Wavelength (June 1983)

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University of New Orleans

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MUSICAL EXCURSIONS

- Ralston Crawford's New Orleans
- Mighty Sam McClain
- Bob Marley
DEVELOPING THE NEW LEADERSHIP IN NEW ORLEANS MUSIC

A Symposium on New Orleans Music Business

Sponsored by the University of New Orleans Music Department and the Division of Continuing Education and Wavelength Magazine.

Moderator: John Berthelot, UNO Continuing Education Coordinator/Instructor in the non-credit music business program.

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

I

How To Get A Job In A New Orleans Music Club
2 p.m. - Panel discussion on the New Orleans club scene. Panelists include: Sonny Schneidau, Talent Manager, Tipitina's; John Parsons, owner and booking manager, Maple Leaf Bar; personal manager of James Booker, one of the producers of the new recording by James Booker, Classified; Jason Patterson, music manager of the Snug Harbor, associate producer/consultant for the Faubourg Jazz Club, producer for the first public showing of One Mo' Time, active with ABBA foundation and concerts in the Park, Toulouse Theatre and legal proceedings to allow street music in the French Quarter, Steve Monistere, independent booking and co-owner of First Take Studio, Cyndi Christian, general manager, Orpheum Theatre/New Orleans Symphony Society, Ed White, president, White Oak Productions, Inc.; talent coordinator for New Orleans Steamboat Company/Riverboat President.

II

The Importance Of Management
3:15 p.m. - Panel discussion on music management in New Orleans. Panelists include: Bill Johnston, personal manager for the Neville Brothers; former association with Gino Vanelli, originator and co-owner of Beaver Productions and The Warehouse; Bill Cat, personal manager for the Radiators; Bruce Spizer, former manager of the Cold, attorney with Stone Pigman law firm; Eduardo Young, personal manager for Kidd Jordan and Al Fielder and the Improvisation Arts Ensemble, consultant to Kent Jordan Quintet, agent for Sam Rivers, Hamlet Elliott, and Bobby McFerrin, consultant for Tony Dagradi.

III

How To Get A Record Deal
4:30 p.m. - Panel discussion on recordings and video. Panelists include: Pat Berry, former owner of Leisure Landing and former publisher of Wavelength, presently doing independent video production; Cosimo Malassa, recording engineer for J&M studio, founder and owner of Cosimo Studio, owner of Dover Records, White Cliff Publishing, currently with Jefferson Music, Sidney John Berthelot, president of Great Southern Record Company, St. Expedite Distributing Company, independent record producer since 1970; Kevin McLin, producer and member of Windjammer, MCA recording artist, television engineer at WDSU; Ellis Marsalis, jazz artist, president of Elm Record Company.

DETAILS

Date: Sunday, June 12 from 2 until 6 p.m.
Place: Liberal Arts Building, University of New Orleans, Room 140.
Registration: No admission charge. For free registration, call UNO Continuing Education, 286-7110, 8-4:30 Monday through Friday.

Open to the public, especially those persons interested in careers in the performing arts, management, record and video production, and any and all other interested individuals.
"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Cover photo by rico. Cover models, New Orleans musicians Tracy Williams and Mason Ruffner. Special thanks to Amtrak.

Cover photo by rico. Cover models, New Orleans musicians Tracy Williams and Mason Ruffner. Special thanks to Amtrak.

Snug Harbor
RESTAURANT AND JAZZ CLUB
626 FRENCHMEN • 943-0696
JUNE MUSIC SCHEDULE
SUNDAYS—9 PM
THE PFISTER SISTERS SHOW
FRIDAYS—11 PM
3rd—GERMAINE BAZZLE & GENTLEMEN OF JAZZ
10th—EDU & SOUNDS OF BRAZIL
17th—HOT STRINGS
24th—BLU LU BARKER WITH DANNY BARKER'S JAZZ HOUNDS
THURSDAYS—9 PM
DAVID WYNNE
4th—KENT JORDAN QUINTET
11th—RAMSEY McLEAN & THE LIFERS
18th—ELLIS MARSALIS QUARTET
25th—CALIENTE
Bar Open Daily—4 pm
Restaurant Open Weekdays 6 pm—12 am
Weekends til 2 am—Sundays Open til 11 am

WAVELENGTH/JUNE 1983
Those of you with pachydermous memories might recall that in the November 1982 issue of *Musician* Magazine, Brian Cullman wrote a scathing "Letter From New Orleans" (see WL 25 for details) castigating all of us roundly on our city and our music and also explaining in the process that we locals were so dumb that anything worthwhile musically that happened here was sheer cosmic accident.

Recently, we talked to Brian when he was in town for that (moribund, to him, but why should he miss it?) institution, the Jazz Festival; he told us that the response to his article was unprecedented in *Musician*’s history, between 700 and 800 letters, most of them local and irate. One local woman even said she couldn’t take anything he wrote seriously because his band was all dressed as nurses and he beat them onstage. Not true, but as Brian said, "an idea worth thinking about." Who says local creativity is dead?

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SNOOKS COOKS

"Ya gotta keep movin' to get the best pictures," cameralangling Darrell is telling his friend Bob, "See, ya go from stage to stage, always movin', always shooting", plus that 'a way ya get to see the whole Jazz Fest, ya don't miss nobody." But as they enter the sunny ambiance of the Festival Tent to Snooks Eaglin belting out "Lipstick traces, on a cigarette," at 1:40 p.m. on May 1, Darrell turns to Bob and says with a smile, "Sit down cuz we ain't goin' nowhere."

The combination of Snooks Eaglin's wailing soulful voice and lowdown electric guitar tone, and Allen Toussaint's distinguished piano accompaniment was enough to inspire a performance of magical proportions at this year's Jazz Fest—a historic set impossible to walk out on.

This wasn't the first meeting of the two R&B masters, however; the pair had a band called "the Flamingos" many southern nights ago. Eaglin also worked regularly with Professor Longhair, both live and in the studio.

Eaglin's musical reputation has been built on his solid folk/blues guitar style and airy voice. Unfortunately, his true vocal power or formidable grasp of the New Orleans R&B style is not fully displayed on his records. This is a situation that local producer Allison Kaslow would like to remedy. As she explains: "We're working on a record deal for a French label and he's writing some new material that'll definitely be more New Orleans-sounding. Snooks is one of the most powerful and original instrumentalists ever to come out of New Orleans, but because of a lack of professional management he hasn't really received the exposure he deserves. He's an American genius...there's just no one like him."

Eaglin gets fantastic dirty guitar tone by using a funky red Truetone electric, the kind you get from Western Auto, run through a Fender Twin Reverb amp, amply over-driven. When he used to sit in with the Rhapsodizers everybody else would have to turn up because Snooks would always want to play wide open. His popping-finger picking style and stinging tone can bring tears to the ears of a blues fan hungry for the real lowdown sound.

As if his playing and singing weren't enough, Snooks is just as nice a fella as you'd ever want to meet. Complimenting him after a gig, he'll put both hands on your shoulders face to face and say in a smiling front-toothless grin: "When they ask me t'play, bra, they better be ready to stomp, 'cause I'll get up there and tear the sunbit'chin' house down!"
Johnny Adams, considered by many to be New Orleans' finest R&B crooner, has inked a one album pact with Rounder Records of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Adams, now 51, first recorded for the Ric label, having a hit with the memorable "I Won't Cry" in 1959. Since then he has recorded for nearly a dozen local and national labels. His biggest hits, "Release Me" and "Reconsider Me," were national hits for the SSS label in the late Sixties. Rounder hopes to record the album this month, employing either guitarist Walter Washington or keyboardist Sam Henry as arranger. The album is to be produced by Scott Billington, who produced "Gate­mouth" Brown's recent Grammy album, Alright Again.

Adams hopes to return to cutting more R&B oriented material as opposed to his recent forays into the country and western songbooks. In signing the deal, which also calls for a single to be released locally, Adams hopes that the exposure afforded by Rounder, one of the country's major independent labels, will open other entertainment markets throughout the country and Europe.

Almost Slim

That's the ever-gracious first lady of scat, Ella Fitzgerald, fielding questions from local media probe Margaret Orr, at a recent poolside press conference four stories above the Fairmont Hotel's Blue Room, her latest concert venue. After the video crews got their whites balanced and their levels set, Ms. Ella gave them her opinion on the New Orleans music scene: "I think it's beautiful that we have some cities that still feature Jazz...it's part of American heritage!" Her favorite soaps? "I go from Ryan's Hope to General Hospital, up to The Young and The Restless."

Ella and Meg

Waka Waka is "a dance band." Their brand of dance music comes from the ska/ reggae school and they play it properly: hard and driving, with plenty of heart.

Similarities to The Police, The Specials, and unspoken other British ska groups are obvious upon first hearing Waka Waka, but what keeps this band from being another cover act is a hardheaded musical indifference to trends, influences, and even the structural formalities of ska, their chosen genre.

"I never studied any bass lines," says Irish Channeller Vernon Rome, "I just play what feels right." Ditto for drummer Daemon Shea, whose stripped-down kit provides the essential beat: "We three [Shea, Rome and guitarist Mac Fontenot] are completely self-taught musicians. We wanna get up there and have fun with it...our objective is to make people dance." It is hard to stand still with the upbeat drive of "The Jam Song" or "The Looney Boys" or a scathing cut on nepotism entitled "Bob's Your Uncle," three from a set of about thirty songs the band has written and arranged in the past six months.

Sal Canitella hails from Liverpool, England, and provides vocals and rhythm guitar, often hitting the painfully high end of a three-part harmony with Rome and Fontenot. His lyrics and even his personality lean toward the political, with tongue embedded firmly in cheek: "Lots of our stuff is satirical like 'U.S.A./U.S.S.R.'but we try not to be too serious. If they drop a neutron bomb, it doesn't matter anyway, we're gone!"

Nick Marinello is a recent addition on synthesizer and percussion. His synths is usually programmed to give a fluid undercurrent of tone color to the jumping melodies. Often it will set the mood for a song.

The most lyrical element in Waka Waka's sound is Mac Fontenot's guitar playing. Mac uses the steely tone of a stratocaster with delay and chorus effects to punctuate his lead runs economically and beautifully. "You Know Everything" is a perfect vehicle for his style with its unusual rhythm chord pattern changing in mid-song from majors to minors.

Waka Waka's goal is to move people...physically. Says Fontenot: "We've never had a gig where nobody danced. We'd just jump offstage and make 'em dance, if we had to...from now on we attack!"
A FIFTH AT JIMMY'S

Al Pellegrini's Pool Hall, on Willow Street, had been a run-down wino's paradise for years. So when Jimmy Anselmo bought it in 1976 and announced he was turning it into a live music club, people who knew him said he was crazy. It took almost two years to get the place ready—"Lot's of work to be done, lot's of dreams and ideas, and a shortage of funds," laughs Jimmy. Finally, on Saturday, April 8, 1978, Li'l Queenie and the Percolators opened the club. Since then, Jimmy's has expanded and prospered, and entrenched itself as one of the major uptown music places. It's taken seven years and about a hundred thousand dollars, but you can bet Al Pellegrini's winos would be surprised if they were to show up on a Saturday night now.

The first major act to play the club was the late Muddy Waters, and Jimmy has a definite soft spot for him. "His contract specified a home-cooked meal, so we cooked up bisque and a seafood gumbo and served it for him," recalls Jimmy. "About nine months after that I saw him again, and he told me it was the best meal he'd ever had on the road. Memories like that are beyond value, that's the best part of the business." Quite a variety of other national acts have played the club, including Asleep At The Wheel, Elvin Bishop, X, Levon Helm, the Psychedelic Furs and the Motels. On other occasions, such luminaries as Steven Stills and Rickie Lee Jones have dropped by to sit in.

Of course, a steady flow of top local acts have crossed the stage, and Jimmy is especially grateful to these bands. "The Sheiks, the Nevilles, the Radiators, and in the past, the Meters, the Cold, and of course, Professor Longhair," Jimmy counts them off. "I really thank all of them, and all the other bands too that have played."

As the official fifth anniversary celebration comes up (June 2, featuring Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins, the Renegades, and a late set by the Sheiks), Jimmy looks back over the first five years with obvious satisfaction. As the club has become established, it has become easier to manage—"Right now my place is like a well-tuned engine, it runs real smooth," he says. "I just have to keep it up and keep providing good music."

—Keith Twitchell
**NEWS FROM SHREVEPORT**

SHREVEPORT—The Fritz recently closed, scattering The Haircuts all over town. (Is there a better image for identifying the better New Wavers? In S'port, the Haircut is it.)

