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Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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Jim Gabour must be living right. He's a television producer admired by local and national critics, trusted by New Orleans' skeptical musicians and liked by their union. His work has won awards and reached national and now international audiences. He's been described as a credit to cable television, to his city and to the musicians who's work he's preserved in his Music City series.

This week, he is in London to celebrate the upcoming September 9 premiere of New Orleans, a special version of four of the original Music City hours that played in America on the Arts and Entertainment (A&E) cable network and have been bought to run in a prime time slot on London's Channel 4. From there, he'll travel to Copenhagen where officials with Danish television have expressed an interest in the shows.

The Music City programs, which are considered by just about every kind of critic to be perfect video venues for New Orleans musicians, were not planned to garner awards, nor did they immediately achieve renown. They were part of the locally generated programming required by Cox's franchise agreement with the city, and according to Gabour, were part of a group of programs considered by the cable company to be write-offs.

But Gabour, despite the fact that he was producer or executive producer on seven other Cox cable series, had a special interest in this project. "I had always been into music and played music and I was surprised that nobody had taken up the music industry, we still have the music," Gabour told the Times-Picayune's TV Focus.

The customers looking to buy the show, A&E, were not going to be paying enough to provide the kind of streaming that Gabour had in mind. So in December 1983, he was "hanging on doors of the British network." The British, although they preferred to like the series, were a long, hard sell and finally Gabour typed a video letter using a character generator over some Music City footage to grab their attention.

It worked, and Channel 4 bought four one-hour specials delivered to the station in August 1985. It is this set of shows that will make its British debut this September. The same shows already ran on A&E in January when they brought in more than their share of national enthusiasm for the city and its music.

The series' British run and the prospect of a Danish run are good news for New Orleans. It will mean money in the pocket for New Orleans musicians, and the city's publicity crew couldn't buy Gabour's style of personal promotion. Gabour hopes to sell nine subsequent runs of the show.

Enter Henry Waguespack, the man who brought New Orleans the Time Saver and, after a little urging from Gabour ("I just kept getting to my knees"); he helped to make the Music City series possible.

With just enough money to get by and an unruly crew, Gabour waded into the series and waded out with four national Awards for Cable Excellence, citations from local government, praise of critics from New Orleans to New York and, best of all, buyers for the show who would spread the word for New Orleans music. It would help people realize that "even though we don't have the music industry, we still have the music," Gabour told the Times-Picayune's TV Focus.

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According to David Weinstein, president of the Musician's Mutual Protective Union Local 174-496, Music City generated more money for the musicians of New Orleans in the short time that the project has been in operation than all the other television stations combined had in ten years. And Jim Gabour shows no signs of stopping.

Yeah, he must be livin' right.

—Kate Cohen

Jock Grundy's New Look

SAN FRANCISCO—Walk into the Illusions Room at the Marriott Hotel in San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf and you might recognize the bartender behind the groovy blue-tinted shades. It's none other than Jock Grundy, the former guitarist with that once top of the New Orleans pop scene band, the Look. I saw the Look in 1982, braving an intimidatingly artsy Warehouse crowd when they opened for Talking Heads.

Grundy fled New Orleans a few years ago and moved to San Francisco hoping to coerce his American Express idol into forming the Karl Malden Experience. True story?

"Well, mainly I came out here because the Look did it as much as we could in New Orleans and I was inspired by the way the Red Rockers drove out here in a station wagon and signed with 415 at Howie Klein's doorstep," said Grundy from behind the bar where he poured me an Anchor Steam draft and passed me a great big basket of popcorn.

Last year, in the employee cafeteria at the Marriott, Grundy met Matthew Dahlbert—lyricist, business-minded romantic and writer. Together they formed Gray
Sky, a studio-oriented band whose first, and already irresistible, release is available on the band's own Blue Frame Productions label.

"We decided to shoot at the college radio market. We invested our money on this studio project to get the plastic out there and in the hands of the radio stations and record companies rather than starting off at the bottom of the clubs and working our way up. With the record out, we should be able to get the good gigs to start with," said Grundy as he fixed a whiskey sour for a large, pale tourist.

The 12" record, In the Field of Honor, is a college radio natural. The jagged guitars, brutally straightforward bass and emotionally intense vocals of the title cut describe the plight of a family broken up by the infamous 1906 San Francisco earthquake. "Walk in the Sun" is a mellow, yet desperate song.

The problem is not that the crowds block the sidewalks — pedestrians can walk in the middle of the Royal Street mall and other areas during the day — but the crowds block shops that need high-volume trades in t-shirts and trinkets.

Captain Richard Hunter and many officers of the Vieux Carre police precinct say they like the music. They try to be fair and will let someone play on if no one is complaining. They're well aware of the curfew-breaking young woman who plays classical violin, for example, but she sounds so damn good that no one minds. Still, the police are obligated to respond to complaints. It's not easy or fun, Hunter adds, to be cursed and spit on by tourists who become hostile to street music on the Royal Street mall during Carnival.

Another city ordinance reads: "It shall be unlawful to operate or play a radio, television, phonograph, musical instrument, loud-speaker or similar device that is plainly audible to any person other than the operator between 8 p.m. and 10 a.m. in parks, playgrounds, or recreation areas unless a permit has been issued."

This amounts to a French Quarter curfew on street players and boomboxes. But "musical instrument" is legally vague — does it include a man playing the guitar, a woman singing, or street performers who are in a band?

One August, a study by Sieman, Larson and Purdy (a zoning-law firm) on street music in New Orleans concluded with recommendations that electric amplification be banned; that permits be issued; that licensing be carried out by a lottery.

Attorney Mary Howell holds that permits are unconstitutional — the government can't demand a permit for newspaper vendors, soap-box orators or other acts of freedom of speech. And in 1976 she successfully defended Bowman v. City of New Orleans, the first case in which the courts determined that music is a freedom of expression. However, since the judge died before he signed the order, the ruling was never reported.

While some street musicians aim to be the fastest or sweetest of horn-players, the goal of Chris Mason ("Barcelona Red") is to be the loudest also player. He recorded a 45 of his oft-repeated specialty, "Amazing Grace," and he sells them to patrons, along with a

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**STREET MUSIC: TO BE OR NOT TO BE?**

Recently, there haven't been too many street players on the street, as a result of several factors: the heat, the summer, lack-of-tourists, and the enforcement of some controversial laws. For example, one of the city ordinances says that if a performer attracts a crowd that obstructs the sidewalks, then the performer has to stop his act.

The argument goes, the would-be buyer of Jock Grundy's Oakley and one plastic out there and in the hands of the radio stations and record companies rather than starting off at the bottom of the clubs and working our way up. With the record out, we should be able to get the good gigs to start with," said Grundy as he fixed a whiskey sour for a large, pale tourist.

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**AMUCK IN AMERICA**

**CRASHES BENEFIT**

Considering it was the first time the private, non-profit organization established in 1973 to aid survivors and even the security guard at the door. During Toussaint's performance, Hunter and crew took the stage enticing the audience to buy tickets.

Hunter and his entire crew crashed the gala affair held at Blaine Kern's Den in Algiers videoing performers, guests and even the security guard at the door. During Toussaint's performance, Hunter and crew took the stage enticing the audience to buy tickets.

Joe T. Johnson (with Josephine) and Michael Harmeyer: alter hours.

Synd: Harty

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**STORYVILLE ARIA HALL**

**REGULARS**

Mon. Sept. 5 8:30pm
C.J. Chenier and Rezervs Rhythm
Sat. Sept. 6 10:30pm
A-Train
Thurs. Sept. 11 8:30pm
Bayou Swallowtail
Fri. Sept. 12 9:30pm
Leslie Smith and Friends
Sat. Sept. 13 10:30pm
Emmylou Harris
Thurs. Sept. 18 10:30pm
Magic Mellow
Fri. Sept. 19 9:30pm
Pressions
Sat. Sept. 20 8:30pm
Leslie Smith and Friends
Thurs. Sept. 25 8:30pm
Wayne Boonville
Fri. Sept. 26 9:30pm
Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson

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**SPECIAL EVENTS**

Fri. Sept. 5 8:30pm
C.J. Chenier and Rezervs Rhythm
Sat. Sept. 6 10:30pm
A-Train
Thurs. Sept. 11 8:30pm
Bayou Swallowtail
Fri. Sept. 12 9:30pm
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PORK CHOP STEW
When a front page story in The Times-Picayune/The States-Item told the sad story of Pork Chop's death and his family's inability to finance a proper funeral last month, the telephone at the home of Isaac Mason rang off the hook. His wife was offered condolences

A familiar fare: Isaac "Pork Chop" Mason performing with the French Market Jazz Band.

TRUMPET PLAYER LOU SINO DIES
Lou Sino, the trumpet player from Algiers who was best known for his 12-year stint with Louis Prima and Keely Smith, died June 30 at the age of 55.

Sino, born Louis Scioneaux, spent the Sixties in Las Vegas back-

A familiar fare: Isaac "Pork Chop" Mason performing with the French Market Jazz Band.

from fans and friends throughout the city who had read the tragic account of the popular tap dancer. The problem: her Pork Chop is alive and well at 70 years old and still performing internationally at every chance he gets.

Then what Pork Chop was it whose death grabbed page one headlines twice in the same week? Fifty-eight-year-old Oliver Anderson, brother of New Orleans' original Pork Chop. The first Pork Chop, according to local saxophonist Chuck Credo, who has worked with all three men, was George Anderson, who was shot by his common law wife years ago and died on the steps of the Famous Door.

Credo, leader of the Basin Street Six, claims Isaac Mason, the little man who has toured throughout the world with Credo and his band, is the real Pork Chop. According to Credo, Mason was the best man at Oliver's wedding. He said Oliver Anderson is better known to locals as "Kidney Stew."

And to prove the point, WIVW's Dan Valentine held an outdoor promotion featuring Isaac Mason.

---Gina Guccione

---Mark Kaufman

---Gina Guccione
I should admit that I was beginning to lose faith in R.E.M. Their whole act had seemed to stagnate in a formula of Southern mysticism and humility with which they could be hugely successful (last year's *Fables of the Reconstruction* was Top 30) while retaining the ambience of a cult band. The group's members still insisted that they were outside of the music business, doing their own thing and all the critical and commercial success they attained came as a complete surprise to them. Michael Stipe's lyrics and album covers were still dark and moody, conjuring up images of trains, fields, small towns and more trains. But were they going? The meaning of the songs was still purposely ambiguous, and as the pace of the songs slowed down with each album, it seemed that R.E.M. had found a comfortable miasmic niche. I was ready to move on. But then something strange happened. R.E.M. made a straightforward rock 'n' roll album, *Lifes Rich Pageant*.

