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-Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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**NEWS**

**FUTURE OF CITY'S UNTAPPED MUSIC BUSINESS LOOKS BRIGHTER**

Despite the standing of music in the New Orleans mystique and its venerable place in the tourist triad, "fun, food and music," the business of music here remains small business.

"When people here think of the music business," explained Jan V. Ramsey, president of the New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association, "they think of clubs, Bourbon Street, and parties."

"In Nashville they think of recording, video production, publishing, even theme parks."

"So why not Jazzworld or Basin Street in New Orleans? A major factor is the conservative coterie of the New Orleans business community, which, coupled with a traditionally unorganized and dissipated force of artists, has left New Orleans' musical natural resource an untapped one."

And, in a time when the city is fighting to keep its head up long enough not to go the way of Cleveland, it's hard to justify any untapped stones. That was the thought behind the creation of the New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association (NOME).

In what was considered by many artists as a unique move by memb-

ers of the business community, real estate consultant Ramsey and lawyer Michael A. Duplantier got the Chamber of Commerce involved in the project which eventually became NOME.

As what she called "young turk" members of the Chamber's Economic Development Committee (not to mention their high-powered-high profile Economic Development Council), Ramsey said she and Duplantier were looking for a project to spark their interest when Duplantier brought in a Jason Berry article from Gambit on the ways and whereabouts of the plight of the music industry in New Orleans.

"We were really excited," Ramsey recalled, "I said 'really, really, why isn't there a thriving industry here?' But, I'm not a music business person, I'm a real estate consultant who's a music freak." So Ramsey and Duplantier went to "music business people" and in a series of meetings, began to understand the needs of the industry in relation to those of the business community and the city.

"We sat down and talked to some people in informal meetings," she said, "and the people could not believe that the Chamber, the bastion of business in New Orleans, was taking an interest." That fact, in itself, outlined what was to become one of NOME's primary duties: to establish a positive working relationship between the communities of business and entertainment art.

Through a series of other meetings and forums, soil was naturally found their way into NOME's roster of hopes: to raise the level of professionalism in the business end of music by enhancing the educational opportunities, to promote cooperation and communication among the artists themselves, to gain the attention of legislators and to present them with scenarios for positive change, to promote New Orleans' music/entertainment industry on a local, national, and international level and to use that promotion as a means of increasing the tourist trade, to be a clearing house for industry information, and to develop projects that can sustain and enhance the industry in New Orleans.

It all adds up to quite a list, but the organization's board members don't think it's more than they can chew. "I think it will work," said Jay Gernsbacker of the New Orleans Booking Agency and a long-time New Orleans musician. "But we're going to have to work on understanding each other."

In fact, many of the preliminary goals of the organization have already been accomplished and an understanding between the group's somewhat polarized factions, artists and business people, is developing through experience. A first coup in, what's hoped to be a series of many, was the organization's responsibility for bringing MTV's "Sunday nights series "The Cutting Edge" to New Orleans. As the only city visited by the show in an entire season, New Orleans is a standout of the nationwide broadcast. The
city couldn’t pay for that kind of publicity. It was a perfect fulfillment of the organization’s goal to be good for the music industry while being good to the city.

The Association also has an all-encompassing music and entertainment industry handbook in production edited by Echo Olander of the Arts Council which will include information on everything from legal advice for individual musicians to contacts for video production, according to board member and Wavelength editor Connie Atkinson. Set up in a loose-leaf-easy-to-read format, the book promises to be an ongoing and invaluable resource for artists and businesspeople alike.

On the political front, in mid-July Ramsey and board member Cosimo Matassa faced City Council members to ensure the inclusion of the music industry in the councilmen’s plans for a film and television promoting committee. Ramsey has also already been in touch with the Barthelmy administration’s Jerome Dickhaus and has gotten a favorable response and constructive advice, according to board member and the Chamber’s attitudes toward the organization encouraging. On the burner for the near future are two sets of workshops, one to help businesspeople overcome their natural fear of music investments, and one for musicians to help them overcome their problems with the demands of the business world. The hope is that what for many has been a handshake-business will become bigger business when it’s all on paper. ‘We want to say to businesspeople ‘don’t laugh people, with music investment ideas out of the bank,’ and to music people ‘have it broken out into what it means in dollars and cents, have the documentation to spell out the return.’”

Despite the energies of the board members and the Association’s widening grassroots support, Ramsey has no delusions that it’s going to be an easy ride. “‘There’s so much to be done and not enough people to do it,’” she said.

And, the Association has already had to weather some setbacks. When NGME held its first major press conference to introduce itself to the city as a new force for economic development, its purposes were already misconstrued. Because it seems the very mindset of the city is unable to cope with the idea of music as an industry, local media sent their music reviewers instead of their business correspondents.

One TV news person asked “Is all this going to mean more jazz on Bourbon Street?” NGME board members were flustered. “‘It was as if when an oil company moved their headquarters to Poydras Street, they’d ask what’s the viscosity of their oil. They should be asking what’s the economic impact? How many jobs are we talking about?’” said Atkinson. The city’s mainstream press is yet to get the point.

“We want to be a force for economic development. If we could help get a shirt factory into some warehouse on Tchoupitoulas, we would, because that would mean employment and that would mean that on Friday night those people would have the seven dollars in their pockets to go to the French Quarter or to Tip’s or Jimmy’s to

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see and hear their favorite music. And, that’s good for the industry and for the city,” said Atkinson.

“The Association is hoping to break through the press barrier and to raise much needed operating funds with its biggest project to date: the Crosstown Jam, three nights of prime New Orleans music at seven different clubs. Some participating groups: Laissez Faire, Flint Rebels, Skin Scret, Songdogs, Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera, a reunion of the Rock-a-byes, Leigh Harrow and R&R (with Dallin review, Ray Bonniville, Dahn Riprock, Astral Project and the New Orleans Stick Band. At this writing, negotiations are underway with other artists.

The across-the-board participation of artists and clubs like Jimmy’s, Dream Palace, Carrollton Station, Snug Harbor, Jed’s, The Maple Leaf and Tipitina’s in what is strictly a骨头 trade to the organization and its goals. Musicians, who board members are quick to recognize play for their livelihoods, are sacrificing a weekend night’s wages to what they obviously believe is a good cause. While club owners are giving up the take of their doors. Business will listen when you put your money where your mouth is, said Ramsey.

The lion’s share of the money generated from the benefit will go to a full-time executive director for the Association, said board members. “We need someone in that position who has a knowledge of fundraising, a steady background in business, who is familiar with the arts and who can handle politicians,” said Ramsey, who knows such a person doesn’t come free.

This would be a person at the end of the day for all sorts of things,” said Atkinson, “if an artist calls who’s been asked to sign on a certain label, he could get information on that label from the NOME office. If an out-of-town producer calls NOME, and they’re interested in making a video here, he can be referred to NOME’s executive director. Now if they call the Chamber, they’re referred to the Tourist Commission, and when they call the Commission, they’re referred to the Chamber.”

“It’s precisely that kind of confusion that costs this city money, said Ramsey. “It’s the same story as any other Pride, and we’re the only one in the area with two or more stages.”

TBA

LAWDY MR. PRICE!

Continuing old home month, Lloyd Price made a singing appearance in his hometown in 26 years on Sunday, June 22 at the Black Heritage Festival, a two-day music and food festival in the Rivertown shopping area in Kenner. The festival, which is being coordinated by the LaSalle Economic Development Corporation, which promotes small businesses in the area. Unfortunately, the fest was promoted only through CD and radio stations, though the shopping area couldn’t have held much more than the 1,000 or so people who showed up for the nighttime portion of the fest. LED president Emmett Richardson promises that the Heritage Festival will be an annual event. It may expand to the nearby levy area with two or more stages.

Judging from the first Black Heritage Festival, it may be the best thing to happen to New Orleans since the Jazz Festival. The food and music were the same as at the Jazz Fest. If you got hungry, you could go to a cash register for a hot dog or a drink. There were gospel choirs, jazz bands, folk bands, and children doing African folk dances, a lot of people dancing, for that matter. Talk about 1952 deja vu, the grand marshal for the festival’s opening parade was Dave Bartholomew. Before Price came on Tommy Ridgely opened with lush vocals on the title track of his album.’

“Ooh Poo Pah Do.”

The big difference between the Jazz Fest and the Heritage Fest was the predominately black audience. One man remarked that it was the most blacks he had seen in his audience since the Fifties. If the Black Heritage Festival can help bring the crowd away from blacks and traditional forms of black music it will have lived up to its name.

Price seemed genuinely touched by the reaction of his hometown of Kenner. He had to shake hands and converse with dozens who seemed
to know him personally. Some of them undoubtedly knew him from the brash 19-year-old who helped change the course of music history in 1952 with “Lawdy Miss Clawdy.” They made him sing it twice. Most of the crowd hadn’t been born yet in 1952, but everybody could sing along with “Personality,” which has been in more commercials than John Houseman.

They made him sing it twice.

Most of the crowd hadn’t been born yet in 1952, but everybody could sing along with “Personality,” which has been in more commercials than John Houseman. Though he was hoarse and he had had only a short rehearsal with Tommy Ridgely’s band, Price could do no wrong for the crowd, which waited out a Louisiana afternoon shower under a tent to see him.

And Price showed himself as a consummate showman, grinning as he teased with the intro from “Staggerlee,” and dancing like a kid.

Afterwards, in Price’s hotel room he related to WWOZ’s Duke-a-Paducah (Thanks, Duke) and myself what he had been doing lately. It

Fort Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma, Wichita, Austin—places like this. We sold out every night. They were outside scalpin’ tickets at $35. I couldn’t believe it. I said, “This is just like 1959. What is this?” and people there were 30, 20, 15, and they all loved that music. I couldn’t believe it.”

For someone who hasn’t lived in New Orleans for over 30 years, you wouldn’t think Price’s civic pride would be too strong. On the contrary, Price is incensed by the recent placement of the Rock ‘n’ Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland.

“How can Ahmet Ertegun [founder of Atlantic Records and board member of the Hall of Fame], who made his fortune off New Orleans talent, have the audacity to say that Philadelphia or Cleveland should be the headquarters for the Hall of Fame? New Orleans build rock ‘n’ roll. I mean, Lloyd Price shows his “Personality” at the Heritage Fair.

Price has been living primarily in Africa for the last ten years and has been working as a building developer, after a stint promoting title fights with fight promoter Don King. “I had quit doing music altogether. I found out that I wasn’t giving 100% to the craft that I love, which is my music.

