Branford Marsalis
Jazz & Sting & Rock ‘n’ Roll
Break away to refreshing taste.

Come up to Kool.

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health.
WHERE IT'S AT!

WAVELENGTH DISTRIBUTION POINTS

Go-Go's
Go Cowgirl

The Screamin' Sirens are a hard-working bunch of gals. Playing in New Orleans on a Monday night in the middle of August ain't the easiest of gigs, especially when there's a hot act from England packing them in over at Tulane. But the girls remained undaunted proceeding directly from their sound check at Jimmy's to McAlister Auditorium where they passed out flyers and then finagled their way into the New Orleans venue. The Sirens rounded up a few stray fans from that show, bringing them back to Jimmy's for a late performance of their own.

The Sirens are a part of the college curriculum and hold the title of Resident at Tulane University, says, "Jazz studies have been a part of the college curriculum for the last few decades around the country. I thought it was time that the study of our local 'rhythm & blues' music should be brought into the classroom."

According to Jones, each evening there will be a lecture for an hour and then, "I've invited some local guest musicians and artists like Allen Toussaint, Frankie Ford, Earl King, Cosimo Matassa, Tommy Ridgley, Bobby Mitchell, Ed Volker, and lots of others for an interview segment."

Finally Jones says, "I'm going to gear the course for the novice as well as the longtime R&B fan. It's going to be academic, and it's going to be fun!!"
after regaining control of the stage, became the focus of attention. It was an emotional hour-and-a-half as Café, alone on stage, delivered a powerful, unrestrained set. Perhaps the highlight of the evening was a gripping arrangement of "Heartbreak Hotel," with Café wandering into the bone-chilling depths of the song, taking the audience with him.

Zaremba & The Fleshtones

"We're back, we're back, we are back," chanted Peter Zaremba after regaining the microphone from the audience that had overwhelmed the stage. The microphone, a gift from Zaremba to the people who had come to see him, had made a tour of the floor and the stage, being passed from hand-to-hand — everyone getting a chance to sing — while the Fleshtones kept the rhythm of Lee Dorsey's "Ride Your Pony" pounding. The drum that Zaremba had hustled onto center stage at the beginning of the second encore was taking a licking from four or five would-be percussionists. Others bent their backs and craned their necks attempting to sing into the drum's mic.

All the rules of how-you-should-watch-a-concert were out the window. But it was Zaremba and the Fleshtones who had broken the rules first: the second encore didn't begin until 10 minutes after the lights had come on at Jimmy's and half the people were sticking keys into their car's ignition. But when the uptown neighborhood began to rock again, the crowd flooded back through the doors and then onto the stage.

Then the anarchy mounted, and it was only when the singing and banging and general delirium was about to unglue Jimmy's that Zaremba began the hypnotic reiteration of "We're back, we're back" and this apostle of insanity regained control of the stage. The audience began to relax, and as the drummers slackened the fever of their pounding most people receded. The Fleshtones were allowed to continue the song and set the end. When it was over Peter Zaremba hopped lightly off the stage and, with a broad, gentle smile, walked into the audience, which welcomed him with open arms.

— Nick Marinello

Publications

- SPACE IS THE PLACE FOR BOTH SUN RA AND THE L5 SOCIETY. The L5 NEWS is the society's mouthpiece. L5 board members include Isaac Asimov, Newt Gingrich, and Robert "Waterbed" Heinlein. A great many macho eggheads and pencil-necked geeks waxing as only the over-bright can on such subjects as Real Property Rights in Outer Space and Truth — Pleasant and Unpleasant about Military Space. What's great about L5 is the diversity of opinion and outlook among its members. The essays of Dr. Jerry Poumelle are informative and fascinating, even when one has opposite views. For info on L5, write to L5 News, 1060 E. Elm, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

- AVIATION WEEK & SPACE TECHNOLOGY IS THE MAGAZINE OF THE AEROSPACE INDUSTRY. This glossy weekly informs us of the latest developments in air transport, missile engineering, aeronautical engineering, and avionics. A must-read on Capitol Hill, by scanning this somewhat frightening little magazine you will know about as much on the subjects as the average Senator. The advertising is scary — different companies trying to sell their missiles and so forth. If you really want to know how the Defense Department management structure has diluted the importance of research and engineering functions, making it near impossible to attract the top people to government jobs, or about Star Wars, Intelsat, SDI or all the other good stuff that will either end our race or take us off this rock we're floating around on, then this is for you. For non-aerospace workers, it's $60 a year to subscribe. Write to Aviation Week, P.O. Box 1505, Neptune, N.J. 07753.

- FOOD AND MUSIC SEEM TO GO TOGETHER, MORE SO IN NEW ORLEANS than in other locales. In most places, fat musicians are not cool. But in this town — have another piece of pie, the bandstand won't break. For non-New Orleanians like myself or tourists out of town guests, we are lucky to have the fabulous Mr. Food and his monthly guide for gluttons. MENU. Featuring restaurant reviews, gossip and such public services as translating the Antoine's menu into English, Mr. Food is no snob. Virtually from the most fashionable and elite of establishments are discussed within the same pages as po-boys and Popeye's. Menu is good for when you have out of town visitors. Let them decide where to eat and blame the results on Mr. Food. He's led me to a few stinkers, but his taste buds, and his heart somehow, don't really want to know. By scanning this glossy weekly informs us of the latest developments in air transport, missile engineering, aeronautical engineering, and avionics. A must-read on Capitol Hill, by scanning this somewhat frightening little magazine you will know about as much on the subjects as the average Senator. The advertising is scary — different companies trying to sell their missiles and so forth. If you really want to know how the Defense Department management structure has diluted the importance of research and engineering functions, making it near impossible to attract the top people to government jobs, or about Star Wars, Intelsat, SDI or all the other good stuff that will either end our race or take us off this rock we're floating around on, then this is for you. For non-aerospace workers, it's $60 a year to subscribe. Write to Aviation Week, P.O. Box 1505, Neptune, N.J. 07753.

- FOOD AND MUSIC SEEM TO GO TOGETHER, MORE SO IN NEW ORLEANS than in other locales. In most places, fat musicians are not cool. But in this town — have another piece of pie, the bandstand won't break. For non-New Orleanians like myself or tourists out of town guests, we are lucky to have the fabulous Mr. Food and his monthly guide for gluttons. MENU. Featuring restaurant reviews, gossip and such public services as translating the Antoine's menu into English, Mr. Food is no snob. Virtually from the most fashionable and elite of establishments are discussed within the same pages as po-boys and Popeye's. Menu is good for when you have out of town visitors. Let them decide where to eat and blame the results on Mr. Food. He's led me to a few stinkers, but his taste buds, and his heart somehow, don't really want to know. By scanning this glossy weekly informs us of the latest developments in air transport, missile engineering, aeronautical engineering, and avionics. A must-read on Capitol Hill, by scanning this somewhat frightening little magazine you will know about as much on the subjects as the average Senator. The advertising is scary — different companies trying to sell their missiles and so forth. If you really want to know how the Defense Department management structure has diluted the importance of research and engineering functions, making it near impossible to attract the top people to government jobs, or about Star Wars, Intelsat, SDI or all the other good stuff that will either end our race or take us off this rock we're floating around on, then this is for you. For non-aerospace workers, it's $60 a year to subscribe. Write to Aviation Week, P.O. Box 1505, Neptune, N.J. 07753.
AUGIE'S DELAGO
BACK TO SCHOOL BASH!!

Labor Day Weekend

Friday, Aug. 30
- Saturday, Aug. 31
- Sunday, Sept. 1
- Monday, Sept. 2

- SENSUOUS BANANA EATING CONTEST
- BEAUTY CONTEST
- BIKINI CONTEST
- HOT LEGS CONTEST
- TOGA PARTY
  (ANYONE WEARING A TOGA RECEIVES 2 FREE DRINKS)
- CASH PRIZES
- TROPHIES
- BARTABS
- BEER-DRINKING CONTEST
- MACHO MAN CONTEST
- WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

Every Tuesday is Bahama-Mama '85
Win an all expense paid trip to the Bahamas

GRAND PRIZE AWARDED SEPTEMBER 17
Dear Lengths:

Folks at Wavelength ain’t the only ones trying to find out what a “toot-too” is! The music press in Great Britain are having problems with the title too!

But, I reckon I’ve solved it.

The other night I saw a re-run of Ev’ry Ray Skidmore on TV and in one scene the townsfolk are reminiscing over the time that Roy’s gang stole the whistle off a mail train they were robbing because he “just loves the sound of that toot-toot.”

OK? Problem solved? Now, let’s get back to music. Turn Almost Slim loose in Lafayette and let’s have a 15-page full interview with Clifton Chenier (The Boss).

Ken Smith
Red Lick Records
Wales, U.K.

To the Editor:

I just received your June issue, and read the fascinating story about “My Toot-Toot.” Having also just read an interview in New Musical Express with Denise LaSalle who is in England to promote her single, which apparently is running FAST up the charts, I thought of running down a brief story about this song for members’ benefit.

It’s a beautiful magazine you have, by the way, and with me very interested in Louisiana music (I have been three times to New Orleans), I really love reading it. With “The best for less” I now know where to get next time I come over.

Tommy Lofgren
Val lentuna, Sweden

To the Editor:

I can’t begin to describe the intense pleasure that Wavelength has brought me. It has an incredible range and depth of coverage on New Orleans music, and the intense quality of writing is simply beyond praise.

There are many thanks and appreciation for Wavelength magazine. I want to take this time out to commend Wavelength for so many wonderful stories.

Since I have become acquainted with your publication, I find it a great source for information about our local New Orleans artists and use it as a reference guide quite often on my shows.

A note of thanks to you — The Staff of Wavelength.

Bobby Mitchell
New Orleans, Louisiana

And thank you, Mr. Mitchell, for your great contribution to New Orleans music.

To the Editor:

In giving credit where it is due, I refer to an article written by Radomir Luza, entitled, “Gabour Encore: Jim Gabour’s Music City Program” repeated as a statement for Cox Cable.” For those not familiar with the article or the man featured in it, it provided a descriptive profile of the man responsible for Cox Cable programming, Jim Gabour. It was an entertaining piece that described television programming done Gabour style — “...showcasing the culture of the city” (in this case the city being New Orleans).

Luza did an exceptional job of describing Gabour’s creativity and natural ability to relate to the New Orleans market and to program accordingly. Let’s face it, New Orleans is a city in love with itself, so what better way to appeal to the New Orleans market than television programming relative to the city and its people.

Gabour generates a new and welcome trend of TV programming that does not promote expensive, plastic entertainment, but instead he creates a format produced the way most New Orleanians can appreciate it — creatively done with a taste of homegrown New Orleans culture.

Thanks to both Luza and Gabour for an interesting article.

Karen Cortello
Research Department
WOQUE
New Orleans, Louisiana

To the Editor:

I’ve been doing some research for a film restoration project I’m working on — an original musical made in town here in 1947, with an almost all local cast of black singers and dancers. Some of the extras, however, were members of some traveling minstrel shows. Although I don’t think they’re in the film, one of the local favorites from around that time was Silas Green from New Orleans. Would any of your readers be familiar with them? I’m working on establishing an archives at our university library on music in the black community here, and any information (particularly photo leads) would help me greatly. Silas Green is well remembered, among other reasons, because it cost 40-50 cents to get in, and he only played one night — he played tent shows here — whereas most other traveling groups only cost a dime, or fifteen cents at most, and played for a week. But he apparently came through every fall, and his arrival was eagerly anticipated by many.

I don’t imagine I was in a minority in having liked the John Fogerty cover (and accompanying article). It seems that one of the functions your magazine serves so well is to spread the good word on New Orleans music to those unfortunate enough to be living elsewhere, and I’m sure that cover story attracted a lot more attention than one of another local artist would have. I liked the angle of Fogerty-the-outsider being so anxious to get in on the good things going on down there.

And, having been in town for only a few days surrounding Jazz Fest, I was glad to have somebody explain to me what this “toot-toot” furor was all about.

Alex Albright
Greenville, North Carolina

—_____

Back to School with

Wavelength/SEPTEMBER 1985 7

Shanahan's
6225 S. Claiborne

Back to School with

Mon $10 Michelle
and Michelle Dark
TUE. 2 for $1 hi-balls
Wed. 3 for $10 DRAFT
THUR. LADIES NIGHT!

UNCLE STAN & AUNTY VERA

For Bookings Call ELIZABETH Fontaine (504) 839-8750

—________

SEPTEMBER 7
CHIBBS
BATON ROUGE
SEPTEMBER 13
JIMMY'S
SEPTEMBER 20
JEFFERSON ST
CARE
SEPTEMBER 21
DREAM PALACE
SEPTEMBER 27
140 LA VINA

WAVELENGTH/SEPTEMBER 1985 7
A Matter of Style

Flint Revels was standing on the sidewalk outside of Jimmy's talking to a group of friends and fans. His guitar case in hand, he looked like he was enjoying the long goodbye he was having with the folks that had come to see his band play. When he took two steps in the direction of his car the group took two steps with him so Flint stopped and talked some more. It was going to be a slow get-away.