"That was just the way we felt this year," said guitarist Peter Buck in a recent telephone interview. "Every record is a product of the feelings of the band, what we want to do, a reaction maybe to what we hear on the radio. This year, we wanted to be more direct lyrically. There are a few things we wanted to say. Musically, we wanted to make more of a - I hate to say the word 'rock 'n' roll' - but we wanted to make a rock 'n' roll album. It had to be more punchy and straightforward. That's one of the reasons we picked Don [Gehman] because he's really good at recording that kind of stuff."

Buck has been facetiously telling everyone that he loved Gehman's production on the Barbara Streisand album, *Emotion*. After an apprenticeship with the Bee Gees, Gehman produced the Blasters, Peter Case (formerly of the Plimsouls) and most notably, John Cougar Mellancamp's *Blasters, Peter Case (formerly of the Plimsouls)* and most notably, John Cougar Mellancamp's *Scarecrow*. *Lifes Rich Pageant* is loose and live sounding yet very clean and readymade for radio. "He gave us a tremendous sound. The drums sound great, the guitars are great and Michael's voice sounds great," said Buck, and, indeed, this is the first album in which mumblin' Michael Stipe's vocals are audible and understandable. Helpful when a band has got something to say.

"There are songs that are of a piece on this record," said Buck, wary of overstating the themes that run through some of the cuts. "The Flowers of Guatemala", "Begin the Begin", "Cuyahoga", a little bit of 'These Days' are more outwardly aware of the world. These songs look at the world in 1986, and 1986 has been pretty screwy-up as far as we're sending money, soldiers and guns."

With references to the early colonist Mike Standlee and the Indian communities of the Cuyahoga River, Stipe's lyrics convey the promise of the new frontier of the past with the political and economic immoralities of today. Optimistically, he adds "We are young despite the years, we are concerned - we are hope, despite the times" in "These Days."

These days, R.E.M. has been working consistently. "We've just spent a month and a half doing interviews, rehearsing every day and playing a couple of times for fun in Athens," said the vanguard of the open-chord movement in rock. "I produced an album for Dreams So Real and Michael did some Golden Palominos work. Mike [Mills] and Bill [Berry] put together their little cover band, Corn Cob Web, that plays all the Seventies greatest hits."

Buck recently recorded an EP with the Fleshtones' Keith Streng, *The Full Time Men*. "Sounds like a porn film but it costs us about $250 to make. It was fun. I'd like to do another one," said Buck, whose latest project has been to improve his status as world's worst banjo player. "I know three or four chords so I get the chord book out, find the page that has the chords I need. I literally had the book on my lap when I played it in 'Wendell Gee'."

R.E.M. open their tour this month at the new Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. Camper Van Beethoven may open for the band at the Saenger, September 12. Buck's current faves are Camper Van and a fellow named Mason Rufner.

The last time R.E.M. played here in New Orleans, Buck and Mike Mills hit the French Quarter: "Mike and I were bar-hopping, listening to just horrible bands with people laughing at them. There was one place I knew where they usually play blues on the corner - I don't know what it's called [Old Absinthe House] - and it was there that we saw Mason Rufner. He was sitting there playing for all of these fat guys with their hands halfway up their girlfriends' dresses. And their girlfriends were suspiciously young, all painted up. And they were yelling "Melancholy Baby" and "In the Mood" - stuff like that. He was kind of sneering at them and Mills goes "Hey, play 'Croscut Saw'." Mason hit it up and played it for us. We stayed and watched for an hour and a half. Great show! I just bought his album."

Through sheer persistence, R.E.M. has attracted a large following in New Orleans, one of the first cities the band ever played in. "We started coming there right after we first started, and played the Beat Exchange, Tupelo's three or four times and, oh, any number of places," said Buck. "I'm not too sure if we connect on a real Southern level at all. Maybe we're seen as an alternative to a lot of the stuff that plays in the same size places we play. Instead of some haircut band you could see us and feel like you're doing a good deed."

If enjoying a good, straightforward rock concert is a good deed, I'm sure R.E.M. has been responsible for a fair share of good samaritans. I have faith that *Lifes Rich Pageant* will convert many more.

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*St. George Bryan*
The Rhythms of Rafael Cruz

Now a confirmed New Orleanian, this Dominican Republic native has worldwide connections.

Ivan Bodley

Rafael is the musician whose credentials are as extensive as those of 38-year-old Dominican Republic native Rafael Cruz. The talent and expertise of this Latin percussionist are surpassed only by his humility and nonchalant attitude towards his career and past associations with world renowned artists. Now an affirmed New Orleanian, Raffy (to his friends) lives on Gov. Nicholls Street in the French Quarter, amid a myriad of percussion instruments from Brazil, Africa, and elsewhere dangling from the wall or carefully strewn about in the corner of his loft apartment.

Born and raised in Santo Domingo, as a young man Cruz chose the art of percussion to study. Three years of intensive application to his craft at a Dominican school of the arts as well as many subsequent affiliations with very talented musicians, both formally and informally, led to his present precision and percussive prowess.

Nineteen-sixty-nine found Cruz in Puerto Rico and later New York City playing and aspiring until an association with Nemperor Records and friends from Puerto Rico brought about the formation of his first band with a major label contract, in 1975.

The band, named Raices, which means “roots” in Spanish, began to open for major recording artists as a seven-piece Latin jazz and percussive outfit. Their first of such gigs was a scheduled opening spot in front of the legendary Miles Davis in Central Park. Cruz recalls that Davis heard the band and said, “No no, you don’t need to open for me. I’ll open for you.” And he played before us.” But Raices soon fell prey to misdirection and the band split in 1976.

Cruz did not go unannounced from the short-lived band, however. He was immediately asked to tour by virtuoso guitarist John McLaughlin, whose band included some great Latin players. After that came more and more opportunities for the quickly rising Dominican percussionist who describes the scene as “crazy.”

Also during this time, Rafael had earned the regard and friendship of Raymond Silver, the president of Electric Ladyland Studios in New York. Cruz can now occasionally be spotted sporting a spiffy purple satin jacket adorned with his name and the studio logo. It was a Christmas present from Silver to Cruz and other musicians that were working regularly at the studio in and around 1977. Another slew of album credits emerged from this association including Tommy Bolin’s last album Teaser, featuring Jeff Porcaro of Toto, John Hammeo of Miami Vice soundtrack fame and other things that are better than that, David Sanborn, Phil Collins, and others. He also toured with Bolin on the last tour before he died.

Touring is essential to any artist. Enter Cruz, the eager percussionist. Rafael has toured with Herbie Mann, the Crusaders, Stanley Turrentine for two years, Don Cherry, and even Mac Rebennack (Dr. John) for a bit.

Touring is also a great opportunity to see the world and get paid for it. On tour Cruz played in many great countries, states, and cities, but none impressed him quite as much as New Orleans, “I wanna live in that city one of these days before I die,” he vowed as he played Rosy’s Club with Dr. John, Herbie Mann, David Sanborn, and the Brecker Brothers, and as he played the Blue Room at the Fairmont Hotel with Astrud Gilberto.

Nearly two years ago, Cruz moved to New Orleans to establish residence and “to play, man. That’s what I do.” He gradually met, befriended, and eventually played with many musicians here in the Crescent City. He can be seen locally on stage with King Nino and the Slave Girls featuring A. J. Lorna; the girls Faith, Chastity, and Obedience; Mark Bingham; Ivan Bodley; and other surprise guests, or with the Rafael Cruz Quintet which has featured Michael Pelleria, Harry Connick, Jr., Scott Kevin Goudeau, Steve Masskowsi, Amoode Castonell, Rick Marguita, John Croakin, Steve Ruth, Ivan Bodley, Mark Sanders, and others in groups of only five at a time; hence the name Quintet.

For the future, Cruz hopes to play much more locally with the Rafael Cruz Quintet, and is presently negotiating financial backing from a major record label to record an album in New Orleans. When asked what more he would have the public know about him, he simply replies, “that I’m a nice person too, man. If people come to see the band, they’ll enjoy it.” Indeed.

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Hurricanes and Other Parties

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STEVE ARMBRUSTER

I just dredged up a forgotten cassette. It took me back to this time last year and placed me right in the path of a hurricane. It had been a year for big-time benefits: “We are the World,” Band-Aid, Farm-Aid, etc. Remembering that charity begins at home, a group of local artists got together with some social organizers to produce a series of shows on behalf of the hungry and homeless of New Orleans. The grand finale was on a Sunday night at the Saenger Theatre. It was an all-star occasion. Dr. John was jamming with Tommy Ridgley and Johnny Adams. Frankie Ford was alternately playing piano and “sea-cruising” on top of it, as the Pfister Sisters handled the second act. Behind them was the credit “oooh wee baby’s” behind him. There were sets by the Dixi-Kups, Deacon John, The Dirty Dozen, and others. The music was made of hunger, the uninvited guest who gathered everyone there in the first place. There was almost as much talk of the storm, whose eye was projected to pass over the city by midnight, The Neville Brothers and Jimmy Buffett finally closed out the show, but only after it got very, very late. The musicians all admonished us to remember our struggling neighbors. Buffett, while doing the same, probably struck a more responsive chord when he pointed out that we were “having one bell of a hurricane party.”

All this flashback inspires me to share a few ideas on how a person in this city might keep from going hungry. This is in no way to suggest there are not many poor people among us who truly need serious help. In fact, those of you who might be in a position to offer some assistance might like to know that the organizers of last year’s benefit are still hard at work and can be reached through the Institute of Human Relations at Loyola University. Sister Jane Redman was one of the mainstays of that effort. She and her companions keep regular office hours at the receiving end of numero 866-0126. I suppose they would be happy to hear from you.

Of all of us, however, will probably try to help the solution by not being part of the problem. Towards this goal I propose the basic 3-F System. After that I’ll give a brief description of the hurricane party phenomenon for any of you that do not already know about it.
Maybe you totally do not have time or the right color thumbprint for a garden. Try getting a baby fig or Japanese plum tree, sticking it in the ground, and forgetting about it. If you are just starting college, they may bear fruit before you graduate. And they will not interfere with your homework.

**Fishing**

is my third F. Buy a pole and go to City Park and catch bass. (You’ll need a license.) Drive to the outskirts of town in whatever direction you choose. Throw in your line. Almost anything you catch is liable to be tasty if you cook it right.

I would advise you to stay off the Mississippi River. The catfish there have been found to contain high levels of PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) and other industrial pollutants. Lake Pontchartrain should be fished with caution also. Those stately brick pumping stations that keep us from flooding are all pointed out its way. Along with rainwater goes the 10W-40 motor oil from everyone who pours it in their crankcase sludge down a street drain. We like to put the blame on Jefferson Parish, which just cannot get it together to install decent sewerage treatment plants. But New Orleans, frankly, does just as much harm to Lake Pontchartrain with all its unfiltered pump water.

