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ISSUE NO. 44

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'Down Home' Z.Z. Hill Dies in Dallas

A Western Union Mailgram was forwarded to this scribe that couldn't have taken me more by surprise. It read:

Z.Z. Hill, 48, internationally acclaimed blues singer died Friday, April 27, in Dallas.

Funeral will be at First Baptist Church, Hughes Springs, Texas, Thursday, May 3 11:30 AM, arrangements by Reeder Davis Funeral Home, Hughes Springs.

*Z.Z., born in Maples, Texas, was a Dallas resident for several years. Best known for his gold album **Down Home**, which made him the world's most successful blues artist. Survived by his wife, Vivian, son Arzell, Jr., two daughters, Bridgette and Lisa, two brothers, a sister and one granddaughter.*

—Dave Clark, Malaco Records.

Z.Z. Hill's real name was Arzell Hill, and contrary to the above mailgram, he once told me he was born September 29, 1940 in Naples, Texas. In his teens he began hanging around local music clubs, and got a taste for the blues after listening to the likes of B.B. King, Bobby "Blue" Bland, James Davis and Jr. Parker. He changed his first name to Z.Z. around 1960, partly as a play on B.B. King's name and to give his name more Z-Zing!

In 1964, he moved to L.A., where he cut his first record "Tomble (sic) Weed" b.w. "You Were Wrong." The record was a surprise hit, selling in the neighborhood of a quarter million singles. The larger Kent record label got wind of the success and signed Z.Z. to an exclusive recording con-

tract. Z.Z. managed to continue a string of smaller hits, which did well throughout the South. The records insured plenty of club work and kept Z.Z. on the road for most of the decade.

By 1969, Z.Z. had left the West Coast, and started an ill-fated relationship with Quinn Ivy at the Muscle Shoals Sound Studio. The association resulted in only one 45, leased to Atlantic, and Z.Z. returned once again to the West Coast. He rejoined his brother and was rewarded with his biggest hit ever, "Don't Make Me Pay For His Mistakes," in 1971. The remainder of the Seventies were an extremely prolific period for Z.Z., as he recorded well over half-a-dozen LPs on labels both large and small. But for the most part, success eluded Z.Z. as albums on the powerful Columbia and United Artists labels (one partially produced by Allen Toussaint) met with little

commercial success.

Fortunately in 1981, Z.Z. signed on with Malaco Records in Jackson, Mississippi, a label more adept at handling a rhythm and blues artist. For Malaco, Z.Z. recorded a clutch of singles and four superb LPs, highlighted of course by the phenomenally successful *Down Home Blues*, which spent over two years in the nation-

al R&B charts.

Z.Z. often performed in New Orleans to entranced audiences. His last appearance here, at the prestigious Seanger Theatre, underlined the growth of his popularity and the resurgence of blues. He will be sadly missed by all lovers of contemporary and "down home blues."

—Almost Slim

'Fuzzy Dice' Collins Gets Head Transplant

Drummer Buzz "Fuzzy Dice" Collins celebrated his 22nd birthday at Tipitina's on May 17th by bashing out the ole R&R backbeat for his boss Johnny J. and fellow Hitman, Dave Clements. In between sets the trio retired to the dressing room for a variety of adolescent merry making where young F.D. was presented with a hand painted (and sorely needed) front head for his bass drum bearing the

"Johnny J. and The Hitmen" logo and the cryptic fuzzy dice.

The Hitmen are pumping out a streamlined dance sound these days that blends traditional rock, R&B, and rockabilly, since acquiring master-cruiser Dave Clements on bass and vocals. Their repertoire is chock full of classic stompers like "Burn Your Playhouse Down", and before the jitterbuggers have a chance to sit down

□ **IN THE BLACK:** Released this month on the Black Top label is "Neville-ization, the Neville Brothers' first live recording. Present at the final mix-down in Dallas were Art Neville, Aaron Neville and Black Top chief Hammond Scott, shown goosing Aaron, who remains cool. □



W. BARRY WILSON

Stephane Grappelli's Still Got Rhythm

Fiddle whiz Stephane Grappelli graced the Fairmont Hotel's posh Blue Room with his cherubic presence and virtuoso violin playing in May as the World's Fair opened. Accompanying Grappelli was an outstanding trio of stringmen including fellow Parisian Marc Fossett, Scotsman Martin Taylor, and the lone yankee, Brian Torff. Grappelli celebrated his 50th anniversary of recording with the legendary Django Reinhardt by playing "Are you In The Mood?" popularized by Reinhardt in the Thirties. Grappelli's choice for an encore was, appropriately, "I Got Rhythm".

—rico



STEPHANE GRAPPELLI fiddles while the Blue Room's candles burn.

they'll jump into "Little Pig" to keep the dancers hot and the themes tight. They are also proud to throw in a number of home grown Louisiana songs like Wayne Shuler's "The Crawl." Their version of "Just Like A Woman" (not the Dylan one) takes a stab at Cajun rock, and the arrangement of "All By Myself" is borrowed quite directly from Johnnie Allen.

But what keeps Johnny J. and the Hitmen from being just another dance-provoking cover band are the original tunes that surface in the course of a typical set. "Nuclear Hayride" rockets the Ventures to Three Mile Island in funky stop time, "I Don't Want To Work No More" autobiographically sketches the plight of every rock and roller whose day begins at dusk and "Michelle Shock" is funky and funny without sounding trite.

Mr. Dice has practically shed the "still-wet-behind-the-ears" label of a year ago by trimming most of those annoying fills from his percussive vocabulary and the Clements/Beninati guitar-vocal attack has been impressive enough to win the group a three night Mother's Day weekend gig in Gulf Shores, Alabama, that included free room and board, a \$50 a night bar tab and God knows what else.

—rico



RICO

BUZZ COLLINS is "Fuzzy" under the arms.

'Whispering' Smith Tried So Hard' Dies at 52

The great Baton Rouge blues singer/harmonica player Moses "Whispering" Smith died this past month after a long illness. He was 52. Smith originally hailed from just outside Brookhaven, Mississippi, where he was taught the rudiments of the harmonica from a brother-in-law. Smith had a sister in Baton Rouge and moved there in 1957, where he took a job in a service station. One afternoon in 1958, Lightnin' Slim came by the station and Smith introduced himself. After hearing Smith play, Lightnin' asked Smith to join his band, where he stayed until 1960. Between 1960 and 1964, Smith recruited his own band, which played around Louisiana.

Through Lightnin', Smith was introduced to the powerful blues producer J.D. Miller, who owned a studio in Crowley, Louisiana. Miller invited Smith to play on a number of sessions, and during the early Sixties he could be heard accompanying other artists, including Lightnin' and Silas Hogan. In 1963, Smith auditioned his own group, and Miller was able to lease four singles to the Excello label over the next two years. It was

Miller who tagged Smith "Whispering—" in jest, because his voice was so strong he continually had to move the microphone away from him in the studio! None of "Whispering" Smith's singles sold very well (because the popularity of lowdown blues was on the wane),

but sides like "Crying Blues," "Hound Dog Twist" and "I Tried So Hard" captured the real flavor of Louisiana's blues style.

Smith rejoined Lightnin' in 1964, and stayed with him until he moved to Michigan in 1966. Smith remained musically inactive until

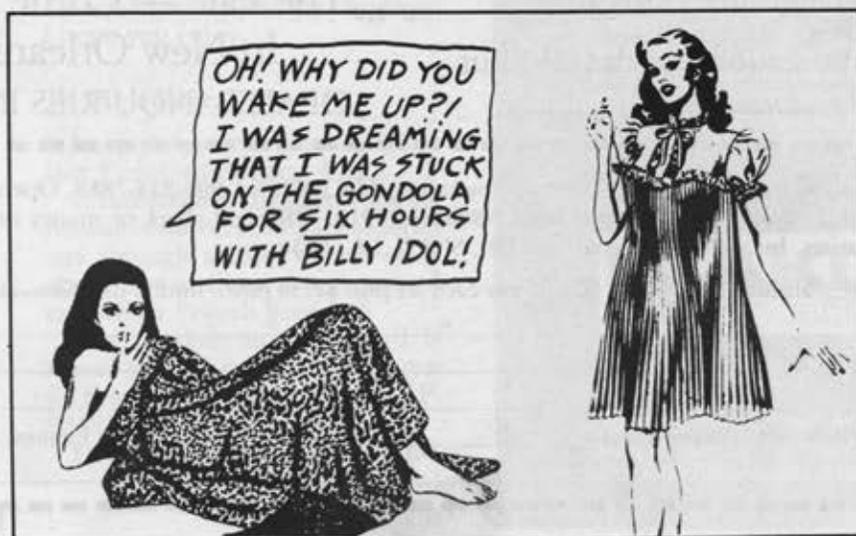
1970, when the white blues revival caught up with the "sound of the swamps." With the help of pioneer blues researcher Terry Pattison, Whispering Smith was recorded twice that year, waxing sessions for the English, Blue Horizon label, and Arhoolie. The year 1972 was a big one for Smith; he toured Europe with his mentor, Lightnin' Slim, and recorded his first album, *Over Easy*, ironically for the Excello label.

After Lightnin's death, once again Smith's career went into a tail spin, but he continued to perform around Baton Rouge and he often made appearances at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. Interest in Smith once again was shown by the Sunland label, which issued a new single and an anthology containing his most recent work, ironically released the very week of his death.

Although Whispering Smith's early Excello sides are no longer available, the *Louisiana Blues Anthology* (Sunland 101) is an excellent representation of his latest work.

— Almost Slim

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golden moments in new orleans rock 'n' roll

Turbans over New Orleans?

This month's "golden moment" was captured in 1963 at the Mardi Gras Lounge, on Bourbon Street. Pictured from left to right are Bobby ("Soul Train") Reno, Bobby "I'm Gonna Be A Wheel Someday" Mitchell (sans turban) and Bill Johnson, the leader of the infa-

mous Infernos. Bobby and the Infernos held down a regular gig at the Mardi Gras for close to a year and this photo captures them just prior to an evening of R&B. What happened to those suits, fellows?

—Almost Slim



letters

To the editor:

I want to thank Almost Slim for the great story on "Sugar Boy" Crawford. He was always one of my idols and had one of the best bands to ever come out of New Orleans in the late Fifties and early Sixties.

I thought you might like to know that the white band from L.S.U. he mentions that backed him on "Danny Boy" and "Round and Round" was John Fred and the Playboys.

Again, thanks. It's people like you who remind us of all the great artists and songwriters of yesterday and today. Keep up the good work.

John Fred

P.S. Encloses is a new album, *The Best of John Fred and the Playboys*. I hope you enjoy.

To the editor:

I enjoyed your article on Sugar Boy Crawford in issue #41.

In reference to the Chess double reissue of his recordings, I ordered one through a local record store about two or three years ago and received a French pressing!

The number on the record is Chess 427017 and the distributor (in France) is listed as Vogue P.I.P. 93480 Villeteuse.

I can only hope it is still in print.

Bob Prentus
Missoula, Montana

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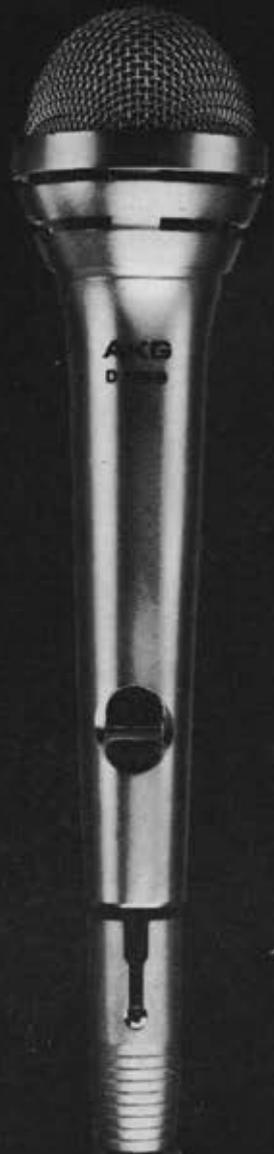
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Elvis, Scotty and Bill: The First Year (RCA), 1982

Elvis: The First Live Recordings (The Music Works), 1983

Elvis: The Beginning Years (RCA), 1983

At first I found it curious that as I listened to these Louisiana Hayride/Eagle's Hall (Houston) recordings my thoughts ran to a closing moment in the Malcolm Leo/Andrew Solt film biography *This is Elvis*, an affecting version of the life that is, I came to realize, inseparable from these performances. In a piece of concert footage from mid-1977, shot just six weeks before his death, a barely recognizable Elvis sings "My Way" with great force, offering it as a resolute defense of his life and an ironic comment upon what he had become. His appearance, of course is jolting, embarrassing, and I am relieved when across the screen comes a chronicle of Elvis' career. Every phase is represented—the moment he figured he had it made, the eight years obscurity in Hollywood, the celebrated, fragile comeback in 1968, the last years of awkward, desperate searching for a way to hold a life together that some combination of relentless fame, poor judgment, and sycophantic abuse had undermined long before. A home movie segment shows a domestic Elvis at his happiest, with Priscilla just after the birth of Lisa Marie. But the soundtrack intrudes. I hear Elvis singing, "I've had my fill, my share of losing/ And now as tears subside, I find it all so amusing/ To think I did all that..."

It is at this moment that images of frenzied, pre-Hollywood rocker and bored, bloated pop avatar clash, and in trying to hold them in mind at once, I recall the line from William Carlos Williams' "Spring and All" that Peter Guralnick attaches to one of his fine essays on Elvis: "The pure products of America go crazy."

Historically, these performances from 1954-56 are worthy if predictable additions to Presleyana. We hear on all three sets Elvis run hard through his Sun material, singing instinctively, dangerously—going after the raucous Sun sound that Sam Phillips got some months before in the little Memphis studio at 706 Union Avenue. Because we get to hear what Elvis could do with his material when something was still at stake (that is, in the days before songsters/studio hacks offered up schlock like "Song of the Shrimp," "Fort



WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS on the King: The pure products of America go crazy.'



Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce," and "[There's] No Room to Rhumba in a Sports Car"), the tapes are most valuable culturally, as a way of imagining four men in the cramped studio, and then three of them setting out for whatever the road had to offer them. Listening to this music as fans of Elvis and of rock'n'roll and perhaps as historians, we can picture the Hayride stage, and on it a figure in black, with white buck, pomade-spiked hair, loving the microphone shamelessly before a throng of outstretched arms. It is thrilling. I delight in the good times of the music. But I can't quite get out from under what I know is coming.

The Beginning Years is the superior of these three sets not only because it collects all of the performances on the other two releases but because the narration is sensibly chosen and often revelatory, the sound generally cleaner, and the packaging more attractive (*The Beginning Years* includes a fine book of photographs from the collection of D.J. Fontana, Elvis' drummer for twelve years; the front and back cover photos of *The First Live Recordings* are from Al Wertheimer's essential book of photography, *Elvis*). Absence of first-rate liner notes on any of these sets is regrettable.

More accessible at present than *The Beginning Years* are *The First Live Recordings* and *The*

First Year; each includes five songs, several too-familiar accounts of Elvis' first television appearances, interview segments, and reminiscences (Frank Page, long-time host of the Hayride, recalling Elvis' fabled return to ten thousand Hayriders after his first Sullivan Show appearance). *The First Live Recordings* is the better programmed of the two sets. On it, Elvis follows a fairly tame "Baby, Let's Play House" with Chuck Berry's "Maybelline," enthusiastically introducing it as "one we only learned a couple days ago." His brilliant measuring of this song is two minutes' proof, if you need it, of Elvis' intuitive genius as musician and as interpreter of songs. The highlight of this set, though, is a heaving, sexy version of "Hound Dog," which Elvis sings recklessly, as though he knows he doesn't have to try but decides to anyway. No non-bootleg version that I know of can touch it, save perhaps for that found on the must-own, two-record soundtrack to *This is Elvis*. His movement through both numbers seems calculated and utterly spontaneous—that is, near perfect performances.

