Vernel Bagneris
Scores Hit with 'Staggerlee'

June Gardner Remembers Sam Cooke
HOT HITS AT COOL PRICES

NEW ORLEANS AND LOUISIANA FAVORITES

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PROFESSOR LONGHAIR
IRMA THOMAS
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JOHNNY ADAMS
DR. JOHN
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CRAWFISH FIESTA
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FROM THE HEART
SUCH A NIGHT

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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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Cover by Craig Dietz.

Bands This Month

Perfect Stranger / Murmurs
July 3

Perfect Strangers / Vic Trix & the Beatnix
July 4

Clique / Ivy / Moontan
July 5, 6, 7

Penny Lane/Rainstreet/Zone One
July 12, 13, 14

The Classifieds / The Aubry Twins / Vic Trix and the Beatnix
July 19, 20, 21

Silk 'n' Steel/Murmurs
July 26, 27, 28

Bring this in and receive
one free drink
on any Tuesday

Tickets for Storyville special events available at Record Ron's
Riding in on the crest of a new, or old wave—depending on how you look at it, Black Flag came to town last month to play a gig at St. Theresa's Church. Following an in-store and autograph session at Metronome the band was whisked off to Cox Cable for an appearance on the Vic 'n' Natly Show, where lead singer Henry Rollins gave great advice on how to handle the local police. Rollins, who writes most of the lyrics for the band, has two very interesting books of poetry out. At first impression it reads just a bit like Charles Bukowski, but upon further reading you realize this Rollins character is very unique and very intelligent. What's he doing in a punk band??

White Noise

Thai-ed Up

In conjunction with the Asian Pacific Festival, the Thai House Restaurant held a demonstration of authentic Thai dances—most notably the Fingernail Dance, which was performed against a background of flowing Thai music. The restaurant, located at 1932 Canal Street, features wonderful Thai food prepared by Chef Tee Somboon. In the above photograph, Chef Somboon is joined by Lott, the restaurant's manager, along with "that girl about town" Lois Simbach, and publishing magnate D. Eric Bookhart.

Give Today For Tomorrow

Count the familiar faces. The top of the New Orleans music scene offer a helping hand in recording Give Today For Tomorrow, a local project to help relieve hunger in Africa.
Lyrics and Poems Sought for New Publication

Charles “Buddy” Bolden, the first man of jazz, supposedly had a broadside called The Cricket. Bolden was not only a musician-performer-composer-editor, but also a blues/jazz poet. The lines of “Make Me A Pallet,” “Careless Love,” “Funky Butt” read like lines of literary poems.

The Cricket is being revived to keep alive the spirit of Buddy Bolden’s genius. The first issue will be out July 10. Those of you who have blues or jazz songs that read like poetry, and those of you who write blues/jazz poems in the tradition of Langston Hughes or Bob Kaufman, get them together and send them to us. The only other limitation is that the poems must be on New Orleans or some aspect of its culture.

Send manuscripts to Rudy Lewis, c/o Wavelength, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175. Manuscripts will not be returned. A subscription $5 per year, also can be obtained by writing to this address. Make checks payable to The Cricket. The Cricket will be sold for a dollar. Contributors of poems used will receive ten copies.

—Rudolph Lewis

Wanta My Coke Back!

Want your old Coke back? Pat Smith can relate.

“Coca-Cola is committing corporate suicide,” the gregarious Harahan housewife said, “They’ve had the greatest public relations campaign for years, and they’re just tossing it out the window because of a taste test in which they didn’t ask pertinent questions.”

Smith has singlehandedly launched a local boycott of Coke products which she hopes will gain national recognition.

“A boycott is the only time-honored way of getting what you want,” Smith said. “If you send [Coke] a petition with ten thousand names on it, they’ll just dump it in the waste can.”

Products included in the boycott are Coke, Dr. Pepper, Mr. Pibbs, Sunkist Orange Soda, Diet Coke, Minute Maid and — get this — all Columbia Pictures releases.

The next Columbia release, opening July 19, is Silverado, starring Rosanna Arquette.

Boycotting Rosanna? Maybe I’ll switch to Pepsi.

Actually, if you’re interested in a boycott kit, send $2 with your name and address to Pat Smith, 3510 N. Causeway Blvd., Suite 604, Metairie, La. 70002. Kit includes 2½” button, boycott information and song sheets. Checks or money orders are accepted.

—Radomir Laza

‘Failure To Communicate’ Never Tasted Better

Habla espanol? No one at Latin Fruit speaks English or bothers to translate the menu for the benefit of the few gringos who stop in, but this little Cuban restaurant is so happily non-standardized that bilingualism might not be of any practical value. In fact, puzzling over the menu, ordering, and anticipating what will arrive at the table (the same dish may not look the same on different days) is half the fun!

The Latin Fruit is a small, family-run cafe, lunch counter, fruit stand, and ethnic grocery. They stock a full line of specialties from chorizo to the Latin Fruit an enjoyableLike poetry, and those of you who write blues/jazz poems in the

local rockstar George Reinecke finally got his manic wild guitar sounds committed to vinyl with the release of Garage Goodies, an English compilation LP featuring his band — The Codeine Cowboys. The track, recorded in England in the winter of 1983, features George on guitar, bass, and vocals, helped by former Count Bishops’ lead singer Mike Spencer on drums and harmonica.

The Codeine Cowboy Switch to Pepsi.

The track, recorded in Garahouse, featured George on guitar, bass, and occasionally adding his vocals, helped by former Count Bishops’ lead singer Mike Spencer on drums and harmonica.

The Codeine Cowboy Switch to Pepsi.
N.O. Goes Go-Go

We're not really sure, but we're almost positive, that New Orleans is the birthplace of Go-Go.

New Orleans probably is the birthplace of Go-Go music, but for you locals who haven't discovered the new national craze, singing and chanting over a "rap" musical background combined with a good dose of street rhythms is what this new wave is about. Most of the Go-Go bands that have records out are from Washington, D.C., but you can be sure some of our local acts will have to get in on the action.

In the Land of the Blind, Radio is King... I was in a friend of mine's car last week, and after driving around for a few minutes I said, "Why don't you turn the radio off and play a tape?" to which he replied, "This is a tape." Everyone listens to the radio now, just like in the Sixties. This is one new revival trend we can definitely do without.

In this new "safe" age no one is willing to try something new and exciting and different. For those daring enough here are a few suggestions for your musical edification...

MARVIN GAYE
Dream of a Lifetime
This "new" LP features tracks recorded shortly before his death and some recorded years ago while he was still under contract to Motown. There is a warning on the album pertaining to the offensive lyrics. The songs in question are "Sanctified Lady," "Savage in the Sack," and "Masochistic Beauty." They were recorded as jokes during some studio sessions and, of course, CBS should have never released them. But since they did you should listen to them. The radio version of "Sanctified Lady" utilizes the same bleep technique that was used for "Big Five" by the equally-obscene Prince Buster in the early Sixties.

SISTERS OF MERCY
First and Last and Always
LP of the Year without a doubt. This English band, after three years of only releasing singles, has finally put out a large sampling of their doom/dark style of slow heavy rock. This one creeps up your spine and then hits every nerve in your head. Almost as creepy as the Virgin Prunes' "Come to Daddy" single of a few years back. This is one record you shouldn't listen to with the lights off.

ISLANDS
The Last Room
Just as everything in musical innovation was coming to a complete halt, this record proves there is light at the end of the tunnel. Combining the styles of early New Wave bands like Magazine, Fisher Z and early Japan (all of whom were influenced by Cockney Rebel, Roxy Music, David Bowie, etc.) they have come up with a sound that is soft, yet retains a hard edge. There is no room for monotony here. Lead singer Mark Allen writes the most moving lyrics since Nick Drake and sings with a voice that defies description. There is no category to describe this album, the influences are evident but the overall sound so new and sparkling that it is very original. Not for the pretentious or weak-hearted.

Also of Note... The KING debut album — overall weak but the song "Fish" is worth the price of admission... Cupid and Psyche 85 by SCRITTI POLITTI combines their recent hits with mellower sounds. Reminiscent of their forgotten first singles on the Rough Trade label.

Until next month......
Silurian

In case you’re not old enough to remember this, it was somewhere between the Ordovician and Devonian periods of the Paleozoic era that life first crawled out of the sea and dug into the shoreline, hoping for a drier future. This all happened, more specifically, in the Silurian period and is only relevant here because a new band emerging from deepest, darkest Uptown has adopted the name Silurian.

