signed to corporate sponsorships, and the company is looking to line up ten new acts in 1983.

According to Gary Reynolds, whose management company orchestrated Zebra's arrangement with Miller, sponsor and band "are pursuing the same target audiences, and it makes sense to help each other to achieve their desired goals. Miller supplies promotional items such as posters, monthly calendars, t-shirts, jackets and banners that tie in their product with the group's name and photograph...it has given the band additional credibility within the music industry and has brought them into the focus of the local and national media." Reynolds emphasizes that it is not a case of the band "selling out": Felix Hanemann recalls that during the photo sessions paid for by Miller, the band was asked to pose with bottles of Miller Beer, "but it was subtle, we weren't holding them out at the camera."

The major benefit for the band is the promotion they receive. Few people realize the expenses incurred by a touring band and with the record companies singing the financial dirges and not providing any support money, it has become tougher to make a profit on the road. "Some bands even go out and lose money on a tour," says Randy Jackson, "but they do it to support a new album and hope to make up the money in sales."

Having this kind of worry reduced or eliminated by a sponsor becomes very attractive: Reynolds and other industry people feel that corporate sponsorship will be the wave of the immediate future. Which means that some now-struggling bands will be able to relax and do what they do best—play music. And while on the subject of bands and music, let's get back to Zebra. Only because they had already achieved measurable musical success were they able to land sponsors and contracts and other business-type successes.

I can't speak for their Long Island fans, but in Louisiana Zebra has created a tremendously supportive following. On a recent Saturday night, many of the crowd at Richie's 3-D even sang along on the originals. One guy told me he'd been listening to the band since he was twelve (and since he was inside, I assume he was at least eighteen); another said Zebra was the best band he'd ever heard bar none. They hold the record for drawing the largest crowd at Richie's, which may be the city's largest club, and they pack 'em in all around the state. Obviously something works.

Zebra got its start playing a lot of Led Zeppelin covers. (Now look, those of you who just decided to stop reading, first think of how much time you've already
wasted reading this far and now you'll never know how the story ends; and secondly, remember that Zeppelin was a great band—that's why so many people do Zeppelin covers. And I've heard a lot of Zeppelin covers, and none—none—that sounded as good as these guys. When they did "Immigrant Song," I could've been back in Madison Square Garden that night with all that tequila...)

Zebra's style is decidedly heavy metal, although with just enough extra touch of warmth so that somehow, somewhere inside all those decibels, it comes through that this is a New Orleans band.

As musicians, all three are easily proficient enough to make it within their chosen genre. Gels also punctuates his driving rhythms forcefully and imaginatively, and Hanemann doubles effectively on bass and keyboards. Jackson is quick and clean on guitar; together they play hard, tight and fast. Where they rise above many of their peers is in Jackson's singing and songwriting. He carries off the obligatory heavy metal high-pitched Robert Plant imitation voice clearly and smoothly, with a minimum of out-and-out screeching. His lower register voice is very pleasant, full and natural enough to do straight blues if he so chose, and he has a sort of middle range that reminded me of Black Sabbath. His control over his whole range is impressive, and he slides up and down the scale effortlessly. On top of all this, Jackson may have the best tongue in rock'n'roll since Mick Jagger.

What puzzled me about Zebra's show was the high percentage of covers, renditions of other people's material. Jackson's songwriting is excellent—the audience responded to the band's originals perhaps even more enthusiastically than to the copies. His lyrics rise above the ordinary as well, offering a deprecating irony with lines such as these, from a nice acoustic number: "Look up at the stars/What do they think of you/Animals in the zoo." I wonder if this band realizes how good they can be?

And how far can they go? Obviously they've already done pretty well for themselves, but the successes they've had only open the door for further glory. They are in a musical genre, heavy metal, where success is measured in large scale, sales-oriented terms, and Zebra is certainly commercially potent. I suspect that with a little more experience and confidence, they will produce some songs which will carry them well into the upper ranges of the charts. With perhaps a little luck, they will be headlining days of rock'n'roll at the Dome and Rolling Stone will be calling them "faceless." They could become that good. If you've got Led Zeppelin records hiding in your closet, you owe it to yourself to get out and hear these guys.
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Mr. Potier's New Trumpet

This year's New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival turned out to be a bit more than the usual two-week event for trumpeter Harold Potier of New Iberia. His main reason for visiting New Orleans on that last weekend of activities was to attend a party in the French Quarter given by Louis Nelson, Kid Sheik, Sue Hall and Mona MacMurray and to accept a gift from a group of British fans. This gift, much to Potier's surprise, turned out to be a new trumpet. It was given to him in honor of more than fifty years as a jazz musician and for his contributions to the growth of this special music.

By the time Potier arrived at his Royal Street destination, the party was in full blast. Some of the more famous traditional jazz musicians and their followers were already into the swing of things. Blues singer Lu Barker and her husband Danny Barker were there. Jazz magazine editor Terry Dash came all the way from England, early jazz enthusiasts Shirley and Richard House from Australia and writer Robert Maguire from Washington, D.C., also attended; the place was packed.

After receiving the trumpet, a plate of red beans and rice and a few drinks, Potier was ready to play—and play he did! Sitting in with a group of some of the best European and New Orleans jazz musicians, he played a number of tunes that dated back to the earliest years of New Orleans jazz. Even with his tone being a bit off due to the cornet mouthpiece he was using (the trumpet's mouthpiece was still on order), his enthusiasms and improvisational abilities were fully evident.

It had been almost thirty years since Potier last visited New Orleans and as he
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Bunk Johnson

There are a good many parallels, both conscious and comatose, between Harold Potier's story as Mr. Sonnier tells it, and the quite literally fabulous rediscovery of the primal New Orleans trumpet William Cary "Bunk" Johnson in the 1940s; Bunk's earlier career had included a stint as second cornet with Buddy Bolden's band, minstrel show work, alleged mentorship of Louis Armstrong at a formative period, and of course, losing his teeth and horn in the bandstand brawl at Rayne where Evan Thomas was murdered by an irate cuckold. Bunk was rediscovered (through circulating rumors that one of the members of the original Bolden band was still around) by Bill Russell and art critic Ramsey, Jr., in the late 1930s—reputedly it was Armstrong who suggested addressing a letter to the postmaster of New Iberia, requesting that he "deliver the enclosed letter to a Negro cornetist known to all musicians in New Orleans, whence he came, as 'Bunk.'"

Bunk, toothless, driving a trailer truck for $1.75 a day in the rice fields, was suddenly (all too suddenly, say his detractors) elevated from total obscurity; Armstrong, Sidney Bechet and Clarence Williams and other raised money for a trumpet; Bechet's brother, a dentist in New Orleans, fixed Bunk up with a new set of china choppers, Bunk went to New Orleans and then to San Francisco, New York (playing at the Stuyvesant Casino with a group of other formerly-obscure New Orleans musicians), was recorded and became the focal point of a New Orleans revival that divided critics of and writers on jazz as nothing had before and as nothing has since.

