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John Fogerty
On The Bayou

'Toot-Toot' Sweeps Nation
Living The Acadian Tradition
GO AHEAD, MAKE YOUR DAY.

Pick Up July PLAYBOY At Newsstands Now.

Don't miss this month's provocative pictorial of Grace Jones, currently featured in the new James Bond thriller, A View to a Kill. Also this month: a look at the power vs. pleasure aspects of oral sex. 20 Questions with Jamie Lee Curtis. Plus the real story of Chuck Yeager, and more.

Shown above: Grace Jones in Max Day in A View to a Kill. Photo courtesy and used with the permission of MGM/UA Entertainment Co.
Maple Leaf Poets Make Six

June is an anniversary month for the practically-legendary Sunday afternoon Maple Leaf Bar poetry reading series. At age six, the durable if unorthodox series, which somehow manages to be both indigenous and cosmopolitan, is the longest continuously running reading series in the city. It is also the only weekly series (readings, scheduled for 2:30, begin around 3:00 on Sunday afternoons) and the only one regularly held in a bar - usually on stage but sometimes in the Leaf's plant-filled patio.

The idea for the readings was suggested by Curraisal painter and bar-regular Franz Heldner in June 1979. Nobody remembers the exact date, or that of the first reading, by Everett Maddox and the late Robert Stock.

Early organizers of the readings were Maddox, Stock, Maxine Cassin and Yorke Corbin. *Maple Leaf Rag: An Anthology of New Orleans Poetry*, based on the first season of readings and edited by Cassin, Corbin and Maddox, was published by the New Orleans Poetry Journal Press in 1980, and remains the only comprehensive anthology of contemporary New Orleans poetry.

The Maple Leaf has since hosted not only New Orleans poets but poets from throughout the United States. Novelists and playwrights have appeared as well. The bar's first international reader was prominent Canadian novelist David Adams Richards, who read this past March. While many of the Leaf's readers boast considerable reputations, the series also welcomes talented beginning and unpublished writers. None of the readers are paid; their only compensation is exposure to an intelligent and high-spirited audience - which in turn pays no cover or minimum. During the past year the readings have been pleasantly augmented by the piano and vocal stylings of Fred Kasten, who performs following each reading.

Normally the readings are far from dull; there is noise from the adjoining barroom, cats, dogs and children come and go, floats pass by in the plate-glass window behind the reader on stage, occasionally there are floods. If newcomers are sometimes disconcerted by such goings-on, regulars know to expect the unexpected.

Bar-owner John Parsons, giving special credit to Everett Maddox "for keeping it going," calls the readings "a wonderful thing for the bar." Happy Birthday.

**THE BEST FOR LEST**

**MACON FRY**

Down Home Food With Blues On The Side

Alberta's Restaurant is situated close to the heart and soul of New Orleans. Sister Alberta Lewis cooks in the front room of her shotgun home at Third and Dianne streets while her husband, Joe, sits in the adjacent dining room and holds forth amicably on his days as a blues singer, his future as a gospel singer, and how the fishing has been recently. The food at Alberta's defines "down home," ranging from real stew to pigs' feet, fried or barbecued, chicken, and rabbit. The menu often features greens from the Lewis' garden (which won a blue ribbon in the Uptown Garden Club competition) and whatever fish Joe has been able to land.

It's impossible to describe a typical combination plate from Alberta's because she always makes sure that everyone has enough of everything they want. On a recent visit I ordered barbecued chicken and cornbread, red beans, and potato salad with it. Before the chicken was gone, Alberta was insisting that we try some of her sweet potato bread. The flat rate for such a spread is an unwavering $3.25!

As good as the food is, it's Alberta and Joe who give this restaurant its soul. Alberta is from Magnolia, Mississippi, and owes her high cheekbones to her mother, who was half American Indian. Joe, also from Mississippi, grew up picking and hauling cotton on plantations around the delta and singing with several blue bands. Today the Lewises are the nucleus of The King's Brothers and Sisters, a gospel group that performs in churches and shows across the South and has several records on the Booker label.

The walls of Alberta's are decorated with the ubiquitous icons of soul: portraits of Jesus, Martin Luther King, John Kennedy and the Saints (not the football team). In the corner there's a jukebox surrounded by pictures of gospel groups. Drop in a quarter and play Sister Alberta's "Mean Old Jews Who Crucified My Lord," drop in another quarter and let Joe select some old blues numbers. What better way to enjoy "the best for lest?"

—Macon Fry

Say It Ain't So, Steph

After years out of circulation, music-wise that is, Stephie has returned, this time replacing her Whitesox with her new band, the Blacksox, Stephie, joined by John Swanka, Joe Messina, Jerry Negrotto, and Chuck Jonau, performs original music in a rather dark and heavy vein and cites influences as diverse as Dead Boys and Iggy Pop to Blondie.

—Carlos Boll
Lords at Leisure

The Lords of the New Church were all over New Orleans during their mid-May visit. First to Leisure Landing, where (right) Stiv Bators remembered "great times with Madonna in Detroit" and with other band members (above) reminisced with his old pal New Orleans' own Danny Reid, formerly of Syl Sylvan. Later the boys were interviewed by high school fans on Bunny Matthews' Vic & Nat's Show, then on to Jimmy's for the concert.

Weathersby In Store

In his first public show in quite a while, Shad Weathersby performed at Leisure Landing Record Store last month to a rather large crowd. Originally from New Orleans, Weathersby has come to national attention with the release of his first LP, Light Outside The Door, on the Dancing Cat label, a division of Windham Hill. George Winston, also from New Orleans, is reputed to be one of Shad's biggest fans as well as contributing his piano playing to the LP.

Weathersby currently has a single out, "Buttons," which has been remixed to give it more of a country flavor. He is now at work making demo tapes for a new LP.

His live performance was excellent, making his recorded work sound a bit too tame. Hopefully the next LP will capture more of his spark.

—Carlos Boll

And the joint was rockin'...'

Blues boy B.B. King had 'em reelin' and rockin' last month in the Frerier High School band room. The benevolent bluesman took time out from his annual Blue Room gig to present an educational afternoon of blues and boogie to both students and teachers. Ironically, it wasn't the youngsters who felt compelled to get up and cut the rug, or was it? The most oft-heard comment from the enchanted audience? "My mama just loves you, man!" —rico
Look Out For The Bogeyman!

With exotic instruments and native costumes, bands from Papua New Guinea and Barbados in the Caribbean visit New Orleans.

Bogeyman from far-away cultures visited the Jazz and Heritage Festival in New Orleans this year, making the trip all the way from the Papua New Guinea and Caribbean islands of Barbados. One bogeyman took the form of the "steel donkey of fear," dancing through the crowds to the accompaniment of a Barbados ruck-a-tuck group calling themselves the Barbados Tuck Band. The donkey has always played a part in the lives of the poor of Barbados, both as a mode of transportation and as a transporter of cane, cotton, etc. How it became associated with obeah is a mystery, but mention of the steel donkey used to strike fear in the hearts of women and children, and those participating in festival celebrations would pray that the donkey wouldn't approach them. Nowadays the donkey is seen as benign and, of course, the crowds in New Orleans saw nothing more than a masked man wearing a painted, cardboard donkey outfit.

