Two #1 hits in October. Next?

16-track Master Recorder: Fostex B-16

The Adventures of Record Ron by K. Kang
Gillespie In Jazz Series

The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation is now in the midst of its inaugural "An Education in Jazz" Series. The series began January 15 with a performance by Dizzy Gillespie with the Dirty Dozen Brass Band in a concert at the Orpheum that was opened by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. Earlier that day, Gillespie held a workshop at Booker T. Washington High School hosted by Ellis Marsalis.

The series will continue February 27 with an Orpheum concert by the Count Basie Orchestra under the direction of trumpeter Thad Jones, George Wein and the Newport All-Stars, and the local group Hot Strings. Workshops that day will be given earlier that day. Freddie Green, guitarist for the Basie Orchestra, will be at John F. Kennedy High School hosted by Ellis Marsalis. George Wein will be at Loyola University for a workshop primarily on the business of music, hosted by Loyola faculty member John Mahoney, and Thad Jones will be at UNO, with UNO music faculty member Rick Montalto.

"We see this as audience development," he said, "with an eye toward exposing younger kids, especially those who are already interested in music, to something they're not likely to hear on the pop radio stations, and perhaps influencing them to want to play jazz. This is especially exciting for us because it's our first opportunity to do something away from the festival itself, and during this time of year."

The workshops are informal concerts and symposiums, often with question and answer periods built in. They are a chance to have closer than usual contact with jazz performers and learn a little about how they approach their art. All workshops are free, and open to all and sundry.

The third and final concert in the series will feature pianist McCoy Tyner, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, and tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson. Also on the program will be the New Orleans Saxophone Quartet (Tony Dagradi, Earl Turbinton, Fred Kemp and Roger Lewis), and the New Orleans Jazz Couriers. This event will take place at the Orpheum on March 13.

Workshops surrounding this concert will include an appearance at McMain High School by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band hosted by Ellis Marsalis, a session with Joe Henderson at Xavier University hosted by Earl Turbinton, and a visit with McCoy Tyner at Southern University of New Orleans hosted by Kidi Jordan. Check your local listings for times and dates for the March workshops.

By the way, students are being offered a 20% discount on some seats at the Orpheum concerts on the day of the shows.

Jerry Karp

Acoustic Allman

The Gregg Allman Band played to a good-sized crowd last month at the 601 Club. Many in the audience, especially those who crowded in front of the stage, were long-term Allman fans who throughout the night requested the band to play the old Allman Brothers tunes. Allman and his very good band, however, mixed it up, keeping everyone happy. A high point in the night was Allman playing an acoustic "Melissa" with his guitarist who played delicate phrasings around Allman's husky voice. For an encore the band played the most requested song of the night, "Whipping Post," which was to no one's surprise but everyone's satisfaction.

Nick Marinello
Publications

DREAM BONES IS A XEROX COLLECTION of cartoonist Michael Dougan's hilariously macabre work. Dougan's work appears in The Weekly, The Market News and The Rocket, among others (Dream Bones contains three strips that first saw light in his "Little Death" comic in The Rocket), and his style is wonderfully unique and fresh (as well as downright weird). Available for $3 at Art in Form, 2237 2nd Ave., Seattle, WA 98121.

GRIND IS A "SEATTLE SKATE/HARDCORE ZINE" and is a thick xerox number stuffed to the brim with info. There's an in-depth report of the halfpipe/freestyle competition at Des Moines Waterland Festival, a pictorial report on the Vancouver NSA competition, plus interviews with D.O.A., 7 Seconds and Russ from Fallout Records. This freewheelin' zine is also dotted with record and video reviews, a reader's poll, editorial, bitsa gossip and lotsa pictures. Available for 74¢ from 1150 16th Ave. E., Seattle, WA 98112.

WEDNESDAY WEEK AT LONG LAST, a fan club has emerged for those infectious pop rockers from L.A., Wednesday Week. Issue One (destined to be a collector's item) is a veritable photo journal, documenting every incarnation of the band (a three piece striving to become a four piece) and an in-depth report of the band's recent Southwestern Tour. There are reams of pies, anecdotes and reviews to pore through, plus song lyrics and a short questionnaire. Write c/o P.O. Box 1547, Studio City, CA 91604 for more info.

INK DISEASE PUNK AND HARDCORE DREAMS are alive, well and thrashing about in the pages of Ink Disease. Issue Nine's pages are packed with oodles of info: lengthy interviews with the likes of Raw Power, Circle Jerks and Mad Parade, record reviews and "Ups & Downs, Ins & Outs" list, tons of photos and even a poetry page. This is a very well-stuffed zine, printed up with the kind of ink that quickly rubs off on your hands. And that's the way we like it. Available for $2 from 4563 Marmion Way, Los Angeles, CA 90065.

GENERIC DRIVEL "NOT JUST A FANZINE, IT'S A FANZINE!!" This mag, spit out from the confines of Delta, B.C., is a cute little xerox. Issue Four had seven big pages of cartoons, a "scorecard" for a recent Black Flag gig and a right-to-the-point interview with Uncle Bonsai. But the highlight of the Drivel has to be an interview with cartoon legend Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, creator of "Rat Fink" and auto art atrocities that once adorned stickers swapped by school kids everywhere. The Drivel loses points for the blatant chauvinism in their letter column, which isn't funny, even as a joke. (7922 Crawford Dr., Delta, B.C. V4C 6X6, Canada).

The Red Rockers, who are now living and playing out of Boston, were in town over the holidays for a "paid vacation." Their gig at Jimmy's looked and sounded great and they promised to be back in town soon. No doubt the boys get a paid vacation for Mardi Gras, too.
— Nick Marinello

Curley Moore, Ex-Clown, Dies In New Orleans

June "Curley" Moore, perhaps best known for his stint with Huey "Piano" Smith and the Clowns, died December 14, in New Orleans. He was in his early fifties. Moore, who possessed a unique, gritty voice, sang with various R&B groups during his youth. He joined the Clowns in 1960 as a replacement for Bobby Marchan, who left the group to pursue his number one hit, "Something On Your Mind." Moore sang on most of the group's later material, including the hit "Pop-Eye," and virtually all of their recordings for Imperial.

Moore's first solo recordings were released on the Teen label ("Tried So Hard"/"They Gonna Do What They Wanna Do") in 1962. He also waxed a duet with Huey Smith, "Huey and Curley At The Mardi Gras"/"Second Line," the following year.

After leaving the Clowns around 1964, Moore went out on his own and scored in New Orleans with the original version of "Soul Train," on the Hot Line label. He later switched to Instant, making "Sophisticated Sissy," a local hit in the late Sixties. Isolated singles also appeared on NOLA, Scram and Sansu, during the Sixties. During the last decade, Moore worked sporadically, occasionally joining Huey "Piano" Smith on his rare public performances. His last trip into the studio was in 1978 as a "Clown," helping Smith on his Charly album, Rockin' and Jivin'.
— Almost Slim

At The River

At the riverboat landing near Jax Brewery, Kenyatta Beazley (left), 9 years old, lots loose on his trumpet. Mr. Beazley, who makes a big sound with his small frame, can be heard often on Jackson Square with his dad.

FEBRUARY 1986/WAVELENGTH 5
The Nighthawks Mardi Gras
Dates and Appearances

Feb. 4 Michelle's
1311 Hardy St.
Hattiesburg, MS
(601) 545-2290

5 The Chimes
3357 Highland Rd.
Baton Rouge
(504) 383-1764

6 Jimmy's
8200 Willow St.
(504) 866-9549

7&8 Tipitina's
501 Napoleon St.
(504) 981-8477

10 Riverboat President
(early evening)
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caribbean
gene scaramuzzo

World Beat From The Bees

African, Caribbean, rock 'n' roll, let's not classify it—let's just enjoy it.

To enjoy most American and English reggae bands, one must suspend certain criteria from criticism or it's useless to even bother listening. Most often these bands refuse, and rightly so, to merely imitate Jamaican reggae. They tend to introduce in varying degrees their own rock 'n' roll influences which, no matter how interesting, leave the band subject to accusations that they don't sound "authentic."

So rather than handicap a band by calling it a reggae band, let's opt for the newest designation of world beat, a name which recognizes influences from Africa, the Caribbean and rock 'n' roll. This way we can enjoy what's being offered instead of worrying about why it doesn't sound like "real reggae."

And with this in mind, let's look at two recent releases by American bands, the Killer Bees from Shreveport, Louisiana, and the San Francisco-based Rhyth-0-Matics.

The Bees are a well-loved band that always pack the house when they play New Orleans, and their blend of reggae covers and world beat-style originals always results in a crowded dance floor. They're rhythm-driven by drummer Chuck Norcom and percussionist Michael E. Johnson, and all music comes from just two musicians, Malcolm Welbourne on guitar and Stan Hoffman, one of the wonders of the world, playing keyboard leads and skanks with his right hand while his left hand lays down a solid, steady keyboard bass.

For their debut album the Bees have stuck pretty much to their live sound, adding only an occasional horn and extra guitar, making the record a must for those who love them live.

Toaster John T, who used to appear live with the Bees, appears on two cuts, and Eric Struthers, who previously recorded with New Orleans jazzman Charlie Neville and junkanno with Exuma, adds some outside guitar. Lots of good songs on the album, with a tempo change from one to the next. I especially like "Yard Style Home" and "World To-

day," but the whole album is a very decent first attempt, and I'm eagerly awaiting their next efforts, which should be available soon.

The Bees and the Rhythm-0-Matics (besides having great taste in names) are one of the San Francisco bands that, along with the Looters and Zulu Spear, are labelled as World Beat. Their latest record, Walking in the Shadow, is now available in town.

