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3
MAKING NOISE WITH BIG BANG

"We're finally getting to the way the music ought to sound; with a little more emphasis on the rhythm, we've been able to peel away that rock edge and still keep a good level of intensity," states Keith deBolt, bassist/vocalist/writer and co-head-honcho of Big Bang. With the recent addition of George Terzis on congas, the Bang has refined its glossy reggae/funk sound down to a highly accessible combination of earthy rhythms, high tech moods and socially conscious messages.

Proof of this accessibility was apparent at Tipitina's July 17 Artists Benefit. As the jerky pop strains of "More To Come" opened the set, the first couple on the dance floor was a sprightly, graying middle-age couple and not far behind were some teens who could have been carded at the door. Both one-hour sets of originals contained enough funk, harmonies, catchy hooks and stylistic unity to catch the ear of any A&R man worth his salt.

Big Bang is a band that looks as good as it sounds. Their obsession with surface even goes to the point of having a wardrobe/makeup stylist named Elizabeth Perrin, who carefully applies rouge and liner backstage before a show. "We try to make it into all one thing," deBolt explains. "The way the performers are dressed, the way the stage is dressed, the way the songs flow together..." "the total 'ambiance'" adds Elizabeth.

Tere Wallin and Jeff Tappendorf on back-to-back synthesizers contribute to the tonal ambiance of the Bang's sound, while Terzis and drummer Guy Duplanter accent the dominant upbeat with double crash cymbals. Tommy Malone's formidable Clapton/Allman style guitar chops have landed him work with a number of local groups and his combination of speed and restraint works well here. Tracey Williams (whose tip-toeing litheness graced the cover of July's Wavelength) shares the major vocal duty with deBolt and struts in an undeniable air of stage presence and sexuality. Her costume change for the video taping of "Look At Me" had the camera crew almost tripping over cables and staring into the monitors. In this, the age of video, a group's look takes on a new importance. "We're really checking out the MTV thing," says deBolt. "We want to do whatever we can to be a commercial success!"

While this somewhat compromising aesthetic may produce music that sounds a little too flacid and homogenized for some, as in the case of "Silver and Gold," it can also inspire a soothing island flavored tune like "At The Top" that flows with the ease of a sailboat. The Bang don't turn its back on straight ahead funk, either. "Pull Up To My Bumper" is all modern soul with a lyrical triple pun on three favorite American leisure pastimes: dancing, driving, and sex. "BDIUB" is an upbeat rocker that shares a phonetic fascination with the Police's "Doo Doo Doo Doo" song and has been receiving noticeable airplay on WPRG in Baton Rouge and WTUL via a demo cassette. "Instruments," like much of Big Bang's repertoire, sounds as if it could be an updated version of an espionage TV series' theme song from the Sixties.

With their newly expanded seven-piece lineup, the Big Bang is ready to make some noise around town, and if recent turnouts are any indication, they're finding a receptive audience. -rico

Second Annual Fund Raising Fair on August 27 and 28 from 10 a.m. to midnight Saturday and noon to 10 p.m. on Sunday. Some 250 gifts donated by the New Orleans business community will be raffled at the fair, which also features rides, games, food booths, refreshments, and a celebrity dunking tank. Live entertainment will be provided day and night on both days. Look for appearances by Irma Thomas, The Radiators, Dirty Dozen Brass Band, The Backbeats, and, of course, The Neville Brothers, among others. For additional information contact Bill Johnston or Pamela Gibbons at 486-8990.

WAVELENGTH/AUGUST 1983

DRIVING BLUES

"I was double parked downtown on Baronne and I'm bookin' it to beat the meter maid when I see this cabbie across the street playin' a guitar. I get out my camera and step over to snap a few and the guy's just smilin' and really jammin', so I look at the guitar and it's this beautiful blond Gibson with inlays and fancy keys and stuff. I said, 'Hey man, you ain't no beginner with a axe like that, cuz!' And he starts pullin' out these color photos of him onstage in some big production. Turns out he works with Fats and cabs sometimes for extra scratch. Yeah, Fats Domino! Guy named Jimmy Molliere, wish he could figure out a way to drive and play at the same time. Now that'd be a scam for the World's Fair, 'specially if he played R&B..." -rico
Stevie Wonder just happened to be in town for the NAACP convention when Ahmad Jamal opened at the Blue Room in July, and the jovial meeting of the two keyboard masters had Stevie flashing that classic smile.

Jamal's sophisticated style uses the refreshing power of dynamic contrast to its fullest. At one moment the spare ensemble of piano, drums, bass, and congas is bristling in the beboppish fire of an uptempo composition that glows in Iraj Lashkary's incredible percussive energy and suddenly everything stops dead and you hang there with Jamal's raised hand for four, six, eight beats, until the piece enters another more delicate groove. The Blue Room is an appropriate venue for this type of performance; its dampened acoustics don't require fancy p.a.s and the music is revealed in lush, rich detail.

As Messrs. Jamal and Wonder later discussed the outstanding qualities of a certain custom piano and the latest in polyphonic synthesizer technology, the company indulged in a spirited game of name-that-tune which Stevie proceeded to dominate, especially in the Motown songs.

Ernie Bushmiller's comic strip characters achieved a surely unintended measure of immortality several years ago when three New Orleanian musicians Sweet, Cunningham, and Poinboeuf decided to systematically translate the images in the strip into sound. Music From Nancy. This year Nancy is hitting the big time, New Music wise, with an invitation to perform as part of New Music America '83, the annual Festival to be held this year in Washington, D.C. They won't be the only home folks there, either.

When the Festival originated five years ago at the Kitchen in New York, it was devised as a forum and focus for the kind of experimental music and composers of the sort best typified for the public by Glass and Anderson. Music From Nancy fits comfortably into that music as phenomena and environment genre. But this year some Louisiana stuff will be heating up the cool with the likes of Marcel Dugas, the Golden Eagles, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, Beausoleil, and the New Orleans Sax Quartet also appearing. What prompted this expansion into indigenous Creole stuff?

According to organizer Bob Wisdom, there are two major trends in American music today: Music that develops through tradition and music that ignores tradition, as does the avant garde. New Music '83 seemed like the perfect spot to let the two hang together in an avant garde setting. Tradition performers will be spliced in with avant garde musicians like Jerry Hunt on evenings in October.

The Festival, which will take place at the Smithsonian and various sites in D.C., will run October 7 through 16. Wouldn't you love to be there?

—Virginia Levie

GREAT TIME TO BE CAJUN

The inter-generational fox trot wasn't on the scheduled list of dance contests at this year's Thirteenth Annual South Lafourche Cajun Festival, but this young and old couple decided to step under the big tent and work up a sweat anyway. Who could resist those down-the-bayou Cajun sounds of favorite son Vin Bruce, or Night Life and The Rhythm Kings?

Other featured highlights of the Fest were shrimp boullettes (the delectable and culinarily superior Cajun answer to fish sticks), etouffee, enough beer to break the spillway, and the auctioning of the Cajun Festival Queen Crown where the auctioneer knew everyone by his or her first name. Crunchy weather tried to put a damper on this year's Oyster Festival in Galiano, but July 17 managed to work itself into the annals of Cajun history nevertheless.

Cut Off native Bobby Hebert led his Michigan Panthers to a USFL championship and capped the Most Valuable Player award.

—rico

LOUIS IN GOLD

Competing with the Gold Krugerrand is the United States American Arts Gold Medallion, featuring the faces of prominent people of the arts. One current medallion, of which 420,000 were made, features New Orlean's own Louis Armstrong. For numismatists, the coin comes in one ounce and half-ounce sizes, and has Satchmo's face on one side and the words "Ambassador of Jazz" on the other. Prices run about $400 plus for the one ounce size, and are available from local coin and gold dealers.

—Margaret Williams
ROOSEVELT SYKES DIES

The New Orleans music world was indeed saddened to hear of the tragic passing of one of the truly great blues pianists, Roosevelt Sykes. "Rosie," as most of his friends referred to him, was in poor health for the past two years and finally succumbed to a heart attack the day he was to be released from Charity hospital where he was under observation. His last festival appearances and occasional trips abroad, Sykes was content to spend his days watching television game shows, attending to his church duties and making the odd date at the Maple Leaf Bar.

Seeing Sykes at the Maple Leaf was always a memorable experience. He usually arrived early and propped himself up at the end of the bar with a beefy cigar hanging from the left side of his mouth, joking and laughing with anyone who cared to listen. "See these shoes?" he'd question, beaming down at his two-tone wing tips. "Got these in Berlin. This suit cost me $250 too. Got that on Canal Street."

Then he'd down his drink and amble (Sykes was confined to a wheelchair the last couple of years) and park his considerable girth behind the oft-times out-of-tune upright piano. Then he'd proceed to roll back the years treating the audience to a lesson in bluesology, playing numbers from his vast repertoire that spanned some 60 years. More often than not, he'd joke and quip between numbers. "Have some fun, get drunk and be somebody else for a change." Or, "Back in a flash with some more trash!" Often he'd end a set with a hilarious version of "Gulf Coast Boogie," where he'd take a musical trip down Chef Menteur Highway: "Gently Woods, Schwengmann Brothers, TG&amp;Y, K&amp;B, Kentucky Fried Chicken—finger lickin' good!"