Anyhow, we were talking about fishing. It is fun and easy. It will get you out to see the area. Crabbing, crawfish hunting, and floundering are variations on the same theme, only easier. Find out more if you are interested. Also investigate the sport of oystercatching. Use green bait but be sure you have a couple of plastic-handled oyster knives and maybe some heavy rubber gloves. You should cast them preferably by the sack, usually from someone with a Yugoslavian name. Open them with friends and throw the shells in your yard. Save the pearls and make a necklace. Give it to yo’ mamma.

Finally, a word about hurricane parties. They are our way of paying respect to the forces of Mother Nature. It goes beyond buying batteries and candles. It is more than just filling your bathtub with water and covering all your windows with spidery made of masking tape. It’s really an attitude. It starts when you wait until the last minute to get essential supplies. Everybody crowds the registers to buy exactly the same things. It’s frenzied like the floor of the Stock Exchange. You smell the panic when things begin to run out. You know that batteries and candles do not take much space, but you notice all the buggies are full. They will each be packed to the rim — with beer.

People get together and drink beer to celebrate not having to go to work or to school and because everything is charged with excitement. It’s like a giant sporting event. In the past few years the newscasters have been telling us to worry, then telling us to stay calm up until the eleventh hour. Then they tell us how lucky it is the storm just veered off and dashed Mississippi or Texas instead of us. (Not too lucky for them.) By this time everyone is well-juiced and either falls asleep or goes outside to walk around in what is left of the wind and kick at a few fallen tree branches.

Of course, you never know what the next hurricane will do. This year it might be a good idea to get something in your stomach, just in case. Here is a recipe for a dish the old Creole called “the Storm Dinner.” It was suggested to me by Zelida Lear, the lady who prepared grits and grillades at the Jazz Fest, and it is a variation on that dish. It is prepared basically the same way but uses fresh ham, what you might call “picnic” ham, instead of beef or veal. It is served over grits. Mrs. Lear remembers her grandmother cooking the storm dinner. As she describes it, I reckon it would go something like this.

**RECIPE**

**STORM DINNER**

3 lbs. *fresh* ham, or boneless pork tenderloin (1/2 lbs) sliced
1 giant or 3 small yellow onions diced
2 bell peppers, diced
1/2 bunch green onions, chopped fine
1 jalapeno pepper, fine
9 juicy tomatoes (skinned and seeded, if you prefer)
basil — bay leaf
7 toes of garlic, minced fine
parsley (heaping Tbsp.)
white pepper and salt (to taste)
allspice, a pinch

Pour the meat slices a bit to help tenderize them. Lightly dust them with flour. Heat some vegetable oil (3 Tbsp) in a cast-iron Dutch oven. Brown meat on both sides. Remove. Add vegetables; onions first, garlic last. Replace the meat into the pot. If the tomatoes did not make much water, add an appropriate liquid to juice it up. Let it simmer about 45 minutes. Add the parsley just before finishing. Serve over hot, buttered grits with French bread or biscuits on the side.
**CARIBBEAN**

**Arrow is Hot Hot Hot**

In his native Montserrat, the soca star pledges he's not about to cool down.

**GENE SCARAMUZZO**

Recently, while covering the exploding zouk scene in the French Antilles, I had the opportunity to speak with Arrow of Montserrat, the one soca artist who has managed to achieve the level of international recognition in the 1980s that previously had been reserved exclusively for Trinidad’s Mighty Sparrow. Back in '83, Arrow hit the scene internationally with his incredibly successful “Hot, Hot, Hot,” a song that swept through the discos worldwide, and in the three years since, Arrow has not cooled off a bit. Each carnival season he has produced a winning album, Heat in de Place (a.k.a. Rush Hour) in 1984, Soca Savage in 1985, and this past year’s Deadly. Each album has produced hits, especially Soca Savage, which contains some of Arrow’s most popular songs, like “Long Time,” “Colombia Rock,” and “Raise Your Hand.”

His unique brand of soca makes use of a hard-hitting horn section, fast tempos, screaming rock ‘n’ roll guitar solos, and rhythms from all around the Caribbean. The lyrics are mainly of the “let’s have a good time” variety, and Arrow himself always looks like he’s having a good time, moving around onstage with such energy that it’s practically impossible to photograph him.

Unlike most calypsonians who perform mainly just at carnival time, Arrow plays about six to seven months out of the year. When we connected with him in Guadeloupe, he was in the middle of a Caribbean islands tour that will climax with his appearance in Jamaica for the '86 Reggae Sunsplash, the first time ever for a soca artist to perform at the Sunsplash. He had just finished a tour of England, highlighted by appearances at the WOMAD Festival and the Socalypso '86 Festival. After Sunsplash, he will embark on his first tour of West African countries. In 1986, Arrow is hot, hot, hot.

Our conversations with Arrow covered many topics ranging from his career, to the soca/calypso scene, to the indigenous carnival culture of Montserrat. What follows are a few highlights, beginning with Arrow discussing his relationship to the “Land of Calypso,” Trinidad.

**Arrow:** “Usually for carnival every year I go down. Trinidad has been a very good hunting ground for me. Carnival time is one of the best times, the only time to really expose calypso and soca music there on any proper scale.

“See, when I went to Trinidad, I came like a novelty in that, when I went there for the first time in 1972, everybody was either singing very slow calypsos, or very political calypsos, or very smutty calypsos...outside of Sparrow or Kitchener, the two guys who used to aim at the road march.

“So when I got in there with up-tempo music, they described it at first as “Arrow’s native music,” and then slowly and surely other Trinidadians started to copy it because it started to be very commercial and very popular.

There was a lot of criticism that I wasn’t singing calypso, that I was changing it too much, that I was disco-fying it, that calypso is a cultural art form and that my songs lack lyrics. But yet they were the most popular songs at the parties, and even some of the people who came out as strong critics of my music are now borrowing a lot of that same pattern.

“It makes it very difficult for me in that I constantly have to start searching for new things to keep fresh, because if I come with a particular beat and it’s very successful, you’ll find that the next day 15 guys come with it.

“In Trinidad, in 1976, the competitions (for calypso king and for road march) were open. Me and (calypsonian) Short Shirt (Antigua) made such an impact that year... Short Shirt had a song called “Tourist Leggo” and I had a song called “Roll Back” that we had the whole Trinidad public behind us saying “Arrow might win the road march or Short Shirt might win the road march.” And the Trinidad calypso association (probably the Carnival Development Committee) decided to protest very strongly. They even had deadlines in the national papers about banning us.

“They had a meeting and decided that the Trinidad calypso king competition, along with the road march, would be a national event. So the competitions must be Trinidadian. Since that day they organized a bus as far as all participation on a competitive level is concerned.

“That was an interesting year, because the public just went with us even more. The more pressure they put on, the more we had the public on our side. People even misunderstood what was happening. They
thought they wanted to ban us from Trinidad forever, and not just from the competition.

"Things just went very different. Calypso began to shift a bit down to the smaller islands. You had Swallow (Antigua) coming on the scene, you had Beckett (St. Vincent?), you had Gabby (Barbados). Until then, really, even West Indian people thought that to be a calypsonian you must be born and bred in Trinidad."

One of the reasons that we're here in Guadeloupe right now is because of a statement you made a few years back that your style of soca is a combination of a lot of different styles, but leaning heavily on cadence from Haiti and the French Antilles.

Definitely, cadence was my strongest influence. I'm only half an hour from Guadeloupe in Montserrat, so we hear a lot of French music. Cadence music. We had a French radio station in Montserrat that used to play a lot of cadence. And when I came on the calypso scene, coming from a small country, and where Trinidad is the land of calypso, people looked to Trinidad as the authority on calypso...they felt that coming from a small country it's 50 times as difficult for people to listen to you, much less to be recognized.

"So when I assessed the whole Trinidad calypso scene, I realized that I had to be very different to be heard because the competition is very strong. I started playing around with fusing the cadence beat into the music, and it has advanced from the cadence to salsa, but the root cadence is always there. In Trinidad, sometimes they refer to my music as cadence.

"My first major success commercially was a song named 'Monique', which was a song about a girl from Martinique, and it has that strong cadence influence. Listen to 'Hot Mix' (on Arrow's Deadly LP). 'Hot Mix' is really my hits in almost chronological order, and 'Monique' is the first one in that medley...

Do you feel you have to avoid meaningful lyrics in order to stay within your successful formula? Are you restricted in any way?"

"The message in my music is simple. It's 'come on enjoy yourself and have a good time.' I like to see people happy, hence, I try not to make people sad. So you will find that also in trying to be commercial that I will use lighter subjects. Even if I take a serious subject...for instance, a couple of years ago I had a popular song called 'Man Must Live' where I dealt with 'Don't care (worry) how people suppress you and oppress you, don't care what tragedy you might go through...don't give up...live on.' And that along with a song 'Bills, Bills Everyday.' A serious problem, but we dealt with it with such up tempo that even though people were getting the message, it wasn't making them sad. So even if I do something serious, either through the melody or through the lyrics I'll maybe dilute it a bit to make it a happy song.

"Many people were saying in '85 that the Jamoo album by Shorty (one of the innovators of soca music back in the late 1970s) was going to push soca in a new direction. Have you seen any indication that this is happening?"

"No, not really. You see, Shorty has this strong idea with that change, which is very innovative, but I don't think it's commercial. It's not commercial at all. And this is the whole thing, because even in the soca business there are a lot of these guys who record just for recording sake, or to be able to tell their grandchildren that they made a record that particular year. And half of this stuff that is recorded shouldn't even be recorded."

"And the Trinidad record market has declined a thousand percent over the last five years. In 1979, if you had a hit in Trinidad you could've sold 60 to 70 thousand pieces. This year in Trinidad, the major hits, the monsters, none of them crossed seven thousand.

"We're talking about Sparrow putting his album on sale where you get a case of beer free if you buy a Sparrow album, and Sparrow never even got to five thousand! The market has gone dead."

Arrow also talked at length about the carnival celebration on the island of Montserrat. Check this column in a future issue to read what Arrow had to say. Also, those curious about the zouk phenomenon that is sweeping francophone Africa and the Caribbean should pick up the current issue (Vol. V, No. 4) of the Reggae and African Beat magazine.
Lillian Axe On the Road

The "not really metal but supercharged rock 'n' rollers" are knocking on serious doors.

W
ith two trips to New York to
their credit, Lillian Axe is
planning to return to the Big
Apple again this month to play the
club circuit.

The hard rock band was just there
in June performing at the Sundance,
Right Track Inn and Stage Park, and
being featured on a local radio show
called "Metal Shop."