Bunk's detractors (including Leonard Feather, Samuel Charters who described him as "a petulant, spiteful man who drank too much and played only when he wanted to," and perhaps novelist James Jones whose short story, "The King," shows the obviously Bunk-inspired titular character as more pathetic than malignant) didn't deny his living legend status but almost all of his ex cathedra pronouncements on jazz and its theory and history were contradicted and derided ("'Bunk is the bunk. You can quote us," said Metronome magazine in an editorial, summing up Bunk's records as "un-musical and anti-musical").

Jazz, however, was never the same afterward.

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J.N.
ment was total and Harold absorbed all that was offered him.

In fact, young Potier was such a good student he was soon invited to live with Professor Oger while he continued his studies. This proved to be a very rewarding period in Harold's life; the close master/apprentice relationship enabled Evan, aside from being a high-voltage trumpet player, to have acquired a reputation as a ladies' man—a reputation that, on the night of this particular dance, was to cost him dearly. While the band was in the middle of "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You," a man named John Gilbey jumped on the bandstand shouting that Evan had been fooling around with his wife. In a frenzy of rage, he fatally stabbed Evan after a short, vicious struggle. Evan stumbled through the crowd and got about a block away from the club before he fell dead. After Evan ran from the building and the other musicians had escaped by way of a window, Gilbey went completely berserk and proceeded to smash most of the instruments on the bandstand. Bunk Johnson, who had been playing second trumpet with Evan that night, lost his horn in the confusion.

When news of the murder got back to Potier in New Iberia, he looked upon the incident as a sign. He had, after all, turned down the job to play his favorite horn, the trumpet, with another band. By associating the saxophone with the negative he was able to reinforce his feelings for the trumpet and began to perform only on the brass from that point on.

When Willie Geary "Bunk" Johnson moved from New Orleans to New Iberia in 1921, he brought with him the germ of an innovative approach to playing the trumpet that he later developed to perfection while playing with the Banner Orchestra and the Black Eagles Band. During his early days in New Orleans, he had played second trumpet with Buddy Bolden's band. This position required him to function in almost the same manner as a clarinetist, that is, to play melodic phrases around the lead trumpet. His keen sense of rhythm and melody along with a uniquely understated dynamic level introduced a welcome element in the sound of traditional jazz. It's too bad he was not allowed to play that role on the many recordings he made in the 1940s.

Potier had listened to Bunk play with new Orleans bands. He was such a high-voltage trumpeter that Evan Thomas, leader of the Banner Band and Orchestra, was in need of a saxophone player and Harold seemed a logical choice. He accepted, but with the trumpet on his mind. Probably because of his father's influence, the trumpet had always been his favorite horn. On nights the Banner Band was not playing, he would freelance with other local bands. In fact, most of his time was spent either performing, sitting-in or practicing regularly on that instrument. As his popularity as a trumpet player grew, he gradually moved away from the saxophone until he finally gave it up completely.

The last job that he was offered as a saxophonist was in 1932. Evan Thomas, leader of the Black Eagles Band of Crowley, called him to play with the band at a dance-hall in Rayne. For reasons relating to another date he had on trumpet, Harold was forced to turn the job down, so Evan got clarinetist George Lewis from New Orleans to work the dance with him.
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in that the horn was finally an extension of his being. Ideas flowed freely and effortlessly and there were no longer problems of technique to deal with. At this time, Potier felt most complete as a musician.

There were no recordings, though. The Banner Orchestra never recorded. The Black Eagles never recorded. Geography, it seems, played a sizeable role in this absence of recording activity. New Orleans, where the bulk of music traffic was centered, was too far away and record producers were content with exploiting the talent there anyway. Nobody took much interest in going off to "discover" anyone after Bunk Johnson in the 1940s. Surely economic and social factors also played their part. So, the best years of Potier and some of Louisiana's finest musicians just went up in sound.

Harold continued playing undaunted. He stayed with the Banner Orchestra until the early 1950s, when Gus Fontenette was forced to disband because of illness. For the next twenty-five years, he worked days as a waiter, nights as a free-lance musician and in his spare time he carved busts, statues and other objects from wood.

In an attempt to expand his artistic output, he had taken courses in art at a New Iberia trade school in the mid-1940s. During his studies he tried his hand at different media and discovered wood sculpture best suited him as far as economics and the availability of materials were concerned. Working tools were cheap and the cypress was plentiful along the bayous and swamps around New Iberia. So, with the same energy that he put into his music, Potier launched himself into the world of sculpture. By the 1970s, some of his sculptures fetched as much as $500.

It has been said that music heals; with Harold Potier, it also served as a preservative and extender of vitality. He has enjoyed a lifetime diet of music that has kept him alert; energetic and always looking to the next encounter with a degree of positiveness not found in others his age.

Potier's concept of trumpet technique and improvisation can best be described as the sum of blues roots, classical training and the influence of trumpeter Bunk Johnson. His attack is crisp and his intonation always dead center, never allowing room for out-of-context frills of energy. Harmonically, he can superimpose, substitute or extend existing chords to fit his unique melodic ability which enables him to play with the fluidity and grace of a clarinetist. He also employs wry "blue notes," a definite influence from Bunk Johnson, placing them at points which indicate emphasis on the complete statement rather than just the altered note and its accompanying phrase.

A purist in the truest sense of the word, Potier is by far the strongest musically of the surviving practitioners of early rural Louisiana jazz. His music is indeed an echo of what that particular style was all about.
THE SALOON SINGER

Night after night they play all the favorites to a loyal following. Here's some of the best to take home with you.

The saloon singer is a breed apart. He has his own faithful followers who trail after him from boite to boite, never tiring of hearing one more rendition of the more obscure songs from the likes of Porter, Rodgers & Hart, Sondheim, Gershwin and a few chosen others that the saloon singer specializes in. Many of these are singer/pianists with voices that are something less than great and they usually weave their elegant, sophisticated spell in the large metropolitan centers. Paradoxically, however, all these musings began the other night when I was listening to Freddie Palsimano tickle the ivories at Mr B's Bistro in the wee hours of the morning. Freddie, who is a dazzling performer whose repertoire encompasses the best of everything worthwhile, wasn't singing but everybody else in the place was, including Elia Brennan, who as everyone knows is practically tone deaf.

At any rate, here are some choice saloon singers who have made recordings you might be interested in. I will start off with, as Bernadette Peters would say, one of my most favorite who is Hubbell Pierce, alas, has now gone to that big nightclub in the sky but in his time he was a genuine sophisticate who performed in some of the poshietest watering holes here and in Europe and who made a hobby of collecting those famous jewelled cigarette cases Linda gave to Cole on opening nights. He also left behind one recording called simply Cole Porter. It was a private pressing made for his fiftieth birthday and includes such gems as "Please Don't Monkey With Broadway," and the first and decidedly best recording of "My Cosy Little Corner At The Ritz." This record is not easy to find but if you can get it, grab it.

Steve Ross At The Algonquin (Stolen Moments SM 1939) is just that — Steve Ross performing in the Oak Room of the Algonquin and running through the usual unusual repertoire. Ross is a touch fey for my taste, but good nonetheless, and he manages to impart the proper amount of world weariness in his singing. Chris Barret on Introducing Chris Barrett (Wandon Music WMC A2082-1) is young for a saloon singer and some of his readings are a trifle jejune but he has a good, clear voice and plays the piano well and among his selections is a choice rendering of Sondheim's haunting "Not A Day Goes By."

