THE LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

• Jazz Fest Update
• Cajun Fridays

ISSUE NO. 30 • APRIL 1983 • $1.50
New New Orleans Jazz Music Marathon

FRIDAY, APRIL 29 at 9:30 P.M.

Kidd Jordan and Alvin Fielder with
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Ernie K-Doe, 1979

Features
Louisiana Hayride
Jazz Fest Update
The Thompson Twins
Windjammer
Mike Pelleria

Columns
April
Listings
Cajun
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Zekespeak
Reviews
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JAZZ 'N FASHION

High fashion and foot-tappin' jazz are the chief elements in the first-ever Jazz 'N Fashion show at the Orpheum, April 2 at 8. Creations by ten local designers or design houses will set the stage for contemporary music by Ellis Marsalis, Lady BJ, Germaine Bazzle and Philip Manuel. The designers to be featured are Jerome Smith (hats), Myra Everett who creates (new but vintage style hats and costumes), and Fleur de Simbach (sweaters), Kathleen Joffrion (evening wear), Ray Cole (costumes), and Fleur de Lois Simbach (sweaters), Kathleen Joffrion (costumes), and Fleur de Simmons (sweaters). Commentaries will be by Patricia Hill, and coordination of Jazz 'N Fashion is by Adriana Lopez Barnes.

The event will benefit the New Orleans World Ensemble, a local 24-piece chamber group, founded and directed by Moses Hogan.

FROGMAN VISITS BRITS

For years tourists have stepped into Bourbon Street clubs like 544, La Strada, or Court of Two Sisters, to hear the classic New Orleans R&B sound of Clarence "Frogman" Henry.

Henry has been a busy man lately spreading that sound across the Atlantic to a hungry audience in the UK. The British firm of Stuart Littlewood Associates heard Henry's show on Bourbon Street and brought him to England for album sessions with producer Geoff Gill and arranger Mike Timmoney. The sessions went so well that Clarence landed a spot touring with one of England's top comedy acts, "Cannon and Ball," through May.

The Frogman will return home this summer to work the French Quarter and the Westbank's 1801 Club which has recently featured top local R&B acts.

-rio

THE COPAS BROTHERS

Side one of the Copas Brothers' eponymously titled debut album includes a song called "Going Back to Louisiana" and the juxtaposition offers a subtle, concise picture of the path the band has traveled to arrive at its present station.

Nine years and twenty-odd personnel changes ago, the Copas Brothers played their first gig as a "newgrass" band, bluegrass music played with drums and electric instruments. They played rural Louisiana clubs, and built up a respectable following, steady work. Before long, they began to be influenced by the Tenacious of Jerry Jeff Walker, with whom they appeared several times as an opening act, and others like him. Since the Jerry Jeff dates were well-attended shows, the Copas Brothers "got a heap of exposure," according to Pat Copas DeCuirt.

The result was that the band which also includes Dickie Knickerbocker, Hokie Gjersten, L. J. Dimaio and Jude Levette had new listeners who thought of them more as country rock than newgrass. This propelled the band further into the Texas routine, and threatened to all but obliterate their Louisiana roots.

Then came Urban Cowboy. "All of a sudden what we'd been doing for several years was the 'in thing'" laughs DeCuirt. "It got so we were almost embarrassed to wear our hats on stage." Not wanting to be pegged on a fad, they expanded its repertoire, throwing in some R&B and allowing the bluegrass to re-emerge. Now they've achieved a happy mixture, interweaving the styles in a manner that give their album a pleasing diversity not often found in country rock music.

The Copas Brothers have strengthened their bond with their Texas audience and released in the fall. It's too early to tell what the response to the Copas Brothers ("mostly we just put on what we felt would interest people and was fairly representative of the band") allows DeCuirt modestly. There is no quality difference noticeable between the five covers and the seven originals included on the record. A moderately subdued version of "New Delhi Freight Train" is perhaps my favorite of the outside material; without a doubt, the rascally "Skinny Dip" is my favorite original. Also worth mention is "Chained and Bound," a slow, melancholy song, simple and pure.

Already the Copas Brothers have plans for a second album, to be recorded in the summer and released in the fall. It's too soon to tell what the response to the Copas Brothers will be, but according to DeCuirt, early signs are encouraging, especially in some of the places across the country where the band's long-time followers tend to be concentrated. It's available in stores around the city, and from the band, and definitely comes recommended from this writer.

-Keith Twitchell
ST. PATRICK'S DAY SOCK HOP

A Fifties sock hop was added this year to the already chaotic St. Patrick's Day celebration at the Parasel Bar on Constance Street in the Irish Channel.

The new AM radio oldies station, WYAT, supplied the music, played from a console perched on the shotgun porch of Assessor Ronnie Burke. The records were spun by WYAT disc jockeys Cherie Smith, Jim Stewari, and Sonny Stoppa, the Saturday DJ (otherwise known as Ed Muniz, owner of WYAT-AM and WAIL-FM).

The whole affair was broadcast live over WYAT for most of the day. Constance Street rocked with throngs of "Irishmen For A Day," spurred on by their favorite brew, doing the Hully Gully, the Twist and other popular oldie steps.

RAMSEY & RIVERS RAIN OR SHINE

Longue Vue Gardens continues its Performing Arts Series this month with the Ramsey McLean/Sam Rivers duo scheduled for Sunday, April 24. These are more than the usual outings for jazzers who normally perform exclusively in late night environs; these are productions that take advantage of Longue Vue's outdoor garden setting—one that is truly unique in New Orleans. McLean's will be the first event to make use of the newly constructed tennis court Pavilion, which means the music goes—rain or shine.

—Charles Blancq

MARGIE'S A KNOCKOUT

Margie Joseph's new album, Knockout, is just that. Placing high on charts in Billboard, Cashbox and Jet, it is her greatest national success to date and this ninth album marks the end of a five-year hiatus in her recording career. Ms. Joseph says that all of this success happened because of a conversation she had with local disc jockey Ed Burkhalter. Burkhalter suggested Margie curtail her inactivity by speaking to Harvey Lynch, the owner of HCRC Records in Houston. A demo tape was sent, Lynch liked it and the first punch of the future Knockout was thrown.

Recently back from playing New York nightclubs like the Copacabana, Saturn and Bonds, Margie spent a brief period restocking her stores and bassist/cellist McLean, we'll also hear the versatile Steve Masakowski (acoustic and electric guitar; electronics) and drummers Johnny Vidacovich and Herlin Riley.

Starting time: 6 p.m. on April 24; tickets $5 at the door. What better way to kick off the Jazz Festival season? For more information, call Scott Ratterree at Longue Vue, 488-5488.

CHARLIE RAMSEY

In addition to reedman Rivers (who's coming from N.Y.C. especially for the performance) and bassist/cellist McLean, we'll also hear the versatile Steve Masakowski (acoustic and electric guitar; electronics) and drummers Johnny Vidacovich and Herlin Riley.

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CHARLIE RAMSEY
LANDRY CATALYZES

The number of musical "pictures" catalyzed by Richard Landry's music is limited only by one's willingness (or unwillingness) to be taken away by sound, to relax and be swept away. Paradoxically, it becomes more visual as you close your eyes. Its shape may be circular, but big, like a circus ring. A time delay amplification system produces this spatial effect. Its colors change gently, a four-stranded web of tonal hue that envelops the audience in a subtle echo. Often the repetition of a single phrase will produce a placid mirror-within-a-mirror effect; sort of an aural equivalent to watching sunlight shimmer on the surface of a lake.

However, this music is interesting not only to the imaginative right hemisphere, but to the analytical left as well ("bilateral stimulation of the cerebral cortices," Dr. Johnny calls it.) Position yourself right up next to the number three speaker and observe how effectively it succeeds as a basic investigation of time and space. You could have wholeheartedly recommended this February 26 performance at the Contemporary Arts Center to any student of physics...or painting.

SUNO Jazz Ensemble, producer of three of Dr. John's best albums (Gris-Gris, Babylon and Gumbo), and former president of A.F.O. Records in the early Sixties, discusses New Orleans and its music with the audience at each performance, making each gig instructive as well as entertaining. NOVIA's repertoire is almost entirely new and original—easy enough, since with Battiste, Tami Lynn and Butler (who composed and arranged the soundtrack for Lady BJ's film, Dreamland), the group boasts three composers of merit. NOVIA could well be the finest aggregation of local musicians currently at work outside the city limits. We'll all have a chance to find out soon when they return to New Orleans for a series of dates. —Jon Newlin

A FAIR DEAL

Attention all hardcore collectors of eccentric and eclectic musical, literary, and art collecting. The Symphony Book Fair is just around the corner and if you don't check it out look what you'll be missing: 250,000 books including that best-seller of 1890 The Marriage Guide of Natural History (sorry, no illustrations, but there is a chapter on Softening of the Brain), 6,000 LP's including the 3-D cover version of Their Satanic Majesties Request by the Rolling Stones, 1,000 78's including a bound set of Negro Folksongs Sung by Lead Belly, 2,000 45's, and even Molly Hatchet posters!! Kathy Bohner and Anne Marie Fargason keep track of all this for a year then sell it to local collectors and regular folks like you and me for mere "pennies on the dollar." The fair will be April 12 through 16, from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. at Oakwood Shopping Center. There is a three dollar admission charge, but only on the first day of the fair.

This year bass clarinetist John Reeks has scheduled a series of chamber groups to perform each night at Oakwood from 7 to 9 everything from the Loyola Wind Quintets to Sax Machine. "Anybody seen that vintage copy of Occasional Equilibrium and Temporomandibular Joint Dysfunction? My brother-in-law the dentist is calling long distance...."
...AND ON...AND ON...

The New Orleans Jazz Club is 35 years old, no longer young but not yet elderly; for 34 of those years, the Jazz Club has had its own radio show on WWL, and for 22 of them has sponsored regular live performances with its "Jazz On A Sunday Afternoon" series, and it is also the site of the first and therefore oldest jazz museum anywhere—the French may have had the jump on us with jazz scholarship but we beat them to the museums for once.

The Jazz Club has also helped out local musicians time and again when times were tough and things were tantamount to that old slow drag you hear about, and it sponsors The Second Line, a fine research tool for jazzologists worldwide. All of this will be celebrated in appropriate fashion on April 23 at the erstwhile Mint at Decatur and Esplanade, and site of the Jazz Club's new and expanded headquarters. The event is entitled "Jazz With A Mint Flavor," and runs from noon to 7, and frankly cool and tangy mint is probably just the right flavor for jazz—you wouldn't want to smother it in coriander or HP Sauce. Among the innumerable sources of entertainment promised are bands from far-flung outposts like Denver (The Queen City Jazz Band), Biloxi (The Bob Hill Band) and Massachusetts (The New Black Eagle Jazz Band) as well as such local treasures as the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble, The Last Straws, Andrew Hall's Jazz Band, Wes Mix, Lillian Boutte, Clyde Adams, Shelly Blunt and the proverbial host of others.

