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Cover photo by Michael P. Smith

What a Year!!

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Why Palmer Can’t Play

Earl Palmer, who was the world’s busiest drummer until his election to the post of secretary-treasurer of Los Angeles Musicians Union Local 47, dropped into town recently to attend a convention (of the International Foundation of Employee Benefits), visit with old friends, sample a few clubs and eat seafood.

Palmer did take off enough time to offer one reason for his prominence on so many records. “The engineers always liked the way I play because it gave them more control,” he said. “When you’re playing real hard and loud, they have much less control. I got along well with all of them, especially Bones Howe, who was one of the greatest mixers they ever had in California.”

As a union officer, Palmer is not permitted to play anywhere. It is a condition he accepts: “I feel it’s a fair rule. I don’t think it’s fair for an officer to go out and compete with a guy who’s paying his salary. I can live with the rule. Oh, I’d like very much to play. I could use the extra money like anybody else.”

Two Hundred Fifty Pounds of Baritone LaBeef

Do you know who Sleepy LaBeef is? About twenty-five years ago, he had a hit with his energetic version of Hank Ballard’s “Tore Up.”

Back in those days Sleepy and his friends would copy the current hits of Johnny Pounds along with a lot of other groups. They even managed to capture some of his true talent as on “Somebody’s Been Beatin’ My Heart,” which later became a hit. “Sleepy’s personal rock philosophy while showcasing his expressive phrasing on lead guitar. That’s not enough to win the Wavelength Seal Of Approval, it turns out ole Sleepy can actually trace his ethnic roots back to the LeBoeuf family of Acadiana, which makes him not only an Honorary Cajun, but a registered one as well.”

Marketing Moving Targets

Evan Baldwin (front, center) is getting ready for that day when he and dad Geoff Baldwin (second from right) can team up on those Spirit-style harmonies that dad likes so much. Dad’s current band Moving Targets, features Stephen Cronin, Chuck Gwarty and Guy Duplicator with progressive rock songs that are energetic, often interestingly arranged, and definitely well played. Some listeners will also find these songs ripe with already overused progressive rock cliches.

Siren Eats

So after months of ill health, Tupelo’s has finally died, and Tip’s doesn’t really cater to your brand of aggressive pop-rock, which leaves Jimmy’s as the only Uptown club you can play, and you can’t play there too often; and you know that out in Pat City, they’ll even pay you halfway decent, which is nice because the guys in your band have a thing about eating—in their own apartments, no less—but new wave definitely won’t go over out there, they may throw stuff at you: so what the hell do you do?

If you’re committed to being a working band—and in New Orleans right now, that’s a helluva commitment—you go to Fat City and play heavy metal, and slide in the occasional original; you play Jimmy’s and anywhere you can on campus and cover the Pretenders and so on and slide in the occasional original; you hope that somewhere in there you find and carve out your own identity.

Such is the pragmatic approach adopted by Siren, a four-person New Orleans band that characterizes its music as “upbeat progressive pop.” Formed about a year ago by lead singer/keyboards player Dee Alvarado and drummer Keith Posey, the line-up also includes Jim Beckwith on guitar (he teaches the six-string at Campo’s) and Richard Bird on bass. Siren says that its influences range from Miles Davis to Emerson Lake and Palmer, which ought to be at least eclectic enough to get them by in the (mutually) exclusive environs of Uptown and Fat City.

“The musicianship is the key,” says Alvarado. “This is the best group of musicians I’ve ever played with.” And it is true, Siren is clearly a cut above your strum ‘em-thump ‘em-dump ‘em garage wave band. Alvarado, a veteran of local acts Toulouse and Hyjinx, writes most of Siren’s original material; and this material, particularly a pair of tunes, “No Way Out” and “All Night Long,” allows the band to lay claim to a future that may promise more than playing their audiences’ favorite covers. On a demo tape Siren recently recorded, at bassist Bird’s own Visionary Studios, covers of the Motels and the Pretenders come across as competent, but the band’s own songs have much more enthusiasm—and some decent hooks. If Siren is able to expand on this side of the show and phase out the covers—and not go hungry in the process—look for them to attract some industry interest over the next few years.

In the meantime, go check them out; and when some beer-guzzling cretin yells, “Play Pat Benatar, man,” scream out loud and clear, “Do some of your own stuff.” —Keith Twischell

Geoff swears “You can tell if a person is lying by the timbre of his voice,” but he sounds a little too techno-rock-afflicted on the vocals to “It Never Occurred To Me” to be making such claims. Maybe he’s right; I thought those guys in Rush and Uriah Heep really did stay.
dragons on a weekly basis.

Susan Voelz’s classical influenced violin adds a sophisticated edge to the Target’s sound and her “How Could I,” which focuses on a love gone cold, is one of the group’s best lyrical statements. Gwartney and Duplantier are graduates of the unforgettable Blind Dates and Waka Waka. Stephen Gronvich’s lead style is refreshing and young, definitely Frippish. One day he may graduate with a bachelor’s degree in classical guitar “if I ever get around to having two recitals.”

The Moving Targets are going to avoid an unresponsive local bar audience by hauling their self-produced (in Baldwin’s eight-track home studio) demo tape up to NYC in hopes of that much coveted “record deal.” They don’t play a whole lot of gigs around town. None, in fact. Once they played a gig at Tipitina’s where they had this well structured young female dancer in a black teddy thing gyrating atop a P.A. speaker to stage right. She had a name like Stella D’Oro or Ramona NoNo, or something. It was a real nice touch. “Why play for forty people at Tipitina’s and make ten dollars apiece?” asks Baldwin in the Home of the Blues.

Evan would probably rather mix a few tracks in the control booth than hang out at Tip’s, anyway. —rico

Extra, Extra:
XX, X

“Here’s another slow dance song for all you Fifties freaks,” announced John Doe of X at their December 9 concert aboard the Riverboat President. Four nervous clicks from D.J.’s drumsticks and the band launches into a brutally martial version of their official anthem, “We’re Desperate.” Vocalist Exene Cervenka (who’s been coolly surveying some of the most self-sacrificial slam dancing action seen in this area for a while) leans over the crowd, microphone extended, and is immediately sucked into the human teenage whirlpool. Roadies rush to grab a leg and wrench her back onstage, but Exene just goes limp and seems to give herself and her microphone over to the carnage. “Some people wanna tear my arms off the song, followed by several young voices erupting from the P.A.: “Kiss or Kill!” Ninety seconds later the song is over and the adoring subjects return their queen to her throne as she deadpans: “That was supposed to be a singalong.”

Exene has been responsible for the lion’s share of X’s dada-inspired album and promotional graphics. Last year she and Michael Hyatt produced a 1983 Xerox calendar that featured several of Hyatt’s New Orleans photographs, including a nice shot of Irene’s Zoo Revue, which will probably be a ritzy condominium before we know it. This year the duo has released the 1984 Calendar of Olympic Games, Music, and Orwellian Dates which contains the mail art for South Louisiana: page 12 of their new songbook has a picture of a Mardi Gras doubloon from “The Time Machine” float 484 right next to the White castle, which aside from being a chain of Yankee hamburger joints, is the location of the world’s largest plantation home. Nottaway, twenty-five miles south of Baton Rouge.

As an ensemble, X has never sounded better and their Riverboat gig found them playing a variety of material from their four LPs: “A Drunk In My Past” (dedicated to Jerry Lee Lewis), “The New World” (dedicated to America), and “We’re Having So Much Fun” (dedicated to Lafayette punk personality Cecil Doyle) from the recent More Fun In The New World album on Elektra. By the time they made it back to “Johnny Hit and Run Pauline” from the debut album, bodies were flying around the President like psychotic life preservers on methadone. When it was all over, Mr. Doe graciously thanked all the slammers and all the watchers for coming and paying and dancing, then slipped over to Tipitina’s for some dancing himself to fellow Slashers Los Lobos.

As we walk down the gangplank reading the new song book, the lyrics from “Make The Music Go Bang,” make a specially poignant epilogue to such a wild night: “I seen a lot of people with plenty of guts: They say make my music new and loud and rough Give it a beat or give it a twang In a dark sweaty club it’s the same damn thing BANG BANG MAKE THE MUSIC GO BANG

Exene: Overboard into the human teenage whirlpool.

When styles collide: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band meets Ramsey McLean’s Survivors (something like, oh, say, Picasso adding a few brush strokes to a Botticelli) one Sunday afternoon in December at the Snug Harbor. Is the result New Orleans’ ultimate marching band?
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zak'speak

DINOSAUR ROAR!

Dinah, oh Dinah, what makes your Dinah so one? Better yet: what makes your dinosaur roar?

I can't tell you why, but the old-timers, the dinosaurs, are kicking up some sand, producing some new work. At a time when the young lions—the Police, Talking Heads—are out of steps and, producing spirited work, the dinosaurs, are kicking up some new dust.

Infidels (Columbia QC 38819) contains some of the strongest work Bob Dylan has ever done in years. The super-tight numbers possess a determined drive: the ballads flow with a powerful gentleness, Jamaica's ace session man, bassist Robbie Shakespeare and drummer Sly Dunbar, provide a solid backbone throughout. Guitarist Mack Knopfler (of Dire Straits) co-produced the album with Dylan and spices things up with his tasty fills. At the center stage is Dylan, who's traded his judges' robes for the colors of the Jokeerman.

