Wavelength (July 1986)

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Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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Wavelength

JULY
1969

PLAYING
IN THE
BAND
PRINCE
Under the
CHERRY MOON

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS A CAVALLO, RUFFALO AND FARGNOLI PRODUCTION A FILM BY PRINCE
UNDER THE CHERRY MOON STARRING PRINCE WITH JEROME BENTON, STEVEN BERKOFF, EMMAUELLE SALLET
ALEXANDRA STEWART, AND INTRODUCING KRISTEN SCOTT THOMAS, AND FRANCESCA ANOS AS MRS. WELLINGTON
PRODUCTION DESIGNER RICHARD SYLBERT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MICHAEL BALLHAUS
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER GRAHAM COTILE MUSIC BY PRINCE & THE REVOLUTION SCREENPLAY BY BECKY JOHNSTON
PRODUCED BY ROBERT CAVALLO, JOSEPH RUFFALO AND STEVEN FARGNOLI DIRECTED BY PRINCE

THE FANTASY BEGINS JULY 2
"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive that all music came from New Orleans."
—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Wavelength
JULY 1986

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Ellis Marsalis
On Sabbatical

Don't panic; contrary to a headline article in a local newspaper, New Orleans' jazz patriarch Ellis Marsalis is not abandoning the city. Marsalis is going to the Virginia Commonwealth in Richmond, Virginia, as artist-in-residence for a year or so. The rumors that he is leaving are unfounded. According to his wife, Delores, Ellis is taking this sabbatical because he feels he has what it takes to pass on what he's learned and develop young rhythm sections in Richmond.

Actually, lately he has been a little disappointed at N.O.C.C.A., finding that some of the kids are not committed to studying the music—rather, they want to become instant superstars like their teacher's sons. But, Mrs. Marsalis points out, "you can't talk negatively about the children of New Orleans," considering what they can accomplish despite all the hurdles they have to overcome. "Don't get me wrong, N.O.C.C.A. has nurtured our children," she said, "and we love [director] Shirley Trusty Corey!" It's just that, "at this point, jazz in New Orleans, and really in the whole country, is taking a back seat; it'll come around again in two, three years." In his first seven years at the school, Ellis was spoiled with a "great crop" of students, many of whom became professionals—including Stanley Stevens, Chris Severin, Julian Garcia, and the Jazz Couriers. But at this time, because he's at the midpoint of his life, Marsalis doesn't have time to wait for some of the kids to become focused.

So, the bad news is still true: Ellis is leaving the city. But the good news is that it's not forever: both Ellis and Delores Marsalis were born here, have ties that can never be severed, and they'll be coming home.

On other aspects of the clan, brother Delfeayo mentioned Branford's new classical LP, Romances for the Soprano Saxophone, on Columbia Records. In an interview on the Today show, Branford was relaxed and funny as he discussed Sting, fame, and how his classical record came about. The record includes Debussy's "Isle of Joy," but according to Delfeayo, Branford is not completely happy with playing on top of Michel Colombier's orchestral arrangements. The versatile saxophonist is also working on an acoustic jazz album, which should be released in September with Delfeayo producing. The project includes Al Foster, Ron Carter, Larry Willis, Jeff Watts, Marvin "Smitty" Smith, Charnett Moffett, Ira Coleman, and Kenny Kirkland.

Branford will also be going on a summer tour of Asia with Carter, Foster, and Herbie Hancock. Wynton Marsalis has just finished two albums with his new band: Bob Hurst (bass), Jeff "Tain" Watts (drums), and Marcus Roberts (piano), the same rhythm section that blew away their Snug Harbor audiences a few months ago. I "Mood should come out in September, but the reed of standards probably won't be released until '87. Delfeayo himself has one more year left at Berkley, and though drummer Jason is not recording yet, they're all pretty proud of this little brother, too.

—Mark Kaufman

Ellis Marsalis: Leaving NOCCA—for a while.
played a benefit concert for PACE recording studios. Kruse explained that his band got involved with the benefit because "the nice guys over last spring, and a live album from that tour. "You called at a good time, man," he told me, his eyes shining with energy and enthusiasm.

The Tokyo tour was only the beginning of this good fortune. Back in '84, Sam was greeted at a Snug Harbor gig by a gentleman he had met at the Chicago Blues Festival. "You're a big star in Japan," he assured McClain. "I have all your records!" And sure enough, a few months later, McClain received a box of tapes with cuts even he had forgotten about. Finally, last September, the Vivid Sound Corporation invited him and guitarist Wayne Bennett to play for two weeks in Tokyo—with a Japanese rhythm section. "I was amazed how serious they were!" McClain exclaimed. When he arrived, the band had already memorized all twenty-four songs for the tour, note-for-note from his old records. Sam felt respected and wanted, and the audience response verified his popularity.

His studio album, The Perfect Dillo lbuse Companion, is already out on Orleans Records, Loria's label. The band includes local artists like Cyril Neville and WTUL DJ Ivan Bodley. It can be ordered through Orleans Records, c/o 1031 Ursulines St., N.O., LA 70016, or call (504) 525-1300.

And what of the future? McClain has chosen to stop singing at Benny's Bar, temporarily, where he was a night fixture. He wants to put together a new band, a seven-piece powerhouse like the one he had overseas. And a band with a similarly positive attitude: "I'm tired of working with no Indians, all chiefs," he explained. "It ought to be natural to get respect from his musicians," he added. Managing personality conflicts and band logistics is not part of his job description, and this is where friends like Loria and co-producer Carlo Ditta help him out, supporting him in his efforts to get the recognition he deserves. "I do my best when I'm singing," as opposed to dealing with the business end of things.

Meanwhile, "I'm willing to work my ass off!" Looking around his comfortable living room, he agreed that things are going very well. "And I like the direction I'm going in right now."

"What direction is that?"

"Up, up, up!"

—Mark Kaufman
Bolen: Leaving His Mark on NYC

Since moving to New York City from New Orleans 11 months ago, former Wavelength and Beaux Arts art director Skip Bolen has set out to take New York's art society by storm. To do this, the artist conceived of a plan by which to distinguish himself, and also gain the attention of Manhattan's galleries.

Creeping out in the early and often frigid morning hours armed with stencil in one hand and a can of black Krylon spray paint in the other, Bolen combs city streets in search of galleries on which to leave his mark—a self-portrait stencil with the words, "There's A New Kid In Town."

Since last fall, Bolen has been spraying these stencils on any walls adjacent to galleries in which he would like to see his own art someday. A few days after the impression has dried, Bolen follows up by sending each gallery a postcard with the same "New Kid" image.

"I'm a firm believer in the validity of art in public spaces," says Bolen, who has thus far avoided incarceration, "and stencils are a wonderful alternative to traditional graffiti."

Besides building a bit of intrigue with these stencils, Bolen has succeeded in attracting some gallery interest. "I received a letter from one prominent gallery owner welcoming me to New York—and also asking me to remove my stencil from a wall nearby," he laughs.

Skip Bolen is represented by both the Mario Villa Gallery in New Orleans (where one of his pieces was exhibited with the gallery's group show in June) and Eagles Nest Gallery in Austin, Texas. Bolen was in town for the Mario Villa show, as evidenced by the stencil art that appeared on New Orleans streets recently.

CBS Signs Four N.O. Artists

CBS Records' George Butler, who signed Grammy-winner Wynton Marsalis of New Orleans, announced the signing here of four new New Orleans artists.

The new CBS signees include flutist Kent Jordan who has just completed his jazz album and will be recording a classical album in the fall; Donald Harrison and Terrence Blanchard—all sax and trumpet respectively, who will record in the classical idiom next year; and Harry Connick, Jr., an 18-year-old pianist from New Orleans, who will complete a demo in early June.

All four artists are graduates of the New Orleans Center for Creative Art (NOCCA), as were Marsalis and his brother Branford.

"These musicians that have come..."
out of NOCCA are unprecedented," stated Butler. "They can hold their own with Juilliard, Eastman, Ober­
lin, Curtis, Peabody and Man­
hattan, any of those great school of music."

"The thing that has fascinated me most about those artists, and others from New Orleans, is their mastery of rudiments, the elements in music. While they may be classified as being jazz musicians, they are quite adept at playing in the classical. I've been using them to hopefully bridge, if not eradicate, the gap between jazz and classical music. And it's working."

"The thing that I discovered," added Butler "is that these young jazz artists relate to young audiences. Even though some young audiences may not be familiar with jazz per se, they may think that they hate it, but discover that because these artists are of their age, because they look good and they can articulate, there is a desire to want to emulate them.