The First Year is merely a collectible. Of the four Sun sides here, an odd, country-ish "Good Rockin' Tonight" is well worth hearing, though it is the magnificent reading of Ray Charles' "I Got a Woman (Way Over Town)"

that might justify purchase. Side two is entirely an interview (not on *The Beginning Years*) in which Scotty Moore, the studied, capable guitarist of the early years, remembers the first recording session and talks of the Blue Moon Boys' initial swing through Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana. Necessary? Maybe, if one wants to hear Scotty describe the cat clothes Elvis wore the first time the two met and tell what happened when Elvis' Lincoln broke down somewhere between Texarkana and Shreveport.

In the penultimate scene of *The Last Waltz*, Robbie Robertson talks of the Band's decision to give it up after sixteen years together. "The road has taken a lot of the great ones." His voice quavers as he enumerates—"Hank Williams, Buddy Holly, Otis Redding, Janis, Jimi Hendrix... Elvis. It's a goddamn impossible way of life." The road is treacherous and alluring; it can inspire a performer and destroy him.

These Hayride/Eagle's Hall tapes give us some sense of what it was like for Elvis in those early months when he and Bill Black and Scotty and later D.J. moved from Hot Springs to Monroe to Jackson to Tampa. And in fact what it was like for him at the horrible end is in some ways of a piece with what we learn from and hear in this music.

Picture an oasis of sight and sound, a monument to the truly talented musicians making their mark on the industry, a place where even the most untouchable artists are showcased and brought to your door for a personal introduction. The idols, the icons, heroes and masters of music...flocking en masse to the throne of the stage, where their loyal subjects welcome them and are rewarded for their long starved willingness to serve as an audience.

Picture the dynasty at our feet just created...the means, the hows and whys of a place tentatively entitled The Beat Palace: where dignity reigns.

A dream you say? Or perhaps a joke that an old uptown super market will be transformed into the South's mecca for musicians... it's no laughing matter. The Beat Palace, or whatever the kingdom will be dubbed, is the shot of penicillin the New Orleans music industry has been deprived of for several years.

"It's a local concern that needs to be attended to," says the man with the plan, Tim Logan. "It's not fair making good (local) groups move on to other cities to become recognized, appreciated and bene-



THE BEAT PALACE.

fit as a musical group. In this city," he continues, "an honest day's work is NOT worth an honest day's pay."

National booking agencies have traditionally passed over New Orleans as a cite for bringing new talent to the city for exposure, mainly because there isn't a place where they can draw the crowd needed to make any kind of profit on expending a New Orleans concert date. Rent and other concessions, such as high percentages from the door, are too demanding for the small club owners, and New Orleans becomes an even bigger risk for touring acts.

Stepping off the soap box for just a minute, the specifics of this new era are in order. The abandoned Winn Dixie on Magazine Street, next to the Second District police station off Napoleon is the chosen location. The building boasts of 2,300 capacity—comfortably. Parking is just at the legal limit for obtaining a liquor license. Massive monetary support from powerful silent partners is in tow. Bids on renovation as well as sound and lighting equipment have already been accepted. A few details on the lease are presently being worked out and Logan hopes to have the club open this month!

Here's what Tim Logan has envisioned:

Inside, the stage will be big enough to accommodate national touring acts—and their tremendous amounts of equipment. The sound equipment accepted will make transistor radios out of p.a. systems in the city. Lights will be powerful enough in design and amount to generate the illusions and the intensity necessary for performers and audiences to really experience the overall sensation of a concert. A video screen will be installed and dropped down in front of the stage during set changes.

Real dressing rooms for customers as well as the stars are in order. Salaried employees for security inside and outside the club will be provided. Air conditioning and heating will be operative for customer comfort.

Entertainment presently appraised and in the near future possibly could include the likes of X, The Circle Jerks, Thompson Twins, The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Berlin, Real Life, Reflex, Psychedelic Furs, and many others. These examples by no means reflect the wide variety of talent that are likely to grace the stage. It will be a new music oriented club, but will all transcend into heavy metal, rock-a-billy, as well as any number of combinations.

What's in it for the local musicians? For starters, The Cold will officially opened the club and Logan has extended them the invitation to make the new club their home. All local acts will be considered. The process for this opportunity is reasonably simple—submit a professional portfolio/promo kit, including tape. The first submitted will be the first considered and thereafter all bands are put into rotation. When your number comes up...get to it.

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Local bands stand to profit most from the experience extended for opening for the national touring acts. But it will not be limited to this. Local bands will get a feel of what it's like to be on a big stage, with professional sound and lights as well as playing in front of large crowds. Most importantly, respect and decent pay will be the rewards to those who have been ignored...our ambitious local musicians.

At present, the club is scheduled to open this month on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 pm with live music starting at 9:30 pm lasting til 1 or 2 am. When the bands have finished for the evening, the club will keep the momentum by automatically bringing down the lights and bringing up the dance music...and will close at 6 am.

"We don't mind giving the people what they want"—words we've waited so long to hear, Mr. Logan.

Another new establishment rearing it's head in the Uptown area is Carrollton Town Hall. It's located down the block from The Maple Leaf at the corner of Oak and Joliet at 8500 Oak Street and will cater much to

the same clientele as the Leaf. Carrollton Town Hall will serve a buffet style lunch downstairs soon after opening and is to expand onto the second floor with a small, intimate dining room. The second floor is being totally renovated, and as found out by the proud proprietors when ripping off some paneling, each room on the second floor is encased with one-hundred-year-old tin paneling...floor to ceiling with a different design in each room. The chef and operations manager for the bar and restaurant, Gowen Naylor, was an executive chef for The Hilton Hotel in Philadelphia, and wants to try out some Northeast seafood on us...but he's keeping his menu flexible and will serve traditional Southern delights. Bob Willard will be booking music acts in the club/restaurant for evenings downstairs. More than likely it's looking to be a jazz club. Some collaboration with the area club owners is planned so that all may benefit in what's considered "I'll scratch your back..." friendly, community atmosphere.

A new fad at Fads...one that's sure to make its way throughout the nation... Saker One Space Probe. Saker

One is more or less a "coin-operated lunar lander" which incorporates a video game, but it more or less an amusement park ride. It's dubbed in its press kit as "an environmental video game machine in the form of a flight simulator." Designed to look and feel like the cockpit of a space craft, it has high-powered air turbines keeping it afloat at the top of a plastic cylinder. From a distance it looks like an egg in an egg holder. When you get strapped inside, and

cuse! The driving refrain of Simple Minds' "Speed Your Love To Me" from the album *Sparkle in the Rain* was possibly the forewarning to what is the most shocking nuptial in the music world today: Twenty-four-year-old wunderkind and mystical lyricist of the Scottish group Simple Minds, Jim Kerr, secretly courted and wed seemed-to-already-have-been obliged thirty-two-year-old Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders last month. Chrissie's ex, and father of

THE NEW FAD AT FADS: A 'coin-operated lunar lander' with somer- saulting cockpit.

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"You go to my head" is no ex-

her seventeen-month-old Natalie, Ray Davies of The Kinks was by her side just a short week before the marriage in a carriage in Central Park, N.Y. Hopefully, we won't be seeing any blissful duet renditions of Sonny and Cher's "I've Got You Babe" in the future, and hopefully (I pray) Jim's voice doesn't change.



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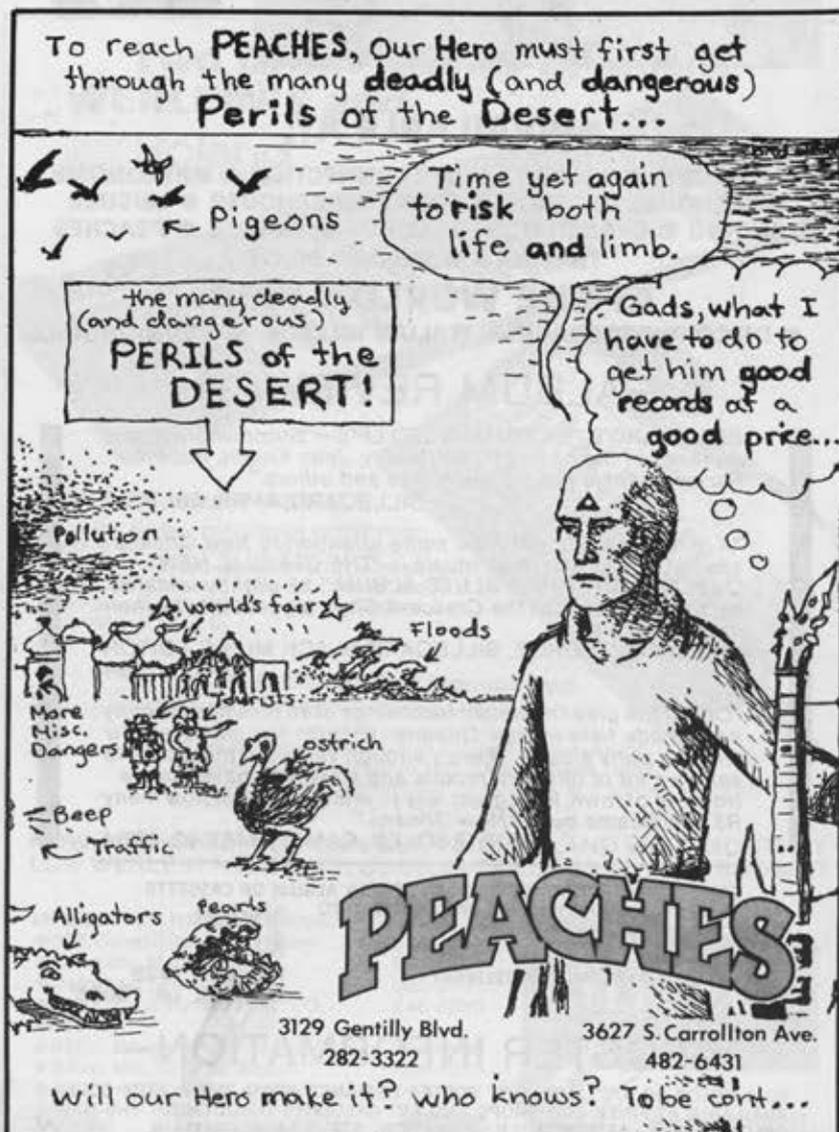


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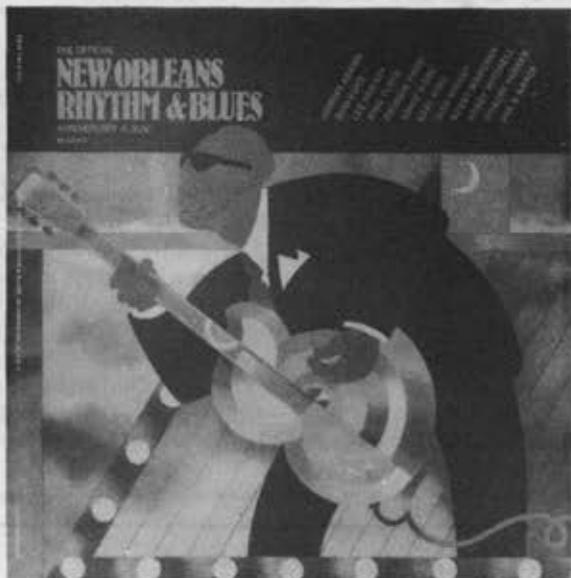
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—ALBUM REVIEWS—

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—BILLBOARD, APRIL 28, 1984

"A record that should draw some attention to New Orleans' special role in American music is 'THE OFFICIAL NEW ORLEANS RHYTHM & BLUES ALBUM,' 12 slightly updated versions of some of the Crescent City's biggest hits by their original artists."

—NELSON GEORGE, BILLBOARD BLACK MUSIC EDITOR
 MAY 5, 1984

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—GARY ESOLEN, GAMBIT, MAY 12, 1984

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rare records

Smokey Johnson
'It Ain't My Fault'

NOLA 706

Here's one that has been enjoying a revival in popularity of late, largely because it has been added to the repertoire of a number of New Orleans brass bands. Drummers don't often get a chance to make records on their own, but Smokey, one of the best, made a number of excellent instrumental singles for NOLA during the mid-Sixties.

NOLA Records was formed by producer Wardell Quezzerque and Clinton Scott in 1964. "It Ain't My Fault" was a two-part instrumental featuring an infectious second-line drum patten that propelled George Davis' simple guitar passage and Walter Kimball's booming alto break. The story behind the tune is that it was composed spontaneously, after Smokey came up with an interesting drum pattern, while rehearsing in back of the A-1 Record Shop.



Of late the song has become somewhat of an anthem for the local brass bands and has been covered by the Olympia on their last LP and on the recent Heartfixer's album. Smokey, we are happy to report, is still very much alive and well, and still in the employment of Fats Domino, where he holds down the drummer's stool.

—Almost Slim

reviews

Rockin' Sydney
**BOOGIE, BLUES
 'N' ZYDECO**

Maison de Soul 1008

Yes indeed, good old Rockin' Sydney is still living up to his name! This new set, recorded late last year, delivers just what the album's title said it would, and more. Assisted by a powerhouse band of South Louisiana musicians, including Warren Storm, 'Willie Tee' Trahan and the rock-solid pianist Katie Webster, Sydney is in good form throughout on accordion and harp. But the real treat here are the witty lyrics from Sydney who seems to be a virtual bottomless pit of great song ideas. The best of the lot is the snappy "Cochon de Lait," and the uproarious "Slim's Y-Kee Kee" (sic), a humorous reworking of the blues standard, "Tin Pan Alley." Other treats are the reworkings of Sydney's Jin recordings of "She's My Morning Coffee" and "If I Could I Would," with Katie just pounding it out on the 88's.

What strikes me is that unlike other forms of traditional or ethnic strains of music, zydeco continues to grow and is constantly being changed. While Clifton might still be the king, he has spawned legions of other zydeco artists with undeniable talent. Rockin' Sydney is one and you'll probably want this one.

—Almost Slim

John Fred & The Playboys
BEST OF
 Sugar Cane 100

Compiled by John Fred himself, this is a neat collection of his mid-Sixties on Paula, with the added bonus of his 1959 hit on Montel, "Shirley." The accent is on the English-influenced rock sound of the era, but I'd always thought the Playboys sound like a union of the Young Rascals and Cookie and his Cupcakes. John Fred was, of course, the most successful proponent of Louisiana's many blue-eyed soul bands, which also included the likes of Gee Gee Shinn, Clint West, the Boogie Kings and the mighty Greek Fountains—these groups could really rock.

Of course the perfunctory "Judy in Disguise" and "Hey, Hey Bunny" are included as well they should be. The track that still bowls me over is "Boogie Children," a raving rocker with a terrific guitar dominating the proceedings. The British beat is most evident on "Agnes English" and "Sun City," but their renderings of "Harlem Shuffle" and "Night Owl" prove that the boys would have no trouble sharing the bill with Rafal Neal and the Clouds at the Temple Roof! The real treat is the group's first hit "Shirley," featuring Huey Smith's band as accompanists, a song that was a hit twenty-three years later for Shakin' Stevens in England.

