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Wavelength (October 1984)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

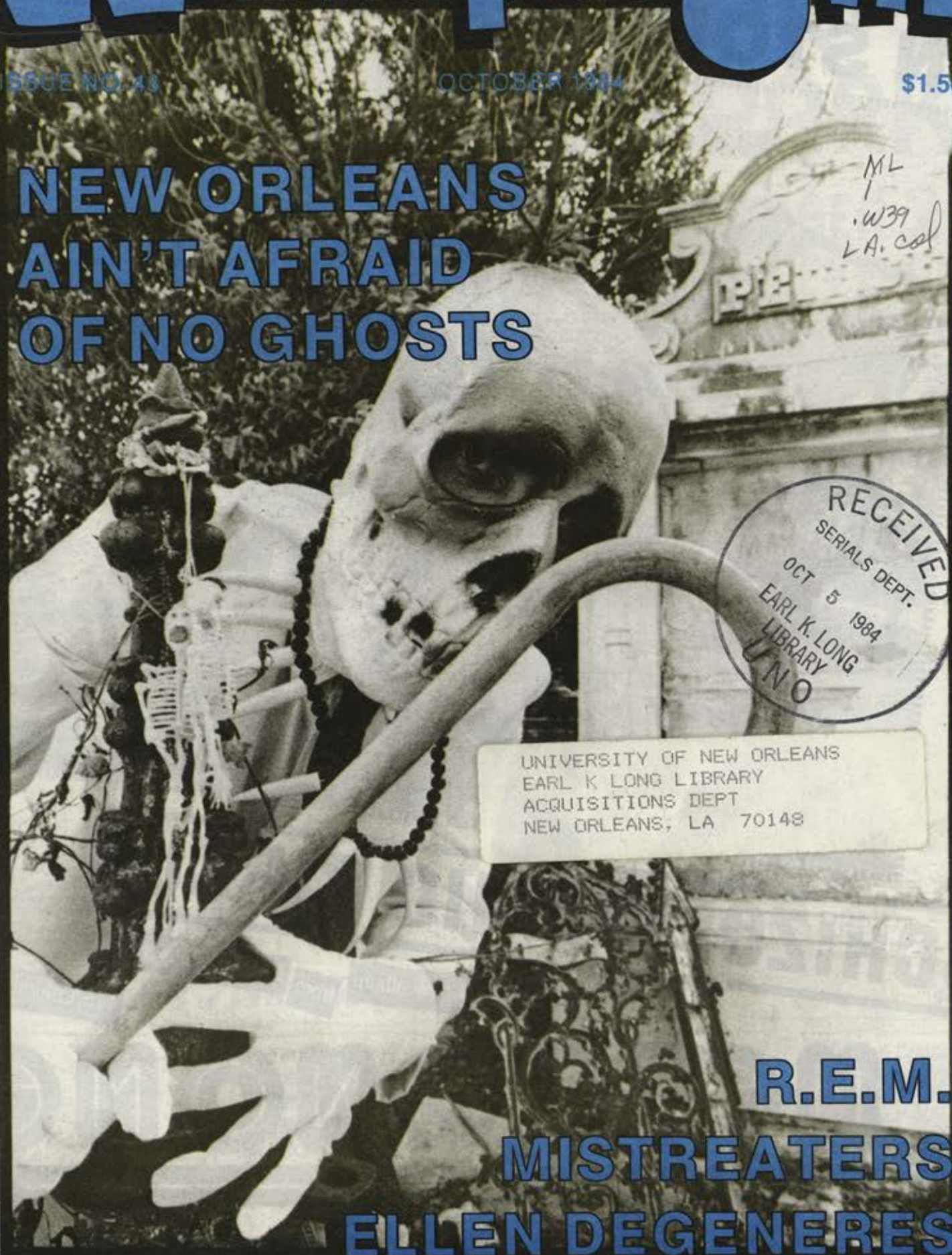
Wavelength

ISSUE NO. 48

OCTOBER 1984

\$1.50

NEW ORLEANS
AIN'T AFRAID
OF NO GHOSTS



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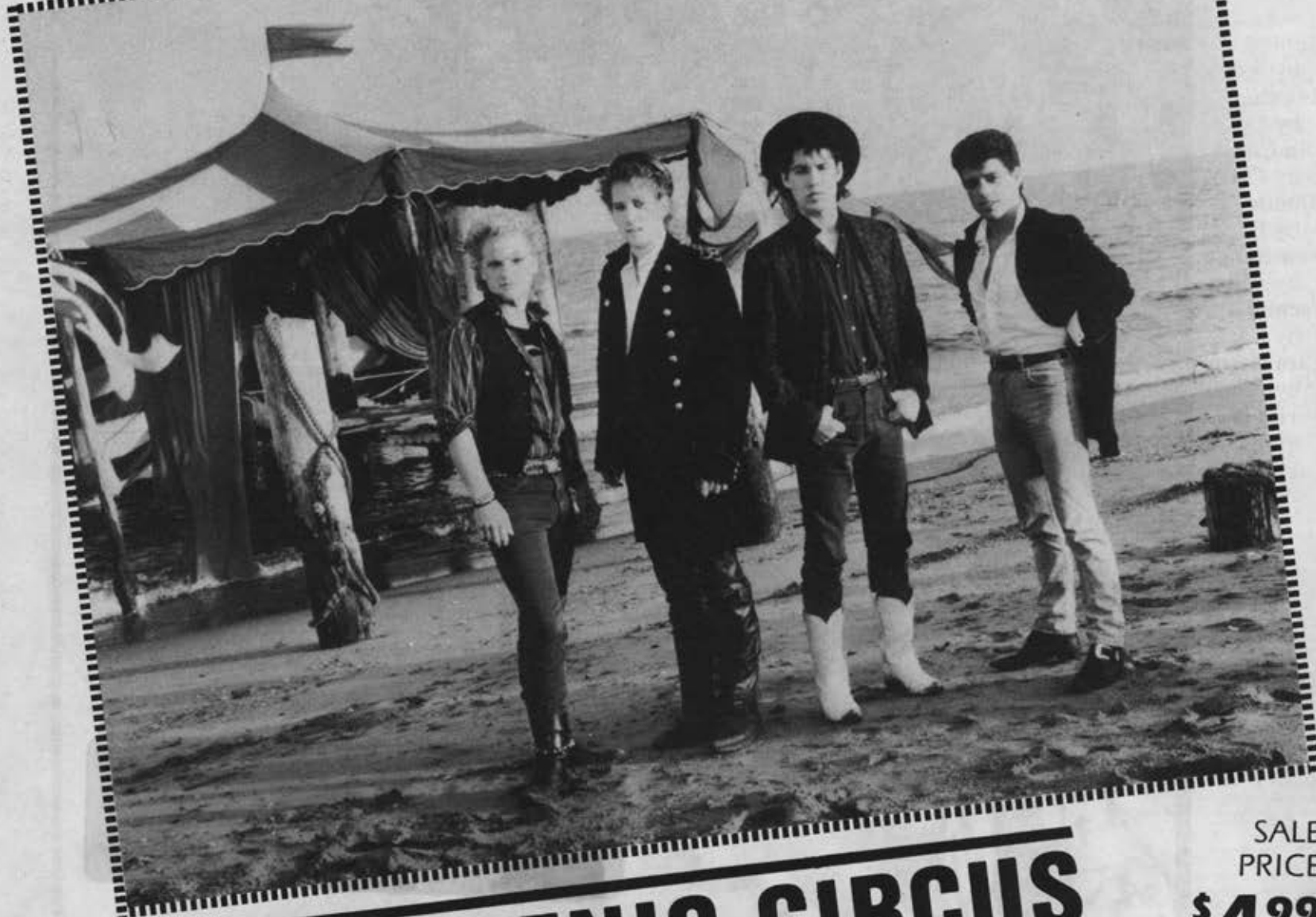
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—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Publisher, Nauman S. Scott. **Editor,** Connie Atkinson. **Senior Editor,** Bunny Matthews. **Office Manager,** Diana Rosenberg. **Editorial Assistants,** Allison Brandin, Siobhan O'Quinn. **Typesetting,** Sandra Alciatore. **Advertising Sales,** Rhon Fabian, Rae Lynn Rivere. **Distribution,** Joe Torczon. **Contributors:** Carlos Boll, Allison Brandin, Zeke Fishhead, Jon Foose, Carol Gniady, Tad Jones, Jon Newlin, Ric Olivier, Diana Rosenberg, Kalamu ya Salaam, Shepard Samuels, Gene Scaramuzzo, Hammond Scott, Almost Slim, Keith Twitchell, Nancy Weldon, Les White, William D. White.

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R.E.M. Shot

New and jolting experiences he's not had much time for during the last few years, explains guitarist Peter Buck of R.E.M. Too many motel rooms to inspect in faraway places, too many soundchecks in the middle of nowhere. We caught him in Texas, at the Sheraton-Austin, en route to Europe, Japan and Tulane's McAlister Auditorium, where Buck and associates will deliver an October 2 lecture on the powers of "Pretty Persuasion." Persuasion."

Does R.E.M. maintain a backlog of material?

We always try to keep ahead. We'll have about five or six new ones in the set when we get to New Orleans—brand-new stuff. It helps to work out the kinks on the road, to see what can go wrong with a song, what can go right.

Still down on videos?

I think if we ignore them, they'll go away. I think they're pretty much overrated as far as their importance. They just cost so much. Our album cost a tenth of what it costs people to make one video.

How do you feel about the music business?

I actually entered the music business with such negative thoughts that I've been pleasantly surprised. I'm probably the only guy in the whole world who could say that. I read all the stuff about the business, about how everyone was a jerk but I've met tons of good musicians and lots of good business people. We're still enjoying it and that's the main thing.

What about your Flannery O'Connor/William Faulkner connections?

I'm reading Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom* right now. I think it's great stuff but we don't match up to them or anything like that. I think you can find your influences in certain places and it doesn't always have to be music. That's why I always try to mention good books and good bands and good records when I do interviews because I have had a lot of kids come up to me and say, "Gosh! I've gone out and bought this



Peter Buck, third from left, doesn't believe in ghosts.

record because you said it was good" or "I've gone out and bought this Flannery O'Connor book because you said so and I really enjoyed it." That's good.

Okay, so tell us about some good records.

Husker Du and the Replacements are two of my favorites. The Meat Puppets' new record is really cool. I've been getting a lot of old stuff—bargain-basement hunting, that kind of thing, old soul and blues records. I've been listening to a lot of New Orleans stuff. Ernie K-Doe—I've got about ten singles on him I've been discovering slowly and surely around the country. I just got the Wild Tchoupitoulas album, which I really like a lot, and the new Neville Brothers album is pretty cool.

Will R.E.M. ever release a live album?

We'll be recording the last three dates of this tour just because the feeling is that if we tour with the next [studio] album, a lot of the

stuff that we do now, we won't be doing so we might as well get good live versions of some of the older stuff before it gets thrown away. It's good to have it in the archives in case our playing goes down one day. Oh yeah! Posthumous eight-record set live album!

Do you ever take vacations?

I had three days off and I went down to New Orleans. I went to the World's Fair, saw the dB's, hung out. I saw Alex Chilton playing down in the French Quarter. I like him, he's real cynical. He recognized me and I'm not sure if he recognized what band I was in but he came and sat and talked to me. None of us mentioned Big Star and I think he was happy about that.

I think he wants to get into it a little bit more. I told him, "If you feel like touring or anything, give me a call and I'll try to help." The band he's with now, the drummer kinda sucks but when they do blues stuff or soul stuff, it's really fun. They're called the Scores and they

play at Papa Joe's Original Music Hall. Four sets a day for tips. They play covers, they don't do any originals. Some of the covers are really cool. They also do "Whipping Post" and Little Feat. It's pretty weird.

R.E.M. does its share of weird covers...

We do them intermittently—one or two a night. We do some Velvets songs, a Troggs song or two. A lot of them are totally unrehearsed, like "Smoking In The Boys Room." We were playing Detroit and thought, "Let's play a song by a Detroit band." We couldn't think of one. The old Motown stuff was too complicated for us.

Know any ghost stories?

I don't have one, unfortunately. I don't know any fictional ones and I certainly haven't had any happen to me in real life. I'm keeping my ears open but I don't really believe in ghosts.

—Bunny Matthews

DeGeneres Not Degenerate

Comedienne Ellen DeGeneres, cable television network Showtime's choice for Funniest Person in America, returns home to New Orleans, triumphantly. She is booked for two appearances, the first on October 16 in Jackson Square as part of the Showtime sixteen-city tour and again on November 3 for a special show at Le Petit Theatre. An overnight sensation (or it so seems? surely

the last several years as amateur comedienne are to be overlooked), her Showtime win has gotten far more than just a foot in the door; one might say she's been hurled head first into that mythical room of success. Being Showtime's Number 1 includes not merely a title and statuette, but the sixteen-city tour and a mini-special currently being aired in bits and pieces on Showtime. And there is more—the *piece de la resistance* includes numerous bookings across the country such as at Carolines, the club in New York,

film and TV offers, both *The Dave Letterman* and *The Tonight* shows have called, and special appearances such as co-hosting with Joan Rivers at a recent celebrity tennis benefit. **WHEW!**

It's not all roses however—She has encountered her first negative review (in Boulder, Colorado—what do they know?). Working for a large corporation like Showtime is not always easy and she feels that this is the hardest she has ever worked. Creatively, one of the biggest problems besides staying funny is working at a job tradi-

tionally reserved for men. Says Ellen: "The men in the audience are looking to see if you're pretty and the women are looking at the men to see if they think you're pretty and no one is concentrating on what you have to say. To me, I'm just a person on stage telling jokes. I'm not a feminist but a comedienne."

Along those lines, Ellen also feels that most women comics are in a rut anyway. They all seem to rely on typical female problems. Ellen, on the other hand, uses material centering on life



Elementary rock video in Jefferson Parish.

Savage 'Drop-Out'

A new type of public service announcement can be seen on Cox Cable, channel 10 these days, utilizing the talents of semi-local, semi-heavy metal band "Gypsy Savage." It's a rock video entitled "Never Drop Out" and was produced by and for the Jefferson Parish School Board. The concept was conceived by Cindy Robison and husband Jim who works in the

Media Center at the Jefferson Parish School Board. The hook up between Gypsy Savage and Jeff Parish took place when Jim Robison mentioned the concept to a guy repairing a Xerox machine at the Media Center, and stated that he was looking for a band. The serviceman was Gypsy Savage's bass player, Jim Kinler. Kinler and the band's lead guitarist and lead vocalist, Wayne Rogge lined up the lyrics, some of which are:

"Want-a-tell you a story, like my daddy told me. He said, 'son,

you can go places if you choose. You gotta get your diploma with your name written on it. It's your ticket, with this you'll never lose.'

Never drop out, never drop out of school. You've gotta sharpen your mind, it's your best tool, don't 'cha be no fool, never drop out, never drop out of school.

The video was filmed in late July at Homedale Elementary in Jefferson Parish and features a classroom scene filled with over thirty real Jefferson Parish high schoolers, an actress hired to play

the teacher and the band set up at the rear of the room. There's a short rebellion scene, and then the video moves out the front doors of the school with students and cheerleaders dancing around the band, with teach looking on. The PSA video will debut on WWL, Channel 4's locally produced "Video Trax" in the near future. A "Never Drop Out" single b/w "Goodbye Now" was produced by Richard Bird at Visionary Studios and presently can be heard on 13-Q.

—Carol Gniady

situations everyone encounters. Hers is not a cynical, nasty outlook. Instead, she's occasionally resigned, sometimes sarcastic, but rarely negative. Her humor, in her words, "is on the wacky side."

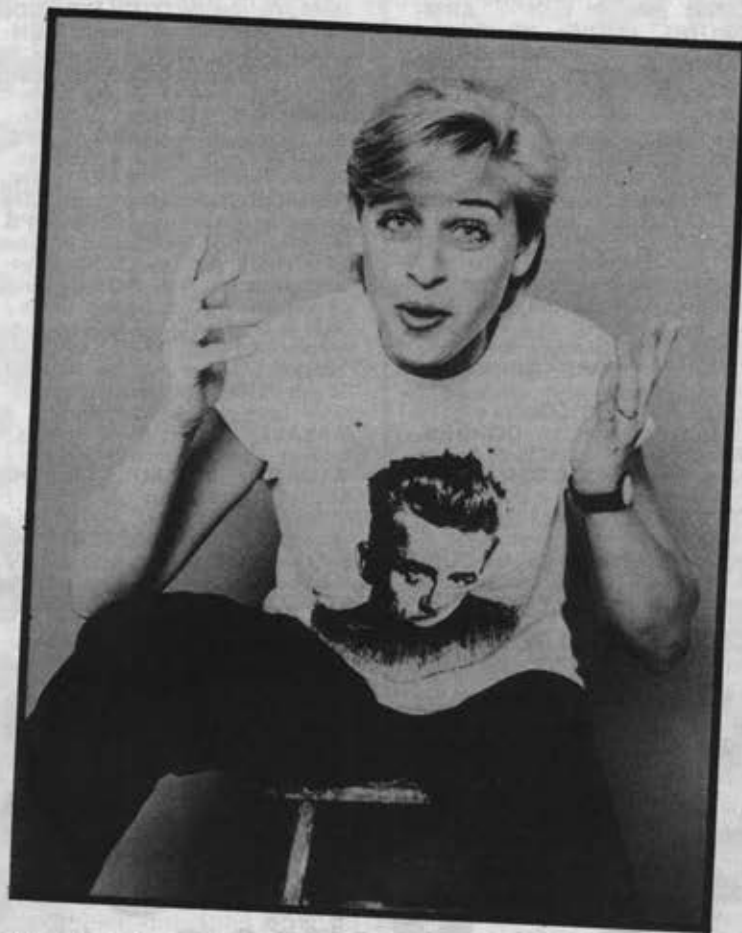
One the problem of telling people what she does for a living: "There are very few people who say 'Oh that's great! Most people, if you tell them you're a comedienne, they don't believe you, they look at you like you're some kind of a nut—or they don't understand: 'Er, you tell jokes for a living?' Or they look at you like you're a wise guy, like you just spray-painted grafitti on their children."