If using the Table of Geologic Time for inspiration in naming a band seems a bit odd, well, these guys are definitely not mainstream. Drawing more from the traditional sounds of rock ’n’ roll than the newer pop sounds being heard these days, the other guys in the band are Ray Dearie playing rhythm guitar and quickly becoming a strong frontman/singer. The rhythm section is comprised of Skeet O. on lead guitar (and there’s lots of guitar) and Mario Green, who holds down the whole thing together with tight percussion.

Unlike the timid creatures that washed ashore a few million years ago, the men of Silurian are not sitting tight, waiting for something to happen. They’ve gigged several times at Capp’s, Jimmy’s and Chances as well as a few out-of-town dates, delivering hard-hitting sets that are not only rock-inspired but also include strains of early punk as well as, oddly enough, down home New Orleans rhythm ’n’ blues.

“We seem to be using more and more of our New Orleans heritage,” says Ray, “playing incredibly progressive versions of rhythm ’n’ blues.” Their sound is as hard to pin down as their performance. Somewhere into the second song of the first set Ray forgets that he is once stage-shy, forgets that he is the mild-mannered proprietor of Ray’s Electric, and sometimes even forgets he is playing guitar and starts howling into the microphone, dragging the stand across the stage. One night, by the light of a burning Russian flag, Mario ripped out most of his guitar strings and proceeded to fail at the guitar with his own strap. You can almost think that these guys are angry at something, but somehow you get the feeling it’s only just for fun.

The Functions

About seven years ago three kids got together to start playing music. None of them really knew what they were doing so they started out playing punk because it was easy, fun and a good excuse to get drunk in public. They weren’t old enough to get into bars yet, but they gigged at a few clubs anyway. An early attempt at publicity had them posing for a photo in front of a medical parts facility, next to an emblem that read “vital functions”. Seven years later, the Functions are still playing their music together.

They’re made up of David and Chances, playing bass and drums respectively, and David Jennings on guitar. They’re not playing punk any more, except for a couple of the “old songs” that they’ll dig up on request, and somewhere along the way they’ve developed into an extremely tight-knit band. The rhythm section is just great — maybe it’s the genetic link between brothers, and David Jennings is one of the best rock guitarists in town (while managing to to keep a substantial amount of class-clown appeal).

Except for a couple of temporary break-ups and the addition (and subsequent subtraction) of a female vocalist and a keyboard player, the three have maintained their present status for longer than most local bands, resulting in an inbred sound: musicians who know what each other’s doing on stage at all times.

Though they have experimented in a wide range of music, from punk to rock to pop synthesizer, they seem to be suffering from the stigma of starting out as punks, not realizing that people keep telling us we gotta change our name,” says David Jennings, “but if we did they would just walk in and see the three of us and say, ‘Oh, it’s just the Functions!’

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

Just a note to thank you and Ben Sandmel for mentioning the “Foot Toot” story. It was great. Thanks very much.

However, I must say one thing about the cover of the issue. I can’t believe that the New Orleans Music Magazine would put an outsider on the cover. That was the ultimate insult to Louisiana music in my opinion. Look at the facts.

Every artist that has covered "Foot Toot" (except Denise LaSalle and John Fogerty) was a Louisiana artist. John Fogerty on the cover. Creedence Clearwater didn’t capture the Louisiana sound as they claimed, and John Fogerty is not even close, so...

If you are the New Orleans Music Magazine, how about keeping it that way? Besides, the promotion people who paid for this cover don’t live here and probably never will.

In summary, no, I am not griping about Fats and Doug not being on the cover, I am griping that a Louisiana artist was not there. It should have been a picture of Rockin’ Sidney. After all, he is a real Louisiana, not a cheap California imitation.

Come on, Wavelength, we support you, how about supporting us!

God bless freedom of speech!

Robert G. Vernon
Louisiana Music Association

To The Editor:

Enclosed you’ll find my check for $12 in payment for a one-year renewal of my current subscription.

Sorry to say I won’t be able to make it down to the Jazz & Heritage Festival this year — though I hope I can count on an honest and accurate appraisal of the goings-on from Almost Slim. I shared his disappointment in the performances last year by many NOLA notables, but I still had a great time thanks to the Neville Brothers, Snooks Eaglin, Helen Brock’s New Gospelettes, Dollar Brand, and many more. (Also ate myself into stupefaction.)

Let’s see more of Slim’s carefully researched and written profiles of the greats and near-greats of N.O. R&B in future issues. I’d also like to read more record reviews, just because I’m interested in what intelligent and qualified writers like Rico Sandmel for the mention in the Magazine would put an outsider on the cover, I am griping that a Louisiana artist was not there. It should have been a picture of Rockin’ Sidney. After all, he is a real Louisiana, not a cheap California imitation.

Andy Schwartz
New York, NY

NEW BANDS

Pre-Cambrian Rock ’n’ Roll

Two bands heat up for the steamy nights ahead.

The Functions

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Andy Schwartz
New York, NY
This town breeds the all-time number one sleaziest entrepreneurs who ever crawled on their fat bellies across the face of this earth.

**Fathers and Sons and Sons-of-Bitches**

My father died five years ago today. The date is clear to me as it was also the night the Los Angeles Lakers, with Magic Johnson playing center while Kareem was out injured, took the NBA title. A day I'll always remember.

A succession of health problems led my father from prosperity to business troubles, divorce, loss of property and eventually the life of a derelict. I often lost track of him during the last years of his life.

One spring day he went out and bought a shotgun for the purpose of ending it once and for all. He got too drunk. He missed, damaging a lung and a shoulder, but no more. He drove home, and a shoulder, but no more. He drove home.

Finally it was over. My sister and I went back to the city. I took care of the details over the phone the next day. My father was cremated and scattered over his favorite trout stream.

The day after that, I rented a van and went back to Connecticut to pick up and fill out more papers and retrieve his personal belongings before they were swept away by the "Whales." I went to the apartment he had shared with the Whales, a nice, modest two-bedroom in downtown Stamford. The only problem was that they didn't believe he was dead. Since they weren't family, the police hadn't informed them of his death. The Whales called my father Doc. They kept saying, "Oh Doc, he'll be all right. He always gets better."

The Whales had no idea of my father's true background. He had, apparently, reinvented his life for them, lovingly, the "Whales." My father and the "Whales" would drink together each day. One night they went to an arcade and had hot dogs with computer t-shirts made of the faces of mother and daughter together. My father took these shirts to a printer and created his own one-of-a-kind Save The Whales t-shirt.

One day I got a call. My father was in the hospital again. His organs were failing rapidly. He could go any time. The nun said, "It's serious this time."

My sister and I took the train from New York City up to the hospital in Connecticut. My father was bright yellow. This was science fiction. Where was I? Who was this babbbling yellow creature who resembled my father?

I sang in his ear for hours. My singing was one of the few things he liked about me. The doctor told me

**Terror, The Human Form Divine and Secret, the Human Dress**

---William Blake, "A Divine Image"

The only way to understand what mathematicians mean by infinity is to contemplate the extent of human stupidity.

---Voltaire

The value of a wager is equal to the value of the Possible Gain multiplied by the Probability of achieving that gain.

---Pascal's Wager

If you are a musician from anywhere who has a sincere desire to learn about music as it is and as it has been, there's no better place to spend some time than New Orleans. New Orleans mythology runs deep. New Orleans is more than a city. The music of New Orleans has been dissected by thousands of writers, worshipped worldwide and put on a very tall but fragile pedestal. New Orleans is the birthplace of jazz. This is supposed to be a slow time for New Orleans music. Well, folks, you could be fooled me.

I've been lurking about town lately, skulking my way in and out of the nitespots. I've had a chance to record with some New Orleans players. New Orleans is the Viennese of rock 'n' roll as well as the old cliche about being the birthplace of jazz. This is supposed to be a slow time for New Orleans music. New Orleans music business. In fact, this town seems to breed the all-time Number One sleaziest entrepreneurs who ever crawled on their fat bellies across the face of this earth. The music is fine, it's these subhuman business creeps who have destroyed the musicians' ability to get the music out of New Orleans and into the world. So many players in this town have been ripped off that many simply Do Nothing rather than get robbed again. While New Orleans musicians are known to be laid back, it's time for things to change. How? Uh. Duh. Gee. Let me think about it. Ask Dave Marsh. Duh.