The back cover, with nearly 25 years' worth of Playboy photos, is alone worth the price of this one. Of course for those who attended LSU during the late Sixties, this album will be as essential as a year book signed by Charlie McClendon, but really I can't think of anyone who wouldn't want this one.

—Almost Slim

Dave Bartholomew
JUMP CHILDREN
Pathe-Marconi 1546601

Dave Bartholomew is best known for the many hits he produced for other artists, but as this album shows, Bartholomew's own material stands up perfectly well even though none of these tunes were hits. *Jump Children* features recordings made between 1949 and 1953 with Bartholomew fronting the same musicians that worked sessions at Cosimo's studio.

The material here ranges from the frantic title track (itself well worth the price of this disc) to sentimental ballads, represented best by "People Are Talkin'." In between, the album touches on a variety of tempos and styles, while still maintaining its distinctive New Orleans-Bartholomew touch. Of special interest are "Country Gal" (the answer to Bartholomew's Deluxe hit "Country Boy") where he blows a scorching solo; "Carnival Day," an early rare Mardi Gras record, full of Indian overtones; Bartholomew's own version of the oft-recorded "Ain't Gonna Do It"; the bluesy "How Could You," where our man proves to be no slouch of a vocalist; and the hilarious "Who Drank My Beer," that features a smoking horn section.

While a couple of tunes don't live up to the previously mentioned classics, you can't help but wonder why Bartholomew didn't have a couple of hits himself on Imperial. This set only serves to amplify the fact that Bartholomew did indeed invent the "big beat." Totally enjoyable from beginning to end, this one looks to be the reissue of 1984.

—Almost Slim

S.S. President
JAZZ CRUISE
May 3, 1984

This annual "Jazz Cruise" is supposedly the high point in the presentation of modern jazz during the ten-day New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. What stellar heights were achieved during the evening came early and things went progressively down hill.

The concert opened with Ellis Marsalis and his quartet with singers Germaine Bazzle and Laverne

Butler in tribute to Duke Ellington. There wasn't anything special in the format to make it a tribute other than the material coming from the Ellington song book, but the performers put so much exuberance and fire into their personal interpretations that the Duke could never have asked for any greater testimonial.

The quartet swung brightly through such warhorses as "Take the A Train" and "Squeeze Me," each member turning in first rate solos. Bazzle delivered a finger-popping version of "Beginning To See the Light" and a dramatic, heartfelt reading of "Lush Life." Butler's approach contrasted nicely with Bazzle's, being more extroverted and bravura filled than the older singer's supple finesse. They joined together on "Mood Indigo" and pulled all stops for a high flying "It Don't Mean A Thing."

For some unexplained reason, Sonny Rollins and his group descended a notch on the triple bill and followed the Ellington tribute. Of course, Rollins is one of the great individual instrumentalists of modern jazz, and his unmistakably personal tone and shimmering technical facility were in evidence. But somehow his performance lacked emotional involvement.

SONNY ROLLINS'
rhythm section seemed oblivious to any texture or dynamics.

Rollins' rhythm section seemed completely oblivious to any texture or dynamics in the material, and throughout the evening pounded away with an unrelenting stream of notes that ignored the wonderful sense of space Rollins conveys in his best moments. The one genuinely touching offering came on a Rollins original, a haunting ballad called "Wynton," in tribute to the young trumpeter Marsalis.

At this point the jazz portion of the cruise was just about over because Herbie Mann proceeded to spew out a hackneyed set of fusion and blues. If this was supposed to be the "Jazz Cruise" as opposed to "Fusion Night" what was Mann doing on the bill while Woody Shaw, Joe Newman, George Adams, Don Pullen, Reggie Workman and Ed Blackwell were relegated to the obscurity of performing at Prout's in the middle of the night? When Mann finally turned to Barry Manilow's "Feelings" for a ballad offering, things got downright painful. Promoters constantly seem to underestimate the audience for modern jazz. Next year, let's hope the Jazz Cruise gets some creative programming.

—Bob Cataliotti

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The Louisiana World Exposition, better known as the World's Fair, fills 82 acres along the New Orleans riverfront. BUNNY MATTHEWS reviews the hits and misses from A to Z...

A **AFRICAN MARKETPLACE** is located along the International Riverfront, in the vicinity of the Korean and Mexican pavillions. The tradesmen are more Afro-American than African and many of them have previously conducted business on the sidewalks of Canal Street. Thusly, one can expect a large array of incense and scented oils, plus smaller quantities of genuine African tribal masks, electric clocks shaped like the African continent (\$75), record albums (Malcolm X's speeches and Olatunji's drumming), a slim paperback entitled "An Anthology Of Some Of The Public Utterances Of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I" (included are the Lion of Judah's 1937 Christmas broadcast to America and the two sentences of greeting pronounced by the Ethiopian emperor at the 1946 Imperial Army football finals), jewelry and sandals. "Psychic Readings" are delivered by Charles Henry Williams II and Ava Kay Jones, who will also prepare gris-gris bags on the spot for those fair-goers tempted to arm-wrestle with the hand of fate.

AQUACADE, sponsored by Coca-Cola, seats 3,500 and one of the miracles of modern metallurgy is that the bleachers—even after hours of exposure to the sun's rays—stay tepid and won't fry your thighs. There are six shows a day, seven days a week, and the admission is free. When the World's Fair is over, the pool will be covered with topsoil.

ARCHITECTS are always miserable, as well they should be. Their cousins, the artists, need solely concern themselves with the problems of light, paint and the utility bill. Architects, in the creation of their art, must deal with millionaire developers, safety inspectors, plumbers, paper-hangers, politicians and a multitude of others. Architects have to work nights, Saturdays and Sundays. If they're men, they usually have to



DIANA ROSENBERG

THE PAPAL PRESENCE IN LOUISIANA: 18th-century ivory crucifix from the Diocese of Alexandria-Natchez.

wear ties. If they work at Perez Associates, principal architects for the Louisiana World Exposition, they have to all eat lunch at the same time.

Considering the plight of architects, might we collectively pat these unhappy beings on their respective backs? The World's Fair is an architectural triumph—except when it rains. On those occasions—despite the contention that most of the World's Fair is beneath ceilings—the fair-goer will get wet running *between* pavillions and the six World's Fair neighborhoods. For under two bucks, official World's Fair raincoats, in white polyvinyl the approximate gauge of bags from the dry-cleaners, are offered. These disposable garments, when worn by thousands on rainy days, succeed in making the World's Fair site look like a massive assembly of punkish Klansmen.

AUSTRALIA has a large pavilion along the International Riverfront, in which can be viewed the skeleton of a platypus, a group of stuffed lizards, some Aborigine spears (displayed with three grey plastic wastebaskets, utilized to catch the rain leaking through three overhead holes in the ceiling), very smart grey carpeting and computer-controlled video, multi-projector and multi-screen audio-visual displays showing surfers, floods, painted Aborigines and topless girls cavorting on the beach. Men At Work are not mentioned or heard.

The 24 young Australian attendants, explains an official release from the office of the Australian Exhibit Organization, "have had to be very carefully chosen. Not only intelligence and personality were considered, as well as fair geographic distribution by states—they had also to be of the personality type to cope with an extremely repetitive job. The glamour of going to New Orleans is one thing but on the other hand they'll be answering the same questions many times a day, for six straight months. They'll



WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL and escorts.

RICO

have to stay courteous and cheerful, and that takes a specific kind of person." 2,400 Australians, most of whom look like natives of Southern California, applied for the 24 positions.

The word "Australian" was originally misspelled on the gift shop's carved wooden sign, a funky touch that was probably evidence that the sign was made in New Orleans, where haphazard and/or curious spellings have long been in vogue.

B BELGIAN WAFFLES "CREOLE STYLE" are sprinkled with sugar, laden with fresh strawberries and topped with whipped cream. The "Creole" part is a minor mystery.

C CADILLAC—specifically, Robert Tannen's vintage Cadillac convertible, which hangs vertically in the Great Hall, near the Artworks '84 exhibition of Louisiana artists. Tannen has replaced the hood ornament with a stuffed and painted fish, attached wooden fins to the car's sides and dubbed his Cadillac "The World's Largest Redfish." The rumor is that Tannen might dip the vehicle in hot tar to produce "The World's Largest Blackened Redfish."

CANADA presents a 22-projector examination of itself in one room of its pavilion and a 15-minute "River Journey" across Canada in its Imax theatre. There is an acid rain exhibit, an 18th Century Eskimo kayak and an 8-minute video plugging the 1986 Vancouver World's Fair.

CHINA has the largest foreign pavilion at the World's Fair. The only difference between the Chinese brand of Communism displayed at the World's Fair and good ol' American give-the-public-what-it-wants capitalism is that under capitalism you sometimes encounter "blue

laws." Otherwise, China seems ready to take over where the now-defunct Barker's chain left off. The dresses, though, are hopelessly frumpy. The Party fashion designers should spend a few hours watching ZZ Top's videos and studying back issues (circa 1961) of *Sir!* magazine.

D DOGS are not allowed at the World's Fair. A world without dogs—those foul, smelly, shameless beasts—would be a nearly perfect world. Only the Chinese (who have exterminated most of the dogs in their republic) and the Louisiana World Exposition management have yet to adopt this advanced, modern philosophy of anti-canineism.

RICO



ALLIGATOR HEADS are sold in two sizes.



E EGYPT, in the words of one Gentilly woman observed exiting the nation's pavilion, "ain't nuttin'—just uh lotta stuff like Tut." These people might've built the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx but they aren't too good at simple pavilions.

ELECTRICITY is the subject of America's Electric Energy Exhibit, located beneath the Centennial Plaza monorail stop. A film by David Grubin, "It's An Electric Life," shows how a young dairyman uses electric milking machines on his cows (no mention is made of the giant loan the dairyman had to secure to buy the machines) and ends with a young torch singer recording an epistle to electricity. A condemned man in an electric chair would've been a more novel climax.

F FERRIS WHEEL, 178 feet high, is either the tallest or the second-tallest in North America. **FROM THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS** is the name of a shop located along the Wonderwall that sells stuffed, mounted alligator heads in two sizes. The large gator heads retail for \$240 and their little brothers can be had for \$180.

FULTON STREET MALL. Say the World's Fair is a microcosm—a big microcosm—of the French Quarter. Homosexuality and prostitution have been eliminated (overtly, that is), the Wonderwall has taken the place of Bourbon Street and the Vatican Pavilion represents St. Louis Cathedral. You can hear both Pete Fountain and Al Hirt (neither of whom set foot in the Quarter anymore) and Pat O'Brien's-style Hurricanes await the thirsty. The Fulton Street Mall roughly approximates Decatur Street, which means that visitors usually encounter the place by accident. The Mall's hot spots include an Australian-esque bar, and a video-game parlor. That fair-goers would pay \$15 admission to play video-games is symptomatic of a general decline in our civilization.

G
GONDOLA, officially known as M.A.R.T. or Mississippi Aerial River Transit, has shut down a few times during the World's Fair's early days but those stranded aboard the system have usually complained very little. After the World's Fair, M.A.R.T. will continue to operate for the benefit of tourists and commuters who like to start the day dramatically.

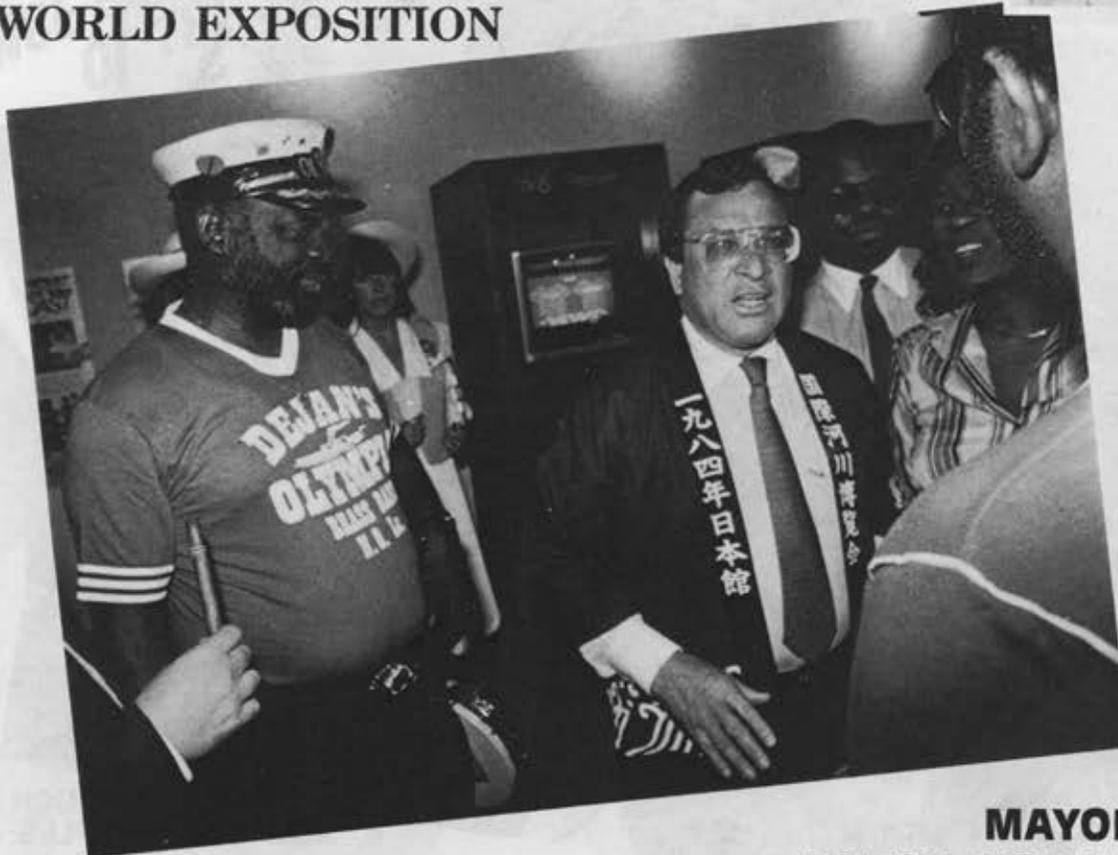
H
HAWAII does not have a pavilion but there is a gift shop dedicated to Hawaiian souvenirs. The hand-carved hula-dancer statuettes are quality kitsch of the highest order.

I
INDIA DELHI, in Bayou Plaza, near the Aquacade, is owned by an Indian princess (now residing in Uptown New Orleans) and a group of lawyers. The Delhi, with its blue metalflake elephants, was designed by Julie Jame and its fare includes samosas (turnovers), bhujias (vegetable fritters), tandoori chicken with Basmati rice (grown in the foothills of the Himalayas) and mango freezes.

ITALIAN VILLAGE is where young Romeos can buy gold chains for their own necks and made-to-order high heels for the delicate feet of their Juliets. The exhibition honoring Italian-Americans of the South features Louis Prima

ルイジアナ世界博覧会へようこそ

WELCOME TO THE LOUISIANA WORLD EXPOSITION



MAYOR DUTCH MORIAL turns Japanese at WDSU's remote studio.

sheet music ("Please No Squeeza Da Banana" and "Baciagaloop Makes Love On Da Stoop"), photographic portraits of diva Marguerite Piazza and jazzman Sam Butera, a very simplified St. Joseph's altar (blessed by Archbishop Hannan, nevertheless) and poster-sized enlargements of newspaper clippings concerning notable Louisiana Italaians, including developer Joseph Canizaro, banker/hotelier John V. Santopadre, Donaldsonville Mayor Lawrence "La La" Regira, Angelo Socola ("The Father of Louisiana's Rice Industry") and Mother Cabrini, the first American to be canonized a Saint.