The ruck-a-tuck group accompanying the donkey was a Bajan version of a fife and drum band. Fife and drum bands are not a new idea in the Caribbean, the British having spread this sound combination around the world. As many variations exist as the number of people who adopt the instruments and meld them with their own cultures. In Barbados, the drums are homemade and are used to play the rhythm patterns unique to that island alone. Instead of fife, there are penny whistles of various sizes and pitches, instruments similar to recorders but made of metal and without a bottom hole. The penny whistles are used to blow the melodies of popular calypso and for a sound similar to a slide whistle. Back to the drums, at least two are used, a bass drum and a snare-like drum called a kettle. The bass plays very little, hitting the downbeat and occasionally punching a syncopated beat, while the kettle plays a variety of marching cadences featuring a few strictly Bajan easily identifiable rhythms. The Barbados Tuck Band added a second kettle (this one a Ludwig snare drum from a trapset), which played a second pattern of cadences above the homemade kettle, but always punched at the key moments with the kettle to keep that Bajan feel. The homemade drums were fashioned from wood (either rum barrels or, nowadays, plywood) or metal (salt meat cans) with bicycle wheel rims holding down goat or sheepskin drumheads. The whole thing is held together with iron lugs.

The tradition of ruck-a-tuck groups goes back to the 17th Century, shortly after the arrival of the British on the island. They appeared mainly for the crop-over festival and for the annual festival around Easter. Presently, ruck-a-tuck groups come out for any occasion and to entertain tourists. In the past ten years there has also been a revival of the crop-over festival. Try as we might, we were unsuccessful at showing a link between ruck-a-tuck groups and the village/neighborhood gang tradition of New Orleans and other Caribbean islands like Nassau and Trinidad. While ruck-a-tuck group members usually are from one neighborhood, they don't share the other characteristics which did or still do identify the gang tradition... fierce, sometimes violent competition between rival gangs; yards, bars or clubhouses where gang members gather year round to make costumes and jam; and rare public appearances (at carnivals and a few other Christian holidays).

Believe it or not, a second bogeyman came to town for the Jazz Fest, but this time in name only. If you live in Papua New Guinea and want to scare your children, when you go to sleep, just tell them that Sanguma will be out looking for little children who are not in their beds. And Sanguma did come to New Orleans in the form of an eight-piece band that brought along native costumes and instruments of New Guinea, as well as contemporary electric instruments.

New Guinea is the home of over 700 different cultures, each with its own language (not different dialects... different languages). The music of these cultures is made mainly by voices and bamboo instruments in a strange-to-western ears style called free time. Free time
involves a constant and frequent change in time signature, resulting in music that is not anything like we in America would call dance music. This traditional free time style translates most readily to free form jazz at its most indulgent, and this is where the band members of Sanguma, all students of the music school in Papua New Guinea, took it. During their set at the Koindu Stage, the audience was constantly frustrated by the rapid alternating between interesting, danceable rhythm patterns and non-danceable cocktail lounge type jazz breaks. More interesting than Sanguma's music (to these ears) was the variety of bamboo and log instruments that they brought with them.

Slit drums were made from logs of varying lengths and diameters that were slit lengthwise and hollowed out, and hit with sticks. These are the telephones of New Guinea, whose range of expressions are unlimited, according to Tony, horn player with Sanguma. (Conch shell horns are also used to relay messages in some areas of New Guinea.) The band brought a variety of one-note bamboo flutes, some held sideways like a flute and others long-ways like a recorder, used two ways: to blow one clear note and to create new sounds by making noises with the mouth and blowing the flute at the same time, somewhat in the manner of a kazoo. Sanguma demonstrated these flutes onstage by simulating many different animal sounds. Two-foot lengths of bamboo of approximately two-inch diameter were also used as shakers by splitting the two ends into about 20 strips, creating a sound similar to a shekere (a beaded gourd). Bamboo of wider diameters were strapped onto a stand to be hit with sticks, making a hollow, woodblock-like sound. A piece of bamboo equal to the size used for shakers was used to make a devil chaser by carving jaw-like points on each end and cutting one hole on the jaws. The hole creates a whistling sound when the devil chaser is shaken and is used to chase away spirits. Each of these instruments, in fact, has a special purpose among the multitude of cultures in New Guinea. Traditionally they are not used in ensemble style, even though Sanguma used them in this manner occasionally.

Caribbean Show recommendations this month are three new 12-inch singles, one from Jamaica, two from Trinidad/Tobago. Horace Andy, who recently had a great single out called "Gunshot," now has a hilarious dancehall hit entitled "Elementary." Using the ever-popular "Heavenless" riddim, this one gets silly with lyrics like "She don't have style, she don't have fashion... when she get far, she favor superstar, but when she come near, she favor Yogi Bear." Elementary, my dear Boco Bao. And "Don't Jam Dis" is the latest soca by Scrunter, with a killer hook boosted by timbales that is reminiscent musically of last year's "We Living in Jail," winner of the Crown for Penguin in 1984. And one last bogeyman song (I promise this is the last): the Trinidad road march winner for 1985, "Soucouyant," by Crazy, is finally available in town. A soucouyant is a blood-sucking zombie woman, and if you find that your next-door neighbor has been visiting your bedroom at night, you might find yourself doing the same thing as Crazy, bawling, "Suck me, Soucouyant!" Another classic for Trinidad.

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New Orleans Jazz in Chicago: Part III

As gangsters increase their hold on Chicago, jazzmen find work in the speakeasies, often with the likes of Al Capone and his men in the audience.

1923 — A growing number of Chicagoans are outraged over Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson's regime. For the last four years gangsters have increased their hold on city politics. Speakeasies, prostitution, and gambling operations flourish. Judges, city aldermen, an assistant district attorney, even an Illinois state congressman and a U.S. representative are in the syndicate's pocket. Democratic reform candidate William Deever wins the mayoral election with promises to prosecute big-time bookies. Johnny Torrio decides to move his operation out of town — and sets up headquarters in Cicero. Rival gangsters "Klondike" O'Donnell, Eddie Vogel, and Eddie Fancell try to block the move, but Torrio compromises and wins control of most of Cicero. Torrio puts his lieutenant, Al Capone, in charge of Cicero business. "It's a shame," Capone tells Cicero's working-class residents, "that a man should be denied a glass of beer after a hard day's work!"

Chicago jazzmen are finding work in speakeasies. Some, like Bud Freeman, claim they never witnessed any violence. Freeman refers to the gangsters as "big gentlemen." Others, such as Freeman's friend, cornetist Jimmy McPartland, have stories to tell. After Deever's election McPartland is playing in a joint owned by Eddy Tancil. No sooner does he get out of Tancil's mob than he is called back to take over the band's cornet. Tancil, an ex-bartender, goes at it with Capone's boys and does okay until they pull the blackjacks out. The thugs break bottles, jabbing the broken ends into faces and kicking bodies. Waiters and bartenders are lying on the floor. A few nights later it happens again, "much worse," McPartland says. "That was the finish. Tancil got rid of the band, and two days later we found out he had been shot dead." Torrio was now in charge.

McPartland had first started playing jazz a year before, when still attending Austin High School in a West Side suburb. He and his brother Dick, Bud Freeman, Frank Teschemacher, and Jim Lannigan — all wearing short pants — used to stop off at a local ice cream parlor after school every day to eat sundae drinks. One day they mapped the latest records that the owner had stacked.

Robert Wolf is a Chicago writer and contributor for the Illinois Entertainer, where this series first appeared.
left for New York to join Fletcher Henderson's 12-piece orchestra. He returned to Chicago the following year to play with his wife's combo and with Erskine Tate's larger band, which, like Henderson's, was preparing the way for the big bands of the Thirties. A few years later Oliver was also to experiment with a larger band, one he called the Dixie Syncopators.

