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Wavelength

ISSUE NO.40

FEBRUARY 1984

WOMEN IN NEW ORLEANS MUSIC

MARCIA BALL
MEETS HER IDOL

Interview:
Wynton Marsalis

New Orleans Band
Guide: Hundreds of
the World's Greatest
Bands Listed

Art Scene:
Halftime Guide

Movies: Five of
the Latest Flicks

Jazz Fest: Who
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The Power, The Glory, The Scene-Boosting

Those of you who presume folk-culture is exclusively provincial might do well to take a look over your urbane shoulder. Graffiti artists and break dancers have made national news with their inner city folk expression. In New Orleans, Mardi Gras Indians and the paintings of Sister Gertrude Morgan exemplify folklife within city limits.

To focus public attention on the cultural riches lurking in the dense fabric of city life, the Louisiana

State Museum, Amistad Research Center and the New Orleans Urban Folk Society are hosting a series of Saturday morning discussions at the Presbytere. On February 11, local photographer and folklife fan extraordinaire Michael P. Smith will moderate a conversation on "Culture Power in the Inner City" with Howard Becker of Northwestern, Johnnie "Kool" Stevenson of the Scene Boosters Marching Club and other New Orleanians. The series will conclude March 10 with a symposium on "The Power of New Orleans Music." Now there's a subject dear to all our hearts.

—Virginia Levie



Stephen Urquhart and John Barr: "Cum on feel the classical noise!"

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 Medi-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 Weinie and the Awesome Rods have headed back to Sweden to cut a hardcore album of Roy Brown tunes; and The New Leviathan'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



Sculptor Coco Robichaux, standing; Prof. Longhair, memorialized

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 Bess 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 here are, from left to right, Darrell Walker, sculptor Coco Robichaux, Ricky Castrillo, 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 Vosbein 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 audiences: "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] Sheik 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 later 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 slender 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



BUNNY MATTHEWS

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 see a drive-in daiquiri 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 different parts of it are being written and being produced in different parts of the world. His productions tend to be like a series of very slow moving tableau, sort of like pictures that move really slowly, where the lighting and everything is real beautiful. I'm involved in one section called 'The Knee Plays' because they join some of the other sections together."

"I saw the Dirty Dozen a few years ago and thought that they were real good. Originally I had wanted to write music for brass instruments for this thing, and when I remembered them [the 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'Ettienne of Germany on clarinet and both tenor and alto sax, Hans Knudsen of Copenhagen, Denmark, on piano, along with compatriot Soren Houliand on drums. Banjo duties are handled by Arild Holms of Oslo, Norway, and Bob Culverhouse of London, England, will be on bass.

—Fred Hatfield



Irma Thomas, Aaron Neville, Wardell Quezergue caroling New Orleans style.

O Holy Night In New Orleans

Vocalists Irma Thomas, Aaron Neville, and arranger Wardell Quezergue were three featured performers in a holiday concert entitled "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," Quezergue 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 sequined 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

NEW RELEASES

- Fats Domino, *Walkin' To New Orleans*, Pathe Marconi 1546621 re-release
- Irma Thomas, *Time Is On My Side*, Kent 010 (collection of 16 sides recorded for Minit and Imperial 1964-65)
- Fats Domino, *Get Away with Fats Domino*, Ace CH90 (reissue of ABC 510 1965)
- Fats Domino, *What A Party*, 15-46631 (reissue of Imperial 9164, 1961)
- Huey Piano Smith & Clowns, *The Imperial Sides*, 15-46731
- Marcia Ball, *Soulful Dress*, Rounder 3078
- Kent Jordan, *Terms of Endearment*, CBS
- Lloyd Price, *Mr. Personality Revisited*, Charly Records CRB 1052
- The Larry Williams Show featuring Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Pathe-Marconi re-release Edsel 119
- The Best of Shirley and Lee, British Ace CH47

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 Orleansian) 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 hitch don't you know

*He's Serfin'
Serfin' USA*

"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 late Bob Dylan than Joel Sonnier or even Zachary Richard, and not a word in French. Lyrics concern global politics and romantic detente, 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. —rico



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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 appreciate any help you could give me in tracking them down. Being here in Santa Cruz, I hear very little good New Orleans style music. Thanks to *Wavelength*, I was able to obtain a copy of *Live at Humphree'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 myself just in short.

I am 27 years old and have been interested in rock music, folk and blues for 13 years and have been collecting this kind of music. As my main inter-

ests are the records that are not available in Czechoslovak shops and have no other way 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, classic music. Further rarities from Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Stones, Hendrix, etc. issued by our houses—Supraphon, Opus, etc.

Ludwig Kos
Hornicka 4109
430 03 Chomutov
Czechoslovakia

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. Out-

side 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 club, "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 ramblin' act of John Delafosse 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 Clifton 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.

Rien Wisse
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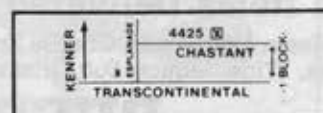
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golden moments in new orleans rock 'n' roll

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 1975 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



Poster from Berlin commemorates Booker's successful visit.

Oops Dept.: Last month's Golden Moments erred in citing Joe Assunto as the owner of Ric Records. It was of course Joe Ruffino.

cinema

BY JON NEWLIN

KINK-O-RAMA OR DEPRIV-O-RAMA

It's just possible that some topics may not be appropriate for the standard melodramatic treatment they get in the movies—*Uncommon Valor*, a demotic *idée fixe* which is not the trashiest picture I saw over the holidays (an honor safely carried off by Lasse Braun's *Kink-O-Rama*, caught one rainy eve at the Paris) but is possibly the most dangerous. Here's the low-down: Gene Hackman is an old Army boy (Korea, career, etc.) whose son was MIA in Vietnam and as the years pass (a prologue shows us the helicopter taking off without the kid who stayed behind to help a friend—son of moneybags Robert Stack as it turns out, but that's getting ahead of the game), Hackman's obsession in cutting a small swath through military Circumlocution Offices reveals that No One Cares, that the reiterated "negotiations about the prisoners are still being carried on" smells of equine manure. So what does he do? In a move paralleled in recent film only by Tom Skerrit and his Southside Philly buddies in *Fighting Back* (largely unseen due to the colossal stink raised by its obvious ethnicity, both pro and con) who came to the conclusion that if you don't like the people in your neighborhood, shoot 'em (hear hear), Hackman goes off about the country and re-recruits his son's old Nam company to bust into a POW camp in Laos and set everyone free—after all, with the vets, there's not just sentiment at

From Police H.Q. in Moscow to the Transylvanian playground of the Living Dead to boudoirs in porn pix, the verdict remains the same: Dental Work for Everybody!

stake but a war to be refought and gooks to kill.

He takes them down south of Galveston (bankrolled by Stack whose son is also missing) and they practice, oh do they practice, and in between are treated to some (curiously well phrased) speeches by Hackman about how society at large perceives them as slobs because they committed that most un-American of acts, *They Lost*. (Even Gore Vidal, in his essay on West Point, lets us know what lousy tacticians our military leaders from Washington on are and have been—they barely won when outnumbering the British three to one—and how the military is really just a great P.R. Machine.) Well this really gets to the vets—a biker for low comedy, a musclemans, a sort of Bert-on-Soap type, a black doctor, a hypersensitive artist (who makes sort of Tinguely-Dada constructions out of car parts

and is played by Fred Ward who also expands the boundaries of catatonia as an AmerIndian in *Silkwood*) and a Jan-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 Laotians M-1'd by the score, noble wounds and even nobler self-immolations, detonations, a handful of terrified 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 shacks 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 Reb Brown flexes his muscles and shows off his (in Genevieve Charbon's deathless phrase) "42nd Street rinse," and there's a great deal of the cloying mixture of grand-old-flag, gun-powder, 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 are in POW camps (maybe) think of this travesty? What will those who missed the whole blessed thing think when this heterogenous bunch of goons so quickly drops wives, jobs, everything, and head back to the steaming jungles 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 terrorism 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 censorial 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-redneck sitcom out of the Karen Silkwood story, which is, on the surface, not one fraught—to use a delicious old verb in current disfavor except for Gothic novel blurbs—with drama, high, low or simmering. *Silkwood* is a nice-looking, not particularly interesting movie, which I gather Mike Nichols was at furious pains to give some life to; whether it meant having Kurt Russell run around with the top button of his jeans undone or setting up some Vermeer-deHooch-lit scenes of Cher (as a kooky dyke!) rolling joints in the bare kitchen of a clapboard house. By the time the end rolls around—a goony tableau of Meryl Streep dead behind the wheel of her little white Honda (smushed, I guess, by capitalist greed and pro-nuke anti-labor intriguers—Kerr-McGee is, from all reports, as thrilled over this picture as the Cubans were over *Scarface*), one realizes the presence of a heroic-folly 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 irritant—like Peter Sellers (although she is much less amusing), she seems an impersonator not an actor. She has it all Down: the accent, the postures, the way of handling a cigarette or a can of beer, the hairdo. But it all seems like carapace—nothing inside, just an extraordinarily skillful, uninvolved turn or routine, not a performance. There is, however, absolutely sterling small-part character work by Sudie 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 "Cadavers"—they're swell, too, easily the best thing in this laborious non-mystery about some murders (particularly grisly ones) committed in Moscow's big public park. Under the baton of relentlessly dull Michael Apted (even with a script by Dennis Potter of *Penalties From Heaven*, but you'd never know it), the one thing that might have been of interest here—Russian police routine—is catholicized into Movie Police Routine. You might as well be at home watching Edward Dymtryk's *Confessions of Boston Blackie* (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 hippie-seducer 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 convulsion—make wonderful noises and dart about most picturesquely (they make great capes and hats too, I hear) and Lee 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 hulking 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-vet epic 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 but with Russians, not the Barney Miller-87th Precinct crew, sifting clues, dusting for fingerprints, putting thumb to nose at their superiors, putting tails on people. The evidence is that's 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

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a great many fancy angles and sound effects—directed by Michael Mann, mixes the pulp elements of Nazi beasts and the Carpathian Undead with Wagner (which is pretty pulp to begin with) and the power of buried or released talismans which change effect according to who has them. There's some excruciatingly handsome production design by John Box—a Romanian village of wonderfully prickly chalets and a round church painted all round with a kids' imitation of Fra Angelico's blue and gold saints. For the longest time I thought the Good Nazi (played by Jurgen Prochnow, who really ought to have some dental work done) was named Klaus Voorman, but in a movie this dumb such in-jokes would be even more *outré* than possible. (I'm told at least 30 minutes—probably exposition—was chopped out to make *The Keep* less soporific.) The monster is a sort of Conan thing in a Vesalius-designed wet-suit with red Christmas-light eyes and mouth and a deep gravelly voice; also, parts of him occasionally light up and the result is something like those old Visible Man models you used to build as kids. With extensive cutting and the soundtrack erased, this would make a swell video for some long-winded neo-Nazi new music group.

And finally, *Kink-O-Rama*, a film that cries out to be seen should it ever surface again at the bottom of a porno double bill; it

was directed by Lasse Braun (once a name to conjure with in European smut circles), although I doubt he directed the framing device where a living-doll of a marriage counselor shows sullen husband and repressed wife what they are missing in life. In between all of this are some films they are allegedly watching (of past case histories), which are creepily tinted and appear to have been filmed in a deliberately archaic manner. These are really something—everything and everyone in them is gross in one way or another and while they aren't anything really outlandish (virgin ravished by hideous elderly man while demented shepherd grandson watches; woman humiliating husband first with various bodily functions and apparatuses then with another man—who certainly puts her husband to shame where it counts, but—again—needs dental work), the effort at making them really look like something that might have been fished out of a tin of nitrate at Magnus Hirschfeld's long-lamented Institute for Sexual Science (did it, like the Kinsey Institute, have a vast collection of such audio-visual aids?) is laudable and curiously ghoulish. These are indeed the sort of stories that fill the ultimately tedious pages of Stekel and Krafft-Ebing, and it's interesting to see such things done instead of simply Bored Housewives or Randy Nurses or Hookers In Love. In short, no blood or entrails but much semen and urine—my kind of picture, I guess.

art

THE ART SCENE AT HALFTIME

The art season in New Orleans, rather than being one furious gallop 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 thereabouts, 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

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

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 the clean, brisk look that we have come to expect from Arthur Roger.