J
JAPAN, if one can trust the enthralling three-screen film shown in its pavilion, looks like a cross between Colorado, Kansas, Vermont and Times Square. The people take great care in arranging flowers when they're at home. The rest of the time, they rush around like crazy. A mysterious European woman with blonde hair appears in a train station. A shopping center that could be Lakeside turns up in Tokyo. Next, the Japanese celebrate Mardi Gras...



VOODOO-DANCING along the WONDERWALL.

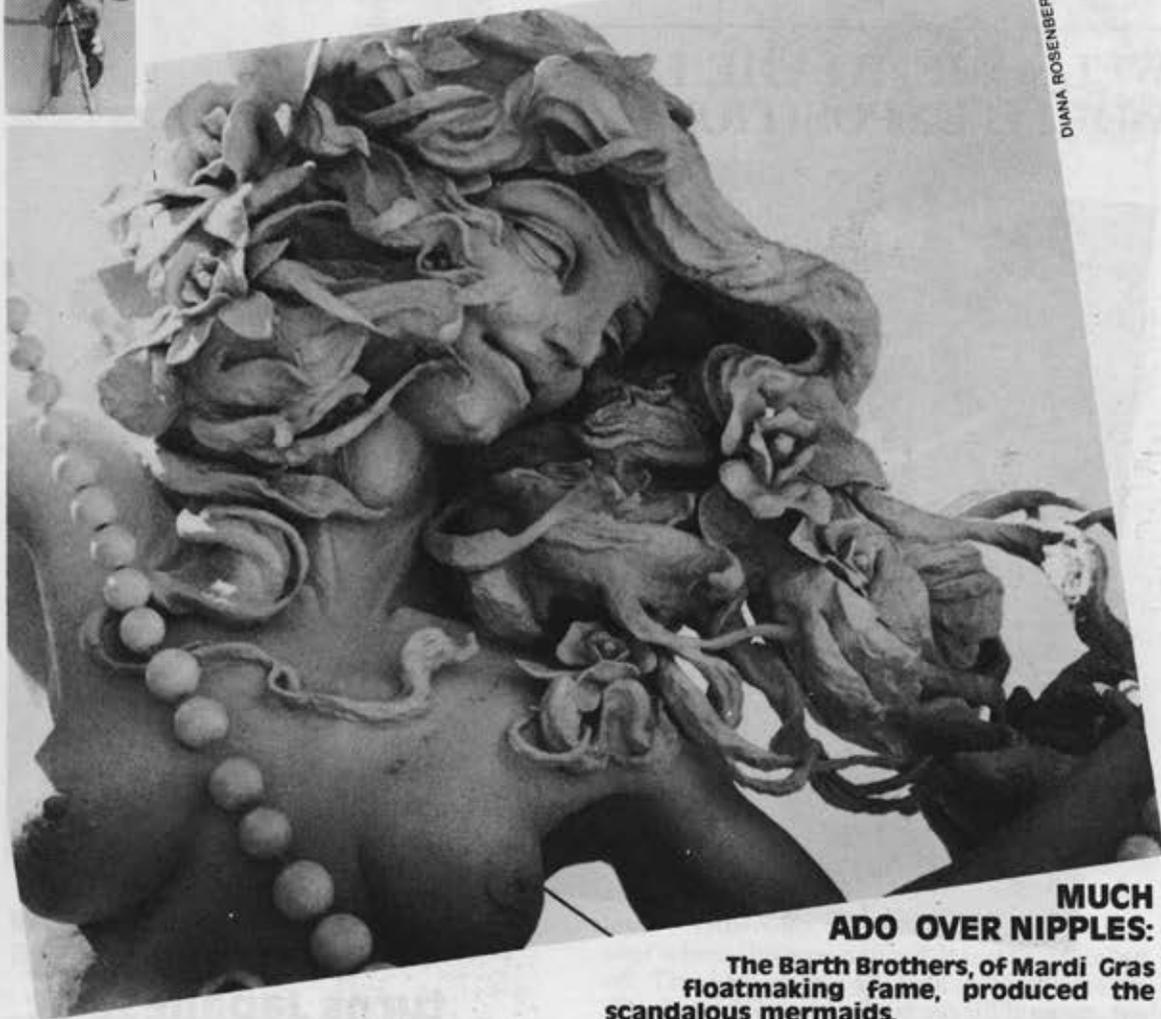


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3. As shown in figure "C": this manipulation will form "V" to pick up the food.

JED'S LOOKOUT is located on the third floor of the Federal Fibre Mills building and "Jed's 4141" is the general idea. There are abstract/expressionist paintings, slick furniture, perky tones, attractive waitresses and any resemblance to a similarly-named club that once existed on Oak Street in prehistoric days is strictly accidental.

K
KID-WASH is like a car-wash. The kids get wet and at the end, they get a little dry. If they stood in the hot-air blowers for an hour or more,



DIANA ROSENBERG

**MUCH
ADO OVER NIPPLES:**

The Barth Brothers, of Mardi Gras floatmaking fame, produced the scandalous mermaids.

the kids would probably get totally dry—if it wasn't too humid outside. Of course, the last time it wasn't too humid was 40 years ago for 10 minutes. The solution is to let the kids wear their bathing suits under their clothes. And bring a towel.

L
LOUISIANA JOURNEY is one of the World's Fair's most popular attractions, so you can count on a wait. The line moves quickly and your guides are the boys and girls in light-blue Oxfordcloth shirts, khaki trousers and Topsiders. The hurricane could be scarier but the Mardi Gras section is superb.

M
MINIATURE WEeping CREPE MYRTLE is the official plant of the Louisiana World Exposition.

MISSISSIPPI has many items on its agenda in the Geat Hall—not to be overlooked is the exhibition of Walter Anderson's art, including scenes of Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

N
NIPPLES on the mermaids designed by the Barth Brothers are spectacular but how come no one's mentioned the derrieres? Now that's art...

O
OCHSNER MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS has erected a 40 foot-high model of a human heart in the Great Hall, not far from a robot version of Sir Thomas Lipton, founder of the tea company. On the International Riverfront, there's a robot version of Mark Twain and he bears a strong resemblance to Sir Thomas. The robot in the Electric Energy Exhibit looks like a robot, however.

P
PERU wanted to have live piranhas in its

pavilion but Uncle Sam nixed the idea for fear that one of the killers might escape—a pregnant female on the loose would be the worst possible scenario—and terrorize the waters of the Mississippi River. A terrific idea for a movie but anyway, the only piranha Peru will have on the premises is stuffed.

Q
QUALITY SEAL—what is Quality Seal and why is that "Q" on top of the ampitheatre? Quality Seal is the largest brand of generic cigarettes in America—that's why you've never heard of them.

R
RAIN is the pavilion of the City of New Orleans and was organized by the Historic New Orleans Collection. There are photographs by G. Andrew Boyd, David Leeson, Kurt Mutchler and others; shrine/sculptures by Randy Ernst, Gerry Cannon and Barry Bailey; a garden with concrete reindeer (but no Madonna in a bathtub half-sunk in the ground); and murals by New Orleans public school children and the author of this story.

S
SOUVENIRS are everywhere, many of them emblazoned with the official Louisiana World Exposition logo, which is the most boring thing about the whole World's Fair.

T
TRAFFIC never materialized. Parking is very smooth. The new re-routing of streets near the World's Fair is a decided improvement.

U
U.S. PAVILION is boring. Catfish in a tank, tomato plants growing in water, water video-games, Tricia Nixon clones as guides. Is this the country that invented rock 'n' roll?!

V
VIDEO FISH by video artist extraordinaire Nam June Paik in the Artworks '84 exhibition introduces live fish to taped video. Be glad you're not a fish.

W
WONDERWALL is the creation of architects Charles Moore, Arthur Anderson, William Turnbull and Leonard Salvato. The latter architect, Mr. Salvato, could be seen floating in the Great Hall's artificial pond aboard a lattice elephant boat hours before the World's Fair's Press Day (the day before Opening Day) commenced, doing touch-up work with a can of paint. That's dedication!

X
XENOPHOBIA, thought incurable in New Orleans, has taken a beating.

Y
YUNNAN is a province in southwestern China. To quote a brochure from the China Travel Source: "With regard to the food, Yunnan has every kind of the most famous dainties of the whole country. Bear palm, elephant trunk, deer's tendons are rare but typical Yunnan delicacies." Not Available at the World's Fair, though.

Z
ZULU COCONUTS from the collection of Morris F.X. Jeff, Sr. can be found in "The Creole State: An Exhibit of Louisiana Folklife," located on the ground floor of the Federal Fibre Mills building. Also on view are David Allen's "Hoodoo Dream Walking Stick," a cypress alligator and turtle carved by Joseph "Chelito" Campo of Delacroix Island, two voodoo dolls (*poupees*) from St. Martinville and "Purple Hull Pea Jelly" canned by Mary L. Gunn of Ruston.

ZUPPA INGLESE, known as Rum Custard where English is spoken, is one of 8 flavors of gelati (or ice cream) available at Angelo Brocato's stand in the Italian Village. The cannolis, sadly, are frozen and not made while you wait. The cappuccino is a bargain, paper cup or not.



DIANA ROSENBERG

THE MONORAIL is free. The guides were costumed by Buck Rogers.

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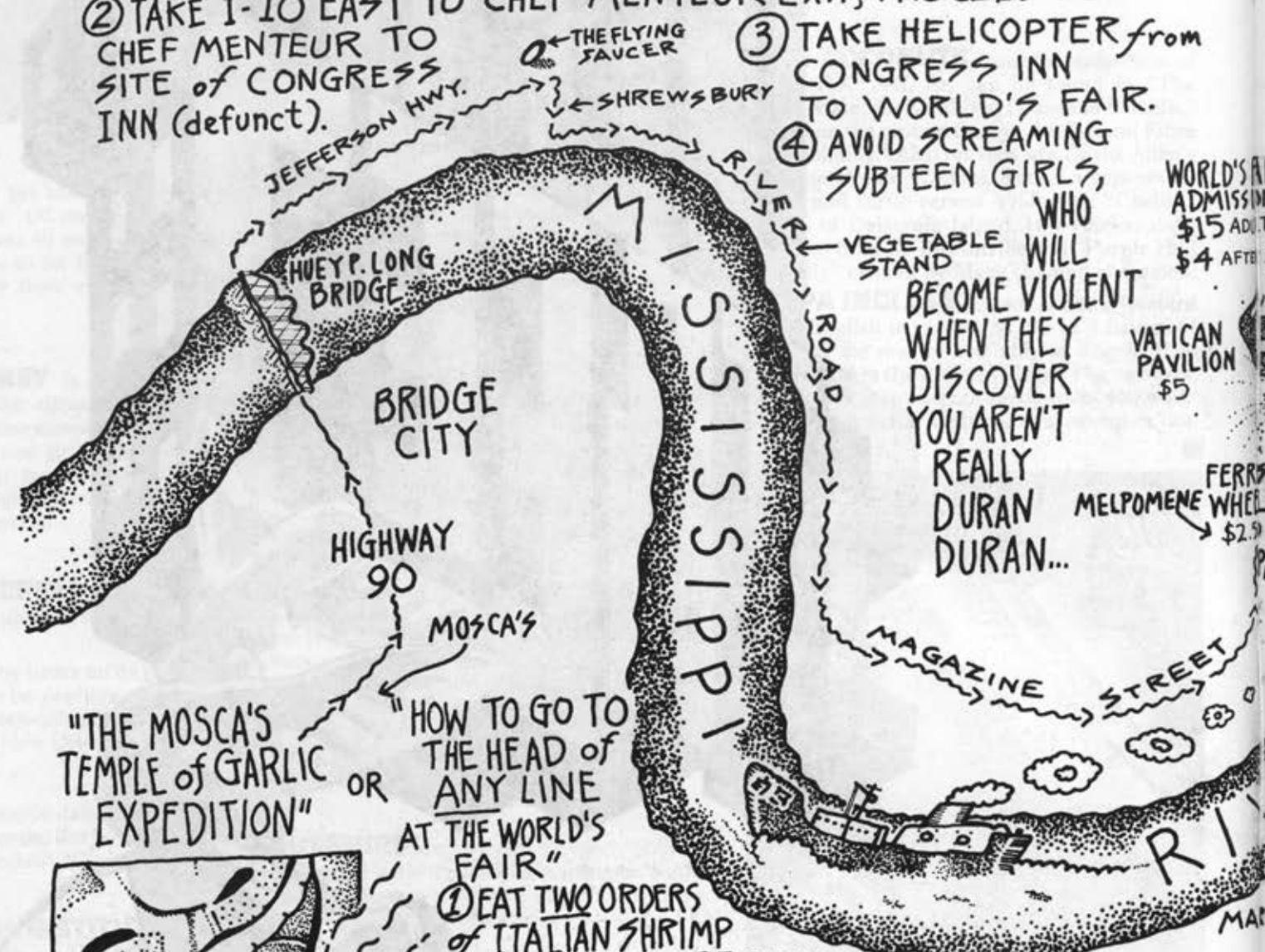
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FA

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- ② TAKE I-10 EAST TO CHEF MENTEUR EXIT, PROCEED DOWN CHEF MENTEUR TO SITE OF CONGRESS INN (defunct).
- ③ TAKE HELICOPTER from CONGRESS INN TO WORLD'S FAIR.
- ④ AVOID SCREAMING SUBTEEN GIRLS,