"Jokerman" is the quasi-reggae song that opens the LP. It's a hell of a melody and Dylan seems to have a great time singing it. No longer judging and moralizing, he points to uncertainty, and in one lines says, "False-hearted judges die in the web they spin." "Sweetheart Like You" flashes with knife-like perception and humor. It's a bluesy ballad that recalls the acidity and black humor of his earlier work. Mixing sex, religion and politics, Dylan cautions the timing of Dylan's delivery is miraculous; the video of this tune that's circulating around right now is something to see.

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While the young lions seem locked in predictable ruts, those old dinosaurs—Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger and Tom Waits—are out kicking up some new dust.
The album moves relentlessly from Charlie Watts' first rim shot on the title track to the fade-out chant of the closing track, "It Must Be Hell." At first I figured Jagger was going lysergic again to be writing such intense ditties, but as stellar as the songs are, the performance of the entire group is compelling throughout. Not a wasted note anywhere. Far from it. And the production is so bright and sharp it's tactile—you can almost touch the edges of the music. This becomes evident when you're dancing to it, the best way to listen to Undercover.

The Stones haven't been this nasty and groovy in years—maybe they've never been this nasty and groovy ever. My current favorite nastiest track is "Tie You Up (The Pain of Love)," which is about as tight as a groove can get. It sounds like a tune they've been trying to get right for a long time and here it all comes together. Some may prickle at the images of sex and violence that keep coming up, but I find a sense of joy and liberation at the heart of Undercover, maybe even compassion. But listen to the music: these dinosaurs are having fun—you can have some too.

Tom Waits hasn't been kicking around the tar pit as long as these other guys but when he sings, he sure sounds like a dinosaur. Waits' latest, Swordfishtrombones (Island 90095-1) is a series of musical and lyrical sketches, in much the same way soundtracks for movies are. Visualizing Waits' lyrics as the music unfolds makes it even more movie-like. Instead of the rambling monologues of his previous albums, Waits here offers a musical travelogue, fully illustrated. The music shifts as the terrain and the mood changes, from the quiet sentiment of "Johnsburg, Illinois" to the sleazy Hong Kong slick of "Shore Leave" to the biting backwoods landscape of "Sixteen Shells From A Thirty-Ought-Six." Waits' lyrics are concise and evocative, and he calls on a myriad of musical tools to bring his images to life: bagpipes, marimbas, trombones, rusty-razor guitars to name a few. Swordfishtrombones is one of those rare albums that comes off like a classic on the first hearing.

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The Gondoliers

LET'S HAVE A BLAST

Rich 2001

Although nineteen excellent singles appeared on the Ric label, to my knowledge this was the only album. Founded in 1969 by Joe Ruffino. Ric's roster included Johnny Adams, Eddie Bo, Tommy Ridgley, AI Johnson and Joe Jones.

The band used on the Ric sessions was the Gondoliers, led by guitarist Edgar Blanchard. The group first recorded for Peacock in 1949 and was often used by Pete Stovall as accompanist on tours and one-nighters with local and out-of-town performers. During the early Sixties, they often backed Johnny Adams on the road and had a regular job at Natal's on the Chef Menteur Highway.

Although the group recorded an excellent single on Ric, "Lonesome Guitar," this album contains none of their better musical moments. Instead it contains a string of poor, risque, double-entendre jokes with the band barely audible behind the party banter.

My guess is that this was recorded in 1960 or '61 and was unearthed in an unopened box of LPs when Joe's One Stop closed last year. I got one and Gordon DeSoto got the rest. Almost Slim
JUNK MOVIE JUNKIE

Last month I suggested, frivolously of course, that 1983 be laid away in its box and put somewhere dry for a few centuries—close to the top shelf. But I realized that with year’s end, I had given no badges, ribbons, silver bears and golden palms to certain deserving and undeserving aspects of the last year On Film. I’ve got a million ‘em, as Jimmy Durante used to boast, but since this is Wavelength, we’ll stick to citations Musical.

First, that grand old tradition the Production Number: (this is roughly in order of preference and one’s definition elastic, so here goes). “Memories Are Made Of This” (Veronika Voss), Eric Idle’s little ditty about his penis (The Meaning of Life), the Indonesian plate party to “Whole Lotta Shakin’ Goin’ On” (The Year of Living Dangerously), “The Fisher of Capri” (Lola—Lola and Veronika Voss), as well as the earlier Lei Marlene which is just one long Production Number, and Querelle—homosexual pathology as staged by Michael Kidd on the backdrop at MGM—suggest that Fassbinder was moving inexorably toward the musical form, like it or not; these are followed at some distance by “Christmas In Heaven” (The Meaning of Life), the wedding reception (Easy Money), and last and least, Jeanne Moreau’s cordon-brown chantant rendering of the love theme from Querelle (lyrics by Oscar Wilde, not Hammerstein).

Use of Existing Music to Make An Aesthetic Point (no order of preference): “Devil with the Blue Dress On” (Rockabilly Baby), by Lee Liberace (Eating Raoul), “Sonora Tota” (Veronika Voss), “Gloria” (The Outsiders), the transition from Rossini’s La Cenerentola overture to the Silhouettes singing “Get A Job” (Trading Places).

Best Original Scores: The Daughters man’s Contract and Zeitg (Woody Allen and Dick Hyman composed the period pastiches about the eponymous character and each was perfect of its kind). Worst Original Scores: Hell’s Angels Forever and Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence. Worst Theme Song: “Stay Gold” by Stevie Wonder (The Outsiders). Most Rewarding Appearance by a Musical Personality: the domineering and complete self-assurance of Sallie Martin in Say Amen, Somebody (which could have used more of her).

And that’s it—no room for Best Wigs, Best and Worst Sex Scenes, Candidates for the Motion Picture Country Home, or the rest of them.

Psychotronia through the years: Rockabilly Baby (1957).
named Michael Weldon who began it as an out-of-control fanzine devoted to trash movies (and the word devoted strictly applies), run up and off on a ditro machine, and illuminating some of the murkier aspects of cinema history. Even though Psychotronic is gone as a publication, Mr. Weldon’s collected wisdom has been gathered in a large format 800-page paperback entitled The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film (Ballantine Books, $16.95). This drowning-man’s-life-before-his-eyes spin down Poverty Row and 42nd Street is at least as valuable as works like Sadoul’s Dictionnaire des Films, the Rotha-Griffith Film Till Now, Leslie Halliwell’s Film Guides and Filmgoer’s Companions, the Larousse encyclopedia of the cinema, or The Film Index (surely the wildest exam-

ple of hobo scholarship ever—a WPA guide to The Film As Art, with thousands of entries cross-referenced and annotated, as of 1941). Weldon’s book (there are one or two other contributors, but the bulk of it is his) is useful for its useless data and diverting to read because of Weldon’s slangingrous way with words—he thinks nothing of ending each sentence with an exclamation, as befits someone who quotes ad copy, not critics.

This encyclopedia is composed by large volumes of lowlife genre films—horror, mad docers, science fiction, occult thrillers, teen pix, biker pix, smash and body count movies, muscleman epics, jungle films, as well as considerable space given to films with appearances by Lorre, Karloff, Chaney, the Stooges, Lugosi, Marnie Van Doren, Jayne Mansfield, etc. It also includes such disparate works as Cocteau’s La Belle et La Betes and Olen

and Johnson in Hellzapoppin’. Weldon not only knows his stuff, he is delighted with it (a good thing, too). Therefore, one can agree with most of his capsule judgments—favorites from my youth (and after) long unseen pop up, and yes, The Under-

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Singer Love (1957).

Samson and the Slave Queen (1964).

Queen of Blood (1966).

The Bonnie Parker Story (1958).

Hound Dog Man (1959).
In February, Wavelength will publish its annual Band and Booking Agent Guide, a comprehensive list of the working bands and musicians in the New Orleans area, with all the pertinent information—addresses, phone numbers, members' names, what kind of music, agent's name, and anything else you might want to add.

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

To get your band listed, fill out the form below and send it to us as soon as you can, along with a black and white photo (non-returnable) if you have one. A listing in the Band Guide is free of course.

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

Please list your band in your Band Guide.

BAND NAME

TYPE OF MUSIC

BOOKING AGENT PHONE NO.

MEMBERS NAMES

1984 BAND GUIDE

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

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that will be indispensable after the next war—there's something apocalyptic about the idea of this mass beautification of junk—rituals of refuse. And of course, the book isn't perfect. There are a number of typos (Alain Owen, not "Alvin Owen", did the screenplay for A Hard Day's Night, the 1944 Between Two Worlds is from the play Outward Bound by Sutton Vane, not "Sutton Lane", and it is Maxine McKendry, not "Maxine McKinney," who plays DeSica's wife in the Warhol Dracula, to name but three) but that somehow seems more in character here than with some expensive fake scholarly film book that would sell for four times the price.

A Prestige Picture used to mean, in Old Hollywood, something quite genteel and respectable, a "property" (play or novel usually) that the studio bought for some vast sum so that the assembly line writers could come up with something totally unrecognizable in terms of the original and all too recognizable in terms of Product. Also, I think a Prestige Picture was probably anything with Greer Garson in it, or Robert Donat or later Paul Muni or the middle-aged Ronald Colman. The notion lingers, even if the boundaries are more obscure than ever. Items: Danton and Terms of Endearment—which both reek of prestige, yet couldn't be less alike. Danton (filmed by over-the-hill Polish emigre director Andrzej Wajda in France to some disquietude from the French government) is nothing like Orphans of the Storm or Norma Shearer as brave Marie Antoinette—if only it were— and nothing remotely like Jean Renoir's Orphans of the Storm (1943). Nothing as a process of balloon-like closeups (always a fatal weakness of Wajda's) and people talking endlessly about factions, allegiances, the People, the Convention, the Rights of Man, the Committee of Public Safety, liberté, egalité, fraternité, etc. There are also some scenes of legal and parliamentary procedure under the Terror that look like, say, the St. Bernard Police Jury on a bad night.