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



Arthur Rogers' hand-colored potted palms: Best use of dead foliage by a local art gallery.

run), an assemblage by Reiter who evidently took the thirty-six inch admonishment 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 monoprint 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 technopunk 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 climatic excesses that wrecked bouganvillea and ficus all over town hit the potted palms 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-become-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, trapezoids, crosses and triangles in 3-D aluminum and bronze went on view in January at the Galerie Simonne Stern. The sculptures depend on light, surface, and the enjoyment of what people used to call "pure form" before angst 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 a 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 a 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 reenacting her stance 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 sturdy participants in the show (Dureau is there, Paillet, Richmond, to name a few), it lacks impact. Too many pics relied on current, standardized imagery—fishnet, sweat, bottoms, muscles, old people—without

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JIMMY ROBINSON	
10TH—TREME	11TH—AL BELLETTO &
17TH—PELLERA,	SEXTET PLUS ONE
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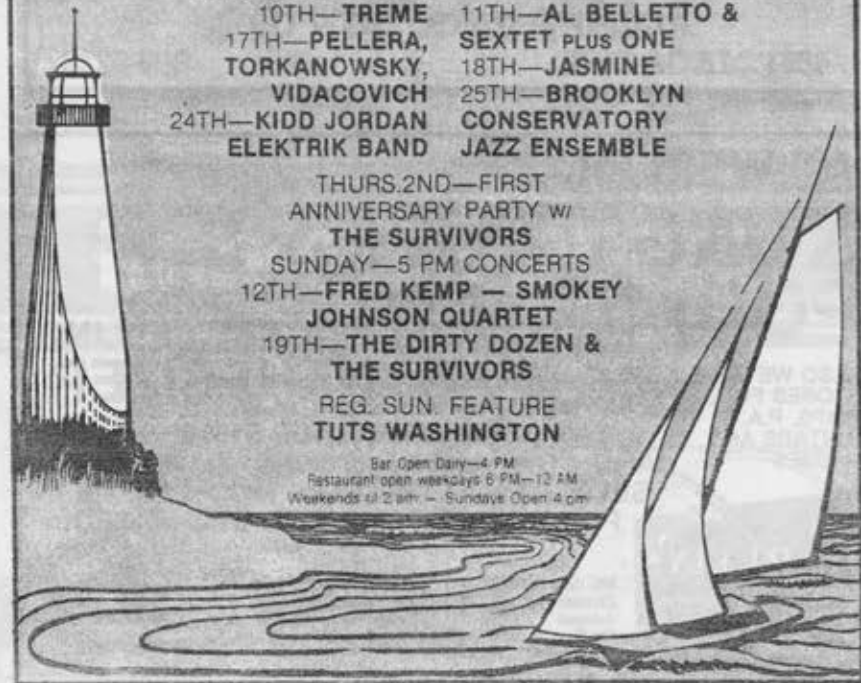
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coming up with anything new. Many of Lee Crum's fall into this somewhat slick category; however, the one mildly nasty, cigarette smoking, high-heeled nude had that personal edge that others lacked.

Art scenes, like any small town, have their standard characters that function as vital organs, keeping life in the system. Three artists representative of three types essential to the health of any art community were presented at various galleries in January—the Patriarch, the Bad Boy and the Saving Grace.

Tom Young, New Orleans veteran of the turbulent New York School and longtime professor at UNO, qualifies as a Patriarch. He opened this year for the Mario Villa gallery, alongside a show of pre-Columbian art. His canvases are large, with an elder statesman kind of brevity, carving up space with color. Sparse, direct, the clear primary and secondary colors plus black provide the works with their substance and structure.

Fred Trenchard, for almost a generation, has played Bad Boy to New Orleans' art scene. Revolt is functional. Complacency sours creativity and as an artist Trenchard has thrown his weight against prettiness and toward content. The Expressionism, Neo-Expressionism, and violent figuration that are the wave of the Eighties have been simmering in Trenchard's work for the last two decades, even down to the violent greens, murky ochres and stewed yellows. But in trying to present a retrospective this January at the Bienville in a space not suited for it, Trenchard may have further confused his case. The paintings and drawings dating from the Sixties cover many stylistic evolutions, usually represented by only one or two works. Though some paintings, for example

"Our Lady of Darkness," have a visual presence that holds the viewer, the stylistic variety made an overview difficult to see.

Carolyn Harrison is one of the founding members of Optima Studio and a solo exhibition of her recent work easily filled the gallery there in January (Saving Grace category). Optima is the most independent and independently minded space in town and Harrison must be given a great deal of the credit for keeping this creative and necessarily turbulent craft afloat. The studio serves not only the artists it exhibits but also a small community that has come to depend on 2025 Magazine Street as a forum for the open exchange of ideas. The paintings on view, all abstract in the original sense of the word, break down recognizable imagery to satisfy the demands of the canvas. She pushes her paint hard, creating pieces where the visual information is spread like a web over the entire surface, rather than at one single focal point.

Lastly, I have been waiting for some enterprising young artist to fully exploit the scrubbed ruined look of old ancestral paintings and it looks like Robert Landry, Jr. has the job. In Aaron Hastings this month (a gallery with the unlooked-for distinction of representing more local art directors than any other), his paintings intentionally jumble aged umbers and ochres with the skewed aerial perspective of pre-Renaissance landscapes, also throwing in baseball, childhood figures, airplanes and certain obvious/awkward painting devices, such as separating his figures from their complicated backgrounds by a pale titanium blush. Landry's work has always had an eccentric appeal, but with this new batch, he has strengthened his work with subtlety while retaining its quirky core.

rare record

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 turned it down, choosing instead 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 Milburne. "Round About This Time" is a pleasant shuffle with a slightly risqué 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

**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 chick 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 remakes, 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 are Fats' renditions 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 producer 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*! Morse Peckham's definition of sado-masochistic 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. Krissi North, the drummer, attains a nice, macho John-Bonham-on-tin-cans sort of propulsion and lead singer Terry O'Leary

is a hybrid of Seka and Pat Benatar—make that Seka and Stephie Whitesox (as sexy as Pat Benatar tries to get in her videos, she's always seems about 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 shave-and-a-haircut beat, with Huey's playful piano snippets 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 Curley Moore. Although the group's Imperial sides failed miserably, it wasn't for lack of trying. "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 unrehearsed 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 Broven'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 out 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 including "Just Because," "I Want To Get Married," "Personality," and remakes of "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" 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

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WOMEN IN NEW ORLEANS MUSIC

BY ALMOST SLIM

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" Newsome had scored with the rowdy "Hip Shakin' Mama," Erlene Harris with "Jump and Shout" and Jewel King with the swinging "3 x 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 Berna-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 Li'l 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 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 topped 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 Gerri Hall (ex-Raelet and Clown), Mary Jane Hooper, Tami Lynn, Marie Boubarere, 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 Sheeler 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.

WWOZ's BB Dugas

LaVerne Butler & Patrice Fisher

Jazz vocalist Leslie Smith

New hot group Cinnamon

Woodenhead's Fran Comisky

Jazz instrumentalist Diane Lyle

R&B crooner Carla Baker

Pop singer/songwriter Carolyn Odell

Germaine Bazzle, Stephanie Sieberth, Lady BJ, Linda Aubert

The Pfister Sisters

Gospel great Bessie Griffin

Jazz singer Pat Mitchell

Sister Mary Barnett Charmaine Neville

The darling Dixie-Kups

'There's A Certain Girl I've Been After A Long Long Time...'



Patois-singing Lizzie Miles

JAZZ SINGERS

Germaine Bazzle
 LaVerne Butler
 Lady BJ
 Margie Joseph
 Angelle Trosclair
 Carla Baker
 Charmaine Neville
 Leslie Smith
 Tomato
 Stephanie Sieberth
 Lillian Boutte
 The *One Mo' Time* Ladies
 (Topsy, Thais & Kuumba)
 Fran Comisky
 Pat Mitchell

GOSPEL

Mahalia Jackson
 Bessie Griffin
 (holds the record for inducing fatal seizures
 with her singing)
 Aline White
 Christine Myles
 Elizabeth Eustis
 Betty Lafayette (*Mount Moriah Choir*)
 Gertrude Spears (*The Humble Travelers*)
 Ruby Ray (*New Orleans Spiritualettes*)
 Lois Dejean (*Youth Inspirational Choir*)

"The Creole Songbird" Esther Bigeou

R&B

First Generation

Annie Laurie
 Jewel King
 Miss LaVell
 Shirley Goodman
 Aletra Hampton

Second Generation

Irma Thomas
 Bernadine Berna-Dean Washington
 Gerri Hall
 The Dixi-Kups
 Martha Nelson
 Sadie Blake
 Betty Lastie
 Christine Kitrell
 Stella Johnson

Third Generation

Jean Knight
 Rose Davis
 Tami Lynn
 Betty Harris

Fourth Generation

Mathilda James
 The Electric AGB (All Girl Band)
 Juanita Brooks
 Sharon Henderson
 Pepper Elskoe
 Leigh Harris
 Cinnamon

HOT MAMAS & FOREMOTHERS

First Generation

Esther *Outside of That* Bigeou
 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 Lou'siana and raised in Algiers..."
 but not a local artist except by nativity)

Second Generation

Blue Lu Barker

Third Generation

Blanche Thomas
 Angel Baby



LOUNGE LADIES

Mimi Guste
Zelda Rose
Henrietta Lee Boggs
Janice Medlock
Charlotte Champagne

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Becky Kury
Marcia Kavanaugh Radlauer
Susie Hitler (Huete)
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)
Dianna Chenevert (management)
Pat Jolly (promotion, photography)
WWOZ's BB Dugas

SONGWRITERS

Dorothy Tutti-Fruiti LaBostrie
Ruth Bells In My Heart Durand
"Naomi Neville"

SHOW BIZ

The Boswell Sisters
(Connee, Martha & Vet; when the act broke up in the mid-30's, Connee 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

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Sweet Emma Barrett
Billie Pierce
Sadie Goodson
Edna Mitchell
Jeanette Salvant
Lil Hardin Armstrong (by marriage only)
Margaret Kimball
Jeanette Kimball
Ethel Merwin's All Girl Band
Patrice Fisher
Emily Remler
Diane Lyle



Hot Mama Blue Lu Barker



Preservation Hall pianist
Jeanette Kimball



Miss Sarong herself,
Dorothy Lamour

SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

Patsy Vidalia
Bobby Marchan
Eddie Bo (as Olive Oyl on *Check Mr. Popeye*)
Lenny Zenith
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
Doris Matte
Margo White (Marguerite Wright)
Katie Webster (Katherine Thorn)
Queen Ida Guillory (as if Clifton needs a consort)

Baton Rouge
The Parallels

Texas
Barbara Lynn Ozen
Marcia Ball

Women In New Orleans Music: A Family Tree

She Lives There And Eats Here...

Irma's still the Queen but tall Texan Marcia Ball is Heir Apparent to the New Orleans Musical Throne

PHOTOS BY RICO

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

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, fiancé 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 'Ohhhh!!' "

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.

For the last twelve years, Ball has lived in Austin and performed along what she calls the "crawfish circuit" of Dallas, Houston, Lake Charles, Lafayette, Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

"I live in Austin and I eat in New Orleans," Ball jokes. "But I wouldn't want to live in New Orleans and try to work there all the time. In fact, I can't even live in Austin and work there all the time. We make it because we travel and we're fortunate that we've got the circuit that we've got.

"You can't work in your hometown. Every musician has to be a road musician or they have to drive a truck. If you don't want to go on the road, you can't make it."

Concerning the maintenance of one's sanity after extensive roadwork, Ball says, "It's easy. I don't have any problem. I don't drink that much.

"I decided when I first moved to Austin and started playing in bands here that I was going to be spending a lot of time in bars and when it seemed like music was going to be a serious thing—that I really was going to have a career, I just thought about it: do I want to be this kind of person or not? I didn't want to have that kind of personality.