Ronny Whyte has been playing around New York for a number of years now and you will find him mixing such arcane gems as Gershwin's "Vodka," "Hang On To Me" and "Tell Me More" with Billy Joel's "Piano Man." There are three Whyte albums you might want to investigate: I Love A Piano (Audiophile AP 127), It's Smooth, It's Smart, It's Rogers and Hart (Monmouth MES 7069) and We Like A Gershwin Tune (Monmouth MES 7061). The last two are with Travis Hudson who is frequently paired with Whyte and they are sometimes called "the unmarried Lunt and Fontanne of show music." Honestly, I'm not kidding.

Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short are probably the best known of anyone mentioned here and they have quite a few records to choose from. Neither, to be frank, has too much of a voice anymore and Miss Mercer really talks her songs nowadays. But there are some vintage items still around. I am particularly fond of Mabel Mercer Sings Cole Porter (Atlantic 1213) which includes her delicious renderings of "Experiment" and "Looking At You." Mercer is backed by two pianos and a bass on this, the two pianists being Cy Walter and Stan Freeman, and that ain't bad. Two other favorites by New York's most incurable disease are Merely Marvelous (Atlantic 1322) and Midnight At Mabel Mercer's (Atlantic 1244).

There's a whole raft of Short albums to choose from and that's very unusual for a saloon singer but when the saloon you practice your art in happens to be the uppercrust Carlisle, when you happen to date Gloria Vanderbilt and when you happen to do Charlie commercials, that's what happens. Early Short is the best and some of the earliest are The Songs of Bobby Short (Atlantic 1262), Songs by Bobby Short (Atlantic 1214), and Bobby Short (Atlantic 1230). Easily available are the tributes he has been doing of late such as
Bobby Short Loves Cole Porter (Atlantic SD 2-606), Bobby Short Celebrates Rodgers and Hart (Atlantic SD 2610) and Bobby Short Is K-Ra-Zy For Gershwin (Atlantic SD 2-608).

Comes now three lovelies that are acquired tastes: Blossom Dearie, Claire Hogan and Libby Holman. Dearie is a little girl with a little voice and a silly name. There are those who love her while I just like her. Best to sample her on Blossom Time (Fontana SRF 67562), and Blossom Dearie, 1975 (Daffodil Records BMD 102). Hogan’s only record is Boozers And Losers (MGM SE 4501) and I love it. Here you will find her 86 proof voice giving the definitive rendition of “I’m Always Drunk in San Francisco” and the equally and wonderfully maudlin title song.

The Legendary Libby Holman (Evergreen MRS 6501) is divided into torch songs such as “Body and Soul,” “Can’t We Be Friends?” and “Moanin’ Low,” which Holman introduced, the last in a show called The Little Show in which she was a prostitute and Clifton Webb was her pimp who chokes her to death. At this point in time Holman’s voice was raspy to say the least but she is a unique stylist and if you were married to the Reynolds tobacco heir who was mysteriously murdered, if you had the movie Written On The Wind based on your life and if you ended up as Monty Clift’s girl friend, you’d sing torch songs, too.

Portia Nelson is a lovely singer with a clear, fresh, crisp voice and you can hear her no-nonsense renditions on three terrific albums: Let Me Love You (New Sound NS 3002) on which she sings Bart Howard songs; Autumn Leaves (Dolphin 4); and my personal favorite, Love Songs For A Late Evening (Columbia ML 4722) with dazzling versions of “Love For Sale,” “If Love Were All” and “No Lover,” a neglected Porter song from Out Of This World.

Saving one of the best for last we come to Norman Wallace who has performed in Paris, New York and other parts of the civilized world but in recent years has confined himself to Chicago where he is currently holding forth at the Knickerbocker Hotel. His single album is a curiosity called Recipes For Romantic Rendezvous and it comes complete with fifteen recipes and has a picture of some cauliflower and cabbages on the cover instead of Wallace. Not surprisingly the label is Cookbook Records CBR 180. But don’t let this nonsense put you off. Wallace is a master of the sophisticated song with a warm, intimate voice and an ingratiating manner at the piano. The songs go from “Wein, Wein nur du Allein” to “As Time Goes By” to “I Know That Feeling,” and enchanting Weill-type song that Vivien Leigh sang in Tovarich. If you want a real specimen of the endangered species that is the saloon singer, and if you want a recipe for cold Senegalese soup thrown in, by all means get cooking with Wallace.

—Joseph Del Papa
THE BOOK

Joachim E. Berendt
THE JAZZ BOOK
Lawrence Hill & Co.

The scholarly interest in jazz, the urge to explicate and document, is important. However, too often this important activity is perverted, sometimes unintentionally; too often "jazz" is dealt with by people who can neither sing, dance nor play an instrument—people who often love the art form but have no experiential awareness of, nor intellectual appreciation for, the people and culture that produced this music. Fortunately, Joachim E. Berendt's The Jazz Book avoids many of the mistakes of a cross-cultural critic. In fact, with this, his ninth revision, German writer Berendt has possibly written the single best introductory book on jazz.

The strengths of this book are: (a) it is comprehensive, (b) it is well structured, and (c) it begins by assuming that its subject matter is important and therefore does not digest into the marshlands of trying to convince readers that "jazz" is real music deserving to be classified as art on an equal with classical music.

Moreover, the book is easy to read. The author is forthright in pointing out areas where there are broad disagreements or critical conflicts. After reading The Jazz Book, one wants immediately to hear "jazz"—and not just one style or period, but Jelly Roll Morton to the AACM and beyond.

The Jazz Book may be the most popular book about jazz on the worldwide market. Published in many languages, its only major shortcoming as a textbook is that it does not include photographs. Photographs of people, places and instruments would make this book a valuable, it is this ninth edition, (b) it is well structured, (c) it is deeply into the music, a few quibbles with the book but I must admit they are almost every page. Only 45 pages of the 1975 edition have remained entirely untouched."

In this regard alone, Berendt has done an excellent job editing his material. Comprehensive. Berendt sets before himself the task, not only of defining jazz, but of delineating jazz's history. He has admirably succeeded at laying out a brief, yet substantial history of jazz. Berendt begins by not only citing the blues and folk antecedents, but also the ragtime antecedent and distinguishes ragtime from jazz. From "traditional" to "new music," is a remarkably diverse music and many critics are unable to cover this spectrum with any degree of consistent expertise. But Berendt never displays any stylistic limitations. He has, as the musicians would say, "big ears," meaning he listens well and broadly. Moreover, he has the writing skill to translate what he hears into a prose that is clear. When he explains a given style, or compares or contrasts different styles, the average reader will be able to understand what the author means.

Structure. Once he has done his basic map, Berendt proceeds to fill in the hills and valleys, the mountains and lakes, the major cities. In his lexicon these elements are called: "The Musicians Of Jazz," "The Elements Of Jazz," "The Big Bands Of Jazz," and "The Jazz Combos." Lastly, Berendt defines his map in a nine-page chapter entitled "A Definition Of Jazz." Rather than excerpt or summarize his definition, it would be better for those interested to read it in its entirety.