Gerard Depardieu is always good as a lout, and even better when cast against type as a shifty bourgeois (as in La Femme d'a Cote and Mon On-
cle d'Amérique), but here he is required to Think and to feel and to express, and it just isn't his force; the guy who plays Robespierre (not badly) looks much like Sidney Herbert as "the piano-footing Robespierre" in Orphans of the Storm, who in turn resembled the engravings. I suppose Danton is prestigious simply because it takes an unflattering view of the French Revolution (great experiment in populism or slaughter and who needs such questions?) and has kicked up some extra-cinematic dust about the relevance of its contents to 1980's Poland rather than 1790's France, but God, it's a bore. Two good points: a side-splitting scene in Jacques-Louis David's atelier ("And when are you going to finish? The Oath of the Tennis Court", Jacques-Louis?), someone asks, or something much like it), and during an abortive supper planned by Danton for Robespierre when the former suspects the latter has eighty-sixed him, there is a glimpse of a stuffed cucumber (concombre fumé but what?) carved in the shape of a crocodile—the only time in the movie my curiosity came even faintly to life.

I haven't read Terms of Endearment (and suspect that Larry McMurtry's work is as parochial as, say, Nancy Mitford's) but the film is a big reverential candy-box filled with tears and laughs (soft centers all!), and its unassuming in some way inexcusable that it is to the fact that the picture sorrows and endorses a sacral atmosphere about thoroughly banal matters. The movie isn't bad at all, and is filled with talent and funny scenes and some shred minor cutting, as well as the usual twaddles of Jack Nicholson making a fool of himself and Shirley MacLaine's carefully rambunctious Texas widow (fading-bitter-well-handled-intelligent-ladylike-loyal, etc.)—it is certainly an outstanding product, as exaggerated and familiar as the corny commercial features on a licorice poster, but although Shirley is very good, the role which is sure to be viewed as some sort of spurned.Who in turn resembles the engravings. I suppose Danton is prestigious simply because it takes an unflattering view of the French Revolution (great experiment in populism or slaughter and who needs such questions?) and has kicked up some extra-cinematic dust about the relevance of its contents to 1980's Poland rather than 1790's France, but God, it's a bore. Two good points: a side-splitting scene in Jacques-Louis David's atelier ("And when are you going to finish? The Oath of the Tennis Court", Jacques-Louis?), someone asks, or something much like it), and during an abortive supper planned by Danton for Robespierre when the former suspects the latter has eighty-sixed him, there is a glimpse of a stuffed cucumber (concombre fumé but what?) carved in the shape of a crocodile—the only time in the movie my curiosity came even faintly to life.

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Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown
THE ORIGINAL PEACOCK RECORDINGS
Rounder 2039

If covers have anything to say about the music that they contain then this one has to be a killer. A vintage Gate sneers out of the cover of this one in a suit that looks like it’s about to swallow him and his guitar. Twelve of Gate’s best Fifties blues sides are contained on this jewel, including two previously unissued. Even though many of the remaining tracks have been bootlegged in Europe, it’s great to hear “clean” versions of these tunes as they come directly from the original masters in most cases.

Musically this album is classic and historically important. When Gate’s not rockin’ the joint we can dream along with him on some down home Texas blues. Instrumental cuts like “Ol’ Dokie Stomp” and “Just Before Dawn” will barrel you if they already haven’t. But wait until you hear “Gate’s Salty Blues” and “That’s Your Daddy Yaddy Yo”—too much. Gate sings with complete lack of inhibition and plays some of the hottest alley guitar ever put on record. His playing on “Dirty Work At The Crossroads” is just too amplified and dirty to be true. If you dig the modern-day Gatemouth, you’ll go wild over this one. —Almost Slim

Jackie Wilson
THE JACKIE WILSON STORY
Epic

No record collection is complete without this two-record set (or the original tracks). Jackie Wilson is the epitome and personification of the golden throated shouters whose forte was a voice that boomed and an emotional disposition that ranged toward and beyond the extrovert. The album covers the time period October 1957 to February 1972. The cuts represent songs that hit the top of the Billboard R&B charts and placed in the top 100 of the pop charts.

Jackie Wilson had no particular type of song that was characteristic of him. He dealt with everything. However, every song, regardless of origin, became his song once he put his magnificent voice on it. From schmaltzy pop songs such as “Danny Boy” and “Night,” to Berry Gordy originals such as “Lonely Teardrops” and “To Be Loved,” to Jackie’s great hits such as “Whispers, “A Woman, A Lover, A Friend,” and—my personal favorite, which is currently on the Black charts by a contemporary group—“Doggin Around.” Jackie Wilson just poured pure emotion into the song, infusing each word with a meaning past its literal denotation.

A sixteen-year-old Golden Gloves champion, Jackie Wilson hung up his boxing gloves to entertain as a singer and dancer (he danced as well and as flamboyantly as he sang). A handsome man with incredible talent and stage presence, Jackie Wilson put on stage shows that rivalled James Brown for raw energy, plus he has “sex appeal.” But in the end it was the magnificence of his voice, a voice that had incredible range and which Jackie controlled with a subtlety one does not often expect from a shouter. This record is a fitting tribute to a singer who gave far more than he received from the entertainment industry.

In 1975, Jackie Wilson suffered a serious heart attack while performing. He remains under medical supervision and is not expected to ever sing again. Jackie Wilson: no current male
singer matches his sex appeal, dancing ability, stage presence and vocal artistry combined in one body and soul. Jackie Wilson.

—Kalamu ya Salaam

John Delafose
UNCLE BUD
ZYDECO
Arhoolie 1088

This is Delafose's second LP on Arhoolie and it is well up to the standard of his 1980 effort that produced the surprise South Louisiana hit "Joe Pierre a Deux Femmes." In comparison to the growing list of zydeco artists, Delafose's style is much closer to the French side of the zydeco spectrum than the R&B. His impatient vocals and sweet accordion playing, backed by his sons (including 11-year-old Geno) on rubboard and drums make for attractive listening.

Side A was recorded at the 1981 Festivals Acadiennes, during a tres chaud set. The band sticks mainly to familiar zydeco samplings, pushing and pulling their way through the likes of "Oh Negress," "Petite Fille," and "Joe Blonde," much to the delight of us discophiles and anyone who was lucky enough to attend the festival.

Side B is devoted to studio tracks, opening with the Further saga of "Joe Pierre," who has lost both his women this time around. The real surprise is the zydeco adaptation of George Perkins' 1970 hit "Crying in the Street." Most of the rest of the work continues in the style Delafose introduced on his debut disc.

While one might say this LP suffers slightly from lack of variable material (the sophomore jinx?), it is certainly worth a listen.

—Almost Slim

Dr. John
THE BRIGHTEST SMILE IN TOWN
Clean Cut 707

Anyone who enjoyed Dr. John's last solo opus Plays Mac Rebennack will find this one appealing as well. But while Dr. John chose to vocalize on only one selection last time, on "Smile," his New Orleans growl graces four of the album's ten selections.

While it's easy to cite the individual stylistic sources of Dr. John's playing, it might be best stated that he embodies the best of all the New Orleans players. Make no mistake, there's no griss gris or glitter here, just straight ahead enjoyable Dr. John music, with plenty of blues, boogie, rhumba and even the classics through.

The album opens on the lowdown side with "Saddled the Cow," follow-
ed by the up-tempo "Boxcar Boogie," completed with some startling flourishs of Dr. John's right hand. The album's back to title track sets the stage for side one's other two relaxed pieces: "Waiting For a Train" (with vocals) and "Monkey Puzzle." "Average Kind of Guy," penned by Dr. John and Doc Pomus, keeps the ball rolling by opening side two with a humorous subtitle message set off by some easy piano chops. The last vocal on the LP, "Marie LaVeau," hints at "night tripper" days with his patented arrangement of the traditional New Orleans standard. The rest of the album's selections spotlight Dr. John's eclectic piano style, which rumbles through a variety of styles and tempos.

A Dr. John fan or anyone with a passing interest in New Orleans piano stylings will find this essential listening.

—Almost Slim

Arthur Alexander
A SHOT OF RHYTHM & BLUES
Ace 66 (England)

Mention Arthur Alexander's name to anyone mildly interested in rock history and they will probably only remember his early Sixties hits "Anna" and "You Better Move On." But to R&B aficionados, Alexander is one of the greatest singers of all time. He links American country and western and rhythm and blues with the English sound of the Sixties. To underline his influence, his tunes have been covered by the Beatles, By Cooder, the Rolling Stones, Tina Turner and the Bee Gees.

Born in the red clay hills of Alabama in 1940, Alexander was responsible for pioneering the Muscle Shoals sound. He financed the original studio with his first hit, and was the original example of the studio's distinct sound which would later be popularized by the Allman Brothers, Aretha and Otis. Besides the previously mentioned hits, this long overdue collection includes the best of his nine Dot singles from the Sixties and the lowdown "Sally Sue Brown" from 1959 on Judd.

As a ballad singer, Alexander defies imitation. His controlled emotional wails and plaintive vocals touch a nerve like no other singer of the era. Sadly underrated, Alexander's best titles—"Shot of Rhythm and Blues," "You Don't Care," "Pretty Girls Everywhere" and "Soldiers of Love" are included. So too is the languorous "I Hang My Head and Cry," which alone is well worth the purchase of the album.