"Like Huey Meaux says, 'I don't wanna *have* to get up in the morning to do something—to take a drink or to snort something.' I'm in training for the 1984 World's Championship. I can't be messing with my body!

"And besides—having a kid will clean you out right away. All of a sudden, you've got to take care of yourself. I can't get stinking drunk and stay out 'til 6 o'clock in the morning and get him to school on time and be *anything*. It used to be so uncool to say that or act like that when everybody was out partying as hard as they could and killing themselves

(Cont'd on page 20)





(Cont'd from page 18) as fast as they could.

"I've got it made actually. I'm spoiled. I love to play and I've got to play. And I love to be at home and I get to come home. I'm not away from my kid too much—that would drive me insane. I've got it made. I count my blessings every day.

"In Austin, there's not a great long legacy of women in music but right now and recently, women have had some of the better bands in town. We did a benefit for a club last year and it was my band, Lou Ann Barton and her band, Angela Strehli and her band, a band called Tex Thomas and the Dangling Wranglers with Chris O' Connell singing and the Supernatural Family Band with Connie Hancock.

"Austin has a lot of musicians and there's competition but it's not heated. It's in a generous spirit. If I need a musician, I can go out in clubs and start

putting the word out and people will start calling. People will really think about it."

Ball's latest band—bassist Don Bennett, guitarist Kenny Ray, drummer Wes Starr and hornman 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 Connelly. 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 *except* 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 between Sugar Pie and Rufus, she thought she was going to wet her—y'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 discover people all the time. Two years ago, I didn't know who Smiley Lewis 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 functioning 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."

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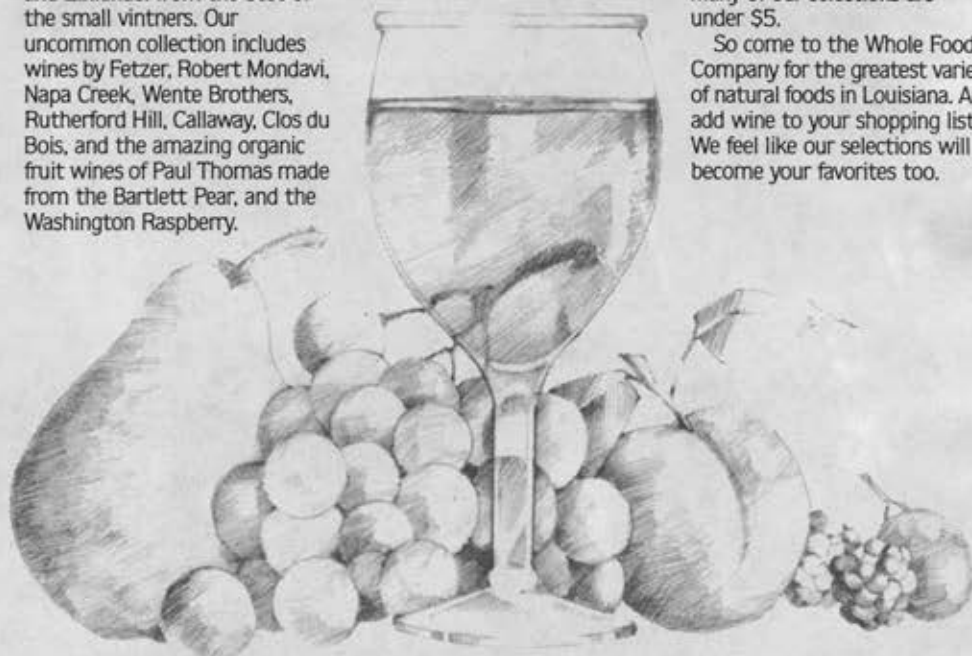
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Seven Women

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BUNNY MATTHEWS



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ANGELLE TROSCLAIR AT
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AT AMERICAN LEGION POST 203



BOBBY MARCHAN AT
PROUT'S CLUB ALHAMBRA



BY KALAMU YA SALAAM

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.

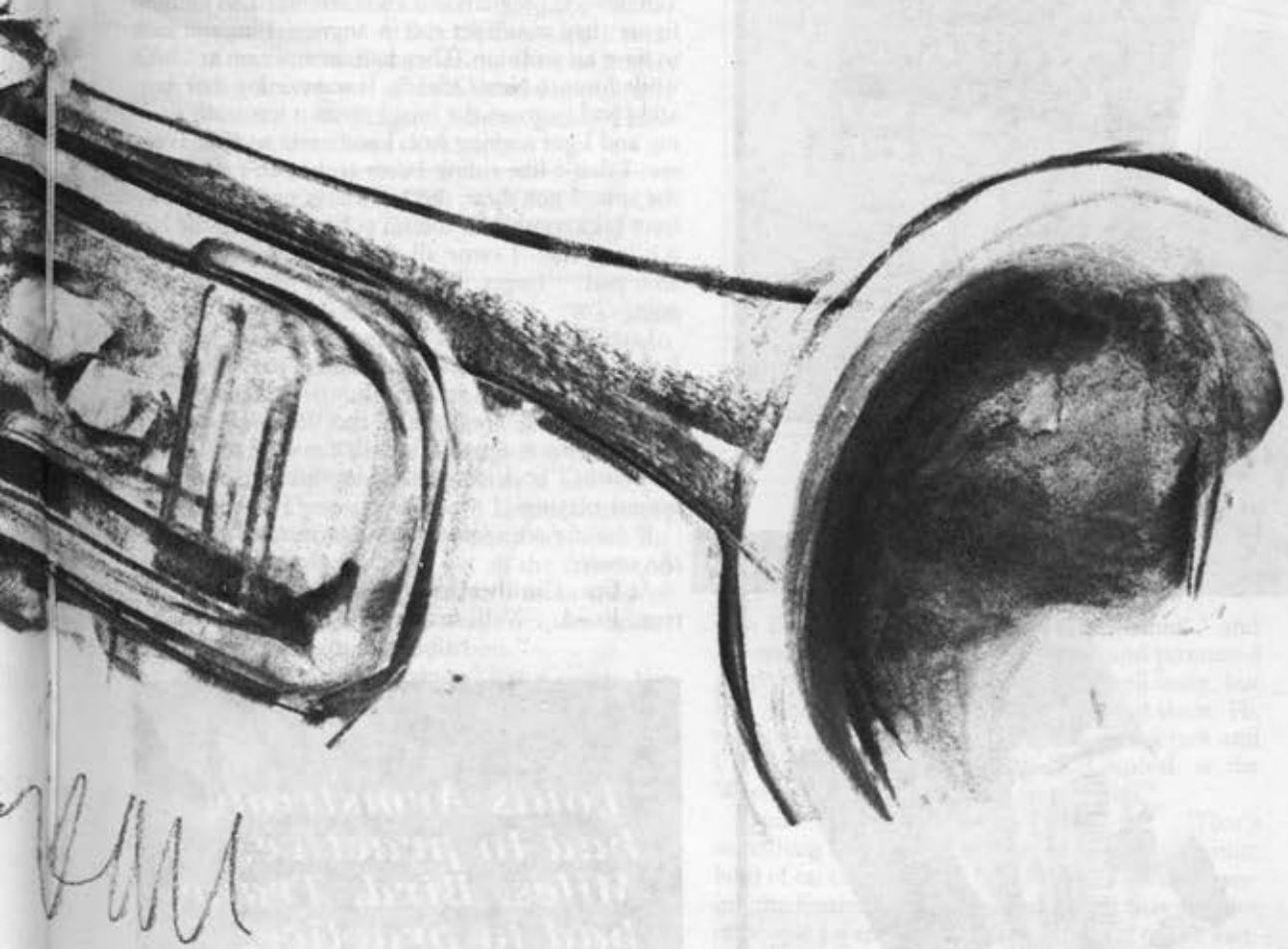
When did you first start to deal with classical music?

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



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.

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.

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." I only won because no one else could play. Then I would go to classical music camps in the summertime.

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, but 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 was 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 playing 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 trumpet playing down into various aspects?

Yeah. Double tonguing, tripling 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?

(Cont'd on page 24)

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 that. That makes you nervous; that's why a lot of trumpet players drink. It's a nervous job.

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 Orleans, 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." Even the little funk bands, 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 "tomming," 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 out. Why play jazz when you couldn't get a 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 saxophones 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 was 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 really 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 is 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 Julliard. 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?

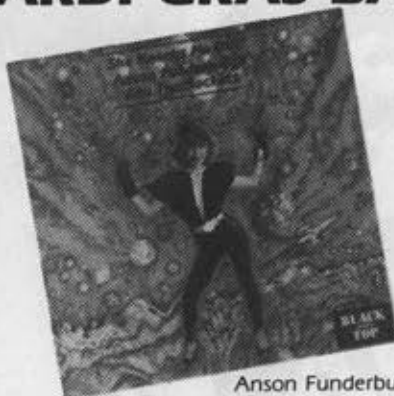
At first, Gunther Schuller said I had to be eighteen. I said, "Well, man, you just ought to let me

Cont'd on page 40

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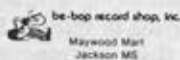
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**'Louis Armstrong
had to practice,
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You hear fantastic
stories about cats
just having it;
well, I'm here to
tell you that's
bullshit.'**

Dear Jazz Fest:

The people of Louisiana have some sort of on-going 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 rotund 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 banging the 88's behind Snooks Eaglin's screaming red guitar and bone-chilling voice. No sooner had they finished than the Blasters and Lee Allen took the stage as a banner went up proclaiming "A Day Of Louisiana Rockabilly." A procession of some of my favorite singers came forward, every one of them dressed in pink and black leather: Al Ferrier, Johnny Jano, Frank Lowery. Then the alarm clock rang...

"IF YOU COULD SEE ANYBODY YOU WANTED AT THIS YEAR'S JAZZ FEST, WHO WOULD IT BE?"

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 this 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. Who 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 Quezereque: "Well, I'm an ex-trumpet 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, being a local guy."

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 Ruffner (blues guitarist): "Guitar Slim, Jr. plays 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



STEVE TAYLOR

BY RICO

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 right now. You'll know soon enough, believe me."

Vincent Fumar (Times-Picayune music critic): "I could give you lots 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, Rafal Neal, G.G. Shinn, BooZoo Chavis, Lonesome Sundown. The Whitstein 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 Caravan 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, Seigneur Ley Rochereau, Seigun Adelele, Moussa Doumbia, The Fall, You've Got Foetus 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.' "

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JUNIOR WALKER

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			1	2	3	4
				TBA	IRMA THOMAS	J. LEE HOOKER with the ROBERT CRAY BAND
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Benefit for UPTOWN YOUTH CENTER	J. MONQUE'D BLUES BAND	TBA	DOC WATSON	RADIATORS	THE NEVILLE BROTHERS	SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
KILLER BEES	J. MONQUE'D BLUES BAND	TBA	WOODEN- HEAD	WILD TCHOUPI- TOULAS meet the WILD MAGNOLIAS	FLORA PURIM & AIRTO	RADIATORS
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
ROOM FULL OF BLUES	TUTS WASHING- TON	POP COMBO	PAUL BUTTERFIELD with KILAMANJARO		JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL STARS	CLIFTON CHENIER
26	27	28	29	1	2	3
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4	5	6				
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BY VIRGINIA LEVIE

With globular copper coffeepots fuming, Sterno 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, fiftyish 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. On each cylinder, at the end farthest 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, batting the metal tongues with a round mallet and triangular 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,

ely how the Hotel norate its opening of *Courtyard Music* d, the instruments formance are port- ermanently install-

and sculptures by New Orleans artists like Gordy, 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 coporation, 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 Con-

nely 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 hang 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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NEW ORLEANS' BAND GUIDE

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Amaze Rock 'n' roll. Herbie 362-8242. Dan Oser, David Lawrence, Herbie Mueller.

The Amazing Jeff Hampton "Hampton rock as seen on MTV." 866-9549. Jeff Hampton, Perry Ellis, Kevin Radacker, John Griffith.

Aries Southern, contemporary. Top 40. John Seibert 641-3749 (Covington). Paul Spell, Ritchie Cammille, Marty Fischer, Paul Centipadre, Pete Filibar.