The band evolved from a London-based band that drew influences from the heavy African and Caribbean music scene there. They have an obvious affinity for ska, both the original Jamaican style and the faster British ska revival style, but also show the influences of their musical friends and collaborators from South Africa, Nigeria and Zaire.

Besides bass, drums, keyboards and guitars, the band's sound is filled out with a killer horn section that can kick when necessary or lay down mellow, full background. Plenty of percussion, too, including talking drum by Nigerian drummer Joni Hastrup. There's something familiar in each song on Walking in the Shadow...a ska beat...or Congolese guitars...or a highlife beat...but this is just the foundation on which the Rhythm-0-Matics build an overall sound that is theirs alone.

This sound is predominant throughout the record, so that even though the rhythms change from song to song, the music holds together well, from the beginning of side A to the end of side B. Walking in the Shadow is like a little musical journey around Africa and the Caribbean and is highly recommended to those who like to travel.

1985 Consumer Guide

Somewhere 1985 got past me, leaving me sitting with a rack of records that have never been mentioned in this column. As is my wont, I prefer to focus on the above average discs and

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Scratching the surface.
not spend any time on the ones des­
tined to become frisbees. A few of
these records came out nearly a year
ago but most are recent releases. What
follows is my Caribbean consumer
guide, with a tip of the tarn to Robert
Christgau.

Triumph Joe Higgs, Alligator (AL
Don’t take lightly the comment that
Higgs has been around the Jamaica
music scene for many years; he’s a
heavyweight beyond compare. A
streetwise Rastafarian who became
one of Cossome Dodd’s first stars all
the way back in the late Fifties, he
used his yard in his Kingston ghetto.
Trenchtown, as a vocal training
school that drew aspiring young sing­
ers like the Waiters, the Wailing Souls
and countless others in the early Six­
ties. If you like your reggae simple,
with the instruments leaving plenty of
space for outstanding vocal leads and
harmonies, check Triumph. It will
please anyone who loved reggae musi­
ic ten years ago, with the added attrac­
tion of a crisp, clear production.
Higgs has only put out a few albums
during his career, and this is the only
one easily available, so listen to
Triumph and weep that you can’t hear
more. Actually, I would be happy
with a whole disc of two songs,
“Sound of the City” and “Creation.”

Rally Round Ras Michael & The Sons
of Negus, Shanachie SH-3027.
There’s no denying that Ras Michael
is one of the most important singers
inspired by Jah Rastafari. His singles
and albums, dating back to 1967,
have all been based lyrically on Rasta
nyahbinghi chants and reasonings.
Musically, his records range from the
simplest accompaniment of the
nyahbinghi drum ensemble (bass,
flute and reseeder) to electric lineups
including synthesizer and horns. He’s
never scored international success
with his music and part of the reason
has been the varying, sometimes ter­
rible, sound quality of the recordings.
As an introduction to this crucial
musician, Shanachie has cleaned up
his market effort that in my opinion has
never been equalled by any female
reggae artist, including Mowatt’s la­
ter records. Her appearance in the
video Rastafari: Conversations Con­
cerning Woman show her to be a
thoughtful and articulate speaker, and
her lyrics on Working Wonders reflect
this. However, the music on this
album is sappy, way too light and pop
sounding for my taste. I don’t un­
derstand why she doesn’t team up her
lyrics with music that is equally
serious in nature.

Last but not least, Caribbean Show
recomendations for this month are
aimed at a fine Frankie Paul 12” single
called "Inferiority Complex.” The
music is dance hall in its most aver­
age, but the lyrics are right on the
money. “It’s not the color of your
skin...not the clothes you wear...
the contour of your nose...the
texture of your hair...that make you
a man.” And you thought he just sang
grinding songs.

Developing Art

Cherrelle High Priority
25611
5-1-5
LP OR CS
Also available on cassette.

Outfield Play Deep
5-99
LP OR CS
Also available on cassette.

Bangles Different Light
5-99
LP OR CS
Also available on cassette.

L.L. Cool J Radio
40094
599
LP OR CS
Also available on cassette.

Metronome
1017 Pleasant Street, New Orleans, La. 897-5015 897-5017

FEBRUARY 1986/WAVELENGTH 7
Mamou At Carnival Time

Mamou the band plays the traditional Cajun melodies of Mamou the town, but with an Eighties twist.

Mamou, Louisiana, located in Evangeline Parish, is a small town laid out on a square mile of prairie. Considered by many to be the capital of Cajun music, Mamou is a town that minds its traditions. Like New Orleans, their most noted tradition is Mardi Gras. The Cajun Mardi Gras is a sister to our own Fat Tuesday celebration, but a distant one. While the towns in New Orleans are strolling their feet on the streets of Dixieland or getting funky with the Nevilles, the people in Mamou are doing it to a different beat, and the day is filled with the sounds of the accordion and fiddle.

Music is an integral part of the culture and heritage of Mamou, but there's something brewing there that the traditionalists may not have expected.

There are three young musicians in the town who have begun to raise eyebrows, flare nostrils and win smiles by playing the traditional Cajun songs in a different way.

Steve LaFleur is the band's bass player, Wayne Aguillard the guitarist and Heavy plays the drums. They call themselves, simply, Mamou and what they have done is taken the songs they've heard all their lives and rearranged them to suit their own instruments. The band remains faithful, however, to both the traditional melodies and rhythms for they are neither a parody nor a novelty. Mamou is the real thing and they play the old songs with reverence.

The whole idea is to take these beautiful melodies and bring them to where people can relate to them today," says Aguillard. "We're taking the old Cajun tunes and hopping them up to the max," adds LaFleur.

"They're classic songs," says Heavy. "They're about love gone bad, suicide, teenage alcoholism." Of the three it is only Heavy who has lost the Cajun dialect and, oddly enough, he is the only one who speaks French fluently. "I know what I'm saying when I'm singing because I sit down and learn what I'm saying," says LaFleur. Both his parents speak French and LaFleur will listen to the old records with his mother, "She tells me the words I don't know and I write them down in a way that I can read them." Occasionally, the band will rewrite the words to one of the songs, "There's a song that is about an Indian on a stump," says Heavy, "and we changed it so that it was about the Cajuns coming down from Canada—an Indian on a stump wasn't that interesting." Heavy has recently rewritten the words to a Cajun standard, "The Pine Grove Blues" and the song will soon be released as "Hurricane," the "A" side of a forthcoming 45.

The band is now beginning to write its own material as well. "When I first sat down to write Cajun tunes," says LaFleur, "I found out that they were different than any other types of tunes because of the melodies. I thought I could just write simple, using three chords like the Cajun tunes do, but when I started singing it came out like rock 'n' roll.

"There are reasons for these melodies being the way they are," says Aguillard, "and the reasons are the accordion and the fiddle. The accordion has limited scales, you have to study it to find out why they write like they do." Aguillard has now taken up the accordion and LaFleur the fiddle.

"Fifty years ago," says Heavy, "the Cajun bands had no drummer at all. Now even the traditional bands have drums and I play pretty much the traditional rhythms. Except that I'm hitting them hard and sometimes play them lick-for-lick—that's how we kinda get the rock 'n' roll feel.

If it's Mamou's fidelity to their culture that makes their music honest, then it's their 'rock 'n' roll feel' that makes their music truly original.

"We were an oddball generation come up in a weird place," says LaFleur. "It's very conservative in Mamou. We were born in the center of Cajunville and growing up we were rebellious, we were too cool—we wanted to be rock 'n' roll. We wanted to be different from the older people in the town." LaFleur and Aguillard formed a band called Fatsia about nine years ago. "We were playing metal, psychedelic, confusing music. It was heavy duty for Mamou. But when I went out into the rest of the world I realized that being a rock 'n' roll was different at all—that being a Cajun was what made me different. You have to leave home to really appreciate where you come from.

So when the band formed last May they knew they were going to play the songs they had grown up with. But they would play them their own way, with their own instruments, their own style and with the irrepressible spirit of rock 'n' roll. Though the three had often jammed together, it wasn't until Heavy sat in on LaFleur's and Aguillard's band during last year's Ugly Day that they began to put the pieces of Mamou together.

Ugly Day? "Ugly Day is sort of the new generation's Mardi Gras celebration," says Heavy. It takes place, at various locations, on the Saturday before Mardi Gras and is a day-long rock 'n' roll party, with everyone chipping in and a little money.

"Anybody can play at Ugly Day," says Aguillard. "Occasionally one of the older guys will get up there with us and his scrubboard or fiddle.

They don't break traditions in Mamou, it seems. They may bend them a little or they may start a new one, but the people are keeping their heritage intact. It is with this spirit that the band Mamou, who have adopted the name of their hometown for themselves, will play their music to a restless world.
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Reality Soldier Dies

The Minutemen's swansong is their fiercest anti-war statement yet.

It was either late Sunday or early Monday morning, December 22, 1985, when Dennes Dale Boon, 27, was killed in an automobile accident in Arizona. A lifetime resident of San Pedro, California, D. Boon was the singer, guitarist and founding member of the Minutemen.

On the cover of the last Minutemen album, 3-Way Tie (For Last), Boon painted the trio mounted on plaques. Beneath the head of Boon are the words "Singer/Activist." His activities included anti-war songs that reacted to the U.S. involvement in Central America. "Do you have to see the body bags before you make a stand?" asked Boon in "The Cheerleaders," "Just a little bit too late."

The last album features "Just Another Soldier," in which Boon "may have written his epitaph."

His life so short, no chance to even start
And the ones he left behind the world he'll never see,
But no one could deny that the soldier died with pride.