She is still ecstatic, however, about her recent honor. "Things happened so fast. I'm treated really well.—That just doesn't happen to somebody." Ellen is anxious to share all with New Orleans. "I want to give a really fun, fun show. I can't wait to come home."

Has she finally achieved her life long ambition? "A lot of people dream of being a star. They stand in front of the mirror and pretend to be a rock star, but how many people stand in front of the mirror and pretend to be a comedienne?"

—Allison Brandin

Showtime's second annual "Funniest Person in America" search settles in New Orleans October 14 through 17, looking for the successor to Degeneres. Presently, if you have cable TV, you can view an entertaining promotional spot announcing the upcoming dates on their coast to coast, twenty-stop search. If you'd like to audition to compete, an outdoor location will be announced later this month where the Showtime Funniest Person in America producers will be taking applications and screening contestants. A video taping of the final batch of comedians will take place on October 16, when Degeneres will host the event and demonstrate to the audience why she is The Funniest Person in America. If you are unable to audition in person, but would like to pursue the contest, write for the rules and an official entry form at the following address: Showtime's Funniest Person in America P.O. Box 800, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10159. A video tape will be requested of your routine. The last day they'll accept entries will be December 31. The national winner will be announced next April.



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The Last Parade

A double blow was dealt to the "over a century old" tradition of Black New Orleans brass bands this September. Jazz funerals were held for Chester Jones who passed away on September 5 and Herman E. Sherman who followed on September 10, 1984.

Ralph "3 Knocks" Chester Jones, Sr. was born in Cut Off, La. on March 3, 1913, and at an early age moved to New Orleans. While a teenager he began to play the drums and during his career he performed with the Silver Leaf Brass Band, George Williams, the Eureka Brass Band, the Onward Brass Band, and many others. He also toured Japan and recorded with George Lewis and Kid Sheik Colar.

Clarinetist Michael White once said, "Chester's drumming reminded me of being on the street. I could always hear the parade drumming in his performance. It reminded me of the second line." This "parade drumming" is also clearly evident in the music of two of his sons; Benny Jones plays bass drum with the Dirty Dozen Brass Band and Michael Jones plays bass drum with Tuba Fats and the Chosen Few.

Herman Sherman died at the age of 61. He played alto and tenor saxophone and was the leader of the Young Tuxedo Brass Band since 1971/72. Herman once told me, "I don't allow any of the rock 'n roll or modern stuff in my band. I've got all good people who are interested in playing traditional New Orleans music."

The Young Tuxedo Brass Band has been together over 50 years under the leadership of Herman Sherman they have performed at the White House for President Jimmy Carter, the Berlin Jazz Festival, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Playboy Jazz Festival.

Both Herman Sherman and Chester Jones literally performed with hundreds of different New Orleans groups. In this city it is easy for a good musician to put together a band as long as they have a job and on any given day a variety of different musicians may play with them. This is one way that New Orleans traditional jazz musicians are sometimes likened to a family.

Similarly you could say, this family just lost two of its fathers. Both Chester and Herman will be greatly missed by family and friends and by the thousands who enjoyed their music.

—Jerry Brock

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THE LATE NIGHT SHEET!

Horror Story

As the dust begins to settle from the stampede of college students, the phoenix city, New Orleans rises to accommodate the upcoming occasions of October 1984.

Jackson Brewery, one of the largest riverfront developments (along with the Louisiana World Exposition) will officially open this month on October 27 and boasts of over sixty different specialty shopping, dining and entertainment experiences. In its first phase of development, the Jax Brewery extends for 22 acres along Decatur Street to the Mississippi River and stretches between St. Peter and Bienville streets. The center of the building has been cored out and a 100-foot-high glass atrium has been installed. With six levels to the complex, 65% will offer "the best of New Orleans and Louisiana" cuisine as well as a number of boutiques laced in 19th century atmosphere amid the omnipresence of the hi-tech glass atrium. Two of the many restaurants hosted in the facility are "Visko's," located on the fourth level, and "Guste's" (of Antoine's) restaurant on the fifth level and accompanying lounge on the sixth level. The third level is called "Jax Fest"—a take off of "Jazz Fest," and is dubbed as a celebration in Louisiana cooking, with various independent operators serving up New Orleans favorites like crawfish etouffé, red beans and rice, jambalaya, to name a few. There's an outdoor pedestrian promenade along the riverfront on the second level, and it's here that you'll find live entertainment, strolling musicians and street performers. Of course, the festive atmosphere will be evident throughout the complex. Push-cart merchants will be selling their wares and our local craftsmen should benefit in that the duration afforded each of these merchants will be from two weeks to two months at a time; constant turnover and new merchandise circulating on a frequent basis, some merchandise seasonal like Mardi Gras masks.

A ten-day celebration and grand opening will begin at 10:30 am, on October 27 with an opening line (second-line) parade and at high noon the dedication ceremony will take place at Decatur Street and St. Peter. The many entertainers to be involved will be announced later this month. The Jackson Brewery will not only be offering patrons a sampling of the great Louisiana cuisine and crafts, but it is also meant to be a home for entertainment. The final development, involving two other phases of offices, luxury apartments and a



The employees at La Masquerade are dressed to kill.

riverside park expansion, should be completed in about ten years. The city's bandages from a much needed face-lift are finally starting to unravel, let's hope the operation is a success.

13-Q will celebrate its one year anniversary on Halloween. Over the past year 13-Q has provided music and live interviews from the likes of Modern English, INXS, Wire Train, Eddie Money and The Stray Cats as they've passed through the city on their tours... on-air "concert specials" from Duran, Duran, Big Country, R.E.M., Elvis Costello, to name a few, and has proudly included music and interviews from some of the Crescent City's finest like The Cold, The Models and Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo. 13-Q brought the first traveling video show to New Orleans, hosted several model hunts, Jimmy's New Music Showcases... they've sponsored high school oriented programs like "school reporters," and the "Prep Football Report," exposing "the names, the games and the fames of your school." Countless thousands of concert tickets, albums and dollar bills have floated through the air-waves into the hands of listeners. In the years to come, not only will 13-Q be cutting new teeth, but will continue to bite the bullet to provide New Orleans with extraordinary radio broadcasting, in AM stereo. Happy Birthday.

WVOZ, situated atop Tipitina's on Napoleon Avenue, will finally be able to move into its new home at the Jazz Complex's Kitchen Building in Armstrong Park on October 27th. There will be a motorcade procession with a float of a 15-foot-tall antique radio,

blaring the blues and jazz of WWOZ as they move through the streets of the city, lead by a 90.7 member brass band (the .7 will be a seven-year-old grand marshal). Armstrong Park will host a housewarming, welcoming party and when the parade enters the park there'll be an official switch on ceremony, at which time the old facility will pull the plug, and the broadcasts will continue, from then on, at the new facility. The celebration will continue with more live performers, jazz films and refreshments until 10 pm.

This Halloween there are two new options for horror fanatics. The New Orleans Wax Museum opened its doors at 327 Bourbon Street in early July and houses its own "Horrorville" on the third floor. Displayed in wax figures imported from England and France are crimes of passion, taken from fact and folklore, indigenous to New Orleans. Notable natives caught in the act and preserved in wax like Johann Gravois can be seen murdering his lover, as well as Ms. Kitty Lyons leaning over her cold boyfriend's body, to spit in his eye. Other local favorites exhibited include Marie Laveau frozen in voodoo dance, Joe the Whipper lavishing some affection on his mate. More famous freaks include Dracula and Franky, the kindly Dr. Jekyll and counterpart, a still-wet scene from E.A. Poe's "Murder in the Rue Morque" and many more.

The New Orleans Wax Museum also houses a fine commemoration in wax to New Orleans' red light district on the second floor with call girl queens, mistresses to senators, madames and shady characters. The first floor has a

few more readily recognizable figures in its Mardi Gras showcase. Past kings in some original carnival costumes include Rex Harrison, Bing Crosby, Johnny Carson and revellers like FDR, Charles de Gaulle, Louis Armstrong with trumpet in hand and, of course, Michael Jackson. Soon to join the troupe is a wax figure of the king himself, Elvis Presley.

Then there are those figures who will leap out at you from the dark. Comforting, isn't it? At what's dubbed as "the best little horror house in New Orleans," La Masquerade offers the twist of the knife for the real fright-seekers at heart. Located at 917 Conti Street, it can be spotted from Bourbon Street by the marquee-burdened, and occupied, hearse in front... next door to the Shilstone Testing Laboratories. The plot thickens. La Masquerade involves a complete theatrical production, using special effects, black lighting, strobe lights, mood music and nine to fifteen live performers. The performers are non-professionals in ghoulishly made up faces, dressed to kill and strategically positioned throughout the dark chambers of the building. A person could get lost inside... feeling through pitch black corridors that wind and slope through various staged scenes of terror, hosted by mad scientists, monsters and Prince Charming himself, the Texas Chain Saw Murderer! La Masquerade is presently prepping up for Halloween with some special attractions... one out of the bag is a room dedicated to roach haters and the insect world. Don't go stoned, and don't go alone! □

Salem Spirit!



On Tour ...

Quiet Riot, the reigning kings of heavy metal, don't appear ready to pass on their crowns just yet. Their *Condition Critical* album is clanging up the charts and they're out on the road right now, presenting a collection of new fist thrusting anthems and tracks from last year's triple platinum *Metal Health* LP. After covering cities in the West and South in October, the band heads East.

Top of the Charts

No.	Albums	Singles
1	Born in the USA Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)	"Missing You" John Waite (EMI)
2	Phantoms Fixx (MCA)	"Let's Go Crazy" Prince (Warner Bros.)
3	Purple Rain Prince (Warner Bros.)	"Sheep" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
4	No Breaks John Waite (EMI)	"Drive" Cars (Elektra)
5	Go Insane Lindsay Buckingham (Elektra)	"If This Is It" Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)
6	Right By You Stephen Stills (Atlantic)	"Hard Habit To Break" Chicago (Warner Bros.)
7	Instincts Romeo Void (CBS/415)	"What's Love Got To Do With It" Tina Turner (Capitol)
8	Heartbeat City Cars (Elektra)	"Cruel Summer" Bananarama (Polygram)
9	Eddie & The Cruisers Soundtrack (Scotti Brothers)	"Warrior" Scandal (Columbia)
10	Lights Out Peter Wolf (EMI)	"Lucky Star" Madonna (Sire/Warner Bros.)

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

Personal Favorites

Motels leader Martha Davis picks her five favorite albums: 1. *Avalon*, Roxy Music; 2. *West Side Story* soundtrack; 3. *Security*, Peter Dinklage; 4. *Everything* by David Bowie; 5. *Rite of Spring*, Stravinsky.

Critic's Choice

Iain Blair Proclaims Elton John The King

"The Bitch Is Back" might not be an entirely accurate description of Elton's sell-out shows at the LA Forum — he was far too good-natured for that. But Elton is definitely back, and better than ever. After a period of semi-retirement, and then a gradual return to recording and performing, Elton has reattacked his music with renewed vigor and a stripped-down approach coupled with great delivery. Gone are a lot of the more extravagant costumes and gestures — he merely contented himself with occasionally jumping onto his white grand, and at one point tossing the piano stool off the stage. In their place was a long, well-paced and energetic concert of his greatest hits that once again reaffirmed his position as one of the major singer/songwriters of the last fifteen years. Elton and his superb band — consisting of originals Dee Murray on bass, Davey



Elton John. Photo: Richard Reece © 1984

Johnstone on guitar, Nigel Olsson on drums, with the addition of Fred Mandel on keyboards — effortlessly pounded out rousing versions of such classics as "Tiny Dancer," "Rocket Man," "Daniel" and "Candle In The Wind." Elton also included some of his more recent material, such as "Sad Songs" and "I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues," but it was the old favorites like "Your Song," "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting" and "Crocodile Rock" that predictably drew the greatest applause, along with a killer version of "Bennie and The Jets" that featured a bravura rendition of "In The Mood."

In the Studio ...

Chicago's Streeterville Studios has been playing host to several projects for Alligator Records. Blues great James Cotton is at work on a new album, which he is co-producing with Alligator president Bruce Iglauer. Streeterville engineer Justin Niebank is at the controls. Son Seals is also cutting tracks at the studio, as is Clifton Chenier, the 1984 Grammy-winning "King of Zydeco." Other projects underway at Streeterville include the Clancy Brothers and Xanadu for Horizon Records and Loveship for Cashear Records. ... Legendary rock conceptualist John Cale is at Unique Recording in New York. He's producing his own new album for Ze Records. Engineering is being handled by Jay Burnett, with assistance from Jeff Neiblum and Kennan Keating. Unique also has Evelyn King cutting tracks for her upcoming RCA release. Carl Sturken and Even Rogers are producing this one, with engineering expertise from Bob Rosa, Frank Heller, Chris and Tom Lord-Alge. ... Daniel Van Patten's Advanced Media Systems was the site of

some recent recording by LA hardcore kingpins Agent Orange. Van Patten produced and Steve Anderson engineered. The duo also worked on a 6-song EP for Bachelors Even, while Van Patten handled some remixes for SSQ with engineer John St. James. ... Hollywood's Capitol Records Studios has had its usual share of artists in residence recently, including Jermaine Jackson who recorded string tracks for his second Arista album in between "Victory" tour dates with The Jacksons. Jermaine produced the sessions with K.C. and engineers Hugh Davies and David Cole. Dionne Warwick was also at Capitol, working on a special project for Aaron Spelling Productions with producers Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager. Finally, Buffy Saint Marie is at work on a project of her own for Gypsy Boy Music. She is co-producing with Jack Nitzsche.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to WTBS'

"Night Tracks":

"(I Want To Live In) America" Bobby & The Midnites (CBS)

"The Lucky One" Laura Branigan (Atlantic)

"Rescue Me" Duke Jupiter (Morocco)

"I've Been Watching You (Jamie's Girl)" Randy Hall (MCA)

"Torture" The Jacksons (Epic)

"Dr. Beat" The Miami Sound Machine (Epic)

"Surrender Your Heart" Missing Persons (Capitol)

"Together In Electric Dreams" Giorgio Moroder/Phil Oakey (Epic)

"You, Me & He" Mtume (Epic)

"Raised On The Radio" The Ravyns (Melrose Film)

"Some Guys Have All The Luck" Rod Stewart (Warner Bros.)

"Better Be Good To Me" Tina Turner (Capitol)

"Eat Your Heart Out" Xavion (Asylum/Mirage)

"Let's Go Crazy" Prince & The New Power Generation (Warner Bros.)

"Right By Your Side" Eurythmics (RCA)

"Lucky Star" Madonna (Warner Bros.)



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ALMOST SLIM

Larry Darnell Gets Along

Fall, 1949—The Brownskin Models, a singing, dancing, comedy troupe, makes a stop in New Orleans to play local theatre. Frank Pania, talent entrepreneur and owner of the infamous nightspot the Dew Drop Inn, spots one of the entertainers in the chorus with a particularly angelic voice, and promptly hires him for \$75 a week to sing at his club. The youngster causes an immediate sensation, upstaging many of the big-name recording artists performing at the Dew Drop.

Fred Mendelson, the owner of Regal Records of Newark, New Jersey, stops by the Dew Drop to see what the big fuss is all about. Convinced the singer is a potential record seller, Mendelson rushes him into the studio to complete a session. Unsure of what songs to put on the market, he releases two ballads simultaneously (then an



Larry Darnell.

unheard-of practice) to see what would happen. Surprisingly both songs rise to the top of the national rhythm and blues charts by the end of 1949. The songs were "For You My Love" and "I'll Get Along Somehow," of course sung by Larry Darnell. Darnell remained a popular attraction in New Orleans until the mid-Fifties when he returned to his home in Ohio.

