NEW ORLEANS GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD

CLARENCE "FROGMAN" HENRY
FRANKIE FORD
LEE ALLEN
JOHNNY ADAMS
HAROLD BATTISTE

NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE
Original Music by
Culture Club
Heaven 17
Jeff Lynne
Giorgio Moroder
Phil Oakey

...and me, Edgar.

Electric Dreams

MGM Presents A VIRGIN PICTURES LTD. PRODUCTION "ELECTRIC DREAMS" LENNY VON DOHLEN VIRGINIA MADSEN MAXWELL CAULFIELD and the Special Participation of BUD CORT Executive Producer RICHARD BRANSON Produced by RUSTY LEMORANDE & LARRY DeWAAY Written by RUSTY LEMORAN Directed by STEVE BARRON

PLUG INTO EDGAR JULY 27TH AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU
For New Orleanians who love music


"New Orleans is very lucky to have Mike Smith as a resident artist and creative scholar. His photographs are unique in their time, certainly to be put in the same class as those of the great FSA series in the period of the New Deal." —Alan Lomax

160 photographs and journal by Michael F. Smith. A publication funded by the Louisiana Committee for the Humanities, the state affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities, benefitting the New Orleans Urban Folklife Society—a non-profit foundation supporting indigenous folklife and music of New Orleans.

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SPECIAL WORLD—$12 plus $2 postage & handling to Wavelength.
Scarface Splits, But He'll Be Back

If you've been wondering what happened to Tom "Scarface" Clifford and his band of mighty frat rockers, The Mistreaters, Tom had to take a summer break to support his education habit. "My dad called from D.C.," explained Big Tom, "and said, 'Son, are you coming home for the summer?' and I said, 'Well, dad, I'd really like to stay down here and play music.' And he said, 'Can you make enough money to stay in school playing music?' and I said, 'Well, dad, we don't play every night, it's more like once a week, y'know?' and he said, 'Well you better come home for the summer and get a decent paying job.' and I said, 'Yeah, dad, I guess I'd better.'

But don't fear, fellow Mistreaterees, Tom and his brothers will be back on the boards this fall ... and back in the books.

Bluesrockers Bandstand Bourbon Street

Mason Ruffner and the Bluesrockers new single is what you might call a "bandstand record." "We've already sold about 200 copies in two weeks from the bandstand," Ruffner explains. "And the instrumental side was written and developed right on the bandstand."

"Red Hot Lover" is a funky Slim Harpo-style dance cut thick with shuffling ninth chords and Mason's two bluesy Strat solos. The flip side, "Sunset Serenade," is a flowing instrumental that gets its Spanish mood from Ruffner's slide tuning and melody: "And the instrumental side was written and developed right on the bandstand."

"Red Hot Lover" is a funky Slim Harpo-style dance cut thick with shuffling ninth chords and Mason's two bluesy Strat solos. The flip side, "Sunset Serenade," is a flowing instrumental that gets its Spanish mood from Ruffner's slide tuning and melody: "That one was recorded live with two guitar overdubs," he continued, "one guitar is tuned to an open D tuning and the scale I used for the melody is the standard 1-2-3-4-5 progression, and the drop down tuning gives it an unusual sound." Bluesrockers Mike Stockton and Willie Cole comprise Ruffner's polished rhythm section.

The single is the first record to come out of Blue Streak Studio's 8-track facility and was self-produced by the group. "We sell a lot of 'em on Bourbon Street," Ruffner smiles. "People around town have been waiting for us to come out with a record. One guy bought seventeen copies."

Foster's: Quick Relief for Claustrophobic Pickers

About a year ago I was discussing the options available to a local guitarist in need of quality repair work for his or her guitar with a friend and we both agreed on one thing: Foster's repairs on Banks Street does the best work in New Orleans but their showroom is entirely too cramped. Well, local pickers will be happy to learn that a trip to Foster's Custom Finishes and Repair will no longer mean squeezing themselves and their axe into a closet-sized showroom. Jimmy and Vernon and Gene have recently added a new, spacious showroom with room for over a hundred guitars to their shop and they can still lay claim to having the best, and only, sales and repair shop in town devoted exclusively to guitarists and their beloved instruments.
Tallahatchie Mystery Still Unsolved

Quick: What song has been covered by one hundred and eleven artists, sold over thirty-five million copies, and used by Snooks Eaglin to close his second set at Snag Harbor on June 18, 1984? But of course, you say, that must be Bobbie Gentry's mysterious Mississippi memoir, "Ode to Billy Joe." The Louisiana World Exposition's Mississippi Pavilion recognized two parts of the above three-part question and proclaimed May 31st "Bobbie Gentry Day.

About three hundred people gathered round the Peavey-speaker-laden Pavilion to hear good-looking Bobbie tell the story of the "Ode": "Ode to Billy Joe" started out as a short story that I wrote, then I changed to verse. I started writing it about midnight and finished it around five-thirty the next morning. I recorded it in one take later that day and that became the version we used on the record. The question people ask the most about that song is 'What did Billy Joe throw off the bridge?' I've never told anybody the answer to that one."

——rico

FRANKIE FORD, accompanied by manager KEN KEENE, spent part of his recent European tour shopping for real estate. Cardiff Castle in South Wales, shown here, was mixed because it didn't have central air-conditioning.

I've Known Rivers. Sun: Profiles, 2 pm; Sof-Sheen, 4 pm; New World Ensemble with Moses Hogan, 7 pm; Black Chorale, Mon. 2: 12pm; Shawn Henderson, 8 pm; Spirit. Tues 3: 4 pm; Trudie School of Dance, Wed. 4: 4 pm; Family Circle Gospel Ensemble, 8 pm; Lyle Bove. Thurs. 5: 4 and 8 pm; Lecture with Morris F.X. Jeff Jr, Fri: 6: 12; Tuskee Dancers, 8 pm; The 10:30 Band. Sat: 7: 12; Tuskee Dancers, 4 pm; Mark Taylor, 7 pm Tuskee Dancers. Sun: 8: 12; Tuskee Dancers, 4 pm; Betsy United Methodist Choir, 7 pm; Shirley Chatters Bloom. Mon, 9/12 noon: Lee Bates, Carl Marshall & S.D. 4 pm; Children's Art Festival. 8 pm; Hale Smith Amistad. Tues. 19 and Wed. 11: 4 pm Children's Art Festival. 8 pm Hale Smith Amistad. Fri. 13: 4 pm Greer Golf, 8 pm Hale Smith Amistad. Sat. 14: 12 pm; New Zion Baptist Church Youth Choir, 7 pm; Angelic Voices For Christ. Mon. 16: 8 pm; New Zion Baptist Church Male Choir. Tues. 17: 8 pm; 1st St. United Methodist Church. Wed. 18: 12, 4 and 8 pm; Lecture - Black Catholicism. Fri. 20: 4 pm; McDonough 34 Rotenettes, 8 pm; New Zion Baptist Church Radio Choir, Sat. 21: 12, 2 and 7 pm; Brother Blue. 4 pm: Wade Griffin. Mon: 23: 8 pm; St. Francis DeSales Church. Tues. 24: 12, 4 & 8 pm: Dr. Morris F.X. Jeff Jr. Lecture. Sat. 28: 12 noon: St. Francis DeSales Church Choir. 4 pm Tambourine & Fan with the Mardi Gras Indians. Mon. 30: 8 pm: Price Elite Chorale.

Miller Beer Garden. 569-5160. Through July 15; Gillenfielder Quintet 8 pm; July 15 through November; Tripler Jodler Band. 8 pm. Through August 31: Australian Boys 3:30 pm.

Reunion Hall. Thurs. 5 through Sat. 7; The Cold (late night 11:00). Thurs. 12 thru Sat. 14: A Train (late night 11:00). Pete Fountain 8 pm; Wed. 4, Thurs. 12, Mon. 16, Thurs. 26. Look for Pete here 3 or 4 times a week on un-scheduled appearances.

Sheila's: 118 Fulton Street. Live music nightly from 9:00. Call for info 569-5025.
golden moments in new orleans rock 'n' roll

Ospel quartet singer Lathan John Adams is approached by New Orleans songwriter Dorothy Labostrie (who coincidentally lives in the same apartment building as Adams) in 1959. Labostrie had written an R&B ballad that she hoped to have recorded on Joe Ruffino's Ric label. After much haggling from Adams, he was eventually convinced to cross the line and record an R&B song. The song, "I Won't Cry," turned out to be a solid local hit, but more importantly paved the way for one of America's best singers to record nearly one hundred more singles and L.P.s. Thankfully, Adams still remains active, with a brand new record out this month.

— Almost Slim

letters

To the editor:

I am delighted that "Frankie Ford's Swamp Pop Jam" at the Jazz Fest received Almost Slim's rating of "8," as did the genius of Ray Charles.

In answering Slim's concern as to my connection with the whole thing, I offer the following:

The Jazz Fest didn't invite me to be a part of the prestigious New Orleans extravaganza until last year when it was 14 years old. My manager Ken Keene, the wonderful John Broven from England, and I, wanted South Louisiana music to be a part of the Jazz Fest this year. So after many, many efforts, we convinced the Jazz Fest to use Rod Bernard, Jivin' Gene, Warren Storm, Van & Grace Broussard and Johnny Allan & The Memories. They are all a part of the South Louisiana musical heritage and all are known worldwide...yet they'd never been on the Jazz Fest. I, being a part of the New Orleans music scene for more than 30 years, did not want these artists to wait as I, to appear on a show that reflects our musical heritage.

So, through the efforts of Ken, John and myself, we helped to initiate the "Fais-Do-Do" stage of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival.

I am very proud of our "Swamp Pop Jam," being from New Orleans, which is certainly in South Louisiana.

I might add that through working with Johnnie Allan & The Memories at the Jazz Fest, it was a deciding factor on our part to use them during our six-show engagement at the World's Fair. They will also be with us for our annual "Frankie Ford's New Year's Eve Spectacular" in Beaumont, Texas.

Johnnie Allan & The Memories are one of the most exciting bands anywhere in the world!

Thanks again to Slim for the great rating, and to Wavelength for the opportunity to let the world know that we really appreciate it.

Frankie Ford

To the editor:

Seeing as how Wavelength is the most eagerly awaited magazine in this establishment (even more than Blues Unlimited and Living Blues—and that's some competition!) I thought I'd send you a bit of info on how New Orleans & Louisiana music is doing in the UK (England / Wales / Scotland / N. Ireland).

Lots of people here have been aware of New Orleans R&B & Louisiana music thru the good work of Blues Unlimited and John Broven in particular. His great book, Walking to New Orleans, created great interest in N.O. and his latest blockbuster, South to Louisiana, is doing the same for the other musics of La.