Life began for Sykes in the sleepy river town of Helena, Arkansas, where he was born January 31, 1906. Raised by a grandfather, Sykes was already proficient on the piano by the age of 12, learning from Lee Green and Little Brother Montgomery. Sykes had moved to St. Louis in the early 20s, then a thriving blues town, where he would become a musical fixture for many years. He began his recording career with Okeh Records in 1929, with the popular "44 Blues," followed by a number of other "race" hits. Sykes' recording success brought him far and wide. Tuts Washington recalls: "I met Sykes over in Biloxi. He'd been playing in those sawmill camps all along the Gulf. He was a good little blues player. Fact, he was one of the best."

Sykes' travels took him to Chicago in the Forties where he continued to record for the prestigious Victor, Imperial, and Decca labels having hits with the memorable "Honeyspider," which became his calling card, "Sweet Home Chicago," and "Drivin' Wheel." During most of the Forties and Fifties, Sykes travelled with a big band and continued to record for a number of smaller labels.

When the wave of blues acceptance occurred in Europe, Sykes was among the first to visit their shores, making his first trip in 1961. Somewhat amused by this newfound audience, Sykes began featuring his more risque material such as "Ice Cream Freezer," "Jailbait," and "Dirty Mutha For Ya."

After moving to New Orleans, Sykes found little trouble finding work as he became a regular in French Quarter clubs such as the Glass Slipper and the Court of Two Sisters (Sykes refused to play Sundays because of his religious convictions). During the Seventies, Sykes continued to record for a number of small jazz and blues labels such as Delmark, Blind Pig and Prestige. This steady flow of fine material was supplemented with reissues of his earlier work on European labels.

Roosevelt Sykes is survived by his wife, a number of children and one of the richest catalogs of American folk music attributed to one person. He will be sorely missed.

— Almost Slim

A FAMILY AFFAIR

While his daddy, Ellis, was at the 88's in the wired-for-sound Rogers Memorial Chapel at Newcomb College, Delfeayo Marsalis was turning knobs and pushing buttons with engineer Peter Schulman in Paces Sound's comfortable mobile unit outside on Broadway Street. The occasion was a "live sounding" jazz session for Ellis' upcoming release, Syndromes, with sidemen Kent Jordan, James Black, and Bill Huntington in support.

"I just use my ears and common sense," offers Delfeayo when asked about his production strategy, "I've got a small studio at home and I'm trying to apply here what I've learned there...the engineers can handle the technical things that may come up, I see that the sound makes sense."

Delfeayo, like his brothers Wynton and Branford (who couldn't attend the session because of an engagement in Denver), is an accomplished horn player and a recent graduate of the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts. He plans to pursue a musical career in either performing or production. Either way, he's got a good head start for someone who just turned eighteen on July 28.
The mountain dulcimer is coming to the flatlands of Louisiana. One of the country's renowned dulcimer musicians, Neil Hellman, is staging a two-day workshop on that unique instrument on August 22 and 23 at the Penny Post Coffee Shop. Hellman will be bringing his California-style of playing to New Orleans (he holds the dulcimer like a guitar rather than flat as in the traditional manner). The four-stringed dulcimer is tuned in modes instead of keys. Hellman will be teaching his multi-modal method, a tuning technique he developed. It allows the dulcimer, when played in a chordal structure, to play at least five different modes in one tuning.

"Beginners are encouraged to participate," said Beverly Bishop, organizer of the workshop. There will be a class designed primarily for beginners. The instrument is simple enough to master, so that you can expect fairly rapid progress.

The fee is $30 for the entire two-day workshop, or varying fees for the individual classes. And bring your own dulcimer. If you don't happen to have one of the Appalachian-born instruments, they can be purchased through Ms. Bishop. Dulcimers are not expensive, ranging from $35 to $200.

The mountain dulcimer is not to be confused with the hammer dulcimer, which is a multi-stringed instrument, tuned in keys, and played by striking the strings with two small, hammer-like instruments. The origins of the hammer dulcimer can be traced to ancient Egypt and is the forerunner of the piano. The mountain dulcimer, on the other hand, is considered to be one of a few set of instruments originating here in America. German, Irish and Scottish settlers in the Appalachians constructed the original dulcimers out of hollowed-out wood with strings stretched over it. The simplicity and versatility of the instrument has attracted a large following across the country, and has been utilized by such contemporary artists as Joni Mitchell, Kenny Rogers, the late John Lennon and Dan Fogelburg.

Richard Blackmon recorded Selfsongs in 1982 at Unicorn Sound studios in New Orleans, utilizing both types of dulcimers, as well as the autoharp, Casio keyboard and harpsichord, among other instruments. It is a tape of hauntingly beautiful melodies, all written by Blackman, illustrating the potential of the dulcimer as a back-up to vocals.

Blackman likes the simplicity of the instrument. "It enables me to focus on vocals," he said. Blackmon also constructs both types of dulcimers. The song "Moon Dance" from Selfsongs, he explained as "the result of an exploration into the subtleties of the mountain dulcimer." Selfsongs is just one example of the potentialities of the mountain dulcimer. To learn more, the workshop beckons. —Betsy Cook
Many of the best videos on MTV — Stray Cats, Red Rockers, Journey, were shot here in New Orleans by New Orleans crews under the direction of native New Orleanians.

On July 18, MTV, the 24-hour cable music channel, premiered the Stray Cats' latest video, "Sexy and Seventeen." Like much of the fare offered by MTV, the video features rebellious school boys, young girls in various stages of undress, authority figures (in this case, your typical stern schoolmistress), dance routines and fast cars. What made the debut of "Sexy and Seventeen" unique was that the piece was shot a scant ten days before its initial release in New Orleans by a New Orleans crew under the direction of Michael Pillot and John Diaz, two native New Orleanians now based in New York.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Oley Sassone, his wife Renee and his brother Joseph were doing the final editing on Charlie Daniels' first music video, shot the week before in Nashville. It also includes dazzling young girls and speeding cars, and like the work of Pillot and Diaz, the video was shot by a native crew of Orleanians.

As he sits before a bank of Sony video monitors, Oley Sassone gives a brief summation of the video-making process: "The life of a song or a single is not very long. The record company wants to do something that's right there with the release of an album or single. It's like shoot it, knock it out and do it all in two weeks.

"What a record company does when they call us to do a piece is say 'Here's the song, here's the band, listen to it, come up with a script, give us a treatment, give us a budget and then we go shoot,'" Record companies don't have staff writers or copywriters like advertising agencies do — they hire a production company to do the whole thing.

"When we did the Red Rockers' 'China' video (shot by the Sassones on location in New Orleans), we did the whole thing on speculation, without any money from the record company — just their consent. They said, 'You have three weeks to turn out the video — let's see what you can do with it.' They delayed the release of the album to see what the film was going to look like. After the film was done, they revitalized the whole publicity campaign for the band. They pulled the original album cover off and sent Annie Leibovitz down to do stills of the band.

"They got a piece that was worth $50,000 and we only got paid $20,000 for it. The good thing about 'China' is that we did it totally on our own with our own people, our own crew, our own equipment and our own talent. Nobody from the outside came in to do anything."

415 Records, the Red Rockers' label, was quite pleased with the Sassones' piece (which is now often seen on MTV) and immediately commissioned a second video, for which the Sassones transported their entire crew to Bracketville, Texas, and shot a three-minute, modernistic version of a Clint Eastwood movie, complete with — you guessed it — young girls in lingerie and, in lieu of throaty automobiles, galloping horses.

"We do all our own storyboards," Oley Sassone explains. "We'll break it down, we'll listen to the song, we'll time out all the scenes. Most of the stuff we've done we've intercut story line with band and back and forth. You break it down into seconds. It's like the pieces to a puzzle — making these things is just like making a mosaic. You get all these little pieces and then you put them together and then at the end, you see what your final picture is.

"As a filmmaker, from my point of view, it's good because I get to write all the stuff, shoot it, direct it and it's like making our own movies. With commercials, you've got six or eight people from an ad agency breathing down your neck telling you how to shoot something. Commercials are money — really big, big money. I don't think MTV will ever compete with the money that you can get from television commercials.

"But when you get right down to it, MTV is there to sell music, to sell the songs. With all your thought processes and all your feelings and emotions, the bottom line is that you're selling songs and selling albums. You can't lose sight of that."

John Diaz concurs: "There's no doubt that right now, MTV is the force in record sales. I have to say I was completely wrong — I never thought they really would be. Everything indicates that they really move records. They have statistics from Houston on areas of the city where there is MTV and where there isn't and where there is, record sales are a lot higher — especially..."
in new product. That's where MTV really does it. If you notice on the charts, for the first time in ten years, the charts are being dominated by new acts. It's refreshing.

"Touring is not working anymore—it's just too much money. The last tour I did we sold out three-quarters of the tour and the tour lost well over a million dollars. It just costs too much money to put everybody out there traveling for that amount of time. Duran Duran has never really done a major tour and they're a huge band. Men At Work, same thing.

"Basically, I started with the Warehouse, here in New Orleans. I was one of the owners and went into production/management of bands in 1975 and in 1978, I got sick of the touring. I had done a lot of rock 'n' roll films and thought that music translated pretty well into film. So I went into the production end of the advertising business, producing commercials. I did quite a number of commercials. I've had up to $2 million to do a 30-second commercial before and our largest budget for a music video has been quite a bit less than that. As a matter of fact, I've never done a commercial for as cheaply as I've done our most expensive video.

"I was really looking to get back into the music business and even before MTV hit all the major markets [the channel reaches over 12 million American homes], I started getting in touch with production companies. I did find directors to work with and finally, Michael and I got together and started Cinerock [with producer Jim Golden and producer/director Phillip Landeck]. It's really the culmination of my work in the music business and my work in advertising. I was in both industries as a production person, an organizer.