—Jon Newlin

STOOPS TO CONQUER

Like gumbo z'herbes during Lent and mosquito bars and nets on beds, stoop-sitting, still in practice throughout Bywater and Treme and in a few small pockets in Algiers, Mid-City, Uptown and the French Quarters, is a pastime, for some almost a religious vocation, that combines the functions of gossip/socializing/neighborhood watch/getting some healthful air/simply getting out of the house more often. It has been chronicled with some expertise by Karen Snyder, whose made-in-the-shade-in-New-Orleans video, View From The Stoop, is an affectionate portrait of those staunch traditionalists who still brave such rigors as bus-exhaust fumes, the general deplorable state of the atmosphere, unleashed Dobermans, packs of wild schoolchildren and the brazenly criminal-minded. In the film, these sitters give their views on stoop-snooping through the ages: what it was like when street vendors and icemen and jazz bands furnished street activity and food for thought instead of the erratic behavior of local motorists. Shown before now only in special showings, the show is being aired publicly (just like its subjects) on Wednesday, April 27 at 7:30 on WYES. If it were only practical to put the TV set in the gutter (where it so often belongs), we could all indulge in a bit of method-acting and take it as a view from our own stoops.

—Jon Newlin

JOHNNY OTIS SCORES KEY

The City of New Orleans made rock 'n' roll legend Johnny Otis an Honorary Citizen at the Fairmont Hotel's Blue Room. Denise Verrett of the mayor's public information office made the presentation February 28.

Otis has been bustin' up the charts for quite a few years now after an original hit with the rich "Harlem Nocturne," a humorously licentious "Double Crossing Blues" with chicken-chasing Little Esther on vocals, and the original "Willy and the Hand Jive," since covered by scores of other artists.

Johnny's current big-band rock 'n' roll revue includes super-saxman Clifford Solomon (Ray Charles' music director; imagine having that on your resume!), talented young vocalist Charles Williams (featured on the recent Otis LP) and Johnny's sons Nicky and Shuggie on drums and guitar, respectively. Shuggie Otis may well be the most underrated guitarist in the country. Flawless blues runs and jazz chord progressions spring effortlessly from his little sky-blue Fender Mustang, while Dad works out on vibes, scat singing to the melody.

—rico

PRINTING OUT!

Yamaha International, the corporation that makes everything from motorcycles to musical instruments, has created a revolutionary new keyboard—the MP-1 Mini-Printer. The Mini-Printer, a technological first in keyboard instruments, contains a computer and a printing system that allows the musician to quickly compose music as he plays. On a two-and-a-half inch wide paper roll, the MP-1 prints notes, staffs, even sharps and flats so that tunes are instantly recorded for posterity. In addition, the unit contains a memory function two channel recording and playback, plus all the functions of a regular electronic keyboard.

The MP-1 is small, only four pounds and about twenty-seven inches long, and it can be operated on household current, batteries, or an automobile cigarette lighter for the traveling composer. Options such as headphones, expression pedal and a power adapter are also available.

The cost? All this in the Mini-Printer for under $1000 at local music stores.

—Margaret Williams
APRIL LISTINGS

Fri 8—THE TEDDY BOYS
From Houston

Fri 15—LYDIA LUNCH

Sat 16—JASON & THE NASHVILLE SCORCHERS
prepare to be lifted

Sat 30—A-TRAIN
La.'s hottest R&B band

Thurs 31—THE LIMIT

FOR FURTHER LISTINGS
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8301 OAK STREET

BURTON'S VIBES

At a time when internationally known jazz artists are making fewer visits to New Orleans, we are fortunate to welcome back jazz's number one vibraphonist, Gary Burton, and his quartet for a concert on April 10 at Tulane's Kendall Cram Room. Burton plays what must be one of the most challenging and difficult of all musical instruments, and plays it with such abandon that he has set new levels for jazz virtuosity.

Developed during the early Thirties, the vibraphone (a.k.a. the vibraphone) was viewed largely as a novelty instrument in the hands of earlier players until the late Forties and early Fifties, when Milt Jackson and others began to explore its jazz potential. Burton initiated the four-mallet technique, one that has considerably expanded the harmonic and melodic resources of the instrument. The additional mallets also allow him to play unaccompanied solos—solos as full-voiced as those of a pianist, and this he does with such flair that the vibraphone is transformed into a completely self-sufficient instrument.

Burton is a member of a rather exclusive club of younger jazz virtuosi that includes Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett, and guitarist Larry Coryell among others. He has performed and recorded with all three and his last with Corea (Duet, 1979) earned him a Grammy, the second of his spectacular career.

How a young Midwesterner growing up in rural Indiana could have risen so quickly in the jazz ranks is a good story in itself. It was not until his student days at the Berklee School in Boston that he heard much live jazz performed at all, but by then he was already performing with four mallets. His rise in the next few years was meteoric with stints in the George Shearing Quintet and Stan Getz Quartet before forming his own quartet in 1967. Since that time, he has captured virtually every award and accolade possible within the jazz world including Down Beat's "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition" 1965, "Jazzman of the Year" in 1968 and "Best Vibist" every year since.

His position as jazz's premier vibist established by the time he was 25 years old, Burton next explored the fusion of jazz and other music types, including rock and even country and western. Most of Burton's repertoire of recent years has been in a more traditional jazz vein, however, and includes compositions by Duke Ellington, Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, Mike Gibbs, Carla Bley, Jim Hall and Mick Goodrick.

Gary Burton is also a skillful teacher, whose explanation of how jazz works is as informative for the seasoned veteran as it is for the most inexperienced novice. Thus for those who miss the quartet's performance at Tulane (8:30 p.m., April 10—tickets on sale at the door and at Leisure Landing), there is still his vibraphone clinic the following morning (April 11 at 10 a.m. in Loyola's Nunemaker Hall—admission free!). For more information, contact the Xenia Foundation at 861-789.

—Charles Blanco
CONCERTS

Sunday, 3
•Gospel Music Festival, Louisiana Superdome, 7 am, tickets at Ticketmaster and at the Dome.

Tuesday, 5
•Rubber Rodeo, Tipitina's, 10 pm.

Wednesday, 6
•The Psychedelic Furs, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane University, 8 pm, 865-5143, tickets at Ticketmaster.

Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun., 6, 7, 9, 10
•Styx, Saenger Theatre, Tickets are available at Ticketmaster.

Friday, 8
•The Psychedelic Furs, Trinity's, Baton Rouge, 386-9934.
•Fats Domino, Riverboat President, tickets are available at Ticketmaster and at the docks.
•Fats Domino, Tipitina's, 10 pm, 626 Frenchmen, tickets available at the bar.
•Johnny Paycheck, Nevada Club, 1409 Royenta, Gretna, 368-1000.

Saturday, 9
•The Ramones with the Backbeats opening, Riverboat President, tickets are at Ticketmaster and at the docks.
•Randy Newman, The Orpheum Theatre, tickets are at Ticketmaster.
•Modern English, Trinity's in Baton Rouge, call 1-388-9884 for more information.

Sunday, 10
•The Gary Burton Quartet, Kendall Cram Room of the Tulane University Center, 8 pm, co-sponsored by the Xenia Foundation, 865-5143.

Saturday, 16
•Queen Ida and her Bon Temps Zydeco Band Tipitina's, 10:30 pm.

Thursday, 21
•Steps featuring Michael Brecker, Peter Erkine. Club Marigny 10:30 pm.

Friday, 22
•Michael Iceberg and the Iceberg Machine, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane University, 8 pm, 865-5143.

Saturday, 23
•Johnny Rivers, Riverboat President, tickets are at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Sunday, 24
•River City Blues Festival, on the Southern University Campus in Baton Rouge. Call 1-344-8558 for more information.

Friday, 29
•Engebert Humperdinck, Saenger Theatre, 7 and 10 pm, tickets available at Ticketmaster, and De La Salle High School. The show is for the benefit of the De La Salle Development Fund.

Saturday, 30
•Steve Morse and Morse Code (formerly of Dixie Dregs), Club Marigny.

FILMS

•C.A.C. Film and Video, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Tues., Wed., 5: 21st Annual Ann Arbor Film Festival of independent films and filmmakers. Wed. 13: Festival of New Works features Stevenson J. Palfi's (Olivier), 7 and 9; Das Triumph des Willens (Leni Riefenstahl), 7 and 9:30 in Bobet Hall 214. Weds. 13: North By Northwest (Hitchcock), 7 and 9:30. Thurs. 14: Wise Blood (John Huston), 4:30, and 7. Mon. 18: Blue Water/White Death (a documentary on sharks) and Eugene Atget (Richard Becker), 7 and 9. Wed. 20: tires sur le Pianiste (Truffaut) and Une Partie de Campagne (Renoir), 7 and 9:30. Thurs. 21: Siberian Lady Macbeth (Andrey Wajda), 7 and 9. Sat. 23: Henry V (Shakespeare), 2:30. Wed. 27: Blow-Up (Antionio), 7, and 9. All films are shown in Bobet Hall's screening room, No. 323; admission is by season pass ($25) which admits one to every showing, or by $1.50 single admission.

•The Prynne, 5339 Prytania St., 895-4513. Fri. 1 through Thurs. 7: Time Stands Still (Peter Gothar). Fri. 4 through Thurs. 28: Eating Raoul (Paul Bartie). Fri. 29 through Thurs. May 5: Veronika Voss (Rainer Werner Fassbinder).

ART

•Aaron Hausings Gallery, 1130 St. Charles Ave., 523-7202. Sat. 9 through Thurs. 28: Madelaine Shellaby, Sat. 30; through Thurs., May 19: Randy Asprodttes.


•Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Sat. 9 through Sun. 34; Festival of New Works.

•Galerie Simonne Stern, 2727 Prytania St., 895-3824. Through Thurs. 7: Wayne Amedee, Dino Pelliccia. Robert Hausey, Patty Whitly Johnson. Sat. 9 through Thurs. 28: George Dunbar. Sat. 30; through Thurs., May 19: John Opie and Randy Ernst.

•Newcomb Women's Center Gallery, Tulane University, 865-5238. Through Thurs. 7: "These Kinds of Ladies," exhibit of hand tinted photographs by Laura Leavell Schwartz.


LISTINGS

•Aprilfest, University of New Orleans, Lakefront Campus, Friday, 22: a day of sunshine, live music and plenty of refreshments, raindate, April 25.

•C.A.C. New Music/New Jazz Series, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Sat. 9: The Festival of New Work winners, and a concert by juror Douglas Ewart, a reed player originally from Jamaica.

•Cajun Fridays at Tipitina's, in conjunction with WWOZ fm, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Fri. 1: Marcel Dugas and the Entertainers. Fri. 8: Don Montouet and Lionel Leduc. Fri. 15: Walter Misuton and the Scott Playboys. Fri. 22: Leo Thomas and Michael Douchan.

•Cathedral Concerts, Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave., 895-6602. Sun. 17: Organ recital by Frederick Swann of the Riverside Church and the Manhattan School of Music, New York City.

•Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans, 66-4289, 865-7566. Fri. 29: Recital, Dixon Hall on the Newcomb College Campus, 8 pm.

•Longue Vue Performing Arts Series, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5484. Sunday 24: Sam Rivers and Ramsey McLean.

•Madewood Arts Festival, Madewood Plantation, near Napoleonville, La. Fri-Sun. 22-24: The 10th anniversary festival features ballet, opera and theater by regional artists, tickets are available at the gate.

•New Orleans Friends of Music, 897-3491. Thurs. 28: The Lyric Quartet, a string and piano ensemble, Dixon Hall on the Newcomb College Campus, 8 pm.