ROXOLOGY

LES WHITE

Reagansonics

Two politicians stopped by the Fair on Labor Day; the lesser of these, George Bush, addressed who knows how many over by the United States Pavilion. Out on the river, boats gushed red, white and blue water as the Vice-President spoke of Olympics (the U.S. Invitationals), a value or two, the obvious choice in November, and blind trust. A bit later, across the way at the Amphitheater, Elvis Costello off-handedly remarked, in introducing a new song, that he would change the title of his recent record *Goodbye Cruel World* to *Goodbye Mr. Bush*. Few seemed to catch the connection; fewer still seemed to know—or care, if they did know—that Bush had been in their midst.

Sounding one moment like Pere Ubu, the next like the Lovin' Spoonful or studio musicians for one of Aretha Franklin's Atlantic sessions, Costello and the Attractions tore through the evening as though they were trying to frighten George and Barbara away. Two hours after it had begun, the band left the stage; and as the vice-presidential entourage was finishing its bread pudding at Commander's, Costello returned for a solo encore, glared at an audience reeling from a dozen rockers, and sang to it of there being "nothing at the end of the rainbow, nothing to grow up for anymore." This wasn't rock 'n' roll, or good news. He followed up with a performance of *Goodbye Cruel World's* "Peace in Our Time" that was as weighty as the

song's irony, and it settled hard until some perfectly apposite lyric-altering brought the crowd's recognition or approval or edginess. No matter that the Chamberlain allusion flew right by. When Costello has Bush "sit alone in a bar and wonder, 'Oh God, what have we done'" and when he changes the song's last line from "There's already one spaceman in the White House, what do you want another one for?" to "What do you want the same one for?" everybody got the message, whether they agreed with it or not. In making such statements, Costello is, as one writer has said, not simply bringing the bad news, but trying to make sense of it.

This is precisely what Gil Scott-Heron is up to on his new 12" single, "Re-Ron," a hip-hop message that, along with its complement "B-Movie," stands as the cleverest anti-Reagan material yet. This kind of protest-commentary is Scott-Heron's strength, and through the Seventies, when few bothered to listen, he was working out his politics in a succession of sound jazz-protests. With "Re-Ron" global political urgency has finally caught up to the urgency of his message, which doesn't say much for socio-political priorities.

If we can measure just how dangerous and downright embarrassing a president is by pop culture's collective responses to his politics, then perhaps we should thank Reagan for inspiring, among other work, the Clash's *Sandinista!* (1980), less an attack

on the president than on imperialist American foreign policy which Reagan's camp would exacerbate anyway, Springsteen's *Nebraska* (1983), songs about folks suffering from the kind of social-Darwinism that Reagan and Co. posit, and Costello's "Ship-building" and "Pills and Soap" (from 1983's *Punch the Clock*), two staggering anti-Thatcher/Falklands songs that translate perfectly into anti-Reagan/Grenada material.

Like Costello, Scott-Heron in "Re-Ron" makes no distinction between Thatcher's UK and Reagan's U.S. (after all, fascism is fascism); nor is he able to distinguish the talking heads themselves: "In the dead of night, of night, we've seen it all/Boy George in drag or was Maggie Thatcher Ray-Gun in drag?/Maggie and Jiggs, what a gig they got!" No question though that Scott-Heron is less interested in an all-out attack on the man—or woman, as it may be—than on trying to figure out this guy's appeal. But because he understands Reagan as well as, or better than, any political analyst, Scott-Heron realizes that there is, finally, little there to understand. We can no more explain Reagan's popularity than we can that of "Roy Rogers and Buck Rogers/Rutherford B. Hayes and Gabby Hayes/Marlon Perkins and Carl Perkins." We should be, in other words, no more baffled by Reagan's immense appeal as president than by an Air Supply platinum album or an eight-year run of *Three's Company*.

Scott-Heron makes the technique of theatrical illusion, by now too commonplace in referring to the president, work beautifully, presenting Reagan as the fourth banana of B-moviedom that he was. But if Reagan was a hoot on the big screen, he is a hero of the small one—to the extent that "through it all we close our eyes/to the recent damages, banging on the war drums/Cosmetic set changes, the minimal shuffle of the cast of characters/Attila the Haig transformed into peanuts, called Schultz up on Capitol Hill."

Village Voice television critic Tom Carson writes of Reagan as failed movie actor who moves to television as a final pitch for stardom: "Most of TV's peculiarities after all were developed as ways of providing reassurance. Reagan is the first president to understand that so long as you have the right, comfortable manner, you can say pretty much whatever you want. The most verbally bellicose president in recent memory also speaks with the softest, most easily modulated voice—even when he's calling Russia an evil empire, he doesn't shout, but only takes on the firm regretful tone of Marcus Welby telling a recalcitrant patient to shape up." The Reagan people understand their man is a TV star, and they market him as skillfully as they might a new breath mint. Reagan is the least intimidating of any recent president, and though he commands respect, it is the kind that one might be likely to afford Lee Majors or Forrest Tucker or Chrissie Brinkley.

When Scott-Heron calls for no "Re-Ron, the late late show/A black and white flick from ages ago," he risks a scathing attack on the masses whose uneasiness with ambiguity and fondness for the absolute, the "black and white," defines the myopic vision of reality that characterizes political mannikins and those who elect them: "It's a Re-Ron, a time machine, stuck in reverse and filming/Those scenes twenty years gone with the point of a gun/The hell with reality places everyone." Scott-Heron knows these words potentially alienate, but the tension between artist and audience that appears inevitable never quite forms. His acerbic satire is masked by the skillful use of cinematic metaphor and the equation (or blurring of) figures from pop culture and politics, an equation that allows the singer to suggest on what level our democratic, electoral process operates. He asks: "Would we take Fritz with our grits?/We'd take Fritz the Cat/Would we take Jesse Jackson?/Hell, we'd take Michael Jackson." □

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My Interview With Andre

Andre Ledoux, native of France, is the Executive Chef of the Fairmont Hotel and oversees a large kitchen which supplies the Sazerac Restaurant, Bailey's, the Blue Room and innumerable banquets. Chef Ledoux arrived in New York in 1965 after more than a decade spent in the kitchens of Paris. His American career began as a *sous chef* at Cote Basque and he subsequently was employed by the Hotel Pierre, Le Georges Rey Restaurant, the St. Regis Hotel, two branches of the Sheraton chain, the Cricket Club in Miami and the Marina City Club in Marina del Rey, California. In 1981, he moved with his wife and two children to New Orleans and joined the staff of the Fairmont.

On a Monday morning, amidst periodic interruptions from his *sous chefs* and deliverymen bearing receipts for cases of orange juice, Chef Ledoux kindly consented to the following interview. Like a true Frenchman, Chef Ledoux possesses ample quantities of wit, temper and of course, *joie de vivre*.

When did you start cooking?

I was born in a hotel. My father had a small hotel at the time. Even though I'm a country person from generations, my mom and my father when they were a little over 20, they decided, "The farm—to hell with it, we're going to go into the hotel business."

So they bought something that we call a small *auberge*. I was born in it and somehow, it gets to you. Even though I had in mind, in the beginning, that I would like to become an airplane motor mechanic. But I found that I liked the food so much and I was good at it even though I was a small little guy. I was always fooling around with it, helping my mom or her cook at the time. And I figured, "That's the right life for me."

Then I went after that to a friend of my mom's who had a bigger *auberge* and I felt, myself, that I really liked it and I had the discipline for it, which was fantastic. Then I stopped by a butcher shop, because I felt it was very important to know how to detail all the meat. And from there, I went into the hotel business more seriously around Paris at *Ecole Hoteliere Versailles*. It was a real nice place. I stayed almost four years there before I went into the army. They had all the tools for the really big party—not quantity but really refined. We served the President of the Republic and some reception for de Gaulle way before he was even President. Things like this

were routine so we had good people. And of course, fantastic exposure in the press.

Is that where you received your classical training?

Yes, classical. What I really love the most is *original*. To know every dish from every town—that's impossible. I don't care how long you would live.

But for me, it's always something—I'm always going to find something in a small village that's really interesting. I try to work on it. I look at the product and I do something better. Lots of times, the product's already good but it needs refinement. That always makes them richer. It's, shall we say, as an artist, sometimes the more you look around, then the better idea you have. I do believe it's the same for cooking. As you can tell from looking at the top shelf (Chef Ledoux points to a long row of cookbooks), I don't take nothing for granted. Nothing's too small. I always research things.

Why did you come to America?

Because it was a very great opportunity to expose yourself to such a large country and bigger hotels. American people do not limit you on anything. You can become creative at something. Go right ahead, they'll give you all the tools.

Now in Europe, they're very conservative. The chances are that the chef has got to be a little older and the chances are that you're going to have to go strictly under his rules. Not too much chance for your own ability or flair.

But in America, it's not so. They don't look at if you're young or you're old. Certain places are conservative but they don't stop young people with brilliant ideas. They try it. If it doesn't work, they tell you. They give you plenty of chances and this is why I believe the country is so successful.

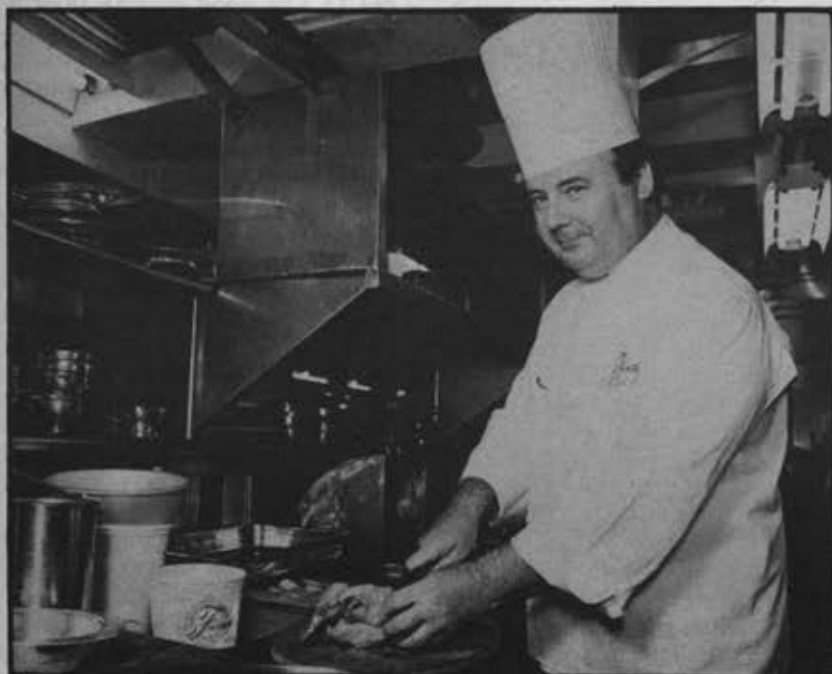
What's happening in France now—are the restaurants suffering?

No, I wouldn't say they suffered but I would say they did what was needed. You see a lot of younger chefs now—27 years old, 30 years old. Before, a chef was beginning to be a chef at 40 years old. They saw a lot of new creation because they gave a little bit of freedom to their young. And some of the young proved it by buying their own places. They said, "Now I'm doing what I please."

What were your first impressions of New Orleans?

I love New Orleans. I'll tell you why I love New Orleans. I'm from Normandy, in the northwest of France. It's pretty similar as far as fish and I like seafood.

Plus people here are much more warm. I lived on the East Coast for about ten years. I love the East Coast, don't get me wrong. I love New York, I think it's the greatest thing in the world but they are not as warm as the people here.



DIANA ROSENBERG

Chef Andre Ledoux: 'I don't care what you're going to do, you're not going to fool the New Orleans public.'

And people love food here. That's what makes our industry. Every little thing that you do, they're thankful for it because they love food. They carry you all the way.

Do New Orleanians have more sophisticated palates?

They have palates—they have good palates. If you really want to win the New Orleans public, it's the test of your dish. I don't care what you're going to do, you're not going to fool them. They have good, good, good palates. Their palates have been educated since they were small and they grow up with it.

Some other parts of America are not so sophisticated as far as palates. They like to have a big steak or a big slice of roast beef. They're perfectly happy with it. Now in New Orleans, they grow up with good food. You've got a lot of mixtures such as French, Italian, Spanish, German—you get just about everything.

Not many American kids have tasted a crawfish...

But here they do and they love it. And they have many which

ways of cooking them. Some ways may be too spicy, comparatively, for the rest of the states but still, they love everything good and sizzling and it's better than eating plain food, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not saying for your health but I'm talking about enjoying yourself.

How does a new dish get on the menu?

Last week, I was looking for a new idea. It was quite busy around here. I take everything, I go home with my little radio in my car just like a kid and I work. There, you can do something.

When I put my ideas together and I see all my *sou chefs*, then we work on the product. We try it a couple of times. Maybe it's a funny idea, maybe it's just not what I thought it would be. Then we work on the product until it comes to the test of presentation, when we determine if we'll accept it. Then we have the management approve, see if they like it. I try to be as open as possible because I figure the more people involved, the better the ideas that are going

to come. Then we start to reduce, to reduce, to reduce and boom! This is the one! Everybody agree?

It doesn't have to be my idea. My concern is that the people be happy with it. If I've got four people happy with it, the chances are I've got a good product. I'm concerned that it's going to be a winner.

I try to understand the public I've got. I try to understand what they're looking for, what they like basically. If I know already the direction then it's easy to be creative. To tell you the truth, the first year I was in Louisiana, I knew a few basic dishes they were going to like but other than that, I was just fishing. Now I know anything you do with seafood, they go crazy. If you go to California, you can do no wrong with salmon, you can do no wrong with swordfish. If you go to Miami, you look on all the menus and they've got veal Francis.

Why do chefs move so much?

Now you come to the good question. As you said before, chefs have a tendency to be artists. Well, I don't want to go that far but they are, at least in that part, the same thing. They are people who get bored very quickly. When a place has gotten to be in a pattern for a while and there's no modifications anymore in that pattern, if you have a good chef, you have him

bored. He's just coming to work. And if he's just coming to work, you don't have the chef you want. You want the guy to come every day aggressive and smiling and thinking what the hell he's going to try to play with today.

Does the Fairmont have best-sellers on the menu?


Right now, we have extreme success with—and it's been on the menu for two or three years and it's still the winner—*poisson Veronique*. The quail (*le duo de caille Bourbon Street*) will probably take over. I don't follow it every day—what you call the abstracts. We were looking about two weeks ago and it was one of the first times in a long time when we had such a balance as far as sales. We sell almost equally just about everything on the menu, which I consider as a compliment for myself. Usually, you'll sell 300 portions of this thing and 100 portions of another thing. But we are coming so close, it really pleases me.

Is it true that chefs have bad tempers?

I tell you what—it's the pressure that you've got all day long. Your nerves have got to give sometimes.

So how do you relax?

I don't relax. And on top of that, I've got a pinched nerve in my neck. So everything bothers me. □



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Dispel visions of greasy Sha Na Na, however, and picture lead singer/harmonica player Tom Clifford as a cross between Elvis Presley and The Blues Brothers, flanked on either side by guitarists Tom Stern and Peter Hamilton who could have easily stepped from the set of *Rebel Without a Cause*. Completing the picture are drummer Buzz Collins (formerly of the Sluts and Johnny Jay and the Hitmen) and bass player Tim Adde who has played with Flavor (an early Seventies southern rock band), the Pearls, and Johnny Jay.

Clifford, Stern, and Hamilton are all Tulane students and the original members of the band. There have been some personnel



ALICE QUARLES HARGRAVE

The Mistreaters, perfect models of Fifties virility: 'If you give 'em an honest product, they're gonna dance.'

changes though everyone is satisfied with the current line up. Clifford is an especially talented harmonica player and when his voice quivers and shakes it's not hard to hear the strong Presley influence. A perfect model of Fifties virility, dark, stocky, and a cleft chin, Clifford sights Presley as their spiritual guide, though

Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps are also idols.

Mainly a cover band and perhaps criticized for it, Clifford explained their position, "It's like George Thorogood said, 'Why write songs when Chuck Berry already wrote them all?' It's not exactly the way I feel but there's just some songs that you've really

got to feel good playing. And if people like dancing to it, why not do it? We're not the Blasters or the Leroi Brothers yet, though that's our object, but when you slip in a song you've written that's got a good beat and people keep dancing, then you say that's a good original."

They do have a few originals such as "Like a Hound Dog Loves Its Bones" and "Bring It To Me" both are of which are good songs. As Clifford continued "If you give 'em an honest product, they're gonna dance; when some bands do originals the dance floor clears."

And people definitely dance; on a weeknight they draw a big crowd, a lot of collegiates, few of whom sit. A bit concerned about being stereotyped a Fifties or fraternity band, they don't need to worry. The band does classics from many different periods, there is a promise of more originals and each is a solid musician, which allows for two tightly performed sets. Up ahead, Hamilton, Stern and Clifford are close to receiving diplomas though they wouldn't think twice about leaving school for music if the right opportunity came along. And there is no doubt about how they feel about their own music, perfectly stated by Stern and Clifford: "We play music that's gonna stand the test of time, American Music." □

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Paul Haig — Big Blue World
Les Disques du Crepuscule TWI 231

I never like anything by Paul Haig until I've heard it at least ten times—then I love it. This is DANCE music with a big drum machine sound and plenty of neat synthesizers. Sounds too familiar?? As familiar as 90% of the bands coming out today. This, fortunately, is different. There is some thought behind the music and optimum effect is achieved through the mix. The B-side, "Ghost Rider," is a rockabilly song that outdoes anything from those old compilation albums and puts the Stray Cats to shame. The real treats of this song are the players on it, a kind of who's who of modern Scottish bands—Alan Rankine (ex-Associates), Malcolm Ross (ex-Orange Juice/now Aztec Camera), David McClymont (ex-Orange Juice), and Toby Philips.