Considered to be the largest re-
gional act without a record contract,
the unsigned Lillian Axe has members
Johnny Vines, bassist Michael Maxx,
lead guitarist Stevie Blaze and drum-
mer Danny King hoping that they
won't hold that distinction for long.

As with any serious band, they've
been knocking on record company
doors. Hopefully, they'll hit the one
that opens.

The suburban New
Orleans
band is
planning its third birthday on
Halloween. If it seems like Lillian Axe has
been together much longer than that
it is because they have. But the guys
in the band don't count the years be-
fore its current members became the
real Lillian Axe.

In those years since forming, well,
actually reforming into its current
lineup, band members have worked
schedules much like roughnecks on
an offshore drilling rig: three weeks
on and a week off. As Vines assesses,
"You have to work your ass off." But,
finally, they feel they've reached the
breaking point. "It's the closest we've
ever been" to signing the coveted
record contract, says manager Jerry
Ramos.

Now, they are building sources and
promoting their music regionally.
Having another local heavy metal
band make it big should help. Lillian
Axe hopes to depend on some of
Zebra's music business connections
to smooth the way. For one that is, obviously, on its way
out.

"I wasn't going to go with that band
when I've got this band," he says.
But Stevie did perform on Jim
Dandy's Ready as Hell album.

Drummer Danny King found his
way into the band via local rock band
Persia. The only non-New
Orleanian
Scott Colvis
Axe: "You have to work your ass off."

King was added to the Persia line-up
in New York, when their drummer
walked out in the middle of a tour.
When King returned to New Orleans,
he joined Lillian Axe.

The "not really metal just super-
charged rock 'n' rollers" generally
play a mix of covers and originals
unless, of course, they're opening a
concert for a major act.

The audience, band members say,
determine the mix. At Stan's Hard
Rock Cafe, for instance, they'll play
a couple of covers from bands like
AC/DC, Ratt, Aerosmith, Judas
Priest and Black Sabbath, and origi-
nals for the remainder of the show.
Lillian Axe gets airplay in some
markets, they say. But not their home-
town.

"If you do jazz or blues or a New
Orleans-style of rock, you can play here. But if you do hard rock or even punk rock, you have to go to where the market is," Vines says. Lillian Axe plays Texas to Florida and New Orleans to New York. They've learned they must leave the South to attract the attention of record company executives.

Despite on-going controversy and outright attacks on heavy metal, members of Lillian Axe are confident their brand of music will never go out of style. Heavy metal fans are faithful;

members of Lillian Axe are confident their brand of music will never go out of style. Heavy metal fans are faithful where other bands put out one or two good albums and they are out.

A band that prides itself on always being on the edge of heavy metal music and fashion, Lillian Axe was first known for its leather and spikes. Since that heavy heavy metal start, the band has moved through the make-up stage gradually always staying ahead of everyone else.

"We knew it was time to get rid of the stuff when it started to fall apart," Vines says with a laugh. No, no, it was the smell, he adds with a grin.

To combat the bum rap given heavy metal bands for their musical preference, Lillian Axe earlier this year gave a concert and anti-drinking/anti-drug talk to students at Pope John Paul High School in Shidell.

The SADD (Students Against Drunk Driving) sponsored event is something the band (that has gone as far as to draw anti-rock picketers at Stan's) would like to do more of. That is, whenever the hardest working club band gets the chance.

Incidentally, in Lillian Axe's constant battle to keep one step ahead of the crowd of other metal bands, and its push to work all of the time, the Metairie-based band tried unsuccessfully to negotiate an opening act for the first night of the AC/DC world tour that began last month in New Orleans.

The first night of the tour is hectic enough with just two bands, AC/DC manager told the local act. Then, he asked for a schedule of Lillian Axe's performances for the week the Aussie rockers were in town gearing up for the new "Who Made Who" tour.

Brian Johnson, Angus and Malcolm Young, Simon Wright and crew invaded a Ninth Ward movie studio for six days leading into their August New Orleans performance. Also cruising New Orleans' streets last month was MTV veejay Alan Hunter, who was taping his on-going summer series "Amuck in America."

Twisted Sister has officially cancelled the remainder of their U.S. and international tours. Drummer A. J. Pero walked out leaving the Long Island, N.Y., group drummerless for some time.

...
What's So Funny?

Suddenly this summer several good venues for comedy have appeared, with promise of even more.

MARK KAUFMAN

The phenomenon of the comedy club has been one that bypassed New Orleans until recently. Reasons that comedy didn’t take off in the land of the natural comedian were many... too much conflicting inexpensive entertainment, a weak club scene, and the lack of sophistication laid on any audience that has as its address some streets other than Los Angeles or New York.

As the comedy listings began to grow in other regional music magazines, and Wavelength’s had only an occasional listing or two, we began to worry. Always on the cutting edge of a trend, was this one entertainment angle we weren’t going to come? Then summer came, with what we call around here the Times-Picayune’s Little Depression, and lo and behold, comedy clubs are springing up like Latter and Blum for sale signs.

The Ernst Cafe is a cozy brick building in the still little-known warehouse district, just behind the surrealistic Italian Plaza. Not long ago, entrepreneur/producer Allain Delavillebret met with Lou Tortorich, the current owner of a cafe that’s been in the family since 1902. The two struck a deal to open a comedy club in the upstairs room. Delavillebret had seen the Comedy Cabaret Players, a troupe of a dozen or so local comics who often appear at the Glitter club in Slidell and tour on weekends. He hired the troupe co-managers Mike Pamon and Ken Ferguson to manage the new enterprise.

They, in turn, emphasized using local talent, which is one of the strong points of the club. Every Wednesday night is for these regional stand-ups, and the club is often crowded. Some have already been featured on a Cox Cable Video, spliced from several shows, which was televised at 10 p.m. on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday.

"It’s unfair," says Pamon, "to assume that ‘local’ means ‘amateur.’" Indeed, three-fourths of the troupe tour, and starting in mid-August they began headlining on Friday and Saturday nights as well. So Ernst’s is the only club owned, operated by, and featuring locals — "we’re keeping the money at home," Tortorich brags. They also seem to be the cheapest comedy club in town: $6 cover on weekends, only $1.50 for a beer, and no drink minimum.

I caught an early Saturday night show that featured out-of-town headliners. Pamon, originally from New York, opened the show with a few jokes about Schwegmann’s and other supermarkets, but quickly moved on the material appealing to the tourists in the audience as well. (He privately noted that local comedians seldom specialize in humor with limited appeal when they hit the road. Similarly, they keep the shows pretty clean for potential television appearances.) While each club claims to be
Lynne Hurty

the premiere showcase, the Cafe's strength is its intimacy: almost every seat is within that "front row" reach of the stage. Indeed, at the slow start of his show, the boisterous Hungarian Jerry Pizzarelli walked over a few empty chairs to hustle the attention of some people talking in a corner. L.A.'s Jann Karam was funny, too — she's already appeared on the Comedy Tonight program — but it was a smiling rather than laughing crowd on that particular night.

Still, with two new acts in every weekend, the shows must vary in everything except high professional quality, and the downtown location makes it an ideal place to go.

Nearby, in the C.B.D., lies George Porgie's, a cabaret club in the middle of the Hyatt Regency Hotel. It lists itself as a comedy club, and to be fair, they have a variety of funny acts, including a Broadway brunch on Sundays and a house band that does some humorous impersonations of rock stars. But call ahead to check on when their monthly "big names" appear, or you'll be listening to some slick cover tunes with a bunch of out-of-town folk doing their evenings through a conference.

Out in Metairie, the Punchline dominates the verbal entertainment scene. It's one of a chain that started in Atlanta and includes eight other comedy clubs, soon to expand to a fleet of twenty. As a result, they book top-quality, national headliners who can keep a fertile audience from buying out of one Punchline to the next. They have some local-gone-national professionals, too, but emphasize that most work out of New York or L.A.

Manager Jim Smith notes that there was a void ten years ago: places filled the gap between old-time vaudeville and the contemporary club atmosphere. Comedy has "grown up" in the last five years or so, due to the exposure of HBO, Playboy, and local cable TV stations. Shows like the Comedy Workshop and Starsearch promote young comedians, and people want to go out and catch these sort of shows live. And "Snickers," the Punchline's local talent agency, can hire top-quality comics for low prices.

Comedy Showcase manager Patty Murphy agrees with Smith that the local success is partly due to the depressed economy. People stressed out over precarious employment have an even greater need to laugh, and escape. Although its cover charge and drink prices may not be within the budget of the unemployed, the two-month-old club is doing well: on a Wednesday night, the place was packed, candle-lit and sprawling upstairs from Auge's Delago, overlooking the sunset on the lakefront. Sunday is open mike night, but like the Punchline, most of the acts are of national stature, including the hot act for August: Dennis Blair, who toured with Joan Rivers and Rodney Dangerfield and appeared in Easy Money. Even lesser-known comics, like the locally-recruited Eric Lambert, have a polished act that matches the "big show" atmosphere of the large room. Lambert opened up the show and introduced an incisive Mark Sweetmeat from Detroit, followed by L.A.'s Van Gunter, fresh from a tour warming up for Kool and the Gang.

All these credentials may be impressive, but more importantly, local or national comics earn their promising notoriety with well-crafted shows. Frankly, every act is going to be different, according to the comedian and the mood of the audience, but every act is also going to be funny. New Orleans has always been "sophisticated enough" for comedy — now they have several places to enjoy it, live. Go out there and giggle!
Back to School Boogie
Don't worry, Jimmy Swaggart, there's no way you'll find these discs at Wal-Mart.

JAMES LIEN

Our favorite record store is closing, moving away. As you walk in the door, they are taking down the sign overhead. You stroll across the carpet, and two men are ruffling it up behind you as they go. When you are finished browsing through one of the bins, the men pack up the records in a box and carry them off. They follow you through the store, disappearing as you always do. What records do you buy? Here are some suggestions. When you hand your money to the cashier, he puts it in the register, closes the drawer, unplugs the machine, and carries it off under his arm, leaving you in an empty, dusty warehouse with nothing but a pile of mail-order record catalogues, and the stack of albums you bought.

Tangerine Dream

Underwater Sunlight
Relativity EMC8113

Okay, so you remember those National Geographic Sounds of the Humpback Whale records? Here's the secret: play them at thirty-three and a third, and they're a million times better. And they mysteriously sound like cats or dogs whining. But it's not true. At seventy-eight revolutions per minute, the whales don't sound like little chirping birds. When it comes to undersea music, they're just as whiney as any old mammal.