Michael Pilott's musical career commenced at De La Salle High School, where he booked Ernie K-Doe and Benny Spellman for school dances. In 1965, while attending college at LSU, Pilott booked the Lovin' Spoonful (for a paltry $900) that's about the most it. As a matter of fact, I've never done a commercial for as cheaply as I've done our most expensive video.

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Michael Pilott is particularly enthusiastic about the future of both Cinerock and music videos: "We've been together nine months and it's been really exciting. The Stray Cats video is our seventh video. We're very choosy on three levels—who the artist is, what their music is about and also, what the budget is to produce the piece. Obviously, if we're going to put our name on it, we want our work to be above the rest. You need the right amount of money to do that. So far, we've been very lucky and we've been able to get good budgets. Most videos are done relatively inexpensively and it shows."

Cinerock's completed works include two videos for the Canadian band Strange Advance, Neal Schon and Jan Hammer's "No More Lies" video with New Orleansan Stacey Stewart as the winsome young girl (torn between two lovers), three Journey videos shot last Mardi Gras and the Stray Cats' "Sexy and Seventeen." Shot at location on New Orleans' famous Bourbon Street, the Christian Brothers School in City Park (Diaz's alma mater) and Grit's Bar.

"The profile of MTV and videos in general within the advertising community is now monstrous," Diaz reports. "The advertising community is so aware of the force that MTV has become. With the 12 to 34 youth market, it's the largest demographic ever for television. It's on the lips of every advertiser there is. When a commercial director does one, he's under the spotlight of every advertising agency in the world. They all know he's doing one and they all want to see whether he's going to fall on his face or not."

Fair warning, then: the next time you're cruising through City Park and an awesomely sultry young blonde in black lace panties and a quart of mascara runs from behind one of the palm trees across from the Peristyle and hops into a waiting Ferrari, you come down to New Orleans. It's an independent attitude.

"When you come down here, the city really opens its arms. We were just doing a video in Los Angeles and we went out to Union Station and they wanted to charge us $10,000 for two hours on location. In New Orleans, everything's free. "People realize that really do generate capital for the city—more than just the money we spend shooting these things. I've done well over a million dollars' worth of commercials in New Orleans the last couple of years and we plan to bring a lot of videos down. It really has worked up to this point. It's very easy to get groups to come down to New Orleans."

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September 1964. New Orleans was begging for respite from the three months of sweltering mid-90 degree temperatures. People anxiously watched the escalation of the Vietnam War; Linda Bird Johnson visited the Crescent City to dedicate a number of buildings as representative of her father, who was running for his first regular term; also visiting was Barry Goldwater, who held a rally at Tulane Stadium even though he was hopelessly behind in the polls. For diversion, the still Saintless city could view a pre-season NFL football game between the Cleveland Browns and the Baltimore Colts or buy five Krystal hamburgers on special for a mere two-bits. However, in mid-September all such matters of importance were stricken from the minds of most Orleanians. For 24 hours the normally staid Crescent City was gripped in Beatlemania when the "famous mop-topped English rock 'n' roll group," as the local newspapers referred to them, made their first and only appearance in New Orleans.

The man most responsible for the Beatles' appearance here was New Orleans' Bob Astor, a long-time veteran of the entertainment business. Still very much involved in booking and promoting, Astor recalls the oft-times bizarre circumstances that brought the Liverpool group to the Crescent City. "I was working in New York at the time for GAC (General Artists Corporation) in charge of their one-nighter department. We decided we would bring over this new British group, the Beatles. They'd been over in February (1964) to do the Sullivan show and a couple of dates around Washington (Carnegie Hall as well). I had four guys working under me and we were to book the entire tour into all the major markets.

"It was our job to feel out the promoters and see what price we could get. We decided to start at $7,500, which was a lot at that time—hell, in the old days we could put fourteen acts together for that price. We got a few bites, so then we went around with $10,000. Most promoters said "Wow, that's a lot of money," but the guys under me were getting a lot of interest. I said let's go around at $15,000, and then at $20,000. Finally, Maple Leaf Gardens (in Toronto, Canada) bought a show for $25,000 and sold every ticket within a couple of days, for a show that was four months away. Then we knew we had our price."

The Beatles' second American tour was organized by GAC's Norman Weiss. Philip Norman, in his book Shout, stated that Weiss was among the first to realize the American moneymaking potential of the group, and effectively "spread Beatlemania like jam over the United States." In all, the Beatles' tour covered 23 North American cities with the group's private Lockheed Electra logging a total of 22,441 air miles.

"The only date I handled personally was the New Orleans show," continued Astor, "because the office just didn't know any contacts here. I got in touch with Herb
Hollandale who was a deejay at the time at WWL and who later called horses at the Fair Grounds. So Herb said, 'How much?'

'I said, 'For you a favor—$20,000.'

'He just about dropped dead but then he asked me, 'How much deposit?'

'Ten thousand dollars. Wire me $10,000.'

'Well I'm gonna tell you something I've never told anyone else in my life. Herb was wondering where the hell he was gonna get $10,000; you see he played the horses. So I said, 'Herb, why don't you listen to me. There's no definite commitment; I'll hold the date open as long as I can. If you can't take it, I'll sell it to someone else.' I mean my mama could have promoted the Beatles then. (Charles O. Finley eventually forked out $150,000 for a last minute Kansas City date.)

'So I said, 'Go out and sell some tickets and in a few days you'll have $10,000, but wire me two or three thousand as a binder so I can legally hold the date.'

'But isn't that illegal?' he said.

'Well I told him to be quiet and not say anything. In the meantime he borrowed $1,000 and wired it to me. I told the people at GAC he was out of town for a few days, he was a friend of mine and he'd be good for it.

'You see Herb is a good guy, but he just didn't do the job. He got 'em for the least expensive date that we sold. But everytime I tried to get him on the phone to see how things were going and how the ticket sales were going, his secretary would tell me he was out of town. Herb just didn't promote it properly.'

According to Astor, the rumor that the Beatles concert at New Orleans' City Park Stadium lost money is not true. Astor says the show broke even, but was the least successful date on the tour for GAC and the Beatles (the group also got a percentage of the gate). Although many then-teens and pre-teens recall the airwaves filled with Beatlemania, the only trace of print advertisement was a lone two-by-three inch ad (which announced where one could still purchase tickets) in the movie section of the States-Item, on the Saturday before the Wednesday, September 16, concert.

As the concert date approached, New Orleans prepared for a double dose of Beatlemania that was already gripping the rest of the country. It wasn't enough that every second song on the radio was by the Beatles, you could go down on Canal Street to see the group's first film offering, Hard Day's Night, or buy any imaginable piece of Beatle paraphernalia (including 'London boots' for a mere $9.99).

Any event of such magnitude inevitably has its share of snags. The first occurred when Seymour Weiss, the owner of the prestigious Roosevelt Hotel, where the Beatles were to stay, asked Astor to arrange other accommodations for the group and their entourage. 'I got a letter from Seymour saying that we move the Beatles,' revealed USBP. 'He was afraid of little girls trying to hide in the halls and stairways to see the Beatles. He was worried that someone would get hurt and there would be a lawsuit. I called Herb and asked him to find someplace else to put the Beatles, because they were used to staying at nice places. Herb put 'em out in New Orleans East at the Congress Inn. It wasn't too bad a place, but I think the boys were a little upset because they were so far out-of-the-way.

'It was my responsibility to book the other acts on the show so I booked my friends—good solid acts. The Chiffons, I believe, The Bill Black Combo and 'Frogman' Henry (Frogman opened for the entire tour) who was my guy. I had to come back to New Orleans because 'Frogman' was doing a record session so I went out to see the Beatles take or find someone else.'

The Beatles left for New Orleans from Cleveland, immediately after concluding their Tuesday evening concert. Once airborne, the Beatles' pilot learned that he was to land at New Orleans International Airport instead of the original destination, Lakefront Airport, where over 100 anxious teens, 30 members of the levee board police, and representatives of the governor and mayor (Mayor Vic Schiro officially declared September 16 "Beatles Day in New Orleans") waited, despite the late hour.

'To add to the confusion the helicopter that was to lift the group from their plane to their motel blew an engine trying to leave the Lakefront. As a result, a fleet of limousines was hastily ordered but sent to the wrong airport!

Meantime the Beatles arrived quietly at the New Orleans International Airport in Kenner, where they had to wait for their transportation to drive back across town. At approximately 2:45 a.m. the limousines left with the group, escorted by the Kenner police. Remember this was 1964, before the I-10 was built. The motorcade, complete with flashing lights and sirens, "secretly" drove down Airline Highway to David Drive, to Pontchartrain Boulevard, to Robert E. Lee, to Elysian Fields, to Leon C. Simon, to Downman Road, to Morrison Road, to Paris Road, to the Chef Highway where the Congress Inn was located. (Sadly it's now an abandoned ruin.)

Once arriving at the motel, the limousines containing the group became disoriented and collided with a Kenner police car while trying to avoid the legions of fans who awaited their arrival. The police were forced to lock arms to push back the group's hysterical fans. The Beatles took the cue and entered the motel's lobby, where they were then led through a laundry room and across a courtyard to their room, number 100, which was boarded up to block the view of the public.