But Shreve Square, the mostly restored turn of the century riverfront entertainment district still has five other rock clubs.

Bill and Annie Griffin run their 300-seat club, Steamboat Annie's, with the same love and zeal any passionate rockers would, excepting one item: they've survived in the business almost three years and are very healthy. They've enabled all sorts of bands to touch base here, from the Sheiks to the Cold and Apt.B, from Son Seals to Heyoka. They frequently install bands at both ends of the club, resulting in non-stop Rock.

Shreve Square has a couple of new clubs: The 10th Floor features hard and older rock, and Clancy's is mellow.

**IT'S SO SATISFYING**

The vastly underrated New Orleans group Satisfaction has recently returned from Austin where they completed their first album. Recorded at Cedar Creek Studios, the disc will feature all original tunes written by the group. The nine-song record will be issued on the group's own label and should be available later this month or early in July.

The group will originally press 1,000 albums which they hope to sell primarily on their live dates. "I guess you'd best describe it as funky rock 'n' roll and high energy rhythm and blues," says group spokesman and guitarist Red Priest. "It's all material that we do on our gigs."

Satisfaction will embark on another extensive tour this summer which will take them as far away as Canada and the Northern United States. So get yours fast because there'll likely be none left when they get back in the fall.

—Almost Slim

**THE ROAD GANG HITS THE ROAD**

After more than a decade of all-night radio broadcasts on WWL, Charlie Douglas and his "Road Gang" are headed for the brighter lights of Nashville. But fear net truckers, you'll still be able to hear Charlie via WWL late at night as Douglas will produce a nightly show for the Music Country Network, a new Satellite radio service.

A country music institution, Douglas' show, which was geared toward the night-driving trucker, was first broadcast on the 50,000-watt clear channel station in 1971. Douglas sees the change as the definite advancement as his show will be syndicated to other stations throughout the country.

Douglas' exclusive tenure at WWL will conclude later this month and WWL will pick up his program once he gets to Nashville. Traditionally a station that depends on locally produced shows, buying a significant block of satellite programming is a new step for WWL.

—Almost Slim

**SON OF SPACE BASS**

Two years ago a new electric bass guitar hit the market that looked like something the house band on U.S.S. Enterprise would bring to an intergalactic jam session on a distant planet. Creative bassists like Sting of The Police adopted the Steinberger because of its comfortable, lightweight, superb playability, and micrometer tuning set-up.

Now the Steinberger Company is producing a six-string electric that boasts many of the same features as their revolutionary bass. The instrument must be laced with double ball-end strings (available from LaBella or Superwound) that allow for instant changing and maintain fine pitch control via the micrometer tuners.

—rico
Midwest

If your journeys take you through the Mid-West, here are some clubs that offer good drink and good music.

**Minneapolis:** Moby Dick’s, at 620 Hennepin, lies in the heart of the city’s downtown district. The sign above the door offers a “Whale of a Drink” and that's putting it mildly—the drinks served here kick off like a mean nuke. The local clientele are some of the most colorful characters you’ll ever encounter. Friday nights are legendary. Local musical favorites Willie and the Bees perform on occasion (they comprised a large part of the backup on Bonnie Raitt's first—some say best—album). Moby's has become a favorite out-of-town spawning for our own whale-of-a-band, the Radiators.

**Minneapolis:** The Cabooze is located at 917 Cedar Avenue. A big ceilinged bar with an adjacent game room, the crowd here, like the bands, features a mixed bag of neovos, hippies, Latinos and hillbillies—you name it. Local rave-ups, Cats Under The Stars, say they enjoy their most stellar nights here.

**St. Paul:** Wilbelski's, at the corner of Western and St. Thomas, is the local blues joint. Lonnie Brooks and Mighty Joe Young play here regularly. If you don't ride up on a big, gleaming motorcycle, at least wear a Harley-Davidson T-shirt. The Budweiser is recommended: that's how cold it is. If you don't ride your own Harley-Davidson, you'd better stand out on a big, gleaming motorcycle, at least wear a Harley-Davidson T-shirt. The Budweiser is recommended: that's how cold it is. You can get away with being a little late, but you'd better find a place to sit down and enjoy your beer. These people like to get down. Sheila, shoot me some Tequila!

Important note: For New Orleanians accustomed to 24-hour partying, it can be a traumatic experience to be in an out-of-town club, having a good ole time when suddenly: Last Call! And they mean it: it’s impossible to buy anything to drink after a certain time—the bars close and the all-night convenience stores won’t sell it. And there you are, you and Tail-Gunner Teddy, eyes popping out of your skulls, wanting to party, party and not a drop of drink can you find. Her’s the solution: buy your beer or whatever early in the day and keep it iced down in your hotel room. Oh—and don’t forget your tape-deck!

Musical Excursions

From cold beers in Chicago to hot jazz in London, from punk pizza parlors in Key West to a bouffé game in Thibodaux, here's some suggested musical pilgrimages (yes, we mention Graceland) complete with information pertinent and otherwise on musical festivals and transportation.

**London**

By Jon Newlin

Those of our readers (and we know who you are) who moon about on vast, unearned incomes might consider this: London in June—it may not be April in Paris, but you can't have everything. This musical junket (which can also include the usual historic pit-stops at Southwark, the British Museum, Reading Room, a spot of Dover Sole at Wheeler's, a few zooms through Hampton Court's maze and Sir John Soane's monument to eccentricity and Kenwood House and the Tate and the National Portrait Gallery and the Courtauld, the watching of the Trooping of the Colors, a dip in the Serpentine and what have you) is for a definite date: June 20, when there's a big New Orleans dance at the Hammersmith Palais with Kid Thomas Valentine and his Valentine's-Massacre cronies—Louis Nelson on trombone, Emmanuel Paul on tenor sax, Jon Marks on piano, Sammy Rimington on clarinet, Frank Fields on bass, Stanley Williams on drums and the amazing Emmanuel Sayles on banjo.

**New York**

By Jon Newlin

It’s a balmy-muggy June evening in Manhattan and you’re wandering around Astor Place, having already done sufficient gawking at Frieda's Disco (our favorite TV lounge in little old New York) and browsed around the sidewalk flea market outside of St. Marks. Oh, and suddenly you hear something familiar...something that's more mirthful than Manhattan, and suddenly you're not just bumming around the Lower East Side, you’re back in New Orleans. Granted this sounds fantastical, but this is what is conjured up by the thought of the first (and hopefully annual) New
Bayou Lafourche

By Rico

In the heart of South Central Louisiana, running from Donaldsonville to near Grand Isle, is a magnificently muddy tributary of the Mississippi called Bayou Lafourche.

The music scene along the bayou is somewhat anemic at best (modern favorites run the gamut from over-modulators like Rush and AC/DC to peppy Lawrence Welk for the younger and older generations, respectively) but an afternoon drive southward still holds a wealth of unusual surprises for the intrepid cultural investigator.

Begin your journey at the First and Last Chance in Donaldsonville, whose curb-service parking lot (blow twice) has made it the kingpin hangout for several generations of locals. Great cheeseburgers and cold beer compliment the slightly remodeled Fifties decor.

Head South along the bayou on LA1 and remember that they'll put you in jail now for a D.W.I. Near Thibodaux is the O.J. Mire General Store with a neat bar to the rear complete with an overhead model train set, just the thing for those boring summer afternoons.

Thibodaux is a cozy college town that sports two authentic Cajun bars next door to one another: Rox's and Rene's. Rox's had to be rebuilt in '75 due to fire and the cinder block decor is dull, to say the least, but the manager, Doodie Bernard, surely isn't. Doodie will treat you like a neighbor even if you're from Cleveland, and he's full of great stories. Look for his "Entrez, Mes Amis" sign above the door. Rene's has a 125-year-old mahogany bar with working neon atop, and a nice collection of old mirrors in the back. Across the street is the Red Goose for world-class card players. Neophytes be forewarned: these guys throw down cards at lightning speed and if you get "bourr'd" you can lose a bundle in a hurry. If you're 18 to 25 and drive a shiny black Trans-Am or Z28 with headers and immediately relaxing beaches, if you don't mind clearing off your own bottles, cans and fish heads to find a spot. Bring some crab lines and chicken scraps in case the crabs are running and don't forget the suntan lotion.

When you hit Raceland hang a right at the first traffic light to experience T.B.'s Seafood House. Dynamic "puriist" crawfish (boiled only) and the most staggering collection of stuffed animals in the area: Bobcats, armadillos, muskrats, a mink, a ten-point buck he bagged during the Depression. Virtually all of the local performers appearing in New York have recorded, and Masakowski and Ramsey McLean, whose album on the label will be released during the warm months.

And otherwise, as the dozen or so mounted racks attest. Ask Herb to tell you about the ten-point he bagged during the year.

LA1 makes a dogleg to the right at Lockport and you can go straight and park it at the Blue Moon for some local art. Covering the full wall is a naiveely exquisite mural depicting a naked, snake-draped siren greeting the shrimp boats upon their return from another lonely, arduous harvest of the sea. A true Cajun dream if there ever was one! This joint may get a little rough sometimes, so beware of fleeting street fighters.

In Galliano is Emmanuel J. Toups' world-famous Hubba Hubba Bar, Cafe and Souvenir Shop. Mr. Toups was taken ill recently and no longer operates the shop, but he remains a character-his calling card features his smiling face with the inscription "Do not worry, things will get better" - and serves as the unofficial Cajun ambassador to the world, a heavy job. He's also recorded an album that remains politely obscure. Covering the walls are photos, plaques, well-aged black velvet paintings, caps, gold-leafed oysters and model car kits. Well, from here to Grand Isle, there's a lot of marsh, game and fish and not much else save the occasional silver-painted natural gas location of the Tabby catfish factory (hold your nose). Grand Isle offers some moderately decent section of stuffed animals in the area. One 90-Italian, and not American-Italian) punks who played a street-ed-out set just right for the rural rock rooster. On your way out don't forget to genuflect at the painting of Huey P.

By Bunny Matthews

In Key West, there is an Italian restaurant called Bubbles on Duval Street, across from one of the world's smallest movie theatres. Bubbles is staffed by young Italian (Italian-Italian, and not American-Italian) punks and furnished with chairs, tables and stools of odd geometric shapes, painted in pastel colors. Spaghetti and pizza are served to the accompaniment of hardcore rock and beware to the meek and mild: One sunburnt All-American couple, complaining about the stereo's velocity (the Clash's "Combat Rock" was being played) were given the malocchio ("evil eye") by the waitress and told that establishment was closed for the evening.

Down the street in one direction is Sloppy Joe's, where Ernest Hemingway once

WAVELength/JUNE 1983

9
DAVID CRAWFORD has released his long-awaited first single, "Cement City" b/w "Hard Times" featuring lead guitarist extraordinare David Foreman.

DAVID CRAWFORD
"CEMENT CITY"
"HARD TIMES"
on sale at
Harvest Records - Lake Charles
Leisure Landing - Baton Rouge
& New Orleans

DAVID CRAWFORD
AND PHASE TWO
New Orleans Debut
Tupelo’s Tavern
July 9th

The music scene roughly resembles the fare offered on Bourbon Street, less the Dixieland jazz. The smart traveler will pack his own cassettes unless, of course, cover versions of obscure Arlo Guthrie songs evoke fond memories. The Sands, where European and other brave women sunbathe topless while quartets of Greenwich Villagers bemoan the A.I.D.S. epidemic as they breakfast on western omelettes, featured Gregg Allman last New Year’s Eve. Bobby Marchan, in the right bikini, would make a fortune here.

There are public beaches—none the equal of Destin—and a rather exclusive area near the Marriott (a handsome Marriott, as opposed to the blight on Canal Street) that caters to brawny men with crew cuts and unleashed Dobermans. Unable to determine the spot’s actual name, we usually referred to it as Nazi Beach.

Charter boats will transport scuba-divers to the realm of barracudas and jewfish, and El Patio Motel, 90 miles and three blocks away from Cuba, has plastic pelicans in the swimming pool. The loveliest of Key West motels, the Hibiscus, strings Christmas tree lights in its palm trees and labels every plant in its garden for the benefit of wayward botanists. Several of the Hibiscus’ specimens, unseen elsewhere in the Sunshine State, recall the lost era of the pterodactyl.

Memphis

As the Memphis Press-Scimitar announced on March 26, 1957:

‘Elvis Presley, the boy with the golden voice, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Presley, were to be the new owners of one of Memphis’ most graciously beautiful homes today. It marked the long upward climb of a young man who sang his way into the hearts of a nation’s young people.’