I have, as I am sure will every reader who is deeply into the music, a few quibbles with the book but I must admit they are almost always a matter of personal judgment, taste or factual trivia, such as, speaking of the clarinet, Berendt says that "Eric Dolphy, in the late fifties, was the first to drop it totally." But I have an Eric Dolphy record, "The Quest" (Prestige,1958),
I do, however, have one major quarrel with Berendt. In the section on jazz musicians, Berendt devotes several pages in profile to "musicians in whom the history of a style is involved, with each one representing a specific period." The chosen musicians are Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Biz Beiderbeke, Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman, and John McLaughlin for "fuson music of the seventies."

I think it is a mistake to list John McLaughlin (Mahavishnu) as the jazz profile of the Seventies or, for that matter, to give that much critical attention to fusion. Berendt defends his choice of McLaughlin in this manner:

"No single musician could represent jazz of the seventies. Jazz has become too wide...the jazz scene is split into two main streams, and electric jazz on the one hand, and free and fusion, and above all, he feels bound to electric as well as to acoustic music: John McLaughlin."

That sounds plausible except that Berendt has already remarked that he included McLaughlin for "fusion."

I think that fusion has been critically important to non-jazz musicians and their evolution, but, as for the art form of "jazz," thirty years from now, ten years from now, fusion has left only a small mark on jazz.

In my opinion a better choice to represent jazz in the Seventies is not a single musician but rather a collective of musicians: The AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians) founded by Muhal Richard Abrams. AACM alumni and their various groupings along with their founder and orchestra collectively have been (with the exception of a handful of individuals, most of whom regularly perform with AACM musicians) the most influential voices on the jazz frontier in the seventies and the beginning of the eighties. A partial listing of AACM alumni who have been influential include: Anthony Braxton, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Chico Freeman, the trio AIR, plus numerous others. Theirs has been the most fertile, most far-reaching, and certainly the most uncompromising collection of voices to emanate from one root source (and that is the important consideration: they all emanate from one root source).

I think McLaughlin was chosen because fusion, or jazz-rock, had a stronger influence in Europe and because within the context of fusion, McLaughlin offers the first opportunity for a European to be included in a listing of major jazz musicians. Whereas we here in America may look at it along color lines, I think the cultural context is the most important in regard to the selection of McLaughlin. It would be significant to demonstrate that a European made a major contribution to the development of what is essentially an African-American artform which is generally recognized in the world as "American music."

If we look at the question who has contributed what from the context of the development of jazz, Berendt's selection of McLaughlin is a critical mistake; if we look at it from the context of fusion and its influence on Europe, this selection is highly plausible. Needless to say, however, Europe is neither the home nor the vanguard of jazz. Truth is what it is and not simply what we wish it to be, and reality is much broader than our own empiricism.

Assumption. Paradoxically—and this is a fitting conclusion for this review—it is Berendt's Europeanness that removes him from the mainstream of eras and actually into much more subgroupings.

"And yet, there is one musician of that decade—and beyond it also into the early eighties—who belongs to all these groupings. He has played blues and bebop and free and fusion, and above all, he feels bound to electric as well as to acoustic music: John McLaughlin."

That sounds plausible except that Berendt has already remarked that he included McLaughlin for "fusion."

I think that fusion has been critically important to non-jazz musicians and their evolution, but, as for the art form of "jazz," thirty years from now, ten years from now, fusion has left only a small mark on jazz.

In my opinion a better choice to represent jazz in the Seventies is not a single musician but rather a collective of musicians: The AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians) founded by Muhal Richard Abrams. AACM alumni and their various groupings along with their founder and orchestra collectively have been (with the exception of a handful of individuals, most of whom regularly perform with AACM musicians) the most influential voices on the jazz frontier in the seventies and the beginning of the eighties. A partial listing of AACM alumni who have been influential include: Anthony Braxton, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Chico Freeman, the trio AIR, plus numerous others. Theirs has been the most fertile, most far-reaching, and certainly the most uncompromising collection of voices to emanate from one root source (and that is the important consideration: they all emanate from one root source).

I think McLaughlin was chosen because fusion, or jazz-rock, had a stronger influence in Europe and because within the context of fusion, McLaughlin offers the first opportunity for a European to be included in a listing of major jazz musicians. Whereas we here in America may look at it along color lines, I think the cultural context is the most important in regard to the selection of McLaughlin. It would be significant to demonstrate that a European made a major contribution to the development of what is essentially an African-American artform which is generally recognized in the world as "American music."

If we look at the question who has contributed what from the context of the development of jazz, Berendt's selection of McLaughlin is a critical mistake; if we look at it from the context of fusion and its influence on Europe, this selection is highly plausible. Needless to say, however, Europe is neither the home nor the vanguard of jazz. Truth is what it is and not simply what we wish it to be, and reality is much broader than our own empiricism.
Maestro Philippe Entremont, who had just led his magnificent Orchestra in the finest Beethoven Seventh on this side of the Atlantic since the death of George Szell, said he was a little bit ashamed that he has never had a conducting lesson and is entirely self-taught. Well, so were Toscanini and Furtwangler—our Maestro is in good company!

Coming hard on the heels of the epic account of the Triple Concerto which closed last season, this galvanic Seventh was in the same league as the recordings of Furtwangler with the Vienna Philharmonic and Toscanini with the NBC Symphony.

Two other stars shared the firmament with Entremont. The Orchestra played as though possessed, even while doing without their leader Frank Gullino who stepped forward to give a sweet-toned performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto before intermission.

And the Orpheum! What a splendid hall it is! I was seated in the sixth row of the orchestra section, very near the center, and well in front of the overhanging balcony. The sound I heard was the equivalent of that in Symphony Hall or Carnegie Hall from a similar location: transparent, well-balanced, well-defined and with tremendous impact. The clarity of the string playing was astonishing, the bloom of the woodwinds arresting, and the blaze of the brass commanding.

Inside the rough temporary plywood doors, the auditorium itself is beautifully finished with highly polished hardwood floors and freshly gilded trim on the handsome buff and blue walls. The dazzling new white acoustical shell surrounding the Orchestra provides a sharp visual focus as well as superb sound projection. The air conditioning worked fine. The hall lights are merely dimmed, not extinguished, during the concert, affording the reading of scores or notes during the music. The Orpheum is a very intimate concert hall, more so even than Philadelphia's Academy of Music, because the stage is lower. Attending a concert here in their new home is much more involving than it was in the Orchestra's former residence. Sadly, though all tickets were sold and the waiting list for returns was not depleted, there were empty seats. Those who could not attend missed a transcendent musical event.

After a stirring and thoughtful performance of The Star-Spangled Banner, the concert opened with Lalo's lovely and exciting Overture to Le Roi d'Ys, which the Orchestra played to the hilt. The opening, scored for low strings, showed off the dark clarity of the string sound in the new hall and the ensuing tutti swells struck with visceral impact. Even in the very loud passages, one could hear all the different voices clearly, and in soft passages, no tone color whatever was lost. The "big tune" of the piece is written for a wide tonal spectrum, and all the components were properly audible. The rapid-fire battery and brass effects which close the piece had razor sharpness and provided a thrilling conclusion.