—Carla Anne Gauthier

Couples Cop Prizes
In Cajun Dance Contest

Two-Step Fever hit forty-four couples on May 24, 1986, when they competed in the Cajun Dance Contest in Broussard, Louisiana. Four hundred people watched as couples did the two-step in $3,024 worth of prizes donated by Acadiana and New Orleans merchants. The dance contest was produced by Acadiana Open Channel for the purpose of documenting and preserving Cajun dance and music. The entire contest was video taped by AOC. Videos of the contest will air on AOC Cable Channel 5 in the Acadiana area, Cox access channel 6 in the New Orleans area and in France. Winners of the contest are as follows: Best Overall Couple - Elgin and Evelyn Thibodeaux of Houma, LA. Best Female Dancer - Jeanine Kilchrist of Lafayette, LA. Best Male Dancer - Randy Arceneaux of Rayne, LA. Traditional Waltz - Elgin and Evelyn Thibodeaux of Houma, LA. Traditional Two Step - Randy Arceneaux and Josie Clark of Rayne, LA. Cajun Jitterbug Turn - Scott Rogers and Diana Allemand of Breaux Bridge, LA. Interpretive Way Out (Tie) Johnny and Suzanne Chailiot of Crowley, LA and Aubrey and Anini Serpas of New Orleans, LA.

—Lisa Taylor

Jazz Fest Dates Set

With one of the most successful editions of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival just barely completed, preparations have already begun for the 1987 Jazz Festival. Quint Davis, producer of the festival, announced today that the dates for next year's event are April 24 through May 3.

"We try to be as consistent as possible with the dates," Davis said. "There are a number of different factors that come into play, but we like to start the festival on the last weekend in April and go through the first weekend in May. Those dates have been pretty good to us."

The recent Jazz Festival occurred during this same period and proved a triumphant success. Davis said that crowds turned out in record numbers at the Fair Grounds for the Heritage Fair, and the attendance estimate for the entire Jazz Festival surpassed the 250,000 mark. "We think that this year the festival brought more people to New Orleans than ever before," Davis said.

In the weeks to come, as festival books are closed, more information will be known as to the degree of the success of the festival. If there is a surplus of funds beyond that needed to produce the festival in 1987, the board of directors of the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Foundation, Inc., will determine ways to distribute the funds. According to a source at the festival office, no decision has been made yet because they are still paying some bills. However, a decision will be announced in August or September whether or not grants will be given to local groups and individuals for their projects in music and the arts. Festival sources say Wavelength will not be notified individually, but it "will be announced." Last year, the foundation gave away over $100,000 in grants and held a series of jazz concerts at the Orpheum Theatre and workshops in the public schools called "An Education in Jazz." Stay tuned for further Jazz Festival grant information.

—Lisa Taylor

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-8 Wavelength - JULY

Cabaret

Ballads and Banter
At the True Brew

The Mid-City/Esplanade area boasts a coffeehouse and Jim Pilgrim, a true coffeehouse balladeer.

According to Denise Austin, co-owner of the new True Brew Coffee House, 3133 Ponce de Leon, the Esplanade/Mid-City area is becoming "healthily Yupified." This was her preface to the fact that the music they have scheduled and will schedule in the future is "light, non-political, nothing wild, nothing crazy."

The True Brew is emphatically non-Bohemian, from its crisp pink and grey looks to its slightly too-bright lighting. The focus of the room is a 15-foot long antique apothecary's mirrored display case that houses some 30-odd coffees and acts as a counter for the shop. Austin's husband found it in an old warehouse over on Tchoupitoulas. In addition to the good coffee menu, True Brew also serves a wide array of baked goods, with Angelo Brocato's Italian ice cream featured.

Jim Pilgrim, the acoustic guitar player/singer/songwriter who plays the True Brew Wednesday evenings from 8-10, is a soft-voiced balladeer who even made a couple of good jokes. (Did you hear the one about the lead-based Bain de Soleil I, designed to screen out 90% of radiation?) Even though they've stuck him in a naked corner near the bathroom, his style and repertoire clinched the coffeehouse experience: a little reading matter, writing materials, soulful honest reflective songs, and endless cups of java.

Ten years ago Pilgrim graduated from UNO. Before that he was from Atlanta where he'd been playing the guitar since he was a little boy. "My Dad used to play with bands so I grew up with that."

Pilgrim plays at the True Brew for free. During the day he works in marketing for a computer software company uptown. Recently his original tunes won him an invitation to the Kerrville (Texas) Folk Festival. He said he is proud of the fact that he's the only one selected from New Orleans. "Everybody in New Orleans is into R&B which is great, but New Orleans has always been a place that nurtured new music."

"You can make a psychological statement or a political statement without shoving it down people's throats. I got a degree in English so I tend to look at life from a literary sense. I'm a big fan of semiotics, you know, signs and symbols and the ways that people live and work together. I try to understand relationships and turn it into something musical. It's almost like painting a picture."

"I do a lot of other kinds of music too. I'm trying to be an entertainer here. Trying to create an atmosphere. If you're playing a coffeehouse, you play coffeehouse music. You can still do music that moves you, but if you make too much noise with your guitar, you're not going to last long."

"There are a lot of fine songs out there and I feel it's up to the performer to find the ones that are truly gems, and present them to people. Maybe they haven't heard them before. Give them the best. True Brew is a wonderful place. It's already turning into something positive."

Pilgrim and I were talking about the fact that many New Orleans musicians go elsewhere to gain recognition, but he feels that it's important to stick it out here living the life and constantly creating new work.

"New music. Original material. I think these are the most important things about working as a musician in New Orleans."

True Brew, 3133 Ponce de Leon (just off Esplanade). Sun. - Thurs. 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. Fri. - Sat. 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. Music: Wed. 8 - 10 p.m. • Jim Pilgrim. Sunday Brunch - TBA. Fri. & Sat. evenings TBA.
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JULY - Wavelength 11
Sonic Youth

**Evol**
*STT Records*

On this album, Sonic Youth have sharpened their sound into an eerie mixture of old King Crimson dirges and dissonant Mission of Burma. In fact, “Tom Violence” could well be “Lark’s Tongues in Aspic Part Four” if it weren’t for the vocals, which happen to sound a lot like Burma anyway. The effect of the album as a whole is powerful and unsettling, full of nightmare images and disturbing, unidentifiable noises. But underneath the dissonance and feedback lies a box of伛 lensing melodies, and some very pretty music. The result of this contrast is an album that is richly produced, both hauntingly beautiful and violently disturbed at the same time.

From the harshness of the chainsaw guitars of “Death to our Friends” to eerie piano and whispered vocals of “Shadow of a Doubt,” Sonic Youth paint a broad musical spectrum of mystery and uncertainty. There’s even a nod at the Velvet Underground, a spoken word narration in “Expressway to your Skull” (enigmatically listed as “Madonna, Sean, and Me”) on the album’s back cover, monstrous, droning, psychedelic beast of a song that conjures up images of the Doors’ “The End” and even “A Day in the Life.” Sonic Youth have more meat on their bones than many bands twice their age, and this album stands as one of the best so far this year.

—James Lien

No Means No

**You Kill Me**

*Undergrowth Records, UGI-302*

“Body Bag,” the first song on No Means No’s five-song E.P. *You Kill Me*, features a bizarre mixture of the raucous energy of hardcore with the flairnks of early Frank Zappa and the Mothers. The music on the rest of the E.P. is a mutant blend of frantic Dead Kennedys and the quirky psychedelic jazz of Captain Beefheart. They even include a surprisingly good rendition of Jimi Hendrix’s “Manic Depression,” to pay homage to their psychedelic roots. The bulk of the lyrics, like those of their Texas counter parts the Butthole Surfers, are largely scatological and disgusting, but when they do wax eloquent they turn in some real gems. “I work in a department store/ everyday I deal with doork’s” sings the lead singer in “Paradise,” an anthemic four-minute attempt by him to tell his whole life story and explain his existence at the same time. Later he confides, “I’m running out of things to say/ Oh well, that’s the way it is.” Such insight makes *You Kill Me* an eclectic, unusual record that is far out and so diverse it will probably have something in it that virtually anybody can enjoy.

—James Lien

The Ordinaires

**The Ordinaires**
*Dossier Records*

Imagine if you will a band that begins with traditional instrumentation, then adds two saxophonists, two violinists and a cello. Throw in musical styles as different as their instruments and you have a nine-piece ensemble that is simply indescribable. The Ordinaires hail from New York City and have been taking that town by storm. Their debut album quickly shows the listener why. From soothing art-jazz-classical (!) fusions to spastic, barely contained dance tunes these people know what they are doing. One of the band’s saxophonists, Kurt Hoffman, attempted to describe their style: “...we play a mixture of tawdry, psychedelic pop, Stravinsky, Serbian-brass-band-music, and modal minimalism. We make a big, loud, contrapuntal mess that can be danced to.” I couldn’t have said it better myself. The band even has a local flavor with one-time Louisiana resident (and *Fortune* magazine art director) Joe Dizney on one of the two guitars.

If ever there was a possibility of a group inventing a new musical form this is it. Anyone or anything claiming to be progressive or alternative should snatch this one up post haste. Catch ’em live if you dare and see the version to end all versions of Led Zeppelin’s “Kashmir.”

—Brian Wayson

Raunch Hands

**El Rauacho Grande**
*Relativity Records 8060*

Rip-roaring-rolling-good-rockin’ rock ‘n’ roll was the only adjective that immediately came to mind upon first listen to New York City’s Raunch Hands. What they lack in precision, prowess, and perfection they more than compensate for with just plain fun rockabilly razzle. Hence the name. This is a very strong debut six-track LP from a band that has existed less than two years. Their music is well suited for jukin’, drinkin’ and pukin’ which is what their first gigs entailed as their compensation for performing was merely an open bar tab. Their lyrics are rude at times, dealing with partying, pool shooting, brainless women, and castration, but who hasn’t enjoyed these things on many a Friday night over a six-pack of beer, a cold one of which you may want to pick up on the way home from the record store after having purchased this LP.

