3-1983

Wavelength (March 1983)

Issue
29

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University of New Orleans

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Recommended Citation
Wavelength (March 1983) 29
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NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

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With so much music to choose from, during the largest music festival in the world, how can you be sure to be at the right stage at the right time? Our readers know that Wavelength is the best guide to the music of New Orleans. Our Jazz Fest issues will have schedules, informed opinions and suggestions, as well as listings of what’s going on musically elsewhere in New Orleans and all over the state during Jazz Fest. Come on, let us show you where it’s at...

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OH, PLAY THAT THING!

A "New Orleans jazz and blues revue," devised by Harry Mayronne and bandleader Andrew Hall, Oh, Play That Thing! derives its title from the now-traditional shout that originated with some irritation because of a missed drum cue in King Oliver's "Dippermouth Blues." The cry was of course taken up in barrooms and boudoirs and on bandstands all over New Orleans, and then, The Universe. Virtually plotless, the show (which occupies the Monday and Tuesday evenings this month on the boards of the Toulouse Theatre) incorporates locally-affiliated music from the aforementioned Oliver number to "Blueberry Hill," that summit of sweetness that made a lovely vehicle for both Messrs. Domino and Armstrong. The show includes two dancers—The Society Swingers, Sharon Nabonne and Robert Vaucresson Jr., choreographed by the ever-lovely and indefatigable Judy Latour (The Big Mirlton's leading comic dancer, by the by, at least in a class with Ray Bolger and Charlotte Greenwood)—and Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band which, somehow, metamorphoses into the Society Brass Band and promenades about the stage, for those whose dogs aren't barking too loudly and whose ganglia aren't too scrambled from the recent holiday, this might just be perfect Lenten liveliness.

—Jon Newlin

THE JIVE IS STILL ALIVE

A few years back you might remember a group that made the rounds of uptown clubs called Street Corner Jive. The nucleus of the group was Karen Konnerth, piano and vocals, and Vic Shepherd, guitar and harp. Even though they hailed from New Orleans, they liked nothing better than playing "native Louisiana music." In 1980, just to try something different, the duo moved on to San Francisco for an extended stay before returning home to Newburyport, Mass., where they stayed busy playing clubs and even recording for Joppa Jump records. "We felt like we needed a material, including "Eileen" which was recently recorded by Sleepy LaBeef," says Shepherd, referring to the group's relocation back in New Orleans. "We did real well around New England, the people just eat up New Orleans and Louisiana music. But we wanted to come back because we missed it and thought it would help our playing."

Since returning, they've shortened their name to simply Jive, added an accordion to a couple of songs and have found business all but slow. This month they can be seen at Tipitina's, Ruby's Rendezvous in Covington, and the Parkway Tavern. Besides playing the favorites, "The Jive" also throws in some of its own material, including "Eileen" which was recently recorded by Sleepy LaBeef.

—Almost Slim

EARL'S PEARLS

On December 5, 1982, New Orleans' Earl King received the Prix Otis Redding 1983— the French equivalent of the Grammy awards—for that country's top reissue album of the year. The much revered award was presented by l'Academie Du Jazz in Paris for Earl's Trick Bag (see Wavelength 24 for review by yours truly) which collects his early Sixties Imperial Records material.

Earl was understandably surprised and grateful for the honor, especially since he doesn't own a copy of the album! "I just got this package in the mail one day with a certificate in it," laughed King. "The cat said they didn't know how to get hold of me to send me the album," he added. In commenting on the album, which has just recently appeared in New Orleans' record shops, King said: "I'd been hoping somebody'd do something with that material. I'd always felt that was some of my best stuff."

—Almost Slim

—Almost Slim
The thirteenth annual WTUL Rock-On Survival Marathon will be held March 18, 19 and 20 at Tulane University and at two local clubs. Again this year three disc jockeys will pull 24-hour shifts from high atop Tulane University Center. A request on the air will cost a pledge of $5 for a song and $25 for an album side. With the money raised, the station hopes to buy equipment to furnish their new studio added last fall.

The marathon kicks off Friday with the Neville Brothers at 4 pm on the University Center Quad. Friday night, the marathon moves to Jimmy’s club for a night of new wave music.

Saturday the Radiators and other as yet unconfirmed local groups will perform on the Quad all day long. Food and beer will be available as will WTUL bumper stickers and assorted souvenirs. Saturday night’s concert, rumored to feature Return to Forever, will be held at McAlister Auditorium on the campus at 8 pm.

Sunday is jazz day with Steve Masakowsky and Mars plus others on the Quad from 1-5 pm. Sunday night it’s more jazz at Tipitina’s beginning at 10:30.

For more information or to pledge a donation, call WTUL at 865-5887 or write WTUL, Tulane University Center, New Orleans, La. 70118.

—Margaret Williams

Soloing on that platonic instrument of bovine percussion, the cowbell, Aaron Neville gets a bit of guitar continuo from a fervent British admirer, Keith Richard. This momentous encounter occurred in Gotham recently when the Big A, along with Art and Ivan Neville, were at Electric Ladyland Studios to confer with Richard and Ron Wood about the Nevilles album to be released in the late spring on Rolling Stones Records. Richard and Wood also—since they were, after all, in the studio and, after all, had their guitars in hand—added a few note clusters to “One Thing,” a song for the album by Ivan Neville; the record (no title yet) will be finished up at Studio In The Country, sans Stones.

—Jon Newlin

If the term “mobile recording unit” stirs your imagination to visions of a twenty-piece horn section cramming their way into a U-Haul like Fifties frats stuffing into a phone booth, then rest assured, kind reader, that only the recording equipment goes into the truck; the band plays wherever they damn well please. After all, while the English groups have a thing for smelly old castles, Yankees like smoky bars.

For taping in virtually any location, Glen Himmaugh and Peter Schulman of Pace Recording are the proud owners of this bright red Mercedes Benz Diesel Bus which houses a mobile recording unit. Working in conjunction with Secret Studio, the comfortable rig is outfitted with a 16-track recorder, 24-track mixing console, audio/video monitors, and a complete rack of outboard equipment.

Recent credits include the Olympia Brass Band’s album (produced by Cosimo Matassa) and two live Neville Brothers performances. Pace offers an audio/video package with Independent Films which Himmaugh explains: “We’ll bring the group into Independent’s studio a day in advance to get them relaxed. The studio area is nice and big so we can drive the bus right into the building. Then we wire up, set up the P.A., check the sound and invite in an audience. I.F. does a three-camera video setup complete with moving cameras, which is taped in video while we tape the multi-track audio in the truck. The finished package is a broadcast quality video and an album quality master audio tape.”

Himmaugh and Co. hope to have twin 24-track recorders ready for mobile use by Jazz Fest time: “At 15 inches per second we get around an hour’s track time per reel, and when taping a live gig you can’t just go on stage and tell the band, ‘Look, could you re-do that song, we ran out of tape.’ Man, you gotta be ready.”

—rico
AROUND BATON ROUGE

Baton Rouge group Sneaux has just released the first single of its long-awaited first album, scheduled for release in the near future. The single, "I Don't Want To Be Alone Tonight," was written by Sneaux's drummers/vocalist Ted Bacot, along with ex-Sneaux guitarist Freddie Wall, who now fronts another popular rock group, Nightworks. The flip side of the single, "Don't Keep Me Hanging On," was Bacot's work, as is most of the rest of the album. Music commission member Lynn Orso is listed as the producer for both the album and the single, with Bacot and Marshall Schorn, whose Sea-Saint Studio backed the project. Besides Bacot, Sneaux includes guitarist/vocalist Jimmy Chiek, keyboardist/vocalist Harelond Williams, bassist Mike Crowder and guitarist Peter Richardson.

New B.R. bands to watch for: Mustang Sally, featuring ex-Razoo vocalist Sally Norris, and The Circuit Breakers, comprised of most of the old Vibratones. B.R. Rocker's Bill Wray's new EMI/Liberty album, Seize The Moment, is in the stores now. The River City musician also scored the new movie, Private School, in addition to landing songs on the new Pointer Sisters album due out shortly. Wray also has tunes in the works for Marty Balin, Kim Carnes, and Kenny Rogers.

—Eddy Allman

TRAVELING WITH THE TOURISTS

Guitarist/vocalist Mike Cappel and vocalist/percussionist Judy Pennington have a weird—but so far successful—thing going with their band The Tourists, which has served as the basis of a wildly diverse set of musical ideas during the course of its one-year existence in Baton Rouge.

According to the two, The Tourist concept encompasses every eclectic musical idea they can think of—from Irish folk tunes to acoustic versions of songs by The Cars and The Vapors; from selections from Evita and Rocky Horror to Billie Holiday covers.

To mimic a synthesizer, for example, Cappel and Pennington often use the services of violinist Dave Klein, an LSU math professor and political activist. For blues pieces, The Tourists turn to local singer/songwriter Danny Kane or guitarist Leon Lejeune. But if those wide-ranging Tourist trips seem odd, you should've followed The Tourists to their recent gig at the governor's mansion. Playing at a wedding reception for Tom and Charlotte Doyle (Charlotte is Mrs. Teen's sister), the band launched into an impromptu jam on some obscure country songs and folk classics. Halfway through the jam, the groom's mother, Fran Huff, joined in with some otherworldly yodeling.

The Tourists were also on hand earlier at a reunion gig by the legendary Greek Fountains, featuring original members Danny Cohen (aka Casey Kelley), Don Chessen, Duke Baudrall, Tommy Miceli and Cyril Vetter. (Vetter, incidentally, is currently the owner of WRBT-TV, but in the Sixties he was The Fountains' drummer and the man who penned the immortal "Double Shot" which was a big hit for the Swinging Medallions).

Cohen/Kelly's wife, Julie Didier (a songwriter based in Los Angeles) and Pennington joined the hastily assembled Fountains for a couple of tunes late in the evening.

—Eddy Allman

KING SUNNY

It's Mardi Gras eve at Club Marigny (which everybody mispronounces and still seems like the Dream Palace anyway). The opening band has just finished a set of wacky, but sometimes predictable funk 'n' roll and people are pouring in the entrance so fast as to make a sniff of fresh night air frustratingly inaccessible.

Resigned to spending the next few hours with jacket arms tied around the waist you're (sort of) talking with a beautiful Nigerian woman when she suddenly jumps up and whirls around the dance floor. More electric guitars, including (what?) a pedal steel; this band should buy stock in the Fender company.

With the surging tribal rhythm in full tilt, King Sunny himself takes center stage amid whoops and cheering. Even non-dancers are feeling a powerful urge to move now. Boys and girls, the high and the straight, black, white and in between are all leveled and unified by the unrelenting joyous beat. The songs swirl and bounce in a thoroughly enjoyable way even though you can't understand a word they're singing. People step up to wipe the singer's sweating brow with dollar bills, keeping the man when she suddenly bobs, head tilted back.

Wonderful quirks of arranging play fresh on ears too full and perked up now. Boys and girls, the high and the straight, black, white and in between are all leveled and unified by the unrelenting joyous beat.

