A SALUTE TO MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOLS

Pete Fountain, with high school clarinet teacher Anthony Valentino
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"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Mardi Gras 'Torture'

Carnival 1985 commenced with a chilly gloom and ended with a balmy, overcast Mardi Gras—warm enough for t-shirts but not quite sunny enough for those dapper citizens known as Indians, who spend months affixing plastic jewels and sequins to their suits. Without a blazing sun, these local Siouxs lack half their glory. We've said it before and we see no reason not to repeat our plan: Carnival should be held in July.

Most people have no idea that Carnival has anything to do with Lent (what right-minded modern person would ever give up something in these greedy times?), the Church or the Pope. How silly it is that in other sections of this nation, the one-minute silent non-denominational school prayer is a subject of great debate and breast-beating. Here in New Orleans, we celebrate a full-blown Roman Catholic holiday with more than a little cooperation from our municipal government. Along the parade routes, Lutheran congregations sell hot dogs, Episcopalians retail German beer and devotees of Krishna dispense fake "summonses," which "order" the startled recipient to appear at a Krishna ceremony. The young lady who tried to present us with such a document nearly got punched in the nose. Next time, we won't think twice about it.

In New Orleans, the height of "nastiness" is some poor coed from Alabama, drunk for the first time in her life (on Hurricanes or the like), discreetly flashing her bra for the benefit of other drunk students. Oooh! They go wild over stuff like that on Bourbon Street.

What passes for decadence and sordidness beyond the call of duty in New Orleans is a young insurance salesman or native hairdresser costuming as a woman (or at least the kind of "woman" seen in Las Vegas chorus lines). Next year, they'll probably be A.I.D.S. fatalities so these boys literally and liberally adopt the motto of the Knights of Momus—"Vivamus, Vivamus—'We live, let us live!'

Momus, which traditionally parades along the Uptown route on the Thursday evening preceding Mardi Gras, utilizes satirical themes for its parades. Momus tries to be funny and in our estimation, usually fails. Momus fails because, we assume, a committee of its bluebloods gets together and makes up jokes about New Orleans and New Orleanians. Well, there are tons of funny people in New Orleans but not one of them is a member of the krewe-joining, ball-going class. Those in doubt should attend one of the "social" balls at Municipal Auditorium. We've been to funerals that were more jolly.

Momus' 1985 theme was "Our Own Language," a rather rich source considering previous endeavors by Robert Tallant, John Kennedy Toole and Bunny Matthews. However, the god of mockery seemed fairly wimpy in his choice of jokes—depicting our seven city councilmen as po-boys (too true to be funny) and World's Fair chief executive Petr Spurney trapped in a gondola with the legend "Suemore D'Affaire" (too mild to be funny).

The Krewe of Hermes, founded by men of the tourist industry, introduced neon lights to Carnival floats in 1938 and its parade is the last procession to feature a team of mules pulling the king's float. Before the advent of tractors, all floats were pulled by mules and the sight of mules encased in white robes not unlike those worn by the Klan is awesome, Bravo to Hermes for keeping the tradition alive!

Hermes' 1985 theme was "All For One and One For All," depicting the tale of the Three Musketeers as it rolled through the city on Friday night. On Sunday morning, the same floats (designed by the Barth Brothers) were used by the Krewe of Thoth, who called their parade "Classic Tales of Fact and Fiction." The Thothians tossed vibrant yellow plastic cups decorated with vikings, Egyptians and of course, the Three Musketeers. And then there was the peculiar truck disguised as a portable jail, festooned with the heads of the Jacksons and Sheriff Foti. Aboard the truck was what appeared to be real prisoners (mostly white). One's first assumption was that these celebrants were being let out of their cells for reasons of good behavior or perhaps as living examples of what happens to bad little boys and girls. Quite mysterious, to say the least.

Endymion, parading through...
Jazz Fest Update

JAZZ FEST IS UPON US... LOOKING TO FIND OUT WHAT LOCAL MUSICIANS ARE GOING TO PLAY THE 16TH ANNUAL JAZZ FEST, A QUICK TRIP TO FESTIVAL HEADQUARTERS FOR SOME ANSWERS WAS IN ORDER, AFTER SORTING THROUGH MANY FILES, AND SEEING THE STACKS OF RESUMES AND AUDITION TAPES THE TALENT COMMITTEE HAD RECEIVED, I FOUND OUT THAT THE DECISION MAKERS WERE STILL DECIDING. THERE WAS NO INFORMATION ON WHO OF THE LESSER KNOWN BANDS WOULD BE PARTICIPATING, AND THE JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL'S COMMITTEES WILL PROBABLY HOLD OUT ON AN ANNOUNCEMENT UNTIL LATER THIS MONTH. INFORMATION ON THE NATIONALLY KNOWN MUSICIANS THAT HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED WAS READILY AVAILABLE, AND THE COMMITTED LOCALS ARE REPEAT PAST PERFORMERS LIKE THE NEVILLE BROTHERS, ALLEN TOUSSAINT, CLIFTON CHENIER, IRMA THOMAS, ELLIS MARSALIS, THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND TO NAME A FEW. GATEMOUTH BROWN IS IN THE LINE-UP TOO... AND SO IS "TYLER'S" JAMES RIVERS. DOUG KERSHAW WILL BE FIDDLING CAJUN MUSIC SOMEWHERE AT THE FEST AS WELL. ALBERT KING WITH HIS HUSKY VOICE AND FLYING GUITAR IS A NOTABLE BLUESMAN THAT'S GOING TO BE THERE. SARAH "I'M NOT A JAZZ SINGER" VAUGHAN WILL COME TOO. PERFORMING SONGS WITH A MESSAGE WILL BE THE STAPLE SINGERS... WHO ARE NOW CALLING THEMSELVES JUST "THE STAPLES." SYPRO KYRA'S IMPROV JAZZ INSTRUMENTALS WILL BE AN EXPERIENCE THERE TOO. THIRD WORLD, THE GROUP, WILL PLAY, AND SO WILL THE COGGER... PERHAPS THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY ANNOUNCEMENT TO DATE IS THE JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVALS FIRST OF THE EVENING CONCERT SERIES... A LANDMARK SHOWDOWN OF TWO OF THE BEST TRUMPET VIRTUOSOS IN HISTORY APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SAME STAGE: YOUNG WYNTON MARSALIS AND THE GREAT MILES DAVIS WILL PERFORM AT THE THEATRE OF PERFORMING ARTS ON APRIL 26, AT 7:30 PM. THOSE OF US WHO WILL BE THERE WILL BE TREATED TO A MUSICAL EXHIBITION—DOUBTFULLY TO BE REPEATED IN OUR LIFETIMES.

OTHER EVENING CONCERTS ARE SCHEDULED TO BE STAGED AROUND TOWN AT PROUT'S CLUB ALHAMBRA, THE NEW STORYVILLE JAZZ HALL AND ABOARD THE RIVERBOAT PRESIDENT.

THE JAZZ FESTIVAL WILL BE HELD APRIL 26 THROUGH MAY 5, WITH THE HERITAGE FAIR, AS USUAL, SLATED FOR THE FAIR GROUNDS ON APRIL 26TH THROUGH 28TH, CONTINUING ON MAY 4 AND 5, TO RECEIVE A COPY OF THE BROCHURE, SEND STAMP SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL, P.O. BOX 2530, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA 70176. FOR OUT-OF-TOWN TICKET ORDERS, CALL TICKET MASTER'S CHARGE-BY-PHONE SERVICE (1-800-535-5151). LOCAL INFORMATION MIGHT BE LEARNED BY DIALING 886-4700.

—CAROL GNIADY

Rock On Radio

The 15th Annual Rock-On Survival Marathon hits Uptown from Friday, March 15 through Sunday, March 17, 1985. Nine area bands will participate in the event to be held at the Tulane University Main Quadrangle. The Marathon opens with Multiple Places scheduled to appear from 4 to 6 p.m. on Friday, March 15.

Activity resumes at noon on Saturday, March 16 with the Upstarts, to be followed by Ramsey McLean and the Survivors, the Radiators, and Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo. The Cold will cap Saturday's segment of the marathon.

Sunday, March 17, opens with folk music by yet-unscheduled groups from noon to 1 p.m. Following this will be the Continental Drifters and the Butte Brothers.

The marathon closes Sunday evening with a performance by Woodenhead.

At press time, the starting and finishing times for each of the groups was unavailable. The 15th Annual Rock-On Survival Marathon is sponsored by WTUL FM 91.5 and Busch Beer. Admission is free to the marathon.

In connection with the event, Jimmy's will present live music the night of Saturday, March 16, provided by Multiple Places, Final Academy and more.

—Scott McLetchie

CAPP'S-ulization

"I'm pretty much a party animal," explains 29-year-old George Lissarrague, a New Orleans native who has lived in New Orleans the past 14 years. "But I'm not able to find the right environment for his animalistic partying. Lissarrague and his partner Bret Guepet have done what many other local fans-lovers have done on previous occasions when bereft of congenial sites—opened a bar. They've picked a good one, too.

Now called Capp's, formerly Andy Capp's and a variety of other names (even as was a bank once, if our feeble minds are correct), the bar has long been the premiere place for non-homosexual dancing in New Orleans. The dancing will continue—upstairs and downstairs—downstairs—downstairs with deejay Wayne Landry with black and white tiles on the floor, lots of mirrors so you can check your composure and Lissarrague promises "lots of specials." There will include a "Gothic-Punk Night" and an "Oldies-New Wave Night." Oldies-New Wave Night?"

"Yeah," says Lissarrague. "That's like the Psychotic Furs and bands like them." If the burnouts permit, Lissarrague hopes to present live bands and live sounds. As for the dancing, there's no cover charge ever.

