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NEW ORLEANS
Features
Johnny Dionysus ........................................... 15
The Mardi Gras Cowboys ................................. 22
John Mooney .................................................. 27
Danny White .................................................... 29
Band Guide Additions ..................................... 36

Departments
February News .................................................. 4
Golden Moments .............................................. 7
Books ................................................................ 7
Caribbean ........................................................ 8
Rare Record ...................................................... 10
Dinette Set ....................................................... 10
It's Music .......................................................... 13
Listings .......................................................... 33
Classifieds ....................................................... 37
Last Page ......................................................... 38

Cover by Bunny Matthews

Member of Network

The Adventures of Record Ron by K. King

Hi, I'm Record Ron.
Yes, it's Carnival Season again, and as the self-styled Rex of Records I feel obliged to tell you about several tried and true Carnival traditions...

...Yes, we've all heard about parades, doubloons, king cake and the like, but many of you may not have known about another Rex! The Rex of Records.

1983 year after year Carnival after Carnival, impromptu record gatherings follow the well-worn path to New Orleans' most popular record store.

Yes, he began during the first year of Carnival in 1867. The King of Records was started by my great-grandfather, known throughout New Orleans as "Shoeless Dave." And you know where that is...

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December 1985/Wavelength 3
Storyville: Birthplace of Jazzercise?

Microwave ovens, disposable diapers, bad private detective TV shows, Handy-Wipes, Jazzercise, these are all elements and products of our modern culture that we assume were developed within the past quarter century, if only because their instantaneous and temporal nature reflects the way our popular society seems to embrace all things disposable.

Whoa! Wait a minute. Handy-Wipes? Maybe. MTV? Definitely. But Jazzercise? No way, according to Mark Bingham and Steve Sweet, whose History Of Jazzacise stage production will debut at the Contemporary Arts Center on March 1 and will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the history of “Jazzacise” (the “Jazzercise” name is a copyrighted brand of aerobics program and doesn’t have quite the local and generic ring of “Jazz­ercise”) extends all the way back to ancient Egypt, Sparta, possibly as far back as early Paleolithic culture. It also paradoxically contends that Storyville was the true birthplace of Jazzacise and that “jazz was actually started by women, but that’s a whole ‘mother story.”

“We were sitting in the Saturn Bar one night last year trying to think of a good proposal for a National Endowment grant,” says Sweet, “and the History of Jazzacise was one of about five good ideas that popped up. It came up almost as a one-liner.” Sweet and Bingham worked up the idea and applied for the NEA grant, which they later won. Sweet is responsible for the look of the show, the set design, lighting, props, Bingham writes all the music, much of the choreography, and dancer Maxine Snow handles the choreography.

Sweet is a visual artist known best for his offbeat figurative Xerox assemblage. For Jazzacise he has modified a set of shopping carts (donated by Canal Villere) that will serve both as props and as the actual set. “It was one of those ideas that just comes to you out of the blue,” he said, “it was very intuitive. I just sat down and said: ‘Well I’ve gotta make a set,’ and God came down and said: ‘The sets will be made out of shopping carts.’

Grocery Mania (both buying and eating) is a recurring theme in the musical. At one point the offstage chorus sings:

Four and drink between our lips
This is how we got our hips . . .

and later:

Imagine all the people in the

whole wide world
See them all at once standing in a row
Imagine your hand is a ball of light
Imagine your hand is a ripe tomato
All of the people in the world
Are lined up with their shopping carts
Paying with checks the cashier is slow
Were you hand make the light brighter?

“Even if you’re poor,” observes Bingham, “as all of the people involved in this production are basically ‘poor,’ we’re not your typical Yuppie types, by the very nature of living in this country you’re still not too bad off. Which is not to say that all the poor people in this country are in great shape. There are obviously several million poor people in the U.S. who are not in great shape.” This he says quite seriously, then after a slight pause and laugh: “They need to take more Jazzacise.”

Bingham has scored a number of performance-oriented art pieces and videos, most notably a series of skits by conceptual artist/comic Mike Smith. He thinks his Jazzacise music “is all different because it goes through history. So the instrumentation changes a lot throughout, but it uses the same musical structure for each segment, sort of hidden within the overall form of the play, the opening parts are heavily produced, aerobic class-type music, then it goes to some up­right piano Storyville stuff, then to a 1923-style horn part, a Louis Armstrong type of thing. The Egyptian piece sounds like Egypt and the set change music sounds like 1930s, Playhouse 90, TV psycho­drama music. Towards the end it’s the music of the future which is a pure Zimbabwe thing. The future is in Africa . . . according to the History Of Jazzacise.”

Bingham, who staunchly contends that “the universe didn’t exist before Storyville,” concludes that “if anything is actually socially redeeming anymore, which is a good question that I probably know the answer to, then Jazzacise is too. I would say that this probably has a lot more in common with Charlie’s Angels than Masterpiece Theatre.”

Can mankind find enlightenment through musical movement?

Miles vs. Wynton: Round One

A mous jazz trumpeters, there is only one Mr. Cool. Miles Davis, right? Wait a second—Mr. Cool’s gotta be New Orleans’ own Wynton Marsalis. Yeah, Wynton’s so cool he wears a mink coat when he goes for a hike through the Sahara. Or was that Miles wearing the ankle-length chinchilla Chesterfield as he strolled through Death Valley?

Who’s cool? See for yourself on Friday, April 26, when Miles Davis meets Wynton Marsalis for the first time in modern history at the 16th annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival’s opening concert, scheduled at the Theatre for the Performing Arts (located where the blooming distance of the park dedicated to this city’s most illustrious hornman). The concert will commence at 7:30 p.m. and tickets ($17.50 and $19.50) are available now through Ticket­Master in New Orleans.

Quint Davis, who is back this year as the Jazz Festival’s producer (and who remains one of the coolest white men in the hemisphere), can barely control his enthusiasm concerning the Miles/Wynton bout: “It’s the only place in the world where you can hear them both on the same night. They’ve never done this before, and the two acts have never been booked together anywhere before. This is the hippest jazz concert in the world and this is just the tip of the iceberg. It’s a big tip—but it’s a big iceberg!”

The Jazz Festival will be held April 26th through May 5, with the Heritage Fair, as usual, slated for the Fair Grounds on April 26 through 28, continuing on May 4 and 5. The performers will include James Brown, the Staples Singers, Sarah Vaughan, Spyro Gyra, Allen Toussaint, Stevie Ray Vaughan (wouldn’t it be sweet if he did a duet with his Aunt Sarah?), Doug Kershaw (still giving Cajuns a bad name—sorry, Doug), Third World, Ry Cooder, the Neville Brothers, Albert King, and a zillion others.

A deluxe brochure with a complete schedule of events and ticket mail-order form will be available in March. To receive your copy, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, LA 70176. For out-of-town ticket orders, call TicketMaster’s operator 24-hour telephone service (1-800-535-5151). Local information might be gleaned by dialing 888-4700. And stay cool.

—Bunny Matthews
Sheiks

Split

After almost fifteen years together, long-time New Orleans musical mainstays the Sheiks are breaking up. According to drummer Rob Sanders, no single event or conflict caused the split: "It was more a combination of circumstances," he said, "and moving on to something else seemed like the best thing to do." Added bassist Nick Ferber, "It's been great to have the opportunity to play together for so long, but now is a good time to branch out."

Although the Sheiks had a successful 1984 in terms of live dates—particularly at the World's Fair, where they were one of the most consistently popular acts performing—some other projects, in particular a video and an album, didn't pan out as planned. "We had certain successes and accomplishments," said Sanders, "but there were some frustrations too. The band never sold as well on tape as it did live." Agreed lead singer Michael O'Hara, "It seems like the record companies still don't understand what our fans have known for all these years." "Too many labels," commented guitarist Leslie Martin.

The Sheiks first began playing regularly in New Orleans in the mid-70's, moving here from their original home in St. Louis in 1978. Their high energy shows, featuring almost exclusively original material (penned by O'Hara), always drew crowds, and won them a local legion of dedicated fans. Highlights in this area (the band also performed extensively in other parts of the country) included several Jazz Fest appearances, the 1983 release (and success) of their album Going Public, their immensely popular TV special Mardi Gras promotions, and their annual anniversary parties. A farewell performance will take place the weekend after Mardi Gras at an as yet undecided location.

Michael O'Hara will be taking his piano and his vocal and songwriting talents to Los Angeles, an idea which had been germinating in his head for a while. "I know it's tough, and that there's a lot of competition, but I've been on the sidelines for too long," he said. "It's time to get out to where the scene is." O'Hara has several things in the works out there: "I've been testing the waters already, and they feel fine," he laughs, "but I can't say anything yet. I don't want to jinx anything."

While he works on getting that big break, O'Hara has some studio work and "elegant piano bar" gigs lined up.

The other three Sheiks "are behind Michael a hundred percent," according to Sanders. "For him not to go out there and check it out would be a mistake."

"I have no regrets. I had a real good time," said Sanders, a sentiment echoed by the rest of the Sheiks. "I couldn't ask for any better friends to play with," said Ferber. And O'Hara, who will be heading west in March, offered this finale: "The world has not seen the last of me yet. New Orleans is my home, and I will be back."

Until then, we'll miss the good times that were always a part of a night with the Sheiks.

—Keith Twitchell

Buckwheat

Gets Grammy Nomination

Stanley Durel, a.k.a. Buckwheat Zydeco, from Lafayette, Louisiana, received a nomination for a prestigious Grammy award this past month. His album, One Hundred Percent Fortified Zydeco, on the New Orleans Black Top label, was nominated in the ethnic music category. It was the first such honor for the accordion-singer.

Although Monsieur Buckwheat was unavailable for comments as he was on the road somewhere in the wilds of Canada, Black Top senior executive Hammond Scott could hardly contain his excitement. "I-I-I-I think it's a real honor for both of us," stuttered Scott. "Ever since Queen Ida and Clifton Chenier won their Grammies, Buckwheat has hoped he could get one, too, and this is the first step. It's something he's been working for." According to Scott, he hopes to join the accordionist for the awards dinner in Hollywood next month. "I've already told Buckwheat to clear a little space on his mantle to put his Grammy on."

—Almost Slim

Jimmie Davis: Louisiana's Nastiest Governor


Jimmie Davis isn't the guy who records all those sappy sweet country gospel songs? Yes, but... Who was governor of Louisiana? Yes, but... Whose major musical claim to fame was writing and recording "Nobody's Darling But Mine" and "You Are My Sunshine"? "My only sunshine, you make me happy... Still fun to sing, isn't it?" Yes, but... Well, what?

Well, there was a time way back when Jimmie Davis was a fun-loving man who delighted in singing about the lustful life. His old Victor 78s are pretty scarce and go for a lot of money these days, for good reason. Most of the songs on them were beautifully written and performed, unavailable in any other form until now, and... well, filthy.

In those early days, from 1929 to 1933, Davis sang mostly about his desire and love for fornicating. He sang about religion a lot then too, but not from the perspective of a believer. No sir. This was the singing of a determined, unrepentent sinner. When you listen to the beautiful beginning of "Sewing Machine Blues," that he recorded with black bottleneck guitarists Ed Schafer and Oscar Woods, you'll get the picture.