Boon wrote a lifetime's worth of songs. Most of them, like the best young men who die for causes they didn't understand, were very short. The music community will suffer without him. Maybe partying will help.

The Minutemen's swansong is their fiercest anti-war statement yet. Titles include "Political Nightmare," "The Price of Paradise" and "Just Another Soldier," and lines that slip off the turntable and slap you in the face constantly remind you of the young men who die for causes they don't understand. The six covers included on the album are also anti-war statements, the best known of which is Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Have You Ever Seen the Rain?"

"Courage" and "The Big Stick" are the musical highlights to the album, while Mike Watt's triple overdrubbed bass in the cover of Blue Oyster Cult's "The Red and the Black" is one of the great bass solos in rock. 3-Way Tie (For Last) is not full of laughs but a journal of strongly assertive anti-war sympathizers who have lost the innocence that made "Double Nickles on the Dime" such a treat.

Art in the Dark, The Icons, Press.

Two years ago, Art in the Dark was the first in a long line of REM impersonators. Their 1984 Mitch Easter-produced EP, Something Else, epitomized the monochromatic Athens sound with its supercharged folk rock music. Today, the quartet has found its own sound, a seductive blend of acoustic folk and James Gang production, while vocalist Jack Harrison has finished doing Michael Stipe imitations. There is a vague theme of "searching" that underlies much of the album. For instance, in "Numbers," which is the first perfect pop song of the year, Harrison sings "Leave the king in his despair, lead us to love." If you can find a copy of this record, pick it up.

Black Flag, The Process of Weeding Out, SST.

This $6.98 instrumental EP is Black Flag's way of answering the censorship "crunch" of the 1980s. Guitarist Greg Ginn contends that "even though this record may communicate certain feelings, emotions and ideas to some, [he has] faith that cop-types with their strictly linear minds and stick-to-the-rules mentality don't have the ability to decipher the intuitive contents of this record." On the other hand, who wants to buy a Black Flag record that doesn't contain the dynamic presence of Henry Rollins? For true fans only.

Circle Jerks, Wonderful, Combat Core.

Since their inception in 1979, when ex-Black Flag member Keith Morris and Red Kross guitarist Greg Hetson founded the group, Circle Jerks have had the best sense of humor in the hardcore scene. Three records and numerous bassists later, they made a hilarious cameo in Repo Man in which they played a schmaltzy nightclub rendition of their underground hit, "When the Shit Hits the Fan." Last spring, Circle Jerks conducted a nationwide search for a new bassist. The winner of the "Why I Should Play Bass With the Jerks in 23 Words or Less" was none other than Repo Man co-star, Zander Schloss, who played Otto's nerdy companion.

Wonderful contains the same wonderful sense of humor and hard punk sound that I hoped it would. On the title cut, in which the Jerks are assisted on the chorus by the Las Palmas/La Canada Children's choir, vocalist Keith Morris sings, "It's a beautiful world we live in so give your brother a smile, turn to a stranger and give him a pat on the back." Wonderful is a classic.

Full Time Men, Coyote.

Somehow Keith Streng of the Fleshtones and REM's Peter Buck found the time to put together this engaging three-song EP. The two guitarists, from two of the hardest working bands below the commercial mainstream, sound like they had a lot of fun recording this disc and Streng can do a pretty good Robert Plant when he has the right material.

Luxury Condos Coming To Your Neighborhood. Soon, Coyote.
Antiwar sympathizers who have lost their innocence.

This is a compilation of up-and-coming bands on the up-and-coming Coyote label. Southern twang, producer Don Dixon and dB members are all over this deal. The highlights are The Wygals' "Sleep With the Angels," an instant college radio hit with guitar embellishments by dB Gene Holder; the Trypes' "A Plan Revisited" which continues the ethereal atmosphere of their 1985 EP "The Explorer's Hold"; Deep Six's catchy "Stay Right Here" and Syd Straw's twelve-tissue "Listening to Elvis," with credible Memphis instrumentation by the Del-Lords.

Maximum America, Substance Over Fashion, New America Wildlife.

This is a powerful three-song EP from a Wayne, New Jersey, quartet who claim that the bands who work for weekend gigs and gas money are more important than the pretentious pop-fashion models with the heavy MTV exposure. Don't they get MTV in New Jersey? "March of Drums" angrily recounts the Kennedy assassination. With vocals by Max "the Teutonic Rage" Huber.

Rave-Ups, Town Country, Fun Stuff Records.

The Rave-Ups are Molly Ringwald's favorite band and it is from this association that they are trying to sneak away. But lead vocalist Jimmy Podrasky is in love with Moll's older sister. He and his buddies work all day in the A&M mail room where men like Herb Alpert take a patronizing interest in the band's progression. Then, in 1985, Jimmy and his band release a truly fine record containing airy cow-punk sung with nasal inflections that would embarrass Bob Dylan. Yet when they cover Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere," it works like magic. Alpert slaps his forehead in disbelief and Moll's sister listens with hearts in her eyes. The soap opera continues.

Saccharine Trust, Worldbroken, SST.

Worldbroken is a completely improvisational album that was recorded live in front of a quiet crowd at McCabe's Guitar Shop in Santa Monica, California. The lyrics, rejected by Jack "Joquin" Brewer, are totally bizarre versions of bathroom stall confessions and endless traffic jams. Whether the group had trouble getting to the gig or if Brewer had to take a dump was not mentioned to the press guide. Nevertheless, Joe Biza plays a mean discordant guitar and the rhythm section of drummer Tony Cicero and Minutemen bassist Mike Watt follow Biza and Brewer in a restrained manner of free form. This is a unique album. I thought only Frank Sinatra made instant records.

Triology, Celluloid.

In the truest sense 'progressive,' the Celluloid label has continued to stay outside of the fashionable styles. This excellent retrospective of the label's first three years is neatly divided into three discs. "New Africa 2" features the afropop of Toure Kunda and Manu DiBango. "Hard Cell" contains an industrial remix of the label's biggest hit, Time Zone's "World Destruction," as well as selections from the new Golden Palominos album. "Beat Freaks" displays the progressive rap styles of B-Side as well as a dance version of the Clint Eastwood theme. "For A Few Dollars More;" The Woods, "Miracles Tonight," "Love Me Again This Summer," "21."

This New York City band reminds me of the "Pale Blue Eyes" period of the Velvet Underground. The Woods' soft, ethereal acoustic songs breathe life into distant, faithhealing vocals. Remember the name.
You Want Rock? Stan’s Got It

It may not be L.A.’s Gazzarri’s on the Strip, but Stan’s Hard Rock Cafe is the only gig in town for heavy metal bands looking for the break bands like Ratt and Van Halen found at Gazzarri’s.

While Stan’s may not be a frequent stop for record company execs searching for a fresh new sound, it is the place for local rock bands to begin winning over a strong local audience that appreciates screaming guitars and a thunderous downbeat.

In business since August 15, the Lakefront lounge missed the large summer crowd that harbored in West End Park around the clock. Instead, the doors at Stan’s opened for the first time just as neighboring Augie’s de Lago was shutting down for winter.

And although times are admittedly difficult for the owners of Stan’s Hard Rock Cafe, if they can hold out until April, Stan’s may one day become New Orleans’ premier showcase for the hard rock music crowd.

Stan’s is like a lot of clubs — two bars and scattered pool tables. The difference begins with its large stage and those who have performed on it. Except for Jimmy’s Music Club, there are few other places in New Orleans where live music can be heard almost nightly. And what Jimmy’s is to the Uptown and college crowds, Stan’s is rapidly becoming to the rockers of Metairie and the Lakefront.

Besides homegrown bands, like Lillian Axe and Razor White, the Lakefront’s own Hard Rock Cafe has hosted a half dozzen national acts in its six short months of existence.

Already, Zebra has thrice filled the club to capacity — about 1,000 screaming fans. Robin Trower’s November draw was just as high, according to Stan Jenkins, the club’s co-owner and general manager.

Molly Hatchet, the Romantics and Black ‘N Blue have also performed at Stan’s. And Jenkins is working on bringing Y&T to the Crescent City in the weeks ahead.

Although no dates were set for February at presstime, Jenkins said he hopes to include 15-20 local and regional bands in his club’s calendar each month, plus one national act per week. What he had hoped to draw crowds during the usually quiet holiday season. Jenkins was unhappy to find that few nationally-recognized bar bands tour in December and January.

So, the schedule should begin picking up again this month.

Sitting in his small office, looking more like a patron than an owner, Jenkins recalls his first six months in business, the on-going struggle to survive and his plans for Stan’s future in the New Orleans rock scene.

Never expecting to work as a bartender/bar manager much less own his own watering hole, Jenkins, a former commercial deep sea diver, came to New Orleans from Alabama in 1974 and took a job behind a Fat City bar for Mardi Gras “and didn’t leave for seven years.”

If the long-haired club owner looks familiar, it’s probably because you’ve seen him around McAllister’s in Fat City. He managed the lounge between 1978 and early 1985 when he left to open Stan’s.

Ironically, McAllister’s closed down temporarily just six months after Stan’s opened on the Lakefront, but Jenkins claims he had nothing to do with it although the two clubs seem to enjoy a similar audience.

Yet, Jenkins said he is still seeing new faces come through the door of the lounge that was once the Paddlewheel.

To attract even more new faces, Jenkins said he is considering a slight format change — a couple nights a week dedicated to a more “contemporary” audience and the rest, hard rock.

Realistically, rock ‘n’ roll is the music of the working class, Jenkins said, and there isn’t a lot of money there.