Soul music like this doesn't seem to get released in this country anymore and once again an English label has set the standard for the American record companies.

—Almost Slim

***

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1. A written request to be considered as a performer at the Exposition.
2. A biography or promotional package describing the performer/group, events and/or places of past performance.
3. A recording sample of your work. The recording can be either a phonograph record, cassette tape, or video tape.
4. A list of your availability for performance(s) by month, day of the week, and time of day. (Note: L.W.E. on-site entertainment will run May 12—November 11, 1984, seven days a week, from 10:00 a.m. until 10 p.m.)

The above information should be submitted to:

1984 Louisiana World Exposition
Attention: Manager of Music Programming
Entertainment Division
P.O. Box 1984
New Orleans, LA 70158

Materials to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

e of the odd visitor not yet reeling from the sheer, full-blown headiness of "The Most Exciting Place In The World," the only thing missing will be a jazz funeral.

Of course, local musicians and performers will be needed to fill those stages and Bering urges such artists to follow the application procedures (see box) as soon as possible.

"We will do the programming in January so that we will know exactly how many groups we need each day and what types," Bering explains. "As it stands now, I still need applicants from all over the state and region in all categories of music to apply. I'm not going to deal with a deadline. If I see in May or June that there's just no way I'm going to be able to accommodate the applicants, then I'll cut it off. Because we're having to book so far in advance, it's really difficult—especially with musicians who are mostly itinerant.

"The reason that it's really necessary for everyone—even the more popular or the more famous local and regional artists—to send in a recording is that the selections will be done by a committee. Although I might be familiar with the artist's music or any one person might be, the only way it can be done fairly is that it's done consistently. I'm already getting questions like 'Who's going to be choosing this?' or 'Who'll listen to my tape?'

The resource/review committee which will make the booking decisions includes Bering and 12 members. Almost half of the committee is composed of members of the New Orleans Jazz Club, whose expertise lies in the field of traditional jazz—Edwin Morgan, Bill Farrell, Fred Hatfield, Don Perry, Don Marquis and Jake Scambra. Eduardo Young will give advice concerning the realm of Jazz and Latin/Caribbean music, Allison Kaslow will support the cause of Cajun and folk music, Dr. Bill Malone will examine the country/bluegrass troops, Sherman Washington and Milton Bourgeois will canvass gospel singers and the author of this story will analyze players of blues, new wave, heavy metal (perhaps the most popular form of music in "The Most Exciting Place In The World") and New Orleans rhythm and blues.

Masons and performers from anywhere in the galaxy are invited to submit applications, with preference going to those in the immediate vicinity. All performers will be paid with both union and nonunion players receiving equal compensation. Considering the scope of the World's Fair—imagine the Jazz and Heritage Festival on a larger scale for six months—virtually all local performers will be guaranteed bookings. But first—ya gotta send those tapes in!

"Basically, the tapes should be a reflection of what the group would actually do at the fair," Bering says. "It's not necessary to go into a studio and send in something with a lot of overdubs because you really can't present that live. We don't really even need any more than three selections. It doesn't have to be studio quality but the better the quality, the more it facilitates evaluation. When they send the materials in, it should be as complete as possible so we don't have to communicate with them again.

Back in the cab, the traveler spots the Superdome ("Hallelujah," he sighs) and placards advertising "Poor Boys, Dressed" and "Yat-Ca-Mein." Halted by a red light at Canal Street, the traveler is admonished to "get right with Jesus" by a vender戏剧es and his evangelical dummy. The cabbie proceeds into the French Quarter, where half the streets are plowed up in anticipation of repaving. The traveler thinks he's seen this place before, but can't remember where. Then it hits him.

The French Quarter, our adventurous traveler contemplates, looks exactly like Beirut. Ah, but the racket comes only from Dixieland bands and jackhammers—not submachine guns and the mortars of Muslims. "Hallelujah!"

The cabbie waits for his tip. He's got a band practice in less than an hour but first, he's got to run all the way over by Bunche Village to pick up an amp. Shortcutting his LTD down Tchoupitoulas, the cabbie spends 15 minutes maneuvering through a herd of cement-mixers bound for the World's Fair site. It begins to rain. "Damn!"

Jazz, gospel, blues, cajun, country, R&B, rock—virtually all local performers will be guaranteed bookings. But first ya gotta send those tapes in!
"Come On Baby, Let The Good Times Roll"

Shirley and Lee, the ‘Sweethearts of Rock ’n’ Roll,’ participated in an on-going vinyl love affair for almost a decade, employing the cream of New Orleans’ session men.

We found out from my cousin where they made records, and we would go down to Cosimo’s studio every night after school and knock on the door, and ask, ‘Please, mister, can we make a record?’

As it turned out, Shirley’s ambitions materialized sooner than she could have hoped, while she was a freshman at Joseph Clark High at the ripe old age of 13½. "After school we’d all go over to this girl Evangeline’s place, because she was the only one in the neighborhood who had a piano. There was about twenty of us and we’d sing, and she’d play the piano. We came up with this song ‘I’m Gone,’ which just went on and on, we’d sing that for hours. We found out from my cousin where they made records, so we started going down to Cosimo’s studio every night after school and we’d knock on the door and ask, ‘Please, mister, can we make a record?’

She had a light and happy sound that appealed to me. She was the greatest singer I ever heard. Everytime my mother would buy records I’d beg her to me .

"We went out and did everything we could to make that two dollars. After a few weeks we finally got the two dollars, and got all dressed up to go down to see Cosimo because we were going to make a record,” she laughs. “So we went down and said, ‘Here’s our two dollars, we’re ready to make a record.’ Cosimo just shook his head and brought us into the studio. I don’t know who was recording but Cosimo told them, ‘Look, let me record these kids and get ‘em out of my hair!’

Earl Palmer and Lee Allen were in the studio at the time and they helped us. Evangeline played the piano and we sang ‘I’m Gone.’ Cosimo pressed us on to say ‘I’m Gone.’ He’d always say, ‘Look, kids quiet bugging me and go home.’ But we kept coming back every night so finally he said, ‘bring me two dollars, and y’all can make a record.’

"We went out and did everything we could to make that two dollars. After a few weeks we finally got the two dollars, and got all dressed up to go down to see Cosimo because we were going to make a record,” she laughs. “So we went down and said, ‘Here’s our two dollars, we’re ready to make a record.’ Cosimo just shook his head and brought us into the studio. I don’t know who was recording but Cosimo told them, ‘Look, let me record these kids and get ‘em out of my hair!’

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just a bunch of kids who come in here to bug me every day."

"Eddie said, 'What kids? Lemme hear it.' So Cosimo played it for him and Eddie went crazy over it. He said, 'Who's that? The one that's screaming?'—because I've always had this really high shrill voice. 'Where is she?' he asked Cosimo. 'Can you find her?'

"Cosimo said, 'Man, you don't want that?' Eddie said, 'Yeah, I do. We gotta find her.' So Cosimo sent Dave Bartholomew and everybody out to try and find us. He looked for several days and when he did find us, we were scared to death. We thought we were in some kind of trouble—because here was this man looking for us who was trying to get rid of us just a few months before. We thought, don't believe those people, but we finally built up the nerve to go back down there. When I walked in the studio, Cosimo knew it was me right away, because I had this little high pitched voice. As soon as he heard me talking, he said, 'That's her, that's the one.'

"Eddie Mesner asked me if I'd like to make records, and I said, 'Yeah, sure. But you'll have to ask my grandmother.' Eddie said 'Okay.' But in the meantime he wanted to put a boy's voice with mine. He auditioned all the boys who were in the group. He came up with Lee [Leonard Lee] because he had a deep, bluesy voice, and he thought we contrasted. I had known Lee and his family all my life, so things worked out between us."

Being an avid church-goer, Shirley's grandmother proved to be a major stumbling block. She didn't want her granddaughter singing 'sinful music.' She said, 'You're not going to make any records. It took a long time to talk her into it. Lee's mother talked to her, Eddie's wife Reccie talked to her, I begged. I never sang together, Lee usually offered the

![Image of Shirley & Lee](image_url)
questions, and Shirley would answer in the perfect picture of sweetness and innocence. "Shirley, Come Back To Me" followed "I'm Gone," which was followed by "Shirley's Back," which in turn was followed by "Two Happy People," etc. Their early records rarely strayed from the 12-bar, or Louisiana ballad, structure.

"We tried to write the songs as an ongoing story. When we came in off the road, we'd go over to Lee's house and write another chapter. One day I'd be leaving, then I'd come back, then we'd get married, then we were feeling good. Eddie thought it was a real cute idea so it was his idea to call us the 'Sweethearts of the Blues' (later to become the Sweethearts of Rock 'n' Roll). He thought if we were pictured as teenage lovers, it would make the teen-agers buy our records, just to see what would happen next."

Many people were of the impression that Shirley and Lee were actually married. "No, no, no!" chirps Shirley. "People always thought that because we sang those songs about each other. We didn't have time for each other, to tell you the truth. I got married and so did Lee. We were real good friends, but that was all."

After Shirley's grandmother consented to Shirley's singing in public, Shirley and Lee took to the road, travelling virtually for the remainder of the Fifties. We played all theatres at first," recalls Shirley, "because we were too young to get into clubs that sold liquor. We never played a nightclub until 1955, at W.C. Handy's Club in St. Louis. But when we came on they had to stop serving drinks, and when we were through singing, we had to get out. Lee and I would present our show like our records: we'd get real close and sing to each other. Then I'd tell Lee I was leaving and I'd have him dragging all over the floor. We had this thing where he'd turn to the audience and he'd whisper, 'Listen to that woman.' When the audience wasn't looking, he'd start singing, 'Shirley Come Back,' and it looked like he was crying. Well, the people just stood up and started screaming! One time we were in Canada with Elvis and he came running out of the dressing room to see if Lee was really in tears!"