—Ivan Bosley

The Del Lords

**Johnny Comes Marching Home**
*EMI/America*

Country twang and rockabilly out of the Big Apple. Pelase don’t confute this quartet with Boston’s Del Fuegos, for while their music is just as hard driving, just as boot stompin’, just as ass kicking, their lyrics are what sets them apart. Scott Kempner’s songwriting never leaves out hope, never allows despair to over-
whelm, never leaves the listener with a bad taste in the mouth.

On this their second album the band enlisted Neil Geraldo (husband of and producer for Pat Benatar) to produce some punch that was missed on their debut LP (1984's Frontier Boy). The effort was well worth it and the result is songs full of clanging, chiming guitars over roots-rock steady bass and drums. What you remember the day after listening to this album are the feelings in the words, the undying hope, the everlasting optimism, the concept of dreams only dying if you let them die.

There are three songs with love in the title: "Heaven," an Elvis-style rocker, lets everyone know there are better things to come; "Drug Deal" is an awesome instrumental seemingly written with Miami Vice in mind; and "Dream Come True" sums up the band's attitude and the theme of the entire album:

It's a song about freedom
About swimming against the tide
About doing whatever you want
Every single day of your life
About following a dream

Not an album for gloom-mongering nihilists, this one keeps the faith as the Del Lords join the forefront of the roots rock revival.

—Brian Wayson

The Del Lords: Country Twang from NYC.

The Beat Farmers

Van Go
MCA/Curb Records

Speaking of Beat Farmers, here is this band's latest effort and a fine one it is. Hailing from San Diego these guys play a wide variety of styles well. They can also be very funny. Really, just look at the title of the album, their touring van is covered with Van Goghish paintings.

Their styles range from scorching Delta Blues influenced tunes to psychedelic pop to rockabilly rave-ups to Johnny Cash-esque foot tappers. The lyrics range from the maudlin in "Road to Ruin" to biting as in "Deceiver" to the dangerously funny in "Gun Sale at the Church." Yowza! More music than human beings should be allowed to have (just kidding). The Beat Farmers have harvested a bumper crop this spring, come take part in the bounty.

—Brian Wayson

Butthole Surfers

Rembrandt Pussyhorse
Touch and Go, T&GLP#8

From the very start the Butthole Surfers carved their niche in American music as a band to be reckoned with. Over the course of their three E.P.'s and one album they have continually redefined and expanded their sound while still clinging to their basic premise of music that is steeped in Texas psychedelia and rectal ritual.

This album, their second full length LP, has the Buttholes incorporating a more diverse instrumental lineup than ever before; in addition to the usual scorching guitar work of guitarist Paul Leary (unfortunately no relation to Tim), the twin psychobin drum attack of brother-sister duo King and Theresa, and the bullhorn-Beefheart-scalotologic blues ravings of singer Gibby, one finds the addition of pipe organ, violin, and piano to the Butth-
Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper

Frenzy
Restless/Enigma

The myth grows larger still. Mojo Nixon is as insane as they come. These two gentlemen (a courtesy title) play the most wildly demented version of rock 'n' roll imaginable. This record is a lyrical free-for-all that holds back no punches. The album begins with these lines:

I married a bigfoot,
I gave birth to my mother-in-law,
Donor wants his kidney back...

and the side-splitting hilarity never lets up until side two has ended. Mojo isn't afraid to attack anyone or anything as evidenced by "I Hate Banks," "Stuffing Martha's Muffin" dedicated to Ms. Martha Quinn of MTV (ugh there's that weird Acid Circus dirge). The myth grows larger still. Mojo Nixon is as insane as they come. These two gentlemen (a courtesy title) play the most wildly demented version of rock 'n' roll imaginable. This record is a lyrical free-for-all that holds back no punches. The album begins with these lines:

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Not since the early days of Captain Beefheart has music been so outside consciousness, behind all the anal oles' lineup. The result is a masterful concoction of absolute anarchy, forty whole minutes of surrealistic garbage being spewed from bullhorns and telephones, tapes of jungle sound effects, kazooos, saxophones, and other unidentifiable noises. They turn the backwaters of Captain Beefheart into a hideous freakout soundtrack (their roots are heavily laid in Sixties music; live, they often cover "Hurdy Gurdy Man" and "Come Together").

The album reaches its peak on the song "Perry," with Gibby explaining himself through a megaphone over a careening acid circus dirge. "It's about loving yourself." Some­

The Straw Dogs

The Straw Dogs were the F.U.'s from Boston, but they had a problem. The F.U.'s were also a band out of San Francisco. What to do, what to do... Change your name to the Straw Dogs, release a five-song mini-album and hope for the best. Well they aren't the best but they're competent. Five boisterous, crank-it-up hardcore mania songs. Gonna slam, Gonna slam, Gonna slam.

These five kids like their music loud, fast and heavy. They don't even take themselves seriously, so why should you? I've just about covered it... oh yeah it contains a new version of the F.U.'s "Hit" and "Young, Fast, Irrational..." pass the Anacin please.

—Brian Wayson

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band

Live: Mardi Gras in Montreux
Rounder Records 282

Like Wynton Marsalis and the Neville Brothers, it's not as easy to hear these guys around home as it used to be, so this is an important LP for local fans. For the out-of-towner who has never heard the group, this album could be a stunner. I like to imagine the reaction of a high school band director or the son of a Southern stock car racer.

Stranger than the songs are a few of the instruments "played" on the album including the sonic luv jug, the washboard, and the infamous stick banks. "Stuffing Martha's Muffin" dedicated to Ms. Martha Quinn of MTV (ugh there's that weird Acid Circus dirge).

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Finally, someone tied everything together — MIDI, SMPTE and the tape recorder — in one smart package. The company is Fostex and the product is the Model 4050. Much more than an autolocator, it provides a level of automation never before available.

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METRONOME
Everyone should be in a band—but no one, especially in New Orleans, should depend on it to make a living.

By Bunny Matthews

Everybody should be in a band. Nothing beats the feeling of sequestering yourself, three friends and a bunch of amps into a garage that reeks of burnt motor oil and dangerous acids, jamming hard on three chords while the world outside just keeps on keepin’ on.

Why spoil such a dreamy situation with disturbing notions of success? Success, given its literal rock definition, is exemplified by Madonna’s current dilemma: if every 15-year-old in the world looks like you, your own looks have to change in order to avoid the horror of encountering yourself in continual replication.

Ideally, one’s music and one’s wage-earning should be two separate and remote beasts. Making a living from music (or any other form of art) usually strangles its purity; the rent is due so you play garbage to get the funds.

Robert Irwin, the California philosopher/artist, confessed to his biographer that his living was made by gambling on thoroughbreds: “Pursuing the questions which art provokes is a long-term activity that necessarily needs to be free of short-term measures and rewards. In order to maintain a natural balance and continuously develop the ability to make reasoned observations and decisions, it is necessary that you take very good care of yourself, since you are the crux of it all. I’m always very kind to myself. I indulge myself in lots of ways. I give myself lots of room for mistakes and contradictions. And I spend a lot of time entertaining my personal fantasies and playing the games I enjoy. I don’t let money questions get to me. It’s just a matter of good health.”

Unfortunately, most musicians believe in the myth of the Overnight Sensation—that Mr. Big Bucks will catch their set one night and from then on, it’ll be champagne flowing from every tap. This is a possibility and likewise is winning a million-dollar lottery and/or stepping into the street and getting mowed down by a cement-mixer. Anything can happen but it rarely does.

Success, to musicians, is playing music for money. Those musicians employed by day as doctors, lawyers or car salesman like to keep it secret. The only respectable profession is playing music in a bar on Saturday night. Anything else is an embarrassment, unless you’re out shooting a video with Godley and Creme or recording under the direction of Elvis Costello.

In New Orleans, musical success is somewhat tougher than it is in, say, Kansas. Kansas is a great place to be from if you’re really serious about music (rock music, you understand). Kansas is nowhere, it means nothing (unless one recalls the band known as Kansas, which after some success, recorded in Louisiana and fell from commercial favor). If a musician is from New Orleans, he is expected to be good—good and funky. America does not like funkiness. It will tolerate small doses—a bit of Prince maybe, less threatening and much whiter than James Brown, who can only sneak in through Sylvester Stallone’s backdoor.

In rock, it’s bad enough if you’re American (the English being the true innovators). You certainly don’t want to come on provincial.

When you’re young, you could care less about what city circumstance has tossed you into because your hometown is never good enough. It’s a prison
CONTINUED FROM 17

and your legal guardians are the sadistic wardens. No teenager is ever going to think, “What a wonderful city I live in. It has history, culture, architecture. What a joy it is to live here!”

The thought machine—running through the grey matter of youth is “This town sucks! There’s nothing going on.” The only way out is via the tail end of a lofty electric guitar solo.