So, Mr. Bigmouth, why should a musician, especially a pushy New York type, want to stay in this town? My theory is: if you are a musician from anywhere who has a sincere desire to learn about music as it is and as it has been, there is no better place to spend some time than New Orleans. Not as a tourist, you must get past that. You won't get rich, you won't work much, there are no jingles to play on and you'll mostly

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**IT’S ALL MUSIC**

**MARK BINGHAM**

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**Friday, June 28**

J.D. Hill & The Jammers

---

**Friday, July 12**

Lil’ Queenie & the Boys of Joy

w/special guest.

appearing all night long
A LONE WARRIOR SEARCHING FOR HIS DESTINY... A TRIBE OF LOST CHILDREN WAITING FOR A HERO...
IN A WORLD BATTING TO SURVIVE, THEY FACE A WOMAN DETERMINED TO RULE.

HOLD OUT FOR MAD MAX
THIS IS HIS GREATEST ADVENTURE.

MEL GIBSON IS
MAD MAX
BEYOND THUNDERDOME

Starring TINA TURNER

The Action Starts Friday July 12th at a Theatre Near You.
When we moved Indulgence to the Rock last year, we didn't have the heart to close down the original on Religious Street. After all, we loved it and so did a lot of others including Food, Tom Fizmorris.

Nevertheless, we didn't want two restaurants doing the same thing either, so we developed a new menu as well as a new name, and now we're just open. We've made it just before a barly unusual approach to food unlike anything you'll find in New Orleans. Come by for lunch Monday through Friday and see for yourself.

The Religious Street

Creole Bistro

Graduate of Paris and New Orleans - The Ellis Marsalis Quartet, with Victor Goins, tenor and soprano saxophone; Marion Ballou, piano; Vincent Fournier, bass; and, of course, Ellis Marsalis percussionist; and Arturo Sandoval, trumpet and flugelhorn, a Pan-African Connection and a super performance. The TNT Connection: Raffi Berg, a beautiful night of music, and impressive saxophonist/flutist "Boogsie" Sharpe, son, keyboards; Len Hunter, electric bass; and Jean Claude Rudder, drummer; Linus Rudder provided a bass amp. It was a superb percussionist; and Arturo Sandoval, trumpet and flugelhorn, a Pan-African Connection and a super performance.

The Ellis Marsalis Quartet with Lady BJ: Ellis Marsalis, piano; Victor Goins, tenor and soprano saxophone; Marion Ballou, piano; Vincent Fournier, bass; and, of course, Ellis Marsalis percussionist; and Arturo Sandoval, trumpet and flugelhorn, a Pan-African Connection and a super performance. The TNT Connection: Raffi Berg, a beautiful night of music, and impressive saxophonist/flutist "Boogsie" Sharpe, son, keyboards; Len Hunter, electric bass; and Jean Claude Rudder, drummer; Linus Rudder provided a bass amp. It was a superb percussionist; and Arturo Sandoval, trumpet and flugelhorn, a Pan-African Connection and a super performance.

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Malcolm distance vis-à-vis his audience, he worked under the influence of too many drinks — one third of what he did was boring, one third ordinary and one third exhilarating. However, the thirds never seemed to equal. Just as when one felt ready to give up listening, perhaps to move to the balcony and look down on the active street life, he would open his horn and unleash beautiful notes, as if a new rising amidst dust and weeds.

Victor, Reginald and Noel sat in playing there. Sixties/Seventies influence — jazz from a stage situated in Forties/Fifties swing/bop. The dichotomy was startling — the young saxophonist with the band loved it. The older trumpeter packed his horn. And the bass man (whom we learned later was a sax man double on bass) watched Reg blow impressions and smiled at Reg's shattering staccato lines.

Saturday morning, which was scheduled to be a tour of the island, turned out to include a command performance. The prime minister's wife, who is a jazz aficionada, invited the band to play for the opening of the Oistin Fish Festival, a major event on the island that included a speech by the prime minister. With sailboats and windsurfers in the background, the quartet and BJ played before an extremely appreciative audience. Selections included "Maiden Voyage," "Body and Soul," and a rousing "St. Thomas."

On Easter Sunday night, the Marsalis Quartet opened and Luther Francois and Company followed. Veal played Alex Bernard's acoustic bass, however, was not as well balanced as it had been on the opening night. Marsalis' band has a special affinity for Theonous Monk's music which he executes with a special relish, including a stop-time solo piano section with Marsalis turns into a tour de force. Francois set was brilliant. He played with an Archie Shepp sense of space and form but had a much more fluid horn sound/style. The Martiniquians employed clearly identifiable song forms (which I assume are characteristic of Martinique) and constructed elaborate improvisations within a predetermined structure — it was a striking combination of free jazz and chamber (a la MJQ) jazz.

The night ended with an extended jam session on two tunes: Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas" (which is actually a traditional Calypso melody) and "When The Saints Go Marching In," which featured Lady BJ and Reginald Veal doing a second line. Needless to say, the audience loved it.

It turned out that all three nights of the festival were sold out and that the festival was a total success. All of us loved both the event specifically and Barbados in general (that's another story: Baxter Street and flying fish with hot sauce round midnight, the beautiful accommodations at the South Winds Hotel, the ocean — it goes on and on). Meanwhile, the important element is that a link has been forged and it's up to us to keep in touch with each other.

More later.

New Orleans

— Everette Maddox

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JULY 1985/WAVELENGTH 11
The Video In Us All

So we’re the last spot in America where it’s still a question... but is VCR here to stay? And which of these tapes is worth the money?

S
o you’ve nearly accepted the fact that in order to be a member of modern society you need to own a video cassette recorder (VCR), but you’re waiting to be convinced. Well, that’s why I’m here, to convince you to stock up on home entertainment equipment and still feel good about your wallet being empty.

It’s all true; in the not-too-distant future VCRs will be as abundant as and inseparable from TVs, enabling each viewer to choose programming just as easily as with a phonograph or a cassette player. This type of programmability is necessary, due to the fact that present TV programming is crap and that this situation is bound to get worse, not better.

The exception to this “TV is crap” rule (remembering that rules aren’t rules unless there are exceptions) is yet another rule called the “95/5” rule, which states that within any given medium, 95% of the content is crap and 5% is worthy of the time it takes to watch the material. The 95/5 rule applies to radio, TV, magazines (Wavelength excluded, of course), books, and any other collective. The desirable 5% of TV programming is what you will record with your VCR since a corollary to the 95/5 rule is that this 5% occurs when it is totally inconvenient for you to watch.

Recordings done on your VCR will fall into one of two categories. The first is “time shifting.” These are the recordings you make so that you can watch desirable programming at a time more convenient to you. Besides the advantage of watching what you want when you want, you will be able to fast forward through any commercials in the recorded material. (As a result of this I’ve developed a reflex which causes me to hit the fast forward button on my VCR whenever I see a commercial, even when what I’m watching is live and not taped.)

The second type of taping you will do is also a form of time shifting, but the material is something you intend to save for a longer period. Normally this is something you will watch several times yourself as well as show to others. Since almost every VCR has timer recording capabilities allowing you to record while you’re not around, you’ll want to read up on what will be showing on your TV days ahead of time. This information has made the only magazine I know of that deals with home entertainment equipment.

Another way of obtaining viewing material is to buy or rent prerecorded tapes from stores that deal in video. Many stores offer rental for a fee of about $3 to $5 per day. Some stores ask you to join their rental club, some ask you to leave a deposit on the tape, and some have a combination deal of both club fee and tape deposit. Some stores will even rent you a video tape player if you don’t own one.

Some material that exists on pre-recorded tape may want to view over and over and in this case you should record it. The average price is about $69.95. Music videos tend to be a bit cheaper. In fact, tape manufacturers are trying to sell music videos instead of have them rented, so prices for music videos run as low as $9.95 (We Are the World, Vestron).

In my opinion, music videos tend to be a better long-term buy because the material stands up better to repeated viewings. Even if you have an emotional attachment to a movie you can only watch it so many times before it loses its freshness. With a music video you can always put the tape in and just turn the sound up, so without even watching the program the tape can entertain you. If you have a hi-fi VCR you can connect the sound output of the VCR to your stereo amplifier and obtain sound quality from hi-fi recorded tape that will approach compact disc performance.

With all this in mind you might ask which tapes are good buys considering the material on the tape as well as the price. Staying within the realm of music video here are a few examples. Keep in mind, though, that different music videos, other recorded music, appeal to different people and the examples given here are what I feel are good buys.

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The Video In Us All
I normally cannot tolerate Devo as a sound recording group, but when you view Devo's videos you get a much better insight into the theory of "de-evolution." And as a total audio/video experience Devo is not only tolerable, they prove to be leaders in the field of conceptual video. Constant graphic manipulation as well as a good use of video technology put Devo way ahead of most groups in quality video endeavors. All songs are five minutes or less so you need not view the whole tape in one sitting to appreciate it. This tape is well worth the price.