—A. Pscewage
Dave Wakeling, formerly of the Beat (or the English Beat, as lawyers on this side of the Atlantic ordained), is something of an old favorite in New Orleans. The Beat's loose-limbed punky tone, highlighted by the strong foot of drummer Everett Morton, the walls of venerable saxophonist Saxa and the sweet-and-sour boasting and toasting of Wakeling and partner Ranking Roger, was a natural for this city grown(rhythmically) accustomed to the Meters, the Nevilles and fellow syncopators. Recitals were duly attended by fans with ponytails, shaved heads and most realms in between. The Beat was Everyman's band.

That was last year's more plebian model, however. This year, Wakeling, speaking via telephone to England, headquarters.

What does Arthur Baker's remix sound like?

He's made it tougher and sweeter at the same time, which is a remarkable feat. Roger thinks he's the only white Scientist-the only guy who gets equal respect from black and white audiences.

Do you have any interest in New Orleans music?

I like Cajun music. Cajun music's my favorite American music by a long way.

Who are your favorite Cajun musicians?

Well, I don't know their names really because they're all French. You get kind of sampler cassettes of it in England. I just like the rhythm of it-a particular rhythm that, I feel, I can hear the same in African music and any reggae music.

I like anything that plays between an on and off beat and switches to and fro. Those are the things that really excite me about music.

I like the "Tenderness" video because it's so non-sexist...

Absolutely. We worried that the video might come out looking over cute but we thought that it commented on the inherent sexism of MTV and the other cable channels and that it would be very good to make such a comment. Some of it's disgusting, isn't it?

I've got a daughter-3-and she's mad on Boy George. I don't think I'd like a 3-year-old child of mine ravaged by the Def Leppard of this world. I really don't think she should grow up thinking she has to walk in fishnet tights and be dragged around in the air by overweight heavy-metal guitarists. It's awful.

I was surprised. I've never really watched too much MTV until recently when we've stayed in one town for two or three days. That gives you a chance to go to someone's home and watch it there because you never get it in your hotel. I'm not a prude I don't think but I was really quite shocked. Some of it's so degrading.

I was so surprised because American girls seem very intelligent and forceful in general. They seem fairly independent. I'm amazed that they stand for it! Certainly the girls in England wouldn't stand for that sort of communal stereotyping.

To its credit, MTV has forced change upon American radio...

It's really odd, isn't it? The combination of college radio and MTV have actually made for credible top 40 radio.

Do you get to see as many American bands as you tour?

You see support groups when you do your own tour. You get a lot of demos given to you. I get a lot of cassettes.

Do you listen to them?

Oh yeah. The good ones I give to... I.R.S. [General Public's record label]. They've signed one that I've given them yet. There seems to be, as far as I can tell, an enormous reluctance from American record companies to sign "new wave"-if you can call it that-American acts. Sometimes I've said to people at I.R.S. in Los Angeles, "Why does a group have to come from Birmingham or Manchester before you're interested?"

I've seen three groups in Los Angeles that are really good and can't get a record deal. They would get a record deal if they lived in England. They can't get a record deal and they live right on your doorstep!

Especially in Los Angeles, they're kinda scared of homogrown talent. They don't mind established sorts middle-of-the-road rock and they're willing to really stretch their imaginations to see what the latest English group's coming up with but if somebody on the same street as them comes up with something just as challenging, they tend to try and ignore it or say it's rubbish. I find it ever so odd.

It's the continuing story. America's always produced the most innovative music. Everybody thinks it's England. All that England does is it listen to American music properly and changes it and takes what they need and modifies it and puts it into their own experience. Ever since the Beatles, Americans all hold their hands up..."Wow! This is fantastic! It's amazing music!"

I think there was, and probably still is, a lot of inherent racism in American music. Probably I like New Orleans because it's one of the few places where musicians seem to be judged by how they play rather than what color they are.

So a lot of chances have been missed in America. Tamla/Motown really had a strong effect on everybody who played the guitar in England in the last 20 years. When I speak to some American musicians or even some American journalists about favorite songs—and quite a lot of my favorite songs are Tamla songs or Stax songs or Atlantic songs—they don't know 'em at all.

It's really odd.

I even saw one dreadful program—"25 Years of American Pop Music"—something which I thought would be really great. They managed to miss out on Tamla/Motown entirely. It went from one white bloke just before Tamla/Motown to some white fellow just after Tamla/Motown as if it never happened.

American radio has always been very segregated.

Fortunately, there are signs that it's breaking down—even if it's just MTV now having black faces. If somebody's number one on the charts, you can hardly say they're not commercial.

Also, things like the Talking Heads experiment: all the English two-tone groups giggled and said, "Oh, look—Talking Heads has gone two-tone." But it did have quite profound effect, I think, Stansun, middle-of-the-road musicians in America suddenly realized you can play music with anybody you like. You can learn whatever you like.

Wouldn't it be great to have the best of American rock mixed with the best of American funk? Wouldn't it be great, well, you'd end up with Talking Heads, which is, frankly, one of the best music bands in the world. In a pop sense, at least.

We've noticed that there seems to be much more in a way of multi-racial interplay in America. But I don't think that every group has to be multi-racial. What I really think is that color doesn't really matter that much. It should be accepted that different races, different colors and creeds do have an awful lot to learn from each other. They can offer each other enormous amounts. But New Orleans knows that.

It's part of our heritage. New Orleans isn't a very American city. I think it's my favorite. I've seen...
Europe seems like half a continent without the Hungarian culture—in art and music and literature. Eastern Europe was very shame that Europe's been robbed of a lot by what happened after the war. But I don't suppose

He's in fine playing form. We've been rehearsing him really hard. I'd very much like to see Russia, really. He's here. He's very healthy. He's off hard liquor—very tight. And everyone in it and you're so busy singing that everybody else is playing. Anybody who looks like he's tiring, Horace is straight over to them, pumping them up. He works like a demon.

He kinda changes when he gets on stage because, you know, he's very meek and mild and polite. He grows and becomes a very forceful personality.

We do a lot of rehearsals without any vocals at all so that everybody knows the songs as instrumental, so that everybody knows the cues and the links so that if anything goes wrong, it's fixed in a matter of seconds without anybody having to look at anybody else. And that makes it really good because from a vocalists' point of view, you can really take some chances. If you say, "Oh, I can sing it this way tonight," you can risk it, because you know so long as you get back to the predetermined point, you know everybody's going to be there to meet you.

In the Beat, me and Roger felt that a little bit of the magic had gone—something that runs all through the records. But when he gets on stage, any man in the band, how does General Public differ from the Beat?

We want to try and get a strong base to make it more exciting. It's not like . . .

What they worry very much about are words. You're made to write words that they're inferring by them and you intend to say in between words during the performance. And you're not allowed to deviate from the script that you've sent in. It seems like half of a pain. I'd very much like to see Russia but I don't have any love at all for the Russian system. I think it's as callous and as cruel as anything we've managed to take them yet. There's just a little interest in the actual real needs of people as with capitalists.

There is something that runs in the same way through Russian literature and Russian art that suggests that they are an enormous part of the European legacy. Europe seems like half a continent without the Hungarians and the Czechs being part of the tradition. Before the Second World War, Eastern Europe was very much a big part of European culture—in art and music and literature. And now, all of that side of things has been taken away. It's a shame that Europe's been robbed of all by what happened after the war. But I don't suppose it'll ever be united again.

What happened to Saxa? He's here. I've brought him with me. He's in fine playing form. We've been rehearsing him really hard. He's very healthy. He's off hard liquor entirely now. He's a beer-sipping gentleman. New Orleans is his kind of town, really.

For those who have yet to hear the new band, how does General Public differ from the Beat?

I don't know. I can't tell because I'm in it and you're so busy singing that it's very difficult to tell the difference. What do I know is from the cassette—it's very tight. And everybody pays a lot more attention to what everybody else is playing.

Once everybody in the Beat knew what they were meant to play on a song, they'd play it regardless of what everybody else was doing. Sometimes that was very exciting but it always meant that the music was on a knife edge and that it was always very close to the point of collapse—that somehow you'd always sorta get through it but it was very sorta anarchistic the way it was played.

General Public is kinda more reasoned. It's slightly more professional but certainly not staid. We wanted to try and get a strong base to make it more exciting. It's not like . . .

Horace Panter (last seen in New Orleans as a member of the Specials) is a great bass-player. He's always been one of my heroes and he looks so good on stage. He really works hard. I must've recorded 12 concerts now and on all of them, the bass is perfect all the way through. Yet he's still all over the stage dancing. Anybody who looks like he's tiring, Horace is straight over to them, pumping them up. He works like a demon.

He kinda changes when he gets on stage because, you know, he's very meek and mild and polite. He grows and becomes a very forceful personality.

We do a lot of rehearsals without any vocals at all so that everybody knows the songs as instrumental, so that everybody knows all the cues and all the links so that if anything does go wrong, it's fixed in a matter of seconds. Without anybody having to look at anybody else. And that makes it really good because from a vocalists' point of view, you can really take some chances. If you say, "Oh, I can sing it this way tonight," you can risk it, because you know so long as you get back to the predetermined point, you know everybody's going to be there to meet you.

In the Beat, me and Roger felt more and more confined—especially as people started caring less and less about the live side of things or saw it as an imposition and didn't want to leave Birmingham and certainly didn't want to come to America touring. So the songs started getting a bit scrappy around the edges and it would be the vocals that would always have to suffer because it's like a jigsaw puzzle trying to make the words fit. It's very frustrating when you've written a song where the words fit it perfectly when it was written and now all of a sudden, you're having to chop off the first word or the last word trying to make it fit. By having a greater sense of initial discipline, it means everybody's free to take much greater chances on stage without them collapsing.

A little bit of the magic had gone out of the Beat. We realized that it was going to be better for everybody—as musicians—if they went away and worked with other musicians and tried to find out again why they were being musicians in the first place. It isn't just a matter of tradition—that you're a musician because you were last year. You're meant to be a musician because you feel something passionately.
Hottest Videos
New Videos Added To MTV:

"Material Girl" Madonna (Warner Bros.)