When the duo left town, they carried with them an impressive roster of New Orleans talent as part of their band. Nat Perrilliat, James Booker, Willie Nettles, Roland Cook, Huey "Piano" Smith, and Allee Toussaint all toured with Shirley and Lee. Such was the popularity of the duo that there were a number of couples on the road making a good living impersonating "The Sweethearts of the Blues."

"I walked into a club in California one night and they had a Shirley and Lee! We went into cities where they had Shirley and Lee's playing the week before we got there. We actually caught a pair in Little Rock [they turned out to be the duo Sugar and Spice] but we never did anything. I felt sorry for them, so we just asked them to stop."

Shirley relates that once they were accustomed to the studio, most of the recording sessions were simple and rarely took more than one or two takes. "Lee and I would write the songs over at his house, and then we'd go down to Cosimo's. We'd sing it to them, and they'd play. Lee'd [Allen] say, 'Yeah, I'll play this, man.' Ford [Clarence Ford] would say, 'O.K., I'll play this.' Then Earl [Palmer] would get a beat and Dude [bassist Frank Fields] would fall in. It was easy, it was like we were one big family. I even remember Fats chink-a-linking on a couple of numbers, because we all helped each other out."

"We didn't see Eddie Mesner too much, because he stayed in Los Angeles. He ran that whole company by himself, so I guess we didn't really have a producer, because Dave went with Imperial after the first few records. Eddie was real fair with us. We only got a one-and-a-half percent royalty, but that was standard back then. I guess they knew they could pay more, but we knew what we were getting into."

The year 1956 turned out to be the biggest year of all for Shirley and Lee, and they started it with a bang with their first release, "Let The Good Times Roll." "We had a kind of joll after 'Lee's Dream,'" continues Shirley. "We stopped touring and everything sort of got back to normal. We both went back to high school and lived like people."

(Cont'd on page 32)

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I begged and pleaded and cried but grandmother still said "No recording!" Finally Eddie went to her and gave her a thousand dollars."
**THE PICTURE**

Release: March, 1935
Running Time: 106 minutes
Filmed in black and white
Academy Award: Douglas Shearer* for Best Sound Recording
AA Nomination: Best Picture

**THE CREDITS**


*Some sources list William Steinkamp.

**THE CAST**

Jeannette MacDonald (Princesse Marie de Namours de Bonfais/Marietta); Nelson Eddy (Captain Richard Warrington); Frank Morgan (Governor Gaspard Pho); Walter Kingsford (Don Carlos); Walter Long (Pirate Leader); Olive Carey (Madame Renavant); William Desmond (Gendarme Chief); Cora Sue Collins (Felicia); Guy Usher (Ship's Captain); Louis Mercier (Duelist); Robert McKenzie (Town Crier); Ben Hall (Mama's Boy); Harry Tenbrook (Prospective Groom); Edward Keane (Major Bonnell); Edward Norris, Ralph Brophy (Suitors); Richard Powell (Messenger); Wilfred Lucas (Announcer); Arthur Belasco, Tex Driscoll, Edward Heam, Edmund Cobb, Charles Dunbar, Frank Morgan, Ed Bracy (Scouts).

**THE SONGS**


**THE STORY**

To escape a courtly-blessed but not heavenly-made marriage, Princess Marie pays off her maid in exchange for a berth as a casquette girl. En route of the uncouth suitors suit her, Marie claims that her marriage, therefore, amid the obvious support of the captain's trusted soldier, all of whom just happen to be able to carry a fine tune as well as a musket.

Experts in the field will argue till their eyes bleed about which musical forms—gut bucket jazz, truck 'n' roll, rhythm and blues, and the rest—are combined and in what proportions to create the resulting Crescent City Sound. What they won't argue about is how much one particular form—operetta—contributed. They all agree: nothing. And they're right. Yet, it was that everlastingly maple-flavored stuff itself, distilled from pure New Orleans sap, that greased the wheels of the MGM gravy train and sent it on one of its most successful trips to glory.

The somewhat unstable foundation for *Naughty Marietta* is the ever-blossoming tale of the casket girls, those fair, fair maidens who were brought to New Orleans as wives for lusty colonials. This Victor Herbert sugarp lum was beginning to wither from age by the time Hollywood got around to picking it. It was included in the clip footage for *The Birth of the Blues*. It has been spoofed and re-spoofed, and serious film students are apt to call it "an atrocity." Yet, *Naughty Marietta* prevailed. It was the first pairing of Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a legend-making career of screen romances. It raked in a whole passel of awards from popularity polls and critics' circles; it spurred the sale of no telling how many phonograph records and music sheets, and it revived turn-of-the-century operetta for an improbable ten year success cycle at the box office.

What's more, it made a mighty mint for MGM. Now, of course, it's an outright hoot. When it was included in the clip footage for *That's Entertainment II*, it got more laughs than Tom and Jerry. It has been spoofed and re-spoofed, and serious film students are apt to call it "an atrocity."

"Ah, sweet mystery of show biz."

"...and many, many more!"

*That means New Orleans Music In Film, naturally. And, also naturally, that's the subject of a continuing series by New Orleans journalist Don Lee Keith. Upcoming: The Birth of the Blues.*
Everyone will have a chance

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Steve Monistere
And how does it feel to be the founding father of modern New Orleans jazz. Mr. Marsalis?

Developing jazz in the early years of this century may be the strongest claim that New Orleans has on history. If, as the century draws to a close, the several currents of modern jazz coursing through the city converge—or at least emerge from the below sea level purview of the city’s small jazz community, to teach a broad public, a future generation of jazz propagandists and New Orleans myth-makers might be searching eagerly for evidence of heroic figures who directed New Orleans back into history’s mainstream. As glimpses of the future go, that’s a bright though not altogether likely prospect.

Anyone looking for a strong figure, however, to represent the process of teaching conservative and sometimes benighted New Orleans a modern jazz idiom is in luck. Indeed, it’s only the stubborn reluctance of our hero to embellish the evidence that prevents the myth-making apparatus from swinging into operation right here and now.

“New Orleans is about to explode its own myth,” declares Ellis Marsalis. One of the few individuals who can seem distinguished and cheeky simultaneously, the city’s premier jazz pianist is indulging in some playful potshots at the reputation that New Orleans has begun to acquire as a fertile source of fresh jazz talent—a distinction owed mainly to Marsalis himself, who has sent several of his best students at the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts (NOCCA) up to the big leagues of contemporary jazz. The best known are, of course, his sons, Branford and Wynton Marsalis; the others who hold major label recording contracts are trumpeter Terence Blanchard, saxophonist Donald Harrison, and flautist Kent Jordan. At the moment, though, Ellis is playing scoutmaster to a troop of earnest young players still somewhat shy of the requirements for earning merit badges in jazz proficiency, to say nothing of the fact that they just aren’t jelling as a band.

The NOCCA Nippers are earning a little money
for their school, performing at the Louisiana Crafts Council’s annual fair, in one of the ballrooms at the Hyatt. Their teacher appears at the bandstand moments before starting time, his suit ruffled from the plane ride from Fon Wonh, where he has completed a weekend engagement at Caravan of Dreams, a snazzy new private arts center backed by Texas real estate millions. He offers pointers from the right of the stage, sits in for a couple of numbers on electric piano, and joshes the players when they take a break. Greeting a bystander with what Vincent Fumar of the Picayune once called the handshake of a blacksmith, Ellis Marsalis has a pronouncement to make: “Clean-cut kids cannot play jazz. You have to be wild and woolly.”

So much for the Wynton Marsalis look. So much for the whiz kid image of music at NOCCA. Ellis likes to keep things loose. “Most people are afraid of music,” he finds, “if they have not had some formal connection to it, they just get very leery about music.” And it’s possible to trace the mischievous strain in his demeanor back to some wild and woolly days: playing free jazz with Ornette Coleman in 1955—“I was really trying to figure out what I was doing”—and the modified Afro on view in some of his old photos. He has silver muttonchops now, and a foursquare stance, an easy swing to his shoulders and the determined cast of mouth of a man who goes his own way. Holding forth in the Hyatt ballroom on the dearth of young jazz talent in town, he makes a point of inviting a listener to hear the band he’ll bring into high school competition at the Loyola Jazz Festival a couple of months hence. “It won’t,” he chuckles with a nod toward the bandstand, “sound like this.”

A visit to one of Marsalis’ classes at NOCCA offers a peek at the process of education in a program that (even at the risk of losing a gust of noisy rhetoric) must be called a success story in the New Orleans public schools. Process is a big word at NOCCA. “If you’re going to teach students how to improvise, you have to teach process. They must understand how ideas are realized.” Ellis illustrates this dictum in a session with a group of attentive kids who don’t quite make up a band. They’ve got a tenor sax and a rather sharp little altoist, a tentative pianist, an electric guitarist with a composed air about him, and a manfully struggling drummer. There’s no one to play the acoustic bass resting near the window. NOCCA students work as individuals; bands are put together only for particular occasions. Taking their places in a semi-circle, the students face their teacher, perched on a high stool behind a cluttered music stand, and a row of portraits of jazz greats tacked to the far wall. They grope their way through a Charlie Parker tune and they do not swing. Marsalis focuses his attention on the drummer. Does anyone know what’s meant by ornaments in music? What’s the function of the drummer in a band, anyway? At one point Ellis hies himself over to the drum

“New Orleans is about to explode its own myth.”