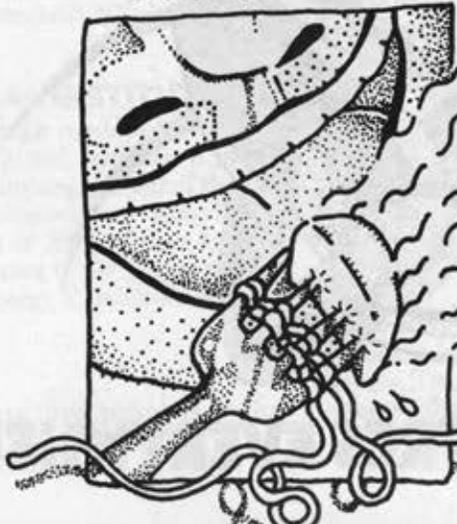
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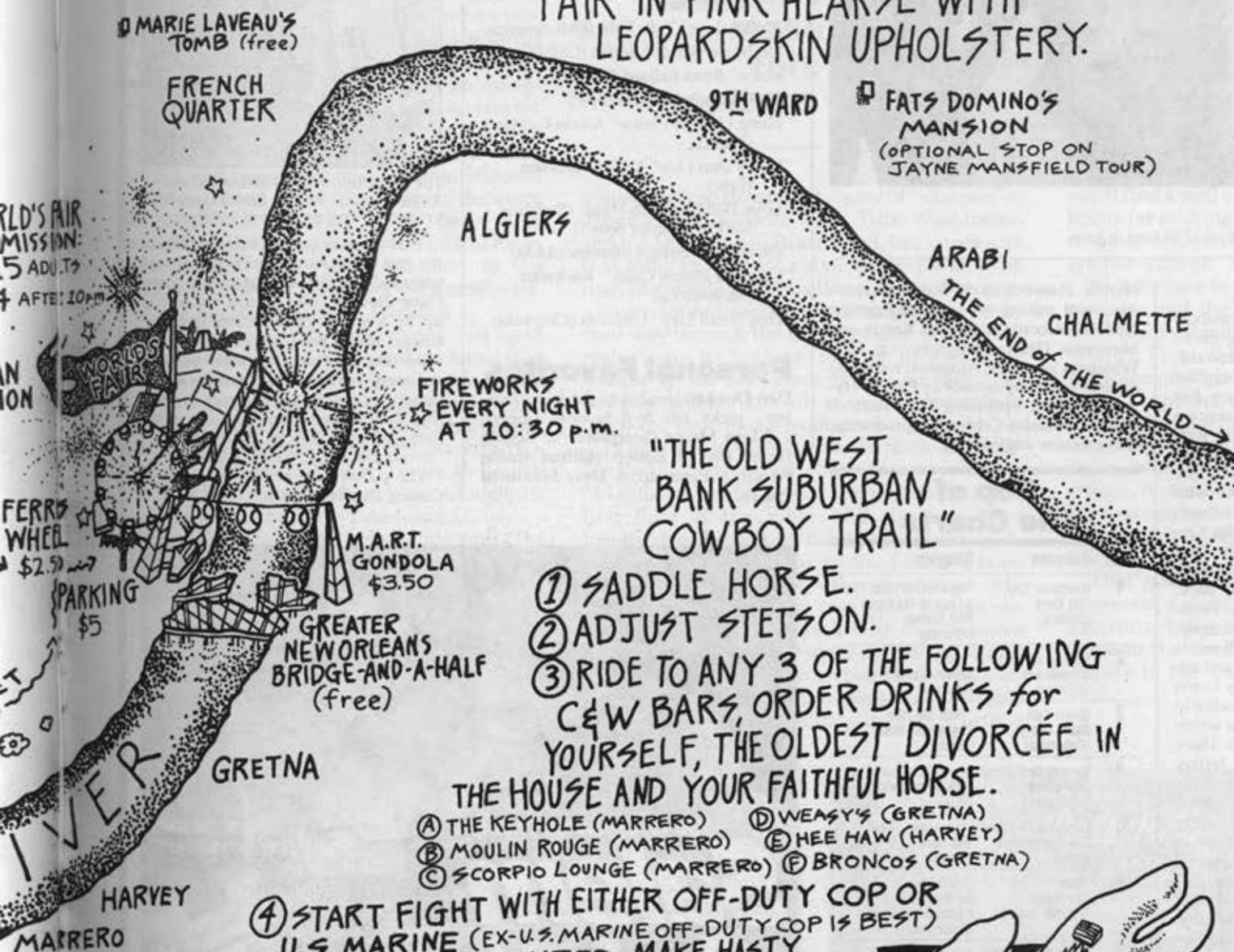
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TOUR TREK?

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Salem Spirit



Critic's Choice

Iain Blair Crowns The Eurythmics

Move over Chrissie Hynde, Donna Summer, Bonnie Tyler and any other pretenders to the throne — Eurythmics' Annie Lennox is unequivocally the most exciting female performer in the entire rock and roll arena today. And if you don't believe me, just go and check her out for yourself. At the band's recent and impressive set of concerts at LA's Wilshire Theatre, Lennox took the crown and very firmly set it on top of that distinctive carrot crew-cut with the ease and self-assurance of born royalty. From the moment she first appeared wearing an over-sized tartan suit, all eyes in the house were firmly glued to this androgynous, slightly sinister, and very sexy figure.



The Eurythmics' Dave Stewart (l) and Annie Lennox. Photo: Lesley Campbell

This is not to ignore the importance of the rest of the band, which is composed essentially of Lennox's partner, guitarist Dave Stewart, who in turn was backed up by a fine rhythm section, three girl singers and a brass section. Led by the ultra-cool Stewart, the band pumped out note-perfect arrangements and a variety of inspired dance-rock grooves that defied the audience to stay seated through such hits as the bitter-sweet "Sweet Dreams," "Love Is A Stranger," "Who's That Girl" and the smash "Here Comes The Rain Again."

Hottest Videos

New videos added to WTBS' "Night Tracks"

- "Male Curiosity" Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Atlantic)
- "Wonderland" Big Country (Polygram)
- "The Ghost In You" Psychedelic Furs (Columbia)
- "Dance Hall Days" Wang Chung (Geffen)
- "Time After Time" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait/Epic)
- "Head Over Heels" GoGos (I.R.S.)
- "Who's That Girl" Eurythmics (RCA)
- "The Longest Time" Billy Joel (Columbia)
- "It's My Life" Talk Talk (EMI America)
- "No More Words" Berlin (Geffen)
- "Voice" Russ Ballard (EMI)
- "10/9/8" Face To Face (Epic)
- "Hang Up The Phone" Annie Golden (MCA)
- "Heart Don't Lie" LaToya Jackson (Epic)
- "Love Will Show Us How" Christine McVie (Warner Bros.)
- "Olympiad" Serigo Mendes (A&M)
- "Obscene Phone Caller" Rockwell (Motown)
- "One Small Day" Ultravox (Chrysalis)

Personal Favorites

Dan Dokken, leader of the band Dokken, picks his five favorite singers: 1. Klaus Meine (Scorpions); 2. Ronnie James Dio; 3. Robert Halford (Judas Priest); 4. Pavarotti; 5. Dave Meniketti (Y&T).



On Tour ...

Scotland's Simple Minds begin their U.S. tour in June.

In the Studio ...

Rickie Lee Jones is at Hollywood's Evergreen Recording sweetening tracks with producer James Newton Howard. Marty Paich and Howard are doing the arranging. Also at Evergreen are Los Angeles favorites, The Bangles, now on CBS Records. They are recording with producer David Kahne and arranger Jimmy Haskell. In recent weeks, the studio has also hosted sessions with Thelma Houston and her producer, Greg Poree, and a project with Jim Kregan and Kevin Savigar from the Rod Stewart group ... Reggae great Judy Mowatt (formerly of Bob Marley backing vocalists The I-Threes) was at Pennsylvania's Kajem recording recently, mixing a project for Shanachie Records with producer Skip Drinkwater and engineer Mitch Goldfarb ... Huey Lewis and the News are at the Plant Studios in Sausalito, CA, mixing a live show which was captured by Westwood One. Huey Lewis is producing this session; Jeffrey "Nik" Norman and Rick Sanchez are engineering ... Dudley Moore, everybody's favorite piano-playing actor-comedian, is at the Sound Solution in Los Angeles mixing a live recording he made with his group, the Jazz Trio. The tunes were recorded live at the 20th Century Fox studios by Sound Solution and may appear in the near future as a commercial record release. Meanwhile, the Sound Solution also has producer Henry Lewy in mixing a new Hoyt Axton LP ... At the Pasha Music House in Hollywood, work has begun on Quiet Riot's followup to their smash hit debut album. Producing once again will be Pasha mastermind Spencer Proffer ... Former J. Geils Band vocalist Peter Wolf is at Syncro Sound Studios in Boston working on his first post-Geils outing for EMI America. Michael Jonzun is co-producing with Wolf. Engineering the project are Ed Stasium and Tom Moore ...

Herbie Hancock is at San Francisco's Automatt mixing an upcoming project for CBS Records with Ken Kessie and Maureen Drony engineering. The Whispers are at the Automatt recording a guest vocal appearance by Phylliss Hyman for their upcoming Solar Records album. Nicholas Caldwell is producing, Dave Frazer engineering.

Top of the Charts

No.	Albums	Singles
1	Heartbeat City, The Cars (Elektra)	"Against All Odds (Take a Look at Me Now)" Phil Collins (Atlantic)
2	Against All Odds Soundtrack (Atlantic)	"Hello" Lionel Richie (Motown)
3	Street Talk Steve Perry (Columbia)	"Hold Me Now" Thompson Twins (Arista)
4	Love at First Sting Scorpions (Mercury)	"Love Somebody" Rick Springfield (RCA)
5	Learning To Crawl The Pretenders (Sire)	"You Might Think" The Cars (Elektra)
6	1984 Van Halen (Warner Bros.)	"Let's Hear It for the Boy" Deniece Williams (Columbia)
7	Some Tough City Tony Carey (MCA)	"Footloose" Kenny Loggins (Columbia)
8	Into The Gap Thompson Twins (Arista)	"Don't Answer Me" Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
9	About Face David Gilmour (Columbia)	"Oh Sherrie" Steve Perry (Columbia)
10	Ammonia Avenue Alan Parsons Project (Arista)	"They Don't Know About Us" Tracy Ullman (MCA)

Courtesy of The Gavin Report, a national radio music trade journal.

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RICO

Mention the term "World's Fair" and a person's mind will usually turn to images of Space Needles, monorails, shimmering geodesic domes and various forms of surrealistic high-tech weirdness. Indeed, the 1984 Louisiana World Exposition is no exception to this futuristic syndrome with its erector set set-'em-up-knock-'em-down amphitheatre and gondola, computer-controlled audio-visual displays and monstrous glowing multicolored vinyl human heart. But tucked away in the warm and magnificent confines of the fair's most beautifully restored building, the Federal Fibre Mills building, is a living testament to the vitality and variety of Louisiana's cultural heart-beat, the Louisiana Folklife Pavillion.

Here the Fair-goer can experience first hand many of the traditional music and art forms that live on from generation to generation before these precious crafts disappear forever into the black hole of urban condominiums and bayou-side McDonald's restaurants. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Altoona, Pennsylvania, there's more to Louisiana than Bourbon Street and the ubiquitous blue and white Southern Tours bus.

For example: there's Hezekiah and the Houserockers, who christened the Pavillion's aptly named "Club La Bas" on opening day with their ballsy R&B and harmonica-playing drummer (he plays them both at the same time, incidentally). There's D.L. Menard, our "Cajun Hank Williams" and his two podnas on fiddle and accordion chanking out a succession of Cajun classics the way they were meant to be

played, with no drums and plenty of "aaaiyee"-s. There's local favorite sons Tuts Washington and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, two music acts that bring to their art a style so unique as to be truly inimitable. Club La Bas could well become a haven for indigenous musicians as they make their way through the fair. Because of financial restrictions, its bookings may get progressively weaker as the fair wears on, so on-their-toes touristas will hit the club as soon as possible to catch the best music available.

In addition to the musical offerings, the Folklife Pavillion gives quarter to a diverse selection of Louisiana crafts people and their wares. The first floor in the Fibre Mills is home to a beautiful collection of handmade quilts, delicate naive sculpture, handcrafted fiddles, mandolins, accordion and other important artifacts. In the downstairs courtyard visitors can step into a functioning blacksmith shop or watch real Cajuns from as far away as Bayou Gauche and Thibodaux transform a two-ton cypress log into a genuine dugout pirogue wholly suitable for a little nocturnal bullfrog action. Upstairs

you'll find a well equipped kitchen area and two looms for cooking and weaving demonstrations, respectively, and Philip Gould's popular photographic exhibit "Today's Cajuns."

Nick Spitzer is the head of the state's folklife program and the man responsible for making the Folklife Pavillion an important part of the World's Fair. "Nick saw the folklife display at the Knoxville fair and began working on one for here," explains Allison Kaslow, who helps to oversee the Pavillion, "and when we obtained corporate sponsorship through the Forest Products Industry group, the NEA, and other groups, it started to become a reality. Like us, they recognized the importance of having this folk culture on display for everyone to experience."

That giant heart in the Convention Center possesses a strange scientific beauty in its own gargantuan way, but don't forget that just a few steps to the west beats the heart of Louisiana culture in the Folklife Pavillion. Enjoy them both.

—rico

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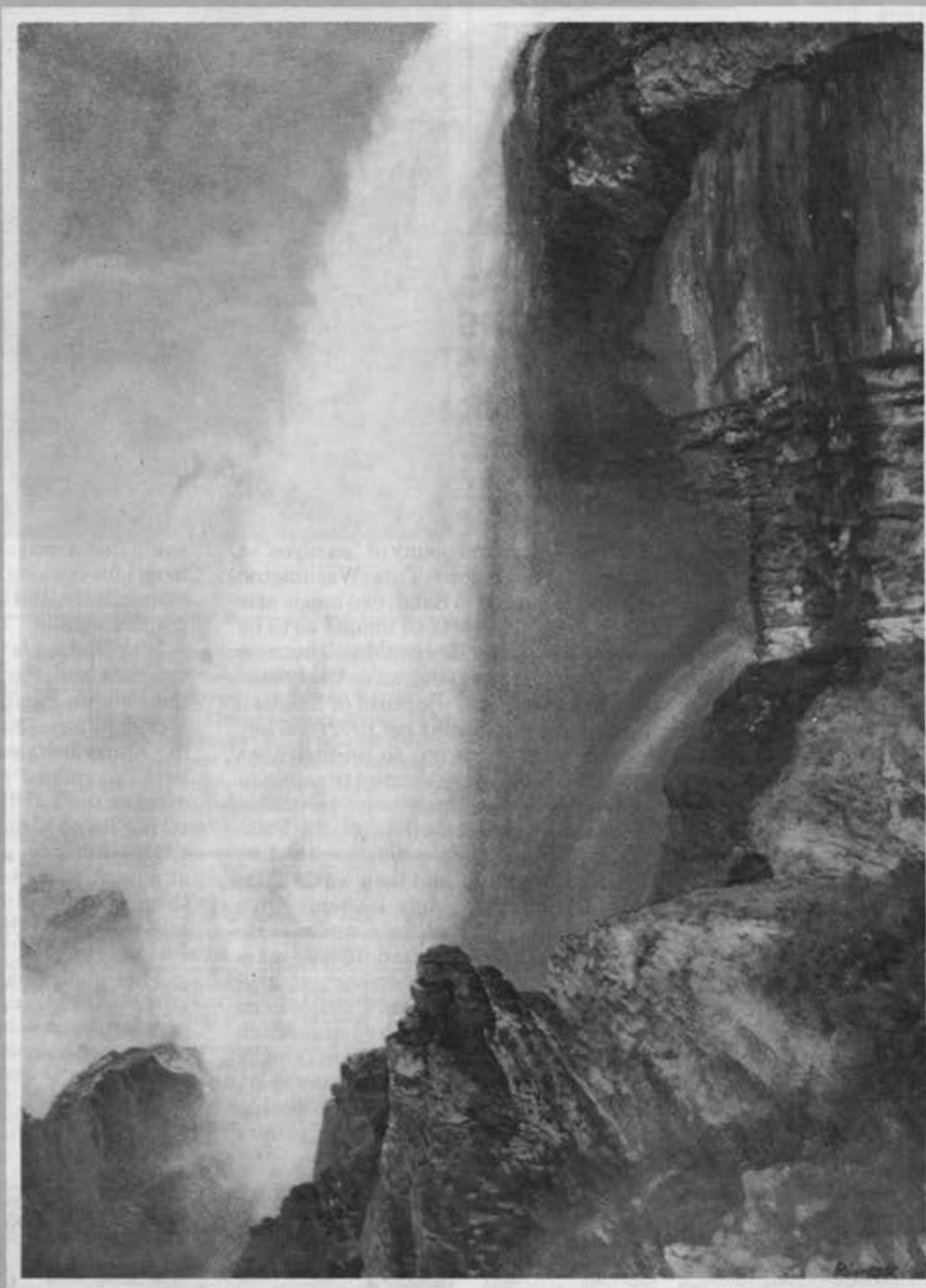
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N A M M S P E C I A L BUYER'S GUIDE

CALLING ALL SCREAMERS

Shure's SM87 Supercardioid Condenser Microphone is made for rockers, providing extraordinary high gain before feedback, which allows vocalists to be heard over high volume rhythm sections. This is due to the smooth frequency response (50-15,000 HZ) and supercardioid pickup pattern. The mike can be powered from an external power supply or directly from sound reinforcement, broadcast or recording equipment. The wide operational voltage range (11 to 52Vdc) covers both DIN standard 45-596 simplex voltages of 12 and 48 volts and the proposed 24-volt standard. This microphone is available in two versions: the SM87-LC (supplied without cable), suggested retail price: \$329; the SM87-CN (includes a 25-foot triple-Flex™ cable with professional audio connectors), suggested retail price: \$350.75. Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartley Ave., Evanston, ILL. 60204.