Even the heavy darkness that falls around the streetcar barn on Willow Street, the darkness that turns most of bizarrely-clad rock patrons into gray shadows, could not blend Flint into the anonymity of the crowd. The jewelry on his right hand and wrist and the long earrings dangling from his right ear palely reflected what little illumination was being thrown off by a street light. The screaming red blazer and purple pants he was wearing seemed to cast their own light. His hair was grown much longer than any of the people around him. Flint looked different from everyone else.

And that's an accomplishment these days when so many musicians, as well as fans, are trying to look different.

Flint Revels is the lead singer/rhythm guitarist of the band that shares his name. The other members of the band include Mik & Rik English on drums and keyboards who, along with Flint, are the band's co-founders. Rounding off the group is Michael Bovier on guitar and Kenny Hagglund on bass. On stage, all the guys share Flint's taste in dressing and energetic exuberance: The stage show, as well as the songwriting itself, is a bridging of two generations. The straight-forward approach to rock 'n' roll of the late Fifties is applied to the rock sounds influenced by American and English bands of the last decade.

In 1966 "Gypsy Woman," recorded by local musician Eddie Powers, climbed to number 3 on the New York charts and for a brief period the New Orleanian received national attention. Twenty years later his son Eddie is searching for an even larger audience.

Future Image is not a fashion, claims young Eddie Powers, "but we want to affect as many people as we can."

What Future Image is the closest thing our new music scene has to an "art band."

They are composed of Bryan Foley on guitar, Nathan Gurely playing percussion, Eric Werhner on bass, James Leslie playing keyboards, while Powers does the singing and loads all the programs into the keyboards, which is an essential step in producing the ambitious, broad scope of their live sound.

"The sound is highly technically advanced," says Foley, whose guitar is a nice compliment to the synthesized arrangements. "We strive," he candidly continues, "to write music that will sell."

"'Commercial' isn't a bad word," adds Powers, "it just means that a larger audience will be affected by our music—not just a select group.

Powers maintains the band is not just fashionable. "Groups like Duran Duran say 'we're cool, we're fine, be like us'; we say 'let's challenge each other to be ourselves.'"

"The band is outspoken against many current rock trends, especially the bad vibes and anti-social attitudes spread by many groups who have achieved national attention. 'I don't like anything that I have to play back towards to understand,'" says Gurely.

Collectively they talk about Modern Renaissance and New Romanticism, of "intellectual observation" and a new musical idea for New Orleans. It's philosophy and mysticism intertwined with musicianship and technology, into what Powers calls a "total effort."

"It's an effort, and image, more complex than the Eddie Powers band of two decades ago. Yet there are bands in the New Orleans market that are proceeding on simpler lines."

"Someone asked me why we were called 'Tin Drum' when we didn't actually use any tin drums on stage," says Steve Walkup, the band's drummer. He laughs, though he doesn't seem to know what the name means either. "In fact no one in Tin Drum seems to know. If pinned down they'll make jokes, laugh about it, and shrug it off. This is characteristic of their overall casual approach to the band's image."

Their primary concern right now, it seems, is the music. That may explain the two-year period of songwriting and rehearsal that preceded their live debut four months ago. This result is a tightly arranged repertoire of punchy, restless songs. The music is simple but arranged texturally, with three part harmonies adding to the sound's fullness.

Tin Drum is a four-piece band comprised of Simon Fraser on bass and vocals, Kent Hardouin playing guitar, Steve Walkup on drums, and John Rodwig adding a light touch on keyboards as well as sharing vocals with Fraser.

"The music is our priority now," says Fraser, "though we don't want to neglect the visual aspects of entertainment."

"We're going to see how our material develops before we start worrying about the way we look," adds Rodwig.

The material seems to have been drawn from a variety of influences. Walkup quickly notes Roxy Music, Japan and Ultra Vox as influential, but everyone else in the band groans at that. Oddly enough Fraser, who hails from Scotland, seems most inspired by the simplicity of music coming out of the American South these days.

"There's nothing complex in our instrumentation," says Fraser. "But there is a depth to the music when it's all added together."
Music • Food • Arts • Crafts
Sept. 21-22, 1985
Lafayette

For more information, contact the Lafayette Convention & Visitors Commission
P.O. Box 52066, Dept. WI / Lafayette, LA 70505 (318) 232-3808

Photography by Bemore Morgan, Jr., from The Makers of Cajun Music—Musicians Cadets en Creoles, by Barry Jean Ancelet and Bemore Morgan, Jr.

it's all music.
mark bingham
It's Rough Out There, Sex Fans
As the school year begins, we take a nostalgic look back to the golden years of sex in the Sixties.

No summer vacation for me. No vacation ever. As the poet Stinski once said, “Work is hard. Work is long, but work don’t make me sing this song.”

So I work. So I sing. So I get up late and watch Phil Donahue.

Phil says, “The only wimps are men who are afraid to admit they might be wimps.”

I admit to being a wimp. A well-trained feminist wimp.

Phil Donahue gets very cosmic. It’s too hot to be cosmic.

Where does love go when it’s not there anymore?

Love has always been an undefinable quantity. Many are frozen, but few get thaw. If the ice does melt, look out! It’s Love Power!

Love has always been born of the much hoopla-de da decade. You guessed it, the Sexual Sixties. Love was all we needed, especially when there were only two of us in the room. Love was everywhere. Radicals found that love was more dangerous than LSD. The Sexual Sixties was its own little universe as beautiful as anything you could ever imagine.

But it was through living simply, and determined self reliance, not on replacing large systems with others.

The commercialization of love happened overnight. It took drugs. Drugs left the realm of the hip and found their way everywhere. For some, life was altered for the worse.

Marijuana destroys memory, teens using the weed regularly do mess up. LSD-25 changed the face of the earth. For most who took LSD, life changed for the better. For others, the hoopla-de da decade. you guessed it, the Sexual Sixties was its own little universe as beautiful as anything you could ever imagine.

LSD has left our society with new words and a new way of looking at life. It’s rough out there, sex fans. Life was altered for the worse.

The Bowery in New York has been hundreds of people staying overnight. With it came the Hari Krishnas. Others wander and found their way everywhere. For some, life was altered for the worse.

A disconcerting experience, to watch a person babbling. praying for the rebirth of Jimi Hendrix.

Of those photographs. Nor would I ever want to see a disconcerting experience, to see a person babbling. praying for the rebirth of Jimi Hendrix.

College students of today were too late. With all the incurable diseases going around, who could afford to make love to every attractive person, even if it that’s what your genes tell you to do. Everyone is suspect. Is she diseased? Does he have a drain? What’s that sore on her lip? It’s rough out there, sex fans. Most guys stick with the five sisters, girls with their favorite, The Mr. Wiggly Quartet. What a shame.

More digression. Most colleges have piano lounges. There one can find piano players jamming at all hours of the day and night, often in a style we might call “late night noodling with extreme cosmic intention.” Serious stuff. No talking, no dancing, just the music and find unity with the piano and the player. A great way to meet girls, or guys. Apparently, there must have been hundreds of people staying up late to bliss-out the passersby with pentatonic cascades and repetitions. I was one of them. But, little did I know that later years there would be a record label supporting this sort of thing and promoting it as some major new trend in music. Wow!

Here’s my theory: The Windham Hill record label was born in a dorm lounge some wintery night in the late Sixties. The innovator of all this, whoever he or she might be, was to full of speed to sleep. Making his way to the lounge (let’s blame it on a man), he plays for a few minutes without getting into it. Our hero must somehow get past that sore on her lip. Without coat or gloves, he braves the snowy night, sucking the smoke into his lungs and blowing out big clouds into
he freezing air. "Trancing" on the smoke clouds, he forgets how cold it is. Realizing his folly, he runs back inside, now sufficiently stoned to "get into it." His numb fingers settle into a "groove thing." As the mind races and the fingers warm, the music begins to expand. He plays the same thing over and over. No tension, no release. He does this for an hour, making small changes here and there. When he finishes he notices a doe-eyed co-ed who has been meditating to the music. She offers him some peppermint tea. They go to her room, drink tea and eventually make love. They go on for hours, he is speeding and never comes. She certainly doesn't mind until her bladder begins to act up. Meanwhile, Mr. Cystitis sleeps it off, dreaming of repetition and pounding uterine walls.

That's how to start a record label. If you just want to work for one, stick hat pins through your cars and you'll be hired, no questions asked. And what else is there to do? With promiscuous behavior impossible, students of today are forced to do things like:

- Fix basketball games.
- Listen to awful bands with nice haircuts.
- Smell their own farts during History of Entrepreneurship class.
- Statistics without asterisks, today's students have choices to make. Be there or be square. Coal! Be here then or now. Don't eat pork tartar. Take this quiz, ponder this checklist.

**Student Course List**
- Passing wind while sitting on Nancy Reagan's lap. Gaffe or getting even?
- Legalize/Decriminalize... who's winning the war against drugs?
- Investments in Space... it's not too early to start
- Cellular Phones In A Modular World
- Teen Lingo... clam up or chill out?
- How to escape male uniforms
- Designer cookies in a thrift city world
- Scuba diving in Bayou St. John
- Chiropracters... backbreaking wallbusters or saints with magic fingers?
- The world's great nursing homes
- How to cure ruling class mentality
- Advertising... do you know who's manipulating your children?
- Albert Einstein and the New Orleans Triangle
- Thomas Jefferson... A further look at slavemasters as American heroes
- Climates and their effect on behavior
- Fiesta plates and the Domino theory... the true story
- Deco and decoration... too much is not enough

---

**Back to School Sale**

**Great Musical Equipment**

**At Great Prices**

**SOUND CITY**

3941 Bienville Ave.
New Orleans, LA
(504)482-7894

"For the Professional Service You Deserve"
A Youth With A Mission

For years, all eyes have been on young Ziggy Marley to take his father's place as leader of reggae music.

Those who feel that reggae music suffered a setback with the death of Bob Marley that it has not yet overcome can take heart in three recent releases from Jamaica. The Best of Studio One, Vol. 2 gives the opportunity to hear some of the rich recorded history of Jamaica; Burning Spear's Resistance is a reminder that there is still a roots movement; and Play the Game Right, the latest album by the Melody Makers, features the blossoming of Ziggy Marley, son of Rita and Bob, into a singer/songwriter who very well may someday continue the work of his father.

It's no secret that for years all eyes have been on the young Ziggy Marley to take his father's place as the voice of the oppressed and the leader of reggae music. Weaker hearts would have run from such an awesome legacy, but Ziggy has heard the call and answered with everything that his sixteen years can muster. The new album, although credited to the Melody Makers, is actually the debut of Ziggy Marley. All compositions except for "Children Playing..." were written by Ziggy, and several, like "Revelation," "Rising Sun," and the title track, are both lyrically and musically excellent. The whole album has the Marley Tuff Gong sound and features the original Wailers with sisters Sharon and Cedella (We-Too's), taking the backing vocal role from the I-Threes and brother Steve adding a little toasting. Originally, this latest project by the Melody Makers was taking a different direction altogether... a pop-reggae crossover sound with a more balanced picture of each of the four children. This project was abandoned in favor of the album now released. The only song that has surfaced from the earlier sessions is a song by Steve on the B-side of the 3' single, "Nuh Leggo," taken from Play the Game Right.

No new musical ground is broken with the new album, and the lyrics of some of the songs reveal a touch of inexperience, but, my God, the youth is only sixteen years old. I'm one who does believe that reggae music is lacking a leader and a direction. I'm not sure that Ziggy Marley is going to be that leader, and I do question the way his "destiny" is being orchestrated, but I'll admit a sense of uplift at the promise for the future that this album holds.

In the past, present and future, true roots music is guaranteed to be heard from Winston Rodney (Burning Spear). Recently New Orleans was treated to both a new release and a live performance by this most intense Jamaican performer. Both live and on the new album, Resistance, Burning Spear has updated his sound, adding a bit of synthesizer here and there, as well as the ubiquitous Simmons drums (drums that are hit with sticks but whose sounds are controlled electronically). But the playing is as rootsy.

Ziggy Marley: A promise for the future?
sevenies. In of today’s reggae. Countless records mixes of the same rhythm tracks that come out today are using re-

the singing, has spawned dub music, DJ music and is largely the foundation of today’s reggae. Countless records that come out today are using re-

mixes of the same rhythm tracks that Dodd recorded back in the Sixties and Seventies. In fact, “Heavenless,” the

most popular of all dancehall riddims, was recorded by Don Drummond for Coxsone Dodd back around 1965. Several of the songs on Best of... like “Love Me Forever” and “Full Up” are the original use of now famous riddims. “Full Up” is better known as “Pass the Dutchie/ Kouche,” by Musical Youth/Mighty Diamonds, and the “Love Me Forever” riddim is used by Brigadier Jerry on a brand new Coxsone release, a 12” single called “Every Man A Me Bedren.” And all the songs on Best of... even if not released in the late Sixties/early Seventies, use riddims from this period, so the whole album has that raw, old sound to it.