Koyaanisqatsi by Godfrey Reggio (Pacific Arts) $59.95, 87 min.

This video is quite different from the other two mentioned. It goes from beginning to end non-stop with time-lapsed footage of everything from clouds moving across the sky to people on the streets of New York to sausages being made in a meat packing house. The tape is completed by a soundtrack of original material by minimalist composer Philip Glass. The soundtrack is what holds the images together and keeps the whole video moving along. The images work against each other well but without the music by Glass it would all be just so much time-lapsed footage. Together the images and music make this one of the best candidates for "ambient video" yet available. The price is a little steeper than others but once you see this one I don't think you'll question the price for a first generation copy.

U2 Live at Red Rocks (MCA) $29.92, 12 songs, 55 min.

Live footage of the band in a concert hall which was cut out of a mountainside near Denver, Colorado. Normally I'm against live concert videos because they do not stand the test of repeated viewings without losing your interest. But this one seems to do quite well. The band puts in a good performance and the video taping and editing are done such that you're never in one place too long. During the entire event rain is falling which is in great contrast to torches lit all around the stage. The result is a video that can be used as the focus of almost any event or as an "ambient video" to help set the tone of a party or just an evening at home.

Finally, the main reason people buy VCR's is to be able to control a certain portion of their environment. This puts VCR's in the same category as air conditioners, electric blankets, incense and other such items. It is possible both VHS and Beta may be obsolete in five to eight years, replaced by another format altogether, but for those who want this type of environmental control, it is available and affordable now.

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**Roy Rolls On**

Roy Brown and his Mighty Mighty Men  
_Cadillac Baby_  
Deluxe 3308

Even though there’s been a glut of Roy Brown albums over the past few years — five by my count — a number of classic sides still patiently wait to be reissued, and this is a great example. Dating from 1950, Roy is in obvious top form employing the soaring emotional wails that became his trademark and vaulted him into the charts. The horn section booms along as well, providing a thundering rhythm that answers each of Brown’s pleas. No slouch of a songwriter, Brown doesn’t miss the obvious symbolism between women and automobiles in the opening verse illustrates:  

"Got a Cadillac Baby,  
How that woman loves to ride. (2)  
Crazy about that hydrodynamic,  
Gives her such an easy ride."

**REVIEWS**

**My Love Is Hear To Stay**

Sam Myers and  
Anson Funderburgh  
Black Top 1032

Outstanding contemporary blues albums are about as rare as successful marriages these days, so when one comes along it deserves to be toasted. Although it features two men — one young and white, one older and black — from seemingly opposite ends of the blues spectrum, they form a perfect musical union. Myers blows some tough down-home harmonica in the best Little Walter tradition, and his booming vocals make him a bluesman of immense talent. It’s difficult to highlight particular tracks as they’re all great. "Suggestion Blues" and "Tomorrow Will Find Me The Same Way" are superlative, slow driving numbers, the latter featuring some slashing slide work from Brother Anson that does one’s soul good to hear. "Hep Cats In Big Town" is a powerful medium-tempo number, which Myers builds with his powerful chromatic playing and on-the-spot lyrics. "My Heart Cries Out For You" and "My Love Is Here To Stay" are both sheer poetry that incorporate stark originality, and the warm feel those great Chess blues singles did back in 1954. Of the cover tunes, "Everything Is Gonna Be Alright," an obvious tribute to every harp player’s mentor, Little Walter, and "Rocha Shelton’s "True Love," are best. Aho, you musical grooms, you may now kiss the blues!

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**David Byrne**

Music for "The Knee Plays"  
ECM 25022-1 E

It was two full Christmases ago that Talking Heads leader, David Byrne, was spotted hawking the gruity and earthy hoppin’ of the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. At the time, Byrne was talking about using the Dirty Dozen for some compositions he was putting together for Robert Wilson’s avant-garde theatre piece, The Knee Plays. Instead, Byrne recorded these compositions with some Los Angeles studio musicians, merely crediting the Dirty Dozen as the source of the music’s inspiration. The result is an album whose music has a sanitized N’Awlins accent. The instrumentation is the same, but the spirit and inadver-tency of the street band sound have been removed. The brass sounds, with few exceptions, have been honed down to perfection by conductor David Blumberg, leaving no room for innovation. Meanwhile, Byrne recites the lyrics in that offbeat scientist voice of his. The lyrics resemble social research reports done by aliens on getting dressed, eating groceries, watching movies, making lists, and home entertainment centers. The interplay between these lyrics and the music creates a strange mood — a soundtrack that at first seems miscast, the music then enhancing the surreal, word-association lyrics.  

"The Sound of Business" pulsates with the simulated Dirty Dozen style. Blazing trumpets overlap the thumping trombones as Byrne explains: "This drive was considered business / The feeling of passing cars was also considered business / The feeling of business being done."  

Half of the compositions on Music for "The Knee Plays" are instrumental. The instrumental highlight is "I Did You Goodnight," a Bahamian folk song that is brilliantly retranscribed for the dozen instruments used.

Music for "The Knee Plays" should rekindle some worldwide interest in the New Orleans marching bands. At first difficult and long, this album is an imaginative addition to any New Orleans music collection.

---

—St. George Bryan
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The most important record label for American music today is Enigma Records. “Sure — as we gave us Motley Crue!” you say. True, but in an effort to live that down, Enigma has presented the consumers with a two-for-the-price-of-one showcase of its best artists, ranging from groups that play hard-core trash to paisley psychedelica to cowpunk — even a solo artist who sings about a blind man’s private parts. Each album side is dedicated to a growing musical form. Side one is cowpunk and features Tex and the Horseheads’ “Oh Mother!” Side two is a paisley park full of neo-psychedelics like Rain Parade and Game Theory. Side three thrashes into a hardcore set that is highlighted by the Efficacies’ “Blue Funk.” Side four is an assorted type of deal and features the Untouchables’ ska tune “Lebanon.”

Other groups include 45 Grave, a gothic horror rock ensemble; Green On Red, who incidentally do not play Christmas songs; and John Tr別e, who performs “A Blind Man’s Penis” as if it were an eulogy.

Whether you like it or not, the Eighties are going to bring back Liquid light shows, electric guitars and keyboards on a couple of cuts. Half of the album is long hair. If you want a sampler of great party album, it’s all here.

Katrina and the Waves
Katrina and the Waves
Capitol Records

Fighting the latest blitzkrieg of synth-pop garbage — band dance music is no easy job, especially for a relatively new, unheard-of band, but Katrina and the Waves have done more than their share with their first American album. Katrina and the Waves, a compilation of songs from the band’s two Canadian albums, is buoyant, straight-ahead rock and roll, proving that this type of music can still kick, and not just when whipped along by old-time jockeys like Bruce Springsteen, John Fogerty and Bob Dylan.

“Red Wine and Whisky,” the first and perhaps best cut on the album, summarizes the band’s musical gusto. Kimberley Rew slams a fuzzy electric guitar in and around a galloping, breakneck rhythm beat (Vince de la Cruz on bass and Alex Cooper on drums) while Katrina Leskanich nails the whole thing down with vocals that shift easily between sweet and fiery.

The band manages to capture the flavor and feel of Fifties and Sixties pop-rock, while at the same time effortlessly making the jump to 1985 with driving, frantic rhythms and screaming guitars.

Katrina and the Waves show their range throughout side one. “Que Te Quiero” strings along a funky bass line and mellow vocals that finally explode in a full-bore rocker. “Machine Gun Smith” coats as Peter Gunn beat with ringing guitars and “Cry For Me” jumps back into the era of Motown and Marvin Gaye with a slow blues croon.

Side two is just as strong. “Walking on Sunshine,” the current single and MTV hit, is a bouncy rave-up with giddy vocals, leaping guitars and drums, and an exhilarating bass section. “Going Down to Liverpool” is less bubbly but just as catchy and powerful, with floating harmonies and a ringing guitar. On “The Sun Won’t Shine,” Katrina shows that her voice can hold its own when slowed down and spotlighted; her range is impressive and she manages to keep the vocals pretty but not cloying. “Game of Love” is a Fifties rocker with a garage group street corner chorus and a screeching Chuck Berry guitar. The lyrics even manage to fall into place without being too cute or too sarcastic.