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“Clean-cut kids cannot play jazz. You have to be wild and woolly.”
New Orleans photographer Michael P. Smith doesn't talk f-stops or printing papers when he hands you a Xerox prototype copy of his soon-to-be-published book, Spirit World. Instead, he brings up the roots of New Orleans Afro-American culture, the spiritual churches, social clubs and marching brass bands of New Orleans' Black community.

In many ways, Smith may be considered an expert on the living folk-life of Louisiana. Locally, he has been a professional consultant for the BBC and Independent Television. As a member of Sweet Molasses Productions, his photo-imagery has merged with Misha Philippoff's powerful graphics to immortalize indigenous cultural symbols in some of New Orleans' most popular posters from the "Boiled Alive" Louisiana crawfish (which they insist on spelling "crayfish") to the blue-eyed Catahoula Cur.

But Smith was not born into the Black community of New Orleans, you be real. You aren't thought of as 'white' anymore. 'White' is a term that is put on people who don't know how to relate because they're in such a different world. Perhaps it is the indifference of this 'different world' that inspires in Smith an obsessive drive for popular acknowledgment of this roots culture.

"The rest of the world is discovering how unique New Orleans is, but New Orleans has myopia. It just doesn't understand its own culture," he explains. "It cannot see the value and richness of its 'cultural wetlands.' New Orleans has, over the years, come to recognize jazz, for example, as a commercial resource, so they began to promote jazz, but they still don't understand where jazz comes from. Traditional jazz and R&B and brass band jazz has been supported all along by the benevolent and non-profit black social clubs. The city came in long after the fact to recognize that jazz was a commercial resource and began to pick up on it, but it has not, in any way, watered the roots, or even recognized what the roots are, which is Mardi Gras Indians and brass bands.

You take the Afro-Caribbean drumming traditions that are housed in the Indian tribes and the brass band traditions in the horn sections of the brass bands, mix into that a little bit of some other influences and you get all of New Orleans R&B.

"Alan Lomax has pointed out that the heyday of New Orleans jazz was in the 'teens and Twenties when Storyville was at its height and New Orleans Black musicians could actually make a living at their music and be respected citizens, and have enough free time to reorchestrate their music and present it to a recording world and to an international audience. It's been downhill ever since. You'll find world class musicians here who can't make a living with their music, let alone drive a liquor truck. You now have a situation where the traditional authentic music of New Orleans is dying. About one-tenth of the Social Aid and Pleasure Clubs now have been abandoned.

Smith places the blame for this cultural decline squarely on the shoulders of the New Orleans city government, with the two primary villains being the 5% amusement tax and the lack of complimentary police escorts for the fall and spring social club and Indian parades. (Free police escorts are provided for the large white krewes during the traditional Mardi Gras season.) These parades are an important and beautiful expression of traditional culture in the city. Smith states in the afterword of his book, "They normally employ a large number of musicians much in need of the work, and they serve the recreational needs of a significant portion of the inner city population throughout much of the year. In addition, they contribute to the unique sense of community and allow an important network of intraneighborhood communication and social organization that stimulates a small town environment and deters crime. Relieved of the unreasonable expense of police protection, given recognition and allowed to grow up in their own way, there is nothing imagining what great benefits might result—both for the clubs and for the city."

The photographs in Spirit World are thick in the documentary vein: clear, straightforward, and printed full-frame. Most are in black and white (a small center section, primarily from parades, is printed in color) and are in the rectangular 35mm format. Several large square images, like the cover shot, have an August Sander-meets-Diane Arbus feel that allows the subject to become pictorially important as the manner in which it is rendered. The most successful photographs, however, are the ones where Smith pushes the medium to its limits, raising the lens aperture wide open and shooting off the cuff or combining on-camera flash and ambient light to creatively capture a spine-chilling moment. Several of the church photos are outstanding in this respect. "In The Spirit," photo No.1478, and "Infant Jesus of Prague S.C. 1972," photo No.1472/21A. are two particularly poetic images from this group. Although they contain valuable historical information and are successful in a documentary sense, some of the parade picture groups toward the book's end do not contain the same riveting simplicity as the church pictures. Smith's exhibit prints are rich and well-balanced; hopefully the book will display these same qualities in its printing.

Smith's Spirit World project has been funded by two photography fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and a one-year cultural resource management study for the Jean Lafitte Historical Park. All monies generated by sales of the book will be channeled right back to the New Orleans Urban Folklore Alliance, a non-profit corporation which will work to bring the primary groups that present traditional culture and music in New Orleans the recognition, respect, financial base and protection from exploitation they require for their continued contribution to the authentic cultural heritage of the city.

Michael Smith is also currently organizing a "1984 Survival In The Inner City" symposium to bring noted speakers on traditional culture preservation. On January 28, C. Eric Lincoln will speak on "Afri­can Spirits in the New World"; on February 11, urban sociologist Howard S. Becker will discuss "Culture Power in the Inner City"; and on March 10, noted American musicologist Alan Lomax will speak on "The Power of New Orleans Music." For additional information on the series, call Tamra Carboni at the Louisiana State Museum at 386-6983.

Spirit World is scheduled for release in January and copies will be available from The Friends of the Cabildo Bookstore at the Presbytere, 751 Chartres St., New Orleans.
"In The Spirit" Infant Jesus of Prague S.C., 1977

Avenue Steppers Marching Club, service before 1st annual parade, 1982

Ordination of bishops, Israelite Universal Divine Spiritual Church, 1982
Rev. Mother Lydia Gilford, 1974

"Healing Hands" Bishop H. Brooks visiting Infant Jesus of Prague S.C., 1975
Saturday, 14
Exuma’s Concert Party, St. Theresa’s Cafeteria. (A location usually given over to bashes, bachelor balls and banquets held by our Central American community.) 1115 Prytania, 10 p.m.

Saturday, 15
A Tribute to Art Blakey, two hour worth, WWNO (FM) at 10 p.m.

Sunday, 16

Thursday, 19
Joffrey II Dancers, Dixon Hall. Newcomb campus, 8 p.m. Information at 865-5143.

WAVELENGTH / JANUARY 1984
Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1016 Decatur, 522-0868. Afrofunk, ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling. Houlihan’s, 315 Bourbon, 522-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 saving Fridays; the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.


Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Sun.1: Rockin’ Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters. Mon.2: Zeke Fishfihed (the only saison singer in existence, who sets crab traps inside a piano with more songs about gilding the nude, Fri.6: Anson Fundera·

Thu.1: The Radiators. Sun.8: TBA. Mon.9: Terry Manuel. Fri.13: Gatemouth Brown does it, black cats, hats on beds and three lights outside; the only amenities are the musical board as you go10 on about a piano, while W.27: The Rogers.

Thurs.26: The Radiators. Fri.27: Southwind. Sat.28: Silk ’n Steel.


Perry’s, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette. 318-234-8877.
Dan Hicks at Tip’s, Tues. 17.

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688.

Booker’s, 1043 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2259.

Chief’s Southside, formerly Trinity’s, 4365 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 386-9684.

Circle in the Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland, 318-327-3647.

Emporium, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-6538.

Enoch’s-A Cafe, 5022 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9950.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-852-7007.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-232-5313.

Harry’s Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9568.

Humphrey’s, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Iron Horse, 403 Brick Street, Thibodaux, 1-447-9991.


Mulato’s, Breaux Bridge Highway, Breaux Bridge, 318-222-4648.

The Oil Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9512.

Papp’s Place, Old Town, Slidell, 1-773-3766.

Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-232-5313.

Party Town, Military Road, Slidell, 1-649-3867.

Ruby’s Rendezvous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-426-5933.

Rusty Nails, 540 E. King’s Highway, Shreveport.


Slick Music Hall, Highway 31, St. Martinville, 318-394-3867.

Steak and Lobster Inn’s Fireside Pub, 820 E. King’s Highway, Shreveport, 318-968-5305.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9639.

Toby’s, 1303 Girardel Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9603.

Kiss Me Deadly at Loyola, Tues. 3rd.

workshop on Documentaries in the Commercial World and show his film Big City Blues. By admission.

Loyola’s Film Buffs Institute, 393-3196. Tues. 5: Kiss Me Deadly, Robert Aldrich's 1955 Mickey Spillane film noir, in which the Great Whatsit that everyone is in search of is actually an atomic Pandora’s Box, plenty of double-crossing dames, bombs, beatings, hypodermics, Cloris Leachman, darling old Fortunio Bonanova (Susan Alexander’s singing teacher in Citizen Kane) and Ralph Meeker as Mike Hammer; indispensable. Wed. 6: Badlands, Terence Malick’s 1973 debut film is both a fluke and one of the great American films of the past decade: crisply beautiful and hauntingly flat, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek (who narrates in a stilted true-confession style that is curiously moving) as the Starkweather and Fugate types. Fri. 6: The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, a sad (despite all the horseplay, low comedy and cliché situations) elegiac western about the American talent for mythopoeia; the cast, many of them decades too old for their roles, are an anthology of Hollywood styles: James Stewart as the idealistic young lawyer, John Wayne as Tom Doniphon, Lee Marvin as the titular villain, Vera

Films

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Wed. 4: Lili, a film about Greta Garbo, her movie idol. Wed. 5: St. Clair Borne screens two of his works, In Motion: Miri Baraka and The Black and The Green. The following evening, Borne will present a

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Miles, Edmund O'Brien, John Carradine, and The Long Goodbye. Robert Altman's not-much-like-at-the-time revisionist version of a film noir, from Raymond Chandler's novel. Elliott Gould is a wise-ass and ungrateful Philip Marlowe; the vision of Los Angeles as simultaneously jaded and wistful is as nightmarish as the cast—Sterling Hayden, Nina Van Pallandt, Henry Gibson, Mark Rydell as the Jewish gangster, Jim Buteon as the creep who precipitates the murder and ungallant Phillip Marlowe; (though as ugly as any of DePalma's other films (though as always he overdoses things—the murder of the hooker in the train station restroom for one thing) but John Lithgow is a good lead, and contains some sequences that even for him what it) , and contains some sequences that even for him what the candid of Maurice Jarre's best—before he went hideously Hollywood with Platoon Blasqueur, Edith Scoo and Alou Vally, not to be missed. Thurs. 12: The Tenant, minor and often laughable Polanski about a rather repressed young man whose psyche is grandized by the suicide who killed himself trying to restore his daughter's ing—2, At Shelter, the wonderful soundtrack is by a corpulent-coeval gambling saloon entertainer named Phyllis Shotwell. Films are by either season subscription (the new season begins early January) or by $1...00 admission; they are shown in Bobet Hall.

the Kingdom of Lilicut, Still Movie and Spacry. The shorts begin at 9:00. Tickets at 2:00; all are free with Museum admission.