On his return to Chicago, Armstrong persuaded Kid Ory to leave California to join him and a number of their former associates for recording sessions. The group, Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five, was composed of trombonist Ory, clarinetist Jimmy Dodds, pianist Lil Hardin Armstrong, banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, all of whom except Ory had been members of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band.

It is a commonplace in jazz histories to note that these Hot Five sessions - beginning in 1925 - mark a new departure for jazz; that Armstrong eventually discarded Oliver's ensemble concept and substituted a series of extended solos for the old four-bar breaks; that Armstrong's cornet technique and range are like nothing heard before in jazz; that he displays a daring style, highly expressive within a wide emotional range; that some of the cuts make brilliant use of the stop-time chorus; that his sidemen are primitive and inept compared to him. All this is true, but it is precisely because his sidemen are not soloists, but ensemble players, that these sessions fail.

Contrast the Hot Five cuts of 1925 and 1926 with Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, recorded in 1926 and 1927. The Hot Five records seem full of exhuberance until we listen to Morton's cuts. Morton's group has spirit and joy - the kind of joy we hear 40 years later on the records Bunk Johnson made with fellow old-time New Orleans musicians. There is no ambivalence on these Morton sessions. Morton and his men know what they want. Armstrong's group is not sure. His sidemen are looking back to New Orleans while he is looking forward, trying to forge a solo-oriented band. He is not an ensemble leader. Morton is, Morton is recording the culmination of the New Orleans style, utilizing all the knowledge he and his men had developed over the years: the tight ensemble unity of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, the standard New Orleans polyphony and four-bar breaks, as well as solos and stop-time choruses. It is more than an eclectic pastiche; the parts are a whole.

For these sessions Morton made frequent use of a number of the Hot Five musicians: Ory, Dodds, and St. Cyr. And while they fumble with Armstrong, they display assurance with Morton. Armstrong with his virtuosity, it has been said, may have intimidated them. Morton did not, he consulted them. Omer Simeon, who played clarinet on a number of the cuts, said, "He was exact with us. Very jolly, very full of life all the time, but serious. We used to spend maybe three hours rehearsing four sides and in that time he'd give us the effects he wanted, like the background behind a solo... Of course, Jelly had his ideas and sometimes we'd listen to them and sometimes, together with our own, we'd make something better."

Johnny St. Cyr said, "Reason his records are full of tricks and changes is the liberty he gave his men. Sometimes we ask him - we get an idea, see - and he asked us to let us play a certain break, and he was always open to suggestion..."

Morton was trying to create important works. Armstrong was out to have a good time and make a few dollars. There certainly wasn't much advance planning for his sessions. Kid Ory said, "When we'd get in the studio, if we were going to do a new number, we'd run over it a couple of times before we recorded it. We were a very fast recording band. In fact, the records I made with the Hot Five were the easiest I ever made."

There is one cut from a session Dodds recorded in the late Twenties with Armstrong and Hines, "Melancholy," which is the equal of Simeon or Bechet's work. But for the most part his solo work, as evinced in his 1927 trio recordings, is hackneyed. His phrasing is predictable, something that cannot be said of great soloists. Ory, likewise, never grew beyond his origins, never became much more than a "tailgate" trombonist. Both had been trained as ensemble players, and that is how they worked best. There is no faulting them for what they were not, as you do not fault an orange for not being an apple.
Jazz Fest is over. I'm tired. My exhaustion is tempered with large quantities of beer. It's Sunday night after another long day running around the Fair Grounds. At 2:30 A.M. there is a party in my apartment—a Jazz Fest wrap party. Most of those present are from out of town, getting in their last licks before tomorrow's return to the real world. Despite middle age and various degrees of responsibility, we have all found time to do nothing but clown around for the last week. We like to party and we love New Orleans.

The final Sunday of Jazz Fest is rough. This year there was more music to hear on that day than any other. Most everyone I was with was so tired by the final day that music was secondary to burn-out. Many people sat catatonic in the Gospel Tent, not wanting to give up and go home to bed, but too pooped to pop. By 3 A.M. Sunday morning the party is coming to an end. Someone has been to Destin and brought back some ocean fish. The fish are on ice, arranged to stare at whoever walks in the room. We stare back. There is talk of cooking the fish, but it's all talk. The action is over. The whole group is on tilt. It's becoming more and more difficult to lift a glass, let alone make sense. We have reached the moment when the moment is worth a lifetime of instant replay.

I've had to eat here and there's a national disaster I'll move here. Great town to be in a career. Miles saw the Bar-Kays and imitated their choreographed jerk-off moves.

It's all Prince's fault, that little whore. "I loved Purple Rain. Really love the new record. "Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex... I'm not happy with the aspects of sexuality that are constantly being pushed in advertising and popular music."

"The Prince should be at the Jazz Fest."

"I think his new record is his attempt to destroy his own career."

"I'm glad he didn't show up to sing, 'We Are The World.'"

"We Are The World' was the most walked-out-on song of the Jazz Fest."

"Even Chris Owens sang it. No one walked out on her."

"At least she didn't sing 'Toot Toot.'"

"You were wrong. Chris Owens deserved to be at the Jazz Fest."

"If there's a national disaster I'll move here. Great town to be in a career."

"If you lived here you might feel differently."

"Look, every scene has its ugly side, its trash and innuendo. Just stick with the beauty and avoid the horror."

"The cliques get to me."

"He who stirs the stinkpot smells the worst."

"Well plug up your nose and go on ahead now."

"I heard Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera. They played!"

"Too new wavey for me."

"But good new wavey, the guy did his Wynne bit, but he was good enough. Their whole set was better than a video, always dancing and using space, I like them."

"Bryan Lee was terrific."

"Almost better than Albert King."

"I passed out in Tip's on my wedding night listening to Albert King."

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"I passed out in Tip's on my wedding night listening to Albert King."
"I really miss Tipitina's."
"You're getting sentimental."
"Effective sentimentality is a dangerous statement in 1985."
"Why do anything? It's all old news."
"Your piece last month was too sentimental. I was embarrassed for you."
"The mud, the swing. You could become the Rod McKuen of the Eighties."
"The greatest living opera singer."
"Orbison was like a Viet Cong in his black silk pajamas and his wig."
"That's his real hair and skin color."
"Peelers and feelers. Roy was a definite tilt."
"He didn't sing 'Toot Toot'. Did anyone count the times they heard 'Toot Toot'?"
"Reagan sang 'Toot Toot' at Bitburg."
"He's making MTV videos."
"Someone will start MTV... nothing but Hitler footage. Reagan can narrate, just like Death Valley Days."
"Evil that wins is Good. Evil that loses is Evil."
"Sally Townes is super, did you see her?"
"Most of the regular Bourbon Street performers are great."
"Do you think Wynton Marsalis will end up on Bourbon Street?"
"No, he's got serious artist disease."
"His brother took a gig with Sting. I heard the guys in the band get $8,000 a week for 40 weeks a year. What do you think they really get?"
"The police really meant something musically. I'm not sure what Wynton means."
"He's just a kid, kids like to talk."
"But he's to the right of Reagan and he doesn't even know it."
"Kidd Jordan is the player around here."
"Earl Turbinton."
"Maybe Exuma is Dick Gregory."
"He's the Ernie-K-Doe of nutrition. One too many fast."
"Mockery is the revenge of the impotent."
"Look out, there's a CIA agent under your bed."
"Wayne Bennet hates the blues."
"Everyone wants to be someone else."
"Are you going to the Glass House?"
"Too much smoke and too many tourists like us."
"You coming back next year?"
"We might move here before then."
"More clever Yankees cluttering up the gene pool."
"I could live here."