Zebra, moderately successful (two videos shown on MTV), rarely if ever mentioned in interviews that would conceivably be detrimental. In your heavier particular semi-metallic field, IT DIDN’T MATTER. It would conceivably be detrimental. In your heavier rock forms, a technological purity—and obsession with equipment—is paramount. It is the Caucasian Fantasy of Smooth Antiseptic Love, a fantasy not likely to come true in New Orleans, where music is coated with mildew. Heavy Rust, not Heavy Metal.

New Orleans isn’t really cool anymore. New York and Los Angeles have tasted our food. Sniffed around. Exported it, imitated it, faked it and now, they’re gonna forget it. Just as soon as they wipe-out the redfish population.

With music, there are no redfish to annihilate—only musicians. You don’t need nets to catch musicians. They surrender voluntarily.

Musicians want the deal above all else. Anything short of murdering a near relation is kosher in order to secure this once-or-twice-in-a-lifetime opportunity to become financially indebted to a giant industrial conglomerate run by computers that never sleep and never dance.

Mason Ruffner, signed to a major label record deal, was recently hyped in Rolling Stone as “The Blues King of Bourbon Street,” as absurd as has ever been hung on a musician. Bourbon Street has never had an indigenous blues scene (nor has New Orleans). Ruffner is a native of Texas. If Exuma moved to the West Bank, would he then be “The Reggae King of Marrero?”

Of course, Ruffner is not responsible for what’s written about him or how he’s sold by the company. He is now a box of cereal. If he doesn’t catch on with the kids within a reasonable period of time, he will be off the shelf—replaced by the newest flavor.

The Neville Brothers—have experienced the nightmare of securing a position on the pop record shelf and then getting stuck at the cashier, never quite checking out with the great masses. It will be a feat worthy of Iacocca if the Nevilles are successfully marketed by their latest label—a collection of two albums, both marketed as “faked it and now, they’re gonna forget it. Just as soon as they wipe-out the redfish population.”

New Orleans isn’t really cool anymore. New York and Los Angeles have tasted our food. Sniffed around. Exported it, imitated it, faked it and now, they’re gonna forget it. Just as soon as they wipe-out the redfish population.

No one with ears would ever dispute the wonder of the Nevilles’ sound but how are you gonna sell ‘em to the little white punks with $200 skateboards? The only black person they’ve ever seen is J.J. Jackson and he’s been replaced by a black woman with an English accent, thus making the White Youth Corps even more confused.

The way to sell the Nevilles—and you already know this—is through videos. Except wait—the Nevilles are not great beauties. No problem... remember the Fabulous Thunderbirds?

The Fab T-Birds, barely months ago, were caught in the same trick bag as the Nevilles: a series of albums on different labels and intimate knowledge of most of this nation’s barrooms. How would they ever conquer the teens? True, they were fabulous, but cuddly? Sexy? When was the last time you saw a cuddly, sexy, bald lead singer on Solid Gold? (No fair counting Phil Collins.)

Video didn’t kill these radio stars—it created them. The Thunderbirds are in the video... a little. You don’t notice them because the screen is usually bursting with female crotches in tight cut-off jeans, a virtual macho parody of Duran Duran’s “Girls On Film” video.

Bryant Gumbel loved it. Prisoners love it and summoned the ‘Birds to command performances. The Teens loved it and Kim Wilson and associates flew to the top of the pop charts. And—supposedly—no groovy person digs the blues in 1986.

I beseech thee, however—do not muddle thine head. O young musicians, with success. It is a polystyrene Cadillac, a diamond pinkie ring that’s actually studded with slivers of glass from a broken Pepsi bottle. It is the home of Fats Domino, the most successful man in the history of New Orleans music. It’s supposed to be a mansion, stunk behind a super-market and some fried-chicken places amidst the poverty of the Lower Ninth Ward and not far from the neo-barbarism of the Desire Housing Projects. It’s supposed to be Home Boy Comes Home but it looks ludicrous with its fake “security” cameras and three-toned wrought iron fence. Is this what selling a billion records gets you?
Uncle Stan & Auntie Vera

There are at least two outstanding aspects of the New Orleans' rock band, Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera: they're fun and they're serious. This may seem like a paradox, but anyone who's caught their performance at Jimmy's, Tip's, or the Jazz Fest, knows their listeners have always had a good time. What you might not know is that the musicians themselves are having some serious fun.

One of the things they don't take seriously is their name. Although it's tempting to think of dynamic Elizabeth Bennett-Armstrong, with her vocals, sax, and keyboards, as "Auntie Vera," and then guess at who the heck "Uncle Stan" is supposed to be, the name doesn't refer to anyone or anything—it's a group effort, and it's the effort that they take seriously.

For example, not too long ago, they had to grapple with a personnel shift: their rhythm guitarist left the band, taking his songs with him. With only two weeks until their next gig, the band had to make up a 70% loss of material. But they thrived under the pressure. "It was a great project," says bassist/vocalist John Barr. He's comfortable in the Broadway apartment he shares with drummer Glenn Perroux, leaning back in the sofa and stretching out his long legs. Though relaxed, he's also eager and articulate, and seems to be today's informal spokesman. "We had a great time with it," he continues. "We made goals like, 'OK, today we're gonna write two new songs... And we did it. We were quite tickled with ourselves.' The band laughs, still tickled.

With the need for new tunes came the increased opportunity to combine their varied backgrounds and talents. For instance, despite Barr's powerful rock stage image, he privately teaches classical and bass guitar during daylight hours. He feels his classical background lends him a certain analytical approach to songwriting.

In contrast, guitarist and multi-instrumentalist Steven Hill is a melody whiz. Put two chords in front of him and he'll come up with a melody and lyrics like that.

"What kind of background helps you to write lyrics so quickly?" I ask Hill.

"Schizophrenia," Barr interjects, and everyone laughs again. Hill is the only one without formal musical training. "A natural," having worked it out on his own.

He mentions that he spent a lot of time listening to progressive music: some Genesis, but more along the lines of Yes and King Crimson, "half of whose lyrics you can't understand," but liking the sound of the words anyway. Not surprisingly, the others agree that progressive music is their common denominator. Sometimes they let themselves jam out in odd meters and different keys, "just to get our ya-ya's out," Hill smiles, and often simplify and smooth out the foolishness into a new song. Although their commercial music is obviously working well for them, "we talk about doing a 'head music' album of just outrageous stuff." More laughter.

Success is not going to stop these guys from having fun.

Glenn Perroux actually started as a classical guitarist. Although he was into progressive music, too, he studied classical music and jazz at Loyola, during which "I sort of turned my back on rock, looking down at it... I dunno, I got inspired by some of the great composers... I got on a real serious Wagner trip for a while..." Barr jokingly points out that "a lot of Perroux's perception is Wagnerian. BOOM! BOOM!" Perroux, dark-haired, burly and quiet, continues, "It took almost a year before I let rock music affect me again like it used to." Laughing at their earlier, "educating" ground of Barr, she studied music at the University of Texas, and played in some jazz bands there in Austin. She and the others also took some voice lessons.

Their geographical and non-musical backgrounds are varied, too. Hill is the only native New Orleanian, and works as assistant manager at Mushroom Records. Blond, lanky and intent, he was originally lighting director for the band, but last September joined on guitar and vocals, to everyone's delight. Having known all the tunes already, "I just had to find out the chords... I learned all the songs in about four days..."

Barr is from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and in addition to teaching, does some modeling. Initially, he went into a talent agency to submit a tape, but the receptionist took one look at his tall, well-built figure and composed manner and told him to sign up. He's been featured as a Miller-Lite clown, a chef catching 'fresh fish' straight out of the stream, and a D.H. Holmes underwear mannequin. "It's not something I take real seriously," he says, a little embarrassed by his friend's laughter, but "it can be good money, quickly..."

Bennett-Armstrong is from Austin, "and I think Delaware. . There's some Yankee in her... somewhere," Barr muses. She runs a woodworker's office. Perroux is from Calgary, Alberta (Canada) - he came down in 1974 for school, like it and stayed. Now, he's also a purchasing agent for an electrical company on the West Bank. "Glenn is weird," the others giggle. But really, with all these "normal" day jobs, none of them fit the stereotype of irresponsible, cocaine-addicted rock musicians.

And their non-musical income is the key to their success: They can afford to do things right. In fact, all of the money they make as a band goes back into the band: road crew, equipment upkeep, advertising and promotion. As a result, when they get to a gig, the P.A. and mixes are already set up, the lights are primed, and the place is packed, "It's a whole production," Barr says proudly.

One reason they draw such crowds, aside from musical excellence, is through the efforts of manager Elizabeth Fontaine. Except for some part-time work here at Wavelength, she works solely for the band, and represents no one else. When I mentioned that I had heard the Stan at Jazz Fest, she eagerly said, "Oh, you caught us there?" She's been with the group since it formed in '84, rather than posing as some distant accounting authority, she's an integral band member, and the musicians obviously like her being there, too.

Another bonus is their sound quality, thanks to the talents of crew member and engineer Richard Bird. Bird's gift is especially apparent on their new "double A-sided" 45, which features "One More Night" and "You Could Be Mine." (You can order the records for $4 apiece through P.O. Box 3928, Metairie, LA 70009, Attn: Elizabeth Fontaine, or call Elizabeth at 504-838-8750.) And the help of
CONTINUED FROM 19

lights engineer Mike Seelig and stagehand Chris Bassein is invaluable.