The music goes around. It looks like now that this music is in a full circle. For instance, Patti LaBelle, Tina Turner, Aretha Franklin, and Dionne Warwick just came off number one hits. I think now it’s more positive. I think now if you are really dedicated and sincere, those of us who were young back during that time and still have youth in our lives today, I think we can do it again.

As a matter of fact, I am working on some new material, and I haven’t thought about making a record in a very long time. I think I’m gonna do it again.

“Last month Chuck Berry, Chubby Checker, Little Anthony, and myself, we did about six nights. We were in Texas—San Antonio, there shouldn’t be no question about it. I don’t think at all that the Hall of Fame, if there is a Hall of Fame for rock ‘n’ roll and rhythm & blues, should be in Cleveland, Ohio! That’s like taking country music and saying the Grand Ole Opry should be in Brooklyn. It’s ridiculous.

“It was exciting today, tremendously exciting. I tell you, after being away from the business as long as I have and away from performing, especially in your hometown as I did today—the last time I was in New Orleans (I’ve never performed in Kenner) I was at the City Auditorium in 1960 with Dick Clark. Connie Francis, and Fabian—I was just elated. I’ve never seen anything like it. Today the people were happy, and the music sounded great, even though I only had a 20-minute rehearsal with the band. The people loved it. I tell you I guess I can call it a highlight. It was one of the highlights in my life that the people accepted it and it went over so well. I loved it.”

—Rick Coleman
When I was a teenager growing up in New Orleans (or, to be precise, Metairie) during the Sixties, I listened to music non-stop. I listened to the two big AM stations—WNOE and WTIX. WNOE, with deejays such as C.C. Courtney (later to become a minor soap opera star) and Lou Kirky, was somewhat hipper; WTIX was more the station of choice for pits, as gomeras of predominantly Sicilian heritage were called (today, they would be deemed yeuts although I must confess I never heard the term until I had left home and moved to Rhode Island, of all places!).

WNOE and WTIX both played all the "revolutionary" Sixties music—the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, Freddie and the Dreamers, the Dreamers, and every song they could. They were not romantic and/or purist (perhaps I am being overly romantic with my suspicions). They were black music. It was as color-blind as radio. The music that really got the major attention was black music. Blacks and whites—the entire concert was black music. Blacks and whites—the entire concert was black music. Blacks and whites—the entire concert was black music.

Our parents knew this, too. Those handbills one reads about in solomn English books histories proclaiming that savage black music would ultimately lead to the destruction of the white race were commonplace items in New Orleans. My father brought one home to me and I put it on my bedroom wall and thought it was pretty funny. I'm not sure what he thought about it. He probably thought it was somewhat silly but then, at the time, he was the head of the Louisiana State Sovereignty Commission, the purpose of which was to maintain the "sovereignty" of Louisiana against the Feds. The White Empire was crumbling and our parents were only trying to save us. In New Orleans, in 1986, the situation has totally reversed and now our kids cannot ride their bikes around the block unescorted without eliciting threats from their young black contemporaries. That curiously intermingling of blacks and whites is what makes New Orleans tick. We live next-door to each other and we know each other very well. We have also learned to ignore each other while sharing the same turf, much the same as zebras and Cape buffalo on the Manyanamadi flats. This same "curious intermingling" resulted in the beloved soul music of my youth. As Peter Guralnick theorizes in his latest work, Sweet Soul Music: Rhythm and Blues and the Southern Dream of Freedom: "Southern soul music represented a temporary victory, a momentary cessation of hostilities in which the combatants heistantly set aside their differences and for an instant, however brief, joined arms in a sea of troubles, against a common foe." Or, as determined by Rodger Redding (Ots' brother): "What made it work, the key to it all, was black and white together, working as a team." Without hesitation, I wish to declare that Sweet Soul Music is a masterpiece. Anyone who grew up in the South will love it because it is so true. And anyone who grew up in the North (as did one or two of our daily newspaper's regular music writers) should be required to read Sweet Soul Music and then tested for comprehension.

Why, I remember sitting next to one of these fellows a couple of years ago at a James Brown concert at Municipal Auditorium and it was the first time he had ever witnessed Soul Brother Number One in action. And if that wasn't shocking enough, he spent the entire concert talking and asking my friend Hammond Scott (since I don't usually converse with Yankees) questions about James Brown and associates. Hammond, ever the polite Southern gentleman, obliged the fool, who went back to his typewriter and composed the most pitiful essay on why James Brown wasn't up to par. If I was King, this writer would have been beheaded on Canal Street at high noon.

Guralnick's finest achievement is that he got Southerners to talk and more or less gained their confidence. Southerners love to talk—that's easy enough—and they also love to bullshit Northerners. It's simple to run around the South and interview musicians and transcribe the tapes and call it a book. Guralnick has captured the very essence of southern soul music—the very essence of the South, for that matter.

Likewise, the South captured Guralnick. He confesses that most of his expectations about soul were turned topsy-turvy. "I came face to face with the disparity between theory and reality almost as soon as I started my interviews for the book." What is soul? As Guralnick soon realized, it was music produced by Southern blacks and whites—the blacks usually did the singing, the whites usually played the musical instruments, the whites almost always owned the record companies. And when Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis, the business of soul, the business of integrated Southern music, was over. On the day King was slain, white soul brothers Steve Cropper and Duck Dun had to be escorted to their cars as they left the Stax recording studio, so as not to arouse "an ugly mob that had formed outside." Small wonder Guralnick might have had the idea that these were the guys who played the music behind Otis Redding, Carla Thomas and Sam and Dave.

What happened before the mob formed, the background of Guralnick's book. The cast of characters is phenomenal: Sam "Mr. Soul" Cooke, blown away by the night manager of a three-dollar-a-night motel after ripping the clothes off of "a young Italian model," who had driven to the place in his $14,000 Ferrari; Jerry Wexler, the hipster-Jew from New York ("Each company must do its best to fulfill the pulsating needs of middle America to maximize its potential for success. We might as well be selling hubcaps."); King Solomon Burke, mortician/hustler/prophet/popcorn salesman entertaining 30,000 Ku Klux Klanners in Mississippi. And Estelle Stott, the improbable brother and sister team behind Stax Records, the sublime Otis Redding, sucking lemons and eating honey to preserve a voice ravaged by the pace set in his opening act, Sam and Dave ("These motherfuckers are killing me.") Rick Hall and Dan Penn and Spooner Oldham and numerous other soulful white boys; James Brown and Syd Nathan of King Records, a man so tightfisted he once passed on an opportunity to buy the rights to "Tennessee Waltz" because no song was worth $50, Al Green ("jumps from topic to topic with the skittishness of a startled deer, and the songs seem to follow that pattern."); the immaculate Muscle Shoals trumpet player who pinched Aretha Franklin's butt the day she recorded "I Never Loved a Man (The Way I Do)"; New Orleans' own Marshall Sclorn, pistol-whipped and beaten-up in his shower at a black radio station in Miami in 1968.

There are no two ways about it: you must read this book. And then you should stand and pray to the Heavenly Father that Peter Guralnick will write a similar book about New Orleans music. I would certainly lend my hand.

My only criticism of Sweet Soul Music (and splintering criticism) is that on at least three occasions, he utilizes the word "bathetic." I doubt if this word is part of many readers' vocabularies, especially those being part of the Mission Line, down here "behind the sun."
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The Reluctant King of Cow Punk

Dwight Yoakum draws skinheads and good old boys to his 'hillbilly as it gets' gigs.

Not actually rock but definitely worth considering musically is a hot new recording artist who's forcing hardcores to explore the country & western stacks in music stores across the country.

Dwight Yoakum's satisfied playing a classic Hank Williams tune to a club full of teenage punk rockers or to a predominately country and western crowd like the one that showed up for his New Orleans performance last month at Bronco's in Gretna.

Yoakum's been in front of both. And he really doesn't have a preference as long as whoever's listening doesn't mind his uncompromised hillbilly sound.

At Bronco's, the 29-year-old Pikeville, Kentucky native drew mostly middle-aged cowboys dressed in boots, hats and western shirts with a hint of the new wave invasion expected from the Reprise recording artist who was 'too country for Nashville' so went to Los Angeles to be greeted with reverence by the emerging cow punk set.

But there is nothing cow punk about Yoakum's performance of original songs from his debut album, Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc., combined with country and western tunes by Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt, Bill Monroe and Hank Williams. For the New Orleans crowd he added 'Jambalaya' to the set—closed the two-hour show with a wonderful rendition of Elvis' 'Little Sister.'

Just as strong as Yoakum's songwriting abilities and voice are a band that road manager Michael Dumas describes as 'the best rock 'n' roll musicians playing the best country and western music.' Touring with same players who made the album, the band is composed of guitarist Pete Anderson, bassist J.D. Foster, fiddler Branley Kearns and drummer Jeff Donovan.

The five-member band, three crew members and a bus driver travel by bus from one stop to the other. They were recently featured at Farm Aid II, July 4, in Texas, and from New Orleans traveled to Nashville for Charlie Daniels' annual 'Volunteer Jam.' On that particular day, Yoakum and band played with Merle Haggard at one gig, then the Volunteer Jam, and headlined their own show that night.

But no matter what the schedule they always make time, like most of their country counterparts, to meet the fans. Following his Gretna performance, Yoakum greeted young and old, country and punk fans waiting for him outside his tour bus. From signing autographs and album covers, posing for pictures with fans and even recording a message on tape for a young fan, Yoakum and his band are accessible to the people who have built their careers. Prior to the evening performance, Yoakum visited the record department at the new Wal-Mart store in Harvey to promote his album.

Yoakum defies critics' attempts to crown him King of Cow Punk. Describing his set as 'as hillbilly and honky tonk as it gets,' the guitarist, usually hidden behind a tall cowboy hat, applauds the attention L.A.'s real cow punk bands have given his country roots. "Those kinds of acts were wanting to find out about country music," he says from the back of his tour bus after the show. "That was surprising. I was skeptical at first as to whether or not they would accept a true pure country band. And once we played for them I realized they were truly sincere."

Yoakum has toured with Los Lobos, the Blasters and X's offspring, the Knitters as the opening act and recorded a duet, "Bury Me" with Lone Justice's Maria McKee for his current release.

Again clarifying his distinction of being "true country" with a cow punk following, the country star says, 'We do hillbilly. We do honky tonk if anything.' But they don't do cow punk!

"Honky Tonk was dance music in joints," he says, again for clarity between conflicting musical styles. And who should know better than the performer who began his musical career in those joints?

From there he went to Nashville in search of a record deal. But the "lake-warm" reception was "very disillusioning, very disheartening because it made me feel like there was no hope for the music anymore. But now we've overcome that hurdle."

That's right, the hurdle's behind him. But it took the enthusiasm and help of a surprisingly interested bunch of musicians that were thought to stand firmly on the opposite end of the musical spectrum from country and western.