Although Jimmie's slow singing sounds filled with reverence, the prominent blues slide guitars provide a hint that things are not what they seem. "Went up on the mountain, Looked at the high risin' sun" Jimmie repeats the phrase again with a muttered "Lord, Lord!" and then finishes that first verse with defiant, self-assured blasphemy, closing with a moaning yodel, that tells you what's really on his mind: "Said 'You can't do for me Lord What Corrina done done done'"

Davis apparently delighted in playing the religion and sex combination. In one brilliant satirical piece, "Down at the Old Country Church," slow bluesy acoustic and slide guitars play a series of "When the Saints Go Marching In" melodies; from Davis' narration you gather you're hearing a prayer meeting. The guitars begin to play the melody in notes that reach higher and higher, representing "Sister Kate" "leadin' the prayer."

Then Davis has Parson Brown "mount!" the pulpit "to bring us the message," and you hear stronger, lower, thrusting guitar licks sounding for the parson's voice. As he speaks and exords the congregation, a woman's voice begins to moan and then cries out "Ah Parson, you're killin' me... ahh ahh... I can't stand it..."

Many of Jimmie's country blues songs of his early days are musically related to (and in some instances bald copies of) Jimmie Rodgers' singing and playing style. But Davis also experimented with other forms. The aforementioned "Sewing Machine Blues," and "Down at the Old Country Church" were two, "Red Nightgown Blues" was another. Here

Governor Davis: Better dirty than crooked


Jimmie Davis, Rockin' Blues Bear Family BPX 15125 (import—West Germany). Various Artists, Steel Guitar Classics, Old Timey LP-113. How does the story of Jimmie Davis connect to the political career of Governor Davis? How does it shed light on his unique blend of music and politics? How does it reflect the history of Louisiana's music and culture?
were sexy and carefree. Utilizing what sounds like an almost note-for-note and yodel-for-yodel copy of Rodgers' "Blue Yodel No. 2 (My Livin' Gal Lucille)," Jimmie went up to the microphone in February 1932 and sang his "Last Day Blues" (it was released under the title "1982 Blues") where he humbly reflected:

"If I had to pay for the crimes that I've done (have mercy Judge) I'd be servin' time 'til 1981. I ain't stole no money, but I've wrecked a hundred homes, I'll be doggone glad, when old Gabriel tools that horn."

Then, apparently overwhelmed by remorse, he continued with these plaintive lines:

"Gonna get some strychnine, bid the singing world goodbuy (so long chillun) Gonna wash it down, with that good old rock and rye."

What a way to go! But fortunately for us music lovers, neither Jimmie nor the dog in him gave up that quickly. Nine months later he was back singing about the joys of sex again with "Organ Grinder Blues," and "Tom Cat and Pussy Blues."

Current and potential fans of the early Jimmie Davis should be delighted with the recent Bear Family LP issue of our featured subject. Limited almost strictly to his early Thirties dirty ditties, the sixteen songs play very clean considering when they were recorded (although the crackles on "Red Nightgown Blues" are slightly more prominent on the Bear Family album than on the Old Timey issue) and come with fine liner notes by Tony Russel and detailed recording data. One of the songs, "Rockin Blues" (1912), is issued here for the first time. Most of the selections are, musically and lyrically, top drawer, and present a rarely heard side of a man in his early prime as a brilliantly clever and original lyricist and a fine performer.

This is not to say that the older Old Timey release is a bad deal. This Arhoolie-label-distributed LP includes three of Davis' early best ("Sewing Machine Blues," "Red Nightgown Blues," and "Down at the Old Country Church," the latter not on the Bear Family LP) along with a couple of beauts by Cliff Carlisle ("You'll Miss Me When I'm Gone" and "Pan American Man"), Roy Acuff's tough-to-find "Steel Guitar Blues" and "Steel Guitar Chimes" with Clell Summey a.k.a. Cousin Jody (and boy, do they sound a lot better here than on my old red label Columbia 78s!) and others by Jimmy Tarlton, Sol Hoopii's Trio, Lenniel Turner, Kanui and Lula, and Jens "Tex" Carman.

Whether you get either or both records, you'll be in for an entertaining and rewarding musical treat.

—Marc Grobman

Racy Music

Attention bands: Wonder where the audience was at your Saturday night gig on January 5? Could be they were part of the one thousand-plus audience listening to Mason Ruffner and the Blue Rockers on Sunday morning after running the 78th annual Jackson Day Race which ended at the new Jax Brewery. Ruffner commented, "I was expecting to be ignored. You know, runners are not necessarily music lovers... but I was very pleasantly surprised by the response. People were dancing or just sitting there getting into it... just like playing a party, only it's quite different playing that early in the morning!" The after-race party kept the runners entertained while they waited for their finishing times and awards. Looking for a new venue? Contact local race directors and tell they you'd like to play.

—Carol Gnaidy

Rango

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Huey Smith Hits Big

May 1987—Huey "Piano" Smith has just returned to New Orleans after an extended tour playing as a sideman with the "Sweethearts of the Blues," Shirley and Lee. Upon his return, Ace record man Johnny Vincent informs him that he has some studio time lined up the following evening, and to come on down and put something down on tape.

Smith has been toying with stringing together some catchy phrases he's heard in some popular records, including tunes by Chuck Berry and Roy Brown, among others. Eventually Huey strings together some lines that say, I want to jump but I'm afraid I'll fall. I wanna holler but the joint's too small," and sets it to a catchy piano line.

The song is released, entitled "Rockin' Pneumonia (and the Boogie Woogie Flu)" and Huey heads out on the road with Shirley and Lee again. However, after just a few weeks on the road the record begins to skyrocket in the charts and Huey returns to New Orleans to form the infamous Clowns.

BOOKS

The Half Ain't Never Been Told

Paul Oliver

Songsters and Saints:

Vocal Traditions on Race Records

Cambridge University Press, 1984

Allowing that the blues tradition has been exalted to the extent that there are now major gaps in other areas of scholarship," Paul Oliver guides his newest book through a stack of "titles representing some of the least-studied vocal traditions that existed with blues in the 1920s and '30s. Commercial recordings of the minstrel tunes, rags, ballads, dance-craze items, rhythmic sermons and sermon-songs are all held to the light in Songsters and Saints.

Wisedly choosing titles that have historically titillated collectors—like Blind Blake's "Diddie Wa Diddie," Barber Bill Moore's "Ragtime Millionaire," and Gus Cannon's "Can You Blame the Colored Man?"—Oliver has painstakingly traced their various sources and precursors. This effort is most generously rewarded in his documentation of turn-of-the-century black songwriters. Irving Jones as a pivotal source for Race recordings. Readers will be getting some bonafide "quaff on toast" here, some excellent research, well handled.

Oliver also makes headway into the uncharted realm of the three-minute sermon. Sermons were plentiful in all Race-label catalogues—Oliver says 750 appeared in twelve years, and he has struggled to finally place them in historical context. In the process, plenty of fire is radiated from some well-chosen sermon transcriptions, including Rev. J.C. Burnett's 1926 best seller, "The Downfall of Nebuchadnezzar," along with a few classics by the indelible Rev. J.M. Gates. In fact, song transcriptions are an inspiration throughout the book, and are a reflection of Oliver's devotion. Louisiana philhraphers will be especially glad to find the transcription of New Orleans singer Richard "Rabbit" Brown's 1927 recording "Mystery of the Dunbar's Child," a ballad account of a 1912 kidnapping tragedy in Opelousas.

The text is accompanied by some eye-popping illustrations, including turn-of-the-century songster photographs from Richmond, Virginia, and seldom-seen WPA material like Russell Lee's shot of a snake-eating grifter in Donaldsonville, Louisiana. Most gratifying, though, are items from Oliver's personal collection of sheet music, Race record catalogues, and newspaper clippings.

Oliver chose not to deal with quartets in Songsters and Saints. Since quartets account for hundreds of Race recordings that overlap into every musical tradition discussed in the book, the author has built-in support for his basic observation of the state of Race record research—that the "half ain't never been told." What does get told here, though, gets told with authority and compassion. Songsters and Saints is a first-rate detective story of black traditional song.
Crowning
The Calypso Monarch

Each year as we approach the Carnival season in New Orleans, I find myself wondering why we're all dancing to the same old Carnival songs year after year. It's certainly not because we don't have any talented songwriters to pen new ones, or that we lack musicians or reasonably priced recording studios. New Orleans has all these things, plus a city full of people who love music and who love to dance. In a city that has borrowed so many Carnival traditions from the Caribbean, it's sad that New Orleans doesn't match the Caribbean's enthusiasm for an annual dose of new Carnival music.

In Trinidad/Tobago and many other Caribbean islands, the new year sees the release of new records by every major calypsonian. As the new music is heard on the radio, at parties and in the streets, excitement builds over which songs will be the hits of the season. Who will win the road march is probably the question most often debated as the days lead up to mas. In Trinidad it's the street bands of Port of Spain that have the last word on this because whatever song the majority of these bands chooses to play as they pass the judges' stand is the song declared as the road march. Much less of a people's choice is the bestowing of the calypso crown. Each competing calypsonian performs his best calypso in front of a panel of judges and selection is made by rating performance, melody, rhythm and lyrics. Because of this competition, every Calypsonian with a hot record will benefit through record sales, but the ultimate goal is to have one's song chosen as the Road March, or to be awarded the title of Calypso Monarch. Although the exact names for these awards vary from island to island (as does the date of Carnival), the excitement and the emphasis on music is dominant throughout the Caribbean.

Back to New Orleans, the Caribbean's northernmost port, I believe that from the musical standpoint it has all the necessary elements to annually provide great Carnival music. I'm not advocating copying directly any one island's carnival traditions, but a few people with imagination and money could revitalize that Caribbean spirit of music and apply it to our own special Carnival celebration here in the city of dreams.

The 1985 soca/calypso releases have been drifting in little by little, and as this issue goes to print, LPs and singles are available by Kitch, Swallow, Shadow, King Obstinante, Arrow, Ed Watson, Slane, Explainer, Plain Clothes, Funny, Byron Lee and the Dragonaires and more. A few heavyweights aren't available yet, like Blueboy, Nelson and most especially, the Mighty Sparrow. But even from what has made it here, there are some definite hits and one potential winner of the '85 Calypso Monarchy.

The Mighty Sparrow is doing the same thing this year that he did last year... building the suspense by waiting until the last minute to release his '85 effort, but Lord Kitchener's newest, entitled The...
Antigua. Side two is soca at its best, arranged by the other maestro, Frankie McIntosh. If you can sit through “Satan Comin’ Down,” “Flagwoman Busride” and “Tessie Sexy” without jumping up, you better stay home because these songs are made for the streets and discos. And a unique feature of Swallow’s album is the timbale playing, done in a sparse style but with great effect just as they are often used on albums by Pablo Moses of Jamaica.