Their professionalism belies the image of greedy rock stars. Since the musicians don’t pay themselves, “you don’t miss what you never see,” says Hill. But if you have extra money, you spend it on luxuries, and if your favorite luxury is to make great music, why not let it pay for itself?

“I think it’s why we can continue to put on what we consider a professional show as opposed to some garage band that has to go on and struggle. We’re all partners,” Barr states, serious again. Also, “We feel a sense of responsibility just to the city. Meaning, if bands start making it, being here can put this place on the map.”

All told, Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera has an attitude that’s collective and focused: work at it seriously, and have fun in the process.

Mark Kaufman

PLAYING IN THE BAND

By night, they entertain you at your favorite new music emporium, but by day, they’re teachers and lawyers and models and mechanics—and some are even in the music business.

Dash Riprock

One of the most determined and hardest working bands in New Orleans is Dash Rip Rock, a trio that plays everything from folk music to driving rock’n’roll.

In the past six months, the band has toured twice (most recently with The Flies) using a $1200 van for transportation. (“We bought it one day and left for Baltimore the next, without having the engine checked.”)

Determination and hard work have begun to produce results for the group, which formed just two years ago. In February, Dash was signed by 688 Records, and in March, appeared on MTV’s The Cutting Edge. This month, the band will travel to New York where they’ll represent 688 at the New Music Seminar.

The agreement with the Atlanta-based 688 means that Dash will appear with the Fleshstones, among others, on a compilation album to be released in August. In October, 688 will release Dash Rip Rock’s debut album which should emphasize the band’s folkier, more sensitive side. “Right now, we walk the line between southern rock and kick ass rock’n’roll. Eventually, we’d like to evolve into more of an artistic country music band... like R.E.M. or Rank and File,” explains Bill Davis, the band’s guitarist, lyricist, and lead singer.

Such an evolution would be natural. While Davis loves Southern rock bands like Z.Z. Top and Lynard Skynard, he grew up listening to, and playing, country music. “The first band I was in was a country group. I played bass with a bunch of old men,” recalls the Ponchatoula native. In high school Davis fell into the FM tragedy until he saw the Normals open for the Police. Hearing fresh New Orleans bands like the Normals, the Blue Vipers, and The Cold inspired Davis, then a journalism student. This month, the band will travel to New York to record with the Atlanta-based 688.

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After receiving a master’s degree and leaving Rayz, Davis formed Dash Rip Rock with Hosky Hickel, from Scooter and the Mopeds. In New Orleans, Davis and Hickel hooked up with Fred LeBlanc, the drummer for the Backbeats and the Mistreators. When LeBlanc joined, the band “improved 80%,” acknowledges Davis.

The new group decided to hit the road so that they could set themselves apart from other local bands. In order to do this, Davis quit his 9-5 job which he describes as having been “scary.”

Words like “scary” are used frequently by Davis, a likeable guy who talks about his band and its recent accomplishments with genuine enthusiasm. His face used to kick for the LSU football team) replaced his best friend in the band about a year ago.

Although the road to respect has led them to New York for a period, they did play Tipitina’s in May and toured Birmingham, Atlanta, and Jackson in June. Reality Patio eventually wants to find a second base and split each month between here and there. “You’ve got to,” says Cary. “I’ve got $450 worth of bills and $40 to my name.” “Yeah, bills descend upon us like big dark birds of prey,” adds Rick, the songwriter.

To offset these bills, Rick does “whatever comes along,” Kevin paints houses, and Mike works full-time as the day manager at New York Pizza, where Cary puts in several hours each week making dough.

The pizza parlor, on Magazine Street, gives Reality Patio more than a place to work. Its owner lets the band practice in the bottom half of his house next to the restaurant. They used to jam at Kevin’s house on Burdette until the neighbors complained. Before that, at his family’s house until the neighbors complained. And before that...

“It’s been a soap opera,” says Cary. “Hey guys, want to write a soap opera?”

Millie Heller

Reality Patio

The four members of Reality Patio sprawl on the floor of a cottage on Burdette Street that Kevin Otto, the group’s keyboardist and sometimes vocalist, is renovating with his father. “My Dad loves the band,” says Kevin. “And he’s 70.”

What these boys want is respect. They say it’s a struggle to get any in New Orleans. “If we went to New York, got drunk, picked up some weird disease, then maybe we’d come back to some support,” says Rick Sinai. He’s the group’s guitarist, lyricist, and lead singer.

All four are in their early twenties. Rick and Kevin, who have fresh-faced pop star looks, know each other from Ridgewood Prep. Mike Williams, the tall gangly bass player, went to East Jefferson and met them through a mutual friend. The drummer, Cary Bonnagle, a Baton Rouge native (who
lights up when asked about being on The Cutting Edge. That was "the most exciting thing... we were nervous but we were drinking so it was fun..." After the MTV show aired, attendance at Dash Rip Rock's show shot up. "We began to attract a younger crowd," admits Davis, who wrote his graduate thesis on MTV and its effect on kids. With the younger crowds came giggling girls who, according to the down-to-earth lead singer, "make the band real uncomfortable." While Dash Rip Rock draws audiences from Ruston to Washington, D.C. who enjoy the fun live shows, the group continues to combine fast-stomping rockabilly with Davis' sensitive lyrics. A lot of the songs are based on short stories by southern writers. Flannery O'Connor really knocks me out."

Hayes Ferguson

The Petries

Thursday night at Jimmy's. The club is packed and steamy, like the inside of a sponge, but on stage a hip septet, the Petries, look cool. The three men and four women wear mainly black and white outfits straight from London-in-the-Swinging-Sixties. They're opening for a national act, Modern English, yet from the size and rapt attention of the audience, mostly collegiate-gone-funky, you'd think they were the headliners. Their nonchalant attitude adds to the illusion. And leading the band in nonchalance, in sidling around stage, shimmying and exchanging asides with band members, is guitarist Bruce Blaylock. He's the one who introduces the band members and announces the songs. "Anyone in this crowd ever heard of James Brown?" he yells before launching into "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag." With his ultra-confident stage presence and cover-boy looks, you'd expect Blaylock to be everyone's stereotypical rock'n'roller: party all night, sleep all day.

Wrong. It's Monday morning at the hushed, cool Oil & Gas Building on Tulane Avenue. Clusters of men in business suits wait for elevators in the lobby. Upstairs, the office of Bruce A. Blaylock could belong to just about any lawyer. There are framed diplomas on the walls, a metal filing cabinet, huge plant, a wooden desk and in-and-out box—the works. Neither these nor his gray pin-stripped suit nor manner—decidedly earnest—give any indication that this attorney strums in a rock'n'roll band.

Blaylock, a Washington D.C. native, received a B.A. from Tulane, then graduated from its law school in 1982. So far he hasn't had to neglect music for law or law for music. "What ends up compromised," he says, "is sleep."

The Petries, named after Dick Van Dyke's television family and inspired by Rob and Laura's style, began when Vance Degeneres approached Blaylock and drummer Steve Fisher, who were with Lenny Zenith, and asked them to form a band with him. Elliot Kelly became keyboardist and they "auditioned and auditioned before finding "three girls who can sing, look good, and dance." When Degeneres left for Los Angeles, he was replaced by bass player John Meunier, "funkiest white boy I know" who used to play with Blaylock in Oyster Licks. Blaylock says the three women, Heidi Jensen, Martha Leggett, and Laura Frerer, "make working conditions more pleasurable. Each one has a lot of creative talent, and it's just the first band for each of them."

Before Degeneres left, he wrote most of the songs. Now they are penned by Blaylock, Meunier, and Frerer. When asked if his legal practice influenced his songs, Blaylock replies, "Only the blues."

He's referring to his early days of mostly criminal practice, before his switch to mainly general civil. "With criminal, when you finish a jury trial, it's always extremely dramatic, whether you win or lose. You feel for both the victim and the accused; it's always like you've left a piece of your soul in the courtroom. The stakes are too high."

He still spends plenty of time in court, balanced with plenty of time on stage. Neither career is inherited. "No one in my family plays music or practices law. They all went to Duke and live in D.C., waiting for Bruce to give up the guitar." He grins. "Never happen."

Millie Heller

Blaylock of the Petries.
The history of rock ‘n’ roll as told by... 

Who was that strange man in a flaming red shirt flailing his arms at you from your MTV screen on The Cutting Edge last March while playing obscure New Orleans oldies and preaching the TRUE history of rock ‘n’ roll?

Anybody who has ever tried to buy an old record in New Orleans knows him as Jim Russell, whose Magazine Street store has been a mecca for record collectors from around the world for the past 17 years. Russell’s customers have included Paul McCartney ($1,700 worth) and Bruce Springsteen ($177 worth of obscure R&B).

As amazing as the number and rarity of Russell’s records are hisstratospheric prices and his bizarre stories of having started (it seems) virtually everybody in Fifties rock ‘n’ roll. Little Richard (“I started the Beatles/Stones/etc.”) ain’t got nothin’ on Jim Russell.