They draw skinheads, hard core punkers and others you'd never imag-
Dwight Yoakam.

Yoakam likes returning to play the honky tonks, like Bronco's, he says, but thinks it's necessary to play both country and rock clubs.

Starting out "I wanted to play anywhere people would come see me," he says, meaning honky tonk joints. But in the past three years, he's played rock 'n' roll clubs almost exclusively. "I was surprised," Yoakam admits, "that there was a scene that came out of L.A. that was punk rockers like X. and people like the kids that formed Lone Justice, Rank 'N' File, Jason and the Scorchers, who were interested in his music."

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"I hope we've had a positive influence. I don't know that I've had a major influence. You know we're traveling around from club to club and we're slowly seeing that there is obviously an impact. We had 700 people show up tonight, which for our first time in New Orleans is a fair turnout."

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Yet that doesn't mean his audience is almost exclusively rock 'n' rollers. In fact, his manager says it's a lot easier to get the country crowd to the rock clubs than to get rockers to a honky tonk. There is always a very broad mixture, Yoakam says, from young kids to mainstream country fans.

"I think that what I'm trying to reach is the broadest audience possible without compromising music," he says, "not, in other words, going to patronize anybody. I just want to come out and do my music and have as many people as possible hear it and accept it. I will never ignore the kids. And I think Nashville has been guilty of that."

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Next month we will be in New Orleans to tell you more about how you can become part of the organization that awards the Grammys. If you're part of the recording industry, you should be part of the Recording Academy.

Look for an announcement in next month's Wavelength for all the details.

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AUGUST • Wavelength 13
A bout Last Night is about modern relationships, and suffers from what nearly every movie in this inevitably does: it must be the psychobabble of modern people using modern language to express their modern feelings. All these terms of commitment and communication tend to illustrate a general sexual trend in society, something all moderns can relate to. In other words, there is no real story.

Focusing closely on Danny (Rob Lowe) and Debbie (Demi Moore), two young singles in Chicago who attempt to be serious about one another after a one night stand, About Last Night is not a love story. Reminiscent of last year's Key Exchange, which not too many people saw for good reason, About Last Night examines a live-in relationship that cannot withstand the modern threats of sexual freedom and temptation that lurk in all corners of city life. These temptations consist mostly of drunken glances, flirtations occurring in a rambunctious singles bar, Mother Maloney's, a lively but not very appetizing alternative to cozy domesticity and regular sex.

What really happens between the two lovers is not clear. Why Debbie fends off the passes of her boss at a Christmas party, declaring her undying love for Danny ("I want to have ten children with this guy! Doesn't it show??") and jokingly declares it all over after a New Year's tiff is a mystery. We are not brought to this turning point realizing that anything that dramatic, good or bad, has been going on. In a movie dense with dialogue, we are never clued in to any scenes and comments than we know about Dan­ n y, giving some free advice while reminding her of all those women who used to drop their girlfriends the mo­ ment some guy called, 'Who didn't?' asks Debbie, innocently guilt­ y, 'I didn't!' replies Joan. Touché for an angry movie character finally defending loyal females everywhere.

The only thing this movie really does well is show the awkwardness between two people who sleep together before knowing each other. Bernie, giving some free advice while discussing her new romance with Danny:

"What happens after a one night stand isn't any more fun to watch on the screen than it is in real life."

What happens after a one night stand isn't any more fun to watch on the screen than it is in real life.

Elliott Keener, and 11-year-old newcomer Jenny "Red" Reddick. The Maple Leaf Bar played the role of a club called the Red Rooster, and New Orleans musicians Deacon John, Richard Payne, Alonzo Stewart and Lilian Boule teamed up with Brownie McIver, Pinetop Perkins and Sugar Blue for a performance scene. Audience extras were musical as well and included Charmanne Neville, J. Monroe D.' and J.D. Hill. Angel Heart is now in post-production in Paris, but will likely not be at a theatre near you till 1987.

Cannon Film, the company that produced Nightcrawler in New Orleans in May-June, shot part of another picture, Undercover, in Shreveport in July. A low budget picture ($1.5 million), the movie is about an undercover narcotics detective posing as a high school student. Ironically, the high school where they filmed was recently the scene of a bust similar to the one dramatized in the movie. Cannon will be bringing another picture, Shy People, to the Lafayette area in the fall.

David Moorman's Perspectives, a new company in the

...Tri-Star Pictures Production: directed by Edward Zwick, produced by Jason Reed and Stuart Oken; written by Tim Kazurinsky and Denise DeClue based on the play Sexual Perversity in Chicago by David Mamet; director of photography, Andrew Deliventras; executive producer, Arnold Stein. original music score by Miles Goodman, starring Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, Jim Belushi, and Elizabeth Perkins, Chantal Kreviazuck, Winona Ryder, City G. Keener, Wilma Aurora, Uptown Square.

LOCAL PRODUCTION NOTES

Alan Parker's Angel Heart wrapped in New Orleans in late June. Most New Orleanians know the picture stars Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Charlotte Rampling and Lisa Bonet, but several local actors were featured in key roles as well. These include Stocker Fonteneau, former director of Le Petit Theatre, who spoke briefly about the latter, recalled the last time he came to New Orleans, in 1965 to shoot This Property is Condemned. Check your late show listings — this movie is a must-see, also starring Natalie Wood and directed by Sydney Pollack.

REVIEWS

RUNNING SCARED's greatest success is the learning up of Billy Crystal and Gregory Hines. Playing a pair of Chicago cops going through a love-hate ordeal with their careers, the twosome play as if they really had been working their fictional 16 years together. Hines is far superior in this comic role than in his recent dramatic role as drug lord in the movie White Night, but Crystal shines as the comic lead. The film is not as bad as it sounds, but serves the purpose of moving along the relationship between Hines and Crystal, and between the partners and their bosses, two ripe undercover cops, and the women in their lives. There are some tense moments that come with the usual police-fare — a hair-raising car chase on a train tracks, but the humor and the actors' thinking-on-their-feet delivery make Running Scared standout apart from the usual cop yarns. We know more about Tony's relationship, especially his ex-wife just from some brief scenes and comments than we know about Dan­ n y and Debbie in About Last Night, a movie supposedly devoted to one relationship.

Running Scared is a successful combination of two fine, funny actors and a good, tight script, a movie that proves its own path to a sequel.

A Turner-Foster Company Production; di­ rected by Paul Verhoeven, produced by David Foster and Lawrence Turman; screenplay by Gary Devere, starring Gregory Hines, Billy Crystal. Belt Promenade, Chelsea, Downtown Joy, Eastlake Promenade.

LEGAL EAGLES is a forgettable but entertaining film whose strengths are found in its occasional shots of Louisiana, and a fine comedic performance by Robert Redford as Tom Logan, assistant district attorney. Its weak­ nesses lie in its dialogue: excepting the star headings, you may wonder where the $3.1 million budget went — partly to not one, not two, but three New York buildings up in smoke and the movie's credibility down in flames. Add to that a dense, convoluted plot about a fraud for a few laughs, and the movie's energy is quickly lost as the audience, the outcome of the kooky Chelsea (Daryl Hannah), performance artist, air, and characters quickly become meaningless to one another. Legal Eagles is not a love story. Re­ view: the best and worst of Robert Redford's recent dramatic appearances in Running Scared, Angel Heart, and Colombo. Crystal gives a glimpse of a serious side to his character as well as his never­ before-seen comic voices and gags.

The plot, concerning the pursuit of a drug pusher, aspiring Hispanic godfather, is rather remarkable for its sleazy and serves the purpose of moving along the relationship between Hines and Crystal, and between the partners and their bosses, two ripe undercover cops, and the women in their lives. There are some tense moments that come with the usual police-fare — a hair-raising car chase on a train tracks, but the humor and the actors' thinking-on-their-feet delivery make Running Scared standout apart from the usual cop yarns. We know more about Tony's relationship, especially his ex-wife just from some brief scenes and comments than we know about Dan­ n y and Debbie in About Last Night, a movie supposedly devoted to one relationship.

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Bette Midler stars as Barbara Stone, a spoiled heiress who is so obvious her kidnappers are tempted to pay her husband to take her back.

RUTHLESS PEOPLE is a brilliant comedy that never sags, drags or loses momentum from its first ruthless moments to its last. Danny DeVito is Sam Stone, the "Queen of Mini Skirt King," who is trying to add to his fashion fortune by killing his despised, wealthy wife Barbara (Bette Midler), his efforts are aided, he thinks, by ruthless people in training Ken and Sandy Kessler (Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater), a young couple with a temperament of none who kidnap and threaten to kill his wife. Add Anita Morris (Debra Winger), Stone's ruthless mistress, who has her own plans for Sam's money, and her dimwitted boyfriend (Bill Murray) who is as stupid as the others are ruthless. Unlike most movies about "real" people, these characters have no conscience whatsoever, no good to balance their evil natures. They are totally slimy throughout, which is the heart of why this picture works.

Ruthless People succeeds as a commentary of L.A. lifestyles in the way Down and Out in Beverly Hills attempted to, but failed. Down and Out used the tired, Beverly Hills clichés of the nouveau riche, their maladjusted children and silly self-help cures as its major vehicle. Ruthless People uses a similar lifestyle as a background, and a much more interesting story and characters in the foreground. Bette Midler, who starred in both pictures, was just a boring, pathetic rich woman. She plays a much more sympathetic character in Ruthless People despite being a lead, obnoxious witch. It is touching to see Barbara Stone's violent temper sideways when she hears those three little words a woman like her craves most—"you've lost weight."


ROOM WITH A VIEW
Much About Nothing would be a more appropriate title for this dry, Victorian comedy of manners. There is nothing wrong with the acting or photography, nothing amiss in the period beauty of Helena Bonham Carter as Lucy Honeychurch. It is pretty, yes, but the story is painfully dull. Who needs two hours of pretty when one could be taking a nap?

"If only she lived as passionately as she played (the piano)," remarked the observant Reverend Beebe (Simon Callow) of Lucy. Is she really so passionate, though?

Just as these people covered their bodies under layers and layers of clothing, over the young heroine's passions seem to slumber as she older, cultivated companions. Lucy is no Sylvette Melvin, the heroine of My Brilliant Career. whose passion and vinegar spirit set against the proper customs of a similar family created a lively story and interest in her character. Lucy, on the other hand, spends years covering a kiss a young tourist stole one summer holiday. I haven't been so bored by a movie since The Bastard, another Merchant/Ivory spectacles of repressed passions.

The first real meeting between "Big Chief Jolly" and "Big Chief" Professor Longhair was a meal to remember.