After the group was settled in, they ordered sandwiches from the office, but because the Congress Inn's kitchen was closed they had to send down the highway to Martin Brothers for some po-boys. Among the teens who waited for the group were Karen De Herity, 16, who burst into tears crying "I wanna touch them!" Crosby Clay, 15, who was named by Mayor Schiro as the junior hostess, and who played Beatles records at all three phonograph speeds; and three Memphis girls who skipped school to make the trek to New Orleans by train.
When dawn broke Wednesday morning, there were already groups of teens lining up at City Park Stadium for the 8 p.m. show. By noon, police reported well over 100 teens were waiting for the gates to open and almost that many stood vigil at the Congress Inn waiting to catch a glimpse of one of the Beatles. None of the excitement phased the group, however, as they slept undisturbed most of the day, not stirring until their 3:45 p.m. breakfast of eggs, ham and orange juice. They spent the rest of the day in their room until their 7 p.m. press conference.

The press conference began after Mayor Vic Schiro presented the group with the key to the city, honorary citizenship and a proclamation noting the group's visit, after which the usual barrage of questions were answered:

"What do you like best about being wealthy?"
Ringo: "Money."
"What do you think about topless bathing suits?"
John: "We haven't seen any yet."
"What do you think about New Orleans girls?"
Ringo: "We wear them all the time."

After the 30-minute exchange of wisdom is was off to City Park, where an eager throng of 13,000 (City Park Stadium capacity is 25,000) awaited the group.

Noted local scribe Jon Newlin was in the audience that evening and shares his impressions: "The thing I remember most about the day was that we had to write a composition in eleventh grade English class with the theme "How the Beatles were a breath of fresh air in today's society." That was pretty heavy in those days. The people in the audience were a lot more memorable than the music, looking back, because I can't remember any of the songs too well. It was the first time I'd ever seen mass hysteria. Girls were just attacking the stage in mobs and the police really had their hands full. I remember the Beatles had on these English suits without collars. If I'm not mistaken the show didn't last very long either. I think the whole show was over by 10."

The evening is still well entrenched in Bob Astor's memory: "The Beatles had asked the agency if they could meet Fats Domino, so since I'd been knowing him since 1951, I took Fats out to see the Beatles. We hadn't seen each other for a couple of years so we celebrated by driving around to have a few drinks and then going to see the show.

"Fats came by in one of his Cadillacs and picked me up. I remember we got into a horrible traffic jam trying to get to the stadium because Fats' chauffeur Hattis got turned around. Finally, I stopped this policeman and told him I had Fats Domino in the car and the Beatles wanted to meet him. Well that really impressed him and we got through in a minute."

"When I took him backstage, the Beatles were in a trailer behind the stage so we went and knocked on the door. I remember Ringo answered the door and said, 'ello Mr. Domino'.

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**Fats went in to chat with them for awhile and I told Fats I'd meet him back by the stage because I'd already met them. When Fats got back I asked him, 'Are they nice guys?'**

"Fats said, 'Yeah they're pretty nice fellows.'"

"Well what did they say?"

"Fats just shrugged and said, 'I don't know; they were talking so fast I couldn't barely understand them.'"

"The crowd reaction to them was just crazy, something I wasn't used to. I just thought they were four nice kids with funny haircuts from England. I mean they weren't great singers and they weren't great guitar players. They wrote a few nice songs but if someone asked me what they sounded like I couldn't tell them. But they sure made a lot of money and drove the kids crazy."

No one remembers much about the opening acts, but at precisely 9:25 the foursome took the stage with thousands of camera flashes lighting the way. John tested all three microphones with a "Hello" before launching into "Twist and Shout," followed by "You Can't Do That," "All My Loving," "She Loves You," "Things We Said Today," and "Can't Buy Me Love."

The real excitement occurred just after the beginning strains of "Can't Buy Me Love;" when the first wave of fans jumped out of the stands and charged the stage. It took all 152 police and 75 Pinkerton guards to keep the crowd at bay. The police jumped over the barricades surrounding the stage and locked their arms together to stop the charge. In their haste to form the battle lines, however, they inadvertently knocked down a row of girls in wheelchairs who had won tickets to the show.

When the locked armed security force failed to contain all of the chargers, the police countered with their own charges, attempting to tackle a number of youngsters. Mounted patrolmen also attempted to corral fans who continued to storm the field. The issue was still in doubt until ropes were brought out which the police line held firmly.

New Orleans police chief Giarrusso was later quoted as saying, "I've never seen anything so amusing or tragic." In all, five people were arrested, two were injured (a broken arm and jaw) and 150 fainting girls were administered spirits of ammonia.

Although no one recorded the group's reaction to the bedlam, Paul announced before "Long Tall Sally," the evening's final number, "I want to thank everyone for coming, even the football players."

Then in an instant, the quartet abandoned stage before an encore could be coaxed out of them. A limousine sped them to the airport where their plane waited to take them to their next destination, Kansas City.

Even after they departed, most of the crowd refused to leave the stadium. Girls in near hysteria stared at the now empty stage with tears in their eyes while others busied themselves picking grass on the field.

Thus ended New Orleans' flirt with Beatlemania and the curtain was drawn on a hard day's night for everyone.
Hard At Work With A-Train

This was no time to stop their successful travelling to go into a studio, so A Train just hesitated long enough to record their third album live—at Humpfree's.

An animated, annotated map of A Train's Louisiana-Texas circuit, the Better Bars of the Deep South, would have to include special inscriptions in Louisiana, particularly at Lafayette's Grant Street, for concentrations of dancers. The map would also have to be a culinary guide (with, for instance, a teardrop in lots of neon, would show waiters hoisting service) and it would note people and places important to aficionados of rhythm & blues like the very hip Fort Worth and Austin audiences. It would include a likeness of Delbert McClinton, who frequently sits in with the band at Fort Worth's Blossom's. Nick's in Dallas, a large, upscale room with a bunch of neon, would show waiters hosting petite singer Micki Honeycutt on their shoulders. (A Train claims the attendance record at Nick's, a club that books folks like Ray Charles and B.B. King.) Fitzgerald's in Houston, formerly a Polish dance hall, would be noted for its sophisticated lighting and for looking, in the words of departed keyboardist Chris McCaa, like the kind of place where the Little Rascals would have put on a show. Trinity's in Baton Rouge would be marked by a representation of R&B impresario "Chief" Whelan.

At the center of the map would be Shreveport's crowded Humpfree's, longtime home for the band and the place where their third self-produced LP, Live at Humpfree's was recorded.

These are heady times for the sextet. Always popular on the regional bar circuit, their Live at Humpfree's LP has pulled good reviews from regional publications and record companies are showing interest. Things are going so well that some of the band members are jumping into that great Mark of success—homebuying! Drawing a crowd estimated by a stage manager at eight to ten thousand at the 1983 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival was especially gratifying to a group who loves New Orleans and whose latest song has a lot of South Louisiana in them.

"We're getting a kind of New Orleans, more funky sound: we're on our third drummer (former New Orleans resident Paul Griffith) and he probably has a lot to do with that, just because he can play great soul and funk. Every time a member changes, the sound changes a bit. You go with their strengths; you don't tell Reggie Jackson to bunt," said guitarist/songwriter Buddy Flett, who wrote seven songs on the new album.

Also responsible for the coherence of their rock 'n soul sound is Micki Honeycutt, who joined them two years ago. Buddy again: "All of a sudden we had a vocalist who could sing as well as anyone in the world. So we said, 'If—this stuff. Let's gear everything toward her.' And she's best at funky soul songs & ballads."

Live at Humpfree's is a Stax-type charmer that features Honeycutt's big, thick Bonnie Raitt/Aretha Franklin-influenced voice above new keyboard man David Egan's expertly blended piano and organ work. Egan left the Nashville song-selling scene six months ago to take over keyboards and contribute two songs to the album.

Why a live album? "Cause we couldn't afford to take time off from our circuit to go into a studio," said Egan, "and we wanted something out now, so we could quit milking the two earlier albums."

Principal songwriter Buddy Flett, a blues musicologist, has developed a commercial style that evokes Bob Seger, Taj Mahal, Wet Willie, and, especially, Van Morrison in his Wild Nights and Tupelo Honey period. A Train is, ultimately, a folk music band. It may be romping, stomping, easy to like music, but it is folk in that it is relatively simple, straightforward, unadorned American dance music.

At the core of this musical unit are the Flett brothers, R&B fanatics who grew up in Shreveport. Children of Shreveport's middle class generally grow up enamored of black dance music, listening to black radio stations. Buddy Flett grew up hearing local bands on black-operated KOKA and with KEEL, too. Those were the days when John Fred and the Playboys (a touchstone for A Train) did radio commercials for Shreveport department stores, when you didn't have to search the foreign import bins for records by Eddie Gries and his Live Five. As a teen Buddy was also impressed by Ruben Bell and the Belltones, Abraham and the Cassanovas, blue-eyed soulers Danny and Jerry, and the Uniques. When a Texas writer recently called A Train "spiritual heirs to the Boogie Kings," he made Buddy and the band awfully happy.

Bassist/vocalist Bruce Flett left frat band Magenta in 1976 to form a country rock unit with his brother (The Flett Brothers) but within a year they had a new name, A Train, and were moving toward the blues. For a time they were joined on their blues sets by black vocalist/guitarist Raymond Blake, who had been discovered by members of the Caddo Wizzard band playing at a country barbecue not far from Leadbelly's Texas-line stomping ground. Blake's Albert Collins-style guitar and vocal licks were a regular part of A Train's show before they developed into a full-tilt dance band.