Hickel's store

Pressure Cooker

Enigma Records, P.O. Box 15375, Houston, Texas 77270

My Dad is Dead
And He's Not Going To Take It Anymore
St. Valentine

Tangerine Dream's late 1970s/early '80s work such as Underwater Sunlight is of the same plangent, melodic, and atmospheric sound. Listen to its soft focus, meandering, occasionally jarring, and almost unrecognizable music. The song "Whale" clocks in at five minutes, ten seconds. "Song of the Whale" is a true Tangerine Dream fashion of just under twenty-four minutes; it's the origin story of the band's repertoire (they have been known to cover "Papa Roach" in their live sets). These two songs serve their purpose well; provide a sample of what the group sounded like, and leave the listener anxious to hear more in the future.

The rest of the record is equally solid. The synth songs, too, are set to the rock of the day. It's not just a matter of the music being catchy; it's the whole thing. For example, "It's Real" has a great melody, and the band really seems to be having fun. The song "My Dad is Dead" is a masterpiece of its time, capturing the essence of the early '80s underground music scene. It's a pity that more people didn't know about it at the time, as it's a timeless classic.
T his album represents one of the earliest attempts the Europeans made at opening up the vaults to unlock many classic New Orleans performances. Compiled by Gilles Petiard, who would later bring us those great Pathé Marconi reissues, the 16 track LP presents a hodge-podge of Allen Toussaint productions recorded between 1965 and 1969.

Undoubtedly, Lee Dorsey gets the lion’s share of attention with four of his big Amy Records hits being found — “Ride Your Pony,” “Working in A Coalmine” — with Florida trucker Betty Harris right behind with three of her big singles.

Far more interesting, however, are the obscure singles gathered from the Sansu and Tou-Sea labels. Case in point is “Omar Khayyam,” by the Rubayyats, which in all likelihood is a multi-tracked recording of Allen Toussaint’s singing and playing. Other interesting tracks include Aaron Neville’s “Where Is My Baby,” Ray Alfere’s “In My Corner,” and Wallace Johnson’s “I’m Grown.” Two songs Toussaint recorded for Bell in the late sixties: “I’ve Got That Feelin’ Now” and “We the People,” finish up the album, which still sound contemporary today.

Although this album is no longer available, most of the individual tracks can be tracked down via the various Lee Dorsey and Betty Harris reissues, and the recent Sechir’s Soul Farm Vol. 2, on Charly.

R.E.M.

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YSTERIES OF NEW ORLEANS
REVEALED

It’s Our Party

Have we forgot why we’re here in the first place?
What we do best?
What we live to do?

by Bunny Matthews

The only thing that is done with any degree of consistent excellence in New Orleans is the Party. It is our collective obsession. Sure — we talk about the faltering economy, public education and high crime rates but do we really care? Nuh uh — we wanna PAAARRRRTTYY!!

The history of New Orleans is a history of parties: General Andrew Jackson and a bunch of pirates celebrating their guerilla-style victory at the Battle of New Orleans; the feting of celebrated authors such as Mark Twain (who raved over the local pompano, calling it “delicious as the less criminal forms of sin”) and William Makepeace Thackeray; the quadroon balls, where young ladies of color were romanced by young men of pinkish complexion; Mardi Gras, imported, by way of Ancient Rome, from Mobile; Mayor Maestri presenting President Franklin D. Roosevelt with a platter of raw oysters. New Orleans needed entertainment for its parties so it invented jazz. New Orleans needed refreshments for its parties so it invented the cocktail. After these two momentous innovations, all progress ceased in New Orleans. We got drunk and listened to music. It was the only worthwhile enterprise left.

Space does not allow a thorough investigation of all the various types of parties popular in New Orleans so what follows is a general overview of some of the grand festivities, as well as recipes, advice and arcane observations.

The Birthday Party

While not unknown in other parts of the world, the Birthday Party is a virtual daily occurrence in some sections of New Orleans, particularly office buildings. Orleanians do not really like to work (the only reason they do work is to pay for parties) so the occasion of someone’s birthday is ample justifi-
Remember? Music was fun. The Beach Boys, Elvis, The Beatles, all the great music, all the fun, and the joy of seeing anybody that was somebody—live in concert.

Music was exciting, thrilling, and fun.

Your record player sounded horrible as did the records you played on it. But it didn’t matter, you never had heard your favorite record on a real high fidelity system.

But now you have one. But even your new records are scratched and hard to listen to. And they’re a pain to put on anyway, so you just sit there and occasionally switch to MTV on your remote control TV.

What if it wasn’t a pain to put on records, little 4 7 inch records that could play for 74 minutes uninterrupted.

What if you could scan the music or jump from any song to any song in a second or two, all by remote control?

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And what if you could play this same record in your car, or take it with you anywhere, and still get all this great sound?

Music would be fun again. The Compact Disc makes music fun again.
The Surprise Party

Often combined with the Birthday Party, the Surprise Party is most enjoyable when the recipient absolutely detests parties and would not attend even if invited by engraved invitation. By surprising such persons, they have no choice but to endure the agony of entrapment by boisterous well-wishers.

The Celebrity Party

Celebrities love parties in New Orleans, mainly because they don't live here and think that it's a charming place. Orleanians love celebrities because they think that a mere brush with the Famous will make life in this dull, sweltering burg tolerable. Germaine Wells, the late proprietress of Arnaud's hosted a mad soiree matching her own. Led Zeppelin sought drag queens for their local celebrations and the Rolling Stones chartered the S.S. President and loaded it with roulette wheels and gaming tables. The invited Orleanians were shocked to discover that Mick Jagger is a midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall. Bruce Springsteen rented Storyville for his party and hired his favorite local midget, barely 5-feet tall.

The Bachelor Party

The most common entertainment at the Bachelor Party is two or more female prostitutes mimicking the sex act in front of the assembled, usually inebriated males present. Movies featuring women and dogs, horses, anteaters and other creatures are also popular. Likewise in vogue is the humiliation of the groom. The best place to accomplish this is at the Downs Lounge in Metairie, where the groom is tied to a chair on stage and then given a massage by the mammary glands of the resident exotic dancers.

The Orgy

While I have never been to an Orgy (and doubt that such parties actually take place in these modern times), a friend of mine claims that he went to one in Houston. He said it was a rather bad experience because, after enjoying the favors of the best looking woman at the party and thanking her for her hospitality, he sought out the (male) friend he had arrived with and found him in bed with another man and no good explanation. I would imagine that the worst aspect of an Orgy would be seeing all your friends naked, especially if one's friends are not body builders or Hollywood starlets.

The King Cake Party

This ritual commences 12 nights after Christmas and continues until Mardi Gras. The idea is to enjoy one's self without the misfortune of finding the plastic (or, in rare cases, ceramic) King Cake baby in one's piece of cake (which means that one must throw the next King Cake baby). Swallowing the baby can be rough on the intestines and is not advisable.

The Seafood Party

This one is simple. Fill a pirogue with ice and oysters on the halfshell. Boil three or four tons of crawfish (don't forget to add corn-on-the-cob and new potatoes). Spread newspaper over card tables and ice down a dozen kegs of beer. Play Fats Domino records as loud as the neighborhood will allow.

The Hurricane Party

Yes, here we sit below sea level, between two large bodies of water, waiting for the Big One to hit. The electricity's out and the neighbor's poodle is flying across the horizon at 15 miles per hour. What do we do? We party! See Mr. Armbruster's column in this issue for further details.

The Cocktail Party

As I said, the cocktail was invented in New Orleans. The Cocktail Party, however, was invented by cartoonists employed by The New Yorker. The Cocktail Party infers polite chit-chat and gossip over Manhattan and Martinis. No such event has ever taken place in New Orleans.

The Pajama Party

Do you wear pajamas? Do you know anyone who wears pajamas? The only adult I've seen in pajamas in recent years was Hugh Hefner. What might be more appropriate for New Orleans would be the Funky Underwear Party.

Party Food

Too much food, combined with too much alcohol, will only make your guests sick. Go easy on the vittles and buy more alcohol. If you insist upon serving food, go for the two big New Orleans favorites — (A) Philadelphia cream cheese doused with Pickapeppa Sauce from Jamaica and (B) hogshead cheese (don't even attempt to imagine the ingredients).

Party Drinks

Anything with a reasonable amount of alcohol will do although the proper host or hostess will serve Golden Slippers, concocted by mixing Yellow Chartreuse with apricot-flavored brandy, stirring with cracked ice, straining into a cocktail glass and then floating a yolk of egg on top. Cheers!
The world's first music computer now has a broader repertoire.

When we introduced the CX5M™ computer, it was the only computer dedicated to compose, record and play music.

Now, with TeleWord, the CX5M can do words as well as music. This powerful word processing/telecommunications program has such features as global search and change, cut-and-paste text transfer and on-screen page layout. As well as autodialer with re-dial function, computerized "phone book" with 50-entry capacity and complete adaptability to all 300- and 1200-baud operations.

But back to the music with the new CX5M MIDI Recorder program. Its four banks, each containing four recording tracks, let you compose and arrange music in step-time or real-time from any MIDI keyboard. Edit. Then synchronize playback through DX synthesizers or FM tone generators, such as the TX7.

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And these are just a few examples of the expanded software available for the CX5M.

Examples of the new hardware for the CX5M include the SFG05. This module has an FM tone generator with 46 of its own preset voices, an 1800-note sequencer and room for 48 user-programmed voices.

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Allied Music, New Orleans
Bud’s Guitar and Drum, Lafayette
Not the day he buried his mother-in-law, a lady Ronnie Theriot says he loved dearly...

I told my wife Lois: 'Look. Your mother was good to me. I loved her when she was alive and now I've buried her. I can't do anything else for her and tonight the Saints have an exhibition.' Horrible weather, too. Had a power failure at the stadium that night

Not even the Sunday afternoon when sons Ronnie Jr. and Robert had their ring ceremonies over at Brother Martin High...

"My wife really got mad at me on this one. But I said 'Look, I've spent thousands to help them get these rings. I care about the rings. But the rings'll be on their fingers Monday night for me to look at. There won't be a Saints' game for me to look at on Monday.'"

Not for nothing has Ronnie Theriot missed a Saints home game, not even the day he buried his mother-in-law, a lady Ronnie Theriot says he loved dearly...

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The Greatest Saints Fan?

It's our Catholic heritage that teaches us to suffer, and Ronnie Theriot does it so well.

by Ronnie Virgets

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Not for nothing has Ronnie Theriot missed a Saints home game, not even a lousy exhibition. That's a streak going on 20 years now, going on 200 games. That's more Saint games than John Mecom ever saw and more than Tom Benson will ever live to see. Never missed one, Ronnie Theriot. Says he probably never will.