Frank Gullino played the Mendelssohn in a ruminative mood, and at a tempo just a bit too slow to hold it together. This approach focused on the sweetness of the first movement at the expense of its surge and drama. Only in the orchestral in-
terludes was the required momentum built up. But these orchestral punctuations were all structured with clarity and impact, and the end of the movement was superbly judged. I thought the transition to the second movement was rather prosaic, and the big tune was played very simply and too fast, so as not to contrast sufficiently with the first movement. And there were spots, too, where one wanted the violin to soar over the orchestra in effortless flight, with a bit more steele volume. The third movement again was static, not nimble. But the duets between violin and winds were superbly together in tempo, tone and volume. Although Entremont and the Orchestra proved themselves excellent accompanists, the performance lacked excitement. The gentle tones of the Orchestra and soloist during the second movement provided a lulling background to the crinklings of the cellophone candy ladies, who lurked throughout the halls as in days of yore.

Beethoven’s Seventh is a symphony full of tests of conducting talent. One needs to grade the voices of orchestral sections very carefully from bar to bar, and sometimes from note to note, drawing out this note or cell, while diminishing that accompaniment, or else the piece sounds opaque and turgid. I have heard some popular conductors in front of famous orchestras give performances that sounded like muddy coffee. Under Entremont, we heard all the musical lines and the texture was outstandingly transparent. Each chord in the succession of mighty outbursts that open the Symphony was delicately and differently colored, exactly as Beethoven directed. I doubt that I have heard as many as three other performances that got them right. The allegro went at an east gait, keeping the lyrical feel and the strong rhythm Beethoven intended, not an easy combination to bring off. And just as the right moment, the horns soared over the Orchestra in flights of abandoned exhilaration.

After a repeat of the exposition (!), Entremont and the Orchestra built up a tremendous momentum through the development, with the loud horns thrusting up beautifully and the singing strings clear beneath the fortissimo trumpets. The little oboe cadenza was lovely; indeed, all the wind playing was quite inspired, with long-lined phrasing and delicately intertwined dynamic shadings of the different melodic lines. Crescendos and diminuendos, whether spread over many bars or swiftly surging within a bar, were deftly turned and assured. Even the last two tutti chords of the movement were colored precisely and differently.

Entremont took a quick tempo for the Allegretto, which gave it great symphonic strength. The grand chords for full orchestra had clearly delineated structure, and the oboe melody seemed to go on forever, so seamless was the phrasing. Within crescendos, tone color was changed, as the brass emerged from behind the strings, as if they were, or the winds came up and moved back. Entremont had even thought carefully about the meaning of the pairs of dotted notes at the ends of phrases, and even about the controversial last few notes of the movement: not pizzicato, as the Kleibers insist, and not quite arco either; Entremont gave them a very unusual and interesting quality.

The Scherzo was explosive and quick, with a Beecham-esque dovetailing of voices which required superb articulation and ensemble to bring off. Again, all repeats were observed, just as Beethoven instructed. The lovingly played trio was only slightly slower than the main section, making an effective contrast while not dropping the ball, and again, structured dynamics with changing tone color within swells and fades were most compelling. Occasionally, a crescendo was played at the ends of phrases in the trio, which had emphasized the forward movement. Even through the very loud trumpet pedal, softer horns, strings and winds could be heard. Orchestral tone color was incredibly rich and varied in the loudest sections of the trio. I thought the slight acceleration of the presto the last time through was highly effective.

The finale, again with the very necessary and thrilling repeat, was perfect: a quick but not hectic tempo, strong rhythms that made the tempo seem faster and brass blazing out carrying the melody. Accents were sharp indeed and were in the best Beethovenian style throughout the Symphony. Entremont had the brass punch accents to the rhythm with the same abandon Toscanini allowed, and the result was electrifying. With careful control of the rhythm building up tremendous momentum, Entremont unleashed the brass just at the right times and didn't slow up for the final triplets, so the motion seemed merely to pass out of this world instead of stopping.

I have heard the current and recent Music Directors of the “Big Five” orchestras conduct this Symphony. None of them achieved this. What we have here in New Orleans is a musician who apparently has Ormandy’s ear for color, Furtwangler’s perception of line and depth, and Toscanini’s skillful control of rhythm and texture. I’m sorry if I sound like a hometown critic gushing in the local rag; the man is genuinely one of the few superb conductors around and I see no point in ignoring this fact. We are ludicrously lucky to have him, and we must cherish him and keep him as long as possible.

In a city that has endured the Pelicans, the Green Wave, the Saints, conductors who were only charming, conductors who could be only assistants elsewhere, and conductors not yet grown into their own, it is about time we had a genuine success. As Philippe Entremont expands his conductorial repertoire, our musical experience will be enriched boundlessly. It’s time to add a third concert each week.

—Stuart Wood
WORTH GETTING

Chess is back, with all those classic recordings that made the label one of the great record companies.

These releases are like shaking hands with old friends. It's always been my contention that Chess (besides being my favorite label) was the most influential of all the Black music companies. These first reissues will give you a taste of it.

The Chess label has remained defunct since Sugar Hill bought the entire catalogue from GRT in the mid-1970s, leaving us in the hands of unscrupulous bootleggers and the Europeans who have stratospheric import prices.

A bit of flag-waving is justified too. Sugar Hill is having Marshall Chess and T.T. Swan, who put the Chess Vintage series together, compile these. Gazing at the titles these albums contain, I remember the trouble we once had to go through to get a hold of a few of these. But they were worth it, and likewise, these new Chess releases are worth getting:

Chuck Berry, The Great Twenty-Eight, Chess 8201; Muddy Water & Howlin' Wolf, Muddy & The Wolf, Chess 8200; Various, Wizards From The South Side, Chess 8203; The Dells, The Dells, Chess 8400; Aretha Franklin, Aretha Gospel, Chess 8500; John Klemmer, Blowin' Gold, Chess 8300.

I'll take these releases in order. Chuck Berry of course was a rock 'n' roll giant. This is the quintessential Berry release, even more so than the previously essential Golden Decade.

Chuck's singing and guitar playing are just too fine to even comment on. All the great hits are here: "Maybellene," "Roll Over Beethoven," "Johnny B. Goode," "Memphis," "Rock and Roll Music," "Nadine" and so much more. Also included are the obscure "Let It Rock," and "I Want To Be Your Driver." Berry just about defined rock 'n' roll so what more can you say. A most important set that you might want to get before you get around to the rest.

The Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters collection teams them with their younger contemporaries and date from 1972 and 1969, respectively. Wolf's side is collected off his London Session album and couples him with Eric Clapton and various members of the Rolling Stones. Muddy's contribution is skimmed from the now infamous Father's and Son album. Backing Muddy are the likes of Butterfield and Bloomfield.