Aqua Dance rock. Bobby Stephens 737-4930. Mari Serpas, Mike Serpas, Bill Prine, Tom Hassell, Robert Flaig, Bobby Stephens.

Astral Project Contemporary jazz. 947-6012. Tony Dagradi, David Torkanowsky, Jim Singleton, John Vidacovich.

A Taste of New Orleans R&B, oldies, jazz. Omni Attractions 899-8297. David Lastie, George Porter, Bettie Lastie.

Atchafalaya Cajun country rock. Chris Foreman (318) 235-2471. California Arnold, Charlie Rees, Larry Menard, David Varisco, Chris Foreman.

A Train R&B. Bruce Flett (318) 865-3088.



Aubry Twins Top 40. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Jerome Aubert, Tyronne Aubert, Herman Ernest, Craig Wroten, David Barard, Renard Poche.

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Marcia Ball R&B. Tom Ordon (512) 476-8195. Marcia Ball, Kenny Ray, Don Bennett, Wes Starr, Mark Kaznoff.

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ALLISON BRANDIN

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The Batiste Brothers R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297. David, Paul, Michael, Peter, Russ, Damon Batiste, Andrew Joseph, Alicia Randolph.

The Batteries Rock 'n' roll. Karen Hood 488-7306. Steve Kunz, Will Groom, Todd Schulz, Eddie Newman, Debby Farrens.

Germaine Bazzle Contemporary jazz singer. Jason Patterson 944-2369.

Al Belletto Contemporary jazz. Jason Patterson 944-2369.

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tions 945-0260. Clifford "Funky Monkey" Taylor, Roger Lewis, the Hodges Brothers, David Turner.

Spencer Bohren New blues. Marilyn Bohren (704) 252-8230.

Bongo Trio Contemporary jazz. Jeff Boudreaux, Mike Peller, Jim Singleton.

Boogie Bill R&B, blues. 944-9218 or 270-2651. Boogie Bill Webb, Harmonica Slim.

Juanita Brooks R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

David Brown "Modern jazz to medieval to classic to new wave." 523-1422 or 486-2920.

Gatemouth Brown R&B, blues. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

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LaVerne Butler Contemporary jazz singer. Kalaamu ya Salaam 522-4786.

Cafe R&B, funk, rock 'n' roll. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Brad Catron, Dawn Catron, Nick Daniels, David Torkanowsky, Zigaboo Modeliste.

Caliente Afro-Cuban contemporary jazz. Jason Patterson 944-2369. Mark Sanders, Hector Gallardo, Phil Parnell, Steve Masakowski, Jim Singleton, Tony Dagradi.

Clifton Chenier Zydeco. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Chrome Rock. Steve Tallman 482-3558 or 466-3592. Joey Winters, David Adams, Glenn Iseman, Rob Winters, Kenny Heggelund.

The Chronics New wave. Shepard 899-3524. Lisa Sherman, Cranston Clements, Chris Luckette, David Silverstone.

The Circuit Breakers R&B, zydeco. (318) 766-7836 or 928-5715. Bruce Lamb, Mark Cook, Cathy Lamb, David Crochet, David Carroll, Paul Langston.

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Cross Over Pop 40. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Nancy Fisher, Mark Trentacosta, Harold Kely, Richard Hale, Ralph Bowers.

Cross Town Traffic Dance music, originals. Janie Grice 469-1236.

Cumbustion R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

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Bruce Daigrepont & Bourre Cajun. Bruce 835-7104. Bruce Daigrepont, Eric Chapman, Michael Long, Richard Mousour, Ed Billeaud.

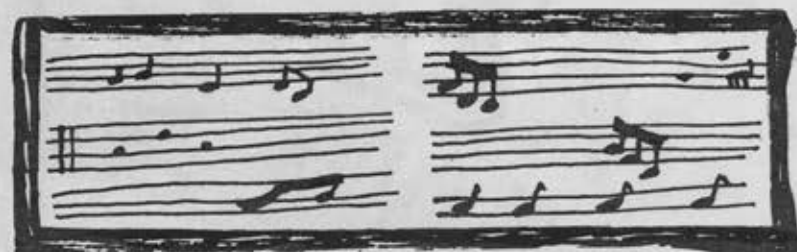
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The Dealers Funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614. Stanley Johnson, Elton Johnson, Pametrice Johnson, Darrel Hunter, George Wilburn, Ricky Townes, Michael Hagen, Anthony Richardson.



NANCY JORDAN

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D'Lover and the Maniacs Top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.

Dr. John New Orleans piano. Paul Hourilla 486-3593.

Doctor Rockit & the Sisters of Mercy R&B, rock 'n' roll. Lisa (713) 868-5660. Rock Romano, Screamin' Kenny Blanchet, Rich Layton, Steve Schmitz, Lisa Williams, Cindy Hoffmaster.

Fats Domino R&B, rock 'n' roll. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Herb Hardesty, Reggie Hall, Antoine Domino, David Douglas, Jimmy Moliere, Carlton McWilliams, Joseph "Smokey" Johnson, Clarence Brown, Walter Kimble, Fredrick Kemp, Roger Lewis.

Lee Dorsey R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297 or 641-5600.

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Ronnie Earl and the Broadcasters Blues, rock 'n' roll. Hammond Scott 895-7239.

Exuma Junkanoo Reggae. Exuma 895-3072.

Exit 209 New rock. (504) 652-2079. Kevin Aucoin, Frank Girard, Ronald Keller, Randy Kilburn, Garland Powell, Melanie Scott.

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Improvisational Arts Quintet New New Orleans jazz. Jazz Contacts 891-0596. Kidd Jordan, Alvin Fielder, Clyde Kerr, Jr., Elton Heron and Kent Jordan.

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Deacon John Moore R&B, oldies. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Oliver Morgan R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

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National Flash Progressive bluegrass. Stan 1-641-5696. Stan D'Aubin, David Boots, Perry Berry, Kirk Magnuson.

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

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

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

New Leviathan Oriental Fox-Trot Orchestra Fox-trots, rags, cakewalks, New Orleans Tin Pan Alley. Dexter Thompson 866-3528. Seventeen members including vocalist George Schmidt and Music Director John Craft.

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Philip Paul & Patrol Top 40. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Billy Pendleton & Earth Top 40. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Penny Lane Pop rock. The Music Agency 467-1949. Al Mixon, Austin Sicard, Don Bascle, Gary Bascle, Jim Lockwood.

Ed Perkins R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

The Pfister Sisters Close harmonies, swing. Jason Patterson 944-2369. Holly Benstad, Suzie Malone, Yvette Voelker, Amasa Miller, Eric Glaser, Bruce Rayburn, Ken "Snakebite" Jacobs.

Polo Top 40, funk. Bill & Carol Mauffray, 523-2773 or 273-0960.

Pop Combo New music & Armenian polka dancing. Bruce 861-4272 or Steve 454-6141. Lenny Zenith, Bruce Blaylock, Steve Fisher, Gary Parky.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band Traditional jazz. Allen Jaffe 522-2841. The Kid Sheik Colar Band, the Kid Thomas Valentine Band, the Humphrey Brothers.

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

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

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

Prototype 15 "Postmodern originals, eclectic covers." (205) 344-5192. Brian Hughes, Lisa DeLoach, Edwin Cleverdon, Arthur Pacetti, David Cahill.

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, Camile Baudoin, Frank Bua, Reggie Scanlan, Dave Malone, Glenn Sears.

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

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) 859-0661. Darrin Hill, John Griffith, James Singletary, Jim Riley.

Redline Heavy metal. Big J Productions 488-8821.

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

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

Reunion Rock 'n' roll. 895-0540

or 831-1731. Skip Dearie, Barry Hozenthal, Johnny Hozenthal, Carl Lauderdale.

Tom Rice Acoustic guitar. 241-6005 or 255-2160.

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

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

Tommy Ridgely R&B, 4/4 dance music. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

River City Dance pop. Rock Arts (512) 327-5320.

The Rock Outs "Party rock." 887-6949 or 643-6301. Wayne Troclair, Stan Wayne, Mike Margiotta, Joe Santana, Paul Cowart, Jerry LaBloch.

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



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

The Rogues "Beat music." 835-7970. Glenn Grass, Doug Chate-lain, Tommy Moore, Stan Gelpi.

Richard C. Rowley & the Deep River Band Country, Fifties, pop. 861-3800. Appropriate musicians selected for each occasion.

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

Satisfaction Rock 'n' roll, funk. James Hewitt 486-8464. Slug Hewitt, Paul Henehan, Red Priest, James Hormel.

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

Senenergy R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

Sensational Uptown R&B, gospel, acapella. Jackie Darendburg 529-7398. Herbert, Jerome, O'Neal, William, Tory.

Sephioroth Rock 'n' roll. Pete Levasseur (504) 392-0813. Bob Cathers, Shawn Touro, Dave Ringuette, Mike Johnson.

759 Pop rock. Paul 897-2618. P.A. Caporing, M. Thomny, J. Thomny, D. Ward.

The Sheiks Rock 'n' roll. Rob 835-0269. Michael O'Hara, Leslie Martin, Nick Ferber, Rob Sanders, Billy Stroud.

The Shepherd Band Reggae. Shama Yisrael 895-5063. Seankh Ah Zee Zee Trueheart, Buck Davis, Korach Benzion, Chafshe Ben Dan, Nahsee Shemuel, Maetofetz El, Whoshavel ben Yisrael, Kazreayl, Kalomo Dg, Princess Marion.

The Shoes Sixties. PBL Productions 891-0614.

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

Siren "Upbeat progressive rock, new music, popular music." Keith Posey 733-7427 or Shepard Samuels 899-3524. Dee Alvarado, Keith Posey, Richard Bird, Jim Beckwith.

SKOR 641-5600. Fifties.

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

Huey "Piano" Smith R&B. 1-344-8257.

Leslie Smith "Eclectic rockin' blues." John Page 891-4989. Mike Peller, Leslie Smith, Zigaboo Modeliste, Nick Daniels.

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

Snyder Hard rock. Vic (504) 340-5359. Carla Maenza, Vic Richard, Chuck Lipp, David Camp.

The Socials Ska, new music. David 288-9283 or John 888-6725. David Sussman, Poe Miles, Jimmy Hondroulis, John Hondroulis.

South Top 40. Bill Mauffary 273-0960. Paul Walther, Gerry Dallmann, Rick LeBoeuf, Kathy Wood, Darryl LeGendre, Mike Bocage, Joe Trolia, John Stewart, Ike Watson.

South City Rhythm R&B. Robert (318) 232-9187. Robert Smith, Gene Labbe, Mike Meche, Pierre Kerbage, Paul Williams, Eddie Latiolas, Tim Breaux, David Marr, Clark Alderman.

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

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

Spirit of New Orleans Jazz. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Laton Martins, Chris Clifton, Teddy Riley, Michael White, Chris Burke, Lucien Barbarin, Anthony "Tuba Fats" Lacen, Charles Barbain, Stanley Stephens.

The Sponges "Original beat." 835-8953. Mick Fisse, David McGee, Rick Connick, Freddie Woodworth.

Standards R&B influenced new wave. John McConnon 443-2023. Skeeter Hanks, Rusty McConnon, Andy Veazey.

Sting Sixties, new music. Big J Productions 488-8821.

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Thurs. 2 Quick Zipper	Sat. 11 The Models	Fri. 24 The Neville Brothers & the Renegades
Fri. 3 The Raffey	Fri. 17 Radiators	Sat. 25 The Neville Brothers & the Renegades
Sat. 4 Pop Combo	Sat. 18 The Backbeats	
Thurs. 9 Rock Island		



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Warren Storm Country. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Stormy R&B. Michael Noto 1-272-2782. Henry Sharp, Michael Noto, Deware Walker, Don Moore, Tim Manes, Charles Meyer, Tim Maurer, Ron Nolan.

Storyville Stompers New Orleans brass band. 943-4142. Woody, Karl, Ray, Janet, Snakebite, Sparky, Rico.

Storyville III Jazz Trio Ragtime, jazz. 943-4142. Woody, Craig, Rico.

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

Surfin' Jesus "The ultimate in stigmata." 241-2134. Low Life, The Big Kahuna, Sean, Bobby Soul.