For years we've been well supplied with the records of Fats Domino and Dave Bartholomew on London and United Artists labels. Everything the true Fats fan needed was available on a superb six-album set Fats Domino Story on United Artists (edited by John Broven). Minit & Sue provided us with a few excellent anthologies of R&B & soul in the '60s but the most inspired release was the two-LP set on Flyright Records in the early '70s. Dave Bartholomew, Prof. Longhair, Roy Brown, Huey Smith—all fantastic stuff easily available!! Then came records by Professor Longhair—his Atlantic LP, the McCarty Queen Elizabeth LP, a live LP on JSP
his London Concert in 1978, plus the essential Nighthawk L.P. Ray Toppings discography got a few collectors interested in the more obscure local acts. However, the only reissues made a lot of this stuff available to the UK collector.

However, nowadays things are really hotting up with all kinds of New Orleans and LA. music being put out here. Rounder has licensed several albums to Demon (one of Britain's more adventurous labels) and the first few releases include the two brilliant LPs by Gatse Brown and James Booker's L.P. They're also released Doctor John's Plays Mac Rebennack and Brightest Smile albums. Tuts Washington's Booker's LP. They've also been putting out the second LP, which was put out by Crosscut Records of Germany.

Flyright Records of England are the ones who've been doing the most for Louisiana Blues, R&B, Swamp Pop, Country etc. For years now, they've been religiously making available recordings from the vaults of legendary producer Jay Miller. Their 'Jay Miller Series' has now gone up to 36th volume and includes one of the best Old Time albums currently available I think!

As for live music—we regularly see Rockin' Dopsie down in London at Dingwall's Club. Fernt & the Thunders have played a few times and recorded in London for JSP Records. Doctor John seems to be around a lot playing with the likes of Chris Barber's Jazz Band, Dizz & The Doormen & The Danny Adler Band. In fact, I think the Doctor's next LP is to be recorded in England—Live!

Dizz & The Doormen are an English band who play New Orleans R&B in the style of Professor Longhair and they've got a good album out on Ace Records. We've also got a Cajun band, "R. Cajun," who go down a storm at summer festivals and they've had a couple records out over here.

Last but not least, good ol' Wavelength is getting a few mentions around the place. You've already heard the London Times quote him as one of the best Orlean's R&B groups. There's enough variety in the album to satisfy a lot of different moods and when you have guests from out of town, it's a great way to remind them of how many R&B hits came out of New Orleans.

Anchoite & Maison de Soul. His new L.P. is very well selling very well. Other hot zydeco L.Ps are Rockin' Sidney (Maison de Soul), Fernt & The Thunders (Blues Unlimited & JSP), Rockin' Dopsie (half a dozen records on Rounder) and Buckwheat Zydeco.

We'd sold quite a few copies of Ason Funderburgh's first L.P. licensed to Krazy Kat from Black Top so we took the risk of importing stocks of the second L.P. We're delighted to see it selling like hotcakes!! In fact, we've run out of stock on a couple of occasions. Now, both L.Ps are doing well — looks like our customers like their Funder on the original label!! Prompted us to stock the rest of that label and we're pleased to say Johnny Reno & Buckwheat are doing OK too!!

On the reissue front, it's fairly suiting with Gatse Brown knocking everyone into a cocked hat with his Rounder LP Peacock Recordings. This has been our bestseller for weeks now and the only rival to this is the new release on the Swedish Blues Boy label aptly titled Atomic Energy. Also big news is the reissue of Irma Thomas' Imperial recordings which came out on Kent Records. Irma Thomas is big stuff in the UK!!

Blues reissues from Louisiana include the great Goldband sides from Guitar Junior (Lonnie Brooks) on Charly and we've another chance to get his Capitol L.P. Broke & Hungry....this is a very good album which has only been put out by Crosscut Records of Germany.

The official New Orleans Rhythm & Blues ANNIVERSARY ALBUM Volume 1

selected as an OFFICIAL WORLD'S FAIR ALBUM

NEW versions of great hits RE-RECORDED and PERFORMED by the ORIGINAL ARTISTS

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ALBUM REVIEWS

BILLBOARD'S RECOMMENDED LPS— "Surprisingly strong remakes of their hits by Lee Dorsey, Jean Knight, Robert Parker, Frankie Ford & others." —BILLBOARD MAGAZINE

A record that should draw some attention to New Orleans' special role in American music is the "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

One of the great nostalgic recordings of all time has been recently made here in New Orleans. It's also the ultimate New Orleans party album. There's enough variety in the album to satisfy a lot of different moods and when you have guests from out of town, it's a great way to remind them of how many R&B hits came out of New Orleans.

—GARY ESOLIN, GAMBIT

...and even for those too young to remember these songs, its hard to find a tighter, more fun soul record." —THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE, OAKLAND, CA

"It's the sort of thing New Orleans music can do, because it doesn't depend on catching a single moment, and the execution is fine. Johnny Adams' 'I Won't Cry,' Earl King's 'Lonely, Lonely Nights,' and Bobby Mitchell's 'I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday I Stand Out,' are among the biggest hits—which are tougher. Because they are well done, and have always been compared to the originals. 'Chapel of Love.' " —RHYTHM & BLUES RECORDS, P.O. BOX 1729, KENNER, LA. 70065

POSTER INFORMATION—

DESE DAYS RECORDS, P.O. BOX 1729, KENNER, LA. 70065

Wavelength/July 1984 7
Rico's Recent Rockin' Releases Review

Can you believe it? $7.98, $8.98 for an album? $5.98 for an EP? Incredible, huh? If you're like me (yes folks, some of us music writers, us less-famous music writers, buy our own records just like you), you'll want to squeeze every last penny of musical value out of your prized payday record purchases and I'm happy to report that there are a number of recent releases in the rockabilly and upbeat country bins of your local well-stocked record emporium that are definitely worth your salt, real red-blooded American releases. "The nominees are . . ."

Rank and File
Long Gone Dead
Slash/Warner Bros. 1-25087

Legend has it that Rank and File are a group of ex-punkers who moved to Austin to learn to play country music from the inside out. Their debut Sundown LP won a ton of well-deserved acclaim and even poked its nose into the country charts without forsaking the drive and energy of good rock. Two of the original members have left Rank and File, but, happily, the tradition of quality music lives on in their new album, Long Gone Dead.

Chip and Tony Kinman couple country melodies to lyric themes that have an engaging way of dealing with the universal concerns of modern life without getting bogged down in weighty rhetoric. These songs sound earthy and full of memorable hooks but they never come across as dumb or simplistic:

"And when there's hope
There's such a rush to put it down
I step aside
And let the others hang around
I don't listen to the talk they talk
Of Wood and lead
Listen to the planes flying overhead
Listen to the sounds of the loss . . ."

This cut, "Sound Of The Rain," segues into "Hot Wind" which feels big and wide open, as if the tale being told were one of Wild West proportions, epic and grandiose; ditto for "John Brown." Without looking at the disc for writers' credits you might suspect they were classic country/western songs in cover versions.

Lest you think Rank And File is too "serious" a band, check out the subtle humor of "It Don't Matter," "Last Night I Dreamed" ("that I went to Hell . . ."), or their raucous cover of Lefty Frizzell's "I'm An Old Man!": I wish they'd cut loose like this a little more often.

Jason and the Scorchers
Fervor
EMI America SQ 19008

This record was voted EP of the Year by The New York Times, and you'll be hard pressed to find one that rocks harder or packs so much passion into every groove. Anybody who's caught their live shows locally for the past three years or heard "Broken Whiskey Glass" from their first EP knows that these boys have it coming.

Jason Ringenberg is in the process of establishing himself as a songwriter, and country troubadour of the highest order as the first verse from "Pray For Me Mama (I'm A Gypsy Now)" shows:

"Jesus gives to those who give themselves, That's what you said, Do you say that now? 'Cause in my arms you took until I bled But I'll went down every road you led . . ."

Guitarist Warner Hodges deftly bridges the gap between sweet country twang and distorted power rock with a style that embraces both genres expressively.

The Leroi Brothers
Forget About The Danger Think Of The Fun
Columbia SC 39106

Steve Doerr keeps the Leroi Brothers non-stop dance party rolling with three excellent compositions that fit like a glove on the Brothers' upbeat style. "Eternally Blue," "Pretty Little Lights Of Town," and "Dance With Me Tonight" all have a timeless rocking groove much like the tastefully chosen cover material from their debut LP, Check This Action. "Dance With Me Tonight" features Steve's blistering harmonica break that sounds for the world like a Cajun accordion. Joe Doerr's "D.W.I." ("... national pastrami of the average guy . . .") and a gut-kicking version of Roy Head's "Treat Her Right" round out this excellent EP.

Violent Femmes
Hallowed Ground
Slash 1-25064

While neither a country nor a rockabilly record (this band is unequivocally impossible to pigeonhole), Hallowed Ground contains four wonderful songs that are knee-slappin', chaw-spittin', get-down-and-praise-the-Lord "countryfied," anyway. "Country Death Song," "Jesus Walking On The Water," "Sweet Misery Blues," and "Oh Gonna Rain"plers new, and definitely rural, territory for one of America's most eclectic, enigmatic, intelligent, and inventive bands . . . and I ain't funnin', podners.

Al Ferrier
Let's Go Boppin' Tonight
Flyright 597

Like most of the albums in the Flyright reissue series, this one contains several outstanding cuts and a few duds. "Blues Stop Knocking At My Door" kicks things off righteously with a driving barrelhouse beat and the great electric guitar (rhythm and lead) of Al's brother, the late Bryan Ferrier. "She Left Me" follows as a showcase for Al's vocals, and those familiar with the "Crowley Sound" will thrill to Katie Webster's piano and Warren Storm's solid backbeat.

I've always preferred Al's energetic rockers to those arrangements that play on a slower beat, and although the guitar work of Bryan Ferrier is consistently delectable, he was a side player compared to the powerful cuts found on the Goldband Bayou Rock compilation LP. Al's version of "You Win Again" hasn't a thing on Hank Williams' original or Jerry Lee Lewis' excellent cover.

Like Larry Hart's "Good Rockin' Joe" (on Bayou Rock), "Indian Rock And Roll" tries to cash in on the popularity of Williams' "Kaw-Liga," "I'm The Man" and "Send Her Back" tip the hat in Johnny Cash's direction with their booming vocals and rhythmic country guitar; nice.

Dig Al Ferrier's latest—me dig the worms.
tunes, but highly derivative. Serious collectors will relish the two instrumentals by Ali's 1959 backup group, The Vamps, entitled "Gunsmoke" and "Chisolm Trail Rock"; both remind me of those wonderful Fifties black-and-white TV Westerns. "Love Me Baby" is a gem that sparkles with Bryan's heavy tremolo, Slim Harpo-style guitar and a great solo act.

Some of Ali Ferrier's best '57, '58, and '59 recordings are assembled here, many for the first time; had Flyright chosen the later material and working clubs that 1 can sometimes plan my entire favorite piece of portable graffiti advertising is The Newsboys. and handsome lead vocalist Don Garaudy on drums and the newest addition to the group, New Orleans rock 'n roll. Bassist Jeff Beninato on bass, Paul Murphy on guitar / vocals, Jimi Murphys on guitar / vocals, Mike Costello's "Allison" (one of our personal favorites) and the Police's "Melissa" (Berry's Slings impressionism is amazing on this tune). Yet the band's ultimate aim is for a strictly original playlist and it is this goal that has shaped the attitude of the band, which evades the more profitable rut of playing Led Zeppelin covers to pay bills and instead plays music for its own sake, spending time on their own material and working clubs that currently working on songs of a more serious nature, one in particular about the feelings of a friend who is a Vietnam Veteran. "The problem with writing songs is that you can't sing in paragraphs; one or two words or one line has got to mean something."

