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Wavelength / February 1984
Good Readin’ Tonight

Watching a guitarist read music can be a fascinating experience for the non-reader. Gradually it sinks in, though, that reading music is an acquired ability just like reading prose with the hands taking the place of the mouth. "I could learn to do that," you say to yourself, "given twenty or thirty years."

Stephen Urquhart and John Barr both read on classical guitar and their refined renderings of 18th and 19th Century duets can soothe the most frazzled nervous systems. Both teach classical guitar locally and Barr hosts a popular show on WWNO FM that features the instrument. Curiously, Barr also has his own rock band together. (Hopefully, not too "intelligent" a rock band; this Baroque stuff may be awfully beautiful, but it ranks pretty low on the funk scale.) Barr and Urquhart play at house parties, weddings, art openings, and other quiet, civilized social functions. Recently they added the perfect musical accent to the opening of a new Med-I-Action Clinic downtown on Baronne Street. Many of the grand openers were as amazed with the duo’s playing as with the fact that they were standing in a doctor’s office that stayed open seven days a week.

So you’ve picked up the caviar and ordered the Dom Perignon for your big white-tie get down in the Garden District, but you just can’t decide on the music. Slick Leo’s already booked for a hot break spin at the famous; Bengt Weenie and the Awesome Rods have headed back to Sweden to cut a hard core album of Roy Brown tunes; and The New Levanthal’s bus broke down in a time warp. Time to call Barr and Urquhart. "Have you heard the news, there’s good readin’ tonight..."

—rico

Prof. Longhair

Busted At Tip’s

The scene was vaguely reminiscent of those old newsreels (the champagne bottle that refused to break time after time as Dees Truman hurled it at the to-be-christened vessel, etc.) as a variety of local notables beheld the dedication and unveiling of the bust of Professor Longhair at Tipitina’s on December 18. The occasion was also an excuse for Professor Longhair’s Memorial Mambo, and the air was filled with the sweet smell of burning leather. Pictured are, from left to right, Darrell Walker, sculptor Coco Robichaux, Ricky Castillo, Deacon John Moore, Sam Henry and Longhair’s grandson. Also on the premises but not in the picture were Earl King, big-drink-of-water John Rankin, J.D. Hill, Ed Volker, Ziggy Modeliste, Art Neville, the always incendiary Ernie K-Doe, John Mooney, George Porter, Gary Veltecin and J. Monque’D. Unaccountably absent: Governor and Mrs. Treen, Betty Guillaud, Diana Bajoie, Walker Percy, Philippe Entremont, Sonny Francis, Muriel Francis and Lindy Boggs.

Sammy Rimington: Limey Son Of George Lewis

Internationally renowned British jazz musician Sammy Rimington spent the first weeks of 1984 in New Orleans. Rimington, best known for his beautiful and exciting George Lewis-influenced clarinet playing, was in town to visit friends and, with the help of fellow countryman Colin Strickland, to make a recording. While in New Orleans, the London-born clarinetist had the opportunity to perform with some of his favorite musicians by substituting for the ailing Raymond Burke in Kid Thomas Valentine’s band at Preservation Hall.

Since his first trip to New Orleans more than twenty years ago, the 41-year-old musician has noticed some changes. While the general appearance of the French Quarter is the same, there are differences in the music scene. Many of the older musicians whom he first met back then like Kid Howard, George Lewis and Sammy Penn, are gone. In addition, according to Rimington, there was more of the older style jazz at different places. Sammy also notices a change in the traditional jazz audience; “Now there are more tourists than when I first came in '61. The music wasn’t as well known then...well, it was to certain people. Now everybody knows about Preservation Hall.”

On the subject of New Orleans jazz Sammy has some interesting observations; “[New Orleans jazz] always hits me in an emotional way. It has a lot of feeling in it. That’s what drew me to it in the first place. It’s not too pushy. It’s very relaxed, quite melodic, yet has a great deal of freedom.” As for the survival of traditional jazz, the veteran of early Ken Colyer and Chris Barber bands is not worried: “The musicians I know like [Kid] Thomas and [Kid] Skell will never change. They have always been the same and they always will be. I think there are a lot of things happening, a lot of parades going on and some young guys coming up that are doing a great job.” Rimington enjoys New Orleans’
people almost as much as its music: "They've been very nice to me. Things are very friendly down here, it's slower than places like New York. I enjoy coming here every year. It's a great pleasure to meet the musicians and everybody."

In the future Rimington plans to bring Kid Thomas and Louis Nelson over to the Lugano Festival in Italy. He, along with Strickland, also plans to book Kid Thomas on another of their famous European tours this year.

—Michael G. White

Keeping Pace With 24 Tracks

Back in the days of Jimi Hendrix there was a popular studio called "Electric Lady" Studios, I think, and all the big timers used to record there. Well, New Orleans is getting a "lady" studio of its own; sitting on the rustic cobblestone of Bayou Road is a funky old building with a skylight female silhouette painted on its peeling walls. A partly obscured sign advertises the "Lovely Lady" beauty salon and gives no hint of the sound reproduction concepts that brew within.

"The day of the heavily-carpeted recording studio is over. The trend lately is toward a brighter, more live sound with drums closer to the front, and that's what I'm shooting for with this studio: the ultimate drum sound. How many people do you know who have carpet all over their living room walls?" asks Glenn Himmaugh of Pace Sound Co. and the upcoming Pace Studios.

Pace Sound has provided sound reinforcement for local concerts over the past decade, and assembled five large scale PA systems. Their regular gigs with Cox Cable's Music City video program and as the Neville Brothers sound company have strengthened Pace Studio's reputation. Glenn Himmaugh plans to use Art Neville as house producer for a variety of projects. "Pace Studios will have all the resources of Pace Sound at its disposal," says Himmaugh, "including our remote truck, which is 16-track now, with 24-track capability. We've worked very closely with Sea-Saint and Studio In The Country, in terms of providing sound reinforcement, but I think the 24-track remote unit will put us in a class by ourselves. And because we've been a sound company for so long, we've stayed up on the latest developments in the technology."

The main studio at Pace will be a medium-sized five-sided room with variable acoustic damping. Adjoining are two small isolation booths, one fully damped, one variable. All walls are triple insulated and heavily soundproofed. Himmaugh claims to be sparing no expense in his construction job. "We want to sell finished products to the major labels and the only way to do that is to have the best of everything."

They already have the best peeling silhouette painting of a "lovely lady" in town.

—rico

Dirty-Minded David Byrne

Hey David Byrne, Mr. Talking Head, in town to work with the Dirty Dozen, shake booty at the Glass House, and set a drive-in disco quir in stand, what's happening? "I was asked a while ago to do music for a theatre piece that this sort of avant garde director is doing. His pieces are generally very long, so he divided it up and I think the 24-track remote unit will put us in a class by ourselves. And because we've been a sound company for so long, we've stayed up on the latest developments in the technology."

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Dirty Dozen, I thought, 'Gee, why don't I just work with them.'

What I've done so far is I've taken some gospel numbers and old hymns and things like that, and had those transcribed for their instruments. So far it doesn't quite have the Dirty Dozen sound, which is something that'll have to be worked on down the line. I have a feeling that once they get used to it, they'll kind of adapt it and put a little more feeling into it than what's written down on paper, which'll make it good, which is the only reason to use them. Otherwise you could just hire any old horn section." —rico

A German, Two Danes And Lillian

New Orleans' own Lillian Boutte took a break from a busy European tour to return home for a week or two last month. Lillian's show, "Lillian Boutte and Her Music Friends," has been playing Scandinavian festivals and cabarets since May, 1983. So far, her globe-hopping has landed her in Denmark, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, Germany and Norway (where she recorded a New Orleans gospel record with the Magnolia Jazz Band of Norway).

In case any New Orleanians are curious about why Lillian is playing to packed houses in Europe, they can sample her talents starting March 31 at the Mediterranean Cafe at 1000 Decatur St.—the site of the old Morning Call coffee shop.

Lillian will have accompanying her Music Friends consisting of renown Thomas L'Eninter of Germany on clarinet and both tenor and alto sax, Hans Knudsen of Copenhagen, Denmark, on piano, along with compatriot Peter Houlind on drums. Banjo duties are handled by Arild Holms of Oslo, Norway, and Bob Culverhouse of London, England, will be on bass.

—Fred Hatfield

O Holy Night in New Orleans

Vocalist Irma Thomas, Aaron Neville, and arranger Wardell Quezerque were three featured performers in a holiday concert called "A New Orleans Christmas Carol," which included Allen Toussaint and Art Neville. The concert was co-sponsored by the Contemporary Arts Center and the 1984 Louisiana World Exposition.

"Those arrangements were for a television show that I was supposed to have done a couple of years ago," Quezerque explained. "I condensed them for a smaller group and changed the key for the vocalists on the program."

Ms. Thomas' performance was especially inspiring; her rendition of "O Holy Night" held the holiday audience spellbound. Mr. Toussaint showed up with a typically scuffed outfit and a Linn drum machine in tow. Local music fans who missed the concert can rest assured that the program will be repeated next year, according to C.A.C. Director Don Marshall.

—rico
Bas Clas: Global Politics Not Chanky-Chank

"Bas Clas" is sort of a Cajun way of saying "low class," and is also the name of an outspoken Lafayette-based rock band led by brothers Steve and Donnie Picou. Geoff Thistlewaite on bass and Jon Bossiere on drums (a former New Orleanian) provide rhythmic bottom.

The instrumentation is standard contemporary rock fare: huge drum kit, electric guitars and bass. The timbre is aggressive and the volume high. Structurally, most of the material has a more-than-three-chord melodic twist and sincerely Southern upbeat tempo, although I must admit the usual "I've heard it all before" yawn was upon me for several tunes at a recent Bas Clas opening gig.

The Bas Clas sound is driving and full, a thick half-Dylan-half-Clash stew of spiral phasing guitars, sibling harmonies, and a solid mod rock bottom. "Spy vs. Spy," a slinky funk number with long, sustained fills and a bassline you could bump to, is typical of a Bas Clas socially-conscious-but-let's-not-forget-that-everybody-came-here-to-dance song. "Serfin', USA" could be about almost every other 25-year-old welder's helper between here and Cameron and preaches for the working class without undue romanticism:

Johnny gets two weeks off with pay
But he doesn't get too far away
He's back on Monday ready to go
Ready for another b&ch don't you know
He's Serfin'

"The first bands that I was in played sort of a cajun-country style of chanky-chank music around Lafayette and Southwest Louisiana," recalls Donnie Picou. "For some reason the people out there just love to hear songs about Texas, so we played a lot of songs about Texas. But we decided to play what we felt in our hearts and get accepted or rejected on the basis of that."

Considering their South Louisiana roots, Bas Clas is a perplexingly un-ethnic band, and at a time when bands from the Morrells to (gasp!) Joe "King" Carrasco freely mine the vein of American musical eccentricity, lead singer Donnie Picou's septum-heavy vocal inflection is much closer to Elvis Costello or even Zachary Richard, and not a word in French. Lyrics concern global politics and romantic derence, not flowing bayous and rockin' at the fais do do. But let us not forget that this is a band of modern young men who probably watched Batman as kids; the days of Governor Jimmie Davis had passed and gone. "We don't speak French or anything and our mom is from up north," Donnie casually explains.