The moment was over. While resting your rump on the frozen hood of a '78 Dodge you should've followed The Tourists to their recent gig at the governor's mansion. Playing at a wedding reception for Tom and Charlotte Doyle (Charlotte is Mrs. Teen's sister), the band launched into an impromptu jam on some obscure country songs and folk classics. Halfway through the jam, the groom's mother, Fran Huff, joined in with some otherworldly yodeling.

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—Eddy Allman
The Jefferson Street Cafe (located near the underpass in downtown Lafayette) has been sponsoring an unusual multi-dimensional performance on occasional Sundays in the past and plans to continue on into the future. Peggy Miranda (manager of the restaurant) and the members of the very progressive jazz group, Hub City All-Stars have been cooperating to form weekend Jazz Galleries. According to drummer Ricky Sebastian (who was working out of New Orleans with Gatemouth Brown until last summer), the idea is to bring about a general air of creativity, "a creative outlet." He goes on to explain that "it hasn't gotten past past paintings yet, but we want to include other areas: photography, video..." The four men, including Ray Mouton, Tom Spicer, Larry Sieberth, all work with regular bands while in non-All-Star mode. The Sundays of Jazz Gallery are for very personal work from the four and the interaction of other kinds of artists. Sebastian says the Jazz Galleries are an "educational sort of thing for local artists, a chance to feature their work. We have open jam sessions, it is a real healthy atmosphere." At this point the Jazz Galleries are planned for the first and third Sundays of each month.

When Michael Doucet released his Dit Beausoleil album some time back it fell onto receptive ears. The disc (Arhoolie 5025) received generally good national and regional reviews including the Record Roundup recommendation back in September 1982. Now the Lafayette musicians have gotten additional kudos from a recent down beat magazine. The jazz-oriented magazine gave the traditional French music of Beausoleil a four and one half star rating out of a five star grade. Beausoleil has been performing around Lafayette (regularly, each Thursday, at Malo's in Breaux Bridge) and the state as well as several times in Europe in the recent few years. In light of the obvious phonal opportunity, the fans of the "good sunlight" band are called "bozos."

According to Righty Schwartz, the long-active Rimrock band has broken up and most members have switched to alternate groups. The club Rimrock, located about two miles past the Acadiana Mall on the Abbeville Highway near Lafayette, is still open but the house band is no more. A New Orleans based family attracted Bo James and Blue Creek to play at their western and cowboysque Ker- shensine's (the restaurant is in the Acadiana Mall and is being partially redecorated in keeping with the addition of regular live music). Schwartz and Hoot Toups, of Rimrock, linked with Bo James back in Lafayette from his sojourn in Texas and James McGee (late of James McGee and Mid-South Express) to start up Blue Creek which performs at Kerstenstine's every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. At this point there is no cover charge for the four-day-a-week gig. Schwartz joshed that the "sales of our album were so fabulous that we just decided to retire!" in speaking of the disorporation of Rimrock. He said that Howdy has gone to California to play rock 'n' roll while Jake Steel is now with River Road.

—Jon Donion
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More brilliant guitar from one of the most highly praised jazz guitarists.

Sweet Emma
The darling of Preservation Hall, Sweet Emma Barrett passed early Friday morning, January 28, 1983. She leaves us over sixty years of singing and piano playing to remember.

Charming to everyone who saw her tall thin figure and smiling face poised at the piano, Sweet Emma was at her best when she lustily declared her chasteness in songs like “I Ain’t Gonna Give Nobody None Of My Jelly Roll.”

Emma Barrett performed with the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band in the early Twenties and went with Bebe Ridgley's group when he and Oscar Celestin decided to each have their own “Original Tuxedo” bands. She continued to perform with society and dance orchestras in the Twenties and Thirties. In the Forties, Emma returned to the small neighborhood dance hall style groups playing the good time versions of songs she had played before joining the “jazz” orchestras. By the late Fifties, a revival of public interest in this older style of music had consolidated into the Bourbon Street and Preservation Hall scene. During this time, she became Sweet Emma, “the Bell Gal,” the nickname referring to the bell-covered garters she wore, and began leading her own bands.

Then in 1961, she was suddenly discovered by a new and larger audience. TV appearances, tours ranging from Disneyland to Minnesota; after over forty years of working steadily, Sweet Emma was an overnight success.

She enjoyed and appreciated the publicity and relative success but what she really enjoyed was making music for people. This she continued to do even after a stroke in 1967 that left her partially paralyzed and many of the problems that come with advancing age and declining health began to plague her. Finally in mid-January of this year, increasing health problems forced her to relinquish her three nights a week at Preservation Hall. A little over a week after her last public performance she died while in the hospital overnight.

Many people anticipated big jazz funerals and were surprised that Sweet Emma had specifically requested that there be no jazz music. This was no more unusual than it was for her to be the only female in the many bands with whom she performed. In New Orleans, the piano was always thought to be a woman's instrument. And jazz funerals traditionally are held by a men's social club when a member passes. It would have been unusual for someone who maintained a tradition for so long to be swayed by popular expectations in her death.

Those who were close to Sweet Emma lament the loss of an important person in their lives. Those of us who knew her through her music have several wonderful records in which her music lives on. If you don't know her records, you can try Shalom 711 at Heritage Hall or Preservation Hall VPS-2 or better yet, both, since there is no duplication between the two and together they contain the best of her recorded repertoire.
LISTINGS

CONCERTS

Wednesday, 2
*Stray Cats, Saenger Theatre, call Ticketmaster, 587-3070.

Thursday, 3
*Iggy Pop, Tupelo's.

Sunday 6
*Bob Seger, Baton Rouge Centroplex, tickets at Ticketmaster.

Monday 7
*The Ventures, Tupelo's Tavern.

Friday 11
*War, Riverboat President, tickets at the docks and at Ticketmaster.

Wednesday 16
*Dave Liebman with Steve Masukowsky, Jim Singleton, Johnny Vidacovich and Calienté, Tipitina's. The show is a benefit for the Xenia Foundation.

Saturday 19
*Emmy Lou Harris, Riverboat President, tickets at the docks and at Ticketmaster.

Friday 25 - Sunday 27
Johnny Mathis, Orpheum Theatre, tickets at Ticketmaster.

ART


*Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Through Sun. 7: "Installations/Performance" series.


*The 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."


*Sandra Zahn Oree Gallery, 529 Wilkinson Row, 529-7676. Through Fri. 18: "Mask Hysteria" by Maureen Calligan.


MISCELLANY


* Dixieland Jazz from New Orleans, a 90 minute compilation of WYES-TV's series on French Quarter Jazz Musicians, Tues, 8, 8 pm.

*Florida Parishes Folklife Conference, Saturday, 5, Southeastern Louisiana University, Hammond, La. In the interest of preserving the unique culture of this area, the conference will include speakers as well as a night of live music featuring country, gospel, blues and ethnic performances. Call 549-2301 in Hammond for more information.


*New Orleans Opera Assoc., 529-2278, 529-2279. Thurs., Sat., 10, 12: Tristan And Isolde, New Orleans Theater of the Performing Arts, 7 pm.

*New Orleans Opera Guild, 525-7672. Tues., Wed., 15, 16: Tintypes, a musical celebration of America, Dixon Hall, Tulane Campus. 8 pm.


*Optima Studio Monthly Panel Discussion, Optima, 2023 Magazine, 522-9625. A monthly meeting, free to the public, to create energized dialogue in the art community of New Orleans. 7:30 pm.

*Piano Players Rarely Ever Play Together, a videotape by Stevenson J. Palfi will premiere on WYES-TV, Channel 12, Wed 2 at 8 pm. The documentary traces the work of Tuts Washington, Professor Longhair and Allen Toussaint, three generations of New Orleans Piano players. The show will be followed by a half-hour special at 9:30, Goodbye Fatman, a look at the late Dave "Fatman" Williams.

*Symphony Matinee, Orpheum Theatre, Tues. 1, 10:00 am. This special rehearsal features violinist Yehudi Menuhin rehearsing for the Symphony show Tuesday and Wednesday, 1, 2. Tickets are $10 and are available from the Symphony, 524-0464.

John Mooney & Bluesiana Band at Tupelo's Saturday March 5.
## MARCH 1983
**MUSIC AT 9:30 P.M., MON.-WED.**

### Coming Up in April
**Tipitina’s and WWOZ Present:**
**CAJUN/ZYDECO FESTIVAL ’83**
April 1, 8, 15 & 22

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<td>DR. JOHN plus special guests. This night dedicated to the memory of our friend Curtis Stiven</td>
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**Wavelength's March 1983**

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Wavelength's listings are available free of charge. Call 895-2342 for information.
It’s been a dozen years coming, through bad deals and double deals, but the Sheiks’ new album is very nearly the perfect studio embodiment of their raucous live shows.
He Sheiks

Michael O'Hara's voice in conversation is so whispery soft and sensual you can almost hear his heart melting as he speaks. For a good son who grew up leading gospel choirs in his minister father's St. Louis church, the soft-spoken, gentle person off-stage may be a form of living atonement for the bold, suggestive man he is under the lights—that riotous, come-hither gypsy who seems to drive his audience/harem into fits of frenzy.

On the eve of The Sheiks' first album, the appropriately titled Going Public, the band's lead singer/composer/keyboardist/sax object has no trouble reconciling such diametrically opposed images. "Something happens to me when I'm on stage," O'Hara said in a recent interview. "I become 'The Sheik,' sure, but Michael O'Hara doesn't disappear. He's projected out into the crowd, watching people's reactions. It's like magic. It's weird. When I'm on stage, it's so physical, almost an animalistic thing. But that other personality is there watching, too, asking me, 'Now how would I react if I was seeing me?'"

Referring to another musician who quit his band because he felt rock and roll don't mix, O'Hara says, "I don't see any conflict with my beliefs. I can't see how God—whatever form He takes—could see anything that's bad about what I do. If that's what it takes, hearing this music, what we do, to get people to the point where they can enjoy themselves, how can there be anything wrong with that?"

An interesting—and not necessarily irrelevant point, because while The Sheiks have built an intensely loyal following through an uncompromisingly original body of rock-oriented funk music and an equally original and dynamic stage act, O'Hara is at the core of The Sheiks' incendiary presence. While the component parts—O'Hara, guitarist Leslie Martin, bassist Nick Ferber and drummer Rob Sanders—are individually brilliant, The Sheiks are, ultimately, the vehicle for Michael O'Hara—his voice, his passion, his sleek exuberant spirit, come to life in four integrated parts. At its best, the band can be awesomely entertaining. Even at its worst, it is never less than fun.

No wonder J.Gels' Peter Wolf once exclaimed, "I'm glad we don't have to play after these guys," after seeing the band live.

But despite a dozen years of such accolades, this St. Louis-bred band has only now been able to release its first album. Twelve years after Sanders first convinced a 16-year-old O'Hara that this talent could send him light-years beyond life as a church choir director, The Sheiks have been down more blind alleys than a fugitive in Hawaii Five-O.