Another band that is a must see, especially if you have a sense of humor, is Popstart (named after the technique they use to start their car). When I saw them, the band opened with a rousing version of the Charlie Brown theme song, one of only two covers they do. Members Ken "Cipnic" on guitar/vocals, Mike Murphy on guitar/vocals, Jimi Cass on bass/vocals and John Tobler on drums/vocals have been together about six months, though Cipnic and Cass have been playing together for more than eight. Mike Costello, who writes the lyrics to Hank Williams' "Jambalaya.

Now that you got the word, Fert, run out and plunk down those greenbacks on some American music and help keep our pickers and shouters off the unemployment stubs. Stay tuned for hot tips on starting your own rockabilly collection in the near future...

BY ALLISON BRANDON
The GENERICS scuff at anonymity.

Generics: Up until about two months ago, it was very, very bad, and come to think of it, it's still bad. This is supposed to be the music city, and there just aren't enough clubs. Hopefully with the World's Fair, more clubs will open and there will be more opportunities for bands, not just cover bands, but bands that want to play original material. People should come to a club expecting to hear a band's originals rather than something you out of the clubs and into the concert halls are slim. Are you bored with playing in New Orleans? Which leads me to a tied subject; could you comment on the city's rock "atmosphere?"

Generics: Other than touring, which is the latter, which is an attractive, hot product right now and we figure why not take the plunge. The problem is financial. Of course. We've got five or six great songs, and if we could just develop our PR sense like the Models or the Rattles, we could make it move.

An EP would be an audacious debut, but the chances of it moving you out of the clubs and into the concert halls are slim. Are you bored with playing in New Orleans? Which leads me to a tied subject; could you comment on the city's rock "atmosphere?"

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discovered here any more. You have to go somewhere else, and as you said that's expensive, frustrating. There are so many bands in San Francisco, though, that if one doesn't want to play for $100 the club owner just gets somebody else.

The law of supply and demand. What does it do to you to know that there are so many bands out there with the same aspirations as you, that are as good as or better than the Generics?

Generics: It might be naive, but we believe that there is enough space for everyone. Our intention is to make something happen. We've made a commitment to this intention and to each other and plan to remain faithful to it. Living within an intention allows everyone to have space. The only idea is to keep reaching, to set immediate goals and work toward these—a single, an EP, some touring. We know that we just can't put an album out or push a video onto MTV.

Here's a simple question: why are the Generics important?

Generics: Because we have a good quality product that is energetic, danceable; the music itself is interesting; our songs are structured interestingly. The content is there and it's danceable. We have a lot of fun; people who come to see us have a lot of fun. We have strong personalities in the band, and we're relating to the audience more than ever. We're developing a following. And most importantly, we think other musicians respect us. Is that enough? We could go on.

I'm sure, You mentioned "danceable." Is there always the thought of making the song you're working on a danceable one?

Generics: Yes . . . well, no. Sometimes they come out that way and sometimes they don't. For the most part we try to move in the straight-ahead rock tradition, but we do things in the songs like bridge major segments with a bit of odd timing, an off rhythm. We do diverse things, sometimes have a jazz feel or move in an artful direction.

In trying to do something diverse, don't you run the risk of lifting yourselves right out of the mainstream, or commercial success? There are plenty of bands that do this, even or maybe especially those that have already made it.

Generics: And there's an intrigue missing in the bands that don't experiment. If you go too far you flirt with obscurity, but on the other hand, where would the best bands be had they not taken those risks?

Do you agree that there's sometimes a great amount of compromise necessary—a kind of half-sell out?

Generics: Yes.

I see a movement in the content of Generics' songs, those that I know, away from the three-minute love song to social and political issues, friendship, commitment.

Generics: Yeah, we're trying to stay away from too many love songs. "Heart in a Box," though, is a quirky love song that resists the Journey, Loverboy, Air Supply formula schlock. It was one of our first songs, and it's probably the best in that genre.

What about the new song "Human Zoo."

Generics: It's one of the best things we've done, musically and lyrically. It's biting at something but we made it general enough so that it could point to a number of targets. We also have a song called "Going Through the Motions" that's just an image of the automaticity of everyday life, the routine that can stifle people's lives. And "Seven Cards"—we like the concept with that—a married couple, could be from the man's or woman's point of view, let's say the man's. And they've got a couple of kids, and they're just spending a regular day together, a Sunday afternoon, and she's working in the garden and he's doing whatever and suddenly he just stops. It hits him just how important these people are to him, just how much they mean to his life.

There seems almost the inverse of one of those Springsteen stories, though there is the hint that the importance of these people and the security of this life are so great that the fragility of life is more pronounced. From these songs, one can detect an attitude, a Generics philosophy?

Generics: Two things perhaps, but neither grows out of these songs necessarily: one, any group's songwriters have trouble deciding what they want to say that those people out there haven't already heard or are going to get bored with. Not just another love song or protest song. It's a challenge, and the best we can do is come up with fresh angles for good, old ideas.

What about the other "thing?"

Generics: Oh . . . when playing in a local club, always get a guarantee.

Somewhere in New Orleans there's an Eddie Van Halen and a Cyndi Lauper.

Be among the first to discover them at Wavelength 13 Q's Battle of the Bands July 10 & 11 at Jimmy's.

The winner claims a 4-song demo taping session at Gilbert Hetherwick's Grouse House Studios. Vote for your faves—balloons available at the door.

JULY 10—HANDS, PRESS, FINAL ACADEMY, CROWD, ROGUES
JULY 11—VITAL, FUNCTION, MULTIPLE PLACES, NUMBERS, POPSTART, LOOSE CHANGE
Boogie Jake

'Early Morning Blues'/ 'Bad Luck and Trouble'

Minit 601/602

The first release ever from one of New Orleans' most important R&B labels, this one dates from 1959. "Boogie Jake" (his real name was Matthew Jacobs) was a bluesman from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who once showed plenty of talent. Boogie Jake leased this record to Joe Banashak and Larry McKinley, who were just getting the Minit label off the ground and were looking for something to issue to get their ball rolling. Both sides are strong and well-executed songs, very much in the Slim Harpo/Lightnin' Slim/Lazy Lester mold, and apparently were recorded at Jake's home.

The record proved to be a strong seller in the Southern blues market, and drew the attention of Chess Records, which leased the master. According to Chess, the record didn't get moving in the key Northern markets because the name "Boogie" was then considered offensive. As a result, Jake reverted to his real name for his next Minit release, which didn't measure up to the first release. Disillusioned by his lack of continued success, Matthew Jacobs moved to the West Coast in the early Sixties, where he continued to record sporadically until his death a few years back.

—Almost Slim

Jimmy's

Modern English

June 15, 1984

Modern English, the popular MTV band, gave a slick—perhaps too slick—performance at Jimmy's on Friday June 15. The band played over an hour of properly executed songs, many from their new album Richochet Days, including some fine songs such as "Rainbow's End," "Chapter 18," and their closest thing to a current hit, "Come With Me." They did a particularly pleasing rendition of one of their better songs, "After the Snow." The band did the best they could with the songs on the new album, which are scored with classical orchestration, by using guitar synthesizers and the like, though they missed making the subtle beauty of stringed instruments. Several of the favorite songs were duly appreciated by the audience numbering close to a thousand, but much of the show lacked that bit of magic or whatever that makes a concert memorable.

Modern English is far from being a political band despite the fact that they were born out of the radical punk movement of the mid-Seventies and are from working class backgrounds. They, along with other young struggling bands, kept their band going by practicing the tradition of "squatting"—that is moving into abandoned homes, and setting up house until the coppers kicked them out. As bass player Mick Conroy remarked, "the band prefers to play songs of a lesser nature; they would rather not sing about their problems.

Well I think they could probably sing about squatting and still avoid being political ranters and ravers.

The band features distinctive Robbie Grey on lead vocals (who was in top form on this evening) Gary McDowell on guitar, Richard Brown on drums, and Steven Walker on keyboards. All were quite charming on stage, true to their MTV image and sound, and the crowd was very enthusiastic especially when they launched into "Melt With You" from their album After the Snow. Quick-witted Grey made appropriate comments about the beastly heat suffered by band and fans during the song. All in all the show was worth the ticket price in exchange for a few choice songs, a good opening act by the Models and of course a special show by the ever fascinating people in attendance.

—Allison Brandin
Three face-lifts, green fields and a strike out. No, you're not at the DAR Softball game, you're in New Orleans in the midst of growing pains. With "the world at our door," lots of club owner are gallantly facing the challenge of bringing the adventure in clubbing it. I applaud their enthusiastic efforts and encourage more of it.

Deja Vu on Dauphine and Conti has been transformed into a very pretty club. The days of the collage on the walls and ceiling, and slippery beer-soaked floors have vanished in a flurry of refinement becoming sleek and squeaky clean. Soft hues of aqua, peach and natural wood conjure a peaceful setting. Comfortable couches are strategically placed where the dance floor once was. The upstairs has been totally closed off and will be renovated for another club. The only reminder of that cozy cubby hole is a painting on the wall which is an accurate reduced replica of the doorway as seen from across the room. The new scheme and design can be attributed to the talents of the owner and half of the operational team—Paula Collins. The music swings from Paula's preference of R&B and good ol' 'N'awlins jazz to techno-pop and new stuff as preferred by her partner, Frank Coveniech of Sir John's fame, who spins records at least three nights a week. There's a solo cyclops of a video monitor placed above the dance floor, and there's a possibility that more monitors will follow. Surprisingly, the crowd remains the same; musicians, local and national around as well as notable night owls. Said one after the next "what a great & fun concert and you'll probably run into one of the guys/girls you've just seen on stage."

Paula mentioned the possibility of serving lunch, but noted that the area in which they're located has a disadvantage in drawing patrons from the CBD or Bourbon Street. A Conti Street merchant's association could be on the horizon... which would garner more attention for the many good restaurants presently on that street. Another plus in Deja Vu's favor is a recently purchased parking lot on Conti, half a block away. Parking is $3, open 24-hours with attendants and your parking club is redeemable for a drink at Deja Vu. Look for the "Liberty" sign on Conti Street.

The Bounty in West End Park has also renovated and re-opened recently. It is to be a real hole-in-the-wall kind of place, when West End Park was in its heyday during the disco era of the Seventies... with clubs like the now defunct Spinhaker's and others really packing 'em in. A revitalize-

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The Bounty
The Mighty Sparrow
is 'King of the World'.

The Exploiners (right) are one calypso crown princes.