"Just Another Night" Mick Jagger (Columbia)

"Lucky" Greg Kihn (EMI)

"Save A Prayer" Duran Duran (Capitol)

"Julia" The Eurythmics (RCA)

"The Heat Is On" Glenn Frey (MCA)

"Ballroom Blitz" Krokus (Arista)

"Underground" Angel City (MCA)

"Gratitude" Danny Elfman (MCA)

"High In The School" Madam X (Epic)

"Method Of Modern Love" Hall & Oates (RCA)

Critic's Choice:
Iain Blair Crows About Huey Lewis & The News

Veteran Northern California rockers Huey Lewis & The News finally — and appropriately enough in the year of the Olympics — hit it big last year with their multi-platinum Sports album. They also hit it big at this Forum sell-out with another winning performance that provided the happy crowd with two hours of hard-working, unpretentious, good time rock and roll.

Lewis and his lads have no time for make-up, bizarre hairstyles or androgynous posturing — they wisely leave all that stuff to the likes of Prince, Boy George and Michael Jackson. Instead, like well-trained athletes, they just get on with the business of playing music with grit, sweat and determination — all laced with just enough calculated showbiz moves to give their show an edge of drama. Lewis is an appealing performer; the band is tight and punchy, and together they are the epitome of local boys made good with their no-nonsense, ‘what-you-see-is-what-you-get’ hits such as "I Wanna Be A Rocker" and "If This Is It" which perfectly sums up their attitude and music. Lewis and company may not take any musical risks, and they’re not exactly challenging the boundaries of rock and roll — but their hearts are definitely in the right place.

Top of the Charts

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Did Nixon Smuggle Satchmo's Stash?

NEW YORK CITY—What's that hot spot? What's the biggest "bang" for the musical elite? What's the must-attend daily event this season at the top of the pops? Why, it's Alcoholics Anonymous. The Soho meetings alone could field an all-star jazz band while also providing the pick of the week's new releases (a bit like a jazz bargain bin). From the late Seventies punk-performance-art-blackclothes—right scene. As there have existed junk, cocaine and freebase cliques, welcome to the sober but brave new world of abstinence and confession.

Narconon runs a close but less acceptable second. It's one thing to admit to and seek help for drinking, but to admit to being a junkie is a great leap.

Watergate was just a hotel... Richard "Millhouse" Nixon was once the president of a country known as the United States of America. He was also a frustrated piano player who had forsaken the latest Dulles Airport a few minutes ing his term as Vice-President, Mr. Nixon found himself at before the arrival of a jet returning from the late of America. He was definitely for real. (This writer Xeroxed copies of Wynton's interviews with high school music students. They were not interested, asking me if I had any Prince interviews.) Now, many journalists, who probably didn't like Marsalis much anyway, but went along for the hype-ride, are coming to poor Wynton with pitchforks, tar and feathers. Let's hope this talented young man can keep his act together through the treacherous territory he has chosen to walk.

Miles Davis has lived his nine lives and more, skillfully twisting the world around his... finger is not the word. He is, of late, heavily MTV and cablebound. He is already an avid video watcher and has praised the likes of Rick Springfield. His new release is You're Under Arrest, the title tune being a John Scofield composition and the only out and out jazz on the record. Other pieces include "Time After Time" by Cyndi You Know Who, "Mother Nature" by Michael You Know Who, and tunes by Debarge and D Train. This record is a big departure, even for a man known for his incongruous behavior. Miles actually speaks on the record. He is, being... "Arrest someone, you, Mother-fucker!" One assumes it will be bleeped for the single. The funnest part of the record is Miles' use of the stock train whose settings on his Yamaha DX-7 synthesizer. He uses the train whistle live to cut off bandmember's too lengthy solos. Miles Davis is now healthier than he has been in years, excited about music, and capable of doing decent Reid Fox and Rudy Ray Moore impressions. God bless.

Questions... Why has no one made Pass The Hatchet as a flat-out dance floor tune? Why would a band call itself Quick Zipper?

Favorable Quote of 1964: "I believe there will ultimately be a clash between the oppressed and those who do the oppressing, but I don't think it will be based on the color of the skin." —Malcolm X

New Orleans quote of the month: "Lemme tell you something, little brother, I've been playing music for 25 years and I ain't missed a meal yet." —Joseph Modeliste.

I'm happy for you, Zig. But remember, it's all music.
Jazz On A Blue Note

George Lewis and His New Orleans Stompers
Echoes of New Orleans
Blue Note 110

Here's a classic New Orleans jazz LP from the great clarinetist George Lewis. As most jazz historians know, Lewis (born George Louis Francis Zeno in 1900) first made a name with trumpeter Bunk Johnson around 1940. From that time until his death in 1968, Lewis was one of New Orleans' most popular jazz musicians, not only in America but Europe and Japan, too. Thankfully he was recorded prolifically, but his mid-Fifties Blue Note recordings were among his best ever.

Blue Note Records of course has reached legendary status and rightly so. Besides Lewis, other subjects of early Blue Note releases were Sidney Bechet, Bunk Johnson and even Miles Davis. This particular long-playing 33⅓ microgroove is actually a ten-inch record, containing six outstanding performances. Lewis is accompanied here by Kid Howard on trumpet, Jim Robinson on trombone, Edgar Mosley on drums and the great Chester Zardis on bass. The sound is definitely lowdown, but with a warm, powerful drive. Best of the lot is "Dauphine St. Blues" and "Just A Closer Walk" which have to be considered among the greatest dixieland performances of all time. Found this and Vol. 2 (Blue Note 1013) at a flea market in Florida not too long ago for two bits a piece.

12" Singles:
Scritti Politti—"Hypnotize"
Virgin 12" 725-12

Once upon a time there was a band that was sweet, they put out several singles that sounded like sedate rock with funk overtones. Then came a series of singles that approached white funk. Then it was discovered that Green, the lead singer/songwriter had been held up in New York for a while working on some new material. What emerged are some of the best dance/funk songs ever. "Hypnotize" is the third single by Scritti Politti in the series started with "Wood Bees." The band, comprised of New York studio musicians, sounds ultra sleek but doesn't enter the homogenized and sterile territory of, let's say, Steely Dan. If you like to move then this is one record that doesn't stop you.

The Monochrome Set—
"Jacob's Ladder"
Blanco y negro NEG 4-T

This has always been a fun band, a hearty mix of humor with just the right amount of absurdity. This new five-track E.P. finds them at their best. Imagine a non-political Clash singing fun and humorous lyrics over neat guitar riffs. Continuing this current trend this band should have a hit here.

Bill Nelson—Trial By Intimacy
(The Book Splendours)
Cocteau JEAN 2

This four-record set includes a book of photographs and a set of postcards. It is a collection of unreleased recording Bill Nelson has made at the Echo Observatory in Yorkshire. This is ambient music that should be played loud in large rooms—music that sometimes would take over the conversation. It would add something to your idea or thought. It would make you dream. In color, it...
**Wynon Marsalis**

**Hot House Flowers**

*Columbia FC 39530*

Wynon Marsalis, the young jazz sensation out of New Orleans, has released his album with the same title. Marsalis, a seasoned veteran of the contemporary jazz scene, has displayed his unique stylistic approach in his ten best R&B albums of the Sixties and Seventies. The songs were clearly performed with a Pop of mixed standards and romantic melodies in the perilous jazz-with-string format, a stylistic approach which has confounded and challenged the best jazz musicians from Louis Armstrong to Charlie Parker and Clifford Brown. Marsalis' aplomb and lack of guile lead his trumpets through shining paths of sophisticated music as well as social boundaries whilst subtly undermining form. Wynon Marsalis has shown us his serious side, his deep side, his intense face, *Hot House Flowers* now lets us see that smile. And what a joy it is. A sublime, silken approach to ballads and a quicksilver handling of romantic feelings. A sheer emotional beauty and conceptual unity arises from the evocation of the song's story, style, and sound.

—William D. White

**Roy Orbison**

**The Sun Years**

Charly CDX4

Although Roy Orbison is best remembered for his lush ballads that topped the charts in the early Sixties, five years before he drowned the lady. A thaumaturgicalColumnsMode swooning teens, Roy was greasing down his hair and exhorting his baby to "Do the ooby dooby." His earliest and rockiest material spanning 1956 through 1958 has been reissued in chronological order of chart's remarkable hit, "The Sun Years." The new album features all of Roy's output for Sun Records including undubbed versions of material released in the Sixties and Seventies and five rare "demo" recordings. Of interest to record collectors is the inclusion of the two rare sides recorded for the Je-Wel label which are reissued legally here for the first time.

In the spring of 1959, Roy and his West Texas band, *The Teen Kings,* entered Sun Studios in Memphis to record "Ooby Dooby." Orbison had recorded the song two months earlier at Normal Petty's studio in Clovis, New Mexico (the same studio where Buddy Holly made his first records) for release on the Je Wel label. The Jewel record sold poorly but Sun Records owner Sam Phillips was impressed by Orbison's guitar style and invited him to record the song again at Sun.

Orbison's first Sun Records session produced not only a pop hit with "Ooby Dooby" but five of the finest pure rockabilly sides ever recorded. These five songs and the two sides for 'Jewel comprise side one of The Sun Years.' Roy's guitar playing was in the form on the rockabilly number where he spewed out a rapid and rhythmic lead to the background of Jack Keener's Melodramas. Although occasionally strained by the maco lyrics and rapid tempo, his high and urgent vocals added a unique dimension to the rockabilly sound.