Bas Clas is one of the most politically active bands in Louisiana. Their monthly newsletter goes out to around a thousand people and urges them to take action on issues from nuclear disarmament to chemical waste dumps, but the tone is always one to one and down at the grassroots: a short entry in the recent newsletter read: "Donnie has seven puppies-mostly Labrador blood-that need homes. The dogs are six weeks old and ready to go. He also has 2 kittens—1 male and 1 female. Call him at 873-6815."

Maybe Bas Clas is as much a part of the sprawling rice prairies of Southwest Louisiana as the potlickers and tom cats that walk the headlands at night...even if they do sing about spies and serfs.
letters to the editor

To the Editor:

In the November issue of Wavelength you did an article on a band called "Satisfaction," sounds like a great band and record. The reason I am writing to you is to find out where to send for a copy of this record. I gather they must be on Four H 101, but I cannot find an address for the company. I would very much like an answer. Sounds like a Train.

I am 27 years old and have been collecting company. I would very much like to complete their collections with LPs from socialist countries.

I am seeking friends willing to exchange LPs with me. I can offer LPs of approximately 40%.

I appreciate you taking the time to read this; if you can get me the record. I was able to get a copy of Live at Humphrey's by A Train. Thanks for taking the time to read this; if you can get me the address or get the company to send some info along it would be great. Keep up the good reviews.

Rob Mullen
KZSC
Santa Cruz, California

To the Editor:

You may be surprised on receiving this letter from Czechoslovakia. Let me introduce you to a country of great music. I am 27 years old and have been interested in rock music, folk and blues for 15 years and have been collecting this kind of music. As my main interests are the records that are not available in Czechoslovak shops and have no other way to to complete my home discotheque with LPs issued in USA, England or West Germany, please will you publish my readiness to cooperate in exchanging records. I am sure you hardly know anything about our Czechoslovak groups and popular music in socialist countries, with some exceptions as Karel Gott, of course. And I am sure there might be some collectors in your country who would like to complete their collections with LPs from socialist countries.

I am seeking friends willing to exchange LPs with me. I can offer LPs from the socialist countries, new wave, rock, folk, jazz, classical music. Further rarities from Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Stones, Hendrix, etc. issued by our houses—Supraphon, Opus, etc.

Ludwig Kos
Hornicka 4109
Chomutov
Czechoslovakia

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To the Editor:

On the 5th of November, the annual Blues Estafette (a 12-hour blues event) was held at the musiccentre Vredenburg Utrecht, drawing a crowd of approximately 2,000 people. Outside two Chicago packages, this year's Blues Estafette brought several artists from Louisiana to the stage.

First there was Tabby Thomas and his Mighty HouseRockers who opened the event at 3 in the afternoon. I'd seen Tabby before in his clubs, "The Blues Box" in Baton Rouge, and I was anxious to see him perform again. His band opened with a Magic Sam boogie. Then Tabby entered the stage and he really proved that he paid his dues as a blues musician. With songs like his own "Nose Wide Open," he added a very personal note to the festival, getting a lot of response from the crowd. The fact that he plays both piano and guitar (being best on piano) guaranteed a varied show by Tabby, who is a pure and great singer as well.

Silas Hogan, from Scotlandville, La., entered the stage together with Henry Gray. Hogan did two songs, accompanying himself on guitar and he still reminds me in a very favorable way of the great Lightnin' Hopkins. Bad part was that after these two songs, Henry Gray took over the main role. Gray is good, but we've seen him several times before in The Netherlands. And Hogan has never been here before.

'A Taste of New Orleans' has been in The Netherlands before. They brought a swinging stage show with Walter Washington doing the main role. Then, Earl King entered the stage doing a professional set, although most people would have preferred to see him solo.

Last Louisiana act was the rambler act of John Delacroix and the Eunice Playboys. They played authentic zydeco, and they sure got the audience on its feet. The quality of their performance was, however, not comparable with many other zydeco acts that have been touring here like Clifford Chenier, Rockin' Dopsie and Queen Ida.

Anyway, Louisiana has played its part in the Dutch Blues Scene and I already heard word from some booking agencies to bring over Tabby Thomas and his band with all the Louisiana blues-harp players. Also there might be a Louisiana blues package coming to tour Europe in '84. And the world famous Northsea Blues Festival in July will bring us Irma Thomas, Ernie K-Doe and Allen Toussaint while negotiations are still going on with Clarence "Frogman" Henry and Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown.

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golden moments in new orleans rock 'n' roll

After a decade-long career downspin, James Booker begins to turn things around. Following a stretch in Angola and a persistent struggle with a drug problem, he appears at the 1973 Jazz and Heritage Festival where he is introduced to a wider and enlightened audience. Not long after, Booker is contracted to Island Records for whom he records an excellent solo album. In 1976, he embarks on his first tour of Europe thanks to German promoter Norbert Hess. While in Europe, he records two excellent live sets for the Aves and Blue Star labels.

This poster is from Booker’s first European tour where he touted himself as “the black Liberace.” It is being donated to the Maple Leaf, where Booker spent his most memorable New Orleans musical moments.
—Almost Slim

KINK-O-RAMA OR DEPRIV-O-RAMA

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By Jon Newlin

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and is played by Fred Ward who also expands the boundaries of caracism as an Amelieo Indian (Silkwood) and a fan-Michael Vincent type whose father is (perhaps—there's no real follow-up on this) in the same POW camp. The results are as expected—screaming Longitude M-14s, the score: noble sounds and even noble self-immola-

tions, detonations, a handful of terri-
fied prisoners who look something like the Margaret Bourke-White pictures of Buchenwald, an O-Henry ending.

Ted Kotcheff, a decent action director and also not bad with comedy, has nothing much to do—how much talent does a director need to show bamboo shackers blowing up? Bits from such unfondly remembered (by me) movies like The Great Escape and Bridge on the River Kwai keep popping up. Gene Hackman scowls a lot and Rob Brown flexes his muscles and shows off his (Kotcheff's now-familiar Charbon's deathless phrase) "2nd Street ring" and there's a great deal of the cloying mixture of grand-old-flag, gunpowder, and (literally only) guts. What's creepy about this show is this: (rhetorical questions but worthy of being sounded anyhow): what will people whose sons, fathers, nephews, uncles, etc. really, really are in POW camps (maybe) think of this travesty? What will those who missed the whole blessed thing think when this heterogeneous bunch of goons so quickly drops wives, jobs, everything, and heads on back to the cowering jungle for a bit more patriotic gore? In the light of certain recent International Incidents (as Henry James might have called them), what can anyone sane think of this sort of global vigilanteism—which is just terror from Our Side instead of Theirs?

Let freedom ring... but Uncommon Valor is the sort of picture that makes one understand (for a change), the remoral mind.

You know, or can imagine, what a godawful strain it must have been to get two and one-quarter hours of epic struggle-cum-redrock story out of the Karen Silkwood story, which is, on the surface, not one

rafted—to use a delicious old verb in novel blurbs—with drama, high, low or simmering. Silkwood is a nice-looking, not particularly interesting movie, which I gather Mike Nichols was at funurious pains to give some life to; whether it meant having Kurt Rus-

sell run around with the top button of his jeans undone or setting up some Vermeer-de-Hooch-like scenes of Cher as a kooky dyke?) rolling points in the bake kitchen of a clapboard house. By the time the movie rolls around—a goofy tableau of Meryl Steep dead behind the wheel of her little white Honda (smushed, I guess, by capitalist greed and pro-nuke anti-labor in-

trigue)—Kirk McEve is, from all reports, as thrilled over this picture as the Cubans were over Scarface, one realizes the presence of a heroic-fool mentality. This closing shot is, in its much, much lesser way, as emblematic as Marat dead in his tub, Wolfe expiring on the Plains of Abraham.

Meryl Streep remains a personal irrit-

ant—like Peter Sellers (although she is much less amusing), she seems an impersonator and not an actor. She has it all Down: the accent, the postures, the way of handling a cigarette or a can of beer, the ha’rdo. But it all seems like carapace—nothing inside, just an extraordinarily skillful, uninvoking turn or routine, not a performance. There is, however, absolutely stealing small-part character work by Sadie Bond as Thelma, in the film's best performance, and Diana Scarwid as the mortuary-beautician, a beautifully rounded job in just a few scenes.

Gorky Park is the first picture I remember with a credit line for "Ca-
davers"—they're swell, too, easily the best thing in this labouros non-mystery about some mustache-ly (gently tingly ones) committed in Moscow's big public park. Under the baton of relentlessly dull Michael Apted (even with a script by Dennis Potter of Pen-
net From Heaven, but you'd never have known it), the one thing that may have been of interest here—Russians police routine—is cationalized into Movie Police Routine. You might as well be at home watching Edward Dy-

myr's Confessions of Button Blackey (a much better movie) on TV. There's arguing among superiors, friction between police and KGB, a noble sacrifice or two. Some double-dealing, why one old codger tells William Hurt (more relentless dullness, as a character named something like Arkady Raincoat, with that over-earnest, overly-precocious voice of his that suffocates any scene he's in) that he'll never be the cop his father was. Some sables—the clue to what mystery lurks at the bottom of this swirling conversation—make wonderful noises and dart about most picturesquely (they make great capes and hats too). I hear that Marvin skulks about as a rich, sinister American.

Some of the bad people also have bad teeth, and there is an amusingly-set-up Russian version of the N.O.A.C, complete with "exotic" buffet—tomatoes and oranges amidst the salmon and sturgeon, and also a Russian rock band playing "Twist and Shout" as well as the building non-
presence of Brian Dennehy (I haven't had any use for him since he was so damned mean to Sylvester Stallone in First Blood—another Ted Kotcheff pro-Vietnam-pro-epe by the by, but hardly an incendiary one). I imagine the "hook" (to use a term I wish would die out) with Gorky Park as novel and film was a detective story with Russians, not the Barney Mill-

er-87th Precinct crew, sitting clues, dusting for fingerprints, putting thumb to nose at their superiors, putting tails on people. The evidence is that it's One World after all—at least in detective fiction. Still, there are those cadavers...

The Keep, an arty and incoherent occult drama—not a thrill or jolt, but...
art

THE ART SCENE
AT HALFTIME

The art scene in New Orleans, rather than being one furiously galloping from October to June, separates itself into roughly two heats. After a thunderous start in the fall which carries through to December, the pull of the holiday season eventually cools down the pace. Artists, patrons, and gallery directors are just plain distracted by the holidays and some thoughtful directors pause to, well, consider the commercial aspect of the season and the art business. Miniature shows are more likely to be found this time of year than any other. In January or therabouts, the season cranks up for its smooth downhill run into summer. Here's a look at what's available at halftime.