•New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Orpheum Theatre, 524-0404. Tues., Wed. 5:5: Dvorak, Debussy, Berkeley and Tippett. Andrew Masson Conducting, with Carlos Bonelli, guitarist and the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra. Tues. Wed., 19, 20: Liszt and Rousell, Jean-Paul Penin conducting with the WOZ FM Orchestra, Miles Davis, trumpet. Thurs. 7: The Psychedelic Furs with DiVynils, 8 pm, McAlister Auditorium. Sun. 10: The Gary Burton Quartet, 8 pm, Pendleton Cram Room of the University Center, co-sponsored with the Xenia Foundation. Fri. 22: Michael Iceberg and the Iceberg Machine along with Chris Bless, the world's only hi-tech juggler, 8 pm, McAlister Auditorium.
### Tipitina's and WWOZ Present Cajun Zydeco Festival '83

#### April 1983

**Music at 9:30 P.M. Monday-Wednesday**

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<td>MUSICIANS FOR MUSIC presents a NEW ORLEANS ALL-STAR JAZZ SHOW</td>
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<td>THE NIGHTRIDERS</td>
<td>FORECAST</td>
<td>WALTER WASHINGTON AND JOHNNY ADAMS</td>
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<td>A BENEFIT FOR THE CENTER FEATURING THE NEVILLE BROTHERS</td>
<td>no cover</td>
<td>live on WTUL</td>
<td>PRISCILLA with JIM SINGLETON, JOHN VIDACOVICH, DAVE TORKANOWSKY</td>
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<td>ZEKE FISHHEAD</td>
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**Additional Performances**

- **1** - Live on WWOZ
  - MARCEL DUGAS AND THE ENTERTAINERS
  - THE NEVILLE BROTHERS

- **2** - Live on WWOZ
  - DON MONTOUCE and LIONEL LELEUX

- **3** - Live on WWOZ
  - QUEEN Ida and the Bon Temps Zydeco Band

- **4** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **5** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **6** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE NEVILLE BROTHERS

- **7** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **8** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **9** - Live on WWOZ
  - QUEEN Ida and the Bon Temps Zydeco Band

- **10** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **11** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE NEVILLE BROTHERS

- **12** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **13** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **14** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **15** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **16** - Live on WWOZ
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- **17** - Live on WWOZ
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- **18** - Live on WWOZ
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- **19** - Live on WWOZ
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- **20** - Live on WWOZ
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- **21** - Live on WWOZ
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- **23** - Live on WWOZ
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- **25** - Live on WWOZ
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- **26** - Live on WWOZ
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- **27** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **28** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **29** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

- **30** - Live on WWOZ
  - THE RADIATORS

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**Additional Performances**

- **1 DEACON JOHN'S N.O. BLUES REVUE**
- **2 MAC REBENNACK**
- **3 DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND**
- **4 THE NIGHTHAWKS**
- **5 LONNIE BROOKS BLUES BAND**
- **6 GATEMOUTH BROWN**
- **7 THE RADIATORS**

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APRIL 19

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

APRIL 20

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

APRIL 21

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

APRIL 22

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

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THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

APRIL 28

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

APRIL 29

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

APRIL 30

WAVELINE / APRIL 1983
Top Cats. Sat. 23: Johnny Rivers.

•Rose Tattoo, 4401 Tchoupitoulas, 895-9681. Featuring local blues and R&B on weekends.

•Seven-Eleven Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8579. Mondays: Al Broussard, 9:30. Tuesdays through Saturdays: Randy Hebert, 9:30 p.m.


OUT-OF-TOWN CLUBS

•The Fritz, Shreveport, 318-221-9556. Rock and roll, new wave, call for listings.

•Gibson Street Lounge, Gibson St., Covington, 1-892-7057. Call for listings.

•Grant Street Dance Hall, Lafayette, La., 318-237-8513. Call for listings.

•Jefferson Street Cafe, Lafayette, 318-234-9647. Fri. 15: Spencer Bohren. Call for other listings.

•Mutale's, Breaux Bridge, 318-322-4648. Wednesdays and Thursdays: Beausoleil.

•The Old Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-322-9512. Cajun, call for listings.

•Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays: Great Escape.


•Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Hwy. 190 in Mandeville, 1-626-9933. Fri. 1: John Mooney. Call for more listings.

•Trinity's, Baton Rouge, 1-388-9884. Fri. 8: The Psychedelic Furs. Sat. 9: Modern English. Call the 24-hour concert line for more listings.

Wavelength's listings are available free of charge. Call 895-2342 for information.
Shreveport's Louisiana Hayride holds a prominent position in the history of country music, its popularity as a live musical institution surpassed only by Nashville's Grand Ole Opry. A partial list of the Hayride's performers illustrates the show's importance: Hank Williams, Red Sovine, Faron Young, Nat Stuckey, Kitty Wells, Jerry Lee Lewis, Willie Nelson, Webb Pierce, George Jones, Johnny Horton, Sonny James, Roy Acuff, Slim Whitman, Floyd Cramer, Johnny Cash, Elvis Presley. No less than twenty-three of the Hayride's guests are enshrined in Nashville's Country Music Hall of Fame.

Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry have been the obvious capital of country music for some fifty years. Such is the enduring popularity of the Nashville barn dance that it served to obscure the importance of the Hayride. But the Louisiana Hayride, aired every Saturday night for twelve years over KWKH, served as a springboard to the top for many rising country and western performers, so much so that it has been dubbed "cradle of the stars" by long-time Hayride announcer Frank Page.

Country music—or hillbilly as it was often referred to—experienced an extraordinary acceleration of interest after World War II. The Grand Ole Opry, located in Nashville's Ryman Auditorium and broadcast over WSM, was the perfect symbol of this sudden upsurge of interest. Though the Opry was already an institution at the time, the postwar boom spawned several regional live music shows that were similar in format. Dallas had the "Big D Jamboree" and Los Angeles had the "Town Hall Party." But it was only Shreveport's Louisiana Hayride that ever threatened the Opry's popularity, even if only occasionally.

As it turned out, Shreveport was a natural location for the introduction of a regular live country music broadcast. Besides being a fertile area for country music talent and interest, North Louisiana/East Texas was experiencing an economic upswing due to the expansion of the area's oil and gas industry.

Before the Hayride was established, Shreveport had already developed a strong
The roughnecks and farmers wanted to see the Hayride manager. Just who came up with the show idea and inspiration for a Shreveport barn dance program is lost in legend and conjecture. However it's fairly safe to assume that the station collectively saw the Hayride's potential after evidencing the staggering success of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, at the time close to two decades old.

By the late Forties, three men joined the station who were directly involved in the creation of the Louisiana Hayride: Henry Clay, station manager; Horace Logan, program director; and Dean Upson, commercial manager. Just who came up with the idea and inspiration for a Shreveport barn dance program is lost in legend and conjecture. However it's fairly safe to assume that the station collectively saw the Hayride's potential after evidencing the staggering success of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, at the time close to two decades old.

Whatever the case, the first Louisiana Hayride was aired April 3, 1948. Appearing on the initial broadcast, held at the 3,800-seat Shreveport Auditorium, were the Bailes Brothers, Kitty Wells, Johnny and Jack, the Four Deacons, Curley Kinsey and the Tennessee Ridge Runners, Harmie Kinsey and his Texas Playboys and Pap-py Covington.

According to Frank Page, a.k.a. "Brother Gatehouse," who was later to become the Hayride's regular announcer, "The show started on a large scale with a big bang. We started the show as a vehicle for selling advertising. We weren't looking for big names so much as performers who could sell products."

It didn't take long for the Hayride to begin selling out every Saturday night. For 60 (30 for kids) you could see as many as fifteen performers over a three-hour period. "Television hadn't come along yet," continued Page. "There really wasn't much else to do. People use to come from all over Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, and we never even advertised who was going to be appearing."

The exposure that the Hayride offered performers far outweighed the $13 they got for their appearance. A regular spot on the Hayride insured an abundance of work the rest of the week throughout the area. As a result, Shreveport became the target for country entertainers from the deep South and Southwest. One of them was the Louisiana legend, Hank Williams, who became a Hayride regular on August 7, 1948.

For Hank and the Hayride, it was a marriage made in heaven (well, maybe Shreveport). Williams became the Hayride's first major attraction and helped the show gain early prestige throughout the country. In recalling Williams, Frank Page, who was present on all of Hank's Hayride appearances, uses the adjectives "quiet, sad, likable and scary," to describe the hypnotic Williams. "Just to look at Hank would make you feel sorry for him. He was thin as a rake and he'd get so drunk it was pitiful. But when he picked up the guitar and started singing, he was so powerful—I remember getting choked up watching the first night he appeared. He got six encores that night."

Besides his appearances on the Hayride, Williams hosted the popular Johnny Fair Syrup Hour broadcast at sunrise weekdays over KWHR. Despite Williams' reputation for hard drinking and hard living, Page fondly recalls, "Hank still was always on time and I don't recall him ever missing a show."

Hank's fame quickly grew far and wide, thanks to the exposure afforded by his KWHR appearances. In December 1948, Hank's first hit, "Lovesick Blues," entered the hillbilly charts, quickly rising to number one position in the country. Suddenly the Hayride had a bonafide star.

Due to a continued string of hit records, Williams' popularity had grown too big for the Hayride. By June 1949, Williams had moved over to the Grand Ole Opry where he became a regular Nashville attraction. While Williams' eleven-month stay established the credibility of the Hayride, his exodus to the Opry was to establish a precedent. For the next decade, one performer after another used the Hayride as a ticket to the brighter lights of Nashville.

"We gave people a chance," points out Page. "The Opry never played anybody unless they were established. Word got around and we had people by the hundreds comin' to Shreveport to audition."

While examining the talent that followed after Williams' departure, one can easily take exception to the continuous reference to the Hayride as the "high minor leagues" by many country music journalists. Not even the Opry could match the roster of talent—though then unknown—that appeared on the Shreveport stage.

There was Red Sovine (remember "Phantom 309"?) who inherited the Johnny Fair Syrup Hour and his spot on the Hayride became a major attraction. Webb Pierce, who made a string of big country records on Decca, worked at the Shreveport Sears Roebuck before he got his break on the Hayride. Slim Whitman was a postman when he came to town before earning a spot as a Hayride regular.

Then there was Faron Young, who Page remembers "walking down Greenwood Road with a guitar on his shoulder on his way to the Auditorium." Jim Reeves was a radio announcer who filled in for Sleepy LaBeef one night, and then decided to try to make it as a singer. George Jones played the Hayride and spent the rest of the week across the Red River, playing the honky-tonts on the notorious Bossier Strip. Lefty Frizzell got his career back on the tracks with the Hayride and Hank Williams returned to Shreveport after he was banished from the Opry.

There were others, too, between 1950 and 1954: Sonny James, Patsy Montana, Brand-y Attaway, Ray Burlette, T. Texas Tyler, and many others.

The roughnecks and farmers wanted to see the Hayride manager. Just who came up with the show idea and inspiration for a Shreveport barn dance program is lost in legend and conjecture. However it's fairly safe to assume that the station collectively saw the Hayride's potential after evidencing the staggering success of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, at the time close to two decades old.
the Wilburn Brothers, Claude King, Welly Fairburne, and many others.

By 1953, CBS carried isolated portions of the Hayride on its national network. Twenty-seven stations comprised the Hayride Network including two other 50,000-watt stations, WWL in New Orleans and KAAY in Little Rock. It was at this point that the Hayride and Shreveport seriously threatened Nashville and the Opry as the country music capital.