Despite the overall quality of Orbison's rockabilly material, the followup to "Ooby Dooby" failed to hit and side two of *The Sun Years* finds Orbison trying to come up with a sound that would sell. For his third Sun single, "Sweet and Easy To Love," Roy and producer Jack Clement experimented with a ballad style and vocal accompaniment that is a clear progenitor to his later Monument hits. This record didn't sell either and a final session was arranged. Orbison's last regular session at Sun employed the accompaniment of studio musicians Roland Janes (guitar), Dick Keener (bass), and Martin Willis on sax. "Chicken Hearted," the fourth and final Sun single, was cut from this session and was a wimp-rock classic. Roy sang his most convincing lyric ever ("I'd like to be a hero but I ain't got the nerve") but the record met the same fate as the previous two and Roy terminated his contract with Sam Phillips.

The most interesting material on *The Sun Years* are the six "demos" that Orbison wrote and recorded just before leaving Sun in 1958. On these tracks Orbison is caught somewhere between the urgency of his first recordings and the malodors of his Monument sides. Recorded without the driving rhythm of "Ooby Dooby" or the lush strings of "Only The Lonely," the "demos" have the honesty of a singer performing his own songs without studio production. The songs were clearly performed with other artists in mind. "You Tell Me," which was pitched to Johnny Cash, features a Luther Perkins style guitar line and "Claudette" later became a hit for the Everly Brothers. Nevertheless, these songs are a rare opportunity to hear the famous voice without embellishment.

Orbison's Sun material has long been judged inferior to his ballads of the early Sixties and to the work of his contemporaries, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, who arrived at Sun with well-developed vocal styles. Like Elvis Presley, Orbison came to Sun as a rough vocal talent. Roy Orbison, *The Sun Years* is a musical portrait of a developing artist and its release in the wake of a deluge of mediocre rockabilly releases highlights the quality of Orbison's first recordings.

Here is a glimpse behind the glassy surfaces of one of the great singer-songwriters of the rock 'n' roll era.

—Mason Fry
The Music Educators National Conference has proclaimed the month of March “Music In Our Schools Month,” and the theme of this year’s celebration is “Music for all ages.” There is certainly no school district in this country more deserving of a celebration of its rich musical heritage than the New Orleans Public School District.

“How can one school district prove that is frequently asked by visitors to the city, their curiosity aroused by the national spotlight turned on the school district’s music programs as a result of the international fame of New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts (NOCCA) graduates Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Terrance Blanchard and Donald Harrison. It seems that Music in Our Schools Month is an appropriate time to attempt to answer that question.

“We are extremely proud of the international performers who have graduated from our schools,” says Lorraine Wilson, the current supervisor of music and a product of the school district's music program. She makes it clear, however, that she is equally proud of the many non-supertars who go through the schools and acquire a love for music. She points out that the city’s gospel choirs, community choruses and even barbershop quartets (yes, New Orleans does have an active circle of barbershop quartets) are heavily populated with public school graduates.

“In the schools they learn to appreciate music,” she said, “and later on in life they find they want to make their own musical contribution.”

Mahalia Jackson, Wynton Marsalis, Allen Toussaint, the Neville Brothers, James Rivers, George “Big Chief Jolley” Landry—they all went through the city’s public schools. Look closely at any style of music, and you will more than likely find a performer, musician, composer or arranger who graduated from the New Orleans Public Schools. Those same classrooms produced Gail Gilmore, a Fortier student whose performance of Strauss’s Der Rosenkavalier in a Wiesbaden, Germany, opera house caught the attention of Beverly Sills, who signed her for the New York Opera. Aubry Bryan, a graduate of Landry Senior High, was handpicked to sing in the Metropolitan Opera’s recent production of Porgy and Bess. D. Antoinette Handy, performer, educator, music historian and now assistant director of the music programs for the National Endowment of the Arts, graduated from McDonogh 35. And Pete Fountain picked up his first clarinet as an elementary student at McDonogh 28.

When explaining the importance of music in the public schools, you are also explaining its importance to the city. In that regard the city and its public schools are inseparable. Musically, the city strengthens the schools, and the schools in turn contribute to the city’s musical heritage.

By the time they have entered kindergarten, most New Orleans public school students have already been captivated by the forceful music of the marching bands in the Mardi Gras parade. They might have witnessed jazz funerals and danced behind one of the city’s brass bands. On their way to and from school they might hear gospel choirs practicing in neighborhood churches, blues musicians playing on front porches or jazz musicians performing on street corners. Music of many kinds, many styles and many emotions becomes the background music of their lives.

“In New Orleans, you hear music every day,” explains Pete Fountain. “It can’t help but have an influence on you.”

By having the good fortune to have been born in New Orleans, students come to the public schools with a musical awareness they couldn’t get in any other city. But just because this is New Orleans is not enough in and of itself to guarantee that the city's music tradition will survive. That’s where the many music programs and the music teachers fit into the picture. From NOCCA to the elementary schools, the teachers of music are in many ways responsible for the city’s musical future. The music teachers in the New Orleans Public Schools are not just college-trained music academicians. “They are dedicated, committed and highly com-
By having the good fortune to have been born in New Orleans, students come to the public schools with a musical awareness they couldn't get in any other city.
Sam Henry is a graduate of Cohen Senior High, and his music credits include performing and recording with such musicians as Ramsey Lewis, Patti LaBelle, the Staple Singers, Allen Toussaint and many others. A talented musician, he has tried to move away from the city on several occasions. "I always return home," he said. "I like it here." He also knows that his decision to stay in New Orleans puts him out of the more lucrative music mainstream of Los Angeles or New York. Instead, he stays in New Orleans working as an itinerant strings teacher at three elementary schools while pursuing his arranging and composing work in the city's recording studios.

Henry typifies the many music teachers in the school district in that his contribution to his students doesn't end when the school dismissal bell rings. He gives his students the "extras" in music education that can only be found in New Orleans. Working with two other teachers at Phillie Wheatley Elementary, Henry is preparing a "Music In Our Schools" program that would make envious many graduate students in music. He is inviting Allen Toussaint, his lifelong friend, to come and serve as guest lecturer to his students, who will have the opportunity to play a synthesizer in Toussaint's tutelage. Later in the week Henry will take his music students to Toussaint's Sea-Saint Studio to get a close-up look at the recording business. In addition, Henry is preparing a series of reports to acquaint his students with some of the "first families" of New Orleans music. "I want my students to know about the Lasties, the Duvigneauds and the Chatters," says Henry. "I want to give them a sense of the musical contributions of these families to music in New Orleans."

A music program for an elementary school planned to include someone of Allen Toussaint's musical stature is another hint at the school district's musical success. Although the music teachers provide the bulk of the instruction, they get help from the city's musicians, many of whom are also public school graduates. The musicians do not forget their schools, and it is not at all unusual to see the names that appear in Wave-length's "Live Music Calendar" show up as guest lecturers or performers in the schools. The city's resident musicians frequently lend their professional services to their neighborhood public school to help out with a benefit or fund-raiser.

This friendship between musicians who are teaching and those who have graduated from the school district cannot be underestimated as a contribution to the overall music curriculum. The Chatters family, mentioned above, influenced a great many of the city's musicians. Shortly after being appointed to the National Endowment of the Arts, D. Antoinette Handy visited New Orleans, seeking out Jocelyn Chatters, a teacher at Macarty Transitional School. Because of her friendship with the Chatters family and her interest in the city's public school children, Handy (along with the members of her "Trio Pro Viva") gave the students in Jocelyn's class the opportunity to visit the recording studio and exposed the children to 200 years of music by black composers. That rare sharing of talent and knowledge is a part of the school district's overall music program.

Other teachers also find ways to make musical contributions to the students. At Fortier Senior High, Jim Peddecord, and English instructor, together with band director Elijah Brimmer, Jr., obtained a grant from the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation to transcribe the works of the late Professor Longhair so that they could be taught to marching bands. "We felt it is important for young musicians to be exposed to this music as part of their own musical heritage," said Peddecord.

The final ingredient in the success story is the support of parents. "From the parade routes to the concert stages, our parents are fully supportive of their children," said Lorraine Wilson. A good example of a supportive parent is Charmaine Neville, a graduate of Fortier Senior and a member of the musical Neville family, who performs with The Survivors. While pursuing her own music career, she is ever attentive to her son, a third-grader at Hoffman Elementary, spending a lot of time at the school as a parent volunteer, and performing for benefits at other public schools.

Across the nation, the cultural arts are in a battle for their rightful place in the curriculum. Many school systems are cutting back on support of music in the schools, as ardent "Back-to-the-Basics" proponents don't equate music with reading, writing and arithmetic.

In the public schools of New Orleans, however, the children are getting their minimum daily requirements of the basics as well as the rich musical heritage of their city. In many of the public school classrooms, music is not treated as a separate subject. "When I teach music, I teach with the idea that I am teaching everything," says Sam Henry. "It just happens to be that I am using music."

The community has every right to be proud of the music programs in the public schools of New Orleans, and March's month-long celebration of music gives everyone the opportunity to recognize the school district's music teachers for their accomplishments. In complimenting his music teachers and all the persons involved in music instruction in New Orleans, Pete Fountain said it best when he ordered this writer: "You tell them they are doing a hell of a job!"

We agree.
On the road with Spencer Bohren and his family.

By Brent Haywood

The two-tone '55 Chevy Bel Air is just right. A Ford would be too plain and the chrome on a Buick would compete with the alloy shine of the twenty-seven foot Airstream trailer. You pass them on the highway, and they look great. No worries. Dad's driving, mom's riding next to him, and in the back, three wide-eyed kids press their noses to the glass, looking out at what goes by...

No, it's not Donna Reed on vacation. It's Spencer and Marilyn Bohren, on tour. Last year the family logged 44,000 miles and a typical month took them from New Orleans to Windsor, Ontario, with stops in Waco, Greensboro, Detroit, and Niagara Falls.

It's a lifestyle that requires mind-boggling organization. Gigs are arranged months in advance, and itineraries are planned around them.

The children, Django (6), Andre (5) and Corina (2), are home schooled, and on top of the daily routine common to all families, there is the "daily fire."

