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University of New Orleans

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SEPTEMBER 1984

CULTURAL HABITS

in LAFAYETTE SQUARE

More Brown Bag Concerts than ever—and they're all still free!

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11 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Join us every Wednesday in October and November at beautiful Lafayette Square for a new development in our Brown Bag series—Cultural Habs.

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Oct. 10 Tim Williams Country Band
Oct. 17 Johnny Repak Southerners' Orchestra
Oct. 24 Deacon John
Oct. 31 Lady BJ and Spectrum
Nov. 7 Dan Gibson and the New Orleans Jazz Band at Nov. 14 Nature
Nov. 21 Original Camellia Jazz Band
Nov. 28 Noel Kendrick and Company

PLUS, POSTERS and T-SHIRTS... AND IF YOU NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE NEXT FRAME, I'll EVEN GIVE YOU $20. OFF THIS STUFF!!

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YEARS, THOUSANDS OF THEM, HERE AT RECORD RON'S, AND I'VE GOT 6-TRACKS, 45 'S, AND 78'S, AND IF YOU NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THE NEXT FRAME, I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU $20 OFF THIS STUFF!!

Sponsored by the Downtown Development District and the Arts Council of New Orleans in cooperation with the City of New Orleans, the Recording Industries, the Musicians' Union and the Louisiana State Arts Council, Division of the Arts.

Brown Bag CONCERTS Fall 1984

1ST WEEK DUNCAN PLAZA
Sept. 10 The Aubrey Twins (this concert sponsored in part by the French Market Corporation)
Sept. 11 Original Crescent City Jazz Band
Sept. 12 Ellyna Tarum's Second Liners
Sept. 13 Shepherd Reggae Band
Sept. 21 Bandillo Latin Band

2ND WEEK DUNCAN PLAZA
Sept. 17 Raymond A. Myers Singers
Sept. 18 Woodshed
Sept. 19 Gospel Express
Sept. 20 Original Dixieland Jazz Band
Sept. 21 Beausoleil

3RD WEEK VARIOUS LOCATIONS
* Sept. 24 1515 POYDRAS Alex Coulange Trio
NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC LIBRARY
Rachel Van Voorhees, New Orleans Symphony Harpist
Sept. 25 ENERGY CENTRE
Bruce Daigrepont and the Bourre Cajun Band
* Sept. 26 HALE BOOGIE MALL Jazz Pompoms
NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC LIBRARY

Yvette, poor Chaka and Chink, comedy team
Sept. 27 BOARD OF TRADE CENTER
ON MAGAZINE
Allegro, folk music

* Sept. 28 LAFAYETTE SQUARE
The Unruchables, Rhythm and Blues Band
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
"Louisiana Video" with Stevenson Polli

* Two Locations Per Day

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THE ARTS OF NEW ORLEANS

SATURDAY FESTIVALS

12 noon to 4 p.m. Now Saturday shopping downtown with the family can include a visit to Lafayette Square and some of the best music in New Orleans.

Sept. 29 Jazz Awareness Festival
Oct. 27 Rhythm and Blues Festival
Dec. 1 Christmas Celebration

All these lunch-time concerts are FREE and open to the public.
Schizophrenic Rockers

From a lonely motel room in Arizona, Red Rockers bassist/spokesman Darren Hill called in mid-August to report that the band's third album, Schizophrenic Circus, would be in the nation's record stores by the time you read this. The Rockers spent most of August touring the Southwest with the Go-Go's and preceding their own year-long worldwide tour (which will include the band's first European and Japanese appearances), the Red Rockers plan a series of American dates with the Go-Go's and preceding their third album, as much of a change from the last one as was the first. We got a really big sound on this one, a lot bigger than on the first. We used a really big room at the Record Plant. That has a lot to do with the drum sound. It's a really hard room—all wood.

On re-recording 'Eve of Destruction,' Barry McGuire's 1965 Number One hit: "Well, we were just sitting around the studio and we needed to do another song. Originally, it was just going to be a B-side for a single. We recorded tons of songs—Beatles songs, Dylan songs. 'Eve of Destruction' just came out the best so we spent a lot of time working on it. I got done, it turned out better than anything else on the album. We did kind of a Byrds arrangement of it. It was real interesting because [vocalist] John [Griffith] had never even heard the song before. We were afraid of actually doing it because we didn't know what people thought of it back then—if it was a real serious record to people or if they kind of laughed it off. The words are still pretty relevant today and we changed a lot of the verses—rewrote new words for it.

The album title: "It's taken from a line in one of our songs—It summed up what we thought about the world at the moment. You wouldn't believe how much grief CBS gave us about it. I think they just couldn't spell it. They didn't think it was good.

"We did an unusual album cover shoot and CBS didn't like that, either. We did a double-sided album cover. We set up a circus scene—an 1800's-type circus on a beach in Slovenia. We did one shot where we were in these really weird-looking antique circus costumes.

Then on the other side, it's the same shot—only we're standing there in regular clothes. One shot is upside-down so that when you flip the album, you can't tell which side is the front and which is the back. CBS is doing it but we had a battle with them over it.

The future: "We're really looking forward to this year. I think this is going to be the year. I feel really confident about this album.

Shawn Peddock, the new guitarist: "He was a friend of ours from Algiers. We all grew up in the same neighborhood. He was playing guitar long before we even thought about playing so when we got rid of James [Singleton], Shawn was the logical choice for the replacement.

Message to New Orleans: "I don't know. It's been so long since we've been back there, I wonder if people remember us."

—Bunny Matthews

Normally Acoustic

David Normal, formerly of the Normals and known to family and loved ones as David Brewton, played a recent comeback gig at—you guessed it —The Penny Post. No slamdancers were to be seen, however, amidst the fluttering candles, incense, and scattered pillows. David played an acoustic set (no electric guitars are allowed on the premises) of some of his favorite '60s songs as well as many of the Normals' greats, such as "Around the Downtown" and "Philosophy." Joining him for a bit of harmonizing was ex-Normal Chris Luckett and friends Vance DeGeneres, Kevin Radecker, and Rick Polizzi.

Mr. Normal has recently returned to music after a somewhat extended Sabatical to contemplate religious mysteries and explore a normal kind of life. As for the future, the Normals are not getting back together, but David is releasing a 45 in September and a new band is on the drawing board.

—Allison Brandin

Europe goes To War

Even though 1984 has been a banner year for the European R&B album manufacturers, next year looks to be even better. The year 1985 could see a "war" between the big independents: Ace, Charly, Demon-Edsel, Flyright and Pathe Marconi.

Ace Records proxy Ted Carroll recently visited these shores and left with a parcel of sides from the American Ace label Starday, Doo Wop, and R&B sides, featuring such bands as Bunny Shuler's Goldband sides (22 albums' worth!) and are in the process of compiling many of the classic Atlantic and Vee Jay sides, including tracks from the recently reissued Goldband sides.

Meanwhile, Flyright is continuing to unearth classic South Louisiana material from J.D. Miller's vaults, with hopes that the original Excello sides will soon be available for reissuing.

It looks like 1985 will be great for the record collector but hard on the bank account.

—Almost Slim
Second to Mardi Gras as a major celebration in the state is Festivals Acadiens, a comprehensive carnifex happening in Lafayette during the weekend of September 15-16. Good Rockin’ Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters will help kick off this year’s festivities at the Downtown Reawakening Street Dance and Fais Do Do on Friday September 14 from 4:30 til 8 p.m. More than 75,000 are expected in the Hub City to celebrate important aspects of Cajun culture. Below is a brief description of each event; for more information, call Beverly Corbell at 232-3737:

Girard Park is the setting for over eight hours of Cajun music on both Saturday and Sunday. The music segment of the festival, dedicated this year to young musicians who have helped further Cajun music as an expression of Cajun culture, will celebrate its tenth anniversary with such bands as Rockin’ Dopsie and the Twisters, Beausoleil, Hadley Castille and the Cajun Brass, Wayne Toups and the Crowley Aces, File, Bourre, Belton Richard, and Dewey Balfa and the Balfa Brotherhood. And according to music chairman Barry Ancelet, 25-foot link of boudin! The highlight of this year’s Native Crafts Festival, held as usual at the Lafayette Natural History Museum, should be the exhibit, “Travaille C’et C’est Trop Dur: The Tools of Cajun Music.” From 11:00 til 6 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday at the Lafayette Municipal Auditorium, the Bayou Food Fest will offer the mouth-watering cuisine of over 30 local restaurants, caterers and area chefs. A $5 admission charge includes $3 in food tickets.

—Les White

Festivals Acadiens: 75,000 Cajuns and would-be Cajuns.

“This is not the complete line-up; we’re still working on some key people, a group from Quebec for one.”

The Jaycees Acadiana Fair and Trade Show will open the festival proper on September 13 with the cutting of a 25-foot link of boudin! The highlight of this year’s Native Crafts Festival, held as usual at the Lafayette Natural History Museum, should be the exhibit, “Travaille C’et C’est Trop Dur: The Tools of Cajun Music.” From 11:00 til 6 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday at the Lafayette Municipal Auditorium, the Bayou Food Fest will offer the mouth-watering cuisine of over 30 local restaurants, caterers and area chefs. A $5 admission charge includes $3 in food tickets.

—Les White

CHESS MASTERS
ON SPECIAL SALE

$3.99 EACH LP

Howlin’ Wolf, Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley
The Super Super Blues Band

Sonny Stitt
At D.J. Lounge

Chess Sisters of Soul,
Vol. I

977-5015
Take Off Your Shoes

"Everybody get on your feet, You make me nervous when you're in your seat."

Of course everyone from Dryades Street to Canal Boulevard remembers Robert Parker singing that phrase in the summer of 1966 in his "Barefootin'". Previous to the hit, Parker was best known as a journeyman saxophonist who was in retrospect perhaps best known for his work with Professor Longhair. Parker's record on the NOLA label brought bright lights to the local record industry during the mid-Sixties, as it went to number two in the national R&B charts and 37 in the pop charts. Parker followed with a small hit "Tip-Toe," and a fine Otis Redding-influenced LP (of course entitled Barefootin') which has become a real collector's item. Robert doesn't perform too much these days, preferring to save himself for special occasions like the Jazz Fest and other selective engagements.