Now, at age 66, Russell is retiring, closing his store, and “giving away” his oldies at half price. It seems a good time to discover the truth behind Russell’s claims. Here, then, is the history of rock ‘n’ roll, according to Jim Russell.

“I took an announcer’s course in my home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which lasted about a year and I sent them my tape and they accepted it and I went down to WAND in Canton, Ohio. This was in January 1950. The first thing we were playing in Ohio was country & western.

Then the promoters started to come through with the race [rhythm & blues] music, that’s when I started to like it. But when I started to play it, the owners told me to lay off, so I did.

“When the promoters continued to come through, because it was starting to catch on in places, I was beginning to like it more and more. So, after six months, I said, ‘I’m gonna see what happens.’ So I started to play it. That’s when the owner pounded on the window. ‘Get that off the air!’

‘He couldn’t get in the control room because I had locked it. I was in that particular mood that day. They called the fire department and they chopped the door down. I’m thinkin’, ‘What the hell is this?? I thought we just got rid of Adolf Hitler!’

‘He told me, ‘You’re fired, man. Goodbye. See you later.’ That’s when I took the news to Alan Freed. We had been friends because we had a sister station in Akron, Ohio [WAKR]. Freed wasn’t doing as well as I was [playing country & western music]. I grabbed Alan and I said, ‘Look, Alan, why don’t you start playing black music, because my phone’s been ringing off the hook when I slip it in.’

So we go in and talked to the station owner, and he says, ‘We’ve got a ‘50 Hooper rating. If you can enhance it in some way or stay the same in 30 or 60 days, we’ll stay on the black music.’

‘I’m the one that taught Freed never to sit down in a studio. When I took him over in Akron, I pulled his chair out and put in a Perry Como-type stool, so that he would sit high and use a megaphone on commercials and on some of the records he was playing, by bringing the volume down and making a lot of crazy sounds. That’s how we got a lot of commercials sold on the station, because we used chains, broken glass, everything that was new to the industry then, we did at the Akron studio.

‘I went back to work at WAND again. I was playing rhythm & blues, because the owner saw what Alan Freed was doing. He had to be hit over the head with a pole. When Fats Domino’s tunes came through, that’s when Mr. Wilson said, ‘Now, that sounds more like it!’

‘Within 60 days Freed and I put on a show with about 20 artists at the Akron Amusement Park. We got 1,600 black people with two dollars in each hand, shoving it in. That’s what skyrocketed Freed right away. That night was the beginning of H-I-S-T-O-R-Y, because we never booked a white artist in the next ten years unless he worked for nothing.’

Russell recalls that Freed next went to WJW in Cleveland because his WAKR contract stipulated that he could not work a radio station within 50 miles... He also remembers putting on several other shows with him, including the Armory show with Pat Boone, Bill Haley, and the Chordettes that bombed. Cleveland rock ‘n’ roll historians with time on their hands would do well to research these.

“A promoter came through with MGM Records who was a close friend, and he said, ‘Man, we got a sure thing. We’re gonna make $750 besides our $750.‘ And I said, ‘Who you got?’ He says, ‘Hank Williams.’ And I said, ‘Oh, man! I know this is gonna be great, because he’s the best one on my show!’ We booked him at the Canton Memorial Auditorium, where the [Pro Football] Hall of Fame is now. And he died on the way to our concert! [History books confirm Hank Williams died January 1, 1953, en route to Canton, Ohio].

“I was connected with Lew Platt and Alan Freed all the while until he got to New York. Then Lew wanted me to come to New York with him, so I did. I just took a hiatus of a couple of months and went over there. I got sick as soon as I saw the way they were operating over there. That’s when all the unsavory characters entered into the scene, and it became a whole new ball game. The “Big Boys” kept Freed and said, ‘either/or’ for me. So little ol’ me who didn’t like the sight of guns said, ‘I’m leaving.’ And I found a perfect place to hide.”

Russell possesses a fascinating letter from the late Lew Platt, dated February 22, 1956, which begins, “Because of my need for cash to protect myself, I deemed it advisable to sell part of my interest in Alan Freed...” It also accuses Freed of going “pop”
Think Jim Russell didn’t have rock ‘n’ roll in his pocket? Check his business card.

Kessler Air Force Base in Biloxi when he asked Jim to manage him; the time on a Larry Regan dance program on WVUE-TV he kept a racist studio engineer from cutting off Ray Charles doing a live, ten-minute version of “I Got a Woman”; picking up Professor Longhair, Smiley Lewis, etc. for his sock hops; telling a teenage Irma Thomas at the Peacock Club to “go see Cosimo”; the time Fess had drank so much he could just whistle when recording “Big Chief”, finding Aaron Neville’s “Tell It Like It Is” in a trash can at Cosimo’s and taking it to all his old DJ’s; and, as late as last year, sending a copy of Jean Knight’s “My Foot Toot” to old friend Jimmy Clinton, now and DJ at KDKA in Pittsburgh, and receiving an order back (for Isaac Bolden) for 30,000 copies.

Russell says the reason most of the big rock ‘n’ roll package shows bypassed New Orleans was because of segregated venues like Municipal Auditorium, though he claims his sock hops from 1935 to 1964 attracted 6 million teens—a lot of Clearasil!

“Then the Beatles moved in in 1964 it all disintegrated in a hurry, because there were no saxophones in the band the Beatles had. Devastating violence came across the country and everyone flocked to it.

So I had to do something. I went into surveys for radio stations, and then I opened this store in 1969. I’ve been here 17 years now with all my memories; all my oldies and all my artists. When I want to hear them I don’t have to pay for them for a booking. I just put them on and listen to them. Smiley Lewis can get me out of the dumps, Bobby Mitchell, some of Dave Bartholomew, and Hank Williams, Sr.

“But I have 500,000 records here, 10,000 78’s, 35,000 albums, 250,000 singles of all artists from the beginning of time to the end of time.

“And I can’t go on forever. I would like to be the Abominable Snowman, but I don’t think the Lord’s gonna allow it.

“I want all you people to come down. You don’t have to buy anything. Just say, ‘Hello, Jim, thanks for being here on Earth.’ And I’ll hug you and remember you as long as I live.”

under the pressure of “several of our associates” and ASCAP Music Publishers. Platt was by this time managing the very popular DJ “Hound Dog” Lorens of Buffalo, New York.

Russell finds choosing Cleveland as the site for the Rock ‘n Roll Hall of Fame because of the late Alan Freed (who popularized the name “rock ‘n’ roll”) laughable. Says Russell, “He couldn’t even keep time to the records with a phone book!”

“When I arrived in New Orleans [fall 1955] I saw exactly what I was looking for—nobody out at night. It was a Sunday night, I recall. At seven o’clock the streets seemed deserted. I heard some noise going on towards Bourbon Street, and there was some jazz down there. I didn’t like jazz, so I went back to my hotel. I was convinced this little town was deserted. I heard some noise going on, I went over one day when I was doing my show and there were no young people doing anything. I got a good reception if we accept his best friend, Larry Regan. It snowballed onto Larry McKinley, Okey Dokey and a half dozen others.

Before you know it, within the next six months to a year, I was managing 18 disc jockeys and taking them on dances every Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Then WTIX throws me a couple of disc jockeys, and they started playing the same kind of music the other stations were playing, to get into it.

“But anyhow, those were the days when all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played. Those days produced all the recording artists from this city had their records played.

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“There were no young people doing anything. I called several churches and several schools and asked them if they would like to have a dance. So I talked to one and I got a good reception if we accept

Jim Russell (center) among his R&B treasures as Peter Zaremba (left) shops.

children with no bad records, good grades, and no alcohol on the premises. All the schools and churches went for that. That’s how we started the dances here in the city.

“I latched onto a fellas by the name of Poppa Stoppa, that’s Clarence Hamann. He led me to his

Jim said, “This is gonna be a good one, so leave it up to me.” He soon had all the disc jockeys at our station.

Jim Russell’s stories of rock ‘n’ roll history seem endless—the time, soon after he arrived here, that he turned down a scruffy, unknown Elvis Presley at
When Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis and Ray Charles get together to play, you better believe a whole lot of shakin' goin' on.

by Rick Coleman

What has 264 keys, is 2/3's bayou-bred and 100% legendary? Would you believe Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Ray Charles on a Cinemax special together? As executive producer David L. McBurnett says, "I dare anybody else to put these guys together." McBurnett, who lived in New Orleans for several years before moving to New York, is not exactly known for pulling off musical coups successfully. A Meters reunion and a Neville Brothers show he filmed at the Saenger in New Orleans in 1980 were financial busts. "I'd sell it cheap," he jokes. It does help, however, that his wife is an executive at Cinemax/HBO and his friends include Al Embry and Bob Vernon, who helped book Jerry Lee Lewis and Fats Domino, respectively.

The concept of the special has been done before in New Orleans—in Stephenson Palfi's 1982 film Piano Players Rarely Ever Play Together (now available on video tape), which combined the talents of Professor Longhair, Allen Toussaint, and Fats Washington. "What Stephenson did was somewhat of an inspiration to me," McBurnett admits, "as I was an inspiration to him with the Meters and Neville Brothers shows. It's a variation on the theme of Piano Players. But, at the same time, it's not that they rarely ever play together, it's that they never play together.