NEW AXE DESIGNS

The look of Fender's new Master Series is a radical departure from the company's traditional electric guitar designs. The nine new models feature semi- and full acoustic bodies, set necks, humbucking pickups and headstocks with three string machines per side. There are standard, elite and ultra versions of each of the three models: a small bodies, semi-solid Flame; a semi-solid, carved top Esprit; and a full-bodied arch top, f-hole D'Aquisto, designed by famed luthier James D'Aquisto. Suggested retail prices: Flame (standard) \$699, (elite) \$899, (Ultra) \$1099; Esprit (standard) \$729, (elite) \$929, (Ultra) \$1129; D'Aquisto (standard) \$899, (elite) \$1099, (Ultra) \$2499. Fender, 13000 E. Valencia Dr., Fullerton, CA 92631.



POLY-SONIC SYNTHESIZER

Myriad sounds can be created with Unicord's new Korg Poly 800 digitally programmable 8-voice polyphonic synthesizer. Brass sounds, strings, a variety of lead tones and realistic piano, organ and clav spreads are at ones fingertips. Also, 64 programs can be instantaneously accessed via its Digital Access Control System. The unit has full edit capabilities; a 50 parameter high resolution control provides for fine-tuning of each patch; a noise generator adds realism to sounds such as flute and other wind instruments. A spring loaded "joystick" controls pitch bend, vibrato and filter modulation. Also, the Poly 800 comes equipped with other MIDI-equipped synths or computers. The unit weighs only 13 lbs., so it is easily transportable and can be powered by batteries or through an AC outlet. Suggested retail price: \$795. Unicord, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590.

COMPACT SUPER SECTION

Unicord has developed the new Korg PSS 50 Programmable "Supersection," a preset rhythm machine with 40 set patterns (including 16 different rock rhythms, from new wave to heavy metal) and 64 total available pattern options. Digitally recorded percussion timbres, including snare, bass drum, hi-hat and toms, combine with 13 accompaniment instrument sounds. Also, twelve chord types can be programmed with the PSS 50, while tempo can be changed without affecting the pitch and vice versa. All programs can be offloaded to tape for storage. Suggested retail price: \$595. Unicord, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590.





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The Jazz Festival is the best thing since the creation of fire, according to ALMOST SLIM. That's why he's so burned up about this year's festivities...

The 15th annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is now a pleasant memory for most of us, but while fifteen years of anything is cause for celebration, it is also cause for some reflection. Even though I am of the opinion that the festival, and Louisiana's indigenous music, is the best thing (wo)man created since fire, I wouldn't be living up to my responsibilities as a so-called "critic" by not taking the opportunity to call 'em the way I sees 'em and to sharpen up my vitrollic pen when needed.

Before I start stepping on toes, let me preface my views by saying I did indeed visit the Fairgrounds on each afternoon, but due to physical and monetary concerns, I was only able to take in two evening concerts. While it would indeed be impossible to see and hear everything, I did manage to cover quite a bit of turf at the Fairgrounds, so I will confine my observations to what I saw first hand.

My major complaint is aimed at many of the New Orleans artists. It's obvious from the number of listless, lethargic and unrehearsed sets I encountered that in many artists minds, the Jazz Festival has degenerated into "another easy pay day." I have no interest in sitting in the hot sun and listening to rehashes of top 40 at a festival that should have the greatest music in the world on display. If it were up to me I would install a penalty system that would dock money from a performer's earnings for singing such "mouse music." As a plausible fine structure I'd like to offer the following:

1. \$25 for every Michael Jackson tune performed.
2. \$20 for every Boy George tune performed.
3. \$15 for every Lionel Richie song.
4. \$10 for every Sly & the Family Stone tune rehashed. etc. etc. etc.



REV. AL GREEN was presented with a box of instant grits.

A lesson could be learned from the performers at the fais-do-do stage. Those guys are professionals, they're well-rehearsed, and they know just how to put on a good show.

Here are some of my other observations from the Fairgrounds:

■ It is still apparent from the sound bleed from some of the stages that a few of the music venues need to be repositioned. For example, if the wind was right, the din from Stage 2 overrode the folk performers at the gazebo.

■ The P.A. at the Koindu stage was too small for the electrified bands that performed there, which nearly ruined otherwise flawless sets by Jessie Hill and Johnny Adams. I'd suggest either a bigger system or keeping it as an area for "folk" performances.

■ Speaking of Koindu, how do all those merchants over there get away with selling "made in Taiwan" merchandise when all the goods in the craft tents have to be made by hand?

■ The ban on carts, wagons and giant coolers was a good idea, but for an extra incentive to reduce the coolers brought through the gate, why not make the beer a more reasonably priced \$1 per can instead of the current \$1.25 tab? I know the fair makes money off the beer concessions but it's not like you get a checkered table cloth and a table with each one (well, you do get a pretty good floor show I'll admit).

■ It seemed to me like there were fewer washrooms than in previous years (it always seems that way from the back of the line but it really did seem that way).

■ How about a one-time ticket for the Fairgrounds? It would make lines at the Ticket-Master outlets shorter and it would be much more convenient for festival-goers, too.

■ Was it my imagination or were the food portions smaller?

EVENING CONCERTS

■ The festival producers did a good job of booking interesting concerts and varying them from other years to make them worth attending. Also, they kept the admissions at an affordable price, which was admirable.

■ Thankfully, the most popular shows weren't

"oversold." I was almost dreading going to see the soldout Fats Domino cruise, but I was pleasantly surprised that there was plenty of room and that tables could actually be procured without waiting in line for two hours.

■The lag time between the Heritage Fair (Fairgrounds) and the concerts is too short. Luckily I live near the Fairgrounds and could get cleaned up before the 7 pm shows, but still it meant leaving the Fairgrounds before the conclusion of a lot of good acts. Moving the concerts up to 8 pm would make all the difference in the world, and probably lessen the traffic and parking crunch around the Riverboat and the Saenger. ■If I were a performer, I don't think I'd be too keen on doing two concerts a night. Doing a set at 8 pm and then again at 1 am doesn't seem too appealing. I'd be interested to see the attendance figures for the Festival's midnight shows. Why not book shows on consecutive evenings if they're that hot? (Even Fats couldn't make it to the Heritage Fair the day after doing two shows.) ■I really thought the "Soul At the Saenger" show was a great idea and look forward to seeing more next year, but let's work on the orchestration. At the conclusion of each performer's sets there was no curtain, the lights weren't lowered, there was no announcement. The musicians just looked at each other and sauntered off the stage. Not very professional if you ask me.

The following is a rating of the performances I managed to catch this year. It is a simple 1-10 rating system, with my impressions and an explanation of my scoring.

Friday, April 27

Kid Sheik -6- I didn't spend all that much time in Economy Hall but I like to catch Sheik. He was good as usual, but still, he plays the same thing every year.

Golden Eagles -8- I think the Golden Eagles are the most progressive of all the Indian tribes. They do much of their own material and they sing and perform like there's no tomorrow.

Guitar Slim -½- What a major disappointment. Slim Jr. spent the entire 45 minutes playing Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie tunes. If he only realized what he could do with his name, and the blues, what a sensation he could be.

Pfister Sisters -7- They sounded good and they deserved the warm reception they got.

John Delafosse and the Eunice Playboys -9- The best act out there on opening day. Delafosse is

JOHN DELAFOSE'S 11-year-old son played the hell out of the drums.

really sounding great these days, and his 11-year-old son is playing the hell out of the drums, too. Delafosse manages to display the same warmth at the Festival that he does at the La-La dances.

Fats Domino, Dr. John, The Neville's -7- Fats is always a big event at the festival so it's hard to be objective. The Neville's sounded pretty good until their guitarist turned up too loud and Dr. John was palatable for the most part, but he sounds a lot sloppier live than on his recent records. Fats' band sounded a wee bit unrehearsed, but Domino managed to pull it to-

gether as always. (note: Fats has added a third guitarist to his band, Walter "Wolfman" Washington.)

Saturday, April 28

Swamp Pop Jam featuring Frankie Ford, Van and Grace, Johnny Allen, Jivin' Gene, etc. -8- These people really put out some high-class music, even though I'm not sure of the Frankie Ford connection to the whole thing. The horn section of this group was just cooking; they just smelled of crawfish and boudin. Johnny Allen and Jivin' Gene were really outstanding.

Clifton Chenier -3- Clifton is really sick, he just got out of the hospital the day before the festival but he still insisted on coming to New Orleans. As a result he only made a token appearance on a couple of tunes.

Gatemouth Brown -2- If you'd have seen him you'd know why he only scored a two.

Sam Brother's Five -2- They probably would have scored a 6 or a 7 under normal circumstances, but when they came out on stage in Michael Jackson attire, they automatically lost 5 points.

A.J. Loria -1- This would have been a 2 only because of Mighty Sam's appearance, but after the literary blowjob he got in the *Gambit*, I felt it necessary to halve the score.

Bobby Marchan & Higher Ground -4- Actually watching Bobby get dressed backstage was more interesting than his performance. As funk bands go, I guess Higher Ground is okay, but that doesn't say much either.

Bobby Mitchell, Benny Spellman, Tommy Ridgley, the Dixie Cups -3- These guys were obviously given too long on stage. If they were allotted just half the time they might have gotten a better score, but most of the time they were grinding out fodder to kill time and spent precious little time doing the 'hits'.

Lloyd Glenn -9- He was great—what more can I say.

Don Montecet -8- First class, entertaining, fun.

John Mooney -7- Good show. Mooney knows what to play and when to play it.

Bill Malone -2- Bill should stick to writing about country music and forget about playing it.

Dave Bartholomew, Johnny Adams, Al Green, Ray Charles -8- What a 'great lineup! Bartholomew's band sounded great but damn it, Bartholomew doesn't like to play more than one verse from each of his songs and tell you how many he sold! Also Johnny Adams was only allotted two songs after receiving equal billing—curious. Al Green was very good. At one point I was sure he was going to ascend into heaven by walking up the light beam from the spotlight. His cameo was highlighted by an unofficial presentation of a box of instant grits! As for Brother Ray, he never misses, but he really sounded like he was having fun singing and playing—not working.

Sunday, April 29

Katie Webster -9- She was excellent. Her small band backed her perfectly and she played the hell out of the 88s.

Bobby "Blue" Bland -9- Saw just a moment of his set but he sounded like a brand new Duke record!

Zachary Richard -8- Richard was really wailing. With the surprising addition of Rufus Thibodeaux on accordion, his group was excellent.

Arnett Cobb -8- I've always enjoyed Cobb's playing and he sounded fine with Ellis Marsalis' sympathetic accompaniment.

Boogie Bill Webb -8- Bill sounded excellent. His accompaniment of bass and drums provided the drive he needed to make him sound bluesy.

Eddie Bo, Robert Parker and a Taste of New

Orleans -6- This was a hot and cold performance. It seemed like a lot of these guys hadn't rehearsed, but thankfully David Lastie's sax saved the day in most cases.

Saturday, May 5

GrandMaster Flash -8- I really thought these guys were pretty interesting. It's obvious they get across to their audience, but I'd still hate to have to listen to them for more than 45 minutes. *Oliver Morgan, Jean Knight and Jessie Hill* -6- This might have been more enjoyable if the sound system was better at the Koindu. Jessie

TABBY THOMAS provided the worst out-of-tune, out-of-meters blues ever encountered.

was especially sounding good although the band slipped up a couple of times.

Lucinda Williams -2- I can't figure out why they keep insisting on having this woman out here every year. Her voice is grating and her bands are inept.

John Lee Hooker -2- I once hitchhiked 140 miles in a snowstorm to see John Lee Hooker, but today I don't think I'd cross the street in a limo to hear him. He carries the worst funk band I've ever heard and he is now just a sad parody of himself.

Saturday, April 5

Mason Ruffner & the Blues Rockers

These guys looked and sounded great. Their act was polished and they played the hell out of their all too short set. Mason deserves special credit for sacrificing a portion of his time to allow Clarence "Bon Ton" Garlow, to make his first, overdue, appearance. Mason ought to have the record folks on his heels soon.

Sunday, May 6

Queen Ida -7- Ms. Ida has sure improved over the years. I used to think she was none too hot, but I guess she's been putting some hours in on the accordion.

Tabby Thomas and the Mighty House Rockers -1- Tabby should change the name of his group to the 'Mighty Mouse Talkers,' after he learns how to tune his guitar. This was about the worst exhibition of out-of-tune, out-of-meter blues, I've ever encountered. I've heard better high school John Mayall copy bands than these guys.

But you know some people were actually digging it, so maybe there's something wrong with me.

Tuts Washington -8- As always Tuts sounds great, but he could use a couple of new jokes.

Snooks Eaglin -8- Snooks wasn't as hot as his sizzling set at the Snug Harbor the previous week, but he sure sounded great and he deserves more attention.

Johnny Adams & Walter Washington -7- For once Walter remembered he wasn't at Dorothy's Lounge and didn't spend the hour trying to sound like Eric Gale. Johnny was especially in good form but the P.A. again at Koindu couldn't handle the entire band.

Fats Domino -7- After missing his festival appearance the previous week, and not giving notice until one hour before show time (I guess some people aren't accustomed to working two days in a row) Fats put on a pretty good show. Once again I thought the band could use some tightening up, but Fats sounded great especially on the impromptu "Driftin' Blues."



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Louisiana Music Commission

Lynn Ourso, Director

P.O. Box 44185/Baton Rouge, LA/(504) 342-6022

CONCERTS

Tuesday, 5

Ozzy Osbourne, LSU Assembly Center.

Tickets at TicketMaster outlets, and no doubt trained epidemiologists on duty.

Wednesday, 6

Ozzy Osbourne, Mississippi Gulf Coast



DAVE BARTHOLOMEW trumpets at Snug Harbor on June 9.



GEORGE SCHMIDT, artist-in-residence at the World's Fair, behind the wheel of **ROBERT TANNEN'S** Cadillac, which hangs vertically in the Great Hall.

Coliseum; tickets as above; a benefit to combat Enemy X (title of an early Forties pro-animal vaccination short seen many years ago in which rabid bats were used in a peculiarly terrifying manner to convince children to have their puppies and kitties vaccinated, not to mention their pet bats). **The Mikado**, at 8 on Ch. 12, simulcast on WWNO, part of the PBS series *The Complete Gilbert and Sullivan* (*The Yeomen of the Guard* is on Monday night, *The Gondoliers* on Tuesday, and the delicious *Trial By Jury* and the rarely seen *Cox and Box* are on Thursday). The Mikado is of course about a flittering-fluttering executioner who talks big, a traveling minstrel and three little maids from school, the Mikado himself and Katisha, an elderly lady in his retinue who is one of the brightest of the Savoyard spinsters.

Tuesday, 12

Chamber Quintette from Monaco, in concert, 8 p.m., Metairie Park Country Day School, 300 Park Road.

Wednesday, 13

Van Halen, LSU Assembly Center, sold out. I still don't care much for David Lee Roth's Spandex® britches, but "Jump" has to be one of the most gloriously defeatist productions of this—or any—year, as they say in critical circles.