The Mighty Wah! — Weekends
Beggars Banquet BEG 117 T

After the BIG guitar sound of the earlier LP and singles, Pete Wylie went through a Motown stage. This produced the single "Hope" a phenomenal and touching soulful ballad. On

"Weekends" and the LP *A Word To The Wise Guy* he has gone back to the guitar sound but not completely given up on the soul sound. At times it works (very well) and sometimes it sounds like a war between two bands playing on the same stage with a common lead singer/guitar player. Wylie still writes excellent songs but needs to direct the band in which way to face the audience.

The Associates — Waiting For The Loveboat WEA YZ 16 T

Mr. Mackenzie, the only Associate at last count, has 1. Gone disco, 2. Proved once again his obsession with movie and T.V. theme music, 3. Is interested in making money, 4. Needs to get back together with Alan Rankine. Every time I hear this I like it or I hate it. The Associates' older material was so interesting and innovative it makes this sound bland. Listening to it on its own two feet it sounds all right. But that's it. Any song about the Loveboat cannot be all serious. This is pure disco for now people and Martin Rushent produced to boot.

Lester Square — The Plug
Cherry Red TSR 4 T

Lester Square used to be the guitar player in The Monochrome Set. A lot of the uniqueness of the band was attributed to his playing style. He has lost it.

The Armoury Show — Castles in Spain Parlophone 12 R 6079

The guts lost by U.K. bands like The Sound, The Combat Angels, and Echo and the Bunnymen lives here. Ex-Skids singer/writer Richard Jobson and company outdo any of these bands and put Skid spin-off Big Country out of business. Powerful guitar playing from John McGeoch provides the perfect blend of acoustic and electric sounds. Russell Webb's bass fits into the puzzle in perfect form. This is the Pick-to-Hit for '85.

LPs:

The Cult — Dreamtime
Beggars Banquet BEGA 57

This is IT. Perhaps the best LP of the year. Ian Astbury, formerly of the Southern Death Cult, leads this guitar, bass and drum group. The songs are all very moving, which proves disco is not the only thing you should dance to. They are hard guitar anthems highlighted by the very intense voice of Astbury. If there ever was a band to bridge the gap between good heavy metal (if it does exist) and "dark" bands like Bauhaus this is it. Don't expect punk, these people are too intelligent for that. Remember that we have gone from an Indian nation to a Coca-Cola nation—a message found again and again in the lyrics.

Everything But The Girl — Eden Blanco Y Negro BYN-2

This is Beatnik/Cafe/Jazz music for the Eighties. If you liked "The Paris Match" on the Style Council album, done by Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt (the core of EBTG), you'll like this. Thorn and Watt both have done "acoustic" albums on Cherry Red that were great. The mixture of a folksy attitude with very pronounced jazz overtones make this a mellow but "up" collection of songs. The music at times sounds like a Fifties jazz session with Thorn's voice sounding, at times, like Lenny Zenith.

Fiction Factory — Throw The Warped Wheel Out CBS 25964

Very English, almost MTV sounding. Interesting but no sense of direction. "Ghost of Love" is good but it sounds like a very restrained ABC (first LP). The whole album reeks of restraint as if they were playing with guns pointed at their heads. Pop music made by a band with a heart condition. The only saving grace is the free single included in the album—"Rise & Fall." This is the best pop radio song I have heard all year. At first it sounds like Bowie (before EMI's 17 million) but then it heads in its own direction—catchy hook and good lyrics. I figured I paid nine dollars to get one song. It was worth it. □

Broom Tune

The Spiders
WITCHCRAFT
Imperial 5366

Well, October means that it's going to be Halloween again soon, so the editor says "do you think you can do a Halloween-type record? It doesn't have to be that rare, just something to do with Halloween." With those outlines I began rummaging through everything from 78s to eight-track tapes to find something suitable.

Of course, I can't do "Morgus the Magnificent" because that was covered a couple of years ago. So what else? I thought about Eddie Bo's "You Got Your Mojo Workin'" but that doesn't exactly fit. What about Betty Harris' "Mojo Hannah?" No, same reason. I considered Li'l Snook's "Cheetah," and Aaron Neville's "Ape Man," but I guess I'll wait until it's Audubon Zoo month. I nearly wrote up Roger and the Gypsies' "Pass The Hatchet," but somehow that just missed too.

Then I found it. "Witchcraft" by the Spiders! Of course it's not the



rarest of New Orleans records, but it is still a sought-after collector's item.

The Spiders, led by Chuck and Chick Carbo (see WL26), were New Orleans' most successful male vocal group. "Witchcraft" was a substantial hit, climbing to number seven during its eleven-week stay in *Billboard's* 1955 R&B charts. It even made an impression on Elvis Presley, who had a number 32 hit with it in 1963. Our version here is far superior, however, being one of the classic doo wop records of the Fifties.

REVIEWS

At the Amphitheatre
Rockin on the River at the Fair
August 31, 1984

The World's Fair Amphitheatre played host to six New Orleans bands for seven hours on Friday, August 31st. The "jam session" began at 8 pm with *The Radiators* playing their familiar New Orleans rock, including a new rendition of the disco-hit "Shake Your Booty Down To The Ground" and an R&B-styled Costello song "Pump It Up." *Woodenhead* followed with some of their newer tunes with fresh vocals from Robinson and Comisky. *Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo* took to the stage for what was one of their last performances before taking a sabbatical into the studio. Lenny and company presented an interesting version of Madonna's "Burning Up" as well as some of their other more noted covers like "La Bamba" and "Ride Your Pony," plus originals. See you next September? The antics of New Orleans' visual version of The Village People, *Vince Vance and The Valiants* safe-guarded against boredom with colorful costume changes and choreography integrated with a mix of Fifties covers. Welcome back? After another set change, *Deacon John* stepped out with his band and continued with some very well done Chuck Berry songs like "Sweet Little 16" "Roll Over Beethoven," and one "... Hail,

hail rock & roll..." Deacon John also included in the set the recent Jackson/Jagger catastrophe "State of Shock" and closed with a befitting "Many Rivers to Cross" while ships passed on THE river the the background. FINALLY, the headliner, *The Cold* graced the stage to the delight of a small gathering of fans, at the wee hour of 2 am. It seems as if the supposed main attraction could have been promoted to the middle of the set, seeing that the majority of the audience had come to see them. The Cold performed new songs with lyrics still aimed at the high school scene, as well as a few old favorites. By the time they were well into their set, a number of patrons were seen leaving with parents shaking their heads looking at their watches. Considering that this event was put together in short strides and it was Labor Day weekend, the crowd was thinly enthusiastic.

—Carol Gniady

SONNET FOR MUZAK

Something stops. But what? Not the carpeted elevator. My heart. And starts again, plunging, a roller-coaster. Not in pain, where I want to be, but in terror, a lead balloon. Why? Because suddenly a sad fiddle has crawled out of the walls. That's when my lately sunlight-dazzled hair and skin begin to prickle as if an empty bed were going up under my coat. It's true! they're playing "You'll Never Know" on the muzak! They said it! those computers, wordlessly confirming what I knew, darling, that you won't, not ever, impeccable melody falling like rain beyond my poor lyric.

—Everette Maddox

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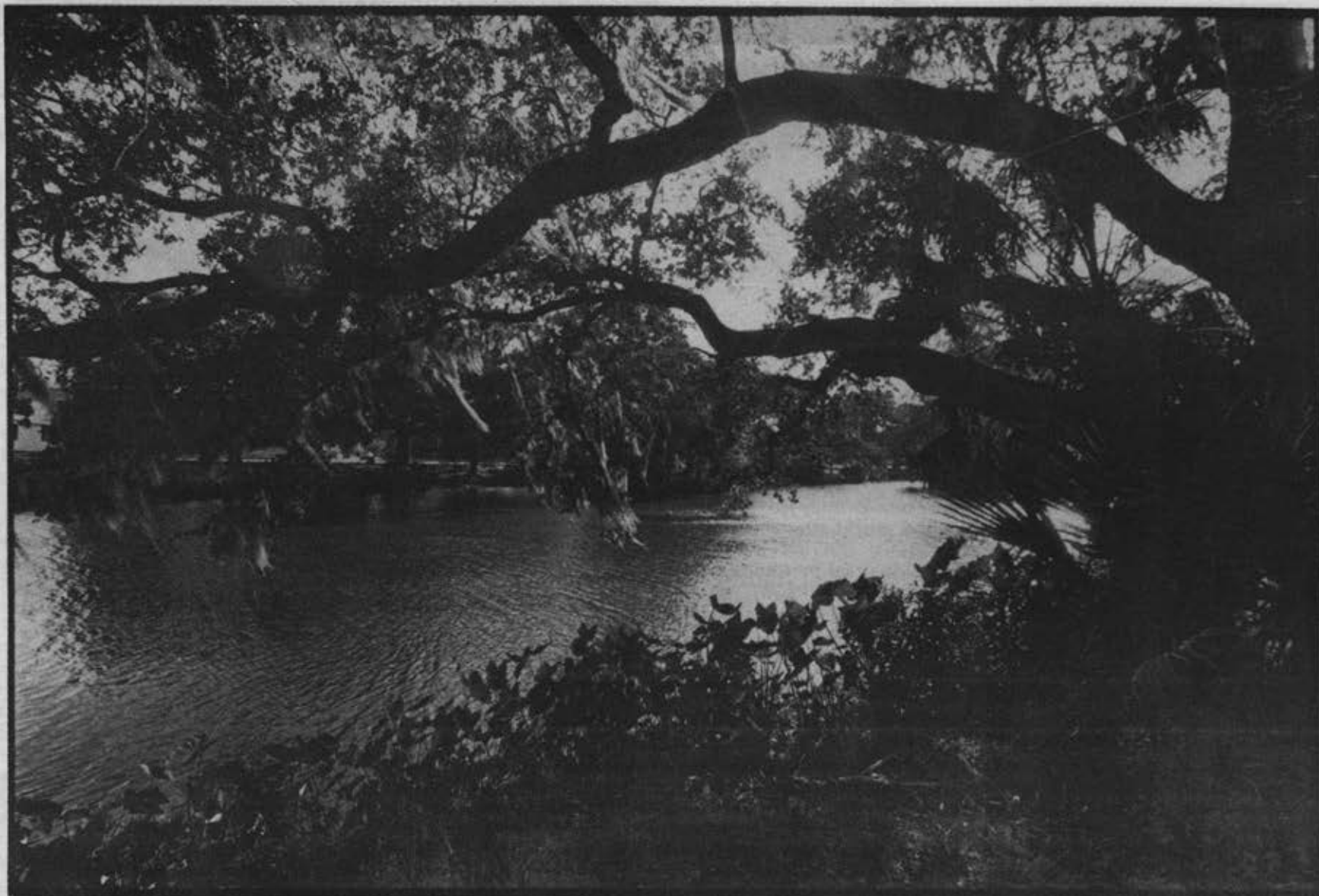
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City Park Lagoon: Mona Lisa's Home?

PHOTOS BY ALICE QUARLES HARGRAVE

NEW ORLEANS AIN'T AFRAID OF NO GHOSTS

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

We ain't afraid of no ghosts in New Orleans. We take 'em for granted. Ghosts are as much a part of the landscape as oak trees, streets that require four-wheel-drive vehicles to maneuver the potholes and century-old shutters painted dark green.

New Orleans has got all kinds of ghosts. The ghost of Buddy Bolden, "inventor of jazz," regularly shows up at French Quarter nightclubs and sits in with the bands.

The ghost of Professor Longhair appeared to the Radiators as they played at the 1980 Jazz Festival. Fess was up in the clouds and he was wearing a turban.

The Devil, before he taught Guitar Slim how to bend a note, lived on St. Charles Avenue in a fine mansion. He had a French girlfriend and his girlfriend had a handsome Creole lover, who occupied her time during the six days a week when the Devil was away on business. One night, Satan came home unexpectedly and

discovered his girlfriend and her paramour together.

Instead of flipping out, the Devil told the Creole boy to keep the girl plus a million pounds of gold. There was one condition: the couple must always be known Monsieur and Madame L. The boy agreed and when he told his lover the following evening about his pact with the Devil, she was furious, realizing that the "L" stood for Lucifer. Amidst a grand dinner, the French girl strangled her Creole beau with a napkin.

The Devil, obviously amused, murdered his former girlfriend and dragged both bodies to the roof of the mansion, where he ate their remains, all but the skins, which he fed to the neighborhood cats. But because the Devil had forgotten never to do one's work by the light of the full moon, his head was bound to the gable of the roof, cemented there by the flesh of the mortals.

For years afterward, the ghosts of the girl, the boy and the Devil haunted the premises. The husband of the daughter of General P.G.T.

Beauregard attempted to live in the house, as did a succession of others, until it was finally torn down in 1930. There are people today who will point out a house near State Street and St. Charles as the Devil's Mansion but they are wrong. The Devil has moved to a new neighborhood.

Anyone researching ghosts in New Orleans will soon learn that all ghost stories of local origin have similar, recurring elements. If a ghost story concerns a 19th-century Creole woman, she is always the most beautiful Creole woman in the history of New Orleans. She often has a lover who is American and therefore, despised by Creole society as a money-hording capitalist and totally ineligible for the hand of any Creole girl, no matter how homely.

One variation of this situation is the story of the "ghost dinners," which were held every Mardi Gras night until the late 1940's at a Royal Street restaurant. As the story goes, a young American visitor to the ball of Comus was awestruck by a Creole belle seated opposite him in a



1221 Orange: A baby in the walls?

balcony. Escorted by her Creole fiance, it should be added.

The eyes of the American boy and the Creole girl met during the *tableaux* and ZAP! They both headed for the lobby, where the Creole girl explained to the American boy that she was now disgraced for leaving her fiance to meet a man she didn't even know—an American man! Since she was ruined, the boy persuaded her to accompany him to a Royal Street restaurant, where they were served the most sumptuous meal ever prepared in New Orleans. A bit before dawn, they finished dessert and headed for St. Louis Cathedral, where a non-Creole priest married them.

All seemed blissful but because she was so beautiful and so young and so Creole and because this was the 19th-century, the girl died a few months later. Her distraught American husband consoled himself by going to the same Royal Street restaurant each Mardi Gras night and ordering the same meal—for two. When the

young man died, he left a considerable amount of money to the restaurant on the stipulation that dinner would be served each Mardi Gras, in perpetuity, to the “ghost lovers.”

Robert Tallant first reported the story in 1947, noting: “There are always flowers on the table and decorations in carnival colors. Then, silently and seriously, a waiter slowly serves the fine foods and wine of an elaborate dinner for two. No one even seems to remember the name of the couple, or they won't tell you if they do, but the ritual continues year after year. It has become one of the traditions of Mardi Gras.”

Apparently, ghosts have a special affinity for Royal Street. There was once a young New Orleans man who had a Creole lover—a black Creole lover. She wanted to marry him but he refused because well, she was black and this was the 19th-century. In modern times, one imagines the same sort of problem would still exist. However, the young man decided to give her a chance and told her that if she sat on the roof of

a building in the 700 block of Royal Street, totally naked, for the entire evening, he might reconsider. She called his bluff, ripped off her clothes and climbed to the top of the roof. Unfortunately, it was a December night and she froze to death. Henceforth, a naked girl has haunted the building's room, usually in December.

Ridiculous, right? I thought so until photographer Alice Quarles Hargrave and I went to the site to take a photograph. Now Alice has a Nikon camera which she calls her “right arm.” It has performed flawlessly in America, Europe and Africa—every day for three years. The afternoon we attempted to shoot the naked girl on the roof, the camera refused to cock. The film *would not* advance. Puzzled, we walked to the K&B Camera Center. Another customer was already there with his own Nikon camera, which had the exact same problem as Alice's. Ghosts or faulty Japanese craftsmanship? Are you joking? The Japanese have no word in their



1447 Constance: Who's singing in the attic?



1140 Royal: A House Accursed?

language for "faulty craftsmanship."

The building at 1140 Royal Street is often referred to as a "haunted house" because on the same site once stood the home of the notorious Madame Delphine Lalaurie, who excused herself from the polite company of Governor Claiborne, congressman Daniel Clarke and philanthropist John McDonough to head upstairs to an attic full of chained slaves, sequestered for the purpose of satisfying her sadistic urges. Madame, a relative of the Queen of France, tried everything on her slaves: starvation, mutilation by knife, whip-beatings. Before Freud, the New Orleans writer Henry C.