(The Romantics didn’t draw a sold-out crowd, but bar sales were among the highest ever plus the show brought in a large number of first-time patrons — both things Jenkins hopes to repeat by bringing in a limited number of bands with a wider appeal.)

Jenkins and his partner, Steve Martin ("He’s a wild and crazy guy, too.") are planning continuous music on Sunday afternoons this summer and hope to some day open a cafe — thus, the name, Hard Rock Cafe.
Jenkins said he would also like to enlarge the club and purchase a house, but he concedes: "We took on a real large project" and improvements are ongoing depending upon cash flow.

A couple of immediate additions required to accommodate national acts were a larger stage and a narrow pier joining the dressing room with the stage.

"National acts don't like to walk through the crowd," Jenkins said. "But they love the pier," he said.

(Res if it looks like your favorite musician is creeping out the window to a waiting speedboat, relax and quit watching Miami Vice. He's only walking along the outside of the building to his dressing room.)

A guitar player with high hopes but the realism that few musicians can make it big, Jenkins sympathizes with local musicians. "I like to help them out any way I can," he said, of area bands.

Reflecting upon some of his greatest concerns with live music and the club scene in New Orleans, Jenkins has the following ideas:

On cover charges: "People are just spoiled in this city. There are so many places to go and so much to do. I tried with no cover then everyone came in and no one spent money."

(Stan charges $3-$4 admission for a local act. The admission includes one free drink.)

But still "so many potential patrons don't even get that far." People see the admission sign and they turn away, he said, although the cover charge, basically, assures a one-drink minimum.

On the West End Park locale: "Most places were either too small or too expensive. [And although] the location hurts a lot (during winter months), everyone thrives off of each other (in summer)."

On offering live entertainment: "It's something that goes in cycles. We are seeing rock clubs coming and going. I think they are coming back."

On the regular crowd: "If they go out, they come here... but they don't go out."

On his goals: "To make a living and help rock 'n' roll."

On what it takes to be successful: "You have to be lucky and smart and tightfisted and you may be one in 100 to make good."

Clearly Stan Jenkins is interested in offering New Orleans hard rock fans a comfortable place to sit back and enjoy the music they like best. But as a new business on the vast New Orleans club scene, Jenkins' immediate concern is drawing new people to his club.

His invitation: "It's a nice place, our bartenders are courteous and nice. Just come in and check it out."
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Spielberg Tells Tales

From an excellent book to an overproduced melodrama, The Color Purple suffers from a heavy directorial hand.

The Color Purple has been transformed from a profound work of literature by Alice Walker into a Disneyesque melodrama directed by Stephen Spielberg. The life story of Celie, as described in her semi-literate, heartfelt letters to God, becomes a travesty of over-dramatized plots that attempt to pull on your heartstrings. Spielberg is of course a master at making record-breaking movies of the extra-terrestrial or special effects kind, but The Color Purple marks his debut in handling a realistic, down to earth drama. Reading the book, one has sympathy with Celie’s plight, the torment of her father and the expectation of her life. In the movie version, it’s as if she — or someone, Stephen — is telling tall tales.

The many hardships and beatings of body and spirit that Celie (played by Whoopi Goldberg) experiences are exaggerated by the schmaltzy musical score and obvious, overdone visuals. For example, when Celie at 14 gives birth to her daughter, it is implied by the dark and stormy night and her birth to her daughter, it is implied by the dramatic music and a rather grandiose house was used. Whoopi Goldberg’s smile expresses the innocence and dignity with which her brave and painful actions are recorded. Spielberg seems to want to prove her story rather than let her tell it.

The first hour is especially unsufferable in this clichéd style. The innocent characters are of course all good, and the bad characters of course cast in darker shadows. The cruel Mister (Danny Glover), who needs a maid and his property, is more than necessary. But the omission of language was not the script’s success. For example, when Shug performs in public a song she wrote for Celie, Whoopi Goldberg’s smile expresses the pride that Celie writes of in the book. "First time somebody made something and name it after me."

In the movie, no words were necessary. Goldberg’s ability to wear her heart on her face is her great charm and strength.

The only reasons to see The Color Purple are the fine performances by Whoopi Goldberg, who should be given an award for her face; Margaret Avery, who plays the role of Shug Avery, the risqué preacher’s daughter, in the book, though. WARNER BROS. THE COLOR PURPLE

Redford romance, the more real and potent love affair is with Africa. The movie reads like a love poem to the country itself.

Before their affair begins, Denys Finch Hatton (Redford) takes the Baroness Karen Blixen (Streep) on safari. After days of bushwalks, hunting, painfully romantic evenings without a touch between them, and closer looks at animal behavior, he says in retrospect that he showed her these things, "Because I thought you would understand." Indeed the backdrop for their slow-brewing love affair is the love of the place, and what was shared with the other Europeans in Africa — their belonging to their adopted home. It is not so much the inevitable separation of the lovers but Karen’s eventual separation from Africa which was the tear jerker. Alberta hardy living like a native of Africa, it would be difficult to imagine the Baroness returning to her European lifestyle. When her English friend Barkley was killed and asked if he would go home to do his dying, he stated simply, "I am home."

Two and a half hours was not too long to look at this carefully molded story and beautifully photographed images, but I am getting weary of watching Meryl Streep for any amount of time. Not that she isn’t a capable actress. She is attractive in her own odd, trademark simplicity, and she can change her accent and her hair color, both with professional ease. But if it seems if you want to see a good movie, you are going to have to see a Meryl Streep movie. She certainly is not typecast, just cast. I'd be grateful to see another actress in Hollywood be given an equal chance at the meaty roles. Kate Nelligan, an actress of great accomplishment who played the role of Susan Traherne in David Hare’s stage productions of Plenty, has the ability but not the star status to sell the movie version. So Streep got it. Nelligan would have been equally as great as Karen Blixen. Enough of Streep’s versatile hands and changing nationalities. Her conversational Danish accent in Out of Africa makes you forget she ever spoke American, but the voice-over narrations make her sound like a 45 played on 33 rpm. You want to wind up the Victrola before she fades over the edge.

Directed by Sydney Pollack, Lakeside Theatre.

Out of Africa

Another adaptation less literal and more cinematic is Sydney Pollack’s Out of Africa. Based on critic and writer Robert Redgrave’s novel, it is set in Africa, Shadows on the Grass, and Letters from Africa, the film translates the stories into a strong impression of this European woman’s life on a coffee farm in Kenya, rather than a detailed biography. Although hyped as a Streep-Dore Street is a freelance writer and film editor, formerly of Sydney, Australia, where she contributed to Cinema Papers.

Margaret Avery heats up the crowd at Harpo’s Juke Joint, starring as the lusty blues singer Shug Avery, the risqué preacher’s daughter, in Warner Bros. The Color Purple.

Wetherby

Featured at the Prytania in early January was the masterwork Wetherby, written and directed by British playwright and theatre director David Hare. A Showcase for Vanessa Redgrave, who plays a single, middle-aged schoolteacher in the small Yorkshire town of the title, its mystery is the backbone of the movie, but it is a mystery that can only be speculated upon and not solved. A strange, intense young man known to Jean (Redgrave) for less than 24 hours, chooses her to be the audience to his suicide. He abruptly shoots a gun in his mouth while she serves tea. The story of Jean putting pieces together with what little she knows of him, is intercut with
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Birely will direct a Union Pictures feature in New Orleans this spring, currently in pre-production. A 1950's detective yarn, its start date and cast are still tentative.

Local Chappy Hardy spent last year's Mardi Gras shooting about 22 hours of footage, now neatly edited into a one-hour package for PBS called Chappy Goes to Mardi Gras. Aired nationally on PBS on January 17, it also airs locally on pre-Mardi Gras Sunday, and again Mardi Gras week for those who would rather watch than partici-
pate. Check local listings for air time on WYES.

Belletaire the Cajun, a feature written and directed by Cut Off, Louisiana, native Glen Pitre, opened in November 1985 in Lafayette, where it was produced. Although several directors have shown interest, according to producer James Lewert no decisions have been made as to the movie's national distribu-
tion. In the meantime, the film was in good company in late January when it was screened at the United States Film Festival in Salt Lake City, Utah. Spon-
sored by Robert Redford's Sundance Institute, the prestigious fest is the only one seriously devoted to indepen-
dent American films.

With all the interest in movie mak-
ing in New Orleans, one would think the mythical New Orleans Studio would soon be a reality. The New Orleans City Council has approved the city's application for a $12 million federal loan, but financial uncertainty continues to postpone the project. Tom Keel, vice-president of op-
erations, projects the future — or nonfuture — of the studio will be determined by February 6.

Meanwhile, local interest is peaked. At a public forum on January 7, held in the neighborhood of the proposed studio — never before were so many Mercedes seen parked next door to the St. Thomas projects — Rex Sparger, New Orleans Studio V.P., outlined the plans for the pro-
posed studio and technical school. At work on the project since April 1983, Sparger says he is tired of acting as a realtor and anxious to get back to pro-
ducing. Good luck with the bucks...
Red Gets A Jazz Record

Alvin "Red" Tyler
Heritage
Rounder 2044

Alvin "Red" Tyler's new album "Heritage" may help throw some light into a couple of undeservedly dark corners. Not many jazz writers have paid much attention to New Orleans' musical history. Specifically, there's Tyler, whose prowess as a jazz tenor saxophonist has finally been showcased in vinyl. More generally, the record, with some breaks, could get enough exposure on jazz radio nationally to fill in some blanks for fans across the country still laboring under the misconception that progressive jazz is a relatively recent development. The playing is assured, and the original compositions are engaging, making it evident that Tyler has earned his frequent-flyer pin in the post-bop skies. There are six originals: eight by Tyler and one by drummer Johnny Vidacovich.