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Sorry about last month's absence, but the purchase, renovation and move into a "new" home kept me away from the trusty IBM. (Besides, all my records were packed up in boxes that are only now being reopened.) This month's WL Rare Record spotlights the Meters' first album, which dates back to 1969. It's a totally instrumental LP containing their first three chart singles from the Josie label, "Sophisticated Cissy," "Cissy Strut" and "Ease Back."

The front cover has an interesting array of clocks, rules and meters, while the back of the jacket has find yourself believing the opening line to "Rose of My Heart." In fact, Bob and Charles Whitstein may be the finest country duo to record in the last 25 years. On their first album the Whitsteins eschew the "good ole boy" duet style (typified by Waylon and Willie, and Moe Bandy and Joe Stampley) and their favored topics of drinking and cheating, for songs of love, loneliness and longing for a lost home. They sing with a fidelity that speaks of thirty years harmonizing together.

Spiritually the Whitsteins are the musical heirs to the Louvin Brothers, whose high and mournful sound came to its full anachronistic bloom in 1956, the beginning of the rock 'n' roll era. Stylistically, however, they owe more to the smoother sounds of the Blue Sky Boys and Everly Brothers than the nasal tenor of Ira, and Appalachian lead of Slim and shot Louvin. Three of the songs on Rose of My Heart are Louvin Brothers gems, but the best songs are "Weary Days" and "Eighth Wonder of the World." On these, Bob and Charles modulate playfully in and out of harmony, their voices gliding and careening like a couple of freight cars on a mountain track. They maintain a tension even in their slower material without ever singing hard.

With their well-developed vocal style and considerable instrumental talents (Charles plays mandolin and Bob plays guitar), it is surprising that these brothers from Colfax, Louisiana, have eluded recognition for so long. When Rounder recorded them last year, they had left behind the musical ambitions that carried them to the Louisiana Hayride and the Grand Ole Opy in the Sixties, and were living in Pineville, Louisiana, playing occasional shows at schools and churches. Rounder has done more than unveil Louisiana's musical treasures; in Rose of My Heart they've released one of the best country albums of the year. —Macon Fry

The Whitstein Brothers
Rose Of My Heart
Rounder

"We're the best partners this world's ever seen, together as close as can be!" Listen to the harmonies on this album and you'll
Rockin' Dopsie &
The Cajun Twisters
Good Rockin'
GNP 2167

Dopsie's latest from Sonet/GNP Crescendo is easily his best LP since his "Greatest Hits" collection on Rounder. Very heavy French and R&B influenced, a la Domino and Jr. Parker, Dopsie only vocalized on half of the LP's 10 songs, other vocals chores are aptly handled by guitarist Russel Gordon and "guest" Joshua Jackson—who is this guy? —who contributes two tremendous performances. Dopsie's accordion wails away in down-home fashion, while the band plays some of the hottest stuff this side of Slim's Y'ki ki. This is some of the best zydeco to come our way in some time. Paul Sengal, John Hart, Alfon Rubin Jr. and David Rubin put their all into the job — this has to be the hottest zydeco band out there. Tracks are from 1983 and are well recorded. A must-get item for all swingers.

James Booker
King of the New Orleans Piano
JSP 1086

The second album in the JSP Records' "James Carroll Booker III Memorial Bootleg Series" is out, apparently culled from the same European concert tour that yielded album one.

Those who see Booker as a synthesizer of the New Orleans pianists who preceded him will be pleased by the inclusion of "Tipitina" and "Blueberry Hill," although both cuts are short, with no room for development. More interesting are "Black Night," which is strangely subdued in comparison with the "Piano Prince of New Orleans" version, and "Junco Partner," with its sublime instrumental intro.

Five takes on this album had previously been recorded by Booker (some of them almost note for note on the Island LP), and while the playing is never less than fine, this disc doesn't seem to reach a typical Booker album's quota of extraordinary tricks. Booker fanatics and New Orleans music archivists will want this release, but surely fresher, more electrifying samplings of the master's art will come to light in the future.

—Tom McDermott

Miles Davis/
Wynton Marsalis
Theatre for the Performing Arts
April 26, 1985

In the midst of the opening Miles Davis/Wynton Marsalis double bill, Bob Dylan's classic line kept coming to mind — "I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now." It seemed to be an appropriate description of the relationship between the serious, determined demeanor of young Marsalis and the playful posture presented by elder statesmen Davis.

What was most obvious about the two trumpeters on this evening was that both had definitely come to play. There was certainly no beating around the bush, and the alleged competition or antagonism, which the media had been pumping up for weeks in advance, was completely absent. In fact, every aspect of each performance was a perfect complement to the other, right down to Davis' flashy black Zorro outfit and Marsalis' dignified white suit.

Davis and his six-piece electric band hit the stage and jumped right into a groove off the "Tribute To Jack Johnson" album. It was clear that there was a genuine chemistry and flow of ideas between the band members. The backgrounds they provided for Davis included churning Afro-Cuban funk, heavy metal reggae, Star Wars freakout, shuffled blues, Spanish-tinged exoticism, and tender, sparse balladry.

Davis soared with both open and muted trumpet, delivering long lines with his trademark sound. Even on a single pop tune like Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time," Davis exhibited a creative approach. His fine-tuned ensemble accented his playing, with an economy that made every note count. The two main soloists besides Davis were saxophonist Bob Berg and guitarist John Scofield, who effectively sparred and conversed with the trumpeter. Having proven his technical prowess years ago and having pioneered countless creative trails in modern music, it seemed the Miles Davis of 1983 is content to deliver simple statements of beauty with a broad-based appeal.

Marsalis opened his set with a blasting second line intro intended to let everyone know that the home boy was ready to strut his formidable stuff. While Davis had emphasized the delicate and sparse, Marsalis provided a perfect antithesis with a hard blowing showcase of technical proficiency. When the young trumpeter did turn his attention to a ballad, "The Nearness Of You," his liquid phrasing created a lush melancholy, yet he never let anyone forget the sheer virtuosity he possesses. Brother Branford's saxophone work is the perfect foil for Wynton, with its loose, easy swing. The highlight of the set was a piece dedicated to Jason, the youngest Marsalis brother, called "Black Codes," which featured the hard-driving, bravura-filled influence of Lee Morgan.

Just as Davis controlled the direction of his electric ensemble, Marsalis was clearly the focal point of his acoustic group, and both bands obviously were feeding off the creative energy of their respective leaders.

—Bob Cataliotti
Music Convention To Meet In New Orleans

New Orleans will host the NAMM International Music & Sound Expo from June 22-25 at the Convention Center, and while that might not sound exciting to you (oh, another bunch of guys in strange hats in Bermuda shorts and badges that say Fargo, N. Dakota or Tipton, Indiana, cluttering up the streetcars), the Convention includes 23,000 exhibitors and dealers in musical produce, and is the largest convention the city has booked this year, and considering projections for local tourism, probably for the next decade. It's so large, as a matter of fact, that the convention has co-opted the Rivergate because the paltry Convention Center just won't hold everything.

If the above simply isn't arcane enough for you, these two events ought to make you sit up, or lie down depending on where you began, and take notice. The first is Dr. Frank Wilson, "a neurologist and special consultant to the American Music Conference, who has gained wide recognition as a leading authority on the relationship between the brain and an individual's capacity to play a musical instrument," will present (afternoon of June 22) a discussion of such things as mounting evidence that musical training changes the way the brain processes sound information—and thus do the differences between musicians and the rest of us exist "because of training or because of biological predisposition"? Another topic of Mr. Wilson's—whose latest book is entitled Tone Deaf and All Thumbs? An Invitation to Music Making for Late Bloomers and Non-Prodigies—is the link between athletes and musicians, although the differences reside in the stationary position most musicians use while performing (has he ever seen Little Richard, Dorothy Love Coates or even David Lee Roth?) and the fact that musicians can both go on forever—look at Casals or Rubenstein—or can begin training at any point in life.