Friday, 15

Modern English, Steamer President, 8 p.m. I'd rather see Middle English but you can't have everything. Tickets from the N.O. Steamboat Co. 524-SAIL.

Chamber Quintette, those madcap Monagesques again, this time at Munholand United Methodist Church, 1201 Metairie Rd.

Saturday, 16

Millie Jackson, Deniece Edwards, Saenger, 8 and 11; 524-0874.

Saturday, 23

George Winston, Saenger. The jazz pianist will play a benefit for Professor Longhair's family.

Sunday, 24

Tony Dagradi and Ensemble, Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 3 p.m. Information at 488-5488.

Clique. Wed.20 and Thurs.21: Rainstreet. Fri.22 to Sun.24: Murmers. Wed.27 and Thurs.28: Tricks. Fri.29 and Sat.30: Keystone.

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs.: Larry Janca at 8. Fri. and Sat.: Larry Janca's Legionnaires (just as long as you can't catch that disease from getting too close), featuring Al Claude.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through Tues.5: Frank Sinatra, Jr. Wed.6 through Tues.19: the riddler, *lulime* Frank Gorshin (who also I remember did on TV many centuries a most entertaining impression of Boris Karloff singing "A Foggy Day In London Town"). Wed.20 through Tues.26: Mongo Santamaria. Wed.27 through July 3: Lonnie Liston Smith. Reservations; dancing, as well.

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Ralph Cox, Monday and Tuesday from 5 to 7; Professor Big Stuff Wednesday through Sunday from 4.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays and Wednesdays—Saturdays, Mississippi South.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8630. Friday through Sunday, the Gela Kaye Band at 8. Monday through Friday, Ray at 1:30. Just Us Band, from 1:30 on weekends and from 8 Monday through Thursday.

Columns Hotel, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (horn charts by Nell Nolan).

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

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen. Fri.1: L'I Queenie, the Skin Twins and some *Adventures in the Skin Trade*. Sat.2: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Fri.8: Greater New Orleans Dart Association City Championships and Cupid, draw back your bow, etc. Sat.9: The Radiators. Fri.15: J.D. Hill and the Jammers. Sat.16: Alison and the Distractions. Fri.22: J.D. Hill and the Jammers. Sat.23: to be announced. Fri.29: Mrs. Bates. Sat.30: The Radiators.

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

Fads, 1100 S. Clearview Pkwy., 734-0590. Live music Mondays, but you can do the cotton-eyed-joe almost any time here.

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, and again during the week from 5 to 7..

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Call for listings.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS from 9 to 9 Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

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

Gibson St., Covington. Sat.2: Snakebite and the Cottonmouths.

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.

Hen's Den, 4311 S.Claiborne, 821-1048. This used to be the Beaconette but now has the name of that ladies' shop on Carondelet. Hmmm. Reggae music Saturdays.

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 944-9337. Sundays: the Wagon Train Band.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Fri.1: Mrs. Bates, Multiple Places (as opposed to those faraway ones), The Crowd (by King Vidor? The In one?). Sat.2: Vital Functions, Gangbusters. Tues.5: Starlight (then the traveler in the dark thanks you for your tiny

CONCERT SERIES

French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m. Fri.1: Frankie Lynn. Sat.2: Wes Mix West End Jazz Band. Sun.3: Herman Sherman's Young Tuxedo Jazz Band. Thurs.7: Layton Martens. Fri.8: Pud Brown. Sat.9: Ramsey "Mr. McClean" McLean. Sun.10: James Moore and the Urbanites. Fri.15: *danseuse* Elyna Tatum. Sat.16: Lady BJ. Sun.17: Jasmine. Thurs.21: Connie Jones' Crescent City Jazz Band. Fri.22: Milton Batiste and the Olympia Serenaders. Sat.23: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band. Sun.24: Danny Barker and his Jazz Hounds. Thurs.28: Ted Riley Royal Brass Band. Fri.29: Scott Hill and the French Market Jazz Band. Sat.30: Frank Federico and his band.

LIVE MUSIC

Acy's, 1925 Sophie Wright Place, 525-7239. Call for listings.

Augie's Del Lago, West End Park. Straight Ahead Wednesdays from 10 to 1 a.m., Sundays from 7 p.m. to midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays. Fri.1 to Sun.3: Generics. Wed., Thurs., 6,7: Chain Gang. Fri.8 to Sun.10: Silk-n-Steele. Wed.13: Nothing Personal. Thurs.14: Le Metro (as in *Zazie dans le...?*). Fri.15 to Sun.17: The

spark, he could see which way to go if you did not twinkle so...) Wed.6: The New Aviators. Thurs.7: Pop Starts, The Crowd, Mrs. Bates. Fri.8: Li'l Queenie, Major Handy, The Times. Sat.9: Woodenhead. Wed.13: Tim Youngblood. Fri.15: The Rogues. Sat.16: The Models. Tues.19: Blue Army. Wed.20: Vital Functions. Thurs.21: Vital Signs (& what next? Vitalis? Brain Death?) Fri.22: Pop Combo featuring Lenny (que naigas mas bonitas!) Zenith. Sat.23: The Cold. Sun.24: Exuma (plus West Indian cuisine on the premises). Wed.27: The Hands. Thurs.28: Gangbusters. Fri.29: The Radiators. Sat.30: The True Faith, plus high church, low church, the church militant, the church triumphant and church's kicking the bucket.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-7615. Johnny Rusk's *Tribute to Elvis* (and how could you resist a man with raves from the *Enquirer* in his portfolio? and Laurin and Nancy Munsch. At 9 and 11 Monday through Saturday.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. *A Night In Old New Orleans* (hope the Spring Fiesta Assoc. doesn't get wind of this...); with Becky Allen and her Chlorine Chorines demonstrating why care forgot the city; shows at 8 and 10, nightly save Sundays.

The Levee, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Wednesday through Sunday, Professor Big Stuff at 10, Ralph Cox Monday and Tuesday from 8.

The Lobby Lounge, Intercontinental Hotel, St. Charles Avenue. Monday through Saturday, A.J. Loria from 4 until suppertime and I should set the table cause it's suppertime.

The Loop, 6207 Franklin Avenue, 282-0501. Call for listings.

Lucky Pierre's, 735 Bourbon. Thursdays to Saturdays, Pat Mitchell from 10 until 1 a.m.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepoint and Bourre. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Mondays: Endangered Species with Terry Manuel, Cyril Neville and Charles Moore. Fri.1: The Radiators. Sat.2: Exuma. Fri.8: Gatemouth Brown. Sat.9: Rockin' Sydney, the Cole Porter of Calcasieu Parish. Fri.15: The Radiators. Sat.16: Beausoleil. Fri.22: Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters. Sat.23: to be announced.

Menefee's, 1101 N. Rampart, 566-0464. Call for information.

Molly's at the Market, 1107 Decatur, 581-9759. Ralph Cox, who really gets around, Wednesdays through Sundays from 5.

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

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Call for times; featured entertainment includes Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band, E.L.S., the Aubry Twins, and Chocolate Milk.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri.1: Mason Ruffner. Fri.8: Bourre. Fri.15: The Renegades. Fri.22: Snakebite and the Cottonmouths (no doubt plus some live cowan turtles, as well.) Fri.29: Tim Williams.

Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Check the board as you go in.

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 525-5566. Mondays to Fridays, Edward Frank from 5 to 7 and trumpeter Leroy Jones from 7 to 10 (thank heavens it's not Le Roi Jones!).

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0581. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9, during the week, save Thursdays and Fridays. Joel Simpson takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial keyboard duties and is joined by Rusty Gilder on bass on Saturdays.

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. Dinner Dance and Fireworks Cruise (in tribute to Kenneth Anger?) each night from 9 to 10:30; buffeteria from 7. Dancing until 12:30.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Wednesdays through Saturdays from 9 to 1 a.m., Sundays 2 to 6, Sally Townes. Call for Sunday night and Monday listings.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tuesdays through Sundays, Randy Hebert; Thursdays through Mondays, Al Broussard. Upstairs, Fridays and Saturdays from 2 until dawn, Nora Wixted and John Autin.

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

Siddell Hotel Bar, Slidell, 643-7020. Fri. and Sat. 1 and 2: The Sheiks. Sun.3 and Wed.6: Trace. Thurs.7: Rainstreet. Fri.8: Vince Vance and the Valiants (they hit you but it feels like a kiss, etc.). Sat.9: The Clique. Sun.10: Trace. Wed.13-Sat.16: to be announced. Sun.17: Trace. Wed.20: The Sheiks. Thurs.21: Crosstown Traffic—first day of summer, incidentally, l'lude singe Goddam, or whatever it is. Fri., Sat. 22, 23: Topcats. Sun.24: Trace. Wed.27 to Sat.30: Skruples.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Fri.1: Lady BJ picks up the torch and Ellis Marsalis puts on the goggles. Sat.2: The Metrics. Sun.3: to be announced. Mon.4: Johnny (the Tan Canary) Adams and Walter (the Bronze Churkendoose) Washington. Fri.8: The Pfister Sisters in their *We-Made-Herb-Nacio-Brown-Turn-Green!* revue. Sat.9: the Dave Bartholomew Sextet. Sun.10: The New Orleans Jazz Couriers (a group of Courier alumni, including Bill Rushton on flugelhorn, Charlotte Hays on tailgate trombone, interpretive tapping by Don Lee Keith, percussion by Bette Cole, get together and jam once more; a Phillip Carter Production). Mon.11: The J. Monque'd Blues Band. Thurs.14: Barbara Shorts. Fri.15: Ziganola featuring cutesoo vocalist Leslie Smith. Sat.16: the Ellis Marsalis Quartet. Sun.17 at 5: the Gershwin Songbook with Germaine Bazzle, LaVerne Butler and Lady BJ. Mon.18: Ferd "Snooks" Eaglin. Thurs.21: The Pfister Sisters in their special West Bank Road Show entitled *We'll Build A Stairway To Paradis*. Fri.22: The Survivors. Sat.23: Al Belletto Quartet. Sun.24: The Titanic Trio ("Then you're like a ship at sea but you cert'nly made a fool of me, it's the last time, Titanic, fare thee well..."—Ma Rainey). Mon.25: the incendiary Ernest K-Doe. Thurs.28: Steve Masakowski and Mars. Fri.29: the Sounds of Brazil (macaws, dart guns, maracas, "horses" at *candomble* ceremonies, etc.) Sat.30: Germaine Bazzle and the Gentlemen of Jazz.

Tiptina's, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Fri.1: Irma Thomas. Sat.2: Rufus Thomas and jump back baby, jump back! Sun.3: John Sebastian. Mon.4: The Continental Drifters (leading up to some continental dividing?). Wed.6: The Newsboys (Johnny the Phillip Morris midget will be signing autographs at the bar). Thurs.7: The Sheppard Band. Fri.8: The Radiators. Sat.9: Deacon John's New Orleans Blues Revue. Mon.11: The Continental Drifters. Wed.13: to be announced. Thurs.14: One Us. Fri.15 and Sat.16: the Neville Brothers. Sun.17: Alive! Mon.18: The Continental Drifters (in a Belgian hall room, in a Monte Carlo ball room, you can hear the Continental...) Wed.20: The Rafeys. Thurs.21: Barbara Paige with Tribal Lightning. Fri.22: Bobby Whitlock. Sat.23: The Radiators. Mon.25: The Continental Drifters. Wed.27: to be announced. Thurs.28: Pressure. Fri.29: Marcia Ball. Sat.30: The Neville Brothers. Sun. July 1: Buckwheat Zydeco, Anson Funderburgh.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays: Red Tyler, James Rivers, David Torkanowsky, Jim Singleton, and Johnny Vidacovich. Wednesdays through Saturdays: The Weasils.

Weasey's, 1610 Belle Chasse, 361-7902. Fri.1 and Sat.2: Firewater Bank, until 2:30 a.m., followed by the LeBlanc Brothers Band until 7 a.m. Sun.3 and Mon.4: Firewater. Tues.5 and Wed.6: Contraband. Thurs.7: Firewater from 9 to 1.



'SNOOKS' EAGLIN plays his guitar at Snug Harbor on June 18.



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ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3814 Magazine, 891-4665. Through Fri.8: pen and inks, largely inscribed (some scurrilously), and some constructions—all of a personal nature—by Skip Bolen. Throughout the summer: a group show of everyone on the big A.H. roster.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Sat.9 through 16: Louisiana landscape paintings by June Woodbridge and David Noll.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Wed.7: Debbie Fleming Caffery's photographs.

Blenville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through Wed.20: Large Glass installations by Bruce Chao, Benjamin Kaiser, Theron Statom and Fred Tschida, manipulated color Xeroxes by Tom Neff and Rita DeWitt, the latter dealing largely with medical imagery remembered by us from the 1896 volume *Diseases of Childhood*, having to do with such interesting afflictions as the hydrocele. Tues.12: Annual Artists' Meeting, in which local artists, over beer and popcorn, ponder how the CAC can best serve the needs of the Louisiana arts community.

Galerie Simonne Stern, 2727 Prytanla, 895-2452. Through Thurs.7: sculptures and drawings by John Scott. Sat.9 through July 5: Introductions V, introducing (sopleezta-meetcha) the latest members of the gallery's roster including printmaker Franklin Adams and bizarre painter Jose Maria Cundin, as well as Mark Grote, Constance Hennessey-Cone and the above-mentioned Mr. Scott.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through July 15: photographs, some not shown before by Neo-Romanic Clarence Laughlin. June 7 through July 7: *Louisiana and Atchafalaya Swamp* by C.C. Lockwood. Through July 29: *Diary of a Century* by J.H. Lartigue. Through Nov.11: *Old New Orleans 1884-1935*, photos and souvenirs from the Cotton Centennial Exposition, etc.

Hellenic Arts Society, Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane Campus, 486-4663. Sun.3: *Classic Greek Dance and Isadora Duncan*, the latter of whom was not of course one of the famous Duncan Sisters who made such a big hit in the late Twenties as Topsy and Eva.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas St. Through Nov.18: *The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Streams, Lakes and Waterfalls*, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the vistas of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasias of Frederic Edwin Church.

International House, 607 Gravier. Thurs.14: 32 works by 25 artists resident in Monaco. (Are they resident there for tax reasons? Is Princess Caroline behind this? Will Ranier marry David Niven's widow? Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?)

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov.18: *A Century of Vision*, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two fairs, including works by Pops Whitesell, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, et alia up to the present. Through November: *The Sun King*, an historical extravaganza from *la belle France* saluting the man who revoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, etc. from *le grand Siecle*, and including two sumptuous Poussins (hung poorly), a wonderful Philippe de Champaigne portrait of the Abbess of Port-Royal, some works by Bourdon and Vouet, a curious enormous pencil map on brown paper of Paris at the time, a portrait of the weaselly-looking Comte de Pontchartrain, Louis' cheque for his wife's gambling debts, a Jesuit map of the Mississippi with funny little bison drawn on the margins wherever

they were spotted, and much more. At the Old Mint: *Life on the Mississippi*, a sampling of the museum's work dealing with that big bit of water to your left, and not drawn by itinerant Jesuits, either.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Sat.9 through Thurs.28: clay sculpture by Joe Bova. Sat.30 through July 31: *In Honor of Our Body*, a show presented in conjunction with the 1984 Olympics.

New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. *Masterpieces of the American West: Selections from the Anschutz Collection*, with the big shots all present and accounted for—Remington and Catlin and Russell, etc. Through July 1: *Spanish Colonial Art: The Roman Church as Art Patron and Educator*. Outside: *Urban Garden*, sculpture by Ed Walker.