Of course, the word has been out on The Sheiks for some time now—rock-shots like Danny Kortchman and Neal Schon, among others, are ardent admirers. But as drummer-businessman Sanders explains, "We've had numerous offers, but part of the problem we've always had with record people is, they say, 'How do we market it?' We went through these transition periods and they didn't ever quite figure out how to handle a rock 'n' roll band with three white guys giggling with a black front man."

The band's image problems were further complicated by the usual run-ins with shady and near-shady music industry people, as well as the band's own naivete. When an early Seventies superstar like Ike (as in Ike & Tina) Turner deigns to take you under his wing, you don't read the fine print. Even when the print is unreadable in the first place.

Well, The Sheiks hardly would have had time to read it, in any event, because early on, a friend named Oliver Sain (author of "Don't Mess Up A Good Thing," among others) turned them on to the very same Ike Turner. Turner's affection for The Sheiks translated into some valuable session work, according to Sanders.

Problem was, Sanders says, Turner had some rather novel ideas about how to play Let's Make A Deal. Like talking "100% of the band's publishing" for starters. Oh, Sanders laughs ruefully, Turner fed the guys every so often and, sure, Sanders marvels, "He'd come into the studio once in a while and give us a hundred bucks or so and tell us to have a good time."

The best thing that came out of the band's relationship with Turner was the chance he gave them to work with engineer/producer Ron Malo, who's worked with the Rolling Stones and Billy Joel. The album that came out of that project was never released. "If we offered us this deal, but we decided we didn't want to do it, because we thought it was just a scam. It's not that we blew it—we just passed up an opportunity that would have been BS anyway."

The band had a little more fun with Chuck Berry, for whom The Sheiks served as back-up band for a bit. Sanders recalls the stint with Berry as being "spontaneous. Sometimes we had no idea about what he'd play next. We'd end up just jumping in and making it work."

Back out on their own, The Sheiks were making it work even more. After the bouts with Turner's deal-making, and their Berry days behind them, the band found its niche between band and city that culminated in the band's permanent move to The Big Tomato almost three years ago.

This move, Sanders says, "was like a fantasy. We were really infatuated with this place that took us to right away." Meanwhile, as the band's reputation continued to grow, there were other record "deals" in the offing.

A management deal signed with an agency out of Kansas City helped pave the way to a meeting with Don Ellis, then in CBS' A&R department. A record contract was all but delivered, but a big management shake-up there fouled things. Ellis left CBS to go to work for Motown, taking a recently completed Sheiks tape with him.

At Motown, Ellis was to head up a new rock 'n' roll division and The Sheiks were to be that label's first act. With everything apparently set, The Sheiks were shaken yet again when Ellis decided to leave Motown to form his own company. Although The Sheiks could have released their album, their management company recommended against it, apparently in the belief that Motown's Berry Gordy might compromise the group's sound.

"That," Sanders asserts, "was something we wouldn't do anyway." The Sheiks had built their reputation by staying true to their music—and money and the glamour of a major record company contract wasn't about to change them.
Still, The Sheiks were hardly fading into the acoustic tiles, and with disco at its zenith in the late Seventies, promo people from every walk of the record business continued to be fascinated by the group's odd magic.

Word of the band got to Houston, where a group of record people and investors had formed a label called Paid Records. But before The Sheiks could finish their album for that label, it went bankrupt, Sanders explains.

Sure enough, The Sheiks weren't finished yet. Some of the backers of Paid decided to form their own record company, Houston's Mystique Records. The subsequent release of Going Public should have been the end of that chapter, but it still wasn't quite all downhill from there.

The man who helped bring the project to life in the first place had a lot of ideas about how The Sheiks should sound—ideas which would prove hilariously at variance with what the band itself wanted to project.

During the course of the band's lengthy recording sessions at Sea-Saint Studio, Sanders said he and the rest of the group somehow heard its music transformed from muscular soulfulness to a kind of vanilla soup. While out of town on a gig, their producer decided to add horn arrangements and what O'Hara describes as "Up With People choruses" on nearly all the tracks. "When we got back and heard it," Sanders recalls, "we all cracked up. And this was after we'd been told by phone how incredible they'd made the album sound."

As Sanders puts it, that "incredible" sound cost about $20,000 more to undo.

Consider Going Public properly undone, in that respect, because the final product is very nearly the perfect studio-produced embodiment of The Sheiks' incomparable live show. O'Hara's full-bodied, urgently seductive vocal dramatics are there on everything, from the rock-gospelized rave-up of "99Yz" to the blisteringly punchy "Rocky Road." The bottom line underpinnings of Sanders' drumming and Leslie Martin's tasty guitar fills are there too. And bassist Nick Ferber, considered by some to be one of the best in the business, plays with the intensity of a young Larry Graham on speed.

Sanders thinks the acceptance of new acts like Prince indicates the public, the market, might have opened doors for The Sheiks.

To maximize their exposure, Sanders says the band tried to cover as many of their styles of playing as possible, to maximize each song's cross-over potential into more areas of the radio market. As a result perhaps half the songs are older pieces that have been in the show for years. "55 Highway" and "99½" are long-time Sheiks staples, while "You're The One" is relatively new. The key, he thinks, is to give the band's rabid fans a good dose of the expected rock 'n' roll, while letting a little of The Sheiks' gospel/funk roots peek out a bit, too.

Still, O'Hara says, "We haven't backed down yet. To make it in this business, you have to be original—and I think that's why our fans have stuck with us—because they know there's only one place you can come to get what you get with The Sheiks."
On October 6, 1982, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown completed a session for his upcoming One More Mile album at Studio in the Country in Bogalusa. Here's a behind-the-scenes look at what actually goes on in a recording session.

Today is the second day of a four-day session and Gatemouth is in an unusually good mood because the session is going well. He has brought his wife and three-year-old daughter along, and they shuttle back and forth from the studio to their mobile home parked outside under some pine trees.

The band has been inside checking the tuning of the instruments and running through the charts of the material they will attempt to record today, inside the spacious paneled and carpeted studio.

Inside the control room, engineer David Farrell checks the levels on all the studio tracks, while producer Scott Billington peers over the banks of dials and switches.

At precisely 2:24, Gatemouth strolls into the studio, leading his daughter by the hand to a stool in the middle of the room. Gatemouth is dressed casually in a loose Hawaiian nylon shirt, disdaining his usual cowboy boots for Birkenstocks. He adjusts the toothpick in his mouth as he arranges the sheets with his lyrics on a music stand.

"All right?" questions Gatemouth, peering through the glass panel that separates him from the control booth.

"Gate, check your tuning," calls Billington.

Gatemouth adjusts the tuning on his Gibson Firebird guitar and makes faces at his daughter who is sitting next to her father clutching a rag doll.

He plays a few scales and lights a cigarette before he turns to the four horn players on his left. "Y'all ready?"

"Ready," comes the voice of Billington through the intercom.

"'One More Mile' take one," says Gatemouth.

The music starts with a punchy brass introduction. Gatemouth immediately falls in, playing a signature staccato guitar figure and playing two, twelve-bar stanzas, before he leans into the oversized microphone.

"One more mile, one more mile to go. One more mile, one more mile to go. I got to get to my baby, I left a long long time ago."

Gatemouth's voice trails off near the end and he takes an extended solo, smiling all the while.

"The bright lights of the city, gonna be the death of me," continues Gatemouth.

The song ends with a somewhat confused ending, with another flourish of horns.

"It's getting there," grunts Gatemouth.

"'Gate, you played twelve bars too many in the solo," booms Billington's voice.

"Play twice in the beginning and once during the middle."

Gatemouth nods and shuffles the sheets on his music stand and the horn players check their ending.

"I need another pack 'a cigarettes," says Gate to no one in particular.

"Everybody ready?" asks Farrell, re-adjusting the level of Gatemouth's microphone.

"Take two," says Gatemouth.

The song begins again just as before with Gatemouth nodding his head in time to the music. Halfway through the second stanza he lays his guitar down and barks, "Hold it. Why's this damn mike goin' off and on?"

"Maybe you're shortin' out again," answers Farrell through the intercom.

"I'll try putting his voice through another track," he says to Billington.

"Are you ready?" calls Gatemouth.

"Let's go."

"We're rollin'," says Farrell.

"'One More Mile' take three," calls Gatemouth.

Homer Banks, formerly a session man with Duke Records, signals the horns and they kick off the tune once again.
Gatemouth flashes a demonic grin and really bears down, squeezing piercing blues riffs from his guitar. He begins singing but forgets a verse and sounds flat and disconcerted, before he just stops playing.

"Is that a good one?" asks Gate. "That was it," says Billington with a smile.

The band files into the studio to listen to the playback. During the instrumental break Homer Banks leans back on the couch and whistles "Oh yeah."

Near the end of the playback it becomes apparent that the horns missed one of the beats on the ending. Rather than doing the whole song over, Farrell backs up the tape to the point of the mistake. The horn players go back into the studio and correct the mistake by playing over their old track. Just like that the take is complete.

After a ten-minute break, the group starts on the second song, "Sunrise Cajun Style," a country song Gatemouth previously recorded on Barclay records. For this number he plays both guitar and a fiddle, saving the latter for the instrumental breaks. Gatemouth's regular group is augmented by Tommy Moran, the studio guitarist, who plays steel guitar on this selection.

Together the group falls into the number with relative ease as they have featured the tune on their shows. Near the end things stiffen up as Gatemouth awkwardly changes from guitar to fiddle and he flubs the ending.

"No, it goes "da-da-da-da-da-bah," he calls to the horn section.

"Just play it like you feel, Gatemouth," one of them calls.

"How do you know how I feel, you son of a bitch?" returns Gatemouth in jest.

On take two Gatemouth opens with the fiddle, leaving the guitar on his lap. During the first vocal stanza he picks up the guitar and starts to play a rhythm accompaniment. The steel guitar takes the middle solo before Gate sings another stanza and finishes up with a whining fiddle break.

"Gate, switch to the fiddle after the steel guitar break," says Billington into the studio.

Gatemouth nodes and instructs the band as to where he'll take his solos. Take three is perfect and Gatemouth all but runs into the studio to listen to the playback.

"I think that was it," says Billington as the tape is queued to the beginning.

"That was a fine vocal, I'll have to admit that," grins Gatemouth, taking another drag on his Benson and Hedges as he listens to the playback.

Everyone else nods approval and they head back in to record the old Cecil Gant ballad "I Wonder." After four takes and half an hour, they have that on tape too.

Both Billington and Gatemouth seem satisfied with the day's result and decide to break for supper before returning that evening to add another song.

"This is gonna be my best album yet," says Gate to his daughter, who has crawled up into his lap.

"That's right, daddy," she says.

Gatemouth Brown's One More Mile (Rounder 2034) will be released later this month.
Randy Hébert—One Man Music

For a two thousand dollar investment, Randy Hébert has a polished, professional-sounding album that gets across his concept of one man performing each and every part of the music.