"When we decided to go on the road as a family, there were lots of options. We were thinking about a van or an old school bus, but some friends of ours who travel with the circus talked us into getting the Airstream. They'd lived in one for years and were used to was the 'daily fire'. Every day there's something—a slow leak in a tire, a slick club owner, a noisy rear end, a sick kid. They said that if you learn to get through the daily fire, you've got it made."

To that end, Marilyn (an accomplished midwife who has delivered more than a hundred babies) has become an agent/business manager while Spencer has developed into a fair mechanic. During a recent stopover in New Orleans he did a valve job on the Chevy's rebuilt 283 V-8.

Spencer first arrived in New Orleans in the mid-Seventies, and for the next few years he played in a variety of bands, including Road Apple (with Suzy, David and Tommy Malone and Reggie Scanlan) and Room Service with Clark Vreeland. He also worked with Eddie Volker and the late Becky Kury. In 1977 he married Marilyn (whom he'd met earlier in Colorado) and shortly after that he decided to go solo.

There were lots of reasons. "I wasn't making enough money playing in bands, and working two jobs at once was terrible. And all this time I'd been playing one kind of music and listening to another."

Since 1966, when he'd first heard a Charlie Patton recording, Spencer had been listening to the blues. In 1979 he began to play the music he'd always loved, combining his powerful vocal skills with a variety of guitar styles. His music reflects a broad range of influences, from Snooks Eaglin to the "white blues" of Hank Williams to the steel guitar sounds of Bukka White, whom he met in 1972.

Spencer had a regular Monday night gig at Tiptina's, and was gone the rest of the week, playing in Mississippi, Alabama and Texas. "New Orleans is important to me. My kids were all born here. In New Orleans, music isn't something extra—it's a part of the fabric of everyday life. But as much as I love this place, I still felt a need to get out and around, to grow."

Monday nights at Tip's evolved into a minor institution. The crowds weren't huge, but fine musicians would come and sit in. One fan remembers: "There was a night when Spencer finished a song and said hello to everyone in the audience by name. On other nights Suzy Malone would be there singing the hell out of Patsy Cline or Aaron and Cyril Neville would show up and turn everything into do-wop."

One Monday night didn't turn out so well. Spencer finished his last set, loaded his guitars into his car, and then went back into Tip's to say good night. When he returned to his car, the guitars were gone.

Bluesman John Mooney and club manager John Kelly came to the rescue. A Spencer (Cyril Neville began to call him "Expensive") Bohren night was held to raise money to replace the instruments, and everyone from Rusty Kershaw to John Magnie showed up to play. The guitars were replaced.

But with all its good feeling, Tiptina's alone couldn't pay the bills. Touring paid, but kept Spencer away from his family. "I wanted to travel in order to grow, but what's the use in having a family if you can't grow with them?" The solution was to tour as a family, and it's a decision they haven't regretted. Few nights can compare with the Expensive Bohren fundraiser at Tiptina's, but there was a night in Iowa when a cornhusker left the bar and returned an hour later with fresh vegetables for the family and irises for Marilyn.

Looking ahead, there's an album in the works, recorded last spring and featuring Mac Rebennack, John Mooney and a hot New Orleans rhythm section. Plans are still being made for distribution, but advance copies (in cassette form) can be had by sending $8 (postage included) to Spencer/Bohren c/o New Blues, River Rd., Pointe a la Hache, Louisiana 70082. The album includes five Spencer Bohren originals that will be familiar to Monday night regulars at Tip's.

There's also a European tour. Plans are being made now to take the Red and White Chevy to Europe in September and October. The Swedish Total's Blues Band is arranging things across the pond, and the family has already found a place (in upstate New York) to leave the Airstream. The only thing left is that daily fire..."
It all started with this flyer. See, it was real late and I was leaving Peja Vu when I decided to have a girl sitting these Xerox flyers up on Daunhine Street. I got one from her as she whizzed by with her silly gun and bags. I noticed the names of the bands were really different. I’d never heard of Channel 3 from L.A. or Stretchmarks from L.A., or even New Orleans own Traveyard Rodeo. The flyer was hyping a show in Baton Rouge at a place called Jacy’s, presented by Berner and Null & Void. The graphics were great. There was an oddly cute skeleton man and a pretty tombstone angel—like the ones on the tops of the tombs in St. Louis #1. I started after the woman I’d seen just moments earlier, but she had vanished in thin air.

Who are these bands, anyway, and how can I get in touch with these people? What’s Null & Void? I stayed a while longer, asking questions of the regulars at Peja Vu. One guy said there was a fanzine out called Null & Void, but informed me that I couldn’t buy it anywhere. Perhaps the fanzine was a clue to the elusive but noticeably present hardcore underground—where those people with the clothes and haircuts had an outdoor circus called punk must have been.

The very next day I stopped by the Wavelength office and happened to check my vaow. I was a lot, and behold there was a letter from Null & Void. It was postmarked June and had just turned up that day. I wrote to Karen, the woman who had written the letter, offering to meet her and her associates for drinks. I thought I’d probably not hear from her, fearing that she’d smell that I smelled a story. Karen responded in record time—she liked the idea of going for drinks with an actual photographer that I wanted to meet her and the rest of the (no doubt motley) crew. I was granted an audience at the Port of Call where I found a guy with them—he had a Schwagmann’s bag. We met.

Karen Bernardo and Lorraine Accardo are the mainstay of the Null and Void organization. They were very cordial, even polite (I guess I was expecting gross cursing and gnashing of teeth and was surprised they were of my gender, much less). Joe (Berenburg) is one of their helpers and he bubbled with a lot of interesting tidbits. So, I asked what Null and Void about all this? The little one, Karen (here on out noted as KB) spoke up first, explaining that Null and Void is one of the few supporters of the diminishing artform called hard core. Karen and Lorraine have been disturbed (evidently) for about two years that the community is letting the hard core scene dry up. I found out that Null & Void was not only a fanzine, but also an informal booking agency. NAV thrives mainly for fun. These guys would never dream of sticking to a printing schedule, much less of having their booking agency listed in the phone book. They are, however, listed in the rationally syndicated hard core music magazine called Maximum R&R out of Berkeley, California, and they regularly receive stuff in the mail from around the country from that listing.

CG: (that’s me): You book hard core bands. (Nods from around the table.) Where across a bar. We grabbed a well-lit table, ordered a round of beers, lit up cigarettes, and started conversing. Joe pulled a stack of papers out of the Schwagmann’s bag and I was soon engulfed, elbow deep, in their propaganda—flyers, zines, and back issues of this thing called a fanzine.

KG: (who book hard core bands.) Where cross the border? What’s happening out there?

LA: We can’t do any more shows there.

KG: (Wonder why)

CG: Give me some names of some of the bands you book.

KB: Bands like the Big Boys, MDC, Fire, Black Flag —

KG: Who, Black Flag?

KB: Yeah, we just did a show over at the Dream Palace.
J: How do you hook up with these bands?

E: They either know about us or we call them. It turns out that the NAV booking agency doesn't like to mess with band managers and prefers the personal approach. They just call the bands on the phone and ask if they'd like to come do a show.

LA: We had some trouble once with a band we'd called in L.A. We called just to see if they were interested in playing in New Orleans, and the band just showed up, under the impression that NAV had already secured them a place to play.

E: Most of the bands just want money for gas to get them home, and maybe some food money. Oh yeah, the band called MDC got some national coverage recently with a slight misunderstanding. They're from Baton Rouge and the letters in the band's name stood for "millions of dead cops." The B.R.A.P.D. got the wrong impression and thought there was a conspiracy going on—shortly after, the band, with more pressure around town, decided to change their name to some other morbid meaning.

E: How do your followers find out about the upcoming shows?

LA: At present we don't have any shows planned, but when we do we put flyers up.

FANZINE: An amateur publication that prints whatever the writers say, including nasty words and gross illustrations, usually lacking half-tones on pictures, ranging in various shapes and sizes and utilizing cost-effective printing (like Kinko's and friends who work there). Fanzines are distributed among friends and sold to passersby on the streets to cover the cost of materials and beer. There are no subscriptions available because they cost too much to send.

LA: The Null & Void fanzine is staffed by Karen Lorraine (who's denoted as KB Baily, pen name Vivian Void), Joe, and a cast of deranged friends who get off on all the madness. In between the stapled covers it's loaded with information on the hardcore scene in New Orleans as well as reports from as far away as New York and Los Angeles, and interviews with bands. The format of the NAV is very busy and chockfull of scribbles, dictionary definitions of obscene words and phrases, notes to readers, and plenty of photos of friends and bands. It must take some time to paste together. As it so happens, Karen is a serious student with an associate commercial art degree from Bolgado. Lorraine is working at a museum soon to open in New Orleans. The publication is just now considering accepting ads, but there's a problem if you expect your ad to come out before a certain date; there's a definite publication time. NAV pops up when and where it wants to. But if you look hard enough, and you really want to find it, you just might.

(left to right: Karen "KB Baily," Barranco, Joe, Lorraine "VIVIAN VOID" Accardo.

March 1985/Wavelength 17
Come up to Kool.

Kool gives you extra coolness for the most refreshing sensation in smoking. A sensation beyond the ordinary.

Ragtime

For
Pianoforte.

David Thomas Roberts

Composer of "Roberto Clemente", "Magazine Street", "Broad Street", "Napoleon"

By

T.M. Gerard
Rather slowly ($J = 63$), warmly and solemnly

ROBERTO CLEMENTE

DAVID THOMAS ROBERTS
King of the Piano Rag

David Thomas Roberts

wants you to forget everything you’ve ever heard at Shakey’s

BY T.M. GERARD

A tage 29, pianist David Thomas Roberts, a Mississippi native who has lived in New Orleans off and on since 1977, has composed nearly sixty ragtime pieces, more than Scott Joplin and almost anyone else. More important than these numbers is the consistently high quality of his work. Al Rose, jazz historian, Eubie Blake’s biographer and a man often critical of contemporary performers, has called Roberts “the foremost ragtime composer of his half-century.”