Another early release by Tobago’s Shadow contains a hit called “Way Way Out,” a slow, funky number with a great chorus. This one exists in a not very different form on a 12” single if you don’t want to go for the whole album, and an extra bonus for doing it this way is the B-side version of another album cut called “Let’s Get Together.” Going with 12” singles is guaranteed to bring some hot music, and this year there are several that I believe will be hits. There’s no doubt that people will be winin’ to Byron Lee’s “Tiney Winey”; When you hear this one you’ll know Miss Tiney can wine. And already a surprise hit is a 7” single called “Kuchh Gadbad Hai” by an Indian singer named Babla Kanchan. The novelty that non-Trinidadians (the record was produced in India by Indian musicians) can play authentic soca is surely part of the reason this song is so popular, because it’s not that great of a record. More than likely these won’t be street favorites, and Obstinate, being from Antigua, cannot vie for the Calypso Monarchy. But there are still many calypsonians whose records haven’t made it here as this issue goes to print, so there will be plenty more hits for Carnival ’85 that are not appearing in this article.

What will they be winin’ to during Carnival ’85 in Trinidad/Tobago? My guesses make up the Caribbean Show suggestions for this month. Kitch’s “Soca Misinterpretation”; Shadow’s “Way Way Out”; “Tiney Winey” by Byron Lee; “Satan Comin’ Down” and “Flagwoman Busride” by Swallow; and Babla Kanchan’s “Kuchh Gadbad Hai.” Road march winner is too early to bet, but all my money goes to Plain Clothes to be Monarch in ’85 if his “Chambers Don’t See” is not viewed as too direct an attack on the government. In the April issue I’ll let you know the results.

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**RARE RECORD**

**ALMOST SLIM**

**Coincidental Carnival**

The Fabulettes

'Oh, the Mardi Gras'

Local 807

Here’s an obscure Mardi Gras record that came out around 1966 or '67 on one of Joe Banashak's many labels. The Fabulettes were a group of local girls who worked with writer/producer Sax Kari, on this— their only release.

According to Banashak, he instructed Kari to specifically try and cut a record that would catch on during the Carnival season. "At the time it was more important to get the sound and the beat of Mardi Gras than to actually have the words Mardi Gras in the title," recalled Banashak. "It was really just a coincidence that Sax came up with Mardi Gras in the title. It wasn't until a few years later that you had a lot of records coming out that really used the words a lot in the lyrics."

Banashak furthered that the single got some airplay initially, but didn’t sell all too well. "I thought the record was just okay. I never tried to get it out there and push it every year."

—Almost Slim

**DINETTE SET**

**BUNNY MATTHEWS**

**Eat, Drink, Explode**

Well, let’s get a few things straight. My original motive for this column was to interview New Orleans chefs and restaurateurs. Our wonderful city is known throughout the world for its music, food and sterling politicians. I have already spent nearly half my life writing about New Orleans music and frankly, there’s not much left that hasn’t been analyzed by me or my young colleagues.

The standing joke circulating around the Wavelength envisions a few really only New Orleans music stories: the black version and the white version. In both versions, the musician is an honorable, dedicated individual and everyone else is a bad guy. The difference is that the whites usually have better amplifiers.

Concerning our elected and appointed officials, under investigation by grand juries or not, I have little interest. As a fan of excellence, I cannot be too enthusiastic about a democratic system which allows mediocrity a place at the top.

What’s left is food. Before God cancelled Reagan’s second inaugural parade, the Louisiana representative in the march down Pennsylvania Avenue was to have been Paul Prudhomme, perhaps the most famous living American chef. At first, the Republicans wanted a politician but an untarnished member of the Bayou State machine could not be found.

What’s odd about New Orleans, rampant Reaganism elsewhere or not, is that we have no tolerance for success. Praise be to Allah that the World’s Fair was an overwhelming financial disaster! I don’t really hate Paul Prudhomme but shit, why can’t the man open a special annex for bona fide political hygienists from Minneapolis. No credit cards allowed. Many rude jokes about Paul Prudhomme.

Musicans, being mostly drug addicts and free-thinkers, were automatically ruled-out.

The anxieties of folk of America don’t particularly like fat people but we make exceptions: comedians, weathermen and chefs. Paul Prudhomme, thusly, got the nod as Louisiana’s Man. In the eyes of the nation, food is all Louisiana’s got.

Paul Prudhomme, however, is no hero. A few years ago, I would put my wife and two kids in the car, cash a check for $20 at the Whole Food Company and head for K-Paul’s, where we would all dine magnificently. There was no line and no wait. I remember feeling sorry for Prudhomme, figuring that he would probably be out of business in six months. We ordered dessert and got change back from our $20.

Ah, those were the days! Now, when I drive or walk past K-Paul’s early in the evening, sighting the crowds stretched around the corner, I curse. When friends come to town and want to go to K-Paul’s, I curse. “You go,” I tell them. “I’ll never set foot in that place again! It’s arip!” My friends go and return, having spent over $100. Couldn’t afford the dessert. Had to sit with three obnoxious dental hygienists from Minneapolis. No credit cards allowed. Many rude jokes about Paul Prudhomme.

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with prices just above his break-even point? I'd gladly compile a list of suitable, deserving customers. Prudhomme has got to be richer than Al "Popeyes" Copeland by now. Copeland, to his credit, strings up a bunch of Christmas lights every year and causes major traffic jams. His chicken is disgusting but he's got civic pride. Prudhomme raises his prices every year. Bah humbug!

I digress. My original point was that I was going to interview chefs. I did this for a few months but found that chefs were just too polite. I knew that when I wasn't around, these people yelled and screamed at their employees. Why were they always so nice when I interviewed them? I was after art, after public relations.

What really bothered me was that most of the places I was writing about were totally out of my price range. I never knew so many diners paid so much for such tiny quail. They're not even fun to eat—sorta like extricating tidbits of meat from a bunch of soggy toothpicks. I'll pass.

Eating is a great joy, a delightful manifestation of our native culture. Unfortunately, I am usually too busy to eat. I get in my Honda, drive to the McDonald's at the Riverbend and head on, eating as I drive. By the time I get to Napoleon, I have spent a bit over $2. Sometimes, when funds are low, I skip the Coke. Quarter-Pounders are edible. I'm not crazy about them but they fuel my revolutionary fervor. When I eat them, it makes me mad that I have to eat such garbage and thusly, more determined to combat the forces that have resigned me to the economic category in which I have to consume Quarter-Pounders. The guy who went into the McDonald's and massacred the customers had it all wrong. He should've blown away the clientele of some posh nouvelle bistro. That would've been a revolutionary statement.

Let the rich eat cheesecake. It's the smokers we've got to deal with. Recently, I was eating at the Riverbend. There were maybe ten people in the joint. I was seated right next to a man who finished with his meal. Throughout my meal, he smoked a cigar and talked to himself. I had a hamburger and his smoky. It gave me a charming idea.

Smokers want to kill themselves, right? Why be pussies about smoking? I propose that the smoker's head blown off while enjoying a pleasant meal at Galatoire's or the Hummingbird would have entirely new ideas about smoking henceforth. Scraping brains from one's best suit would drive the point home. Happy dining!

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AMERICAN EXPRESS Diner's Club

February 1985/Wavelength 11
On Tour...

Although Deep Purple's latest record is called Perfect Strangers, the re-united heavy metaliers are anything but that to their fans, as evidenced by the Top 20 showing of the record. Ritchie Blackmore, Roger Glover, Ian Gillian, etc. began a six month long national tour in Texas January 18, with sizzling lead guitar riffs and ragged vocal moans being the show's highlights.

Hottest Videos

Videos added to WTBS' "Night Train To Texas"... "Careless Whisper" Wham (CBS) "Like a Virgin" Madonna (Warner Bros.) "I Think I'm Going Crazy" Adam Chester (Calif Films) "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" Hanoi Rocks (Epic) "Somewhere over the Rainbow" Sam Harris (Motown) "Keeping the Faith" Billy Joel (CBS) "Don't Worry Baby" Los Lobos (Warner Bros.) "In Your Heart" Molly Hatchet (Epic) "Tesla Girls'/Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark (A&M) "Lonely School" Tommy Shaw (A&M) "Easy Lover" Phillip Bailey & Phil Collins (CBS)

In the Studio...

The ever-enigmatic Nina Hagen was at Larrabee Sound in Los Angeles recently, mixing a new album for CBS/International with producers Adam Kidron, Steve Hodge engineered, with assistance from Fred Howard in Detroit, the Four Tops cut some tracks for Motown Records. Producing the sessions were Willie Hutch and Iris Gordy, Jim Vitti engineered and Steve King assisted... Fierceight Theatre took up residence recently at EFX Systems in Burbank, CA, to record their Warner Brothers comedy/mystery LP; Latex & Latex Fred Jones was at the board with Jeff Vaughn seconding... Workshoppe Recording in Douglaston, NY was the site of a mixing project for some concert tracks by Pete Townshend, Phil Collins, Sting, Donovan, Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton — all recorded for Amnesty International. The mixing was handled by engineer Kevin Kelly and music director Phil Alvin of The Blasters.

Critic's Choice

Iain Blair Say Frankie OK

Frankie finally came to Hollywood, preceded by a carefully orchestrated blitzekeg of hype and propaganda, and a street buzz that would have made any long-established superstar nervous, let alone a new act riding so high on the basis of just two hits. For while at home in Britain the Liverpool band are probably the biggest pop sensation since The Fab Four, selling more records more quickly than any other act in history — and certainly hogging more headlines, over here on their debut U.S. tour they are still largely an unknown quantity. In the event, and under such heavy hype pressure, the band performed remarkably well, and delivered some, if not all, of the goods. After a suitably dramatic opening, with lots of smoke and light, the Framkies charged straight into a ferocious version of the old Edwin Starr hit "War," complete with slides and slogans, before unleashing their claim to fame, the sexually titillating "Relax," which is also their strongest number. The rest of the set veered between the provocative updated disco funk/rock feel of "Krisco Kisses," and "Welcome to the Pleasure Dome," with the emphasis on the band's butt-shaking antics, and the more "serious" anthems like "Two Tribes," and "The Power of Love." Singing Holly Johnson is a strong presence, and aided by a superb keyboard player and an extra guitarist, the band came fairly close to recapturing the aura and sheen of their records. But their performance was also slightly bitchy, and peppered with insults when the rather reserved audience seemed less than impressed at times. Frankie finally came to Hollywood, as was prophetic... in the Charts

Top of the Charts

No. Albums Singles
1 Purple Rain Prince & The Revolution ( Warner Bros.) "Like A Virgin" Madonna (Warner Bros.)
2 Like A Virgin Madonna ( Warner Bros.) "The Wild Days" Duran Duran (Capitol)
3 Sea Of Love" Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band (Columbia)
4 Cool It Now" Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
5 "All We Need" The Honeymooners & Jack Wagner (Esperanza/Atlantic)
6 "Out Of Touch" Howard Carpendale (RCA)
7 "Run To You" Bryan Adams (A&M)
8 "You're The Inspiration" Chicago ( Warner Bros.)
9 "Volcano" Julian Lennon (Atlantic)
10 "Born In The USA" Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
11 "Feel For You" Donna Summer ( Warner Bros.)
12 "Do What You Do" Shalamar (Motown)
13 "I Want To Know What Love Is" Foreigner (Atlantic)
14 "Lonesome Nights" The News (Columbia)
15 "The Woman In Red" Steve Wonder (Motown)

Personal Favorites


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health.