According to Steve Tucker, a Tulane doctoral candidate in American cultural history who has spent the last five years researching the history of country music in Louisiana and specifically the Hayride, Shreveport could well have surpassed Nashville in terms of importance if they had played their cards right. “The Opry set up a publishing firm and a booking agency. This made a lot of money for them and the Opry artists. In turn it hired a lot of record companies and other related music industries into Nashville. WKWH just looked on the Hayride as a Saturday night radio show. The Hayride didn’t start a booking agency or a publishing firm until 1957 when the show was losing popularity and it was too late. Who knows what would have happened if they’d thought of it sooner?”

Throughout the mid-Fifties, the Hayride continued to supply the Grand Ole Opry with a steady stream of new talent. Then on October 16, 1954, an event occurred that would subsequently change the future of the Hayride and eventually the history of popular music. On that evening Frank Page stepped to the microphone to introduce a new performer by saying:

“Just a few weeks ago, a young man from Memphis, Tennessee, recorded a song on the Sun label, and in a few weeks that record has skyrocketed up the charts. It’s really doing well all over the country. He is only 19 years old. He has a new, distinctive style…Elvis Presley!”

The record that Page referred to was “That’s Alright,” which inspired the Hayride’s initial interest. The impact of his first performance was such that Presley was signed to a two-year contract for $18 a show, after only his second appearance, and signed on D.J. Fontana, who was the Hayride’s regular drummer. Elvis would make 84 appearances on the Louisiana Hayride over the next 18 months. As his other Sun records began making an impact, Elvis barnstormed the honky-tongs and high school gyms throughout the South. For example, during 1955, you could have walked into the Golden Cadillac Lounge on St. Claude Avenue in New Orleans and, for 50¢, seen Elvis backed by Scotty Moore and Bill Black, or driven to Donaldsonville, Louisiana, to see the same show at the Town and Country.

Presley’s impact was to be far more dramatic than even Hank Williams’. “He wasn’t so wild back then,” says Page, recalling the ‘Hillbilly Cat’. “In fact I’d have to say he was a bit on the shy side.”

It didn’t take long for the Presley aura to affect the Hayride’s traditional structure. As Page noted: “Elvis started to draw
hundreds of teenaged girls and it ran off
the older audience who had been support­ing
the Hayride since the beginning."

But Presley's influence went beyond the
makeup of the Hayride's audience as Page
reflects: "Elvis was the first one to mix
black blues with white country music. Elvis
had something different and people knew
it was a catchy style. The Hayride is where
rockabilly began."

While Page's claim is open to debate, the
Hayride's format began to change con­si­derably. Fiddles and acoustic guitars were
replaced by drums and amplifiers as other
performers attempted to try to get some of
Presley's magic rubbed off on them. The
tempos quickened and so did national
interest in the Hayride. In February, 1955,
a booking agent from Nashville came to the
Hayride to attempt to set up a booking
agency featuring Hayride talent. That was
the first time Col. Tom Parker laid eyes on
Elvis. But instead of a Shreveport talent
bureau, Parker himself began representing
Presley, signed him to an unprecedented
$35,000 RCA Vict or recording contract,
and bought out the second year of Elvis'
Hayride contract. As part of the deal,
Presley returned for one last Hayride
appearance on December 15, 1956—a
benefit for the Shreveport YMCA. Such
was the extent of the Elvis phenomenon
that the show had to be moved to the State
Fairgrounds, with 9,000 screaming
teenagers in attendance. It was the same old
story, another Hayride star had left for the
big time.

"Interest in the Hayride fell way off
when Elvis left," laments Page. "We
started losing all our affiliate stations
and the regulars that used to come every Satur­
day night to the Auditorium were home
watching TV. We couldn't get them to
come back no matter what we tried to do."

The Hayride, however, continued to
parade an impressive roster of talent across
the Shreveport auditorium stage including
Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, Jimmy C.
Newman, and such lesser lights as Al Fer­
rier, Rusty and Doug, Dale Hawkins and
Bob Luman. The Hayride's last big star
was Johnny Horton ("North To Alaska,""Battle
of New Orleans") who was tragically killed in a car wreck in 1960 while
under contract to KW KH.

Even then the show was taking its last
breath. By 1962, the show consisted of old
tapes of the Hayride, its name used to pro­
 mote country and western package tours
throughout the Southwest. The only live
Shreveport performances were occasional
"reunions" at the old Auditorium.

"Nobody cared about it anymore," says
Page, still with a trace of frustration in his
voice. "Shreveport didn't want it. People
from East Texas supported the show.
Shreveport looked down on country music.
They just weren't interested anymore."

There were more obvious factors that
contributed to the decline of the Hayride,
according to Steve Tucker. "Rock 'n' roll
hurt all forms of country music, not just
the Hayride," he points out. "Television
was a big factor because it competed for
the people's attention.

"LSU football was extremely popular
when the Hayride went under, and they
played on Saturday nights. But another big
factor was the union. The musicians' union
had ignored hillbilly music until they saw
the money it began generating during the
Fifties. The Hayride couldn't afford to pay
union scale when the crowds fell off and
they started losing money."

A brief revival was attempted in 1966 but
it too failed. In 1974, Page and his partner
Don Kent resurrected the Hayride in a
600-seat barn eight miles north of Bossier
City. After losing a substantial amount of
money initially booking big-name Nashville
acts, the new Hayride began concentrating
on finding the next Elvis by booking local
talent only.

Today Kent is the sole owner and the
Hayride features a restaurant and a small
showroom covered with 8 x 10 glossys
of days gone by. The stage backdrop is the
same as the original one from the old
Shreveport Municipal Auditorium. Last
year KW KH began broadcasting the
Hayride on a tape delayed basis.

While traveling salesmen and teenage
girls vie for musical stardom in place of
Hank and Elvis, the Hayride makes no at­
tempt to compare itself with its past—it
doesn't have to. The Louisiana Hayride
has already unequivocably changed the
pattern of popular music in this Century.

Special thanks to Steve Tucker whose
help and encouragement were invaluable

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- Montaya FR-42

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- Montaya CB-70

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WE CARRY OUR OWN ACCOUNTS AND HONOR MAJOR CREDIT CARDS.
Robert "Sonny" Vaucresson makes a "gourmet-blend all beef hot sausage, with the emphasis on the seasoning, not just the pepper." He and his wife Geraldine operate a packing plant and neighboring annex store near North Claiborne and St. Bernard where the Indian parades pass. These tasty sausage po-boys will be available at the Jazz Fest this year. Groove food.

Jamaican David Mair is the man behind those spicy yellow meat pies that have been popping up around local convenience stores, high schools and musical events. For this year's Jazz Fest, Dave's cooking "escoveitched" fish (marinated in pepper, shallots, and vinegar, then crisply fried) as well as the popular meat and shrimp pies.

In the rear of the Second Mount Triumph Missionary Baptist Church on Washington Avenue is a spic 'n' span kitchen where Mercedes Sykes (Roosevelt's wife) and friends regularly cook up a traditional rib-stickin' Sunday Louisiana Sunday dinner of fried chicken, barbecue ribs, potato salad, yams, macaroni and cheese and sweet peas. That same down home menu will be satisfying hungry stomachs at this year's N.O.J. & H.F. and proceeds help the church.

WAVELENGTH / APRIL 1983

This fortieth and most august edition of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is not just the usual roundup of familiar faces, familiar flies above familiar debris of crawfish husks and watermelon rinds, or even the familiar stomping through the Fair Grounds' by-now-trademarked hybrid of hay, horse patties and fresh mud.

There is, for instance, a new tent—with a dance floor, yet; named Economy Hall, this tent is Trad, dad—only: performers include Danny and Blue Lu Barker, Tuts Washington, the Pfister Sisters, the Louis Nelson Big Six, the Revival Jazzband of Holland (oh, those low-down low countries!), the Majestic Brass Band and Festival debutantes Linda Hopkins, of the acclaimed one-woman-show Me and Bessie, and raconteur and classic blues pianist Art Hodes.

Some other noteworthy attractions: the Festival bows of Frankie Ford and John Fred and the Playboys, Kilometarz—the latest confection from the fertile brains and fingers of George Porter and Zigaboo Modeliste, Ernie K-Doe and the K-Doe Nova- hud Band (apparently appearing through the courtesy of Compass Furniture), the Widespread Jazz Orchestra, Billy Gregory (still New Orleans' great contribution to Psychedelic Lead Guitar), and at night—Rufus and Carla Thomas and Tina Turner and Junior Walker in an R&B mile-high pie on the President (obviously for observers of the local fashion scene, the midnight performance will be the one to catch), that pioneer of machine-gun-delivery Jon Hendricks and Company in an evening of song, along with Carmen McRae and Bobby McFerrin and Astral Project, Doug Kershaw's entire family and that potentate of poivre aromatique Clifton Chenier, as well as Dewey Balfa and Marc Savoy on a slow-boat-to-the-Algiers point Fais Do-Do.

All this and new ticket prices for those with brood in tow: $5 for one adult and one member of the peanut gallery (advance only but a good deal) to enter the happy hunting grounds, along with the normal prices: $6.50 as you enter, otherwise $4.50 which is quite a saving should you plan ahead. A more definitive breakdown of places and people follows.
**Jazz Fest Schedule**

**FRIDAY, APRIL 29**
Riverboat President—8 p.m.

Theatre of Performing Arts—7:30 p.m.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Family Players, Edward Frank, Kid Sheik and his Storyville Ramblers, The Works, John Rankin, Copas Brothers, Burrel, Phil Parnell, Folk Church ensemble, Lespieds.

**SATURDAY, APRIL 30**
Riverboat President—7 p.m. and midnight
“Rhythm and Blues on the River,” Tina Turner, Rufus and Carla Thomas, Junior Walker and the All-Stars.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Ray Orisbon, Dr. John, Danny Barker and his Standouts, Boudin Band, Cus Cuba, Clancy “Blues Boy” Lewis, NOCCA, Cheatham Family, Swave Forlund, Saxophone Superstars of Nassau, Bahamas, Bryan Lee and the Jummi Street Five, Ebenezer B.C. Youth Choir, Boogie Bill Webb.

**SUNDAY, MAY 1**
Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp Street—9:30 p.m.
“Inside and Out”—The Archie Shepp Quartet
Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

**MONDAY, MAY 2**
Theatre of Performing Arts—8 p.m.
“A Night of Song,” Carmen McRae, Jon Hendricks and Company, Bobby McFerrin with Astral Project.

**TUESDAY, MAY 3**
Theatre of Performing Arts—8 p.m.
“The Beauty of the Piano,” Oscar Peterson and Herbie Hancock.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 4**
Riverboat President—8 p.m.
“Fais Do-Do,” Doug Kershaw and the Kershaw Family, Clifton Chekere and his Red Hot Louisiana Band, Dewey Balfa and Marie Savoy with the Cajun All-Stars.

Prout’s Club Alhambra, 728 North Claiborne Ave.—8 p.m.
“Three Generations of New Orleans Singers,” with Blue Lu Barker, Germaine Bazzle, Lady BJ.

**THURSDAY, MAY 5**
Riverboat President—8 p.m.
“Bebop and All That Jazz,” Elvin Jones and the Jazz Machine, Chico Freeman Quintet, Jazz Allstars with Jimmy Smith, Stanley Turrentine, Benny Burrel and James Black.