Today A Train is looking forward to broadening their circuit and pushing the new LP toward regional hit status. A March gig at Nashville's The Cannery won them good notices. They are talking about a Fall tour of the Northeast. And, of course, the band members are jumping into that great Mark of success—homebuying! Buddy Flett, however, doesn't seem to understand the tax-break house-buying business. He exclaimed, laughing, that he's not looking for a house: "That's a buncha bull! You know, that's a twenty-five year note, and I may be broke several times over that amount of time. I still live in a slum and I'm proud of it."
Bruce Raeburn

A music historian working on his doctoral dissertation while employed at the Tulane Jazz Archives, Raeburn insures that his contribution is not entirely academic by playing drums in six area bands.

Bruce Raeburn works days at the Tulane Jazz Archives where his duties include everything from sound engineering and transcription to giving tours and moving bookshelves. He is also playing drums in six, that's right, six, New Orleans bands. "That's going to have to be pared down," he observes, "I try not to spread myself too thin... but each group does get a different treatment."

Raeburn has lived around music most of his life. His father, Boyd Raeburn, was an internationally known band leader who did three albums for Columbia in the Fifties, but as a kid, Bruce was typically resistant to long practice sessions: "We had a piano in the house and a soprano sax that Dad urged me to play, but I turned my nose up at it. I was interested in other things, at the time... baseball cards.

It wasn't long before Bruce was exposed to the joys of percussion in the Bahamas: "After my mother died I lived with other people and one of them, Don Seiler, ran a couple of clubs in Nassau, so there were constantly musicians around. Over his back patio they'd lift weights and smoke reefer and get out conga drums and play like crazy."

In the summer of 1966, Bruce moved to Lafayette and began banging on a drum kit his stepbrother had gotten for a birthday present, which led to his playing with several teen bands in that city.

He moved to New Orleans in 1971 to finish up a master's degree program and work at the Jazz Archives. Once here he hooked up with Clark Vreeland (whom he had played with in Lafayette), Tim Youngblood, Steve Cunningham, Reggie Scanlon and Becky Kury to form Ritz Hotel, "a very influential band here in the Seventies," he says. Bruce became "sort of a nexus" between the Tulane and UNO music scenes, which included John and David Malone and Ed Volker and produced the Radiators, the Rhapsodizers, and the Mechanics, among others.

An active historian as well as musician, Bruce is currently working on a doctoral dissertation on critical controversies in the jazz world of the 1940s. And not only does he play the jazzy bop of the Pister Sisters, he plays the hardcore frenzy of X-Factor.

Raeburn has a peculiar technique on the drums, choking up high on the drumsticks and using lots of arm action with very little wrist. "I subscribe to a credo that goes back to Baby Dodds, if not before, that says the function of a drummer is to kick a band. I'm not large physically, so I have to put everything into it from my shoulders to my fingers. Technique is great, but if you don't have kicking ability, you don't have much."

Bruce figured prominently in the recent "New and Not Just Music" performance series at the CAC, playing for three bands there, Ballistics, Stick People, and The Front.

Stick People makes music that is both smooth and punchy. Bruce provides a tom-tom-heavy bottom for the People, while bassist Carolyn Odell and guitarist Marc Hoffman weave their vocal harmonies into a hook-oriented melodic line.

Ballistics is Spencer Livingston's vehicle for the unique brand of rock propaganda he chooses to espouse, and it is here that Bruce's "kickability" shows. "The Pope is a Man" is a loping blues satire that rides on Raeburn's tom slugging and Livingston's irreverent lyrics and vocal delivery. Ballistics often draws upon the syncopations of reggae, and Raeburn's rim shots and crash provide an accurate foundation for their stylings. The more punkish "Strung Out" is a manic high energy free-rap (with Bruce flailing at top speed) that degenerates in a plasmic surge of the joke's lament with Livingston eventually lying onstage in a wasted heap.

Bruce Raeburn is highly articulate; not surprising, given his academic background. One of his funniest stories is about the time he auditioned for Professor Longhair several years ago: "There was this party at Ed's house, more or less to audition Reggie Scanlon for Fess' band, and he had this deplorable set of drums, with towels all over the heads and brushes and everything. He had me sit in with Fess and I hadn't really studied his material, but Reggie had, and that was my most embarrassing moment as a drummer! Fess just rode my ass incessantly! He'd say 'Watch my left foot, watch my left foot!' At one point he just had me clap. 'Don't play drums, just clap!' That was my one opportunity to play with Professor Longhair," he laughs, "and of course, Reggie got the job!"
somewhere west of Opelousas and south of Mamou, a dirt road cuts away from the blacktop. It is marked by a row of pine trees running through the fields, past a few houses to an unpainted wooden building. The building, balanced on cinderblocks, has no windows; just a door, a tiny porch, and a few steps leading up from the ground. You could mistake it for a tool shed if you didn't notice a hand-lettered sign, "Cowboy Club, music & beer!"

The Cowboy Club is Morris Ardoin's zydeco dance hall. Zydeco is a homegrown tradition, seldom seen in America, deeply rooted in the bayous and prairies of southwest Louisiana. In a nation of constant change, Morris Ardoin's ramshackle dance hall is a rare shrine to continuity.

Zydeco is a musical form that started to evolve two centuries ago, slowly emerging out of the mix of Afro-Caribbean rhythms and French-European melodies west of the Atchafalaya basin. It was created by the "black French" forebearers of the same people who now crowd the Cowboy Club on weekend nights, to dance to songs like "La Pistache à Tante Nana," and "Ma Coure Cassè." Zydeco might first have been played in a similar wooden shanty in this same pine grove.

Nick Spitzer, director of the Louisiana Folklife Program, stumbled upon Morris Ardoin's dance hall in 1974. It was called Club Morris at the time, and a sign on a post at the turnoff from the blacktop road proclaimed it the home of the Ardoin Brothers band. Spitzer had met the Ardoins three years before at the Mariposa Folk Festival in Toronto. "They said I should visit them if I ever came to Louisiana," he recalls. Spitzer was fresh from the Northeast, visiting friends in Louisiana, just passing through, but he was so taken with the state that he decided to stay.

Spitzer had first heard zydeco as an anthropology student at the University of Pennsylvania. "It astounded me that this could be in North America," he recalls. "It had the sound of music that had been here for awhile. It really makes a difference when music has had two hundred years to filter into a society."

Later, as a disc jockey at WMMR-FM in Philadelphia, Spitzer, playing too much Cajun and zydeco and not enough Slade and David Bowie, was switched to the all-night shift. Unhappy with the new arrangement, he left the station, heading south. When he reached Louisiana, Spitzer found zydeco on the wane. It had been fading ever since radio and TV first blanketed the airwaves of south Louisiana with slick sounds that threatened to smother the more roughhewn homegrown music. Also, oil money had a pernicious effect. To be sure, prosperity had long since been overdue for the sharecroppers of the Louisiana prairies, but prosperity had an unfortunate side-effect: it caused old ways to become linked in the consciousness with old, impoverished times. For the young, an aluminum and formica mobile home on a suburban grid of streets outside Houston or Lake Charles, with a few square feet of shag carpet and a color TV, was more enticing than a Creole farmstead, a front porch and an accordion.

Recently, however, perhaps because of the oil slump, perhaps for other reasons, there has been a return to the backwoods dance hall.

"When I first came to Louisiana, there were very few young people in these black French dance halls. Now they're all back there," Spitzer says. "You're seeing more of a mixture, to be sure: zydeco-soul and zydeco blues, but the essential thing is the old and young people are getting together at the dance halls again. Even if the kids go to USL or live in Lake Charles and work in the oil fields, they're coming back home for the zydeco."

Spitzer deserves a share of the credit for the revival of zydeco as one-man staff of the Louisiana Folklife Program since its...
inception in 1978. Before that, he produced Zodico: Louisiana Creole Music a compilation album for Rounder Records, and La La: Louisiana Black French Music for the Maison de Soullabel. He wrote his PhD dissertation on Louisiana Creole culture, and is currently completing a three-year film project with Steve Duplantier called Zydeco: Creole Music and Culture in Rural Louisiana that opened June 17.

Spitzer makes a careful distinction between preserving culture, as in a museum, and helping it stay vital in its natural setting. He is convinced a folklife program, at its best, does the latter. "I think these records I've made, along with a lot of local records that are on the jukeboxes, make a real difference in terms of making people feel good about their music," Spitzer says.

In keeping with his theory about the function of folklore, Spitzer has planned for the "Premier du Monde" of the zydeco film to be not on PBS or in New Orleans, but at the Liberty Theater in downtown Eunice, Louisiana. Premier du Monde means both world premiere and people's premiere in black French, says Spitzer, who has picked up the dialect during nearly a decade of fieldwork in Southwest Louisiana.

The premiere was a combination dance-movie in honor of the people featured in the film—the Ardoin Brothers, John Delafose and the Eunice Playboys, the Carriére Brothers, Delton Broussard, and others—many of whom have not received much recognition before. A reissue album of early Amadé Ardoin recordings hangs on the wall in Morris Ardoin's home, above a table crowded with family photographs and a portrait of Jesus. "Amadé is perceived as kind of a mythologic ancestor of the Ardoin family," Spitzer says. "He was the first man to go on record with the music. He was a tremendously powerful musician." Amadé was the first cousin of Bois Sec Ardoin, who is Morris' father and the main living carrier of the Ardoin family musical tradition. He recorded in the 1930s for Columbia Records and a decade later was admitted to the Pineville Mental Hospital, never to be heard from again. The older generation still remembers Amadé playing the dance halls, and the younger generation knows him now, thanks to the album.