We're talking quintessential Saint fan here, boys and girls. Games surrounded by terrible heat or terrible cold. Al Hirt and Gumbo Ya-Ya. Corkheade players, muddlehead coaches and bagheaded fans. Cheerful halftime balloon ascensions crashing into the top of Tulane Stadium and disgruntled paper planes crashing onto the floor of the Dome. The

worship of a team with an aggregate regular-season record of 83-187-5. This means going through sacks and sacks of bad oysters to find a few precious victory pearls.

This is no team for the ficklehearted.

This is what, on this Saturday afternoon at Whitey's Famous Seafood Restaurant on Downman Road, Ronnie Theriot is saying over a pitcher of draft and a plate of white beans to his pal, "Coffee" Grinder.

"I usta go to all the Saints games," Coffee is saying. "But after years and years, man, I give up."

"Man, it's people like you who always come up to me at work on Monday mornings after they get beat and wanna tell me what's wrong with the Saints," Ronnie says with brown eyes flashing. "Guys who don't even go to the games! They the ones that piss me off. I say you pay your money, then we'll talk about the Saints."

After a pitcher of draft, Ronnie has a lot to talk about the Saints. About tonight's season-opening exhibition from Denver. "Me and my wife gonna sit in front of the TV with our little beer... I can't wait." It seems as though this is a popular brew in parts of New Orleans: Our "Little" beer.

Or about the Howard bus he and a bunch of the gang from Whitey's are chartering for a road game with Houston in a couple of weeks.

"We've been to Houston about six times over the years, and we try to get a hotel near the Galleria, because the girls like to shop there. Man, when we got off the bus one time the bell captain said we had more ice chests than luggage. Once we were going a half-way party the night before the game and the cops showed up and said they'd hafta arrest us if the noise didn't stop. We told 'em they might as well arrest us now because this was just the party before the game."

Please don't misunderstand. Mr. Theriot is no scofflaw, no regular defier of the police. He's been in the employ of Uncle Sam for 31 years now, the first decade at Commodity Credit, the rest with the Corps of Engineers.

At 49, he plays a little less softball and a little more golf than he used to. He's a Saturday-afternoon regular at Whitey's and is more than a little proud that he was king of the Krewe of Crawfish that parades inside the bar two Saturdays before Mardi Gras. "The only interior parade in town, unless you wanna count Bacchus in the Dome," he boasts. "My queen was Mary Hebert, whose husband owns the place. She's queen every year. We call her Queen Eternal."

About 20 years ago, Ronnie and his wife, Lois, moved to the home on Pleasant Street that they still live in. About the same time, the Saints brought their particular version of the National Football League to town, and things were never the same on Pleasant Street.

"I didn't start with season tickets," Ronnie remembers. "I usta go to the Lee Circle ticket office on payday and try to buy for the next two or three games, depending on the paycheck."

Soon he was buying season tickets for Lois, his sons and daughter Dawn. Over the years, the boys gave up on the Saints. Dawn called it dust last season.

"They probably got tired of being frustrated," suggests "Coffee" Grinder, reaching for the pitcher. "You ever notice how it is on the streets the Monday after the Saints get beat? People driving like they were crazy or something."

"Years ago, I usta take this losing stuff home with me," Ronnie confesses. "But no more. Now I don't always even stay till the end of the game if they're getting massacred. Now I figure: I've paid my dues. I can leave early."

Sometimes the dues were in hard coin: A 62-7 thrashing by Atlanta, a 1-15 season, a loss to Tampa Bay that gave that expansion team its first-ever vic-

SEPTEMBER • Wavelength 25
Voodoo originated on the West Coast of Africa, among the Dahomey tribal people, who worshipped spirit deities that correspond to the forces of the natural world. When the French brought slaves to the new world colonies of Haiti, Martinique and Louisiana, an effort was made to convert these Africans to Catholicism. While they had some obvious success, many of the slaves adopted the trappings of Catholicism while retaining the fundamental faith of Dahomey spirit worship. These spirits were called upon in times of need, and their influences was amplified by the use of associated herbs, candles, rituals and dedication.

Since the Catholics had their own spirits invoked for such purposes, called “saints,” as well as their own rituals, prayer meditations and food observances, the slaves naturally assumed that this was the white man’s version of the same thing. This combination of African and European religious beliefs in the original French colonies became known as “voodoo” — the practice of Marie Laveau and Poppa Doc Duvalier (in Haiti).

Voodoo is somewhat more elaborate, due to the many other New Orleans, and they can’t imagining a higher calling ... “See, on the Saints’ out-town games, our little group rotates whose house we gonna go to to watch the game on TV,” Ronnie Theriot says as he waves Jack King, resident chef at Whisie’s Famous Seafood Restaurant, to the table. “We have things like roast and peas, seafood, our little beer and yell like we were nuts. “Well, one day we’re all watching the Saints on TV and I think they were getting beat as usual. But we’re all sitting in front of a mountain of boiled shrimp, the women are waiting on us like we were kings, the air-conditioner’s blowing in November, and somebody says: “I wonder what they’re doing in Minnesota right now?”

It’s scarier than Judaism, more raucous than Baptist, more statues than Buddhism — its voodoo, and it’s still around.

by Eric D. Bookhardt

The days are long past when it was fairly commonplace, under the light of a full moon, for large and varied masses of people to chant strange hypnotic chants and prance about in various stages of undress on the commands of an ebony priestess, darkly illuminated by the flickering glow of a cauldron fire. Into the steaming vat had been placed mysterious objects, herbs, and perhaps a snake or even a live, bound chicken, while former slaves, ordinary black and white people, as well as society folk and sometimes an occasional debutante, chanted and danced in rhapsodic abandon. These ceremonies have been a more exciting neighborhood in those powerful woman of 19th Century New Orleans.

Life, and through her influence a great many people were saved, cured or acquitted, as well as the reverse.

New Orleans was a loved, feared and celebrated fixture of city life, and through her influence a great many people were saved, cured or acquitted, as well as the reverse.

But highest of all was the glorious afternoon Tom Dempsey kicked his NFL record 63-yard field goal with no time remaining to beat the Lions, 17-16. "I remember saying when they lined up, 'Lookit this fake sh*t.' And when he kicked it, the ball wasn't between the uprights. But he kicked it so hard it sliced, like a golf ball, and went right through."

"Well, when it was over, nobody wanted to leave. We all sat in the stands, at least an hour, and had a giant party for the whole city. White people buying drinks for black people and black people buying drinks for white people. It was like everyone had gone crazy.

And in that frieze is perhaps the essence of the essential Saint fan. Perhaps it is inarticulable; certainly it isn't about wins and losses. It likely has something to do with New Orleans people helping one another be New Orleanians, and they can't imagining a higher calling ... ."
influence of French Catholicism, that the folk magic or "hoodoo" of the rural areas of the South.

Voodoo is essentially about power — harnessing the unseen spirits and occult (literally meaning "hidden") forces to the service of the human will. While enlightened voodoo adepts have adopted a belief in the golden rule — that we are given just enough power to lead you with interest — voodoo is like technology in its ethical neutrality. It may be used for white or black magic, for creative or merely foolishly destructive efforts. Its main appeal is a means for the individual to gain some control over his or her own destiny, usually in prosaic affairs such as health, money, sex, court cases, lotteries and the like.

**SANTERÍA**

The history of santería is similar to that of voodoo, only involving Spanish Catholicism and its influence on slaves from the Yoruba tribes of the Nigerian coast of Africa. Today santería flourishes in the Caribbean region including the Caribbean coastal nations of Latin America, where it is a major force in all areas of life.

Although the encounter with Catholicism came about in a manner similar to voodoo, there are significant differences deriving from both the Spanish and Yoruba influences. Historians of santería maintain that the Yoruba faith in spirit deities was highly evolved and strikingly similar to the pantheon of the Olympian deities of ancient Greece. (Both the Greeks and the Yorubas practiced "nature" religions, the basis of all witchcraft.) The Yoruba gods, known as "orishas," have distinctly human-seeming personalities, each identified with a particular Catholic saint, but actually linked with some force of nature. Thus Saint Barbara is actually the orisha Changó, god of fire, thunder and lightning, whose human form is said to be a huge black man with striking features and an infectious smile. Santería appears somewhat more humanistic than voodoo, and its gods, like the Greeks, are sometimes capricious and capable of a good time. In Brazil, santería is known as Santería.

Our West Bank source assures us that santería is formally structured in a manner similar to the Catholic church, with hierarchies of priests for various purposes. The faithful are called "santeros" and during a ceremony it is not unusual for spirit possession to take place as a particular orisha enters the body of a devotee. While a santero does not necessarily often visit a Catholic church (unless to borrow holy water), accounts of the lives of Jesus, Mary and the saints are regarded as great sources of information on the orishas.

Most santería cults are involved with white magic only, although this may include negative force if it is an act of protection and reflects intentions of "divine justice."

**WITCHCRAFT**

What we usually call witchcraft refers to the old pre-Christian nature religions of Europe (although during the last two centuries ancient Egyptian lore has exerted influences both in Europe and America). The historians of witchcraft trace the cult back to the prehistoric age, where it proceeded the Bronze Age. According to the legends of the wicca (witchcraft) faith, in those early days there were tribes that sought to tame the forces of nature, just as they had learned to tame animals and raise crops. Their magic was said to be concerned with the subtle art of bending these forces of nature, perceived as energy fields surrounding all life, and shaping them to serve the human will. This original witchcraft worshipped the various manifestations of a goddess — the totality of all of nature, and a god — the "horned one" represented by Pan, the goat, lord of the flocks, the herds and the hunt. The goddess was often symbolized by a crescent moon.

These tribes that worshipped nature in the form of the bountiful goddess of the fields, the seas and the sky, and of the animal god Pan, were eventually conquered by the warrior tribes. While these too usually practiced magic, this was said to be sorcery for the purpose of conquest rather than creation. So witchcraft had to go underground. However, some conquering tribes such as the Celts of Britain, and the ancient Greeks, incorporated much of the Old Religion into their own legends, thus preserving what we know of it today. It is because of the prominent element of a bountiful "Mother Nature" goddess in the Old Religion that witchcraft and witches are often associated with women. It was a kind of original feminism.

Today, persons who are witches may be of the enlightened variety, but they might also be of the variety devoted to sorcery — black magic for purposes of conquest. Our language does not differentiate, and the matter was further confused by a very old smear campaign directed against the animal god Pan, which attempted to link him with the legend of satan, the underworld fallen angel derived from the Hebrew Talmud. There is no tradition of satanism in original witchcraft.

In the countryside of French Louisiana, voodoo, European witchcraft and American Indian magic have been synthesized into a local craft, sometimes practiced by the traditional Cajun trévére or herb doctor. A new book describing Louisiana folk magic, by a practicing adept, entitled *Charms, Spells and Formulas* is now available. Written by Ray Malbrrough, it was published by Llewellyn Publications, from whom it may be ordered if your bookstore does not stock it.