Castellanos pegged Madame Lalaurie thusly: "There is a class of females, few in numbers it is true, the idiosyncrasies of whose natures are at times so strange and illogical as to defy the test of close analyzation . . ."

On April 10, 1834, Madame Lalaurie's home was set afire by one of the tortured slaves. Neighbors, assisting in the rescue of the priceless Lalaurie furnishings, smashed through a locked door and discovered seven chained slaves. The slaves told the story of their incredible plight and a mob of angry citizens proceeded to destroy what was left of the Lalaurie house. Madame Lalaurie, aided by the

mayor, escaped to France.

A new building, supposedly haunted by the ghosts of the slaves and in particular, a young slave girl Madame Lalaurie forced to jump from the roof, was erected at 1140 Royal. Castellanos, writing in 1895, had his doubts about the "haunted" appellation: "If several of its occupants, with whom I have often conversed, are to be believed, there is nothing therein to haunt its inhabitants save ghastly memories of a bygone generation. No spirits wander through its wide halls and open corridors, but in lieu thereof there rests a curse—a malediction—that follows everyone



1443 Frenchmen: Why did Jelly Roll Morton move out?



700 Block of Royal Street: A naked ghost on the roof?

who has ever attempted to make it a permanent habitation. As a school for young ladies; as a private boarding house; as a private residence; as a factory; as a commercial house and place of traffic, all these have been tried, but every venture has proved a ruinous failure. A year or two ago, it was the receptacle of the scum of Sicilian immigrants, and the fumes of the malodorous filth which emanated from its interior proclaimed it what it really is, A HOUSE ACCURSED."

Jack Stewart, head of Red Hot Peppers Land & Exploration, tells the story of Jelly Roll Morton's hexed home:

"Jelly Roll Morton always said his house was haunted. Somebody put a hex on it, and it drove the whole family crazy. He said that was why he moved out at an early age, even though some people said it was because there was much more going on Uptown than in the uptight Creole neighborhood where he grew up.

"When we bought the house at 1443 Frenchmen Street in 1970, it had everything going for it: an 1830's Creole cottage with lots of history hidden under drop-ceilings and inside an enclosed secret staircase that still hasn't been opened up. But then everything started going wrong and it hasn't stopped yet. Early on,

everybody said it was that ghost. Now I believe it's true. He's probably madder now than ever 'cause he must have gotten trapped somehow in the stairway when they closed it up in the 1950's."

The Saenger Theatre, where Stewart has performed with the New Leviathan Oriental Foxtrot Orchestra, is haunted by the ghost of Julian Saenger, after whom the theatre is named.

"Julian Saenger finished himself off in his apartment on Bourbon Street when he found out that Paramount had gone bankrupt," Stewart explains. "He had traded all his owner-

Continued on page 28



Hackberry Ramblers (past & present): Front row: Crawford Vincent, Eddie Shuler, Minus Broussard, Luderin Darbone.



Guest of honor Eddie Shuler and Cleveland "Sugar Bee" Crochet.

Back row: Edwin Duhon, Glenn Croker, Boley Thibodeaux, Whit Whitlow, Pierre Crader, Waverly LeJeune.

HALF A CENTURY OF HACKBERRY RAMBLING

BY RICO

Approaching Crawford Vincent's hunting camp way down in Cameron parish one particular September Sunday can be a feast for the senses. Eyes absorb the severe beauty of the coastal prairie marshes dotted with scrub trees, mouths water at the succulent scent of smoking andouille and blistering chicken breasts, and the ears no doubt will be tickled by the half-Texas-swing-half-traditional-Cajun arrangements of "Black Bayou Rag" or "Te Petite Te Meon." Congratulations, you've just arrived at the fifty-first reunion of the world's oldest Cajun-influenced combo, The Hackberry Ramblers.

The Ramblers gained enormous popularity in the mid-and late 1930s by combining the infectious melodies of traditional Cajun music with the mushrooming popularity of Texas Swing to produce a jumping hybrid dance-hall style of playing that could be termed "Cajun Swing." Musicologist John Broven believes they almost singlehandedly "made Cajun music a listenable commodity beyond the confines of rural Louisiana."

Leading the band on fiddle was Luderin Darbone, then in his early twenties, and practicing every day to learn the popular hillbilly tunes of the time. Darbone joined forces with his Hackberry neighbor Edwin Duhon, who was an accomplished accordion and guitar player with a formidable repertoire of traditional Cajun standards. The original Rambler trio was rounded out with Lennis Sonnier on second guitar and the group soon found themselves playing regularly at South Louisiana dancehalls and on radio station KFDM in Beaumont, Texas.

The Hackberry Ramblers were the first group in this area to break the traditional Cajun ensemble mold of accordion/fiddle/triangle (and sometimes, guitar) but this was not done without a bit of trepidation on their part, as Darbone recalls: "We didn't know if the people would like us or not, because in those days we were sort of replacing the accordion bands. We started with just the three of us, two guitars and a fiddle. We had no sound system, *nobody* had amplifiers then. We played our first dance in Basile, and the people liked us, so they asked us to come back week after week. We started to spread out and play all over, in maybe eighty or ninety dancehalls."

After moving to Crowley in 1935 the Ramblers made their first recordings in August of that year for the Blue Bird label, a subsidiary of RCA Victor. "We made five records at our first session," Darbone recalls, "some of 'em were



just hillbilly numbers. We'd make \$25 for each two-song record, and that was a lot of money in those days. When we started playing dances we were lucky to make a dollar a piece! At least by playing music we'd have a little income. [Because of the Depression] there were no jobs, you couldn't *buy* a job!" Perhaps more important than the session wages, however, was the rapidly growing importance of records on the jukebox and music filling the juke joints in establishing a widespread commercial audience for local bands after Prohibition. You can bet the owners of these roadhouses didn't complain as their beer drinking clientele dropped coin after coin into the newfangled music machines.

The year 1936 was a busy one for the band according to Darbone: "The Montgomery Ward [department store] in Lafayette hired us to play from the store three times a week at 10 a.m. We ended up playing there a year. In this time Montgomery Ward changed our name to the Riverside Ramblers because that was the brand of tires that they sold. RCA also called us to do more recordings and from then on we'd do four Cajun songs as the Hackberry Ramblers and two hillbilly or swing songs as the Riverside Ramblers per session." Darbone and Sonnier also accompanied Joe Werner on his well-known hit "Wondering" [later covered by Webb Pierce] in this year.

Their Blue Bird contract fell through in the late Thirties with the approach of World War II and Darbone suffered a personal setback: "My dad was killed in an accident in 1939, so I

temporarily quit playing for about a year. We reorganized in 1942 when I moved to Hackberry and that's when Crawford Vincent joined and Minos Broussard joined. Not long after that the war started and Crawford and those guys went into the service. Ed Duhon rejoined us, along with Eddie Shuler and in 1946 we started playing the Silver Star Club in Lake Charles. We had expanded to a seven-piece band with horns, piano, drums, steel guitar, bass fiddle. We had a regular Bob Wills type band."

The Ramblers kept this weekend date for ten years during which time they recorded the "Silver Star Stomp" for DeLuxe, in tribute to their favorite venue. After leaving the Silver Star in 1956 they played sporadically in East Texas and were approached by Chris Strachwitz of Arhoolie Records in 1963 to record an album. The result was the delightful *Luderin Darbone's Hackberry Ramblers Louisiana Cajun Music* (Arhoolie F5003). The record traverses an amazing range of styles and time periods from the traditional Cajun duets and waltzes to the modern upbeat rags and swing numbers. Edwin Duhon displays an exceptional versatility in his vocals and playing. Considering Mr. Duhon was born in 1910 in Broussard, Louisiana, and exposed to every type of indigenous music from the local black pre-Zydeco bands to the old time white brass bands, it comes as no surprise that his contribution to this album is so rooted in tradition and unaffected integrity. In addition, a large portion of the record was recorded by Strachwitz in Darbone's living room with one microphone, and it sounds great!

Throughout the years a number of other local players have passed through the Ramblers' ranks such as Whit Whitlow, a fine multi-instrumentalist and steel guitar hot shot, and Minos Broussard on fiddle or guitar. At the annual reunion barbeque this year both were present to join in the everybody-on-the-front-porch jam session. As Mr. Broussard's left hand scaled the fret-board his right foot stomped the floorboards causing the amplifier's reverb unit to splash out an unpredictable flourish of psychedelic squawks atop the well worn melody of "Jolie Blon." Those of us fortunate enough to have our portable tape recorders can boast of another historic musical moment preserved in magnetism, spontaneous and expressive, as all good rural music should be. Let's all hope that the current generation of young Cajun music makers, both purist and hybrid, will approach the next fifty years of their art with a comparable fervor. □

Roy Hayes Is Behind The Wheel

*I'm gonna be a wheel someday,
I'm gonna be somebody
I'm gonna be a real gone cat,
Then I won't want you!*

© CBS Partnership



Perfect music for tearing up your girlfriend's picture, cursing your boss, or just toe-tapping acceleration on the freeway. Everybody knows rock 'n' roll's greatest ambition/revenge song, but who did it first? If you guessed Fats Domino, give yourself a "C"—you'd win grand prize on *The Joker's Wild*. If you guessed Bobby Mitchell, you get an "A"—you're either from N'Awlins or an expert. If you guessed Roy Hayes you just won the Louisiana State Lottery.

"I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday" was written by Roy Hayes, an unassuming and polite Cajun from Henderson, Louisiana. In 1957 at age 22 he recorded the song in a session conducted by the same man who produced the other two versions—Dave Bartholomew.

Among rockabilly fanatics Roy Hayes has been rumored to be Louisiana's long-lost legend. Though he sings and plays guitar "for his own purpose," Hayes has never been a performer. Fortunately, his songs speak for themselves.

Despite his Cajun background, Hayes was inspired to write songs by country singer Lefty Frizzell—"I used to listen to the Honor Roll of Hits in 1951, 1952. I had this little private dream that someday I would have a song on the Honor Roll of Hits."

Moving to Baton Rouge in 1953, Hayes began hearing a new type of music. "I really enjoyed people like Little Richard and Fats Domino. Some of my songs were the faster type of hillbilly songs . . . but I felt that they could be done with that kind of rock style."

Inspiration hit Hayes while working for a drug wholesaler.

"One day I was working and I believe it came about that we were kind of mad at the bosses or something. Somebody said, 'That's okay, I'm gonna be a wheel someday.' And I said to myself, 'That'd sure make a good song,' 'cause it seems that everybody has that dream that one day they're gonna be somebody."

"While I was walkin and working I put a couple of verses together . . . and I wrote it down on a piece of paper and put it in my wallet. Then about six months later I was cleaning out my wallet and came across this piece of paper. I just wrote the song from that."

In early 1957 Hayes sent a rough vocal tape of his songs to Dave Bartholomew, then the hottest black producer/writer in the country. Bartholomew's response was immediate: "I HEARD YOUR TUNES AND I WANT YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME AS SOON AS POS-

SIBLE. YOU CAN CALL ME COLLECT . . ."

Hayes went down to New Orleans on a Saturday morning, May 11, 1957, and spent about six hours with Bartholomew's great studio band recording four songs: "Wheel," "You Better Go Home," "Rock 'n' Roll Rooster," and "5-0791." On the same day he signed a five-year contract with Imperial Records (for a 3% royalty) and contracts with Travis Music, Inc., which split writers royalties on each song evenly with Bartholomew.

Any hopes Roy Hayes had for rock'n' roll stardom were crushed when he received a letter from Imperial's Lew Chudd (May 31) saying the recordings had been canned for off-time singing, but a later letter promised "to use the tunes with another artist in the very, very near future."

Dave Bartholomew picks up the story: "I set up the recording studio because I liked the material so much. I said, 'This has got to be a hell of a hit.' Bobby's [Mitchell] session was coming up. And Fats was out of town. And Smiley—I had caught up on his records. So I said, 'Well, the guy's available, I'll try it with Bobby Mitchell.'"

Bobby Mitchell's version of "I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday" (Hayes' personal favorite) is notable for session veteran Justin Adams' "twangy" hillbilly guitar in a riff Mitchell says was inspired by someone asking for a piece of gum—sounding roughly like "Dentyne chewing gum, Den-tyne chew-ing gum." On the flipside is Hayes' swamp pop weeper "You Better Go Home." Mitchell sang both sides of the record on "American Bandstand" in early 1958 when the record broke out around Philadelphia.

Ernest McLean played some nifty guitar figures on Fats Domino's streamlined version of the song which made for perfect cruising in the summer of 1959.

Hayes' song became a self-fulfilling prophecy as his royalties enabled him to buy a cherry-red Dodge Dart and supplemented his income nicely.

Despite a recording session with local Sonora Records and songs recorded by Bobby Mitchell, Joe Jones, and Shirley & Lee, Hayes only had one song actually released in the next several years—the plaintive ballad "Congratulations to You" by Tibby Edwards on Jin.

In the early Seventies Roy again showed his talent in songs recorded by two great musicians living in Baton Rouge. Legendary honky tonk pianist Moon Mullican recorded Hayes' perfect

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YOURS TRULY

Dave Bartholomew
DAVE BARTHOLOMEW

song about Cajun hospitality, "The Cajun Coffee Song," for Bill Hall's Hall-Way Records out of Beaumont, Texas.

Mechanic and blues great Slim Harpo liked Hayes' tunes so much he recorded five of them. One of the two issued tracks, "You Can't Make It," is blues pure and simple:

*A man needs a woman.
A woman needs a man.
A ship needs a captain.
And I hope you understand.
You can't make it,
You can't make it on your own.*

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"The Music's Hot" is classic tale of a rock 'n' roller with "one foot in the grave" bargaining with St. Peter for a little more hellish rocking. Hayes didn't know that he had written Slim Harpo's epilogue: "It was his last session. He recorded this on a Saturday and Sunday and he died that Thursday the week after that [January 31, 1970]. He had a heart attack."

*He said, "Leave your blue suedes here on earth,
All you gonna need is six feet of dirt."
St. Peter showed me my tombstone,
He said, "Dig this, cat, this time you're really gone."
He said, "Son, where you going?"
"Where the music's hot."*

© Excellorec Music

Unfortunately Hayes never received any royalties for the songs, and, worse, never even received any writer's credit until the recent Rhino collection *The Original King Bee*.

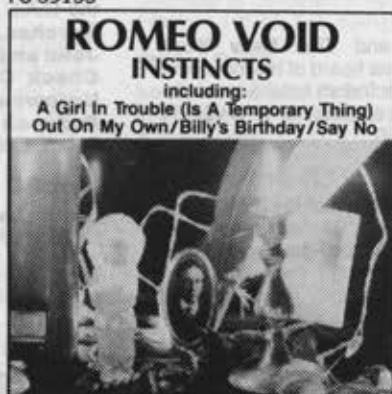
Hayes got a surprise this year when Bobby Mitchell dug up the original acetate demo from which he learned "I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday" and "You Better Go Home" and Roy heard his own versions for the first time in twenty-seven years! Over a rambling piano, Hayes' voice gives "Wheel" a warm Cajun flavor. Roy's mournful 3½ minute version of "You Better Go Home" is definitive swamp pop.

Today Hayes still works with a Baton Rouge wholesaler, but he is always looking for people to record his songs. Hayes figures his best chances are in his original choice, country music, where basic songs never go out of style. "Wheel" is one of the few rock 'n' roll classics that hasn't been revived for a hit or a TV commercial—yet. No doubt about it, he's gonna be a wheel.

Again.

THE \$4.99 SALE

FC 39155



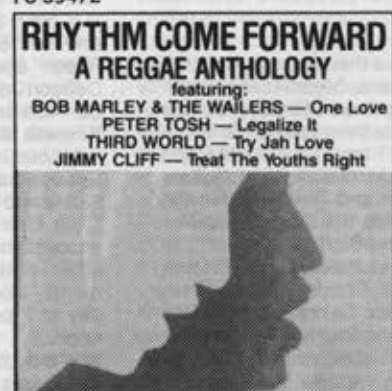
Also available on cassette.

QE 38946



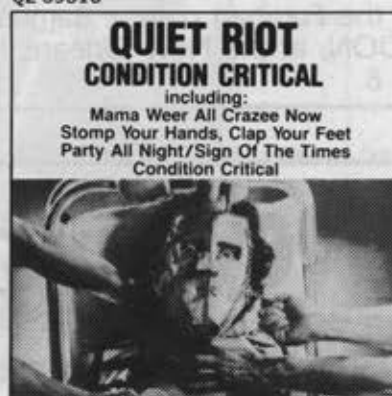
Also available on cassette.

FC 39472



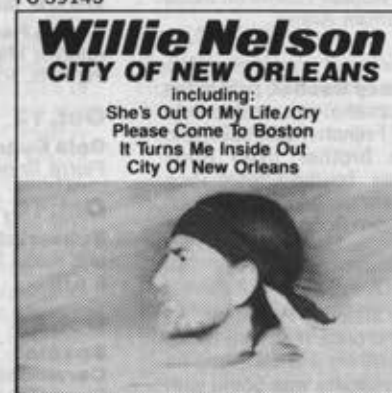
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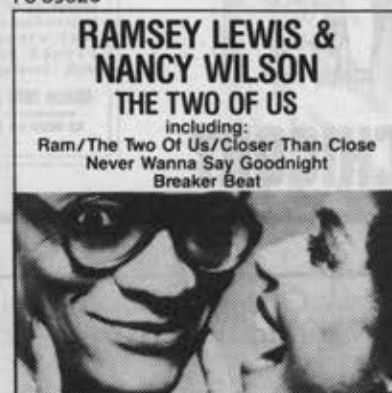
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FC 39145



Also available on cassette.