Ragtime music and composition have known two revivals since the music’s initial popularity in the first two decades of this century. During the first rejuvenation, in the Fifties, the music was performed in part on rinky-tink “jazz” pianos by men whose rau- cous monikers (“Knuckles” O’Toole, “Slugger” Ryan) reflected their generally unusable approach to the music. The second revival, the Seventies, was spearheaded by classical musicians who approached Scott Joplin’s and a few others’ piano music as they would Schumann’s, with a previously neglected attention to dynamics, phrasing and nuance. It was a dramatic shift; Joshua Rifkin and Gunther Schuller’s recordings of Joplin topped the classical charts while William Bolcom, William Albright, Donald Ashwaner and Max Morath created a new corpus of ragtime literature that was often bittersweet and rarely as exuberant as the past masters. While in ragtime he is almost exclusively relied on 19th-century “classical” harmony, some of the new compositions achieved a modern sophistication extending beyond much of today’s pop music (Bolcom’s use of bitonality, for example).

For Roberts, the essence of ragtime is light-years removed from the Fifites’ straw-hat-and-garter-play-as-fast-as-you-can-rinky-tink connotation promoted by Shakey’s and other piano collectives; nor has he embraced the harmonic revisionism of some of the 1970s composers. As he explains in the liner notes of Pinelands Memoir, his third LP: “For me the piano rag is a confessional medium, a form fulfillingly lending itself to the most intimate and trusting expression. It is also an invaluable channel for my obsession with the people-land relationship which is present in all my work... its expressive range is limited only by the mind of its practitioner. I recoil at the hackish and demeaning notion that ragtime is primarily a lighthearted genre. In fact, it is the gentle sadness so pervasive in Midwestern and Southern ragtime that has always seemed to me to be the overarching facet of its personality.”

While Roberts can appreciate some of the work that other modern ragtime composers have produced, he is more often critical of their efforts. “Many contemporaries have failed to discover the crucial identity of ragtime,” he reasons. “They’ve played with the inessentials without comprehending that core that could provide a basis for ragtime evolution.”

For Roberts this core is best associated with a love of rural America, a feeling musically expressed in ragtime’s earliest days by “folk” ragtimers like Charles Hunter, C.L. Woolsey and Callis Wellborn Jackson. “It’s important for me to have a consciously folkly foundation... with this it’s possible to give full reign to the eclecticism I’ve always wanted in ragtime.”

About half of Robert’s works are named after plans; he’s visited, including nine in Mississippi. When not composing, Roberts seeks out and cherishes small town rural America. “I’d love to tour Kansas for three months!” he says in complete earnest.

A secondary influence on Roberts is the music of Beethoven, Joplin’s and a few others’ Spanish Tinge. The non-Latin world is represented in abundance as well in this suite. “Broad Avenue” has an early rock’n’roll section, with the melody in the bass and Fats Domino-like chords on top. Hebraic elements, “in an American context” inform “Magazine Streets” while 19th century romantic piano styles gush through the “Waltz” and “Farewell” sections. And while most of the sections have a habanera or tango bass, “Napoleon Avenue” is a straightforward “folk” rag.

Roberts has big plans for the New Orleans Streets and subsequent compositions. Having thus far recorded for three small labels he would like now to do work for more prestigious companies. When it comes to his music, his obstinacy can be as wide as the Missouri plains; he’s known to turn around and tell talkative people in his audiences to shut up, and when wearing shoes at formal concerts rather than compromise his artistic dress code. Roberts' narcissism is remarkable, even by the standards of other artists. “Certainly I have a greater melodic sense than Beethoven!” he once remarked matter-of-factly. He sees narcissism as necessary in getting great things done. “I am a private theater to myself... in the absence of heroes—and there have been times when I found no one to heroise — I had to be my hero.”

March 1985/Wavelength 21
PLAYBOY'S SIZZLING VIDEO MUSIC PROGRAM IN THE MAKING

Ten sultry singers from Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll—a hit in our January issue—return for a wild pictorial encore this month. Catch these up-and-coming stars on the set and behind the scenes as they create Playboy's first rock home videocassette. And be sure to check your video store or video club for this exciting new release from Playboy Video. Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll—it's music like you've never seen it before!

THE YEAR IN MUSIC, PLUS PLAYBOY'S READER POLL RESULTS

Who's hot and who's not? Who's tops in punk and first in funk? The answers to these musical questions—and a whole lot more—await you in April PLAYBOY's star-studded salute to The Year in Music. Warm up with our hilarious Tina Turner Workout. Chuckle at our editors' tongue-in-cheek tributes to artists of distinction—and extinction. And check how your own picks compare with the final results of PLAYBOY's annual Music Poll. It's all in April PLAYBOY.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW
The Senator

By Almost Slim

Senator Jones is last of a dying breed. As a producer and independent record label owner, Jones is one of the only local recordmen who still is willing to record and promote black New Orleans talent. Since the late Sixties, his circle of small labels has been a source of excellent jazz, blues and soul singles. Artists such as James Rivers, Johnny Adams, Stop Incorporated, Whispering Brother, Las Vegas Connection and Eddie Lang have all waxed excellent singles for "the Senator."

A self-admitted hustler, by hook-or-crook, Jones has been able to keep his head above water in the swirl of the record industry, even if just barely. While his detractors claim he is a know-it-all and that he takes advantage of his artists, Jones still has an open ear, and is perhaps until recently, the only person in town who can get a local record played on the radio.

Born in Jackson, Mississippi, on November 9, 1934, his name actually is Senator Nolan Jones. "I was always interested in music," he recalls. "I was a big blues lover, you never could play enough blues for me. I used to duck in the cafes and ice cream parlors on Farish and Fortification streets and listen to people like Buddy Johnson, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Liggins and Louis Jordan on the jukebox. I even saw Elmore James play in Jackson."

Jones moved to New Orleans along with the rest of his family in 1951. His parents didn't find the city appealing and returned to Jackson after not too long. Senator, however found the city to his liking and decided to stay. His first active role in music didn't come until after his draft notice arrived in 1953, when he was stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia. "I joined a group called the Desperadoes as a vocalist. We worked around Augusta and Atlanta."

Jones claims that other members of the Desperadoes included Oscar Toney Jr., and Jo Jo Benson, who would go on to wax giant hit records in the late Sixties, and Benson's brother Gene. The group often worked with other touring R&B bands including Hank Ballard and the Midnighters and the Five Royals.

His army ended in 1957 and he returned to New Orleans. Where he joined the fringes of the local music scene. Besides sitting in when he could at local clubs, he helped Al Johnson write new material, including "You Done Me Wrong" which was issued on the Ric label.

Jones wouldn't step into the recording studio on his own until 1964, when he waxed "Sugar Dee" and "I Think Of You" for the Watch label. Although the performance was less than memorable, it nonetheless kept the door to the studio open. After Watch, Jones contracted to Bob Robin's International City label, which was somewhat tied in with Huey Meaux's Crazy Cajun label in Texas.

According to Senator "The Sheriff" and "Eenie Meenie Minnie & Moe" did well in New Orleans and kept the demand up for live appearances. The highpoint of his recording career occurred in 1967, when the otherwise forgettable "Miniskirt Dance" b/w "Sweet Thing" was leased by Bell Records for national distribution. Nonetheless sales were negligible and Senator soon found himself in a new role within the record business, this time on the other side of the recording board.

"I could see that the local acts weren't being recorded as much as they should," points out Senator. "I saw New Orleans acts that didn't have records steal the show from national acts with hit records. That's when I started to think about producing.

The first thing I recorded was 'Kid Stuff' by a group called the Barons. I put that record out on Shag 711 — Shag was a nickname a lot of artists called me. 'Kid Stuff' did pretty well, Cosimo Matassa leased it for Dover (Dover Distributors) during the session. He paid me $800, which paid off Wardell Quezergue and the musicians."

At the time Jones wasn't in the financial position to bankroll a fledging record label, so he had to rely on Elmore Sonnier, Ferdinand Proulx and Whitney Picou to fund his early projects. Jones' next record was waxed by the mysterious Guitar Ray, who had earlier recorded for Hotline and was distantly related to Earl King. The coupling of "You're Gonna Wreck My Life" and the emotion-laced "I'm Never Gonna Break His Rules Again" remains one of the best blues releases of the period.

"I had a record shop on the corner of Galvez and London Avenue and Ray brought his guitar by and told me he had some songs. He'd had a nervous breakdown and just got out of the hospital. I used to work with him back in 1961 at Jessie's in Marrero. He sounded good, so I got some studio time down at Cosimo's and he recorded. The record didn't do too much but I still got letters from Europe asking me about it."

After the two issues on Shagg, Jones decided to form other labels including Superdome, Johnmark and Senator Jones. "I got a lot of records on other artists that he was recording. "As I got more artists, I didn't want to go to a radio station with seven records on the same label," points out Jones, "because I know the dealers would just say 'Oh, I can't sell all of these records by the same artist.'" So I started new labels and I switched the colors on the record labels to make them look different."

Most of Jones' releases eventually wound up on Hef Me, which got its name in a curious manner. According to Jones, "When John McKeithen was running for governor he would get on T.V. and say 'Won't you please help me.' Well, that got him elected. If I figured it was good enough for him, it's good enough for me."

Ray J. kicked off the Hep Me label with a cover of Dr. John's 1973 hit "Right Place, Wrong Time" which sold well locally. Ray J. is actually Raymond Jones, a multi-talented musician who arranged many sessions for Senator Jones and who also teaches music at Xavier prep. Both Joneses collaborated with one Norma Jean, to produce the first Hep Me LP, This Is Our Song Of Love, a hard-to-find collector's item.