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You Don't Want To Hear This

"All writers are schizophrenic."
— Ben Bova

"I like being pretentious."
— Bobby Caruso

It's all music.

In this great, big, beautiful city/country/world of ours there are matters of crucial importance to each and everyone of us. Music is not today's big news, nor an earth-shattering subject useful for deep discussions. Persons, places and things that are regularly treated with reverence can be dealt with lightly in a column dedicated to things that are regularly treated can't be put into words.

Harmonolodics is that it is an excuse from pure music to a music form of one sort or another. Music was around long before music writing.

"All music is allergic to the word information and some humor."
— Ben Bova

You may get here is opinion.

There was an Indiana journalist named Rich Stim who made up his daily record reviews for six months and was never suspected by readers or editors. Stim invented album titles, sung titles, bio background and started new record labels. He even did features on "stars" using his friends as models for the photographs he ran with the column. Stim is now an attorney, no longer grappling with Near Journalism. By the way, the name of his column was It's All Music.

Two of my idols are Dick Gregory and Malcolm X. Let's hope he works more about them in 1985.

Here are some things I don't want to hear about this year.

Harmonolodics. Ornette Coleman's records deliver rich, goey, indescribably delicious sounds. His early work, Change of the Century being a personal favorite, sounds even better with time. But... somewhere along the line he has fallen prey to the "Important New York Artist" syndrome. That is, how one's work breaks down to words is even more important than the sound. Now Ornette Coleman is likely to be 100% sincere about Harmonolodics, but I am 100% not getting it. I've heard a few explanations that liken Harmonolodics to a modern version of the jive styles of New Orleans jazz forms: group soloing within a loose but defined structure. Thus far, my take on Harmonolodics is that it is an excuse for yet another interview with another musician who does a few flaws in Ornette's direction before torturing us with profundity.

"You know, he can play, and he's got good interview. How about a music minus one version of Dancing In Your Head so we can all be Harmolodic?"
— Judy Collins

2. The World's Fair. The fair had good music. People had fun, some even had jobs. I liked the fair.

Big Fun. But... the bad smell of the fair will hover over us for years. Many will no longer able to "stop and smell the roses" because the aftermath of the fair will obliterate all good smells. This travesty of greed and corruption has furthered Louisianas rep as a banana republic populated by loveable sleazebags who can cook and play music but would do any number of degrading things if someone, anyone, gave them enough money.

3. Rastafarians. There is mass starvation in Ethiopia. Some political observers trace this back to the politics of Robert McNamara. The rationale here is, "If the liberals hadn't given them aid back then, they would have all starved and there wouldn't be five times as many around to starve now." What a world!

Abbe Bikila won the Olympic marathon in 1956 and 1960. Bikila was a palace guard for Jah Rastafari himself. Bikila ran barefoot. Did he listen to Robert Parker? Bob Marley was half Caucasian. Yellowman is not a rasta. He has horrible skin cancer. Shep Sumuels is an attorney who has a decent reggae show on WTUL. WQOZ plays much reggae. Meanwhile, bathroom ratsashes are taking over many major metropolitan areas. Babylon go on with its wicked ways. We all suffer, no matter our lot in life. Life is unfair. The rasta?arian message has become kind of a cross between John Denver and Louis Farrakhan. Sub mall? No, just ten more miles off dark star island.

4. Pia Zadora. "She's up there!"

5. Cajun Food. As Marlon Brando once said, "Get the butter!"

6. Yuppies.

"As my life spills into yours, changing with the hours..."
— Judy Collins

To promote the release of her new LP, Judy Collins recently put in a personal appearance at Metrotown Records. Ms. Collins made a grand entrance, stepping forth from Allen Toussaint's Bentley. As Ms. Collins signed autographs and mingled with the hoi polloi, Metronome employees displayed open discomfort at the prospect of listening to two solid hours of Judy Collins records.

Some background: My parents listened to Judy Collins. I remember rude awakenings on early Saturday mornings as "I am a maaaaaaain of constant changing with the hours..." blasted at full volume trying to compete with the Collins' home in Denver. But this was long ago and you've forgotten what we got was polite music. Any kind of music."
— O'Jays

Rec: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band. Some folks have called me to ask, "Mark, what about this Cheez-Whiz thing? What are you trying to say? I like that record. The recording quality is not that bad." Well, The Dirty Dozen will be brilliant forever whether I like their debut album or not. Sorry folks, but I Want More! This record is stiff when compared to the Dirty Dozen or to any of the live tapes floating around. The Dozens have the ability to reintroduce people to what jazz used to be about: spontaneity within a loose group structure, physical interaction with the audience, warmth and exuberance, without pandering to the past or giving up the present. Much of what is called "jazz today" is "for listeners only." The Dirty Dozen satisfies in that way as well as providing a near lethal dose of street, history lessons and pure sound. I was hoping for a record of great energy. What we got was polite Dirty Dozen, suitable for framing, but not so good for dancing. So big deal, maybe next time. No, the record does not sound like Cheez-Whiz. If this is your introduction to the Dirty Dozen, it's, well, it's better than nothing.

Remember, It's all music.
James Booker
King Of The New Orleans
Keyboard—Volume One
JSP 1083

I once took an oath in blood saying I'd never review a JSP album because of the owner's reputation for not paying royalties. Nonetheless, even though I'm sure that this will follow in JSP's royal tradition, I still feel that the general readership of this magazine will want to know about this release.

This probably will be the first of a number of LPs that originate from live Booker tapes; in fact, JSP has volume two in the wings right now. This one dates from a 1979 concert in Hamburg, Germany, and features Booker in a variety of moods. (When wasn't he?) Most of this material will be familiar to Booker fans, i.e. "One Hell Of A Nerve," "How Do You Feel?," "Please Send Me Some Love To Overload," etc., as most of these tunes are two unfamiliar tunes laid-back version of 1979 familiar to Booker fans, i.e. "Feel,'" etc.

Diz Watson
Rhumbarlero
Ace 124

Diz has done it again. You might remember a very positive review for his initial album, Blue Coat Man, in these pages a year or so ago, and this one I'm pleased to say is just as exquisite. Admittedly I'm partial to Diz, since I've spent a few evenings sampling British bitters while I listened to him rock the London pubs with classic New Orleans R&B last summer.

A veritable encyclopedia of New Orleans piano styles, Diz covers just about all the bases—the LP is dedicated to Fess and Booker so that should put things in perspective. Appropriately, "Junco Partner" opens side one with all the eccentric piano and squawking vocals you could hope for. "Dominoes," a medley, soon follows sounding as if it were lifted straight from Fat's songbook.

The title selection, blustering cornet playing, is Longhair's "Rumba" and Toussaint's "Whirlaway," a real piano tour-de-force with all the New Orleans embellishments one could imagine.

"Can't Believe You Want To Leave" is a bit weak but that might be because I'm coming off an entire weekend of listening to Little Richard's Greatest Hits. However, Diz's rendition of this whole performance. Two other Fess signatures are included: "Her Memory Is Gone" and "Big Chief" rock along merrily. The introspective "Blues For Auleus" winds things up nicely.

The Doorman, the backup band that accompanies the man on most of the album, also deserves a nod. King O'Connor, England's greatest drummer, really swings, especially on the Longhairs tunes. Also "The Guvner," Tony Utter, the West Coast songer, supplies that little bit extra on the rhumbas that make this album so good.

Let's hear none of this "Well, he's just playing like all other guys," because those "others," for the most part, are no longer with us. Let's look at this as what it is: a real down-to-earth assay of New Orleans rhythm and blues.

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I haven't heard The Times live, though I've been told they put on quite a show. After hearing their latest release, Hip Isn't It, I can believe it. The music is very danceable in a new wave vein, but without enough Louisiana influence to make it a little familiar. Call it funky Louisiana minstrelsy also call it a hot time in any club.

I have to admit that this Baton Rouge band's efforts took a couple of listenings to grow on me. Other than the superb reggae number "Childhood" and the anthemic "Exiled In La.\), the music is economical and not particularly varied. But it's worth the effort: the rhythms have a way of sliding into your personal consciousness until you realize that they're just what you were looking for all along. Propelled by bassist Don "Snake" Stith and Hans Van Veggel on saxophone, this could be a groove that gives the entire album a unifying continuity.

But the best thing here is the lyrics. Without exception on this album of originals, the lyrics present powerful soundcapes in a subtle, understated way, sophisticated in only the good connotations of that word. The Times have a gift for observation, shown best in songs like "The Whole Thing," which questions the validity of obvious conclusions, or the satiric "Young Professors." The clear image throughout Hip Isn't It is that this is a hard, messy world; but underlying that is the equally clear statement that each of us is responsible for what we make before doing...
ZEUS, KING OF THE GODS, FELL IN LOVE WITH A MORTAL PRINCESS—SEMELE—WHO WAS TO BEAR HIS SON. ENRAGED BY THIS NEWS, ZEUS' JEALOUS WIFE HERA, DISGUISED AS A GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER, APPROACHED SHEMELE AND ASKED THE YOUNG GIRL: "IF ZEUS IS REALLY THE FATHER OF YOUR CHILD, WHY WON'T HE SHOW HIMSELF IN ALL HIS SPLENDOR?" SHEMELE WONDERED... ZEUS DID PREFER DARK ROOMS...

ZEUS, HONEY, GRANT ME A WISH!
ANYTHING— I SWEAR BY THE RIVER STYX...

NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING, BABY!

YOU MADE A VOW, SUGAR—I INSIST!

TURN ON THE LIGHT, TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND LET ME SEE YOU IN ALL YOUR SPLENDOR!
No mortal can stand the sight of Zeus’ splendor!

I'm on fire!

Zeus grabbed his unborn son from Semele’s womb and sewed the child under the skin of his thigh. At the birth of his son, Zeus summoned Hermes, messenger of the gods...

JOHNNY...JOHNNY DIONYSUS!

MAMA?

To save little Johnny from Hera’s wrath, Hermes escorted the boy-god to the Valley of Nysa...
Johnny grew to manhood in Nysa, tutored in the art of love by Japanese Geishas and taught the secrets of wine-making by horse-erred Silenus, who would later give King Midas of Phrygia the golden touch... Silenus was the original alcoholic...

TODAY, WE STUDY CHIANTI!

Sorry... I've got an exam!

One morning, Hera arrived with her chauffeur, Ernest. She explained to Johnny that she was an old friend of his late mama and Hera then proposed a toast...

Johnny, oh, Johnny! Drink this magic elixir--better than champagne!

Sure... I'll try anything once!! Man, wotta weird kick!

Dere's da dude, Hera...
Hera's elixir drove Johnny mad. Accompanied by Silenus and his favorite geishas, Johnny roamed the world, preaching the gospel of wine. Johnny delivered the grape to the Egyptian pharaohs and was chased out of Thrace by King Lycurgus, who feared Johnny's new religion.