Caribbean

There's no sense in trying to avoid the heat of New Orleans in July. Instead of running from one air-conditioned place to another, why not admit you're spending summer in the tropics and pretend you're on a Caribbean island? A few mangoes would help, but those times of the year, and there are many, many newer names with bridge traffic) is the People's Choice Record Store, which carries sometimes called Kaiso), but those who haven't tuned into this music lately might not know about the emergence of soca music. Soca is the name given to one of the directions calypso has taken since approximately 1978, moving musically toward disco and Latin music, while lyrically continuing to voice the joys and concerns of the people. Like all the best Caribbean music, it's got a beat for the body and a message for the head.

Some of the older names are still around, like the Mighty Sparrow and Lord Kitchener, who are undisputed kings of calypso, but there are many, many newer names like Black Stalin, Explorer, Crazy, Scrunter and Penguin. The latest albums by these calypsonians mostly feature a mixture of calypsos, soca and an occasional disco number. Production quality is better than ever: lively clean recordings that sound great on both good and mediocre sound systems. And albums are only one part of the Caribbean music picture. Two stores in New Orleans carry music from Trinidad and Tobago. Metronome Records has small boxes of mixtapes only. Ask for them at your local record store or write directly to ROIR, 55 Rose St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Another recent dub release is the album that appeared here with Mutabaruka) and won over the audience with his smooth voice and beautiful songs, but his band, the Studio One Band, was fantastic beyond all expectations. This band locked into grooves that were as tight as any by the Radics, and even went beyond this because of their superior technical ability. Although the Radics defined the style that these guys were playing, the Studio One Band did more than just copy it; they jammed around the riddims without losing the feeling that the song was supposed to have. And it was a pleasure to watch the band leader, space cadet Pablov Black, who was having the time of his life experimenting on stage with a Yamaha DX that he rented from Tippin's and which has infinite possibilities compared to his Prophet 5 synthesizer, which got damaged on the trip from Jamaica. The other outstanding member of the band was percussionist Eberton Carrington, who added expert gourndation-type syncopations on a reaper drum.

Presently available at all the standard outlets is the latest issue of the Reggae and African Beat magazine, a special Bob Marley and the Wailers issue, and really excellent. Included are never-before-published interviews with Marley, as well as interviews with people associated with the Wailers such as Neville Staples (who designed all the album covers).

The Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are 45's ina dance hall style. Top ranked is "Trickster Loving" by Freddie McKay on the Volcano label, a slow Roots Radics groove, toasted over on the flip side by Little John, and called "Smoking Cocaine." Some trickster labeling that reads the A-side as "Smoking Cocaine" by Little John and the B-side says "Version." But scratched into the vinyl version-side is the title "Trickster Loving." The temps to disco style for a Frankie Paul 12" called "Worries in the Dance." This one is also on the Volcano label and features Roots Radics. And check out the same song in a much slower groove on the album Sugar Minott-Frankie Paul Showdown Vol. 2. Little John comes through with another good rap over a Roots Radics riddim on "To All The Possie." And ina disco style is June (J.C.) Lodge's latest, "Make It Up To You."
On Tour

The 1984 model of the Jefferson Starship, (l-r) Craig Chaquico, Paul Kantner, Don Baldwin, Mickey Thomas, Grace Slick, David Freiberg and Pete Sears, are supporting their new Nucleus Firewater LP and "No Way Out" single — rising on the charts. Thomas and Chaquico grab a large share of the spotlight this time around, as is evidenced on their national tour, which began in California June 15 and will continue through major U.S. cities during the rest of the summer.

Personal Favorites


In the Studio

Michael Jackson is at Westlake Studios in Los Angeles producing a cut for the new Jackson LP and a record for older sister Rebbie Jackson. Meanwhile, Jackson's cohort Quincy Jones is at the same studio working on film scores for "The Slugger's Wife." Westlake also hosted Stevie Wonder, who was completing work for a television special titled "Stevie Wonder Comes Home." Stephen Stills was at the studio too, working on a project that is being produced and engineered by Ron and Howard Albert, as was Barry Manilow, who recorded a self-produced project. At Muscle Shoals Sound Studios in Alabama, Julian Lennon was cutting tracks. Phil Ramone producing the project and Pete Greene engineering. Michael Sembello and Dick Rudolph spent some time at E+K Systems in Los Angeles producing a record for New Edition. Thom Wilson engineered, assisted by Richard Brunner, Virgin Records artist Brandy Wells is at the studio recording with producer Bill Neal. Jim Gallagher is engineering, with assistance from Leslie Bevir. Jim Capaldi (former drummer with "Traffic") wrapped up four tunes for his forthcoming Atlantic/WEA release at the Automatt in San Francisco. Joining Jim in the studio were Carlos Santana and Tom Coster on guitars, along with percussionist Orestes Vilato. Capaldi and Stewart Levine are producing the record. Richie Conesso is engineering and Ray Pyle assisting. The Everly Brothers are at an undisclosed studio in London, recording an album with Dave Edmunds as producer. The disc is slated for an August release on Polygram. The Fixx were at the Workshoppe in Douglass, New York, recently working on tracks with producer Rupert Hine and engineer Rob Bengston. The studio was also played host to a recording by Mink DeVille guitarist Rick Bergia and Nils Leifgern. Leifgern completed four tunes for the Broadway play, "Willa," with lyricist Nelle Adams.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to "Night Tracks":
- "The Reflex" Duran Duran (Capitol)
- "Sister Christian" Night Ranger (MCA)
- "Legs" ZZ Top (Warners)
- "It's a Miracle" Culture Club (Virgin/Epic)
- "Doctor Doctor?" Thompson Twins (Arista)
- "Eyes Without a Face" Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- "Borderline" Madonna (Warners)
- "Let's Hear It for the Boy" Deniece Williams (Columbia)
- "The Heart of Rock and Roll" Huey Lewis & the News (Chrysalis)
- "Obscene Phone Caller" Rockwell (Motown)
- "Music Time" Styx (A&M)
- "Time After Time" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- "Who's That Girl?" Eurythmics (RCA)
- "Dancing in the Sheets" Shalamar (Columbia)
- "You Might Think" The Cars (Elektra/Asylum)
- "Oh Sherrie?" Steve Perry (Columbia)

Heavy Rotation on MTV:
- "Don't Go" Wang Chung (Geffen)
- "Dance Hall Days" Wang Chung (Geffen)
- "You Might Think?" Cars (Elektra)
- "Original Sin" INXS (Atco)
- "Lifefballoons" Nena (Epic)
- "Give? Missing Persons (Capitol)
- "Show Me" Pretenders (Warner Bros.)
- "Owner of a Lonely Heart? Yes (Atco)

Critic's Choice

Iain Blair Examines Joe Jackson's Soul

Since he first released Look Sharp in '78, Jackson has proved to be one of the more quirky, unpredictable singer/songwriters to hit the scene. Starting out as one of the angry young men of the post-punk wave movement, Jackson sported a raw, stripped-down sound and approach that combined with strong hooks and melodies, gave him such hits as "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" But like a musical butterfly, Jackson seemed to tire of this approach, only to settle instead on a big-band sound with his Jumpin' Jive period. This got jettisoned in favor of a rock/jazz blend that has been the focus of his last two albums, "Night and Day" and "Body and Soul."

But as this concert showed, what Jackson has gained in sophistication has been somewhat at the price of inspiration. Beginning with several slow and rather self-indulgent numbers from the new album, it wasn't until he ploughed into the exuberant old "Sunday Papers" song that the show really caught fire. Never the strongest of singers or performers, Jackson is at his best when tackling such caustic lyrics. By contrast, much of his newer material emphasizes an instrumental, introspective approach that grows slightly monotonous after a while. In fact, the high point of the entire evening was a daring arrangement of "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" that featured piccolo, accordion, violin and tambourine. A major disappointment from an artist who continues to promise more than he delivers. — Iain Blair

Joe Jackson approaches one of his many keyboards. Photo: George DuBose


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NEW ORLEANS GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

BY BILL BENTLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY GARY LEONARD

It's funny what love can make you do. Four months ago, if someone had said that Lee Dorsey, Johnny Adams, Art and Aaron Neville, Ernie K-Doe, Frankie Ford, Clarence "Frogman" Henry and Benny Spellman would all play L.A., I probably would have pinched myself and expected to wake up shortly. And if they'd gone on and added that I'd be in the middle of this divine madness, I'd have chalked it up to too many viewings of Fantasy Island. But it happened, and except for the expected level of insanity surrounding this sort of endeavor, almost without a hitch.

My initial idea to import New Orleans' finest singers to Los Angeles came one balmy summer day when I realized that living among us in the state of sunny California were hundreds of penguins. That's right, those lovable tuxedo birds that normally reside in the icy environs of Antarctica had been beautifully transplanted to San Diego. Being a longtime fan of penguins, I couldn't believe anything so remote from their natural home would thrive among the freeways and palm trees. Taking a flying leap of logic, I figured that if those proud animals could make the trek to the Golden State, why not some knocked-out New Orleans musicians living in L.A., the beginning of 1984 would be a good time.

As anyone knows who's ever attempted to take New Orleans music out of town, things tend to get real fuzzy real quick. Chalk it up to an unwillingness to test new waters, or simply say that many singers have everything they need in the Crescent City, but it's not always as easy as it looks to get the likes of Ernie K-Doe to hit the road. Others, like Frankie Ford and "Frogman" Henry, are used to touring, and continue at it while Johnny Adams is more than willing to go anywhere at the drop of a dime, but unfortunately doesn't get that many calls. Then there's Benny Spellman, living in Kansas City and often referred to as a "spirit" more than anything else.

So the wall I found myself running into before things even had a shot at blowing up was, first, finding all these people and, next, trying to talk them into coming to California. After making a pass at it with a couple of booking agents, the person who turned into my knight in shining phone calls entered into the picture. Jay Gemsbacher, of New Orleans Booking Agency, took on this mission impossible, and after a month of juggling, I received a set of seven contracts two days before Christmas. Considering that the series was set to start in three weeks, I felt like Santa Claus had finally boogie-woogied into town, but with the number of details still up in the air, I couldn't tell if he'd left a present or a letter-bomb. Lucky for me, George Orwell's Union said no.

Those familiar with the history of the city's musicians know there's always been a well-traveled trail between N.O. and L.A. And the person at the center of establishing this byway proved to be a godsend. Earl Palmer, besides being one of the finest drummers to ever pick up a pair of sticks, is also a man of no-nonsense convictions backed by a strong business sense. He's presently the secretary-treasurer of the L.A. American Federation of Musicians, and once while interviewing him for a story, I ran down my pipedream for the series, I'd inquire, naturally, about his services. Unfortunately, there's a union by-law which says no office-holding member can accept a paying job, but not from giving well-respected advice. When I told him I wanted to round up a band of New Orleans musicians, he immediately said to find Harold Battiste. Of all
the players in Los Angeles, Battiste's background assured he was capable of being the bandleader. Besides serving as director of the National Association of New Orleans Musicians, Battiste has an uncanny sense of musical organization. When I called him about the job, it was like he'd been sitting by the phone wondering when someone would put this kind of show together. Once I had Gernsbacher, Battiste and Club Lingerie on board, the "Friday Night in New Orleans" series actually seemed like a living reality.