And Coxsone Dodd in a 1985 style is now becoming available. Dodd moved to New York years ago and continued to re-issue much of the great Studio One catalog, but he made no more new recordings. But only a few months ago he opened a sixteen-track studio in NYC and will now be laying new tracks. Plans are to create new sounds for the Eighties, and Dodd is just the man who could pull together the musicians to do it. First releases from the new studio, however, are new vocals over old riddims, two by Brigadier Jerry and another use of the “Heavenless” riddim, “Music Maker” by Willis Williams. Williams, by the way, wrote “Armageddon (sic) Time,” a song covered by the Clash.

most popular of all dancehall riddims, was recorded by Don Drummond for Coxsone Dodd back around 1965. Several of the songs on Best of... like “Love Me Forever” and “Full Up” are the original use of now famous riddims. “Full Up” is better known as “Pass the Dutchie/Kouche” by Musical Youth/Mighty Diamonds, and the “Love Me Forever” riddim is used by Brigadier Jerry on a brand new Coxsone release, a 12” single called “Every Man A Me Bedren.” And all the songs on Best of... even if not released in the late Sixties/early Seventies, use riddims from this period, so the whole album has that raw, old sound to it.

And Coxsone Dodd in a 1985 style is now becoming available. Dodd moved to New York years ago and continued to re-issue much of the great Studio One catalog, but he made no more new recordings. But only a few months ago he opened a sixteen-track studio in NYC and will now be laying new tracks. Plans are to create new sounds for the Eighties, and Dodd is just the man who could pull together the musicians to do it. First releases from the new studio, however, are new vocals over old riddims, two by Brigadier Jerry and another use of the “Heavenless” riddim, “Music Maker” by Willis Williams. Williams, by the way, wrote “Armageddon (sic) Time,” a song covered by the Clash.

most popular of all dancehall riddims, was recorded by Don Drummond for Coxsone Dodd back around 1965. Several of the songs on Best of... like “Love Me Forever” and “Full Up” are the original use of now famous riddims. “Full Up” is better known as “Pass the Dutchie/Kouche” by Musical Youth/Mighty Diamonds, and the “Love Me Forever” riddim is used by Brigadier Jerry on a brand new Coxsone release, a 12” single called “Every Man A Me Bedren.” And all the songs on Best of... even if not released in the late Sixties/early Seventies, use riddims from this period, so the whole album has that raw, old sound to it.

And Coxsone Dodd in a 1985 style is now becoming available. Dodd moved to New York years ago and continued to re-issue much of the great Studio One catalog, but he made no more new recordings. But only a few months ago he opened a sixteen-track studio in NYC and will now be laying new tracks. Plans are to create new sounds for the Eighties, and Dodd is just the man who could pull together the musicians to do it. First releases from the new studio, however, are new vocals over old riddims, two by Brigadier Jerry and another use of the “Heavenless” riddim, “Music Maker” by Willis Williams. Williams, by the way, wrote “Armageddon (sic) Time,” a song covered by the Clash.

most popular of all dancehall riddims, was recorded by Don Drummond for Coxsone Dodd back around 1965. Several of the songs on Best of... like “Love Me Forever” and “Full Up” are the original use of now famous riddims. “Full Up” is better known as “Pass the Dutchie/Kouche” by Musical Youth/Mighty Diamonds, and the “Love Me Forever” riddim is used by Brigadier Jerry on a brand new Coxsone release, a 12” single called “Every Man A Me Bedren.” And all the songs on Best of... even if not released in the late Sixties/early Seventies, use riddims from this period, so the whole album has that raw, old sound to it.

And Coxsone Dodd in a 1985 style is now becoming available. Dodd moved to New York years ago and continued to re-issue much of the great Studio One catalog, but he made no more new recordings. But only a few months ago he opened a sixteen-track studio in NYC and will now be laying new tracks. Plans are to create new sounds for the Eighties, and Dodd is just the man who could pull together the musicians to do it. First releases from the new studio, however, are new vocals over old riddims, two by Brigadier Jerry and another use of the “Heavenless” riddim, “Music Maker” by Willis Williams. Williams, by the way, wrote “Armageddon (sic) Time,” a song covered by the Clash.
More hardcore than yah-hoo, today's southern rock bands have a new message, and Austin is becoming a center for the sound.

Ten years ago, southern rock meant a mess of rednecks with long archetypal beards and "South's gonna do it again" mentalities. Today, southern rock bands are led by college-age mystics who sing in streams of consciousness. Hidden behind catchy, country-blended guitar pop are statements of angst and metaphors of rain.

Austin, Texas, is the latest site of this new musical consciousness. Two recent albums document the evolving music scene in this small, progressive college town. Bands on the Block is a compilation of assorted Austin garage bands and includes some very good sensible southern pop as well as a full side of banal hardcore. Five excellent cuts begin side A, including Go Dog Go's chant-like "The Rain" and the True Believers' "The Rain Won't Help You."

Zeitgeist drive a broken-down '73 Chevy Impala between gigs, but if they can make it to New Orleans, don't let the rain keep you from seeing them.

Indies Hot, Radio Not
What a boring summer this was on commercial radio! All the major record companies were churning out these over-produced Anglo-ballads, making this the mellowest summer in twenty-five years. With WTUL off the air, New Orleans new music lovers don't know how crazy the young independent labels have gotten. Scouring through underground parking garages and bus station depots, labels such as Enigma, Twin-Tone, Subterranean and Homestead have been flushing out the most interesting, if sometimes unlistenable, recording artists in many years.

For instance, San Francisco's no-beatniks, The Longshoremen, have released Grr Huh Yeah (Subterranean). The lead vocalist, a cab driver named Dog, extols on the virtues of the "Putra Car of the Future." Although most of the album will clear the room in five minutes, with this chaotic whirlwind saxophonisms and clashing pots and pans percussion, there is...
Clue (She said it was because of menopause!) the album is immediately a head spinner. Peter Buck of R.E.M. says this is his current favorite.

Otto's Chemical Lounge is an exciting, cryptic band from Minneapolis. On their first album, Spillover (Homestead) they display an infatuation with Roger Corman soundtracks. Husker Du's Grant Hart produced. "Antietam" (Homestead) has been described as a "tuneful carcrash." Originally from Louisville, this group of three guys-one gal moved to Hoboken, New Jersey for a fresh breath of musical air, I suppose. Although it is easy to listen to, Antietam is hard to pin down. Maybe if Patti Smith joined the Fall...

For harmless amateur goofing, try the Dead Milkmen's Big Lizard in My Backyard (Enigma). This Philadelphia quartet slips in and out of hardcore categorization, but they're really just out for the fun of it on songs like "Takin' Retards to the Zoo."

One of the strongest albums to come out this summer is Volcano Suns' The Bright Orange Years (Homestead), an aggressive—sometimes abrasive—post hardcore effort by Peter Prescott, the former Mission of Burma drummer. Lyrically, this is a great cornucopia of puns and cliches. Beer drinkers and other American youths will enjoy cuts like "Cornfield" and the bitter "Jah."

From the Carolinas come Mojo Vision and Skid Roper (Enigma), two outrageous buffoons who use the talking blues style of Howlin' Wolf to jibe with bizarre, psychotic stories, titles like "Rockin' Religion," "Mushroom Maniac," and "Jesus at McDonald's" (in which Mojo recalls "I saw Mommy humping Santa Claus."

The JX-8P offers 64 preset patches including extremely thick string sounds, cross-modulated metallic sounds, a variety of special effect sounds, and many more. It can also store 32 programmable patches. A total of 128 patches can be instantly recalled even during a performance.

In addition to these exciting features, the JX-8P offers full MIDI compatibility.
JuJu Music, contain only two to four long songs. But aside from shortening the career. But aside from shortening the styles of Nigerian music (including many different grooves that span categories.

For KSA's Sitta and Toure Kunda's Malopoets, the vocals are pure! On the bass drum, light acoustic guitar, and dousongoni) of the Mandingo and Wolof peoples of the Senegal/Gambia region. This is my favorite album of '85 because of the beautiful sound of the kora and virtuosity of Foday Musa Suso. Toure Kunda is another Senegalese group that plays many traditional instruments as well as explores traditional vocal styling and harmonies. Their techno-Bush album, Natalia, strays further from the roots in much the same way as the Malopoets album, but is not as successful in the new form it creates. I much prefer earlier Toure Kunda albums like Amou dou Tilo and Casamance. Even less convincing is the African pop fusion (although good dance music) in Deadline's Down by Law, a production by Laswell and Philip Wilson, which features several African musicians like Manu Dibango. There is nothing wrong with this record, but please don't call it African music.

In the case of producer Bill Laswell, his results are more like techno pop meets African pop. For Watto Sitta by Mandingo (Foday Musa Suso) Laswell used electronic drums playing disco dancebeats to introduce traditional instruments (kora, kalimba and dousongoni) of the Mandingo and Wolof peoples of the Senegal/Gambia region. This is my favorite album of '85 because of the beautiful sound of the kora and virtuosity of Foday Musa Suso. Toure Kunda is another Senegalese group that plays many traditional instruments as well as explores traditional vocal styling and harmonies.

The most subtle tampering was Meissonnier's production of Nigerian King Sunny Ade's first Island release, Julu Music, an album that was a tremendous international success for KSA as well as the root of most Americans' interest in African pop. Most styles of Nigerian music (including japa as well as Congolese and Senegalese styles tend to stretch out songs by establishing a groove and then developing it for 15 or 20 minutes. Consequently many African pop albums contain only two to four long songs.

For KSA's Julu Music, Meissonnier had Ade perform shortened versions of many different grooves that spanned Ade's more than 30-album career. But aside from shortening the songs, picking up a few tempos and applying state of the art recording techniques to the music, Meissonnier and Ade presented authentic japa music to the world.

A more recent Meissonnier project has resulted in another fine record called Malopoets, although on this one he takes the music much further from its roots. The Malopoets are a South African band that plays a style of township music called mbaganga, a raw style that features full, rich vocal overdubs, quick, urgent instrumentation. Listening to a whole album of mbaganga can leave you breathless much the way punk albums do.

A few of the songs on Malopoets stay within the bounds of authentic mbaganga and glow with the benefit of superb recording quality. These songs remind me of "Motingulala" and "Papi Ee Na" and "Bintou," the mbaganga cuts on South African Hugh Masakela's Techno-Bush album. For the majority of the cuts on Malopoets, the vocals are pure South African, beautiful and gospel.

With the instrumentations however, Meissonnier takes more liberties, slowing down tempos, adding extended solos and introducing instruments like steel guitar, talk box, drums and balifone that do not normally appear in township style.

Consequently, that raw edge that I love in mbaganga is missing, but in its place is a mellower form that, while not as authentic, is really pleasant listening.

If you are not ready to go on one of my tirades against Caribbean and African attempts at cross-over music, but at this time when it seems that every other "African" pop record album available in New Orleans has been produced by Bill Laswell, I have to grumble a little bit. Actually, all I really want to do is make a distinction between authentic African pop and cross-over attempts and then recommend that you buy both styles because there's some great stuff in both categories.

We all find it easier to accept weird, new things if there's some familiar aspect that we can relate to, but with so much African pop music, we're confronted with foreign languages, long songs, less than state of the art recording and unavailability of the discs. Short songs with plenty of hooks, and high quality recordings spell success in America, and this is the theory being applied to a few of Africa's bigger stars by producers Bill Laswell and Martin Meissonnier.

So far the results range from really hip to convincingly as African pop fusion that takes the best elements of Black and Techno-Bush.

For the majority of the cuts on Malopoets, the vocals are pure! On the bass drum, light acoustic guitar, and dousongoni) of the Mandingo and Wolof peoples of the Senegal/Gambia region. This is my favorite album of '85 because of the beautiful sound of the kora and virtuosity of Foday Musa Suso. Toure Kunda is another Senegalese group that plays many traditional instruments as well as explores traditional vocal styling and harmonies. Their techno-Bush album, Natalia, strays further from the roots in much the same way as the Malopoets album, but is not as successful in the new form it creates. I much prefer earlier Toure Kunda albums like Amou dou Tilo and Casamance. Even less convincing is the African pop fusion (although good dance music) in Deadline's Down by Law, a production by Laswell and Philip Wilson, which features several African musicians like Manu Dibango. There is nothing wrong with this record, but please don't call it African music.