Arthur Roger, fresh from his coup at the Hotel Intercontinental, began the calendar year with a show of his stable: 36 Inches. Most galleries get around to this sometime in their schedule but unless the artists naturally form a group, the actual show can look like potluck. But trust the man who brought us painted carpet to find a way around the group show theme bind. This year, Roger settled on a dimension, one side only, as a premise. With artists, being the recalcitrant lot they are, not even this common element is always apparent. Still, the exhibition has some pretty, thing about it that we have come to expect from Arthur Roger.

Of particular interest are a high tech neon swing by Carol Steens Hust (which lent a note of tension to the opening, expecting, as you did some loopy gallery goer to give it a test.

Halftime show: Patriarchs, Saving Graces, Bad Boys, stupifying photographers, and a urologist turned formalist sculptor.

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LOUIS CASTEIX FRANK COVACEVICH
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Arthur Rogers’ hand-colored potted palms: Best use of dead foliage by a local art gallery.

run), an assemblage by Reiter who evidenced took the thirty-six inch admonition to heart, and a classic AbEx drawing by Paulette Whiteman. (I guess with a DeKooning retrospective at the Whitney and Rothko’s life as a TV docudrama, we can talk about classic Abstract Expressionism.)

Ever since Robert Gordy turned over a new leaf and started cooking on his new etching press, things have been looking up. In the plain brown monotype here, the caricature style figuration of his earlier work has been boiled down into a basic emblematic image, almost tribal. Other artists, twenty in all, include an acrylic by Dub Brock, just your basic techno-punk mermaid poolside maidens (this sounds more interesting than it is) and a full blown Steve Rucker, lights and sound even, but less to the point than usual.

However, we can’t pass on without noticing the changes wrought in Arthur Roger’s potted palms. In a season noted for it, he has excelled in the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climactic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the potted palm to the left and right of his front window. Their spiky, dessicated arms got cosmetically redone, proving, I guess, that every cloud has a silver lining, or in this case pink and silver and gold.

Not all artists start out waiting tables and working construction; still, a forty-year-old urologist-became-sculptor is a bit out of the ordinary, even for this most haphazard of professions. Arthur Silverman is just such an odd case and his sculptural rhomboids, trapozoids, crosses and triangles in 3-D aluminum and bronze went on view in January at the Galerie Simone Stern. The sculptures depend on light, surface, and the enjoyment of what people used to call “pure form.” Before long got popular again. Without emotion or disturbing references, they exemplify the ‘move in space’ theory that is the home turf of corporate plaza art, offering a cool, almost mathematical pleasure. In this school, which borrows from minimalism as much as abstraction, it is not even necessary for the artist to fabricate his work, it is only necessary that it be perfect in all its surfaces. Here, Silverman still has ways to go. The perceptible welds and occasional drips that are par for the course in more earthy works do not pass muster here.

The upscale aspirations of Tilden Foley have catapulted them from their old space on Royal Street to much larger quarters on Magazine. They are now the only the private gallery in town big enough to view large scale modern sculpture and painting in their proper perspective and for this they deserve to be commended. Their first show of the year takes advantage of this unique prerogative with an exhibition of large paintings by Larry Williams. Williams’ canvases are of the Marks-A-Lot school of abstraction, sometimes obscuring words, other times layering up marks into a cloud of color over a thin ground. Solid and unpretentious, they are welcomed sight as you enter the gallery. In the back gallery area, local photographer Josephine Sacabo curated a show of New Orleans photographers.

Crowds love photographs, particularly of other people, and they react to them curiously, as the garulous opening night reflected. Indeed, the sight of a honey blond in a black cocktail number rearing her star as the model in the photograph on the wall behind her, while her copiously clothed and abashed companions endeavored not to compare, obviously, the two versions presented them, offered a more complete confusion of art and life than I usually catch at the movies. Despite some stumpy participants in the show (Dureau is there, Faust, Richmond, to name a few), it lacks impact. Too many pics relied on current, standardized imagery—fathers, swept bottoms, muscles, old people—without

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JOE STERN
Jewel King

ROUND ABOUT THIS TIME / LOST LOVER BLUES

Imperial '5177

Jewel King was the first artist recorded for Imperial by Dave Bartholomew in 1949. She had an immediate hit from the initial session with "3 x 7 = 21." She was given the opportunity to do a national tour with Dave Bartholomew’s Orchestra but decided to stay down south and go to work locally with her husband, bandleader Jack Scott. Ms. King couldn't follow up her hit but she did have other releases on Imperial, including this one from 1952. Both sides of this were influenced by the then-popular West Coast blues sound best exhibited by Charles Brown and Amos Milburn. "Round About This Time" is a pleasant shuffle with a slightly risque lyric that's quite snappy. "Lost Lover Blues," on the other hand, is taken at such a dirge-like tempo that one can't wait for it to end.

—Almost Slim
reviews

Fats Domino

REELIN' AND ROCKIN'
Charly 1054 (England)

Unfortunately many listeners have written off Fats' post-Imperial ABC releases as commercial tripe of little merit. Nevertheless, in between the unnecessary crack singers and dragging string section, Fats' magic shines through just like always. This album collects sixteen tracks recorded in Nashville between 1963 and 1965. There are a couple of remake s, including "Red Sails In The Sunset" and "The Fat Man," plus covers of "Kansas City," "Love Me," and "I'm A Fool To Care" (yes, look out, Joe Barry). Also of special interest is Fats' rendition of Chris Kenner's "Land Of A Thousand Dances," "Packin' Up," "Something You Got," and Big Al Downing's "Heartbreak Hill" and "Land Of Make Believe ."

Fats didn't really change his style, there's still plenty of that warm vocalizing and 6/8 piano triplets. However, in the hands of producers Felton Jarvis (who also did terrible things to Bill Doggett, Ray Charles and Lloyd Price), it is often surrounded by questionable accompaniment. Still this is an interesting and enjoyable album that deserves the attention of all Domino fans.

—Almost Slim

Leather Angel

WE CAME TO KILL
Miami M-20

A monumental achievement! The best record on the current market by the best American band currently in business! Duh, where do I begin? Leather Angel, "The Queens of Leather Rock," is a band composed of four awesomely slutty California girls and I mean awesomely! Moscow Peckham's definition of sadomasochistic pornography (in Art and Pornography: An Experiment in Explanation) fits this quartet like a spike-heeled boot: "'women, usually but not always naked—bound up in incredibly complex and intricate network of ropes and straps, usually of black leather, often enough suspended from a hook in the ceiling like a side of meat! As nasty as the girls in Leather Angel look, you’d need a chain-cutter and a locksmith to get their pants off, which is the ultimate appeal of such fetishistic dressing and behavior anyway. It ain't easy and therein lies the fun."

The band’s music is slow and grinding, the recording sounds like it was done on a cassette. Krisi North, the drummer, attains a nuance, macho John Bonham-in-tin-cans sort of propulsion and lead singer Terry O'Leary is a hybrid of Seka and Pat Benatar—make that Seka and Stephanie White (as sexy as Pat Benatar tries to get in her videos, she’s always seems as tempestuous as the turnip greens at Wise's Cafeteria). Are you man enough? Are you woman enough? Down on your knees, filthy slave—lick this album cover!

—Bunny Matthews

Huey "Piano" Smith

THE IMPERIAL SIDES
Pathe Marconi 1546731

The first thing you’ll notice after listening to this LP is how little (if at all) Huey’s music changed after leaving Ace. There’s still the same old shoe-and-a-cut-out beat, with Huey’s playful piano triplets interspersed with plenty of vocal interplay.

Although Bobby Marchan’s distinctive soprano is missing from the Clowns, his place is admirably filled by Gerri Hall and Carley Moore. Although the group’s Imperial sides failed miserably, it wasn’t for lack of effort. "I Didn’t Do It," "Behind The Wheel," "Able Mabel" and "Somebody Told It" have the same spark that all the earlier hits did on Ace. Perhaps it just sounded dated for the early Sixties.

The bulk of this album has been compiled from unreleased material, but nothing here sounds unhearthed or amateurish. One of the album’s real treats is "Psycho," based on Hitchcock’s movie and spiked with hilarious vocals. Anyone who enjoys Huey’s hits will find this LP an unexpected treasure. John Brown’s sleeve-notes are an added attraction.

—Almost Slim

Lloyd Price

MR. PERSONALITY REVISITED
Charly 1052

The only bad thing I can say about this one is that most tracks presented here can be had in one form or another in the local record store cut outs or bins at rock bottom prices. Nevertheless, Mr. Personality Revisited contains sixteen numbers originally released on ABC between 1958 and 1960. This is a "Greatest Hits" package, and contained here are Price’s biggest hits including "Just Because," "I Want To Get Married," "Personality," and "Mailman Blues." While many including myself) will take exception to the sugary arrangements and unnecessary female background singers, beneath it all is some hard-driving R&B with plenty of the good old New Orleans touch. A pleasant offering from Kenner’s favorite son. (Sorry, Aaron Broussard.)

—Almost Slim

New Orleans Philharmonic

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New Orleans has always had a soft spot in its heart for its female vocalists. As far as rhythm and blues is concerned, the history of female vocalists goes right back to one of the city’s first national rhythm and blues hits, “Since I Fell For You,” recorded in 1947 by Annie Laurie.

Annie Laurie’s string of great late Forties hits on Deluxe and Regal paved the way for other New Orleans songstresses. Before the Forties ended, “Chubby” Newcomb had scored with the rowdy “Hip Shakin’ Mama,” Erline Harris with “Jump and Shout” and Jewel King with the swinging “5 3 7 = 21,” all of which predated even Fats Domino’s first recordings.

Originally, female vocalists were provided by orchestras and R&B combos of the Thirties and Forties. It was expected that a sultry songstress would provide the contrast to the instrumental portion of the show and the male blues singer. No band was worth its salt if it didn’t carry a female vocalist, so naturally they got plenty of attention when the record companies invaded New Orleans looking for talent.

The Fifties produced the powerful blues voice of Christine Kittrell, who is best known for her hit, “Sittin’ and Drinkin.’” One of the decade’s most successful and distinctive New Orleans voices belonged to Shirley Goodman, one half of the R&B duet, Shirley and Lee. Other memorable records were waxed by Bernice Dean with “He’s Mine,” Stella Johnson with “Yeah Baby” and Blanche Thomas. Out of this blues-cum-rock-n-roll era emerged Irma Thomas, whose roots were deep in the blues, but whose distinctive voice appealed to young audiences. Completely adaptable, Irma has been able to adapt to soul and even disco successfully.

One of the lost heroines of the Fifties was songwriter Dorothy LaBostrie, who penned some of the finest songs of the decade including Little Richard’s “Tutti Frutti,” Johnny Adams’ “I Won’t Cry,” Irma’s “You Can Have My Husband” and the classic “Rich Woman” by Lil Millet and the Creoles. Today her whereabouts are a mystery. One distant relative recalls she was in a bad car wreck and might have moved to Kansas City, but this is speculation.