The home, called Graceland and built in 1939 by Dr. Thomas D. Moore, was first opened to the public last June and immediately became the prime tourist attraction in Memphis. Graceland is open seven days a week (closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year’s Day) and visitors are afforded the rare opportunity to see the King’s Living Room; the Music Room (with its gold-leaved piano); the TV Room (RCA supplied Elvis with three identical sets); the Pool Room (billiards, that is); the Jungle Room (furnished in an “African
JACKSON, MISS.

By Jon Newlin

What manner of event, outside of an opium dream perhaps, brings together James Baldwin, Dr. John, Denise LaSalle, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, Gregg Allman, Ben Hooks and B.B. King? The 1983 Medgar Evers/Mississippi Homecoming in Jackson, June 3 through 5, that's what. Honoring the slain (some might even say "martyred") civil rights activist Medgar Evers, the event combines commemoration and celebration with speeches and addresses, a gospel service (Sunday at 8) with the Rev. Jackson in the pulpit and several groups, as yet unspecified, an interesting symposium on the topic "Black Americans and the Reagan Administration: An Update" (June 4 at 10 p.m.) with various figures from government and business on the panel, a festival of poetic and dramatic readings (June 3 at 11 a.m.) in which James Baldwin is probably the most renowned participant, along with poet Margaret Walker Alexander and poet/lecturer Robert Earl Jones, father of James Earl, and a grand parade (June 5 at 5 p.m.) with B.B. King and Gregg Allman as Co-Marshals (eat your heart's out, Endymion), and along with 100 festooned-bedecked-bedizened vehicles, the Wild Magnolias and drill units, marching bands and dancing Choctaw Indians.

There are two concerts, each at the Entertainment Center Amphitheatre, and a mere $10 at the gate—June 3 from 5 p.m., with Cadillac Shortie and his Revue, Denise (Breakin' Up Somebody's Home) La Salle, Little (And The Mona Lisa Was A Man) Milton, Dr. John, and Tyrone (Turn Back The Hands Of Time) Davis; June 4 at 5 p.m., again with Austin Gary and his Shack Full Of Blues Band, Bobby Rush, Gregg Allman and the Allman Brothers Band, Bobby "Blue" Bland and B.B. King.

The way to go to Jackson, obviously, is on the train; Amtrak, with daily service, is $65 per round trip and you need not book ahead or chew your cuticles away at the last minute fearing over-booking.

Festivals

Kerrville Folk Festival
June 3—5, Kerrville, Texas. Information at (512) 896-3800. $7 per day; Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Rosalie Sorrels, Michael Murphey, Charles John Quarto, Marcia Ball.

U.S. Country Music Festival
June 4, San Bernardino, California. Information at PO Box 300, Phoenix, AZ 85001, or 800-222-0533. Tickets about $20; Willie Nelson, Emmylou Harris, Waylon Jennings, Alabama, Ricky Skaggs, etc.

Poplar Creek Music Festival

Scott Joplin Ragtime Festival
June 9—11, Sedalia, Missouri. Information from PO Box 1625, Sedalia MO 65301, or 816-826-2271. $5 to $7 per concert; Ian Whitcomb, Max Morath, Waldo's Ragtime Orchestra, David Thomas Roberts, etc.

Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Festival
June 10—19, Bean Blossom, Indiana. Information from 3819 Dickerson Rd., Nashville TN 37203, or 615-866-3333.

Playboy Jazz Festival
June 18 and 19, Los Angeles, California. Information from 8460 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90069. Tickets $7 to $30 per day; Count Basie, Spyro Gyra, YSOP (with 2 Marsalis'), the Crusaders, Benny Carter, Hubert Laws, the Modern Jazz Quartet, etc.

Summerfest '83
June 30—July 10, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Information from 200 N. Harbor Drive, Milwaukee, WI 53202, or 414-273-2680. Tickets $4 and $5 per day; Kool and the Gang, Rick Springfield, Donna Summer, Hall & Oates, Eric Clapton, Linda Ronstadt, etc.
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By Almost Slim

Mighty Sam McClain

After nearly a decade of musical inactivity, a strange quirk of fate has brought one of America's toughest R&B singers to New Orleans where he's rejuvenating his career.

Inevitably, Sam's interest in blues surged during the late Fifties. Melvin was quick to recognize Sam's booming voice and took advantage of it when Green quit the group. "We worked all around Mississippi and Louisiana," says Sam. "We were doing all that old blues stuff—'Woke Up This Morning,' 'Doggin' Around.' We were staying alive; some days you made it, some days you didn't. But it was fun; that was the way things were in those days.

Eventually Sam talked his way into singing backup vocals when Melvin's band worked some dates with Larry Birdsong, a singer who had a string of minor R&B hits during the late Fifties. Melvin was quick to note Sam's booming voice and took advantage of it when Green quit the group. "We worked all around Mississippi and Louisiana," says Sam. "We were doing all that old blues stuff—'Woke Up This Morning,' 'Doggin' Around.' We were staying alive; some days you made it, some days you didn't. But it was fun; that was the way things were in those days.

Sam adopted the moniker "Good Rockin' Sam" while working with Little Melvin's group. Together they played many of the night spots around Monroe like Willie T's, often hitting the road for other dates in black juke joints in Mississippi and Louisiana. Sam recalls Little Melvin cutting only one record, "The Wobble," a "Green Onion-like" instrumental, that garnered a little airplay in Monroe around 1960.

Good Rockin' Sam stayed on with Little Melvin's unit until 1963, until the group came to Pensacola. "I came for two days and ended up staying ten years," shrugs Sam. "I met a group when I got there that was very interested in me singing with 'em called the Dothan Sextet. They were popular all around Georgia, Florida and Mississippi, playing behind Otis Redding. Melvin was gettin' ready to go to Wisconsin and I didn't wanna go, so the band offered me a job singing with them, plus I met a lady I kinda liked. Melvin went to Wisconsin and I stayed."

Sam and the Dothan Sextet continued to gig throughout the Gulf-South and worked steadily on the military bases around Pensacola. After three years, with things not working out with the Sextet, Sam heard about a group in Mobile called the Rounders so, as Sam tells it, he "went over and got em."

It was while playing with the Rounders that the colorful "Mighty" tag was adopted. According to Sam, a club owner confused his name and put "Mighty Sam" in an advertisement instead of "Good Rockin."

"The band was joking about it and they kinda liked it, so we just let it roll."

Mighty Sam and the Rounders soon became one of the area's most popular groups and became a regular attraction at the 506 Club, then Pensacola's jumpingest spot.

While at the 506 Club in the summer of 1966, Papa Don Schroeder, a Pensacola promoter-producer who also had an R&B
show on WSBR, approached Sam in the club one night about making a record. Sam was all for it until the owner of the 506 Club told him if he left he'd be fired because the 506 would be stuck without a singer for the weekend. "I didn't know how to handle it," says Sam. "Don sat out there in his jeep all night 'cause the girl I was living with told him I was gone. I wasn't; I just couldn't decide. I didn't want to turn that job loose. But come daylight I went outside and said, 'Come on, Don, let's go.' So we went up on to Muscle Shoals."

Papa Don intended Sam to cut a song he was high on, "Georgia Pine," but engineer Dan Penn introduced them to a country song called "Sweet Dreams." Apart from being one of the best records to come out of the famous studio, it typified the Muscle Shoals sound that dominated the national soul charts of the late Sixties: black "back-a-town" vocals backed by the distinct coun-

famed Apollo Theatre, the mecca for black entertainment for over two decades. Amy followed "Sweet Dreams" with a steamrolling version of "Fannie Mae," which everyone would have expected to throw him over the hump. But according to Sam, "it didn't do too much. It got a few picks but not too much else happened."

Strangely, Mighty Sam couldn't get another record to catch the public's attention, even though people like James Carr, Etta James, Candil Staton, Clarence Carter, Percy Sledge, Jimmy Hughes and Wilson Pickett all regularly cranked hits out of Muscle Shoals. Without a doubt, all eight of Mighty Sam's singles must be considered classic examples of late Sixties R&B. Specifically his versions of "When She Touches Me," "Talk To Me," "Badmouthin'" and "I Who Have Nothing" stand up to many of the other R&B luminaries of the era.

"I really think promotion was bad on me," explains Sam. "I think 'Sweet Dreams' made it by itself. I didn't get no really good promotion." Part of the problem was that Papa Don was experiencing massive commercial success with two other acts, James and Bobby Purify and Oscar Toney, Jr., both of whom Sam introduced to Schroeder. Sam's hard-edged blues approach just wasn't as marketable as James and Bobby's "I'm Your Puppet" or Toney's "For Your Precious Love," and he was ignored.

Despite the lack of commercial success, Sam could find no fault in the "Rick Hall sound" that typifies his releases. "Those were all live sessions," explains Sam, "although sometimes they overhad background vocals. When I cut those records I was the blackest thing in the room," he laugh. "Jimmy Johnson, Roger Hawkins, Barry Beckett—it was those pickers and that studio that made that sound."

The year 1975 saw Sam move on to Nashville, to "be closer to the business. That's when I really got serious about my writing. I wasn't doing no gigging. My wife said, 'Don't worry about nothing,' and she went out and worked for two years while I tried to pursue the business."

Sam had no luck placing material, so by the late Seventies he was forced to pick up day work, painting, washing dishes and even working for a portable toilet company, while gigging occasionally at clubs like Kante-

rell's and the Roadway Inn. "There really isn't a lot of music in Nashville that's not country and western. I was trying to go more for the white market with my singing because during the Seventies, a lot of black people thought the blues was something terrible bad. That's when I realized that it was the white people keeping the blues alive."

After eight years, things soured in Nashville. Sam's marriage broke up and in his own words he "had no more doors left to knock on." He decided to go home to Monroe in the fall of 1982, "to try and get it together."

Thing in Monroe didn't work out either and on October 14, 1982. He found himself completely broke and in New Orleans, "It was rough at first," he says. "I had to sleep out of doors the first couple of nights I was here."

Remembering the 544 Club, Sam eventually talked his way into singing a few numbers at the 544 with Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Kerry Brown, who was working as the Blues Rockers' interim drummer, was immediately impressed by Sam's singing, and the two "started talking," according to Sam. "I got a job washing dishes but Kerry called after three days and said he had some guys who wanted to start a band so let's get it together. He told me to forget about working a day gig and just worry about music. 'As long as I eat, you eat. Let's make this thing happen.'"

So that's what we've been doing."

It started slowly, but Sam and Brownsville managed to play a number of New Orlean's smaller night spots regularly in clubs as varied as Luigi's and the Colt 45 on Basin Street. The six-piece group primarily plays popular blues and soul material and has encountered enthusiastic response everywhere they play.

Through Brown, Sam was introduced to Carlo Ditta, who signed Sam to a produc-

tion contract which calls for an album within the next year. One tune has been cut, an A.J. Loria tune called "Pray," and Ditta is presently in New York trying to interest Arista in it and reissuing their Army masters of Sam's Muscle Shoals material.

Although Sam admits his strength is singing blues, his new material leans more toward the contemporary mainstream. "But it's good material," he contends, "I'm real pleased with it. Hopefully, one of the big companies will offer us a deal and do it right. I've just got to keep on trying. I've got no other alternative."

Although he's still paying dues, Sam is still elated by the acceptance he's received around New Orleans. "It's real gratifying that people haven't forgotten me. I was real surprised."

Overdue for a break, Sam and Brownsville have a regular Sunday evening gig at the Ruby's Theatre and play other isolated nightspots in town. His voice is still "mighty" as his records indicated fifteen years ago. Check him out.
authentic Al Ferrier

If Al Ferrier wasn't in the delivery room when rockabilly was being born, he was damn sure pacing the halls.

In a heavy North Louisiana drawl, Al Ferrier defines rockabilly music as "a country voice with a fast beat to it, it's what it is." With the help of Eddie Shuler, Ferrier recorded "No No Baby" for Shuler's Goldband label in 1954. While not as polished instrumentally or technically as its rival, "That's Alright Mama," recorded by Elvis Presley on the Sun label, the record has a Cajun-influenced rawness and undeniable authenticity that secure it as a classic in rockabilly history.

The next couple of years saw Ferrier developing his style further with more upbeat Goldband singles like "It's Too Late Now" and "My Baby Done Gone Away." "Honey Baby" and "Let's Go Boppin' Tonight" both contain rock style stop-time beats and an urgency in the vocals that give the songs an irresistible rural rocking punch.

If Al Ferrier wasn't in the delivery room when rockabilly was being born, he was damn sure pacing the halls.