Cadence, the pop music of the French Antilles (Martinique and Guadeloupe), continues to grow in popularity, although getting records proving to be a problem. A true cadence rhythm features a straight beat on the bass drum, light acoustic guitar playing and a singing style that at times sounds more like chanting. It's a mellow, happy style of music that will feel familiar to those who enjoy
certain African pop styles like makossa (from Cameroon) and Congolese music. Few cadence records contain only cadence rhythms, though. The pop style cadence includes music which has been influenced by sounds from around the Caribbean... calypso, Latin music and some reggae, which makes cadence a strong musical link between Africa and the Caribbean.

A typical cadence record will probably not include as many diverse styles as the fantastic compilation album on GlobeStyle called Dance! Cadence! because that album was designed to give a cross-section of sounds. Each group from Martinique and Guadeloupe has developed its own blend of sounds. Dede St. Prix has a highly percussive, funky sound to it; Les Aiglons sound close to soca; Malavoi is acoustic in its approach; and the Haitian compas-based Tabou Combo leans towards a salsa sound. The most easily available records are by Georges Decimus and Jacob Desvaires individually and also together under the name Kassav. Their albums contain a lot of true cadence rhythms as well as some sappier music influenced by American soul music.

Until GlobeStyle puts out more music, mail order seems like the only way to obtain this cadence music. Until GlobeStyle puts out more music, mail order seems like the only way to obtain this cadence music. Write to Musique des Antilles Records and Productions, Inc., 111-28 Springfield Blvd., Queens Village, NY 11429. Happy hunting.
THE ONLY SHOP in this area dedicated exclusively to DRUMMERS and DRUMMING!

RAY FRANSEN'S DRUM CENTER

SALES...SERVICE...INSTRUCTION
ALL MAJOR BRANDS • COMPETITIVE PRICES • COMPLETE TEACHING FACILITIES

2013 WILLIAMS BLVD. 466-8484

THE PROBLEM WITH MOST RESTAURANTS IS...
THE ONLY SERVICE YOU GET IS WITH YOUR TIP!

FOR FAST, PERSONAL SERVICE YOU DESERVE!

NOW SERVING BREAKFAST, LUNCH & DINNER

3001 MAGAZINE ST. 891-0997

Almost Slim

New Orleans' Golden Era

Various

We Sing the Blues
Minit LP-0003

While many American baby-boomers get bleary-eyed and nostalgic over Meet the Beatles and The Supremes' Greatest Hits, in most Orleans/Jefferson/Chalmette households it's this album alongside its companion New Orleans, Home of the Blues that brings on that Big Chill feeling. A simple glance over the performers and the songs here should have you pinning over wide-mouth bottles of Jax, fistfights at the F&M Patio and buskings incidents at the Rockery, in no time.

Many of the biggest New Orleans R&B hits from the early Sixties are contained here. "It's Raining," "Lipstick Traces," "Mother-In-Law," "I Like It Like That," and eight more classics to boot. Even though many pre-middle ages have this record, it's curiously hard to turn up at the usual record-collecting haunts. Personally, this post-teenager has only unearthed one copy of this LP and the closest he ever got to the Home of the Blues LP was from an ex-girlfriend who would never give it up (or anything else for that matter).

Thankfully, it has been reissued by Bandai — save the period cover and liner notes — but the music still hits home.

Almost Slim

It's Super Beta!

As each new improvement makes the old obsolete, video technology keeps pace — barely — with human indecision.

I know that after my last article almost everyone ran out and bought a VCR and you're now anxiously awaiting the next episode of Dr. Who's Wheel of Fortune. But for those of you who didn't, well aren't you the lucky ones?

New technology continues to upgrade old ideas and perfect new ones. Those of you who don't already have a VCR have an even bigger choice now. Besides Beta and VHS (both being available in HiFi Stereo) there are now two new formats.

The first is an upgrading of the Beta format called Super Beta, which presents a 20% increase in picture detail according to the manufacturers as well as anyone who's been able to get their hands on one. Though the technology was developed by Sony, Sanyo was the first company to make a Super Beta VCR available in the U.S. Sony now has four different models available. All Super Beta machines have HiFi Stereo capabilities. They range in price from around $400 to $1200. Super Beta technology, however, cannot translate regular Beta signals without some loss in reproduction. But, not to fear because every Super Beta I've read about has a switch to change the machine's internal systems to play regular Beta or Super Beta tapes. Everything I've heard about these machines acknowledges the fact that they're simply too marvelous for words.

The second format was introduced about a year ago, but until recently was not regarded by videophiles as a serious contender. Well, with the help of Sony technology (who else?) several breakthroughs have made the "new" 8mm format the serious alternative it was meant to be. When first introduced, 8mm had several drawbacks, not the least of which was the picture quality that by all reports was lacking. Also the original 8mm units needed a camera as well as the console unit in order to play back tapes on your television, which meant dragging the camera and console everywhere you wanted to view your tapes.

The original tapes ran only 60 minutes, then to 90 minutes, but this left much to be desired when compared to either 1/2-inch format (Beta or VHS). The size of the 8mm cassette was the main fascination with the systems, it being only a little larger than an audio cassette. So seeing the possibilities of the system, Sony has now jumped into 8mm headfirst introducing an 8mm camcorder (camera and recorder in one unit) which is put together so that all you need is the camera with no other hardware (excluding wires) to shoot and see your tapes. There is also a timer/timer available so you can record "off" the air.

RENO

New Orleans' Greatest Hits

Various

Meet the Beatles
Minit LP-0003

“Hey Jude,” “I Want to Hold Your Hand,” and eight more classics to boot.

With summer just starting one may wonder about the purpose of this record. Some may ask, "What's the use of this record?" The answer is, "There is no use of this record except as an "Historical" document. This record is not a "Hit" record, not the music of the Beatles, but the music of the Beatles as they appeared in the early Sixties.

The first track, "Conversations," is a conversation with the Beatles about their shows and experiences. The second, "I Get Around," is the first single released from the Beatles' second album. The third, "The Chain," is a love song written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. The fourth, "Think Twice," is a love song written by George Harrison.

The remaining tracks are: "The Harder They Come," "Long Tall Sally," "It's So Hard," "Help!," "The Love You Save," "You Can't Do That," "The Night Before," "I Want to Hold Your Hand," and "I Want to Hold Your Hand (Remix)."
The biggest breakthrough here is picture quality. First tests indicate this system (Sony CCD-V8) produces a picture that almost equals a 1/2 inch machine (and is actually better than some 1/2 inch units). While at this time 90 minutes is still the maximum length of tape, Sony’s commitment to the 8mm system (with this camcorder and their newer home 8mm systems that feature four-hour recording capability) all indicate that 8mm is here to stay and could comfortably be called the format of choice in the not-too-distant future.

This month’s reviews cover both ends of the price scale.

Nosferatu
by F. W. Murnau
Kartes Video
63 minutes
$19.95

Here’s the other end of the spectrum as far as price goes. This is the original Dracula movie with effects that seem childish now but were outrageous in its own time. The movie follows the classic vampire story well while the tone of the film flips from scary to humorous to intriguing and back again. The price makes it easy to purchase and adds to the permanent part of your video collection. Nosferatu, being silent (though inevitably some inane music is added on most copies), is a perfect candidate for ambient video. You can add your own music or other sounds to create whatever atmosphere you like. Actually, I’ve found that anything works well condense with almost anything on television. Each combination creates new and different audio-visual products so feel free to experiment and find what you like best.

Japan
Oil on Canvas
Virgin Video (Japanese)
55 minutes 10 songs
approx. $101.99

The price is outrageous! However anyone who is familiar with Japan would pay almost anything to see them, and for most this is the only opportunity they’ll get to see this group perform because of their demise a few years ago. Japan was a pop group with one of the most distinctive and unique sounds ever created in that vein. No comparison can be made to other groups. You just have to see and hear them! The video is the visual documentation of the live album of the same name with enough effects and cutaways to scenes oriental that the group manages to stay somewhat obscured, which is what they tended towards anyway. Japan has always relied upon the integrity of their music to create the band’s image. There is a certain amount of showmanship involved but even that is covered up pretty well with visual effects. Between it all you can see some of how bassist Mick Kam does whatever it is he’s doing to get those great sounds, and you get some semblance of Japan live. Some of the performances are too perfect, relying heavily on sequencing and tapes and lacking spontaneity, but on “Art of Parties” the band gives more and the ‘liveness’ comes through. Since it is only available as an import from Japan (the country), the price is an unavoidable evil. Maybe several people could pool money and purchase it together, or see if it is rentable. If you’ve already heard Japan, I really didn’t need to take this much time telling you; you already know. If you haven’t then this is something you really should see. I guarantee you’ll search for more afterwards.
Take a NUCLEAR HAYRIDE
WITH JOHNNY J. AND THE HITMEN

AVAILABLE AT
METRONOME
SOUND WAREHOUSE
MUSHROOM

Over 50,000 RECORDS

Collectors Items
Gifts and Accessories

RECORDS FROM 99¢-2.25

3129 Gentilly
282-3322

3627 S. Carrollton
482-6431

reviews

Vinyl Tributes

Eddie Harris/Ellis Marsalis
Tyler's Beer Garden
Thursday, August 1, 1985

There's nothing much better on a hot New Orleans summer night than taking in some cool jazz and hot blues. On the first Thursday evening in August, Eddie Harris, who hail from Chicago, came to town to play with New Orleans' own piano eminence, Ellis Marsalis. Harris, who has been called "one of the most brilliant tenor men," was born in Chicago in 1936, and began music in church, singing in choirs and gospel groups in Baptist churches throughout Chicago. Harris played piano, vibes, and clarinet before settling on the saxophone. Following the great jazz lineage of Wardell Gray and Lester Young, developing his own unique sound out of a light tone, delicate phrasing and sharp blowing.

After becoming an established jazzman, Harris worked with vibraphonist/arranger Charles Stepney and recorded with Ray Barretto, Ron Carter, Billy Hart, B.B. King, and Red Bradley. In 1969, his jazz version of the Exodus movie theme set a pattern for popular acceptance of jazz artists by the general public. By 1968, Harris' explorations with varieties of sound and instrumental textures came together as part of what came to be known as "space jazz." On the Electrolyzing Eddie Harris, especially with "Listen Here," and in 1969, Harris made a seminal fusion LP with Les McCann called Swiss Movement, recorded live at the Montreux Jazz Festival. In the Seventies and Eighties, Harris worked the jazz circuit, often in Europe, and recorded, most notably perhaps, with Horace Silver on an excellent LP called Spiritualizing The Senses.

On this night in New Orleans, Harris displayed his quite formidable chops and improvisatory sensibility. Ellis Marsalis was, as usual, the nonpareil accompaniment; his luxurious sound and unennipered flow of imagination, exuberance, and celebration perfectly supporting and prodding Harris' often unpredictable twists and turns.

Harris, who was free and free before free knew its name, and was fusing different strands of music (jazz, movie themes, R&B, funk, you name it) before fusion was cool, was in fine form, playing a lot, rarely content to let an idea rest or a phrase drop before he introduced another string of riffs and licks, not always tied up in pretty packages with bows, but always coherent, improvising in a compositional direction, you might say. From bop warhorses like "Night In Tunisia" to snatches of classic jazz raves such as "Jitterbug Waltz" ("Ellis threw that in there, I just answered with some old-time playing"), this duo covered the waterfront, and then some, clearly having a good time and generating a good deal of response from the crowded room.

Although Harris has achieved sporadic popular awareness, his career never took on the momentum or acceptability that enables jazz musicians to gain long-term commerciality. Eddie Harris is well-respected within the jazz community, and New Orleans musicians such as Red Tyler, Earl Turbinton, and others were there in force to check out Harris and his saxophone playing. Harris responded by playing long and hard, making his job seem quite nice work if you can get it. As the night wore on, his singing melodies and driving rhythmic punch became pure bittersweet odyssey to be seen, persevering, and the triumph of one over his instrument, a great man in his chosen profession, unduly ignored surely not for his talents, but for his outspoken honesty and artistic integrity.

EDITOR'S NOTE: HARRIS AND MARSA LIS WILL BE COLLABORATING ON AN ALBUM THIS MONTH TO BE CUT IN LOS ANGELES.

— William D. White

Preston Frank and the Swallow Band/Ambrose Sam
Zydeco Volume 2
Arhoolie 1990

On Zydeco Volume 2, Preston Frank and the Swallow Band, some of the hottest zydeco waxes in recent years, bring some of zydeco's finest practitioners to vinyl. Zydeco Volume 1, a collection of seminal performances by Clifton Chenier and others, was released in the early Sixties and established Arhoolie's central position as a purveyor of authentic zydeco music.

The first side of Zydeco Volume 2 features seven songs by Preston Frank and the Swallow Band, some of the hottest zydeco waxes in recent years. The Swallow Band, which performs around Eunice and Opelousas, Louisiana, has a strong French sound augmented by Carlton Frank's fiddle and Preston's tear laden vocals and guitar. Interestingly the band has forsaken the rhythm and blues of the Fifties and Sixties and has returned to its roots in the early Seventies.