One of Senator's earliest commercial successes was the Carnival record "Second Line" by Stop Inc. "That group was led by two brothers, Clyde and Bryant Toval," recalls Jones. "I did about six or seven records on them, but they were too hard to control in the studio. Bill Sinigal had recorded the original "Second Line" on White Cliffs (in 1961) but the master had been lost and it was a real popular-Carnival record. I asked Bill if I could record it again and he said it was okay. That's Alvin Thomas who plays the tenor sax on the record because no one in the group could get that second line feeling. That came out originally in 1974, but it comes out every year now."

Another hit from 1974 turned out to be a surprising downhome item "Food Stamp Blues" by Eddie Lang. Lang's career goes back to the mid-Fifties when he recorded as "Little" Eddie Lang for RPM. "Food Stamps" was eventually leased by Jewel Records, which made the record into a modest seller, largely through continually airings over 50,000-watt WLAC radio.

By 1975, Jones and his various labels were well represented in the local market. Jones had made a
deal with Marshall Sehorn, where Jones exchanged a percentage of his record sales for studio time at SeaSaint. That was also the year he enjoyed perhaps his biggest hit, “God Blessed Our Love” by Charles Brimmer. Brimmer was a talented soul singer whose recording career went back to the late Sixties when his first releases appeared on Dave Bartholomew’s Broadmoor label. “Charles Brimmer had a contract with Camile Sixties when it expired he came to me. We did but was never released as a single. We cut it and it told the truth.

“I must have asked him ninety times to make a record before he agreed. The first time I booked the studio he didn’t show and that made me mad as hell. I didn’t even think he’d show up the second time, so when he did show, we just pulled tunes out of the air. That’s how that first album came out, Stand by Me. Sehorn made a deal with Chelsea to release it. Like I said, we could have done better because we didn’t have time to get the right material together.”

While the Stand By Me album consisted mainly of weak covers of soul tunes, Adams’ latter releases were of much higher quality. Case in point is “After All The Good Is Gone,” an old Conway Twitty tune released in 1978. Since then the recording has become a strong regional mover, Ariola Records leased it and also contracted to release an album. Arguably some of Johny’s best sides appear on the After All The Good Is Gone album, but though the single did in the neighborhood of 60,000, the album didn’t catch on and was soon deleted.

Even though Jones couldn’t get another major recording concern interested in the Tan Canary, he continued a fine string of singles and albums at Hot Me, the best being “Love Me Now” and the unforgettable “Hell Yes I Cheated.” In total Jones was responsible for four Johnny Adams LP’s and well over a dozen singles. Their association lasted until 1983 when Adams was contracted’s another label, which didn’t exactly sit well with Senator. “If an artist thinks the grass is green somewhere else, let him go,” he fumes. “I guess Johnny doesn’t remember all the work I put into his records.” Adams counters he never got a nick from his Hot Me sides.

Another artist who has been a consistent seller on Hot Me is Baton Rouge’s Bobby Powell Blind since birth, Powell has hit records going back to 1965, when “C.C. Rider” charted nationally. “Bobby is the premier artist,” says Joe. “He can deliver whatever you ask him. He can handle any type of material. I recorded him most in New Orleans but I did a gospel album on him on Baton Rouge. He does blues and gospel, he leads a choir at his church. We had a number of gospel records. I’m speaking of ‘The Glory of Love’, ‘Sweet Sixteen’ and ‘A Fool For You’.”

Other local successes for Jones includes Tommy Ridgley’s “I Can’t Wait Any Longer,” Barbara George’s “Take Me Somewhere Tonight,” Las Vegas Connection’s “Dancing With My Love Bones” and Clem Easterling’s “Just In Time,” to name but a few.

Despite modest regional success, Jones still hasn’t been able to get easily, as fiction or rather luck of them, are continually a stumbling block. He cites the local radio stations for stringing his efforts and causing the general demise of the local recording industry. “The radio stations in New Orleans are a total disaster,” saysSenator. “They don’t care about local acts, they’re just interested in ripping off the community and make money. They’ll make $50,000 on a promo that gives away a bicycle and the bicycle is given away to them. In New Orleans there’s so sad thing as community-minded radio.

“You don’t get anything done for nothing,” says Jones, referring to how radio stations pick up records provided by larger record companies come radio today. The stations in New Orleans keep their heads in the national trades and forgot about us years ago. Shelly Pope was the last jock who gave a damn about New Orleans.

“But even so, it’s impossible to make a profit on a local record today. Anyone who says they do, 50,000 on a local record is a liar. It take fifty states to sell that many records. You see, it’s good promotion to hype a record, and that means lie. In New Orleans they’re too well.”

While Senator vows he’ll never give up in the cause of promoting local artists, he seems to have drawn his horns in of late. He no longer roams the city in his gold Cadillac with a trunk full of records instead he is currently managing a motel on West Bank. “Right now I’m just interested in producing and recording myself” he claims, “I just fed up with the radio stations and bending to their will.”

While Senator’s ill-timed “Inflation Blues” failed to raise any dust of late, he still isn’t ready to give up just yet. “I know I can out-live any dummy,” he deifies. “How many deejays last more than a couple of years? I still believe in the local artists and as long as they’re out there, I’m gonna try and record them.”
Few reach it. None forget it.

It's the promised land at the bottom of the map.

On the Floor, in the first ten rows of seats, there is a gleam in many eyes and a fever in many brains. Drugs and alcohol are scarce. Those who make to the Floor have risen above the controlled substances of mortality; they are gunning for a state of being that is unaffected by anything physical. Security is tight. If you do not belong on the Floor, you do not reach it. You do not reach the ground level. You do not reach the escalator that leads from the plaza level that surrounds the top of the Dome. Veteran floor-sitters have little balance; the fluid in their ear canals has been sucked out and spat onto the concrete by ambitious sound technicians.

People who can afford Floor seats can afford to miss Sheila E.

"You got front section floor tickets to Prince and you can pick your woman," a man in a brand new purple polyester shirt with a wide collar says. His woman wears leather pants and a purple bikini top. She humps his leg in preconcert excitement.

The Floor is crowded.

People fill the Floor seats slowly; there is no need to hurry. The Floor is only half full when Prince's warm-up act, Sheila E., takes the stage. The Floor is hot.

The heat of 50,000 bodies has no place to go. It rises, rebounds off the ceiling and gravitates downward. The concrete becomes slick with sweat and spilled beer. Fat people with underarm stains thump through the aisles and create a dangerous kind of friction. Small children are pinned to chairbacks; they often hyperventilate. "Oooh, baby. You think it's hot now. Wait for Prince. Wait for Prince. Wait for Prince," the large black woman chants. "I hope he squirts his guitar on me. Yeah."

She is lucky. Prince masturbates his guitar neck and hoses down the first few rows with water. She is among the wet.

The Floor is violent.

Any seat vacated after the lights go out is lost. The people in the back press forward. They are seldom polite in their advances; they have the manners of rabid jackals. Security guards half-heartedly try to keep order; they dissolve into the darkness when the main act goes on and the trouble starts.

"I ain't saving your seats! You hear me? You leave me now and I ain't saving your seats.

A girl with purple hair refuses to save her brothers' seats. The brothers are nervous; they decide to stay.

The Floor is exhilarating.

People in the terrace do not see the sweat on Prince's upper lip. They do not see Sheila E.'s nipples. They do not feel their livers thump against their kidneys on every bass note. They do not risk their lives for a drumstick. They do not get hosed down by an ejaculating guitar.

The Floor is the final and ultimate goal of all concert-goers.

The greed-crippled little men who guide the juggernauts of arena-scale music performances know what the Floor means and handle it accordingly. The Floor is unattainable for all but a few, nailed far up on the wall, out of reach; ordinary humanity can only drool and lung.
CONCERTS

Fri. 1
Ashford and Simpson, Saenger, 8 p.m.
Tickets from TicketMaster.

Sat. 2
The Neville Brothers in a fundraiser for the coming French Quarter Festival, Steamboat President.

Fri. 1 through Sun. 3
The History of Jazzercise, with music by Mark Bingham, choreography by Maxine Snow, set and costumes by Steve Sweatt, 8 p.m., Contemporary Arts Center.

The Celebrated Mass of Hieronymus Bosch, a performance art work dealing with the extravagant fantasies of an artist, now thought to be a member of some heretical sect who probably avoided conventional masses as he would the internecine cannibalistic perversions of his paintings. Written by David Wheeler, scored by Steve Sweatt. A double show and members of the Performance Company, 8 p.m. Friday and Sunday, 10 p.m., Saturday, Contemporary Arts Center.

Sun. 10
A pops organ concert by organist Lee Abbott. Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Avenue, 4 p.m.

Thurs. 14
Eddie Murphy, UNO Lakefront Arena. Sold Out.

Sat. 16
The Pointer Sisters, Baton Rouge Central, 6 p.m. TicketMaster.
Foreigner: Glitter, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum.
Moonlight Cruise, Steamboat President, 10 p.m.

Sat. 16, Sun. 17
Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, Corbett Monica, Saenger, 8 p.m., a benefit for Congregation Gates of Prayer; TicketMaster.

Sun. 17
The Neville Brothers, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum; tentative.
Foreigner: Glitter, LSU Assembly Center.

Wed. 20
David Allan Coe, Steamboat President, as famous for his forlorn ditties as ever.... Madison Shyly or Tampa Red were.

Sun. 24
Douglas Weeks, pianist from Converse College, South Carolina, Christ Church Cathedral, 4 p.m.

Fri. 29
Julian Lennon, LSL Assembly Center, 8 p.m.; tentative, information at 868-9181.
Midnight Star; Shalamar, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Sat. 30
Conway Twitty, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum.

SYMPHONY

Tues. 5-7. Thurs. 5
Philips Erentreich conducts, soloist is cellist David Garinges. Womac by Rossini, Debussy, Hindemith and Dvorak, Opthum, 6 p.m.