Prytaniana, 5358 Prytaniana, 895-4513.

Through Jan 1984: The Return of Martin Guerre, directed by (an unknown quantity to us) Daniel Vigne, set in 1587 and with Gerard Depardieu as a (no doubt loutish) moyen-age Enoch Arden—a pleasant returning from the war—which reminds us of Billy the Tramp of the Spanish by the Saracens and locking their wives into their chastity belts. "The rest of the story," said Weller, "is the kick the villain played by Cary Grant." From Thurs 19, Koyaanisqatsi (Hopi Indian film or something like it)—why is the Prytaniana going to open off to light the Saracens and locking their wives into their chastity belts? "The rest of the story," said Weller, "is the kick the villain played by Cary Grant." From Thurs 19, Koyaanisqatsi (Hopi Indian film or something like it)—why is the Prytaniana going to open off to light the Saracens and locking their wives into their chastity belts? "The rest of the story," said Weller, "is the kick the villain played by Cary Grant." From Thurs 19, Koyaanisqatsi (Hopi Indian film or something like it)—why is the Prytaniana going to open off to light the Saracens and locking their wives into their chastity belts? "The rest of the story," said Weller, "is the kick the villain played by Cary Grant.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 833-9057. From Fri. 6: The Wit. It was almost as good mileage out of this as out of The Mousetrap. It began as a short story, then became what is known as "an international stage success," but all of us in our dotage remember the Billy Wilder movie with Marlene Dietrich leaning forward in a big wig and asking—to quote the song—"Want to kiss my scar, dummy?" and Elsa Lancaster as Laughlin's nurse playing the walking stones who will wear in Bermuda and proudly exclaiming, "Will the Fox they call 'em, Wilfred the Fox he isn't!" or Laughlin torturing people on the stand with the reflection in his monocle. But I guess I should shut up about this.

Saenger, 524-0876. Tues. 17 through Sat. 21: Oliver!—in English, has always had the Broadway and Hollywood musical, but despite Coward and Novello and the Cockpit Revues and the Charles Revues, and Jack Buchanan and George Formby and the Beach Boys, could not somehow (although they got other things quite as good) and the reason for this was always that the English theatre, world wasn't well, Jewish enough, Lionel Bart who wrote Oliver! is Jewish and he almost brought off a big splashy American musical, from thoroughly British source material (and what source material could be grimmer and less musical?), and along with Sandy Wilson's pastiche The Day Friend, it is probably one of the only British musicals that will, when all is said and done, leave us with a memory. The return of the 29 through Sat. 21: Blues in the Night, with Della Reese whose gospel-influenced nasality is part of the world now. This ought to be a hit. (This ought to be a hit. This ought to be a hit.)

WAVELENGTH / JANUARY 1984
Pyto by Tom Young at Mario Villa Gallery.

**ART**

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 1130 St. Charles, 525-5826. Sat. 7 through Thurs. 20: paintings by Robert Landry, Jr.; Sat. 28 through Feb. 15: new work by Mary Meyers.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Sat. 7 through Thurs. 25: work by Robert Heimer and madman across-the-water John Hodge; Sat. 28 through Feb. 15: new work by Xavier de Robert.

Sat. 7 through Fri. 27: paintings by Fred Trenchard (a good deal resident in Hawaii these last few years which could be because some of Fred’s rare opulent creations have often looked like designs for Hawaiian shirts).

Contemporary Arts Center, 500 Camp, 523-1216. Sat. through Thurs. 25: paintings by Max O’Years, Contemporary Minatures; Sat. through Thurs. 25: a juried show of work no bigger than a foot square, or triangle- or whatever. On Sun. 8 Dr. Bernette Lewis will lecture on "The History of Black Art in America.

Galeries Jules Lafargue, 2119 Decatur, 846-7379. Mon. through Sat. 28: paintings, drawings by Andrew Basile and others (of the time) sorcerer’s apprentice to his Kohn Meyer.

Galerie Simonne Stern, 2727 Prytania, 989-2482. Through Thurs. 25: Christmas Minatures; Sat. 7 through Thurs. 25: large scale sculpture by Arthur Silverman; Sat. 28 through Feb. 10: figurative paintings by Robert Housely with a group show by John Ope, Dino Pellicer, and Muriel Gullet.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5422 Magazine, 891-1002. Turn of the Century; the belle-époque by Steiglitz and Steichen among others.

Gaspari Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 524-3373. Through the end of the month: contemporary folk artists from the south, including David Butler, Mose Tolliver and Juanita Rogers.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4062. Through Jan. 27: Sugar Bowl: 50th Anniversary Exhibition, a show of memorabilia of happier times when Tulane Stadium was still among the living, including ancient pigskins, trophies, photographs and a 30 minute film.

Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5438. Decorative arts. Sun. 13 at 3; Pie Deuxfour speaks on The Battle of New Orleans (which he covered as a cub reporter; John Chase did front line sketches for Old Hickory as well.)


Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. At the Old Mint on Esplanade, New Orleans Jazz and Carnival in New Orleans. At the Presbytial, continuing: Spirit World; Photographs and Journal of Michael P. Smith, and Louisiana, Exploration and Settlement, which is cartographic in nature.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3009 Magazine, 877-6731. Sat. through Thurs. 25: Pre-Columbian sculpture and paintings by Tom Young, who instructed your humble servant in art at about the same time—it seems now—as those Pre-Columbians were knocking out their steles. Sat. 28 through Feb. 15: Paintings by Rosalee Rollins and Indian furniture by Bruce Benet—this letter, intriguing as it looks, would not be the sort of thing to lounge on in any state of undress.


Tilden-Paley, 4119 Magazine, 597-5300. Sat. 7 through Thurs. 28: paintings by Larry Williams (no, not that Larry Williams) and Los Angeles Photographers, curated by Josephine Saccio. Sun. 29 through Feb. 15: sculptures by Terry Weldon and paintings by Margaret Waterman.


Voices of the New Orleans Movement, 4901 Chef Menteur Highway, 944-1552. Through Sun. 15. We'll Never Turn Back, a photo exhibition of the Civil Rights movement of the Sixties.
They put 'Shame, Shame, Shame' out without even a B-side. I cut it on a Wednesday. I was back to work on a Friday, and by the weekend it was a million seller."

ordinary kids. Then 'Let The Good Times Roll' came out and that was a whole different story.

'We were on a show one night when this guy came up to the bandstand and said, 'Hey baby, let me hear what he said?!' We thought this was a good idea for a song, so we went home and wrote our parts for it. We'd been strictly R&B up until then, but what came out and that was a whole different story.

Afer the duo split, Shirley and her son moved to California. 'I wanted to raise my son in California because it was clean and there was less prejudice than elsewhere. I wanted to raise him right. I was tired of giving him to someone else to take care of. I just stopped singing, I had royalties coming in still, so I didn't have to work right away.' When word got out that Shirley was living in Los Angeles, she began getting calls to do backup session work. Harold Battiste arranged for her to work on Jackie DeShannon and Sonny and Cher sessions. She also did some duets with Jessie Hill that Huey Meaux leased.

During 1968 and 1969, Shirley recorded for the Imperial label, turned 20, and started getting a good hearing on top 40 radio stations around the country. After that, she faded even further from the public eye. 'I've been loved, I've been hated. I've been a singer for my whole life, and I don't want to give it up.'

Shirley was amazed that people in Europe knew of her. 'I didn't know that anyone knew me in Europe. I found out later that they had four albums out there.'
Marsalis (cont'd from page 27)

kit to demonstrate how a drummer plays fills to impart rhythmic definition to the band. The student drummer, obviously tense, works through whatever he's asked to do with great solemnity. The teacher, for his part, keeps the distance between performance and expectation in scale with a series of genial wise-cracks. While pointing out how far these kids must reach to meet professional standards, he's establishing a camaraderie of shared expectations.

Classes completed for the day, Marsalis settles back at his desk to talk about his work. As he speaks his gaze wanders, now and then, to a Duke Ellington score he's preparing for a performance with the New Orleans Philharmonic, a burden he'll shoulder once he finishes explaining such matters as how one goes about teaching jazz improvisation. "It's like teaching a process, like teaching a language. You can look at it in two ways. One is the technical part of it. There's the part that has to do with sound reproduction and vibration. If you're playing a trumpet, you have to learn how to get the air through the horn, how to form the lips, and all that.