The second event of interest, is, in case even this sounds too bland, Dr. Marvin Cetron, on June 23, in a presentation called "Encounters with the Future." "I'm a forecaster, not a futurist. Futurists are generally utopian—they want things to get better, does this make him a dystopian? My clients want to know where to put their money...."

Actually, Mr. Cetron, who headed the exploratory development department of the Navy for two decades, is a specialist in technological forecasting and technology assessment. And whether or not one really believes a word of it, it's never completely without interest. Mr. Linkin adds, I think rather touchingly, "[Dr. Cetron] has told us that he has a personal interest in music, being a former player in his school days, and that he is eager to offer his views on where we might be headed.

If you want to attend and are not a NAMM member, it is a mere $25 because of biological predisposition. Another topic of Mr. Wilson's—whose latest book is entitled Tone Deaf and All Thumbs? An Invitation to Music Making for Late Bloomers and Non-Prodigies—is the link between athletes and musicians, although the differences reside in the stationary position most musicians use while performing (has he ever seen Little Richard, Dorothy Love Coates or even David Lee Roth?) and the fact that musicians can both go on forever—look at Casals or Rubenstein—or can begin training at any point in life.

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Among Dr. Cetron's previous forays into the land of Mother Shipston, Nostradamus and the Amazing Crisswell are the following: Reagan will resign from office to give George Bush a chance, because of technological advances the work week will be 20 hours [heard that one before], and 'creative people'—chefs, artists, writers, etc. will be the highest earners in a technocratic society [heard that one, too], longer life spans will mean more divorce and the longer life spans are coming [though not for anybody we know since this isn't going to happen for half-a-century or so], Japan will slip from 2nd to 20th place in the ranking of industrially stable nations, etc.

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Milt Jackson Quintet: Soul Pioneers
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JUNE 1985/WAVELENGTH 17
MARC AND ANN ALLEN SAVOY:

“The Purity Of Tradition”

The cover of Ann Allen Savoy’s new book entitled Cajun Music: A Reflection Of A People shows an old photographic portrait of the legendary accordionist Joe Falcon and his wife Cleoma Breaux Falcon. Perhaps unwittingly, the author may have sensed a subtle kinship across time and tradition, between the seminal duo and she and her husband, Marc Savoy. In fact, the Falcon/Breaux and Savoy/Allen comparisons are numerous. Falcon sang and played diatonic accordion, so does Marc. Ann accompanies her husband on guitar and vocals, as did Cleoma. The Savoys may spend an afternoon playing many of the same songs as their predecessors, in the same pure Cajun style. Even their choice of clothes is not completely dissimilar. And, most importantly, both couples have etched a permanent place for themselves in the history of Acadian music.

The Savoys, together with Beausoleil’s Michael Doucet, have recorded two beautiful traditional Cajun albums for Arhoolie Records, including last year’s Les Harias Home Music (Arhoolie 5029). This album is alternately playful and poignant with Doucet’s marvelously slippery fiddle and Ann Savoy’s child-like tremulous vocals playing off Marc’s virtuoso accordion. “Our music is not some heirloom to be taken off the shelf once a year,” Marc says on the subject of homemade music. “We believe Cajun music is a natural part of everyday life.”
on Iry Lejeune, followed by Aldus Roger, Lawrence Walker, and the father/son duo of Shirley and Alphee Bergeron. The music of the Balfa family gets a large section entitled "A Return To Traditional Fiddle Music," followed by the "Modern Cajun Song Writers" D.L. Menard and Belton Richard, including Menard's signature "La porte d'en arriere" ("The Back Door") and a radio talk between Belton Richard and Shirley Bergeron.

The Creole and Zydeco sections feature Bois Sec Ardoin, Canray Fontenot, The Carriere Brothers, John Delafose, Rockin' Dopsie, Clifton Chenier, and a delightful interview with the unacclaimed granddaddy of Zydeco, Claude Faulk. "Claude Faulk was the man from whom Rockin' Dopsie and Clifton learned a lot of their music," Mrs. Savoy explains. "He was the king of 'la-la'; the music that came before Zydeco!"

The elderly Mr. Faulk has not been recorded to date, but he has passed on many of his songs to his younger followers, including Chenier's popular "Lucille."

Ann Allen Savoy was raised in Richmond, Virginia. She has played guitar since the age of twelve, studied French for the past 15 years, and taught high school French. In 1976 she met Marc Savoy at the National Folk Music Festival in Washington, D.C. A year later they were married.

The Savoys live eight miles outside Eunice, Louisiana, with their three children, Sarah, 7, Joel, 5, and Wilson, 4. Home is a beautifully restored cypress Acadian cottage that has been in the Savoy family for generations. Turkeys and sheep rest nearby or amble up to the gate when the family stationwagon pulls into the canopy of live oaks. A short walk from the house is Marc's barn-like workshop, bathed in the sweet scent of fresh-worked wood. It is up here that he fashions the basic elements of his internationally acclaimed Acadian accordions.
Marc first became interested in Cajun music in 1947, at the age of seven, after hearing his grandfather play Cajun fiddle: "The thing that impressed me was the sounds being emitted from the little wooden box. From that moment on I remember thinking, 'When I grow up I want to be able to make sounds like that also.'"

Though they weren't musicians themselves, Marc's parents had a deep appreciation for Cajun music and would often hold "Bals De Maison" in their home. Before he had reached his teens, Marc became the proud owner of a $27.50 Hohner accordion, via Sears & Roebuck. "With all the music that had soaked into me before my new accordion arrived, it was only natural that some of it had to leak out through my fingers," he recalls. "I think my rate of improvement must have been about directly proportional to the degeneration of my Hohner."

Not long after his assault on the Hohner diatonic had begun, young Savoy was exposed to the superior tonal qualities of a pre-WWII German "Monarch" accordion, an experience that was to have a profound effect on his future. He soon acquired a broken-down Monarch and was able to restore it to original condition, having already disassembled the Hohner a number of times. Thus began Marc Savoy's obsession to design and build the world's finest accordion.

Throughout his teenage years Marc's love and respect for the Cajun tradition grew, a fact that often put him out of vogue with his rock 'n' roll peers: "To say that my school days were like a stranger in a crowd would be an understatement. I would have been the last thing on my school list had it been known that I listened to Cajun music."

Undaunted, he continued to build, repair, and play accordions in his spare time. The early Sixties found him playing in a popular Cajun band called The Rambling Aces, whose manager, an ostentatious young entrepreneur named Huey Meaux, would later take on such popular acts as Dale and Grace and Freddy Fender. The Aces earned a solid Cajun following with an authentic release like "99 Year Waltz" and "The Wedding March."

As his disillusionment with the rigorous and artistic compromises of honky-tonking grew, Savoy quit the barroom gigging and poured himself into full-time accordion building. Using a few simple tools, a handful of electronic gadgets, and plenty of hard work, he wrestled the age-old problem of woodwind design: "I was faced with years of making and remaking until finally I began to get an actual 'feel' of my work. It became almost like a spiritual communion just touching my work. I would simply grasp a piece that I was working on and I would get a feeling that this piece had completely delivered itself to my every whim. It was as though I was in total control over something that had potential, but was also inert."