Red Tyler is, of course, best known to many New Orleans music fans as a member of Dave Bartholomew's great R&B band of the Fifties, from which came most of the components of the studio band at Cosimo Matassa's that supplied the drive for most of the great New Orleans hits of the day. In the studio, Tyler played baritone, but even in those days, thereedman thought of himself as a jazz player.

"Even when I played with Dave," he says, "because there were a lot of young guys in the band like Earl Palmer, Salvador Doucette, Earnest McLean and myself, we would talk him into buying stock arrangements from Dizzy Gillespie's band and things like that, so we were playing kind of hip things within the band. But, other than that, I always jammed and I always played jazz. A lot of times I played R&B in clubs because we were playing kind of Latin feel than a Crescent City sound. Both the title track and "No Relation" are mainstream swingers both of which give Kerr's trumpet a chance to be heard. Between these two we get Germaine Bazzle's unique treatment of "I'll Only Miss Her When I Think Of Her," with the introspective tenor saxophone reading between the lines of the lyric. Vidacovich's jazz march "New Day" closes out the side with another lively solo from Tyler and a chance for Torkanowsky to stretch out.

"New Orleans Cakewalk," which opens side 2, really has more of a Latin feel than a Crescent City sound. Both the title track and "No Relation" are mainstream swingers both of which give Kerr's trumpet a chance to be heard. Between these two we get Germaine Bazzle's unique treatment of Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life." Amazingly, this is Ms. Bazzle's first recording, and both horns sit out to leave the stage to the vocalist and trio. Wedged in among all of the other songs, no one really seems to be straining for new heights, here. But Tyler seems to be happy with an album that's built for comfort. One might think that after waiting so long for a jazz album of his own, Tyler would feel a lot of pressure to have the record come out just so, but he says that's not the case.

"Quite the contrary. In fact, I purposely had only two rehearsals, one and a piece of a rehearsal, really, because I didn't necessarily want it to sound like it was well rehearsed. Learn the song, but when we went into the studio, we all had a read of what everybody was doing because nobody, including myself, had played the songs enough to say, 'We're just going to play it by rote.' Everybody had to think about it, and I felt that purposefully because I wanted to get that kind of spontaneity in the session.

Tyler is appreciative of the fact that the record got made at all, and of the freedom recorded by Rounder producer Scott Billington.

"I realize," he admits, "that jazz records as such today don't sell a hell of a lot of copies, so for someone to come along at this time in my life and say, 'Hey, Red, I'd like you to do an album, whatever you want to do. No restrictions,' that's a gas, man. I've done an R&B record under my own name called "Junk Village for Ace Records, way back, but nobody ever said to me, 'Come on. Just do what you want to do.' That hasn't happened for a lot of great musicians in this city. They haven't had that opportunity, so I'm glad it happened to me."

Perhaps as important as the quality of the music, as far as the album's potential impact, is that it has been released by Rounder, a major independent, which has the distribution channels and the track record to catch the attention of reviewers and radio jazz programmers. As far as exposure is concerned, one LP on a label like Rounder is worth much more than the finest quality locally produced product (though labels like Rounder are still not in the same league with the biggies like CBS). We're not talking about top 20 sales, here, but the record has a chance to be heard by the listeners who might appreciate it.

That Tyler was given the freedom to write out his own line-up card, and was able to achieve the spontaneous sound he was looking for without sacrificing musical integrity makes "Heritage" ultimately a rewarding effort.

-- Jerry Karp

Johnny Adams
The Tan Nightingale
Charly 1058

Well, this one's a bit of everything, then isn't it? The 15 tunes presented cover nearly 25 years of Johnny's up-and-down career. But The Tan Canary (sorry Charly you've got the wrong bird) has a style that amazingly varies little over the time span.

Most of this one originates from the 'big hits' waxed on SSS in the late Sixties — "Reconsider Me," "Red Means Red," and "I Can't Be All Bad," etc. Also here are a couple of his early Ric hits "I Won't Cry" and "Losing Battle," which say self-respecting Johnny Adams supporter will already possess.

Personally — being a flip side addict — I find the more obscure tracks on this one much more fascinating. Listen to "Real Live Hurting Man," and you'll know what it's like to be a man and be hurt. Kudos on "Proud Woman," also — really the man sings with a conviction that is deep and believable. Other great SSS tracks include the unreleased "You Can Depend On Me" and "Let Me Be Myself" — why weren't these released when they were recorded? — and the stunning "Something Worth Leaving For," a paramount Adams performance.

In retrospect, I'd have to say this is probably the most representative collection of Adams' recordings. There's something on here for everyone, hits, flip sides, unreleased master works, shucks, even country music. Typically scrambled liner notes on this one, I mean even Miss Verra from across the street knows more about Johnny than Charly Records, I think. But what the hell, I bought this so you should too.

-- Almost Slim

Mink Deville
Italian Shoes
Polygram

I think it's great that Mink Deville is selling so many copies of this album to our NATO allies. I have listened to the record and was unmooved except for the title cut. A very sincere form of flattery seems to exist on this track and Wilson Turbinson is its object.

"Italian Shoes" is an unabashed lift from the Wild Magnolias' 1975 Mardi Gras hit, "New Suit," which appears on every New Orleanian's copy of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. In fact, it is so unabashed, that Deville must have done it on purpose. "New Suit" is one of those funky synchronized tunes that has bored its way into the soul of every New Orleans music lover.

-- St. George Bryan
since noon, on certain
days as Mardi Gras
approaches, Lawrence
Square is filled with ea­
erg faces crowdmg and
jostling for strategic
positions near the
Camp Street sidewalk.
All hope that they will
survive the "shakeup"
and become, for that
night, anyway, fiery
acolytes to the carnival
gods of the old Mediterranean Pantheon, who, one
by one, make their annual visits to New
Orleans, the
western-most polis of their ancient
world, and center of
their cult. Every year on the verge of Lent the old
gods return to remind all good Mediterraneans of the
pagan antecedents of our great civic holiday and,
indeed, of our whole unique culture.
The flambeaux are a curious survivor of the
Nineteenth Century. Little else of our traditional
society or culture has survived the progress of the
last 100 years as unadulterated in form as the flam­
beaux carriers, whose appearance remains very
much the same as when they first took to the streets.
The survival of this Nineteenth Century anachron­
ism has excited unflattering comment from observ­
ers who view the spectacle of black men donning
white robes and lighting the processions of their
former masters as somehow subversive of black
pride; and, a strange reminder of slavery in a region
where abolition of that institution dates back little
more than a century.
The flambeaux carriers themselves, claiming that
without them there wouldn't be any Carnival, or
anyways, not one worth seeing. One flambeau car­
der, a veteran of nearly 40 years with the "lights,
when asked if he'd seen a certain nouveau parade,
replies, "Parade? Why'd I want to go see a parade
with no lights? That ain't nothin' worth going to
see!" Many New Orleanians old and young agree.
A flambeau is, basically, a two gallon tin recepta­
cle atop a wood pole with a feed pipe leading to two
or four patented burners located along a horizontal
T-bar with a shiny reflecting panel (weight: approx­
imately 20 pounds; fuel: naphtha) fixed behind it. A
man named Charles Richardson first designed and
manufactured lights of this pattern sometime in the
1870s or 80s (the exact date of their appearance is a
mystery but some Carnival historians have claimed
that Momus was the first Carnival monarch to rely on
the flambeau during his initial visit to New Orleans
on December 31, 1872. A print of Comus in 1883
clearly shows flambeaux in the procession. Richard­
son's son, grandson, and his son-in-law supervised
the operations of the flambeaux until 1976 when
Anthony Montelaro, husband of a great­
granddaughter of the original Richardson, retired.
Incidentally, the last batch of ten flambeaux were
manufactured by the Montelaros for Comus in 1965
at an approximate cost of $300 apiece.

Originally the flambeau inventory totalled some 800: 400 four-burners owned by Comus and 400 two-burners owned by Proteus. Now only some 80 two-burners remain in service. Many others have apparently been cannibalized for parts. The flambeaux are said to be all stored on the Comus side of the den shared by Comus, Proteus, and Momus.

Only six krewes continue to use the "lights": Sparta uses 30; Comus, Momus, Proteus, Hermes, and Babylon all use 80. Probably more organizations would incorporate a token display of the flambeaux, but the New Orleans Fire Department restricts the transit of the lights to the vicinity of Napoleon and Magazine, not wanting to see a third great fire burn down half the city.

The main reasons for the reduction in the number of flambeaux are economic and technologic. As time passed and costs increased the resources of the krewes were stretched thinner and thinner, and the use of 400 flambeaux increasingly hard to bear. The technologic solution to the problem of inexpensive parade lighting is the electric light. Thus displaced as the primary functional source of illumination, the flambeaux became a decorative, or ritualistic, component of the parade. The adaptation of the electric light to the parade resulted in a subtle alteration in the appearance of the painted, gold foil flecked papier-mache floats which we now view beneath the harsh glare of electric lights instead of the soft, dancing flame of the flambeaux.

At some point in the past a number of flambeaux were manufactured and sold by the Richardsons to Mobile's Order of Myths and Knights of Revelry; these two krewes continue to preserve the tradition of the lights in their own Carnival processions.

The current flambeaux supervisor is Frank Lazard, an elderly black man who started out as a mule handler — one of the great lost Carnival crafts like perhaps papier-mache work will be if float builders don't stop importing plastic props from Spain or Morocco or wherever) — and became a flambeau serviceman in 1948 assisting the Richardsons and Montelaros until he took charge himself in 1976.