FC 39326

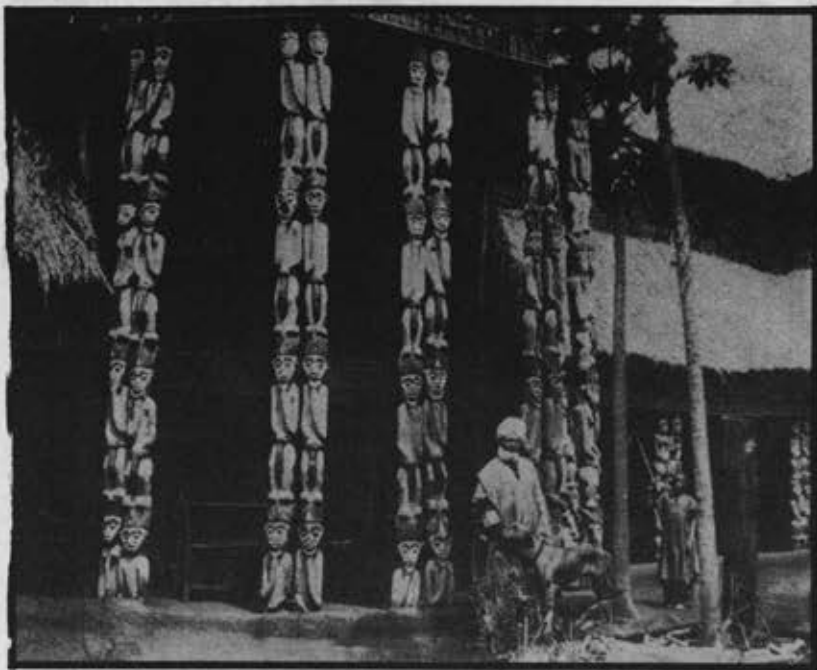


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King Njoya stands in the Fumban palace, Bamum. From the ART OF CAMEROON, at the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

CONCERTS

Oct. 2

Jefferson Starship; The Cold, Gulf Coast Coliseum.
REM; the d Bs, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane.

Oct. 3

Zubin Mehta and The New York Philharmonic, last heard of having a devil of a time with their Indian hotel accommodations; simulcast on Channel 12 WYES-TV and WWNO-FM 90.

Oct. 4

Love Tractor (right out of the John Deere Showrooms in Athens, GA, home also of the Biggest Bouffants on the Planet) and **Final Academy**, Jimmy's.

Oct. 6

The Family Tree of Jazz, beginning at 1, Lafayette Square: **Kidd Jordan** and his 13-year-old son **Marlin Jordan**; **Ellis Marsalis** and his 7-year-old son **Jason Marsalis**; **Alvin Batiste** and members of the Batiste family.
Ellis Marsalis; James Moore and the Urbanites, Tyler's.

Oct. 7

Johnny Winter, a thaumaturgic guitarist if there ever was one, *Steamer President*.
Second Line Against Crime, well, one supposes that's one thing you can do about it; Armstrong Park from 11 a.m. until 5 and free; participants in this musical vigilanteism include Sam and Dave, the Neville Brothers, the Sheiks, the Scott Detweiler Band, the Dixieland Stompers, etc.
Music for a Quiet Hour, Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles, 4 p.m. Free.
Cabaret Du Vieux Carre, a fund-raiser for the New Orleans Institute for the Performing Arts, 7:30 p.m. at 501 Bourbon Street (will this be the new 501 Club?)

Oct. 11

Twisted Sister, which must be how Charlotte and Anne Bronte often referred to Emily when she wouldn't come off those moors; UNO Lakefront Arena.

Oct. 12

A Tribute to Sidney Bechet, paid to the master of the soprano sax and creole clarinet, the idol of French music halls, and the man whose brother fixed Bunk Johnson's dentures, by the Creole Rice Jazz Band, with French clarinetist Jacques Gauthier. Kendall-Cram Room of the Tulane University Center.

Oct. 13

The Crusaders, *steamer President*.
Rod Stewart, who once (I saw it) broke his zipper on Royal Street and asked me (of all people!) for advice; he was going with a girl and his manager to Antoine's and fortunately Toca's Jeweler's were still there, this being back in old-creole-days; he is very tall and very pale, but you can still see why the dames go for him.

Oct. 17 and 18

Juice Newton, *steamer President*.

Oct. 18

Ratt and Billy Squire, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Oct. 20

Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera, Jimmy's.

Oct. 21

Steve Masakowski and Mars; John Graubarth, multi-media performance, Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 5 p.m.

Al Belletto, Snug Harbor, 11 p.m.

Kenny Rogers, Superdome.

Oct. 24

Joe King Carrasco, Jimmy's.

Oct. 26

Stephanie Sieberth; Masakowski and Mars with **Dave Liebman**, Snug Harbor, 10 p.m.

Oct. 26 and 27

CAC Contemporary Jazz Celebration, at the C.A.C. of course.

Oct. 27

Big Brown Bag (Schwegmann's size), at Lafayette Square sponsored by WWOZ and the C.A.C., with **Frankie Ford, Bobby Marchan, Dr. Bobby Mitchell, Deacon John and the Ivories, the Dixi-Kups, Chuck Carbo, Lady Timothea, the Uptowners**, emceed by **da Duka Paducah** and **BB**. Free.
Rush, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Oct. 30

Cindy Lauper, the woman who defied Captain Lou Albano; UNO Lakefront Arena.

Oct. 31

Culture Club, appropriately; LSU Assembly Center.

CONCERT SERIES

Brown Bag Concerts, Wednesdays, Lafayette Square, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Oct. 3: U.S. Navy Show Band. Oct. 10: Tim Williams and her Band of Gold. Oct. 17: Johnny Repak Southerners' Orchestra. Oct. 24: Deacon John. Oct. 31: Spectrum and Lady BJ. Also see Concerts listings for Oct. 27.

French Market Concerts, schedule still nebulous; call for information 522-2621.
Lafayette Natural History Museum, 637 Girard Pk. Dr., 318-261-8350. *Travailler C'est Trop Dur: The Tools of Cajun Music*, an exhibition of fiddles, accordions, and other Southwest-Louisiana-made instruments, along with music every third Sunday at 2 p.m. Oct. 21: The Balfa Brotherhood.

WWNO, 286-7000. Ellis Marsalis will host *Milestones In Jazz*, Wednesday, 10:30 p.m.

SYMPHONY

Oct. 9 and 10

Young People's Concert, conducted by Andrew Massey, Theatre for the Performing Arts, 9:45 a.m. and 11 a.m.

Oct. 13

Gala Concert, Philippe Entremont, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Oct. 16, 17, 18

Subscription No. 3, Philippe Entremont and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Oct. 24

Special Concert for Opening Ceremonies, celebrating the opening of Dixon Hall Music School at Tulane, 8 p.m.; information at 865-5267.

Oct. 30, 31

Subscription Concert No. 4, Philippe Entremont, Martin Hasselbock, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

FESTIVALS

Oct. 4-7

La. Cattle Festival and Fair, Downtown Comeaux Park, Abbeville. Information from Anna Pierce, 607 Lorane St., Abbeville 70510; 318-893-4984.

Oct. 6 and 7

Children's Hospital Celebration, 200 Henry Clay Ave., information from Larry Liddell at 899-9511. Saturday: Celebration, the Saturday Morning Strings, the Battiste Brothers and a Lip-Sync Contest with the Lues Brothers, sponsored by WQUE. Sunday: the Lues Bros., the Newsboys, the Bobby Ellis Quintet with Bobby Stephens, Nothing Personal and Irma Thomas.

Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28

Angola Prison Rodeo, If you think (with my combination of reputation and inside



A turn-of-the-century New Orleans product label, part of SHARON DINKINS' collection to be exhibited at deVillie Gallery October 4 through 18.



LOVE TRACTOR plows into Jimmy's, October 4.

knowledge) that I'm going to make any buckin' and brandin' or rough-riding jokes about this "institution" among state-funded entertainments, I'm afraid you're just dead wrong. Information from the Warden's Office, La. State Penitentiary, General Delivery, Angola 70712; 504 655-4411, Ext. 2002.

Oct. 9-14

Rapides Parish Fair, Rapides Parish Coliseum Complex, 28W, Alexandria (sounds like London, that 28W except the order is wrong). Information from Mrs. Leonida M. Altazan, PO Drawer 1032, Alexandria 71301; 318 473-6605.

Oct. 10-14

Louisiana Cotton Festival and Tournoi, the latter word undefined by our Unabashed Dictionary. Information from Mary Bergeron, 407 E. Magnolia, Ville Platte 70586; 318 363-4521.

Tangipahoa Parish Fair, Amite Fairgrounds; information from Audrey Currier, 210 E. Mulberry Street, Amite 70422; 504 748-9876.

Oct. 12-14

The Gumbo Festival. Information from the Rev. J. Anthony Luminals, POB 9069, Bridge City 70094; 504 436-9376.

Lagniappe On The Bayou, which is for reasons ineffable, our favorite among these chivarees; one of the paths to the crowds of maw-maw bonnets and boulette-gobbling urchins leads through a cemetery where nearly every tomb has a photograph of the deceased on it; the cemetery alone is worth the trip. Information from Houston "Sou" Lirette, POB 218, Chauvin 70344; 504 594-5859.

Tamale Fiesta. Information from Fred Roberson, POB 237, Zwolle 71486; 318 645-9594.

Oct. 13 and 14

Festa d'Italia, Piazza d'Italia, Poydras Street. Celebrating the country that gave the world (among other things) the House of Savoy and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, I Carraci and I Tiepoli, La Comtesse de Castiglione and Baldassare Castiglione, Antonio Canova (but not Judy Canova), Piero Tosi and Jacopo Peri, Savonarola and Filippo Marinetti, the criminological theories of Lombroso and the criminal practices of the Genna Gang and Big Jim Colosimo and Lucky Luciano, Carpaccio and Cimabue and Boldini and Salvator Rosa and Mattia Preti and Lorenzo Ghiberti and Botticelli, Carlo Ponti and Pasolini and Clara Calamai and Caterina Boratto and Alida Valli and Visconti, Tetrazzini and Tamagno and Tita Ruffo, Carlo Emilio Gadda and Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, Leoncavallo and Valentino, a list of names as singable as it is glorious and not even a jab at the surface; information from Joseph Maselli, 1608 S. Salcedo, N.O. 70125; 891-1904.

Louisiana Art and Folk Festival, Community Center, Columbia; information from Johnny James, POB 196, Columbia 71418; 318 649-6136.

Oct. 19-20

International Rice Festival. Information from Bill Williams, POB 1900, Crowley 70526; 318 783-3067.

Oct. 20-21

International Acadian Festival, Hwy. 1 South, Plaquemine. Information from Joe Bryant, POB 452, Plaquemine 70764.

International Alligator Festival, on Anderson Street in the lovely town of Franklin. This reptile supreme always makes us wonder why—in late 17th and breasts and a cock's-comb of Indian plumes) is seated astride an alligator (as in, for example, Tiepolo frescoes and Gravelot's engravings and in Meissen figurines; also an alligator is being badgered by an improbably ferocious-looking hippo in Jan Van Kessel's 1664 allegorical portrait of Havana)? We hope the festival will provide a brass band rendition of Margaret John-early 18th Century artistic iconography, the allegorical figures of America (always a racially nondescript woman with bared

son's "When A 'Gator Hollers, Folks Say It's A Sign Of Rain," but not Victoria Spivey's "The Alligator Pond Went Dry," and that it will provide as Squire Waterton noted of his 1812 ride on a 20' cayman in the wilds of South America, "a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator." Information from Renee Burke or Gary LaGrange at the Chamber of Commerce, 903 Anderson St., Franklin 70538; 318 828-1584.

Oct. 19-28

Louisiana State Fair. Information from E. Ed Nelson, POB 9100, Shreveport 71109; 318 635-1361.

Oct. 20 and 21

Pointe Coupee Fair and Festival, and can any parish where they filmed most of *The Long Hot Summer* and the end of *Easy Rider* be all bad? Information from Mrs. Miller Armstrong, POB 386, New Roads 70760; 504 638-6254.

Oct. 24-28

Louisiana Yambilee Festival. Information from POB 444, Opelousas 70570; 318 948-8848.

Oct. 26-28

Andouille Festival, Old Drag Strip, LaPlace; the *Picayune Creole Cook Book* admonishes: "This is a very fat sausage and entirely too rich for delicate stomachs. When tied into large sausages about the length of the hand they are called 'Andouilles.' When tied into small sausages they are styled 'Andouillettes.' The latter are the more delicate." Forewarned is foreshortened, or something like that. Information from Frank Fagot, 504 652-6098, or from POB 206 LaPlace 70068; 504 652-2065.

French Food Festival, where one can expect everything to be cooked a la Lyonnaise, a la Perigourdine, en persillade, demi-deuil, sur le plat, a la Bordelaise, a la Ardennaise, etuves au beurre, roti au four, en cocotte au jus, or Boulangere, and smothered in sauces Bigarade, Gribiche, Bercy, Mousseline, Verte, Soubise, Mornay or in Purée d'Oseille or Beurre Maître d'hôtel; information from Mickey Gomez, POB 602, LaRose 70373; 504 693-7355.

Oct. 27-29

Catahoula Lake Festival, Kees Park, Highway 28 East Pineville; information from Brian Saybe, 318 445-3646 or 487-0668, or from POB 1782 Pineville 71309-1782.

OPERA

Oct. 2, 4 and 6

Aida, Verdi's extravaganza about the romance of the captive King of Ethiopia's daughter and the not-to-be-future-son-in-law of Pharaoh, Radames, was written for the opening of the Suez Canal or something like that; to portray the bizarre Ethiops, singers usually wear a genteel blackface and a great many pieces of heavy costume jewelry. The Temple Scene is always thrilling, Pharaoh's daughter, the witchy Amneris, is among the great Verdi mezzo hags, and of course the lovers end up immured in a tomb which is about what happened to Joan Collins in *Land of the Pharaohs* though she had a lot more company. I've always thought incidentally that—with the score suitably transposed, of course—that Bessie Smith would have made a sumptuous Aida. Theatre for the Performing Arts. 7:30.

October 23, 25 and 27

Carmen, Bizet's opera out of Merimee's story; gypsies, cigarette girls, melodramatic fortune-telling, lovesick soldiers and a bull-ring. A failure when first produced. Theatre for the Performing Arts. 7:30.

Oct. 26 and 27

The Tulane University Singers in an all-Purcell program, including **Dido and Aeneas**, Purcell's solitary operatic masterwork from one of the more lurid passages in Vergil, first produced somewhere around 1690 for Josias Priest's School for Young Gentlewomen.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!



SONNY OKOSUN & HIS OZZIDDI BAND

Friday October 19, 10 pm

Jimmy's

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TELEVISION

Music City Schedule: Wed.17: Pure Light Baptist Church Choir and The Famous Zion Harmonizers (*Best of Gospel*), 6:30 p.m. Wed.24: The Followers of Christ and The Heavenly Stars (*Best of Gospel*), 6:30 p.m. Wed.31: The Alvin Batiste Group, 6:30 p.m.

RUNNING

Greater New Orleans Runners Association: information at 340-7223.

Sun.7: Magic on the Mississippi: a 2 mile race at 7:30, a 10K at 8 at the Rivergate, followed by a party on the steamer *President*.

Wed.10: Columbus Day Race, Audubon Park, 2 miles, 6:15 p.m.

Sun.21: Hot Pink 5K. Prytania entrance to Audubon Park, 9 a.m.

Fri.26: Witch's Moonlight Run, 3.1 miles, Marriott Hotel on Canal, 8:00.

New Orleans Track Club: information at 482-6682.

Sun.7: First 10K in New Orleans: The Great Rivertown Road Race, 8 p.m., Williams Boulevard in Kenner.

Sun.21: Apple Race, 1 mile and 8K at the Whole Food Company on Esplanade.

FOOTBALL

The Saints: Oct.7: Chicago (away). Oct.14: Los Angeles (home). Oct.21: Dallas (away). Oct.28: Cleveland (away). Information at 733-6147.

The Tulane Green Wave: Oct.6: Vanderbilt (away). Oct.13: Southern Mississippi (home). Oct.20: Florida State (away).

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Sun. 7

Ski (The Signifyin') Monkey Hill, Audubon Zoo, 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. Monkey Hill is (appropriately) the highest elevation on the city's natural landscape at 27½" and 42 tons of crushed ice will give it the appearance of a tropical Jungfrau. Those bringing skis, not to mention iodine and Ace Bandages, will be admitted free to the Zoo, and Bourne will supply appropriate threnodies for the intrepid, and there are prizes, etc.