—Almost Slim

RHYTHMIC

Bush League

The casual listener to African pop might not be aware that records are being made in South Africa. South African musicians are subject to so many recording and performing restrictions under apartheid rule that any recording efforts by them can be viewed as an expression or resistance against the government, yet recording is going on. A few of these records are making it to the States. Although the handful that have reached New Orleans record stores haven't made much of a splash, a recent release should do more than any other to introduce the South African sound in this country. The album is Techno-Bush by South African trumpet flugelhorn player Hugh Masakela. Recorded in Gaborone, Botswana, this is Masakela's first roots record, featuring South African musicians playing South African music. Predominant on the new album is a style called mbaqanga, a jerky, bass heavy sound that begs for the state-of-the-art production techniques it is given on this recording. The mbaqanga style was created around the 1940s when South African musicians began to combine their zulu rhythms with the jazz music that was becoming so popular. Mbaqanga can be played with a rock group lineup: guitar, bass, organ and trap drums. Unlike the other African music that we've heard in New Orleans (Sonny Okosun's funk/highlife/oziddi sound and King Sunny Ade's smooth, rhythmic juju music), the mbaqanga sound is not rhythmically complex; in fact, the drummer does little more than keep the beat. The bass player is the one who really jumps, laying on one of the melody lines as the other musicians echo, the guitar player does pretty much the same thing in a higher register. The jazzy music is prettied up a bit by full chords on the organ and by the vocalists' rich harmonies.

On Techno-Bush, in addition to the mbaqanga cuts, the band goes through other rhythms and styles as well, from a high energy medley called "The Seven Riffs of Africa" to a multiple influenced, infectious tune called "Getting Fat in Africa." Those who are familiar with Masakela's two earlier attempts at African roots music with a Ghanaian band called Hedzolleh Soundz have been eagerly awaiting more, and this new album, with the exception of a couple of throw away cuts, lives up to expectations. Masakela persuaded the record label, Jive, to set up a mobile recording studio on the outskirts of Gaborone, allowing one of the first high quality recordings of mbaqanga to be made, and hopefully also acting as a catalyst for further recordings by the local musicians. The band on Techno-Bush was drawn from the cream of the crop of South African musicians, including some members of the Soul Brothers, a South African band able to sell 250,000 copies of its records. The one musician on the album not from South Africa is Gaspar Lawal, the excellent percussionist from Nigeria who plays various hand drums on the album.
The details of Masakela’s career show him leaving South Africa shortly after the Sharpeville massacre in 1961. Pursuing a jazz career, he moved further and further away from home, but Vegas type resort located in lost his ties to the homeland. He spoke out against apartheid at every opportunity during the Sixties and Seventies, although he seems to have mellowed a bit now, at least verbally. In an article recently in New Musical Express, Masakela expressed his feelings on the U.N.’s cultural boycott of South Africa. “Why should the pressure be on artists alone, just

really that it makes no difference... nobody really gives a shit about South Africa so long as they’re making money out of it.”

Due to the restricted rights of blacks in South Africa, recording sessions must be arranged at times when there are no conflicts with curfews, work schedules, etc. Obviously, this isn't conducive to stimulating a booming recording industry, and consequently there are few records being made in South Africa that are available here in the U.S., especially New Orleans.

Presently in many record stores around town is an interesting anthology entitled Rythmes of Resistance, a soundtrack album released by Shanachie. Quite a few bands are featured on this disc, representing many different South African musical styles. Those who want to hear more mbaqanga sounds can listen to the tracks on this album by the Mahotella Queens and Abafana Baseqhudeni. Another easily available album featuring all mbaqanga is an Earthworks release called Zulu Jive-Umbaqanga, another compilation featuring several different groups. Recording quality is excellent on this one, and it would make a good follow-up for anyone whose interest in mbaqanga is raised by the Masakela album. Music From Soweto is a raw, but interesting compilation that shows up occasionally around town, also. Recorded in 1982, this one is a mixture of kicking instrumentals and rich acappella vocal songs, “Jane” and “Indoda” by the New Lucky Boys stand out especially.

The Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are hard to find but well worth the search. A soca/highlife cut by Jewel Ackah and the Spiritual Train Express called “Epitipiti” is really a great dance tune in an Afro-Caribbean style. And a disco-ish highlife cut by Orchestra Jazira will have you singing along to the English lyrics of their hit called “Sanabo.” Both records are available through mail order African record shops.
Finding the pulse of the New Orleans music scene gets more difficult with each passing new band. Fresh, new blood is in demand but rarely survives the perpetual circulation and the leeches. The club owners complain that they don’t make money. Local musicians don’t make money period. Radio and record companies can’t take very many risks with the money they do have, and they’re hog-tied to safeties. The marketplace continues to dwindle and fewer people are spending their hard-earned paychecks on entertainment. Without even daring to claim to be able to put the brakes on a vicious cycle, take into consideration, if you will, a viable and valuable untapped resource with the healthiest of corpsuses, The Teenagers.

Teenagers are perhaps the minority the music business has neglected in its search for profits. However, in one, at least, I predict the New Orleans teenage society will come of age with its own choices of music and entertainment that will change the course of our rapidly declining industry. Teenagers are once again strolling, strutting their identity with the re-emergence of the Teen Club.

Karin Berg, director, East Coast A & R for Warner Brothers, suggested back in December of 1982 in an article called “The Live Music Antedote” published in Musician magazine that “Until the center of gravity shifts again to live performances, we can’t develop a new, viable foundation for the genre of popular music. The excitement of music and, more importantly, the excitement of discovering that music, is in first seeing and hearing it live.” Throughout her article, which ran in conjunction with one called “The Failure of Corporate Rock,” she stressed the importance of the younger audience, the kids, and pointed to society’s lack of developing that ever-present potent element. Kids today “seem to concentrate on the musically predictable bands that come out of the arena circuit and show little inclination to drink age to go to hear music is older, while the younger audience, i.e., teenagers, largely seem to be musically predictable bands. "The only place for those under drinking age to go to hear music is the stadium or arena. Small wonder their favorite bands are Kiss, Journey, Foreigner, Styx, etc.”

At one time, ‘Rando’s’ operated as a real bar, and the club still reflects the earlier business operation; the U-shaped bar and stools are still there along with the dance floor and live d.j.’s and mirror ball. Rando’s is not in the best of shape inside, but the kids certainly don’t mind and take a great deal of pride in having their own place. The shopping center that houses Rando’s seems to belong to the kids, too. The theatre, the pizza restaurant, the ice cream parlor . . . the kids are the ones who support them. Literally, it’s their own little world.

The owners are Anne Perigoni and Pete Rando, who know practically all their patrons . Perigoni is planning to continue this practice of giving what she dubbed “their own private concerts.” She went into vivid description of the heavy metal band Bactus, Dea Vult, and concluded that “kids want to see a show.” The Chalmette cable company, Group W, filmed the concert for their small market cable channel. In turn, the band presented the club with a plaque of appreciation to hang over the bar.

The eighteen-year-old proprietor of Kenner’s premier teen night spot Chaze’s Palace, Charlie Gandolfi, Jr., fresh from the cap-and-gown routine at Brother Martin High, “I’m one of them.” But he adds, “I’m one of them.” Charlie Gandolfi, Jr., fresh from the cap-and-gown routine at Brother Martin High was featured as a “businessman’s dynasty” in an article by James Terrebonne. The band presented the club with a plaque of appreciation to hang over the bar.

The eighty-year-old proprietor of Kenner’s premier teen night club; The Oasis, located on Belle Chasse Highway and is a development that’s a realusher for the kids. It was created, “because the kids have no where to go,” as club manager Chip Moorehead said. Housed in a retired restaurant, The Oasis seems to be the largest of the three clubs mentioned, and it’s packed every weekend since it opened on August 2. Outside, the parking lot is policed by the real thing . . . who love the club because it keeps the kids off the street.

Inside, The Oasis offers a lot of space for dancing, a live d.j., a small game room, some junk food and a nice low-lights area with tables and chairs where the kids can relax, eat, and talk. CHIP mentioned that the club offers the kids “a place where they can have an adult-ish evening . . . if anything the club is training them to become adults and accept adult responsibilities.” “Responsibilities” include making money. “Kids are finding ways they can make money to come here doing odd jobs,” et cetera.

While I was informed me that “there are kids creating dough here from Empire . . . because there just is no where for them to go.” The Oasis is just getting started, but Moorehead indicated that there would be school dances coming up . . . perhaps with bands.

Teenage Scene . . . the next frontier.
In the Studio...

Frank Sinatra is at the Village Recorders in West Hollywood, CA recording tracks for a forthcoming album which is being produced by Quincy Jones. Elliott Scheiner is working, with assistance from Cliff Townes. Two jazz greats are also at the studio. George Benson is in with producer Russ Titelman and Jean-Luc Ponty is cutting tracks for his new record. Gary Ladin is engineering the Benson project and Peter Kelsey the Ponty record. Jay Willis is assistant engineer for both. Ace producer Mike Chapman is also at the Village recording Holly Knight. Manhattan Transfer have their own self-produced project underway. Work is also being done on a Marvin Gaye live album. It is being produced by Harvey Fuqua and engineered by Steve Hirsch. Herbie Hancock was at Manhattan's Evergreen recording recently, working on his new CBS project. Material stalwart Bill Laswell was in the producer's chair and Rob Stevens engineered. Stevens also worked with Lottie Golden and Richard Scher on a special remixed version of Nina Hagen's single "Zarah." Tom Scott is the composer and producer of some music for the Showtime production of "Cats on a Hot Tin Roof." Scott is recording the soundtrack at Hollywood's Rusk Sound. The studio also hosted DJ Russ Parr who was mixing a scratch rap single for Uncle Jam and Polygram artists Darwin, who were recording with engineer Gabe Vettii. Studio owner Canepari is engineering an EP for local favorites Zeron and Jan Rooney—yes, Mickey's wife—is doing some recording with engineer Chuck Britz. The Plant Studios in San Francisco has Survivor recording their forthcoming LP for Scotti Brothers Records. Ron Nevins is producing and engineering with assistant Kevin Eddy. Meanwhile Nth Degree Video (the people responsible for the Jefferson Starship's "No Way Out" clip) are preparing tracks for three separate video projects for the Sticker Band, Babatunde and Addie. The producers involved are Mark Springer and Wayne Wallace, along with engineers Karl Dierker and Rick Sanchez.