The Sixties provided a cornucopia of female talent in New Orleans. National hits were scored by Barbara George with “I Know,” Betty Harris (who really only recorded here) with “Cry To Me,” Barbara Lynn (see Betty Harris) with “You’ll Lose A Good Thing.” Three New Orleans girls formed New Orleans’ The Dixie Cups, even topping the Billboard Hot 100 with “Chapel Of Love” in 1964. While the above-mentioned were lucky enough to have national hits, other deserving singers like Gwen Hall (ex-Raelet and Clown), Mary Jane Hooper, Tami Lynn, Marie Boukari, the Rouzan Sisters, Shirley Raymond and Cathy Savoy also had fine records.

New Orleans’ Jean Knight led the charge into the Seventies with “Mr. Big Stuff,” which was one of New Orleans’ biggest records during a quiet decade. Rose Davis, Mathilda Jones and Cynthia Sheeter also had great records.

As the Eighties dawned, many of the “old line” female singers found new strength. Irma Thomas and Jean Knight both recorded new LPs, with a new voice, Carla Baker, ready to make waves.

Wavelength / February 1984
‘There’s A Certain Girl I’ve Been After A Long Long Time...’

Patois-singing Lizzie Miles

JAZZ SINGERS
Germaine Bazzle
LaVerne Butler
Lady S.
Margie Joseph
Angelle Troclair
Carla Baker
Charmaine Neville
Leslie Smith
Tomi
Stephanie Sieberth
Lillian Boutte
The One Mo’ Time Ladies
(Topsy, Thais & Kuumba)
Fram Comisky
Pat Mitchell

GOSPEL
Mahalia Jackson
Bessie Griffin
(holds the record for inducing fatal seizures with her singing)
Alina White
Christine Myles
Elizabeth Eustis
Betty Lafayette (Mount Moriah Choir)
Gertude Spears (The Humble Travelers)
Ruby Ray (New Orleans Spiritualites)
Lola DeJean (Youth inspirational Choir)

“The Creole Songbird” Esther Bigeau

R&B
First Generation
Annie Laurie
Jewel King
Miss LaVell
Shirley Goodman
Aletha Hampton

Second Generation
Irma Thomas
Bernadine Berns-Dean Washington
Geri Hall
The Divi-Kups
Oretha Nelson
Sadie Blake
Betty Lastie
Christine Kittrell
Stella Johnson

Third Generation
Jean Knight
Rose Davis
Tami Lynn
Betty Harris

Fourth Generation
Mathilda James
The Electric 45 (All Girl Band)
Juanita Brooks
Sharon Henderson
Pepper Elsko
Leigh Harris
Cinnamon

HOT MAMAS & FOREMOOTHERS
First Generation
Ester Outside of That Biggau
Lizzie My Man O’War Miles
Ann Cookie Mama Cook
Genevieve Haven’t Got A Dollar To Pay Your House Rent Davis
Memphis Minnie “Born in Louisiana and raised in Algiers...”
but not a local artist except by nativity

Second Generation
Blanche Thomas
Angel Baby

Third Generation
Blaire Charles
Blenda Cherri
Valerie Davis
Ester Delilah
Betty Ester
Esther Ester
Jewel King
Pat Mitchell
Pepper Elsko
Lewis Harris
Cinnamon
LOUNGE LADIES
Mimi Guste
Zelda Rosa
Henrietta Lee Boggs
Janice Medlock
Charlotte Champagne

THE YOUNGER GENERATION
Becky Kury
Marcia Kavanaugh Radlauer
Suee Hillier (Huette)
Allison Young
Rebecca Nice
Debbie of The Batteries
Barbara Menendez
Carolyn Odell
Suzie Malone
Cindy Chambers
Lisa Sherman
Toxic Shock
The Pregnant Men
Cher and the Impolites
C. C. Mitchell

PATRONESSES
Connie LaRocca (recording)
Roberta Grace (recording)
Allison Kaslow (promotion, management)
Sandra Jaffe (clubs)
Barbara Hoover (clubs, promotion)
Cyndi Christian (promotion, management)
Rosy Wilson (clubs)
Dianne Chernyvert (management)
Pat Jolly (promotion, photography)
WWOZ's BB Dugas

SONGWRITERS
Dorothy Tutti-Frutti LaBostrie
Ruth Bails in My Heart Durand
"Naomi Neville"

SHOW BIZ
The Boswell Sisters
(Connie, Martha & Yet; when the act broke up in the mid-30's, Connie went solo for the next 25 years)
Dorothy Lamour
(Miss New Orleans of 1931 and sarong girl)
June Preisser
(in the Ziegfeld Follies as a child; later appeared in such Forties ephemerae as Babes on Swing Street, Junior Prom, Sarge Goes to College)
Becky Allen
The Pfister Sisters

SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH
Patsy Vidalia
Bobby Marchan
Eddie Bo (as Olive Oyl on Check Mr. Popeye)
Lenny Zunith
The Sluts (theoretical girls?)

OUTSIDE NEW ORLEANS
Southwest Louisiana
Cleoma Breaux
Theresa Falcon (the Mo Tucker of early Cajun music)
Emma Dell Lee
Grace Broussard
Carol Fran
Little Miss Peggy
Dorle Mateo
Margo White (Marguerite Wright)
Katie Webster (Katherine Thom)
Queen Ida Guillory (as if Clifton needs a consort)

Baton Rouge
The Parallellies
Texas
Barbara Lynn Ozen
Marcia Ball

Women In New Orleans Music: A Family Tree
Despite the unpleasant predictions of 1984 once espoused by George Orwell, Austin-based vocalist/pianist Marcia Ball figures it might go down as her best year yet. Ball, fiance Gordon Fowler (son of chili champion Wick Fowler) and their three children (one is hers, two are his) will move into a spacious new home, Rounder Records releases Ball's Soulful Dress album in February, Cox Cable will broadcast a taped recital to its subscribers this month and on New Year's Day at the Fairmont Hotel in New Orleans, Marcia Ball's lifetime dream came true.

"The high point of this year—I think it's going to make '84—has been meeting Irma Thomas," Ball says. "I like her. She's just the way she is. I felt this immediate rapport. Irma seems like somebody who's from the country and from a big family. She reminds me of a roommate I had when I lived in Baton Rouge—she says what she thinks. I just really enjoyed meeting her."

"The first time I saw her play, I was 13 and she wasn't that much older. She was playing on a package show in New Orleans at Municipal Auditorium. I don't remember anybody else on the show but I do remember Irma and she was pregnant at the time. That helped me out twelve years later when I was playing music and pregnant. Irma walked up on the stage and you could hear gasps from the audience."

"I was the same way. I'd sit down behind the piano until maybe the last three or four songs of the night. Then I'd stand up and people would go 'Ohhhhh!!'"

Because there was no hospital in her hometown of Vinton, La., Marcia Ball was born across the state-line in Orange, Texas. (Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, curiously, claims to have done the reverse—seeing his first light in Vinton and promptly jumping across the border to Orange.) She commenced piano lessons ("not exactly classical") at five and her favorite childhood singers were Fats Domino, Ray Charles, James Brown, Joe Tex, Wilson Pickett and, of course, Irma Thomas. Until she departed Vinton at eighteen to attend LSU, Ball confined her own singing to the shower.

In 1968, she joined the Baton Rouge mainstream rock band known as Gum, covering Summer-of-Love-era selections from Grace Slick and Janis Joplin.
Ball's latest band — bassist Don Bennett, guitarist Kenny Ray, drummer Wes Starr and horn-man Mark Kazanoff — is featured on the Soulful Dress album, which was recorded at Third Coast Studio in Austin and produced by Denny Bruce.

Ball cites the following album specifics: "It's very... very specifically right now. We're doing material that we do in the live show. It sounds real — it's almost unenhanced. In some songs, we've added a horn section but it's all low-keyed. It's very basic... very basically Marcia Ball's band playing music.

"We used the Mighty Big Horns, who are a horn section with a band in Austin called the K-Tels, and an organ player, Nick Connolly. Stevie Vaughan played guitar on one song and David Murray, another good guitar player in town, played on another. That's about it.

"I did three originals and the rest of 'em are by... all my favorite people. About Irma... I did a B.B. King song... actually it's a Joe Sample song — Made Your Move Too Soon; 'Don't Want No Man' by Bobby Bland; an Etta James song, 'I'd Rather Go Blind' — everybody's favorite; and a Laverne baker song, Soul on Fire. The title song of the album, 'Soulful Dress,' is a song by Sugar Pie DeSanto. "Sugar Pie DeSanto is from San Francisco, a contemporary of Etta James — in fact, they do shows together. Irma was telling me that she went on tour with Sugar Pie DeSanto and Rufus Thomas. She said, 'I was sitting in San Francisco, and Rufus, he thought she was going to wet her — you know, just die from laughing. It hurt she laughed so much. I've never met Sugar Pie and I've never seen her live.'

The mention of Marcia Ball's only previous album, Circuit Queen, released by Capitol in 1979, causes the singer to make a horrible gagging noise. "It was at the time when all the labels were kinda dabbling in progressive country — when Jerry Jeff Walker and Asleep At The Wheel were doing their thing. I went to Nashville and kinda got produced, which was not my intention but just what happened. I got into the big machine. Fortunately, she adds, the album is now out of general circulation.

Good songs — good, old songs — are constantly sought by Ball: "Anybody, at this point, that I can find. I'm devouring — in terms of music. Anything that happened before about 1968, I'm totally infatuated with.

"I discovered people all the time. Two years ago, I didn't know who... who was.. boy, what a revelation! I go through life always finding somebody else that I didn't know about — finding Sugar Pie DeSanto and Little Milton and Little Walter and Lonesome Sundown, one by one. I grew up in Vinton and I'd never been to the Goldband Studio in Lake Charles — all of a sudden, I realized where the Thunderbirds were getting all that shit."

"As far as finding myself in the male-dominated realm of popular music, Marcia Ball decrees: 'I don't think being a woman has mattered. If anything, it's helped. I think it's a matter of personality, I might've gone farther in the music business had I had a different kind of personality but it wouldn't have mattered if I was a man or a woman. I'm kinda more home-oriented and not particularly pushy."

"I am career-oriented — I do this not only because I love to do it but because I have to do it. I need it. But careerwise, I never packed up and went to L.A. and knocked on doors, and said, 'Hey, take me — do this, do that...""}

**Marcia Ball's Gumbo**

"I make a real good gumbo. I make a real dark roux. There's no secret to it. I use oil and flour — Crisco and regular old white flour —just like anybody else, in a black iron skillet usually. I do it real slow and I make it real dark so the flavor of the roux is there. Then it doesn't matter what you put in it. One of my favorites is chicken and oysters. My seafood store in Austin gets oysters from Amite."

"Don't put brown rice in your gumbo — graze on your own time. Cut your okra up real small so it's not floating in big green globs."

