Wavelength (October 1982)

Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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Brown Bag Concerts

11:30 am to 1 pm

1st Week—DUNCAN PLAZA
Oct. 4—Earl Turbinton Quintet
Oct. 5—Caliente
Oct. 6—The Pfister Sisters
Oct. 7—The Delta Ramblers
Oct. 8—Danny Barker and the Jazz Hounds with Blue Lu

2nd Week—DUNCAN PLAZA
Oct. 11—Percussion Jam Session
Oct. 12—Tim Williams Country Band
Oct. 13—The New Orleans Performing Company (Dance) and Nature (Band)
Oct. 14—11:30-12:15 New Orleans Ballet
12:15-1:00 Dana Acro-Gymnastics School
Oct. 15—UNO Jazz Band

3rd Week—Various Locations
Oct. 18—PAN AM PLAZA: Connie Jones and the Crescent City Jazz Band
Oct. 19—BOARD OF TRADE PLAZA: Allegro
Oct. 20—PIAZZA D’ITALIA: New Jazz Quintet
Oct. 21—SPANISH PLAZA: Dirty Dozen Marching Band
Oct. 22—RIVERGATE: Ed Lewis Orchestra

3rd Week—Indoor Location—
GALLIER HALL
Oct. 18—Bad Oyster Band
Oct. 19—Banquette Opera
Oct. 20—11:30-12:15 David Thomas Roberts (piano)
12:15-1:00 James Drew Trio
Oct. 21—Ecoutez
Oct. 22—11:30-12:15 New Orleans School of Arts Children’s Program
12:15-1:00 St. Mary’s Academy Dance Ensemble

All these concerts are FREE and open to the public.

Sponsored by the Downtown Development District and the Arts Council of New Orleans in cooperation with the City of New Orleans, the Recording Industries and the Musicians Union.
"I’m not sure, but I’m almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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"Eat Mo' Bettah"
Saturday, 16
- *Count Bucie, Saenger Theatre.

Tuesday, Wednesday, 19, 20
- *Jimmy Buffet and the Coral Reefer Band, Saenger Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Saturday, Sunday 23, 24
- *Arts Fest, Art Council of New Orleans, 897-6123, Duncan Plaza, 11:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Music, dance, crafts, visual art and a variety of activities for both adults and children. Free admission.
- *Latin Music Benefit, in celebration of the sixth anniversary of “Libreria del Pueblo” (People’s Bookstore), a Spanish and English language bookstore, featuring Banda Fiebre, Tipitina’s, 8:00 p.m., 822-8884.

Monday, 25
- *Crosby, Stills, and Nash, L.S.U. Assembly Center, 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, 28
- *Patrice Rushen, Riverboat President.

Friday, 29
- *Nicolette Larson, Riverboat President.

**CONCERTS**

Friday, 1
- *David Bromberg, Riverboat President.
- *B.B. King, Millie Jackson, Bobby “Blue” Bland, Saenger Theatre, 8 & 11:30 p.m.

Saturday, 2
- *Gil Scott-Heron, Riverboat President.

Sunday, 3
- *Urban Cowboy Music Festival, Jefferson Downs Racetrack, 11:30 a.m., 821-3795.

Sunday, 10
- *Autumn in Armstrong Park II, Traditional and Contemporary Jazz, Gospel, and Blues. Jazz Parade from Jackson Square starting at 10:00 a.m. Armstrong Park Festivities 11:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m. Free admission. Bring a picnic!

Wednesday, 13
- *Jethro Tull, Municipal Auditorium.

Thursday, 14
- *Chick Corea, Saenger Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Friday, 15
- *Peter Tosh, Jimmy Cliff, Saenger Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

**FILMS**

*Cinema Brasil, Prytania Theatre, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Wed. 7 and Thurs. 8: Colonel Delmio Gouveia (Geraldo Sarno) and Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey (Tizuka Yamasaki). Weds. 13 and Thurs. 14: Tent of Miracles (Nelson Pereira dos Santos and Orfeu Negro (Marcel Camus).
- *Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 891-3398. Mon. 11: Stormy Weather (Andrew Stone, 1943; with Bill Bojangles Robinson, Lena Horne, Cab Calloway, fats Waller, Ada Brown, The Nicholas Brothers, Katherine Dunham and her dance troupe) and Cabin in the Sky (Vincente Minnelli, 1943; with Ethel Waters, Rochester, Rex Ingram, Mantan Moreland, Louis Armstrong, Lena Horne, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, John Bubbles, Butterly McQueen and the Hall-Johnson Choir) Fri. 15 through Thurs. Nov. 4: Diva (Jean-Jacques Beineix).