Here in New Orleans, voodoo has long been preeminent among both blacks and whites, although European and Egyptian witchcraft has long been an underground presence, and santería appears to be gaining ground. While traditionally tainted by perceived associations with ignorance and paranoia, the study of the occult may be gaining new credibility due to a new awareness concerning the effects of meditation, as well as the ever-increasing knowledge of the physics and chemistry of humanity. In any event, it is an interesting counterpoint to present-day attitudes. And anything that could alleviate the boredom of the money-obsessed 1986 America of yuppies, of business as a kind of religion, and of religion as a kind of mass market business — can't be all bad.

**Botanicas and Occult Shops**

Voodoo and occult spiritualist beliefs are a built-in part of traditional New Orleans customs. For instance, the practice of scrubbing down the front stoop with red brick dust, common until fairly recently, might sound less efficient than Formula 409. But actually, the red brick dust scrub-down was for protection against evil spirits entering the home, a factor not covered in most spray detergent product warranties.

Most occult shops provide the herbs, candles and other paraphernalia for invoking spirits or spells is not ordinarily found at the Winn-Divy. (Although often available at Schweggmann's.) Since the tools of the trade are closely related, as are the actual techniques of voodoo, witchcraft and santería, most occult shops have similarities of inventory regardless of their actual orientation. Here are a few of the better known ones:

**Divine Light** at 3318 Magazine St. This place is described by its proprietor as a general spiritualist supply shop, not affiliated with any one branch of the occult, "although some clients practice voodoo or santería — mostly light stuff aimed at getting evil spirits out of the house." Consultations and tarot readings are also offered and appear to be in strong demand.

**F & F Botanica**, 801 N. Broad. A "Botanica" is what shops such as these are designated in Spanish, a reference to the wide stock or herbs they carry. F & F is the Schweggmann's of occult supply stores, with a huge selection of herbs, candles, oil, and a vast array of statuary. Obviously catering to the santeria sects, it also offers a large stock of occult books and consultants in the rear.

**The Helping Hand**, 1732 Tulane Ave. A colorful, established place near Charity Hospital, the Helping Hand is closely associated with the beliefs of the black community. An advisor is available.

**The Witchcraft Shop**, 521 St. Philip St. Founded some years ago and long associated with the legendary local witch, Mary Oneida Toups, the Shop is affiliated with the Religious Order of Witchcraft of Louisiana. As to where they are oriented among the many forms of witchcraft, the proprietor declined comment. The atmosphere of dark theatricality is colorful and appropriate to the French Quarter location. They manufacture their own oils and tarot readings are available.
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SEPTEMBER

Information to Wavelength's Calendar is published Free. Deadline for information is the 14th of the previous month. Send all information to: Lisa Taylor, Calendar Editor, P.O. Box 15967, New Orleans LA 70175.

CONCERTS

Monday, 1
Labor Day Concert, in Lafreniere Park by the New Orleans Symphony of light classics and popular music, in large pavilion on mall island. Free, picnicking encouraged.

Friday, 5 & Saturday, 6
Symphony Pop Concert, Celebration of America at the Orpheum Theatre.

Saturday, 6
White Animals, Jimmy's Music Club.

Monday, 8
the Seekers, McAllister Auditorium, Tulane, 7:30 p.m., A-Ha, Saenger, 8 p.m., 524-0876.

Friday, 12
R.E.M.; special guest, Felchien Bones—a name which refers either to a relative of Stepin' Jitney you-know-who or is some sort of concoction, Saenger, 8 p.m., 688-8181.

FESTIVALS

Thursday, 4-Saturday, 6
Guyordan Duck Festival, in Festival Park at Guyordan, 8 a.m., until 10 p.m.

Friday-Sunday, 5-7
Bayou Blue Food Festival, at St. Louis Church on Hwy 216, (318) 876-3449.

Friday, 12-Sunday, 14
Harahan Railroad Fair, at Senat Playground, Harahan.

Old Country Bazaar, in Jeanerette, from 10 a.m. to midnight on Saturday and 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Sunday.

Saturday, 19-Sunday, 21
Rayne Frog Festival, information at (313) 334-2332.

Tuesday, 30-October 4
Beauvoir Park Fair, DeRidder; information at (318) 439-9576.

Tangieaux Park Fair, Amite LA; information at (504) 748-1707 or 748-5286.

SPORTS

Friday, 5

WWF Wrestling, UNO Arena, 9 p.m. The Hulk, King Kong Bundy, Randy "Macho Man" Savage. George "The Animal" Steele, Jake "Snake" Roberts, Paul Mr. Wonderful" Orndorff, Big John Studd, et al.; information at 334-7200.

Sunday, 7

Sala v. Falcons, LA; Superdome, noon; 522-2600.

Tuesday, 9

AT&T/Marsh of Domes Celebrity Golf Classic, Cordell Country Club, Destin.

Saturday, 13

Tulane v. Texas Christian University, LA; Superdome, 1:30 p.m.; 885-5577.

Sunday, 14

Salts v. Packers, LA; Superdome, noon; 522-2600.

Saturday, 20

Tulane v. Vanderbilt, in Nashville, 7 p.m.; 865-5507.

Saturday, 27

Tulane v. Ole Miss, at Oxford, MS, 1:30 p.m.; 865-5507.

Monday, 29-October 5

Virginia Slims Tournament, UNO Arena, 10 a.m. daily (Monday-Thursday), morning, afternoon and evening sessions on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, information at 286-7222.

LIVE MUSIC

○ FRENCH QUARTER

Fun Cave, 608 Iberville, 523-9338. Tuesdays and Thursdays, Japanese koto music; heavy metal Mondays; Saturdays, Captain Tain's All Good Revue—a tribute to the old All Good Luncheonette with the unforgettable raccoon knotty pine paneling on Poydras.

Bayou's Jazz King, 791 Bourbon, 524-9200. Jazz Unlimted every night, from 9.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Dancing, singing, chic and good.

Through Tues: Irma Thomas; Wed 3 through Tule:6; Charlie Byrd; Wed 10 through Tues:6; the agressive Tito Puente; Wed 17 through Tues:6; ladykiller Bobby Blue Bland.

Brew House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 526-9543. Alternating Saturdays from 3 to 8:30, Andy and the Pecanizers and Deja Vu.

Charley's Corner, in the Chaumou LeMoyne Hotel, 301 Dauphine, 581-1303. Fridays, 7 to 11, the Nile Kapo.

Clenton Hotel, 1500 Canal, 527-4500. Brassy Janice Medlock on the Terrance Court from 6 Tuesdays through Thursdays and from 7 until 11 on weekends; nothing Sundays and Mondays.


Create, 214 Prytania Street (every Saturday). 526-0814. Crawdads nights, 8 to 10 p.m. with Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band.

Green Palms, 524 Franchon, 943-8890. Fri. and Sat. 27: The Radiators. Rest of dates not scheduled at present.

Fairmont Hotel, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Every night past Sundays, Sam Adams at 9 p.m.

Famous Deer, 529 Bourbon, 522-7260. Music every day. Thomas Jefferson and His Creole Jazz Band from 7 p.m. till 1 a.m., except on Wednesdays.

True Believers, part of the "Austin, Tx." night at Tipitina's, Thursday 18.

Thursday, 18

Austin Night, with participants as Omar and the Howlers, the True Believers, The Commandos, Tipitina's, 891-TIPS.

Friday, 19

Badly Knight, Saenger, 8 p.m., 524-6875.

Monday, 22

Moody Blues, whose materialization here may be another of the delayed effects of the Cherubini accident, UNO Arena, 286-7222.

Wednesday, 24 & Saturday, 27

The Bottles, thrill again to the machinations of Murk, Azucona and her gypsy hordes and the villainous Count Di Luna in the most immediately appealing, and most often indifferently performed, of the Verdi potboilers; Theatre for the Performing Arts. Ticket information at 529-2278.

Wednesday, 24

Afrika Bambata; Family, Tipitina's, 891-TIPS.

Saturday & Sunday, 27 & 28

Fell Gospel Festival at the Zoo, a good place one guesses to be "reminded" that Moses turned Aaron's rod into a serpent and that ravens fed Eli-
days when the Famous Door Five occupies the premises until 4 p.m.

Feeling Blue, 726 St. Peter, 523-9535. Mon., Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 7:30-10:30 p.m.: Kenny Butler. Tuesdays and Fridays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Kenny And

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Gary Brown and Feelings, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday from 7 p.m. Monday, and Tuesday from 7-10 for $10, and Friday and Saturday from 4-7 p.m. Carpe Diem, Monday and Tuesday from 9 to 5. Thursday, and Friday and Saturday from 9:15 for $12. Fortis Heuse, 242 Bourbon. Tuesday music nightly from 7 to 11 p.m.

Pete Fournier at the Hilton, 522-4374. Pete Fournier and his band nightly at 10; one show only, reservations.

LeBlanc's in the Hotel Meridien, 614 Canal, 523-6000. The Cradle Rock Jazz Trio. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Sundays

Barleth, 1018 Decatur, 522-6282. Alloresco performances according to the weather. Mondays, noon-5. Anna Miller, followed by John Magne from 5:30 to 9:30. Tuesdays-Thursdays: Anna Miller, noon to 4 p.m. John Magne, 4 to 8 p.m. and Nora Wixted from 5 until midnight and taking it indoors. Fridays: the same for Nora Wixted being joined by her group 2 Much Fun. Saturdays: the Pilsfer Sisters who want to tell the world about their new music-their new arrangement. Allied for all those with Wych paintings (and Andy was just keeping the stuff under wraps and unsure to ruin their careers. It was a form of this prompted the stumping arrangement from Betty Wyeth in the New York Times when she discovered this book. Nora had been making time and cop-toil with all three gals. "Maybe I'm strange, but I'm sure she was her friend and didn't want us to forget about her association with men. I would not be jealous of my love."

Nora Wixted and 2 Much Fun, 8:30 to 12:30.

Something more the same save for the nocturnal strands.

Hilton Hotel, Peyzor at the river. In the Cafe Brionnallat, the Hilton Opera Singers, from 7 to 9 p.m. Scates Adams' Jazz Band. Sundays from 9:30 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon. In Kabby's Vic, together with the Riverboat Rammers Monday-Thursday from 9 p.m. to midnight. Christmas, Thursday-Saturday: Fred McDowell.

Sunday: Late Night Jazz Jam. Thursday, 18: tba.

The Cats Motel, Sundays from 8:30 to 11. Big Time Mondays.

111 Club, 111 Bourbon, 523-8376. Tues-Sat. from 9:30, Randy Hebert, in the Showbar. Wed., 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Al Broussard in the Main Bar.