Recently, radio has helped the zydeco tradition. Spitzer points to the increase in black French radio programming as the most visible indication of a revival of zydeco, and also zydeco's best hope for the future. "Five or six years ago, zydeco music was considered too black to play on French radio stations for the most part, and too French to be played on the soul programs, but now there are three or four stations that program zydeco regularly," Spitzer says. "That means there's been enough of a resurgence in terms of dance halls, records, and bands to make the audience big enough to support these programs."

So zydeco has gained momentum as it prepares to enter the Twenty-first Century. Indications are, generations from now it will still be played in wooden dance halls at the end of Louisiana country roads.
Spread The Righteousness

With so much commercial reggae coming out of Jamaica, hearing a true rastaman singing roots reggae is a powerful and increasingly rare experience.

When the Gladiators appeared in New Orleans on June 29, it gave New Orleanians the chance to see and hear one of the pioneer vocal groups from Jamaica. Over their fifteen-year recording career the sound has changed little, although the members have expanded from a vocal duo to a trio, and now to an entire band. Most important, though, the Gladiators represent the original roots reggae—Rasta music from Kingston, Jamaica. Albert Griffiths, songwriter and lead vocalist, along with bassist/singer Clinton Fearon, were the original Gladiators. In 1976 they were joined by guitarist/singer Galimore Sutherland. Griffiths is a personable man whose smile belies the seriousness with which he takes his music. During a free moment of a hectic sound check, he spoke with Wavelength.

Almost every song you've written is a roots song rather than love lyrics.

Well, you see, I help spread the message of Jah. Anything I write, it' Jah who give I the power to write it. I spreading the righteousness in the music, because the reggae music, I see it as righteousness. All reggae artists don't see it as righteousness, that's why some men sing anything. You have to sing something that have meaning, something that can open your eyes unto certain things. I mean something that can make you stop and think. If you listen to Gladiators, don't just listen to the music, listen to the words. You should be interested in the words, because reggae music, I see, is righteousness, and if a man go up there and not put it to the world that way, then him not really going out with nothing. Because this work is Godly work.

With so much commercial reggae coming out of Jamaica, how does somebody like you survive, still making roots music?

Well, you can't keep a good man down for long, so what really happening now, righteousness must stand. No bad can overcome good. I mean, you will have a fight, because people always tend to fight...
against righteousness. But no one can ever stop you to be heard, because it God who doing it. We is not one of the singers who will go commercial, so we decided to stay and work hard until we get that recognition. What we are trying to do is not trying to force down my belief on your head, but trying to show you of my kind of thinking. I believe in letting your works spread, and when people see that it is the right thing, they will accept. The message we are sending is a loving vibration. I'm not trying to sing anything discriminating anyone or trying to show that I think I'm the only righteous man. I am trying to send a message to the people where they can listen, and find out that what I'm saying is right because it don't just go for one individual, it go for the whole universe.

The strong sense of conviction (as well as authenticity) of a true Rastaman singing reggae music is a powerful experience, and one that cannot be duplicated by any American band playing reggae. But when one gets the opportunity to see a band like Pressure, the opening act at the Gladiators show (and from Austin, Texas), the wide range of possibilities for the reggae beat can be more readily appreciated. With a repertoire ranging from original reggae to ska to rock 'n' reggae, Pressure dropped in Tipitina's from a seven-week U.S. tour, and they were tighter and meaner than I'd ever seen them. These guys know the Jamaican rhythms, but aren't afraid to show their roots... rock 'n' roll, funk, even jazz. Everyone in the band knows what to do, so it's hard to single anyone out, but I have to say the Basher (the drummer), more than any other American reggae drummer I've seen, has assimilated the reggae style into his own funk orientation, and has come up with something totally his own, yet definitely still reggae. This is a band to catch if you love the reggae beat, and especially if you don't think that Americans can play reggae. Watch for their return to New Orleans this fall. Or better yet, listen to their new E.P. just released. It contains a great version of Bob Marley's "Stir It Up," along with five original tunes, most of which they performed at Tip's. The E.P. is available only through the mail. Write to: Recycled Records, 3405 Guadalupe, Austin, Texas 78705.

Surprisingly, this summer's music scene in New Orleans shows signs of life. Many national acts have passed through town. Exuma is back on his feet and rehearsing with his new band, a combination of members from his previous bands. Look for Exuma to start playing again this fall. On the radio, WWOZ has expanded its Caribbean music to three hours on Saturday nights. Beginning at 8:30, WWOZ broadcasts Afro-Caribbean music, ranging from the latest recordings from West and South Africa, to old and new calypso, to classic reggae of the past fifteen years. By 10 p.m., it's strictly rockers... and stays that way until 11:30. The Caribbean part is repeated on Tuesday afternoon at 12:30.

— Gene Scaramuzzo
The Heads Don't Talk

The new Talking Heads album is a fine party record, but we've come to expect more from the Heads than that.

You can call Speaking in Tongues (Sire 23883-1), the new release from Talking Heads, a qualified success or a qualified failure. It's hard to tell what it is—some cuts work, some don't. The Heads' two previous studio albums, Fear of Music and Remain In Light, were, for me, singular events and masterful albums; they were both complete experiences, with no lost tracks. I can't deny my expectations were high in approaching the new album. Each Heads' release has been a brilliant leap from the one before it.

The movement from Remain in Light to Speaking in Tongues is not that of a leap. Rather, it seems that the Heads are digging in. The buoyant grooves launched on Light have been focused and tamed. The polyrhythms of Light, which made for great grooving on the dance floor, have been whittled down to the straight pulse of disco.

There are flashes of the brilliance of Remain in Light. "Burning Down The House," with its bubbling drums, percussive synthesizer, and floating guitar, wouldn't have been out of place on Light. And, even though I Get Wild/Wild Gravity features a straight bass drum pulse mixed up front (primary disco move), its atmospheric feel and yearning minor-key melody recalls some of the bittersweet grooves on Light.

A majority of the remaining cuts have little inspiration to offer other than a good groove. The most successful of these, "Making Flippy Floppy," is a wonderful groove, but the lyrics give no light. One of the lines is very telling in this respect: "We continue/But we have nothing left to offer." Two cuts on side two, "Moon Rocks" and "Pull Up The Roots," weigh down the album considerably with too much repetition of what we've heard on side one.

There are two tracks that strike me as very different from anything the Heads have recorded before. "Swamp," which is also featured on the soundtrack of The King of Comedy, lopes along with a bluesy feel, and contains the most provocative lyrics to be found on the LP. The tune that concludes the album, "This Must Be The Place," is an airy, island kind of song and offers sweet relief from the disco tedium that precedes it.

What was the chemical combination of elements that made the two previous studio albums such killers? Well, the major production change is Brian Eno's absence from the control room. Another major change is the song writing: almost all the selections on Light are credited to Byrne and Eno; on Tongues, Byrne takes the credit for the lyrics, the music is written collectively by the core band members.

It was something of a minor-league scandal, when, in the wake of Light's release, Tina Weymouth, the Heads' bassist, castigated Byrne in an interview. Weymouth's contention was that the band members were pawns in Byrne's and Eno's studio game. She desired more input from the band members on the next release. Between Light and Tongues, Weymouth and Heads' drummer Chris Franz formed a studio band, the Tom Tom Club, and released an album that caused something of a splash in the disco.

Is Speaking in Tongues the result of compromise, the band members' desiring more input and more of a staccato disco direction? Not entirely. David Byrne doesn't seem to be at the top of his form here. The lyrics are not up to the inspiration I've come to expect from him. And maybe that's the nut right there. Even given the disco proclivities of the new album, there's not much light being shed in the lyrics.

Speaking in Tongues is a good party album, an album you can groove to in a room full of grooving party people. Maybe that was precisely the Heads' intention. But after the party's over, it doesn't talk to me—which is a shame, because, over the last five years, the Heads' records have had a lot to say to me.

Maybe I'm expecting too much, but I'll call this one a holding motion. Save it for the party. I'll be waiting for the light.

Zeke Fishhead
John Mooney
TELEPHONE KING
Blind Pig 1383

Nice to see John Mooney back on record. This is a self-produced affair, the Roomful of Blues horn section helping to make this a splendid effort. From the first bars of the album it's evident that the influences of Mooney's newly adopted hometown (New Orleans of course) have rubbed off on him, particularly on the Longhairish "Wibble When She Walk" (sic) and, the title selection which brings to mind Roosevelt Sykes. There are echoes of other blues influences, but they are all overpowered by Mooney's enthusiastic vocals and playing. Those who possess Mooney's other Blind Pig effort will feel. Pianist Bob Cooper deserves special mention for his rolling underpins. Definitely an album for having a good time. Hope it garners a deserving artist the local attention he truly deserves. — Almost Slim

Various
CLASSIC COUNTRY DUETS
Old Timey 126

Old Timey maintains its tradition of excellent anthology releases with a sampling of stirring country duets. Close harmony singing goes back to the very beginning of the identifiable country music style. This album presents seventeen classic duets which for the most part have been long unavailable. Side A concentrates on the 1930s while the B side brings us up to the late 40's and 50's. Styles range from the smooth sounds of the Delmore Brothers (the best-known duo here) and Johnny and Jack to the piercing nasal couplings by the Girls of the Golden West and the Dezurik Sisters.