STEVE ARMBRUSTER

Corporate executives, U.S. Senators, and other such mover-and-shaker types have recently started a trend towards business breakfasts. The theory proclaims this meal ideal for getting you off to an organized, running start. Your mind is supposed to be dulyfreshened by a good night's rest and undisturbed by details that will pile up during the day. I was once present at a memorial encounter over a breakfast table. It is a fortunate memory that I shall always cherish. Understand right from Jump Street that this did not happen in New Orleans. None of the principles would have been up at that time of the morning in their hometown. It happened in Santa Cruz, California, in September 1977. It was the first real meeting between "Big Chief Jolly" and "Big Chief" Professor Longhair. It was, as they say, the start of a beautiful friendship.

Both men had just flown in to play music. The had rendezvoused with Jolly's nephews: Arts, Aaron, Cyril, and Charles—the Neville Brothers—who had endured a three-days-and-sleepless-nights roadcrossing in a crowded Winnebago and Charles-the Neville Jolly's nephews: Arts, Aaron, Cyril, Brothers Band, making their first big terey." had accepted an offer to highlight the were back at the motel sleeping. They who had endured a friendship.

It was a great day for the home team. Uncle Jolly was a star. In fact, he was the real reason for the tour. The Neville Brothers were brand new; nobody had as yet heard of them. Fess was great but still not as widely known as he should have been. Also, it was expensive to mount a tour with so many people. The bookings actually came off the strength of the album entitled The Wild Tchoupitoulas. It was a neighborhood collaboration. Released by Island Records, it had become an underground sensation on the West Coast.

The big chief breakfast took place two mornings later. I had no real business being there, so this left me free and available for any meal. I believe the group's managers were afraid Fess might get neglected in the shuffle and invited me to be a companion to him during the ten or so days they would be in the area. My job was to keep women from running up to Fess and sloppy-kissing him (he was afraid they would bite him by mistake), to go with him to the Steinhardt Aquarium and also to show him and Jolly some scenes. (Jolly decided he "wouldn't mind doing that if I was a real"). First, however, we had to find something to eat.

The place we found had lots of windows and was very bright. I remember that. The other customers looked ultra-healthy, young and tall and tan and lovely. We sat as far away from them as possible. Fess and Jolly were both feeling frisky, acting like Heckle and Jeckle. They were checking each other out. Even though they were almost the same age, both played joints; they covered basic stuff like that. There were lots of questions. They were like two hip kids who had just transferred to a new school, comparing notes. There was a lot of kidding. They each had a wonderful laugh.

The menu wasn't important. We were in California, so there were no grits. I seem to recall we had big omelettes decorated with tufts of parsley and slices of orange. It all seemed quite fancy at the time. When we left we were no longer hungry.

Fess is the man who recorded the classic tune "Big Chief." He included it in all his sets by popular demand. Jolly actually was a "Big Chief." When four guys first got together in 1974 at the Patino Bar to form a new tribe, Jolly, whose birth name is George Landry, became its Big Chief. Before that he had run as Second Chief of both the White Eagles and the Black Eagles, Trail Chief of the Black Eagles, and Second Chief of the Wild Magnolias. As these two men got to be good buddies they often traded Indian stories.

Indian tradition goes back a long way in New Orleans. Neither Fess nor Jolly could remember when blacks had not masked as Indians and paraded through the streets of the city. Maybe it goes back to a time when real Indians had harbored runaway slaves deep in the swamps. There were lots of stories; fearsome and funky names like "Golden Blades," "Creole Wild West," "Apache Hunters," the "Wild Squawholla," and many more. Every neighborhood had its own tribe or two. They were not always fond of each other. Fess recalled how it was like gang warfare. The tribes would go out to do battle. Every Indian had knives, guns, and "tommyhaws" hidden up his sleeves, his boots, tucked in anywhere that would hide them. If two gangs met in the streets, especially if one was from uptown and the other from downtown, boom! If guys came across another tribe after they got separated from their gang, they were in trouble. They would have to bow down on the ground before the other tribe; that's called "making hoomah." If they refused they would get beaten and cut.

Songs like "Meet Me Boys on the Battlefront" tell true stories. The Battlefield was a specific place back there near today's train station. "Fess got to talking about it. "Every year a dozen Indians or so would go to Charity Hospital all cut up. Every year, I mean the same thing would happen. We wouldn't cross Felicity Street. We wouldn't cross Elysian Fields. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street. We wouldn't cross any street.

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"Meet Me Boys on the Battlefront"
an arresting anybody in an Indian suit they see. "Too much bullshit," Jolly agreed.

After that the tribes got together and decided to regulate themselves. They made the chief of each tribe responsible for any violence committed by his tribe. Then the rivalry was channeled into competition over costume and song. Talk at the table then swung to the suits. In those days suits were made out of anything available. "Guys would decorate buckskins with turkey feathers and strings of bottle caps," Fess recalled. "Those guys were really artistic," Jolly would agree.

A week later in San Francisco they were visited by Mac Rebennack, a.k.a. Dr. John. Mac remembered one chief who was really impressive. "His headdress was eight feet tall and had coconut shells across the top, all painted up. Stuffed alligators were crawling up each arm. And at the very top of his crown was a real panther's head."

"Hey Jolly," Fess called, "I got a black cat by my house. You want me to have it feel your "Remembering Jolly."

Today's Indian suits are elaborate, expensive, and beautiful productions. Countless hours go into sewing tiny beads into grand designs and complex pictures. Literally thousands of dollars might be spent on gorgeously colored ostrich plumes and satin cloth. Those were the kinds of suits Jolly was making. The man could really sew.

Heard him questioning 'Fess much later, in the way of a reminder, "Hey Fess! When you gonna bring me my head?" He chuckled.

It reminded me of a line that Jolly would sing, "I take the feathers from the eagle, drink panther's blood." Understand that when people put on their suits for Mardi Gras, they are serious. Eagles and panthers best be avoided.

While we were still sitting at that breakfast table, Fess looked up casually and said, "I like you, Jolly. You sing the old songs."

Both those guys are gone now. It's harder to hear those old songs. True, Fess has a few albums and Jolly is recorded doing his Indian songs; but no record exists of Jolly playing his "secular" tunes. He used to sit down at the piano and just tickle out some of the finest blues, ballads, and fables you could imagine. Not breathtaking in their changes, like "Fess's stuff; but full of humor, good timing, and soulful expression. At first he would just show up places and play on random occasions. He would wander by Tipitina's a lot when the piano was sometimes in the front and just sit down. Gradually, he got requests to do scheduled appearances as a soloist.

He always did one song about a pool game hustle between some funky Br'er Bear characters. It was called "Shave 'Em Dry." Whenever he'd finish a verse about a monkey or something hitting a three-rail bank shot into the corner pocket to win big bucks Jolly would be repeating the refrain, "Yeah, I'm gonna shave 'em dry." Verse after verse would follow, each one funnier than the next. I wish that someone, perhaps one of his nephews, might have a tape of that song they could make into a record. Perhaps the Nevilles could include it as lagniappe with one of their albums. About all I can remember is this, "As Stu once said to Nappy Chan, 'You keep on bettin', you're bound to win.'" I would really like to remember more.

I recall this much only by chance. I just thought of this through a book recently that I had kept up on my shelf for a long time. Inside it I found a blue funeral pamphlet. George "Big Chief Jolly" Landry, deceased: August 9, 1980. "A beautiful human being, a respected musician, an extraordinary Big Chief. We loved him deeply."

Six years ago this month he died. I shall see him daily for the months of August and January. All year I have been using the Tipitina 14-month calendar 1980-1981. The cycle is completed, the days line up correctly for 1986. Flipping to August, I notice a picture of Jolly. He looks ultra-clean in his spotless, three-piece white suit with shoes, shirt, hat, and tie to match. He is leaning against someone's Puch motorscooter. By some psychic design this picture was placed almost squarely on the day he was to die. It was this coincidence that caused me to dredge up all these memories. Later in the calendar there is another classic photo: "Uncle Jolly at the 88's, Aaron Neville (on Capt. Beefheart's drums)."

It was there: it was a performance worth remembering. It also helps give me an appreciation for a fine compliment paid Uncle Jolly by his nephew Aaron. Very simply, and with the deepest respect and love, he commented, "He was aatty dude."

Gone but not forgotten. Each time the Neville Brothers Band performs, they cry out his name from the stage. They all include a few Indian songs in their repertoire. He was such an inspiration and joy that it must seem like he has never left. They sing the Indian songs as if still trying to please him. I think it is a necessary part of turning on their creative juices. That is why they loudly invoke "Big Chief Jolly," why they sing about his "golden crown." It is more than just habit. They call out to him like a guardian angel. It puts a real value on their music and breathes life into every set.
Walter Washington On His Own

Known as Johnny Adams' band leader, guitar player "Wolfman" Washington is stepping into the spotlight this month.

JASON PATTERSON

he air is smoky at midnight in Dorothy's Medallion on this Saturday night. Between the low ceiling and the hundred or so lit cigarettes, the neon Budweiser sign projects like a beacon on a foggy shoreline. The go-go dancer pokes her head out from between the rubber bars of her cage and up to the crowd for a light. Tonight like every Saturday night, she has had to cope with the latest neighborhood gossip for the attention of the patrons. Except for the handful of white faces in the crowd, Dorothy's clientele lives within walking distance of the place.

As the hands of the clock push us into the a.m., the anticipation builds as the band sets up its equipment in a space the size of a walk-in closet. The white kids have made the excursion crosstown to Orleans Avenue to hear the sounds that have been emanating from this club for years, the sounds of Walter Washington's seven-year stint at Dorothy's.

Washington Waiting for the late band member is all part of the foreplay involved in the experience. As the music finally projects over the roar of the crowd through amplifiers that look like they were used in World War II, you know this is the real thing. This is the blues.

Though it has now come to an end, Washington's seven-year stint at Dorothy's has proven him a showman in his own right. As bandleader behind many rhythm and blues stars over the last twenty years, he has performed in much larger venues but not on his own terms. "Dorothy took me into her family," Walter reflects as he sips his Crown-and-Coke at the Song Harbor, where he holds down a regular Monday night gig. "I've always tried to be fair with her. If I had another gig that paid more dust, I'd call her in at least a week ahead of time and tell her, 'Look, I've got nowhere else to go,' and that's the way I'd work it with her."

But the Dorothy's gig had gone on too long for too little money. Washington felt the need for a change. It wasn't the first time he had turned away from security in the hopes of bettering his music career.

Many years earlier, when he told his mother that he was leaving high school to play the guitar, she asked him, "Hey man, what are you doing out here with your bag and a guitar?"