On the coast of the Euxine Sea, Johnny fought alongside the Amazons, who cut off their right breasts so as not to interfere with their bow arms.

In India, Johnny's chariot was pulled by tigers and his devotees numbered in the millions.

Kidnapped by Tyrhenian pirates, Johnny assumed the form of a lion and chased the kidnappers overboard, where they were transformed into dolphins.

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Because of the joy Johnny's vineyards had given mankind, Zeus invited his son to sit on
ONE OF OLYMPUS' 12 GOLDEN THRONES. JOHNNY BROUGHT WINE to THE GODS AND CARNIVAL TO HEAVEN.

FISHY?

NO, FOOL, NIETZSCHE!

TURN ON YA LOVE LITE!

MARDI GRAS MAMBO!

AGARI!
One of the oldest, but least publicized traditions of the Carnival Season is that of the Mardi Gras Cowboys. The Mardi Gras Cowboys are a loose band of largely blue collar workers who mask as authentic Western cowpokes and terrorize the country and western honky tonsk on the West Bank, anchored on and around Fourth Street.

No one can pinpoint exactly when the tradition originated, but Bernard Plumski, a welder and a trailboss with the Mardi Gras Panhandlers, speculates: "It probably began just after the Civil War. My great-grandfather, George Plumski, was a member of the original Panhandlers. He said that the first real cowboys arrived on the West Bank just after the stockyards were built along the River. The first bunches were from Wyoming and Texas. They drove the cattle in from out West to the stockyard. Most of the cowboys went back home but a few of them married local girls and stayed here. My great-grandfather was from Casper and he married a Cajun girl from Paincourtville. He got a job branding steers at the yard and built the first ranch on the River Road. He enjoyed Louisiana enough to raise a dozen children here, but he still got lonesome for Wyoming. He used to get together with some of the other cowboys who had stayed here and they'd talk about the tumbleweed and the cattle rustling that went on back home. They were kind of mystified by Mardi Gras, because they didn't have anything like that out West. I mean, if a new calf was born you'd celebrate it. There was even an attempt at forming an Mardi Gras Posse, a few cowboys have indeed immigrated across the bridge to New Orleans. There was even an attempt at forming an East Bank Posse, but it was something that we keep the posse together. It's pretty hard, though, because I had the prettiest palomino you'd ever lay eyes on. Mesquite was his name and I used to ride him at the front of the posse every year. Now we ride around in these jeeps or four-wheel vehicles with the big tires. There's still a few Mustang convertibles around and even a Pinto or two. I've got a Tri-Blaizer with a CB in it—my handle is Gun Smoke—that's how we keep the posse together. It's pretty hard, though, once those cowboys start drinkin' that bourbon. They put on their fanciest garb, many just wear clothes right off the racks. Most of the various posses meet the third Tuesday of each month at Hired Hand Saloon, huge, on Fourth Street in Harvey. A Mardi Gras Cowboy meeting is something one never forgets. Once the initial minutes are read, the Cowboys head for the bar to down quantities of their traditional songs and show off the latest in Western wear.

Although many of the cowboys still add fringe and rhinestone embellishments to their garb, many just wear clothes right off the racks. One cowboy noted that since the release of the movie "Urban Cowboy," the clothes sold in the Western wear shops got more popular, and much cheaper, than the ones sewn by hand. Nonetheless, the older cowboys wouldn't think much of donning something just out of the box.
from the Dance Ranch on Mardi Gras Day. Ernest "Montana" Mathews, who perennially wins the award for the most spectacularly garbed cowboy, spends the better part of a year preparing his cowboy outfit. "A lot of the fancier spurs and chaps come from Houston," points out Mathews, sewing some ostrich feathers into the band of his ten-gallon hat. I try to look better every year, so I drive to Texas once a year and buy rhinestones and cowhides to take my outfit.

"You see these?" he says, revealing an exotically colored pair of pointed toed boots. They're abino anacoda skin. The hides came right out of the Amazon jungle. I won't say how much they cost but they would have made a god down payment on a car.

"A lot of these cowboys today don't take the time on their outfits like I do. But my daddy taught me how to sew this fringe and attach those rhinestones so they look best.

"If you take a gander at these spurs," he continues, hitching up a leg on his levis, "they're the real thing. My grandfather wore these when he started homesteading in Algiers. All the men in my family been Mardi Gras cowboys. Now my son just ain't interested, though. I guess these kids nowadays aren't interested in keeping the old ways alive. We don't seem to have as many young cowboys any­more. I can't understand why because all youngsters used to play cowboys and Indians.

During the monthly meetings, the posses rehearse the repertoire of the songs they sing on Mardi Gras Day: "Get Along Little Doggie," "I'm An Old Cowhand," "Howdy Podner"—this is when their emotions reach their peak. It's not uncommon for a cowboy to break down and cry in his beer after a sad cowboy lament.

Finally, on Mardi Gras Day, the various posses will gather at dawn at their favorite watering hole. Most often they will belly up to the bar and start in on a chorus of "Tumbling Tumble Weeds," or "El Paso." From there the posse is broken down into cowpunchers, buckaroos, wranglers, and of course trail bosses. (Some posses even occasionally have a cowgirl.)

The cowpuncher's job is obvious. He is sent ahead to the next barroom or honky tonk to scout out for trouble. If he finds it he is to deal with it appropriately. In the old days it meant clearing a joint out with a six-shooter, but these days most people are friendly enough to buy a round for the cowboys.

The buckaroo's job is to flaunt the standard for the posse. They are usually the most exotically dressed of all the cowboys, sporting the finest of cowboy fashions, usually topped off with the largest and fanciest cowboy hat.

When two posses meet in the street, or in a honky tonk, they go through a simple ritual. They slap each other on the back, buy each other drinks or share bottles. The closest thing to violence the cowboys come to these days is a friendly arm wrestle or a few seconds on a mechanical bull. But even the mechanical bull is becoming an endangered species lately.

By nightfall on Mardi Gras Day, the cowboys have made at least two dozen stops on Fourth Street. By then they are usually hoarse from singing and yodeling, and tired from drink. Most will head home and sleep until the next day, and forget about being Mardi Gras cowboys until the next meeting at the Hired Hand.

Although many of the other traditional Mardi Gras organizations are far more visible than the Cowboys, according to spokesman Billy Bob Jenkins, "that's the way we want to keep it. We don't want a bunch of rich Uptown yuppies or television cameras following us around. Every year the Jazz Festival asks us to get us out there to sing some of these cowboy songs, but I tell 'em we're too busy; we got to work.

"A lot of us guys work at the shipyards over in Avondale. We never speak about the Cowboys at work though. If we see another Cowboy at work, we just nod to each other and smile. We have fun on Carnival Day and at the meetings. That's the way it should be."

February 1985/Wavelength 23

A List Of Posses
The West Bank Broncobusters
The Marrero Panhandlers
The Bridge City Do Boys
The Avondale Pay Boys
The Uptown Stetsons (defunct)
The Westwego Rustlers
The Fourth Street Cowhands
The West Jefferson Marauders
The Harvey Cowboy Outfit
The Belle Chasse Valley Biscuit Boys (Defunct)
The Barataria Bayou Cowboys

A Cowboy Discography
"Jambalaya" Hank Williams
"El Paso" Marty Robbins
"Tumblin' Tumble Weeds" Bob Wills
"I'm An Old Cowhand" Roy Rodgers
"Howdy Podner" Fats Domino
"Cotton Eyed Joe" Various—also the official dance of the Cowboys
"Take Me Back To Tulsa" Bob Wills
"San Antonio Rose" Tex Ritter
"Old Shep" Elvis Presley
"You're From Texas" Marty Robbins
"I Got Spurs That Jingle Jangle Jingle" Cowboy Copas

Where To See The Cowboys
Most anywhere on Fourth Street between sunup and sundown on Mardi Gras Day. Some of their favorite watering holes are The Moulin Rouge, The Wagon Wheel, The Hired Hand, Hee Haw's, The Key Hold, Denver's, Big Jim's and Bronco's.
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BLUES FROM THE MOON
The Life and Music of John Mooney
BY BRENT HAYWOOD

"I'v e never met the man, but look at him! He's a monster! You get the feeling he could pick up a ten-dollar guitar and steal your girlfriend!"
-A fan

The Delta Blues aren't played much anymore. They're preserved. Guitar players learn a song or two "in the Delta blues style" as a way of paying tribute or a way of showing off, and only ethnomusicologists or hard-core blues fans play the old recordings.

For John Mooney, the Delta Blues sound—the bottleneck guitar playing odd rhythmic counterpoint to eerie, penetrating vocals—is more than a showcase for his considerable skills. For him, the Delta blues are a living, growing voice: "There's something in the tone and timbre of the sound—an emotional release. It's a medium for pure feeling."

A fascination with the guitar began when Mooney was ten. "I liked everything about it—the way it looked, the way it sounded. When I first picked one up, I liked the way it felt," He learned by listening to radio and by working his way through a Beatles songbook. His grandfather was a musician, playing banjo and mandolin during the Jazz Age, but Mooney's first exposure to the blues came from a Leroy Carr/Scrapper Blackwell recording. He began tuning in late night radio shows out of Knoxville
that featured the blues and old-time country music. He was fourteen or fifteen when a recording of Robert Johnson made him put his Fender Stratocaster aside.

He got a Silvertone acoustic from Sears and Roebuck and began to seek out recordings by Johnson and other Delta blues players, including Willie Brown, Charlie Patton and Ed "Son" House. By age sixteen, Mooney had quit school and was playing steadily in coffee houses and at dances around Rochester, New York, with guitar player Joe Beard. In 1972, Beard introduced Mooney to another resident of Rochester, Son House—the man who had taught Robert Johnson to play fifty years earlier.

Mooney and House became friends, and eventually played together. "For a long time, Son hadn't played at all. He was a Pullman porter, working on trains. The thing that impressed me most about him was his huge voice. He has amazing projection. It probably came from singing on street corners and in clubs that didn't have microphones."

For the next few years, Mooney did some street singing of his own, following county fairs and festivals through Arizona and California. "I got to where I could sing loud, and that helped. The other street musicians would have to move further down the block until I finished." In 1976, Mooney's travels brought him to New Orleans. "I came to see an old friend, Bobby (Brooklyn Robert) Weiner, but mostly I came to get away from the cold. It snowed my first day in town."

The snow melted and Mooney began to play regularly at Ford's Place with the Backdoor Blues Review, a group that included John Magne and Leigh Harris and later evolved into the Percolators. At around that time, Tipitina's opened, and in a freak accident, Mooney broke his hand. He tried to play anyway, but ended up in Charity, sharing a room with a man who'd been struck by lightning. "The doctor put a cast on it, but whenever he turned his back, I'd try to rip it off. I'll never go to Charity again, it gives me the creeps."

Eventually the hand healed, and in 1977 Mooney went up north to Rochester to record his first album. "I had all kinds of dreams. I wanted to organize a touring group of musicians and artisans—we would travel by bus along the same circuit I'd done as a street musician. I was going to finance the whole thing with the album. Naturally, it didn't work out.