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

Taken New wave, pop. S. Holland Kemp 282-8703. Corbett Kemp, Karine Manfredi, 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.

Thoughtcrime "Techno-pop dance band." James 947-2752. Tom Bolstad, James Quick, John Ross, Roger Martin, Karlo Steele.

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

Topcats Sixties through Eighties pop. The Music Agency 467-1949. Dave Gamble, Sal Candilora, Buzzy Beano, Rob "Country" Schulte, Pat Campbell.

Toulouse Cruise R&B shuffle, jitterbug. (318) 233-3042. Dana Duhon, Peter Bulliard, Lance Lafargue, Sam Whitmire, Dale Warnken.

Trac One Funk, soul. PBL Productions 891-0614.

2.2 New wave. 455-7460. Joshua Stone, Scott Shaw, Alita Apollo, Patricia Reis.

24K. Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.

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

Earl Turbinton Contemporary jazz saxophone. Ethel Siegel (202) 966-0003 or Jane Lawrence Curtiss (813) 294-1586.

Up Front New music. 866-4441 or 866-7746. Robert Johnston, Bill Mague.

The Uptights Pop rock. Shep Samuels 899-3524. Carolyn Odell-Hill, Alan Odell-Hill, John Odell, Web Burrell.

Uptown Blues Organization R&B. Frank, 522-6543. Little Frankie King, Henry Keys, Archille R. O'Neal, Scott Sticks Sumner.

Vince Vance & the Valiants Oldies. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Andy Stone, Sidney Arroyo, Tchoupitoulas.

Variety Oldies, country. Mike 436-8820 or Kerry 347-2408. Louis Santiago, George Robinson, Craig Walker, Edwin Dufrene, Kerry Boudreaux, Tom Pennison, Al Heintz, Mike St. Romain.

Victoria Cross Progressive techno-metal. Jeff 340-3948. Jeff Duarte, Paul Lambard, Jeff Houin, Jay Bonche.

Ernie Vincent & the Topnotes R&B Pic Productions, 283-4746.

Virginia Wolfe Rock 'n' roll. Drumming Turtle Productions 945-2313. Kathy Ardoin, Alpha de Rouen, Artie Breslin, Angelo Calabrese, Dayna Franklin.

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

Vital Functions New wave. Eric 454-1629. Eric Padua, David Jennings, David Padua, Anne Livingston.

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

Gary Vozbein Quartet Jazz. Jazz Contacts 891-0596. Gary Vozbein, Tim Green, Jimmy Carter, Eric Glaser.

Tuts Washington New Orleans piano. 943-9334.

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

The White Heavy metal, "tribute to Led Zeppelin." Big J Productions 488-8821.

The White Animals Psychedelic rock. Linda Sussman 288-9283. Steve Boyd, Kevin Gray, Ray Crabtree, Rich Parks, Tim Coats.

Tim Williams Band Country, blues. 832-0581. Tim Williams, Greg Brown, Terry Kinn, Bayne Keenan.

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

Woodenhead New rock. 891-1328. Fran Comiskey, James Comiskey, Edgar Lipps, 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.

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CONCERTS

Thursday, 2

Luther VanDross and Debarge, UNO Lakefront Arena, 8 p.m.

Friday, 3

UNO Coffee House presents **Nap Martin** at 8 p.m., **Airgeade** at 9 p.m., and **Gilbert** (That Sentimental Gentleman) **Hetherwick** at 10 p.m., with an open mike session beforehand; at the UNO University Center, by admission; information at 286-6349.

Saturday, 4

Bobby Cure's Birthday Celebration, the scion of the Cure's Cleaners dynasty comes of age at last; assisting at this "yat bar mitzvah" will be **Aaron and Art Neville**, **Frankie Ford**, the ever lovely **Bobby Marchan**, **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); \$8.

Jose Feliciano performing with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra; Orpheum Theatre; information at 524-0404.

Three Dog Night, Riverboat President; those among you with long grey beards who recall how this group got its name (one calculates the number of dogs one takes to bed by the coldness of the nights, that is if one is an Eskimo) will realize that their appearance could not be better timed.

Sunday, 5

Z.Z. Hill, Saenger Theatre, 7 p.m. Information at 525-1052.

Thursday, 9

The Emerson Quartet, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. (someone told me they thought this was a new music group—four old Emerson console radios from about 30 years ago all playing different things and then I told them that John Cage had done all that at Dixon Hall about twenty years ago and they said, oh.) Part of the Friends of Music series; information at 835-8541.

Friday, 10

The New Orleans Dance Performing Company, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. Admission information at 865-6121.

Saturday, 11

The Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans, Dixon Hall, 10:45 a.m.

Sunday, 12

Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free. **Carlos Montoya**, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m.; admission information at 865-5143.

A Gospel Program, McAlister Auditorium, 8 p.m. Part of the Black Arts Festival. Information at 865-6121.

Z.Z. Top, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum; can any band that the Von Erich Brothers use as their entrance music be all bad? Information at (601) 388-8222.

Tuesday, 14

Duran Duran, LSU Assembly Center; the triumph of attractive vacuity; wonder if that creature from their video with the tights and head like Bernie Casey in that gargoyle movie will be hanging around?

Wednesday, 15

Rockin' and Rollin' with Phil Spector, 8 p.m. on Channel 12—a look at the Howard Hughes of rock 'n' roll: the man who devised the "Orchestral Wash," tried to make a star out of Darlene Love, and took the lyrics for "To Know Him Is To Love Him" from his father's tombstone—if this latter story is only apocryphal, it shouldn't be.

Friday, 24

Billy Joel, LSU Assembly Center; cf. my remarks re: 1/23/84 in our last issue. **Gotta Make This Journey: Sweet Honey in The Rock**, a profile of the only

activist-acapella group that springs readily to mind; Channel 12 at 9 p.m.

Sunday, 26

The Commodores, Riverboat President, 10 p.m.

CONCERT SERIES

New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony, Orpheum Theatre, 524-0404. Tues.7 and Wed.8: Serge Baudo conducts, bassist David Williamson is soloist, in a program of works by Tchaikowsky, Roussel, Ravel. Tues.21, Wed.22 and Thurs.23: Andrew Massey conducts, cellist Stephen Kates is soloist, in a program of works by Elgar, Delius and Hindemith. By subscription, although some tickets are sold to those applying for them at the Orpheum's box office or at the Symphony's offices.

Mondays: WWNO 90-FM will present **American Women In Jazz**, focusing on Meibba Liston, Sathima, Aminata Moseka, and Joanne Brackeen.

LIVE MUSIC

Andrew Jaeger's, 2708 N. Hullen, 455-6221. Sun.5: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers.

Bistro Lounge, 4061 Tulane Ave., 482-9377. Continental, Wednesdays through Saturdays from 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed.1 through Wed.15: Nancy Wilson, who is of all singers perhaps closest to Dinah Washington, but is refined as well and doesn't go in for so many wiglets and falls. Tues.16 through Sat.25: B.B. King and his adored redhead Lucille. Mon.27 through March 13: the almost supernaturally elegant and eloquent Billy Eckstine. Reservations; dancing, as well.

Bobby's Place, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0137. Fridays and Saturdays: Bobby Cure and the Summer-time Blues.

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Certainly the darkest and most "intime" of W.E. clubs. Fridays and Saturdays: Cross Over.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Through Sat.5: the Mississippi South House Band, and again through the rest of the month with the exception of the following dates: Sat.5: John Anderson. Mon.6 through Sat.18: Dillinger.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Sat.4: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Sat.11: Johnny Jay and the Hitmen in their From Alpo To Omega revue. Sat.18: Mr. Ruffner and his B.R.'s again. Sundays: Bluegrass music from 7. Wednesdays: Scott Detweiler at 9. Harlan White at 10.

Columns Hotel, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (horn charts by Nell Nolan). Sat.4: Russian Dressing, with a circulating violinist (uh-oh, sounds like the old days of Hans and Rudi at Kolb's), Russian dinner and music by the Russian Masters, free parking for troikas, too, no doubt.

Deja Vu, 400 Dauphine, 523-9170. Live music Sundays in the afternoons; we're told by our network of informers that the bands are young and that (for those elderly customers wheeled in in their patent chairs) they bring back perfectly that dim period of Sike-A-Delia.

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of *adiposa dolosa* in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen, 943-6880. Fri.3: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins (aren't you relieved it isn't The Hilton Sisters?). Sat.4 and Fri.10: TBA. Sat.11: The Radiators. Fri.17: Li'l Queenie. Sat.18: James "Blood" Ulmer. Fri.24: Krewe of Cosmic Debris Ball, with Alison and the Distractions and the usual amount of call-outs and call-downs and call-me-irresponsible and call-me-bwanas. Sat.25: The Beaux Arts Ball with the Survivors—useless knowledge dept.: the original Beaux Arts Ball in turn of the century Paris had sapphic peepshows for the pleasure of its visitors (cf. H.P. Roche's Jules and Jim—the novel—for details).

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Ya Ya.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours.

The Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7626. Everyone of note, from Thackeray to Durante has passed through these charmed portals; Thomas Jefferson and his Creole Jazz Band play Thursdays through Tuesdays. Wednesdays are taken up by Art Rider's Jazz Band (are his brothers named C.C. and Easy?) who also enlivens weekend afternoons from 4 to 8.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Thurs. through Sat: Janis Grice and Gravey from 10; Sundays and Wednesdays: Jake and the Nifty Fifty.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

Fool on the Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Dr., Houma, 851-6892. Call the club for listings.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco; ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Houlihan's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 saving Fridays; the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Wed.1: Vital Function. Thurs.2: Quick Zipper. Fri.3: The Raffey's. Sat.4: The New Pop Combo. Thurs.8: Rock Island. Fri.10: The Chronicles. Sat.11: The Models. Fri.17: The Radiators (but remember the astute observation of Anthony Trollope—who saw this band as a child when visiting America with his mother—"In warm latitudes it is so natural to make an offer after the fifth dance. It is the way of the people in those latitudes, and seems to do no harm.") Sat.18: The Backbeats. Fri.24, Sat.25: The Neville Brothers and The Renegades.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. Toulouse Lautrec and Jane Avril and La Goulue were in town lately and they were telling me that this wasn't the Moulin Rouge they remembered but they'd try to get used to it. Through Feb.4: *Follies on Broadway*. From Feb.10: *A Night In Old New Orleans* (hope the Spring Fiesta Assoc. doesn't get wind of this...); shows at 8 and 10, nightly save Sundays.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daignepont and Bourre. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Fri.3: Beausoleil. Sat.4: Gatemouth Brown. Mon.6: Art Neville and Terry Manuel. Fri.10: Radiateurs. Sat.11: Zachary Richard. Mon.13: Zeke Fishhead courtesy of Christiana Seafood. Fri.17: Exuma. Sat.18: the J.Monque'D. Blues Band. Mon.20: Art Neville and Terry Manuel. Fri.24: Radiateurs. Sat.25: Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters. Mon.27: Al Farrell.

Meneffee's, 1101 N.Rampart, 566-0464. Sundays: The Three Notes of Sound from 11 to 3. Mon. through Sat.: Marguerite

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

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 899-9109. Call for listings.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. Fridays through Sundays: Bryan Lee from 8 until 2 a.m., relieved by the ur-sine Luther Kent until 7 a.m. when the milkman's on his way, hey! Mondays and Tuesdays: Mason Ruffner at 9. Wednesdays and Thursdays: Bryan Lee from 8.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon. Sundays and Mondays: the Pontchartrain Band from 9. Tuesdays through Sundays: Aubry Twins and the Fresh Air Band from 8:30. Saturday: Oliver and the Rockets from 2:30 until 8:30. Mondays through Fridays: Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band from 4:30 until 8:30.

Old Post Office, 4000 Downman Rd., 242-9960. Saturdays: Bristol Sounds.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri.3: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers in their Rockin'-Behind-The-Cotton-Curtain revue. Fri.10: The Renegades. Fri.17: Tim Williams and a salute to Judy Canova entitled *Pigtail Heaven*. Fri.24: Bourre.

Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Tuesdays: Airgear and Taylor Barry. Wed.1: Charles Nagy, Richard Dulo and Jonathan Schwartz. Mon.6: Bev Bishop, Ed Young. Wed.8: Nagy, Schwartz, David Bordelon. Thurs.9: Malone, Richard Dieter, MPSB. Sun.12: Dorothy Carter with her hammer dulcimer, Carlos Barrientos. Mon.13: Tom Rice. Wed.15: Nagy, Schwartz. Thurs.16: Malone, Kieter, MPSB. Sun.19: Folk Music Sing Out. Wed.22: Nagy, Bordelon. Thurs.23: Ed Young, Malones, MPSB. Wed.29: Nagy, Schwartz. Thurs.30: Malones, MPSB. Check the blackboard near the entrance for specials.

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 523-5566. Every day from 5 to 8, trumpeter Leroy Jones.

Player's Club, 399 N. Claiborne, 528-9988. Thursdays: Reggae Night with the Shepherd Band and KUSH.

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0851. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9, during the week, and is joined by Rusty Gilder on bass on Friday.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL. Sat.4: Three Dog Night. Sat.25: The Sheiks. Sun.26: The Commodores.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. 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 8, Thursdays—Mondays, Al Broussard.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5226. Call for listings.

Slidell Hotel Bar, Slidell. Wed.1: Nightworks. Fri.3, Sat.4: Chance (James Chance?). Sun.5 & Wed.8: Dock of the Bay Music Co. Thurs.9—Sun.12: Skruples. Wed.15—Sat.18: Nick Parker. Wed.22: The Sheiks. Thurs.24: The Sting. Fri.24, Sat.25: The Topcats. Sun.26: Dock of the Bay Music Co.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Wed.1: 1st anniversary party with the Olympia Brass Band and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. Fri.3: Guitar Wars with Brad Catron, Steve Masakowski and Jimmy Robinson (loser has to eat a po-boy made of used picks and frets). Sat.4: Ramsey McLean and the Lifers. Fri.10: Treme (how will they get all those people on that stage?) Sat.11: Al Belletto and his Sextet plus one. Sun.12:

Fred Camp and the Smokey Johnson Quartet, beginning at 5. Fri.17: Peller, Torkanowsky and Vidacovich present Vowels In Turmoil. Sat.18: Jasmine (whether that's cape or Confederate jasmine, we leave to you). Sun.19: The Dirty Dozen and the Survivors. Fri.24: The Kidd Jordan Elektrik Band. Sat.25: The Brooklyn Conservatory Jazz Ensemble, direct from Flatbush Avenue and points beyond. Thursdays: The Survivors. Sundays: Tuts Washington at 9, opening a new week of Tee-Na-Na.

Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Fri.3: Irma Thomas. Sat.4: John Lee (put you in my house) Hooker with the Robert Cray Band. Wed.8: Doc Watson (not the one that used to live on Baker Street). Wed.15: Roomful of Blues with King Koi mattresses and box springs and La-Z-Boy recliners on special. Wed.22 and Thurs.23: Paul Butterfield. Fri.24: Junior Walker and the All Stars, proof that great art and poor dental work never date.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis and Steve Masakowski. Tues.: Leslie Smith with Rick Daniels, Mike Peller, Rudy McCormick. Wed.: George French, Torkanowsky, Ernst Elly, Wendelle Brunois (thought that was an aromatic bit of minced vegetables used as seasoning—you can never believe that Julia Child). Thursdays: Germaine Bazzie. Fridays and Saturdays: The James Rivers Movement. Sundays: Tony Dagradi, Jim Singleton, John Vidacovich.

Weasey's, 1610 Belle Chasse Highway, 361-7902. Country and Western. Mondays through Thursdays: Firewater. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: the Gela Kaye Band.

Winnie's, 2304 London Ave., 945-9124. Call the club for details.

LA. CLUBS

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

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688. Seats 2000!

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

Chief's Southside, (formerly Trinity's), 4365 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 388-9884.

Circle In The Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-222-2216.

Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

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

Emporium, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-9538.

Enoch's—A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9950.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-892-7057.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-9569.

Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9569.

Humphree's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

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

Jefferson Street Cafe, 209 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-9647.

Mulate's, Breaux Bridge Highway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-4648.

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

Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell.

Pappa Joe's, 12375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-273-2376.

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

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

Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-626-9933.

Rusty Nail, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

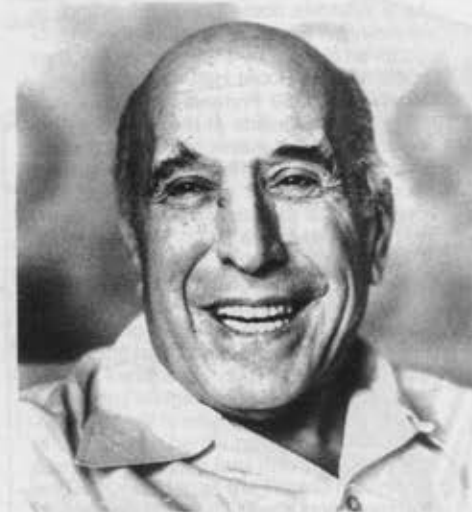
Scarlett O's, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8742.

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

Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside Pub, 820 E. King's Highway, Shreveport, 318-868-5306.



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



Carlos Montoya at Tulane's Dixon Hall, Feb.12



Doc Watson, Tip's, Feb.8



Tuts, Snug Harbor, Sunday nights

Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-8297.
Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.
Toby's, 1303 Grimm Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

FILMS

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Wed.8: An evening with experimental filmmaker Peter Bundy. Wed.15: Steve Christiansen discusses "Crafting the Short Documentary." Fri.17 through Sat.19: Christiansen conducts an intensive production workshop entitled *Louisiana Landscape*. Wed.22: Willard VanDyke, one of the founders of the Museum of Modern Art's film department and mentor to such documentarists as Pare Lorentz, speaks and presents his films.

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Wed.1: *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles' 1941 film about a deservedly lonely and unloved newspaper tycoon—perhaps the most influential film of its period and certainly the most famous American sound film; with the Mercury Players—Welles, Ruth Warrick, Joseph Cotten, Everett Sloane, Dorothy Comingore as the hapless Susan Alexander ("I'm the one that does the singin'...I'm the one that gets the raspberries!"). Ray Collins, Paul Stewart, Erskine Sanford, Agnes Moorehead, Fortunio Bonanova and George Coulouris as the wolf of Wall Street, Walter Parks Thatcher. Mon.6: *La Nuit Americaine*, a full-length bout of sweet nothings, Truffaut's film about the (mostly nonexistent) drama surrounding the shooting of a silly program picture called *Je Vous Presente Pamela*; notable chiefly for Valentina Cortese's tigress-on-Demerol performance as the character actress (if you ever had doubts about the late Ingrid Bergman, you might shed them when remembering that Bergman—accepting her supporting actress Oscar for *Murder on the Orient Express*—told the members of the Laughing Academy that Cortese's nominated-but-that's-all performance was so much better than her own). Otherwise, sappy and often unattractive; with Jean-Pierre Leaud, Jacqueline Bisset, Alexandra Stewart, Dani, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Mon.13: *Los Olvidados*, Bunuel's 1951 "comeback" film about cruel beggars and even crueler urchins in the slums of Mexico, D.F.; the film contains so much shrewd psychology (and one of the screen's great dream sequences) and such good amateur performances, that its bleak-Blakean sentiments seem perfectly normal. Some good chickens and dogs—the scene of some dancing dogs is hard to get out of the mind, as is the mangy old dog of the mind that stands for the main punk's pitiful, ebbing life-force. Mon.20: *Viridiana*, banned and denounced by Franco, this 1961 Bunuel masterpiece is the story—told in bizarre pictorialist terms that seem more and more like one of Max Ernst's collage novels—of a girl who took a wrong turn at Piety; with Silvia Pinal, Francisco Rabal, Fernando Rey in the first of his courtly-lecher roles, and more fabulist symbolism than seems possible in 80 minutes. Wed.22: *Miracle in Milan*, this DeSica-Zavattini fable is less exhilarating than it is depressing; the Milanese poor ride off on broomsticks because there is literally no place on earth for them. The idea of holy fools—the film's main one—has never appealed to us, but there are a few glimpses of the legendary Emma Grammatica, a contemporary of Duse and Rejane. Mon.27: *Le Fantome de la Liberté*, Bunuel's splendid self-indulgence—literally his penultimate film—about the caprices of chance, ranging from the Napoleonic War ("Down with liberty!" cry the patriots arranged like Goya's Third Of May firing squad victims) and a curious Don-Juan-like fable by Gustavo Becquer about a libidinous soldier and an irresistible statue to a final riot at the Zoological Gardens; not all of the strung-like-seed-pearls jokes and non-sequiturs work, but the film has great brio and a temperate framing that is pure classicism; the large cast includes Jean-Claude Brialy, Adolfo Celi,

Michel Piccoli, Monica Vitti, Julien Bertheau, Muni (as one of the nursemaids at the beginning—"Qu'est-ce que c'est paraphernalia?"). Jean Rochefort, innumerable others. Tues.28: *A Report On The Party and The Guests*, Jan Nemec's 1966 allegory of the totalitarian experience is (to our mind) the great film of the much-exaggerated Czech film renaissance: the metaphor is a large outdoor banquet thrown by an at-first-avuncular-but-gradually-more-sinister host, where at first discomfort and then terror is the result—the defectors, leaving the "party," are hunted down, the candleabra are snuffed, hounds bay in the darkness. A little masterpiece. Wed.29: *Sabotage*, one of the overrated British Hitchcocks (from a Joseph Conrad novel!) but with virtuoso set-pieces, particularly Mrs. Verloc's famous dinner-table murder of her husband, preceded by her anguish over her dead younger brother while audiences laugh at Disney's *Who Killed Cock Robin?* Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are fine, as are the old bomb maker and his daughter among the minor characters (John Loder as the detective is not so hot), but this 1937 film unlike *The 39 Steps*, *Young and Innocent*, and *The Lady Vanishes*, doesn't really repay endless re-viewings. Films are by either season subscription (\$15) or by \$1.50 admission; they are shown in Bobet Hall, Room 332.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. From Fri.20: *Pauline at the Beach*, by the much overrated maker of fake fables and fake moralities Eric Rohmer, who (when not working from an "original" screenplay) made one of the best films of the Seventies, *La Marquise d'O*. Fri.3 through Thurs.16: *Experience Preferred But Not Essential*, an English comedy. Fri.17 through March 1: *Carmen*, the opera? the flamenco? the story done straight? Having seen many *Carmens* at my great age (Chaplin's burlesque version, Geraldine Farrar in the DeMille silent, Pola Negri in Lubitsch's *Gypsy Blood*, Raquel Meller in the 1926 Jacques Feyder version filmed on location in the Pyrenees with real gypsies, Rita Hayworth with Glenn Ford as her Don Jose, the Karajan-conducted film of the opera with Grace Bumbry as a Carmen in blue jeans!, and possibly a few others) I don't much really feel like another one, but there are those out there who are still in their first youth and perhaps they...

TUCP Series, McAlister Auditorium, 865-5143. Mostly new films. Wed.1: *Tender Mercies* (Directed by the Australian Bruce Beresford, with Robert Duvall as a country singer; much lauded by critics who seem to have been the only people who saw it). Sun.5: *Psycho* (Hitchcock's 1960 film still remains remarkable for its wit, its sleaziness, its larky spirit, and its ultimately tragic dimension; what it has spawned, however—the new candor of violence—is also remarkable, but deplorable; with Janet Leigh as Marion Crane, Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates, John Gavin as Sam, Martin Balsam as Arbogast). Wed.8: *Catch-22* (I may be one of the 3 living people—if you call this living—who didn't think this 1970 Mike Nicholas disaster was a *total* disaster; much of it is ghoulishly funny—especially the scene with the nurses changing the IV bottles on hideously wounded men while discussing methods of frying chicken—while a lot of it is shrill, labored and brutal. Some of the performances are good—Alan Arkin, Paula Prentiss, Jack Gilford, Anthony Perkins, Marcel Dalio, others—Jon Voight, Orson Welles, Buck Henry—could not be worsened). Fri.10: *Trading Places*. Wed.15: *Tess*. Wed.22: *The Warriors* (Arthur Hill's high point: the teenage gang film as modern poetic epic; stylized literally out of sight, but every conceit works; quite probably a key Seventies American film.) Wed.29: *Local Hero*.