Getting back to the roots of the music was very much the concept of the concert—not just New Orleans roots, but also blues, boogie woogie, and country. A song suggested by Ray Charles for the three-piano finale was Hank Williams' "You Win Again," previously recorded by all three. A blues jam in rehearsal was dropped in the final program.

But it was to New Orleans that they came, literally—to the home of Fats Domino for a pot of gumbo swimming with crabs, before launching into two days of Tabasco-fried music. At rehearsal, third generation Rolling Stone Ron Wood admitted, "I can still feel Fat's gumbo burning on my jugular." "Fats is New Orleans," says McBurnett, "I sometimes think he'd rather cook than play."

The program was named "Fats Domino and Friends," presumably to emphasize the New Orleans roots and to pay tribute to the first of all rock 'n' roll legends, because the interests of the producers largely lie in New Orleans, and partly because spending much of his time at home and out of the limelight, Fats hasn't received the recognition of late, the other two two have. According to McBurnett, "Ray is doing this for Fats."

Coming to New Orleans was a homecoming of sorts for Ray Charles and Jerry Lee Lewis, as well. Charles played New Orleans constantly in the 1950s. Local promoter Rip Roberts, who booked both Charles and Domino (on a couple of occasions together), suggests that Charles may have been even more popular with the black audience in New Orleans than Domino. Charles also developed a friendship with blues singer Guitar Slim while here in 1953, arranging Slim's Fats Domino beat gospel confession "The Things That I Used To Do" (a number one R&B hit) and recording Slim's spiritual ballad "Feeling Sad." The success of Slim's record undoubtedly encouraged Charles to record his legendary gospel-blues style. Rip Roberts, whose son, Rip, Jr., is Fats' valet and whose granddaughter is married to Ray Charles, Jr., insists that Charles calls him up to this day when he's in town for spicy Creole gumbo.

Jerry Lee Lewis, of course, if from Ferriday, Louisiana, what some would call "lower Arkansas delta," but don't doubt that a lot of New Orleans style has crept into his music. He has recorded three of Fats' songs and nearly the entire hit list of Little Richard, his predecessor in piano banging, Stick McGhee's 1949 blistering anthem to getting plastered on Rampart Street "Drinkin' Wine Spree" and "I Remember Mama" pretty well sums up the New Orleans-Killer connection. While not recorded in New Orleans, it was New Orleanians who made it a major hit, and paying for a demo at Storyville, the Stick McGhee's 1949 blistering anthem to getting plastered on Rampart Street "Drinkin' Wine Spree" and "I Remember Mama" pretty well sums up the New Orleans-Killer connection. While not recorded in New Orleans, it was New Orleanians who made it a major hit, and paying for a demo at Storyville, the Stick McGhee's 1949 blistering anthem to getting plastered on Rampart Street "Drinkin' Wine Spree" and "I Remember Mama" pretty well sums up the New Orleans-Killer connection.

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Then came the New Orleans anthem "The Saints" with Dave and the horns second-lining around the stage for the 10,000th time and Fats' piano tour-de-force "Sentimental Journey" with piano bumpling.

Jerry Lee followed with a rocking "Great Balls of Fire" which matched rehearsal, a mournful "She Even Woke Me Up To Say Goodbye," and yet another astounding rendition of "Whole Lotta Shakin'." "Thankfully, for Fats, the killer only had three songs.

Ron Wood sat in unobtrusively with Jerry Lee's band and stayed for the next, ill-advised set in which Wood, Shaffer, former Jazz Crusader and Bobby Bland guitarist Roy Gaines, ex-David Letterman drummer Steve Jordan, and ex-Bee Gees bass player Harold Cowart from Baton Rouge formed an impromptu band. Their version of Gary U.S. Bonds' "New Orleans" was ruined when the necessarily dominant sax section from Fats' band went almost unheard. Then non-singers Shaffer, Wood, and Jordan butchered Ernie K-Doe's "A Certain Girl." Hopefully somebody will torch this film before airing (Burn! K-Doe! Burn!).

The band also played for Ray Charles in a good, but far from peak, set. Though, even on an off night, Ray Charles doing "I Got A Woman," "Drown in My Own Tears," and "Hit The Road, Jack" is a "10" on anybody else's scale.

The grand finale was incredible, with Fats and Jerry Lee ripping barrelhouse boogie (something which both their styles are based on) on "Lewis Boogie," "Jambalaya," and "Swannee River Boogie." Unfortunately Ray didn't sing and the volume on his electric piano seemed too low.

Sorry you missed it, folks, but the good news is that it will be on TV—on Cinemax July 25, 29, and 31. And on and on throughout the ages.

Also, the Louisiana two-thirds of this show is going on the road (see below). Do not miss it to save your life.

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**Never mind Ron Wood, never mind Paul Shaffer... the three greatest piano players in rock 'n' roll were in the building.**

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| July 3 | Yankee Stadium, New York |
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| July 6 | Toronto |
| July 7 | Ottawa |
| July 10 | Cohasset, Maine |
| July 11 | Hampton Beach, New York |
| July 12 | Hampton Beach, New York |
| July 13 | Hyannis, Massachusetts |
| July 14 | Westbury, New Jersey |
| July 15 | Devos, Pennsylvania |
| July 19 | Asbury Park, New Jersey (Fats only) |
| July 20 | Buffalo, New York |
| July 25 | Fairfax, Virginia |
| July 26 | Baltimore, Maryland |

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**Concerts**

Friday, 4
*July 4 Bash,* at Mark’s Warehouse. 7:30 p.m. Sat., Sun., Tues. 7:30 p.m. Band: Outdoor Portraits.

Saturday, 5
Stevie Wonder, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Wednesday, 9
Julian Lennon, Saenger.

Tuesday, 15
Public Image Ltd., featuring Martin John Lydon, McAlister Auditorium; Ticket Master.

Saturday, 19
2nd Annual Chunky Rhythm: 11 Blues Festival, Richardson Farm in Chunky, Missettp., from 4 p.m. till 11 p.m., performers include the Clay County Dixieland, the Brooms, and the Central Mississippi Dixieland Band.

Sunday, 20
Santana, Saenger and mightly tentaree too.

Sunday, 27

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725 Howard Ave.
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- Mon. Jam Session w/the Natives 8-11
- Wed. Guest Artist on Acoustic Guitar 8-11
- Thurs. The Natives 9-1
- Fri. Endangered Species 10-9
- Sat 5 Reminiscence featuring Mama Wash 10-9
- Sat 12 Sharon Henderson 10-9
- Sat 19 Reminiscence featuring Mama Wash 10-9

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Bayou’s Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon. 524-9200. Jazz under 21 every night, from 8 p.m.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel. 297-2711. Dancing dancing, chix and chex: Wed 2 through Sun. The Four Aces, who are known as Al and the Four Aces, were known as Al and the Four Aces. Wed 16 through Tues. 29.

Terry Lee. From Wed 30, the bluey host of Maria Mudlark. Reservations.

Brewhouse, Jackson Brewhouse, Decatur St., 523-9941. Call for jay listings.

Captain Monday’s. 325 Howard Ave., 523-1275. Mondays: Jam Session with the Natives, 8 midnight. Wednesdays: guest artists playing acoustically during the same hour. Thursdays: The Natives, 9 midnight. Fridays: Mysicfest, from 9 until 3 a.m. Sat. and Sun. 9 to 2.

Saturday: The Four Aces, who are known as Al and the Four Aces, were known as Al and the Four Aces. Wed 16 through Tues. 29.

Terry Lee. From Wed 30, the bluey host of Maria Mudlark. Reservations.

Cafe, 400 Bourbon, 522-3265. Tuesdays: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m. Mondays: Bob Slowie, 4 to 9 p.m.

Friday, 9 p.m. Sundays: Bob Slowie, 4 to 9 p.m.

Saturday: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m.

Sunday: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m.

Artistic Cafe, 701 Bourbon. 522-3180. Tuesdays: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m. Sundays: Bob Slowie, 4 to 9 p.m.

Saturday: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m.

Sunday: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m.

Maison Bourbon, 601 Bourbon, 522-8818. Thurs., Thurs.-Thurs., 4-10 p.m., Sat.-Fri., 4-10 p.m. Sunday, 1-5 p.m.

Tuesday, 6:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m.

Quarter Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7624. Music every day: Thursday and the Que Rico Jazz Band from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m., except on Wednesday when the Famous Door Live has a different band. Every night, Sunday, 6 p.m.

Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon. 522-3265. Tuesdays: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m. Sundays: Bob Slowie, 4 to 9 p.m.

Saturday: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m.

Sunday: Terry Lee, 4 to 9 p.m.

**Random Diversion**

Maple Leaf Poetry Reading

Comedy Cabaret
Fridays at 9 and 11:30, Saturdays at 8, 10:30 and 1 a.m. at Ernst Cafe. 600 P. St. 523-3854. Comedians imported from all over. No wonder it’s called the Comedy King.