The album, Comin' Your Way (Blind Pig records) features musicians from the popular Roomful of Blues and includes both original songs and blues classics. It didn't finance a group of touring artisans, but it was a critical success, earning positive write-ups in several major newspapers and national music magazines.

The cold drove Mooney back to New Orleans. "I grew up on a farm outside Rochester, and I'm really most comfortable in the country. New Orleans is the first city I could really feel right in, the first place that really feels like home." With Ricky Cortes and Kenneth Blevins, Mooney formed the Bluesiana Band that toured the southern circuit until the summer of 1983.

At that point, after more than ten steady years on the road, Mooney needed a break.

He returned to Rochester and spent time at the piano, working out the songs that would appear on his second album. One afternoon he stopped in on a friend, glassblower Jim Nadal. "I watched him do a piece, and then he turned to me and said, 'Here, you try it', so I did. It was blind luck, but the piece I blew turned out great. I loved it." Mooney began an apprenticeship under Nadal. "In a lot of ways, glass blowing is like music. A piece usually doesn't take longer than a song—and like music, sometimes it just won't happen. Then Jim would say, 'come on' and we'd go fishing or something, it wasn't a day to blow glass. The difference is that when you're blowing a glass piece you don't have that audience to tell you right away how you did.'

Telephone King, the album that came out of that sabbatical from the road, has a definite New Orleans sound. "After Son House, Professor Longhair probably has had the strongest influence on my playing." On Telephone King, Mooney manages to build on the already complex Delta rhythms. There's a mambo beat behind the National Steel, and in places the hard piercing vocals are clear tribute to Big Bill Broonzy.

Mooney has once again returned to New Orleans, and around town he can be heard playing solo, or backed up by Johnny Vidacovich, George Porter and Amasa Miller. He's also done some touring with harp player Fingers Taylor (formerly of Jimmy Buffett's Coral Reef Band). A new album is scheduled to be released this spring. It's a return to Mooney's first love—the acoustic Delta sound—and it features the soul classic "Take Time to Know Her." The album is a joint effort with Jimmy Thackery of the Nighthawks. "We recorded it in Jamaica. Jimmy was down there and he had the idea to record the whole thing next to this swimming pool. It's all acoustic—National Steel, six-and-twelve-string guitar, mandolin and mandolin cello—and it sounds great reverberating off those tiles."

Poolside in Jamaica...the Delta blues never had it so good.
Although singer Danny White never was able to break into the national recording charts, as many of his contemporaries did in the early Sixties, his handful of excellent singles rank right alongside many of New Orleans R&B chart successes. His best known tunes "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" and "Loan Me Your Handkerchief" are still local favorites and justifiably remembered. Most anyone who ever saw White perform during the late Fifties and early Sixties knows White fronted perhaps the most popular R&B band of the era.

Fellow New Orleans composer and performer Allen Toussaint perhaps best puts White's importance into perspective: "Danny White was never really a big-name recording artist, but he had a great band that used to work at the Sho Bar on Bourbon Street that was really hot. Danny inspired me to write some songs but unfortunately we weren't recording him and gave the tunes to K-Doe. I'm speaking specifically about "Mother-In-Law" and "Certain Girl," that was Danny White's style. There was something very influential about Danny White that was absorbed by a lot of artists that had big records here."

Born Joseph Daniel White July 6, 1931, at Charity Hospital, he was the youngest of seven children and grew up in the Hollygrove section of the city. "There was always lots of music around," he explained. "I sang in church and for plays at school. It was really my teachers who thought I had a good voice and encouraged me."

White's debut as a professional singer occurred while he was a 20-year-old Marine at Fort Pendleton in California. "We used to go to this club called the Offshore Lounge to listen to music. It was a nice place, we'd see people like Al Hibbler there. Well, they had a house band and one night the vocalist didn't show. People started asking the band to do requests but they said they couldn't do them without the singer. I got up and said I could do the requests, and I ended up singing the rest of the night.

"When the night was over the owner of the club offered me a full-time job as vocalist. I told him I couldn't because I was a Marine, but finally I agreed to sing weekends and he paid me $10 a night."

When White's enlistment ended he returned to New Orleans, but with no ambitions to pursue a singing career. "I went back to school on the G.I. Bill," he continued. "I used to go out to clubs like Hayes' Chicken Shack, the Dew Drop and the Shadowland to hear music. I got to know a lot of musicians and me and a guy called Jack decided to form a small band and work weekends."

"One of the first places we played was Dupree's Lounge, on Claiborne and St. Bernard, right across from the Circle Food Store. We played in there one Saturday night and the place was packed. During the break someone came up to me and said, 'Danny, there's a white guy outside in a Cadillac who wants to talk to you.'"

"I went outside to see what he wanted. The guy told me he was going to open a club called the Golden Cadillac. It was a real big club across from the Fifth Precinct on Poland Avenue near the Canal. It had been a country and western club (Elvis Presley had played there) but he wanted to make it an R&B club. He offered to pay us a lot more money than we were making at Dupree's so I brought Jack out to talk to him too, because it was really his band. We agreed to work for him, and it was our band that actually opened the place up. That was in 1955."

"We played every Friday and Saturday night and were really popular, so popular in fact that they expanded the club from 700 to 1,000 capacity. But after a few months Jack wanted to go back to playing black clubs and the band split up, so I had to recruit some new musicians. I got a six-piece band together but I didn't have a name for it. At the time there was a new brand of cigarettes that I had just bought. I happened to look at the label one night—they were Cavaliers. I said hey, that's a great name, I'll call the band Danny White and the Cavaliers. We played the Cadillac for five years sold."

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White at the Cadillac, White cut his first record for Nashville recordman Shelby Singleton, who leased a single to Dot, but with little commercial success. He also recalls an isolated session for a deejay from the West Coast, but doesn't think a record was ever released from the session. "A lot of club owners started coming down to the Cadillac to see what was happening and asking me if I wanted to work for them. I'd always said no, but after awhile I wanted to circulate. So I told the club owner I wanted to play at some other places. He said, 'I hate to lose you, but you can always come back.'"

"Then we started playing at some other clubs around New Orleans. My saxophone player at the time was John Payne; he had a gig on Bourbon Street at the Dream Room too. I started dropping in to see him and I said to myself, 'Hey I like this scene.'"

"I talked with the club owner, Sam Anselmo, and gave him my card. He hired me to start a morning jam session that played from 2 am to 6 am. I didn't know if it would work out but people started following us from our evening gig to the Dream Room and we'd get 300 people in there on Friday and Saturday nights."

Anselmo's son, Jimmy, who owns Jimmy's music club on Willow Street today, still vividly recalls White's early morning sets. "Danny White and the Cavaliers were the hottest band in town at the time. You might be able to compare him to the Cold or the Nevilles at their peak. Try and imagine a Jimmy's or a Tipitina's packed full of people with the sun coming up in the morning. That's what it was like. And they really rocked the place."

Pianist Al Farrell also remembers, "Danny had a strong regular following. We'd go out to see him at the Safari on Chef Menteur Highway then jump in our cars to race to the Dream Room for the early morning set. I'll never forget that whenever a fight would break out the band..."
In 1961, Danny White and the Cavaliers were the highest paid and perhaps most popular band in the city, despite the fact they didn’t have a record out. All that changed, however, when White was approached by Joe LaRocca, who owned the Federal label. Joe LaRocca dropped by the studio one night and asked me to come by his office. To tell you the truth I didn’t even think much about recording because we didn’t have much hope, so I only had one night off a week after we started playing all of the college fraternities and parties. Man we were real professional, we had uniforms and we were disciplined. We played places where they wouldn’t hire any other black band.

“Well, she finally talked me into coming down to her office one afternoon. There was a guy down there, Al Reed, her writer and arranger. He was playing something on the piano and I said, ‘Hey that sounds real good.’ He said, ‘Yeah. It’s called Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye.’ But it was uptempo then and I said if I was gonna cut it I’d slow it down.

‘Mrs. LaRocca said, “Why don’t you cut it?” Well at first I wasn’t interested but then I agreed because I didn’t think anything would come of it. The next week we went down to Cosimo’s Studio to cut it. I remember Allen Toussaint played on the session.

“Well, Cosimo told Connie LaRocca that ‘Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye’ sounded like a hit. She called Hal Atkins, who was her partner and a deejay at WYLD, to come down and listen to it. He got real excited and got Cosimo to press him up a demo so he could break it on his show the next day. People started calling him to find out where they could get the record right away, but of course he had to tell them they had to wait. ‘Funny thing, after I got the record I took it out to the Safari to gauge the people’s reaction. They all liked the record and got up to dance, but it was the flip side they liked best, ‘The Little Bitty Things.’ Wardell Quezergue arranged both sides.

“It was ‘Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye’ that eventually became the A-side and it rose to number one on the R&B and pop charts, as both black and white stations put it in heavy rotation. Being a small local record company, however, Frisco was hard pressed to distribute the single outside of New Orleans, and eventually Arleen Records out of Philadelphia agreed to distribute the single. ‘I guess the record could have done better,” speculates White. “It got written up in Cashbox and Billboard (although it didn’t chart), but it might have done better if Connie had leased it to a big company sooner, but she wasn’t interested in that. I didn’t make any big money off the record but I liked everyone who liked it andelcome label.”

White followed his hit with a couple of good singles, including “Make Her Mine” and “The Twitch,” but he failed to catch on. His next big record was cut in 1962, “Loan Me Your Handkerchief,” penned by Earl King. A stirring ballad, buoyed by a spirited female vocal accompaniment, the record jumped to the top of the local charts, stirring the interest of a number of major labels. Decca eventually leased the record with an option on the second. Although it just missed charting, White estimates the record sold well in excess of 100,000.

That record did real well in other areas,” said White. “I started going on the road with some package shows with Marvin Gaye, Otis Redding and Jimmy Reed. Played the Rockland, the Apollo, all the bigger theatres. Universal booked me.”

As luck would have it, most of White’s subsequent releases would be made in Memphis not New Orleans as he explains: “Hal Atkins was transferred to WDIA in Memphis and he got to know Jim Stewart, Booker T, and the gang around Stax. He arranged for me to fly up to Memphis to cut at Stax Studio. (White’s second Decca record, “Cracked Up Over You,” b/w “Taking Inventory” were recorded first.) I got with Isaac Hayes and Dave Porter and they recorded me with Booker T and the MG’s.

“Around 1963 Mrs. LaRocca got out of the record business as it was between labels. Stax used to lease stuff to other labels too, but just put their own stuff out. I got a deal with Atoll out of New York and that’s when ‘Keep Me Sometime Hymn’ and ‘I’m Dedicated My Life’ came out in 1964.”

White wasn’t having much luck with his latter releases and he started to look around for other employment. During the late Sixties he began a two-year association with the Meters, who had just hit the charts with “Cissy Strut.” White had an in with the group already since Leo Nocentelli played with the Cavaliers, and he showed them the ropes of the road.

After 1972, White got out of the entertainment business almost entirely, and took a job with a furniture company in Washington, D.C., where he works today as sales manager. He still sings on occasion.

In 1980, he returned to New Orleans and headlined a show for the Southern Yat Club and again two years later appeared at Bobby’s Place in Chalmette.