Top of the Charts

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<th>No.</th>
<th>Albums</th>
<th>Singles</th>
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<td>1</td>
<td>Born in the USA</td>
<td>&quot;When Doves Cry&quot;</td>
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<td>(Columbia)</td>
<td>(Warner Bros.)</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Heartbeat City</td>
<td>&quot;Ghosts &amp; Goblins&quot;</td>
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<td>(Elektra)</td>
<td>Ray Parker Jr.</td>
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<td>No Breaks</td>
<td>&quot;State of Shock&quot;</td>
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<td>John Wolfe (EMI)</td>
<td>Jacksons</td>
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<td>Signs of Life</td>
<td>&quot;Shattered&quot;</td>
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<td>Billy Squier (Capitol)</td>
<td>&quot;Knock You Down&quot;</td>
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<td>Warrior</td>
<td>&quot;Sad Songs&quot;</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Scandal (Columbia)</td>
<td>Elton John</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Purple Rain</td>
<td>&quot;What's Love Got to Do with It&quot;</td>
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<td>Prince (Warner Bros.)</td>
<td>Tina Turner</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Sports</td>
<td>&quot;I Can Dream About You&quot;</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Harry Lewis &amp; The News</td>
<td>(Columbia)</td>
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<td>(Chrysalis)</td>
<td>Dan Hartman</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Nuclear Furniture</td>
<td>&quot;Paranoid&quot;</td>
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<td>Jefferson Starship (RCA)</td>
<td>Van Halen</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Lights Out</td>
<td>&quot;Murderer&quot;</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Peter Wolf (EMI)</td>
<td>&quot;When It's Over&quot;</td>
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<td>(Warner Bros.)</td>
<td>Hooters</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>The All Nighter</td>
<td>&quot;If This Is Love&quot;</td>
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<td>(Columbia)</td>
<td>Hooters &amp; The News</td>
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Personal Favorites


Critics' Choice

Lain Blair on David Gilmour Beyond Pink Floyd

Best known for his work with the reducive supergroup, Pink Floyd guitarist, Dave Gilmour has stepped into the light with his first solo tour. And given that band's almost obsessive attention to sound and experimentation with the cutting edge of recording techniques and electronics, it was no surprise to find Gilmour's post-Pink Floyd efforts to be much along the same lines—high on high-tech, and low on personality. With a stage set that emphasized dramatic lighting, and backed by a band of stellar musicians, Gilmour served up a variety of songs and instrumental stuff that centered on his impressive yet always bumbling guitar work, while showcasing state-of-the-art aural effects.

Much of the material, from his first solo album and the recent "About Face," LP, consisted of fairly predictable Floyd-type grooves, slow and earnest, And in keeping with his heritage, Gilmour maintained a low profile for most of the evening, only occasionally venturing out for a guitar solo or extended jam-surfing match with second guitarist Mick Ralphs. Consequently, the leap into the audience by sax-wielding Raphael Ravenscroft probably elicited the biggest cheer of the evening next to the predictable roar that greeted an inspired version of Floyd's "Money." The band, which also featured Chris Slade on drums, Mickey Feat on bass, Greg Dechart on keyboards and Jodi Linscott on percussion, sounded impressive all night, and particularly so on an extended version of "Blue Light" that featured an exciting drum/percussion battle between Slade and Linscott. An enjoyable, if uneventful, evening from an artist who, obviously knowing his limitations, wisely decided to concentrate on his very evident strengths as a guitarist.

On Tour...

After returning from some dates in Germany in mid-August, Greg Kihn and his band Have been traveling to various cities in the USA to support his ninth album, Kilmta-yan. Videos for his songs "Reunited" and "Worst That Could Happen" are getting healthy airplay on MTV, laying the groundwork for live shows.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to WTBS' "Night Tracks:" "Dancing in the Dark" Bruce Springsteen (Columbia) "Go Lightly" Lindsey Buckingham (Elektra-A&M) "Dynamo" Jermaine Jackson (Arista) "When You Close Your Eyes" Night Ranger (MCA) "I Can Dream About You" Dan Hartman (MCA) "Let's Go Crazy" Prince & The Revolution (Warner Bros.) "If This Is It" Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis) "Missing You" John Waite (EMI) "Sexy Girl" Glenn Frey (MCA) "Sunglasses At Night" Corey Hart (Epic) "Leave a Tender Moment Alone" Billy Joel (Columbia) "What's Love Got to Do with It" Tina Turner (Capitol) "I'm Free" Kenny Loggins (Columbia) "Cruel Summer" Bananarama (Polygram) "We're Not Gonna Take It" Twisted Sister (Atlantic) "Round & Round" Ratt (Atlantic) "The More You Live, the More You Love" A Flock of Seagulls (Arista) "Back Where I Started" Box of Frogs (Epic) "Sound of the Rain" Rank & File (Slash) "Mind My Have Still i" What Is This (MCA)

Frankly Indulgent

In the five years since his arrival from Texas, Frank Bailey has established (with partner Liz Page) two successful restaurants (Indulgence and the Creole Bistro, also formerly known as Indulgence), masterminded a catering business (Indulgence Caterers) and written a weekly food column in the Times-Picayune's Dixie magazine that is perhaps the most widely-read culinary feature in Louisiana. The main thing he misses when he's away from New Orleans, says Bailey, is our strong coffee. Over several cups of same one August morning, Bailey discussed food, culture and blood.

Did you start cooking when you were a boy?

No, I was in college and suddenly realized that I liked food that was a whole lot better than what I could afford to buy. I realized that I could afford to go to the grocery store and buy the raw materials and put them together the way I really wanted them to be.

I had cooked a little bit but not much. I wasn't that interested in cooking—I was just real interested in eating—and eating in dormitories and fraternity houses just didn't quite do what I wanted it to. So I got Julia Child and The Joy of Cooking and started playing with it. Then I decided I really liked cooking because I really liked eating.

At the time, I enjoyed drinking wine and I was good at that, but I was still not interested in cooking. People would drink Swizzle and that was about it. Swizzle was a pop wine—I guess it was the first pop wine. It was a fizzy, grapey, purple thing—it was disgusting. When I cooked dinner, I would get a bottle of what I thought was nice pop wine.

I started cooking and studying the subject, reading everything I could get my hands on and traveling and talking my way into kitchens—asking how they did this and that. I traveled through Mexico, Europe, the United States, Canada—all over. I worked with a chef one winter in New Mexico at a ski resort. I'd ski in the day and work with him at night. He was a European-trained, very accomplished chef. I learned some classic techniques from him, took what I knew and made a more disciplined talent out of it.

I continued to study material and to read and to travel and tried to learn as much as I could about as many different types of cooking as was possible, tried to forge my own ideas of what cooking ought to be.

I ended up in the restaurant business 12 years ago in Dallas, at a restaurant that still exists (the Grape), I was the chef for a couple of years and then I sold it to my partners and started writing for D magazine and Texas Monthly, then the Times-Picayune. I continue to write for different people, cook and study the subject. I really enjoy it. If I'm not cooking, I'm eating and if I'm not eating, I'm thinking about what I'm going to cook or eat. I love to travel and what do you mean 'you like it or not'? I love to travel and what do you really need when you're eating and what do you really need when you're eating? The most complete guide to New Orleans entertainment.

For Listings that really tell you something.

Wavelength

The most complete guide to New Orleans entertainment.
Frank Bailey: 'If I'm not cooking, I'm eating and if I'm not eating, I'm thinking about what I'm going to cook or eat.'

complimentary. Serve it in the proper condition and get going.

When you were a kid in Texas, was your mother a good cook?

We ate well. I didn't know until I got away from home how well we in fact ate when I was growing up. We had a maid who was a good cook, my mother was a good cook. At the time, it was unusual in that we drank wine with meals on special occasions—we weren't so European that we had wine everyday. I found that other people in Texas didn't drink wine at meals—you had a bourbon-and-branch-water or two before dinner and that was it. You drank iced tea or water with the meal.

I began to see that there were more ways to go at food than just playing the hand that was dealt you. And I'm still finding that out all the time.

I have a real good relationship with Nicholls State University and I went down there this summer to do lectures on cuisine and culture, specifically Louisiana food and culture and how they effect each other. It was a summer professional improvement program for teachers from Lafourche and Terrebonne parishes. There were about 100 people in each class and there were three classes: one in Central Lafourche, one in South Terrebonne and one at Nicholls State in Thibodaux. Everybody brought a dish to the last class. I gave a little lecture and then we all ate this food and visited.

In the course of a week, I ate 300 home-cooked Cajun dishes. That's where these folks are from, that's what they are and that was part of the thrust of the lectures. I thought that was unique to be able to taste 300 home-cooked dishes from an isolated culture in a short time. The differences were amazing to me. I found that things that people brought from Central Lafourche were different from what they brought in South Terrebonne and it's not 35 miles apart. The seasonings were different, the types of things they put together were different.

You read in national magazines about Creole-Cajun cooking—they just lump it all together. Not only is there not a Creole-Cajun but there are different ideas and different variations of Creole and Cajun. The things you eat in Mamou or Ville Platte will be much different from the things you eat in Galliano or Houma.

How many other states have such diversity?

Not many have as vivid a culture but because America grew the way it did, there's more diversity than you think. In Texas, you just think it's Tex-Mex food and barbecue but it doesn't work that way. There's one little town in central Texas that's Alsatian. All the people who are there came from Alsace 150 years ago. There's a couple of different German settlements, all in the central Texas area. The Latin influence is tremendous. Barbecue in east Texas is much different from barbecue in central Texas.

Are there some unknown Louisiana dishes out there?

Sure. There's lots of them. Tasso is a big deal now. The reason that tasso's big is because Paul Prudhomme started using it and he uses the tasso as it's made around Opelousas, where he grew up. Tasso is different in different places. Down in South Terrebonne, they used to make a tasso poisson—a dried-fish tasso. You get things like that which people either don't know about or have forgotten.
Boudin is rice dressing with pork but there's also a boudin rouge that's closer to the French boudin. It's only made in homes for the most part because it's made with blood. To make things with blood for retail sales, you have to have tremendous supervision from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Most people can't afford to have a USDA inspector to deal with it and to do all the things that they require. There are temperature variations—you have to bring it up and then bring it down. Blood's volatile. So you don't see much boudin rouge.