Like all business, the fiscal worries started to hang around like threatening clouds after the club's adding machines started cranking. Praying for a little breathing room in the money department, I approached Popeye's Fried Chicken about a co-sponsorship hook-up which would put the "Popeye's Presents" tag on all advertisements and news stories. Their Chicago ad agency director, Pat Patterson, jumped at the chance, but after several proposals were drafted and hands held, word came down from L.A. franchise-owners that "we already have all the business we need, and don't need to spend any more money on advertising." Of course, my balloon felt a bit popped when this word was in, but by now I figured the worst that would happen would be that the club would go bust and I'd have to leave town in the middle of the night, hopefully still able to crawl. Compared to living in Los Angeles through the spring with only Black Flag and Megadeath to listen to live, there was no choice but to breathe deep and go for it. By this time, I'd come to understand the Lingerie's Kurt Fisher's pet phrase—"Ain't that a bitch." You bet. My one saving thought through this period was that Popeye's West Coast version of fried chicken tasted somewhere between Church's and cement. So there.

Now it was right after New Year's, I had a sure show with Lee Dorsey on January 20 and a band which included singer Tami Lynn, guitarist Leo Nocentelli, saxophonist Jerry Jumonville, and drummer Johnny Boudreaux. We got lucky, and both big daily newspapers, the Los Angeles Times and the Herald Examiner, ran long stories the weekend before the first show, and a general buzz of imminent excitement began to run through the city. And that Thursday, when a sunglassed and smiling Lee Dorsey strolled into the departure terminal at Delta Airlines, I knew for sure that, somehow, the whole thing would be a flying success. Dorsey's show was a sell-out, with lines around the corner.

Even when Irma Thomas couldn't be persuaded to headline the second Friday, Johnny Adams came to the rescue and put on a performance that many who saw the whole series declare was the highlight. Bonnie Raitt, fresh off the Grammy awards, sang "I Know," a song which Harold Battiste had produced over twenty years ago for his AFOiabel. It was a heartstopping instance of how timeless rhythm & blues has always been. As for Adams, it was his first real, much less show, in California, and he sang with the soul and power of an all-timer. It's no wonder the Jazz Fest concert at the Saenger included Adams in the company of Al Green and Ray Charles. I was in heaven, because only a year ago I'd been sitting in Dorothy's Medallion Lounge listening to Adams, and when I'd approached the singer about playing L.A., he kindly gave me his number and said "anytime." I've still got the well-worn piece of paper, and
luck. It worked every time.

The third show, with Aaron and Art Neville, turned into a blockbuster. Naturally, the Neville name is like gold in L.A., and when word went out that the two were coming to town, the Lingerie’s phones lit up. By the night of the show, the doors were shut by 11 o’clock, and after the last note had finished, the Nevilles had set a house-record for the room and the bar. Fiyo on the bayou had never burned so bright on Sunset Boulevard, and riding back on the plane with the brothers to New Orleans, Art was all smiles when he said it was like the “take no prisoners” tour. Myself, I was feeling a little shaky. The next show, with the inimitable Ernie K-Doe, had taken a threatening twist when K-Doe’s manager, who shall remain nameless for fear of losing my one remaining good phone ear, had wanted to meet on the corner of Hollywood and Vine to turn over advance money. Failing that, he then informed me that K-Doe no longer could be contacted by phone. Sensing problems, I figured why not make a beeline for New Orleans, talk to Mr. Naugahyde in person, and fly back at the last minute. Seemed to be his aunt’s house on S. Derbigny). I got in touch with booking agent Cleon Floyd and put him on the case. The next day, I received an early evening call and the first thing I heard was “God bless you for calling Ernie K-Doe.” After several hallelujahs, K-Doe and I met at a club behind Prout’s, made some quick travel plans, and the next morning he and his sister arrived at my door at 5 a.m. for a breezy ride to the airport. It wasn’t until we were sitting over Michelin’s at 9 a.m. in the Dallas-Fort Worth airport waiting for a connecting flight that I saw the singer’s luggage was labeled “Sir Bentley.” All the headaches of the past week disappeared in a laugh. and for the next few hours I was happy to be the valet for one of New Orleans’ classiest characters. When the gig came off like a charm, K-Doe pulled me aside and told me there was never any doubt about any of it. “You didn’t listen to me,” he whispered, “when I first told you that understanding isn’t important, but paying attention is what counts.” Burn. K-Doe, burn, even if I at times I thought about changing his name to K-Oas.

For the fifth and sixth shows, I felt as if the old pros had arrived. Both Frankie Ford and “Frogman” Henry rolled into town like the trouper they are, were patient enough to help plug the shows with live interviews on the mighty KLRA-AM station, and put on performances that had the whole club rocking. But the last show, planned as a “Forget-It-All Mardi Gras” Ball, was shaping up as a disaster. Besides Harold Battiste & His New Orleans Natives, we had no headliner. No singer was willing to leave Louisianna for that night, and several attempts at signing on a Dixieland and marching band fell through at the last minute. Sitting around with an ad that promised a “big surprise,” I suddenly remembered an old contact. I lifted the phone and called the number, got hold of one Roger Nabor who assured me Spellman was in fine form and would be delighted to come out. “Look for a man in a brown suit built like a pro fullback.” was how Nabor described the singer when I mentioned I didn’t know who to look for at the airport. Of course, there was no problem spotting someone fitting that description, and by the time we were half-way into L.A. proper, Spellman had proven to be the wild card which made the band complete. A consummate showman, he drove the costumed crowd crazy at the Ball, and came to be the capping hero to the seven Friday’s.

The one show I’d been struggling with was the Irma Thomas date, and for several reasons it still remained out of hand. Realizing that any New Orleans series without a female singer was slighting both the city and the audience, I went ahead and confirmed a final Friday featuring the fine and often underestimated Betty Ann Lastie. But when the club decided that the evenings had really run their course and it might be better to hold off on Lastie, I sensed a new series was lurking in there somewhere. It wasn’t long before the “Soul Queens of New Orleans” idea gripped my brainwaves, and if all goes well, sometime this summer look for Club Lingerie to play host to some of the wettest singers who make the city’s stages jump with joy. Maybe even Ms. Thomas might consent to a date, and if possible, soul stresses like Lastie, Jean Knight, the Dixie-Rups, and (why not?) Bobby Marchan if I’ve learned anything through this whole affair, it’s that New Orleans carries its pride with it wherever it goes.

Borrowing the immortal words from the Black Pope, there’s still plenty of time to “wear it out.”
Ed Volker: 'How I Write The Songs' by Tad Jones

Hearing Ed Volker talk about his songwriting is like listening to a priest give a lecture on Catholicism. Over his morning coffee he spoke with confidence about his art: "This is what I do best! It's fulfilling to me. I'm putting order in my life, my heart. It gives me energy deep in my soul where the motivation is."

As leader of the Radiators and the group's one-man song-factory, Volker has been responsible for well over one hundred original songs in the group's never-ending repertoire. Tunes like "Suck Da Heads," "Red Dress," "Love Is A Triangle" and "Hardcore" have garnered a ferociously loyal cadre of fans during the group's six-year tenure. During these years he began refining his songwriting techniques, and many of his early compositions made their way into his group's song list. One song, "Aw Honey I'm Juiced," was the first tune I wrote that was recorded in the studio. Volker belly laughs as he recalls the title, then goes on to explain, "You see, there was this talent contest, and my band won best song. The whole thing was a setup by Tippett Music Store. Columbia Records came down and recorded all the winning bands at Cosimo's, and 'Aw Honey I'm Juiced' was to be the B side of a song called 'Run.' Well, before the record came out, they flew the lead singer out to New York or L.A. and cut him with a group of Herb Alpert sound-a-likes, all out of key. 'Run' finally came out, but it was backed by 'Run' an instrumental, so my song never came out."

Volker was seemingly unaffected by the incident, as he was developing a reputation as a songwriter among his peers in the local music scene. In 1967 he penned two songs, "Gas Station Boogaloo Downtown" and "Lookin' Everywhere" for the Palace Guards, released on Cosimo Matassa's White Cliffs label. The record sold poorly, but for Volker, "it was a real learning experience. I wrote those songs with Jeff Miller, a member of the group. Jeff and I would get together and we'd say, 'How come I can't use this lyric here?' or 'Why doesn't this chord work here?' It was a great time for me, because I was developing the rules for my craft."

Over the next few years Volker placed songs with Yesterday's Children, The Glory Roads, and several productions for Joe Batachack, but none of the tracks were released. "These never saw the light of day," Volker said reflectively, "They were just casualties of the business, I guess. But I was learning."

From his work with the Cajun Boys in the mid-Sixties to bands like The Dogs in the late Sixties, Volker always managed to use his combos as a springboard for his songwriting, working his original songs in between the standard radio fare and R&B favorites. In 1974, Volker along with Becky Kury, Clark Vreeland, and Frank Bua formed the Rhapsodizers, opening a wide range of song possibilities for Volker. "I was writing a lot back then," he recalls, "but it was Becky's bass playing that inspired me musically. She played such simple patterns, it made me think in simple terms, and that's hard to do."

Kury, who died in 1982, is best remembered for her raw, gutsy vocal style. But for Volker, "more than her voice, I got more mileage lyrically from the crazy situations she put herself in, and just her overall personality. That's how I wrote for her." During the Rhapsodizers' four-year tenure, Volker penned some of the group's most memorable material for Kury: "Good Things," "I Want To Love Like Lovers Do," "Down In The Need," and some years later, "Shoot Out The Lights," while Kury was a member of the Cartoons.

Today Volker lives in Mid-City on Palmyra Street in a shotgun apartment. The room near the kitchen is the designated work area—one half is his office, complete with desk, phone, and typewriter, the other holds his upright piano piled high with dozens of notebooks, a cassette recorder, and several old paperbacks. Amid the clutter a set of lyrics is plainly in sight. The title reads "Old Habits Die Hard." "Is this a new song for the Radiators?" I asked, "That?" Volker asked smiling, "Well I don't think so. That's kind of personal." "Well then," I asked,
"How does a song get to be a Radiator song?" Volker doesn't answer, and we return to the kitchen where he lights up another cigarette, then he sits back in his chair pondering the moment. "You see the whole idea, the process for songwriting for me personally is therapy. It's very therapeutic. I write dozens of songs that the Radiators never hear. I wrote a song last week called "Revolution Door," and I mean it; nobody will ever use this thing! I like it, but it has no application to the commercial market."

"For the Radiators," he continues, "I'll put ten or twelve tunes on tape. Then Dave and everybody listens and we'll pick the ones we think are best for the band. It's pretty much a democratic process."