Then how come we don't see any sequin-studded "Al Ferrier Impersonators" working the southern circuit from Atlantic City to Las Vegas? Or perhaps Al gassed-up and immortalized by Avedon for the cover of Rolling Stone like his musical progeny the Stray Cats? "I went into night clubs, which was the biggest mistake of my life," Al explains. "I shoulda went to fairs like Elvis did, little concert deals. A lotta stuff passed me by that I coulda really caught on to, but I was a little bull-headed then, you know; I thought I was gonna do it all by myself." Remember that few fledgling singers had managers at this time (Colonel Tom had just latched on to Elvis and sealed that deal) and being short on business smarts caused the downfall of many talented performers.

As rockabilly gave way to rock 'n' roll and other modern pop sounds in the Sixties, Ferrier and his wife Pat opened a fish market outside of Natchitoches, and his repertoire shifted from rockabilly to country. Occasional country releases on Goldband gained him local and regional airplay, but Al's obscurity only seemed to increase with the passing years. He eventually sold the fish market and now lives in a small roadside home in the beautiful pine woods north of Natchitoches. Adjacent to the house is a little bait stand with crickets, shiners, worms, an assortment of dry goods, even "Goldband" brand transmission fluid!

Around January 1983, Ferrier received a call from the legendary "Ding Dong" of Charly Records, a British label that has released most of Al's early sessions for re-issue. "Ding Dong" was in the market for some new rockabilly sides for European distribution. "I made him a price," Al says contentedly, "and he jumped on it." In three weeks, Al and co-writer Walter Van Hooke had an album's worth of material ready for production with his old friend in Lake Charles, Eddie Shuler.

Recording has always been something of a family affair for Ferrier; his early singles feature chunky, rhythmic work from brother Warren Ferrier, and straight-ahead electric guitar from the late Byron Ferrier. The new session tapes display that same familial unity with Al's nephew Wesley Ferrier on guitar, seventeen-year old Wesley Jr. on drums, and Warren on the trademark fiddle. The most surprising element of the new recordings, however, is the confidence and strength in Al's vocals. In a throaty whine reminiscent of Carl Perkins, Ferrier sings about "rock-boppin' pretty baby's and honey mama's" with a genuine redneck twang. You won't find a hint of androgynous British inflection in this voice; no sir, this is what the man means about a "country voice."

If the so-called "rockabilly rebellion" continues to gain strength stateside as it has in Europe in the past decade, Ferrier could have a very successful album already in the can. But no matter what the Charly LPs do in sales, you'll probably still be able to find Al Ferrier selling crickets from his bait stand near Black Lake, keeping it simple, just like in '54.
Ralston Crawford's pictures of New Orleans musicians, churches and their members, street parades and advertising signs, night clubs and tombstones give us what was once a secret (like Brassai's Parisian pictures of brothels, apaches and prostitutes), glamorous, ebullient and only retroactively elegiac portrait of a New Orleans most of us never saw. A Precisionist painter (along with other members of the movement, Stuart Davis and Milton Avery, interested in a reduction toward essential details, a paring down, the use of the eye as a fragmented zoom lens) Crawford steers away from the abstract in most of his photos, certainly in his most memorable ones (arty shots of angled signs, bedecked graves, funeral feet carrying a casket are isolated examples in more than one sense of the word), and the more straightforward his images the more satisfying.

Crawford began chronicling the New Orleans jazz world about 35 years ago, and already much of the Classic atmosphere of early jazz was gone: "New Orleans jazz—the origins of which, of course, are now as remote as Cheleian man simply because the environment in New Orleans sixty and more years ago will never again exist," wrote Whitney Balliett in 1958, a decade after Crawford began his enthusiastic pictorial embrace of local music. Coming down from New York on a mission suffused with almost romantic, Holy Grail-like ardor, Crawford caught a good bit. I still can't believe for a second Curt Jerde's remark in the catalogue accompanying the exhibition of Crawford's pictures at the Historic New Orleans Collection (through July 22) that "Crawford saw concisely the form and substance of the New Orleans musical folk culture, as it has survived for more than two centuries"—an order so tall as to be fabulous.

For all any of us know at this distance, Crawford may have been interested in the music secondarily and in good pictures first (one doubts that he was interested in blacks and their culture as ethnological exotica like Leni Riefenstahl's pictures of dandyish, elegant African tribesmen, or as monuments to unconquerable human dignity like some of the FSA photographers). More like William Gottlieb (a Washington Post writer who took most of his own memorable photos because as a jazz writer, he couldn't get photographers to go with him to the dives he covered—"it would have meant working on their own time, late at night," Gottlieb says) or the Danish nobleman Baron Timme Rosenkrantz or Lee Friedlander, Crawford brought a fresh, but trained, outsider's eye to jazz. One doubts he knew in advance what pictures he wanted to take—but what pictures he ultimately took!

There is Tony Almerico in an improvised burnoose, obviously singing "The Sheik Of Araby," and looking almost alarmingly like the middle-aged Connee Boswell; Papa Celestin's Tuxedo band performing on one of the big boats, with a group of maenadish matrons (possibly sloshed and hollering) gyrating in a caged-off area behind them; Wooden Joe Nicholas, reputed to have practiced on King Oliver's cornet during breaks, a face that is all patient, avuncular dignity in an interior of sedate garishness that almost defies description—antimacassar-draped armoire, religious prints (The Good Shepherd), vacant-eyed china dolls heaped about; the saxophonists at the Tiajuana Club (is that Robert Parker on the left?) suggesting in their shaded, ultracool anonymity and jiving gymnastic postures the direction in which New Orleans music would go soon after these pictures were taken.

Some of the photos—Buddy Escare getting his process job worked over by an ancient, deferential barber in a spacious, probably stifling barber shop, for instance—suggest the spectre of Uncle Tomism, by their period and their subject matter. This is just a mental function of the segregationist policies of the period reinforced in mass media and mass thought (I recall no pictures of black and white musicians together), but both the blacks and whites in Crawford's pictures radiate charm and generosity of spirit and energy; one is reminded of Billie Holiday's remark about Louis Armstrong when he was accused of stereotype-perpetuating in the early 1950's: "Sure, Pops toms, but he toms with class!"

Crawford's photos (left en masse to the Hogan Jazz Archives at Tulane, some 3,000 of them; they are being publicly shown for the first time in such numbers) are so good that the only attitude that matters is aesthetic. Even a cliche subject is redeemed by knowing freshness: the fashionably spectacled, suited and hatted Forties career girl grimacing at the mountainous piles of refuse on her route to work through the French Quarter on Ash Wednesday. But Crawford knows, as we do too, what she probably looked like and was acting like only the day before.
Saxophone Players, the Tiajuana Club

Ash Wednesday, French Quarter
Wooden Joe Nicholas, at home

Louis "Buddy" Escard in barber shop.
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The Haitian Difference

A Haitian visitor talks with Bunny Matthews about Haiti, art, Voodoo, music, and the French Quarter.

Alix Beaulieu is a handsome, middle-aged Haitian, who, after retiring from the managerial sector of Air France four years ago, embarked upon a new career as a dealer of Haitian art. Beaulieu specializes in "naive and primitive" (and "magical," one is hastened to add) paintings and his exhibitions have taken him to Paris, Brussels, Santa Fe, Galveston and Lubbock. Beaulieu's visit to New Orleans was but a stopover on the way to yet another exhibition in Los Angeles.

As the afternoon rain pelted the loquat and eat' s claw jungle outside, Beaulieu smoked a single cigarette and observed that the surrounding French Quarter seemed very much like sections of Haiti. The French Quarter, he noted, had survived the plague of modern architecture with which much of Haiti is apparently infested.

"There is a tremendous amount of original artists in Haiti," Beaulieu said, taking the last puff on his cigarette. "I think it's a fact of illiteracy—maybe 80 percent of the population doesn't know how to read or write. And they have to express themselves in one way or another. If it is not music, it is painting or woodcarving or they sculpt. That's the kind of message they want to leave to the others."

In 1943, DeWitt Peters, an American conscientious objector, arrived in Haiti as an English teacher. A year later, the former student of Fernand Leger founded the Centre d'Art in Port-au-Prince, dedicated to the development of the arts in Haiti, a place described by Peters as "a tiny country of endless, cloud-wreathed mountains and long, indented coastline whose newborn art is one of the most vital in the world today."

One of Beaulieu's favorite painters and one of Peters' greatest discoveries is Philome Obin, born in 1892. "The unearthing of the popular or natural painters was slow work, requiring tact and affection," Peters wrote in his journal. "Mostly from the masses, they were timid about coming into the impressive, cream-colored building, once a private home, in the center of the city and set back from the street by a charming garden. The first to venture, and he by proxy, was Philome Obin.

"A former bookkeeper in his native Cap-Haitien, Obin was one of the very few popular painters in Haiti who had been painting for years before the start of the movement. Late in 1944, he sent us, by relative, a small, naive painting, The Arrival of President Roosevelt to Lift the American Occupation of Haiti. It was my first experience of a Haitian popular painting, and I was not too sure how to take it. I compromised by sending the artist a letter with a five-dollar bill and a package of art materials to a value of another five. Today Obin is considered by most foreign critics to be one of the greatest natural realists of contemporary painting." (A portrait of Obin, Philome Obin et son fils Antoine, painted by his youngest son, is part of the permanent collection of the New Orleans Museum of Art.)

Obin, according to Beaulieu, is beyond the average citizen's range: "If you order a painting from Obin, first of all, you will have to wait at least a year before you get it. His paintings are around $5,000 to $6,000. Obin has his own atelier. If you go to Cap-Haitien, at the entrance to town, you'll see the sign of Philome Obin. You can visit him. He's a very charming man, 90 years old. Haitian painters have to represent what they see in nature, in their own environment. They don't want to miss anything and they are very particular about details."

The small details—a snake symbolizing Damballah, god of life, or the favorite number—3—of Papa Zaca, god of agriculture—often proclaim an allegiance to the Voodoo religion: "At a certain time, they mixed both religions—the Roman Catholic religion, which was imposed by the French, and Voodoo religion, which was the religion the black man brought over from Africa. What
happened is that some of the slaves escaped from the plantations and they found refuge in the mountains. Haiti is very mountainous. That's where they started their guerilla warfare with the French and that's where they mixed the two religions. There was a synthesis. So don't be surprised if you walk into a Voodoo church and you see an image of St. James or the Virgin Mary.

Haiti's Voodoo churches are called houngons and the Voodoo priest is a houngan. They hold ceremonies certain times of the year, like the Second of November, which is the Day of the Dead. Around Christmas, they celebrate the ceremonies of initiation, where they give the necklace to the one who is initiated into the religion.

"There is a place in Haiti called Saut D'Eau—it's a waterfall. There is a story saying that there was a Black Virgin coming out of it and a lot of people go there on the Sixteenth of July. On Good Friday and up until Easter in a city called Leogane, all the Voodoo priests get together in front of the cemetery, dancing. It goes really wild."

Of the Voodoo presence in New Orleans, Beaulieu commented: "I'm not surprised because I've met people here in New Orleans who told me that their grandmother or grandfather was from Haiti. There was a certain time during American history when there were some Haitians fighting for America—the Battle of Savannah, for example."

"The Haitian music scene, said Beaulieu (an amateur musician on the side), is as rich as the world of Haitian art, although hardly as well-known: "We have popular music, what they play in nightclubs—I would call it nouvelle vague. They are all big bands—maybe 15, 16 musicians playing there. They have a special beat called the meringue—la meringue Haïtienne. It's a modern way of expressing it because the meringue was slower than what we hear now. What we hear now is a faster beat."

"They play electric guitars, electric organs. Some of the bands have trumpets and saxes. I would mention a band like Les Freres des Jacques, which is very good. There's another one called Bossa Combo which has toured all over. Eddie Barclay has been promoting Haitian music in Paris. He was the first one to bring those big bands over. There's another one called D.P. Express, which is very popular, too. D.P. means 'difficile de Petionville,' the group originated from Petionville. Taboo Combo is also very popular and very, very good."

"Why have we Americans heard so little Haitian music? Jamaican reggae, to cite the cultural products of one of Haiti's neighbors in the Caribbean, is unavoidable these days."

Jamaica, explained Beaulieu, is different: "Jamaica is different for many reasons. One reason is that the British left Jamaica not too long ago actually. Haiti was independent since 1804. When the French pulled out of Haiti, they left the island with nothing, without what we call the cadres—engineers, doctors and all. The island was all by itself and we had to survive. So we have been through very difficult times through all Haitian history."

—Bunny Matthews
Confrontation With Marley

Good news for reggae fans: the new Bob Marley album contains many new songs that rank with the best ever recorded.