What's so great about eating blood?

Well, blood's got flavor and it's also a natural thickener. Blood sausage is part of a lot of cultures—the French, the Italian, the German, the Spanish—even in England, in blood pudding. Blood is the classic thickener for certain stews, like rabbit and hare preparations.

Would you like to do a cookbook now?

Yes, I certainly would. I have, in effect, over the last several years, written most of a cookbook—certainly the recipe portions—and I'd like to put those into book form so everybody doesn't have to keep saving all those Dixies, although they like to. It's nice because they can have my recipes on one side of the page and they can flip over and see Vic and Nat's.

Do you go out and eat a lot?

I don't have time really. Restaurant people are supportive of each other—we go to each other's places as much as we can but it's really hard. I've got Sundays off—that's it. It seems like we're having quite a renaissance of restaurants in New Orleans.

Sure. Absolutely—and good quality. There's a lot of good ones and that means that the next ones that come in will be good, too, because they'll be afraid not to be good because they won't succeed. Location's very important but people in New Orleans will drive a little further to get something that's good.

It also seems that the new restaurants are much more adventurous than the traditional New Orleans places.

Well, we're thinking more about what we're doing. You can't just say, "People expect to have trout Meuniere so let's go fry some trout." We don't do that. If somebody wants trout Meuniere, you can get some great trout Meuniere in places that have been doing it for a long time. There's no reason to open another place like that.

You can't open a new place to compete with the places that have been here for a hundred years. Why would somebody go to a brand new restaurant for trout Meuniere when they can go get trout Meuniere as prepared by Galatoire's, Arnaud's or Antoine's? Those are comfortable, neat old places with great ambience. You can't just build one of those. It has to develop.

People are looking for more food experiences and I think the marketplace will have to provide them with that, as well as the old experiences.

Do you eat po-boys?

If I'm going to get one, I'll generally go down to Parasol's because it's close but I don't eat sandwiches very often. I'm never in a hurry when I eat. I'd rather not eat than eat in a hurry because I want something more out of the eating experience than just food.

What's the origin of the name Indulgence? It doesn't have anything to do with Catholicism, does it?

No, I was having lunch with my lawyer—one of those Galatoire's lunches where you eat for a couple of hours. We were talking about setting up the corporation to do the catering and he was taking down the information. As lunch came to an end and we were finishing with a demitasse, he said, "Okay, this is great—we've got everything we need except a name. What are you going to call it?" I looked around Galatoire's and the people were attractive and we were feeling no pain and it had been a very lovely experience and I just said, "Call the son of a bitch Indulgence."

DINETTE’S BEST BETS

A random sampling of diners was asked to recall the best thing they'd had to eat during the last month:

Martty Schwartz, architect: "The paella I had in Barcelona—it had sausage, chicken, beef and shrimp and, as a friend pointed out, jambalaya is a sort of poor man's paella. By the way, in the Spanish McDonald's, they now have McPollo."

Margaret Orr, TV personality: "The best thing I tasted during the last month was Eggs Buyou City, which Marc Farchil of the Sheraton cooked one morning on The Breakfast Edition and I later cooked at home. It's a crawfish patty with a poached egg and crawfish sauce. I also love the cereal I have every day—shredded wheat, granola and fresh fruit."

Bruce Gold, magician: "Aside from the dinner my girlfriend cooked for me, I was very impressed with the chicken Rene, the blackened redfish, the stuffed mushrooms and the coconut shrimp appetizer at Copeland's."

Diana Dees, public relations woman: "Redfish en brochette at Bouligny."

Carlos Boll, philosopher: "Ceviche and Camarones a la Plancha at Las Mananitas in Cuernavaca, Mexico."

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Hi boys and girls! You wonder what I been up to? "How come no speaker, Zeke?" Well, I was with a medicine show for a while, but I'm cured of that now. But let's not quibble about the past, it's disappearing fast. And before the entire culture totally disposes of itself, let's see what moments of shaklacked pleasure we can cling to.

The most satisfying LP I've come across in some time is "Cidade Coracao" (Brazilian EMI 3IC 064 422 929) by the brilliant Brazilian multi-instrumentalist Egberto Gismonti. Those familiar with his more meditative and austere American recordings on the ECM label will be blown out by the verve and festiveness of this LP.

One selection seques in to the next (one side is "Day" the other is "Night"), each cut offering a different mood and character, from the floozy "Dancin' Pizzolla" to the wistful "Ruth" (shades of Nino Rota!). In addition, Egberto is trying his hand at electronic keyboards and he's putting out some remarkable sounds. Hard to get this one off my turntable.

Polydor's been releasing volume after volume in the neverending story of James Brown. My favorite is "Ain't That A Groove" (821 231 Y1), which covers the years 1966 to '69. And what a groove it is! You got your "Don't Be A Dropout" (echoes of late Fifties N'Awlin's 45's!). You got your big band grooves: "Bring It Up" and the title track. And you also got some hard-to-find humungous funk-ups like "Licking Stick" and "I Can't Stand Myself," the latter which features an all-white band. This is low-lead stuff. This is the high octane. Bernie Odum's bass line in "Get It Together" is so funky, it defies you to get it together.

The long-awaited solo album by David Sylvian, "Brilliant Trees" (Virgin LTD-V2290), is a real treat. Sylvian spearheaded his group Japan through the most refreshing synth-funk to come out of Britain in the early Eighties. "Pulling Punches" and "Red Guitar" harken back to the funk of his former group. The remainder of the album displays a more subtle, jazzy touch, utilizing acoustic guitar, trumpet, even double-bass on one cut.

Finally, there's some live albums of interest lapping up on these shores via England. Just out over here is "Such A Night" (Spindrift 107) by our own physician-rarely-in-residence, Dr. John. This LP, recorded live in London, catches doc solo and doc backed by the irresistible Big group, Diz and the Doomen. Don't be dismayed by the familiarity of the song titles; the good doctor has souped up the arrangements, de-ranged the lyrics, and generally rejuvenated the songs with his special humor and energy. "Juno's Partner" and "Tipitina" are standout tracks.

Meanwhile, Live At The Grand Opera House Belfast (Mercury MERL 36) features Van Morrison with the big group who helped him on last year's "Inarticulate Speech" LP. While I would have loved to hear this spectacular group cut loose on some of Van's earlier material, what they do to his recent stuff is amazing, adding a vibrancy and luster missing from the original versions. This is a monster ensemble, from the soaring voices of the female chorus' handling of the melodic chores in portions of the old standard "It's All In The Game," to Pee Wee Ellis' riveting solo on "Haunts," to the excellent work of the rhythm section throughout (how does bassist David Hayes slip and slide around the bottom and yet remain so ON?). As always, I'm deeply in awe of Van's passion. Check out the picture of the Belfast Opera House on the album's cover. Now, couldn't you get down in a building like that?

I just noted: almost all of the above records are imports. Does that tell you anything?

The Makers of Cajun Music
Musiciens cadiens et créoles

Text by BARRY JEAN ANCELET
Photographs by ELEMORE MORGAN, JR.
Foreword by RALPH RINZLER

The first book of its kind, The Makers of Cajun Music presents lively and authoritative portraits of the most popular Cajun and Creole musicians today. Included are ballad singers and old-time fiddlers, masters of zydeco and members of modern dance bands—the performers who, in their own words, tell of the soul of the Cajun heartland—its music.

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University of Texas Press
FRONT ROW

FASHION

In terms of sheer fanaticism, what's the difference between teenage Islamic suicide squads and the little girls in Spandex who line up to see the Models? Well, not much...except the clothes.

ALLISON BRANDIN ventured into the streets of New Orleans to find out what music fans are wearing and why. Her ultimate conclusion: 'These people are cooler by a mile than any jerk who pays hundreds for a stale copy of the street look.'

lillian axe

DICKIE ELLIS, AGE 16, JUNIOR AT JOHN CURTIS HIGH.
KEITH LEE, AGE 15, SOPHOMORE AT EAST JEFFERSON.
A.J. CARUSO, AGE 16, JUNIOR AT JOHN CURTIS HIGH.

What we love about the band... it's the power and the high screams and the guitars. It's nothing that you'd get in Culture Club, it's nothing that you'd want to go to sleep to. No dancing, just head banging.

Steve the guitarist is our favorite. He's great, a great guy, and a great guitar teacher. [About the makeup the band wears:] They may look like girls on stage but not when they're just walking around, like new wave groups. We go see them as often as possible. We may be underage, but we find a way. We all want to be heavy metal guitarists... they call us heavy metal punks.

Our favorite songs are "Rebirth," "Try to Stop Me Now," and "Axe Attack." We've seen 'em in Biloxi, and when they opened for Zebra and Night Ranger. Steve is the greatest guitarist in the world; watch out Eddie Van Halen! [On Satanic worship:] All the heavy metal bands go through it, we used to curse 'em out about it but now we know it's just a blow-over thing... just a stage device. They just do it for attention. If they really seriously believed in it they wouldn't make such a big deal out of it.

Keith: Dickie took about 145 pictures of the band, AJ took about three rolls of 24 and I only took one roll. It's hard enough to pay for all this stuff I'm wearing.

A lot of girls come, and they're like only 13 or 14 but they look 18 or 19. They wear a lot of great lookin' stuff.

The first time we ever saw Steve play guitar we just said—Wow!

Favorite other bands: Iron Maiden, Motley Crue, Van Halen.
the cold
JILL MOLLINERO, AGE 17, FRESHMAN AT LSU.

I love the Cold because they project excitement and (giggles) I have fun. They're the only local band that I ever have fun at, that I can actually dance at. Barbara’s one of my favorites, she’s the most interesting because she does more. The guys like her ‘cause she’s sexually appetizing. I don’t notice Chris too much; he’s hiding behind the drums, Burt’s kinda fun to watch because he hops around. Vance walks around kinda pigeon-toed, Kevin looks like he’s really concentrating . . . and Barbara . . . she’s just wild, she’s just a wild woman. Chris is back there just giving it all he’s got, beating the skins.