Now Wizards From The South Side is more like it. Muddy's tracks are all gems from the Fifties and especially his duet with Little Walter, "Evans Shuffle." Wolf moans through some real dirty blues including the rocking "Down In The Bottom," complete with Wolf on out-of-control slide guitar. Little Walter gives us a couple of fine numbers, including one of my favorites, "Hate To See You Go." Bo Diddley sings up a storm on some of his earliest material. The Latin beat, "She's Fine, She's Mine," is especially interesting. Hooker and Sonny Boy fill out the album with fine if unsurprising tunes.

The Dells' collection is aimed at today's black contemporary market. And who can argue? "Stay In My Corner," "Love Is Blue," and "Oh, What A Night!" still ring true today. This is the definitive Dells package.

Aretha's Gospel is Ms. Franklin's first recording effort, done when she was just a mere 14 years old. Franklin runs through such gospel standards as "Precious Lord" and "The Day Is Past And Gone," with a very raw approach. These recordings were made without the polished surroundings in which we're used to hearing the First Lady Of Soul. This one sends chills up and down my back so that should tell you something.

Blowin' Gold is a two-record set by the man that's considered to be the forerunner of jazz-rock fusion. Collected from three early Cadet Concept albums, such milestones are included as "Third Stone From The Sun," "Free Soul" and "Garden of Uranus."

Chess has set the standards with these releases. Sleeves, with thorough session data, prove these albums have been very carefully compiled. Chess promises more releases very soon. The suspense is already too much!

—Almost Slim
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Ellen McIlwaine  
EVERYBODY NEEDS IT  
_Bled Pig BP_  

They broke the mold when Ellen McIlwaine was made. Imagine, for quick reference, an aggressive guitarist, soulful pianist, and gutsy singer who combines the best stylistic elements of James Joplin and Joan Armatrading. McIlwaine’s blend of funk, pop, blues, gospel, and gritty rock hardly makes for a double platinum success formula, but it can be highly effective. Her latest set, featuring former Cream bassist Jack Bruce, has some brilliant, powerful moments.  

Unfortunately McIlwaine the songwriter squanders solid compositions on flat, forgettable lyrics; her five originals here seem incomplete despite thoroughly passionate performances. But her eerie interpretation of Percy Mayfield’s “Danger Zone” is stunning, while Johnny "Guitar" Watson’s “Nothing Left To Be Desired” is irresistibly funky. Add “Cure My Blues,” plus Jack Bruce’s superb musicianship throughout, and Everybody Needs It stands as a worthwhile album. The next time around, though, McIlwaine might consider surrendering self-production to some sympathetic professional who’s not quite so indulgent.  

—Ben Sandmel

Clifton Chenier 
I'M HERE  
Alligator Al. 4729  

Accordionist and singer Clifton Chenier has been recording the mixture of blues, R&B, French and Cajun that is called zydeco (the term can be spelled many different ways) since the Fifties. In the last couple of years there have been reports that Clifton’s health is gone, etc. He does have failing health but Clifton Chenier is still turning out powerful blues bayou rhythms. He is making new adaptations of classic R&B and blues riffs, turning Louisiana and Texas blues (especially the early Duke and Peacock records sounds) into exciting new zydeco. The source material ranges from swing (“In the Mood” best known as a hit for Glenn Miller’s big band) to delta-inspired Chicago blues (“I’m Here,” a new offspring of “Hootchie Koochie Man”). His
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Johnny Copeland
MAKE MY HOME
WHERE I HANG MY HAT
Rounder 2030

The electric guitar is to Texas blues what the piano represents to New Orleans rhythm and blues. With the great resurgence in popularity now enjoyed by blues and R&B artists, it is not surprising that Texas blues guitarist Johnny Copeland has experienced a rapid career rejuvenation. What is surprising is that Copeland has slipped the attention of many of the most avid blues aficionados until his recent fortuitous move from Houston to New York.

Before New York, Copeland has mainly enjoyed respect among his peers and could point only to a legacy of blues singles recorded in Texas for Huey Meaux. Once in New York, however, Johnny attracted the attention of the media, which watched with curiosity his mixing of hard Texas blues with the accompaniment of New York jazz musicians.

In 1981, Rounder Records debuted Copeland's first LP Copeland Special (Rounder 2025). That first record garnered much critical acclaim, yet this second Rounder release is definitely a much stronger record, focusing on Copeland's guitar talents and his working band, which has really jelled after two years of touring. Copeland's great appeal lies in his combination of contemporary blues and soul stylings via his biting blues guitar with his R&B, gospel-inflected singing. Add to this formula an inspired mixture of newly penned original compositions with covers of two forgotten blues gems and you have a winner.

Best cuts include Copeland's "Make My Home Where I Hang My Hat," "Devil's Hand," "Good News" (Rounder 3053) and "Well, Well Baby-La." Copeland's guitar work is especially tough when he stretches out on "Honky Tonkin'" and "Old
Man Blues," two tunes that demonstrate that slow blues are Johnny's strength and the strength of all truly great bluesmen.

Copeland and band romp through this session leaving their indelible stamp throughout. Special attention is merited by the solid bass lines laid down by Michael Merritt. This release continues to assure Johnny Copeland a permanent seat among the foremost "new" bluesman on the ever-evolving blues frontier. This record is recommended without reservation.

—Hammond Scott

The Nighthawks
TIMES FOUR
Adelphi AD 4130/35

The Nighthawks are well known to local blues fans from their many appearances here as a good rocking band from the D.C. area. This is their sixth album for Adelphi, a double record set with two live and two studio sides, and it serves as kind of a history of the band, featuring tracks recorded in different locations. This version of Roy Orbison's "Claudette"—the band gets into a more countrified vein on "Mystery Train" and Hank Williams' "Mind Your Own Business." Going even farther afield, they do Elvis Costello's "Mystery Dance," Dyke & the Blazers' funky "Let a Woman be Woman," and the Hangmen's Sixties punk classic "What a Girl Can't Do." A really hot version of "Come On (Let the Good Times Roll)" is equal parts Earl King and Jimi Hendrix.

The variety of vocal styles in the band, the use of both harp and guitar for solos, and the judicious employment of additional musicians all help maintain the listener's interest throughout. Adelphi is apparently clearing its vaults with this release, since the Nighthawks no longer record for that label, but in no sense is this scraping the bottom of the barrel.

—Steve Allean

David Lindley & El Rayo X
WIN THIS RECORD
Electra/Asylum 60178

David Lindley is one heck of a slide guitar player. No Hound Dog Taylor, mind you, but what he lacks in Hound Dog's offbeat ferocity, he makes up for with technical virtuosity. Like the late, great bluesman, Lindley has a penchant for bizarre stringed electric instruments (one of which he calls his "Thalidomide Telecaster"). Eclectic and derivative, many of this LP's songs successfully merge two or more musical forms. "Talk To The Lawyer," "Ram A Lamb Man," and Cyril Neville's "Brother John" are half R&B funk, half straight reggae, with Lindley's consummate slide work generously slipping in and out of the jumping beat. The album closes with Lindley's "Look

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| No. 2 | James Booker, Johnny Vidacovich, Albert and Ricke, Satisfaction |
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| No. 4 | Mark Harrell, Harry "Haze" Smith, New Orleans Recording Studios, Little Richard |
| No. 5 | Joe K. Dee, New Orleans Horns,1er, Walter Laskie (LIMITED QUANTITIES) |
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WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982

45
So Good," a beautiful, brief song featuring his Weisenborn acoustic. To his credit, the album's strongest pieces are all Lindley originals.