By 1965 Savoy had arrived at the original version of his "Acadian" brand accordion; he found that most of the better local players were using the instrument because of its superior response and tonal characteristics. Almost a decade later he would hear the phenomenal playing of Canadian Philippe Bruneau on his instrument and take the Acadian down to the drawing board for a final revision. Only after he was satisfied that he had an instrument that could "keep up with Mr. Bruneau" did he call that legendary accordionist and, in typical Cajun fashion, invite/demand Bruneau to come from Montreal and pick up the instrument in person.

The Acadian is currently considered to be the best diatonic accordion money can buy. Savoy spares no expense in construction. Using the finest materials such as bird's-eye maple and Brazilian rosewood, he achieves a masterful level of craftsmanship. His lathe work seems relaxed and effortless, but finely focused. Five hundred and thirty-two individual parts go into each instrument, by hand. Consequently, the price is more than twice that of an assembly line instrument, yet Savoy still can't build instruments fast enough for the demand by people willing to buy the handcrafted Acadian.

Savoy spent several frustrating years trying to educate his clientele to the inherent wisdom of investing in quality, but he believes that "it takes a very stubborn and headstrong person who believes enough in his work to be able to disregard the opinion of the majority and cater only to a select minority."

Today he tries to educate his listening audience by playing in the pure Cajun tradition. At one point in his career, however, Savoy became fed up with the large-scale folk festival circuit ("a prep school for folkies") enough to quit playing festivals entirely. "But I have changed my opinion and started going to folk festivals," he points out, "to offer an alternative. There's no glitter, no glamour, everything is cut down to the bone. There's no bullshit, no gimmick. All there is, is good, solid, powerful Cajun music. My calling in life seems to be that I have to set an example, I have to offer an alternative. A lot of people have accused me of 'taking the icing off the cake,' but I'm saying the cake is so damn good it don't need icing! You don't need to put any goop on it, but if you wanna put some goop on it, let's use real sugar and butter, let's not use saccharine and margarine and powdered milk and all this crap. Let's keep it pure, you know?"
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TAMA TECHSTAR DRUM SET

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Whose Toot-Toot?

As Rockin' Sidney Simien's zydeco ditty "Don't Mess With My Toot-Toot" inspires covers by such as Fats Domino and Doug Kershaw, Jean Knight's version hits the Billboard Hot 100 and Creedence Clearwater's John Fogerty visits the bayou to "Toot-Toot" with Sidney for a Showtime video special.
by Ben Sandmel

huge corporations may dominate the record business, but they have yet to achieve an absolute stranglehold. Independent fluke hits still break through, occasionally, from a wide variety of grass-roots sources. Twenty-some years ago, for instance, Baton Rouge bluesman Slim Harpo hit the national Top Ten with "Baby, Scratch My Back." A recent oddball success was Jump 'n The Saddle's "Curley Shuffle;" which paid tribute to The Three Stooges. Unique as such breakthroughs were, though, they were one-shot affairs that didn't spawn any cover versions. But the latest national trend-bucker has inspired a flurry of colorful competition. The excitement, jockeying and gossip are worthy of a shuffle:

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zydeco goes, undeniably catchy, though, and has now evolved into a certifiable craze. The zydeco bands, New Orleans R&B singers (such as "Frogman" Henry), rural blues outfits, and matching brass bands (like the Olympia Brass Band, who have already recorded it). You could hardly stroll around the racetrack infield without hearing the familiar strains, and the tune was similarly "Toot-Toot"'s ambiguous lyrics. What means? For starters, it does translate idiomatically as "tout." Anyone who has already recorded it). You could hardly stroll around the racetrack infield without hearing the familiar strains, and the tune was similarly 'tout':

The author, Rockin' Sidney, recorded "Toot-Toot" at his home in Lake Charles.

as a term of endearment:... it's something underneath a lady's dress!'

It's a difficult and subjective matter to analyze "Toot-Toot"'s popularity, but one factor may be the ambiguous lyrics. What exactly does "toot-toot" mean? For starters, it does not refer to cocaine. "Toot" is an anglicization of the French word "tout," which means "all," and "toot-toot" translates idiomatically as "everything." It's just a term of endearment:... it's something underneath a lady's dress!"

But by early this winter, however, the "Toot-Toot" phenomenon began to manifest itself. When Rockin' Sidney opened a Solomon Burke concert in Plaquemines, the emcee — Baton Rouge DJ E. Rodney Jones — made quite a few witty references to the song. It turned out that most of the audience knew the lyrics by heart, and Sidney led them in a mass sing-along. Since the record was at this point receiving only minimal airplay, such underground popularity made a big impression on the music-business professionals in attendance. Clean Floyd was especially impressed, and went on to play a crucial role in establishing the "Toot-Toot" dynasty.

Floyd — the manager/uncle of R&B singer King Floyd — is also the president of the New Orleans Street Jocks Association. This organization serves as an informal union of sorts for the record spinners who work area clubs and disco; it settles disputes among jocks, keeps people from undermining the price structure, and allows the jocks to buy records at wholesale cost. Floyd brought 20 copies of Sidney's single back to New Orleans with him, quickly distributed them, and had to re-order. By Carnival time, the record was all over area jukeboxes and discos, and Soleau was running out of pressings. It's odd enough that a zydeco record should hit big in New Orleans; for it to happen mainly through grapevine exposure, without substantial radio support, is nothing short of incredible.

With "Toot-Toot" a proven hit, the cover versions began to appear. The first was by Jean "Mr. Big Stuff" Knight. Her vocal performance is strong, but producer Isaac Bolden replaced Sidney's accordion with a strident synthesizer, and abandoned such Creole-isms as "Fais pas ca!" (Don't do that!) for "Yeah you rite!" As a result, an authentic regional hit has lost much of its charm, thanks to bland homogenization. Bolden was able to arrange a national distribution deal, however — something which Swallow Records distinctly lacks — and Jean Knight's version, on the Soul label, is now nationally charted. As of May 10th it was No. 39, with a bullet, on the Billboard Pop Charts. Billboard editor Fred Goodman anticipates a Top 20 rating. While it's great that Jean Knight has another hit, it's a shame that many listeners will never learn of the tune's true origins.

WYLD, New Orleans' leading black station, was playing both Sidney's and Jean Knight's version around Carnival time. "Then," explains program director Del Spencer, "we had to choose one or the other, and our audience poll was 2 to 1 for Jean Knight" Spencer discounts Clean Floyd's charge that the decision was based on WYLD's business interest in Knight's record. "We feel it's our responsibility to play as many New Orleans artists as possible," he adds.

Knight's great success inspired a direct cover by soul singer Denise LaSalle, best known for "Trapped By A Thing Called Love" and an x-rated version of "Downhome Blues." Malaco Records of Jackson, Mississippi, was so confident in LaSalle's rendition that they took the radical step of recalling and re-pressing a completed album so that "Toot-Toot" could be included. Like Isaac Bolden, the Malaco producers eliminated all authentic "zydeco-isms" from their version.
Fogerty on the bayou.

"It's such a unique song, the kind that'll be around long after you and I are gone."

Given John Fogerty's lyrical fascination with swamps and bayous, it's not surprising that he, too, should board the "Toot-Toot" bandwagon. On May 1 the former Creedence Clearwater leader recorded his version at Master Trak Studios in Crowley, Louisiana, with backing by Rockin' Sidney and band. Fogerty first learned of the song from Bob Merlis, a staff member at Warner Brothers Records. Merlis, a Cajun/zydeco enthusiast, was pitching the record to Warner executives in the hope that they might pick it up for distribution. "Their decision not to do so made sense in a way," Fogerty said in a recent phone interview from WB headquarters. "It would have been a hard record for them to work with. But at the same time I felt bad that they passed on it. It's such a unique song, the kind that'll be around long after you and I are gone.