Sat. 9
Lionel Hampton appears with the Symphony as part of its Grand Performances series. Opthum, 8 p.m.

Sat. 16
The McLean Family Band of Kentucky appears with the Symphony as part of Superpops 1985, in Country Meets Classical, Opthum, 8 p.m.

Tues. 19-22. Thurs. 21
Julius Rudel conducts, works by Paine, Dvorak, Bach, Opthum, 8 p.m.

BALLE T

Fri. 15, Sun. 17
The New Orleans City Ballet/Cincinnati Ballet Company performs Le Beau Danube, Raymonda Variations and Juberke at the Theatre for the Performing Arts, 8 p.m. Friday and at 2 p.m. on Sunday. TicketMaster; information at 522-9986, group rates 524-2494.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Sat. 2 through Sun. 10
New Orleans Boat Show, Louisiana Superdome.

Thurs. 7
Glass Art Gallery Greg Verbos presents first casting demonstration from noon until 5 in the Glass Shop at the Newcomb Art School, followed by a pot luck supper at 5 and slide show at 7.

Julian Lennon, LSL Assembly Center, March 29.

a casting demonstration from noon until 5 in the Glass Shop at the Newcomb Art School, followed by a pot luck supper at 5 and slide show at 7.

WED. 13
The Harlem Globetrotters, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Sat. 16
U.S. Hotrod Truck & Tractor Pull, Louisiana Superdome.

Thurs. 21 through Sun. 24
La. Sportstman Show, Louisiana Superdome.

Sun. 24
Tom Jones, Baton Rouge, Dixie Arena. 

Fri. 30

Sat. 30
Mississippi Gulf Coast, South Carolina, Christ Church Cathedral.

Julian Lennon, LSL Assembly Center, March 29.

a casting demonstration from noon until 5 in the Glass Shop at the Newcomb Art School, followed by a pot luck supper at 5 and slide show at 7.

...when I consider besides that our joys and excursions are lodged together palliament, and that sensuous pleasure at its height is attended, like pain, with pain and maze. I believe it is true what Plato says, that man is the playing of the gods: Truly a chief way to sport with us (Claustrius) and that Nature was in a mocking mood when she left us that most common and most disturbing of our actions to make us all like and put us on the same level, wise men and fools, men and beasts... Every one avoids them. This is a cruel way to sport with us! (Ciaudian.)

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Quote of the Month / Lenten Edition:

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Shad Weathersby's "Light Outside that Door" on Dancing Cat Records and Tapes, FEATURES George Winston contributing piano, harmonica and accordion; in a rare sideman appearance.

Album available at METRONOME MUSIC, Pleasant at Magazine.

underclothes from the Victorian and Edwardian periods. Also, Mike Smith's Spirit World remains a burst of joy amid the dullness of jazz shows. The best jazz and instrumental artists.

Dancing Cat Records and Tapes, FEATURES George Weathersby's accordion; in a rare sideman appearance. Exciting new departure for one of America's quality artists.

You Pleasant at Cat Door

Carl Mack's Computer Cabaret at Borsodji's.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 835-8731, Call for schedule.

New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. From Sun.3: Ida Kohlsn's 75th year, a show of five dozen paintings from public and private collections throughout the country by the celebrated local painter. Group tours for the 60th Thursday of every month.


Poesie-Baker Gallery, 831 Toulouse, 524-7242. Call for information.

Tahir Gallery, 825 Chartres, 525-3055. Call for schedule.


THEATRE

Show Mary, 616 Frenchmen, 944-9466. Agnes of God, recently a success on Broadway which deals with nuns.

Marquette Theatre, Loyola. Through March. Life Is A Dream, which is an old Spanish play but not an old Spanish custom.

Mincapelli's Dinner Theatre, 7031 St. Cloude, 885-7000. Through March: Under The Yum Yum Tree with Bob Krieger from Channel 6 as lead farseur.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Norman, Is That You?, a sitcom-ish work of a decade or so ago in which the American boodle confronts one of its worst nightmares: its prophetic morphomorphose into screaming queens.

Road Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 387-5400. Through Sun.17, Chicago, the musical about murderess Roxie Hart in a 1920s Chicago. A scene from "The Women's Hour." The musical about murderess Roxie Hart in the show Chicago.


CINEMA

Loysa's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3106. Fri.1: The Grifters, a 1989 Scottish service drama in which John Mills and Alun Armstrong. A movie which deals with the maternal reemergence of a long-lost son, the love of his life, and the realization of the dream of a father.

UNO Cinema, 130-8438. Thurs.7 and Fri.8: An American Werewolf In London. John Landis' lyrical update of a European folktale which begins well but soon turns into a feeble, silly echo of the far superior The Howling which came out not too long after the same time. Carl Reiner's The Breed, a seedy, sleazy, unoriginal film which deals with a rockabilly group of the South who are forced to kill a teacher who danishes them.

Rob Bottin did the bone-cracking sound design for this film, which was released in 1981. It was directed by John Landis and starred in John Carpenter, who also directed that first American Werewolf. The film was made for $3 million and it grossed $8 million. It was a huge success and helped launch John Carpenter's career.

It's a film that is not for everyone, but it is certainly worth checking out if you are a fan of horror movies. The story follows a group of friends who get lost in the woods and come across a house occupied by werewolves.

The movie has a lot of场面素材, which is typical of many horror films, as well as some pretty good special effects. The werewolf scenes are particularly well done, with the werewolves looking very realistic and scary. The movie also has a good cast, led by John Carpenter himself as the leader of the group of friends.

Overall, this is a classic horror film that is definitely worth checking out if you are a fan of the genre. It's not for everyone, but I think it's definitely worth checking out if you are a fan of horror movies.
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IN A SONG OF MOURNING

In a song of mourning, in a song of lament, in a song of hope and love, we find expression for our deepest feelings.
The Dixi-Kups, New Orleans' most esteemed girl group (and better known—before copyright infringement—as the Dixie Cups), began their come back in earnest with a set of February gigs at New York's Bottom Line. The Dixi-Kups, whose hits include "Chapel of Love" and "Iko Iko," co-starred with the terminally-exotic Ronnie Spector (for whom all of the Beatles had the hots) and the Exciters, renowned for "Tell Him." The Dixi-Kups, incidentally, are sisters Barbara Hawkins and Rosa Lee Hawkins, and new member Jo-Ann Kennedy, who replaced singer Joan Marie Johnson, a cousin of the Hawkins sisters. Says Barbara: "The time feels so right for us to get back out there, it's almost as though we have no choice." Roll over, Cyndi Lauper.

Documentarian Les Blank, producer Martin Rosen and scriptwriter Michael Goodwin (last seen consuming two dozen raw oysters at Jaeger's accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nick Patoski) plan to collaborate on a film about a young New Orleans trumpeter and his ascent (or more likely, descent) into the music world. The trio says that this movie will do for New Orleans what The Harder They Come did for Kingston, Jamaica. If they mean that hordes of young Americans will start heading for New Orleans in search of cheap marijuana, we say, "Forget it!" And anyway—this is the 11th movie about New Orleans musicians we've been informed of this year and they all sound like ludicrous ideas. We're chauvinistic about this kinda stuff and we don't like outsiders coming to town, "discovering" culture. So there.

Will Robinson is a bit like New Orleans and his grandmother, the late Martha Robinson, who was largely responsible for the preservation movement in this city. Will's first cousin is Toto Robinson, who was largely responsible for the get-down-and-pop-guitar movement before he immersed himself in the "straight life" and afternoon teas and deb balls and excursions to South America and eating caviar twice a day. Alabama, the country band and not the state—has a new hit record entitled "There's No Way," written and composed by Will Robinson and Toto Robinson hopes that his cousin can come up with a few more hits because Toto's been lending the boy money for years and wouldn't mind getting some of that back because well, caviar doesn't grow on trees, y'know.

Ernie K-Doe wants his fans to know that he's been spending most of his evenings at Rams H. 2139 Simon Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Powell.

Alex "My Baby—She Wrote Me A Letter" Chilton has produced a new single for Joe Fincher and Force of Habit, set to be released in the near future.

New Orleans pianist Henry Butler, yet another musician-in-exile, recently got a rave review from Leonard Feather. In the Los Angeles Times, Feather noted: "Butler's unpredictability is part of the attraction of a visit with him. One never knows whether any given passage will be solo or trio, tonal or modal, in tempo or rubato. His agile and supportive left hand was well displayed in his S4/4 work 'Fiving Around.'"

"National Blues Week," in case you missed it (it was Mardi Gras around here), was February 17 through 23. In Dallas, the festivities included the Ll'l Joe Blue Dinner Show, held at the Nairobi (sic) Room, and in an unknown location in Mississippi, Robert Johnson did a somersault in his grave.

The Arts Council of New Orleans-sponsored Louisiana Volunteer Lawyers for the Arts program now offers pro bono (free) legal services to needy artists and arts programs. We assume that this also includes musicians, which means that the LVLA phones should stay tied-up indefinitely. The number to call is 504-523-1465.

PICKS TO CLICK:
2. New Africa—various selections from Celluloid Records' African catalogue, including "Government Chicken Board" by Fela.
3. The Offs' First Record (actually, "First Album")—punk socz from San Francisco, cover by Jean-Michel Basquiat, the punk/Negro darling of New York, last seen collaborating with Andy Warhol and Francesco Clemente at the Gallery Bruno Bischofberger in Zurich.
4. Rockers All-Star Explosion—more Augustus Pablo stuff from Alligator Records, which has all but deserted the blues for Nattyland.
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Peter's Pizza & Italian Restaurant

Menu

Pizza Pies

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<th></th>
<th>Regular</th>
<th>MEDIUM (13&quot;)</th>
<th>each extra item</th>
<th>PETER'S SPECIAL (any 4 items)</th>
<th>VEGETARIAN PIE</th>
<th>COMBO PIE</th>
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