When Randy Hébert decided to call his album One Man Music, he was doing no more than telling the truth about it. Hébert wrote the words and music, played all the instruments, recorded it, financed it—even designed the jacket and the label! In fact, “the only thing I didn’t do was press the record!”

Those who have seen Hébert perform—his regular gig is at the 711 Club on Bourbon Street—know that it isn’t simple folk songs he’s strumming. Through the use of a variety of state-of-the-art pieces of musical technology, Hébert sounds like a full R&B band on stage. A Linn drum computer allows him to program a variety of rhythms. Three Roland polyphonic guitar synthesizers make what looks like a normal six-string electric guitar sound like anything from a growling bass to a full string section. He sings harmony with himself through a pitch transposer. All of these are cued on and off through a panel of foot switches that sits on the floor in front of Hébert. The timing is intricate, the execution flawless.

So it must have been a relief to go into a recording studio (actually, the basement of his Mid-City house) and play the parts one at a time, right? Wrong. Not wanting to tamper with what worked for him already, Hébert recorded the album “live”; that is, from performance straight onto tape, with no overdubs. Hebert took the tape straight off his two-track TEAC recorder and sent it to be pressed.

Obviously this was a low-budget adventure—about a two thousand dollar cash investment, Hébert figures, and a year’s worth of time. Yet the result is a polished, professional-sounding piece of work that gets across Hébert’s concept of one man performing each and every part of the music. It is quality stuff, not merely a testament to the miracles of modern technology. “Losing Control,” the album’s opening cut, won him first prize in the R&B category at the most recent American Song Festival. Perhaps more importantly from a long range standpoint, he’s already sold enough copies to enable him to begin work on a second album.

There will be some changes on the new record: multitrack recording, some new inventions in gadgetry, perhaps some subtle variations in style. There will still not, however, be guest musicians, outside engineers, a heavy-handed, high-powered producer. Randy Hébert is talented and persevering enough to write, play and record everything himself, to do it his way absolutely, to continue to perform one man music.
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Now that you've written a song that's going to change the world, rehearsed it in the attic till you're blue in the face, and are ready to shower it down upon the record-buying masses, the first question is: How?

Before you stride into a hundred-dollar-an-hour studio with horn charts and hollow body in hand, do some homework and make sure your Grammys-bound ballad receives a righteous realization in vinyl. Shop around and check out several different studios. Inquire about rates and equipment, talk to the engineers and find a studio you think can best capture your sound on tape.

The engineer is the person who selects the hundreds of studio controls to actually make the recording sound a certain way. Microphone placements, isolation booths, tone manipulations, and sound mixing must be worked out before and during the session. A good engineer will have a thorough knowledge of acoustic theory and recording technology to produce any sound from dirt-stomping Delta blues crudeness to synthesized high-tech tone poetry.

The first and most important step before recording is to know your material. Period. Don't waste valuable studio time rehearsing or practicing. You should keep an open mind toward creative rearranging, however, if inspiration strikes.

Cosimo Matassa's old studio on North Rampart Street was the site of many legendary New Orleans R&B sessions and his opinions on recording are simple and straightforward: "The two most important things are preparation and concentration. If you're well prepared, it's not a question of what you're doing, so much as how you want to do it."

"You have to really work together," says David Farrell, first engineer at Bogalusa's Studio In The Country. "It's hard to hear mistakes when everybody's playing at once, as in most bands. For instance, a keyboard player may be in his own little world, and not really listening to the band. New groups should rehearse through headphones and a mixer to really hear what they sound like and to get used to working that way before they go in the studio."

Assuming your goal is to produce a quality 45 single, the next step is to find the best studio for your money. "Don't waste a bundle at a state-of-the-art studio unless you're ready to take advantage of all they can offer," says George Hollinshead, a professional musician who operates his own small eight track in Central Louisiana. "If you're making a demo tape to get live gigs, for example, perfection isn't really necessary, but making a good album demands more engineering, technology and money."

Farrell, who has Maze's Gold LP and Gatemouth Brown's Grammy-nominated Alright Again to his credit, also believes "you get what you pay for. Nowadays people will spend more money for a good studio and engineer to get a better product." Local prices range from fifteen to twenty dollars per hour for time on a basic four track to one hundred twenty dollars per hour for twenty-four tracks plus.

So you've paid the deposit and it's "take one, we're rollin'" time but the thought of ninety bucks an hour is bringing on the butterflies. "Relax," Jay Gallagher of Ultrasonic Studios will tell you. "After all, it's only a building where people make recordings." A nondescript office on Washington Avenue covers Ultrasonic which is one of the most advanced and sophisticated studios in the area. Gallagher teaches an extension course in recording techniques at the University of New Orleans that can provide valuable information for the aspiring studio musician.

If you're recording as a group, it's a good idea to designate a spokesman to function as producer on an informal level. Jack Berry of Secret Studio may have groups call in an outside ear each session to serve as "producer for the night," to get a more objective opinion on certain material.

One aspect of recording that is sometimes overlooked is the condition of the players' instruments. Farrell: "The intonation on most guitars will be off a little, which may be unnoticeable live at high volumes, but in the studio it becomes obvious. Chorus effects won't sound smooth because an out-of-tune instrument produces its own chorus."

Top studios keep an array of acoustic and electric session instruments on hand, well cared for and in perfect tune, but don't depend on them; make sure your axe is right.

The session is over and you're satisfied with the tape, but there's several steps till you're on the Billboard charts. Without a
That gem of yours on magnetic tape must be transferred to vinyl, which involves mastering and pressing.

The Wakefield plant in Phoenix, Arizona, has both capabilities under one roof and is a popular choice among New Orleans studios because of their high quality control. Nashville, the recording mecca of the Central United States, has several mastering labs and pressing plants that do a brisk business with those who avoid the East and West Coasts. The only pressing plant in South Louisiana is Ville Platte Records, owned and operated by Floyd Soileau.

Floyd is more than happy to talk at length about any aspect of recording but his terms like "mothers, slicks, lacquers and stampers," can get a little confusing. Bring your finished tape to Ville Platte and Mr. Floyd can take it from there. "I send most of my work to Nashville for mastering," he explains, "Then our job is to copy the master in the form of records as accurately as possible. That's why it's important to get the sound you want in the studio." Your first thousand singles will cost you about $400 or you can get five hundred for around $275, including mastering.

It's a good idea to request a reference acetate (sample record) at this stage of the game to proof the final product before the production pressing. "There's a lot of mechanical things that can go wrong," stresses Jay Gallagher, "So you've got to check it every step of the way."

Visually accomplished artists may want to even design and execute their own sleeves and packaging. David Byrne of Talking Heads was an art student before becoming a successful musician and his jacket designs are compelling, bold and effective. Lacking such confidence, you could enlist an artist (preferably one whose work you admire) to design your packaging. Remember, sleeves can be an important promotional tool early in a career, so don't forget to include important addresses and information on bookings.

Now that you're "A-1 on the jukebox and nowhere on the charts," so to speak, don't forget to bring a boxful of records to your next live gig to sell from the bandstand. This somewhat unsophisticated means of distribution is still the most popular method with Cajun wedding reception bands and thousands of gospel groups.

If your genius has commercial potential, you might even land a million dollar contract with a major label. Beware of dark shades, short men and long cigars.

You're at your next session and nothing's going right. The strings are stretching, the vocalist keeps falling off mike and your drummer has just lost the tempo...again. Before you pull a Pete Townshend and smash that vintage Gibson Gold Top to splinters, think back to the golden yesteryears of mono recording.

There was no overdubbing, no fancy editing and only live mixing. Shoot, it even took Elvis an exhausting twenty-eight takes to cut "Hound Dog"...but look where it got him.
Louisiana's Recording Studios

Now that you've decided to do it, here's a list of our area's fine studios and what each has to offer.

Christian Music Center Recording Studio 104 Irma St., Lafayette, 70501. (318) 261-0936. Tracks: 16
Owner: Corporation, Christian Music Center
Engineer: Ken Barthold
Recorders: Tascam 8516 16 tracks with DBX
Instruments: Kimball grand piano, studio drums, organ for rental.
Rates: $45 per hour, Mon.-Thurs., $55 per hour Fri-Sat.
Notes: Only gospel recorded, home of the Christian Music Fellowship, an organization of Christian musicians, serving the Lord through music.

Creative Sound Productions 10611 Cal Rd., Baton Rouge. (504) 253-4923.
Tracks: 8
Owner: Ed Smith
Engineer: Ed Smith
Recorders: Tascam Multi Track, Ampex Half Track, Studer
Instruments: Baldwin acoustic piano, Rhodes electric keyboard, Ludwig drums, Arp synthesizer
Rates: $45 per hour for 8 track, $55 per hour for mobile recording unit.
Credits: Gregg Wright, L.A. Connection, Dee Nobles
Note: The studio maintains a mobile recording studio for on-site recording; in addition to recording, Creative is also a manufacturer of bulk cassette tape plus it does high speed duplication of tapes.

First Take/B&B 3941 Bienville, New Orleans 70119. 482-8505
Tracks: 16
Owner: Steve Monistere, Buzzy Beano, Sherman Bernard Jr.
Engineer: Buzzy Beano
Recorders: 2 Teac 8 track
Mixers: Studiomatication
Outboard Extras: Steinway, Nueman V87, V67
Rates: $30 per hour, $200 per day.
Credits: Dr. John, the Nevilles, the Copas Brothers, the Sheiks, the Topcats, the Bellamy Brothers

Greybeard Sound Productions 109 Fenhil Ave., Lafayette. (318) 232-3614
Tracks: 8
Owner: Shelton Skerrett
Engineer: Shelton Skerrett
Recorders: Tascam 80-A 8 track with Automatic DBX noise reduction, Tascam 40-4 4 track with Automatic DBX noise reduction, Technics RS1520 mixdown, BICT-2 cassette tape plus it does high speed duplication of tapes.
Outboard Extras: Steinway, Nueman V87, V67
Mixers: Studiomaster
Instruments: Kawai piano, Fender Rhodes, electric keyboard, percussion
Rates: $40 per hour
Credits: Ricky Sebastian, Larry Sieberth, Dicky Landry, Ray Mouton, Li'l Queenie and Backtalk
Notes: Mainly jingles plus a few records; reported to be one of the most respected studios in this part of the state.

Grouse House Studios "In the Irish Channel," New Orleans. 522-9470.
Tracks: 4
Owner: Gilbert Hetherwick
Engineer: Gilbert Hetherwick
Recorders: Teac 33-40, Aki crude 2 track, "professional" Walkman mixer
Mixers: Boulder Stereo 6
Outboard Extras: "Plan to have a lot of patience" Note: "Depending on how much fun it is." Credits: Demos for the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, The Scene, Dead Cheese, various musical connections by the owner.