The second anniversary of the death of Bob Marley has brought with it a spate of releases of Marley tributes. Among the best of the lot is Island Records' release of a new Marley album, entitled Confrontation. Consisting of material previously unavailable outside of Jamaica, this album will be an unexpected treat for those who love Marley's music. With the exception of a disco-ish tune called "I Know," recorded back in 1976 during the recording of the Rastaman Vibration album, all the songs were recorded between 1978 and 1980, the period during which Marley recorded the material on his Survival and Uprising albums. Three of the songs, "Black Man Redemption," "I Know," and "Trenchtown," were singles in Jamaica, but the versions on Confrontation are different from the singles. Don't think that this is a collection of songs that Marley didn't think were good enough for release; nor are they unfinished songs that were completed and mixed by someone other than Marley. The entire collection is good, but many songs are finished songs that were completed and mixed by someone other than Marley. The entire collection is good, but many songs are excellent, ranking on a par with the best songs ever recorded by Marley. "Rastaman Live Up!" is nothing less great than the bare essentials of reggae...a skanking keyboard, bass riddim, clean, simple drumming and reverb, echoed vocals. A few horns and bouncing organ are added for "Buffalo Soldier," "Jump Nyabinghi," and the beautiful "Give Thanks." The simplicity of the musical arrangements on most cuts more power to the vocals and makes this collection sound better the more you hear it.

Those who took my advice and wrote for a free subscription to the Reggae Beat newsletter (now expanded to magazine size, and renamed Reggae Beat and African Beat) received a special tribute issue this month called Bob Marley Remembered. The issue contains many great photos, interviews and articles on Marley and his music. Get on their mailing list by writing Bongo Productions Box 29820, Los Angeles CA 90029.

Also for your reggae reading pleasure are two brand new books, Catch A Fire, a biography of Bob Marley written by Rolling Stone writer Timothy White and Reggae International by Stephen Davis and Peter Simon. Timothy White has been writing interesting articles on Marley for years, and anyone who has seen Davis and Simon's first attempt at chronicling the development of reggae music and artists called Reggae...
Mutabaruka, and Sister Breeze. "Dub poetry" is not new to Jamaica, but until recently, the only artist who had been recorded was Linton Kwesi Johnson, who lives in Brixton. For those who have heard L.K.J., don't expect these newly recorded poets to sound the same. Each has a distinctive delivery and a different band dubbing behind them.

Michael Smith's Mi Cyaan Believe It comes complete with a lyrics sheet, which is essential except for those who can understand reggae films like Rockers and The Harder They Come without reading the subtitles. Smith's patois is thick, and he makes no attempt to soften it. Yet, while an article could be written just about the power of his poetry, the strength of this record lies in the fact that it's not necessary to understand the lyrics. His delivery is captivating. It's so musical and dynamic that often the music drops out completely and Smith's voice carries the rhythm as strongly as any bass guitar. And he feels many rhythms, from the groovation of "Roots" to the rock 'n' roll of "Long Time." Smith has total control of the dub in much the same way as DJ's U-Roy and Big Youth used to have back in the days when DJing was at its peak artistically. This record is recommended as a fine, fine dub record and as a record that represents a classic milestone for reggae. Superior to most recent reggae records, but not nearly as powerful as Mi Cyaan Believe It, is the reggae disco 12" "Drug Kulcha" by Mutabaruka b/w "Slip" by Sister Breeze. Where Michael Smith's record almost defines a new art form because of the delivery of the lyrics, Mutabaruka and Sister Breeze deliver the lyrics in typical rap music and DJ fashion. Fortunately, the lyrics are strong, and the High Times Band does a good job behind them, making this record worth hearing. "Slip" is especially catchy, with its hook, "Slip, you Fool, you never go to an African School."

Shanachie Records is now distributing the 1981 hit album by Papa Michigan and General Smiley called Downpression. Of all the records being mass produced from Channel One Studios, this one is in a class by itself. The Roots Radics Band has rarely sounded so good, with some able assistance from producer Henry Junjo Lawes. The dub mix by Scientist is so sparse and clean that the music sounds good even on the poorest quality car tape deck. Michigan and Smiley, innovators in the art of team DJing (rhythmic rapping/singing) are two of the best on record. Most reggae fans have heard the hit single from this album, called "Diseases." The sentiments of "Diseases" (women are hit with "the most dangerous diseases" because they don't abide by the Rastafarian concept of womanhood) left me cold and failed to interest me in the album. But upon hearing the entire album, one realizes that Downpression is one of the few real roots-Rasta albums to be given national distribution by a major label in years. No typical paeans to Jah here, though. The lyrics are the voices of two Rastas trying to keep their faith in 1982. Check this one out.

—Gene Searamuzzo
Physical Culture

Images of Kathy B
Photoflexion
Contemporary Arts Center

People would rather look at each other than at anything else. Some people even make a living at it, as two shows now at the Contemporary Arts Center point up. Images of Kathy B is the show that resulted from 30 disparate Louisiana artists all using the same model. Mr. Doan's collection of eighty photographs, Photoflexion, looks at bodybuilders. The photos chronicle the history of the sport from 19th Century sideshow men to the current state-of-the-art on Muscle Beach.

Though oriental rugs and abstract art are the only two visual forms to exclude bodies on principal, it's been slim pickings for the figure in American art, especially painters, ever since Social Realism went out of style. Photographers have continued to get away with images of the beautiful and not-so-beautiful people and that, along with cinematic glitz, has had to suffice for the last forty years. With noteworthy exceptions (local George Dureau is one, Hockney another), life drawing has been relegated to early art school. Serious painting was positively allergic to figures and those who managed some sort of immunity were renegades. Photorealism was the first sighting of people on canvas in quite a while, excused on the ground that it was third generation imagery, done from photographs.

However, the clock is still running and at the moment, the best way to modern is to be selectively traditional. Through the work of New Image, Neo-Expressionist and Bad Painter, the figure has renewed credibility. Artists and art likers alike are image hungry.

Kathy B (as in Baudoin), professional artist model, songstress for bands of a modern generation imagery, done from photographs.

In addition to some strong individual works, Images of Kathy B offers an index of local artist' opinions of what working with, for, or against the figure can be. The responses are as various as the artists, from pin-up to icon to compositional device. Limited to a single starting point, the show incidentally emphasizes that the art is not in the materials or the subject, but in what happens in between.

Conceived almost as an experiment, the more ambitious pieces generally come out ahead. Seven classic photos by George Dureau employ his usual combination of naked earthy personality with a restrained tonal richness. The dignity of his naked people bear thinking about. A veteran, he manages some sort of immunity were renegades. Photorealism was the first sighting of people on canvas in quite a while, excused on the ground that it was third generation imagery, done from photographs.

In 1981, painter Rene Haro began having informal Saturday morning life sessions in his St. Peter Street studio. Models aren't cheap, so a few like-minded friends joined in. The sessions with one model, Baudoin, yielded work that was fresh and diverse. Hey, wouldn't it be great to do this on a big scale? We could even make a show of it. This meshed with Miss Baudoin's ambition, and together with Haro and David Swoyer, the three put the idea to the C.A.C. Individual modeling sessions started the following year and today the results are on the walls at 900 Camp.

The show is big and could stand weeding, but what makes it special is that all the pieces were done specifically for this exhibition. This is usually disastrous, resulting in offhand second-rate work by most everyone. Part of the difference here has to be credited to Miss Baudoin's moxie and relentless enthusiasm. With artists using everything from clay to photocopies, with a similarly broad range in styles, the subject is the single unifying element.

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doring his personality, his nude is a featureless pink shape, valuable for building a painting. This large airy piece is the gutsiest item in the show, arguing space and letting his rough edges show. He works his painting hard. The painting owes more than a passing nod to Matisse—the ferns, the nude, the interiors—but the effect is personal.

Haro and Jesse Poinbeuf come somewhere between the "portraiture" of Blank and the architectures of Pendleton. Both retain a personality in their stylized figures, while subjugating them to long-standing prejudices. Haro's piece is not within the strongest of his Mad Dogs series. The frantic, uncontrolled energy which is the Mad Dogs is more fluidly condensed here. Poinbeuf has produced a large, oddly cool painting of a girl and her pony. The chic, almost designer greys collide with the tension of the imagery. Despite the turbulence of the central female figure, most of the painter’s interest seems to lie with the line drawings that edge the painting like explanatory notes: a knife, balls and ear-like shapes, a curious elegance without calm.

There’s a fair stand of photographers, most of whom work the glamour aspect. Two exceptions are Madelaine Shelly and Toby Armstrong. Shelly's red smeared Cibachrome prints are almost gory while Armstrong uses the model, blue water and red cloth to create crisp mysteries. In both cases the model/artist interaction was just the kind of thing Kathy B had in mind when she started the project. Familiar with Armstrong's work, she provided the crucial prop, red fabric, when she showed up for a session at a neighbor’s pool. Shelly actually painted on Baudoin as well as the finished prints. "I was really hoping," Miss B said, "that somebody would do something like that, you know that kind of physical interaction between me, the artist, and the image. I think it’s cool.”

Most of the realistic figure paintings appear academic and stale. Even Ozols, from whom one expects better, produced a predictable nude draped in trailing sheet that was assured but lame. Too many of the small, representational works were also ordinary.

But size is not quality. Kenneth Harrison's small collage-like piece paired hyper realistic images of Kathy B—as squadging and naked, as hatted and disguised—in sequence like shots from an instant photobooth. In comparison, Douglas Bourgeois' look-like collage seemed almost sentimental. Of the New Wave genre, Skip Bolon's large graphic of natural Kathy cradling a TV between her thighs was a pleasure.

When people look at images of people, they do not turn a cool, dispassionate eye upon them. With figurative art, particularly representational figurative art about the naked, humans do not just look, they relate. People viewing realistic images invest them with a kind of reality in the same way that viewers do who relate personally to characters in the soaps. That's what makes figurative work such a potential powerhouse. It's also what prompted the church to put figleaves on statues, or, in this case, triangles on C.A.C. calendars. The May/June flyer featured one of Dureau's photos of Miss B facing the camera and wearing boxing gloves. The pubic region was discreetly covered before mailing. One C.A.C. employee, a custodian, consoled Kathy saying, "I don't think it was right, covering you up that way. These here are modern times." Good taste is queasy about vanity, culture is queasy about pornography. It's murky going.

If most of us flinch regarding narcissism, voyeurism and posturing, the subjects of the Photoflexion show were not our quarrels. As body builders they see the issue differently, governing their entire lives to produce one public moment of physical excellence, beauty to prescribed standards. These photos are wonderful and the accidental pairing of this show with Images of Kathy B is a brilliant coincidence.

Bodybuilding came to the general consciousness with Arnold Schwarzenegger and the film Pumping Iron, and has grown dramatically in this country since that time. Termined a sport, it is one that has recently gone mainstream, the vein-popping image of contender Rita Brown is one of the most startling in the show. Competitive body builders work out as much as six hours a day to build the perfect body. The ultimate moment for the contender is the public pose, a static instant of perfection. The standards for that perfect image include bilateral symmetry, vascularity or large veins, tone and muscle definition. That their idea of perfect beauty has evolved to something closer to most people's notion of deformity should sound familiar to art followers.

Photography has been used to document muscle men ever since the technique was developed. Like classical Greek sculpture, the images not only celebrate a fleeting moment of perfection, but also serve as a record of the current standard as well as a vehicle for voyeurism. Photoflexion follows the evolution of the bodybuilder's aesthetic from its turn of the century figleaf portrait of Sandow through the genteel Twenties to the neo-gods of the Forties and Fifties health mags right to today's souped-up, bulky and efted super bodies. Accordingly, the photos themselves shift in feeling from naive documentation to the consciously artful. Many of the shots are original prints of pictures done for health magazines, their negatives destroyed in vice squad raids. Fifties beecakc ephotography like Renslow’s has an almost camp feeling now with its heroic poses, chains and silk. Body building’s recent surge in popularity along with the distinctive visual formula of the photos—static, isolated with studio lighting—as well as the proximity of Muscle Beach to the homes of L.A. photographers all factored in making it an appealing subject for "art" photographers like Jane O'Neal, Mapplethorpe, Dietz. Their work has provided an ironic twist since it was used to immortalize human sculpture, they also give up scraps and shots of human dignity and compulsion, both aspects of the human preoccupation with self-image. Go see it.

—Virginia Leive
On Trains And Rainbows

From the Pretenders through Talking Heads, Rickie Lee Jones, B. B. King, back to Van Morrison, Zeke takes us on a musical journey through a varied terrain.

One of the first singles I've bought in a couple of years is the Pretenders' "Back on the Chain Gang" (Sire 29840-7), a most tuneful, bittersweet song. As the song grows on you, you begin to notice the lyrics. And, may I say, more profound words haven't been embedded in the confines of a pop single in many a moon.