**FRIDAY, MAY 6**
Riverboat President—7 p.m. and midnight

**SATURDAY, MAY 7**
Riverboat President—8 p.m.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

**SATURDAY, MAY 8**
Southern University in New Orleans, 6400 Press Drive, Science Lecture Hall—9:30 p.m.
“Pharoah’s Music,” Pharoah Sanders, SUNO Jazz Ensemble.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.
The British are coming — in hordes. So much so that it's getting hard to tell one British band from another. That problem, however, doesn't apply to the Twins.

1964: England sends us The Beatles. Girls scream, society changes, and "Yesterday" is heard in dentists' offices across America.


Well, it's 1983 and new British bands flood our shores in numbers rivalled only by new Japanese cars. And the worst part of it is, so many of the new bands are good with a remarkably uniform sameness that affords them a remarkably uniform palatability.

So, we follow our fancies—a catchy synth program, a pretty face, or a stunning idea— because the bands that will really succeed, the measure of that success being its magnitude and duration are those with the fascinating quirks and novel approaches.

The stage is set. Enter the Thompson Twins—all three of them. Initially catching on in 1977 in Sheffield, one of England's many northern industrial cities, The Thompson Twins evolved and migrated, taking their present shape in London eight months ago.

Since then, they have responded to their less-than-impressive British reception with a coup de maître here, with chart successes like "In The Name Of Love" and "Lies," a successful mini-tour last fall, and their present full-scale album promotion tour.

Yes, it sounds like the all-too-brief career of every new wave synth band to briefly conquer the U.S. before fading away. But there are differences that set The Twins apart. One is their adamant refusal to exploit trends.

"We aren't into fashion," proclaims Alan Currie, percussionist/vocalist whose most striking feature is a carefully cultivated chaos of blond curls that acts as an awning for her face. "We're into style. In fact, we veer away from being incredibly fashionable, because if you're incredibly fashionable then you're out six months later."

"We're making a living, if you like, out of music. Which is why we don't just want to make it for six months—though we see where we could. But we want to keep on doing it. I've had so many crappy jobs, this is brilliant."

Tom Bailey, handsome lead vocalist, keyboardist and "musical brain" behind the band, picks up on her thought. "It's strange, there are ten or a dozen bands from England that seem to be making waves here. It seems to be a fairly arbitrary selection...while there are great bands from England who never come over here at all. I can't figure out why those twelve have made it, because they're not necessarily the best of the crop. It's just that the American record company..."
3-Head, Auto Tape Select Cassette Deck

**Technics RS-M263 $240.00**

3-head system allows direct off-the-tape monitoring while recording. LED display shows which signal is being monitored. Auto tape selector sets bias and EQ for Metal, CRO2, and Normal tapes. Bias fine-adjust control assures optimum matching with each type and brand of tape.

2-Speed, Double Cassette Deck

**Technics RS-M222 $275.00**

2-in-1 double cassette configuration: Tape 1 for playback only, Tape 2 for record and playback. High speed dubbing capability saves time when making tape copies. Synchro-Start simplifies dubbing operation. Mike mixing capability permits overdubbing for creative taping. Continuous playback (Tape 2 — 1) extends listening time without interruption.

Soft-Touch, Dolby B-C NR Cassette Deck

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thought they were doing their job properly."
Why should The Thompson Twins risk being lumped together with the rest of the unending "British Invasion?"

"Audiences in England are really cli­quish," explains Alannah. "We have to work really hard to get them into what we're doing—whereas here, we just do it and they immediately start clapping."
Tom continues, "There's no ambition really. No justification. We just take the open course. It's a fantasy thing. We get involved in bigger and better fantasies."

Fantasy is the key to The Twins individually. Joe Leeway, dreadlocked percussionist/vocalist, late of England's National Theatre company, describes this reasoning.

"We're going for a cinematic approach—making big, sweeping images. I don't think our show is just about making music. It's definitely sound and vision."

"Surely," Tom continues Joe's thought, "the days are over when people just get up and [mimes strumming a guitar]. On stage, we're in the business of communication. The music is only part of that. We rehearse and work hard so that by the time we get to the stage, the music's not really important. We know it's going to be good. As for the rest of the time, we're either making visual statements or verbal statements. It's abstract."

"What we're really looking for, subconsciously, is the fact that the show doesn't take place on stage. It takes place in the whole room."

The Twins' live show certainly is a captivating spectacle, combining the choreographed with the spontaneous, all fronted by Tom's emotional, demonstrative vocal interpretations. The stage is set with translucent screens, silhouetting the performers' images, lit with fantastic, dancing colors.

Musically, the band draws equally on reggae and African rhythms and the possibility of the "technology movement" that's sweeping new wave.

"We're good at getting rhythmic things together," says Joe, "and that tends to end up as a dance-oriented idea. Although we're also working with—well, not exactly ballads—but more cinematic type songs."

"I don't think it's good enough to be able to play your music, because you're also putting out an idea. The people who really make it for me are the ones who can, without being overly intellectual, bung out concepts—let those ideas come out and realize them."

This is not to say that The Thompson Twins aren't musically accomplished. Tom is classically trained, and Joe and Alannah, although they only started playing a few years ago, are very quick studies.

"Percussion is wide open for invention," observes Alannah. "I'm not really that good at it yet, but I'm learning so I'll get a lot better. I make things up. I like doing fidgety things. Like in the studio, I'll say 'I need something like dinosaurs tap dancing on a tin roof.' I work with visual concepts. I like editing tapes and twisting screws."

Joe continues, "Tom, of course, is a brilliant musician. Us two are brilliant other things..."

Alannah: "But we're not telling."
What's the best way to land a record with a major record company? Windjammer's Kevin McLin, who has recently signed a four-album deal with MCA, believes that if you want a deal bad enough, you simply go out and get it yourself.

Even in their hometown, New Orleans, Windjammer is still pretty much an unknown entity. "We're not a gig band," says 28-year old McLin, singer, guitarist, writer and producer of the group. "Bands in New Orleans burn out. People just don't support New Orleans groups."

Besides McLin, Windjammer consists of Roy Paul Joseph, guitar, vocals; Chris Severin, bass, vocals; Carl Dennis, lead vocals, percussion; and Fred McCray, keyboards, vocals. The group was "hand-picked" almost two years ago "to make a statement," according to McLin. "We make good music. Not white, not black. You really can't classify it."

Although McLin quickly protests when referred to as leader of the group, ("Let's just say I'm spokesman") he is the catalyst of the Windjammer success story. A lifelong resident of New Orleans, McLin, who was raised in the Ninth Ward and attended Holy Cross, is able to pinpoint the exact moment his interest in music was aroused. "February 6, 1964, when I saw the Beatles on Ed Sullivan," he laughs, noting the surprise on the interviewer's face.

Mclin played guitar in a series of bands through high school and while earning each
of his three degrees in communication from UNO and Loyola. "I used to play a lot of Chicago, Santana, Buddy Miles and the Jacksons. It was funny, but I didn't know that much about the business and I really wondered if these guys really existed."

During 1973, Melin tracked down Joe Jackson, father of the Jackson Five, while the group was in New Orleans. He gave Jackson a tape he was working on. "It sounds crazy but he listened to it and wrote back. He said we weren't ready yet but to keep practicing and that he'd stay in touch."

Jackson kept his promise and so did Melin. Besides the musical aspect, he also studied the business end of the music industry. "Musica is probably the smallest part of the business," Melin points out. "Let's face it, you're a commodity and you have to sell yourself to the public."

One of the first lessons he learned was to be careful with whom you sign a contract. It was a lesson Melin learned the hard way. When talking about his early studio experience, Melin's mild manner disappears: "New Orleans is still in the dark ages. The studios here think they can sign everybody and do nothing for you. If the studio can't pay for the session and the production, they're not doing you any good. If they don't have the resources—if they can't even get you airplay—they're taking you for a ride. The studios sign people they can so that when something does happen they can get a piece of it. I had to go out and get my own deal."

For Melin, making his own deal meant hawking demo tapes to a number of record companies. But until last year, all he had to show for it was a stack of rejection slips and an obscure single which he saved like a battle scar. But Melin failed to become discouraged and with Joe Jackson's encouragement and assistance, the duo put the Windjammer phenomenon together. Melin financed the session and Jackson arranged for Tom Tom, who has worked with the Jacksons and Earth, Wind and Fire, to arrange the session. After five days at Ultrasonic, Melin and Windjammer had the sound they were looking for—but no recording contract. Jackson suggested taking the tape immediately to the major companies. But until last year, all he had was a dime from Senator. I guess we'll be working on the score for the play 'Crepes of Color.'

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"We decided to pull a single of 'Stay' and 'You've Got Me Dancing.' I knew that Senator Jones [Hep Me Records] could get local airplay so we made a 50-50 agreement on everything we made." Not surprisingly, the ballad "Stay" ("Ballads have more staying power," according to Melin) was a big regional hit during the summer of 1982, selling well in the Texas-Louisiana territories. "I imagine we did something like 50,000 copies. It was number one on BLK and WYLD-FM. It made people sit up and take notice." But the "dark ages syndrome" returned to haunt Windjammer even in their moment of local glory. "I never saw a dime from Senator. I guess we'll be seeing each other pretty soon," says Melin with a resigned laugh.

On top of that, a studio owner, for whom Melin worked briefly during the 1970s, tried to sue for a piece of the action, claiming he still had Melin and other members of Windjammer under contract. "Pirates," says Melin, recalling the experience, "Nobody can do anything in New Orleans."

By September 1982, Melin approached MCA and both parties were impressed by what the other had to offer. "MCA respected us because we went out and got things done, and they didn't have to invest anything. That's why they were willing to listen to us. They offered a four record deal and complete artistic control of the product. They picked up the cost of the session ($57,000) and offered long-term security. It was the best possible deal in the long run."

Signing with MCA also aborted a deal that Senator Jones was working that, according to Melin, "would have sold us down the river for chump change."

Even though the album and the single, ("Stay" and "You've Got Me Dancing") were released in early January, the initial reports have been favorable according to the market-conscious Melin. "I talk to Joe every morning on the phone and I get all the MCA reports. It's starting to catch on in Cleveland and Miami, but they won't play it here. They're trying to kill it," he laughs, referring to the local 'pirates.'

Melin doesn't seem to be worried by the lack of cooperation by local radio stations. While he won't go as far as making a concrete prediction, he feels Windjammer's horizons have broadened beyond Lake Ponchartrain. "I think we've got the top group and the best shot to make it nationally out of anybody," he says unpertitiously.

"We're really shooting at something that can cross over and go platinum like Stevie Wonder or Lionel Richie. We purposely didn't put our photos on the cover so we wouldn't get the stigma of being just another black funk group."

While the group has been rehearsing up to four hours daily, they still avoid playing local gigs. "If the album really takes off and MCA gives us a push, then we'll do a tour. We've been talking to the Jazz Fest but that's been it. To tell you the truth, if this thing takes off, I'm leaving New Orleans. I'm just tired of all the behind-the-scenes politics and dirty dealing that happen here."

Melin and Windjammer aren't resting on their laurels just yet. Plans call for them to return to the studio in another month to start on their second album. The production company they have formed also plans to produce an MTV video and Melin himself has been working on the score for the play 'Crepes of Color.'