"I told him, 'My momma put me out, Johnny. I'm looking for a job.' I did know a little about playing guitar, didn't have a band and the guitar player he was normally using was out of town, so I told him I'd play it cause it was nothing but a solo and a couple of changes so it really wasn't a difficult tune, you know. So I played it and it was about two months later he came in and asked me if I wanted to go on the road.

Washington had no idea what "on the road" really meant when he agreed to do it. A couple of weeks maybe? After four months straight without coming back home, he began

to understand. Like the Dew Drop, most clubs had a house band and touring "stars" would usually have one musician accompanying them, be it guitarist or keyboard player, who knew the star's material and would have to teach each house band at each stop. Washington finally talked Dorsey into going back to New Orleans so he could get a road band together.

The stay was short, however. After a couple of weeks of rehearsals, it was back to the road. With "Ride Your Pony" taking off on the national charts, the band would go out for six-month periods, then have a week or two back home before the next tour. After two years of this, Washington called it quits.

Upon returning to the Dew Drop, Washington was approached by Irma Thomas. "She was trying to get a band started and she wanted me to lead it, but I wasn't going to be the band leader. I said, 'Well, I don't mind being the guitar player and singing, but I wasn't going to be no band leader.' And when she got that band together it was called the Toadnoes and aw, that was a tight band."

Washington had a talent for putting tight bands together. After the Toadnoes broke up, he got a band together for a regular gig in Thibodaux only to have Joe Tex talk them into going on the road with him. Of course Washington wouldn't go.

As the music finally projects over the roar of the crowd through amplifiers that look like they were used in World War II, you know this is the real thing. This is the blues.

Then Johnny Adams approached him to put a band together that could do his material. More than any other rhythm and blues tunes, Washington knew that his New Orleans sound could understand his kind of sound.

"At that time, Johnny didn't know how to explain to these cats the kind of music that he wanted and by both of us having grown up near the same background, I knew that he likes a spiritual sort of feeling." So Washington formed the AFB ("All Fools Band 'cause everybody in it was a fool") and began a professional relationship that was to last fifteen years. The name of the band would change and the personnel would come and go, but Washington is to remain as Adams' main man.

Though Washington would always be on call for any gigs Adams would get, he was also drawn to having his own regular gig somewhere, so he began many times with a different band. He had been getting a reputation for providing strong, solid backup for a singer, but all the while he was developing his own story as a showman to be reckoned with.

B.B. King saw this and hired him as his opening act in the mid-Seventies. It was B.B who would be the greatest influence on the Walter Washington guitar style: "Me and him used to sit in the dressing room and just exchange ideas. When I told him I idolized him, that just did it to him. He just started showing me little tricks and stuff. He said it's not about knowing how much you play, it's how you play it, you know. That's a nice dude. I didn't realize he was that nice."

Record producer Senator Jones saw it in Washington and used it in his own unique way, producing and pressing his first album, Leader of the Pack. "I never did do any album before. He wanted to do sort of a demo album just to have my name out there to see what it could do. But then it had a big build-up and everything and when the album was recorded and with all that taken care of, he really didn't do nothing else with it. Nothing, nothing, nothing and that just made me disgusted. He paid me $50 and that was it. Nothing else."

Late, however, things have been looking up for Washington's career as a performer. Rounder Records' Scott Bowers saw and liked the potential in the Walter since they first worked together on Johnny Adams' One From the Heart album. "About a month or two after Johnny's record came out, I was there playing this gig in Port Allen. Scott came over there and was looking at the gig and we took a break. He asked me 'did I want to record.' I said yeah but I ain't got no material. He said 'well, why not do it now? I can give you some material,' and I said well, it shouldn't take that long. So when I posed Timmie [rhythm and blues singer Timmothea] about it, Timmothea told me she'd help me get it together. So we sat down and started writing.

Timmie had just started singing with the show at this time and had not done much composing herself, but when the two of them came together, the music just emerged. In a short time they had produced enough material for an album.

The record, to be released this month, is titled Wolftracks, a fitting term for a man on the road to greater things. Like other Rounder artists, he has paid more than his share of dues in smoky clubs in the wee hours of the night. Now the wolf is on the prowl."
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The recent rediscovery of Roy Brown is more than the discovery of the roots of R&B and rock 'n' roll. It is, like the concurrent renaissance of Louis Jordan, the uncovering of a pillar of American music. Or, as Brown put it more succinctly in 1949: "Good Rockin'," that's my name. They'd better put my rock in the hall of fame!
The Summer of '86

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JAMES LIEN

Summer is once again upon us in full brute force, leaving little alternative for those of us in this southern clime other than staying indoors and listening to records or maybe our favorite progressive radio station. Of course the record people know this, and have gluttoned the market and bombarded the airwaves with a staggering amount of new releases. Among the more important coming our way this August are a compilation album put out by the Atlanta-based 688 record labeling, featuring, among others, the Fleshtones and, more importantly, at least one cut by New Orleans' own Dash Rip Rock. On the airwaves, in between hearing such music that often comes stronger on the same points, than on previous albums, you might hear some of these records as well:

Live Skull

Cloud One
Harmatone Records HMS56

For some serious sonic eating that sounds a lot like Lydia Lunch, Live Skull offer organic music that often comes close to being too sweet expression, but never degenerates into mere thrashing and wailing. Although the Ramones and R.E.M. (both expected to play here this fall), you might hear some of these records as well:

Martin Bisi (at one time in Bill Laswell's Material), and record in the same place, the notorious Tenement Studios. After only one listening, the message becomes clear: these are intense people who make some intense music to brood to. Cloud One puts you in the center's chair, gnawing your teeth with angst-like circular guitar and moaned, obscure vocals. The album reaches its rousing conclusion in "The Loved One," a vague bit of melody about driving a stake into the heart of your beloved. Live Skull mean serious business. Put on your best black clothes and bread away.

King

The King's March

No label

First of all, it's not the Euro-tecnica dance King you've heard of. What it actually is remains a mystery. The first song is on drums, and Frankie Lennon (also no relation) on bass and vocals. Guitarist Michael Voss doesn't have a funny name, but he can groove with the basic chords to a crazy drawn-out cover of Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll" — one of the album's high points. Other gems include "Skelebaby," "Living on Bombs" (which degenerates into a ridiculous parody of "Hey Really Got Me" halfway through), "Dope Dreams," and "Here Comes the Cops." (Port of a guitar solo which would amaze.) Most of the record, although it's fun, doesn't make a whole lot of sense. Songs like "Sold Us To the Martians," "Jone-

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The Afflicted

Good News About Mental Health

Infrasonic ILP01

Young and white and tired of the disco/ Shave your head and come to San Francisco. These are the opening words that lead off "Summer of Love," the first song on Good News About Mental Health, a demented look into the wacky, wonderful world of the Afflicted. This unusual group rouse the cowl (they'll probably want to give it back, too) as "This year's

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null
As a nice change of pace there is the folk rockish "Positive Train" wherein Mr. V. He demonstrates his prowess with a sax, the song concerns itself with the direction in which the general populace should be headed, but may not be did I mention jazz? Well "Union Street" is a midtempo jazzy romp through the persona of the local drag queen's wares, a local version of Electric Avenue. The band even shows that they can do comedy, by concocting something entitled 'Happy #22 and #23,' an all-in-good-fun joke at the legendary Bob Dylan.

Overall this is an impressive breath of fresh air in a music scene dominated by neo-psychedelia and punk freaks.

-Brise Wayson

Chuck Berry
Rock 'n' Roll Rambler
Chess DBX 15221

Chuck Berry is the greatest rock 'n' roll writer of all time. And if you've forgotten what rock 'n' roll is all about, drop this magazine now and run out and buy Berry's The Great Twenty-Eight for a definitive refresher. A few years ago MCA Records bought the Chess catalogue and began an aggressive campaign of reissues to trim the flood of Chess imports, recently even getting a court order to stop some dealers from selling them. The Great Twenty-Eight skimmed the biggest hits from the now-defunct (except in France) three-Gramophone/Decade two-LP, many of them available elsewhere. Many of Berry's finest early performances that show the blues and honky-tonk roots of rock music been have been released. "No Money Down," "Confessin' the Blues," "Down the Road Apiece," "Dee Jo Gunne," "Don't You Want to Stay?"

Let It Rock," "Downbound Train," and Berry's last classic rocker, "Dad's Dream." Apparently by the eight less tracks run on this LP. My advice to dealers is that they don't want buyers to see too many hits on the jacket they aren't familiar with, but Berry's legacy is poorer for it.

-Rick Coleman

The Smiths
The Queen is Dead
Warner Bros. 25426

This is the third United States release from Morrissey and the boys. As I sit here and listen to this album, I ask myself if this is not the second half of their 1984 release Meat is Murder. Musically there doesn't seem to be any fresh blood in the orchestrations, and lyrically Morrissey is still whining about his self-misfitted society.

The title cut, "The Queen is Dead," is an up-tempo groove that relies on heavy rhythm section 

-junk with hints of psychedelic backwash. Morrissey describes Britain as a futile country with the same depletion as the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen." This album runs through pretty much all the subject as Meat is Murder. "A boy with a Thompson in his hand should have been "How Soon Is Now?" Part 2.

As a whole, this album is enjoyable to listen to. Most of these songs are well-produced and they groove. I just hope that the next album will have a few surprises in store.

-Satney Smith

The Dream Syndicate
Cest la Vie
Big Time Records 1-1002

The third effort from the Dream Syndicate finds them stepping away from the neo-psychedelic scene they helped to found. Their music takes a back seat in favor of experimentation; they're not trying to enter a guitar hero phase anymore. Their music seems to be entering a guitar hero phase.

The music on its own makes the album worthwhile and a joy to behold, but Wynn's writing ability allows him to take the listener to the depths of despair ("You Can't Forget." "Dancing Blind") and when it seems too late to turn back he picks up and returns your hope ("Dying Embers."). The album is consistently good, so much so that it is difficult to separate the superior from the above average. "Out of the Grey" is the perfect title track, a wonderful blend of poignancy and guitar virtuosity. Cutler and Wynn take a good-time drinking song as their cue to lay down some awesome guitar solo tracks in "50 in a 25 Zone." The music takes a back seat in "Now I Ride Alone" wherein Wynn demonstrates his ability to evoke emotion from his listeners.

Well there ain't no dark angel hangin' round my door

There ain't no weepin willow that I ever seen before.

Man, there's just one thing left that I never seem to take

It's the knockin' on my door all night long that I can't escape.

The Dream Syndicate has realized that it's okay to step away from your roots as long as you're going on to bigger and better things. Here's to the band's continued progression and success.