JY Recording Studio, a division of Specialty Sound Co., 3335 Bread, Monroe. (318) 387-3628, (318) 323-0805
Tracks: 16
Owner: Jimmy Young
Engineers: Jimmy Young, Jim Young
Recorders: Urei compressors, Lexicon digital delay, Plate reverb, Crown and Newman mikes, Tascam, Otari, Kepex noise gates; all sound is run through DBX instruments: Yamaha electric grand piano, mini-Moog synthesizer, Amp Omni strings, various other synthesizers
Rates: $40-60 per hour, plus block time.
Credits: Doug Duffy and the Distractors, Lou Wilson, Chuck Redding, plus an LSU spirit song is currently in the works.
Note: JY will soon be moving to the historical old Central Bank in West Monroe and will use the vault as its reverber chamber.

Knight Studios 3116 Metairie Road, Metairie, Louisiana 70001. 834-5711.
Tracks: 24 and 16
Owner: Traci Borges
Engineers: Camile Boudoin, Bob Lawrence, David Urquhart
Recorders: Ampex and Studer
Outboard Extras: AKG Acoustical Reverb Chambers, U-78 mikes, DBX and Dolby noise reduction, PCM delays.
Instruments: Kawai piano, Fender Rhodes, electric clarinet, Ludwig drums, Hammond organ with Leslie, electronic ARP keyboards
Rates: On Inquiry.
Credits: Donnie York, Al Hirt, Pete Fountain, Sammy Davis Jr., Martha Raye

The Loft New Orleans, 528-9119
Tracks: 8
Owner: Geoff Baldwin
Engineer: Geoff Baldwin
Recorders: Teac 80-8
Mixers: Audio Trak 16X8X2
Instruments: Tama drums, Kimball upright piano
Rates: $30 per hour

Malaco 3023 West North Side Drive, Jackson Mississippi 32131. (601) 982-4522
Tracks: 24 (2 studios)
Owner: Malaco Inc.
Engineers: Staff
Recorders: MCI (computer—mixed in Studio A)
Instruments: Yamaha grand piano, Pearl drums, Moog, Fender guitar amps
Rates: Studio A—$125 per hour, Studio B—$100 per hour.
Credits: Dorothy Moore, Anita Ward, Fern Kenney, Z.Z. Hill, King Floyd, Jean Knight, Fred McDowell, Batisse Brothers

Master-Trak P.O. Box 856, Crowley, Louisiana 70526. (318) 783-1601, (318) 788-0773
Tracks: 24
Owner: J.D. Miller
Engineer: Mark Miller
Recorders: MCI
Mixers: Neumann
Neumann, AKG, Crown, Shure, Sennheiser, Sony, Altec and Fairchild mikes
Instruments: Yamaha grand, Fender Rhodes, clarinet, harpsichord, Rogers drums, Peavey and Fender amps, Roland Jupiter 8, Roland vocoder plus, Hammond organ.
Rates: Variable
Note: Louisiana’s oldest operating recording studio, since 1946.

Mountain Music 1807 Pass Road, Gulfport Mississippi; 39501. (601) 894-7558
Tracks: 16
Owner: Carl Roberts
Engineer: Carl Roberts
Recorders: MCI
Mixers: MCI
Outboard Extras: Scully 2 track and mono full track, Ampex 2 tracks, Akai cassette, Teac stereo reel to reel, Crown power MPA, SAE electronic crossovers
Instruments: Ludwig drums, two Hammond B3 organs, two pianos, two Fender Rhodes pianos, Elka string synthesizers
Rates: Variable
Note: Will arrange for the entire recording process—pressing, packaging, etc. Over 2000 square feet means comfort for larger groups.

Niteshade Studios 927½ North Hagan, New Orleans 70119. 488-7408
Tracks: 8
Owner: Donald Hull
Engineer: Donald Hull
Recorders: Pascom 80-8 with DBX
Mixers: Pascom Model 5 mixer with 8 channels and Parametric EQ
Outboard Extras: Dual limiter, ½ track mix down deck with DBX, Stereo reverb with EQ, Stereo Tapp delay system, condenser mikes
Instruments: Kawai piano
Rates: $25-$35 per hour
Credits: Cindi Titzer, the Rockabyes, L-Rod

Pace Mobile Recording Unit 949-2414.
Tracks: 16
Note: A 16 track mobile Mercedes Benz bus. State of the art

Pace Recording Co. 949-2414.
Owners: Glenn Himmaugh and Peter Schulman
Engineers: Glenn Himmaugh and Peter Schulman
Rates: On inquiry
Credits: the Olympia Brass Band, the Nevilles, the Victory Temple Assembly of God
Note: New Orleans’ only location multi-track recording facility. Complete sound and lighting equipment rentals and album and video productions

Patmos Productions 123 East State Street, Ridgeland, Mississippi 36197. (601) 856-2325
Tracks: 16
Owner: James A. Griffin
Engineer: James A. Griffin
Recorders: 3M, Ampex, Revox
Mixers: Raindirk
Outboard Extras: Full range limiters, compressors, equalizers, delays and special effects
Instruments: Yamaha grand, Fender Rhodes, Slingerland drums, Hammond organ
Rates: On inquiry

Rosemont Studios 1938 Dumaine, New Orleans 70116. 821-9611
Tracks: 8
Owner: Al Taylor
Engineers: Al Taylor, Ronald Jones
Recorders: Ampex 8 track
Mixers: Fairchild 12 channel
Outboard Extras: multi-echos, limiters, external equalizers
Instruments: Hammond organ, baby grand, drums, guitar and bass amps
Rates: $40-$55 per hour
Credits: Willie Tee, Sammy Burfect, the Gospel Soul Children, the Ebenezer Baptist Church Choir, Greater St. Stephen’s Choir, Bruce Samson, the Mighty Charists, Geraldine Wright, Philip Manuel, audio for Morial campaign theme with the Nevilles, audio for Sherman Copelin commercial with Muhammad Ali

Royal Shield 1251 North Acadian Thruway
West, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. 1-383-8671
Tracks: 24
Owner: Homer Sheeler
Engineer: Cecil Duke
Recorders: MCI
Mixers: Harrison 2824 Console
Outboard Extras: EMT and AKG reverbs, 201 Limiter, Lexicon voice stressor, Dolby and DBX noise reduction, Eventide Clockworks
Instruments: Yamaha grand, Prophet Synthesizer, 360 Systems bass guitar interface, Fender Precision Bass, Ludwig drums, etc.
Rates: On inquiry
Credits: Willie Nelson, Maze, Doc Watson, the Meters, LeRoux, Johnny Winter, Stevie Wonder, The Dirt Band

Sea-Saint Studios 3809 Clematis Avenue,
New Orleans Louisiana. 949-8386
Tracks: 2 24-tracks
Owners: Allen Toussaint and Marshall Sehorn
Engineers: Skip Godwin, Bob Kerney, Reginald Toussaint
Recorders: MCI 24-track Ampex and MCI 2 tracks
Mixers: Harrison 3232 Console
Outboard Extras: JBL 43 26s modified, full Dolby, Lexicon digital reverb, ENT plate reverber, quad ready room
Instruments: 9’ Baldwin concert grand, electric Yamaha grand, Fender Rhodes, RMI, mini moog synthesizer, Oberheim synthesizer, drumsets, percussion instruments, tympanis, Hammond B3
Credits: Dr. John, Allen Toussaint, Ramsey Lewis, Patti Labelle, the Neville Brothers, the Mills Brothers, Eric Gale, Badger, King Biscuit Boy, Frankie Miller

Secret Studio New Orleans, Louisiana,
866-7063; 949-2414.
Tracks: 16
Owner: Jack Berry, Glen Himmaugh, Peter Shulman
Recorders: Tascam 90-16, Otari MX5050B
Mixers: Studio Mixer II 32L
Outboard Extras: tape echo, DDL, Valley People compressor limiter, noise gates
Instruments: Hammond B3 organ, Ludwig drums, piano, Fender twins, Prophet 5 synthesizers
Rates: Variable
Credits: Woodenhead, the Nevilles, the Victory Temple Church Band, the Copas Brothers
Note: Complete record packaging albums and 45s, 16 track mobile recording unit

Southern Star Recording 6105-A Youree,
Shreveport, Louisiana. (318) 861-0569.
Tracks: 16
Owner: Joe Spivey, George Clinton
Engineer: Joe Spivey, George Clinton
Recorders: 3-M 2 inch 16 track, Scully and Ampex 2 tracks, Neumann, Sennheiser and Shure mikes, plus outboard gear available
Instruments: Hammond B3 organ, Yamaha

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baby grand, Ludwig drums
Rates: $80 per hour for 16 tracks, $60 per hour
for 8 track, $40 per hour for 2 track, plus
block time available at reduced rates
Note: Southern Star does primarily black gospel
music for Shreveport record labels

Stonee's Studio 2333 Michigan Ave.,
Metairie, Louisiana 70003. 467-3655.
Tracks: 4
Owner: Winston "Stonee" Doussan
Engineer: Stone Doussan
Recorders: 2 Teac, 4 track and 2 track
Mixers: Teac and Kelsey
Outboard Extras: DBX filter, 2 Marantz
cassette decks
Instruments: Baldwin acoustic/electric piano,
Trilogy synthesizer, Ludwig drums
Rates: $15 per hour plus tape
Credit: Backbeats, Mirroz

Studio in The Country P.O. Box 490,
Bogalusa, Louisiana 70427. (318) 735-8224
Tracks: 2 24-track recorders.
Owner: Eugene Foster
Engineer: David Farrell
Recorders: Harrison console 32 track input with
Parametric EQ
Instruments: 9' grand piano, 7¼' Kawai grand,
D3 clarinet, stereo Rhodes electric piano,
digital Synergy, various Fender, Marshall and
Ampeg amps, Strats, 2 Telecasters, 2 Precision
basses
Rates: $110 per hour, 10 hour block for $950
Credit: Kansas (3 albums), Willie Nelson,
LeRoux, Clarence Gatemouth Brown, Maze,
Stevie Wonder

Studiomentis 835 Barracks, New Orleans,
Louisiana 70116. 525-1300.
Tracks: 8 (24 consulting)
Owner: A.J. Loria
Engineers: Various
Recorders: Studer Revox
Rates: $50-$100
Credit: A.J. Loria, Raven, Rusty Kershaw,
Blue Vipers, Sponges, Autobop

Thee Studio P.O. Box 519, Slidell, Louisiana
70459. 524-5716
Tracks: 24
Owner: The Schneider
Engineer: Chris Schneider
Recorder: MCI JH-24
Mixers: MCI JH-636
Instruments: Yamaha grand, Prophet 5, Hammond B3,
Fender Rhodes
Outboard Extras: Lexicon 224, PCM 42 digital
delay, vocal stressors, harmonizers, aural
exciters, Eure 814A Time Align Monitor System
Rates: $80 per hour/day, $65 per hour/night
Credit: "Worlds Fair '84" with Ed McMahon, sessions for
Tanya Tucker, Rita Coolidge, the Buddy Miles Band, Glen
Campbell, Willy DeVille, Straitface's WRNO rock
album cut
Note: "The only ½" mastering facility in the South."