"And the mechanics of whatever it is you're trying to do. By that I mean, you organize the subject matter so that you teach the vehicle of expression. I have found that it's easier to teach blues as a beginning form. So it's almost like teaching somebody how to make a container, and then after they learn how to make the container, what to put in it. Well, blues as form is what I've found to be the easiest place to start with somebody who knows nothing about improvisation. So we start learning blues scales, which relates to that form. We listen to sound recordings of people who have played in this form, and play some different types of blues pieces, and talk about their expression, their ideas, how these ideas manifest themselves. I try and get the students to imitate what they hear on the recording so that they can begin to simulate the same thing in a practical situation that they would have to be in. If you set objectives, if you will, objective criteria that you're going to test on.

In the current educational climate, school art programs themselves are facing some severe tests of relevance. Marsalis is forthright in outlining the educational relevance of the arts. "There are a lot of people who don't believe in the arts as being serious. They think it's play time, with the Play Dough or whatever."

"I think the American public is in a process of growing, in a way, and I'd hesitate to estimate how many years are involved. Ultimately, I think we're going to have to come to the realization that the arts are no less intellectual than math and science, and that interaction between the areas is inevitable. It's just that it has been compartmentalized by some people who, maybe even for the right reasons, did it without fully understanding. And in some cases I think that the aims and objectives of music teachers are not as realistic as they could be: People with serious attitudes who are anti-jazz, which was always dumb—but today it's even dumber."

"If a person decides that he wants to be a concert artist, a pianist or violinist, and understands the odds that's stacked against him, fine. If a person decides that he wants to be a jazz artist, and understands the odds that are stacked against him, okay. When you have people in positions of authority in major institutions who are so totally ignorant of anything other than European music—and in some cases I believe they're even ignorant of that—you have an attitude which is being postulated which supersedes the essence of the educational process, which is really to better the quality of your own education."

"If I had to talk to a parent about a child coming here, the essence of the situation would be that if the child has a serious interest in any of the arts, it should not be viewed as an either-or situation. Either you take this or you take that. The student should be allowed to grow as a person. The arts play a significant part in the way that one will grow.

"Self-motivation is encouraged here, because the only way you can really help the whole of a productive society is to create very strong individuals inside of that."

S t r o n g artists can direct their energies toward social benefit, an idea that Ellis demonstrated as well as expounded. In his nine years of teaching at NOCCA, he has helped create, with his colleagues Lorraine Alfano and Dan Nettles, a small, highly individualized public school music program that has realized substantial dividends, as the best of its graduates have won conservatory scholarships and professional acclaim. After playing jazz professionally for almost thirty years, Ellis has reached a paradoxical point in his career where the success of some of his former students, most notably his two eldest sons, has spurred increased public attention to his work.

The new year finds Ellis Marsalis moving into high gear. A select handful of wealthy arts patrons, plus a few freeloading journalists, will exchange toasts on New Year's Eve to the strains of the Ellis Marsalis Trio at a gala Symphony benefit at $150 a ticket. Paradoxes being what they are, he'll be back at Tyler's, the uptown jazz joint, two nights later at his regular Monday night gig, a buck fifty at the door. More than ever, it's one of the great bargains in American music. Ellis will play at Blues Alley in Washington, D.C., with the Wynton Marsalis Quintet—"My son has hired me to play for a week in his band"—and pick up some more national exposure with a Marsalis family concert on National Public Radio's Jazz Alive. Back home, he'll perform a tribute to Duke Ellington with jazz singer Germaine Bazzle and the New Orleans Philharmonic. He's also doing an Ellington concert at Snug Harbor, the Marigny jazz Mecca, and an evening of Horace Silver compositions at the Smalls. A new album, Synesthesia, is out on the Elm Records label; it features several of Ellis' compositions and was produced by another of his sons, Delfego, a trombonist studying at Berklee School of Music in Boston. (There's yet another musical Marsalis, by the way—Jason, a seven-year-old violinist with perfect pitch, who'll probably be spotted at some of these gigs, bopping quietly in his seat and keeping time with a Bic pen.) And of course Ellis can take any slack time by working with his NOCCA students toward the Loyola Jazz Festival.

Not a bad January, all in all. One of the advantages a mature artist enjoys is perspective, the ability to view one's shifting fortunes with equanimity. Ellis Marsalis reflects, "My career, quote unquote, has gone through various and sundry things. By that I mean, I've never really treated music like a career. I was in and out of it, teaching school. And sometimes when I was in it, it was on jobs that I had to do just to make a buck, and I had to try to make the best out of whatever situation was, to keep a creative spark going, because it's very difficult sometimes. I've seen some fellow students just have the creative spark... just killed off. And I don't think it's anybody's fault but theirs. You have to be responsible for seeing that the spark still goes."
Frontal nudity in the T-P! Betsy Mullenen is writing a story on Wyntorn Manskis for the Dixie Root and George Dureau is doing the pictures. Hopefully Dureau will shoot Wyntorn the way he shoots other young black men, naked and in good light... We received a neat cassette of Marcel Richardson, who have been on this page more than any other band in the world, has finished a new single-E P called "1st Pourn Off Now." We know the board was Richard Bird who has a very mobile Visionary Studio and a band called Siren. N.O.'s answer to Elvis C.'s anti-saltpeterish "On The Beat" and The Violent Femmes' onanistic "Other" is the brand new 3-D Beat featuring former Look-ers Joe Bennet, Paul Crout and Rick Kiker. They will open for the Models Jan. 17 and not one of them has hairy palms... West Coast correspondent Nancy Weldon says Club Linen in SFCA will start a seven-week music series called Friday Night in New Orleans on Jan. 13. Freelance writer Bill Bentley will bring in Lee Dorsev, Irma Thomas, Art and Aaron Neville, and other local talent... Our Texas hotline tells us that relocated in-the-Loisen poetaster and vocalist Ron (Music From The Big Tomato) Guccia has been "born again"—as we asked, and the line sputtered and went dead... and our International Globe Hopping correspondent (didn't know we had one of those, huh?) Margaret Williams sent a flyer from the Bluebird Hotel (in Australia)... "so much Tip's-ish place where they only charged the equivalent of about four U.S. dollars to see Bo Didley..." Marge had just walked 47 miles of barbed wire and used a tapoon snake for a necktie while staying in a brand new house by the roadside made from rattlesnake hide... Allen Toussaint can be heard singing the very popular Saints cheer "Ain't No Stopping Us Now" on B-97 FM... Tony Chybun of WHMD Rock 107 FM in Hammond sends a station profile that says: "Our music is tailored to recognize and reflect the unique, musical heritage of New Orleans and the delta areas." Don't hold your breath waiting to hear Huey Smith or Reuben Johnson, though... The labotorious Mr. Skull and Final Academy played a Christmas benefit special at the N.O. Adolescent Mental Hospital on Nov. 30. Gospel Soul Children Live In Nashville has just been released (a certain contributor to this magazine still looks back with anything but fondness on their rather idiotic reaction to a story about the gospel at the Jazz Fair he did about them a decade ago—but perhaps that set of G.S. Children has grown up now, in several senses of the word)... There's more Jazz on Sunday afternoons (that hallowed period usually reserved for cruisin' down the river, or beer busts at gay bars)... John Vidovich, Tony Dagradi and Jim Singleton will be raising some racket at Tyler's during the ten o'clock time—4 to 8, but whether cucumber sandwiches, tippy cake, biscuits and cups of peoke and olong will be making the circuit, we really couldn't say... Ray Ganucheau, formerly of Apl.T., is now reading a solo act and will open for the Backbeats on January 20. Whether Mrs. Ganucheau, the former Barbara Menendez, fondly remembered by many for her energetic renditions of the Pony and Huly Gul, will participate is conjectural at press time... Mrs. Barnes, which is a band and not Tony Perkins' old mummy dear... "So you're puttin' the in the fruit cellar, you think I'm funny? Huh, boy?"... recorded a demo at Studio Solo produced by Backbeat and cover boy Vance DeGeneres who is interested in producing any bands in Pitandellian Search Of such (cheap)... Between basketball practices, the Backbeats are writing bunches of new songs and correspondence with Eliot Maier, Neil Young's producer, on future projects... Attention! There's a new venue for local bands in Fa City called Spaghetti Eddie's... Protonerhillbillyationist Johnny J. and his notorious Hitmen capped a two-night Christmas gig there... Reggae buffs will keep their eyes peeled for upcoming gigs by former I/Thee Judy Mowatt and a benefit featuring African Dreamland... John Brown reports from England that Stuart Colman did a ten-minute James Booker tribute November 13. That bastion of airwave orthodoxy, BBC Radio London... N.O. songwriter David Doyle has completed an album called Goodbye with Jimmie Spheres and Paul Delph producing... The album was recorded in L.A. and will be released on Damaged Goods Records... This month's leis-draped fanzine spotlight shines on our omnipresent beam of literary light on Nove (P.O. Box 139, Honolulu, HI 96810), a wide-ranging and well-produced little rag that seems to adequately cover the Hawaii music scene (a scene we're honestly not too familiar with, even though our appreciation of Gabby Pahinui and Arti Isaacs is as complete as any average continental American)... Most of these fanzines contain great homemade cartoons that poke fun at a variety of hardware and other music and this one is no exception. The first frame of "Uncle Ed's Music Store" opens with a plastic little character asking Uncle Ed: "Hey Uncle Ed, got any copies of Your Filthy Swine" by the Herpetons? Aloha.
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JANUARY 1984

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