“Don’t know the stroll/He don’t know the stomp/He don’t know the mashed potato/He can’t rock and roll/I wonder why he’s so shy/Teach him the game of love. All in all, Katrina and the Waves is a far flawless album. The lyrics aren’t particularly earthshaking (“Baby I love you/Yes I do”), but Katrina never takes them too seriously and they’re part of the record’s apolitical, unperturbed, rock ‘n’ roll charm. — Lou Berney

Windbreakers
Terminal
Homestead Records HMS005

Four and a half hours north of New Orleans lies Jackson, Mississippi, home of the Metrocenter Mall and of this exciting guitar-playing duet. All of the album is produced by Athens, Georgia, guru Mitch Easter, who also contributes keyboards on a couple of cuts. I guess this is about the twentieth anniversary of the album Mitch has produced in the year, so this in itself is no reason to buy the album.

What makes Terminal a good piece of vinyl is that it sounds like a pair of Rubber Souled-Lennons without sounding like Stealers’ Wheel (of “Stuck in the Middle with You” fame). “Oh! & Ow!” is a great little melody that you can’t turn off in your head after it’s off the speakers — which might annoy you, but it’s better than trying to get to sleep with “Su-Su-Susudio” ringing between your ears.

Personally, I didn’t know they had music in Jackson, Mississippi, so the Windbreakers’ first album is a nice surprise. Light and with a lot of guitar, Windbreakers have brought a nice little progressive breeze through the stagnant Deep South.

— St. George Bryan
The creator of "One Mo' Time," New Orleans-born Broadway hoofer Bagneris brings an all-star cast to his new musical, "Staggerlee"

by John Desplas

plays like an old silver screen biography. Vernel Bagneris is leisurely strolling through the French Quarter. At the corner of Burgundy and Iberville he stops for the traffic. Suddenly his eye catches a glittering reflection from the steamy pavement. A plaque (perhaps rose-tinted) reads LYRIC. As he gazes at the tiles, the screen is diagonally split and in the upper right corner Vernel's grandmother appears, reminiscing about the days of black vaudeville in New Orleans. Later we glimpse Verne! in his sparely appointed apartment, shutters open and drapes fluttering out onto St. Philip Street, as he hunches over an old portable typewriter, one hand lazily tapping out a tune on a wood table. Close-up of his face as his eyes glance over; the image ripples, a haze fills the screen, and then in splashy technicolor the camera slowly panned, tile by tile, over the L-Y-R-I-C.

In 1978, One Mo' Time was actually a radical departure from the theatre work Vernel was presenting wherever he could set up a stage and find seats for an audience. After graduating from Xavier (class of '73), he founded The New Experience Players, whose stated purpose was the production of innovative theatre pieces that the established little theatres found too innovative. The list includes Edward Albee's Tiny Alice (produced at Loyola's Marquette Hall) in which Mr. Bagneris had the lead role in addition to directing; a memorable production of absurdist playwright Eugene Ionesco's The Lesson; and a staging of Samuel Beckett's Endgame at David Richmond's Photo Exchange Gallery on Exchange Alley. During this time, Vernel was gradually developing an interest in black vaudeville, nurtured in no small part by the recollections of his grandmother. His research would eventually surface on stage as One Mo' Time.

The first production was a one-nighter at the Toulouse Theatre in the Quarter; though well-received, it didn't have backers curiously enquiring for rights to future performances. Instead, Vernel was encouraged to see how his vaudeville show would play on the convention circuit. So he got his act together and took it on the road -- the road to Des Moines, Iowa, and a convention of foot doctors. Vernel and his original cast did some fancy stepping, but apparently it wasn't the kind of hoofing these podiatrists understood. They didn't know what to make of it. Then there was a special presentation at the Theatre for the Performing Arts arranged by cousin Michael Bagneris in conjunction with a political campaign for Louis Charles. Vernel has said, "People were kind to put up with that. Nothing went right. The day of the performance the lighting technician called to say he didn't have the time, the air crackles with tension, the performers sweat more profusely than ever, the big finale is more rousing than it's ever been. Of course, the moguls smell a hit; they sign up the original cast for the Village Gate where the show will run for three and a half years. Pages of the calendar are now flying by as we see different numbers being performed in London, Stockholm, Vienna. At one point, there are six touring companies. So you can see why that scene at the corner of Burgundy and Iberville changed Mr. Bagneris' life. To date, One Mo' Time has earned over $10 million in profits!
Mr. Bagneris is in town presently, preparing Staggerlee, a new stage musical in collaboration with Allen Toussaint. It will be a closer look at the characters made famous in the perennially popular folksong. On a recent Sunday afternoon between rehearsals Mr. Bagneris and I had a pleasant chat over a malt at the Marriott. Had, as Cyndi Lauper claims, money changed everything? He thought not. "It's like seeing a mansion on a hill and finally walking through the doors only to discover that it's a facade being propped up by two-by-fours?" I remain somewhat skeptical. (In fact, I even suspect that the mansion looks like a stage prop from the outside but if you are ever fortunate enough to get past the door, it may be shocking just how real its consolations are.) Whatever the dialectics of net worth, it is indisputable true that success has not spoiled Vernel Bagneris. Those who knew him back when can bear witness that none of this "star of stage, screen and motion pictures" has gone to his head. He doesn't talk or act any differently than when he was puttin' on plays around town. His personality is remarkably lacking in neurotic nuance; you sense immediately that no psychic energy is wasted in strategems of self-defeat. Actors probably love to work with him because he handles authority with scarcely a trace of intimidation or condescension. During a rehearsal at the Contemporary Arts Center the cast was whoopin' it up between numbers when Mr. Bagneris whistled and requested the proverbial quiet roar. Nothing remarkable here except the ease and grace of his request: you've never heard an order delivered in such a non-punishing inflection.

And not, as we spoke of many things, he appeared as relaxed and confident as ever. Staggerlee was proceeding without major hassles and the production on the film version of One Mo' Time was completed and would be edited this fall. "It was actually videotaped using standard film technique. A large European concern called United produced it in association with Austrian television, which is government operated. Rather than simply shooting three or four performances and mixing the best moments, we decided to approach the way you would a film. For instance, rather than using one or two set-ups for the backstage portions we'd also intersperse, say, a close-up of Big Bertha. That kept it from slowing down after the big production numbers; it kept the energy level high.

In addition to applying a traditional filmmaking style to the videotaping, Mr. Bagneris decided that he would recreate an evening at the Lyric that also reflected the audience as well as the performers of the time. So when the camera cuts from the stage, you will see blacks in the orchestra seats and whites in the boxes. Though the setting is New Orleans, the production was shot in Vienna and the blacks that comprise the Lyric's audience are Africans, Egyptians, Islanders. In the States, the video version of One Mo' Time will most probably be seen sometime next year on PBS outlets. Were the Austrian shoot anything like his Hollywood experience with Pennies From Heaven? "I had a ten-week contract with MGM for the picture. I was in Los Angeles at the time with a company of One Mo' Time so it looked like I'd be very busy. Well, it wasn't till the last week on my contract that I was actually called before the cameras. But they didn't seem particularly concerned and they were paying well. So we renegotiated my contract for the extra weeks? Did MGM suspect that the film, a critical success, would be so financially disastrous? "At first they thought the presence of Steve Martin would insure its success, Steve's films had done real well up to that time and he was still quite a hot property. Everyone working on the project had decided that they would give their best effort this time. Herbert Ross, the director, knew he had done a lot of fluff but was going all out on this one. Ross had been known primarily as a facilitator for transposing Neil Simon comedies from stage to screen but he was coming off a critical and commercial success, a Shirley MacLaine vehicle titled The Turning Point. Yet it was the first-string critics that led the chorus of hosannas for Ross and Co. on this occasion. Though the film failed at the box office, it enhanced the reputations of both cast and crew, especially Vernel Bagneris. In her review Pauline Kael gushed, declaring the combination of composer Arthur Martin and dancer Vernel Bagneris as "voluptuously masochistic. Have there been film offers since? "Yes, but nothing really exciting. I was offered the role of the villain in Desperately Seeking Susan but finally decided against it. Also I've done some TV including three days on One Life To Live, after which I had enough.

For the present, Vernel is content to be working on Staggerlee. His crew includes professionals like Art Director Leo Yoshimura (Saturday Night Live) and Lighting Director Alan Hughes (the Glenda Jackson production of O'Neill's Strange Interlude); actors like Larry Marshall, who played Cab Calloway in The Cotton Club and legendary songstress Ruth Brown; local talent like vocalist Lanper and cosplayer JoAnn Clevenger. All were willing to work for small fees to help bring Staggerlee to the stage—and for the opportunity of working with Vernel Bagneris. Whatever the fate of the production, Mr. Bagneris' talent and temperament will continue to attract both audiences and performers.
gentleman june gardner

New Orleans drummer June Gardner spent five exciting years playing with the legendary Sam Cooke's band, and many productive years before that with the Gondoliers, but jazz was always his first love.