"The thing about it is that I don't make a New Orleans gumbo — I make more of a Cajun gumbo. Gumbos, like French dialects, vary from town to town. Mine tastes not like my mother's or like either of my grandmother's but more like the gumbo of the woman who used to cook for my grandmother when I was growing up. You can feel it but it doesn't hurt."
Seven Women

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

BECKY KURY (1952-1982)

LEIGH HARRIS AT HOME

STEPHIE WHITESOX AT ST. PATRICK CEMETERY № 2

ANGELLE TROSOCLAIR AT NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF ART

SUSIE HUETE (A.K.A. SUSIE HITLER) AT THE MARDI GRAS FOUNTAIN

TAMIE LYNN AT HER NEPHEW'S HOUSE

DOROTHY, OWNER OF DOROTHY'S MEDALLION, AT AMERICAN LEGION POST 203

BOBBY MARCHAN AT PROUT'S CLUB ALHAMBRA
Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis has attained phenomenal success in the music world. In addition to winning numerous awards, including top honors in Downbeat magazine for two years in a row, in January 1984 Wynton Marsalis became the first musician to be nominated for a Grammy award in both classical and non-classical music at the same time. The following is from a January 4, 1984, interview with Wynton during which he talks about his goals as a musician, his development as a trumpeter in both the classical and the jazz idiom, and his approach to music.

When did you first start to deal with classical music?

When I was thirteen, I had a tape of [Maurice] Andre. I said, 'Damn, that's bad.'

What was 'bad' about it?

At first I didn't think it was a trumpet. I thought it was a flute or something. It was a piccolo trumpet. I didn't know a trumpet could sound like that. Before that I didn't even listen to classical music.

We had one of those record anthologies you get from Disney or somebody with classical composers on it. I couldn't stand that record. But eventually I came...
Double Tonguing, Triple Tonguing, Slurring and Phrasing

Talking to Wynton Marsalis

to respect classical music. It took me three or four years before I really could enjoy listening to classical music. I would get bored because the music was so long. European music is long. In America because our culture is so quick, it's hard for us to sit down and listen to music for thirty-five minutes of the same thing.

So when you heard Andre what did you do?
I said, "I want to learn to play like that." I got a teacher, first. John Longo was my first teacher. Then Dale Fielder was another teacher I had. He showed me different things.

But you did go on to play classical music with the New Orleans Symphony.

Yes, I won a couple of the youth concerts they had when I was fourteen. I was "sad." It only won because no one else could play. Then I would go to classical music camps in the summer time.

Did you ever have any problems dealing with the theory of music?
No, theory is the simplest thing in music. People don't understand that. A lot of people don't have the discipline to sit down and figure something out, but that doesn't make it hard. The hardest thing about music is playing it. By now, every musician should know theory. It's just like reading music. Reading music is not hard to do. There's nothing creative about it, and because you can read doesn't make you a superior musician. In 1984, every musician should know how to read.

When you went to the summer camps what did you get out of them?
I could practice there. I wasn't there to party, I wasn't there to learn how to play.

Do you think you practiced more than most people your age?
No. Maybe, a little bit more, but not that much. I practiced, but mainly I thought about what I wanted to play. I would figure things out. "I'll play this, this way. I'll play that, another way." But you see that's bad in a way because sometimes you think things out too much so you might miss a lot of other stuff. But that's mainly what I did. I would figure out what I was going to practice and why. Each thing I would do in practicing, I did for a reason. For example, I would do certain things to practice double tonguing. That was another good thing about being in summer camp. I was in an environment where I could practice all the time. If I stayed home, I wouldn't do anything. I would just hang out.

Did you develop your trumpet in stages? For example, did you say at this point I'm going to learn fingering, and then at another point I will learn double and triple tonguing?
I wouldn't say that because those things are something that you have to keep practicing all the time. When I was in high school I could double tongue better than I can now because I never have to double tongue now. My practice would be in stages, but at the same time everyday I would work on each aspect of it.

So you had broken trumpets playing down into various aspects?
Yeah. Double tonguing, tripled tonguing, slurring, phrasing, tone, articulation, breathing. But I had a lot of good teachers.

Do you think having good teachers made a big difference?
Yeah. My daddy [jazz pianist Ellis Marsalis] was here. John Longo, George Jensen, Bill Fielder, Norm Smith, John McElroy. I would ask people questions plus I would buy a lot of books.

Had you made up your mind at that time that you wanted to be the best all-around trumpet player?
Definitely, by the time I was thirteen.

So you weren't interested in any one style of trumpet playing, you just wanted to be the best that you could be in all styles?
Definitely, and it was mainly out of practicality. Who was playing jazz trumpet at that time? Nobody was playing jazz, so I never thought about playing jazz. I learned to play it out of novelty because none of my peers could play it. My daddy played it but that's the only reason.

Did you seriously think about playing classical?
No, because it wasn't practical.

So at this age did you seriously consider making a living as a musician?
I considered being a musician and I thought I would be playing in studios. People buy records and you can see that: it's tangible. You know, Earth, Wind & Fire, or whoever, and they list the trumpet player.

Why did you reject playing in an orchestra?

After you began studying with instructors and had learned to appreciate classical music, what was the next step in your development? Did you want to play classical?
I never really wanted to play classical music. It's strange. I wanted to be "able" to play classical but I didn't want to play in an orchestra. I knew that would get boring. I didn't think of playing solos because who does that except Maurice Andre? So, I thought of playing in studios as a session musician. I never thought about playing jazz because nobody I knew was doing that.

(Cont'd on page 24)

Wavelength / February 1984
Because a lot of times that’s like having an assembly-line job; especially trumpets, you never get to play. It’s nerve wracking. You have to sit there all that time and then come in for one or two notes, and you have to hit it just right. I couldn’t stand all that time and then come in for one or two notes, to play. It’s nerve wracking.

Do you think there is anything unique in New Orleans that contributed to your view on developing yourself as an all around trumpet player?

In New York, everybody’s vibe is about practicing. All the bands: John Fernandez, Alvin Batiste, my daddy, John Longo, Kidd [Jordan]. Everybody would say, “Practice, practice. Learn this, learn that.” Every little funk band, everybody would practice and play.

You don’t think it’s like that in other places?

No. I know it’s not like that. We have a vibe here that they don’t have in other places. Well, we say “shedding.” We just have a thing in New Orleans. So when you say “shedding,” you don’t mean practicing with a book, you mean working with other musicians?

Right. Interaction.

What did they think of little Wynton Marsalis who was jazz pianist Ellis Marsalis’ son and who was always going to camp for classical music?

I don’t know. They must have thought I was strange. Plus, I didn’t really play a lot of New Orleans music [traditional jazz]. I never played that because I thought that was like “toning,” stupid stuff. If I could go back and do that again, I would definitely learn how to play that music. But, as far as what people thought, I don’t know.

Did winning the contest with the symphony encourage you to go more in a classical direction?

No. See, there wasn’t but one direction to go in. There weren’t any gigs to play jazz, so that automatically was cut. Why play jazz when you couldn’t gig? We had a funk band, use to play all the time. We rehearsed and played gigs. Matter of fact, I used to tell my brother I thought we were going to have a funk band when we grew up, seriously, to make money or something. But who plays funk on trumpet? That’s for saxophonists who have all the solos.

Saxophone is the supreme horn in fusion. Freddie [Hubbard] put out a couple of little fusion sides, but he wasn’t playing that much on them. Tom Browne, man, he has records that he doesn’t even play on, they were all the rhythm section. They just used Tom’s name on the cover but he didn’t play much of anything on the record.

There wasn’t anything else for me to do. A lot of people don’t understand. When Lee [Morgan] was growing up, Clifford [Brown] was still alive, Miles [Davis] was playing. Horace Silver had a band, Art Blakey had a band. Max Roach, Mingus, so there was a role model and you could say, “Yeah, let’s play jazz.” But when I was growing up there wasn’t any of that.

After you graduated from NOCCA [New Orleans Center for Creative Arts], what was next?

I went to New York. Then I went to Tanglewood next. Tanglewood was supposed to be the best camp. It was strange that I went there. That just luck.

Why do you say that?

First of all, you have to be eighteen to be in the Tanglewood program and I was seventeen, so I didn’t figure they would let me in anyway. Plus you had to have an audition. They had an audition at UNO while I was in New Orleans. It was raining that day, and I had to go on the bus. I mean it was raining and I got soaking wet. I was never so pissed off; see, I don’t like riding buses and I can’t drive. By the time I got there the cat was gone. You know, from Hickory and Carrollton out to UNO on the bus it was a long ride. I came all the way back on the bus and said, “forget Tanglewood, I guess I’m not going.”

Later I was in New York auditioning for Juilliard. I was staying with Charlie Miller, a cat from New Orleans, and I was walking down the street and I got totally lost. I walked by the Wellington Hotel and there was a sign out front that said “Tanglewood auditions.” So I just walked in with my horn and started playing.

What did they think when you just walked in off the street?

At first, Gunther Schuller said I had to be eighteen. I said, “Well, man, you just ought to let me...”
Dear Jazz Fest:

The people of Louisiana have some sort of ongoing love affair with festivals. Maybe we just know how to have more fun than the rest of the world, or maybe Mardi Gras has a way of rubbing off on the rest of the year. Seems like the porcine squealings of Basile's greasy swine festival have barely died down when the round Cajuns down in Galliano are vying for another oyster-eating crown by seeing who can wolf (suck? cram?) down the most oysters in a two-minute cholesterol-consuming frenzy.

Louisiana also plays host to two of the world's great music festivals: Festivals Acadiens in Lafayette and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. The Jazz Fest just seems to get bigger and better every year (some would argue that the two terms are inherently contradictory) and the sheer volume of organizational and logistical muscle needed to pull off such an event is a year-round job.

Now we'd never dream of telling the NOJHF people how to spend their money, but the temptation to fantasize about one ultimate, transcendent, mind-blowing day at the Fair Grounds is often too much to pass up. Why, just last night I drifted off and dreamed that Dr. John was bangin' the 88's behind him up there. These are all South Louisiana people and, really, none of them has been there, with the exception of France. I could get all the artists and even the band and a horn section, 'cause most of the material, like Frankie's, would require horns. It could be a dynamite production.

Ken Keene (Frankie Ford's manager): "We'd like to do a big show and call it 'Frankie Ford's South Louisiana Show' or something and get the cream of the crop of this area. Johnnie Allan, Dale and Grace, Tommy McClain, Rod Bernard, Jivin' Gene, Phil Phillips—I believe Phil is a Seventh Day Adventist and can't play on Saturdays, but we'd like to get him up there. These are all South Louisiana people and, really, none of them has been there, with the exception of Frankie. I could get all the artists and even the band and a horn section, 'cause most of the material, like Frankie's, would require horns. It could be a dynamite production."

Ralph (Rock Adam) Adamo: "Pop Combo, the Backbeats. I think there is a little more room for new music there than ever before, and those guys sound tighter than ever. Was that guy who was sweeping up at Tupelo's for a while?" ['[Alex Chilton!']"

'Yeah, Alex Chilton, people have been talking a lot about him lately, and Jay [Beninati] if his band's still together."

Wardell Quezerque: "Well, I'm an ex-trumpeter player, and when you name trumpet players, that's for me. Diz, Miles Davis, has he ever been there before? I think he would be great to have there this year, but probably hard to get. I've heard Wynton [Marsalis] on T.V., that would be real nice if he could come down."

Lynn Abbott (photographer): "The Fairfield Four, they're a gospel quartet from Nashville, Tennessee. They are a perfect example of the classic gospel style of the Forties."