“I still like to get out there and sing,” concludes White. “Some day I’d like to return to New Orleans and start performing and open up a booking agency. Maybe if someone else could open up in town that’s just what I’ll do.”

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SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

SAT. 2       KREWE OF CLONES
SUN. 3       THE THIRD EYE
WED. 6       THE LOOK, VITAL FUNCTIONS, UNION CHANT, THE GENERICS
THUR. 7      THE RADIATORS
FRI. 8       UNION CHANT (Jed's Showcase)
SAT. 9       THE BEAUX ARTS BALL "Crimes of Fashion" with
             THE NIGHTHAWKS, THE MISTREATERS, PRESSURE 9 p.m.
TUES. 12     THE FENCE
WED. 13      LEFT RIGHT LEFT
THUR. 14     BUTTHOLE SURFERS
FRI. 15      THE LOOK
SAT. 16      THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS (Jed's Showcase)
MON. 18      THE NEVILLE BROTHERS

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Thu 7 PAM'S (Slidell) Mardi Gras Day DREAM PALACE
Fri 8 PAM'S (Slidell) DREAM PALACE (3pm-8pm)
Sat 9 PAM'S (Slidell) Sat 23 MAPLE LEAF
Tues 12 MAPLE LEAF Thur 28 DREAM PALACE
Thurs 14 DREAM PALACE

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CONCERTS

Friday, 1

Ivy Dengerfield, what can one say about the former Jacob Cohen says that he was a national treasure, even if somebody didn’t steal the banner from front of the New York club (well, that just ought to draw a picture a treasure he is) Seininger Performing Arts Center, again, I can’t hold you in, but have already seen he was back in his leg warmer-Dirty Mind tour. At the Seininger, his current self-presentation bodies ill for a career already dead from a calculated hopped-up narcissism, for we can do no bad a black David Lee Roth? Professional wrestlers and fashion models William F. Buckley can get away with this sort of thing, but the best rock ’n roll still isn’t really much of a cult-following shell game. Anyway, his tan
tun pun the P.A. columns and general top-

Prince—roll over Little Richard and tell Bobby Marchan and Patsy Vidalia the news—at the Louisiana Superdome, February 1.

CONCERT SERIES

Prince—roll over Little Richard and tell Bobby Marchan and Patsy Vidalia the news—at the Louisiana Superdome, February 1.

Thursday, 14

Mornus (N)
Minerva, N.O. East (N)
Aqua, Metairie (N)

Friday, 15

Krewe (N)
Nefertiti, West Bank (N)
Amor, Chalmette (N)

Saturday, 16

Iris (D)
Sirena, N.O. East (D)
Nomto, Algiers (D)
Endymion (N)

Sunday, 17

Thoth (D)
Poseidon, West Bank (D)
Mid-City (D)
Bacchus (N)

Tuesday, 19

Zulu (D)
Tarot (N)

Wednesday, 20

Lemur, West Bank (D)
Dancing with the Savannahs (D)

Sight and Insight: The Poet As Historian, a trio of programs on WWNO devoted to three black poets, in order, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Zora Neale Hurston, and Thomas J. Jefferson, 4 p.m., Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave.

Church Cathedral, 2019 St. Charles Ave.

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Saturday: Harmony River.


Centurions, Metairie (N)

Thor, Metairie (N)

Saturday, 2

Cars of Clones, parade through the streets of our fair city (theme: Celebrity Sleazy). Agroup of Anger should have been a terrible Captain and ended up with a dorky, sour-sounding-italian-sounding-at-3 a.m. It seems William F. Buckley can get away with this sort of thing, but the best rock ’n roll still isn’t really much of a cult-following shell game. Anyway, his tan

tun pun the P.A. columns and general top-

Sneak a peek at Little Richard and tell Bobby Marchan and Patsy Vidalia the news—at the Louisiana Superdome, February 1.

SYMPHONY

Saturday, 23

Pops Concert No. 2, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Joseph Trinnin conducts, Ronald Rogers is baritone soloist, and the New Orleans Symphony presents, with Chalmette, a trio of programs on WWNO devoted to three black poets, in order, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Zora Neale Hurston, and Thomas J. Jefferson, 4 p.m., Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave.

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Tarot (N)

Wednesday, 20

Lemur, West Bank (D)
Dancing with the Savannahs (D)

Sight and Insight: The Poet As Historian, a trio of programs on WWNO devoted to three black poets, in order, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Zora Neale Hurston, and Thomas J. Jefferson, 4 p.m., Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave.

Church Cathedral, 2019 St. Charles Ave.

LIVE MUSIC

The Arches, 7437 Liptaco, 345-2945.
Call for this month’s listings.

Artist Cafe, 808 bienville, 525-9358.

Thursdays: American Gypsy Theatre, or Romeo & Juliet.

Saturday: Harmony River.


Centurions, Metairie (N)

Thor, Metairie (N)

Saturday, 2

Cars of Clones, parade through the streets of our fair city (theme: Celebrity Sleazy). Agroup of Anger should have been a terrible Captain and ended up with a dorky, sour-sounding-italian-sounding-at-3 a.m. It seems William F. Buckley can get away with this sort of thing, but the best rock ’n roll still isn’t really much of a cult-following shell game. Anyway, his tan

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Sneak a peek at Little Richard and tell Bobby Marchan and Patsy Vidalia the news—at the Louisiana Superdome, February 1.

SYMPHONY

Saturday, 23

Pops Concert No. 2, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Joseph Trinnin conducts, Ronald Rogers is baritone soloist, and the New Orleans Symphony presents, with Chalmette, a trio of programs on WWNO devoted to three black poets, in order, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Zora Neale Hurston, and Thomas J. Jefferson, 4 p.m., Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave.

Thursday, 14

Mornus (N)
Minerva, N.O. East (N)
Aqua, Metairie (N)

Friday, 15

Krewe (N)
Nefertiti, West Bank (N)
Amor, Chalmette (N)

Saturday, 16

Iris (D)
Sirena, N.O. East (D)
Nomto, Algiers (D)
Endymion (N)

Sunday, 17

Thoth (D)
Poseidon, West Bank (D)
Mid-City (D)
Bacchus (N)

Tuesday, 19

Zulu (D)
Tarot (N)

Wednesday, 20

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Riverboat
PRESIDENT
CONCERTS
Sat., Feb. 2
MOONLIGHT DANCE CONCERT
featuring the Cajun Band
BOURRE
only $5.50
Fri., Feb. 8
SPECIAL DOCKSIDE CONCERT
WAR
$11.00
advance
Sat., Feb. 9
MOONLIGHT DANCE CONCERT
featuring CREOLE COOKIN
only $5.00
Fri., Feb. 15
SPECIAL DOCKSIDE CONCERT
The PRODUCERS
$10.00
advance
Sat., Feb. 16
SPECIAL DOCKSIDE COSTUME PARTY
"MARDI GRAS FEST"
featuring IRMA THOMAS
NEVILLE BROTHERS
$10.00 (all tickets)

Sun., Feb. 17
SPECIAL DOCKSIDE CONCERT
"Red Rockers"
(captive)

Mon., Feb. 18
WYLD MARDI GRAS PARTY
(entrance and ticket price to be announced)

Sat., Feb. 23
SPECIAL DOCKSIDE CONCERT
"Farewell to the SHEIKS"

Tues., Feb. 26
SPECIAL DOCKSIDE CONCERT
GENERAL PUBLIC
$10.00 advance

For Further Information Phone:
NEW ORLEANS STEAMBOAT COMPANY
524-SAIL (concert line) 586-8777 (office) 587-0740 (wharf)

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd, 367-9670. Wednesday: Dwayne D."Blues Band (with a new line-up)—my motif is drawn from the line-up—my motif is drawn from the criminalology, as Miss Prism would say—featuring Bruce McGill, Tom Berghani and Gene Scaramuzza.

Famous Door, 522 Bourbon, 522-7326. Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Thomas Jefferson: and his Creole Jazz Band. From 8, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Mike Caso, from 8.

Fest, 505 Gretna Blvd, Gretna, 362-0558. Call for listings.


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

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 526-3474. Pete Fountain and his band, 9:10 nightly. one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1728 Decatur, 522-0682. Alfredo, ragtime piano each day from noon until 4. The New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Band weekends.

German Beer Garden, 1101 S. Peters, 526-0685. Tues. through Sun.; Johanne O'Riordan, 7:30-8:30. Original Austrian Quintet, from 7 and on Sundays from 7.

Mans' Den, 4311 S. Caliborne, 8216-1046. Reggae music Saturdays.


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


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524-SAIL (concert line) 586-8777 (office) 587-0740 (wharf)
Sha Na Na, at the Blue Room through February 12.

CINEMA

Loyola’s Film Buftes Institute, 1969-70.

Promising as the vocation of the French-Swiss—bestseller which really deals with that most Gallic pair of subjects, the Loss of Feeling and the Death of Pleasure, David Naive is the true daddy and Jean Seberg is the daughter. Deborah Kerr the woman (foolishly, fatefully) interferes, Geoffrey Horne, Mylène Demongy, Allan Dwan, Tuesday. 7:30, e.m., or 8:15 p.m., or 9:15 p.m., and comment on this particular high-life project is to be superfluous now that Loyola last year, the contributions of Rota, of Varenne, and Gherardi seemed even more inordinately than before, and Fellini’s associa
tion method has never worked to greater advantage. One can only cite the names of Sandra Mile, Barbara Steele, Celeste Bottro, Eda Gira, Eugene Walter, Guido Alberti, and of course the Principe Sante Verde’s playing Blue Moon on her violin in Cassio Diabol, Tuesday, 12; Das Blaue Licht, this 1932 confession by Leni Riefenstahl is a more sinister and almost paralyzingly exquisite folk-tale that represents the culmination of a weird sub-genre about mountains popular in Germany, for it is the famous cinematography of its famous cinematography that takes away all the young ones. As dotty and mild, the film is about the period they were trying for. Tuesday, 12.

Palais, the exhibition of Boyd Grune’s Louisiana Alphabet continues with a selection of related paraphernalia. Longue Vue, 7:30.

8:30, a.p.m., 9:15 a.m., and Tuesday, 7:45 a.m.

New Orleans Museum Of Art, City. 4:00-8:00.

Risorgimento, Sisto, through Thursday, 10. This year’s large survey exhibition, one could imagine, in no lit
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Adams, through Thursday, a.m., 10 a.m. 11 a.m.

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**Part 2 1985 Band Guide**

**Luther Kent and Trick Bag '85**
Thursday, Friday and Saturday 12:30 A.M. to 4:30 A.M.

**Lady B.J. and David Torkanowsky Trio**
Wednesday and Sunday, Midnight

**Traditional Jazz**
Every night at 8 P.M. to Midnight

**Food**
Varied menu plus a good finger food selection. A great place for late night or early morning breakfast. Try our house special. Bouillabaisse!