Ultrasonic 7210 Washington Avenue, New
Orleans, Louisiana. 486-4873.
Tracks: 24
Owner: Jay Gallagher
Engineer: Jay Gallagher
Recorders: MCI
Instruments: Kawai grand piano, Fender
Rhodes electric piano, clavinet, Hammond B3
organ, Ludwig drums, string synthesizer,
various amps
Rates: $100 per hour, package plans
available
Credit: Windjammer album, the Radiators' "Heat Generation" album
SPREADING JAH WORD

Reggae fanzines abound, filled with all the interviews, news and history that reggae fans love to read.

Information about reggae records and publications has been pouring into the Wavelength offices for the last few months.

Roger Steffens, of radio station KCRW in Santa Monica, and the man most responsible, along with record collector Hank Holmes, for the promotion of reggae music on the West Coast, called recently to inform us of his latest publication, the Reggae Beat newsletter. The newsletter contains various tidbits of information about reggae happenings around the world as well as the complete playlist of the rare, rare reggae records played each week on Roger and Hank's radio show, the Reggae Beat.

Best of all to New Orleans readers, every issue includes transcripts of excellent radio interviews with reggae's leading stars. Because of the credibility and rapport that Roger and Hank have established with the reggae community worldwide, as well as their in-depth knowledge of reggae, their interviews draw exciting information and heartfelt opinions that don't normally surface in interviews elsewhere with these same artists. New Orleanians who used to buy reggae publications, but that situation may have changed. And even if not, he's qualified to make educated choices for those who express interest in specific reggae categories such as politics, performers, records, history, etc. Write to Warren Johnson at Music Freak Enterprises, P.O. Box 10, Station B, Toronto M5T 2T2.

Now if you've read as much as you care to read about reggae, and you want to hear some music, there is an exciting new offer from Nighthawk Records. Here's their story: "After many years of avid... collecting, we are publishing the first sales list of (Jamaican 7-inch 45's), covering all periods, styles and fads, from mento and calypso, through ska, rock-steady, rude boy tunes, toaste or DJ's and reggae and all are the original Jamaican pressings." The records offered are enough to make the ears tingle, especially considering that the discs are all the much preferred Jamaican pressings.

As an example, you may have heard of, but have you heard "Hypocrites" or "Screwface" by Bob Marley, or "Maga Dog" or "Vampire" by Peter Tosh? These 328 other equally rare discs are being offered by Nighthawk. Records are listed by performer, title and record label. Record label information is crucial because back in the old days when each studio had its own producer, and each producer had his own studio band of musicians, the only way to identify the musicians was by association with record labels. The Nighthawk catalog provides a brief list of producers and their labels, and this is enough reason to write for the catalog. Of course, when the catalog arrives with its extensive list of records, all graded by quality and price, it will be hard not to order something. For the catalog, write to Nighthawk Records, P. O. Box 15856, St. Louis, Missouri 63114.

Marley Reviews

For many of those present at the Rita Marley concert on the Riverboat President last spring, the high point of the evening was the performance of the song "One Love" by Rita and Bob Marley's four children, known collectively as the Melody
711 CLUB PROUDLY WELCOMES BACK

Randy Hébert
WINNER OF THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL

Randy Hébert returns to 711 Bourbon St. from Los Angeles where he recently won an award for his song "Losing Control."

The Radiators

Upcoming New Orleans Appearances:
Fri., March 18 & Sat., March 19.............Tipitina's
Fri., March 25..........................Jimmy's (Red Dress, Pt. 2)
Sat., March 26..........................Tupelo's
Thurs., March 31.........................Tipitina's
Fri., April 1.............................Maple Leaf
Sat., April 2.............................Club Marigny

For complete monthly listings of Radiators' upcoming appearances, record info, original song lyrics, and other news on topics ranging from the Law of the Fish to Life on Mars, send name and address to:
Fish Headquarters
8238 Apricot St.
New Orleans, LA 70118
and you'll receive the Radiators' monthly newsletter.

Makers. The kids have produced several records at Marley's Tuff Gong Studios, and Shanachie Records is now distributing a 12-inch 45 of two of these songs.

"What a Plot" features David "Ziggy" Marley as a young Bob Marley with its accusing lyrics and hard reggae mix a la the Wailers. The best that can be said of the vocal performance is that it's spirited, but the song's a winner anyway, because of the music played by Earl "Wio" Lindo, Ricky Walters, Stephen Stewart and Ashley Cooper. Much more effective is the B-side, "Children Playing in the Streets," a nursery rhyme melody sung to another hard reggae beat. The song draws its power from the dichotomy of four sweet, young voices singing lines like "Children playing in the streets, on broken bottles, on rubbish heaps..." It should come as no surprise that this song was written by Bob Marley. And for the collectors out there, the 12-inch version is different from the 7-inch 45 rpm of "Children Playing..." that came out three years ago.

The kids' mom, Rita Marley, should have followed the same course as the Melody Makers and released a 12-inch 45 rpm of two really great songs, and disposed of the rest of the material presented in her new album, Harambe. Most of the songs sound like outtakes from the Who Feels It Knows It album sessions of last year, with totally disposable pop-reggae melodies and unconvincing, even at times inane, lyrics. She seems incapable of playing really hard reggae, failing even with her cover of "Fussing and Fighting," a classic by the late Bob Marley. It's significant that, unlike her previous album, there is no involvement by any of the Wailers on this album. There is participation by the Fab 5, the competent band that backed her up for her appearance in New Orleans last spring, but except for two talented keyboard players, the Fab 5's personality doesn't come through on the record.

A handful of the songs on this album, though, are worth mentioning. "The Beauty of God's Plan" and "There'll Always Be Music," both of which were performed on the SS President, stand out as better than the rest, although "...Music," with its gospel feeling, doesn't translate to vinyl very well. Those who witnessed her inspired live version will probably like the song more than those who hear only the album version.

The two gems on this album, and the candidates for a 12-inch 45 rpm, are the title cut and the grouchation "Love Iyah." The two beautiful melodies and the backing vocals of the Nesta Choir, Ricky Walters and Ashley Cooper make these two songs winners. The slow, heartbeat feel of "Love Iyah" is reminiscent of the rhythm of the Rastafarian religious gatherings called grouchation ceremonies, which is one of the roots of early reggae music. The religious tone of this song and of "...Music" make one wonder if Rita Marley wouldn't be more successful as a gospel singer.

—Gene Scaramuzzo
TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

For the outdoor sculpture, there can be no sweeter approval than that of the man on the street.

After the last glitter has been vacuumed out of the sofa and your four-man elephant suit has been safely crammed into the closet reserved for such spectacles, Mardi Gras will still be with us. Ida Kohlmeyer's sculpture, "The Krewe of Poydras," is now permanently installed across the street from another memorable Louisiana structure, the Superdome. This new work is a pleasant surprise for New Orleanians as well as for Ms. Kohlmeyer, who is primarily a painter and not a sculptor. (That's sculptor, not sculptress, unless one is willing to further embarrass oneself with paintress and artress.)

Unlike fools' names and fools' faces, public art is meant to be seen in public places. Setting aside for a moment the traditional man-and-his-horse school of monument, Andrew Jackson eternally tipping his hat to a ghostly Baroness de Pontalba, too much outdoor work is distinctly lacking in humor. By the nature of its site, public sculpture tends to be large, heavy, expensive, and therefore highly conservative, provoking more attention in theory than in reality. To be successful, art of this kind has to be as interesting in real life at lunch hour as it is on the drawing board. Despite a lack of experience in the field, Ms. Kohlmeyer has not failed here.

Located in the exterior courtyard entrance of 1515 Poydras, a 27-story office building, "The Krewe" is a group of five brightly colored steel poles topped by a configuration of basic shapes: triangles, rods, lines, and crescents. These "headpieces" are engineered to move in the wind, altering their relationships to each other and the buildings around them. Each member of the group is a distinct entity and those familiar with Kohlmeyer's paintings will recognize the shapes, now three-dimensional. Ranging up to 43 feet in height and up to 15 feet across at the widest point, they weigh in between 3,000 and 4,700 pounds. They are large, heavy, expensive, but they are also quite bright and personal. The lively colors and anthropomorphic feeling keep them accessible to the casual pedestrian.

A work of this scale is obviously not casually created by an artist in the studio and then put up for grabs. First and crucially, it has to be commissioned. James Coleman Jr. of New Orleans is to be commended for taking the plunge with a local artist. After Ms. Kohlmeyer designed the pieces for the site, they were structurally engineered by Rick Ledet, fabricated of eight-inch steel pole and sheet steel by local commercial machine shops, and painted by Kohlmeyer's assistant, Andrew Basile. A construction crew did the installation. The entire creative process took about two years.

Viewed as a group, "The Krewe of Poydras" definitely works as sculpture. Separately, however, each figure tends to read two-dimensionally. The placement of the individual pieces in two strict, offset lines huddled over to one side of the courtyard in is unfortunately less than ideal. A more "random" and central grouping would have encouraged people to walk through rather than around the sculpture as well as giving it more visual room. It is also fair to say that some of the figures
work better than others. The geometric forms seem to translate into steel better than the organic shapes. A small hand atop one of the pieces seems particularly clumsy.

But it's a good idea to remember that the majority of people who view this piece are not likely to be thinking of it in formal terms. As a sidewalk observer from the Sewerage and Water Board put it, What does it Mean?

Like he figured it, it's gotta mean something. “That tall, yellow zigzag pole, the first one, now that's the King's float. See, it's gotta crown up on top. The one behind with those wing things there is all the clowns, you know, the maskers. And that triangle-headed pole over there is the routes for all the parades. The back one with the hand means throw me something. That one in back there with the arrow, I forget what I had for that one. I can see the crescent for the Crescent City, the river you know, and those little things on top might be people, watching, but that arrow, I don't know, it's gotta be something. You know this artist or sculptor whoever, huh? Call him up and get 'em down here, I wanna know what that last one means. These artists, they know what they're doing, you just gotta figure 'em out.

I'm a route man and every two months I'm all over New Orleans and Algiers. I mean all over. And this, this is something really big for New Orleans. I don't mean big like in New York. I been to California and New York, I been in the service. But I mean this is something for here. I come by and yell at the guys, give 'em a hard time, you know, while they was working on it. So I says to this guy, 'Man, when you gonna get my sculpture up, huh? You takin' forever.' And one of 'em, he yells back at me, 'Hey man, we makin' a Landmark here.'

Dubuffet called it art brut and claimed the naive quality to be his aspiration as a painter. The Billy Traylor show at the Gaspari Gallery thru March 26 embodies the sparse elegance and spiky expressive forms that early Modern masters so admired in primitive art. Born a slave in Alabama, Mr. Traylor began drawing in 1939 at the age of 85 and was active for only four years. Done simply in pencil and tempera on whatever paper or cardboard he could find, these drawings of people and creatures are highly valued today and particularly interesting in light of the 20th Century Paintings show now at NOMA.