The Famous Door Five, Wednesdays: Sunday: Mike Bunls. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sat. 6: Caliente. 8:30-12:30.

Tuesdays: Mike Bunls. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sat. 6: Caliente. 8:30-12:30.

Wednesday: Mike Bunls. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sat. 6: Caliente. 8:30-12:30.

Tuesdays: Mike Bunls. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Sat. 6: Caliente. 8:30-12:30.

Thursday-Saturday: Fred McDowell.

The Creole Rice Jazz Trio, 11 a.m. to 5:30.

Brazilian Trio, 11 a.m. to 5:30.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, from 9:15 to 11:50.

Julep Lounge, Bobby Kappy's. Vic Tooker and the White Duo, Tuesdays through Saturdays,
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**Coo Kop** Jazz Band

Around The Corner, 2242 Florida Ave., Kenner,
484-7051, Fridays and Saturdays at 10, Desires.

Dominick's, 3500 Williams Blvd., Kenner,
443-6112. Dominick's Band, Wednesday-Saturday, 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

**MID-CITY**

Chateau, 1717 Carroll St., 525-7937, Fridays:
Vietnamese music from 9. Other nights: Voi
mung chuong dac sac or cac nghe si tho danh
San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston... ve
trinh dien. Voi cac lao thuc pham kho dac sac.
Co lan wa cho meu bang nhac, video tape, cassette.

Dorothy's Medallion, 3323 Orleans Ave. 482-9309 R&B. Sundays, with the occasional
Friday and Saturday thrown in. Johnny Adams
with Walter Washington and the House Band, 11
p.m. to 3 a.m.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680.
Music at 10. Fri. 5: Oogum Boogum. Sat. 6:
Snakebites and the Blue Vipers (herpetological
harmonies?). Sat. 9:13: J Monque's. Fri. 19: The
Dino Kruse Band. Sat. 20: On the Verge (or
vergl?). Fri. 26: Johnny J and the Hitmen.
Sat. 27: J Monque'd.

True Brew Collefe, 3133 Ponte de Leon,
947-3548. Sundays, with the occasional
Friday and Saturdays at 8 p.m. to 10. Fridays: Ricky Vaughan. Sundays: Patric

**UPTOWN**

Benny's Bar, 538 Valence, 865-9495. Most Mon-
days: J Monque's. Most Wednesdays and Sat-
days: D and the Lennens. Schedule flexible, but
you might look for Cyril Neville's Uptown All-
Stars here on Tuesdays; other regulars: Paula
and the Pontiacs. Charmaine Neville, Blue Lunch.
Carrolton Station, 8140 Willow, 885-9190. Most-
ly blues or blues-related. Call for September
headliners.

Gass House, 2519 South Saratoga, 869-9279.
Mondays: The Chosen Few with Tune Fats or
perhaps the Dirty Dozen. Call for certain.
Jimmie's, 8700 Willow, 866-9549. Wed. 3:
TSCL Thurs. 4: Dash-Rip-Rock. Fri. 5: The Rock-
ers, Sat. 6: White Animals. Sun. 7 through
Tues. 9: Willie Nelson/Wrangle Invitations (what
can this mean? an invitation to wrangle with
Willie Nelson?). Thurs. 11: Dino Kruse. Fri. 12:
Fri. 19: The Syolls (Dolphie, Loyal and Cambodia),
26: Gulliver's Travels.

K закону's, Uptown Square, 260 Broadway.
Fridays and Saturdays from 7:30, Sundays,
12:30 to 3:30 p.m., composer/pianist Tim Davis.

Marina Wharf, 5333 Paris Road, Chalmette, 277-8215. Thursdays-Saturdays from 9: Frank
Dallas.

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

Porchbarl Hotel, 3031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0581. Piano bar in the Bayou Lounge night-
ly from 5: Tom McKernett, Mondays-Fridays
until 8, and Mondays-Wednesdays 8 to
midnight. Carl Franklin, Thursdays-Saturdays, 8 to
midnight.

Tiptons, 501 Napoleon, 867-3943. See ad
this issue for calendar.

**WEST BANK**

Brone's, 1400 Remain, Gretna, 388-1000. Mon-
days, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Missis-
sippe South.

Bene's Back Door, 2240 Belle Chasse Highway,

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., 362-0586. Mondays,
Tuesdays, Thursdays through Saturdays: the
Groove Band with Jimmy Simon.

Friggies, 403 West Bank Expressway, 367-0227.
The Dino Kruse Band every Thursday.

Jr. Joe's Lounge, 4332 4th Street, Marrero,
310-4129. Fridays and Saturdays at 10. Sundays.

The Red Thorn Rock 'n' Roll Band.

Tulane's Le Veu Guardia, 2105 Hancock St.,

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**ART**

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 5423 Magazine,

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 869-8111.
Sun. 7 through Wed. 24. Memorial exhibit of
paintings by Margaret Robinson and Will H.
Stephens. From Sat. 27: paintings and drawings
by Patricia Whitney Johnson and ceramics by
Teresa Greener.

From Sat. 27: paintings by Margaret
Robinson and Will H. Stephens. From Sat. 27:
marble and ceramics by Joanne

Balvan Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5890. From Sat. 6: sculptures by Frank
Williams, live performance piece by Williams on
Sat. 27.

C.A.C., 900 Camp. From Sat. 27: Art for Art's

Midnight Creepers with Noble 'Thin Man' Watts at the Maple Leaf.
Friday 19.

Madigan's, 800 S. Carrollton, 866-9455. John
Rankin every other Saturday, which i guess
means fortuitously, the rest of August negotiable
by phone.

Maple Leaf, 8316 Oak, 866-9359. Sundays:
Traditional bluegrass music. Mondays: Live
classical music. Wednesdays: J Monque's D
Blues Band. Thursdays: the Laissez-Faire Cajun
Band.

Sake, annual group show fundraiser, running

Carroll Robinson Gallery, 4537 Magazine,
865-6130. Fri. 6 through Thurs. 25: Visual Music,
visual art by musicians. From Sat. 27: marble and
alabaster sculptures by Beatrice Hill.

Dupleオリ Gallery, 818 Baronne, 524-1071. From
Fri. 26: Illustrations of the Unreal World by Craig
Berthold, in conjunction with the CAG's Art

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SEPTEMBER • Wavelength 31
for Art's Sake.

Galilee Simoneau, Starn, from Sat: 27: A S.E.C.A. show including work by Harold Finder, Art Weger, Steven Carroll Foster, Karen Leonid, Carla Jennings, etc.

Gasperi Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 524-5373. A group show of gallery artists.

Historic New Orleans Orleans, 535 Royal. Through Sept: 25: items from the collection of George and Mrs. Williams, the founder of the HNOA, including maps, manuscripts, and prints.


New Orleans Steamboat Company, 586-8777. Docked behind Jackson Brewery. Tickets can be purchased prior to boarding.

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Maple Leaf Poetry Readings
at the bar, 8316 Oak. Saturday afternoons at 3.

Maple Leaf Poetry Readings


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Maple Leaf Poetry Readings
at the bar, 8316 Oak. Saturday afternoons at 3.
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P.O. BOX 2616 NEW ORLEANS LOUISIANA 70176-2616
Given that this month's issue of Wavelength generally concerns itself with the mysterious inner workings of New Orleans, we felt it might be appropriate to conclude with a brief analysis of the city's most mysterious work — The Times-Picayune/The States-Item — and its rather mysterious approach to the coverage of our local music scene.

First, a little background info: "The Picayune" is owned by the Newhouse family, whose other "products" include the eight different editions of Vogue (American, British, French, Italian, Brazilian, German, Australian and Mexican). You will probably not run into any members of the Newhouse family on the dancefloor at Tipitina's, although they could certainly afford the cover charge. If they were in a frivolous mood, the Newhouses could well afford to cover everyone's cover charge because our daily newspaper (not to mention its stylish Vogue sisters) is one of the nation's most profitable publications. Ironically, The Times-Picayune's publisher, Ashton Phelps, Jr., is the cousin of Wavelength's publisher, Nauman S. Scott.

Ashton, however, believes that publishing is the art of cost cutting (killing Dixie magazine, for example), while our man Nauman clings to the philosophy that a publisher's position should be on the deck of a boat, out in the Gulf, searching for the elusive wahoo.

The editor of The Times-Picayune is Charles A. Ferguson, better known as "Charlie." His job is to listen to complaints and smoke his pipe. He likes his pipe but he doesn't like complaints. Often, it seems as if Charlie is much more concerned about complaints than about publicity — perhaps because he's an attorney (long ago, his ambition was to become Mayor of New Orleans). So the way The Times-Picayune works is that as long as it makes money, the Newhouses and Ashton are happy, and that as long as no former runs from Westwego complain that D.H. Holmes' full-page brassiere ads are too risqué, Charlie is happy.

The editors of the various sections of the paper are kings (and queens) of sorts. They can pretty much run their sections as they see fit as long as they make money for the Newhouses and Ashton and irate readers' complaints do not reach the desk of Charlie and interrupt his pipe-smoking.

Bruce Egler is the editor of Lagniappe, the weekly supplement which is supposed to deal with "arts and entertainment" in New Orleans. Now while Charlie is perfectly content smoking his pipe, Bruce is never very happy. It is rumored that he occasionally smiles while listening to opera records although this is an unconfirmed report. Bruce is mainly in a bad mood.

The Times-Picayune has no full-time writer covering contemporary music, despite the fact that New Orleans is "The Birthplace of Jazz," "The Home of the Blues," etc. etc. In the interest of making greater profits, freelance music writers are utilized. Freelancers require no benefits, vacations or health insurance and they are paid an average fee of $50 per story. Cheap, huh?

Even cheaper is using wire-service stories to pad out a section. Wire-service stories arrive edited and ready to run. Editors like 'em because there are no petulant writers to deal with, no Lester Bangs Juniors who think they're the next Rimbaud.

Bruce Egler loves wire-service stories. So on the recent weekend when the New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association (NOME) presented The Crosstown Jam (three nights of New Orleans music at 12 clubs), Bruce chose as the cover story for Lagniappe a wire-service feature (written in April of 1986) on "The Austin Sound." "There are four major music cities in America," the story informed us, "Austin is one of them." Let's see — the other three must be Des Moines, Bangor and Butte.

In the same issue of Lagniappe, there were two local music stories by freelancers — a telephone interview with Emerson, Lake and Powell, and another telephone interview with INXS.

Can the New Orleans music scene grow and prosper without coverage from the city's only daily newspaper? Of course! And if Woodstock were re-staged in New Orleans East, would the paper send a reporter? Maybe. First, they would check the wire-service. Why waste money?
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