For every songwriter the method of marrying lyrics and music into song is a very personal one. No two writers proceed in the same manner. When asked about his formula for writing, Volker explains, "The hookline is the beginning. It's the center of the song and everything else rotates around it." For the Radiators, Volker has written some unforgettable "hooklines": "All Meat Off the Same Bone," "I'd Rather Waste You (Than See You Wasted On Somebody Else)," "If Your Heart Ain't In It (Get Your Other Part Out)," to name just a few. "Once I've got that hookline, then the rest of the lyrics flow from that," he explains. "I write lyrics at night when I'm in a night frame of mind, and the music comes out during the active part of the day. I always have some lyrics sitting around, then later I'll try to shape some music around them."

A good example is the group's currently popular "Let the Red Wine Flow." "I think I had those words jotted on a piece of paper. Then the band began doing a reggae version of Dylan's 'All Along the Watchtower,' and out of that came the music. Then I put the two together."

"Let the Red Wine Flow"
There's a fire
Deep in the heart of darkness
There is a joy
Not far removed from the madness
There is a time when
The voices cease their spinning
Let the red wine flow
Let the red wine flow
Let the red wine flow
Let it flow

There is a kiss that
Cools with a bite and a burning
There is a breath drawn
From a deep well of yearning
There is a time when
The gamblers quit their winnings

In his songs, Volker's lyrics address the broadest spectrum of human experience. In his song "Automatic," sexual images abound: "when she blows my fuse," and "my love gun shots right away." Drugs are the obvious theme of "Smokin' Hole," while Volker introduces a surrealistic tone in "Hold Back the Flood," with lines "The wind starts howling/the moon is dripping blood/who's got the power to hold back the flood." "Screw Loose," he weaves a bit of comic relief. "When you worked at the station on the corner/I nearly took you for a goner/When you went to finishing school it finished you." And in "First Snow," Volker paints a sensitive autobiographical sketch of his first snowfall in 1957.

Realizing of his eclectic nature, Volker says, "When I write, I try to strike a balance between being real personal, and what will be universal to the greater amount of people." But he is quick to add, "When I write I'm not really looking for success. I don't think about how a song will be accepted by the audience. I think it's good if it's acceptable. Sure I'd like other people to record my songs, and I'd make money, but I've achieved success by the fact that I'm writing songs."

Having his songs recorded by established record artists is the dream of every songwriter. When name touring acts pass through town, Volker often takes time out to pitch his songs to both the Band's Levon Helm and Bonnie Raitt have expressed interest. He views this with some caution, however, "I'm not sure the name acts will record my material. I think those acts that aren't established yet, those who want to take a chance, could take my songs and mold them into their style."

As the interview slowly winds down the phone rings for the second time. It is a booking agent from New York confirming a club date for the Radiators in April. Volker hangs up the phone, then turns his attention back to the interview, and his songwriting.

"As a songwriter I have all these different parts to me," he says in summation. "There's this part that wants to write a funny little song like Hussy Smith. I have a part that wants to write a funky party song, and another that wants to write a country love ballad; and they're all valid. It really doesn't matter what type of song it is. You gotta ask yourself—Does it ring true? That's the bottom line. Does it ring true?"
ReBirth: Born-Again Teenage Horns

BY JERRY BROCK

The ReBirth Jazz Band of New Orleans is a part of the current "rebirth" or repopularizing of traditional style marching brass bands in New Orleans.

The ReBirth, along with other young brass bands including the Roots of Jazz Brass Band, the Charles Barbarin Memorial Brass Band (once called the Fairview Methodist Church BB), Tuba Fats and the Chosen Few, the Pinstripes Brass Band, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the West End Jazz Band, Leroy Jones and the Hurricane Brass Band, the Young Men Jazz Band, and not to exclude older brass bands with young members such as Doc Paulin's Brass Band, Floyd Ackerle and the Majestic Brass Band, Herman Sherman and the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band, the Onward Brass Band, the Imperial Brass Band, and the Original Sixth Ward Dirty Dozen Kazoo Band represent a new generation of New Orleans jazz musicians.

The ReBirth is comprised of seven down home talented musicians: Kermit Ruffins, trumpet; Gardner Ray Green, trumpet; Keith Anderson, trombone; Reginald Stewart, trombone; Kenneth Austin, snare drum; Keith Frazier, bass drum with cymbal; and Philip Frazier, tuba.

The first time you see the band it is evident that these guys are young. The members range in age from fifteen to nineteen years old.

Sometimes a friend named Joe or Vincent will sit in with the band on tambourine. Though they are not official members, they like to help out occasionally and can play music and be in a brass band. If they work hard and keep at it they can develop something real good for themselves because there is a need for brass bands in New Orleans. People will always want to hear New Orleans music when they come to this city or all over the world.

On May 4, 1983, the ReBirth Jazz Band played its first professional performance for a convention at the Sheraton Hotel. For over a year they have developed their own style of brass band music at street parades, jazz funerals, Social Aide and Pleasure Club parades, parties, public events, hotels, small brass band music at street parades, jazz funerals, Social Aide and Pleasure Club parades, parties, public events, hotels, small neighborhood bars, and at various spots outside in the French Quarter.

The ReBirth's sound is distinctly New Orleans and reflects many of the musical styles commonly found in the Black neighborhoods of this city like jazz, R&B, gospel, blues, and Mardi Gras Indian.

The tempo is well paced and never rushed. In a very natural setting they perform a variety of New Orleans songs like the Saints, Little Liza Jane, Sweet Georgia Brown, Go To The Mardi Gras, Down By The Riverside, Closer Walk With Thee, Muskrat Rumble, and others.

The two trombones give the band a round and warm sound with lots of tailgate. The two trumpets can play high over the rest of the band. The drums are usually at least one second line of New Orleans funk and street rhythms, while the tuba plays walking bass lines more like a string bass.

New Orleans is a horn town. One of the strong influences in the development of the ReBirth's sound is that at one time or another they all played in the J.C. Clark High School Marching Band.

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the Pinstripes, Tuba Fats, and others have also been a strong influence on the ReBirth.

ReBirth trombonist Keith Anderson sometimes sits in for tuba player Kirk Joseph of the Dozen. He has helped teach the ReBirth some of the Dozen's songs and arrangements. This has led to the band's own interpretations of modern jazz classics like Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" and Golson's "Killer Joe."

One of the ReBirth's original songs, "Pie," is a sort of testimony to the band's determination to stick together. The chorus repeated throughout goes:

"Hey there/ don't go no where/ the ReBirth's on its way/ Hey there don't go no where/ the ReBirth is here to stay/ Hey there don't go no where/ the ReBirth is here to stay."

The record should be out sometime in late July or early August. Keith Frazier said, "We are all very happy that the ReBirth got a chance to make a record. Hopefully this way more people will hear the ReBirth and they will hire us to perform. We would like to play at more music clubs, festivals, and at the World's Fair."

“We like to play in the streets for parades, funerals, parades, parties, and sometimes in Jackson Square for money,” Kermit Ruffins added.

One opportunity locally to hear the band will be Saturday August 18 at 5:30 pm over public radio station WWOZ 90.7 FM. The program will feature a majority of the music recorded for the album at the Grease Lounge and also an interview with the band.
Robert Jr. Lockwood

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS and HAMMOND SCOTT

Robert Jr. Lockwood was born on a farm near Marvell, Arkansas, on March 27, 1915. The only blues guitarist to have actually received lessons from the immortal Robert Johnson (who was his mother's live-in boyfriend), Lockwood is spending the summer in New Orleans on a "working vacation" and making frequent appearances at the Louisiana World Exposition.

Music critic Robert Palmer devotes almost an entire chapter of his Deep Blues book to Lockwood, noting that "he tamed (Robert) Johnson's polyrhythmic ferocity, substituting a refined, almost classical counterpoint and a slower, more deliberate walking tempo. These innovations later served as a model for countless Delta and Chicago blues guitarists who would have had trouble (as more slavish Johnson imitators like Johnny Shines did) integrating the careening Johnson style into band accompaniments. Lockwood's lyrics carried on Johnson's sense of songwriting. He brought the way he was sounding that I just had to play a guitar.

It's hard to pick up a guitar and set it down without making a sound. He hadn't shown me anything. I was watching him play and I was picking up different things. I didn't even know how to play a chord.

So did Robert Johnson teach you chords?

After a while, he seen I was going to study the instrument anyway—that I was going to learn how to play—so he started showing me.

My first guitar the two of us made. We didn't have the right kind of glue to hold it (together). Would you believe that Elmer's Glue was out at that time? That was in 1928 or 1929.

My first real guitar my auntie bought me—$3.98! I played that guitar about three or four years and it got busted. I was taping it up. A man stole it because everybody wanted to sit and listen to me play and didn't want to dance. It was just a guitar and you had to be very quiet to hear it. You had to sit up close. So this dude stole my guitar and I bought my first good guitar. I bought a Stella. Man, I loved that guitar. I didn't let no dirt stay on that guitar for about two years!

Do you have any favorite guitar players? No. Now, you know I like all the fellows. I like Albert, B.B., Otis Rush—I like'em all. But I wouldn't want to play like'em. I think when you have somebody favorite, you would like to do that. I don't like to sound like nobody. My favorite guitar player is dead and that was Robert Johnson. I guess what makes me feel like that is that he taught me to play.

Robert wasn't coming to my house—he was staying at my house. He was popular period then, he was recording records. When I knew Robert, I was around 13. I grew up without a father so I was my own man at 13 years old. And Robert wasn't much older, was he? Well, I don't think he was 10 years older—no, I was probably about 7. He told my mama a lot of lies, I heard him tell her lies—that he was 32, 33 years old and that shit. He could play...

There was a lot of poisoning going on in the Delta at that time...

Yeah, they've been doing that for some time. I got poisoned, too. Robert got poisoned and died. We got poisoned the same year (1938). I got poisoned by my old lady.

What kind of poison did she use? The man who cured me said it was Lysol. She put some Lysol in some whiskey.

You had some rough girlfriends, huh?
You ain't gonna never know what you got.

After Robert Johnson died, you played around Helena...

I was playing at Oscar Crawford's Hole In The Wall. One night, Crawford gave me $5 not to play. $5 was a lot of money. A lot of people at that time was playing all night for $3.50. Now he gave me $5 because he wanted the jukebox to play. He didn't want somebody in the audience sitting in his place, staring at my feet, telling me, 'Don't play.'

I took the $5 and I got up and went out. About five or six years from then, I had recorded records and I went back to Helena and played for Crawford. Another dude had a joint up the street about a block way that was operated by a Greek. The Greek had a black man running the place. The black man, we called him Squirrel. Now I had a record on the box but Mr. Crawford don't take advantage of that. And Squirrel said, 'What about playing for me?' Now at this time, you could get a whole band for $30, with 3 or 4 pieces. I told Squirrel, 'Well, man, you'll have to pay me $30—I know you don't want to do that.'

I said by me having a record on that box, it didn't give a damn what Crawford had down there (at his club), he wouldn't have no people. So the Greek told Squirrel he would give me $30. They put two tables together for me to sit on and had my amplifier hanging up from the next corner, down the wall, and I started playing there and you could not walk through it, it was so full.

The second night, during the intermission, I went down to the Hole In The Wall. The Hole In The Wall was a place that if it was packed, they had 400 people in there. They didn't have 35. A few people were gambling, shooting dice through the horn.