My favorite song is a new one called “Talk To Me.” I don’t know the words or who wrote it yet but it’s really good. I’ve been coming since I was 13 or 14—I’m almost 18 now so for about three years I guess. Well, they broke up but throughout the breakup I was still listening to their tapes and stuff. They play around once a month so that’s how often I see them. They’re just a clean-cut bunch of musicians just out to have fun . . . the parents can rest assured that when their kids go see the Cold they’ll be safe and have a great time.

Actually, I think Barbara, Vance and Kevin are my favorites. Barbara’s visually captivating and Vance and Kevin keep the jokes going between songs; they’re both very witty. I hope in a way they never make it big because then they would leave New Orleans.

Favorite other bands: Squeeze, Talking Heads, Tom Tom Club, Billy Idol (“my boy”).

bourré
SUZANNE MARIE CHAILLOT, AGE 27, HOME FURNISHINGS CONSULTANT, LAURA ASHLEY SHOP, CANAL PLACE
JOHN CHAILLOT, AGE 22, WORKS AT THE WORLD’S FAIR.

[Spoken in a lovely Cajun accent:]

I love Cajun music, I can’t live without it, I guess because I’m pure-D Cajun. My favorite member of the band, well it’s hard to say, I like everyone but I guess I like the accordion the best, I just love Bruce to death.

Everyone dances, you can’t not dance when you come to the Maple Leaf. We either do a fast two-step or a slow waltz or you can just jump around like you’re crazy. Oh, and the Cajun jitter-bug.

My favorite song is the “Bosco Stomp.” Bourré is definitely keeping the Cajun heritage alive.

We didn’t speak French growing up in Crowley, but we could pick it up just hanging around the household. They did speak it, and you’d understand if they were talking about you. We were all taught to speak English in a Cajun sort of way.

I learned to dance when I was about two or three years old. My papa Joe (grandfather) used to pay us a nickel if we’d dance with him. He’d put us up on his feet and hold us up and we’d just dance and dance and dance. He taught us all how to dance.

I’m really pleased to see that Cajun music has taken on such a following. Me and my brother used to go to the country to go dancing, because all the other bars were playing Chicago and Blood Sweat and Tears, and everyone said “Cajun music yuk yuk,” but now they all think it’s the hippest thing on earth.

Her brother John Chaillot, age 22, works at the World’s Fair, International Bazaar, in La Belle France.

I love Bourré because they’re an instrument that’s keeping the culture and tradition alive.

My favorite song is the “Crowley Two-Step.” Naturally I’m partial to Crowley. It was great growing up with a great dancer like my sister. On New Orleans: Gumbo is my favorite food—the way my grandma makes it, not the way they serve it here.
Bonnie: My husband (Coleman) and I got married last week in Washington D.C., and the Rads just happened to be in town. They rocked the place, on a Monday night the place was jumpin'. A lot of Tulanians were there, the club had a deal where people with a Louisiana license or Tulane ID could get in for free. The club was Adams.

I like the Rads because they play good music. How's that for a basic answer?

Holden: I used to love the Radiators back when I was young and stuff, and they made me want to gyrate, so I went and started gyrating like a fiend right there in front. I was the head gyrate, cheerleader. But then all these other people came and they looked just like me and stuff and I was freaked out, they were gyrating and looking like me and I didn't like it, so I just quit going, I boycotted the Rads for about three years. I'm kinda still in the midst of my boycott but tonight I came down here [Dream Palace] 'cause I wanted to hear 'em because someone played a bootleg tape of them for me last week and they sounded GREAT. My favorite song is "Automatic." Of course my favorite singer is Ed Volker. Current other favorite singer is Etta James.

Bonnie: I enjoy the music, I know I can always dance. My favorite guy is Ed but I really like all of them together. I come at least once a month, sometimes twice. My favorite place to see them is Luigi's. They play there on Wednesdays.

I love the Neville Brothers because they are a history of New Orleans rhythm and blues. In one night you can have it all. My favorite tune is the "Iko/Iko"—"Brother John" medley. It's hard to pick my favorite performer... Aaron is one of the best singers ever in history, but I like Cyril. I am just geared to percussion. I try to see them at least once a month. Being a Neville Brothers fan is a state of mind. The thing about the Nevilles is that they just keep going. The family talent is incredible, Aaron is great, but I think Ivan's more talented than Aaron and Charlie, even though Charlie's something else, but like Ivan embarrasses Aaron, and Jason is something else. Hopefully it will go on and on.

On the Rads: I think the Radiators are the future. I used to like Little Feat, so naturally I would like the Radiators. I think Eddie Volker is a genius, I could never take enough drugs to be on the same level as Eddie, and Eddie doesn't take a lot of drugs.

Hobby: Shooting videos of people like the Rads, Nevilles, etc.

Other favorite bands: Police, Chris Kenner, Allen Toussaint, Radiators.
The Shepherd Band is really only one of the few reggae bands locally, but unfortunately they are not playing until September. We used to hear them at Tip's or the Players Club.

My lifestyle is my whole being. Reggae's the only music that really speaks messages about freedom from oppression, about our African heritage. The dreadlocks mean to me freedom, free to be myself, my most natural self. I feel closer to nature.

The music from the people of Jamaica . . . I can relate to their situation. I feel sort of like they do; this isn't my home, I'm just an immigrant. I'm an African born in America. I do consider myself an American but only because I was born here. I don't feel! speak for Americans or the American way of life. I don't eat like Americans, I'm a vegetarian. I do natural things for my body . . . I do go to McDonald's because they have a salad bar now.

On the colors used so often, red, green and gold: It's taken from the Ethiopian flag. The language is a vehicle expression of the positive.

Zakiya: Steel Pulse is my favorite group. I love Bob Marley, of course. My favorite song is "Fire, Fire"—one the keyboard player wrote but I don't know about the name. We dance most of the time when we go hear reggae. It's called skanking—your body does whatever it feels.

There's not too many places to hear reggae but we do go to I and I Restaurant. It means you do for me and I do for you, I guess the Golden Rule.

Sam: We look forward to seeing them every time. We don't have a favorite . . . they are really tight musicians; the drummer, the bass player . . . they are a very good show.

models

MAUREEN BACON, AGE 17, SENIOR AT MT. CARMEL HIGH.

I've been a model fan since 1981. I love to keep in the front and watch. I guess the reason I like them is because their music is great, but I especially like the way they look. They haven't made it top 40-wise but I like them much better than anything on the radio. They're way ahead of what's on the radio. If I heard them I'd start to listen.

My favorite song is "Fire Patrol." Of course my favorite Model is Johnny. The first time I saw them something snapped and I knew they were really good. Their music has changed since I first saw them, it used to be real loud and fast. They still do a lot of their old stuff but they do it in a more professional way. They definitely deserve more than Jimmy's. Even though I date Johnny, I was a fan long before I really knew him.

Other favorites: David Bowie, Sex Pistols, Lords of the New Church, Dead Kennedys.
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From Russia, With A Beat

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Reporter Jim Motavalli recently returned from a trip to the Soviet Union sponsored by Promoting Enduring Peace and other United States peace groups.)

BY JIM MOTAVALLI

An American and a Russian were drinking in a bar in the Soviet city of Kazan. No one was paying attention to them, and the conversation that followed seemed to be a conversation between friends, rather than between a tourist and a local.

The American asked the Russian, "What do you think of jazz?"

The Russian replied, "Jazz is a beautiful form of art. It is a reflection of American culture."

The American asked, "What is the most popular form of jazz in Russia?"

The Russian said, "The most popular form of jazz in Russia is the fusion of Russian and American jazz."

The American asked, "Do you have any favorite jazz musicians?"

The Russian said, "Some of my favorites include Wayne Shorter, John Coltrane, and Sonny Fortune."

The American asked, "Is it easy to listen to jazz in Russia?"

The Russian said, "It is not easy to listen to jazz in Russia. Records are difficult to obtain, and there are many members of the underground jazz scene."

The American asked, "What is the history of jazz in Russia?"

The Russian said, "Jazz was introduced to Russia in the 1920s. It has a rich history, from the early swing to the bebop era."

The American asked, "What is the current state of jazz in Russia?"

The Russian said, "Jazz is still popular in Russia, but it is not as popular as it was in the past. Many young people prefer the fusion of jazz with other music, such as rock and roll."

The American said, "Thank you for your insights on jazz in Russia."

The Russian said, "You are welcome. I am happy to share my knowledge with you."
I'm sure that many of you readers were just as shocked as I was at the news of Tuts Washington's death on August 5, 1984. Sure he was 77 years old, but it often seemed like a livelier septuagenarian didn't exist; the man had only been to make a doctor once in his entire life. But now, nearly a month later, we can reflect on just how much the city's music has lost.

As most people know by now, Tuts was felled by a fatal heart attack during a set at the World's Fair. But rather than dwell on his death, it is much more appropriate that we remember his life and his music. Although he didn't enjoy the commercial success that many of his contemporaries and imitators did, his influence on shaping the "New Orleans sound" was substantial. Myself, I treasure the time and friendship I shared with the man. Listening to him spin yarns about the "old days" until even my ears were numb...trading risque stories...trying to convince him to record an album...walking up and down Canal Street for hours...watching him show me how to do a shuffle that was once popular in the back rooms of the Rampart Street honky-tonks...listening to his infectious laugh.

And of course there was his playing. Supreme confident, Tuts displayed endless virtuosity and style that belied his advanced years and humble appearance. Or at least it would copy his piano runs, but only Tuts could embellish them with a mark all his own. Tuts will be remembered as a great musician, a gentleman and a friend.

Isidore "Tuts" Washington, Jr. was born in New Orleans, January 24, 1907, the son of Juanita Howard and Isidore Washington, Sr. Tuts had an older sister who died before his birth, and an "outside" brother fathered by Isidore Sr. "I'm a crook," affirmed Tuts, "so there will never be a shadow of a doubt in your mind. I come up on the corner of Eighth and Franklin [now Simon Bolivar Street]. Most of my peoples is dark, but my pa's grandpa was an Indian, and I got his color.