Although he's never quite received the recognition he truly deserves, journeyman drummer "Gentleman" June Gardner was, and still is for that matter, one of the greatest percussionists New Orleans has ever produced. Besides playing in literally hundreds of groups, his distinctive sound has graced records by Edgar Blanchard, Roy Brown, Fats Domino, Lee Dorsey, and Albert King, to name but a few.

Despite his stack of credits, for the most part Gardner has lived quietly in the uptown section of New Orleans, playing a few nights a week, practicing, and by day, "taking care of business." Gardner's anonymity has recently been shattered, however, primarily through the release of a 20-year-old live Sam Cooke recording, *Sam Cooke — Live at the Harlem Square Club 1963,* on which Gardner plays drums. Now it's nothing unusual for him to field long-distance calls from wire service writers, record companies and radio stations.

Born in New Orleans on December 30, 1930, Gardner grew up on St. Andrew Street, between...
Magnolia and South Robertson. He'd always been interested in music and finally, when he was twelve, convinced his mother to buy him a set of drums. "I got lessons from Professor Victor at the Tom Lefont School," he recalls, relaxing over a can of Schaffer beer on a muggy Friday afternoon recently. "Lessons were 25 cents a week, which was a lot of money then because times were tough. There were a lot of good drummers studying with Professor Victor at the time: Edward Blackwell [player with the Sha-weez], Tom Moore and Wilbert Hogan. We'd get together and exchange ideas and practice.

Gardner showed an early aptitude for the drums, and by 1945 he was already working six nights a week at the Dew Drop Inn, playing with Edgar Blanchard's Gondoliers. "That's where I learned the brushes," says Gardner. "We played in the Groove Room, doing our own little show and backing up the stars that came to town. We had a great band [The Gondoliers]. Edgar was on one guitar and Ernest McClean on the other. Otis Ducker was on bass and we had a woman that sang with us, Helen Marina [?]. I cut my first record with her. We cut that at Cosimo's with Plas Johnson helping out.

"I went on the road once back then but I just about starved to death. I left here with Li'l Greene who had "In the Dark" out. Great singer but she couldn't take care of business. I had to wire my folks for money so I could get back home. I didn't really stay out on the road for long periods of time until I joined Roy Brown's Mighty Men in 1949."

Gardner lasted with Brown for the better part of five years, recording with the "Good Rockin' Man" on a number of occasions. Gardner's playing can be heard to good effect on such classics as "Don't Let It Rain," "This Is My Last Goodbye,"
'Bootleggin Baby', 'Up Jumped the Devil' and 'Everything's Alright'.

"We cut a lot of those things for the Deluxe label up in Cincinnati," points out Gardner. "We had a hell of a band then. We had guys like Teddy Riley on trumpet, 'Batman' Rankin on sax and Edward Santino on piano. It was a real learning experience working with Roy; we had some good times and some bad times, but man, we played every place in the country twice!"

By the mid-Fifties, Gardner had relocated in New Orleans, often doing studio dates during the day, leading his own jazz group at night, or taking Percy Stovall's band on the road with Blanche Thomas. "I did a lot of sessions back then," says Gardner. "Sometimes I think we were taken advantage of. You'd go in there at nine in the morning and come out at seven at night. You'd play enough music to fill six albums and just get paid a funky $33. I couldn't even tell you all the stories I've heard!

On sessions, Gardner says, "Sometimes you're with other bands and always living up to your gig. Sometimes just with local musicians."

"Sam was a beautiful cat," he recalls wistfully, remembering a great singer. "He was the kind of guy who was at home with sawdust on the floor. He couldn't even spell fake. When I joined him we all rode in the same car. But when the hits started really coming, if he drove in a Cadillac, we drove in our own too. He was always concerned about the people he worked with.

"Sam was the kind of guy who would stop in the middle of the day and wire $500 to some little old lady that he knew back in Chicago. Sam had the kind of personality that everybody loved — not just women — he was magnetic."

Gardner also added that Cooke was one of the most creative songwriters he's ever been around. "Sam had an ear for trends and what was coming up. He'd get his guitar and get songs together just like that. I remember sitting in a dressing room in Atlanta, Georgia, after a show and he wrote 'Bring It On Home' and 'Having A Party'. We did a show in a baseball stadium with Dee Clark, and he called Cliff and me in to play along with him. He wrote both the songs for Dee Clark but Dee said he didn't like them! When we got back to California, we cut them and they were back-to-back hits.

"He was great on stage, man," adds Gardner. "He never went on cold; he'd study the audience from the wings. Sam could dance and sing, but knew just what the pulse of the audience was like. He had little signals he'd give us to change tempos or do a turn-around. Sometimes just before we'd go on he'd say, 'Okay guys let's really tear 'em up!'

I remember we played the Auditorium here one night and we had a real small audience. I think it was because Ray Charles played a couple of nights before. Well, that didn't stop Sam, he put on the show of a lifetime. Well, the word got out because next time we played here you couldn't get in the place!"

Being so close to Cooke only intensified the surprise and sorrow Gardner felt when word reached him about the singer's tragic demise. "I was here in New Orleans when I heard about it," sighs Gardner, recalling that day twenty years ago. "We'd just come in off the road. I was the only guy who didn't live in L.A., but Sam was getting ready to buy me a house there. I was in shock when I heard what happened. I didn't get into the politics of the situation.

"I went out to the funeral and talked to his wife and consoled the kids. Sam took care of everybody in his estate. The guys in the band and Bumps Blackwell tried to get me to stay in California but I was more comfortable in New Orleans. This is where all my friends are!"

Although Gardner seemingly had the rug pulled from under him, he assimilated back into the New Orleans scene playing jazz with Red Tyler at night and doing the occasional session. "One of the sessions I'm most proud of is Dee Dorse's 'Workin' In A Coal Mine,'" boasts Gardner. "After the record came out Allen Toussaint told me he'd been in New York and the people thought there were three drummers on it. I did a lot of session with Allen back then.

"I did a jazz LP for NOLA but nothing happened. I really didn't know much about recording on my own and I became a victim. It kind of soured my taste for recording. I mean we really had a nice thing going here but the guys that were in charge here didn't take care of business. They burned too many bridges.

Today Gardner pretty much has continued like this. I don't know what's going on in my life, he hides it well, "It's pretty gratifying," he confirms. "Playing with Sam was a beautiful period of my life. Nobody's sending me any money but it makes me feel appreciated."
Gabour

by Radomir Luza

Seated behind the large, wooden desk in his new office, Cox Cable programmer Jim Gabour sifts through one of the stacks of video cassettes that fill the room.

"This is helicopter footage of New Orleans," he says, reading the label on one of the video cassettes. "Here's a tape of an astrologer and here's a beginning of a show on local politics. That's good. I've got over 400 hours of tape in this office.

"This has really been a tough week," he remarks on the programming division's move into their new quarters on 2120 Canal Street. Programming had previously been housed in offices in Algiers and New Orleans East.

"We've had to move the furniture and everything else ourselves," Gabour says. "I'm going to have to bring in some part-time people because I've burned out half my crew.

Gabour stands up and offers a tour of the building.

"For the first time in my life I have a door!" he proclaims, the chairs that lead to his office. "For the first time we'll be able to see each other. We never knew where we were before. The equipment got scattered all over!

Chords and wires all over the floor, the control studio is also at the mercy of the move. It is empty for a good part of the day. "This is crazy," Gabour says, "but we'll get through it all right!" The adjoining production studio seems devoted solely to the Vic and Nat'ly Show. The black and white backdrop appears much larger than what you see weekdays at 5:30 p.m. on WCOX, Channel Two in Jefferson and Orleans parishes, and again at 10 p.m., in Orleans only. Upon closer look you realize it's an actual Vic and Nat'lly cartoon, only enlarged. The only things missing from the set are the bar, stools and Dixie beers. If you thought sets for television shows were supposed to be expensive and intricate, you're looking at the wrong set.

"You have to have a sense of humor in this business," Gabour says on the way back to his office.

"We try to laugh at just about everything around here. It's a necessity because of the amount of hours we work.

Gabour is something of a character himself. A cross between Groucho Marx and Grizzly Adams, the bearded comedian has a sharp wit and seems more than capable of taking care of himself. Hilarious one moment, serious the next, Gabour rarely laughs or even smiles, at his own jokes. On this day he's hard to figure. A graduate of LSU, Gabour has taught film at his alma mater, edited Gris, Gris, a Baton Rouge publication, for seven years, and directed, produced and wrote Louisiana Magazine for WBRT-TV in Baton Rouge.