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•Gibson St. Lounge, 423 Gibson St., Covington, 892-9920. Sat. 9, 23: The Nightriders.
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•Luther Kent's Risin' Sun, 400 Dauphine, 525-3987. Wednesdays: James River Movement. Thursdays-Sundays: Luther Kent and Trick Bag.
•New Orleans Jazz Hotline, 242-2323. Call for current jazz listings across the city.
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WAVELENGTH/OKTOBER 1982


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Woody Herman's Club, Poydras Plaza Mall in the Hyatt Regency Hotel, 601 Loyola, 522-8788 or 361-1234. Woody and his Thundering Herd play big band jazz, Monday through Saturday 10 p.m.
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AN ORIGINAL

Jonathan Richman is a True Original, and like another T.O. that we also cherish, Lydia Lunch, makes no pretense at musicianship, instrumental skill, use of superfluous (or for that matter any) devices of showmanship. Long a legend for his personal appearances, his records with the Modern Lovers on Berserkley Records, and such tunes as "Ice Cream Man," "Abominable Snowman In The Market" (down by the pea and carrots), "Egyptian Reggae," "I'm A Little Airplane" and "I'm A Little Dinosaur," as well as the bizarre truth-as-a-defense bit of autobiographical sexology, "I'm Straight," Richman fearlessly, or obliviously, continues to break new grounds in style and subject matter while the matter of musical competence never seems to enter his teeming brain, to use a singularly appropriate phrase from Keats, a prodigy with whom Richman has absolutely nothing else in common. This is his first New Orleans appearance—October 22 at Tupelo's Tavern—and legends like this don't turn up much since Sophie Tucker died and quit playing the Blue Room. Don't miss him if you can, as the saying goes.

—Jon Newlin

OYSTER IN BROWN BAG

The Bad Oyster Band, featuring Richard Schinkert on washboard; Mark "Ace" Eckerle on mandolin; Kurt Davis on guitar and Frank Cole on washboard bass, will be featured in a jug band blues performance at the Brown Bag Concert in Gallier Hall on October 18 from 11:30 a.m. until 1.

MUSIC AT CAC

The Contemporary Arts Center, at 900 Camp, resumes its programs of jazz on October 29 with the first in its four part Jazz Piano Series—the participants here are all traditionalists, includingisque "Tuits" Washington, David Thomas Roberts and Steve Pistorius; on the next evening, October 30, saxophonist Tony Dagradi and oboist Joe Celli join forces and lungs in a combination of music and video.

Future programs include the CAC's two-day program of Women In Jazz (including third-place Downbeat poll winner Sheila Jordan and Lady BJ, Laverne Butler, Angelic Trosclair and the New Orleans Women-In-Jazz All-Stars), a program of New New Orleans Music and the annual Festival of New Works, as well as more of the Jazz Piano series. For more info, call the Center at 524-1216.

—Jon Newlin

LEADBELLY REMEMBERED

SHREVEPORT—Blues singer Huddie Ledbetter, who gave the world the songs "Midnight Special," "Irene, Goodnight," and "Black Betty," has finally been given something in return: a tourist marker.

The singer, who died of Lou Gehrig's Disease over thirty years ago at age 60, had, before this time, received only a few things from the state: his life, a wife and a prison term. Now, in a park on the shores of Caddo Lake just over nine miles from where his body lies in a comfortable grave under the pines, the man some credit with being the father of American black blues music has been given a tourist marker.

For one thing, it marks years of hard work by two Caddo Parish police jurors, George Baird and Donald Aytch. Baird started a move to get such a marker in the mid-1970s. Baird was not reelected, which may or may not have been partially influenced by his efforts. Leadbelly still being the target of occasional racial epithets hereabouts. Aytch, a black and a musician, took the ball from Baird and carried it to completion this past June 10, then some fifty fans and politicians, media people and a handful of musicians gathered to officially welcome the marker to the public eye.

Aytch said he even had trouble getting a black minister to deliver a prayer at the dedication, due to the public eye.

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—Jon Newlin
The spring of 1980 saw the opening of one of the finest jazz clubs in the city: the Faubourg. What primarily distinguished this club from other jazz clubs was the unique fact that one could eat a meal of quality in harmonious surroundings while listening to excellent musicians. New Orleans' multitude of tourists by and large failed to discover this amazing phenomenon and the Faubourg retained a purity and intimacy for New Orleanians consumed by a passion for jazz. It also presented an opportunity to hear the city's best musicians and often nationally and internationally known jazz stars.

Last week, the Faubourg was temporarily closed due to financial difficulties: the profits were simply not commensurate with the club's reputation, and the owners have decided to make in the future, when the club reopens, certain drastic reforms. Primary among these is a cut-back in the number of live performances, with jazz only on weekends. The restaurant will be of the fast-food variety and the club will now have a cover charge.