PLAYS

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

Happy Hour Cinema, 2025 Magazine, 525-8339. Thurs.9 and Fri.10: "Heart of the



John Lee Hooker, Tip's, Feb.4



Carmen at the Prytania



Nicholas, Glover & Wray, Snug Harbor, Feb.24

Poet," Richard Pierce's theatre/performance piece, complete with dancers, cello, soprano.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. Through Sat.11: *Room Service*, that sempiternal farce about some impecunious theatrical types holed up in a hotel room while trying to raise enough scratch to put on Their Show as well as pay the hotel bill. Reservations.

Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. Through Sun.19: *Hello, Dolly!* which might be described as the triumph of the Star Vehicle. Fri.24 through March 25: *Cheater*, directed by Bob Gault.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Tues.3 through Thurs.12: *Pure as the Driven Snow*, a title which reeks of farce to us. Fri.17 through Thurs.29: *I Do! I Do!*, the two character musical derived from the play *The Four Poster*, chronicling a long marriage but never leaving the titular bower of slumber.

Saenger, 524-0876. Tues.7 through Sun.19: Neil Simon's *Brighton Beach Memoirs* (sounds like it could be some dusty old volume of Tory reminiscences and grouches, but this is, I think, a relatively serious work about adolescence and if youth knew and if age could and the rest of it.)

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. Through Feb.18, *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*. Call for performance dates and times.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. *One Mo' Time*, which threatens to become New Orleans' answer to *The Fantasticks*, beginning at 7:30.

Tulane Arena Theatre, 865-5361. Mon.13 through Sat.18: *The Maids*, Jean Genet's play based on the quite-violent-but-much-adored-by-the-French-intelligentsia crime of the Papin Sisters who murdered their employer and her daughter, literally tearing them limb from limb; one of the sisters was almost catatonic to begin with but during the trial both of them began acting curious, the non-mute one claiming heavenly inspiration for the act.

UNO Theatre Fri.24 through Wed.29: *The Willis Family Preserved*, a new play by Southern playwright Stacy Cretzmeier; hope this isn't about the Willis Family in the comics—Ted, Katje and Dondi. Wed.1 through Sat.4: *The Collection* by Harold Pinter.

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 1130 St. Charles, 525-5858. Through Feb.16: new work by Mary Meyers. Sat.18 through March 8: an exhibition of Bay Area Big Boys (not the A's or Forty Niners on pedestals, alas), suburban superrealist Robert Bechtle, Petaluma's William Wiley, ice-creamman Wayne Thiebaud, urban Nabis Richard Diebenkorn.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through Feb.15: new work by Xavier de Callatay. Fri.17 through March 7: Gail Perrin and mystery man D. Nuego.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Thurs.16: new paintings, largely on paper, by Ed Whiteman. Fri.17 through March 8: works in a variety of dimensions by Barry Bailey.

Blenville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Through the end of the month: paintings by Linda Lawrence and Cais Zy, a Korean artist.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Sat.7 through Feb.5: *Exposition In Black*, works by contemporary black artists in Louisiana. Fri.17 through March 18: *The Wearable Art Show* (I guess if the Empress can bring YSL's misogynist trash to the Met in a full-blown retrospective, than anything goes; but don't count seeing any of those luscious-to-the-point-of-edibility creations by Fortuny, Martial et Armand, Paul Poiret or Schiaparelli in her surrealist period), plus *Art To Wear* from the American Crafts Museum, and an installation by Gar-

ison Roots. Fri.24 through March 18: the productions of mask makers local and national.

Galerie Jules Laforgue, 2119 Decatur, 945-7379. Through the end of the month: paintings and drawings by Jackie Bishop.

Delgado Fine Arts Gallery. Through Wed.15: paintings and drawings by "Bergo," a.k.a. Robert Jenkins Berguson (have always liked artists' pseudonyms like Cham, Gavarni, Monsu Desiderio, Master of Flemalle, etc.—seems to provide a little mystery to the whole thing, a whodunit air). Fri.24 through March 14: the commercial art student show.

Galerie Simone Stern, 2727 Prytanis, 895-2452. Through Thurs.16: paintings by Robert Hausey. Sat.18 through March 8: New paintings and constructions by Robert (Macho Ocean) Warrens who is, incidentally, probably the best painter of canines since Sir Edwin Landseer.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. *Human and Animal Locomotion* by murderer and pioneer photographer Eadweard Muybridge.

Gasperi Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 524-9373. Through February: contemporary folk artists from the south, including David Butler, Mose Tolliver and Juanita Rogers.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4662. Feb.1 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 should also dispel the still-circulating and still-stupid rumor that those *belle époque* floats couldn't have looked like the designs on the parade sheets.

LeMieux Gallery. Sun.12 through Sat.25: watercolors by Charles Plitzer and glassware by James Watkins.

Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. 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 Dessinee*, contemporary French cartoons, courtesy of the French Consulate. Sat.11: *Culture Power in the Inner City*, the second lecture in the Urban Folklife series, at 10 a.m.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 897-8731. Through Feb.15: Paintings by Rosalee Ramm and marble furniture by Bruce Bennett. Fri.17 through March 7: Paintings by Kevin, Patrick O'Brien and Grace Benedict.

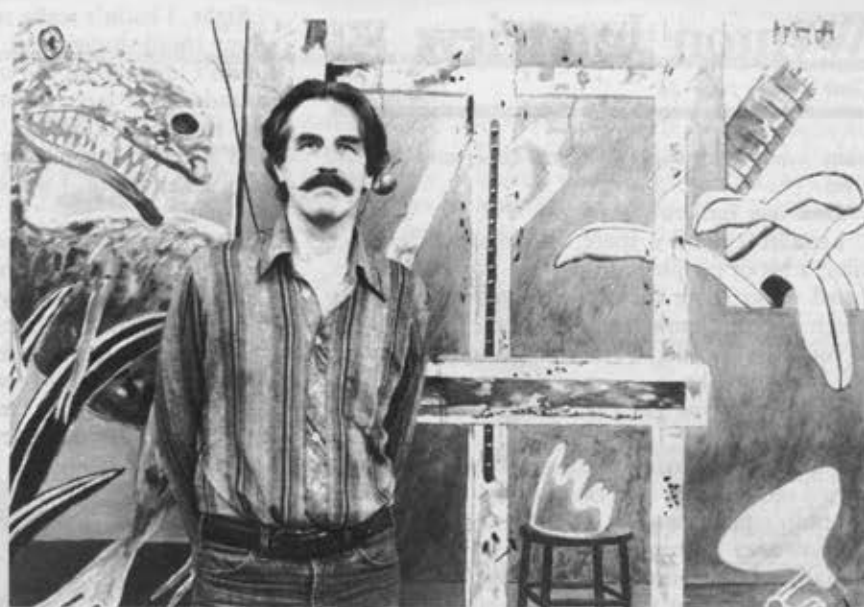
New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Sat.11 through March 25: *Auspicious Spirits: Korean Folk Paintings and Related Objects; The World of Kameda Bosai* (foremost Japanese literati—"paintings, poetry calligraphy, the works," says our Art Editor), and the finalists in the Design Competition conducted by NOMA for its new Wisner Wing. Sat.11 through April 1: *Tradition Meets Tradition* (enchante, I'm sure), a show of Wedgewood from Southern collections.

Optima Studio, 2025 Magazine, 522-9625. Through Thurs.16: a photo 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 Weldon and paintings by Margaret Wirstrom. Fri.17 through March 23: paintings by Rene Haro (who just a decade or so did the sweetest flower paintings, sort of an Irish Channel Odilon Redon...and now...well, goes to show you never can tell) and Gary Painter.

Tulane Fine Arts Gallery, Newcomb Campus. Sun.15 through Feb.5: *New and Kineto: Graphic Images*, photographs by Norman Boothby. Sun.12 through March 1: new work by the department faculty. Fridays at noon in the Women's Center Lounge, a series of *Dialogues with New Orleans Women Artists*. Fri.10: Mignon Faget. Fri.17: Mary Lou Christovich. Fri.24: sculptor Emery Clark.

UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront Campus, 286-6493. Through Fri.17: UNO faculty show. Sun.19 through March 9: a graduate student show.



Robert Warrens at Galerie Simone Stern



Le Bandes Dessinees, French cartoons at the Louisiana State Museum



"Russian Night" at the Columns, Feb.4

Wynton Interview

Cont'd from page 24

play." He let me play, it was cool, and he said "yes."

How was Julliard?

I couldn't stand it there. It had an uptight rich vibe; a lot of people with money. No dormitories. I had to scrounge for my own apartment. It was rough. I didn't know anybody. People wouldn't talk to you. They would be real strange and stiff. It was sad. I didn't like it.

So how did you get a recording contract to do a jazz record?

I had been playing with Art Blakey. The cats started saying, "this little cat can play," even though I couldn't play then.

Were they hearing technique?

Had to be technique because that's all I had. I had never thought about playing jazz.

So how did you get the gig with Blakey?

I just went and played. I could play the right notes, chords and stuff, but I was sad. I went to sit in on a tip from my roommate, Takia, who played drums with the Heath Brothers. I didn't know any of the tunes.

You didn't really have a developed jazz vocabulary at that time?

I could play blues and rhythm (I Got Rhythm) changes, but really I couldn't even play that. I had played gigs with my daddy, but I really couldn't play because I had never thought about playing. That's a difficult thing to get across. I never thought about playing jazz on the trumpet. I had thought about playing enough trumpet to get in the studio and do records.

You were technically precise, you could read well and knew the vocabulary of playing the trumpet well?

Yeah. I didn't even know Art Blakey still had a band; for all I knew he might have been dead. I never saw Art Blakey when I was in New Orleans.

People were telling you that you were good though. So what did you think?

Well, I knew I was good but I also knew I wasn't getting to what was happening. Another thing is I had never listened to a lot of records, really listened. I would listen to certain records: Clifford Brown, Miles, Trane. Other things, I would barely listen to: Ornette Coleman, late Miles, late Trane, Mingus, Monk, Duke, Louis Armstrong. There was only a small body of music I would listen to. But then when I started listening to myself, it became apparent that I couldn't play. It was obvious.

So what did you do?

I started listening to music.

Did you approach the development of your jazz playing the same way you approached your development of learning the trumpet?

No, you can't do that because jazz is not a tangible thing. Learning how to play the trumpet is technical. Everybody has to learn technique the same way, by practicing. Louis Armstrong had to practice, Miles had to practice, Bird, Trane had to practice. You hear fantastic stories about cats just having it; well, I'm here to tell you that's bullshit. Louis Armstrong practiced what cats gave him to practice. He didn't just pick up the trumpet and play. Maybe King Oliver gave him something to practice.

It might not have been as formal as school...

...but it's still formal, still training for technique. If they said, "Here, do this scale," well then that's a scale exercise. You have to practice that and that's just as valuable as somebody sitting down and telling you some theory because whatever you get told, you have to translate into something you can do.

When you said you hadn't listened to jazz, you mean you had listened to jazz that you liked but you hadn't studied jazz historically.

Right, I hadn't really studied the music. I knew all my chord changes but I didn't know the music. I didn't understand the music, and I'm still trying to understand jazz. A lot of stuff that cats would take for granted, well, I didn't do that because I didn't learn music just by hearing it. I knew everything I was doing. I would never not know what I was doing.

So none of it was osmosis with you, even though your father was a jazz pianist...

That doesn't mean anything. That was my daddy who could play, not me. I couldn't play any piano when I left home. My daddy used to say all the time, "Practice the piano." I couldn't play the piano and would never practice. He'd say, "Listen to Louis Armstrong." I would never listen to Louis Arm-



'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.'

strong. "Listen to Monk, Ornette." I would never listen. Somebody standing there telling you something is not going to get you to play. Sometimes he and I would get together and play—I was always interested in playing jazz but I couldn't play. When you're sad but think that you can play, then it's really hard to learn how to play. I used to play like Freddie then. I mean I wasn't as good as Freddie, but I would learn all his solos off records. I had technique, but I really couldn't play jazz.