In summing up Windjammer's experience, Melin hopes it teaches other New Orleans groups a lesson. "I learned the hard way to be careful what people offer and who you sign with. You have to be aware of the music business, not just the music."
Mike Pellera arrived in New Orleans in August 1978. He came at the urging of New Orleans pianist David Torkanowsky, who had been his classmate at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Pellera spent his whole life in the Northeast and thought he could use some new influences. But he didn't plan on falling in love with the Crescent City.

Once here, Mike immediately became caught up in the jazz scene. Ramsey McLean made him pianist for the Lifers, and Mike worked closely with drummer John Vidacovich in the latter's trio.

New Orleans music, Pellera thought then at age 23, lacked intellectual content and melodic development in the tradition of the great bebop artists. So Mike left the birthplace of jazz for the birthplace of bop: New York City.

This New York apprenticeship lasted three years. There his head was turned by giants of piano technique ("You've heard of Monty Alexander? He eats Art Tatum for breakfast!") and met some excellent teachers, and experienced the isolation of a megalopolis where even the best jazz artists are mostly out of work. He also got more than enough of the intellectual side of jazz (see below) and has returned with, he considers, a more mature perspective on music as a deeply human experience. New Orleans has become for him an enclave of essential elements of a musical experience found in the community at large, not just in a small group of fans. This is what Pellera hopes to put into the music he creates now: a contemporary embodiment of New Orleans' message to the world.

A jazz musician discusses the advantages of living and working in two very different musical communities.
New Orleans is not a jazz town.
It's not a hard-core jazz town. These people aren't jazz fans: they don't go out and buy Charlie Parker records. On the other hand they are more responsive than New York audiences.

You mean vocally? With more obvious enthusiasm?

That's for sure. They're familiar enough with the idiom to understand the real nitty-gritty. You can't go up and play sophisticated New York cocktail jazz. I

don't even really want to play that, even though it's a part of me. But when you get to the people down here, it's very exciting, more so than in New York.

When you really reach them...

Right. In New York, the experience is from the shoulders up. People go to the right clubs because they think they should be there. At Bradley's, for example: you see all these nine-to-fivers, all these fancy rich businessmen sitting there, talking a mile a minute, and you can't even hear Tommy Flanagan or Hank Jones at the piano. Yet they clap at the right time because that's the thing to do.

Here, though, people dance—I mean, if the music is really happening rhythmically. That's a rare thing nowadays. There's not much of it left in the United States. And this music came from Black people. You still see middle-aged Black people around clubs clicking their fingers. That's the way it used to be everywhere. That's where jazz was. And this is a Black town, I'm talking about the vibe of the town. You have to play rhythmic music here, and it really has to groove. I find that a challenge.

Also, in this town, because it's so small everything is much more accessible than in New York, and there's a greater cross-check of styles.

You mean cross-influence?

Yeah. Whereas in New York you play bebop or Latin or Brazilian music and you just pursue that, here you can be into as much as you want. This weekend, for example, I'm playing a Latin gig with Caliente at The Faubourg. And you can't just hang out in New York. Somebody might tell you there's a great Latin band playing up in the Bronx, but you don't just shoot up to the Bronx. It's a big city, it's more dangerous.

What about the money scene there? I've heard you can be out of work for a long time up there even if you're a good player.

Yeah, it's much easier to make a living here, even though the town has slowed up a bit—but so has everywhere else. At least there's a music scene here, which is more than there is in most cities.

But these non-union bands are taking all the gigs. The French Quarter used to be the best place to play because of the exposure. But the Right To Work law has made it so
and they have a Coltrane solo transcription up on a video projector. It's informative, but it's so easy to miss the point. So in New York, you find the cats who were at Berklee, who matured and got really good at what they were taught, but who are still schoolboys. It's like nothing goes beyond what's been done already. If you go to a jam session and you say, "Hey, let's play 'If I Were A Bell,'" all of a sudden the whole band sounds like the Miles Davis Quintet. The cats are so talented there, their ears are so good, that they don't even realize that sometimes they start quoting stuff. I've always come off very raggedy in that kind of atmosphere.

Even though I didn't grow up here, I've felt for a while that I wanted to be a New Orleans musician, to play with a little more humor. I didn't have the kind of chops to contend with the guys in New York. Maybe I do now.

I gather you don't miss New York.

Right. There's something to being isolated down here. It's a valid music scene, a school of thought, a school of playing. Yet it's never heard on jazz records. Wynton Marsalis is famous and he's from here, but he doesn't play New Orleans music.

What about Professor Longhair, Dr. John?

I'm talking about jazz. The way these local guys would play Bird's "Donna Lee," for example. I'm talking about 1983 New Orleans, cats who've played with Fess, cats who've got all these blues in them—how do they play bebop? Johnny [Vidacovich] studied Paul Motian and Tony Williams. Nobody plays like him. It's just a little different.

Do you think Tony Dagradi has this too?

It's part of his playing. He's got a very strong blues sax. I'd say [David] Tork [anowsky] would personify it—some one who can really play the traditional stuff.

The average New York cat would just blow these guys off; he wouldn't dig it. My thing lies smack in between New York and here. Here it's more of a feeling, a funkiness, a natural thing you can just go anywhere with. But if you're going to keep up interest, you've got to get down to the nitty-gritty and play something, whereas in New York it's a high level of craft, and that's what I needed, that kind of discipline. So now I want to cross check. I want to have all the craft, but I just want to be able to say anything, and just not as outrageously as I want. [Thelonious] Monk is my biggest inspiration right now, although I don't try to copy his style.

Right now I'm into feelings, capturing a certain spirit. I want to have something from the bebop past: the swinginess, the strength, the badness, the beauty. But it's got to have some depth. That's rare now, really, even in New York.

I've only now reached the point where I feel I'm starting to get a certain level of technique and I can hear my way around. So now I can benefit from all those years of listening.

What I'm trying to do is to fuse this traditional New Orleans street parade beat with some more modern elements.

So it should sound new and exciting to New Orleanians as well as to outsiders?

Sure, because nobody's ever heard that combination. Maybe in a year I'll come up with something else new, but that's the only thing I'm doing now that's even remotely original. I'm not a genius. I've worked very hard my whole life trying to be a piano player. I've been very influenced by this town and I'm thrilled to be back.

It's been said that there's more variety possible in rhythm than in any other musical element. Does this perhaps confirm your search for originality along the lines of New Orleans rhythm?

Yeah. I feel that rhythm is the only thing that the average person can really perceive easily in complex forms. I just hate arrogance in music. I stay away from musicians who say things like "These people are not going to understand this." That's bullshit. If you can't reach those people, then you've lost it; you don't have anything.

The only people who can appreciate bad jazz are other musicians—did you ever think about that? The only people who can appreciate music that's not really happening are other musicians or people who think they're jazz fans and hip. But the average Joe only digs it when it starts cooking. That's the kind of music I aspire to. During the heyday of the bebop movement, every record—even if it wasn't recorded well—had that drive. And why did it die out?

Commercialization?

I'd say it was because something happened when it was handed to the next generation. The essence of the music, which was the rhythm, was not picked up by a lot of players. But rhythm is really strong here, even if people think that it might not be as sophisticated as New York.

Now harmonically, the music has left its mark. Just listen to a film score of any recent movie, or to TV themes. People are hearing these sounds all day without thinking about it. We've actually gotten a lot hipper without realizing it. It's just that the general American culture is rhythmically square. In Brazil or Puerto Rico, everybody can bang on a conga and keep time: it's in the culture. But in the upstate New York suburbs where I grew up, there was nothing to prepare me to become a jazz musician, nothing in a personal sense. Down here, though, they just take it for granted. Everybody's grown up listening to brass bands marching down the street. They've all heard jazz and it means something to them. I had to leave home to discover all these things. But for a long time I couldn't figure it out.

The only thing I would say critical about musicians down here, and I don't understand it, is that most cats stop their development around age 24 or 25. Even so, it's less true of the newer generation of guys, like the guys my age.

Like Julian Garcia, Chris Severin, those people?

Yeah. Or Johnny [Vidacovich], even though he's a little older than those cats.
They grew up listening to James Black and others, and they learned how to play. Then they went to school and they learned how to read—so it's a whole other school of players, and it's exciting.

So what is it exactly that you got out of your experience in New York?

In a word, I learned to use detachment and concentration to get my rhythm together. But I'm just beginning to master it. A cat like Vidacovich has been able to do it for ten years. The average musician, though, won't even get close to playing in time and being able to perceive the movement and chord changes and think in advance. The New York cats are into forward motion: rhythmically, harmonically always leading into the next phrase, anticipating changes. And you'd be surprised: you can speed up your brain. I never thought I could handle this kind of concept. Nothing clicked while I was still down here. Then up there I began to feel those things. Barry Harris and Tommy Flanagan have been able to do that for forty years. Now they're into the subtlest shadings, just to give that line a little lope. That's what Ellis has, and it's really great. But it's only when you've reached this level that you can say "Now this is what I have to say." Up until that point it's like talking with a speech impediment.

Here's the way I picture it. Let's equate musical enlightenment with a distance you have to travel. The halfway point is where you just get your shit together, where you can technically execute what you hear inside. The average musician never even gets halfway. The person who has great gifts—like [pianist James] Drew or Wynton—has natural technique. They start much closer to the halfway point than the rest of us do.

I feel like jazz wasn't an inevitable thing for me. It's only because of my perservering and my drive that I'll get somewhere. That's the main thing—it's the only thing I'm concerned about in one of my students. I believe that there is a method, even though I said all that stuff about how bad the influence of school is. Most of my books are not talking about the music; they just don't understand it. Nobody gets to the nitty-gritty.

Teach them how to improvise. It's not such a mystery. But, as a musician, you are responsible for your own education. And a lot of it is luck: where you grew up, who you run into.

Some people have reached a certain level of expression and it's really nothing very interesting. All the players in New York have that. But it's only at that point that you say: this is what I have to say as a human being. And who they are as a human being all comes out in their music.

I must have always had something to say because people liked my music and even when I didn't have these elements together. Even when I couldn't live with myself—there must have been something there.

Pel/era plays every Sunday night at Tyler's Beer Garden with drummer John Vidacovich and pianist David Torkanovsky.
Every Friday this month, Tipitina's will be transformed into a Southwest Louisiana dance hall, complete with two-steps, fresh boudin blanc and the sort of French dance music heard all too rarely in New Orleans.

The first four Fridays of this month Tipitina’s will be transformed into a South Louisiana dance hall as it will be filled with the sweet strains of old-time French music. The event is the first annual WWOZ Cajun and Zydeco (zodico, zordico, zolo-go)—Cajun Music Festival. Sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts, the Louisiana State Arts Council, Old Style Beer and Tipitina’s, the festival is designed to bring some of the wealth of South Louisiana’s music to New Orleans (where most of the artists have not played before) and introduce (or reintroduce) it by way of stage and radio waves to the city.

The forces behind the festival are festival technical director Steve Pierce and festival director Allison Kaslow. They, along with WWOZ station manager Walter Brock, plan to make the festival an annual event, each year introducing to New Orleans more of the many great bands and folk performers that are still active in Louisiana.

“It’s only natural that WWOZ should present this kind of event since it’s practically the only source of French music in New Orleans,” comments Kaslow, referring to the accordion-based music of the coastal region roughly from Lafayette to Beaumont.

Pierce and Kaslow made several trips to clubs, dance halls and homes in French Louisiana, looking to find active performers who had not yet received recognition outside of their own community. They soon found that French music is not disappearing from the Southwest Louisiana prairie. In fact, the music scene is growing, with more groups active than anytime since World War II.