Saturday, 5 An evening of WWF wrestling, at the Superdome from 7:30 p.m. and including no doubt some of the biggest names in wrestling. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, and the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz. The Sheik, the British Bulldogs, Jake the Snake Roberts, the Junk Yard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, George the Animal, the Iron Sheik, the Beanz, and the Beanz.
N.O. East


The Club, 1701 St. Bernard, 947-9344. Jazz workshops every Sunday from 7 to 11.

Faces, 8833 West Judge Perez, Chalmette, 279-2223. Call for July lineup.

West Bank

Bronec's, 1409 Roman, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays.

Copeland's, 1700 Laplace, 364-1575. Jazz brunch Sundays from noon to 3.

1801 Club, 1801 Stempel Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and the Y's.


Fezziwig, 401 West Bank Expressway, 367-0217. The Dino Kurose Band every Thursday.

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Uptown


Schedule subject to change. You may want to look for Cyril Neville's Uptown All Stars here on Tuesdays; other regulars: Paula and the Pontics, Trampoline Neville, Blue Lunch.

Hulk Hogan—a good boy who always makes the sign of the cross before he enters the ring (like a boxer played by John Garfield in an old movie)—and one of the WWF monoliths who will be crashing into the "squared circle" at the Superdome, Saturday July 5.

Carolton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Mostly blues or blues-related. Call for July's lineup.


Glass House, 5319 South Sarataoga, 895-9279. Mondays: The Chosen Few with Tuba Fats or perhaps the Dirty Dozen. Call for certain.


Tidbit's, 501 Napoleon Ave., 897-3943. See ad this issue.
Rusty Kershaw at Tipilines's

Elements with elegance: outerwear and wraps from the President's costume collection, paintings and photos, decorative arts and furniture, and a generous amount of Newcomb pottery and Woodward work. At the Mint: Mardi Gras in New Orleans and New Orleans jazz, two large and self-explanatory exhibits, as well as a recently-added exhibit on Louisiana's black heritage.

Paintings from NOMA's collection of European paintings will travel to the La. Visual Arts Center in Alexandria where they will be on exhibit from Tues.8 through Aug.30. Edward Carter, organizer of the exhibit, will lecture in Alexandria on Italian Paintings: Mon.14 and 6:30 and on Mon.28 on Dutch painting.

Through Thurs.24: a group show of gallery artists throughout the summer.

Tulane University, Newcomb Gallery. The New Orleans Women's Caucus for Art honors exhibitors and student award show, through Fri.18. Artists included are Jesslyn Borun Zurik, Janet Sanchez Nelson, and Kitty O'Malley.

UNO Gallery, lakeshore campus. 206-6493. Through Mon.28: sculptures by Mark Hurstone.

Theatre

Bayou Diner Theatre, 4040 Tulane Ave., 486-7144. Fri.4 through Aug.17, Centa, a comedy by Michael Jacobs, about three couples, two of them married. With Terry Whitney, Linda Aubert, A.L. Alonso, Michael Coller, Eddie Utroff Jr., Lennie Mason. Performances Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 with dinner served two hours prior to performance.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9607. From Mon.7 through Aug.30, Romberg's The Desert Song, with performances at 8:30 and weekend matinees at 2:30, preceded by supper served ninety minutes prior to curtain time.

Lafayette Theatre, 888 Tchoupitoulas, 835-7776. Thurs.10 through Sun.13, Moonstruck, a comedy by John Patrick, performed by the Patchwork Players. Tues.2 through the end of the month. Jack and the Beanstalk, performed by the Patchwork Players. In the Arena Theatre, performances Friday and Saturday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. From Fri.11, Hasta El Ultimo Aire, a play by the Jean and the Beanstalk, performed by the Patchwork Players. In the Arena Theatre, performances Friday and Saturday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. From Fri.11, Hasta El Ultimo Aire, a play by the Jean

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Townes, but the New Orleanians
to close Friday night. Fridays also
guitarist Keith Richards joining
Dr. John and the Neville Brothers
of the festival include Rolling Stones'
Murphy, Bo Diddley and Willie
counted) New Orleanians who made
had Memphis
Blues Festival turned into a great big
by Johnny Winter last year.
Sail y Through the
Soul) ... Robert
hit was
Ridgley's first recordings on album
the
a Budweiser Tour of Colleges across
Florida July
1986
ofAtchafalaya
Jazz Festival, is taking his act on the
in Louisiana groups
Woodenhead has added two new
members, bassist
Alvarado
Sect,
uptown: James
underbelly of Final . Academy
joy what we've got around our own
place. It's a summer to relax and
types we wouldn't live here in the first
we're not going anywhere this
summer... although if we were nervous
types we wouldn't live here in the first
place. It's a summer to relax and enj
joy what we've got around our own
neighborhood, and it's fashionable,
too. For instance, around our neigh
borhood, there's a new band
Skin Sect, recently described as the "wild
underbelly of Final Academy ex
plodes in screaming neon shards."
Beat that in Lisbon. . . Meanwhile,
uptown: James Comiskey and Lenny
Jenkins of Woodenden and Denise
Alvarado and Mike Alvarado of
Siren have formed Jamma ...
Woodenden has added two new
members, bassist
Paul Clement and
drummer
Mark Whitaker. . . TwoLouisiana
groups
Beausoleil
and the
Ardoin Family have been chosen to
play in the Festival of American Folk
Life this month in Washington D.C.
Al Farrell, whose band with horn
section was one of the treats of
the Jazz Festival, is taking his act on the
road to Kansas City's Club Emporium
July 18, 19. . . . Chris Foreman
ofAtchafalaya invites any and all of
you who are in Panama City Beach,
Florida July 31 - August 3 to see the
band and try to get the P.C. at
Spinnaker's on the beach. . . The
Look, formerly of New Orleans, is
now the Big Easy and is in San Diego
finishing an EP in LA at Rusk Studios
for IRS records. In the fall they will
do a Midwest Tour of Colleges across
the USA. . O.K.

The Shrewsbury Kid is back! Now
that you can finally get
Tommy
Ridgley's first recordings on album
(The Early 50's in New Orleans on Path)
you can also get his vintage
1986 ("She Turns Me On" bw "A
Boogie Train" on Maison de
Soul). . . Robert Palmer, whose first
hit was
Allen Toussaint's "Sneakin'
Sally Through the Alley," has an
electronic version of Earl King's
'Trick Bag' on his top ten Ripitide
LP. "Trick Bag" was also recorded by
Johnny Winter last year.

This year's Third Annual Chicago
Blues Festival turned into a great big
music party for the over 200 (that we
counted) New Orleanians who made
the trek to the Windy City. Highlights
of the festival include Rolling Stones'
guitarist Keith Richards joining
Chuck Berry on stage for six numb
ers to close Friday night. Friday days
also had Memphris Slim, Matt "Guitar"
Murphy, Bo Diddley and Willie Di
xon, Saturday featured Otis Clay, Dr.
John and the Neville Brothers
closing the show. With attendance
over 220,000 Saturday the Nevilles
got a great response from the Chi
Towners, but the New Orleanians
were disappointed at the Nevilles for
toning down the funkiness they play
in New Orleans for a more middle of
the road rock sound. Sunday closed
out the fest with Pop Staples and the
Staple Singers and John Lee Hooker
doing a solo set. After the fest at night
the Chicago blues bars jumped into action with two New Orleans faves
playing: Biddy Muligan's hosting
Dr. John and Fitzgerald out in the
western suburb of Berwyn having the
Radiators for two packed nights.

Louisiana folk traditions are fea
ured in a new book, Louisiana Folk
Life: A Guide to the State, compiled by
the Louisiana Folklife Program, Mar
di Gras Indians, Kossafile pine straw
baskets, north Louisiana quilts, piro
gues, and more are discussed in this
resource directory edited by Nicholas
R. Spitzer, former Louisiana Folklife
Program manager and presently a re
searcher with the Smithsonian Institu
tion. The guide is not for sale, but it's
available to parish public libraries,
university libraries, and parish school
boards.

J (I am the Blues) Monge D' has
a new single out on Niteshade Rec
ords called "Hurricane" bw "Rice
and Gravy Fever" produced by Art
Newell (who also plays synthesizer
" Hurricane") . J, who recently
worked as an extra on the movie An
gel Heart, had stars of the picture,
Robert DeNiro, Charlotte Rampling
and Lisa Bonet drop by Benny's

to check the act.

Meanwhile, many of New Orlean
s musicians aren't afraid to travel:
former members of the Guatemalan
Ensemble Acustico recorded half of
their upcoming bambu album at C.R.
studios in New Orleans.

Patrice Fisher of Jazmine drove a van
with them back to Guatemala City,
where she will perform for a
month. . . Through drummer Herlin
Riley, percussionist Mark Sanders
joined Ahmad Jamal for a two-week
stint at Fat Tuesday's in New York.
Ricky Sebastian is touring Europe with John Scofield. . . The
Olympia Brass Band has gone to
perform in Nice and The Hague.
When you hear Herbie Hancock's
new album, listen for the percussi
on-its New Orleans' own Rafael Cruz.
### Tipitina's

501 Napoleon Ave.
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**STARTING TIMES:**
- **9:30** — Mon. thru Thurs.
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Share the spirit. Share the refreshment.

SURGEON GENERAL’S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.