Mason Eagleson (guitarist): "The Backbeats play around town and not too many people know about him. You could probably get him up there and talk him into playing some of them old blues like his daddy did. Clarence Garlow, I'd like to see him do 'Bon Ton Roule,' and 'Crawfishin' and 'Route 90.' He hasn't been handled and promoted properly and things haven't gone too well lately, but I'm gonna really try and get this guy out there. He told me on the phone he's still sharp as a tack and I'd like to see him out there for Carnival, or the World's Fair, or Jazz Fest...something."

Quint Davis (Jazz Fest producer): "That's something like asking Lee Iacocca what's his favorite kind of car or something. I'm looking forward to seeing the Festival as a whole, and within that are a lot of people I want to see, but as producer of the Fair, I can't say I want to see these guys. You know soon enough, believe me."

Vincent Fumar (Times-Picayune music critic): "I could give you a lot of names, but they're all dead, which would definitely have an influence on whether or not they'd be booked at the Jazz Fest."

Almost Slim: "Katie Webster, Raful Neal, G.G. Shinn, BooZoo Chavis, Lonesome Sundown. The Whistlen Brothers, who live up around Alexandria and play the old style country duets. Lazy Lester, I know where he lives up north, and Bunny Matthews, of course."

Hammond Scott (record producer): "This sounds like a broken record, especially since the boy had his chance last year and blew it, but I'd like to see Albert Collins at the Jazz Fest. He showed up at [the Riverboat President] last year but he had a fight with his manager, and his manager wouldn't let him play and put Lonnie Brooks in his place. I'd like to see Katie Webster there. This fella Sam Myers has been to town a couple of times, but has only had a decent band behind him once. I just heard a tape of him that blew me away. He's the type of harmonica player who could make people like Kim Wilson and George Smith stop and take notice. He's fixing to do twenty-nine dates on the West Coast with Anson [Funderburgh and the Rockets] in a battle of the blues. I'd like to see Little Milton get another shot, and I'd like to see a whole Louisiana Canavan with Lonesome Sundown and a lot of people like that together."

Bunny Matthews (Times-Picayune music critic): "I will not attend the Jazz Festival this year unless three of these acts are booked: Madonna, Meat Puppets, Minutemen, Seigner Ley Rochereau, Seigner Adeswe, Moussa Doumbia, The Fall, You've Got Poets On Your Breath, and William S. Burroughs. As for none of these acts being Louisiana acts, well, what do you call Pete Seeger? In the words of Bob Marley: 'Children, get your culture.'"
**FEBRUARY**

MUSIC STARTS AT 9:30 MONDAY—THURSDAY
10:30 P.M. FRIDAY—SUNDAY

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501 Napoleon Ave., corner Tchoupitoulas — Phone 899-9114
BY VIRGINIA LEVIE

With globular copper coffeepots fuming, Steins ablaze on the sidelines, the assembled crowd in the LaSalle ballroom tuned to a decorous hush as resident New Orleans composer James Drew with conductor Andrew Massey and members of the New Orleans Philharmonic Orchestra performed Drew's recent work, Courtyard Music.

To the left rear of the performing area, Drew, fifty and tweedy, stood behind the instruments he originated for this piece. Long black cylinders mounted on individual stands, the instruments resemble a row of telescopes aimed, shoulder level, at the audience. One cylinder, at the end furthest away from the audience, a flat metal "tongue" hangs down. By tapping the metal strip of one of the cylinders with a round mallet, Drew sounds a tone for the other performers. Massey, as conductor, signals the piece to begin.

Traditional instruments like cello, flute, and bass are there, a percussionist in back plays a set of shallow stainless steel bowls as well as a cymbal. Drew moves continuously behind his instruments, like a hand up and down a keyboard, battering the metal tongues with a round mallet and rectangular wire brush. The tones of Drew's instruments are scarcely audible, intended instead to modify the voices of the other instruments. Massey signals the changes (indicated by "boxes" on the score) by raising his fingers, 3, 2, 5, like a pitcher. The languorous moves forward without crescendos, contemplative rather than concrete. The piece, as Massey had explained earlier, combines "the sensuousness of harmony with the dissonance of mixed effects." In Drew's words, "We were after an abstract image."

Avant garde music and a Symposium on Imagination, all free and open to the public, are not the usual way of announcing the arrival of a new corporate business. But that is precisely how the Hotel Intercontinental chose to commemorate its opening on January 14. The performance of Courtyard Music was built into the Intercontinental, the instruments used in the Saturday afternoon performance are portable versions of the piece that is permanently installed on the fifth floor, in a courtyard that gave the piece its name. The courtyard, the process of designing it and the music, the unlikely assortment of people involved, from sculptor to physicist, were topics of discussion for the afternoon symposium.

In 1982, architect Steve Bingler was faced with the task of creating a courtyard for a deluxe hotel in a city already riddled with courtyards. Additionally, the hotel site was smack up against the imposing and strictly vertical Pan American building. Bingler knew he needed a new angle. He decided he wanted a space that would communicate. On a hunch, he assembled a group of local specialists for some brainstorming, a real collaboration. All from different disciplines but sympathetic to the "fourth dimension," the group was comprised of Bingler, composer Drew, sculptor Lin Emery, physicist Robert Moriss, mathematician Ron Knill and later, painter Patricia Whitty Johnson. What they came up with was an urban balcony garden, situated midway up the structure with two large free-standing sculptures by Emery, a yet to be completed fountain by Whitty Johnson and Drew's sounding tubes. The trees move in the wind but the sound is practically imperceptible, prompting the viewer to inquire if anyone had heard the emperor's new sound?

All major hotels require some sort of distinguishing feature, whether it's a revolving restaurant or a glass elevator. For its opening gambit, Hotel Intercontinental decided to go ahead with contemporary New Orleans artists. Besides James Drew and company, the hotel is filled with paintings, drawings, and sculptures by New Orleans artists like Goody, Reiter, Kohlmeyer from the first floor lobby through the rooms and suites on the fifteenth floor. Granted the Hotel Intercontinental did a lavish job of presenting the affair but the basic notion of concentrating on local talent might seem an obvious one for a large corporation, new to the region, to take. Sadly, that is not the case, in New Orleans or elsewhere. The idea, in fact, is so novel that it drew a television crew from PBS' MacNeil/Lehrer report to cover the event on the basis of its focus on local artists.

The Symposium on Imagination was an all-day affair, headlined by author Dr. Rollo May late in the afternoon. In the morning, the visual artists whose works hang in the hotel discussed individual creativity and corporate support, joined by New Republic publisher Jim Glassman, Horizon editor Kellee Conley Reinhart and New Orleans gallery owner Arthur Roger.

In the visual arts, "corporate art" has a nasty reputation, usually synonymous with the spineless stuff that gives abstraction a bad name. During the morning, various theories were brought forward as to why this time the outcome was different. But painter, musician, notorious New Orleanian George Schmidt, whose marvelously reactionary Carnival paintings hung in the downstairs pub like a kind of visual time machine, perhaps put his blunt finger on the truth. "In this town, maybe ever since it started, the people with money haven't had imagination and the people with imagination haven't had any money. What has happened here is they've finally given some of the people with imagination some of the money."
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doin, Frank Bau, Reggie Scanlan,
Dave Malone, Glenn Sears

Rank-n-File New country. Tom
Odom (512) 476-8195. Kip Kinman,
Tony Kinman, Jeff Ross, Slim Evans

Jimi Ray Acoustic folk rock. (305)
298-3590 or 837-0160.

The Rebels Rock 'n' roll. Big J
Productions 488-8821.

Red Rockers "Rock beat with a
message." Ron Rainey (213)
859-0561. Darrin Hill, John Griffith,
James Singleterry, Jim Riley

Redline Heavy metal. Big J Produc-
tions 488-8821.

The Renegades R&B. Jimmy
948-9078. George Porter, Jimmy
Balletto

Johnny Reno & the Sax
Maniacs R&B. Rock 'n' roll. Hammond Scott
895-7239.

Reunion Rock 'n' roll. 895-0540

For Booking Call Perry at 733-0571 or 837-2326

Steve Cronvitch, Chuck Gwazney,
Guy Duplantier

Mrs. Bates Bates Dance Music.
Roger 888-4976. Leslie Beter, Dudley
Blankie, Roger Burg, Bobby Charles,
Margaret Lancaster

My Three Sons Jonathan
891-3654. Jonny, Mutzi, David

Sam Myers (Blind Sam) &
Blues Band Mississippi Delta
blues. Malcolm White (601)
352-0286.

The Naked Fokes "Techni-
cally proficient, psychedelic porch
funk music." Jerry 895-8721. Lynette
Johnson, Terry Schumacher

Nasty Nasty Rock 'n' roll. Big
J Productions 488-8821.

Jo-Nate and the Retro-
bates Sixties bebop pop. John
837-4749 or 482-3322. Nathan B.F.
Gurley, Andrew Dallio, Rick Poston,
John W. Tolber

New Breed R&B. Pie Productions
283-4746.

New L.A. Rock 'n' roll. PBL Produc-
tions 891-0614.

New Leviathan Oriental
Fox-Trot Orchestra
Fox-trots, ragas, cakewalks, New Orleans
Tin Pan Alley. Dexter Thompson
866-3228. Seventeen members in-
cluding vocalists George Schmidt and
Music Director John Craft.

New Orleans Saxophone
Quartet Contemporary jazz. Tony
947-6012. Tony Dagradi, Earl Turlan-
ton, Fred Kemp, Roger Lewis.

The Neville Brothers R&B.
Pamela Gibbons 486-4009; Jay Ger-
bacher 947-5443. Aaron, Art, Charles
and Cyril Neville, Brian Stoltz, Willie
Green, Darnel Johnson

The Press Rock 'n' roll, new
wave. Allen 944-3787. Allen Jackson,
Ron Riggle, Jeff Falkenstein, Pete
Winkler, Jeff Laurer

Pressure Reggae. Rock Arts
(512) 327-5320.

Prisoner Rock 'n' roll. John
Siebert (504) 641-3749. Trey Kelley,
Frank Morris, Chuck Cannell, Kevin
Kincade, Doug Gachiara

Prototype 15 "Postmodern
originals, eclectic covers." (205)
344-5192. Brian Hughes, Lisa
Deloach, Edwin Cleverdon, Arthur
Pace, Dred Bridge, Jeff Lauder

Quick Silver R&B. Pie Productions
283-4746.

Quick Zipper Rock 'n' roll. Big
J Productions 488-8821.

The Radiators Fishhead music.
Ed 488-0493. Ed Volker, Camille Baud-
doin, Frank Bau, Reggie Scanlan,
Dave Malone, Glenn Sears

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Odom (512) 476-8195. Kip Kinman,
Tony Kinman, Jeff Ross, Slim Evans

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Johnny Reno & the Sax
Maniacs R&B. Rock 'n' roll. Hammond Scott
895-7239.

Reunion Rock 'n' roll. 895-0540
Clubs

Joe Santana, Johnson. Clair, Cajun.