Live from New York, MoMA at NOMA will be on view here thru March 20. 20th Century Paintings from the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art is primarily an exhibition of the grand old men of modern art: Picasso, Matisse, Miro, these guys surely need no introduction. Nicely the selection of 50 paintings by 39 artists also contains some less universally known painters like Soutine and Nolde, as well as a few Americans from the northern and southern reaches of the continent like Sheeler and Orozco. A special treat for us is a 1944 Dubuffet painting of New Orleans jazz musicians. The emphasis here is on an overview of the European roots of Modernism, as perceived and collected by a rather hip group of New Yorkers starting in 1929.

Paintings don't travel much anymore. An entire show of photos or prints will usually just about fit in a crate big enough to house one medium-sized painting, and paintings not under glass can be alarmingly fragile. This work is available to tour largely because a renovation effort at the Modern has temporarily left the museum with more art than walls to put it on. You won't see all your favorites here and some of the selections are curious, like a Cubist portrait by Diego Rivera, but a major show of paintings in the flesh is not to be missed. Don't you do it. Hours at the New Orleans Museum of Art are 10 to 5, Tuesday thru Sunday.

Optima Studio's Wednesday night series will continue March 9 with a panel discussion at 7:30 on the New Expressionism. This international “school,” which re-emphasizes content and active paint, was highlighted in the recent December and January issues of Art in America. Thought by some to be the rebirth of "real" painting, others perceive it as the latest gallery/media hype. The discussion is free and open to the public; call 522-9625 for more information.

—Virginia Levine
**RHYTHM AND HUES**

King Sunny Ade is a master alchemist, blending the eternal time of ancient rhythms inside the open, electric space of high technology.

By the time you read this, King Sunny Ade and his African Beats will have played Club Marigny (a dream palace by any other name) on Fat Tuesday morning, ushering in our city's premier pagan festival in a fashion we've never seen or heard.

African rhythms and electric guitars haven't been strangers to each other. Through the Seventies, records filtered out of that vast continent displaying the "twang," "buzz," and "chop" of electric guitars over irrepressible polyrhythms. Mercury records issued an album on Fela and Africa '70. Fela's music is great, very James Brown-inspired stuff, with saxes bleating and organs gurgling to a hyper beat. Fela's hyper beat owes as much to revved-up, "on-the-one" soul rhythms as it does to African polyrhythm, leaving the nuances found in the interplay of traditional African drumming somewhat obscured.

This phenomenal rhythmic interplay features prominently in King Sunny Ade's total sound, but King Sunny is not adding electric guitars and bringing "pop" music full circle, back to the roots of black music that has inspired and generated, over the years, what we have come to call "pop" music. What King Sunny Ade and his African Beats are involved in is evolution, transformation.

*Ju Ju Music*, on Mango Records (MLPS 9712), features five guitars (one of which is a steel guitar), bass, drums, congas, bongos, shekere, maracas, three talking drums, keyboards, and seven vocalists. King Sunny is a master musical alchemist in taking an unwieldy mass and rendering such a unified blend. African polyrhythms traditionally come out of a communal interplay. King Sunny has tapped this root of communal interplay, using the most primitive and most modern instrumentation—the eternal time of ancient rhythms inside the open, electric space of high technology. *Ju Ju Music* seduces, invites the listener to swim in its sea of rhythms, to dance.

The drums are turned up, the guitars down. King Sunny's lead vocals, as well as the chorus, almost seem whispered at times. The feeling is "light," but extremely propulsive. Demola Adepoju's steel guitar wafts lyrical, lilting lines. King Sunny's lead guitar has a jazzier feel, more of a bite. Ahaji Timmy Olaitan's lead talking drum would be more aptly described as a singing drum. Many of the cuts begin in one fashion with the singing, say in a major key, followed by a longer instrumental section in a minor key, featuring one or both of the lead guitars. But this is really misstating the case, because while the lead instruments are obviously lead instruments, the undercurrent of rhythmic interplay is endlessly bubbling and cooking, overtaking the "lead" instruments at the most surprising moments, the sea of rhythms spilling into space.

What King Sunny Ade and his African Beats are involved in, then, is an evolution that totally integrates rhythm and technology. It is not a circle that is traversed; we don't quite arrive at where we started. *Ju Ju Music* is an evolution; the route it traverses is spiral. We may arrive at a place that resembles from whence we came, but neither we nor the place is the same. Both are transformed.

—Zeke Fishhead

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- Fri. 4 - Exuma
- Sat. 5 - Rockin' Dopsie and his Cajun Twisters
- Fri. 11 - James Booker Rhythm & Blues Review
- Sat. 12 - Lil Queenie & Backtalk
- Fri. 18 - Beausoleil
- Sat. 19 - Night Riders
- Fri. 25 - James Booker Rhythm & Blues Review
- Sat. 26 - Mason Ruffner & the Blues Rockers

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REVIEWS

The U.S. Times
WANNA GO TO LONDON
Scratch RT-001

When The Times banded together three years ago in Baton Rouge, it pumped itself up as a sort of instant cult group, a theatrical party band which got its punch from spirited covers of Sixties rock classics and frenetic new wave.

With the release of its first album, Wanna Go To London, the initial assessment has to be radically modified. Not that lead singer Gino Luti or The Times have lost their sense of humor—it's just that now, after three years' worth of highly successful stage shows and a raft of strong serious-minded original songs, The Times have earned the right to higher aspirations. And those loftier goals for The Times—Luti, bassist Don Snake, guitarist Hans Van Brackle and drummer Buddy Bowers—extend well beyond the confines of garage band new wave.

Wanna Go To London, co-produced by the band and Johnny Pallazzotto, proves to be a virtual melting-pot of quirky music influences. This eight-song EP/album incorporates elements of ska, funk, rockabilly and African music, as well as Sixties rock and modern new wave influences. "Stop and Think," for example, is an almost angry blast at the human condition which hammers home the point with a powerful Sly and the Family Stone thump-plucking bass line.

An African chant and a stuttering beat give "Primal Urges" an intended visceral/primitive feel, while a crunching rocker called "Just A Human" borrows from both rockabilly and zydeco for a lot of up-front snap and crackle. Those cuts contrast nicely with the more unadulterated pure rock devices of "Music in the Walls" and the title cut, whose "I-wan-I-wan-I-wanna go to London" chorus has all the power of a locomotive.

Wanna Go To London's two best cuts, however, are "I'M An Actor," (again, another funky bass line) and "Call Vinnie," both of which seem to illustrate the band's attitude about itself. In "I'M An Actor," Luti boasts loudly and convincingly for the power of assumed identities, while in "Call Vinnie," the actor gets another assumed identity on the line only to have the phone go dead. Ultimately, the record's power comes from the force of the band's personalities, one that's equal parts neo-primitive elegance and uncompromising energy. All in all, this is an almost angry blast at the human condition which hammers home the point with a powerful Sly and the Family Stone thump-plucking bass line.

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The Times have earned the right to higher aspirations. And those loftier goals for The Times—Luti, bassist Don Snake, guitarist Hans Van Brackle and drummer Buddy Bowers—extend well beyond the confines of garage band new wave.

Link Davis Jr.
CAJUNVILLE
DRT 2712

If you're up on your Cajun trivia, you'll know that Link Davis Jr. penned the immortal "Jole Blon," so it's only natural that Link Jr. would continue in his father's Cajun footsteps.

Cajun music places a special demand on most listeners because most of us (que ceca?) can't understand any of the damn lyrics. Therefore the instrumentation comes under greater scrutiny, but even albums by the finest Cajun groups make me yawn for the fais-do-do by the tenth two-step or waltz. Link avoids this with only by singing in both French and English and constantly changing the tempos.

Most selections have something to offer Cajun music lovers. Worthy of special mention are reworks of "Allons au Lafayette," "Faire la Boogie Woogie," and the swinging "La Porte Derriere." Of course, he covers his pop's "Jole Blon" and "Big Mamou.

Those of the Nathan Abshire-Ivy La June school might find this slick and commercial, but I'd rather call it professional. Even I don't listen to '70s all day. One for your Cajun collection, chen.

—Almost Slim

Windjammer
WINDJAMMER
MCA 5385

Having been critical of a lot of Black contemporary music of late, it's a pleasure to relate that this one's superlative. Curiously even though Windjammer is a hometown group, nowhere on the album will you see the words "New Orleans." Don't expect any songs about street cars or the Mardi Gras; this is the kind of stuff that's typical of Atlantic's Hot 100.

You might have heard "Stay" or "You've Got Me Dancing" on the radio last year and these are both included. It's hard to compare this album with anything else, maybe a cross between Michael Jackson and the late 1970s Muscle Shoals sound. Besides the before-mentioned, moods vary from the funky "I've Had It" and "Don't Change" to the philosophical "I'll Always Love You.

Singing and instrumentation are both strong and individualistic, so much so I'll wager they'll be the musical success story of 1983 in these parts. Not for everyone, but a listen might change your mind.

—Almost Slim

Z.Z. Hill
THE RHYTHM OF THE BLUES
Malaco 7411

Looks like old Z.Z.'s back in the chips. This, his third Malaco effort, follows the phenomenally successful Down Home Blues album which helped put the blues back in the focus of Black America. This time out Z.Z. doesn't stray too far from the winning formula. 

Alded by the basic Malaco rhythm section, Z.Z. works his way in polished fashion through old and new blues in a mellow and contemporary style. He's not the greatest singer, but he has the feel and polish for the material, and the band really knows how to lend the strength he needs.

"Someone Else Is Steppin' In" is my choice for a single; taken at "the hoochie-coochie man" tempo, Z.Z. tells us why his woman has a smile on her face and he didn't put it there! Strong stuff really. "Open House At My House" and "What Am I Gonna Tell Her" complete the cheating theme of Z.Z.'s current material.

This is what's happening in modern blues. If that's your "thang," then you've probably already got this one.

—Almost Slim

Katie Webster
LIVE & WELL
Ornament CEI-7.123 (Germany)

If you recall Wavelength 21, you know the high esteem I have for Lake Charles' Katie Webster. She's not often recorded solo, so this set dating from Katie's 1982 European Tour, is a rarity.

Recording in a small bar with a vocal (and staged) audience, Katie presents a marvelous set of jive patter and storming barrelhouse piano.
Besides Katie's signatures "Oh Wee Sweet Daddy" and "The Katie Lee" it's also interesting to hear "If I Could See You One More Time," "Reach Out and Touch," "You're So Fine" and even "Mother-In-Law," which contrast well with the downhome blues and boogies. The noisy audience gets in the way at times, but I'd probably be yelling if I was in the joint too.

Presently, the only way to track this one down is from Norbert Hess, Glogauer Str. 22, 1000 Berlin 36. Ten bucks ought to do the trick, but the variety and Katie's enthusiasm makes this one worth the trouble and expense.

—Almost Slim

A. C. Reed and his Spark Plugs
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Ice Cube 1057

If you only buy one album in 1983 it had better be this one. This is a musical masterpiece from beginning to end.