Posselt-Baker Gallery, 631 Toulouse, 524-7242. Through the end of the month: sculpture by Jack Fontana and fiber art by Thomas Grade.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Wed.6: Paintings (mostly big and *pleinnaire*) and photographs (all sizes and largely of academic nude skirmishes and Kathy B. being anything but academically nude) and drawings by George Dureau. Sat.9 through Tues.27: sculpture in stainless steel, copper, brass and wood by Molly Mason. Sat.30 through July 28: hand-made paper sculptural paintings by Adrienne Anderson.

PLAYS

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Thurs.14 through Sun., July 1: *One Big Happy Family*, by Dan Evans, performed by the Dashiki Project Theatre; call for performance times. \$5.

Faux Pas, 728 Poydras, 523-9653. The resident comedy troupe, doing things of a topical-satirical sort, Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 10; covers variable.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. From Thurs.7: *Split Ends*, a musical comedy by Buddy Sheffield, performed Tuesday through Saturday at 8; late night comedy workshop, Cheap Theatix, performs twice nightly the same nights beginning at 10:30.

Marquette Theatre, Loyola, 865-3824. Tues.5 through Sat.9: *Black Medea, or A Tangle of Serpents*, by Ernest Ferlita, a resetting of the one about Jason and his sorceress wife Medea who is driven to infanticide by his two-timing, as it might have happened in 19th Century New Orleans. Admission \$5.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. Through Sat.23: *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Tennessee Williams' play which was astutely analyzed long ago by Mary McCarthy as an elaborate variation on the Mother-In-Law-Joke. Directed by George Kelly. Performances Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Fri.8 through Aug.12: *Annie*, a musical comedy based on the exploits of the altruistic little ragamuffin who—as drawn by Harold Gray—always looked like she was wearing poker chip monocles.

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

Tulane, in the Arena Theatre, *Crimes of the Heart*, Beth Henley's much-lauded play about three Mississippi sisters and their reunion "five years after Hurricane Camille." Through Sun.17; Tuesday through Sunday at 8, Sunday matinees at 2, information at 865-5631. Fri.22 through July 8: *As You Like It*, Shakespeare's comedy of bucolics, usurpers and gender masquerade. At Dixon Hall, as part of the Summer Lyric Theatre, *Brigadoon*, the Lerner and Loewe musical about a Scottish town that comes to life once every century. Information at 865-5269.

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JUNE



ALIVE! SUN., JUNE 17

SUNDAY	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
MUSIC STARTS AT 10 PM	MUSIC STARTS AT 9 PM KAMIKAZEE NITE	75¢ SCHNAPPS all nite long EVERY WEDNESDAY IN JUNE	SUMMER REGGAE FESTIVAL DRINKS 2 for 1 'TIL MIDNITE	1 IRMA 'I Did My Part' THOMAS 11 pm \$7	2 RUFUS 'Walkin the Dog' THOMAS 11 PM \$7
3 "Summer in the City" JOHN SEBASTIAN formerly with THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL \$7	EXCLUSIVE PREMIER ENGAGEMENT ***** THE CONTINENTAL DRIFTERS with JOHN MAGNIE TOMMY MALONE JOHNNY ALLEN VERNON ROME KENNETH BLEBINS ERIC TRAUB ERIC LANGSTAFF	6 THE NEWSBOYS 10 PM \$3	7 SHEPPARD BAND 10 PM \$3	8 THE RADIATORS 11 PM \$5	9 DEACON JOHN'S NEW ORLEANS BLUES REVUE WITH Earl King, Smokey Johnson, Snooks Eaglin & J.D. Hill 11 PM
10 CLOSED		13 JOHNNY JAY and THE HITMEN 10 PM \$3	14 ONE US 10 PM \$3	15 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS 11 pm \$7	16
17 ALIVE! Acoustic Jazz Quintet \$7		20 THE RAFFEYS 10 PM \$3	21 BARBARA PAIGE WITH TRIBAL LIGHTNING 10 PM \$6	22 BOBBY WHITLOCK formerly with Derek & The Dominos 11 PM \$5	23 THE RADIATORS 11 PM \$5
24 CLOSED		ADMISSION \$2.00 ***** KAMIKAZEES only \$1.00	27 TBA	28 PRESSURE REGGAE FROM AUSTIN 10 PM \$4	29 She's Long, She's Tall, She's MARCIA BALL 11 pm \$5

CLOSED TUESDAYS CLOSED TUESDAYS CLOSED TUESDAYS

SUNDAY	MONDAY
1 Buckwheat ZYDECO and ANSON FUNDERBURGH & The ROCKETS \$6	2 TBA
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
3 JOHNNY RENO AND HIS SAX MANIACS 10 PM \$4	4 4th of July THE RADIATORS

JULY

BARBARA PAIGE
THURSDAY, JUNE 21



IRMA THOMAS
FRIDAY, JUNE 1



MARCIA BALL
FRIDAY JUNE 29



FILMS

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Tues.5: *La Passion de Jeanne d'arc*, Carl Dreyer's heavily stylized 1927 film usually regarded as the swan song of the silent film; done entirely in huge, terrilita-filled closeups, and with a famous performance by Maria Falconetti. Thurs.7: *The Doll*, Arne Mattson's 1962 bit of pathology about a man enamored of a window dummy—somewhat grim, especially when compared to Jacques Baratier's creepily funny *Eves Futur* or John Collier's famous short story *Evening Primrose*. Tues.12: *Open City*, this 1945 Rossellini film about the last days of the German Occupation in Rome still has the power—thanks to its calculatedly raw imagery and the over-underplaying of Magnani and Michi and Fabrizi—to move one. The Nazis are cliché conceptions, but the picture's gaze into the abyss of wartime motivation and expediency is remarkably forthright. Wed.13: *The Wrong Box*, an excessively confectionary 1966 film by Bryan Forbes of the 1889 novel by Robert Louis Stevenson (written with his son-in-law Lloyd Osbourne) about a tontine between relatives and the mordant antics to recover the inheritance; the cast is large and famous, and the opening scenes of the various relatives in the succession being bumped off in outre ways is funny, but the picture is soggy pastry; with Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Peter Sellers, Irene Handl, Dudley Moore and Peter Cook, Tony Hancock, Cicely Courtneidge, the marvelously decrepit Wilfred Lawson, and as the two siblings, John Mills and Ralph Richardson—as a furiously garrulous old toff, he steals the show. Thurs.14: *Paisan*, Rossellini's 1946 episode film about partisans was—considering its deliberately scratchy look—the most expensive Italian film of its year; often overshadowed by *Open City*, but as powerful in spots. With Dot Johnson as the black GI, Maria Michi as the Roman streetwalker, Harriet White as the American nurse in Florence. Photography by the great Otello Martelli. Thurs.21: *The Member of the Wedding*, Fred Zinnemann's 1953 film of the Carson McCullers play is static and burdened with Alex North music, but Ethel Waters and Brandon DeWilde are marvelous as is what is left of McCullers' dialogue; Julie Harris is the androgynous Frankie, the role that made her famous. Admission is by either season subscription (\$15) or by \$1.50 admission; they are shown in Bobet Hall, Room 332.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Films about Western art on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays in conjunction with current exhibitions; also a series of classic westerns. Sun.17: *My Darling Clementine*, John Ford's lyrical 1946 restaging of the gunfight at the O.K. Corral, for once without too much Irish low comedy and tear jerking—although you may find it hard to keep a straight face when Linda Darnell announces, "I yam Chi-Hua-Hual!" With Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Victor Mature as Doc Holliday, Walter Brennan as the leader of the Clanton gang. Sun.24: *Sea of Grass*, directed by Elia Kazan of all people, with Tracy and Hepburn, he as a cattle baron and she as an Easterner, the whole being an overextended dynastic saga, not much recommended; with Robert Walker, Melvyn Douglas, the ever-lovely Edgar Buchanan. Admission to films is free with admission to the museum.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Thurs.14: Diane Kurys' *Entre Nous*, about two married women whose friendship transcends such mundane affairs as spouses; with Isabelle Huppert, Miou-Miou. Fri.15 through Thurs.21: *Portrait of a Woman Nude*, directed by and starring Nino Manfredi. Fri.22 through Thurs.28: *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Simone Signoret who looks more like a be-rouged mastiff in each picture and Philippe Noiret.

Fourth Annual Governor's Confer-

ence on Music, June 9 and 10, Hyatt Regency Hotel. Music industry speakers and artists conduct seminars and workshops on video music, publishing, A&R and other matters of vital import.

Louisiana Landscapes, an intensive video workshop with Laurie McDonald. from Fri.15 through Sun.17. Registration through Susan Horowitz at the CAC, 523-1216, or Karen Kern at NOVAC, 524-8626. Fee \$70, \$65 for CAC or NOVAC members; enrollment limited to 6.

New Orleans Womens' Caucus for Art, Drama Hall, Delgado, Wed.13 at 8. Gestalt therapist Anne Teachworth on *Struggling with Creativity*.

Texas Music Video Seminar, Sat.23 at the Dallas Communications Complex in Irving, Texas. Top execs from major labels! Programming outlet and artist management firms! Music video and vo-de-oh-do production companies! all address the Burning Issues dealing with music-related film and video productions, plus a special screening of the Freebirds' *Bad Street USA* video recently premiered on World Class Wrestling, and some warnings to the curious from Pat Berry, this latter unconfirmed at press time. Information at 214-869-0700.

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.

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.

Fred's, Mamou, 318-468-5411.

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

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-537-8513.

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

Hee Haw, 822 Manhattan Blvd., Harvey, 361-9321.

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.

Peppy's, 4365 Perkins Rd., Baton Rouge, 388-9884.

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

Ruby's Road House, 840 Lamarque, Mandeville, 1-626-3001.

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.

Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-8297.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.

Toby's, 1303 Grimmert Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

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SAT. 16th—Beausoleil
FRI. 22nd—Rockin' Dopsie &
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It was 20 years ago today that Sergeant—wait a minute! It was 20 years ago *this month* that New Orleans' own **Dixie Cups** (later to change their name to the Dixie-Kups) had the Number One song in the land for three consecutive weeks. The song was "Chapel of Love" and its competition on the charts included hot entries from the **Beatles**, the **Rolling Stones** and **Mary Wells**.

So much for 20 years ago. As recently as last month, our capable friend **Ed Ward**, music critic for the *Austin American-Statesman*, arrived in New Orleans for his first extended visit (during the mid-'70s, Ward was in town briefly—for an hour or two—to confer with funk theorist **George Clinton**). Returning to Texas, Ward composed an article entitled "Dream City Sets Music Heritage in Deep Freeze" that we rate second only to the wry observations of **Brian Cullman** as far as telling it like it is in New Orleans.

"The thing about New Orleans is that it is dedicated to its heritage," Ward writes. "This is admirable, especially considering that most of America is so ready to jump into a sort of shopping-mall conformity when it comes to music, and that this nation as a whole has a way of forgetting its musical past nearly as soon as it happens."

One of the problems with dreamy New Orleans, as Ward correctly notes, is that the music listened to by the majority—the *black* majority—is not music that's being produced in New Orleans. Very little music is being produced in New Orleans.

Sure—people make tapes, they cut demos, you read about it in this journal all the time. If it's jazz and/or recorded by someone 300 years old, **Vincent Fumar** might write about it our daily newspaper. If it's silly and he thinks it's what's happening at C.Y.O. dances, **Rock Adam** can be counted on for a few paragraphs of glorious misinformation in that weekly newspaper that keeps getting tossed into your caladium beds.

How much of this local music is aired on the radio? How much of it has an effect on *Billboard's* "Hot 100?" Need we answer such obvious questions?

"New Orleans is indeed protecting its heritage, but it isn't going forward," Ward writes. "That's the impression I got from reading the local media and talking to people. There seems to be very little unity among the bands, very little cooperation owing to the intensely competitive nature of the scene. With the exception of a boring hard-rock trio called **Zebra** (Ward must've forgot about the **Red Rockers**), no contemporary



rock 'n' roll artist from New Orleans has been signed by a major label. 'People here don't even notice you until you turn 50,' one local said. Meanwhile, the dream of a major music capital lives on in New Orleans. Dreams of the past."

They're dreaming in Liege, Belgium, as well. At the University De Liege, **Robert Sacre**, of the philosophy department ("Faculte de Philosophie et Lettres" has a nicer ring), is teaching a course called "La musique noire americaine." In a recent dispatch, the professor asks:

"Do you know that 'The Music of Black Americans—A History' is an academic matter in Belgium? I'm in charge of the lessons and I made several field-trips, especially in Louisiana (I lived several weeks in **Henry Gray's** home in Baton Rouge and I'm a specialist of Zydeco music, Swamp blues and white Cajun music). We have an International Meeting here in Liege in September about 'Delta Blues' (and this includes the music of Louisiana) with some specialists of the matter."

The specialists will include blues-ologists **Dick Shurman** and **Dr. David Evans** (might we interject that these are *serious* blues scholars—the sort of guys who argue over exactly what brand of poison **Robert Johnson** swallowed). The Belgian blues sessions, which will be conducted in French, English and German, will commence September 15, 1984 in Liege. Anyone interested in attending (or lecturing) should contact Robert Sacre, chaussee de Tongres 117, B-4420 Liege, Belgium. The transoceanic num-

ber to dial is 41-26-90-22...sounds like the vital statistics of a blues singer we once knew.

WAIL, that bastion of hard funk, is now **WLHS**, a bastion of "current, easy-listening hits." **Dr. John**, that bastion of hoodoo, has released a 12-inch single titled "Jet Set," which was co-produced by **Ed Fletcher**, who previously brought you **Grand Master Flash's** "The Message." Available on **Streetwise**, the New York rap/hip-hop label, "Jet Set" is a modern reprise of Dr. John's 1968 "Night Tripper" style. As D.J. once sang, "What goes around, comes around."

The most torrid new commodity out of Japan is **Junko Yagami**, singing her Oriental smash, "I Wanna Make a Hit Wit-Choo." Junko's middle name, incidentally, is *not* "Partner."

On June 23 at the Dallas Communications Complex (also known as The Studio at Las Colinas), there will be a day-long music video seminar, followed that evening by the Texas Music Video Awards. Speakers and panelists will, we assume, explain the importance of **garter belts** in music videos. For more information, call **Mickey Stuart** (214-869-0700). **Kent Jordan's** "No Question About It" album has received a

CHEAP EATS:

The red beans and rice in **PETE FOUNTAIN'S** Reunion Hall at the World's Fair are a bonanza for culinary bargain-hunters.

rave review from, among other places, the English music weekly, **Echoes**. **Tony Monson**, comparing Jordan to **George Zamfir**, concludes: "A real goodie—and a long term seller."

True Faith, a new trio featuring that hard-drivin' man, former Red Rockers lead guitarist **James Singletary**, and two former **Limit** members—vocalist/bassist **Christian Serpas** and drummer **Jeff Oteri**, will debut at Jimmy's on June 16. "Faith," according to the "Maryknoll Catholic Dictionary," is "a gift of God, a share in his Divine vision by which the person exercising it has the virtue or strength to believe what God reveals because of God's authority in revealing truth."

Our Saint of the Month is **St. Sauve**, also known as St. Salvius, whose feast day is June 26. St. Sauve, a sharp dresser as are many religious people, was murdered in 768 by the son of an official of Valenciennes who wanted his fine clothes.

Our living Saint of the Month is **Pete Fountain**, who is only charging \$1.75 for the red beans, rice and sausage served at his Reunion Hall on the World's Fair site. That's almost as cheap as eating on the outside.

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