You started listening to records to develop your jazz playing, what else did you do?

I started listening to people. I started thinking about the music. I had never thought about the music. I could never sit down and write a tune. I didn't take tunes off of records. A lot of stuff I didn't do because I wasn't in that environment. When I was in high school I played jazz because I wanted to be like my father and because nobody else was playing it, everybody wanted to play funk. We'd be playing funk tunes in the jazz ensemble. My daddy would be talking to the class and when he stopped,

everybody would play funk, right in the middle of the jazz class. So, I was always saying, "let's play jazz," just to do something different but I didn't understand the music.

My daddy was a major influence on me wanting to play jazz but that didn't help me understand jazz.

In a certain sense, if I understand you correctly, unlike many people who got into the music emotionally for whatever reason or who got into music as a result of just being in a "musical environment" where the music was passed on to them and they were expected to do certain things—like people in the church who play in the choirs and one opportunity leads to another [here Wynton plays gospel changes on the piano and laughs]—you got into music and, in a way, it became an intellectual pursuit every step of the way.

In a way, yeah. I liked music, but, well, the funny thing is that it wasn't really intellectual, it was just that I would listen to music and I always liked the slow tunes. Like I would listen to Miles play "Old Folks" or "Someday My Prince Will Come," or Trane play "Naima." I liked "Giant Steps" and all of that but, I don't know, well, you know, you think you can play like that. When you first start playing and you're sad—I'm not explaining it right, you know, the way I've thought about it.

The easiest thing for you to hang onto is the technique, the most basic thing. That's the easiest thing for you to figure out, the first thing you can get to: "Oh yeah, that's what they're doing." The hardest thing to get to is the content of the music because that means you have got to understand the music. When I was younger I didn't understand the music, but it wasn't just technical because I got a feeling from the music. Even when I first started listening to music, I just loved music all the time, but I didn't study music. I'd listen to any kind of music because I loved the sound of music, not because I knew what they were doing. Trane, man, I didn't know what Trane was doing [when I first heard him] but I just loved the way he sounded. Trane!

It was an emotional response to the music because you loved it.

Right, you loved the music because of what it is but you don't necessarily think that you can do that.

But when you began to personally get into making music you didn't approach it from that emotional angle.

Yeah because that's something you either have or you don't have. That's one of the most talked about angles in music but it's a waste of time to even talk about it. People may develop emotion but you can't not have emotion and then somehow get it through study. If you don't have it, you don't have it.

You might have a potential and not develop it...

Right, but if you don't have it, you don't have it. And it doesn't have anything to do with how much dues you've paid. There are people all over the world who have paid dues and not one of them is Bird. There are black people who are starving, but you give them a horn and they sound just as sad as a white boy who was raised in a mansion. Music doesn't have anything to do with all of these fallacies that social critics have set up, to make us believe that these are a race of superhumans who have come among us, that it's based on the suffering of the black man. That's not true. It's our way of looking at life that makes us able to do that.

So you're talking about a philosophical approach. That goes back to what I was saying that it seems you believe that there is an intellectual aspect to the music. I'm using intellectual not in...

I know what you mean.

...not off into some school or something but I mean that we basically have a worldview even if we have never thought about it.

Yeah, that's the only way. You figure out the music.

Thank you, Wynton.



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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, *Trick Bag* Earl King, *Big Blue Diamond*, *Don't Take It So Hard* Earl Connelly King, *Mother-In-Law*, *Tain't It The Truth*, *Hello My Lover* Ernie K-Doe, *Pass The Hatchet* Roger & The Gypsies, *Ooh Poo Pah Doo Part I&II* Jesse Hill, *It's Raining*, *I Did My Part* Irma Thomas, *Fortune Teller*, *Lipstick Traces* Benny Spellman, *Part Time Lover* Little Johnny Taylor, *Last Chance* Allan Collay, *Sittin' 'n' Drinkin'* Christine Kittrell, *Tell 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 Pockee Way*, *They All Asked For You* Meters, *There Is Something On Your Mind* Bobby Marchan, *Talk To Me*, *Let Them Talk* Little Willie John, *Honky Tonk Parts I&II* Bill Doggett, *Sea Cruise* Frankie Ford, *Night Owl* Tony Allen, *The Things I Used To Do* Guitar Slim, *Lawdy Miss Clawdy* 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'."

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TO THE AQUILINE featured boy in the brown leather jacket, scarf and black loafers who hangs out at PJ's and Metronome, and is a fan of Truffaut and Polanski: Present this ad to me and you are entitled to free admission to *Jules et Jim*.

What New Orleans artist did the original version of "Joko-Mo"? The first 50 correct answers to the above question will receive a free oldie-but-goodie album. Write with your answer c/o the Roadrunner, The Record One Stop, P.O. Box 547, Kenner, LA 70063. The answer to the last question of the month was Roland Stone.

DRUMMER wants to join high energy heavy metal band. Must do the following: Led Zeppelin, Plant, Rush, AC/DC, Judas Priest, Ozzy and some Quiet Riot. Who, heavy originals are fine. Serious musicians only. Call Raynard after 6 p.m. 835-6554.

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Mon.6 — Art Neville
& Terry Manuel
Fri.10 — Radiators
Sat.11 — Zachary Richard
Mon.13 — Zeke Fishhead
Fri.17 — Exuma
Sat.18 — Jay Monque'D
Blues Band
Mon.20 — Art Neville
& Terry Manuel
Fri.24 — Radiators
Sat.25 — Rockin' Dopsie
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Sat.11—Radiators
Fri.17—Li'l Queenie &
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Debris Ball w/Allison &
The Distractions
Sat.25—Beaux Arts Ball
w/The Survivors

2 For 1 Admission With This Ad

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 bass, as well as **Alphonse Mouzon** on bass.

Area 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 catch Flory and the **Mt. Pontchartrain String Band** at Carrollton Station.

Screen Gems/EMI Music songwriter **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*. **Nightprowl**ers is a new music video program from the Birmingham, AL area produced by photographer **Marshall Hagler** and musician **Jim Liner**. Dateline Chalmette—an out of state management company wants to take it to *The Limit*. **Siren** has been recording what we can only presume to be many (pause) "siren songs" (aaaaaargh!!) at Visionary Studios.

Attention all B-52's clones, members of the *Lost In Space/My Favorite Martian* Fan Club, collectors of cheap wigs and fab '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 "Barbie and Ken Go 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 second largest record retailer, **The Record Bar**, to Atlantic Records' pre-Christmas price hike of three hot albums. The Bar pulled the upped LPs from its shelves.

The Musical Label of the Month Award goes to **Jane Scott** of the *USA, Plain Dealer*, who describes the music of the *Clocks* as "Rocka-Mopop," which is (what else?) rockabilly/Motown/pop... **Atchafalaya** has a hot new single out in the LA market called "Been Awhile" and penned by **Charlie Rees**. The group will soon bring its muddy feet in the studio with former LeRoux-er **Leon Medica** for an upcoming album... As long as ole man rhythm is in his shoes, **Frankie Ford** is gonna make the best of it and return to England for a March/April concert tour with **Johnny and the Roccas** of Scotland on backup... Our large chalky stone-like chunk of brilliant yellow news from Sulphur bemoans the sale and imminent destruction of the Service Hotel which notice of the Final Jam, which included the **Dauids**, **Messrs. Foreman** and **Crawford**... We got a curious letter from the manager of A&R for MCA Records, **Marcy Drexler**: "I am very interested in a group called **The Neville Brothers** and would like to contact their manager..."

Students of the **Jesse Collins/Wallace Berman** school of assembled artistic information dissemination will get a large charge from local illustrator **Steve Taylor's** "Artboy Industries Info Mantra" pamphlets. Now gimme a "D," gimme an "A," gimme another "D," gimme another "A," what's that spell? What's that Spell?

Tune in Channel 25 (Cinemax) on Sunday, Feb. 19 at 3 and catch **Frank Tashlin's** immortal *The Girl Can't Help It* (which is the *echt-rock* 'n' roll picture; once an annual event at the Do Drive-In, the film has become a legendary item to rock bunnies under 30 who have probably never seen it in its garish wide screen splendor); described by **Peter Bogdanovich** as "Voltairean in its grotesquery," (not a bad description by the by), the film—about the efforts of a gangster (**Edmond O'Brien**) to make a rock star out of his girlfriend (**Jayne Mansfield**)—causing havoc with dairy products—includes appearances by **Little Richard**, **Gene Vincent**, **Fats Domino**, **Julie Lon-**

don, **Ray Anthony** and his band, and sensational sight gags revolving around the fabled **Mansfield** orbs by **Tashlin** who directed many of the better **Jerry Lewis** films and also worked for **Hanna-Barbera**, we believe, in its pre-sap days.

The Pictures are nice guys, even though they do have a sort of wimpy name for a punk band, and they want your words and, ahem, pictures, for their "Surfacing Underground" fanzine at 6004 Alameda Street, Apt. A, Bakersfield, CA 93309... **Oley Sassone** and crew fired up those absolutely essential smoke machines for another music video at the



"Love That Chicken": Dr. John back in studio.



Ian Neville at Tipitina's.

peristyle in City Park. This time the band was the Dutch group **Vandenberg** (who?) and the shoot even got a nice spread in the T-P... **The Old Absinthe Bar** has reinstated late night music ("late night" in the French Quarter means "early morning" everywhere else) and **The Player's Club** has started a new reggae night... **Final Academy**, which we have been informed is a "serious band" (oh-oh) plays gigs in some of the most unusual places. This time, the venue was the **Dixie Brewery** and the client was **Cajun Cookouts, Inc.** The performance was a diploma-shredding and cap-and-gown-rippling concert of "80's psychedelia," whatever that is.

The **Louisiana Homewreckers** wield their mauls, crowbars, spades, picks, wheelbarrows, and other implements of R&B destruction regularly in the Lake Charles area. Chief wrecker is **Giles Sonnier** on lead vocals and guitar and Goldband artist **Ralph Young** has joined the Homewreckers on piano... **The Radiators'** new newsletter includes the essential **Fish Haid**, oops, *Fish Head Manifesto* which harkens us to slide backwards down the evolutionary ladder and become long, slippery things again: "Fall in love with mermaids, dance with octopi, cast off your big brown shoes, get squishy, and wiggle for all you're worth..."

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band got a big write-up in NYC's *Village Voice* recently. Looks like they'll have to shore up the floor joists in the Glass House as soon as those World's Fair tourists head down to Saratoga Street in search of the truly hot and the terminally hip. And **Fred Ferritti** wrote (in the *New York Times*) a nice piece about our local oyster bars that quoted **Mary Ann Gerdes** of *Casamento's*: "You don't like lard, you don't come here." Nuff said.

Mark Bingham has completed and cassetted a soundtrack for his New Orleans-meets-the-Universe musical entitled "A Starship Named Desire." He will also present "Doxological Entremont" (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 **Chronics**, including **Lisa Sherman**, **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. "Bengt" Beninati** on guitar and vocals and **Wee Jimmy Shearson** on drum dementia, a priapismic 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 Pock-y Way," though slightly hampered by not being able to talk yet. He's only two.

The Normals held their umpteenth annual reunion at Jimmy's last month. In attendance were the **Backbeats**, **Barbara Menendez**, the **Models** and **Lenny Zenith**. 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 his pirogue down a lazy bayou. **Mac "Dr. John" Rebennack** was at **Sea-Saint Studios** 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 **Aretha Franklin** tunes, according to Mr. Kruz.

That'll Be The Day The Music Died: February 3, 1984, is the 25th anniversary of the tragic plane crash that took the lives of **Ritchie Valens**, **J.D. "Big Bopper" Richardson** and the great **Buddy Holly**. And February 12-18 had been declared "National Blues Week" by the National Music Association, the Mississippi Delta Blues Festival, and the Young Black Programmers Committee.

It is with great sorrow that we report the demise of yet another great snake band, **The Cobras**, from Austin, TX, played their final gig at **Fitzgerald's** in Houston on Friday the 13th of January. Guess we can't do the **Harlem Shuffle** anymore... ■

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