Tragedy struck Tuts' life early, when his mother died under mysterious circumstances when he was just six. "The doctor said she drank some coffee that was poisoned," explains Tuts. "I don't know if someone would have poisoned her purposely," he says but adds quickly, "People were a lot more superstitious in those days, that could have had something to do with it."

Even though Tuts spent a relatively short period of life with his father, there was apparently much love in the family, and he still speaks fondly of her, although he does admit, "She was real strict. My ma's the one that started calling me 'Tuts.' I don't; why but she just did." Photographs of Juanita show a dark-skinned, well-dressed, handsome woman with a glint of no nonsense in her eyes.

Tuts' father, a house painter, begrudgingly had to put his son in the care of his wife's sister, Rosetta Howard, who lived further downtown, near the intersection of Josephine and Clara Streets. "I didn't need to tell you things was different in those days. You could buy a sack of groceries for a nickel. There wasn't all this killin' and stealin' you got today. A man could walk the streets any time of day. I used to play in the alley behind the Leidenheimer's Bakery where they baked the French bread loaves. The bakers would give us kids donuts and bread all the time and I'd run back and give 'em to my aunt."

Like any child growing up in New Orleans, Tuts was exposed to a great deal of music. "There was plenty of it around," says Tuts. "There was always bands out in the street, 'cause nearly everybody played what they could. On weekends, sometimes there'd be two or three bands out on the corner tryin' to 'bucket' each other to see which one was best. All us kids would run behind the bands, they call it second linin' today. I liked to hear the 'Tin Roof Blues.' [sings] 'Don't you get no flinty 'cause your water's on.' That was kicks."

It wasn't too long before Tuts became interested in making his own music. "The first thing I learned to play was the harmonica and the drums. Every quarter I'd get, I'd run to the corner and buy me the 'Tin Roof Blues.' I got to where I played plenty good, but my aunt made me quit playin' 'em 'cause she said they would make my lips too big.'

"Right away I knew I didn't just want to be a blues player, there was a gang of them around. If you wanted to get a job that paid some money, you had to play more than the blues, you had to be able to play anything the people wanted.

"See in them days the [red light] district was still open. Now I'm not just talkin' about the white district on Basin Street, but the colored district, in behind Rampart Street [Perdido Street]. We used to have a joint in back of the precinct that we called the 'Fuck Around.' I run up on a gang of blues players there in the Twenties. 'Black' Merineaux, Fats Pichon, Little Brother Montgomery, Burnett Santiago, Kid Stormy Weather, Hekken--they was all blues players. Some nights there'd be three or four of us in there and we'd be 'bucket' each other to see which one was best. Some nights they'd raid the joint and I'd have to run out of the back door 'cause I wasn't old enough to be in there. I'd come at all hours of the night and my aunt would be so mad. She'd say, 'Tuts, where you been?' and she'd beat the hell out of me."

"Tuts' reputation as a good player spread, and although his aunt wasn't too happy about the late hours he was keeping, she eventually consented to let her nephew take proper lessons from a "professor." Everybody that passed the house and heard me play would say, 'That boy is good, he ought to be takin' lessons.' Finally, when I was 18, my pa sent me to a teacher. I only went one day, the teacher told my pa, 'I can't teach this boy nothing.' He already plays better than a tenth grade pianist. So I just carried on the way I had been, sneakin' in the joints and tryin' to learn what I could by ear.

As Tuts grew to an adult, he spent most of his time developing his style and soaking up the nightlife that New Orleans had to offer during the 1920's. "A piano player had it made in them days. Women would fight over a piano player. See, the district was open, women were turnin' tricks and they'd lay money down, they'd lay money down to look good. I had women buy me gold belt buckles, rings, silk shirts, new suits and all kinds of things bef..."
of shit. Man, they'd be puttin' money in your pocket and fightin' with each other to do it.

"I was mostly playin' by myself in the colored joints. Now a lot of them Italians had speakeasy joints. They hired nothin' but colored bands. The colored joints didn't hire too many bands because they could only afford a piano player. Bourbon Street, too. They hired nothin' but colored bands in those days.

"Now I bummed around plenty in my day, that's when I was drinkin' liquor. Mostly I bummed on Rampart Street, 'cause Rampart was nothin' but joints. I'd get me a half pint of gin, sit up in a joint and maybe play some piano and then walk down the street to the next joint. Do that all day long. Things was happenin' in them days. There was gamblin' and prostitution, but it seemed like a person had a chance to make some money then."

The man who came to influence Tuts' piano style the most was Joseph Louis "Red" Cayou. Cayou was two years Tuts' senior and was inspired by Jelly Roll Morton, who visited his house. Cayou played with a jazz trio at the Big 25, but mostly played solo piano in the honky tonks and gaming houses. "Red Cayou was the best thing we had around here," declares Tuts flatly. "He had long hands and bowed legs. Red could walk into any joint in town and run anybody off the piano. Piano players were scared to play when Red walked in the door. He fingered the hell out of the piano. Played so fast you couldn't even see his hands. That sambuich was electric! That's where I got my left hand. He used to tell me, 'You son of a bitch, I'm gonna run you off that piano. He played in the tonks, but he played round those whorehouses over on Basin Street before they closed them down. Red left here around '25 and moved to Oakland, California. He never did come back. I got to visit him once out there, but he died in a car wreck in 1947."

Before Tuts reached his twenties, he began leaving town to play piano in New Orleans dance bands. Tuts recalls playing with Captain John Handy, "Son" Johnson, Isaiah Morgan, Kid Clayton, Papa French, Kid Rena, and Louis Demain, who all led bands at the time, and according to Tuts, played for "whites and coloreds."

During the 1930's Tuts could most often be found in one of the tiny clubs that lined South Rampart Street or occasionally with a Dixieland group, led by the likes of Kid Sheik, Alton Purnell or Thomas Jefferson. While on Rampart Street, Tuts imparted much to a number of up-and-coming pianists. "I taught a lot of these fellows," assures Tuts. "When I was playin' at the Cotton Club, Fess [Roy Byrd a.k.a. Professor Longhair] used to come and watch me at the piano. He'd rub smut on his lip so it would look like a mustache and he could look older and fool the owners. I tried to show him some of these strides that I play, but he couldn't make it. He had to make a fist and roll his left hand to cover what I could cover."

Not long after, Tuts began his most memorable musical association, one with Overton Lemons, of course better known as Smiley Lewis. "I had been known" Smiley Lewis from when I played with Thomas Jefferson back in the Thirties. I was playin' on Rampart Street, and Lewis would always stop by to see me on his way home from workin' in the Quarter with Noon Johnson and "Papoose" [Walter Nelson]. He used to say, 'Man, I wish I could play with someone that's as good as you, Tuts.' He used to sing a few tunes with me, 'cause I always did like his voice."

"I took a job with Kid Ernest at the Boogie Woogie Club in Bunikie, Louisiana. It was during the war and things had slowed up around New Orleans, so I took the job. The man that owned the club wanted a vocalist, so I talked Kid and his brother into hiring Lewis. We played around Bunikie and Marksaville, Louisiana, for the best part of two years. When I came home I had $800 in my pocket."

Tuts was present on Smiley's first recording, "Turn On Your Volume" b/w "Here Comes Smiley" that was recorded in 1948 for Deluxe Records. "We had the best trio around New Orleans," confirms Tuts. "Nobody could beat Smiley's blues or standards. We played all around town, the Gypsy Tea Room, the El Morocco, the Dew Drop, all 'round town."

"We started bumm'n around the J&M Studio. I remember they had an old German-made upright piano that I liked to play. I wrote a lot of those numbers for Smiley then that I never got credit for. I wrote 'The Dirty, Dirty People Done The Poor Boy Wrong,' and I gave Smiley the words to 'Tee-Nah-Nah.' That was one of those prison songs they used to sing up in Angola. 'Tee-Nah-Nah' went everywhere; every time I turned around I heard it on the box. We travelled all over on that record. Florida, Mississippi, Oklahoma—Melvin Cade was bookin' us—we went to so many places I had to write my aunt just to let her know where I was. In fact I did so much travelling then that I'm not too crazy about travelling now."

"I stayed with Smiley 'til around '51. Smiley just got too big headed and ornery. He got to the point where you couldn't tell him nuthin'. We had words a bunch of times so I left the trio and then Dave Bartholomew ran behind him and got him to make all those records for the Imperial Recording Company."

Curiously, even though he lived through the most active recording period in New Orleans and scores of inferior musicians were recorded, Tuts was never inclined to make recordings of his own. "I never did have to make no records," points out Tuts. "I always been havin' a name around New Orleans for my playin' ability. Now a lot of these boys that get a record out, they need one to get a name. But these boys that get a record out, they need one to get a name. But they need a bass guitar and a drum to fill out their sound. I never did need that. They got a name offa that rock 'n' roll, that teenaged music. They got them loud guitars on there and that high holierin' and screamin'. But you can't call that music—that's just a bunch of damn noise."

After Tuts split with Smiley, he joined Papa

Continued on page 28

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CONCERTS

Monday, September 3
Pete Fountain and Irma Thomas, at Audubon Zoo, 3 p.m. The former performing no doubt in honor of the bald eaglets; information at 861-2537.

Saturday, September 8
Juke In The Box (a non that a chain of drive-in restaurants in Houston), a benefit for KLSU, noon until 10 p.m. in LSU ER's outdoor. Baseball Stadium, among those participating are Woodenhead (center field), Pressure (short stop), Bluesamatics and the Night Timers (might get to second base). The producers put it in left field and cut off the mound—as usual—Li'l Queenie, bless her heart; information at 388-5911.

Saturday, September 15
3rd Annual Uptown Youth Center Concert and Music Festival, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. At the Center, 4877 Laurel Street, and continuing on Sunday. Sept 18 at the same hours. Rides, space-walks, food, cold drinks, prizes, and The Upfliats, the Olympia Brass Band, Earl King, the Clean 13 (the You Can't, the band), the Aubry Twins, Frankie Ford, Bobby Curo and the Summer-time Blues, Lenny Zenith, Tommy Ridgely, the Top Cats, Mark Bingham, the Louisiana Purchase and the Neville Brothers who have made the Center a pet project.