"The powers that be force us to live like we do/Bring me to my knees when I see what they've done to you," Chrissie Hynde sings in the bridge, concluding with "But I'll die as I stand here today/Knowing that deep in my heart/They'll fall to ruin some day/For making us part."

It doesn't matter that this vow the singer swears, as she confronts her "wretched life," may or may not come to pass. What does matter is the intensity that's communicated to the listener. Chrissie Hynde's understated delivery reverberates like cannonblasts in a canyon.

The flip, "My City Was Gone," is a thumping, finger-snapping affair. Hynde returns to her hometown in Ohio, and all her favorite places, the places of her memories, have vanished, replaced by shopping malls and parking lots. "And muzak filled the air from Seneca to Cuyahoga Falls." Good performances by Tony Butler on bass and Billy Bremner on guitar. Notable is the irony when Hynde sings the punchline of each verse like a weary cheerleader: "A-O, the way to go, Ohio."

"Back On The Chain Gang" is also found as the first cut on the soundtrack of Martin Scorsese's The King of Comedy (Warner Brothers 23765-1). Robbie Robertson, formerly of the Band, coordinated the music for the film, soliciting a song each from eight recording artists, contributed one track himself and used a late Fifties recording of "Come Rain Or Come Shine" by Ray Charles. At first glance, it looks like an uneasy compilation of styles—B.B. King, Talking Heads, Rickie Lee Jones, Ric Ocasek, Van Morrison—but the album works wonderfully, coming across not as a crazy quilt but as an interesting journey through varied terrain.

B.B. King performs "'Tain't Nobody's Bizness" with more gusto than anything he's recorded in years. Over a blues-rock beat laid down by Talking Heads' rhythm section, David Byrnes does his new-age shaman thing, mixing voodoo and atomic imagery. The tune of "The Finer Things," David Sanborn's contribution, was penned by Donald Fagen, late of Steely Dan, and reflects Fagen's suburban knack at a catchy tuneful. And Ric Ocasek's "Steal The Night" outshines anything he or the Cars have done for quite some time.

Perhaps in recognition of the lyrical quality of the soundtrack's music, Robertson has gotten Warner Brothers to print the lyrics of the songs on the inner sleeve (a very enigmatic photo of Robertson leaning against Scorsese, whose eyes and mouth are blacked out, is on the other side of the sleeve.) It's interesting to note that the songs that...
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kick off each side—"Back On The Chain Gang" and Robertson's "Between Trains," draw allusions to trains, while the songs that conclude each side, Rickie Lee Jones' rendition of Tom Waits' "Rainbow Sleeve" and Van Morrison's "Wonderful Remark," both contain imagery relating to rainbows.

"Wonderful Remark" strikes me as one of Morrison's most unusual songs. The copyright date at the bottom of the lyrics is 1969, so he's been sitting on this one a long time. This may be the most existential song Van has ever written. The verses are long. The singer, representing a collective, is crying an indictment to a leader who has filled the collective with false hope. The first verse ends with these four lines: "Clinging to some other rainbow/While we're standing, waiting in the cold/Telling us the same old story/Knowing time is growing old."

Then comes the chorus, shifting the perspective, the singer now singing of himself: "That was a wonderful remark/I had my eyes closed in the dark/I sighed a million sighs/I told a million lies—to myself—to myself." The shift of perspective turns political exposure into self-confession. Couple that with the earthy slow stride of the tune and the results are chilling.

An unusual feature of Morrison's last album, Beautiful Vision, was the concluding track, "Scandinavia," a six-minute-plus instrumental on which Morrison played piano. His new album, Inarticulate Speech of the Heart (Warner Brothers 23802-1) includes no less than four instrumentals. Brian Eno once made a statement to the effect that Morrison was one of the few singers who impressed him because he used his voice as an instrument. On the instrumentals in this album, Morrison, whether playing piano or sax, uses his instrument as a voice.

Morrison states his intention in the song that leads off the album, "Higher Than The World," "I'm higher than the world/And I'm livin' in my dreams/I'll make it better/It seems/Today." This search for transcendence is blended with a search for his Irish roots ("Irish Heartbeat") and the recounting of his early discovery of American soul and blues ("The Street Only Knew Your Name"). And then there's his search for a "home" beyond physical and mental bounds: "When you hear the call/You won't have to think at all"—"Cry For Home." It would seem that all of Morrison's searching ends in the call, the sound.

The exquisite sonic laster of the album bears testimony that the sound is primary to Morrison. His caravan of musicians and singers have never coalesced into such a huge, full sound before, serving to bring to flower the intentions of his lyrics. Or, better than his lyrics, let's say his heart, his dreams. The concluding instrumental, "September Night" is an impressionistic aural landscape that articulates in sound what the heart might feel but cannot speak when the cool winds of autumn tease the night air with change. During the bridge of this Dreamy melody, Morrison's voice breaks in—panting, crying like a baby, translating his heart's speech into wordless song.

—Zeke Fischhead
But heavens, a miracle has taken place here! Amid all the bulk of re-recordings of "those oldies but goodies," here comes a group out of England that has cut some genuinely exciting New Orleans rhythm 'n' blues.

Though the sound quality of these recordings belongs to the Eighties, the music belongs to the days of yore, but with the aid of tight arrangements and plenty of enthusiasm. The result is good rocking music.

Material-wise, Professor Longhair gets the spotlight with "What Have I Done To You?," "Marzi Gras In New Orleans" (complete with a wailing accordion break!), "She Walks Right In," and the Longhairish "Buddy's Bop" and "Swannee River Jump" (with steel drums, no less). Smiley's "Go On Fool," Fats' "Are You Going My Way," Huey's "Blow Wind Blow" and Chris Kenner's sadly overworked "Sick and Tired" complete the New Orleans tribute. Oddly the title track is the only non- Crescent City ditty, coming from Eddie Boyd's fiery repertoire of his.

Each tune is a pounding platter, with plenty of pounding piano, soaring horns and out-of-control vocals from breathless Diz. Helping out on the long-time New Orleans session men Lee Allen and Walter Kimbal, which fetch's my seal of approval. Give this one a spin and move your furniture back against the wall. Don't stick your head back in the Imperials after you've read this—try some fresh air for a change. Spread your wings and enjoy. New Orleans is a good place. Love and thank you. -Almost Slim

Sara Jordan Powell
AFFECTIONATELY, SARA
Powerhouse Records PHI-1002

Sara Jordan Powell is an accomplished and fairly well-known gospel singer. She has been the featured artist on seven previous albums released on the Savoy label. Her 1978 recording, "When Jesus Comes," even went gold. As a performer, Powell has played churches and concert halls across the country, as well as in Canada, Europe and Asia. But the release of her present album, Affectionately, Sara marks the beginning of a new phase in her career that could galvanize all-female, R&B-oriented soul vocal groups.

Sara is a minor musical milestone: it is the first gospel album to be produced by Ray Charles, that venerable genius of jazz, R&B and funk. On this project, C&W. Charles is not only credited as producer, he's recording with Ms. Powell, the only person in the engineering booth during the recording of this project. His influence on this record is delightfully evident.

The production is always in the pocket, as the saying goes. The nine tracks in this package are perfect examples of Southern swing, grooviness and rocking. This is fine contemporary gospel in search of mass appeal. If any producer could tastefully pull this off, Ray Charles certainly can—and does. The overall sound is moderated popish—nicely bottomed, with the mix allowing the sometimes husky orchestration to be unobtrusive to the singer's sound. On side one, Ray uses the Southeastern International Choir to introduce and frame Sara's singing. Their harmonies are rich and their tones are rounded. The arrangements are flattening enough to let the choir drop warm accents in just the right places.

Powell's lead work on the album is most enjoyable. An evangelical singing star from childhood to her adult years, she was coaxed into recording by the Rev. James Cleveland nearly ten years ago. Her voice sounds like Diana Ross's when it turns soft and breathy or when she hits a high, hard, full-throated run. But true to the gospel tradition, she uses a lot of raw tones that convey, with great conviction, her religious ideals. She is, after all, a preacher's daughter and takes her worldliness, she is, in spite of the MOR touches on this album, a witness for the Lord—and as legions of her fans will tell you, a living angel.

Standout cuts on this album include a rousing stop-time version of "Silent Night," a very tender reading of " boasting a bone chilling bluesy chant called "Pray." A Kris Kristofferson tune, "Why Me?" is also included as well as a few originals by Powell. It would have been great if the Right Reverend Ray had written something himself.

Affectionately, Sara is the second release by the new New Orleans-based record label, Powerhouse. If this album is any indication of the product they'll be turning out, the label is destined not only to be a first-class operation, but an innovative one as well.-James Borders

On the Riverboat President
FATS DOMINO
April 15, 1983

For those of you who passed up Fats Domino's only 1983 New Orleans performance, all I can say is "eat your heart out; don't miss next year." Postponed a week due to the floodings, the show featured Oliver Morgan and Jessi Hill warming up the riverboat with their own and other New Orleans hits, aptly backed by Fats' rock-solid band.

At around 10, the curtains parted and there was Fats, resplendent in an immaculate cream-colored suit and looking far younger than his 54 years (the man doesn't have a wrinkle on his face!). Even before playing a note, his shy boyish smile and rolling eyes had won over everyone on the President. His presence and charm are so captivating, Fats' aura nearly outshines the man's music. Even if his vast repertoire was well picked over by the time Fats finished his encore well after midnight. "I'm Walkin,'" "Blueberry Hill," "Goin' Home" (simply stunning), "Let The Four Winds Blow"—really, what's the point of going on? He was simply phenomenally good all times his voice was clear and unmistakable, his vocal mannerisms identical to his countless recordings. Of course, there were loads of grins and exaggerated facial expressions and a large white handkerchief to polish his performance at just the right times.

Even if you've seen the man a hundred times, he's still exciting every time. Sadly, Fats won't be on at the Jazz Fest this time around, because he doesn't want to wear out his New Orleans welcome! -Almost Slim

Sara Jordan Powell

At the Snug Harbor
MARS, featuring Dave Liebman
with Animation by John Graubarth
April 29, 1983

Side animation? A light show? C'mon, didn't those things go the way of the Happening? I mean, like who needs their mind blown by random events any more?

Yes, there was indeed a lot of aesthetic garbage that claimed people's attention as recently as ten years ago under the rubric of experimentalism—or the I-may-not-know-what-I'm-doing-but-at-least-I-deserve-a-chance-to-be-heard syndrome—but John Graubarth's show in coordination with the excellent performance by Mars, featuring David Liebman (with Steven Masakowski on guitar, Mike Fellera on piano...
and synthesizer, Jim Singleton on bass, John Vidacovich on drums and Mark Sanders on percussion) April 29, was not that. Graubarth has serious lighting and stage design credentials, having worked for Dr. John, the original Meters and the Neville Brothers, and having toured nationally with Sun, a space-funk group, but his degree of artistic competence was an unknown for most folks going in to the concert. We soon found out that he knew what he was doing; that his artistry was entirely commensurate with that of the musicians.

Graubarth specializes in plucking out eloquent images from the massive barrage of visuals that assault us every hour of our waking life. Moreover, he has a fine eye for the aesthetic punch found in certain technological images, especially from the fields of medicine, engineering, photomicroscopy, and astronomy, and he knows how to juxtapose them among themselves and with selected pictorials to evoke feelings of suspense, surprise, awe and, above all, continuous fascination.

Graubarth’s slide show was to be the icing on Mars’s cake, but privately the musicians had gone into it without much enthusiasm. I heard complaints that there hadn’t been sufficient rehearsal, that the musician “said it all” without need of visuals, that the musicians really hadn’t been consulted about it. Ironically, though, this tension worked in favor of the overall aesthetic impact of the bi-media performance. Following an outstanding set without the visuals, the musicians were told to keep things simple and long-toned during the slide show, to let it have center stage. They did start out this way, remaining very much in the background. But then they got bored, and a small revolt was at hand. One by one the musicians forayed out of their roles to drones. As they began more and more to play off each other’s energy, the music started to take off, reaching the level of dynamism of the previous set. By this time the audience had been drawn into the slides. The visuals were increasing in intensity, and the music confirmed it and heightened the effect. There was no hint of competition between the two media, as some of the musicians had feared. It was pure, trenchant energy—and the audience was gripped.

Masakowski and Graubarth are planning an even more elaborate show together (also in collaboration with visual artist Jeanne Phillips from Ohio) including lasers and multi-media planar effects, at Longue Vue Gardens, June 25 and 26. If you missed their debut you won’t want to miss this next one. If you caught their first show, I don’t have to sell this one to you.