Lazard and other old timers say that close police supervision has made the scene on Lawrence Square tame when compared to the good old days on Calliope and Rousseau Streets, when up to 2,000 mean, longshore types would show up at mid-morning anticipating the glory and drama of the spectacle and the only real trouble was the jostling and shoving for a better position in line.

When the shapeup is completed a truck arrives from the den and the uniforms are issued. Then, shortly before parade time a curious flat bed truck arrives with the filled lights standing upright. The lights and flares are issued, the files organized, the fuel lines are opened, and the flambeaux ignited, a truly magnificent spectacle!

The lure of change thrown into the street by parade onlookers has brought an end to the tradition of stationing the flambeaux alongside the floats. Unfortunately, this makes the proper appreciation of the lights' effect just about impossible. Veterans say that the flambeaux are best seen through the smoky red haze produced by the flares as they precede the float, the effect being a dramatic, hellish glow.

Comus, Momus, and Proteus, anachronisms themselves with their Nineteenth Century appearance and unswerving fidelity to tradition, constitute the only environment in which the flambeaux could have survived the passing years. As long as these three krewes maintain their commitment to tradition and ability to resist the banalization of Mardi Gras, the tradition of the flambeaux — maybe our last visible link with the Carnivals of the Nineteenth Century, so much of our social and cultural history and the cult of the old gods — will continue as living reminders of the social heritage that all New Orleanians share.
SLIDELL BLUES

A sprawling town on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain is home for two musicians who made their mark on New Orleans music.

By Rick Coleman

EDDIE LANG
"I'm Just All Disgusted With This World!"

I t says something about New Orleans blues when the city's one delta blues legend, Guitar Slim, was from Greenwood, Mississippi. New Orleans blues is for dancing. Eddie Lang, Guitar Slim's sergeant-at-arms, was a master of both traditions.

Born January 15, 1936, in New Orleans, the young Eddie Langlois grew up on North Freret Street aspiring to be the black Tex Ritter. In his teens he joined an all-white country band to play the untamed frontier of suburbia — psh! we go!

David Lastie recalls that Lang sang hillbilly tunes with Jessie Hill & the Housecrooks in a redneck bar in St. Bernard in 1951. "We'd work from 4 to 8 and make $6 a night — big money!"

Switching to blues, Lang and Lastie joined the touring band of local promoter Percy Stovall in mid-1952. The band, including Huey Smith on piano, Calvin Keyes on tenor, Ewell Dixon on bass, and Oscar Moore on drums, began backing up Guitar Slim.

"Eddie was the warm-up for Slim and really set the pace," says David. "A lot of people used to think that Eddie was Guitar Slim's son. Eddie would play the guitar behind his head and back and through his legs just like Slim. There was such a difference, cause Eddie was about 4 feet 10, and Slim was about 6 feet. Then on the last show they would both come out and play the finale. Oh, man! The band was smokin'!"

The highpoint of each show and one of the classic images in New Orleans R&B was described by the late Percy Stovall to Almost Slim: "Well him [Slim] and Little Eddie got up there and they both had 50 feet of wire on their guitars and started playing all over the club. Then Little Eddie got on Slim's shoulders and they walked out the front door of the club!"

While raising hell in Nashville at Grady's, the group recorded Slim's gospel blues classic "Feelin' Sad" and Lang's rockin' "My Baby Left Me" in a split session for Jim Bullett, the first man to record B.B. King.

In late 1953, Eddie Lang reluctantly agreed to fill in with Floyd Lambert's band for Slim, who had wrecked his car in his excitement over his hit "The Things That I Used to Do." "A lot of people was sellin' me that Slim was a tall man," remembered Lang, "and I was trying to get them to believe that I was Slim and I was short." We played places like Enterprise and Bessemer, Alabama. We kept security guards by the bandstand. I saw how a guy gets when he gets to be big."

In 1954 Lang got married and moved to his wife's hometown of Slidell, though he continued doing one-nighters with Percy Stovall, with Dave Dixon and Alvin Robinson, backing up people like Ray...
The records, the song received heavy airplay on WLW and became a hit in the New Orleans region. It was released under the label of Joe Easterling's new band, the Louisiana Hayride. The song, "The Sad One," is a slow blues number, sung in a soulful style, with a strong emotional impact. It features a bluesy guitar solo performed by Langlois, and it became a big hit on the local charts.

In 1967, Joe Easterling began promoting Muddy Waters as a soul artist for two reasons. One, the local black radio stations were more responsive to New Orleans music. Two, the years of all-night gigging and exposure to his idols like Aaron Neville, K-Doe, and Eddie Bo had given him a raw-edged soulful voice to match the fever Eddie Lang had given him for R&B.

With his record and his Wurlitzer "What'd I Say" electric piano under his arms, Easterling headed for the city lights of New Orleans where he ended up sleeping on tables at the Ship Aboy on Decatur Street while waiting for his to come in. Luckily, Easterling met Joe Banashak, who took him in and signed him to a contract, disregarding a whim to call him "Reginald Watkins."

The success of Easterling’s first two albums, "Right Time, Right Place" and "The Soul of Louis," made him a popular figure in the New Orleans music scene. He continued to tour and record, becoming a fixture in the local music scene.

Skip Easterling
Who Put The Blues In His Blue-Eyed Soul?

A
t of white Louisiana singers have been audi
bly mistaken for blacks over the years — Bobb
ty Charles, Frankie Ford, Joe Barry, Jimmie
gin, and the follow-up to "The Sad One."
He had a record out?" I said, "No." He said,
"Eddie Bo produced the superb gospel-soul ballad
"The Grass Looks Greener," which made number
three locally. "We rehearsed it and rehearsed it,
and it did get me some personal appear-
ances, mostly in black nightclubs."

In June 1971 Huey Smith's ingenious reworking of Muddy Waters' "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie

Eddie Lang, wearing the pants in his band, with DJ Hugh Wall on sax, at the Roof in Slidell, circa 1957.
Man” (with the magnum-funk bass line from King Floyd’s “Groove Me,” the flute of Tex Lurrazza, and Skip’s soaring vocals) became a number one hit on Banashak’s Instant label, beating out Jean Knight’s monster hit “Mr. Big Stuff” on WBOK.

Shelley Pope got on that thing and he played it until I got sick of hearing it just right quick. It made number one on all the soul stations in the deep South. I made a lot of money off that record as far as personal appearances in strictly black clubs.” Playing clubs across the South for Percy Stovall in which he was the only white in the house, Easterling had trouble only in Sorrento, Louisiana, where the local constabulary suspected him of being a “Yankee instigator.”

Despite some fine blues-funk sides written by Huey Smith, Skip couldn’t manage a follow-up hit and went home to Slidell to “kill termites,” only to return to performing locally, only to be met with trouble only in Sorrento, Louisiana, where the local constabulary suspected him of being a “Yankee instigator.”

It has only been in the last year or so that Skip has returned to performing locally, only to be met with the passing of both his musical mentor Eddie Lang and Joe Banashak, whom Easterling calls “the closest thing I had to a father.” Banashak was planning an album of Skip’s songs shortly before his death.

Nevertheless, Easterling’s first new record in twelve years, “Meat Rack Tavern,” is a gutty song. It was recorded 2/19/54 Savoy 2255 (The first release of “Hallelujah,” recorded 2/19/54 Savoy 2255). The song was written by Skip’s musical mentor, Eddie Lang.

Sat, Feb 8th 1986

1986 Mardi Gras Mambo

Featuring the Krewe

Doctor John

The Neville Brothers

And the Dirty Dozen Brass Band

Such a Night

Iko, Iko, Iko

Mardi Gras Mambo

Mambo Mambo

Hey, Poky Way

Mardi Gras Mambo

1986 MARDI GRAS MAMBO

Featuring the Krewe

DOCTOR JOHN

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS

AND THE Dirty Dozen Brass Band

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JAMES BOOKER

In the analysis of James Booker's work reveals a deft synthesis of many styles transformed into a breathtaking and personal music.

Sitting at the bar in Snug Harbor recently, I asked the barmaid if she'd ever heard James Booker there, back in the days when it was the Faubourg.

"Yeah," she sniffed, "but I don't much care for stride pianists."

"Well I wouldn't call him a stride player," I snorted.

"What would you call him then?"

"Booker...is Booker!"

That inarticulate riposte prompted this analysis of the work of a man I'd listened to more than any other recorded pianist, yet heard in the flesh only once (hence my badgering of anyone who may have heard him live). As regular readers of this periodical surely know, James Booker was a magnificent musician. And while it is blasphemy in some circles to do so, I would place him in the same class as jazzman Art Tatum. There are many similarities. Both were unfathomable virtuosi, both visually impaired. Both were content on occasion to embellish rather than improvise. Both utilized a very personalized stride style at times. Both had an affinity for paraphrasing classical music, a result of their training. Most importantly, both took a number of styles - Booker, traditional jazz, gospel and boogie-woogie; Tatum, every style of pre-1930s jazz piano - and transformed them into something personal and breathtaking.

Booker was the New Orleans pianist who best synthesized the traditional jazz and R&B schools. How did he accomplish this? Above all, with an ingenious left hand.

First, let's look at his predecessors. The typical ragtime/traditional jazz piano left hand alternated a bass note and a chord, like so:

Jelly Roll Morton, who more than anyone bridged ragtime and traditional jazz, was more rhythmically sophisticated, throwing in trombone-like eighth-note octaves and staggering the oom-pah beat:
Jumping ahead twenty or thirty years, a typical rhythm-and-blues pianist might do something like this:

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It's a deft combination of traditional jazz and R&B. With his hard accents on the third and seventh beats, the ragtime bass oom-pah feel is preserved, while the eight beats-to-the-bar of R&B and/or boogie is fulfilled as well. Crucially, there's almost always a bass line going within this style, adding a strong, unique foundation to it.