Wednesday, September 19
Peter Hansen, of Tulane's Music Department, in recital on the harpsichord; Rogers Memorial Chapel, noon. Free. Information at 865-5268.

Thursday, September 20
Sheila E., afro-t and adrift on the Riverboat President; tentative to like everything in life.

Friday, September 21
Chicago, UNO Lakefront Arena; if they can get Hackes Duggen on that stage then one suppose they can get the 47 members of this big horn band on it.

Friday, September 21
New Orleans City Ballet, Theatre for the Performing Arts; three ballets—Scotch Symphony to music by Mendelssohn and choreography by the late-grace. George Balanchine, plus Concerto Barocco and With Tempt and Dance Praise His Name which is set to his songs. A spiritual Ballet, the latter provided by the estimable Barbara Short. Tickets from either Ticketmaster or at 865-0816. Same program repeated Sunday, September 25.

Saturday, September 22
New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Festival, at the C.A.C. and continued on Sunday, September 23; call the Center for details; 523-1216.

Sunday, September 23
Le Cannible, by Larry Sieberth, Longue Vue House, 7 Bamboo Road, 3 p.m. 490-5483.

Wednesday, September 26
Wynton Marsalis, Moses Hagan, Kent Jordan, the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, LWE Amphitheatre, 8 p.m.

Friday, September 28
Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, Dave Bartholomew, Saenger Theatre, 8 p.m. Giving the elderly phrase "Under the Stars at the Geinger" a new meaning.

Sunday, September 30
Island Night, with Kama and Chef Pire, Saenger Theatre, 8 p.m. Thanks for the music and for all the nice people you can dance—not simultaneously, one hopes.

Elton John, on what is announced as the last tour ever; period, bar none, for the price of Middlesex; LSU Assembly Center, Baton Rouge.

OUT OF TOWN

Sept. 1

Sept. 9
San Francisco Inter-Dada 84 Festival, with performances, parades, art, films, video, fashion, the whole ball of wax. Information from Vincent V. Tzu-Tzeu at 415-861-6500.

SYMPHONY

Sept. 3
Laferriere Park, Downs Boulevard, Jefferson. Light classics and popular music conducted by Andrew Massey; 6 p.m.

Sept. 9
Amphitheatre, World's Fair. Entrenont at the place; Sholmo Mintz, violinist and cellist Leonard Rose perform the Beethoven Triple Concerto. At 8. Tickets available through the Amphitheatre's box office.

Sept. 11-13
Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, violinist Joseph Swensen is soloist; works by Weber, Mozart and Beethoven. Ticket information at 525-0500.

Sept. 14
Audubon Zoo, 6:30 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, tickets available through the Audubon Zoo, 861-2537.

Sept. 18, 19
Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, violinist Joseph Swensen is soloist; works by Mozart, Bruckner and Beethoven. Ticket information at 525-0500.

CONCERT SERIES

Brown Bag Concerts, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Duncan Plaza. Mon. 10: the Aubry Twins. Tue. 11: the Original Crescent City Jazz Band. Wed. 12: Etta James's Second Line. Thurs. 13: the Original Flipside Boogie Band. Fri. 14: The Band of Latin Band (not to be confused with the group of Guatemalan teenagers). New Orleans Symphony Orchestra (a piece called Los Guapos) but I'm keeping them under wraps—they're literally living under a tar-paullin in a garage downtown—until the world can stand that beauty on stage at once—Mendou, look out!


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Lafayette Natural History Museum

FESTIVALS
Sept.1-3 La Shrimp and Petroleum Festival, Morgan City, information—what we really want to know is the connection between shrimp and petroleum—from Danny Villa, P.O. Box 103, Morgan City 70380, 387-0703.

Sept.3 Porgue Races, in Jim Bowie Park, Houma; kayaks, sculls and Spanish galleons not allowed. Information from Anne Harmon, P.O. Box 2792, Houma 70361; 866-2731.

Bayou Blue Festival, Houma, Information from Anthony Cardiere, Rt.5 Box 16, Houma 70360; 872-9598.

Sept.8 Cajun Day Festival, Church Point, information from Theresa Cary, 903 East Bellevue, Church Point 70525; 318-684-2739.

Le Shrimp and Petroleum Festival of Chackbay, now I have a weakness for Chackbay for several reasons: for one, one of my best colored scenes comes home from there (check the George Deureau photos for details); second, when you drive near- by, you can inhale the smell of fields full of shallots (they have the nerve to talk about “mountain air!”) which gives the place a great cachet; and third, there is a wonderful Boy Bar in Chackbay (called Mike's), filled with cuteness from 8 to 80, many of them wearing T-shirts proclaiming “Like To Mike?” which many of them do; obviously, an indispensable feature. Information from Elaine Dupuy, Rt.3 Box 6954, Thibodaux 70301; 633-9654 or 447-7277.

Rayne Frog Festival, Gossen Memorial Park. Rayne; information from Hills Haupt, P.O. Box 383, Rayne 70578; 318-334-2323; information also from the following: Theorist—O to be a frog, my lady, and live aloof from care; Edna St. Vincent Millay—I had forgotten now the frogs must sound. After a year of silence, else would not have ventured forth alone At dusk upon this unfrequented road: Emily Dickinson—The long sigh of the Frog Upon a Summer's Day Enacts Intoxication Upon the Revery... Hilaire Belloc—No animal will more repay A treatment kind and fair; At least so lonely people say Who keep a frog really (and by the way, They are extremely rare) . Information from Rev. Clarence LeBlanc, ($8 last year) ; information at St. John the Baptist Church, 318-334-2332; at Rayne City Park, New Iberia 70560; 318-364-1343 or 399-9323.

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Sept.22 and 23 Cajun Food Festival, Houma, US Hwy. 90 West, information from Addis Gitrot, Rt.1 Box 292, New Iberia 70560.

Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia. Information from Robert Miranda, P.O. Box 675, New Iberia 70560; 318-364-1343 or 399-9323.


FOOTBALL
Sun.23: St. Louis Sun.30: Houston (away) Information at 733-6147.

The Tulane Green Wave: Sat.1, Mississippi State. Sat.8, Kentucky. Sat.15, Mississippi (Away). Information at 865-5502.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS
Bud Light Crawfishman Sprint Triathlon—Sun.9, in St. Tammany Parish. Swim 1.5 kilometers in open water, bike 25 kilometers, and run 10 kilometers. pre-register at St. Tammany Park.

MTV Video Awards, live from Little Old New York and co-hosted by Bernie Mcdev and Dan Aykroyd. Sept.14 on MTV, night.

Name That Camel—Audubon Zoo is co-sponsoring, with Kentwood Spring Water, a Name That Camel contest for the 4-month-old. 200 lb. Camel calf recently acquired from the Durias Zoo (you thought all they had were elephants there); contest begins Sept.15 and entry blanks will be in the zoo, and at grocery stores around town. Also Zoo school year volunteer program registration deadline is Sept.4 and orientation day is Sept.6 at 9 a.m. until noon. Call the Zoo at 856-5197 for more information.

Ghost of the Month, in case none of the above has made you think, this ought to—in fact it better: "What is the use of studying philosophy if all that it does is to enable you to talk with some plausibility about some abstruse questions of logic, etc., and it does not improve your thinking about the important questions of everyday life...I know that it is difficult to think well about 'certainly,' 'probability,' 'perception,' etc. But it is, if possible, still more difficult to think or try to think, really honestly about your life and other people's lives. And the trouble is that thinking about these things is not thrilling, but often downright nasty. And when it is nasty then it is most important." from a letter from Ludwig Wittgenstein to his great, good friend, Norman Malcolm.

LIVE MUSIC
Amphitheatere, at the World's Fair, 7000 Springald, at 8 p.m. unless stated otherwise. Sat.1: Ted Nugent (decrecy prevents me from commenting) Sun.2: Robert Schuler at 11 a.m., free; Sun.2: The Stray Cats. Mon.3: Elvis Costello & the Attractions and Nick Lowe and his Cowboy Outfit (strictly—mean is this the last Simon Smith and his Dancing Bear?) Fri.7: Ron-
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For more information contact the Lafayette Convention and Visitors Commission, PO Box 52066, Lafayette, LA 70505 (504) 332-8900.

**Allons à Festivals Acadiens September 16 - 19, 1984**

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**Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen, Sat., 11:30 p.m.: The Radiators ("La culture," "Notre Dame," "Les flamants roses")

Sun., 11:00 p.m.: The Red Light and the Red Light, with George "Goober" Lindsey, the latter of whom is Don Lee's favorite among them, The Fox, Dee Richards, and Foreign Legion.

Mon., 11:00 p.m.: The Red Light and the Red Light, with George "Goober" Lindsey, the latter of whom is Don Lee's favorite among them, The Fox, Dee Richards, and Foreign Legion.

Tues., 11:00 p.m.: The Red Light and the Red Light, with George "Goober" Lindsey, the latter of whom is Don Lee's favorite among them, The Fox, Dee Richards, and Foreign Legion.

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has his eye on the door and his hands on the piano. They're on the grayward shift (St. Louis Echo and Lafayette) at 12:30 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. Thursday evenings, Randy Hanlon materializes in the same vein of a man and the same hour.

Lucky Pierre's 735 Bourbon 524-7865
Professor Big Stuff, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday from 11 p.m. until 1 a.m., (eh! at that hour!) Tom Jerk McDermott on piano, call for schedule.

Le Bon Temps Roule

TUESDAYS: LADIES NIGHT
8:00-12:00 PM Two Free
WEDNESDAY: DRAFT BEER NIGHT
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THURSDAY: 50¢ OLD STYLE LONGNECKS
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FRIDAYS: FREE OYSTERS & 25¢ DRAFT BEER
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Bloxio Pot, GEORGE FEBRES' distinctive honor to Gulf Coast potter/mercenarian George Ohr, is included in a group show of Galerie Jules Laforgue September 29 through October 17 at the New Orleans Academy of Fine Arts.