The second side of Zydeco Volume 2 features songs by the late Joe Thomas, who is known as "Shake Your Hips" and "Who You Got!" and "You Got To Make Me Cry." The two most R&B tinged tunes in this French-flavored set.

The other side of Zydeco Volume 2 is a set of "old time zydeco" performed by Ambrose Sam in 1983.
Sam is the brother of Herbert "Good Rockin'" Sam whose early recording "They Call Me Rockin'" may be heard on Zydeco Volume 1. These brothers performed during the Fifties when zydeco was rapidly absorbing urban blues and rhythm and blues influences. Backed by his sons on washboard and drums Sam turns out a primitive blues based set. The highlight from Colorado, there was a rousing "Old Time Zydeco."

While the Ambrose Sam side will be of greatest interest to "old time" zydeco enthusiasts, the Preston Frank side rocks, and does so without relying on the heavy soul and R&B infections so popular in much modern zydeco.

— Macon Fry

**Aretha Franklin**

*Aretha Sings the Blues*

Columbia FC 40105

Discovered by John Hammond in 1960, Aretha Franklin was signed to Columbia where she was molded into another Nancy Wilson, a black singer soothingly crooning to executives where she was treated with respect. Today on Arista, Aretha is back on top with the top ten hit "Freeway of Love."

To cash in on Aretha Franklin's revived popularity, Columbia executives reissued a collection of bad experiments produced by cocktail lounge visionists. There are even two selections made famous by Frank Sinatra ("Only the Lonely" and "Drinking Again"), Aretha sounds soulless and a remarkable feat considering that her success with Atlantic propelled her into becoming "Queen of Soul."

Furthermore, this isn't even a blues album, but a set of melancholy meanderings. Except for the earliest cut, "Maybe I'm A Fool," an unencumbered solo effort produced as a demo by Hammond, Aretha Sings the Blues is at best a novelty record. And not a fun one at that.

— M. George Bryan

**Rare Silk**

Blue Room
August 7, 1985

Not knowing what to expect from a night out is one of the pleasures of music listening. The anticipation, or lack of it, often causes extreme reactions once the evening's fare is revealed. In the case of Rare Silk, I had no idea what to expect. From the press kit I could make out that they were from Colorado, there were four singers and they were beginning to be successful.

After the Herb Tassin Orchestra played their usual fine set to open, the Rare Silk roadies took some time in preparing the stage. One of the roads turned out to be one of the singers. A nice touch, a reminder that we are in the Springsteen Era of performers as regular people.

During the set-up, there was some table hopping done, mostly journalists hob-nobbing on this opening night. Subjects discussed around me included: The ozone in Mandeville, whether or not Ted Kennedy was on acid when he drove off the bridge, MDA vs. XTC, Nelson Rockefeller's heart attack during sex, the Enola Gay, Harry Truman and the Bomb, depression, life, rats, Gerry Woykoff's column in Gambit and A.J. Loria's clothes. Heady topics, brought upon no dox by the fine food and drink supplied by our gracious hosts.

Rare Silk came on with an extended percussion intro reminding one of The Art Ensemble Of Chicago or The Windham Hillbillies meet Pharoah Sanders. As the sound grew, I stopped being skeptical. It was soon clear that this band could play and that all the singers were also decent percussionists. Diving into a Latin groove, Rare Silk continued to impress. The singing was excellent, on par with the more well known Manhattan Transfer. This was music that anyone could tell was good, in tune and forceful.

The drummer was great, mixing Simmons electric and Yamaha acoustic for a rich "studio" sound. His touch was smooth, allowing for many tamarro. The bass player, who, from a distance, looked a bit like Charles Manson, gave virtuoso bass demonstrations all night long. While the keyboard player exhibited the most mundane use of his instruments, he, too, was excellent in his own right. Pretty funky for a band from Colorado, a place well known for the ultimate in whitebread country-rock.

Rare Silk is a band worth seeing. They are clean, almost All-American without being overly so. Good singing, good playing, good material, good sound, good lights. As far as I know, that about covers it.

— Mark Bingham

**Fishbone**

*Fishbone*

CBS 40032

First I was knocked out. Then I was irritated by their bombast and relentless energy. I started liking their approach to chaos and humor. I hope they come to New Orleans and play a venue where all ages can attend. Fishbone plays scattered, unfocused music in a very healthy way. These are teens from L.A. who play what might be called B&W, as in black and white. They are full of cultural influences which transcend any racial or musical categories. Like it or not, this is Fishbone. Passionately goofy, not derivative. This is not cool, this is Fishbone. If the song "Purple Rain" is really nothing more than an old-fashioned country ballad spiced with some Hendrix licks, then what is Fishbone?

— Mark Bingham
From the top of the jazz world, the eldest son takes a detour with Sting.

BY STEVE BLOOM

It didn't come as much of a surprise that Branford Marsalis was planning to leave brother Wynton's quintet for a once-in-a-lifetime rock 'n' roll gig with Sting. Witness his broad taste in music: from Debussy to Led Zep. During a recent visit to Branford's Brooklyn, New York, apartment he repeatedly played "Tamborine," the cut that follows "Raspberry Beret" on Prince's latest album. He likes the crunch of the bass and drums, and Prince's sly vocals. Contrast to Wynton: If he liked it, he wouldn't admit it. Branford has no such hang-ups about what turns him on musically.

So then there was Branford several months later tooting his horn for all the world to see, on the same stage as Sting and Phil Collins at the Live-Aid be-in at Wembley, England. They did barely-rehearsed acoustic versions of "Roxanne," "Every Breath You Take," and "Driven to Tears." Everyone cheered. Millions now knew Branford Marsalis—or at least that a black guy playing sax was in Sting's new band. Branford prefers the latter description. "They don't see me," he said the next week. "Did you see David Bowie's show? Do you remember what the sax player looks like?" I couldn't say that I did. "That's what I mean. The show was billed as Sting and Phil Collins, and that's what the people wanted to see. It was nice that Sting wanted me to be there, but, like with Wynton, you have to always keep in check. I know better—the crowd is cheering for them. When I play a solo, if Sting goes to the bathroom, they'll watch him go to the toilet." Branford smiles weakly and shrugs, "That's the way it is."

Is this any way for a man to talk who is currently in the midst of an eight-month world tour with the Golden One, whose sax riffs embellish Sting's Top Ten album, The Dream of the Blue Turtles, whose fleeting image is a highlight of the "Set Them Free"
The limousine comment is telling, because Branford is blue-collar in his lifestyle and politically left-of-center in his thinking. He and Wynton share a brownstone in a break-even black section of Brooklyn that perhaps reminds them of their uptown upbringing in New Orleans. The building often resembles a crash-pad for wayward musicians, if not a kind of dorm for friends and relatives. Clothes, empty beverage containers, sheet music, cassettes, instruments, and suitcases are strewn everywhere. Marsalis lives upstairs with his newlywed, Teri, in relative peace and quiet. Before he left for Japan in August, where he was meeting up with Sting, the two brothers weren’t talking. Wynton and Branford were literally passing each other in the hallway.

Here’s the scoop: Branford returned from London in May after performing in Sting’s video and participating in a documentary on the band (Kenny Kirkland, keyboards; Darryl Jones, bass; Omar Hakim, drums); he expected to play with Wynton in the two months prior to going out with Sting. Sting wanted to begin the tour in June, but Branford said he was committed to his brother—as was Kirkland. Avoiding them when they arrived home were pink slips, coming to Wynton. “Branford was still stunned,” I got back, was ready to do the gigs, and found out I wasn’t playing any more. He told me and Kenny, ‘Sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. That’s the way it is.’

Branford wasn’t particularly upbeat about this state of affairs and asked that we change the subject. We talked sports for awhile (he’s a Mets, Jets and Knicks fanatic), he mentioned that he had just completed a classical record for CBS Masterworks, and finally we got around to the raison d’etre of this interview. "Rock ‘n’ roll," echoes he first stand-up comedian I’ve heard who’s not a Methodist minister. “I’m listening to the Police,” he says, “when a friend of mine played Zenyatta Mondatta for me. It caught my attention, so I went out and bought Synchronicity thinking it was Zenyatta. Then I just went crazy.

"That was the first rock ’n’ roll I’d listened to in 15 years," he added. "Before I’d been into Zep, Elton John up until Capulina Fantastica & the Brown Dirt Cowboy, but then it became Michael Jackson syndrome: You become a superstar by what you wear or what you do, not really based on how well you perform. But that’s understandable, because we’re dealing with people, and they know about as much about music as they know about government. If you have a society that would elect Reagan, then you can’t expect them to know anything about music.

Pretty strong language, you say? Well, that explains what Branford’s doing with Sting, who hardly hides his displeasure with the world powers that be. The Dream of the Blue Turtles is filled with broadsides at Reagan and Russia, heroin and false heroism, death and destruction.” His shirt’s so hip,” raves Branford. “The songs he writes are so different. They’re about the same themes all the time—poverty, starvation, spurned love and all that—but they all have different sounds to them.”

Sting equally admires Branford. He first heard him on Branford’s solo album, Scenes in the City, while touring in 1983. Later, when the Police disbanded, he got in touch. “Sting was thinking of getting a bunch of guys who’d experimented in jazz, because he wanted a jazz sensibility in his music.” He got rock ’n’ roll so desperately.” (Branford subsequently introduced Sting to Kirkland and Jones; Sting selected Hakim himself.)

On the record, which Branford claims could have been mixed a little better” (translation: his contributions could be more audible), and in concert Branford play the foil to Sting’s salient vocals, much in the same way Clarence Clemons follows Springsteen’s lead. “We’ve got to be like that,” Branford concedes, “but on a much higher level.”

“Sting tries to get me to play more—I feel I should play less. I feel I should complement his voice. Counter-melodies are nice when they’re established, but when they happen all the time it gets redundant.”

If Sting demands that he play more? “I play less,” he says. “Unless he really, really begs me to play more.”

Perched at the top of the jazz world, while at the same time united with one of rock’s major domos, Branford Marsalis would seem to have the music business wrapped around his finger. What else could he ask for? "What’s gonna make me happy is if enough musicians come to the party and really enjoy like we’re playing some hip shit,” Branford says. "It’s like playing football. The thing that makes your day is going in and blowing the other team off the earth, earning their respect, but in an inimitable way—like the [Los Angeles] Raiders. That’s what will make my day.”

“My father says, ‘What Sting’s trying to do is create a Frankenstein. Unfortunately, Frankenstein can’t have children.’ Sting just wants to get some shit so big and so bad that it will force people to deal with the reality of race. Like all the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Branford pauses pensively. "We’ll have to see."

The show in London was a hundred thousand times more sincere than Philadelphia,” he continues. “Philly was just a bunch of pompous, who’s-who power shit. We’re all at a thing for Ethiopia, and there’s Mick Jagger pulling Tina’s skirt off. Dylan was about as high as the Georgia pines and Keith Richard was about to fall off the stage. It was obvious people were there for exposure purposes. The Beach Boys…give me a fuckin’ break!

All of the British people came with their egos severely in check. It was much more organized and much less hipopa. Sting drove there in his van. There weren’t any limousines—none. I think the spirit of [Bob] Geldof [Live-Aid’s organizer] caught on with everyone. There was a completely different vibe.”
Louisiana comes to Washington

If one could "handle" the question of making Louisiana different from the rest of the United States in a single sentence, a Washington reporter asks in a radio interview, I respond unhesitatingly, "No.

Louisiana is different from the rest of the United States, no doubt, though Cajun culture is neither the only nor the most important difference.

As Americans note Cajun culture as distinctively different because Cajuns look so much like them and yet are so different.

We were in D.C. to celebrate the 1985 Smithsonian Festival of American Folklife which hosted Louisiana as the featured state. The Louisiana exhibit took up a two block long stretch on the left side of the mall between the Washington Monument and the Capitol building. Over 100 artisans, musicians and chefs represented the indigenous folk culture of Louisiana at the festival. All events were free and took place June 26-June 30, and July 3-July 7, 1985.

The layout included two main performance tents, a small performance narrative tent, a cooking exhibition tent, a small tent for a gigantic St. Joseph's altar, three crafts demonstration tents, a boat building area and a tent for the Mardi Gras float makers.

The Barth family represented the Mardi Gras float making tradition. The Barths are the last major float builders who handcraft their floats using paper mache. Joseph Barth III, during one of the many narrative discussions, talked about the pride the Barth family has in maintaining the tradition of building paper mache floats and masks. They drove a large float to D.C. for the festival (and got a ticket in Georgia and the float driver was jailed overnight for driving an oversized float).