The second week I was at the Greek's, I looked up and Crawford come walking through the door. When I got off and walked out, his car was parked there. Crawford said, 'Hey, Lil' Joe, c'mon and sit down.' He said, 'What's Squirrel paying you?' I said, 'Why you want to know that, Mr. Crawford?' He said, 'Well, I'll pay you more.' I said, 'No, that ain't what it's about. You been knowing me longer than Squirrel. You could've had me.' He sat there for a while.

Squirrel had already told me that Crawford was coming. He said, 'Now I'll give you $50. If you go down to Crawford's you should get $100.' I said, 'I did it. $100 then is $1,000 now.'

I went down there and Mr. Crawford said, 'What is Squirrel giving you?' I said, '$90—ain't no point in me coming up here for no $92.' One night, Crawford got ready to pay me. He said, 'Lil' Joe, you know one time I gave you $5 not to play and here I am giving you $100 a night!!!'

Do you have any favorite solos you've recorded?

I've never thought about that. I've been fortunate enough to work on hits. But I never thought about them as being fascinating or anything like that. I just always tried to do the best job I could.

All the records I recorded on, if I had been playing by myself, they wouldn't have been that way. I've always had the ambition to try to play like whoever it may concern. Little Walter's about the only somebody who I really played with. Done his arranging—the way I wanted it to sound and nobody else.

You and Sonny Boy (Rice Miller) seem to have been a good match.

Sonny Boy was a very full harmonica player. As far as I'm concerned, he was Number One. He was always a happy-go-lucky person. He done what he usually do all his life. He never really shackled-up. He never stopped doing nothing. He had them girls. He was just happy-go-lucky, going up and down the road. Tell us about your most famous pupil, B.B. King.

I had a show for Mother's Best Flour and I was getting $800 a month for 15 minutes a day on the air. The people in Helena thought I was making a lot of money. At the time, Mother's Best had 67 bands working. I was the only black act. I had that program for about a year, then I left Helena and went to West Memphis, started messing around with B.B. King—that's when I started helping him. That was in 1946 or 1947.

Was he a good student?

No. He learned how to play by having me help him—I put him on the right road. His timing was very bad. He had a sponsor who wanted to record record with him, advertising Pepticon (a cure-all tonic). Ferguson (the sponsor) wanted to buy me a bass and I told him I couldn't afford to stay with B.B. because he didn't know enough music. I said, 'If you see any potential with this man, you'd better put him in a band. What you're trying to do to him now is gonna only kill him. He won't ever know right from wrong. He ain't gonna sell. Too many people are learning about music. They know when you're playing wrong or playing right. It just ain't gonna work. You've only got one John Lee Hooker. John Lee Hooker is the only one who I know that really don't play nothing and got a good name and still sells.'

Ferguson asked me, he said, 'What do you think I should do?' I said, 'You've got to put him with at least an eight-piece band and give him a chance to learn before he records.' B.B. didn't start off making no hits because he still was playing wrong but he had the big band to get some attention. So from that first eight pieces, he ain't never looked back.

The reason I ain't no further advanced in music is I done quit playing so many times. I quit six times. When you don't have nothing on the charts, people can't be bothered.

Michael Jackson's a superstar. It don't influence me. Michael Jackson's doing what he's doing because he's got money. His stuff is being pushed. He's just getting across to the people.

It's kinda bad when artists don't really get treated right. Sometimes I feel like if you got talent, you deserve a chance. I just want to keep playing until I leave here and I ain't gonna be able to stop—just continue to make a decent living, that's all.

**ROBERT JR. LOCKWOOD**

**DISCOGRAPHY**

**ALBUMS—**

Trix 3307  
"Does 12" Trix 3317  
Contrasts  
Steady Rollin' Man Delmark DS630  
Blues Live In Japan Advert 2807  
The Bastid New Guitar P-Vine PLP9018  
The J.O.B. Series Vol. 1 Flyright FLY563  
Windy City Blues Nighthawk 101  
Lake Michigan Blues Nighthawk 105  
Blues Is Killing Me Juke-Joint 1601  
Hanging On Rounder 2023 (1980 W.C. Handy Award Track, Blues Album of the Year)  
Mr. Blues Is Back To Stay Rounder 2026  
Sonny Boy Williamson Bummer Road Chess 15816  
Sonny Boy Williamson The Real Folk Blues Chess (vogue) 516010  
Sonny Boy Williamson More Real Folk Blues Chess (vogue) 515018  
Sonny Boy Williamson This Is My Story Chess 1550977  
Sonny Boy Williamson One Way Out Chess CHY417  
Little Walter Best Of Little Walter Chess (P-Vine) PLP902  
Little Walter Hate To See You Go Chess 1535  
Little Walter Boss Blues Harmonica Chess 2CH60014  
Little Walter Confessin' The Blues Chess CHY416  
Mamou Goin' Greatest Hits Chess CHY417  
Oris Span Walking The Blues Barnaby KZ11700  
Eddie Boyd Vacation With The Blues Jefferson 601  
Sonnyland Slim J.O.B. Series Vol. 4 Flyright FLY566  
Little Willie Anderson Swingin' The Blues B.O. 2701  
Anthology Chicago Blues Anthology Chess 2CH60012  
Anthology After Hours Blues Biograph BL12010  

**WITH OTHERS—**

Little Walter Boss Blues Harmonica Chess 2CH60014  
Little Walter Confessin' The Blues Chess CHY416  
Mamou Goin' Greatest Hits Chess CHY417  
Oris Span Walking The Blues Barnaby KZ11700  
Eddie Boyd Vacation With The Blues Jefferson 601  
Sonnyland Slim J.O.B. Series Vol. 4 Flyright FLY566  
Little Willie Anderson Swingin' The Blues B.O. 2701  
Anthology Chicago Blues Anthology Chess 2CH60012  
Anthology After Hours Blues Biograph BL12010  

Wavelength/July 1984 23
CONCERTS

Wednesday, 11
Gospel Soul Children, 8 p.m., Theatre for the Performing Arts.

Tuesday, 17
Crosby, Stills & Nash, Steamer President, 8 p.m., tickets from TicketMaster.

Wednesday, 18
The Producers, Steamer President, 10 p.m., tickets from TicketMaster.

Sunday, 22
Richard Landry, in concert, L'ange Vue Gardens, 7 p.m., tickets from Friends of L'ange Vue.

Saturday, 28
Gospel Extravaganza, Municipal Auditorium, 5 to 9 p.m.

CONCERT SERIES
French Market Concerts. 3 p.m.
French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m., Sun., 7:15 p.m.

LIVE MUSIC
Angie's Delight, 227 W. 6th St., Sun., 7:15 p.m.

Gardens, 7 p.m., tickets from TicketMaster.

The cruets of John Philip Sousa. Fri. 6: Connie Jones and the Creole City Jazz Band, Sat. 6: Wes Mix and the West End Jazz Band.

Saturday, 26
Young Auditions, at The Exposed Flea, 345 St. Claude, 3 p.m. through Tues. 1: Sloth, Fri. 3: Lonnie Liston Smith.

The Co-Go's perform at the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on July 19. KATHY VALENTINE and JANE WIEDLIN were photographed at the Greta Holiday Inn in 1981, shortly before stardom.

from a bird's eye view on the bridge that passes over the bayou, Des Allemands looks like the prettiest, sleepiest little fishing village imaginable (something like Boogaloo Bay in The Brethren) but annually it becomes the scene of frenzied bacchanalia in celebration of this fierce, hard-headed (one fisherman we know carries a gun in his boat and appeals to his friends when they get on his lines) buoys and bewhiskered scavengers with the slightly Oriental features rumored to like bacon on the end of a hook and sweeter tasting, and more widely eaten, than any other American fish.

Sunday, 6
Watermelon Fest, to benefit the C.A.C. and the Krewe of Cypresses, 10 a.m. until 7 p.m.

The usual festival items, as the usual festival items, but also watermelon jam out on the French Market Concourse in the Garden District, the cheers of the mob at each corner of the Great Marsh near the quay line, well, no need to get too carried away with all this. Sun., 5:30 p.m.

Dave Barker and His Jazz Hounds.

Tuesday, 11
Lonnie Liston Smith.

French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m., Sun., 7:15 p.m.

Friday, 20-Sunday, 22

THE BEAUTIFUL BIVALVE DESCRIBED DANGROCIZED, or something like that.

Saturday, 28
St. Charles Parish Festival, no location given. can it be parish-wide from the fringes of Old Moosant to Airline Motors and beyond? Information at 504-441-7485.

The Co-Go's perform at the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on July 19. KATHY VALENTINE and JANE WIEDLIN were photographed at the Greta Holiday Inn in 1981, shortly before stardom.
Dugan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 11 Sundays and Mondays; Pat Mitchell at the same hour, and again during the week from 5 to 7. Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 382-0586. Call for listings.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-6611. Wednesday through Saturday, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS from 9 to 9. Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other days.

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

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1913 Decatur, 522-0962. Al fresco, ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Heuillah's, 315 Bourbon, 524-7124. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weeknights from 9 until 2, saving Fridays.

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

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 544-9357. Sundays, the Wagon Train Band.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 666-9549. Tuesdays: The Numbers (prime? imaginary?) and The Rogues. Sorry but I always think of that old TV show with David Niven and Charles Boyer and Robert Coote and Cathleen Nesbit when I hear that group's name. Wed. 4: The Hands — is this what they mean by that? — is always the closest either of them ever gets to the order to which Dame Chance Press, Final Academy, The Crowd (courtesy of the dressing rooms here anymore, just as Betty Hutton once so aptly put it. Wed. 18: The Landmark Hotel, 524-7615. Laurin and Nancy Munsch. At 9 and 11 Supertimes.

Sundays: the Wabash Company, Grand Cameron, 821-1048. Always think that this sounds like Tristan and Isolde, once put it. Sat. 21: Beausoleil with changeroons about le roi soleil and Leroy Soileau, too. Fri. 27: Exuma. Sat. 28: Good Wave.

Monter's Dandie Halo and 627 Lyons, 695-1095. Call for listings.


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

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 526-5566. Mondays to Fridays, Edward Frank from 5 to 7 and Trumpet Leroy Jones from 7 to 10 (thank heavens it's not Le Ro Jones!).

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-5551. Borrowers from 5 until 9, during the week, save Thursdays and Fridays. Joel Simpson takes over pre-cocktail and post-cocktail keyboard duties and is joined by Rusty Glider on bass on Saturdays.

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


The Celtic Folk Sundays: at 3: Gaelic Cell with the Tyran Irish Stepdancers; the management of this place is the one that (rightly) took admirable Mike Kelso to task on the Lettera page of the Tast-Pee-Ess-Eye because it was not about the French Quarter cleaner and was writing mention that even Sandra Sexton's sex bomb at the 920 Club looked better, and since Sandra Sexton is about as Gaelic as carne asada and you won't find any rogue pots and cans of All Set and Ilia cascades in the dressing rooms here anymore, just good clean Irish entertainment of the sort made popular by Lady Gregory, Sean O'Day, the Abbey Theatre, the Easter Riots and the Black Diaries of Sir Roger Casement.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-6379. Tuesdays through Sundays, Randy Hebert: Thursdays through Mondays; Al Broussard, Uptown, Fridays and Saturdays from 9 until dawn, Nora Wied and John Austin.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 922-0266. Call for a listing.