The cut-back in live performances will certainly have an effect on local musicians. The national names brought in by the Xenia Foundation will inevitably take gigs away from local musicians who may have to seek jobs in more commercial and less congenial surroundings. The Faubourg reopens with this new policy on October 8.

—Bonnie Canitelli

**FAUBOURG TO REOPEN**

**THE MODELS**

After two years as one of New Orleans' most popular young bands, the Models are stretching out to new audiences with summer tour of Texas and the Northeast. The band is also assessing its past and planning its future. According to lead guitarist Johnny Indovina, the band's reputation locally is pretty well fixed. "We are grouped together with a whole bunch of New Orleans bands that are thought to be new wave. We're definitely not a heavy metal copy band, which seems to be the only other type of band around other than jazz people that shoots for the younger audience." Adds guitarist Mike Ciravolo, "When we first got together, it was never our idea to play the hits and then work in originals the way most of the bands do."

As evidence of this, the band will soon be releasing a cassette featuring several of their original songs along with a version of the Gary U.S. Bonds hit, "New Orleans." The tape, made at B&B Studios in June, proves the band is trying to attract wider attention to its music.

In July, the Models played Houston, an area with what they feel is a larger, more receptive audience for their music. Indovina says that the enthusiastic crowd really responded. "Houston has tons of people who all seem to go out and when they go out, they're excited about being out. In Houston you get more attention which probably has something to do with being from out of town. They really watch what we're doing. They're interested."

The band seems unenthusiastic about crowds here. Says Indovina, "It's kind of discouraging to be up there singing your heart while somebody leaves the audience to go to the bar for a drink." According to Charlie Bouis, drummer for the band, "We won't do the loud, fast stuff now." Ciravolo adds, "We've been experimenting to make it interesting for ourselves. And a recording contract has always been our goal. Not to be the top New Orleans band that people think it's cool to like for six months."

The band's future looks promising. "I want to be a success; we all do. But we have to grow, we have to keep getting stronger," says Indovina. "We don't want to be a faceless band like Foreigner or Journey. We want to be recognized as being with the Models. We believe in what we're doing."

—Margaret Williams

**ALLEGRA**

Anna Fessenden, Jack Werner and Rick McIcahy form Allegra, a group excelling in three-part harmony on American, Irish and European folk tunes. The trio also plays a wide variety of antique instruments including the hammered dulcimer, marxophone, belly-backed mandolin, classical guitar, tenor banjo, wooden recorders, plucked cello and various percussion pieces.

The group has recently released an album called *Music From Bavaria* in the fall of 1981, the recording features parlor jazz and ragtime, as well as folk songs, both Renaissance and contemporary.

Allegra will be performing as part of the Fall Brown Bag Concert series Tuesday October 19, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. at the Board of Trade Plaza on Camp Street.

—Margaret Williams
**WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**

The Widespread Jazz Orchestra returns to the Old Absinthe Bar, a previous scene of the crime, on October 17 for One Night Only and as they did the last time they hit the 400 block of Bourbon, crowds of the more lightfooted and lightheaded will be performing such resurrectionist steps as the Lindy, the Shag, the Suzy-Q, the Big Apple, and welcome sound locally. The Orchestra—once known as the Widespread Depression Orchestra—plays such mnemonic marvels as “Cherokee,” “Christopher Columbus” (he used rhythm as a compass), “Taking A Chance On Love,” “Going To Chicago Blues” and were described by those knocked-out alligators at the Bulletin du Hot Club du France as “Impetuous!”

Revivalism at its best, so get hep to the jive.

—Jon Newlin

**WHAT’S HOT**

The Shaker is an exciting new band whose upbeat British new wave ska type of music is a fresh and welcome sound locally. The band’s been hampered by their lack of image and lack of ostentatious stage mannerisms—they rely solely on their music, and their unobtrusive, plain dark suits and anonymous haircuts emphasize this point. The fact that they aren’t typical or fashionable has led to their being overlooked by the public to a large extent.

Now playing regularly around the city, the band consists of Sal Vadoire, rhythm guitar and lead vocals (he also writes a large proportion of their original material); Rob Charmers, lead guitar; Greg Adams, bass; and George Huerta, drums.

Why not experiment and give this new band the audience they deserve?

—Bonnie Canitelli

**OCTOBER JAZZ SCHEDULE**

The New Orleans Arts Council is at it again—October is filled almost daily with their CBD-located Brown Bag Concerts, begun originally as lunchtime diversions for legal secretaries and file clerks with time on their hands and lacking the wherewithal to spend a luxurious hour or two at the Bon Ton or Galatoire’s. Over the past half-dozen years, the Concerts have grown to be as impressive as a Schwengmann’s bag instead of a tiny little brown one that holds a single humble cheese on rye. The Brown Bag Concerts are easily the best series of free diversions in the city, and this year they culminate in the Sixth Annual Arts Fest on the weekend of October 23 and 24, which combines the already sensational musical offerings with artistic and crafts exhibits and dancing and refreshment as well as things for the kids to do.