Asylum promo material claims an "intentionally grungy, home recorded effect" for this album, but aside from a distorted guitar and pounding drums, you'll be hard pressed to find it. (For real grunge try Hound Dog's "Beware Of The Dog" live LP)

El Rayo X does an admirable job of backup, providing a funky Southern California foundation for Lindley's creative ramblings, but this album could stand a shot of high-octane to really make it move, as evidenced by ERX's recent performance on the TV series Solid Gold. With long hair flying, electric slide at perfection, their ear-shattering electricity in chaotic, punkish contrast to that series' usual MOR shlock, that night Lindley and Co. could have given Hound Dog and the House-rockers a run for the money.

The English Beat
SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE
IRS SP70632

To say that this album is a move towards the commercial mainstream for the English Beat is to take nothing away from Special Beat Service. The basic ska/reggae style that the Beat are commonly identified with still pervades, but a variety of musical influences have been introduced, making this album more eclectic and generally more accessible. Hooky-tonk, American pop, a touch of soul and even balladeering all find their way into the music. All of which would probably be cacaphonous and confusing if the Beat weren't a tight, capable band that obviously enjoys making music (despite the solemnity of the cover photos). While none of the guys comes across as virtuoso musicians, they've become polished (this is their third album, after all), and the sound is smoother, livelier and more interesting than their somewhat disorganized Tipitina's show in September might lead one to expect. For a listener looking to investigate the type of sounds coming out of England's newer, younger bands without being exposed to musical or political radicalism, Special Beat Service is well worth a shot.

R.E.M.
CHRONIC TOWN
IRS 70502

R.E.M. (which incidentally, is not an abbreviation for "rapid eye movement") seems intent on making a very controlled, perhaps over controlled musical statement that is both expressive and accessible. Chronic-Town is a pleasant, undemanding record full of brightly ringing, undistorted rhythm guitar phrases and well-executed vocal harmonies. Bass and drums, however, rarely extend beyond the most basic rhythmic patterns, which gives the five cuts a disturbing homogeneity. The lyrics are often difficult to decipher (intentional effect or confusing production?) but those that are recognizable contain dreamy images of haunting beauty such as "foxfire burning out of town," "wolves at the door," and "gardening at night."

After several listens it becomes apparent that R.E.M. has no "lead" guitarist in the traditional sense of one who waits his turn to show off. With rhythm guitarists as ac-
The overall sound of the first two Furs records were also fascinating, psychadelic I suppose but very catchy, and many people assumed it was largely a creation of ace English producer Steve Lillywhite. So I was a little worried when I heard that they'd chosen Todd Rundgren to produce their next record and that guitarist Roger Morris and sax/keys-man Duncan Kilburn were leaving the band. As it turns out, these fears were ungrounded, and this may be the best Furs album yet. Based on his performance here, Rundgren seems like the best producer they could have gotten, his performance here, Rundgren seems like the best producer they could have gotten, his performance here, Rundgren seems like the best producer they could have gotten, his performance here, Rundgren seems like the best producer they could have gotten, his performance here, Rundgren seems like the best producer they could have gotten, his performance here, Rundgren seems like the best producer they could have gotten.

Various performers have been tagged “the next Dylan” — Price, Springsteen, Forbert, etc. — but no one seems to have mentioned Richard Butler of the Psychadelic Furs. You don't believe me. Check out these lyrics from the title song of the Furs' new album, *Forever Now*: “A banker in a tired suit is counting in his head / He's standing in your overcoat, he's lying on your bed / President gas is tappancing for the banker, he's a thief / He isn't very honest, but he's obvious at least.” See what I mean? I don't want to carry this Dylan thing too far, but Butler is also master of the scornful putdown, and he has one of those awfully fascinating/fascinatingly awful voices that you either love or hate forever on the first hearing.

Given his history of producing, writing, and performing hits in the rock/pop mainstream, it would be difficult for Todd Rundgren to be associated with a *bad* pop record. Well, true to form, Utopia's latest release (ironically titled *Utopia*) is a very good pop record.

However, if you're on the lookout for obvious deficiencies, these may “pop” up: a preponderance of overly predictable and highly formulated melodies and chord changes (gotta give the people what they want), entirely too many songs about girls and love, and a terribly boring cover photograph.

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The Electric Furs
*FOREVER NOW*
*Columbia ARC 38261*

Several critical and popular observers have already noted that *Forever Now* is a very good pop record. Well, true to form, Utopia's latest release (ironically titled *Utopia*) is a very good pop record.

However, if you're on the lookout for obvious deficiencies, these may “pop” up: a preponderance of overly predictable and highly formulated melodies and chord changes (gotta give the people what they want), entirely too many songs about girls and love, and a terribly boring cover photograph.

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On the plus side, look these guys can really play, and all four of them sing their ever-loving hearts out. When they put those vocal cords together, the Bearsville Boys' Choir really rocks! And Todd's taught 'em all the art of the "well-controlled-rock-scream" which they use to great effect. (Dooesn't that hurt?)

This record is also beautifully produced (if you owned a multi-million-dollar audio/video studio in beautiful upstate New York you'd learn how to produce too!)

Now if they'd only let me do their cover photos...

—rico

Tom Waits, Crystal Gayle
ONE FROM THE HEART
Columbia FC37703 (Original Soundtrack)

Francis Coppola is continuously grousing about unfair treatment by the press. Yet, like a wily politician who repeatedly calls press conferences to cry foul about the media, Coppola is a master at manipulating the Fourth Estate. Witness the reams of free publicity that he has so cannily generated in both newspapers and magazines. The TP-SI weekly entertainment supplement Lagniappe recently devoted a cover story to Coppola's financial woes and, not so incidentally, ballyhooed The Outsiders and Rumblefish, the director's one-two punch at the youth market. Lillian Ross wrote several thousand words in The New Yorker on the difficulties of making and distributing One From the Heart, Coppola's $27 or so million Las Vegas musical fantasy shot totally on soundstages like those glorious M-G-M musicals. And now Columbia Records has just issued the motion picture soundtrack. Wanna bet a major re-issue will be hitting the theatre screens soon?

If Coppola were to crank out duds for the rest of his career—like fellow director Robert Altman appears intent upon—he would still have a secure position in film history. He may or may not be the megalomaniac his interviews suggest, but he has accomplished some astonishing cinematic feats. They can't take that away from him.

As a coming attraction for the movie, the One From the Heart soundtrack is not likely to leave listeners waiting breathlessly for opening day. It's a wan, lackluster affair. Tom Waits, apologist for urban sleaze, wrote the score and he does vocals along with country singer Crystal Gayle—quite a perverse pairing. Waits has demonstrated a modicum of talent for composition in the past, but it was his extravagant images of low-life and his raspy too-many-cigarettes and too-much-booze voice that brought him a loyal cult following. He's cleaned up his act for Coppola and more's the pity. Not even a stray lyric lingers in the mind and Waits' distinctive croak has been honey-coated for this occasion. Crystal Gayle duets with Waits on most of the cuts, but the effect evokes two different recordings that have been indifferently mixed in the studio by a not-very-inspired console technician. The vocals don't even contrast in an engagingly bizarre fashion. On her solos, Gayle warbles monotonously, never varying a phrase with a trace of inflection.