"My thoughts started to run away with themselves," Fogerty continued expansively. "I started thinking about the song, and examining it closely, and I thought, 'to be a serious pop contender, what this song needs is more words, since the lyrics repeat several times.' Then I thought, 'What if some mythical person sang it in a higher register, a little more raw and bluesy, with a real drummer instead of a machine?'

"My thoughts continued to run away," he went on, "and I decided that I would be that mythical person, and to record it in Louisiana to get the right feel. From there it was a logical step to go right to the source and record with Rockin' Sidney and his band. I called Chris Strachwitz at Arhoolie Records and he put me in touch with Sidney and Floyd Soileau. The whole thing was put into motion very quickly."

Fogerty did add some lyrics, but only with the permission of both Sidney and Soileau. "I'm not taking credit or changing the royalty situation or anything like that," he explained. "It's sort of analogous to when the Beach Boys recorded 'Surfin' U.S.A.' and used the tune to Chuck Berry's 'Sweet Little Sixteen.' I'm just expanding a little on someone else's established idea." For the time
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CONCERTS
Saturday, 1
Summer Dance Festival, from 12:30 to 6:30 p.m., Lafayette Square—maybe they’ll stage one of those Dr. Fellers’ tango dances!—and all day long in the Square, Jack Kilkenny-conscious, Sunday, 2
Kenny Usher's Big Band, 1 p.m. to 3 p.m., St. Charles Avenue near the levee; 3 p.m., John Stevens' Dixieland Band, 3 p.m., Charley Bricault Jazz Band, 5 p.m., and Sunday, 3
Dionysus’ Sunday Afternoon Jazz Jam, 1 p.m., Maple Leaf, 2 p.m., Shell Oil, 3 p.m., and 4 p.m., Madison Avenue
Wednesday, 5
Happy Together—a collaboration between The Turtles, Gary Lewis, and the Playboys, The Buckingham, The Grass Roots—dozens of chart-toppers between them, plus Rob Gordon’s Revue. After the show, a special bus will head to the Natchez. Get your tickets at the box office.
Saturday, 7
Ivy, the Mtss Roots—dozens of chart-toppers between them. Watch Sunday’s morning show, too.
Saturday, 12
Katarina and the Waves, Jimi C., I think, in her quasi-Renoiresque way Katrina is a looker, although the band’s Big Song reminds me—not of Marine veterans, but of you! (many of us could shine, or mucous membranes of the readers of this publication.
Friday, 19
Violent Femmes, and Audubon Park—guess what number will attract us of the famous 1938 French pic that ran in the Nov. 16 issue of Life?
Festivals
Saturday and Sunday 2
Koner Usher Festival, Williams Blvd. at 3rd, 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., Monday and Wednesday, 5 a.m. to 8 a.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 6 a.m. to 8 a.m.
Saturday, 4
Cajun Music Festival, Minneola, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Friday, 5
Taste of Louisiana, 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 6
Abita Springs Beer Festival, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Sunday, 7
Abita Springs Beer Festival, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 13
Uptown Jazz Festival, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 12 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 20
Bayou Boogie, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 27
St. Louis Jazz Festival, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 12 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Sunday, 28
Cajun Music Festival, Minneola, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at the Lafayette Square, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.
CONCERT SERIES
Brown Bag Concerts, in Lafayette Square, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., every Friday and Saturday. The Brown Bag audience listens to the likes of All-Star Mardi Gras, and Red Beans.
Top Cats, on the Natchez, from about 10 p.m. on.
ROUTES AND DIVERSIONS
La Fete, this generally under-publicized event begins at the end of June with Festival Fun Fair, and the 24-Hour Inn, on the corner of the Natchez, from about 11 a.m.
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miscellaneous

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Walking on sunshine beats walking on bustled Barq’s bottles... Ketia and the Waves, at Jimmy’s, Wed. 12.
Oh Frankie, relax and do it! Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Saenger, Monday 3.

525-5566. Since Leavi Jones is leaving for Singapore in June, someone else is assuming his jazz branch duties — Lucien Barbarin is the name bandied about. Call for information.

VIDEO

ACE Awards. Cable's equivalent of the Emmy you hoped you got this year, but you ended up getting none (or did you?) will be held on June 3 in Las Vegas. OBN (where you can sort out stars of yesterday as Gary Storm, Joan Davis, Bob Cummings, Peter Tong, Duncan — you hoped when you got that box you had as Milton Armitage on the music hold — continues programs and classes in camera operation, etc.

Festival.

Transatlantic Tunnel, a British science fiction directed by Maurice Bellocq, is being shown at John Breen. The film is about a tunnel to America being dug by the British, and the resulting conflict between the two countries.

Barney's, Liza Minnelli, and Barry, Les Tremayne, etc.—are nothing much different from the films of the 1950s. However, they are worth watching for the performances of the actors.

Since it's summer, we can't say much about the shows. However, the upcoming shows include:

Barnes' bleak sketch of the future, with Richard Dix, looks promising. The film is about a young man who wakes up one day and realizes that he is in a world of technology.

Vera Cruz, with Richard Dix, looks promising. The film is about a young man who wakes up one day and realizes that he is in a world of technology.

Aldrich and Company, are promising. The film is about a young man who wakes up one day and realizes that he is in a world of technology.

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Wendy Barrie, the famous drag performer, who although her husband had partly financed her career, still managed to keep awake through the film's pointy entrances and stagey exits.

Mario Villa's 1908 film, which is the film of the month, is being shown at the Film Theatre, 601 N. Peters St., 524-7252. Call for information.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through July 17: a memorial tribute to the late Clarence Laemmle consists of eighteen portraits of films from his own collection, as well as several important photographic shows of works by Aaron Siskind, John Gensler and Hung-ying Cummings. Through Aug. 11: 19th Century Decorative Techniques in Glass. From June 14: Japanese Fine Prints from Western Collections. On extended loan: the 1938 Exhilarating Conference Monstrance, a stupendous piece of work indeed. Call for dates and times.


ART

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 84-32, Magazine St., 981-1002. Through: 20 recent works by Eve Sonneman. 22 recently bought by Gaia Sonnenman, a New York collector who recently bought the work of Mark Sullivan and a portrait of John Casadei. Call for information.

CLARK ART INSTITUTE, 522-ARTS, a telephone number which concatenates information about local art events of some currency.

Bennett Gallery, 1600 Magazine St., 525-5689. Through: sculpture by Mark Sullivan and work on paper by John Belalay. Call 525-5689 for dates and times.

Davis Gallery, 529-3144, Magazine St., 525-0760. New acquisitions from West Africa.

Duplex Gallery, 818 Baronne, 524-1071. Call for information.

Gabriel Sonneborn, 518 Julia, 529-1118. Call for information.

Gasperi Felix Art Gallery, 833 St. Peter, 524-6737. A group show of gallery artists.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. In the Presbytere's clothing gallery, visiting rebelling, underscored from the Voo-Doo and Edwardian periods. Through the end of July. Ending Sun. 25: Chinese Traditional Painting. Five month exhibit at the last Mint: Mrs. Mars' Gold in New Orleans and New Orleans Jazz, two large and self-explanatory exhibits.


NEWCOMB COLLEGE ART THEATRE, 601 N. Peters St., 524-7252. Call for information.