(512) 327-5320. LaBloch.

Shaw, Contemporary jazz. Esther Taffaro, 899-8297.

835-7970. Mr. Parsons 866-6789. Tommy
to dance music. Mr. Parsons 866-6789.


The Shepherd Band Reggae, Shama Yisrael 893-5063. Seanih AI Zee, Zee Trueheart, Buck Davis, Korach Benzon, Chalde Ben Dan, Nahsee Shemuel, Moatzfetz El, Whoshavel ben Yisrael, Kasrearly, Kalomo Dg, Princess Marion.

The Shoes Sixties. PBL Productions 891-0614.

Barbara Shorts R&B, jazz, show tunes. 561-8833.


SKOR 641-5600. Fifties.

Percy Sledge R&B. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Leslie Smith "Eclectic rockin' blues." John Page 891-0498. Mike Pelleria, Leslie Smith, Zigaboo Modeliste, Nick Daniels.

Sneaux Rock 'n' roll. PBL Productions 891-0614.


South City Rhythm R&B. Robert (318) 232-9187. Robert Smith, Gene Labbe, Mike Meche, Jerry Valletta, Paul Williams, Eddie Latiolas, Tim Breux, David Matt, Clark Alderman.

Southwind Top 40. Bill & Carol Mauffray 273-0960 or 523-2773.

Sparkle Sixties, funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.


Marcel Richardson Trio Contemporary jazz, Esther Taffaro 523-2517. Marcel Richardson, Conner Shaw, Walter Payton.

River City Dance pop. Rock Atlantic 327-5320.


La Vergne, Mike Cowan, Jerry Wayne, Mike Margiotta, Joe Trolia, John Stewart, Ike Watson.

Satisfaction Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters Zydeclo. blues. Cajun. Mr. Parsons 866-6789.

Rockin' Sidney Boogie blues and zydeco. Mr. Parsons 866-6789.


Mason Ruffner & the Blues Rockers Blues, R&B, rock 'n' roll. 866-6905. Mason Ruffner, Mike Stokstan, Willie Cole.


Savage White Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


or 831-1731. Skip Dearie, Barry Hozenbal, Johnny Hozenbal, Carl Ludderdale.

Tom Rice Acoustic guitar. 241-6005 or 235-2160.

Zachary Richard Band Cajun rock. (318) 269-9926. Zachary Richard, Sonny Landrath, Roy Melton, Dave Ranson, Mike Binet.

Marcel Richardson Trio Contemporary jazz, Esther Taffaro 523-2517. Marcel Richardson, Conner Shaw, Walter Payton.


River City Dance pop. Rock Atlantic 327-5320.


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Sparkle Sixties, funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.


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Stone Jam Funk. PBL Productions 891-0614.


 Strait Face Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Survivors Contemporary jazz, gospel, R&B. Jason Patterson 944-2369. Ramsey McLean, Sam Henry, Reginald Houston, Charles and Charmaine Neville, Zigaboo Modeliste.

Takken New wave, pop. S. Holland Kemp 282-8703. Corbett Kemp, Karine Menredi, George McQueen, Mike Donlon, Charlie Wiemann.

The Tangents Mississippi redneck R&B. soul and bop. Malcolm White (601) 352-0286.

Willie Tee R&B. jazz. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

These Days with Jewel Bass R&B. jazz. Malcolm White (601) 352-0286.


Irma Thomas R&B. Emil Jackson 245-1719.


Toulouse Cruise R&B shuffle, jitterbug. (318) 233-3042. Dana Dubois, Peter Bulliard, Lance Lefarge, Sam Whitmore, Dale Warnken.

Trac One Funk. soul. PBL Productions 491-0614.

2.2 New wave. 955-7460. Joshua Stone, Scott Shaw, Alita Apollo, Patricia Reis.


Trinity Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Earl Turbinton Contemporary jazz saxophone. Ethel Siegel (202) 966-0055 or Jule Lawrence Curriers (813) 242-1556.


Ernie Vincent & the Topnotes R&B & Pie Productions 484-4746.


Visions of Tomorrow Funk and roll. Bill & Carol Mauffray 273-0960 or 523-2773.


The Voltage Brothers R&B. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Gary Vozbein Quartet Jazz Jazz Contact 891-0586. Gary Voz­ bein, Tim Green, Jimmy Carter, Eric Glazer.

Tuts Washington New Orleans piano. 943-9334.

Walter Vozbein R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.


Nora Wixted Band Jazz, R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Woodenhead New rock. 891-1328. Fran Comiskey, James Comiskey, Edgis Lips, Jimmy Robinson.

WWIW Unforgettable Orchestra Big band, jazz, swing. David Smith, 522-1450. Directed by Ed Lewis. band can be as large as 16 pieces or as small as 6 as occasion warrants.

x-span-x Dance pop. Rock Arts. (512) 327-5320.

Zebra Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.
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CONCERTS

Thursday, 2
Luther VanDross and Debbie, UNO Lakefront Arena, 8 p.m.

Friday, 3
Ultimate House presents Pap Martin at 8 p.m., Airgade at 9 p.m., and Gilbert (That Sentimental Gentleman) at 10 p.m., with an open mike session beforehand; by admission; information at 865-9121.

Saturday, 4
Bobby Cure’s Birthday Celebration, the scion of the Cure’s dynasties comes of age at last; at this “bar mitzvah” will be Aaron and Art Neville, Frankie Ford, the ever lovely Bobby McCracken, Jimmy Elledge, Johnny Adams, Dr. Bobby Mitchell and Jerry Byrnes, at Bobby’s Place on St. Bernard Highway (just a block or two from Jerry’s La Vie Lounge), S3.

Jesse Felciano performing with the New Orleans Symphonic Group; Copland: In the Field, information at 524-0404.

Three Dog Night, Bistro Laveau, 4601 Tulane Ave., 8:30-3:30. Continental, Wednesdays through Saturdays from 10.

Blue Heaven, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed. 1 through Wed. 15: Nancy Wilson, who is of all singers perhaps closest to Dinah Washington, but refined as well and doesn’t go in for so many wiglets and face makeup. Tues. 16 through Sat. 21: B.B. King and his adopted redhead Mavis Staples. Mon. 13 through March 13: the almost supernaturally elegant and eloquent Billy Eckstine. Reservations: dancing, as well.


Bonaparte’s Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 521-9470. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.


Brooks’, 1405 Romain Grout, 388-1000. Through Sat. the Mississippi South House Band, and again the thrift of the month with the exception of the following dates: Sat. 5: John Anderson, Mon. 6 through Sat. 12: Dillinger.

Carrollton Station, 840 Willow, 526-5910. Sat. 4: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers, Sat. 11: Johnny Jay and the Hitmen in their A Go A Go Omega revue. Sat. 18: Mr. Ruffner and his B.A.’s again.

Featuring that at Dixon Assembly Center; the club for insiders.

Concert Series

New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony, Orpheum Theatre, 524-0404. Tues. 7 and Wed. 8: Bruce Berdie conducts a concert, Sat. 11: Aaron and Art Neville, Frankie Ford, the ever lovely Bobby McCracken, Jimmy Elledge, Johnny Adams, Dr. Bobby Mitchell and Jerry Byrnes, at Bobby’s Place on St. Bernard Highway (just a block or two from Jerry’s La Vie Lounge), S3.

Mondays: WWOZ FM 90-9 FM will present American Women In Jazz, focusing on Melba Liston, Bethina, Aminiee Moseke, and Joanna Brasack.

Tuesday, 5
Z.Z. Hill, Saenger Theatre, 7 p.m. Information at 865-6121.

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Z.Z. Hill, Saenger Theatre, 7 p.m. Information at 865-6121.

Wednesday, 6
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Saturday, 9
The Emerson Quartet, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. Someone told me they thought this was a new music group—four long grey beards who recall how this group got its name (one calculates the number of dogs on a boat to twice the number of the nights, that is why it is an Ekimak) will realize that their appearance could not be better timed.

Sunday, 10
The New Orleans Dance Performance Company, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. Admission information at 865-3822.

Saturday, 16
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Sunday, 17
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

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Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Saturday, 24
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Sunday, 25
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Monday, 26
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Tuesday, 27
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Wednesday, 28
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Thursday, 29
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Friday, 30
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

Saturday, 31
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free.

The Rites of Rex at the Historic New Orleans Collection in February

February Parades

Saturday, 18
Or, St. Bernard (D)

Sunday, 19
Little Rascals, Metairie (D)

Friday, 24
Atlas, Metairie

Saturday, 25
Choclaw, Algiers (D)

Sunday, 26
Alia, Algiers/Gretna (D)

Monday, 27
Ponchartrain, New Orleans East (D)

Tuesday, 28
Centurions, Metairie

Wednesday, 29
Marci Gras, Metairie/Baton

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
George ‘s, Metairie

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
Pizza Pizzazz, Metairie

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
Pollo’s, Metairie

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
Charles & Frank, Metairie

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
The French Market, 1 to 3 p.m.

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
The Famous Door, 1001 N. Rampart, 566-0464.

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
Nancy Cox, Every day except Wednesdays.

March 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28
McEcc, 751-1313.

36 Wavelength | February 1984
Montgomery from 11 to 3 p.m. Tues. through Thurs.; Janice Medlock from 7 to 10 p.m. Tues. through Thurs.; Lee Aldridge from 10 to 2 p.m., while on Fridays and Saturdays there is alternation with Sandy Hanson. Mondays: D'Auray from 10 to 12.

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons. 899-9669. Call for listings.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon. 524-7781. Fridays through Sundays: Bryan Lee from 9 until 2 a.m., relieved by the urbane Luther Brown from 7 until 7 a.m. when the milkman's on his way, hey! Mondays and Tuesdays: Maseon Ruffner at 9, Wednesdays and Thursdays: Bryan Lee from 9.


Player's Club, 399 N. Claiborne, 526-9898. Thursdays: Reggae Night with the Shepherd Band and Kwan.

Ponchartrain Hotel, Bayou Blvd., 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0651. Bruce Vernon from 5 until 7, during the week, and is joined by Rusty Gator on bass on Friday.

Preservation Hall, 728 St. Petre, 323-8939. Along with Gaetairee's and K. Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik. Country, Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.


Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 526-9851. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Sally Townes.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. In the Showroom, Nora Wixted and John Autin from 9 on Sundays and Mondays; each other night, Randy Hebert. In the piano bar from 6 p.m. to 8, Thursday-Mondays. Al Bourland.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5255. Call for listings.


Snug Harbor, 625 Frenchmen, 940-9630. Wed: 1. 1st anniversary party with the Olympic Brass Band and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. Fri. 3. With the Barron Patrick Band. Steve Masakowski and Jimmy Robinson (who has to eat a po-boy made of used pickle ends) and Sandy Hanson. Sat: 4. Remley McLean and the Lifers. Fri: 10. Treme (how will they get all those people on that stage?) Sat: 11. Al Bellito and his Sextet plus one. Sun: 12.


LA CLUBS


Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2292.

Chief's Southside, (formerly Trinity's), 4385 Patterson Road, Baton Rouge, 388-9884.