Once more seated behind his desk, Gabour, dad in a buttonless white shirt with sleeves reaching halfway to his elbows, appeared as capable of writing medical prescriptions as explaining Cox's programming strategies.

"A cable system like Cox of New Orleans is often used as a source of information for the public," says Gabour. "The policy in most systems is 'don't spend money and stay away from controversy.' Usually a cable program designed to inform ends up as a live camera in a studio discussing geriatric bowel movements.

Gabour sees another purpose for cable programming.

"I believe in showcasing the culture of a city," Gabour states. In this case New Orleans.

The staple of Gabour's programming strategy is Music City, an award-winning showcase of the continuity of New Orleans' music from generation to generation.

"Usually," says Gabour, "music gets synthesized as it goes from city to city!"

Gabour wants to put an end to that, at least in the Crescent City.

"I want to get a good feel of the musician's performance in this or her environment. I want to compare and contrast the next generation of music with the music from which it originated.' In other words, a blend of old and new.

"I also want to catch some of the people whose commercial interest in New Orleans music would never be heightened by something like this!

So far, the series, which airs Wednesdays at 7 p.m., has compared and contrasted the sounds of many of the best of New Orleans' musicians, including fries Washington, James Booker and the Radiators.

Last year the series came away with two firsts in New Orleans' video history. It was voted the 'best cable music series' in the country by the National Cable Television Association. A segment of the series was also selected as the "best single cable music program" in the country. This year the series made history by once again winning best program plus "Best Performing Arts Series.

"In one season," says Gabour, "we put more money into the music community than the local network) affiliates combined had in ten years!"

Gabour estimates he has condensed 400 hours of footage into 42 air hours, using over 700 artists. He also speculates that the local affiliates sometimes demonstrate a lack of insight and imagination in their programming.

"This is the first time musicians are being paid to be on the air. The reason the affiliates didn't do the series is because they felt they couldn't make money on it!"

"Gabour doesn't have to make money. "Cox has been so good to New Orleans," Gabour says. "I am budgeted whether or not I make money. The budget I get for a year wouldn't make up a network's talent budget for a week, but it's done great for us!"

Other projects Gabour has in the works include modern and classical pieces by New Orleans composers, a series of specials featuring plays by New Orleans' playwrights produced by Gabour, and, of course, more of the Vic and Nat'ly Show, which first aired on May 13 and is scheduled to run for at least 13 more weeks. A well-intentioned spoof of New Orleanians and their customs, the show is hosted by Vic and Nat'ly creator Bunny Matthews. Think of it as New Orleans' very own Fernwood 2Night.

"In the last two years," Gabour says, "I have had at least six offers to do late night talk shows. There used to be late night talk shows in New Orleans, and all the people who were on them are still around. I was looking to take advantage of that and Bunny was in a good position because he has a unique viewpoint of New Orleans. So we decided to get together and do something that stops making sense!"

Matthews and Gabour, who is the show's executive producer, get along on and off the set, says Gabour.

"Bunny and I have similar senses of humor," Gabour admits, leaning on his desk. "We're interested in producing a TV show that's more real than the plastic gawk that is being fed people. The stuff they see on commercial TV is not real. They see these strange cardboard idols, not real people!"

Gabour pauses and thinks about what he has just said.

"It may be foolish and it may not work, but we'll have a good time doing it. Maybe we'll shake up some people!"
French Market Concerts, Thurs. 4: Paul Brown, 3 to 5; the Young Rascals, 3 to 5; the Young Fabulous Brass Band plays Sousa, 5 to 7; Sat.6: Telly Savalas, the Royal Brass Band plays Sousa, 5 to 7; Sun.7: the Young Fabulous Brass Band plays Sousa, 3 to 5; Sat.13: George "Kid Shek" Coo, 3 to 5; Sun.23: the Young Fabulous Brass Band plays Sousa, 3 to 5; Wed.27: the Young Fabulous Brass Band plays Sousa, 3 to 5.

**CONCERTS**

**Saturday, 6**
Rick Springfield, LSU Assembly Center, Baton Rouge.

**Thursday, 11**
Leon Russell, Storyville Jazz Hall, 9 p.m.

**Wednesday, 17**
Power Station and Spandau Ballet, UNO Lakefront Arena—don't be deterred, as some cramps, but we know are, by the fact that Robert Palmer is the lead singer for the former. Martha Reeves, Storyville Jazz Hall, 9 p.m.

**Friday, 19**
Bob Dylan, who has always seemed to us, to rephrase Marianne Moore's famous self-description, "a cousin of the sun's uncounted excitements," Storyville Jazz Hall, 10-30 p.m.

**Thursday, 25**
Screamin' Jay Hawkins, who made musical necrophilia both exciting and stylish (and this guy never heard of Mario Puzo) with his plush- captioned entrances, ghoulish menace, ju-ju elixirs and bones—the impression was always that of a Haitian conjuror man on his first trip to the big city, Storyville Jazz Hall, 10-30 p.m. is scheduled resurrection time.

**Wednesday, 31**
Pio Productions Candlelight Rhythm and Blues Review at the Club, 1701 St. Bernard, 9 p.m. With Carolyn Clark Williams, Ernie Vincent Lacoh and The Tux Trio, a fund raiser for the N.A.C.P., tickets from Shirley Porter (949-1441) of Pio Productions (232-4746).

**CONCERT SERIES**

Browns Bag Concerts, in Lafayette Square, 11-30 a.m. to 1 p.m., Wednesdays. Call the Arts Council for schedule 923-1485.


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From CINEMA WAVELENGTH/JULY 1985

one of the great paranoid nightmare fantasies of penod (and Hugh Bonaparte's Dinner attraction and the importance of what Music Bunny Matthews, on Sassoon serious? ... He had indeed chill office

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "One day late in the war (the war poet suggested) Sassoon, by this time completely muttering (as reported by Winston Churchill), whom he had visited in the service, said: 'I hate war.' C.S. The old chill told him, is the normal occupation of man. Sassoon wonders: 'Had he entirely serves as a trigger ... would want to men with adding "War—and gardening"! Those are the poles."—Paul Fussell, The Great War and Modern Memory.

VIDEOS

Bunny Matthews on Cable Channel 2 Fridays at 5:30 and Monday at 2:30, repeated at 10:30 in Orleans, an attempt to capture the vanished glamour and glitz of New Orleans High People, we hope with an eight-second delay.

MUSIC

City, in returns through the summer, check EPC and maybe your EEO while you're about it. NOVA, 2010 Magazine, 524-8628, offers continuing programs and classes in cello, camera operation, etc. Call for information.

THEATRE

Bonaparte's Dinner Theatre..., in the Quality Inn, 3100 Tulane Ave., 480-0625. Call for performance times. "Born Yesterday," the famous play about the 경우 under a sort of grotesque agreement, which is to be held roughly daily until May 31, under a sort of forten-Filbert good guy reporter's faintly, turns into A Force To Re Democrat's in the theatre for times.

To the right of Charles Fuller's "A Soldier's Play." Call the theatre for times. Minneapolis, 7901 S. Clairemont, 688-7000. Currently, "The King and I," which peculiarly seems to be a better show than one originally thought of as a "second delay." Yessame Lepagoun, 949-4348. The theatre for times.

Theatres

Rosalie, 1221 Airline Hwy., 835-9057. Through Sun 21: "Company," a rather sour and parochial musical about life in Manhattan with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim that are so sour and parochial that they represent perfection of a sort.

Rosalie Dinner Theatre, 228 Robert St., 367-5400. "Oliver!," about the terrible results of asking for a second helping of gruel, an odd basis for a musical, but this is one of the better musicals Based-On-A-Classic (see what happened to "Price and Prejudice").

Tulane, In the Lultur Experimental Theatre, through Sat 13: Christopher Durang's "Baby and the Bath Water." "From Fri 19: The Miss Firecracker Contest." In the Arena Theatre, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," through Sat 8; "Hansel and Gretel," from Tues 3. Phone information at 835-5301 for the Arena and 835-566 for the Lultur.