Other crafts people included "survivalists," i.e. craft workers who used their work to live off the land: duck decoy carvers, net makers, catfish cage makers, "home crafts," basket makers, weavers, quilters, and cornshuck weavers; "decorative crafts," St. Joseph's Alter decorators, Mardi Gras Indian costumes and secondline Marching Club costumes.

The boat building display included the actual construction of various types of small boats used in the bayous, swamps and rivers of Louisiana.

The "foodways" exhibit included cooks from all over Louisiana who demonstrated how to fix everything from gumbo to pralines.

Of course the main attraction at the folk festival was the music. Although a decision was made not to include Fifties New Orleans R&B as an urban folk music form, there was a healthy cross section of Louisiana folk music represented. The Hayride String Band, featuring Louisiana State fiddle champion Bill Kirkpatrick, out of the Shreveport area represented Louisiana's bluegrass tradition. Other members of the String Band included Doug "Dobber" Johnson on fiddle, Mike Kirkpatrick on guitar and William "Lum" York on bass who provided amusing antics such as literally riding his bass as he played.

Additionally there were illuminating performances from Thomas Edison "Brownie" Ford, a cowboy ballader, Curt Blackwell, and old-time fiddler and Clifford Blake a cotton press caller from Nachitoches. Blackwell and Ford worked together everyday on the narrative stage trading jokes, reminiscences and songs which were part of their personal life experiences growing up in Louisiana through the Twenties, Thirties and Forties. Blackwell performed with a wry joy and light touches of humor, while Brownie was a basic as dirt and full of tongue twisting sayings that provoked both bellylaughs and reflection. Clifford Blake told stories and demonstrated work songs and field hollers. He was an authentic and important pre-instrumental blues link and his presence and charm added a great deal to the depth of the daily narratives about early Louisiana life.

The Cajun music tradition spanned early to contemporary Cajun sounds. The "old-time Creole music" trio of Bois Sec Ardoin on accordion, Roy Fontenot on fiddle and Morris Ardoin on guitar offered a flashback to the developing years of Cajun music.
The Mamou Hour Cajun Band featured an all-star line-up of Sadie Courville on fiddle, Lee Manuel on fiddle, 92-year-old Dennis McGee on fiddle who was often the life of the party with his infectious good humor — although he used a wheelchair to get around, he would occasionally jump up to dance when one of the other hands was playing a particularly hot number, Allie Young on accordion and D.L. Menard on guitar. Contemporary Cajun music was represented by the band Feile led by boat builder and guitarist Ray Brassieur and including Ward Lormand on accordion, Faron Serrette lead vocals and fiddle, Kevin Sherin on bass and Peter Stevens on drums. Zydeco music was represented by the St. Landry Playboys featuring Calvin Carriere on fiddle, Phillip Carriere on drums, J.C. Gallow on frottoir (the rubber shinny drum used on the breast and strummed with metal objects), R.L. Joubert on guitar and Notion Semien on accordion.

The country blues tradition was represented by Baton Rouge area musicians Silas Hogan on vocals and guitar (as he often quipped, "my guitar is 23 years old, that hat I got is 41 years old and I'm 73 years old; we're antiques and that's why I like collaborations from barrel house pianist Henry Gray, who also did his own set with drummer Sam Hogan. Silas Hogan and Guitar Kelley have been working together for over fifteen years as a blues duo and continue working on weekends in the Baton Rouge area.

A second gospel group was Hezekiah and the Houserockers, a great crowd pleaser which featured rousing trombone work from 85-year-old Pee Wee Whittaker who often used the stage floor or the chest of some young lady in the audience to push the slide of his trombone in on certain craftily slurred notes on their jump blues numbers. The Houserockers is a trio led by drummer and harmonica/vocalist Hezekiah Early and supported by guitarist James Baker.

The gospel tradition was represented by an old time a cappella gospel quartet (referring to the four part harmony and not the number of members), the Zion Travellers. The Zion Travellers are led by tenor singer Rev. Burnett Office and include Ado Dyson, tenor, Robert McKinnis, tenor, James Harvey, baritone, and Rev. Williams, bass. Their singing was some of the strongest music at the folk festival. The urban folk gospel tradition was represented by the Ott Family singers under the direction of Rev. E.L. Ott (the father of the family) and including Elijah Ott (son), tenor, Jerry Ott, Sr. (Rev. Ott's brother), alto and guitar, Patricia Ann Ott (daughter), alto, Purvis Ott (son), alto and Solomon Ott (son), bass. The Ott family provided an interesting contrast to the Zion Travellers, but were equally as traditional in their stylings as they favored the key of G and the rolling rhythms associated with country music.

The Mardi Gras Indian tradition was ably represented by the White Cloud Hunters under the leadership of Chief Charles Taylor. The gang consisted of sousaphone Keith Barnes, Lil Chief Tony Guy, Flagboy George Harden, Secondlinder percussionist Albert "Al" Richardson and Witchdoctor/player player Lionel "Uncle Bird" Outbicher. Needless to say, there was nothing in D.C. that had prepared folk festival attendees for the impact of the Indians stretching out with feathered chaps.

Rounding out the music was the Young Tuxedo Brass Band under the sterling direction of cornetist Gregg Stafford (who celebrated his birthday on stage and kept up the Louis Armstrong tradition of dirty cornet playing including smears, wah-wahs, half valves and band in and across the bell of the horn notes). The band was an interesting mixture of young and old musicians, all of whom were well grounded in the traditional brass band repertoire and techniques. The rhythm section consisted of Gustave Wright on snare drum and the Barbarian brothers (nephews of the highly respected drummer and composer Paul Barbarian "Bourbon Street Parade" and "Paul Barbarian's Second-line") on bass drum (Charles) and tuba (Lucien). Maynard Chatters and Awood Johnson were the trombonists, David Griller played tenor saxophone and Joseph Torregano and Michael "Dr. Jazz" White played clarinet. The Young Tuxedo was responsible for raising a mighty racket marching around the field on three occasions, twice for a parade and once for a mock funeral which featured a fake-dead Gerald Johnson of the Avenue Steppers ported by the Mardi Gras Indians on a medical stretcher. Gerald was laid out in black with a gin bottle on his chest and miraculously arose to lead a wailed second line.

Legendary New Orleans tap dancers Oliver "Porkchop" Anderson and Isaac "Kidney Stew" Mason served as grand marshalls and featured secondliners for the Young Tuxedo Brass Band.

Although not officially a part of the Louisiana delegation, New Orleans Ninth Ward bluesman Boogie Bill Kirkpatrick, Cajun fiddlers Cleve Balfa and Canray Fontenot added the strings with guitars from Cajun and country musicians plus percussion from Uncle Bird and drums and percussion from Indian drummers who didn't speak English — you get the idea.

Down on the main stage were the toots when Canray and J.C. Gallow would sit in with Feile, or when one of the country fiddlers would sit in with the Ott Family as they did some stomping cowboy gospel. Then there was the dancing to the St. Landry zydeco version of "When The Saints Go Marching In."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the music was that much of it was performed by musicians who were 10, 15 and sometimes over 20 years past 65 years old, the accepted age of retirement. Although their chops were less than what they were in the prime of these musicians, no one had to make apologies for age because each one played with passion.

I don't think much was heard about the folk festival here in Louisiana, but it sure was a big bit in D.C. and offered Louisiana the best publicity on a national level it had in years, especially post-WP (World's Fair) years. Much of the success of the festival was due to two facts. One, Louisiana is culturally diverse and musically rich and two, state folklorist Nick Spitzer was wisely interested in serving a spicy gumbo of sounds and sights rather than an elegant but unrepresentative fancy soup. Spitzer opted for putting together a little bit of everything rather than a whole lot of any one thing. It was not always filling but it never failed to satisfy.
I was trying to find Terrell's on St. Bernard on a Sunday night. I'd been there before, a time or two, but couldn't remember the block, exactly. Since it was a Sunday, the sublime Red Tyler was playing his tenor sax, and the beautiful Germaine Bazzle was singing — a significant slice of the history of jazz and R&B in New Orleans over the last twenty or so years on a small stage, going at it sweet and spicy all night long for a meager three bucks. I found the place and all was as it should be, from a fan's point of view, though I thought, "People should be hanging from the rafters here. There should be a line around the block." Naturally, if that had been the case, the grumbling would be heard from some quarters, "Oh, yeah, Terrell's used to be good on Sunday nights until it got 'discovered.' Now that giant crowd's a drag." Of course you wouldn't hear that from the musicians or the bar owner.

On this particular night nothing was a drag. With Tyler and Bazzle was drummer Johnny Vidacovich. Phil Parnell was on electric keyboards, and Steve Masakowski on electric bass. (I've been there on other nights when Masakowski played guitar and Jim Singleton performed on his stand-up bass.) Tyler played "You Don't Know What Love Is," though it was evident from his solo that he knew very well. After that, Vidacovich looked at Tyler and said, "How about..." and then sang a few notes. Red looked at the drummer and laughed.

"Oh, sure," he said, and sang the tune right back. "It's on you, man."

"No," Vidacovich said, "it's on you."

So Tyler shrugged and turned to his microphone as if trying to take it by surprise. He started playing and the band kicked in. It was Horace Silver's "Song for My Father."

The point here (had you lost faith that there'd be one?) is not to sing the praises of Sunday nights at Terrell's, although praise is due, but to express the feeling that some of the most satisfying listening to be done in New Orleans, as far as progressive jazz is concerned, is in clubs like Terrell's — places you have to drive around for a while to find unless you live in that neighborhood. Places that are intimate enough so that you can listen to the musicians decide what to play, and rag each other and encourage each other.
As we roll into September and cooler weather and begin the climb out from under our air-conditioned rocks, or return from vacation spots in bearable climes, there are one or two new places offering live progressive jazz that wait our patronage. Although there are still not enough clubs around to keep all the excellent players in this city working regularly, from a listener’s point of view quite a bit of music can be found out there.

One relatively new spot is Cheeky Chink’s at the corner of Rampart and St. Philip, just outside Armstrong Park. Veteran alto sax man Earl Turbinton thinks the place “could be the best thing since Lu and Charlie’s,” and in fact the new club sits close to where that famed establishment once stood.

Turbinton was playing in Cheeky Chink’s the first time I wandered in. At that time there was no cover. Lately they’ve been asking for a whole dollar. Turbinton was fronting a rhythm section that included Herlin Riley on drums and Elton Heron on electric bass. The club is small and set up so that except for Turbinton and Riley, I would like to suggest that you should go make sure it does.

As we roll into September and cooler weather and begin the climb out from under our air-conditioned rocks, or return from vacation spots in bearable climes, there are one or two new places offering live progressive jazz that wait our patronage. Although there are still not enough clubs around to keep all the excellent players in this city working regularly, from a listener’s point of view quite a bit of music can be found out there.

One relatively new spot is Cheeky Chink’s at the corner of Rampart and St. Philip, just outside Armstrong Park. Veteran alto sax man Earl Turbinton thinks the place “could be the best thing since Lu and Charlie’s,” and in fact the new club sits close to where that famed establishment once stood.

Turbinton was playing in Cheeky Chink’s the first time I wandered in. At that time there was no cover. Lately they’ve been asking for a whole dollar. Turbinton was fronting a rhythm section that included Herlin Riley on drums and Elton Heron on electric bass. The club is small and set up so that except for Turbinton and Riley, I would like to suggest that you should go make sure it does.

On the subject of these two particular musicians, Turbinton and Riley, I would like to suggest that you make it a point to see both of them sometime soon, with whomever they might be playing. Earl Turbinton because, well, it’s easy to take a guy like this for granted. He’s a true veteran who puts a lot of energy back into the community, and lately he’s been playing with a lot of fire.

You might want to check out Herlin Riley next time you see his name listed anywhere, because he’s just not in town that much anymore. This is one very good drummer, good enough so that famed pianist Ahmad Jamal has been taking him away to strange places like New York City. It’s easy to imagine him catching on up there, and coming back home less and less frequently, so look sharp while he’s still around.

There are a lot of good drummers in New Orleans. Eventually, they all play at Snug Harbor on Frenchmen Street in Faubourg Marigny. In terms of hiring a variety of musicians in interesting combinations, Snug Harbor has done its part for several years. During the summer months, the club departed from jazz to a certain extent, bringing in quite a few blues and R&B acts. In September, jazz will be featured about eighty percent of the time, and the music schedule expanded to five nights a week from four, according to manager Glen McNish.

On September 19, the new Astral Project at Snug Harbor each Thursday in September. Astral Project is a post-bop ensemble led by tenor saxophonist Tony Dagradi. Included in the group are pianist David Torkanowsky, drummer Johnny Vidacovich, bass player Jim Singleton, and percussionist Mark Sanders. They came together for a gig at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival in 1978, and have been playing together since then. They’re a lot of fire.