—Joel Simpson

Anthony Davis/James Newton/Abdul Wadud
I’VE KNOWN RIVERS
Granamara GR 8201

I’ve Known Rivers (from the poem by Langston Hughes) is one of the most affecting and moving new music albums I know. Anthony Davis (piano), James Newton (flute) and Abdul Wadud (cello) compose one of the most interesting, exciting and engaging trios working in music today. Although there’s nothing flat about their lyricism, or abstract about their explorations, these top-flight musicians engage in discourse at the highest levels of call-and-response.

James Newton has confessed to a love of Jimi Hendrix’s music, and in the microtonal ranges of extreme registers, Newton finds an earthly analogy to what Hendrix did with distorted electricity and Dolphy did with tortured breaths. Abdul Wadud, on cello, is familiar to listeners of Arthur Blythe, Leroy Jenkins, or for that matter Anthony Davis or James Newton. Having worked with innovative musicians in a challenging variety of contexts, Wadud here contributes not only the unusual tone of performance cells, but also effective compositional flow and technique.

Anthony Davis’ invigorating neo-classicism and new music liberation is breathtakingly beautiful and cogently communicative. Having recorded with both Newton and Wadud previously, this date brings together Davis and composition-improvisation in brilliant performance. The unfettered intermingling of the piano, flute and cello produces startlingly expressive results. More interesting and noteworthy, though, is the seamless quality of this art music: neither “classical” nor “jazz”, but a sophisticated matrix in which the “new music” pluralism can flourish. —William D. White

At The Blue Room
CLEO LAINE & JOHNNY DANKWORTH
March 3, 1983

It’s all definitely eccentric to say the very least: Johnny Dankworth appears in a red shirt, pink-gray tie, gray suit and patent leather shoes that do much to restore one’s faith in jazzmen as sartorial leaders; he would also make a fine after-dinner speaker (and does). Cleo Laine has teacup eyes and a cat-like face with perfectly amazing checkbones (Navahos don’t have nice ones) and ravenous dreadlocks gone all to hell and wears a sort of combination samurai robe/camisole.

The lengthy set includes rubber-mouthed mugging, Harold Arlen, rococo flourishes and cadenzas, avian swoops and Satchmoesque rumbler, Carmen McRae’s brand of auditory performance cello, but also effective compositional time-lapse with the endings of songs, “Gimme A Figfoot” (first and last time I ever expect to hear that number in the Blue Room), blue notes and a few mausoleum and periwinkle ones, Mozart’s Turkish March done as a half scat/half patter song, a good version of “Crazy Rhythm,” Mr. Dankworth doing some soprano sax at one point and some good clarinet at others, Miss Laine holding the mike up to the clarinet like a newlywed bride holding the bathroom mirror for her adored mate to shave by—a charming gesture of Goodnight-Gracie solidarity, that newlywed bride holding the bathroom mirror for her adored mate to shave by—a charming gesture of Goodnight-Gracie solidarity, that great favorite of mine “Snillin’ Through,” eye-rolling, wonderful reed sensations from Mr. Dankworth during “Georgia On My Mind” (a Hoagy Carmichael medley, but where the hell was “Hong Kong Blues?”), much reasonable theatricality with Yma Sumac top-notes and a voice so large it needs to be sealed down to the room, and “Love Me Or Leave Me.” Anyone who wants anything more from a supper-club act—or from anything, really—would have to be crazy. —Jon Newlin

Eric Clapton
MONEY AND CIGARETTES
Warner Brothers 23772-1

Eric Clapton has become one of the essentials, the way the Beatles, Dylan and the Stones have been. Money and Cigarettes, his latest release, is an outstanding collection of up-tempo rock & roll and slow blues. “Everybody Oughta Make A Change,” by Sleepy John Estes, starts things off on a roll with a brisk pace and cut, almost bluesy. The high speed boogie of “The Shape You’re In” allows Clapton to reassert his creativity, working with perfectly sinpatico sidemen.

There are those who maintain Clapton’s best days are behind him, energy and spirit melted...
down. Well, maybe so, but there's a different version heard 'round these parts. His retreat from the big business rock scene allowed him to fully explore rhythm guitar and lyrical songwriting. And, over a series of subdued, soft electric when not actually acoustic albums that smacked of folk-rock and the singer-songwriter mode, Clapton developed a persona and a discography that would credit anyone.

More than that, though, more than even playing rock within a blues framework, Clapton has made rock a blues framework, with a distinctively rural edge. "Ain't Going Down" is destined to become a classic Clapton groove, with its compelling signature guitar and great lyrics. The hit single, "I've Got A Rock 'n Roll Heart," blends a breezy, mellow Caribbean rhythm with country and western instrumentation to find universal acceptance. A loser, not a fighter, Clapton's "Pretty Girl" and "Man In Love" and R.G. Ford's mildly salacious "Crosscut Saw" reassert the mystery of the highwayman. "Slow Down Linda" and "Crazy Country Hump" (a Johnny Otis tune) close out the album on a good-timey feel. A very strong record. Money and Cigarettes is very simply essential rock 'n roll.

Robert Palmer

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
Institute for Studies in American Music
Monographs: Number 12

This is a 38-page monograph published by the Institute for Studies in American Music. It's in fact the printed transcription of a lecture the venerable Mr. Palmer delivered to the Institute in 1978.

While Palmer doesn't shed any new light on the subject at hand, he neatly summarizes the development of New Orleans' and Memphis' contribution to the world of rock 'n roll music. Even though the length of the volume is understandably short (I plowed through it in 45 minutes), it does contain some interesting photos of Lee Allen, Huey Smith, Elvis, Smiley Lewis and the rest of the gang.

Can't give this one a whole-hearted recommendation: if you're really interested in all that jive, get Brown's book.

—Almost Slim

James Blood Ulmer

BLACK ROCK
Columbia 3S285

James "Blood" Ulmer may well be the next guitar link in the chain of oppression and escape that runs back through Jimi Hendrix, Chuck Berry, Charlie Christian and Robert Johnson. If Ulmer does nothing else, he will have demonstrated anew the infinite malleability of the blues. With mostly just his guitar to do the talking, from the lonesome midnight trail of the rhythmic blues journeyman circuit, James "Blood" Ulmer conjures plenty of dread and fancy to justify his name.

A fantastic new wave of influences caught up with "Blood" on his dark highway: Delta blues, free jazz, country/funk, organ-sax gin mill trio, space fusion and bebop all rub shoulders in the git-down that is Ulmer's forte. Speed, accuracy and deadly aim characteristically interweave with his passion for top-notch ensemble play (including horns and electric bass) to open out the compositions in angular, jagged beauty.

—William D. White

Sylvian/Sakamoto

BAMBOO MUSIC—BAMBOO HOUSES
Virgin VS-510-12

Some months ago in a Zeke'speak dealing with current Japanese music, I was curious whether there was any connection between the British group Japan and their Japanese contemporaries, Lo and behold, what do I find but this EP collaboration between David Sylvian (late of Japan) and Riichi Sakamoto (late of Yellow Magic Orchestra, currently of B-2 Unit).

The music this duo creates defies description. It has more quirks and jerks than the music of their now defunct groups. It's almost like an intelligent form of Disco although that really doesn't do it justice. (I'd love to see what would happen on the dance floor if someone slipped this on the turntable at the Famous Disco some Saturday around midnight.)

One side's entitled "Bamboo Houses," the other side "Bamboo Music," and it's simultaneously very funky and very Oriental. There's a synth figure on "Bamboo House" that sounds remarkably like the xylophone-like gansu used in Gamelan music. Sylvian's affectations are brassy and cool as ever. Sakamoto's drumming is a funky, other-worldly, stone delight. How can anyone who dresses so urbane and looks so menacing, as Sakamoto does on the jacket, play so goddamn funky? Pass the sushi.

—Zeke Fishhead

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Paul Barrere and Friends, Andy West, Red Morgenstein and T. Lavitz, Jimmy's, 10 p.m.

Sunday, 2
Jimmy Anselmo's 5th Anniversary in business, commemorated by the Sheiks, L'il Queenie and the Skin Twins and the Renegades, from 10 p.m.

Friday, 3
The Original Impressions, Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. Tickets from Ticketmaster and at the box office beforehand, and of course Jerry (I remember when mama said...) Butler and Curtis Mayfield will be among the participants.

Dream Syndicate; Stick People, Tupelo's, 10 p.m. or thereabouts.

Tuesday, 7
The B-52's, probably the only group that can give the Steamer President boot-a-lickin', cans of All-Set and rat-tail comb available at boarding time. Tickets from N.O. Steamboat Company or from Ticketmaster.

Wednesday, 8
Blasters, Tipitina's, 10:30 p.m.

Saturday, 11
The Neville Brothers, Steamer President, 10 p.m. Tickets at Ticketmaster or at N.O. Steamboat Company.

Sunday, 12
Circle Jerks, Tupelo's 10 p.m. I didn't think they had these things publicly since my East Jefferson days—you never know what nostalgia will bring back.

Wednesday, 15
A Roomful of Blues, Tipitina's, 10:30 p.m. The loudest little band from the smallest state, "reelin' and rockin'"

Friday, 17
Blue Riddim Band, Tipitina's, 10:30 p.m.

Saturday, 18
Rita Marley, Steamer President, 10 p.m. Tickets from Ticketmaster or from the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Sunday, 19
St. Croix Philharmonic Steel Orchestra, Tipitina's, 10:30 p.m.

Tuesday, 21
A Flock of Seagulls, Steamer President, 10 p.m. Tickets at Ticketmaster or from the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Thursday, 23
V.S.O.P. II, Theatre for the Performing Arts. Participants are Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Tony Williams, Wynton and Branford Marsalis. Tickets from Ticketmaster.

Saturday, 25
National Grand Choir Fellowship, Superdome. A gospel competition, with thousands in mint and scarlet robes; 3 p.m.

The Gladiators, Tipitina's, 10:30 p.m. Roots reggae, not the Senior Gladiators...

Sunday, 26
Ellis Marsalis, Longue Vue Gardens, 8 p.m. Ticket information at 498-5487.

Monday, 27
Joni Mitchell, TBA. Information thus far for those who can see and hear this woman with a straight face after Andrea Martin's "For Dogs Only" parody on SC-TV at 695-0601.

Wednesday, 29
Darrell Hall and John Oates, Baton Rouge Centroplex. Tickets locally from Warehouse Records and Tapes. Manno a mano a mano a mano...

June 3 through 5
Medgar Evers Mississippi Homecoming, All sorts of events from the literary and political to the musical, the latter at the Jackson Entertainment Center, 3508 W. Northside Drive, Jackson MS. Among the performers: Dr. John, Gregg Allman and siblings, Denise LaSalle, B.B. King, Tyrone Davis, etc. Information at 601-355-4420.

June 5
Hank Williams Memorial Celebration, 10th annual, featuring national country acts, held in Mt. Olive, Alabama; information at 205-527-3119.

June 11 and 12
Jambalaya Festival, Gonzales, LA. 504-644-5694 for information.

Melrose Arts and Crafts Festival, Melrose Plantation, Natchitoches, LA., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day.

June 17 and 18
Bon Ton de Cajuns Fair, St Ann's Church in Bourg, LA. Information at 504-883-7260.

South Lafourche Cajun Festival, Galliano, LA. Information at 504-632-7321.

June 24 to 26
Bayou Lacombe Crab Festival, Lacombe, LA. Information at 504-882-7218.

Peach Festival, Ruston Civic Center, Ruston, LA., 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day.

June 25 and 26
New Orleans Food Festival, Rivergate, all day each day; information at 504-566-1111.

FILMS

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 835-3196, Tues. 14. Lord Jim (Richard Brokeson of Conrad, with Peter O'Toole as the un lucky seeker after utimates, James Mason, Jack Hawkins, Eli Wallach, Akim Tamiroff; Wed. 15. La Dolce Vita (Fellini's high Fifties apocalypse-cum-make-up), with Marzollini, Anouk Aimée, Dustin Hoffman, probably the great Fellini film, at this distance). Tues. 21. Diary of a Chambermaid (Jean Renoir's highly stylized, frothy macabre 1946 film of Mme. Bovary's novel, with a curious cast: Pauline Goddard, Hurd Hatfield, Burgess Meredith, etc.)
Nightmare Pitt
288-1611. Revue , career of theatre presentation; play) . Supper man (we've been fond of this play) . Beverley Dinner Theatre, 5104 Frere!, 895-9292. Through Thurs.9: The Bitter Tea Of General Yen (Bunel's lovely, version with Delphine Seyrig in Alain Resnais' L'Annee derniere a Marlenbad); Thurs.10: The Seven Samurai , the 4-hour plus version of Kurosawa's 1954 adventure in which some villagers hire, for a few handfuls of rice, itinerant samurai to defend their village from bandits; Toshiro Mifune is splendid. Fri.11 through Thurs.16: The Gift, a farce in which the premise is that a retiring clerk is given a luscious young thing as a farewell present from his cronies to fall in love with him "unawares" and thus give him a spurious new lease on life; directed by Michael Lang—any film in which Claudia Cardinale is treated as over-the-hill and no longer deserving is lacking in believability from its doomed outset.