Sat. 13, 20 and Sun. 14, 21

Oktoberfest at the Zoo, strolling musicians in *lederhosen* (not Hans and Rudi who used to make the rounds at Kolb's?), beer garden music, educational events and slide shows and lecture on the German Heritage in South Louisiana, even at this tip of the *Cote d'Allemagne*, etc.

Tues. 16

Ellen DeGeneres, currently reigning "Funniest Person in America 1984" (she hasn't yet overtaken Momm Mabley's *Funniest Woman In The World* monicker, nor is the title the sort that starts Bob Guccione on a beaver hunt) will be in Jackson Square for Showtime's *Funniest Person In America* contest; call Cox Cable at 525-4688 for details.

Sun. 28

Autumn in Armstrong Park, the WWOZ Hegira, in which a motorcade led by a huge radio built around a VW bus leaves Napoleon and Tchoupitoulas, the station's old stomping grounds, around 1 and wends its way to the Park, to be greeted by the 90.7 piece (the latter decimal entry is a 7-year-old) WWOZ Brass Band to escort everyone to the station's new HQ. Free Rhythm and Blues Revue, films, refreshments, and if this doesn't sound like Sunday afternoon in Macondo, I don't know what does.

Quote of the Month: "Today's dieticians..." the doctor began, and then sat down and quickly ate a piece of jelly roll. "These gentlemen are dead set against

things like what we are now eating and drinking and, of course, enjoying. Actually, these authorities on diet are themselves valetudinarians, prisoners of the natural, if not Nature. What they do not understand is the pleasure so-called worthless foods—viz., pastries, jellies, and jams—confer on the human soul. If a thing is a great pleasure, Duane, the body has a way of making its ingestion healthful. That is my theory. I am on the road to eighty, and have never eaten the proper foods or drink. But I have enjoyed nearly everything, even oftentimes the unpalatable and unpleasant, all my life. I believe you enjoy life, too, don't you?" He now turned his full scrutiny on the boy.—*Mourners Below* by James Purdy.

Second Quote of the Month for Bunny Matthews: ...Each of these people, in an hour and half, would eat enough food to keep a pauper for a fortnight, he hoped they would discover, after death, that Dante was not a symbolist visionary but a naturalist, a naturalist as factual and as uncompromising as Zola or Theodore Dreiser.—*The Unspeakable Skipton* by Pamela Hansford Johnson.

LIVE MUSIC

Amphitheatre, LWE. Tues.2: The Beach Boys. Wed.3: Itzhak Perlman. Sat.6: Jennifer Holliday. Mon.8, Tues.9: The Feld Ballet. Sun.14: Loretta Lynn. Tues.16: The London Philharmonic. Fri.19: *American Women's and National Bodybuilder Championship* prejudging (men only), 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (\$20 & \$35); final competition (men and women), 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. (\$55 & \$75). Sat.20: Sheena Easton. Fri.26: Crosby, Stills and Nash (tentative). Tues.30: the Vienna Choir Boys.

Augie's Delago, West End Park. Thurs.4: Interpol. Fri.5-Sun.7: Perfect Strangers. Tues.9: Odd Couple. Fri.12-Sun.14: Tricks. Fri.19-Sun.21: Silk-n-Steel. Wed.24 and Thurs.25: Nothing Personal. Fri.26-Sun.28, Wed.31: Penny Lane. Upstage: Fri.5-Sun.7: Rainstreet. Fri.12-Sun.14: Hot Ice.

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs.: Larry Janca at 8. Fridays and Saturdays: Take Five at 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through Tues.9: Judy Collins. Wed.10 through Tues.23: Natalie Cole. From Wed.24: Jose Feliciano. Reservations.

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

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8630. Thursday through Sunday, the Gela Kaye Band at 8. Mondays through Wednesdays: Mike Casico.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow. Live music Saturdays.

The Cave in the Winery, Fulton at Julia, World's Fair, 569-5071. Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays: that big drink of water—that is the theme of the festival after all—John Rankin. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays: Sixties and contemporary live music.

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

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

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen. Fri.5: The Radiators. Fri.12: Alison and the Distractions. Wed.31: Los Radiators.

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

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

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours, and again during the week from 5 to 7.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Wednesdays and Sundays: Nifty

Fiftys. Thursdays-Saturdays: Jimmy Simon and Groove.

Feelings, 2600 Chartres, 945-2222. Thursday through Saturday, Kenny Ard, from 8 p.m.

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

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

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

Houlihan's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Lady Bj from 9 until 12, Tuesdays through Sundays.

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

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

Jed's Lookout, Federal Fibre Mills, World's Fair. Sundays at 11: Charmaine Neville and a jazz brunch. Nightly at 9: the Eva Nova Sisters. Tuesdays: The Mo'Betta Band (Whole Food Company employees? who's on chanterelle?). Wednesdays: The Sheiks.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Thurs.4: Love Tractor and Final Academy. Fri.5: The Mistreaters and Jungle Face Jake. Sat.6: The Mistreaters and the Cruisers. Thurs.11: Nuclear Choir. Fri.12: TBA. Sat.13: The Models. Tues.16: Allan Holdsworth and Woodenhead. Fri.19: Sonny Okosun and the Ozzidi Band from Nigeria with some Gold Coast Customs Edith Sitwell never dreamed of. Sat.20: Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera. Wed.24: Joe King Carrasco. Fri.26: The Cold. Sat.27: The Radiators.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. Mondays and Saturdays: A Night in Old New Orleans, with Becky Allen as the Casket Girls. In The Stage Door Lounge, Becky and Ricky and lest you be deceived that this sounds like a coffeehouse folk duo, let me quickly disabuse you of that notion because it's Becky Allen and Ricky Graham and the closest either of them ever gets to a cuppa mocha java is maybe Ella Mae Morse The Cow Cow Boogie Girl singing *Forty Cups Of Coffee*; Freddie Palmisano has his eye on the door and his hands on the piano. They're on the graveyard shift (St. Louis I and II but not Lafayette) at 12:30 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. Thursday evenings, Sandy Hanson materializes in the same venue at the same hour.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepont and Bourne. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Fri.5: Li'l Queenie. Sat.6: The Cajun File Band. Fri.12: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets. Sat.13: More of the Same, but with Blind Sam Myers. Fri.19: Li'l Queenie. Sat.20: Beausoleil. Fri.26: The Radiators. Sat.27: Alison and the Distractions.

New Storyville Club, 1100 Decatur St., 525-8199. Mon. Teddy Riley and the Jazz Masters. Tues: Placide Adams. Original Dixieland Hall Jazz Band. Wed.: Chris Burke and his New Orleans Music from 8-12; the James Rivers Movement from 12 'til Thurs.: The Camellia Jazz Band from 8-12; James Rivers from 12. Fri.: Placide Adams until midnight, followed by Luther Kent. Saturday: Gospel Express with Lady Bj from 1-5, the Camellia Jazz Band from 8-12, and Luther Kent and Trick Bag 84 into the small hours. Sundays: the Gospel Express from 1 to 5, then Chris Burke from 8 to 12 and Luther Kent and Trick Bag 84 from midnight until...

Nemo's, 2001 Lake Shore Dr., Mandeville, 626-8273. Heavy Metal (just like that building across from MOMA on West 53rd in N.Y.); call for info.

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-3440. Fridays: Germaine Bazzle, 6-9. Saturdays: LaVerne Butler and David Torkanowsky, 10-2. Sundays: Charlotte Butler at 8.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon. Wednesdays through Sundays, Bryan Lee and the Jumpstreet Five. Mondays and Tuesdays, and also Saturday and Sunday afternoons: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Sundays-Fridays from 4:45-8:30, Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band. Mondays-Wednesdays, Chocolate Milk. Thursdays-Sundays, E.L.S.

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

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

Privateers, 6207 Franklin Ave., 282-0501. Oct.13: Rainstreet. Oct.20: Generics. Oct.27: Force of Habit.

R.S.V.P., 1700 Louisiana Ave., 891-RSVP. Saturdays: Lady BJ and George French. Tuesdays: Lady BJ and Ellis Marsalis. Thursdays and Fridays: First Class.

Reunion Hall, at the World's Fair, 569-5108. Call for dates.

Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 525-7269. Nightly: Celtic Folk Singers. Sundays at 3: *Celli* Tynan Irish Stepdancers. Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Wednesdays through Saturdays from 9 to 1 a.m., Sundays 2 to 6, Sally Townes. Call for Sunday night and Monday listings.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Randy Hebert; Thursdays through Mondays, Al Broussard.

Shella's Pub, Fulton Street Mall, at the World's Fair, 569-5025. Call for lineup.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Mon.1: Earl King and the Blues Prophets ("They split upon the rock of sense-attraction, becoming enamoured of the female sex, and the secrets of royalty and priesthood were extracted from them unawares. Primitive civilization collapsed as a consequence, and the giants, who typified brute force and unbridled appetite, fought together for the world, which escaped only by immersion in the waters of the deluge, wherein all traces of the past were effaced. This deluge symbolized that universal confusion into which humanity is brought of necessity when it ignores and does outrage to the harmonies of Nature."—Elihu Levi, *The History of Magic*, Fri.5: Les Soeurs Pfisters and don't forget: "What the mother sings to the cradle goes all the way down to the coffin," as Henry Ward Beecher used to tell me. Sat.6: Caliente. Sun.7: the New Orleans Jazz Quartet. Mon.8: Judy Rodderick and Forebears. Tues.9: Kilamanjaro. Fri.12: The New Orleans Jazz Couriers. Sat.13: Tony Dagradi Quartet. Sun.14: Leigh Harris and Amasa Miller. Mon.15: J. Monque'D. Fri.19: Edu and the Sounds of Brazil. Sat.20: Al Belletto Quartet. Sun.21: Ramsey's Troupers, plus a special dawn screening of *Four Jills In A Jeep*. Mon.22: Spencer Bohren and Company. Wed.24: Poetry read by Yusef Komunyakaa and Richard Katrovas, 8 p.m. Fri.26: La. Jazz Federation presents Mars with David Liebman and Stephanie Sieberth. Sat.27: John Graubarth's multi-media show w/Survivors featuring Charles and Charmaine Neville (Jason, it'll never fit on the marquee). Mon.29: Snooks Eaglin with Zigaboo Modeliste and George Porter.

Sugar House Hotel, 315 Julia St., 525-1993. Fridays and Saturdays, 9-1 a.m.: Jeff Boudreaux, Jim Singleton and James Drew.

Wesley's, 1610 Belle Chasse Hwy., 361-7902. Tuesdays-Saturdays: Firewater, until 1 a.m. during the week and as late as 2:30 a.m. on the weekends, when the Le Blanc Brothers follow with a jam session going on until 7 a.m. Sunday and Monday: the Luzianne Band.

JAZZ AWARENESS MONTH

This October marks the Louisiana Jazz Federation's fourth annual celebration of Jazz Awareness Month. Concerts will take place throughout the city. For more information contact Pat Jolly at 899-8994.

Saturday, 6: Lafayette Square. **The Family Tree of Jazz** with Kidd Jordan and his 13-year-old son Marlin Jordan at 1 p.m., Ellis Marsalis and his seven-year-old son Jason Marsalis at 2:30. Alvin Batiste and members of the Batiste family at 4.

Sunday, 7: Tyler's. Ellis Marsalis at 5; the Urbanites with James Moore at 7:30.

Friday, 12: Kendall-Cram Room of the Tulane University Center. **A Tribute to Sidney Bechet** with the Creole Rice Band and French clarinetist Jacques Gauthier. 8 p.m.

Sunday, 14: Jackson Square. Diane Lyle's Xavier University Jazz Combo at 2; Tony Dagradi and Astral Project at 3:15; Loyola Jazz Combo at 4; Patrice Fisher and Jasmine at 5:45.

Sunday, 21: Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen. the Al Belletto Quartet at 11.

Friday, 26: Snug Harbor. Stephanie Sieberth at 10; Masakowski and Mars with Dave Liebman, 12:30.

Tentative at Press Time: **Saturday, 27:** Extravaganza at the Contemporary Arts Center. Henry Butler, Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3814 Magazine, 891-4665. Oct.2 through Nov.7: works by Pat Jessee and Robin Campo in, respectively, paper and ceramics.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through Oct.17: George and His Groupe, which includes contributions from Bunny Matthews. From Oct.20: watercolor landscapes by Patricia Tobacco Forrester and miniature oils by St.Clair Sullivan.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Oct.17: new work by Oliver Jackson. From Oct.20: construction pieces by Gerald Cannon.

Arts Council, 522-ARTS: a telephone number which dispenses information about local art events of some currency.

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

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through Oct.28: the Art for Art's Sake exhibition, which always—yes again—brings to mind D.H. Lawrence's remark, "I always say, art for my sake." The deadline for proposals for Electronic Visions II is Oct.15. On Oct.27: there is a Mask Making Workshop for children in time for Halloween.

DeVile Gallery, 132 Carondelet. Oct.4 through 18: Lithographed labels off local products from the fin-du-siecle, that golden age of lithography.

Galerie Simonne Stern, 518 Julia, 529-1118. Through Oct.10: sculpture and drawings by Peter Lobello.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through Nov.7: *The Red Couch* by Kevin Clark.

Gasper Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter St., 524-9373. Call for information.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas St. Through Nov.18: *The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Streams, Lakes and Waterfalls*, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the vistas of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasias of Frederic Edwin Church, and the ineffable (and well-represented here) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-tranquility 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, yes, even now, perfectly recognizable as to locale.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov.18: *A Century of Vision*, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two fairs, including works by Pops Whitesell, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, et alia up to the present. Through November: *The Sun King*.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Through Oct.18, Art Environmentals by Maryann Caffery, Christopher

Guraisco, Arthur Kern, Tom Lee, Todd Pagen. From Oct.20: paintings by Steve Boutte and ceramic sculpture by Ron Dale.

Newcomb College Art Gallery, Tulane, 865-5327. Through Oct.11: *Modernism/A Decade of Progress 1930-1940*, a study of Louisiana architecture. From Oct.14: new faculty work.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through Nov.18: *Circles of the World: Traditional Art of the Plains Indians*; through Nov.4: Louisiana Portraits by Debbie Caffery, Lee Crum and A.J. Meek; *The Venetian Tradition*, an exhibition depicting, with samples from NOMA's large holdings of same, the history of glass-making from Egypt to the end of the last century, but without docents reading from Elinor Wylie's *The Venetian-Glass Nephew*. From Oct.6: *The Art of Cameroon*, with a lecture by Dr. Tamara Northern at 3 on Oct.7 on "Cameroon: The Art of Kings, Royals, Commoners." NOMA has now installed a teletypewriter for the deaf and hearing impaired.

Posselt-Baker Gallery, 631 Toulouse, 524-7242. Through Oct.5: paintings, prints and mixed-media cut-outs by Malaika Favorite. From Oct.12: paintings and drawings by Carolyn Harrison.

Tahir Gallery, 823 Chartres, 525-3095. *Recent Acquisitions—Original Prints by American Masters*, including examples currently by John Sloan, Morris Henry Hobbs and Ben Shahn.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Oct.17: *The Rites of Passage* by Martin Delabano. From Oct.20, sculpture by Lynda Benglis.

UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront campus. Through Oct.18: an exhibition of faculty work.

CINEMA

C.A.C., 900 Camp, 523-1216. Oct.3: *Waiting, Saturday Morning and Zones*.

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Mon.1: *Bringing Up Baby*, Howard Hawks' 1938 comedy about an heiress, a dog, a bone and a paleontologist, which is, in its rarefied way, about perfect; with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, May Robson, Charlie Ruggles. Mon.8: *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, Preston Sturges' hard-to-see 1943 comic sinorama (Betty Hutton gets knocked up by a GI whose name she can't remember and ends up a national heroine as the mother of sextuplets) which James Agee described as "a little like taking a nun on a roller-coaster," but to us, more like—in its cluttered, cacophonous way—a WPA small-town-idyll mural gone bonkers; the great line: Diana Lynn (Hutton's younger sister) tells William Demarest (as Constable Kockenlocker, their papa—ponder that name), "You have a mind like a swamp." Not all that it's cracked up to be, but a rarity. Thurs.11: *Black Legion*, a 1936 Warners socially conscious

programmer about the KKK with Humphrey Bogart as the innocent man who gets involved, Erin O'Brien-Moore and a pre-oomph Ann Sheridan; not nearly as much fun as Warner's later KKK extravaganza *Storm Warning* (1951), which features Our President as a muckraking Southern journalist and the sights of Doris Day in a bowling alley and Ginger Rogers getting her clothes torn off while being bound to a non-flaming cross for horsewhipping in the operatic finale. Fri.19: *Empire of Passion*, a ghost story by Nagisa Oshima who work always holds interest, even with its luridly Jacobean (and possibly true to certain aspects of Japanese life) incidents and images. Sat.27: *Dodes'Ka-Den*, a turkey from Kurosawa about the Shantytown to end them all, featuring a rather biliously photographed father and son death from botulism, if I recall correctly, handled in sentimental terms Dickens might have balked at. Mon.29: *La Ronde*, Max Ophüls' glisteningly mordant comedy about the carousel of love (which deposits its passengers in each other's beds or in way-stations like ennui and tight, guilty silence); truly ravissante, and of the late Ophüls films, the only one that seems to support his too-high-for-his-own-good reputation. With Anton Walbrook as the *meneur de jeu*, and an in-decent number of fine actors—Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Fernand Gravat, Serge Reggiani, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe (a bit too mannered perhaps), and others. Films are shown in Bobet Hall, on the third floor; admission by season subscription (\$15) or \$1.50 at the door.