“There’s so much talent out there that people just don’t know about,” said Kaslow. “You could practically have a different band every weekend for months!”

Allen Fontenot, Cajun fiddler and band leader, will be the master of ceremonies for the concerts. In the early Seventies, his band was virtually the only Cajun group active in New Orleans. He has promoted French music, hosting radio programs, operating a record store and a music club, and now actively
SMILEY'S FIRST

Smiling Lewis
"Here Comes Smiley"/
"Turn On Your Volume Baby"
Deluxe 3099

Although Smiley Lewis was to have over forty single releases, this is his very first, dating from the summer of 1947. Smiley (Overton Lemons) was included in the first batch of rhythm 'n' blues recordings done by the Braun Brothers during the summer of 1947, which also included Roy Brown, Pleasant Joseph (Cousin Joe), Fats Pichon, Dave Bartholomew, Paul Gayten and Annie Laurie.

To my knowledge, this is the only record that credits New Orleans' grand piano master Tuts Washington as accompanist. According to Tuts, the lineup on the release was Smiley's working band. Leo Frank, credited with writing both sides, was a white bartender who worked in the Quarter and gave the songs to Smiley, who was still shoeing horses to make a living!

As for the music, both sides are an R&B delight. Smiley proves that, even from the beginning, he was a blues shouter with few equals. Tuts also confirms that he was, and still is, one of New Orleans' great piano players. (Why has this man been ignored?) His playing on these sides is frankly stunning.

With the rapid escalation of prices for such rarities, I couldn't even guess what this would set one back. I was just lucky to find it at a garage sale.

—Almost Slim

April 15—Felix Richard with Sterling and Zachary Richard/Walter Mouton and the Scott Playboys.

While Moussiere Zachary needs little introduction (methinks an au revoir), Felix is a 65-year-old accordionist who used to hide in the barn so his parents wouldn't hear him play! A father of ten children, Felix was a major influence on his son Sterling and Zachary (no relation).

Mouton describes his music as “Modern French dance music,” so bring dem dansin' shoes, cher. Now 44, Mouton is proficient on four instruments and his influence can be traced to Texas swing and country and western music. His young band, The Scott Playboys, is a regular fixture at La Poussiere in Breaux Bridge.

April 22—Leo Thomas and his Big Time Louisiana Soul and Zydeco Band/Mike Doucet

A former guitarist, Thomas concentrates on playing drums now with his high-powered five-piece group. Never one to be outdone, Leo has a 20-piece drum kit which lights up in different colors when he plays. His music runs the gamut from Bobby “Blue” Bland to traditional French waltzes.

Doucet, a relative youngster at 31, is a fiddle player and vocalist from Scott. He leads the popular group, Beausoleil and appears in New Orleans frequently.

Doucet will share a cappella solos and duets with Inez Catalon, 70, of Kaplan, Louisiana. Of German-French-Spanish-Black ancestry, Catalon grew up in the French Quarter of New Orleans where he plays regularly. Born in Eunice 79 years ago, where he began playing accordion at age 15. He sold his instrument and didn't play a note for 38 years. After beginning to play again in the Sixties, he has recorded and performed extensively. He is now a Saturday morning regular at Fred's Lounge in Mamou, for the radio broadcasts.
PERFORMANCE!

Not exactly painting or dance or sculpture or music or poetry or video, this is not the kind of profession to have to explain to a potential landlord or the IRS.

Deeds and Feats, a performance/installation series at the Contemporary Arts Center, is one big attempt to bring performance to a larger audience in New Orleans. Culminating March 27 with the Laurie Anderson concert (a joint production by Tulane, CAC and Plan B) as part of her "United States" tour, the series is composed of five weekends of performance by local and national artists as well as a continuing installation exhibition.

Performance art is a curious thing. Though the modernist tradition has hardly been short of modes of expression that are amorphous, ambiguous or eccentric, performance is tough to pin down—even for those accustomed to the gymnastic flip-flop of the avant garde. Change is the one great tradition of modernism. As soon as the powers-that-be manage to arrive at some cozy conclusion like the right and proper dominance of abstract painting, some other clowns show up with soup cans and comic strips. For the better part of the 20th Century, performance has been the avant-garde of the avant-garde.

Once the stronghold of conceptual art, performance has veered in the late Seventies and Eighties closer to traditional entertainment forms: music, theatre, dance. Deeds and Feats reflects this tendency both in the national artists it has chosen to include (NYC artist Michael Smith's stand-up comedian format for example) and the theatre/music-oriented artists like Amanda Hoover and David Wheeler. As artist Jesse Poimboeuf, one of the performers and organizers of the series, puts it, "I'm interested in bridging the gap between performance and entertainment. The idea that a performance has to be shocking is just not that interesting."

More attempts to define performance hover about what it is not, exactly. Not exactly painting or dance or sculpture or music or poetry or video, even though it can and often does contain elements and similarities to all of these. Depending on your perspective, it is either a marvelously elastic medium allowing the artist to explore aesthetic impulses without the limitations of traditional formats, or a hopeless blurring of disciplines in which the distinctive virtues are lost along with the boundaries. The most that can assuredly be said is that performance is an art activity by artists that takes place in real-time—live.

The month-long extravaganza here grew out of the CAC's Alternate Art Forms Committee, currently composed of Steve Sweet, Steve Rucker, Elizabeth Shannon
and Jesse Poinboeuf. The procedure for applying at the center has been to submit a proposal to specific committees: sculpture, music, etc. Alternate Forms originated to deal with all the proposals that didn't quite fit in anywhere else. Deeds and Feats was set in motion about a year ago.

Performance is not that new to New Orleans. Individual artists and pieces have been presented here before as part of major exhibitions like the Triennial at the New Orleans Museum of Art and CAC's Louisiana Environments. Artists also perform occasionally at clubs like the Beat Exchange or in homes or studios, such as Dorree Cooper and Page Moran's recent Duval Street installation. But the goal of Deeds and Feats was to focus on performance in a way that would alert a larger public, and in this they have been quite successful.

"I couldn't ask for a better audience," said Poinboeuf. "Some of the faces are familiar but I keep seeing new ones each time too." Performers have been playing to a full house, and the series pulls a number of film and video people as well as the painting/sculpture crowd. Audiences have been surprisingly open. "Maybe the general laissez-faire attitude of New Orleans has something to do with that. New Orleanians may have broader ideas of what entertainment is than they do in other parts of the country."

In performance work, the artist's materials are time, people and setting instead of paint and canvas. The language and iconography of film or paintings is familiar; in performance each artist must evolve and communicate his own. "You have to make that jump between your own concerns—autobiographical or whatever—and the audience. There's got to be some kind of richness." Art and language have to rely on what we already know to communicate, as well as what we are only hinting at. The success of a performance piece, like any art work, depends on the artist's ability to harness the ambiguity of his own impulse as an accessible magic.

Deeds and Feats at the CAC is a good start. The series provided an informal look at some of the accomplished national artists as well as a spot for evolving local performers. But the scale of Deeds and Feats necessitated long lead time. Practice makes perfect and for performance artists the only way to improve is to perform. Some more spontaneous forum is needed to develop strong local work and a knowledgeable public. A picky audience occasionally never hurt anybody. Plans under consideration to provide space for performance on periodic basis at the CAC would help, as would regular performance cabaret nights at local music clubs. As Mr. Poinboeuf put it, "An offshoot of the Contemporary Arts Center would only support its success." Doing it live, being there is a big part of life in New Orleans, whether it's Jazzfest or St. Joseph's Day. Performance should be interesting in a town where the public party is already an institution. —Virginia Levie
WEATHER, LEATHER
STONEHENGE AND
CHICKEN FEET

Four new records that encompass the audible spectrum — from the classical avant-garde to a Willie Nelson song cycle.

Procession (Columbia FC 38427), the new Weather Report album, is something to experience. The new drummer, Omar Hakim, and Victor Bailey, the new bassist, give Zawinul's and Shorter's compositions a whole lot of swing. Sample the title cut, or try out "Two Lines" or "Molasses Run," two rave-ups that simultaneously drive hard and swing gracefully. The gumbo of cultures depicted celebrating on the vibrant album cover matches the musical turns from other cultures Zawinul and Shorter inject into their compositions. The melody of "Where The Moon Goes," sung by the Manhattan Transfer!, shifts from a major seven scale to a minor seven much like the scales employed by Indian musicians. "The Well," a short excerpt of concert improvisation, is haunting and reminds me of the Japanese.

Willie Nelson's Tougher Than Leather (Columbia QC 38248) is his first concept album since Red-Headed Stranger. The theme is karma and ties the story of a Nineteenth Century gunfighter by the name of Tougher Than Leather to the story of a contemporary would-be cowboy, who, through a case of mistaken identity, is sentenced to the electric chair. The supposed-innocent victim, Nelson tells us, pays for the crimes his soul committed in a previous lifetime. It looks kinda crazy on paper but the album works beautifully in its effortless succession of bittersweet songs. The image of the "bird in the sky" signifying the soul and the rose as a symbol of undying love are both timeless archetypes and Nelson uses them succinctly in weaving his tale of karmic retribution. The music is classic Willie, the musicians his usual crack-shots. It's also the first album in ages (with the exception of a piano rendition of "Beer Barrel Polka" by Bobbie Nelson) that's all Nelson originals.

Flautist Ransom Wilson has recorded everything from Bach to Koto. His most recent album, Ransom Wilson (Angel DS-37340), is his first recorded foray into minimalist music. There's a Phillip Glass composition, "Facades," which features simple, open-bodied flute over an undulating string-section—suggestive of clouds scurrying across the sky, continually concealing then revealing the face of the moon. Steve Reich wrote "Vermont Counterpoint" especially for Wilson. It's both jerky and lyrical, with layers and layers of Wilson's overdubbed flutes. My favorite piece is Frank Becker's "Stonehenge," written for flute, synthesizer and percussion. The work slowly builds on a simple pattern, then shifts into double-time with various patterns playing off against each other, reaching an exhilarating apex, then returning to the double-time theme which languidly breaks down to the original pattern. Those who've heard it have been mesmerized by "Stonehenge."

What a hot time it was, experiencing Chicken Legs and Feets at Tipitina's over the last couple of years. Not only was the Little Feat rhythm section awesome, but Paul Barere was moving to the front with a stronger voice than ever and some great new songs. Ken Gradney had mentioned that Feets might record, and while that hasn't materialized, Paul Barere has released a solo album, On My Own Two Feet (Mirage 7 90070-1). And a beamin', steamin' e lp ee it is! "High Roller," given a rush treatment on Little Feat's Time Loves A Hero, is here slowed down to a main-line sleazy acid funk tempo, so that words like "I'm jes' a fool in a pair of dice" come sliding through on the waves of good grease. Lowell must be toasting Barere on "Love Sweet Love," a Dixie-Chicken of a tune if I ever heard one, with a drunken trumpet thrown in for good measure. A good bit of the cuts have that big, open sound that the Feat were the masters of. I hear Richie Hayward all over this record, and while he isn't listed in the personnel, the Ferrel Gummit that is listed must be no other than Hayward under an assumed name. This is rock 'n' roll. Wear it out.