CINEMA

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen, 943-8660. Thursdays at 8 p.m., Fantastique Films, July 11: "Yankee Doodle Dandy," one of the screen's greatest love stories, this.stopPropagation (and how many movies are even one, much less both of these things) meditation on the vagaries of romantic attraction and the importance of what J.B.S. Hadane described as "being the right size" has special effects still unappreciated in our day, as well as Fey Wray being disrobed by the en­chanted swashbuckler who shifts her clothes—how perverse and how exact and how right. Directed by Wachtel and Nekkis, also the auteur of the highly overlooken "The Fly," with Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen, John Emery (Tubby Rumbelow's only husband, who also appears in wild, finely formed in Neumann's "Kronos," one of the godfathers of the chappels of the everyday) and Hugh B. Brann in his ingenue clothes, died every one. by the day. July 25: "Invaders From Mars," this 1953 exemplar of the solge<br />8-page picture magazine, and directed by Tedd, American art director William Cameron Menzies, is one of the great paranoid nightmare fantasies of the period—it is at least the equal of "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers." and superior to the over-rated "It Came From Outer Space," and the red(Locale for horror pictures, "invasion U.S.A.") the framework is a dream. The bumbling Mattie's, controlled by a terrified, face-concealed creature in what looks like a crystal ball, take over Or our People by means of some sort of device implanted in the base of the brain—but it leaves telltale scars. One little boy sees the ship land, and no one especially his parents, among the first children believes the kid save for that big redheaded Helen Carter. One should I give away more—the picture is moving and frightening, even if corny and over-familiar on other levels since Menzies first was foretold a great visual stylist. But obviously to be seen for the power and elegance of its sophisticated look, and for its gormand scanniness, even with the expected sub-psychedelic moralizing. Directed by R.I. Morey, who recently directed the fairly charming dinosaur fantasy, "Baby," with Kris Kristofferson, Karen Black, Gene Hackman, Marilu Henner, and (in memory serves) good bit of Buffalo Springfield on the soundtrack.

Thrul: "Young and Innocent," this delicious, understated 1937 Hitchcock film (presumably from a Josephine Tey novel) about a young girl and an old trumpet who shield a young man from a clumsy detective searching for the killer had one of The Great Sequences: the drummer with his own semi-measly overtones is an interesting minor curio, done with the mildewed mixture of gilt and arcane characteristic of the inevitable post-Wooster era when everyone had discovered that love was not all you need: a former rock star refused to trading off his erstwhile fame and trading in marijuana runs about of a crooked cop, with the expected sub-psychoanalytic moralizing. Directed by R.I. Morey, who recently directed the fairly charming dinosaur fantasy, "Baby," with Kris Kristofferson, Karen Black, Gene Hackman, Marilu Henner, and (in memory serves) good bit of Buffalo Springfield on the soundtrack.

ART


Arcos-Hastings, 3814 Magazine, 891-4065. Group shows through the warm months.

Arthaus, 366 Magazine, 891-5200. Through Mon 29, or by Paul Tarver, collages by Sue Smock, and paintings by Gus Wortham (unattainable)

Arts Council, 522-ARTS: a telephone number which dispenses information about local art events. Call for month's shows.

Bluer Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 525-5689. Call for month's shows.

Duplantier Gallery, 524-1071. Cl for gallery art and space.

Galerie Simonne-Stern, 510 Julia, 529-1226. A les; Choice Show (possibly something like the Ladies Choice Series (they had on American Bandstand)) introducing seven artists new to the gallery.

Galerie Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 524-9873. A group show of gallery artists.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square so eloquently described in the pages of our clothing gallery through July 31: intimately Revealing undermonts from the Victorian and Edwardian period. American and English, all the way from the beginning of November. Naturally Louisiana, a show with botanical watercolors by Margaret Storey, may be by Pauline Nicholls, and a selection of paintings views from the Museum's collection; at the Mint Museum Gris in New Orleans and Orleans New Orleans Jazz, two large and self-published anthologies.

Maze Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 805-8733. A group show of paintings by Carolin M. as photographs by Melody Davis and sculptor by Stewart Duncan.


Pozzati-Baker Gallery, 822 St. Peter, 524-7251 Phone, 524-7251 Phone, drawings, etchings, lithographs, foil-art from gallery artists, including Takeda Yamaica, Malaka's Favorite, Jim Seif, Stecher Christopher, and Fontana.

Tidelman-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 891-5300. A group show of gallery artists through July.
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Just when we thought that New Romanticism was dead and buried in Pere Lachaise (final resting place of Oscar Wilde and Jim Morrison) or St. Roch Cemetery (site of the Schwengmann family tomb), there we were driving down St. Charles Avenue in the early morning hours, holding hands with a charming young girl and listening to the “Rock of New Orleans,” which used to only broadcast Led Zeppelin but these days—like most American radio stations—the “Rock” apes MTV’s playlist.

Anyway, we had departed Storyville and the revisionist zydeco of Rockin’ Sidney (Sid, confidentially, told us that he tells most people that “Too Toot” is simply a term of endearment but that when he found out that wealthy professionals who snort white powder from Colombia call the substance “toot” and furthermore, that ballerinas call their skirts tutus, Mr. Simien knew that he had landed a whopper—as well a

P.S. Mueller

it was Swinburne—where is that Jon Newlin when we need him? Honestly, our mental faculties turn to mush when we fall in love.

Weird Al, incidentally and speaking of Rockin’ Sid (as we were a few paragraphs back), is supposed to be cutting his own version of “Too Toot,” as are several thousand other would-be zydeco-ists and—cross our hearts—we promise we’ll never mention “Too Toot” again after this issue because we know you must be sick of hearing about it and if you’re not—well, no one’s ever accused Louisiana residents (and other readers of this magazine) of being overly intellectual.

How about some Real News? Okay—Mt. Carmel Academy’s favorite daughter, “Bubs” Menendez, has changed her hair color and quit The Cold for the eleventh time. We can hardly stand it.

The Neville Brothers, who are all maintaining their standard hair colors, are touring the nation this summer with Huey Lewis and the News. Dave Bartholomew has returned as Fats Domino’s bandleader, after a three-year absence mostly spent at Melba’s Ice Cream on Franklin Avenue and/or running around New Orleans cashing immense royalty checks. We throw in that last fact for the benefit of our bleeding-heart readers (particularly those in Europe) who imagine that all New Orleans musicians are utterly destitute. It’s the ones from Metairie who ain’t doing too good.

At the Smithsonian Institution this summer, they’re examining what they call “the rich cultural diversity generated and nourished in ‘The Creole State’” via a series of programs and performances, including Isleno “decima” singing, tap dancing and hide tanning, which is what Louisiana moms and dads do to their bad little boys and girls.

The Dirty Dozen, who will be heading all over the planet this summer, will be featured on Phil “Master Blaster” Alvin’s solo album, Unseen Songs, to be released in August. Also aboard is Sun Ra, the eternal celibate. Says Alvin: “The man is completely amazing. He sat at the piano for 18 hours, getting up just once to use the restroom.” Great shops, better kidneys.

WTUL is back on the air, graced with the newest musical offerings from New Orleans’ most nouveau bands. Reality Patio clicks with “Empty Room,” the Dolce Vitas extol the virtues of “Groove Cat,” The Party Bullets regurgitate the Clash’s “Brand New Cadillac” and Dash Riprook rolls with “Specialty,” presumably named in honor of Little Richard’s former record label. WTUL music director Ivan “I’m Not Russian” Bodley invites any and all local bands to submit their tapes and singles to the station for airplay. Those bands with members over the age of 50 should send such material to WWOO—just a joke, Walter...

Divided Council, all dental students except for the drummer, take their name from Shakespeare. Brace yourself and please—no sly comments about Pat Benatar.

Our favorite TV host, Bunny Matthews, presents a special one-hour beach party edition of Du Vic and Nat’s show on July 4, direct from Augie’s Delagio, airing at 5:30 and 10:30 on Channel 2. The guests include King Floyd, Multiple Places, Final Academy, Porklinks (Bunny sits in on drums for a rendition of J.C. Foster’s “Green River”) and co-host/Charity Hospital baby Ernie K-Doe. Whip out the Copperitone and “Sunburn, K-Doe, Burn!”
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### HOT SESSIONS

#### BLUE NOTE REISSUES

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<tr>
<td>Art Blakey</td>
<td>The Big Beat</td>
<td>$5.99 LP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wayne Shorter</td>
<td>Ju-Ju</td>
<td>$5.99 LP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cannonball Adderley</td>
<td>Somethin' Else</td>
<td>$5.99 LP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Coltrane</td>
<td>Blue Train</td>
<td>$5.99 LP</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### BLACK/SOUL SAINT/NOTE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Artist/Musician</th>
<th>Album Title</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>David Murray</td>
<td>Live at Sweet Basil</td>
<td>$6.99 LP</td>
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<tr>
<td>Max Roach</td>
<td>Easy Winners</td>
<td>$6.99 LP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver Lake</td>
<td>Expandable Language</td>
<td>$6.99 LP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Abrams</td>
<td>View from Within</td>
<td>$6.99 LP</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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