The Pitt, 6201 Elysian Fields, 288-1611. Fri.5 through Thurs.11: *Josepha*, a film by Christopher Frank about a married acting couple, with Claude Brasseur, Miou-Miou, Bruno Cremer, Catherine Allegret. Sun.7 through Tues.9: *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, the inferior 1934 British version which does, however, have Peter Lorre and the opening bit with the string and bit of paper on the dance floor leading to Pierre le Fresnoy's death; with Edna Best, Leslie Banks, Nova Pilbeam, and *Dial M For Murder*, a hermetically filmed play with Grace Kelly's scissoring of Anthony Dawson and entirely too much of John Williams being drily skeptical, the old puss, and more than entirely too much of Robert Cummings looking winsome. Fri.12 through Fri.19: *By Design*, a film by Canadian director Claude Jutra about two young women (Patty Duke Astin and Sara Botsford) who desire to effect procreation through a classified ad.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Oct.4: *Rope*, this 1948 film (based very tightly on a play by Patrick Hamilton which is in turn based very loosely on the Loeb and Leopold homosexual thrill murder of Bobby Franks) is the last of the "unseen" Hitchcocks; done all in one set in ten minute takes, and all seeming to be—through the miracle of the Movieola—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 through 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 even kiss one another!" Fri.Oct.5 through Thurs.Oct.11: *Sugar Cane Alley*, a film set in Martinique in 1931 and directed by Euzhan Palcy; with Garry Cadenat, Darling Legitimous, Douda Seck. Fri.Oct.12 through Thurs.Oct.18: *Metropolis*, in a new print with new footage and even tinted sequences, but scored by Georgio Moroder with sonic contributions to the late Fritz Lang's great fantasy by Jon Anderson, Freddie Mercury, Adam Ant, Pat Benatar, etc. Bring a Walkman. Fri.Oct.19 through Thurs.Oct.25: *Cross Creek*, a film by Martin Ritt about the life of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of *The Yearling*; with Mary Steenburgen, who is hopefully in restraints, Rip Torn, Alfre Woodard, Dana Hill. Fri.Oct.26 through Sun.Oct.28: The First U.S. Erotic Film Festival—as if it were a new genre!—a collection of shorts with titles like *Vagina Slims*.

THEATRE

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Oct.5 through 21: Sam Shepard's *A Fool For Love*. Call the C.A.C. for times and ticket prices.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. From Oct.12, *Sweet Charity*, a nimble though not entirely unforgettable Manhattanization/musicalization of Fellini's *Le Notti di Cabiria*.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. *Last Summer At Blue Fish Cove*, a one-act drama by Jane Chambers.

Marquette Theatre, Loyola campus. Oct.17-20: J.B. Priestley's 1945 drama *An Inspector Calls*, which is set in Leeds or somewhere like it in 1912 or so and is about an engagement party—her fiancé is the son of daddy's chief competitor) and this inspector barges in, something about a girl's suicide in hospital, and Guilty Secrets about the stage, and Oh! Lor! there's near-hysteria and paralyzing guilt and dismay over bearing the sins of mankind, not to mention a swell shindig gone all to crackers too. Well, the inspector leaves and guess what? I won't spoil it for those unfamiliar with yet another bit of 1940's supernatural traffic managing (ala *Cabin In The Sky*, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, *Stairway to Heaven*, *A Guy Named Joe*, et. alia) if a bit more socially conscious than any of the above.

Minacappell's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. *The Cactus Flower*, a French-derived farce about a dentist's receptionist who discovers in the nick of time that life is for the living.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Through Oct.21: *Man of LaMancha*, which is a resettling of Cervantes' burlesque of chivalric romances into the equally burlesque restraints of the operetta-ish musical comedy. From Oct.26: *The Fantasticks*, which was off-Broadway's answer to *Able's Irish Rose* but minus the ethnic humour and with a good many evocative songs by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt.

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ship in his beloved Saenger Amusement Company for Paramount stock and now it was worthless.

"After that, he came to permanently reside at the Saenger and for a while was doomed to helplessly watch it slowly decline. When they put the Saenger-Orleans in, it really didn't affect his daily route through the theatre. He would walk from the big room—later the screening room—behind the old projection booth, down through the aisle into the wall of the platform under the Saenger-Orleans screen, seemed to disappear for a short while, then pop out on the Rampart Street side into the little private five-seat balcony that overlooked the Saenger. From there, he made his way to the offices in the Rampart Street wing.

"Mr. Shelby, a Saenger employee, talked to him the most but so did others. Some said he occasionally played the theatre's pipe organ but most people said that was just hearsay, which probably was true since Mr. Saenger wasn't a musician. He'd comment on the movies and get furious when they showed junk. He also could predict whether a movie would do good or not.

"Now, there aren't any bad movies for him to get mad about and the Saenger-Orleans screen with the new projection booth under it isn't there in his path, not that it mattered much. The only thing for him to get mad about now is the new management who messed-up the special effects lighting when they put in the new board. But they probably don't know who Julian Saenger is anyway."

A 19th-century girl, undoubtedly beautiful, undoubtedly Creole, dressed in white lace, was once raped and murdered in City Park. The killer then threw her body into the lagoon.

The girl, known as Mona Lisa, periodically reappears to warn other girls to stay out of the

park at night. *Times-Picayune* columnist Vincent Fumar remembers that 25 years ago his brother and a "gang of his hoodlum friends" deserted Ralph Dupasse's brother in the park one dark evening. Ralph Dupasse was the local bantamweight boxing champ and his brother was a likewise tough customer, who, while alone in City Park, was approached by Mona Lisa and became "truly frightened."

In 1969, Bob and Jan Carr, host and hostess of the local "Midday" talk show, were driving through City Park one night and stopped to pick up a young girl dressed in white clothes of ancient vintage. The couple gave the girl a ride,

Does the haunted house at 1447 Constance drive women crazy?

conversed with her and upon reaching the edge of the park, Bob and Jan looked at the backseat and found that the mysterious hitchhiker had vanished. The next day, they told this story during their regular broadcast, offering no reasonable scientific explanation.

At 1221 Orange, near Felicite Street, is a pale green "haunted house" used as a set by director Louis Malle when he filmed "Pretty Baby" in New Orleans. Haunted or not, the house and its grounds, overgrown with wisteria, crepe myrtles, magnolias and a large dead palm, is one of the most romantic properties in New Orleans. There were ghosts in the house, I have been told, but after shag-carpeting was installed in the spooked bedroom, the ghosts departed. Other

sources have said that there is a lump in one of the walls, behind which is the skeleton of a baby. There is also supposed to be a retarded girl ghost who has some connection (take your pick—mother, sister, playmate) with the baby in the wall. Cats supposedly have trouble with the ghosts hereabouts, who take pleasure in breaking the cat's backs.

Adwoman Kathleen Bishop once owned the famous "haunted house" at 1447 Constance Street. During Civil War days, two Union (one also hears Confederate, posing as Union) soldiers committed a double-suicide in the house's attic and their ghosts have been heard singing "John Brown's Body" ever since. Blood has dripped from walls and a large block of cement once came hurtling down the stairs, almost killing the two owners.

Bishop says she never saw any bloodstains or heard any singing but "my mother, for one, used to say she could feel spiritual things in the attic. And, in fact, we would keep my two cats out of there because they would get real strange and crawl around on the floor. Oddly enough, I was just telling someone this story and they said, 'Did you ever experience anything?' And I said, 'No, but who knows? Maybe I did.' Because my husband and I split up not long after we moved in there. The couple who bought it from us have already split up. And the old man who lived there before us had a wife who went crazy. Maybe the house drives women crazy."

The best ghost story of all happened at 1813 St. Anthony Street. For several days, bricks crashed into the yard at regular intervals, injuring at least one woman. Many people witnessed this phenomenon the the police were baffled. Most citizens figured it was merely "ghosts" and went on about their normal business.

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"A change is gonna come," Sam Cooke once sang, perhaps envisioning revolver-wielding **Bertha Franklin**, who would later blow him away in a motel room. **Hatchetman**, our Aesthetics and Ethics Editor, was recently espousing more or less the same sentiment, perplexed and bothered by the never-ending parade of Musicians With Problems through *Wavelength's* executive offices. "And if it's not Musicians With Problems," the 'man bellowed, "It's Musicians With Cassettes or Musicians With Blurry Photographs!"

Mr. H. is a man of action and like **Martin Luther**, he is a compiler of lists, which he digs nailing to our front door. So we were not surprised the other day when, as our limousine pulled up to the curb, we discovered yet another epistle affixed to *Wavelength's* door, this one entitled:

GRIM REALITIES

1. Send us your cassettes, records, photographs, stories—the weirder, the better. Do not expect to have any of these articles reviewed and/or returned. We make no promises. Considering the discerning tastes of many of our critics, editorial silence might often be preferable to public humiliation.

2. We will not hold your hand. If you can't take shit from us, how are you ever going to handle **Rolling Stone**, **People** or **Bob Guccione**? Tighten up and toughen up!

3. Do not call us unless

A) You've signed with **Columbia**

B) You're shooting a video in **Aruba** with **Vanessa Williams** and you want us to come along

C) You have an original, clear photograph of either **Robert Johnson** or **Chris Kenner**.

Do not ever call us at home.

4. You are not the only musician and/or band in New Orleans. We all believe the world revolves around us, that everybody can't wait to hear what brand of guitar



Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera whip it up.

strings we use or why we were influenced by **O.V. Wright**. Sorry! The world is looking for a white woman with dreadlocks who sings like **David Bowie** and can play golf.

5. This is a business. We keep telling ourselves that. You should, too. If we don't sell ads, we don't have a magazine. If your music can't sell beer in local bars, forget it. Or else, marry rich. Then you can buy an ad in our magazine and say whatever you want to say. Get it off your chest! Get down!

A little strong, our Editor thought. "These people are sensitive!" she said.

"Forget that!" **Hatchetman** mumbled. "I'll take care of 'em!" He then proceeded to compose the rest of this month's Last Page:

Okay, what is this? **Charlie Wehr** laying across some girl's lap and the girl has a whip around Charlie's neck? Why are those other three guys so serious? Maybe they don't like getting whipped.

Maybe they do.

Oh, this is a band—**Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera**! Great name! It's about time somebody used a little imagination around here.

Let's see—the girl's name is **Elizabeth Bennett**. She's originally from New Orleans, obtained a degree in synthesizer programming, plays saxophone, wears black garter belts on stage. Yes, this is what the world wants! Intelligent sexism!

Uh, the three serious guys are (left to right) **John Barr** (renowned for his classical guitar endeavors; no relation to **John Burr**, the local flamenco guitarist), **Sal "Waka Waka" Cannatella** and **Glen Perroux**. For their debut, this band spent something like 80 million dollars, which should give you a good idea of the kind of bread we're talking about if you're starting a new band.

Next, we have **Linda Ronstadt**. **Hatchetman** has picked on poor **Linda** before and since she's a

personal friend of this magazine's publisher, there's no reason to get too nasty. After all, the woman donated \$500 to this year's **Uptown Youth Center** fair and sent her regrets, saying she'd love to do a benefit later in the fall with **Aaron Neville**. How sweet can you get, huh? Speaking of sweetness, where did those **Naughty Nurses** come from?

Norbert Hess profiles **James Booker** in the latest issue of *Blues Forum* and it's too bad we can't read German because we'd sure like to hear **Norby's** side of the story. **Booker** always claimed that **Norby** locked him in a German hotel room and stole all his clothes. In the middle of winter!

On to more elegant environs, such as the **Blue Room**. Some interior decorator has gone in there and freaked-out! A cork ceiling! Flocked wallpaper like in every cafeteria between here and **Nebraska**.

Allen Toussaint, the Legend, performed opening night. He's a swell man, nice as they come. He should sell insurance. He should appear on **Rev. Gorman's** cable TV show, except he's already done that. He doesn't like food that's too spicy. He is out of it. Ten years ago, he was our biggest hero. Today, he should be watching **MTV** and taking notes. He oughta be writing songs about garter belts like everybody else!

Joseph Kim is the New Orleans Symphony's acting Concertmaster for the current season and the lovely **Catherine Lord**, direct from the land of **Prince Harry**, is the Associate Concertmaster. This will be of no interest to anyone under 65 but anyway...

Charlie Hanson, who you'll recall from the **Normals**, is a member of the **Vels**, Polygram recording artists. **David Brewton**, a.k.a. **David Normal**, has a new 45 out and he sent us a copy and we haven't played it yet and we're positive it's a masterpiece but if he doesn't stop bugging us about it, we'll never mention the thing!

Take heed: **Hatchetman** cuts clean, especially near **Halloween**...

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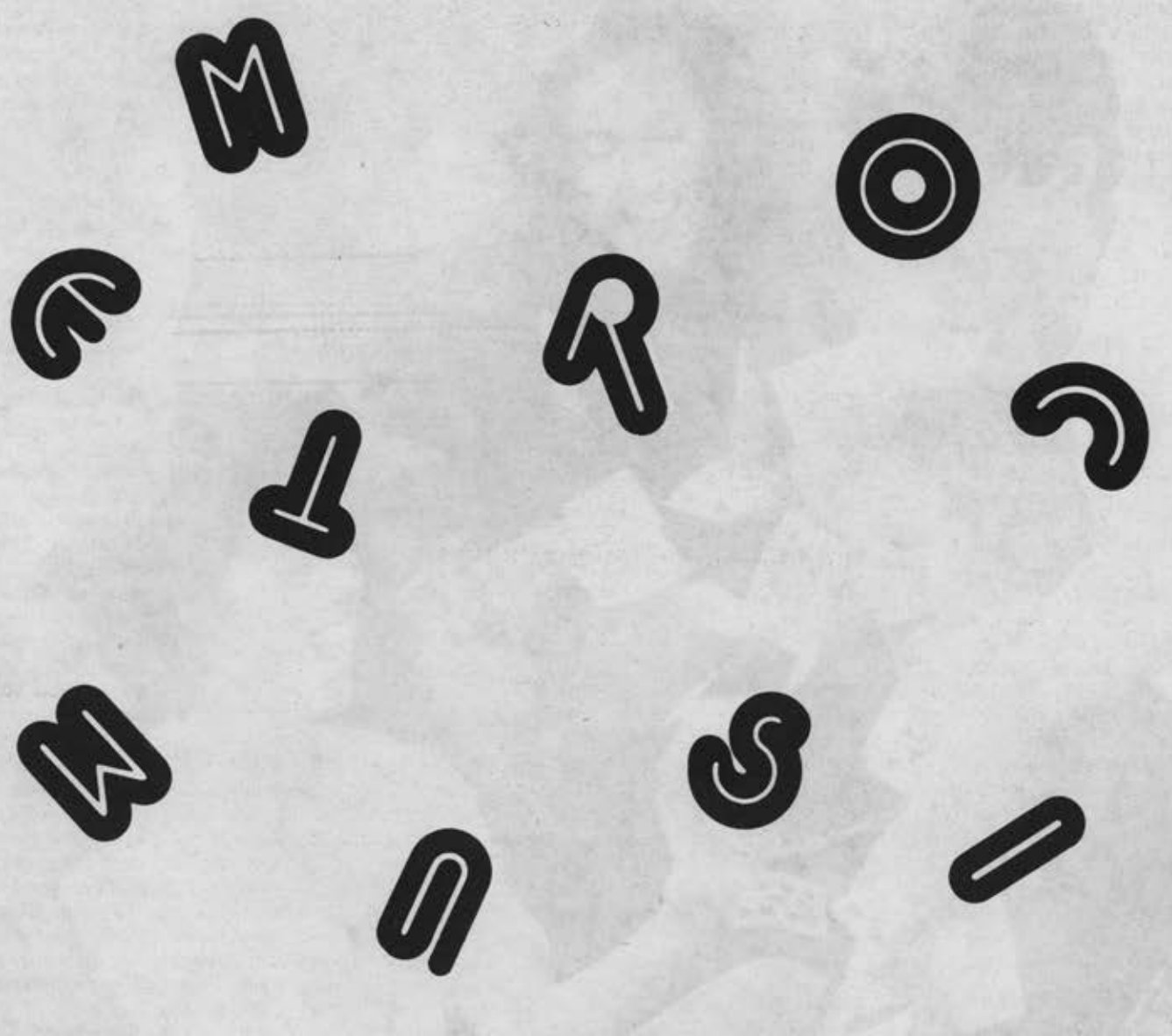
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