—Zeke Fishhead
Grace Jones
LIVING MY LIFE
Island 90018-1

Grace Jones' thing seems to be more sociopolitical androgyny than sex. That is, her concern with Living My Life does nothing so much as to internalize the fiercely independent blues-rock ethos symbolized by the likes of James Brown and Mick Jagger. A former model turned new wave/art/disco/funk/reggae performer, Jones has become one of the most powerful and popular female artists in the world. "My Jamaican Guy" extends Black Macho and the Myth of the Superwoman onto Caribbean turf, as her deadpan vocals mesh with the Sly-and-Robbie-produced riddim tracks as successfully as last year's hit, "Pull Up to the Bumper." "Nipple to the Bottle" transposes the remarkable title manifesto on selfishness against an eerie suggestion of ascetic Eastern religion, "the cow must die." Gritty urban escapades ("The Apple Stretching"), of paranoia ("Everybody Hold Still"), assorted street crimes of the heart and violent attacks on the human spirit comprise most of the rest of the LP.

—William D. White

The Widespread Jazz Orchestra
SWING IS THE THING
Adelphi AD-5015

Anybody might be dubious about a resurrectionist swing ensemble that Rex Reed calls "real gone" (don't you wish he were?) or which the Bulletin du Hot Club de France panegyrics as "impetuous." And the WJO (erstwhile Widespread Depression Orchestra, a name they should readopt) doesn't come across on records as well as on their infectious mess-arounds (most recently here at the Old Absinthe Bar last fall). This is a polished, well-recorded piece of work and their fifth album but it still is marginally less exciting than an actual performance.

Besides a reasonably faithful recreation of "Knock Me A Kiss" (the Lunceford not the Louis Jordan version), a meditribute "King Porter Stomp" (the Fletcher Henderson arrangement), Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge" (a number which sounds to my aluminum ears like a subtle rearranging of "Spring Is Here") and yet one more rendition of "Flying Home" (didn't need that), there are several originals—the cauldalicious title tune and the really amusing novelty number, "Beelzebub," perfect soundtrack for a Max Fleischer cartoon about Aleister Crowley, with a great wordless response chorus of demons from the rest of the band that is like a lighter-than-helium echo of the vocalese storm-chorus in the last act of Rigoletto before confusion of identity, stabbing and corpse-hauling take over.

—Jon Newlin

World Saxophone Quartet
WSQ
Black Saint BSR 0046

The World Saxophone Quartet stamps and swings with lowdown blues intensity and traditional swing section euphony. Their space-age blast-offs trace a noble lineage back to the trackless pathfinders of the early days. The special sort of legendary fame accorded Duke Ellington's Orchestra was based on the distinctive compositional input of particular individual styles and personalities. Likewise, the accomplishments of the WSQ reflect the classic tradition of jazz by speaking as a single, symbolic persona, split into quadrophonia-style talk-
Ellington masterfully fused the European piano form with African drum content to create timeless popular music. The WSQ discards the rhythm section altogether, thus insuring that the rhythms of the human breath must compensate for what the lack of accompaniment leaves out.

Hamiet Bluiett (baritone), Julius Hemphill (alto), Oliver Lake (alto, tenor) and David Murray (tenor) are a free jazz supergroup of sorts, based upon their individual albums and performances. Despite the absence of variety in tone, the World Saxophone Quartet brings forth avant-garde music with a neo-classic heart.

--William D. White

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Roy Brown
SATURDAY NIGHT
Mr. R&B 104

This, the third Roy Brown reissue by the Route 66/Mr. R&B folks, covering the 1952 to 1959 period, is easily the most interesting. Running the gamut from blues shouting to rock 'n' roll and even rockabilly, this collection effectively covers Roy's stint with Imperial and throws in some of his finest King sides too.

First the early King sides. Finally the ludicrous "Mr. Hound Dog's In Town" (Roy's answer to Big Mama Thornton's hit) has seen the light of day again. Along with "Caldonia's Wedding" and "Bootleggin' Baby," they best represent his early Fifties jump blues. "Midnight Lover Man" meanwhile slows the pace down, showing traces of his earlier successes, i.e., "Hard Luck Blues," "Long About Midnight."

The Dave Bartholomew produced Imperial sides provide food for thought as Roy's material is obviously geared to a younger audience—so different from the sound of "Black Diamond" two years earlier. The accompaniment is pure New Orleans, using the cream of the Cosimo studio sessionmen, complete with punching horn lines by Lee Allen and Red Tyler, and knockout guitar licks by Justin Adams. The title track is a stormer, very much influenced by Little Richard's vocal antics, but my favorites are "I'm Ready To Play" and the old Bartholomew standby "Ain't Gonna Do It." On 'I'm Stickin' With You' and 'I Love You, I Need You,' Roy comes as close as any black singer ever did to Memphis-style rockabilly. His two Imperial hits 'Party Doll' and 'Let The Four Winds Blow' are included at the expense of classic sides like 'Hip Shakin' Baby' and 'Diddy-Diddy-O.' This may sound like capping when songs like 'Good Looking and Foxy Too,' 'Everybody' and 'We're Going Rocking Tonight'—all of which show Roy at, or near, his best—are included.

Roy's full emotional, oft-times campy sounding voice is a knockout, mixing blues and rock 'n' roll throughout. This release underlines just how much he is missed. I'm more than a trifle impressed with this one.

---

The (English) Beat puts together an appealing and vivacious "funky multinational anthem" composed of often unequal parts Caribbean rhythms (reggae/ska/calypso) with rock, jazz and soul. The post-punk pluralism of the new wave scene (never truly a sensibility) gave way to ethno-decentralism of every possible description and thus made way for previously dubious appellations and aggregations.

The Beat, starting as part of the ska move-
Whiskey, Women, and...

The informal magazine dedicated to Blues/R&B/Gospel from the 30s-50s. Issue #8: Joe Weaver Story, Jimmy Ricks, John Brim, Wynonie Harris, L. Hopkins, Imperial 5000 Disco, Vintage Ads & Photos, #4 (7/82): Helen Humes Feature, Lovenotes, T. Ruth & Lyres, O. Span, John Jackson, J.C. Johnson, Deluxe/Lenox Disco, with Rare Label Photos, Reviews, $2 USA, $3.50 Foreign; $8 4-Issue Subscription USA, $14 Foreign, #4 - #7 Available at $1.75 Each.

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WAVELenght / April 1983
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First things first: Apt.B is not phfiff, as we inaccurately noted last month—they’ve simply done the following: taken Ricky Cortez of Percolators and Raizin’ ‘Caine fame, as their bass player, have written reams of new material which they are busy rehearsing, and also putting together a demo, all of which has led to a suspension not of disbelief but of live performances until sometime in May; Vance DeGeneres has left the group to join the Backbeats, fame, as their bass player, have written until sometime in May... John Rankin’s album will appear, albeit imperatively, and are playing a good bit around Houston—half-a-dozen times in March alone.

What’s this about Ivan Neville, scion of the 13th Ward’s leading musical family (move over, Scarrattis, and tell the Schumanns the news), turning up as a member of Ruff? It’ll be true, apparently: Ivan sings lead on five tracks on Rufus’ new album, Seal In Red, and wrote “The Time Is Right.” Says Ivan when questioned on that perplexingly inevitable matter of local-musicians-leave-town-to-make-it, “If you go to L.A., you’re closer to the door, here you’re stuck on the porch.” The Press have produced their own one-hour music and interview show featuring the group to be aired on Group W cable in St. Bernadine sometime in late April or early May... John Rankin’s album will appear, everywhere, at once; it’s been due to both Rankin’s perfectionist nature and the arrival of new equipment at Niteshade Studio where the album’s waxing progresses apace (I guess you could say)... Watch for Gilbert Hetherwick’s April Fools Day gig at Gibson Street in Sildeli—it kicks off at 4:30—or “Happy Hour,” as it is egregiously known.

The Xenia Foundation is bringing back the seventh son among seventh sons, Mose Allison, for an April 6 gig at Tip’s and an April 8 stint at the Saug Harbor. Mike’s backup will be John Vidacovich and Jim Singleton... Has anyone yet mentioned that the best remake of Lee Dorsey’s “Ya Ya” ever is on the German new music group Trió’s album?... Michael Doucet’s BeauSoleil band has a summer itinerary that rivals any of Henry Kissering’s old schedules: the American Folklore Festival in Washington, D.C., Germany, the West, or Left, Coast and perhaps Switzerland. There’s also talk of recording some of the German gigs for an upcoming live album.

Rock and Roll Beer, whose label depicts a man in a leather jacket and cap with a slicked-back hair and a dangling cigarette, is “produced” by Joe Edwards of St. Louis and is distributed in Missouri, California and Japan (Chicago and Ohio, soon, and tomorrow the world)—but guess who makes it? New Orleans’ own Dixie Breweries... And our April birthday gents; Nick LaRocca, of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (April 11), supreme New Orleans clarinetist Johnny Dodds (April 12), ba-noisit John St.Cyr, with Louis Armstrong’s Hot Five, who provoked the immortal introduction, “Oh, play that thing. Mr. St. Cyr, lawd, you know everybody from New Orleans can do that thing!” (April 17), another peerless clarinetist Jimmie Noone (April 23), and trumpeter Tony Fougere (April 25)... We might also mention that St. Expedite’s feast day is April 19, for those inclined to get up a novena and a crawfish boil simultaneously... Lenny Zenith is now cruising the streets in a new Renaul Le Car “Sport” and we are also promised (soon) the debut of The Lenzy Zenith Band—with new music, new musicians and a new image.

Speaking of new, the following bands have come to our attention and probably ought to come to yours: Cafe, headed by guitarist/vocalist Brad Catron, an erstwhile expatriate known for his studio gigs Up Nawth where he accompanied any number of luminaries before succumbing to the siren call of homesickness; their lineup does not include a permanent drummer (Ziga... Shay, Sal Canitella and former Wayward Youth Vernon Rome.

The Sheiks recently received (belatedly, if you ask us) the keys to the city of St. Louis, while playing back in their Home Town; also, the mail order price of Going Public is $7.95 and not, as incorrectly stated in the ad, $7. Rumors about WQUE switching to a “hot hits” format prove, as usual, to be unfounded. The station is billing itself as “hit radio” but that’s the extent of any great transformations.

“Our position is solid,” says Program Director Phil Zachary.

And yes, Clarence “Gatehouse” Brown won a Grammy for Alright Again, whose recording was described at some length in last month’s Wavelength and yes, the Grammy was named by a dear little lady in New Orleans, and you’re reading it here, but not first, and what of it?

Cinnamon, three young proteges of Allen Toussaint just signed a record deal with WEA. Local audiences will get to hear the girls on Toussaint’s Southern Night riverboat stomp on April 29 which is also, coincidentally the first evening event of the 1983 Jazz and Heritage Festival.

Kent Jordan, a flautist and son of trumpeter Kidd, has been signed by Columbia Records who are flying him over to England to do some recording with Elton John’s producer. Now that’s a deal!

Zebra’s new/first album will be released in April; to celebrate, the doors of Ole Man River’s were thrown open again one mo’ time as the boys returned to the scene of some of their greatest triumphs for a big bash... The Buddy Ellis Group has changed its name to Synergy... Where Ya’at’s is a New club in (where did you guess? Bucktown? Arabi? Little Farms?) New Orleans East—or the Orient as it’s known to us accidental Occidentals... Walter Washington and Johnny Adams have been whooping it up weekends at the famed Dorothy’s Medallion on Orleans, home of the 250-lb. go-go girls, just made for Botero-eyed girl watchers.
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