One piece of welcomed news is the appearance of Astral Project at Snug Harbor each Thursday in September. Astral Project is a post-bop ensemble led by tenor saxophonist Tony Dagradi. Included in the group are pianist David Torkanowsky, drummer Johnny Vidacovich, bass player Jim Singleton, and percussionist Mark Sanders. They came together for a gig at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival in 1978, and have been playing together since then. They’re a
leading contender in the "Young Player You Should See Now: Because He's So Good Already That He's Blowing Everybody Away And He'll Probably Become Really Famous. And Then You'll Be Sorry Because You'll Only Be Able To See Him Twice A Year" category. The other musicians in the group are trumpeter Jamal Sharif, alto saxophonist Kelvin Harrison, tenor saxophonist Victor Goines, and bassist Reginald Veal.

Goines, Kendrick and Veal also perform regularly with Ellis Marsalis. Marsalis was out of town for most of August but will be back at his regular Wednesday night gig with Germaine Bazzle at Tyler's, uptown on Magazine Street, in September. At his writing it was still up in the air whether or not he'd be settling back into his regular Sunday night set at Snug Harbor. I hope he does, but either way, I'm sure he'll be getting plenty of playing time there.

Lately the group has been having singers in its shows: Germaine Bazzle, Lady BJ and Johnny Adams have joined Marsalis over the past couple of months, and it's interesting, though of course not surprising, to see the differences in the sets with each vocalist. It's also good to see Marsalis offer his guidance to the younger players on the bandstand, as well as in the classroom. It would do my heart good, though, to catch Ellis playing a date or two with his former rhythm section of bass player Bill Huntington and drummer James Black, two of my favorites from way back. Just a suggestion.

Speaking of Tyler's (I was, just a second ago), owner Fred Laredo reports that the club will be cutting its music schedule back to four nights a week "until things get a little better." Besides the Marsalis/Bazzle Wednesday night affair will be Leslie Smith with Willie Tee and Steve Masakowski on Thursdays, and the enduring James Rivers on Fridays and Saturdays. Tyler's is a comfortable place to listen to music, and about the only thing happening for jazz uptown more than once a week. Here's hoping the crowds return and they can go back to a seven-night schedule.

Also back in town after time spent in the street heat of New York City is bass player Ramsey McLean. The Rammeroo has at least three group projects happening currently, although not all of them necessarily have commercial potential at this time. The Survivors is the R&B flavored ensemble that features Charmaine and Charles Neville, along with Reggie Houston. The Survivors play quite a bit. Their Sunday night gigs at Cosimo's in The Quarter were a blast (too bad that club has given up music at least for the time being).

Then there's the Refugees, slated for at least one gig (at Snug Harbor) this month. See if this doesn't peak your interest: McLean on piano, acoustic bass and electric bass, George Porter on electric bass, Steve Masakowski and Scott Goudeau on electric guitar, and Herlin Riley and (probably) Johnny Vidacovich on drums. Bring plenty of Coppertone to keep from getting your skin peeled off.

Also in existence, though currently in limbo, is Sneak Attack, which features McLean on piano, Kirk Joseph and Roger Lewis (both of the Dirty Dozen) on tuba and baritone sax, respectively, with whomsoever they can find to play drums, depending on when they get hired.

Obviously, Ramsey is not stuck in a rut. And while his shows can be serious affairs, they are never grim. Ah, yes, the Dirty Dozen. They spent the summer shaking down the whole planet. I hope they're back at their Monday Night haunt at The Glass House on Saratoga Street by the time you read this. There's a classic off-the-beaten-track club for you (except to those who live in the neighborhood, who would probably rather not see this in print). I think it's wonderful that while The Dozen play all the major festivals in Europe, when they come back home they return to a bar about the size of a Plymouth. You will sweat, and you will dance, and you will be made whole. Until The Dirty Dozen's return, Tubafats and the Chosen Few hold down the fort at The Glass House admirably.

Well, all I set out to do here was to run down some of the good things that are going on in town and some of the musicians who are making it happen. Of course I left out some good clubs and a giant bandstand full of terrific musicians here are two players I should be tunaed and feathersed for not mentioning: Al BELlETo and Mike Pellier. All I'm trying to suggest is that you do some investigating of your own.

To those who know a little something about the New Orleans music scene as a whole, it may seem as if I have grimmed a little too widely throughout this report. Like I said, this is only a sharing of things I like. By no means do I wish to give the impression that believe this city to be a musical Eden, where groupies throw roses, promoters throw money, and A&R men throw record contracts.

Maybe someday I'll write a column about a town of great musicians who have to scuffle for fifty-dollar-a-night gigs, where club owners think promotion is a way to pick up women. I don't have to appear in this print. I think it's cute for artists to starve. But I doubt it. There's too much good music to hear.
CONCERTS

Saturday, 1
Ohio Today For Tomorrow Concert, Supercome, 7:30 p.m., Information at 866-9747.

Tuesday, 2
Radioactive Collaboration at Audubon Zoo. This day-long free gala tribute in honor of Jim Beal, hip-hop, the Dirty Dozen, Pete Fountain and Otis Cookin' with Tongue. Radioactive will have its celator phones on display and visitors can make free calls coast-to-coast (anywhere); free admission for 1 adult, 1 kid with Radioactive pager. Rain or shine: Sun.8

Wednesday, 4
The Four Tops: The Temptations, direct from the Seven Rooms of Gloom and the Ball of Confusion, respectively; Audubon Zoo, 8 p.m. Ticketmaster.

Friday, 6
Korean Dance, performed by Whang Kyoung Hee, Delgago, noon, Building 3, 3rd floor Drama Hall; Information at 463-4166.

Friday, 13
Bush Riptack, Carrollton Station.

Saturday, 14
A Celebration for the Arts, Canal Place: participants includes members of the New Orleans Symphony, the New Orleans City Ballet, and the Opera, as well as Le Cloque. The occasion will benefit the above three cultural institutions as well as the New Orleans Museum of Art. Tickets from The Committee to Celebrate The Arts, 365 Canal St., Suite 380, New Orleans 70130.

Sunday, 15
Squeeze: The Heaters: Truth, McMaster Auditorium; Ticketmaster. Of the second of these groups, we can only add that if you don’t have some enthusiasm for a group with a song called “Don’t Take My Car Out Tonight,” then yours else.

Tuesday, 17
Tears for Fears: The Adventures, Saenger, 8 p.m.; Ticketmaster. Speaking of tears, did you know that Hermitage was called The Weeping Philosopher because he grieved so loudly over the absurdities of mankind?

Wednesday, 18
Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark, Jimmys.

OUTTATOWN

Sunday, 15
The Blues Club of Orleans will be performing at New York’s South Street SeaPort, where free concerts are given on the weekend.

Wednesday 25 through Saturday 28
The 5th Annual New Music Festival will be held at the Marriot Marquis Hotel in New York City, emphasis this year is on independent labels, clubs and college radio. Ten new panels, instructional and educational workshop series, open to all, information at 212-286-4160.

LIVE MUSIC

FRENCH QUARTER, MARIGNY & CBD

Andrew Jackson Restaurant, 221 Royal St., 529-3303. Saturdays at midnight; the two-hour, two-hour tribute to Bucky Allen, Bill克K Graham and Fred Paleyman—but considering the presence of these three, you’ll hardly find a better combo for the necessities of cabaret, call before you go.

Artist Cafe, 301 Bourbon. 522-8130. Call for listing today. This place is, incidentally, where I saw that sea-scaping bit of graffiti last Carnival night. If You’ve Ever Wanted You Can’t Skit Here—Your Ancestor’s In Washington.

Saturday, 15
Bayard’s Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 520-9200. Through Tues. 10: Jazz Unlimited Group.


Bonaparte’s Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 521-9473. Music changes daily—walk in and check.

Bourbon House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 525-9843. Call for information.


Cesars, 201 Bourbon, 524-9108. Jazz on Sundays and occasionally on Wednesdays; call the bar for information.


Fraternal Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Mon.-Sat.: from 8. Ginny Chehab.

Famous Door, 522 Bourbon, 522-7626. Music every day. Oliver and the Rockets from noon. Thomas Jefferson and his Crocs Jazz Band from 7 p.m. AMFM from midnight until almost 8.


544 Club, 524 Bourbon, 523-6011. Gray Brown and Feelings, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday from 9 until 3 and 5 until 10, 10:30 until 12, Southern Cooking, Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 3 and Thursday and Saturday from 3:30 until 7, 3:30-

Froggy’s, 1013 Decatur. 522-6982. Saturdays and Sundays, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., The Piller Sisters and their “September in France” show, in the rain, with Amasa Miller keeping up with them; from noon to 6 p.m., John Roy and New Orleans Rhythm. Fridays and Saturdays, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Nora Wotton, Hymn Workshops, 13th and 14th.

La Mort, 524 Bourbon, 523-6011. Open 12 p.m. to 2 a.m., Chuck Groom and the Basin Street Six in the Courtyard Restaurant. Fridays and Saturdays, 4-8 p.m., A.M. the Kibbe, Cobb Career and the Summertime Blues.

Jazzfest, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St. Call for seasonal information.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-6161. Nightly Wednesday through Saturday from 9 until 5 p.m., Piano Bar; Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays: Bob Staite at the piano from 5 until 9, followed by Mike Buffaloboys.

Monday, 3
Cardinal, 524 Bourbon, 525-8061. Call for information.

Old Absinthe House, 502 Bourbon. Wednesdays: Bryan Lee and the Juke Joint Fats. 9 to 10 until 10, Mondays: Mason Ruffner of the Blues Rockers, beginning at the same time, ending thirty minutes earlier.

Old Opera House, 101 Bourbon, 522-3365. Tuesday and Wednesday and Saturdays: Chocolate Milk. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays: the Opera House Band with the BTC Connection.


Royal Sonesta Hotel, 300 Bourbon, 526-0000. Call for current listings.

Ryan’s 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 566-1527. From 9. Sun.: The Celtic Folksinger Sisters; Cafe and Bar. Thurs., Fri., 8 p.m.-1 a.m. and Saturdays from 10 p.m. until 1 a.m., Sally Townes; Sat., 8 p.m. until 12 p.m. and Sun., 4 p.m. until 7 p.m., Sally Townes with Diane and Zeeds.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tues.-Sat. from 9:30, Randy Hebert: in the Showbar. Wed., Sun., 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Al Brassard in the Main Bar.


The Radiators, 342 Bourbon, 523-8061. From 7 until 9, live.

The Thoren Lewis Trio, 529-8939. From 8 until 10.


Tuesday, 17
Tears for Fears. The Adventures, Saenger, 8 p.m.; Ticketmaster. Speaking of tears, did you know that Hermitage was called The Weeping Philosopher because he grieved so loudly over the absurdities of mankind?

Wednesday, 18
Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark, Jimmys.

Sunday, 15
The Duke of Orleans will be performing at New York’s South Street SeaPort, where free concerts are given on the weekend.

Wednesday 25 through Saturday 28
The 5th Annual New Music Festival will be held at the Marriot Marquis Hotel in New York City, emphasis this year is on independent labels, clubs and college radio. Ten new panels, instructional and educational workshop series, open to all, information at 212-286-4160.

LIVE MUSIC

FRENCH QUARTER, MARIGNY & CBD

Andrew Jackson Restaurant, 221 Royal St., 529-3303. Saturdays at midnight; the two-hour, two-hour tribute to Bucky Allen, Bill King and Fred Paleyman—but considering the presence of these three, you’ll hardly find a better combo for the necessities of cabaret, call before you go.

Artist Cafe, 301 Bourbon. 522-8130. Call for listing tonight. This place is, incidentally, where I saw that sea-scaping bit of graffiti last Carnival night. If You’ve Ever Wanted You Can’t Skit Here—Your Ancestor’s In Washington.

Victor, po'et (and former guest on the VIc ‘n’ Nifty show), reading from his works Sun.8 at Cheeky Chink’s, 1001 North Rampart.
FESTIVALS

Sunday 1

Saturday 21, Sunday 22

Saturday 26 - Saturday 29

Saturday 26, Sunday 29

Sunday 26

Sunday 26

Sunday 26, Saturday 27
Barataria Bight, 6131 Claiborne, 888-7700. Call for information.

Le Petit Theatre, 613 St. Peter, 522-2891. Fri. 6 through Fri. 13: Evita, the hitsong-torrent of the life of Eva Peron, directed by Sonny Borey, with Barbara Bollinger, Mitch Landreau. Reservations:

Players, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-5007. From Fri. 13: Kismet, and forget the bawdy banter and balletic choreography. Sat. 14: Taree, directed by Rita Moreno. From Thurs. 26: Dracula, and if you need to find what's that about...

Town & Country, 4220 N Rampart, 561-9795. Call for tickets.

MONDAY

Monody

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Ballet

Saturday, New Orleans Ballet Educational Program, 10 A.M. A show for the Performing Arts. Information at 455-4875 or 888-4205.