If the One From the Heart soundtrack is meant to whet our appetites for the full visual and aural experience of Coppola's film, it backfires. The record makes you wonder if indeed the film is every bit as dreary as the unfair press has reported.

—John Desplas
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WAVELENGTH/DECEMBER 1982 49
Bryan Lee and the Jump Street Five are the new house band at Dixie's on Bourbon Street. Bringing the blues to the "Street" are (left to right in the picture) Kenny Felix, drums; Ken "Snakebite" Jacobs, tenor saxophone; Bad Billy White, keyboards; Mr. Brian Lee, guitar and lead vocals; Brad Weston, bass; Eric Langstaff, trombone.

Happy birthday this month to the following local music notables: bandleader Johnny Dedroit, Dec. 4; Red Tyler, Dec. 5; Louis Prima, Dec. 7; Dorothy Lamour and Guitar Slim—now there's a blind date for you, both Dec. 10; Art Neville and James Booker, both Dec. 17; Professor Longhair, Dec. 19; Cousin Joe, Dec. 20; drummer Baby Dodds, Dave Bartholomew and Lee Dorsey, Dec. 24; Kid Ory and Chris Kenner, Christmas Day; Bunk Johnson, Dec. 27; Charles Neville, Dec. 28 . . . A letter from Ken Smith of Red Lick Records (The Smithy, Llanfrothen, Wales) informs us that "the new Atlantic Longhair at Tipitina's is currently our best-seller as well it should be!" While a Polish subscriber/correspondent/tehcat Dioni Piatkowski writes: "I can be glad to inform Polish listeners/readers about all news from Louisiana, from 'Birth of Jazz,' from New Orleans." If you’ve information to pass on, Mr. Piatkowski’s address is Komarowa 8, 62-051, Poznan-Wiry, Poland.

Scott Billingham, producer of James Booker’s recent sessions for Rounder Records, is pleased at punch at the results. Rounder’s new Gatemouth Brown LP ought to be out very soon . . . Pats Domino is looking for a label to lease his new album . . . And the rumor-mills, working overtime, inform us that Apt. B may already be headed for Splitsville . . . Al Farrell is now a regular attraction at the Lion’s Den over on South Clearview Parkway on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and with the addition of Wayne Chance and Danny Chauvin on weekends.

A-Train has just released its Christmas single, "Holiday Love," recorded at Doll Hood Bryans in Tyler, Texas (where so many of the classic John Fred sides were also waxed). Copies are $2 plus six bits for postage from A-Train, P.O. Box 4641, Shreveport, LA 71134-0641 . . . A video film about one of the favorite local diversions, View from the Stoop, is nearing completion. Produced by Karen Snyder and NOVAC, the 30-minute tape features interviews with veteran stoop-sitters captured on their favorite spots, porches and galleries. Good photography and some choice Dixieland background music make this delightful picture of one of the more unique aspects of local life.

The Dream Palace may undergo a name change for the New Year. If you have any good suggestions, drop by and let the bartender know—Aaron Neville is reported working on a solo gospel album . . . The Backbeats will bring rock ‘n’ roll to the 711 Club December 6 . . . Ernie K-Doe’s Thursday night radio show on WWOZ is a real howl. Check it out . . . Also to check out: Little Stevie and the Disciples of Soul (formerly Miami Steve of Bruce Springsteen’s band) and their new record Mon Without Women.

Local musicians Wynton Marsalis and Bobby McFerrin both placed high (#1 and #5, respectively, in Jazz Musician of the Year and Vocalist categories) in the 47th Down Beat poll, which will appear in that magazine’s December issue . . . Carolyn Odell and Alan of the Uptights have tied the knot . . . Margie Joseph, one of our finest local soul vocalists, has a new record, "Knockout," which is living up to its name. Currently, the tune "Bubbles" as the term is, at #78 on the Cashbox chart and at #65 with a Super Bullet on Billboard’s Top 100.

The Cold Cuts’ Black Top album, produced by occasional New Orleanian Wavelength contributor Hammond Scott, has been delayed six more weeks because of problems with the jacket. Maybe, like the Lennon/Ono Two Virgins, it could simply be marketed in a plain brown wrapper.

Police Reports: The Blue Vipers recently had their upright bass removed from their van (where do you hide one of the damn things)?—anyone who spots a hot bass or has a lead on same, might want to call the band and let them hear about it; the B.V.’s also recently completed their four-song demo produced by ex-Boxtop Alex Chilton, and are preparing to hit the sidewalks taking it around to different labels . . . Police Reports II: Wind player Helen Erb—on her way to perform with the Symphony on November 16—had her oboe and English horn stolen in a stoplight robbery at Earhart and Simon Bolivar. She played beautifully, we’re told, with borrowed instruments; two suspects have been apprehended.

A test pressing of the Shelks’ debut record, Going Public (on the Mystique label), proves that the band’s high-energy live sound can be successfully transferred to disc. The seven-track album, recorded at Sea-Saint, should hit local racks about Sugar Bowl time . . . Earl King’s new single on Kanu, "Mannequin"/"It Hurts To Love Someone," sounds good to us.

Look out—and we mean it—for the Submarine Attendants’ flexi-disc to be inserted in a lucky 1,000 copies of Wavelength next month, accompanying our definitive definitive 1983 Band Guide . . . Police Reports III: In October, on the 22, to be precise, over $10,000 worth of sound equipment belonging to John Autin of the I Heard That Sound Co., was removed from Tupelo’s Tavern. Anyone with pertinent information and crackpot theories might want to buzz Mr. Autin at 455-9495.

Off to Europe this month are Boogie Bill Webb, Johnny Adams and David Lutie and A Taste of New Orleans.

Sad to hear that Big Will, former guitarist with Professor Longhair, was gunned down recently in his home. His wife of one month is being held by New Orleans police . . . The Red Rockers will be returning to town this month, having recorded an album at San Francisco’s Automat for release on 415/Columbia; the RR’s also filmed a video for MTV while Out There . . . Persia’s new single is "Don’t Let Your Dreams," a tune which they’re entering in the WRNO Rock contest; their new light show (unveiled to an audience of 900 recently at the Pad-dlewheel) requires 45,000 watts of electricity, so it’s surprising that Bucktown wasn’t plunged into blackness . . . The Nighthawks have signed with Rounder Records . . . Michael Hyatt and Exene Cervenka’s (of X) 1983 Gallery 1331 Xenography Calendar of Musical Dates has just crossed our desk and it’s a lulu—several pix from New Orleans, quotes from Almost Slim, and any number of interesting vital statistics for every day, much of it local in nature. For information on how to get yours, write to Michael Hyatt at 1221 Pine Street, Santa Monica, CA 90405.
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