-Brian Wayson

Pat Boone
Jive Pet
Bear Family BFX 15256 (German import)

It can be argued that without Pat Boone rock 'n' roll would have had a much rougher start—his awful whitewashed versions of "Ain't It a Shame," "Tutti Frutti," and "Long Tall Sally" paved the way to the pop charts for Fats Domino and Little Richard. Boone also recorded other New Orleans classics—the only pop hit of "Good Rockin' Tonight," "Happy Hysteria," "Blueberry Hill," and (I kid you not) "The Man." Most of these are included here. Interestingly edited, this album could have been Daniel Boone's Milipede Heir's Pre-History of Rock 'n' Roll—consistent cover versions of Louis Jordan, Roy Brown, Tennessee Ernie Ford ("Shoogies Boogie"), Joe Turner, Fats Domino, Bill Haley, the Drifters, the Chariots, and Little Richard. No ...

-Pat Boone is surprisingly listenable better than 95% of Elvis' movie songs, say. Even if Boone had no soul, he was blocked by some good musicians and he at least had taste. If he had concentrated on rock 'n' roll, who knows? He might've been another Roy Nelson.

-Rick Coleman

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What the heck is Latin music? Who plays it? Why do they play it? Where can I get some? Latin music — that is, Latin American-oriented music — is alive and dancing right here in the Gateway to Latin America, New Orleans. In a myriad of styles, salsa, samba, rhumba, and Latin-jazz to name a few, it's played by musicians from Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, Central America, and the States.

In an attempt to describe the diversity of sounds included under this umbrella of "Latin music," here are a handful of interviews with some of the New Orleans musicians who play it.

Mexican pianist Jorge Mabarak came to the States for a gig with an avant-garde band at the World's Fair in St. Louis. He stayed a while and trained as a paramedic, "just for the fun of it," working the streets while continuing to play music. He toured the Midwest and Northeast with various bands for several years, and moved to New Orleans totally by accident; on a trip to Florida with his wife, Karla, he stopped here for something to eat, heard jazz guitarist Steve Masakowski and saxophonist Bick Margitsa at the Sheraton Hotel, sat in, and has stayed for three years now. (Some people are seduced by Mardi Gras, and others by the music.) Whether broodingly serious or telling a joke, Mabarak's face is always animated, his expressions made dramatic by dark eyebrows and curly hair speckled with gray. An articulate and rapid speaker, his eyes flash as if he has a lot on his mind. Short and energetic, he seems to feel confined at the Hotel Crowne Plaza solo gig with which he supports his family. (Which now includes three month-old Aisha). Although he has a drum machine to keep him "company," he really shines when playing with a
group. The collective jam allows him to create harmonic tension and play off the layers of rhythm that make Latin music so vital.

His first gig was a three-year stint in a “solistas,” that is, a salsa band, in a Gualelejera whorehouse back in Mexico. He’s still excited by salsa; in contrast with Ruben Gonzalez, Mabarak feels it includes more contemporary jazz influences. At the same time, it incorporates the syncopation and polyrhythms which are characteristic of Latin music. Mabarak thinks very little of merengue. “Merengue is like a Latin polka. Chunta-chunta, chunta-chunta. To play merengue, if you know three chords, you’re overqualified. It’s even danced like a polka.” Like the egg-white pastry that shares its name, for him, this music is a hollow shell. Nevertheless, in New Orleans’ clubs like Isabella’s or El Rincon de la Guardia Vieja in Gretna and the Latin Quarter in Metairie, the bands play a lot of merengue a well as salsa in order to cater to the local Central American dancing public.

Like other Latin musicians here, Mabarak is a fond traditionalist: “I have a soft spot for corny Mexican boleros, [ballads].” He’s also working on an even more traditional project: a CRS Studio album combining jazz synthesizer and pre-Colombian (Mayan/Aztec) music on indigenous acoustic instruments.

Meanwhile, Mabarak will continue to jam here, soaking up influences like Sergio Mendez, Chick Corea, and New Orleans’ David Torkanowsky, and putting out his own flashy blend of Latin jazz. At his next Snug Harbor gig, watch out for his synthesizer “whistles” during percussion solos, and quotes of “La Cucaracha”; the man plays with a sense of humor.

Mauro Saldanha grew up in Porto Alegre, Brazil, a small city near the Argentinian border. He looks much younger than his 35 years; tall and slim, he walks with a cat-like grace and confidence, and keeps his dark hair just long enough to hint at a ‘tail’ at the back. His eyes are startlingly clear, and he often looks off into space for a moment before speaking, as if weighing a difficult translation.

He came to the States for a “day gig,” a transfer to the State-side advertising department of a big corporation: no less than the Coca-Cola Company. With two degrees in business, music was secondary, until he got turned onto jazz in San Francisco and started taking his guitar more seriously. Despite his lack of formal training, he was raised with the tambor, the “urban African” and Carnival music of Brazil, and even as a kid joined in percussion jam sessions in his predominantly black neighborhood. He also listened to “baiao,” the European/Native American music of northern Brazil.

Having moved to New Orleans two years ago, Saldanha was excited to notice the similarities between baiao and and Cajun music: both use accordion, triangle, and syncopated bass drums to drive the dancing crowds. Mauro, who has only been playing professionally for five years now, emphasizes traditional elements in his performances. Brazilian music is much simpler and less improvisatory than the jazz-flavored music he plays here with Sounds of Brazil — and he conceals that the band has been criticized by the New Orleans’ Brazilian community for this discrepancy—but his Portuguese vocals and strong, percussive rhythm guitar give the band an added authenticity and a genuine verve that gets people dancing, even the “serious listeners” at Snug Harbor.

A lot of people have heard of Mark Sanders - the New York-accustomed gringo who knows enough about Cuban percussion to teach it to South American musicians. He’s the same guy who for the last six years has hosted a WWOZ radio show featuring Latin-jazz and traditional/contemporary Cuban music. Building early, his face framed by dark sideburns, beard and moustache, he often seems to bridge behind his glasses. But when he smiles at a gig you know the band is cooking within the Latin tradition, and he similarly puts aside his customary gruffness when given a chance to talk about the music.

He first got into performing when Santana’s first album came out, and started playing Latin music in New Orleans in 1973 with a quartet and, later, Ruben Gonzalez’ band. But his strong introduction to Latin music was from his father, a percussionist who spent a lot of time in the forties and fifties in Cuba. His father also makes West African-style instruments. In contrast with modern congas, which are tuned by adjusting the lugs along the rim of the skin, these are only tuned by heating the drum to change its shape. He also makes “the best shekeres in the States,” large gourds covered with a net of beads. While Mark uses these at his and gigs, his father plays primarily folkloric, “non-secular” Latin music - such as that played at Afro-Cuban santerias, religious ceremonies performed by Cuban descendants of the enslaved Yoruba (a West African tribe). There are groups of these people in most major United States cities, including New Orleans, and Sanders joins them out in Kenner when ‘certain spirits’ are to be consecrated.

Sanders visited Cuba when he was a child, but more importantly, he grew up in a house where Latin and Caribbean music was always played. His mother performed with an Afro-Cuban, Afro-Haitian dance company, and the group’s drummers would hang out at his house. In this way, Sanders learned the folkloric tradition of drumming from the masters — a style he proudly differentiates from the uninformed playing of a drummer who is only (modern) band-oriented. He does not, however, draw a distinction between traps (“drum set” drums) and, say, congas. To Mark, they’re all drums, regardless of the technique or attitude used in playing them.

According to Sanders, Cuba is to Latin music what New Orleans is to jazz: the place of roots. But Cuba also influenced North American music, in—
cluding jazz, R&B (note the distinctive sound of Bo Diddley and his "Spanish guitar" strumming), and even the second line shuffle, to which Sanders was turned on by drummers Johnny Vidacovich and James Black. The "shave and a hair cut, two bits" accent is exactly like the 3-and-2 beat pattern that pulses through Cuban music. This pattern, and its 2-and-3 beat inversion ("two bits, shave and a hair cut") are known as the clave, and are played by sticking together two wooden blocks; the blocks themselves are also known as "the clave." The 2-and-3 clave is used for the rhumba, the Cuban black street music (as distinctive as the Brazilian black street music of samba with which Mauro Saldana grew up).

Sanders points out that drums are very spiritual, and very physical; to stay in shape for them he lifts weights daily at the Superdome YMCA. And while the "talking drum" refers to the Yoruba "dun-dun" pressure drum (which actually phonetically produces the syllable of the Yoruban language), it's a misnomer: all drums talk; just listen.

Having returned from a gig with pianist Ahmad Jamal in New York, Sanders can be heard with his own band, Caliente, Sounds of Brazil, Banda Fiebre, and almost any Latin-jazz combo in the city.

Ruben Gonzalez

No article about Latin music in New Orleans would be complete without something about "Mr. Salsa," Ruben Gonzalez. Although he's now a little overweight and puffy-eyed, recovering from five coronary bypasses, he's been something of an institution. Back in 1945, he sang in Sacasa, one of three first Afro-Cuban bands in New York; his only predecessors were the world-famous groups of Miguelito Valdez and Machito, with whom he became great friends. Sacasa's credits include several appearances with Desi Arnaz on the I Love Lucy Show. They played in Miami during the fifties, and in 1957 Gonzalez quit the band to perform in Las Vegas with The Havana Mardi Gras, a revue of production numbers. Gonzalez recorded exclusively with RCA Victor for eighteen years, putting out 50 or 60 albums, and appeared on The Tonight Show.

In 1961, he came to New Orleans, where he performed in Bourbon Street clubs — the now extinct Boom-Boom Room and Offshore Lounge, and Chris Owens' club. Later he co-invested in his own club, the Mocombo on Claiborne, "a high class place — everyone wore jackets," and The Granada Club. The most current "Ruben Gonzalez and His Salsa Band" was established eight years ago, and most local Latin musicians, particularly percussion and horn players, have played in it.

"Salsa" is Spanish for sauce, implicitly hot sauce, because the music is spiced with a four or five-piece horn section and jumping with three or four drummers. It used to be called "Afro-Cuban" music, and Gonzalez goes so far as to say, "Forget about "salsa."" The only new thing about it, he insists, is the music's popularity and the name. Salsa is essentially the same stuff he's always sung: the fast guarachas, the slow boleros, and the medium-tempo guaguanco and "Guantelameras"-type guayuras.

The last of these styles demands that the singer improvise his lyrics — a sort of Cuban scatting — and this is Gonzalez's strong point. Although he wrote some improvised lyrics for his well-known friend Tito Rodriguez, few singers, he contends, care to compete. His band also plays some merengue, Central American dance music. After all, "you play one (song) for yourself, ten for the people." Many older listeners and dancers ask him to play his classics, nostalgic for the days when they were first married. But he also keeps up with current Cuban music.