Diary of a Chambermaid, Loyola. Tuesday, June 21

From Page Moran's animated film, Schiaparelli at the C.A.C. June 5

"A traumatic experience" Delphine Seyrig in Alain Resnais' L'Annee derniere a Marlenbad; Loyola, June 22.
Roomful of Blues, Tipitina's, Wednesday June 15.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 523-7652. Tuesdays, Oh, Play That Thing! a jazz revue with the Society Jazz Band. Wednesdays through Sundays: One Mo' Time. Tickets at the theatre.

Tulane Center Stage, Tulane Arena Theatre, 865-5361. Four plays in repertory throughout the summer: Alan Ayckbourn's Relatively Speaking opening June 3; Tennessee Williams' The Night of the Iguana, about ancient poets, de-frocked ministers, nymphets, touristi, Maxine and her beach boys, the latter of who give that titular lizard a devil of a time, opening June 10. Emlyn Williams' Night Must Fall, about a charming homicidal maniac who carries an old lady's head about in a hatbox, opening June 29; the fourth play is a production of Pinocchio, opening June 10. By subscription or by individual ticket.

LIVE MUSIC

Basin Street South, 501 Bourbon, 523-6167. Home base for Al Hirt, who is there more often than not, with band, horn and beard.

Blue Room, In the Fairmont Hotel, 523-7111. Dinner, dancing, smoked glass, candleabras on the table, reservations and cover charges that match. Wed 1 through Tues. 14, The Four Freshman, who still remember the day they tore the goal-posts down, etc. Wed. 15 through Tues. 28, Flora Purim and Arito and all sort of Bachianas Brasilianes. Wed. 29 through Tues. 5, Allen Toussaint, downing no doubt—those wild sounds of New Orleans.

Bobby's Place, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0157. (Unchanging: Fridays, Bobby Cure, the Cure Gleeners dynasty) and the Summertime Blues Gong Show. Saturdays, Allen's Tribute to Elvis.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. The darkest and (seemingly) most sedate of West End clubs. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Foye.

Burt's Ramada, 1732 Canal, 523-5525. This is one of those deals where you eat there and all the help is dressed up as Yosemite Sam or Catherine of Aragon or a Wookie—except that we told them that they all einiert, and it isn't a ShowBiz Pizza Place, for instance. Call lor details.

Cafe Sbisa, 1011 Decatur, 561-8304. Pastry accompaniment to such things as fried dill pickles, clams and Amaretto cheesecake. Harry Mayonne Jr., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 6, and on Sundays from 1 until 3. Stephen Long on Sunday evenings. Barbara Shorts sings more often than not as well.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon. The Copas Brothers, Mondays through Wednesdays.

Carrollton Station, 810 Willow, 665-9100. Fri. 3 and Sat. 4: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers. Fri. 10: the hapless (see our Last Page for details) J.D. and the Mannequins. Sat. 11: Ron Price. Fri. 17: those singing sweetsies the Pfister Sisters. Fri. 24: J.D. and the Jammers (in J. D.'s Revenge, or what?) Sat. 4: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers and Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail.

44 Club, 444 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

Houlihan's Old Place, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Happy Time Jazz Band, 9 to 11 p.m. Sundays through Thursdays.


Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 865-9109. Wednesdays, the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble and a great many nimble-footed septuagenarians.

Nevada Club, 1409 Romaine, Gretna, 368-1000. Wed.: Garry Morris and Loid David Foster. Thurs. 2: Some Other Stros, Mon. 6 to Sat. 11: Valentino. Mon. 13 to Sat. 19: Mississippi South, who also appear Mon. 20 through Fri. 24, joined on Weds. 22 by Moe Bandy. Sat. 25 and Mon. 27 through the end of the month, the Louisiana Red Hots.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 523-7761. The Bryan Lee Blues Band, Wednesdays through Sundays from 9:30 and rollin' till dawn.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2880. Formerly Gunther's, and a rough joint, but the new owners are dressing up the act. Fri. 3: Bourne. Fri. 10: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers.


WAVELENGTH/JUNE 1983

Feld's, Kenilworth, 246-6770. Claire House, Henrietta, Thursdays through Saturdays.


Preservation Hall, 725 St. Peter, 524-9692: A with Galatoire’s and K-Paul’s, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only sixties and musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Fridays: Kid Thomas Valentino, Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid T. Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers. Tusi Washington is also playing here these days, but perhaps best to call to find out which night.

Riverboat President, Canal Street Decks. 524-5131. See Concerts listings.


Cedars. Thurs.30: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band.


Germaine Wells Lounge, 833 Bienville, 520-3639. Fridays and Saturdays: James Drew, Jim Singleton and Jeff Boudreaux.

LA. CLUBS

Antler’s, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-8877.

Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland, 1-537-3647.

The Dock of the Bay, North Beach Boulevard, Bay St. Louis, MS, 601-467-9940. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, The Music Company, featuring Jerry Fisher, erstwhile Blood Sweat & Tears member.

Enoch’s-A Cafe, 5202 Desland Street, Monroe, 318-343-9950.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-982-7067.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-9509.

Harry’s Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-382-5869.

Iron Horse, 403 Philip, Thibodaux, 1-447-9991.

Blue Riddim Band, Tipitina’s, Friday June 17.

J Li Charlie and the Elger Beaver Boys, Tipitina’s, Sunday June 12, with Delbert McClinton.

Safety Last, Tupelo’s, Wednesday June 8.
Regular Features
Sundays - John Rankin
Mondays - James Carroll
Booker III
Tuesdays - Lil Queenie & Bruce MacDonald & John Magnie
Wednesdays - Mason Rufner & the Blues Rockers
Thursdays - Bourre Cajun Band

Special June Attractions
Fri. 3 - Lil Queenie & Backtalk
Sat. 4 - James Booker Rhythm & Blues Revue
Fri. 10 - Radiators
Sat. 11 - Beausoleil & The Cajun Twisters
Fri. 24 - Rockin' Dopsie & the Cajun Twisters
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THE RECORD ONE-STOP OLDIE-BUT-GOODIE QUESTION OF THE MONTH
What New Orleans artist did "Nothing Sweet As You"? The first 50 correct answers to the above question will receive a free oldie-but-goodie album. Write with your answer c/o The Roadrunner, the Record One-Step, P.O. Box 547, Kenner LA 70063. The answer to last month's question was: Johnny Adams did the original version of "I Won't Cry."

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Daniel P. Kochakian
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36 WAVELENGTH/JUNE 1983
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You'll receive the Radiators' newsletter.
Notable quotes from this year's Jazz Fest:
Eddie Bo's exhortation to the crowd to "Give yourself a round of applause, you deserve yourself!";
Johnny Adams, invited to sing in the Festival Tent with Bobby McFerrin, exclaiming after an ovation, "I don't know what I'm doing here..."; and Marcia Ball's "When I'm an old lady, so old I can't get out of the bed, I'm gonna wake up in the morning and say, 'Damn, I wish I was at the Jazz Fest.'"
Wonder why Rockin' Dopsie didn't appear as advertised at Jimmy's on May 12? He forgot the date and booked another job in Breaux Bridge—also apropos the absentminded accordionist, the latest addition to the Cajun Twisters is Robert St. July, late of Clifton Chenier and Buckwheat Dural's aggregations...Butch McDade, former drummer with the Amazing Rhythm Aces (of Low Rent Rendevous fame) is the latest addition to Mason Ruffner's Blues Rockers...The Radiators rumored to be shoppin' A to Z for a label...Luigi's has repressed being shoppy...Chrome recently closed down their baths on the west side of Des Moines, Iowa....Chrome recently closed down Rockabilly's, a big Houston club (literally) during a series of Texas dates...Cevet Empire, a lowbrow priced Huey Smith and Frankie Ford albums on Ace being fobbed off as originals that are popping up in local stores—they are repressings being sold in their original jackets.
Zachary Richard's group has disbanded with the two French members, Freddie Koella and Jean Michel Biger heading back to La Belle France; Richard's new band includes members of Sonny Landreth's group. Richard also heads to Montreal late this month for work on a new album....Look this month for Taken, a new group with Jacques Grundy formerly of The Look on lead, Rebecca Jones on keyboards and lead vocals, George McQueen on drums, Corbett Kent on rhythm guitar, and ex-Singles member Charlie Wyman on bass...the end of May saw yet another demonstration that the local music scene is just a jungle, folks: the Musical Zoo Revue on May 27 and 28 at the Audubon Zoo, in which the participants included the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra, conductor Andrew Massey and pythons, macaws, seals, penguins, giraffes, otters, donkeys, tigers, owls, miniature horses and a number of other creatures you'll never see at the Orpheum (with any luck)...Fats Domino back from Florida dates, and soon off to Europe where he will be joined by Mr. Google-Eyes. Also slated to cross the water: Cousin Joe this summer and Boogie Bill Webb at the beginning of next year...Gatemouth Brown, who himself just returned from The Continent, has two new albums—One More Mile on Rounder and a Swiss bootleg of a live date.
Atlantis have added a new horn player, Tim Green, formerly with Irma Thomas and Gatemouth Brown. Their new headquarters are the Phyllis Chalet at Pauger and North Rampart (the place where James Rivers was shot).
June birthdays of local note are the pognathously ugly gay Storyvilleveloper Toney Jackson, composer of Pretty Baby and saluted as their superior by Jelly Roll Morton and Clarence Williams (June 5); clarinetist Raymond Burke (June 6); pianist and singer Billie "I'm In The Racket" Pierce, one of the indispensable New Orleans voices (June 8); New Orleans Rhythm King Paul Mares (June 15); Deacon John (June 21); Memphis Minnie, the nonpareil blues singer/guitarist "born in Louisiana and raised in Algiers" (June 24); and trumpet virtuoso Wallace Davenport (June 30). Also of note: the feast day of St. Anthony, who inspired that great local prayer—"Saint Ant'ny, start lookin' around, there's somethin' lost that's gotta be found"—on June 13 and eerie St. John's Eve on June 23.
The Models have recently added keyboardist Gary Attardo, formerly of White Tiger, to their lineup. The band is currently negotiating with a major management and record company in New York and plan to showcase there late this month.
Master showman, radio personality (a combination of Arch Oboler and Ted Lewis), Orientalist, publisher of Karrollon Karmally and universally respected authority on Unpopular Music, Faruk Von Turk will be going out over the aether with a series of famous works of world literature to be illustrated/illuminated with selections from his enviable collection of the (often derisively) forgotten-on-shellac, to be aired on WWOZ-FM. Exactly which works would be rendered in this manner remains, as always with Von Turk, mysterious—Bussy-Rabutin's Historie Amoreuse des Gauls? Pepys' Diaries? William Gadsby's The Recognitions? The Eddas or Evelina by Fanny Burney? It's anybody's guess what Von Turk's Theatre of the Air will do with scripts by F.Y.T. himself, performed by his Sons of the Sand Not Ready For Air-Time Players) will include—but there's simply no doubt that it can't be missed. Sundays at 5:30, or for the indolent/indigent among us, Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 9 a.m.
Allen Toussaint will perform (at lowered cover prices) in the Fairmont's Blue Room for six days—you've heard of nine-day-wonders, well...the dates are June 29 through July 5...And another first for local music: producer Ken Keene announces (producely, we imagine) the World's First Record Produced By Telephone: Bony Morone by Fort Worth singer Billy Day. Don't even ask what they'll think of next...
J.D. of J.D. and the Jammers has had a little identity crisis lately. First, when he and band subbed for the Blue Vipers at the recent benefit for Wilkinson Row, they were introduced as the Vipers and identified as the B.V.'s in subsequent media coverage. Then, when required to call the Fair Grounds, Willie referred to J.D. as "T.J." Then, Channel 6 played a good two minutes of the band in Jackson Square and didn't even bother to identify them at all...so for those of you out there who have heard how good the Vipers were at Wilkinson, or how hot Willie Tee's band was at the Fest or saw that unnamed musician on Channel 6 and want to see and hear more, check out J.D. at Carrollton Station.
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