Familiar items include the Delmore's "Wabash Cannon Ball," the Dezurik's "Birmingham Jail" and Johnny and Jack's "I Wonder Where You Are Tonight." Other artists include: the Blue Sky Boys, the Bailes Brothers, the Buchanan Brothers (check out "When You See Those Flying Saucers"), the Webster Brothers and the Armstrong Twins.

This album's excellent packaging only heightens your listening enjoyment. If you're interested in early country music this one's for you. Let's hope for a second and third volume.

— Almost Slim

Lonnir Brooks
HOT SHOT
Alligator 4731

I have to admit I'm a wee bit disappointed with this effort, especially after Lonnir's excellent previous lp, Turn On The Night. But I guess with a new band in tow (this time out, it's perhaps just starting over. Oh, don't get me wrong, this is still a worthy album, what with Lonnir's scary guitar runs and emotion-laced vocals; it's just that some of the material tends to lack diversity, especially in direct comparison to his two previous Alligator samplings.

Lonnir's style can best be described as blues with a touch of funk, powered by his rockabilly guitar. The "touch" on Hot Shot, though, is a lot less light than usual, as rockabilly might even be lured into this one with Chuck Berry-like strains of "Back Trail" and "I Want All My Money Back." Some of the lp's other tunes, especially "Don't Take Advantage Of Me" and "Brand New Maya Hand," would ordinarily be considered outstanding, but their tempos are directly borrowed from other works by Brooks.

The real treat here is the re-work of his
NEW RELEASE
Available at Leisure Landing in N.O. and B.R.
Mushroom Records and Raccoon Records in AND
WE
TO
205
Available at Leisure Landing in N.O. and B.R.
TWICE AS
Aug. 26-Grant Street Dance Hall
GUITARS
PRICED
IN
Aug. 27-Chiefs Southside
E. Kings Highway
At
BRANDS
COMPARES FAVORABLY
IN
Aug. 28-Tipitina's
SOOTO
BIGGEST SELLING
NEW RELEASE
Available in Orleans Parish

Howard Elson
EARLY ROCKERS
Protest Publishing Company $9.95

Thought I'd mention this one in passing as
there might be some local interest what with
the chapters on Pats and Little Richard. Each
one of the volume's thirteen chapters is devoted
to the likes of Bill Haley, Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis,
Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, etc. Sadly, though,
the author sheds no new light on any of his
subjects; in fact I'd wager he has never
even talked to any of the artists.

On the plus side though there are plenty of
stunning photos, interspersed unfortunately with
pages of ephemera generally riddled with
inaccuracies, but this probably won't hinder
the sales figures. For photo fans and masochists
only.

— Almost Slim

James "Blood" Ulmer
BLACK ROCK
Columbia 38285

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
rhythm and 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 trios, space fusion, and
laptop all rub shoulders in the git-down that is
Ulmer's forte. Speed, accuracy, and deadly aim
characteristically interweave with his passion
and top-notch ensemble play (including horns
and electric bass) to open out the compositions
in angular, jagged beauty.

— William D. White

Slim Harpo
THE BEST OF...THE ORIGINAL KING BEE
Rhino 106

At long last, Baton Rouge's Slim Harpo has
his greatest hits gathered on one collection and
available again statewide. Rhino's intention was
to round up all the hits and the tunes that were
influential to rock groups like the Rolling Stones,
and except for the odd exception, the results
are quite pleasing. Starting with his earliest
1957 tracks we get a double dose of rocking
swamp blues with "I'm a King Bee," and the
infectious "Baby Scratch My Back," and the
minor-keyed spin-off "Te Ni Tè Ni Nu Ni."
All of the other tracks are excellent, with
Slim's nasal vocals, buzzing guitar and simple
but effective harp. In fact, I even enjoyed "The
Hippie Song," Most of the tracks from the long
out-of-print Excello 8010 (The Best of Slim Harpo)
are duplicated, but this package is
fattened up to include fourteen of Slim Harpo's
best sides (but what about "Blues Hangover"?).

— Almost Slim

Le Bon Temps Roule
4801 Magazine
TUESDAYS
LADIES NIGHT
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THURSDAYS
50¢ OLD STYLE LONGNECKS
9PM - 12AM

FRIDAYS
FREE OYSTERS & 25¢ DRAFT BEER
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WAVELENGTH/AUGUST 1983
CONCERTS

Wednesday, 3
Rick Springfield, Quarter Flash, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi; tickets at 601-388-8222.

Saturday, 6
Air Supply, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi; tickets at 601-388-8222.

Sunday, 7
Melissa Manchester, Saenger Theatre; tickets from TicketMaster or through the Saenger's box office, 524-0876.

Tuesday, Wednesday, 9, 10
Richard Pryor, Rumor has it this guy is pretty funny but occasionally gets a little off-color. Saenger Theatre. Tickets from TicketMaster, a mere $25.25, or from the Saenger's box office; information at 587-3072.

Thursday, 11
Tom Jones, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi; ticket information at 601-388-8222.

Friday, Saturday, 12, 13
Ashford and Simpson, or the Arthur and Katharine Murray of soul; Saenger Theatre. Tickets from either TicketMaster or from the Saenger's box office.

Saturday, Sunday, 13, 14
Kool City Jam, Noon until 5 at the Old Driving Range (sounds like a Sons of the Pioneers tune), City Park; this is a promotional warm-up for the more extended Kool Jazz Fest in the fall; participants include Peaches and Herb, the S.O.S. Band, Evelyn "Champagne" King, and much local talent.

Tuesday, 16
King Sunny Ade, Riverboat President, 8 p.m. The latest manifestation of the unholy Occidental fascination with things African, which culminated in the spurious Orientalism of 19th Century painters like Delacroix (who actually went down there) and Gerome and their gang (who didn't !), as well as people like Gains and Wilde, and later Paul and Jane Bowles who liked Africa for other reasons, and adventurers of leisure like Mrs. Kingsley, nothing spurious about the King, though; tickets at the Dock or from TicketMaster.

Friday, 19
Jackson Browne, L.S.U. Assembly Center, tickets from TicketMaster.

Saturday, 20
Irma Thomas, Audubon Park Zoo Pavilion; 1:40, free with Zoo admission.

Sunday, 21
The Manhattan Transfer, Audubon Park Zoo Pavilion; 8 p.m. $22 tickets include champagne and a picnic supper and all in all, it must be better than listening to the seals.

Tuesday, 23
Eddy Grant, with The Backbeats opening; Orpheum Theatre. Tickets from TicketMaster—but the real question remains: when will Enyment let the Backbeats open for the symphony? I bet they'd be murder on Mendelssohn.

Saturday, Sunday, 27, 28
Uptown Youth Cultural and Development Center, 10 a.m. until midnight, until 10 p.m. Sunday. We're all for these things—up town youth needs all the help it can get.

Saturday, 27
Louisiana Jazz Federation Benefit for Jazz Awareness Month, Smuggler, Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, from 6 to 10. Jazz Awareness Month isn't until October but why not get in on the ground floor? The $5 tariff for this event includes membership in the L.A. Jazz Federation, and performance by local women in jazz, among them Lady DJ, Patrice Fisher, Germaine Bazille, Stephanie Siebert and Angelie Triscari.

Stevie Nicks and Joe Walsh, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, part of a tour billed as "La Bella et Le Bete," information at 585-0601.

Sunday, 28
The Youth Inspirational Choir, Longvue Vue Gardens, 6 p.m., 488-5488: what a pleasant way to spend Sunday. Lois Dejean's choir is about the most sophisticated-sounding and hard-hitting in the city, full of gifted voices and snazzy effects, and to hear them like this at the end of a pretty late summer's day ought to be memorable, to say the least.

Stevie Nicks and Joe Walsh, again this time at L.S.U. Assembly Center, information again from 895-0601.

Wednesday, 31
George Benson, Audubon Park Zoo Pavilion. What has happened to the man who was once jazz's most more-promising guitar virtuoso is probably not a fit subject for a family magazine like this. Tickets from TicketMaster.

FESTIVALS

Friday-Sunday, 5-7
5th Annual Mandeville Jaycee Seafood Festival, Lakefront, Mandeville; information at 643-7232.

Saturday 6
Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet, 2 p.m. Grand Isle.

Friday through Sunday, 12-14
South Lafourche Seafood Festival, Galliano; information at 832-4633.

Wednesday-Sunday, 17-21
Delcambre Shrimp Festival and Fair, off Highway 1, Delcambre; information at 318-685-2653.

Sunday, 21
Summer Music Festival, Houma Air Base, from 10 a.m.

FILMS

Loyola's Film Bufls Institute, 895-3196. Thursday 2: Kwaaidan (Sensuous Japanese treatment of several ghost stories by that famous local lit-
PLAYS

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 633-9057. Through Sun 21. Annie, a musical devoted to Harold Baby’s frizzy-headed empty-eyed little creation; Fri 28 through Sun 29. The Voice of the Turtle, John Van Druten’s little comedy about romance blossoming in crowded wartime New York and a soldier on leave and a young career girl. Our President starred in the show along with Eve Arden (also as the thirty bitch) who wore some sensational hats and during one out-take was asked by Mr. Reagan, “Getting laid much lately?” for which she lightly slapped him—the outtake still exists, incidentally.

ART


Arts Line, 522-ARTS. A daily recording of cultural events.

Galleries:

Galerie Jeanne Sterne, 2727 Prytania, 895-3824. Through August. Various groups show by Galerie andقابلية.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 582 Magazine, 891-1002. Through August, photographs of American Indians of long ago by Edward Curtis and probably the best documentary of them we have, along with Catlin’s even earlier paintings.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4062. Through December 21. Remember New Orleans: The Movies, a nostalgic survey of the theatres and events and people that frequented, oh, not so very long ago.


Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5486. Tuesdays through Sundays; a selection of creamware, plain and fancy, old and new.

Louisiana State Museum, Jackson Square, 522-9030. Through Tues 26. Landscape Cityscape, a selection of what were known in more genteel times as views. Continuing “Stitches in Time: Louisiana’s Clothing 1803-1982,” in which we were quite partial to the memorabilia jewelry made of the dead departed’s hair, and “Louisiana: Exploration and Settlement.”


Mason Ruffner at Parkview Tavern, August 12.

WAVELENGTH/AUGUST 1983
WAVELENGTH/AUGUST 1983

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imelunk.
Steve Vaughan

Avenue. Fridays through Sundays:
the
Fairmont
Hotel, 561.0500.
Hilton, 561.0500.
The Famous Door, 544 Bourbon, 523-3611.

Pete Founta


Blue Room, In the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Dinner, dancing, smoked
glass, candleabras on the table, reservations and cover charges that match.
Through Tues & organist Jimmy Smith; Wed. through Tues. 9: Joe
Past; Wed. 9 through Tues. 16: the
Cure Cleaners and the Summertime Blues; Gong Show, Sat-

Bouncing Tuesdays through Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays:
Harvey Jesus and Fyre.
Cafe Sbisa, 1011 Decatur, 561-8354. Piano bar by Ralph
Copley, daily save for the Sabbath, 9 p.m.
Bounty, 1925 West End Park, 528-6414. The darkest and the (seemingly)
most sedate of West End clubs. Weekdays, Fridays, Saturdays:
Harvey Jesus and Fyre.
Cafe Sbisa, 1011 Decatur, 561-8354. Piano bar at the Cure Cleaners and the Summertime Blues; Gong Show, Saturdays:

Harry Mayonne Jr., a true prodigy (the
night Nino Rota died, who else in town did a
médély of his music or could have?
Harry did) on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and

Steve Vaughan takes over Mondays, Thursdays and

Caronna's Bar, 327 Bourbon. The Copa Brothers. Mondays through
Wednesdays. The Agnostic Percussion Ensemble (sounds like a group
out of a william S. Burroughs extravaganza, save then they'd probably be Appalacians)? Thursdays:
The Harmonica Hindus Blues Band; Fridays, Aug.5 and 12: Sam Mcclain and
Brownsville; Fridays, Aug. 19 and 26: the J. Monque'd Blues Band.
Carrollton Station, 1840 Willow, 885-9190. Call for listings.
Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans Avenue. Fridays through Sundays:
Walter Washington, Johnny Adams

and the House Band, along with the legendary examples of New Orleans
guitar that aci=g oo-gos
1601 Club, 1601 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9570. Wednesdays through
Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Yo Yo, from 9:30.

Fed's, 1100 S. Clearview Parkway, 734-2580. The erstwhile hired hand
now DJ's spin up those that range the last three decades.
Fairmont Court, Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Sundays and Mondays, TVs
Washington at the piano from 9 until 1 a.m.
The Famous Door, 544 Bourbon, 523-7629. Everyone from Trackerday
to Duarte has passed through these
guided portals; Tuesdays through

doors, the much underrated Thanas Jefferson and his Creole Jazz Band;
Mondays, Tuesdays and weekend nights. Mike Cascio's Just Us Band.
544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-3611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary
Brown and Feelings.
Pete Fountain's, New Orleans Hilton, 561-0500. Tues., Wed., Fri.:
Mr. Fountain and his em-ambushes at 10 p.m. One show only:
$15 cover.
Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1916 Decatur, 522-0862. Mondays through

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parades)

personal.
Fri. 12: The Radiators.
Thurs. 4: Taken and
the Sheiks. Fri. 26: Lenny

(One Broken Heart For Sale)
Zenith's Pop (combo, soon releasing an LP (epic production))

Larry's Villa, 4612 Quincy St., Metairie, 455-2332. Tuesdays through

Brenay, featuring Baits

A. Riley's kids).

The Levee Lounge, 738 Toulouse, 523-9482. Fridays through Sundays:
Bryan Price on guitar and harmonica.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak, 886-9350. Comfortable, mildly intellectual,
eclectic range of performers and a covey of regulars: Sundays: John
Price; Mondays, James Booker, Tuesdays, L.L. Queenie assisted
instrumentally by Bruce MacDonald and John Magnie, or Adventures in The Skin Trade, to be graced by Alision
Young once L.Q. gives birth to Omen IV, Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers; Thursdays: Bourne.
Fri. 5: Tangerine Sat. 8: Beauspiel.
Fri. 12: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets.
Fri. 19: Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters.
Fri. 26: the Radiators.
Sat. 27: the Famous Door, the Lake Charles Ramblers—and
if you lived there, you'd do some rambling too, as some of our friends
from DeQuincy.
Monroe's, 1101 North Rampart, 566-0444. Luxurious piano bar. James
Booster from 5 until 8, Mondays through Fridays, Wednesdays through
Sundays, at a later date, John Heinz.

Musolver's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 869-9109. Wednesdays
The Louisiana Ragtime Jazz Ensemble and a great many nimble-footed
Shreve Square, every night; septuagenarians, Wednesdays through Sundays from Park view Tavern, 944-9358. Entertainment weekend for the Cajun Mason Ruffner and his band, in its magic speck? Well, presumably you can still get away with it.

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0851. Nightly, Bruce Versen, from 5 to 8, or what was known in happier days as that pause in the day's occupation known as the cocktail hour.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the places in town that is consistently a long, and deservedly line outside, the only amenable things to the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejean and the Olympia Brass Band; Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Shek Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL, Fri. 12: Yellowman—with some real roots reggae this guy has (I believe it is called pungently ugly—good, though). Sat. 13: The Neville Brothers. Tues. 16: The always sunny King Sunny Ade and his African Beats. Sat. 27: Sunny King of Texas trash. Fri. 19: Mason Ruffner and his band taking plenty of Texas trash. Fri. 19: The Sheiks Colar.

Listings

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8888. Seals 2000! Fri. 5. Streetwise, Sat. 6. The Shels and Streetwise.

Bookers, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-243-2292.
Circle In The Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-2216.
Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.
Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland, 1-537-3647.

Lone's, 524, Desilin Street, Monroe, 318-343-9953.
Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-693-7051.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-9569.
Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-322-9550.

Jumpers, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-455-7539.


Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-322-9503.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-332-7500.
Toby's, 1020 Broadway, Lafayette, 318-332-7500.

Wavelength's listings are a free, monthly public service. They are compiled by Margaret Williams and Jon Newlin, if you have information for us, by all means tell us. Call 685-0342 for information.
CLASSIFIEDS

GOT TO FIND BAND. Lead Guitarist has experience. Rock of some variety. Originals, covers. 831-3067 for details.

ROCK 'N' ROLL band in search of bass player. Call Chris 522-6976.

BASS PLAYER and guitarist needed to form original new wave band. For more info call Alita at 455-7460 or Trish at 833-9522, Metairie area.

EXPERT DRUM INSTRUCTION
Beginning to advanced, all styles—rudimental, orchestral, jazz, rock, Latin. Authentic rhythms and techniques taught on congas and bongos also. Call for appt. The Drum Studio 523-2517.

KEYBOARD PLAYER NEEDED
Original rock band has a female vocalist, looking for a keyboard player to record and join group. Steve 362-3495.


IRMA THOMAS FAN CLUB
Join in the fun. Write to the Irma Thomas Fan Club, 2461 Ramsey St., Marrero, LA 70072

FREE STUDIO TIME!!!
Stonee's Studio is in the growing stage. Sometime in the few next months Stonee's will be an 8-track production facility complete with control room. To encourage clients to use the studio, Stonee will soon be offering a free one band or artist a month to be given free studio time. Offer is limited. For more details call Stonee. Winners will be published in Wavelength monthly. Also, ask about trading labor for studio time. 467-3655

EXPERT DRUM INSTRUCTION
Beginning to advanced all styles—rudimental, orchestral, jazz, rock, Latin. Authentic rhythms and techniques taught on congas and bongos also. Call for appt. The Drum Studio 523-2517.

DRUMMER seeks position in band or serious musician willing to form band. I play all types of music and have stage experience. Tony 242-4027.

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ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND in search of bass player. Call Chris 522-6976 or Gary 368-3083.

LIVING BLUES, America's leading blues magazine; sample copy $2, subscription (4 issues) $8. Living Blues, 2615 N. Wilton, Chicago IL 60616.

PRESS KITS PREPARED FOR BANDS
- Clippings neatly prepared with dates and publications
  - Photos
  - Bumper stickers with band logo
  - Photo session with 35mm print contact sheet
  - Gig sheet with logo and address preprinted
  - Logos designed
  - Box written
  - Posters, ad designs, T-shirt art, etc...

Phone 895-2542 ask for Laura
Wavelength Productions

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### Tipitina's

501 Napoleon Ave, corner — Tchoupitoulas

**AUGUST 1983**

Music at 9:30 PM. Mon.-Wed.

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<td>STREET WISE</td>
<td>PRISCILLA</td>
<td>PRESSURE</td>
<td>DEACON JOHN and the New Orleans Blues Revue w/ Earl King Walter Washington J.D. Hill J. Mongue'd</td>
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<td>WOODEN-HEAD plus Angelle Trosclair (solo)</td>
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