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Denson and Mike Pelleira's Trio. Mon., 9:00: David & Roselyne. Fri. 13: Ramsey McLean's Survivors in Friday The 13th—The Final, Final Chapter. Sat., 14: The Daffi Marsalis Quintet. Sun., 15: Concourse. Mon., 16: Walter "Lycanthrope" Washington and Solar System (is this a system? as they used to say in the fifties). Fri., 20: Marsalis, Masakowski and Margitza—sounds like the original cast of an Oskar Strauss operetta. Sat., 24: The Sounds of Brazil. Sun., 25: p.m., How Blue Can You Get? with James Rivers, Walter Wolfman Washington, and a few buckets of Cerulean. Prussian and Midnight Blue. Suitable for tossing about. Fri., 27: The Pifer Sisters in their Honey: Why—July—To—Me? extravaganza. Sat., 28: Lady JD and Ellis Marsalis stepping gingerly through the ice age of the heart. Sun., 29: Leigh Harris with Amasa Miller and oh Suzanne. dust off that old pianina. umm and then little kids, tricky kids will go winging the moment we start singin' all our favorite melodies, let's get the gang around that usc, including a few paintings when the neighbors hear me singin' tenor. they'll forget about Cantor and Mr. Penner, etc. Mon., 30: Ford "Refugio" Evening.

Toulouse Lautrec, 514 Toulouse, 529-1776. Tuesdays through Saturdays, when loathing blambs of humans to shut-ins and convolvensals coast to coast, the home of the Franke (Oooh-Who-Okay-Who, Baby) Food Show. Call for information.


Weasley's, 1610 Bottle Chase, 561-7902. Fridays and Saturdays, from 3 to 7 a.m., the LeBlanc Brothers.

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3914 Magazine, 891-8666. Through September. Group show of gallery artists, the lot of them.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Call for information.


Bienvill Gallery, 1890 Hastings Place, 523-5869. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 920 Camp, 523-1318. Through September 2: The National Women's Art Exhibition, honoring the contributions to American art made through the years by the likes of classical sculptress Harriet Hosmer, surrealist Audrey Frick, satirical painter Peggy Bacon, romantic faun-part narcissist Alice Neel, render of male flesh par excellence Sylvia Steigl, abstract painter Robert Rauschenberg, and horde of others with whom American art would be a less interesting thing (these women may not be in the show, but just demonstrate the variety of American women's artistic accomplishment).

Galatea Bimonte, 2727 Prytania, 895-2452. From Tues. 17: and of summer group show of paper works as befits the season of passionless fans and Japanese lanterns and bug lights.


HISTORIC NEW ORLEANS COLLECTION, 517-555, Thursday 3: Through Nov., 12: The Writers 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 verses of Asa B. Durand and the genre scenes of William Henry Harrison to the realistic approach of Evans and the fantasies of Frederic Edwin Church, and the inevitable (also by Evans) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-tranquility scenes of Far West natural wonders were done by and large in the studio. The portraits are well painted in this show, both perfectly delightful and still, and new, perfectly recognizable as locale.

LOUISIANA STATE MUSEUM, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov. 18: A Century of Vision, a show of Louisiana photographs taken during the two pairs, from the Lowry's, Flanigan, Johnston, Magnolia, etc. Up to the present. Through November: The Sun King, an historical extravaganza from la belle France saluting the man who evoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memorable Letters, including documents, paintings, engravings, and decorative art, furniture, sculpture, etc. From St. Graudet and ending, including heaux of painting and sculpture (shaggy poorly), a wonderful Philippe de Champagnes portrait of the Abbess of Port-Royal, sumply by Baudin and Vouet, a curious enormous pencil map on brown paper of Paris at the time, a portrait of the weaselly-locking Comte de Rochefort, Louis cheque for his wife's gambling debts, a Jesuit map of the Mississippi with funny little animals drawn where ever they were spotted, and much more. At the Old Mint: Life on the Mississippi, a sampling of the museum's collection through the years. An elaborate map of the area with a big bit of water to your left, and not drawn by Indian, either.


NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF ART, City Park, 486-2031. Masterpieces of the American West: Selections from the Anschutz Collection, with the big shots all present and accounted for—Remington and Eakins, etc. Outside Urban Garden, sculpture by Ed Walker.

Pousett-Baker Gallery, 513 Toulouse, 899-7242. Call for information.


PLAYS

Feux Pas, 728 Poydras, 528-9653. The resident comedy by Parnell Wright. Things of a topical-satirical sort, Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 10, covers variable.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. Split Ends, a musical comedy by Buddy Shiel, field, Tuesday night through Saturday at 8; late night comedy workshop. Chipp Theatrix, performs twice nightly the same material at 10:30.

Marigny Theatre, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2655. July 19 through Aug. 25. Garden District, two Tennessee Williams plays, A Streetcar Named Desire, Nothing Unspeakable about the psychological mystery of one spinster by another (Strindberg did this the sort of thing much better in The Stronger; but never mind) and the inevitable Suddenly, Last Summer which deals with cannibalism, homosexuality, incest, repressed sexuality, inquest, repressed Poles, bad poetry, everything in fact that makes life worth living. Performances Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30, even, in studio.

Minascopeli's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Orleans, 809-7000. Through July 22, forsy Carats.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5405. Through Aug. 12. Annie, a musical comedy based on the exploits of
the altruisitc, little nagarmofflin who—drawn by Harold Gray—always looked like she was wearing poker chip monocles.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-8952. Wednesday through Mondays at 7:30, Old Mo'Time, which threatens to become New Orleans' answer to The Fantasticks, begins at 7:30.

Tulane, in the Arena Theatre, information at 865-5061. Fr & 22 through July 31. As You Like It, Shakespearean comedy of buffoons, usurpers and gender masquerade. At Dixon Hall, as part of the Summer Lyric Theatre, 1775, 522-7852. Wednesday through Monday at the Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-8952.

The FoU On The Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Drive, Houma, 851-8892.

The Fool On The Hill, 1000 Bridge, 318-332-9569.


The Big Apple, 910 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2262.

Calcutta, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-3366. 1/375.

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

Cincoy’s Landing and Bricktown, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.


Emporium, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-9577.

Enoch’s – A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9560.

The Fool On The Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Drive, Houma, 851-8892.

Fred’s, Misco, 318-469-5411.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-893-7057.

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

Harry’s Club, 517 Parkview, Breaux Bridge, 318-330-5869.

Honey’s, 822 Manhattan Blvd., Harvey, 318-868-5306.

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

Iron Horse, 403 Philip, Thibodaux, 1-447-9467.


Mulato’s, Breaux Bridge Highway, Breaux Bridge, 318-932-4648.

The Ol’ Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-932-9152.

Pam’s Place, Old Town, St. Simil.

Peppa Joe’s, 12375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-227-2371.

Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-235-5315.

The Town, Madison, Road Sindic, 1-464-8667.

Peppy’s, 1395 Ponking Rd., Baton Rouge, 381-0705.


Ruby’s Rendez-Vous, Highway 100 in Mandeville, 1-426-9603.

Ruby’s Road House, 840 Lamoure, Mandeville, 1-426-3001.

Rusty Nail, 549 E. King’s Highway, Mandeville, 1-429-7535.

Scarlett O’s, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-866-8742.

Steele’s Music Hall, Highway 31, St. Martinville, 318-334-3567.

Steak and Lobster Inn’s Fireside Pub, 820 E. King’s Highway, Shreveport, 318-368-3306.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7535.

Toby’s, 1303 Girard Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.
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7. Blues Tooth Mountain
8. Jazz Fest
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10. Zydeco Festival

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FRI. 6 - SAT. 7—Killer Bees
FRI. 13—Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets
SAT. 14—Radiators
FRI. 20—Radiators
SAT. 21—Beausoleil
FRI. 27—Exuma
SAT. 28—Good Wave
Tiptina's has closed its doors forever. Sorta. Or at least until December, after the Louisiana World Exposition closes its doors.

The plan to somehow move Tiptina's from the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Napoleon to the World's Fair site and/or the Federal Fiber Mills building is under consideration but doubtful.

Another plan, to load Tipitina's from the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Napoleon to the riverfront bar frequented by rednecks and roughnecks, exclusively Caucasian. Blacks were served through a hole in the wall and the Klan held monthly meetings in the bar's backroom.

The real problem at Tipitina's, more or less, was to operate a facility that compensated musicians fairly for their services. This is a nice idea but even jazz benefactor Rosy Wilson, who had millions, didn't have enough to treat musicians fairly forever. Sometimes, musicians—not to mention "geniuses" such as Professor Longhair and James Carroll Booker III—just don't draw.

Drevich did something the very next day by calling a meeting of his friends and laying the groundwork for Summa 2 4 U Corporation (adapted from Howard Hughes' Summa Corporation). The site for the corporation's new venture, the 501 Napoleon Club, was a riverfront bar frequented by rednecks and roughnecks, exclusively Caucasian. The building would be available to a new lessee in January and Tiptina's was born.

The mandate of the corporation, more or less, was to operate a facility that compensated musicians fairly for their services. It was an idea that even jazz benefactor Rosy Wilson, who had millions, didn't have enough to treat musicians fairly forever. Sometimes, musicians—not to mention "geniuses" such as Professor Longhair and James Carroll Booker III—just don't draw.

The real problem at Tiptina's, though, was business. Business at Tiptina's was a combination of homegrown anarchy, hippie transcendentalism, street smarts, Rastafarianism, voodoo, gumbo, idle threats and the literary tenets of Ishmael Reed. There were benefits for various musicians, benefits to buy a piano, benefits to buy air-conditioners, benefits to buy the building, more benefits to buy air-conditioners. The doorman's talents were critical and the all-time master of this field was the late Stanley John, a Trinidadian who occasionally accompanied Professor Longhair on the steel pan. A famous photograph of Stanley shows him eradicating a truck engine block in his bare arms.

The mark of a "mos' scocious" (as popularized by linguist Dr. John) evening at Tiptina's was spindrift, free-form gator-poppin' by young gentlemens (and very rarely, young ladies). Poppin' the gator is what Tiptina's was about: mimicking fornication on the dancefloor's dirty linoleum. The French, who gave us Voulaire and Brigitte Bardot, called such behavior "nostalgia for the mud," man's primal desire to grovel, to slip into a bear skin and head back to the cave.

In prehistoric days, we imagine, our early ancestors feasted on dinosaur files and generally whooped it up along the banks of the Mississippi River—perhaps on the exact spot that would one day become 501 Napoleon. We can hear our hairy uncles now, bellowing at the full moon, licking the blood from their lips: "Tra-la-la Tiptina Cheena Walla Woncha Doncha Chala Teena-nay?" It's the same old story.
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