Since his operation in October, he's put the band on hold. He sings at nightclubs occasionally with a band led by Peter Tomas, and works the night shift as a New Orleans deputy sheriff.
ulti-instrumental percussionist Curtis Pierre is athletic-looking, articulate, and quietly brimming with respect for Latin, Brazilian, and African music. While other musicians have specialized, he seems well schooled in each of these ethnic forms. He's also quite a showman on stage, rolling a pandeiro (what we would call a tambourine) across his chest and dancing as he plays.

He's from New Orleans, but studied in Detroit with Skip Bundy, a Santiago (Cuba)-born drummer of the Yoruba religious tradition. From Bundy, he learned that "all those Latin riffs are played in the spaces between the beats" of the two fundamental claves. He also studied Latin music with Bill Summers in Los Angeles, and Brazilian percussion with his idol Airto Moreira, one of the world's finest players.

Pierre appreciates the adaptability of Brazilian music: back in the hills of Bahia, the northeast region of Brazil, cans, frying pans, and the like have been absorbed into the samba orchestra, but each of the traditional instruments have a function. The ancient Djembe drum from West Africa, for example, is used as the repunique (repeating) drum for calls and sustainment breaks - that is, this drummer keeps the beat going when the others are silent for a moment; "the samba never stops." Other basic instruments include the agogo, multi-pitched bells struck with a stick; the surdu bass drum, and the tamborrin, a small drum, 5-8 inches in diameter. Before they were made with lugs to tighten the catskin heads, tamborrins were tuned by heating the skin with burning tissue (like the drums of Mark Sanders' father).

Pierre contends that the latin and not the Brazilian flavor is more pervasive in North American music several reasons: Spanish lyrics reach a larger audience than Portuguese lyrics; jazz absorbed the Cuban elements as early as the thirties, while Brazilian music didn't hit the scene until the sixties. Still, both Brazilian and Afro-Cuban sambas originated from the celebration of Carnival - just like second line, which "speeded up to warp factor 5 is a samba."

In Latin music, each percussionist forges a link in a chain of rhythms built within the clave. "And there's no place to put an extra link." Two bomboceros (bongo players) is not "ethnical" - but two or more tamboura players is fine, each on different pitched drums such as the conga, the name many of us misuse for all the long, conical tambouras. The maracas, coconut-or gourd-shaped shakers, help to regulate the speed and volume: "unless you're playing a solo, and you can't hear the maracas, you're playing too loud." The cachembe or timbale player leads the band, holding down the time by playing on the sides of his snare-size drum, often playing the clave in double-time, and building the collective intensity.

Here in New Orleans, Pierre leads the Brazilian-oriented New Orleans Samba, plays with Percussion, Inc., a drum corps covering African, Puerto Rican, Cuban and original material (mixing, for example, vibraphones and African shaker), and the Kumbuka African Dance Collective. As far as he knows, he is also one of only seven pandeiro masters in the States, performing not only the intricate techniques of the jingled instrument but the basketball/soccer-like acrobatics as well. He's also a professional pen-and-ink artist, and depicts his encounters with the music and its history. At elementary schools, high schools, and colleges, he holds seminars emphasizing the unity rather than the musical aspect of percussion: five, twelve, even five hundred people can cooperate to play good samba.

WHERE TO HEAR IT:
Cafe Brasil, 2100 Chartres, 947-9386. samba jams.
Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Latin/Brazilian jazz occasionally.
Tyler's, 5234 Magazine St., 891-4989. Latin jazz.
Rincon De La Vieja Guardia, 2105 Hancock St., Gretna, 367-0675. Latin big bands.
Isabella's, Stumpf Blvd., Gretna, (directly behind the Rincon De La Vieja Guardia). Latin big bands.
NEW ORLEANS
FOR SALE

We're living in the Golden Age of reissue albums, and what the buyers want is New Orleans.

By VINCENT FUMAR

ften it is hindsight alone that designates a golden age of music. Not the sway of nostalgia or the witless compartmentalization of decades, but hindsight. So it is with a burgeoning number of record consumers who now devote a substantial portion of their purchases to reissue albums, for we are living in a golden age of reissues.

In a less reissue-blessed period — the early 1970s — New Orleans rhythm-and-blues collectors (and collectors of any discarded style in a dark period) were only infrequently offered the treasures of a golden age. Atlantic's Blues Originals series yielded Professor Longhair's New Orleans Piano. Specialty tapped its Little Richard vaults. United Artists' Legendary Masters Series issued New Orleans Bounce. Clearly there was some hope, but collectors mostly clung to their pocketmarked singles.

The situation improved markedly once the European labels got into the act. United Artists' European division unveiled the essential works of Fats Domino and Smiley Lewis in a landmark series of albums. Soon thereafter, new labels such as Mr. R&B and Route 66 compiled worthy issues on Bobby Mitchell and Roy Brown. And bootleggers — no strangers to New Orleans material — kept pace with such items as a Smiley Lewis album offered in a plain white jacket stamped "PRESSED IN YUGOSLAVIA."

Today, with all the talk of "roots music" (a descending term that seeks to legitimize the present-day derivatives of vaunted styles), the R&B collector has a sea of material to choose from. Greatest-hits collections still dominate, of course, but not to be overlooked are anthologies of obscure B sides, singles appearing in LP form for the first time, digitally re-mastered material and even reissues of reissues.

One native New Orleanian now in the thick of the reissue business is John Guarnieri. Once an employee of Jim Russell's record shop, Guarnieri now works in Los Angeles for EMI, a company that has quite a few reissue plans of its own.

"Before I started working in records out here, I always thought it would be nice if someday all the things on Imperial and Minot would resurface," Guarnieri said. "People were always looking for things like "Trick Bag" by Earl King. One of the things I wanted to do was get an entire active catalog happening, and it's starting to come to fruition."

Guarnieri found himself in the happy position of being with a record company that happened to own
the rights to much of the material he had sought to release. But the battle has been a long one.

"I've been here about a year," he said, "and I knew that EMI owned the Imperial, Minit, Aladdin and Sue catalogs. But those catalogs had been dormant for a long time. The last enthusiastic reissue campaign was back in the Seventies, when United Artists owned the catalogs. EMI is around, but Capitol didn't own UA at the time. There were about four or five albums in UA's Legendary Masters series. They were well done — double albums with lots of information. And that was it. Over the years, EMI purchased UA and nobody had really been doing the catalog reissues in America. EMI England has been pretty active in reissues, also in licensing to Charly and Demon."

Guarnieri said he would reinstitute the Legendary Masters series soon.

"It's not going to be a double-album set," he said, "mostly because I don't think the marketplace can handle double-albums these days. They'll have 12-14 songs per album. They'll be full-priced. I've gone back to the two-track analog masters and started transferring to digital. Capitol is in the process of building their CD plant, so a lot of these things will be put out on CD, but they won't stop there."

"We're going to do five label compilations," he said. "There will be a Minit, an Imperial, a Sue, a Liberty and an Aladdin. They're going to be sampler albums, released quarterly. Between each quarter will be compilation albums by different artists from those labels. I just did an Irma Thomas album from Imperial and Minit — with 'Breakaway' and 'Time Is On My Side.'"

Bobby Marchan, Fats Domino, Earl King and Benny Spellman are also due EMI releases.

"Tad Jones helped me on the Earl King album," he said. "It will be the same as the French record that was released several years ago, but with two extra tracks added. Then a Smiley Lewis album that Jim Russell helped compile. It'll be out sometime this year. And I'm probably going to do an Aaron Neville album from Minit. Also, two doo-wop sampler albums. One of the doo-wop albums is all New Orleans doo-wop from Imperial. We're going to release two volumes of 'Rare Dominos' combined into one, and 'Fats Live in Europe.'"

Uniform standards, especially of song selection, pressing quality, annotation and artwork, aren't always evident in the New Orleans reissues. Some "premium vinyl" has been known to erode with the first tearing of shrink-wrap, some discographies rely too much on broad guesswork, and occasionally the import-priced Japanese or European item is scarcely worth of being a domestic-label budget-line release.

Most reissues, however, are well-appointed. And in New Orleans, the choices are getting wider.

"Reissues are selling fabulously," according to Jimmy Augustin of Metronome. "I can't keep them in stock, especially the Pathe Marconis."

France's Pathe Marconis has done an exemplary job of compiling gems from the Imperial and Aladdin catalogs. Augustin thinks they're the best.

"The series of Pathe Marconis is the best," he said. "They started with Dave Bartholomew's Jump Children about two years ago, then they released The Monkey. But when Shrimp and Gumbo came out, so did the Tommy Ridgley and the double-record set New Orleans Rarities which is a downright hit. It has a lot of really obscure stuff on it, like the 17-year-old James Booker. It's just amazing — on one of the songs he sounds like the Violent Femmes."

"The flood of reissues isn't going to stop, so it's safe to say that even more catalogs will be tapped, with the result of previously unobtainable material coming to light."

"I just ordered Ace's New Orleans, Volume I," he said. "It has Ernie K-Doe, Little Sonny and Big Boy Myles — apparently all things from Specialty from 1952-56. There's also a thing called 'Kissing Her and Crying for You' on Kent. It has a couple of Willie Tee songs on it. There's also Charly, which did the Aaron Neville and the two Meters albums. Shehn's Soul Farm, Volume II will be out soon. They're really hot, especially the British and French labels — really nice packaging and good pressings."

Augustin said Metronome's best-selling reissue is Allen Toussaint's Southern Nights.

"Since we opened the doors here," he said, "Southern Nights has sold as a cut-out and as a Japanese import at $20 a pop. It sells practically everywhere. It's now as much a British record as an Edsel. The first Spiders album on a Japanese reissue sells well, too. We've sold more than 200 copies of New Orleans Rarities, and Aaron Neville's Make Me Strong is a big seller."

"Augustin had comforting words for the reissue-minded."

"New Orleans reissues are coming in hand over hand," he said. "All I can say is I really don't know when they're going to stop."