Friday 20 - Sunday 22
Copella, the Delbecchio chestnut, performed by the New Orleans Ballet at the Theatre for the Performing Arts, at 8 p.m., Sat., and 2 p.m., Sun., is a matinee performance at 2 p.m. Ticket information available at 888-8181.

Saturday, Nutcracker Auditions, for non-talented children's roles in the New Orleans Ballet's annual Christmas production. Approximately eighty children are needed, auditions begin in October under the supervision of tap-dancer Celeste Hood Gascon. Auditions begin at 12:30 p.m., and con-tinue throughout the afternoon at the Theatre for the Performing Arts. Participants must dress in light-colored costumes and with soft slippers. Information at 922-0999.

THEATRE

Bonaparte's Dinner Theatre, in the Quality Inn, 2900 Jefferson Ave., 244-1444. Call for performance times. Through September: Harvey, Marie Chere's famous fantasy about a middle-aged, dipeid woman still capable of luring rabbit pelts, and the rubatoo-ensuing complications with an asylum staff and the poor guy's ever-sighing wife.

Ethiopian Theatre, 201 Lapereaux, 945-4248, Thurs. through Sun. 29; Charles Fulfer's Joe Man and the Sign, performances Thursdays through Sundays at 8 p.m.


Le Petit Theatre, 613 St. Peter, 522-2891. Fri. 6 through Fri. 13: Evita, the hitsong-torrent of the life of Eva Peron, directed by Sonny Borey, with Barbara Bollinger, Mitch Landreau. Reservations:

Players, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-5007. From Fri. 13: Kismet, and forget the bawdy banter and balletic choreography. Sat. 14: Taree, directed by Rita Moreno. From Thurs. 26: Dracula, and if you need to find what's that about...

Town & Country, 4220 N Rampart, 561-9795. Call for tickets.

Tuesday 10 - Thursday 12
Subscription Concert A, Orpheum; Subscription concerts, works by Bizet, Dukas, Francisca. Deluxy.

Tuesday 17, Wednesday 18
Subscription Concert B, Orpheum; Subscription concerts. Lynn Hamill is cellist; works by Shostakovich, Tschaikowsky and Beethoven.

Friday, 20
TV & Audubon Zoo Symphony 1985, at the Zoo, Andrew Massey conducts, the Symphony will perform light classics and pop tunes to conclude the season. Symphony ticket available at 524-0404.

THEATRE

Bonaparte's Dinner Theatre, in the Quality Inn, 2900 Jefferson Ave., 244-1444. Call for performance times. Through September: Harvey, Marie Chere's famous fantasy about a middle-aged, dipeid woman still capable of luring rabbit pelts, and the rubatoo-ensuing complications with an asylum staff and the poor guy's ever-sighing wife.

Ethiopian Theatre, 201 Lapereaux, 945-4248, Thurs. through Sun. 29; Charles Fulfer's Joe Man and the Sign, performances Thursdays through Sundays at 8 p.m.

Living Blues

... everything you want to know about America's musical legacy to the world— the blues. I have subscribed and I hope you do too. Tell 'em Lucille sent you.

$18.00 per year
4 magazines/12 blueletters

Send to: LIVING BLUES
Center for the Study of Southern Culture
The University of Mississippi
University, MS 38677
Telephone: 601/232-5993

WAVELENGTH BACK ISSUES

MIDI KEYBOARD SET-UP
After 5 — $1500.00; Roland M-100 — $750.00; Drumulator (windy) & sync box — $25.00. Arrive case for JP-5 — $180.00. All for $25.00. (318) 333-8929.

BUS PLAYER needed for newly formed group, to play New Orleans. Dynamic tension acid. Experience demanded but will train. Call the phone 947-S829 or Eric 947-0866.

FORMING BAND
Influenced by Duran, Berlin, and Power Station seeks guitarist and synthesizer player for backup. Call for details 443-3244.

THE DRUMMER for Uncle Stan & Auntie Vera is now accepting a limited number of students. Call 866-5559.

HOT STRINGS
On New Orleans' favorite string group for your instrument. Call 837-3633.


THE LIST seeks musicians for mostly original work — the blues. I have subscribed per year to: HOT STRINGS, MIREAULT, Acoustic, New Orleans'. Chns - Shepard H. Samuels, Attorney At Law Accepted a limited number of students for Consultation accepting a limited number of students. Call 866-5592.

ENTERTAINMENT LAW
Attorney at Law
866-8755

LEGACY REVIEW
Shepard H. Samuels

THE LIST seeks musicians for mostly original work — the blues. I have subscribed per year to: HOT STRINGS, MIREAULT, Acoustic, New Orleans'. Chns - Shepard H. Samuels, Attorney At Law Accepted a limited number of students for Consultation accepting a limited number of students. Call 866-5592.

ENTERTAINMENT LAW
Attorney at Law
866-8755

— DRUMS • GUITARS
— DIGITAL REVOLUTION
— DIGITAL ECHO
— STUDIO MUSICIANS AVAILABLE
STEVE 488-9749 or TOM 464-6335

Rockit Recording

COMPLETE 8-TRACK FACILITY
• KEYBOARDS
• DRUMS • GUITARS
• DIGITAL REVOLUTION
• DIGITAL ECHO
• STUDIO MUSICIANS AVAILABLE
STEVE 488-9749 or TOM 464-6335

Stonee's Studio

“8-TRACK”
Noise reduction, analog and digital delays, flanger, chorus, reverb, drum machine, echo, reverb, digital and synthesizer included.
$20 an hr. • $35 Min.
Cassette Dupes
For your next album, demo or radio spot
Call stonee
(504) 467-5655

Have you tried the latest Hi-Fi records? They are made outside the U.S. and are a big hit.
The Neville Brothers were a great success as opening act on tour with Huey Lewis and the News. Fact is, local papers often gave the Nevilles equal raves with the main act. This didn't bother our hero Huey, however. He just invited the Valence Street gang to join him for a few tunes, and even to come out occasionally for a well-deserved encore with him at the end of the evening. The Nevilles, who've been traveling all over the country this summer, are back in town now but will soon be off again to the Coast.

Louisianians Week at New York's Lone Star Cafe fueled the New Orleans fame even hotter on you—she's pure dynamite and er: He just invited the Valence gang to join him for a few tunes, and didn't bother our hero Huey, however. He just invited the Valence Street gang to join him for a few tunes, and even to come out occasionally for a well-deserved encore with him at the end of the evening. The Nevilles, who've been traveling all over the country this summer, are back in town now but will soon be off again to the Coast.

Cyndi Lauper was so taken with every single person in Europe has all her records (was a contributor to John Morthland's article on the Voice "Susan Lamplighter," the Wisconsin band that sent the pianist and blues better two months. A full-page ad in the Village Voice fueled the New Orleans fame even hotter on you—she's pure dynamite and er: He just invited the Valence group to join him for a few tunes, and didn't bother our hero Huey, however. He just invited the Valence Street gang to join him for a few tunes, and even to come out occasionally for a well-deserved encore with him at the end of the evening. The Nevilles, who've been traveling all over the Coast.

Dixie Beer is now available in several locations at a worth about $1,000. Rankin was appealing juju now played by David Egan, John Howe, and Pat Griffith — have a new album out in September. A-Train will be in Los Angeles for the Street Scene Fest September 29, and at Club Lingerie on the 28th with zydeco star May Handy, for Bill Bentley's Fall For... The new single by Bus Cat "Two Sides of Bus Cat," feature rocker on side one ("Can't Say No") and a down home tune on side two ("La La La Te Da"). Keyboardist on this was Mike Lawler. The band who toured with James Brown and Porter Wagoner had the distinction of being the first person to play a synthesizer at Grand Ole Opry — infidel! Tom Cobena is back with the band drums.

Fans of Excello recording artist Guitar Gable may be puzzled at the cover of his new Flyright album. You're right, that's not Gable. Flyright promises to correct the problem tout suite... Paul Simon flew to Lafayette recently to record with Rockin' Dopsie; Simon also has collaborated with Los Lobos...

Java, the Wisconsin band that came south for the winter last year to get closer to the music and culture of New Orleans (and established a loyal club following along the way), will return the second week of October for another winter here. On their way they'll participate in the Seaport Jazz Festival in New York.

Local guitarist John Rankin won second place in the national American Fingerstyle Guitar Festival held in Milwaukee August 6-11. Rankin was elated at his prize, a Martin 000-28, worth about $1,000, but a little disappointed to find it was a right-handed guitar. John being a southpaw. As of press time, Rankin was appealing juju now played by David Egan, John Howe, and Pat Griffith — have a new album out in September. A-Train will be in Los Angeles for the Street Scene Fest September 29, and at Club Lingerie on the 28th with zydeco star May Handy, for Bill Bentley's Fall For... The new single by Bus Cat "Two Sides of Bus Cat," feature rocker on side one ("Can't Say No") and a down home tune on side two ("La La La Te Da"). Keyboardist on this was Mike Lawler. The band who toured with James Brown and Porter Wagoner had the distinction of being the first person to play a synthesizer at Grand Ole Opry — infidel! Tom Cobena is back with the band drums.

That's New Orleans born Earl Hooker. Guitarist. There were no guitar records) was a contributor to Mason Ruffner's upcoming album while she was in New York, laying down her piano tracks in one day.

Music and K-Paul's are not the only imports to New York. Dixie Beer is now available in several locations at a mere $2.50 a longneck. At last check blackened redfish was going for $37 a shot at K-Paul's. (New Orleans fell at home with the New Orleans rent-a-cops at the door, but the $37 blackened redfish was for nothern appetites only.)
New Orleans Music Awards Ceremony
Saenger Theatre

November 30, 1985

The Awards were established to acknowledge the contributions and achievements of those creative and talented musicians and communications people in our community who carry on the musical traditions of this great city.

Our objective for this second year's event is to aid in the effort of the New Orleans Artists Against Hunger & Homelessness, and to contribute to the finding of a permanent home for the bust of the late Professor Longhair.

Our goal is to stage the New Orleans Annual Music Awards Ceremony and to develop ways of helping those in the industries, by raising $100,000 for this year's spectacular ceremony.

The ceremony of the Second Annual New Orleans Music Awards will be held Saturday, November 30, 1985 at the Saenger Theatre of the Performing Arts. This Black Tie Reception starts at 7:00 p.m., Awards start at 8:00 p.m.

We are asking for your support of this year's awards ceremony, by way of our co-sponsorship program. Co-Sponsors are the deciding voting factors in the second round of balloting which determines the award winners.

The general public can nominate the artists, by ballots in each of the following categories. The tabulation of ballots will be done by the certified accounting firm of Alexander Grant & Company.

THE CATEGORIES ARE:

- Female & Male Vocalist of the Year, Pop Group, Rhythm & Blues Group, Rising Star (Outstanding New Artist), Jazz Solo Musicians, Jazz Group, Gospel Group, Dixieland Group, Folk Group, Country & Western Group, Cajun Group, Latin Group, Musical Night Club and Entertainer of the Year.

PROFESSIONAL VOTING CATEGORIES

- Arrangement (Recording), Engineer (Recording), Recording Studios, Songwriter of the Year, Jingle of the Year, Album Cover (Graphic Arts Awards to Art Director), Photography (Album Cover), Drummer, Keyboard, Piano, Saxophone, Trumpet, Bass, Guitar, Percussionist, Rhythm Guitar, and Trombone, plus 12 special categories.

CONGRATULATIONS TO LAST YEAR'S WINNERS:


AND SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Edwards Printing, Inc., the proud sponsor of the First Annual Music Awards Ceremony, has pledged their support in the continuing development of the New Orleans Annual Music Awards Ceremony.

We are seeking your support for our co-sponsorship program.

Sincerely,

Edward J. Cross, Ill, Director

Yes, I'll support the Co-Sponsorship Program, by my contribution below.

The Co-Sponsorship contribution indicated entitles you or your company to these benefits:

1) Voting Rights - Sponsor's vote on each of the categories determining the award winners.
2) Your name or company's name will be listed in the "It's Official Souvenir Program Journal." 5,000 copies of the journal will be printed.
3) Advance, discount tickets notice - 2 weeks in advance.
4) Discount tuxedo rental rates.
5) Certificate of Co-Sponsorship, suitable for framing.

NAME ____________________________

COMPANY NAME ___________________

ADDRESS __________________________

CITY ___________________ STATE _______ ZIP _______

SIGNATURE _______________________

DATE _____________________________

MAKE YOUR TAX DEDUCTIBLE DONATION CHECK PAYABLE TO:
THE NEW ORLEANS MUSIC AWARDS, INC. • 1240 South Broad Ave. • New Orleans, Louisiana 70125 • (504) 822-1581
NEW ORLEANS' DEFINITIVE STORE
FOR RECORDS, TAPES & VIDEOS

— ALSO VISIT THE METRO CAFE —

METRONOME

Pleasant at Magazine / New Orleans, Louisiana 70115