Essentially, Booker played with his left hand what many pianists needed both hands to execute. By doing so, he followed Jelly Roll's dictum that the piano should sound like a whole band. (Booker was more influenced by Morton than many people realize; on the back of *Junco Partner*, his LP on the British Island label, he describes himself — with a bravado — as a reincarnation of "Morton, Mozart and W.C. Handy, all resurrected in the form of 'Little Chopin' in Living Color.")

Of course, Booker had many variations within this mode. In his recording of Longhair's "Bald Head" on the *Classified* album, he uses what was for him a common device:

Local pianist Amasa Miller says Booker would often use this left-hand roll to roll into a fat four-note chord — a technical impossibility for almost anyone else.

And on the singular "Pixie" (off the Island LP) he uses a rhythm which is unique in his recorded work as far as I know:

While in this mode, Booker would often use different voicings for the same chord within the same piece. When he accompanied his singing, both hands would shift down the keyboard, with the right hand maybe just playing octaves of the chord, so as not to interfere with vocal line. When soloing the left hand would hop up and cover the ground previously covered by the right, yet still provide a bass line.

According to veteran Bookerphiles, Booker never played anything approaching the up-tempo stride piano immortalized by James P. Johnson or Fats Waller. His version of this style was usually saved for relaxed renditions of pop tunes like "Until the Real Thing Comes Along" or "Sunny Side of the Street." His right hand never used the clichés of the stride school, and his left hand was atypical as well. Instead of playing a single note bass or a solid tenth, he'd often play a tenth broken downward. By doing this, he changed the feel from 4/4, the meter for stride, to 12/8, a common R&B meter. From 'Sunny Side':

Booker's right hand was an odd mixture of blues, the "rolls" that have been part of every New Orleans pianist's repertoire since Gottschalk, and European extravagance. Like Tatum, he was at times positively verbose. His right-hand filigree could be incessant, with masterfully textured layers of arpeggios slowly ascending or descending the keyboard.

Yet, at other times he fell back on a few simple devices. One that he used over and over again was the tritone interval, played thusly:

Mac Rebennack postulated in an interview last summer that this was a remnant from Booker's days in the Fifties when he toyed with bebop piano. Rebennack was of course a student of Booker's, and though his music shows more of Longhair's influence, some of his figures, such as this bass line from "Big Mac," sound very Booker-derived:

It is the contention of many Booker-watchers that no album has ever captured him in top form. While I find it hard to believe anything could surpass his version of Toussaint's "Life" on the *Piano Prince from New Orleans* LP, perhaps the release of even more posthumous albums will push Booker's reputation beyond that of New Orleanians and assorted musicians and critics around the world, and permit him to join the revered Crescent City pantheon of Armstrong, Morton and Longhair.

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Thursday, 20


Friday, 21
Anne Murray, (UN) Laketown Arena, 7:30 p.m., between live and all; Dr. John, the Neville Brothers, isotwitch.

Thursday, 27
The Count Basie Orchestra, under the direction of Fred Jones, will swing with the big band sound, get festival producer/pianist George Wein steps and do a concert in his honor. Mon.14: Catfish Show. Tues.15: Edith Piaf. Wed.16: Patti Den and the Continental Drifters at 4 p.m.

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Arts Cafe, 608 Bourbon, 523-3531, Open stage daily from 3 p.m. to 4 a.m., but look for jazz, soul, C&W, bluegrass, Japanese music, Vitamin Wallace, clog dancing and what have you. The French Tippers appear here often, and you'll be a welcome visitor in men's room's corner.

Bayet's Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-0230. Jazz and R&B every night, from 8. Opening at 2 a.m. daily from Wed.'s through Mardi Gras.

John Bell's, 330 Bourbon, 522-7630. Music every day; Oliver and the Rockets from noon. Thomas Jefferson and His Creole Jazz Band from 7 p.m. AMFM from midnight until almost light.


Feelings, 2600 Chalmette, 945-2222. Call for lineups (Say to get into one).

444 Club, 504 Bourbon, 523-6111. Grey Brown and Feelings, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday and Sundays from 9 until 3, and Saturdays from 9 to 3, and Saturday from 3 to 15.

Pete Fountain's Inn, in the Hilton, 520-4374. Pete Fountain and his band nightly at 9 p.m. one show only, reservations.

Gazebo, 1018 Decatur, 522-6821. Saturdays and Sundays at 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., The Mister Sisters whose ideas of a Carnival band all, and it ain't a bad one, is that of the Dartown Strutters. With Amasa Miller of the non-to-vegirilant, 1 to 6 p.m., John Roy's New Orleans Rhythm. Weekdays: Assorted ragtime piano players noon to 4 p.m.

Dixieland, 1722 Canal, 525-5625. Fri.9-10:阅asleem. Fri. 14: On The Verge, Fri. 21: Raines. Fri. 28: Black Pig. 9.m to 2 a.m.

Bayou's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Fred McDowell daily 4-7 and 10 to 12:30 p.m.

One House, Jackson (New Orleans, Decatur St., 525-8943). Call for February listings.

Cafe Brass, Chateaux at Frenchmen, 497-8436. Sat. 1, Fri. 7 and Mon. 19. Carnival Ball with the Samba Devila (I do like that name). Tues. 11: Edou and the Sounds of Brazil with special guests, among them Don Koehle. Weidoff Salon on his head. Thurs. 20 and Fri. 21: Perso du corals, a play.

Cafe Cost, 1201 Burgundy, 561-9516. Call for February events.

Creole Queen, Peyrou Street Wharf, 524-0141. Kingfish, 7:30, Andrew Hall, Kay's Jazz Society Band.

Green Parrot, 504 Bourbon Street, 949-0690. Saturdays and Sundays, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Call for schedules.

Hilton Room, Peyrou at the river, in the French Garden. Sandy HancockClassic Plus More. Room Meurice, 524-6000. Jazz. Monday, 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Room Pizzicato. Sat. 2 to 4 p.m., St. Louis Pharmacy Jazz. Monday, 2 p.m., New Orleans Ragtime Band.

Hiatt Hall, 561-1234. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., Chuck Cream and the Frenchmen Street. Fri. 4 p.m. in the Mint Julep Lounge.

Thur. 8, Soul Train, the Loose Gals.


Maxwell's, 400 Burgundy, 525-9279. Call for February listings.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon Mondays: Bryan Lee and the Jumpstart Five, 9 p.m to 2 a.m. Tuesdays; Mason Raffa and the Blues Rockers, beginning at the same time but ending thirty minutes earlier.

Big Opera House, 401 Bourbon, 522-3265, Tuesdays and Wednesdays and Saturday and Sunday: Chocolate Milk. Thursdays and Fridays: The Ocean House Band with the BT Connection.

Preservation Hall, 725 St. Peter, 523-8399. Sat.: Harold Adam and the Olympia Brass Band. Mon. and Thurs.; Kid Thomas and the Jinnies. Fri.: Kid Sheek Cee. Sun.: and Sat.; The Humphrey Brothers. Sat. 22 from 9 p.m. to 1:30 a.m., New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra.

Royal Sonesta Hotel, 500 Bourbon, 585-0389. In the Myddon Don. Tues.- Sat.; Bobby Molina, 10 p.m.

Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 566-1507. From 9 Sun.-Sat., the Celtic Folk Singers.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, Thur.-Fri., 9 p.m.-1 a.m. from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. from 10 p.m. until 1 a.m. Sat. Tawny Towne. Sat. 5-6 p.m. and Sun. 4 to 7 p.m. Sat. Townes with Shane and Zalo.

Jackson Robinson.

FEBRUARY 1986/WAVELENGTH 25
perhaps the Dizzy Deans. Call for certain.


Nana's, 400 S. Carrollton, 886-9455. Sun. 2. John Rankin but call first to make sure. Maple Leaf, 8316 Oak, 886-9359. Call 'em, we aren't tellin' you rotten. Oh, so you won't talk, huh?

Nexus Uptown, 1700 Louisiana Ave., 897-1711. Fri. 7 and Sat. 8. Jean Garne and the Norman Connors Jazz Band.

Penny Post, 5110 flown. Sundays: Always open. Check the board as you go in.


LAKEFRONT

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-9440. Fridays: Torekanowski, Seven, Mariel Garcia and George French. 6:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Saturdays: same band from 11 to 9 a.m. Sun. 2. Annual Black Tie Marie Gras party begins at 8 p.m. Call for information.

Privateers, 6207 Franklin Ave., 288-5550. Call for February dates.


MID-CITY


Chefmen, 1711 Canal St., 526-7037. Fridays: Vietnamese music from 9. Other nights: Vai nhung chuong sac or so or nghe si tol danh to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston, in trinh dies. Vai can lo that cua kho doc sac. Co ban va cho muon bien nhac, video tape, cassette.

Dorothy's, 1327 Orleans Ave., 482-4929. Tues. Sundays. Johnny Adams with Wally Washington and the Hoose Rockers. 11 p.m. to 3 a.m.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 462-2960.

NO. EAST

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Tues. 10. Rocking Jenny (cause Jenny women have to rock too) and the Scoot of Life. The Club, 1701 St. Bernard, 482-0054. Jazz workshops every Sunday from 7 to 11.

Faces, 8833 West Judge Perez, Chalmette, 703-2233. Call for music details for February.

METAIRIE

Copeland's Cafe, 701 Veterans Blvd. Sunday: the Jimmy MacNeil Trio, featuring Rene Bertol and Bob Tassin, from noon to 3.