ART
Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3614 Magazine, 891-4665. Through Sept. 30: Design in New Orleans, with a focus on architecture and products intended for "home use" (sounds recollected, Sam!) created by area architects. Sept. 29: Gail Morgan and Sarah Jumel.
Bianville Gallery, 3800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.
Gasperi Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter St., 524-9737. Call for information.
Historic New Orleans Collection, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas St. Through Nov. 18: The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Lakes and Waterfalls, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the visions of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasies of Fredrick Edwin Church, and the inevitable (and well-represented here) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-memory scenes of Far West natural wonders were done by and large in his studio in Brooklyn; the local paintings in this show are both perfectly delightful and still, even now, perfectly recognizable as locale.

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ART
Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov. 18: A Century of Vision, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two World Wars, including works by Pops Whisell, Frances Johnston, Muñoz, et al up to the present. Through Nov. 25: The Sun King, an historical extravaganza from la belle France saluting the man who revoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint-Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, and drawings from 1572-1789.


Tahir Gallery, 823 Chartres, 525-3968. Through Sept. 30: Recent Acquisitions -- Original Prints by American Masters, of which a recent illustration was
CINEMA

Hellenic Arts Society, a series of films from Greek translators, Fr. 14: Phaedra, Jules Dassin's 1962 version of this famous semi-incestuous tragedy, "Euripides... Racine... Dassin... whether Western culture? And a double whither?" wondered Dwight MacDonald when the film appeared. It has all its eternal non-top species triangle, Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone as Theseus (here a shipping magnate in the Naxos-Otteras vein) and Anthony Perkins (!) as Hippolytus. When we were all suffering high school adolescents (it was hard growing up in a town without a Pony's or Jacqueline Bisset around let me tell you!), we thought it was great when Mercouri put on her sleeping mask and overdosed because she said she detested and when Perkins listened to Bach and crushed his Astor Martin over a cliff.

As Joseph de la Barre, a minor French wit, put it, "Those were the old good days—I was so unhappy!" By admission only, shown in the Executive Board Room Suite 2900 of the ITM Building.

Lepoly's Film Buffs Institute, 365-3540, Schellman 1902, just in time for our hot little hands, but sure to be worth fussing over, call Lepoly for information. Copies of same should be available by now on Bobet Hall's third floor.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 486-2631. Films about Plains Indians: Sun. 9: Cathin and the Indians, about the 18th Century gentleman painter and writer who traveled more about Indians than any other white man had up to that point. Sun. 23: The Great Plains Experience—The Lakota: One Man on the Plains; The American: Chief Crazy Horse. At 5, free with Museum admission.

Bryantia, 895-4513. Through Sept. 6: Best of the Kirov. directed by Doris Hart, deals documentary-wise with more about Indians than any other white man had up to that point. Kubrick's overdone (to put it kindly) tragedy on the novel of futuristic truculence and enervation through Anthony Burgess (who deserves to be more widely read, but not canonization in this manner), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, Miriam Karlin as the cat lady, David Provost as Magie's musician, and Blade Runner, Ridley Scott's surrealistic and pictorial private-dick-of-the-21st-century film, with startlingly overdesigned sets and tedious neo-Raymond Chabon parade by Harrison Ford: the future is presented as a discord of concourses of crime, choked streets, battle bars and hovercraft. Fri. 26 through Oct. 4: Rock, this 1948 film (based very tightly on a play by Patrick Hamilton which is in turn based very loosely on the Leob and Leopold homosexual thriller murder of Bobby Franck is the last of the "unseen" Hitchcock; done all in one set in ten minute takes, and all seeming to be—through the muscle of the movie—to be one continuous take; with Farley Granger and John Dall as the college-killers, James Stewart as the proto-Nietzschean professor whose teaching spurs them on to crime, Constance Collier, etc. Hitchcock appears throughout the window in profile on a neon sign, the film sparked the famous—to me—comment from Jean Renoir, "They're supposed to be homosexuals and they never ever kiss one another!"

Tulane, 665-3714. Wed. 5 at 8, Hands That Tell Cotton: The Story of Black Politicians in Today's Rural South. Call Tulane for prices of screening and to see whether they'll be giving out complimentary bottles of Corn Husker's Lotion at the door.

THEATRE

Contemporary Arts Center, 300 Camp St., Fr. 14: General New Orleans Area acting auditions, which sounds like a three-parish casting call and again brings to mind that current Clint Eastwood peep- ture, in which so many local performers are crooked: to wit, or half-wit, Stuart Baker-Bengen tries to put the moves on Clint and ends up hanging from a beam in Blaine Kern's final den (or "that old warehouse") as they keep referring to it) and Maggie O'Dair's babysitters Clint's kids and ends up snuffed in a Maytag, or is it a Speed Queen?

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. Split Ends, a musical comedy by Buddy Sheffield, performed Tuesday through Saturday at 8: light night comedy workshop, Creak Theatre, performs twice nightly the same nights beginning at 10:30.

Theatre Marigny, 619 Frenchmen, 944-2653. From Thurs. 20: Last Summer At Bluefish Cove, a one-act drama by James Champeaux (not a chamber drama by Jane One Act).

Minaspeel's Dinner Theatre, 701 S. Claiborne, 889-7500. Through Sept. 15: Any Wednesday, about a kept woman who wakes up to the fact that life is indeed for the living. From Fri. 14: The Swallows, a film about a dentist who wakes up to the fact that life is indeed for the living.


Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Through Sun. 25: Move Over, Mrs. Marlowe, with a title like that either a fizzle or a session of group therapy. From Fri. 28 and/or I Do I Do! a musical version of Jane and Harlots play The Four-Poster which traces fourteen or fifteen decades in the life of your usual Darcy and Joan by what transpires in their old brass mare's nest.
Co ntinued from page 21... Germany to play for Eisenhower. But Jeanette and no other black band did that until the unions went over to Texas and I was supposed to go to His band was even a member of the white union, Celestin's Dixieland Band, replacing his talented tin had the most popular band in New Orleans. The city's renowned pianists.

"I used to go over to James Booker's house when he was a boy. His grandmother was a personal friend of mine. We used to drink together. He was like Fess, he would sneak in the joints and listen to me play. He was a pretty good little piano player, I have to give him that, he was one of the only guys that was good enough to play on Bourbon Street. But that dope brought him down. I saw him when he came out of the penitentiary with a patch over his eye. He saw me on Bourbon Street. But that dope brought him down. I told you about Fess, I knew about Allen when he lived back in Gert Town and learned offa his personal friend of mine. We study it. A good piano player's got to keep improving. Tuts is never at a loss for crowd pleasers in the Pontchartrain Hotel's elegant dining room. "The Steinway baby grand is scarred from the endless splashes of drinks and burning cigarettes. Tuts Washington sits behind its keyboard letting the standards flow, and the requests pour in all night long. 'How High The Moon,' 'Canadian Sunset,' 'Sentimental Journey,' Hello Dolly,' Tuts is never at a loss for crowd pleasers in the Bayou Bar. Occasionally he will tap his Storyville roots and launch into a blistering boogie woogie that will recall the pioneers of boogie woogie piano from the 1920's, Jimmy 'Papa' Yancey and Pinetop Smith. The years roll away as Tuts' hands fly over the piano keys, seemingly faster than the man of 74 years of age should be able to play.

"Just about this time, conversation at the bar and the crowded tables ceases. Attention focuses on the little man with the odd tuft of hair (a coif which in Storyville times would have identified him as a house pianist). He faces us with New Orleansians, with a smattering of conventioners sporting plastic lapel cards, waiting to dine in the St. Charles Avenue hotel's elegant dining room. "The Steinway baby grand is scarred from the endless splashes of drinks and burning cigarettes. Tuts Washington sits behind its keyboard letting the standards flow, and the requests pour in all night long. 'How High The Moon,' 'Canadian Sunset,' 'Sentimental Journey,' Hello Dolly,' Tuts is never at a loss for crowd pleasers in the Bayou Bar. Occasionally he will tap his Storyville roots and launch into a blistering boogie woogie that will recall the pioneers of boogie woogie piano from the 1920's, Jimmy 'Papa' Yancey and Pinetop Smith. The years roll away as Tuts' hands fly over the piano keys, seemingly faster than the man of 74 years of age should be able to play.

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I don't want to drive over any more future bridges. Excuse tandems, While the moon still like a crop dust prances I'll fall to my knees and get a look at the floor of heaven, your panties. Oh I've read before the uncrowned heads of Carrollton. They all went right to sleep. What a relief! I still get cards of thanks. Oh darling, are you sure you're not impressed? What if I get some dope? I know lots of hip spots. What if I hired the Natchez? Audubon Park? Woody Herman? What if you woke up one morning and heard the Lisbeest on the steam calliope. back wards, in Latin? Would you love me then?—Evetter Maddox

Scott spent the last part of August in Dallas recording Jackson's Sam Myers (a former Elmore James accompanist) with "Brother" Anson Funderburgh on the slightly-dented gold Stratocaster. Yet another Englishman of good taste, ex-Squeeze keyboardist Jools Holland, has released what is essentially a homage to Louisiana music, entitled Jools Holland Meets Rock-A-Boogie. Seen by MTV's viewers this summer during his stint as a guest DJ, Holland delivers at least two versions, rooted in—gasp!—Holland is essentially a homage to Louisiana music, and trying to get it to do tricks. In

Neville Brothers, direct from the operating room.

Meanwhile, on the opposite coast, Village Voice writer Jeff Nesin was positively bowled-over by the Nevilles' live Neville-ization disc on the Black Top label. In a lengthy analysis, Nesin concluded: "The record shimmers through 40 years of American music without a single moldy moment, rearranging at will and investing both old and new tunes with interpretive dimensions that, after a month's careful listening, continue to astonish."

And then over in Merrie Olde England. Elvis Costello has negotiated with Black Top head Neville-scott to release Neville's on his own Demon label.

8316 Oak St
866-9359

SEPTEMBER REGULAR FEATURES

Sundays—Wabash Co. Blue Grass
Mondays—TBA
Tuesdays—Lil Queenie

WEEKEND ATTRACTIONS—10:30 PM

Fri. 31 Red Kiel Kees
Sat. 1 Killer Bee's
Sat. 7 Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets
Sat. 8 Radiators
Fri. 14 Lenny Zenith & Pop Co.

Sat. 15 Rockin' Dopsie & the Twisters
Fri. 21 Marcia Ball
Sat. 22 Beau Soleil
Fri. 28 Exuma
Sat. 29 Radiators

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