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“Da’ Vic & Maty’s Show, with your host Bunny Matthews—giving Magnus the Magnificent a run for his money—on Cable Channel 2 Friday at 5:30 and 10:30.

THEATRE


Player’s Dinner Theatre, 2101 Airline Hwy, 833-8557. Through Sun. 16: John W. Hill’s “As Good as Dead.” Call for dates and times.

Mississippi Grand Opera, 529-8764. Through June: “Henry V.” Call for dates and times.


Tulane, in the Lupin Experimental Theatre Through Sat. 15: Absent Friends. From Fri. 15: Baby with the Bath Water.
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Rita: 486-6733.

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**miscellaneous**

Show 2000 MUSIC begs you to note its new address and invites groups, musicians, editors being on the lookout for a collaboration in France or Europe to send records and commercial cassettes to Show 2000 Music, 25 Rue Jean Giraudoux.
A note just handed this desk is scrawled with the following arcane message, "Bradford Marsalis going on eight-month tour with Sting getting married this summer."

—No one to point fingers and I hope Bradford and Sting will be happy, but so often these show biz marriages just don't work out—oh, okay, maybe I did misunderstand this...

Along with such threats of gold and plutonium as those of Alex Bradford and Gertrude Melissa Nix, co has signed with Mid-Hill, hack driver and hip-shaker Shack Pridgett scrawled with the following arcane—I'm no one to point fingers and I...

The station is located on New Orleans' posh LaGuardia Place—Amos Milburn with Chicken Shack Boogie, a record under whose spell a young Crescent Mattress Co. worker named Antoine Dominique fell ages ago, and Can't Get Enough of That Ooh Poo Pah Doo by Jesse Hill, hack driver and hip-shaker...Pride and Prejudice's tent...Quavasco has signed with Mid South Records (is this an arm of Mid South Wrestling?), will release an album and video soon, and according to their Press Release, "has prompted professionals in the music industries to make such statements as Here comes another Kool and..."

"Half Machine..."

...as 'Here comes another Kool and..."

The Parkview Tavern has a new look, a new stage (with a wrought-iron fence around it to keep bobby-soxers away from the guitar straps and other dangling appendages of the musicians onstage), and is now maybe the fourth or fifth place in the city to listen comfortably to music. Bandanna's, the Metairie show club, is also a nice jernit, this month featuring Network, a band containing members of Kansas and LeRoux, and also responsible for the soundtrack of the new Chevy Chase film, Fletch, we're informed...People Say in Boston Every Bean Do It Department: the third orangutan to be born at the Audubon Zoo's World of Primates exhibit is a male, unnamed as yet, the proud parents are Mama and Frankie...Speaking of Frankie, one of our favorite ones, Frankie Ford, has released a new single, "Whiskey Heaven," from that Clint Eastwood picture whose name escapes me.

Vernel Bagneris, who played the accordion so well in Pennies From Heaven and gave One Mo' Time to a waiting world, is unveiling—do you do that with a play?—his newest creation, done in collaboration with singer-songwriter Allen Toussaint, called Sister Katie! based on the exploits of the fancy-dan black folk hero immortalized musically by sources as diverse as Bessie Smith and Lída Fetter Price. The play stars that matchless specimen of the "broken-note" R&B vocal style, Ruth Brown, known in her glorious heyday on Atlantic as Miss Rhythm, among other things, as the owner of the Croxy Corner Bar (which I'd always thought was a few blocks from my house, at Dauphine and Congress), and Larry Marshall, who recently appeared in the Francis Ford Coppola wide-screen back-and-wing, The Cotton Club as Cab Calloway. Some of the local performers involved in this "musical fable" (also the subtitle of Gypsy for those of us with long grey beards), which opens at Le Petit Theatre on Thursday, June 20 and runs through the end of the month. There are Lady BJ, Juanita Brooks, Sharon Nabonne, Carol Sutton, Leon MacDonald, Leon Williams, and Bruce Bradley.

The Pfister Sisters, who have just released a new album, the promise of success in cabarets all around town behind them are being coaxed into the studio this month at John Berthelot's Great Southern Record Co. Distribution deals are already made, and there are rumors that as a special tribute to yours truly for my endless jabs, snipes and potshots in the press, they will record my favorite lip-synch record from childhood, Kay Starr's immortal "Kay's Lament" in which background voices urge, "Sing it, Sister Katie!..."

"Don't I Tenerie's recent Blue Room set included two other lip-synch favorites of mine from the Grime Fritties, though the songs themselves are much older: "Hard Hearted Hannah" (for which I used Ella Fitzgerald's rendering from Peter Kelly's Blues) and "Our Love Is Here To Stay" (the version that provoked me as a child had Pearl Bailey urging her accompanist, "Don't you have any dignity, honey. play the cha-cha!").

The heeds, or at least the mid-thigh, of Bullmose Johnson, immortalized for his R&B risks, "Big Ten-Inch Record," comes Ernie K-Doe with a big twelve-inch: all of this because Jon Fontene sent tapes of K-Doe's exuberance over WWOZ to Sue Sawyer of Epic Records' LA office; she played the tapes constantly, and one A&R man flipped out, sent them to Ron Nagle and Scott Matthews in San Francisco where a special pressing on virgin Naugahyde is being prepared, with new music, for release soon.

K-Doe's typically modest comment: "Yeah, they got a record out on me now and there's talk about a movie.

Ovis, a new artist being produced by Michael Murphy, is recording at Canyon Records' Recording Studio with the help of such local notables as Bruce Blaylock, Duncan McCord of Multiple Places, and Noel Kendericks and Reginald Vail of the Jazz Couriers...The National Association of Independent Record Distributors voted The Neville Brothers' album, Neville-ization, Best Album of the Year, while the cover design by talk-show-host carson Daly, Johnny Mathews received an Honorable Mention...a favorite among headlines, or sub-heads in the Musical Press this month comes from "ROCK Magazine: The db's Southern Gentlemen Attempt to Rescue American Pop" (we always thought Jim Dandy had been to that particular rescue)—the band, from North Carolina, includes local-in-origin comic character Mr. Bill on the guitar—"Amplifier," described as "a humorous look at suicide"—so roll over Emile Durkheim and tell Madame de Stael the news...Best recent purchase: The Father-Of-Bluegrass-Music Bill Monroe, who explains part of what makes his music unique: "There's no filth and no sex in it." Roger and out.

Aaron Fuchs, who runs the Tuff City record label, is looking for New Talent for his rap-hip-hop label. If you want to be a star, send a tape to him, at 46-31 Mount Vernon Blvd., Long Island NY 11010...Fred Le Blanc, former drummer for the Backbeats and Mistreeters, and now an Atlanta resident, and who always looked like the image of Dennis the Menace, now a Durchy one...

"The Rock And Roll Rag Around" and can any journal named in hommage to Duane Eddy be anything but great, is c/o John Seminario, Box 125, 2067 Broadway, Room 41, NYC 10025...George (I Drink Alone) Thoroughgood donated the $60,000 proceeds from a concert to combat drunk driving in students through an innovative program by which slashed teens can pledge to us, has made a demo for his record home safely rather than to the local cemetery. Keep it up—the good work that is...George...Lastly, these rich thoughts from the prolific medulla oblongata of Zeke the head, in the latest issue of Fish Headlines, "Did you ever get the hanker to be in the back-seat of an air-conditioned cadillac cruising through the desert with something pretty that don't speak English? Ah, well, most of my cruising turns out to be with things, pretty or not, that speak neither English nor any other charted language. That's Earl, brother..."
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