Docks, 3624 Florida Ave., Kenner, 468-9994. Country music nightly; Wednesdays: male strippers, for ladies only, 8 to 10.

Goldfather Lounge, 3012 N. Orleans. Call for February details.

Landmark Hotel, 2691 Severn Ave., 886-6500. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 5, and Fridays at 10 at the Crocule Cookin' Jazz Band.

WEST BANK

Bronco's, 14404 Romain, Gretna, 686-1000. Mon-Sundays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays; Mississippi South Band.

Copeland's, 1700 Lapalaca, 564-1757. Jazz brunch Sundays from noon to 3.


Fat Cats, 506 Gretna Blvd., 362-0598. Call for February details.

Froggins, 403 West Bank Expressway, 367-0277. The Bruce Kros Band every Thursday.

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(From the Illustrated London News of May 8, 1888.)

26 WAVELENGTH/FEBRUARY 1988

VIDEO


NO-TI, Cox Cable Channel 16, Thursdays at 6:30; sponsored by Waveswept and following NOVAC despite the nebulosity required to preserve on-the-air spontaneity, the vast complexity of this very magazine. To be featured, among other things, interviews with Aaron Neville, Mason Ruffner, Johnny J and the Hionen, and the Circle Jerks.

NOVAC, Sat. 29: NOVAC and the CAM are cosponsoring a fund-raisin'grant writing workshop for film and video production. Also coming up, screening and advanced editing workshops, as well as combining programs and courses in video production and editing, for information contact Ron Kasulak, 524-4526.

St. Bernard Report, with Mary Serpas and Bill Levine, Channel 12. Thursdays at 6 p.m., interviews with local and national acts. 6 p.m. Monday-Friday.

WYES, Channel 12, PBS. Sun. 2: Great Performances: Einstein On The Beach. The Changing Image of Opera, documenting the Robert Wilson/Philip Glass opera, recommended to those who (and they've seen plenty, baah-ahah!). There will be celebrity judges, and there are four categories: Fantasy, Male, Female and Group. Winners get silver cups as well as plenty of witty remarks from the always-dignified crowd; and anyone can enter—yes, you just—by registering in person at Cafe Lafayette in Exile where the awards noose praline-grill in their case, or by phoning (for the faint of heart) 522-8667. The gentlemen, and we do mean gentlemen, at Wood Enterprises, is presenting the Awards, is providing matches mock-up of a sort—$5 for each contestant to be given by the bar to Father Bob Powell's Project Lazarus, residence for the indigent PWA's, which is the item about the best course there is. So get on that stage, wouldja?

Saturday, 22 & Sunday, 23

Louisiana Black Heritage Festival, with events simply all over the map all day each day at the New Orleans Museum of Art: a Classic Black Film Festival, from 10:15 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. on Saturday and from the same time in the morning to 2:30 p.m. on Sunday. The Dokey Chase Collection of Afro-American Art on show both days, a concept of Black Choral Music from 2:45 to 4:45 p.m. on Saturday. At the Louisiana State Museum a walking tour of Vieux Carre Black History at 10 a.m. both days, extremes and times and a Jazz Funeral procession on Saturday, an iron works exhibit both days plus an exhibit on Louisiana's Black inventors and inventions. At Audubon Zoo a Black History Walk of Fame, jazz, a recreation of the French Market As She Was [and other Historical Moments], a Gospel Tent and Creole Food Fest. Call for the Zoo's musical lineup at 861-2537.

Monday, 24

The Burn's Rush at The Maple Leaf, with R.K. Barclay, Ronnie Reject, Peter Gabo and a host of New Orleans street entertainers and comedians or annies: 8:30 p.m. $5.
THEATRE

Broadway Dinner Theatre, Bayou Pizza, 4040 Tulane Avenue, 244-1444. Through April 6; Chapter II, a Neil Simon play about Stirling Drue.

Bonnier Theatre, 3950 Airline Highway, 895-9202. Acting Theatre Presents The One Dollar Opera, a play by Bob Borsodi about John Gay's scandalous history. All performances at 8:30 p.m.

Odeon Theatre, 3077 St. Charles Avenue, 895-0717. The Great Train Robbery, a film by Edwin S. Porter.

ART


SYMPHONY

Saturday, 1

Basement Beethoven, conducted by Kazimierz Kondr, with Joseph Kim, violinist in works by Bruch and Mozart, and re Beethoven wett cover, repeat.

Monday, 3-7

A Festival of Contemporary Music, sponsored by the Tulane and the Symphony, held at Tulane. New compositions, performances, lectures, among them conductor Maxim Shostakovich and composer Jacob Druckman; exact particulars from the Symphony at 524-0040.

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I t's Mardi Gras time, that time of year when New Orleanians settle in for some mysticism, lots of revelry, and politics. Two short important music business notices, a bit of frantic gossip, then we must excuse ourselves to hit the streets.

Local music business folks were very concerned to hear Congressman Bob Livingston had co-sponsored HR3521, a bill that would endanger BMI and ASCAP. New Orleans musicians, and those everywhere, rely heavily on these two performing rights organizations to protect their rights. Congressman Livingston's office states that they are just now hearing the composers' viewpoint and will keep an open mind in deciding how to vote. If you make your living in music, be sure that Congressman Livingston knows your views.

On Thursday, February 20, Councilman Lambert Boissiere will propose an ordinance to the New Orleans City Council to suspend the collection of the five percent amusement tax on all events and amusements taking place since the start of 1986. This proposal, which should be referred to as Calendar Number 12,389, would also repeal all ordinances conflicting with the suspension of the tax on live entertainment thus resulting in the de facto abolition of the amusement tax. Boissiere's proposal is the only equitable answer to the piecemeal exemptions granted to the Superdome, facilities with more than 1,000 seats, and certain jazz clubs on Bourbon Street, while neighborhood clubs are still subject to the tax. Supporters of local live music, owners and patrons alike, should write their councilman immediately to make known their approval of Councilman Boissiere's ordinance.

Dash Rip Rock has signed a contract with 688 Records based in Atlanta. The contract calls for a compilation album to be followed by a solo album within the year. Both will be distributed by Landslide Records nationally. Way to rip, boys... Rocket Recording is now a 16-track studio... The New Orleans Center for Creative Arts will hold their auditions for the next school year on Tuesday, February 25, 1-6 p.m. at NOCCA, 6048 Perrier Street... "This Wagon's Gonna Roll!" included. If you want a copy, call 488-0493 and have the crawdaddies in hand... Some additions to last month's band guide: To book Miss Irma Thomas, call 504/245-1719; to book the tan canary, Mr. Johnny Adams himself, call 944-2369... Mason Ruffner's record on CBS was cited by the New York Daily News as one of the 10 Best Albums of 1985. Get yours before those New Yorkers do to Mason what they did to redfish — up the price... Art Neville became a movie star for a part in Nothing But the Truth, starring Dennis Quaid. Art played a convict, then took Mr. Quaid to the studio for some serious music playing... The Storyville Stompers were in Washington in January for the congressional Mardi Gras. This was their fourth trip to the capital... IRS Records will be in the city Carnival week filming various New Orleans musical groups for the Cutting Edge, to be seen later this Spring on MTV.

See ya at Jackson and Dryades 9 a.m. on the eleventh.
RED n' IRMA

5.99
LP OR CS

COMING SOON:
-JOHNNY ADAMS
-DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND

METRONOME

PLEASANT AT MAGAZINE / NEW ORLEANS / 504 897 5015
Please note our starting times:
9 p.m. Weekdays, 10 p.m. Weekends

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<th>Sunday</th>
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<td>Roomful of Ones of Blues Caribbean Carnival the Samba Devils Java 8 p.m. tickets at Metronome</td>
<td>Jukebox Night $1 Dixie Longnecks 50¢ Drafts</td>
<td>Taj Mahal with special guest R.L. Burnside 9 p.m.</td>
<td>Roomful of Blues with Earl King and special guest MASON RUFFNER and the Blues Rockers 9 p.m.</td>
<td>Dirty Dozen Brass Band with special guest The Chosen Few Brass Band 9 p.m.</td>
<td>Nighthawks with special guest John Mooney's Bluesiana Band 10 p.m.</td>
<td>The Radiators with special guest the Radiators 10 p.m.</td>
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<td>The Neville Brothers with special guest Snooks Eaglin Band 10 p.m.</td>
<td>The Radiators 10 p.m.</td>
<td>Marcia Ball 9 p.m.</td>
<td>Closed Gone Fishin'</td>
<td>Closed Gone Fishin'</td>
<td>Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera with special guest Bas Clas 10 p.m.</td>
<td>Dash Riprock, Johnny J. and the Hitmen The Mistreaters 10 p.m.</td>
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<td>Closed</td>
<td>Jukebox Night $1 Dixie Longnecks 50¢ Drafts</td>
<td>Pfister Sisters 9 p.m.</td>
<td>The Steve Morse Band 9 p.m. (Tent)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters</td>
<td>Clifton Chenier and his Red Hot Louisiana Band 10 p.m.</td>
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<td>Closed</td>
<td>Jukebox Night $1 Dixie Longnecks 50¢ Drafts</td>
<td>Continental Drifters 9 pm</td>
<td>Omar and the Howlers (Austin, TX) 9 p.m.</td>
<td>Lenny Zenith Band 9 p.m.</td>
<td>Buddy Guy and JR. Wells 10 p.m.</td>
<td>The Radiators</td>
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Coming Attractions in March:
Bo Didley, Jr. Walker and the All Stars, Delbert McClinton

For Bookings 891-8477 • Business 895-8477 • Concert Line 897-3943