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**AUGUST 1986**

**Regular Features**

- **Sundays**
  - Live Traditional Blue Grass
  - Live Classical Music

- **Wednesdays**
  - J. Monique's Blues Band
  - Laissez-Faire Cajun Band

**This Month**

- Fri 1 Nighttimers
- Sat 2 Fete Cajun Band
- Tues 5 Regatta (Reggae-Progressive Jazz)
- Fri 8 Walter Washington and the Road Masters
- Sat 9 Les Frères Michot (Cajun Band)
- Tues 12 The Youngbloods with Corsy Tenant (R&B)
- Fri 15 The Nighttimers
- Sat 16 TBA
- Tues 19 Burn's Rush Comedy Show
- Fri 22 The Radiators
- Sat 23 DeWay Ball and Sea of Amis Acadian (tentative)
- Fri 29 Walter Washington and the Road Masters
- Sat TBA

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**Festivals**

- **Friday, 1-Sunday, 3**
  - Bells Feur 723 N.Beauvoir Drive, Golden Meadow, La.
  - 8th Annual Mandeville Seafood Festival, Fontainebleau State Park, with the Radiators, Irma Thomas, etc. Tickets at the gate.

- **Friday, 8-Sunday, 10**

- **Wednesday, 13-Saturday, 17**
  - Daleasie Shinlun Festival, Delcambre, La.
  - Fete des Acadiens, in Acadian Village, Lafayette, La.

- **Saturday, 20**
  - Yoga Festival, in Acadian Village, Lafayette, La.
  - Information from A.J. Blanc at 318-681-5819.

- **Friday, 25-Saturday, 26**
  - Mount Zion Baptist Church Country Fair Festival, International park on Hwy 398 in Llaveo.

- **Wednesday, 29**
  - Cajun Festival, Bayou Courteney, Galliano, La. on Hwy 908.

- **Saturday, 30-Sunday, 31**
  - Red River Arts & Crafts Festival, Rapides Coliseum, 5600 Hwy 28 West.
  - Cajun Festival, Bayou Courteney, Galliano, La. on Hwy 908.

**Sports**

- **Friday, 7**
  - World Class Wrestling, with whatever personalities of Jim Kelly are around at the moment, Brusso and the Great Kabuki, the Mighty Antar, Gentleman Chris Adams, Ravishing Rick Rudd, information at Lakefront Arena.

- **Saturday, 9**
  - Mid South Wrestling, with everyone else you can think of from the North's Doug Pray, whoever else isn't in a body cast or on crutches from New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association (NOE).

**Friday, 15**

- Irma Thomas in a rhythm on the River Concert, 6:30 p.m., Free.

**Saturday, 23**

- Judas Priest, Blue Moon Coliseum. Tickets at all Ticketmaster outlets.

**Sunday, 24**

- Snooky Riverboat, Saenger Theatre.

**Festivals**

- **Second Annual Brass Band Celebration in Armstrong Park, featuring Satchmo and the Spirit of Treme (St. Eschape, St. John's St. Valentine's Day) free, the public is invited to bring family, friends, food and umbrellas. All performances are courtesy of Jean Lafitte National Historical Park, New Orleans Folklore Society, the New Orleans Jazz Heritage Foundation, and WWOZ Radio, as well as the city of New Orleans.**

**Friday, 1-Sunday, 3**

- Bell Club Fair, 723 N.Bayou Drive, Golden Meadow, La.
- 8th Annual Mandeville Seafood Festival, Fontainebleau State Park, with the Radiators, Irma Thomas, etc. Tickets at the gate.

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**Friday, 25-Saturday, 26**

- Cajun Hunters Festival, Bayou Courteney, Galliano, La. on Hwy 908.

**Saturday, 30-Sunday, 31**

- Red River Arts & Crafts Festival, Rapides Coliseum, 5600 Hwy 28 West.
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Rayne Dinner Theatre, 4940 Tulane Ave., 896-7144. Through Aug. 17. A comedy by Michael Jacobs, about a family, a success or failure. With Barbara Bernard, Michael Collier, Eddie Utter Jr., Nellie Mayall. Fri. 22 through Sept. 28. Hay Fever, the Noel Coward farce about the troupe of a group of weekend guests at the hands of the ultra-trivial Blairs family, a play which despite its failure on its first appearance (Laura Hope Crews' performance was weak and the play was never revised) and its failure in New York has been revived with ever-more success in recent years. Performances Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 with curtain served two hours prior to performance. Reservations.

Rayne Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert Street, Gretna, 307-5404. Through Sun. 24. The Sound of Music, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical which mixed up such normally disparate elements as kids, nuns and Nazi to stunning commercial success. With Barbara Bernard, Bonne Toups, Bob Cunningham. Men Baire and Robert McLane, O.C.D. Through Thursday through Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 with curtain served two hours prior to performance. Reservations.

Theatre of the Living Arts, 1615 South St., 988-8111 or 886-7574. Through Aug. 31. Decadence, New Orleans Style, a triumvirate of hitlullary with Becky Allen, a song with lyrics for generations of boy. jay Rees, Ricky Graham and Fred Patrini.

Tulane, Fri. 1, and the Jazz Band, at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.; through Aug. 9. Notes Only, Michael Collier's comedy about a provincial company performing a farce, directed by Buzz Pers. with funny Claire Moncrief, Audrey Keck, Genda Carey for Eugene O'Neill. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30, with curtain served two hours prior to performance. Reservations.

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The last time we checked, that particular world included (in white tux). Mr. Marsalis. Among Marsalis' observations: "You have to have some kind of philosophy about whatever it is that you're doing. I mean, Charlie Parker created fantastic music and was full of dope half the time. And there are those who say, 'Man, just think what he could have done if he wasn't doing that!' Who knows? Maybe he couldn't have stood the pressures of life without it. We don't really know." Subscriptions to Jazz Forum are available from the International Jazz Federation, 13 Foulser Rd., London SW17 8UE, England ($25 via surface mail; $20 if you want yours flown over).

The 2nd Annual Chunky Rhythm & Blues Festival, held in mid-July in Chunky, Mississippi, was something to behold, according to our informed source. A large, mostly black audience, armed with lawn chairs, bananas and barbecued ribs, grooved to the sounds of Bobby Rush (who spent most of his set—as usual—discussing his reproductive organ), the rarely seen Nappy Brown (in white tux), Otis Clay (the star of the show), "Son" Thomas (giving the blues a worse name), the all-white group of hipster-types known as The Ditch (giving the blues a worse name), the all-new Anson and the Rockets (the drummer got Best-Dressed Award for wearing Bermuda shorts and cowboy boots) and the eternally elegant Sam Myers, currently negotiating a long-term contract as spokesperson for Chris-Craft yachts. The encore for the affair was the immortal Rev. Gatemouth Moore.

Ron Levy's Wild Kingdom is the latest release on Hammond Scott's Black Top Records and it is a virtual Who's Who of the best and brightest young blues players in America, featuring Mr. Levy (Roomful of Blues keyboardist and veteran of the B.B. King Orchestra), three Fabulous Thunderbirds (Kim Wilson, Jimmie Vaughan and Fran Christina), four exiles from Roomful (Ronnie Earl, Greg Piccolo, Doug James and John "Flip Your Wig" Rossi), former Bobby "Blue" Bland accompanist Wayne Bennett, sax-man Kaz Kazanoff and master bassist Michael "Mudcat" Ward. The disc comes packaged in a zebra skin jacket designed by Bunny Matthews and inspired by the zebra skin sheets designed by the late Perry Ellis (look for a set on Hammond Scott's bed, cowgirls and/or the zebra skin brand-panties currently marked-down half-price at Victoria's Secret!).

Next out on Black Top will be Glassed, an Earl King/Roomful of Blues collaboration with a cover photo shot at Earl's "headquarters"—the Taste Donuts outlet on Louisiana Avenue. Dancing Cat Records is planning a release of James Booker tapes and claims to "have enough stuff for seven albums." Of course, the finest Booker tape of all—a live performance heard over WNOE during the summer of 1977 when Booker was totally smashed on alcohol (as opposed to heroin)—is available only on privately-circulated cassettes and we aren't even letting our copy out of our greasy hands.

Pam Gibbons, the Neville's manager (if that's not a contradiction in terms) for the past nine years, has migrated to San Francisco. Clarence "Frogman" Henry has just returned from France. Home of the Frogs, Wavelength's roving Caribbean reporter, Gene Scaramuzzo, also spent his summer vacation in France, from whence he sent us a postcard with the explanation: "This guy on the card is 'Faire-ing Chabrot,' which means he is washing his soup bowl with red wine. This could be a big hit in New Orleans with gumbo, I'm sure." We're sure, too, and how did Gene get to Republique Francaise on a Wavelength salary? Must've traded-in a truckload of rare ska singles.

Finally, it is our pleasure to announce that 6-foot 2-inch Michelle Anne Abade, a 40 student at Loyola University, has been selected as Ms. Park 1986. What park? City Park? Audubon Park? Bert Parks? Nah—The Park, that swinging Metairie nightspot. According to a press release composed by Gia Ribito, formerly of "America's Shopping Channel": "The new Ms. Park captured the attention of the judges and the crowd as she donned a suede biki, accentuating her 35-24-35 inch figure." It figures...
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# August

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<td>PIANO NIGHT with AMASA MILLER</td>
<td>THE SONG DOGS</td>
<td>CYRIL NEVILLE'S UPTOWN ALL-STARTS</td>
<td>LEON RUSSELL with EDGAR WINTER</td>
<td>JOE &quot;KING&quot; CARRASCO &amp; THE KING PINNS</td>
<td>ROCKIN' DOPSIE &amp; THE TWISTERS</td>
<td>CROSSTOWN JAM sponsored by NOM&amp;E</td>
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<td>FAIS DO-DO featuring the BRUCE DAIGRE PONT CAJUN BAND</td>
<td>PIANO NIGHT with GERALD TILLMAN</td>
<td>WOODENHEAD &amp; the NEW ORLEANS STICK BAND</td>
<td>EVAN JOHNS &amp; THE H-BOMBS</td>
<td>THE SURVIVORS</td>
<td>FENTON ROBINSON BLUES BAND</td>
<td>THE RADIATORS</td>
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<td>CLOSED PRIVATE PARTY</td>
<td>PIANO NIGHT with HARRY CONNICK JR.</td>
<td>TBA</td>
<td>THE SHEPHERD BAND</td>
<td>UNCLE STAN &amp; AUNTIE VERA</td>
<td>THE PETRIES</td>
<td>DEACON JOHN and the NEW ORLEANS BLUES REVUE featuring MIGHTY SAM McCRAE &amp; LADY B.</td>
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<td>CLOSED Come to the Beach</td>
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**Happy hour** 2p.m.-8p.m. **50¢ drafts, $1 longnecks, $1.50 hiballs**

**Tip's is available for private parties**
- **Monday**: 50¢ Draft, $1 Longnecks, $2 Pitchers — LIL Fat Tuesdays: $1
- **Red Stripe**: $1.50 Ram Boogie — **Wednesday**: 2 for 1 Shooters — **Thursday**: Longhair Coolers — **Friday**: 75¢ Hiballs 2-8 p.m.

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