Circle in the Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-232-2215.

Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-232-2215.

Dixie, 1610 Old Desoto Road, Baton Rouge, 325-9383.

Double Door, 5203 Desserd Street, Monroe, 318-342-6950.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-892-707.

Great Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-5969.

Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-5969.

Humphries', Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 318-447-9991.


Mudale's, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-4646.

The Off Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-3951.

Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell.

Pappas Joe's, 1222 Louisiana, Lake Charles, 1-847-9997.

Party Town, Military Road, Slidell, 1-847-9997.


Rusty Hall, 545 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

Scarlett's Bar, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8742.


Steak and Lobster Inn, 1100 North Broadway, Baton Rouge, 318-436-8742.

Tuts Montoya at Tulane's Dixon Hall, 710 University Ave., 596-8415.

Doc Watson, Tip's, Feb. 8.

Crawley / February 1984

Grammy nominees, Roomful of Blues, Tilpin's, Feb. 15.

Tuts Snug Harbor, Sunday nights.
John Lee Hooker, Tip's, Feb.4

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Thurs.2 through Sat.19. Program by Derek Walcott.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Thurs.2 through Sat.19. Program by Derek Walcott.

Nicholas, Glover & Wray, Snug Harbor, Feb.24
Poet," Richard Pierce's theatre/porformance piece, complete with dancers, cellos, ...nomen, Fri. 24 through March 18: the productions of mask makers local and national.


Delgado Fine Arts Gallery, Through Wed.-Sat.: paintings and drawings by Bengo, a.k.a. Robert Jenkins Berguson (he's always liked X's pseudonym like Xaviera, Tous, and Monu Desidero, Master of Familiar etc. — a gesture to provide a little mystery to the whole thing, a wondrous air. Fri. 24 through March 14: the commercial art student show.


Gasquet Fine Art Gallery, 531 St. Peter, 524-9733. Through February: contemporary folk artists from the south, including David Butler, Max Wall, and James Rogers.

Historic New Orleans Collections, 533 Royal Street, 525-5833. 1 Feb. through March: The Rites of Rex, an exhibition showing how the School of Design puts its pageant together, both this year and in years past -- this show also should pare the stilt-costuming and the sweetest rumor that those bell-faced epoque sorts couldn't have looked like the designs on the parade sheets.


Longue Vue Gardens, 1 Bamboo Road, 488-5486. Decorative arts.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. At the Old Mint on Esplanade, New Orleans Jazz and Carnival In New Orleans. At the Presbytere, through the end of the month: La Bande Dessinne, contemporary French cartoons, courtesy of the French Consulate. Sat. 11: Culture Power in the inner City, the second lecture in the Urban Folks series, at 10 a.m.


New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 438-2631. Sat. 11 through March 25: Auspicious Spirits: Korean Folk Paintings and Related Objects; The World of Kama Sutra (European Japanesek literar): — painting, poetry calligraphy, the works. Says our Art Editor), and the finalists in the Design Competition conducted by NOMA for its new Writer Wing. Sat 11 through April 1: Tradition Meets Tradition (debarred art), I think, a show of Wedgewood from Southern collections.

Optima Studio, 2035 Magazine, 523-9325. Through Thurs., a group invitational curated by Hank Nielsen. Sat. 17 through March 8: Night Mind, a group show of gallery artists.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Feb. 15: sculptures by Terry Weid home and paintings by Margaret Winstead. Fri. 17 through March 23: paintings by Rene Harte (who just a decade or so did the sweetest flower paintings, sort of an Irish Channel Odeon Recall) and now... well, goes to show you never can tell) and Gary Dwyer.


*Russian Night* at the Columns, Feb. 4
Wynton Interview

"We had a funk band, used to play all the time. Matter of fact, I used to tell my brother I thought we were going to have a funk band when we grew up."
SINGLE male, 26, 5'8" tall, honest and intelligent with sense of humor wants to meet woman with same traits for friendship, dating. Jay, P.O. Box 1272, Slidell, LA 70459.

THIS WOMAN IS STILL READY! Hi! I have curly brown hair and blue eyes, am 5'4" with lots of energy. I love jazz dance, blues, R&B and reggae, good friends and Halloween 'em, gourmet food orgies, foreign movies, jogging, and meditation, travel and the outdoors, and lots of sharing. I'm seeking friendship with a talkative, adventurous, non-sexist, physically fit, expert man of any race, appr. 23-45. Linda P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, La. 70173.

CLASSIC New Orleans oldie but goodie 45s available from Record One Stop: $2 each, any 6 for $11. Add $2 for shipping and handling (these are all the original recordings on reissue labels). Carnival Time Al Johnson, Mardi Gras Mambo Hawkettes, Truck Bag Earl King, Big Blue Orchestra. Don't Take It To Hard Earl Cornelly King, Mother-In-Law. Tell It The Truth. Hello My Lover Ernie K-Doe, Pass The Hatchet! Roget & The Gypsies, Ooh Phat Pat One Part Bill Jesse Hill. I'm Raining. I Did My Part Irma Thomas. Fortune Teller, Lifesick Traces Benny Spellman, Part Time Lover Little Johnny Taylor, Last Chance Allan Collay, Sittin' On A Drinkin' Christine Kornell, Told It Like It Is Aaron Neville, Those Lonely Lonely Nights. Earl King, Anna Arthur Alexander, Gypsy Woman Eddie Powers Go to the Mardi Gras Professor Longhair, Hey Pocky Way. They All Asked For You. Meters, There Is Something On Your Mind Bobby Marchan, Talk To Me, Let Them Talk Talk Little Willie John, Honky Tonk Party. Jull Bill Dogger, see crate Frankie Ford, Night Out Tony Allen. The Things I Used To Do: Guitar Slim, Lazy Miss Claudy Lloyd Price, and many, many others. Send orders to Record One Stop, P.O. Box 547, Kenner, LA 70063. Road Runner says "Keep rockin' and rollin'!"

P.A. FOR SALE
Excellent 3-217 PA system valued at $8,000, will sell for $3,700. All high quality components, such as a Yamaha power amp, Furman crossover, and speaker echo, are about 2 years old and in excellent condition. Includes path packs and speaker wires. Will not be broken down until a later date. Also, mini-Moog $900. Peavey Deuce guitar amp, $275. Call Kermit at 466-2176 or 466-3592 or 625-5562 after 6 p.m.

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Beginning to advanced, all styles—rudimental, orchestral, jazz, rock, Latin. Individual or class instruction. Call for appointment, Drum Studio, 523-2517.

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Pop Combo, a new music band, is looking for a keyboard player with strong vocals. Call Bruce 861-4272 or Steve 434-6141.

Expert Drum Instruction

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Wednesdays — Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers

STUDENT SITE — no cover w/valid university ID

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ATTENTION
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Sat. 18 — James "Blood" Ulmer
Fri. 20 — Krewe of Cosmic Debris Ball w/Allison & The Distractions
Sat. 25 — Beaux Arts Ball w/The Survivors

Dream Palace

Fri. 3 — Lil' Queenie & The Skin Twins
Sat. 4 — TBA
Sat. 11 — Radiators
Sat. 18 — James "Blood" Ulmer
Fri. 20 — Krewe of Cosmic Debris Ball w/Allison & The Distractions
Sat. 25 — Beaux Arts Ball w/The Survivors

2 For 1 Admission With This Ad

Wavelength / February 1984
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Tour

Tour

Tour

Tour

Tour

Tour

Tour
Kent Jordan's single, "Terms of Endearment," is due to be released this month on CBS Records and his LP, "No Doubt About It," is due for release in March. This LP is produced by Stanley Clarke who can be heard on several cuts playing piccolo electric guitar.

Arca drivers proudly displaying the "Make My Grass Blue" bumper sticker may want to tune in to "Bill Malone and Pat Flory on WTUL's Saturday afternoon live country show or watch Flory and the Mt. Pontchartrain String Band at Carnival Station. Rollin.'

Screen Gems/EMI Music songwriters Quentin "Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed?" Powers was in town for a Christmas visit with his family, including sister Gloria, who is marketing director for Le Moulin Rouge...Nightprowler is a new music video program from the Birmingham, AL area produced by photographer Marshall Hagler and musician Jim Liner. Dateline Chalmette—out of state management company wants to take it to The Limit...Siren has been recording what we can only presume to be 'siren songs' (aaagghh!) at Vit Vigint 13 Studio.

Attention all B-52's clones, members of the Lost In Space/My Favorite Martian Fan Club, collectors of cheap wigs and f'ab '50's furniture: The Krewe of Clones is looking for musical groups to march in its 1984 parade on February 18, under the theme of "Barbe and Ken Lo To The World's Fair." So remove those genitals, buy a new set of Duracells for the Pignose and call Sandra "Big Barb" Blair at 523-1216.

"Bah and Humbug, too!" shouted the nation's miracle workers when they discovered that some of the last page's "free" hot albums. The Bar pulled the upped track for his New Orleans-meets-the-Universe soundtrack for his New Orleans-meets-the-Universe musical entitled "A Starship Named Desire..." He will also present "Doxological Entremet" (no relation to Philippe) as part of an Uptown Youth Center benefit at Tipitina's on Feb. 5. He describes the piece as: "Twelve musicians, twenty minutes, a brief interlude with God." Amen.

Two new, well sort of new, bands to be on the lookout for that both contain the incorrigible Clements brothers within their ranks are the Cherokees, including Chris Luckette and David Silverstone and the (can we say this on the air?) Hard Ons. The H.O.'s are a truly rocking trio consisting of David Clements on bass and vocals, J. "Bengi" Beninati on guitar and vocals and Wee Jimmy Sheanon on drum dementia, a papiasnistic band, indeed, and hold the smegma. (As a matter of fact, NO, we can't say that on the air, buddy.)

The latest Neville Brother to debut is Ian Neville, son of Art, who's been strutting his stuff on drumskins lately. As Billy Preston, Bonnie Raitt and other assorted luminaries stood by, little Ian decided to help out his buddy, Zigaboo Modeliste, on the drums. Born on Uncle Aaron's birthday, Ian is reported to do a mean version of "Hey Pocky Way," though slightly hampered by not being able to talk yet. He's only two.

The Normals held their umpteenth annual reunion at Tipitina's last month. In attendance were the Backbeats, Barbara Memender, the Models and Larry Zentz. Big deal. Just kidding, guys...The NBC Nightly News did a human interest story on Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown's retreat from the city that included a memorable shot of Gate paddling hisprodge down a lazy bayou. Mac "Dr. John" Rebennack was at Sea-Staints recently to cut another in a series of "Love Dat Chicken" commercials for Popeye's.

Guitar entrepreneur Dino Kruz debuted his own Kruz Band at the Melius Bar for Christmas. The band's repertoire includes the city's best covers of rock skins lately. As Billy Preston, Bonnie Raitt and other assorted luminaries stood by, little Ian decided to help out his buddy, Zigaboo Modeliste, on the drums. Born on Uncle Aaron's birthday, Ian is reported to do a mean version of "Hey Pocky Way," though slightly hampered by not being able to talk yet. He's only two.

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