**Booze**
All your favorite spirits. plus frozen drinks and house specials. One drink minimum per set. Beer. $2.00. Bar highballs $2.75

**Dancing**
One of the very few dance floors in the French Quarter.

**New Storyville Jazz Hall**
**IN THE FRENCH QUARTER 1104 Decatur Street 525-8199**

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**The Big Bang** Funk, Rock, Reggae. Keith deBoo, Tracey Williams, (213) 674-4323 (Los Angeles).


**Chris Burke & His New Orleans Music** Traditional Jazz. 943-4273.

**Heavy Metal** Alden Scott (lead); Pedro Clofer (bass); Walter Wright (drums). (504) 408-3976.


**Luther Kent R&B, jazz, Luther. (504) 737-8696.**


**Metalust** Heavy Metal! Dennis Papaleo, Jack Schultman, Sam Picolet. Dennis, 279-1779. Sam, 391-9575.


**Netherlands** Original music with thought, now music, Rock & Roll. Ivan Colon, Ken Cryer and Ray Bencar. (504) 649-1006.

**No Rules** Beautiful music played like hell. Steve, Dave, Ruben, Darrin. Absolutely the wildest presentation of complex music, it's just damn wild. Revenge Productions, (601) 769-5109.

**The Originals** Mainstream rock and original material. David Ellis, Andy Ellis, John Linam and Jeff Huber. Dave or Andy. (504) 391-1720.

**Pauls & The Pontics** R&B, blue. Call Paul at (504) 822-6567.

**P.D.M.** Debra Laine, (504) 277-8574.

**Jim Ray** Acoustic, pop-ola. (213) 827-9020.

**Sentimental Journey** Fifteen piece Big Band, Call Band Aid Entertainment, (504) 387-7079 in Vernon Taranto, Jr., (504) 925-1594.

**759** Original rock. Call Paul at (504) 897-2618.

**Sometimes Blue** Mary Ann Stokes (vocalist); Lloyd Daigle (bass, sax and vocals); Gary Landry (drums). Horace Shows (flugelhorn and bass); and Tony Taxam (keyboards). Baton Rouge, (504) 769-2836 and 925-1594. Gonzales, (504) 622-3195 and 673-3870.

**The Southern Monet Band** Tony Forty Rock & Roll. Carrol Merediety (lead vocals); Robert Bouaud (guitar & vocals); Randy Kenna (guitar & vocals); Charlie Maus (bass & vocals); Rick Cabrejo (keyboards & vocals). (504) 827-9020.

**Stoutville Stampers** New Orleans Second Line Music and Dixieland Jazz. Rico (trumpet and banjo); Craig (trombone); Woody (Tuba); Kari (bass drum); Ray (snares drum); Jerry (clarinet). Woody, 949-3188.


**The Unlimited Jazz Group** Variety, James Dee (wind instruments); Robert (Bug's) Vingle (drums); Andy Kaufman (bass); Charles Farmer (keyboards). James Stafford, 525-7728.

**Uptown Blues Organization** Funky R&B. Little Frankie King, Cottonmouth Keith Dehmer, Dave Silverman, Archille R. O'Neal. UBO Productions, Katrina, 581-9361 ext. 132.
At Werlein's GUITAR CASE SALE

100 CASES AT 1/2 PRICE.
Bring your guitar for proper fit.
WERLEIN'S 605 CANAL ONLY

GIGO and RENEGADE SHADES from $25 to $45
The ambiance is upbeat and the sound is downright Southern.
Call or write for brochure. 906 Mazant, NOLA 911/364-2216.

BASS PLAYER NEEDED
Young progressive band looking for skilled bass player and all-around voice. Steve 529-1614.

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Recording only $20.00 per hour.
Studio equipment and engineer. Visitors by appointment. Call 504/632-2226 or 632-7117.
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GIANT RECORD SALE
Feb. 9, 9 A.M. - 3 P.M.
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Thousands of records all speeds. Priced to sell.
Primarily vintage R&B, but a little of everything else too.
Details 943-9334

VOCALIST WANTED for young progressive. Disciplined and all-around music skills necessary. Don't be afraid to call. Male or female. Steve 529-1614.

“Did you hear the one about the $30 dem?!”
BELIEVE IT! Send self-addressed stamped envelope to Blue Rose Productions, P.O. Box 856, Chalmette, LA 70044.

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EXPERT DRUM INSTRUCTION
Beginners to advanced, all styles, Jazz, Latin, Rock, also conga and conga set instruction. Call for appointment. Drum Studio 504-522-2517.

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Bassist, vocalist, keyboardist for New Music/Punk band. Call Fred at 504/282-6712.

ANGRY DRUMMER NEEDED
for Punk band. Must have drive. Chris 504/529-6976.

DRUMMER NEEDED for band doing original music. We are doing strictly studio work, and developing new material. Type sound, New Music. For audition call Roy at 504/649-1006, between 5-10 PM.

DRUMMER AVAILABLE for jobs or position in heavy metal rock band. Must have plus under management. 504/855-6594 after 6 PM.

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“Why this record?/Claudines, Rome Gazette — Rome, Italy.
You won’t hear anything like this again.
Let’s Listen. — Grand Pass Times Underground B.R., La., U.S.A.
U.S. TIMES “Wanna Go to London” Available cassette only “HIP BUTN T” on VINYL AND CASSETTE
Produced by Johnny Palazzotto, Hans Van Brackle & The Times

EXUMA
Mardi Gras
Island Night at Jimmy’s
Sunday, February 10
Music by EXUMA
Food by CHEF PALMER
$8.00 Adults
$4.00 Children
6:00 - 11:00
GROUP ADVANCE TICKETS
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FEbruary 1985/Wavelength 37
Soon to be joining the ranks of Major Label Jazz Horn Player Originally from New Orleans But Hopefully Not Over-Hyped is home boy Bad Bad Leroy Jones who recently received a personal invitation and round trip plane ticket to New York from Capitol Records’ President Bruce Lundvall. Jones auditioned for a proposed album which will showcase "young, unidentified jazz artists" being released sometime this year.

Red Rockers will begin a nationwide tour with U2 on Feb. 25. Stanley "Buckwheat" Dural and his Ill Sont Parts Band were the leadoff group at the 600-year centennial celebration of the city of Stockholm, Sweden...More baby veal on the way for Sleepy Labeef and his wife Linda: the couple announced that they are expecting their third child soon.

The public relations staff of the New Orleans Hyatt Regency Hotel recently obtained a "rare meeting" with three members of the Jackson (as in "Michael") family. The accompanying photo shows Hyatt employees Laurie Smigelski, Mayra Pineda, and Nicole Bazanac standing next to Jackson Bros. Tito, who looks like an insurance salesman, Jermaine, who has a Jheri-curl, and Randy, who looks like a well-built Michael.

Peter Dizney was the recent subject of a downbeat profile by Howard Mandel, which included such memorable quotes as: "I bought a saloon twenty-five years ago because the guy I was workin' for wouldn't give me another day off. I knew the only way I was gonna get two days to dry out was to get my own place..." The "Young Black Programmers Coalition," Black Music Association, and the Mississippi Delta Blues Festival are declaring the week of February 17-23, 1985, as "National Blues Week." MCA, Malaco, and Alligator Records have agreed to produce FSA tapes to publicize the event and station program directors may obtain copies of the tapes by writing the YBPC Newsletter at P.O. Box 11432, Jackson, MS 39213.

The 9th Annual Red River Revel in Shreveport featured a Leadbelly tribute that stimulated the crowd of 30,000 revelers to join in on such Leadbelly classics as "Goodnight Irene" and "Midnight Special." Pete Seeger, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and other friends of the late singer were there to help...Bill Mitchell is host of a radio program called "Blues Hangover" on WQFS, an alternative station in Greenboro, NC. Bill wrote in to announce his upcoming Mardi Gras Special on February 19. (Mardi Gras, to you folks in more civilized parts of the country..."

Relief Rousser is John Seminario's rock 'n' roll newsletter out of NYC and this month features a nice set of Lisa Selfert photos that show Johnny Winter, Brian Seltzer, and Dickie Betts comparing tattoos... The Neville Brothers' Neville-Tization LP made both Time Magazine's "Best of '84" listing and The Village Voice's Top Ten for 1984. In two related notes, Pamela Gibbons wants everyone to know that she is not booking gigs for the Meters and Michael Fondade wants everybody to know that he is tuning guitars for the Neville Brothers. Michael's been with the group a year now and has become an indispensable member.

Pop Combo will be emerging from a five-month hibernation with its first live show since October at Jimmy's on March 1. Sporting a new bass player (Lenny Jorns, formerly of the Generics), the Combo will also enlist the services of a keyboardist to help recreate the sound of their second album... Jeff Beninanto, a former Newsboy, has joined the dB's. Beninato will be returning to New Orleans for Mardi Gras with the New Orleans Pop Combo and the Neville Brothers. Michael's been with the group a year now and has become an indispensable member.

Some of New Orleans' finest restaurants have donated dinners for two to radio station WYNO's avery first annual over-the-air dinner auction. Listeners can phone their bids at auction time and the dinners go to the highest bidder. The auction will be broadcast from 5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. on Feb. 7, 8 and 9, and 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. on Feb. 9. Some of the participating restaurants include Dooky Chase, Upperline and Indulgence.

We received two cards in the mail recently from local bands who have moved West to California. One shows the Big Bang performing at an L.A. street happening in miniskirt toga/leotard outfits and the other is a smiling Bob Barker on the set of The Price Is Right. Sadly, members of The Monsters will be on the show February 19. Come On Down!!

the

PHAROAH SANDERS QUARTET

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 8 pm
DIXON HALL, TULANE UNIVERSITY
Tickets At All Ticket Master Locations

...an electrifying evening of jazz featuring the frenetic saxophone of the legendary Pharoah Sanders.

Pharoah Sanders
FEBRUARY LISTINGS

FRI 1 - LEROY BROTHERS AND THE MISTREATERS
SAT 2 - JOHN CALE
SUN 3 - ROCK AGAINST RACISM WITH THE COLD AND JAVA (benefit)
WED 6 - A TRIBUTE TO BOB MARLEY (benefit)
THURS 7 - THE CRUISERS (opening: THE INTRUDERS)
FRI 8 - THE RADIATORS
SAT 9 - THE SHEIKS (opening: UNCLE STAN & AUNTIE VERA)
SUN 10 - ISLAND NIGHT—EXUMA 6 p.m.
THURS 12 - To Be Announced
WED 13 - THE Nighthawks (opening: THE MISTREATERS)
THURS 14 - THE Nighthawks
     (opening: THE TRUSTEES WITH CERIL NEVILLE)
FRI 15 - THE COLD (opening: VICTOR SIRKEO)
SAT 16 - THE SHEIKS (opening: VICTOR SIRKEO)
SUN 17 - THE NEVILLE BROTHERS
     (opening: GEORGE PORTER'S FUNKSTERS)
MON 18 - THE RADIATORS
THURS 21 - VITAL FUNCTIONS
FRI 22 - TRUE FAITH
SAT 23 - WOODENHEAD
WED 27 - THE JONES

THE RADIATORS FRI 8 & MON 18
THE Nighthawks WED 13 & THUR 14
THE COLD FRI 15
THE SHEIKS SAT 16
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