Currently a sideman with Albert Collins, A.C. (Jimmy Reed's brother) has put together one of the finest blues albums of all time. The shattering title track only underlines that fact. An imaginative songwriter and saxophonist, Reed is backed by one of the toughest backup groups (basically Collins' current touring group) on the blues circuit.

Besides the title track, other highlights are "Lotta Loving," "My Baby's Fine," and the roaring "I Stay Mad," wherein po' ole A.C. gets a whuppin' from his old lady! A.C. creates a downhome atmosphere with his hoarse singing and braying sax work. Sound quality is excellent and the cover is a visual treat.

—Almost Slim

Dexter Gordon
AMERICAN CLASSIC
Elektra EL-6126

Those expecting to be treated to the crisp bebop lines for which tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon is so well known will be disappointed to hear this latest effort recorded during spring 1982.

For the uninitiated, Dexter Gordon was one of the brightest young tenor saxophonists of the 1940's. A veteran of Billy Eckstine's Orchestra (which also produced Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey and Sarah Vaughan, among others) and the formative bebop jam sessions of New York's 52nd Street, his career was clearly on the rise when eclipsed by the younger tenor saxophonists like Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. Like a number of other American jazzmen, Gordon spent a considerable portion of his career in Europe. After moving to Copenhagen in 1962, he used Denmark for his base of operations, which took him to most of the major jazz clubs and jazz festivals in Europe. But Dexter Gordon's years in Scandinavia may have removed him from the mainstream of jazz developments taking place in the United States. While his tone sounds as powerful as ever, his improvisations clearly lack the rhythmic vitality that characterized his early playing. His solo on "Jumpin' Blues," for example, has him weaving long, sustained melodic lines with only occasional bursts of rhythmic energy. But even here, his fingers seem to fall him and he frequently trails behind the rhythm section's beat. Again in "Sticky Wicket" Gordon's playing has a lazy, sustained quality about it, especially when contrasted with the solos of his younger sidemen, pianist Kirk Lightsey and drummer Eddie Giaddens. The contrast of old and new is further heightened by the presence of guest ar-

ist Grover Washington Jr., whose soprano playing sounds surprisingly energetic on "For Soul Sister."

The remaining cuts feature two nostalgic standards: Consuelo Velazquez's "Besame Mucho" (an unusual choice for a jazz recording) and John Mercer's "Skylark," the only ballad on the album. Although there is competent playing by all, neither contains any real surprises. "Besame Mucho" comes off as a rather conventional jazz/bossa with Gordon staying fairly close to the melody while "Skylark" contains chorus after chorus (twelve minutes in all) of Gordon's floating, lyrically sustained melodic line.

Dexter Gordon is trying to do what so many veteran jazzmen have attempted in the past. The temptation to stage a comeback is too irresistible to be passed over, even if the results usually fall short of expected goals. Although far from mediocre (at age 59, Gordon's most uninspired playing still reveals him to be a major jazz artist), one cannot help but be reminded of his prototype bebop recordings of the late forties or the Blue Note issues of the mid-sixties.

—Charles Blancq

At the Blue Room
B.B. KING
January 12, 1982

The Blue Room finally lived up to its name with the arrival of "The King Of The Blues," opening a two-week stand at the Fairmont. The stiff opening night audience was given a more intimate glimpse of King rather than the powerhouse performances we've become accustomed to in his concerts. Ol' B. did his best to loosen up the people with his extended raps and colorful stories.

But King's music was the focus of attention as he played a string of hits from the last thirty years. "Lucille" (his guitar) still cuts like a knife, and when he sings a slow blues, every person in the room hangs on every spine-chilling word.

King stuck to his pre-Seventies material with pleasant versions of "Tired Of Your Jive," "Guess Who," "How Blue Can You Get," and a surprising adaptation of Louis Jordan's "You're My Mule."

I've heard King sound better on dozens of occasions, but when he concluded, as always, with "The Thrill Is Gone," he still rang true. Blues fans and lovers of really good music can't bitch about any B.B. King performance.

—Almost Slim

Phil Manuel
CANE RIVER
Cane River HBJ001

Cane River is a romantic movie produced by the New Orleans Rhodes family and directed by veteran Horace Jenkins. Tragically, Horace Jenkins died late last year and the status of the film, which had been previewed here, is in limbo. Roy Glover, an associate of Jenkins who had worked in the highly successful Sophisticated Ladies Broadway musical, did the score. Philip Manuel was selected to sing Glover's music and the Sea-Saint-waxed results prove to be arguably the best album of Black-oriented music recorded in New Orleans in 1982.

As one might expect from the soundtrack of a romantic movie, there are a number of beautiful ballads which Philip Manuel executes with both emotional sincerity and technical grace. Manuel is a stand-up singer in the Billy

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Eckstine/early Lou Rawls mode, i.e. it's all about what the man does with his voice. His duet with vocalist Anita Pichon on "See The Morning Sun" exudes both passion and tenderness. His reading of the moving lyrics on "What's A Man Supposed To Do?" are more impressive than almost any song played in the top forty. On "Love Of My Life" Manuel sings as if this were the last request of a dying man. Manuel deserves much of the credit for the success of this album not only because of his singing but also because he pulled the musicians together and did the arrangements, all of which are professional, a few of which are formidably impressive. Although this album was released last year, it has not had much air play nor much publicity; however, it deserves to be heard, and once heard, will certainly be admired.

The cover is a deceptive piece with small black print and "Cane River" in large red script on a plain white background. There are no pictures on either the front or the back. But do not be deceived by the cut-rate packaging; this is first rate, world class music.

-Kalamu ya Salaam

Miss Piggy
AEROBIQUE EXERCISE ALBUM
Warner Brothers 23717

I don't know if moi can get in shape listening to this but moi can sure get a lot of laughs. This is the perfect parody on those "buy this record and lose 50 pounds" exercise albums. Miss Piggy makes us privy to her slender secrets through a series of "aerobique" exercises. Set to the mandatory disco beat are treats such as "Snackercise," "Stereau Wor Koot!" "A Little Chin Music," "Hairoiques" and "La Vie Aerobique." I don't know about you, but as for moi, I could just feel those pounds melt away. Also included is a booklet outlining some of the more important exercises - banana splits, jelly rolls, exercising your rights. Can't wait for the Miss Piggy Pregnancy Workout album.

-Almeaust Sleem

Jerry Lee Lewis
MY FINGERS DO THE TALKIN'
MCA Records MCA-5587

My Fingers Do The Talkin' represents yet another musical chapter in the label jumping, producer trading and law suit filled career of Ferriday, Louisiana's Jerry Lee Lewis. This album brings together Jerry Lee and highly successful record producer Ron Chancey (he produces the Oak Ridge Boys and Brenda Lee among others) in what has to be the worst LP of "The Killer's" long and wild career. From the very first cut on this album to the very last musical drop, it's obvious that Jerry Lee lacks the punch and fire as well as the feeling that has marked so much of his previous work in country music. All Jerry Lee does on My Fingers Do The Talkin' is shout his way from one track to another, sounding like a death camp internee being forced to run the four-forty.

But the real tragedy of this album is that it contains some great material like the Jerry Foster/Bill Rice song "She Sings Amazing Grace," which Jerry Lee suffocates with unamazing musical boredom, or how about Sonny Throckmorton's (he wrote "Middle Age Crazy" for the Killer a couple of years back) "She Sure Makes Leaving Look Easy." On this one, Jerry Lee sounds hollow and thin.

-Jay Marvin
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Daniel P. Kochakian
39 Pine Avenue
Haverhill, MA 01830
Arnold Schwarzenegger meets The Monsters.

Toussaint, and has been shown on England's Channel Four "Jazz On Four" series as well as being honored with the Gold Awards at the Houston International Film Festival.

Birthday greetings, felicitations and salutations to local music masters born in the month of March: clarinetist Barney Bigard of the silky tone (March 3), bassman Alcide "Slow Drag" Pavageau (March 7), Lloyd Price, Kenner's handsomest ex-bricklayer (March 9), Clarence "Frog Man" Henry (March 19), Santo Pecora (March 21) and Lizzie Miles, classic blues singer who created the most enduring versions of the licentious "My Man O'War" and the non-licentious "When It's Darkness On The Delta" (March 31). Look out for Combustion, a Top-40 band from Natchez, recently gigging at Mason's and Rudy's Fountain of Youth; our informant tells us they're "tough"... Sharon Henderson has signed withie Productions...

The Red Rockers' Good As Gold album on 415 will be formally unveiled March 17, preceded by a single March 1, "China" and "Voice of America," and an EP a decade of days later which will include the old Temptations' bit of social commentary, "Ball of Confusion," done as a duet between John of the RR's and Debora of Romeo Void... Tip's will host a March 16 benefit for the Xenia Foundation, with Dave Liebman, along with Masakowski, Singleton and Vidsacovich and the band Caliente as participants; 10 o'clock is takeoff time, and what better cause than jazz hot or cool is there?

The First Florida Parishes Folklore Conference, a day-long set of displays, seminars and performances, will convene March 5 at 9 a.m. in the University Center at the University of Southeastern Louisiana, right in Hammond in the heart of bloody Tangipahoa Parish; information on registration and programming from Professor Joy Jackson at SLU's Center for Regional Studies, (504) 549-2151.

A-Train, from Shreveport, is wrapping up its third album, Live At Humphrey's, recorded at the club on February 25; sound was by Omega Audio of Dallas, who perform similar services for Johnny Cash. The album is all new and all original, and should be in stores coast to coast by early summer. The band also advises us that we got the zip wrong in their address in our last issue. It should be Louisiana 71104 and not Louisiana 70114 which is Algiers and not Shreveport and our faces are appropriately crimson.

Lynn Abbott (no relation to Budd or Jack Henry) will be hosting a quartet-style singing show, naturally accentuating gospel where quartet reaches its acme, on WWQZ on Friday nights. Slated to co-host with Abbott are Albert Veal of The Hawks, a local gospel group, on March 11, and Mary Coleman, former bass in one of the few women's gospel quartets of the Forties, The Jackson Gospel Singers on March 25.

Prattville-born, New Orleans-resident poet Everette Maddox's songbook is just out and is available at the Maple Leaf... Bassman Pinclide Adams, whose participation has ranged from the late classical clarinetist George Lewis to Roy Brown's band, has released a new record with Louis Cottrell Jr.'s band (their first release under Adams' leadership) on the Sounds of New Orleans label; the disc includes the ancient "Bogalusa Strut" and Louis Prima's "Oh! Babe"... The Dirty Dozen has a 45 out of "Feets Don't Fail Me Now" and "Little Liza Jane."

The Nightriders are adding new horns. Interested brassmen should give a shout to Tom Webster at 525-2228 or Steve Spitz at 288-4313... Sam McClain and Brownsville are a new R&B band featuring Kerry Brown, former drummer with Albert Collins and Gatemouth Brown, and Dick Billie; the eponymous Mr. McClain is a 39-year-old blues singer from the green hills of Tennessee. So far, Brownsville has been tooing through the roof at the Col't 38 on Claiborne and has gigs set for the Maple Leaf and other locales.
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