—Jon Newlin

**OCTOBER JAZZ SCHEDULE**

**Friday, October 1**
Louisiana Jazz Federation Kickoff Party at the Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak St. Earl Turbinton Jr. Quartet 7-9

**Saturday, October 2**
Baton Rouge WPRG Jazz Picnic, 12-5, LASC Planetarium Big Band Dancing with L. Sound Stage Orchestra, Trinity’s, Baton Rouge, 9:30-1 a.m.

**Monday, October 4**
Duncan Plaza, Earl Turbinton Quartet, 11:30 a.m.-1, Brown Bag Concert

**Tuesday, October 5**
Brown Bag Concert, Duncan Plaza, Calienie, 11:30 a.m.-1, Congo Square Arts Collective, Noah’s, Ellis Marsalis, 9

**Friday, October 8**
Brown Bag Concert, Duncan Plaza, Danny Barker and the Jazz Hounds, 11:30 a.m.-1

**Sunday, October 10**
Autumn In Armstrong Park, New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation, 11 a.m.-7, brass marching bands, traditional and contemporary jazz, latin, blues and gospel music

**Monday, October 11**
Brown Bag Concert, Duncan Plaza, Percussion jam session with Mark Sanders, 11:30 a.m.-1

**Wednesday, October 13**
Brown Bag Concert, Duncan Plaza, Nature, 11:30 a.m.-1

**Friday, October 15**
Brown Bag Concert, Duncan Plaza, UNO Jazz Band, 11:30 a.m.-1

**Monday, October 18**
Brown Bag Concert, Pan Am Plaza, Connie Jones and the Crescent City Jazz Band, 11:30 a.m.-1

**Wednesday, October 20**
Brown Bag Concert, Gallier Hall, David Thomas Roberts, 11:30 a.m.-1, James Drew Trio, 12:15

**Thursday, October 21**
Brown Bag Concert, Spanish Plaza, Dirty Dozen Brass Band, 11:30 a.m.-1

**Saturday, October 23**
Arts Fest, Duncan Plaza

Lady B.J and Spectrum, 1; Kid Sheik and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, 3; Ruben Gonzalez and the Salsa All-Stars, 4; The New Levisathan Oriental Fox-Trot Orchestra, 5

**Sunday, October 24**
Jasmine, 12; Astral Project, 2; Dirty Dozen Brass Band, 5

**Tuesday, October 28**
“Caged Bird Singeth!” with Anthony Bean and Allen Toussaint, Orpheum Theatre, time to be announced

**Friday, October 29**
Tony Digraldi and Astral Project, Contemporary Arts Center, 9:30; Joe Canitelli, new music oboe

**Saturday, October 30**
Piano Series, Contemporary Arts Center, Steve Pistorius, David Thomas Roberts and Isidore “Tuts” Washington

**Sunday, October 31**
New Orleans Jazz Club Jam Session, Landmark Hotel, 1-5
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#7 Productions, and **lopp** Concerts
Let's stuff some substance into the slogan, "Jazz Awareness," the theme of this issue and the Louisiana Jazz Federation's somewhat wistful program for this month. What the New Orleans music community ought to know as of October 1982, is that we can talk about sophisticated contemporary jazz as a New Orleans tradition. As evidence for this ironic assertion, consider the career and influence of a living jazz master, the pianist Ellis Marsalis.

The last time I heard Marsalis play was at the Faubourg, about a week before the club closed down. A few days previous, he'd played the big time, performing at the Public Theatre in New York City with his two eldest sons, Branford and Wynton, and two old friends, Alvin Batiste and Ed Blackwell. The Marsalis brothers are, of course, a phenomenon—international jazz stars barely into their twenties (as this Wavelength appears, they'll be touring Japan); erstwhile Orleanian Ed Blackwell has been recognized as an important jazz drummer for a couple of decades, mainly through his association with Ornette Coleman; Alvin Batiste and Ellis, "forgotten men of jazz," as Robert Palmer called them in the New York Times, have below sea level reputations outside New Orleans, with Ellis edging upward through a Columbia album, Fathers and Sons, that he recorded with his illustrious progeny.

Estimable proponent of New Orleans music that he is, Palmer of Times seized the occasion of the Public Theatre concert to hail the advent of a modern jazz idiom with a New Orleans accent, new music rooted in the sounds of the old city. The headline read: "Latest New Orleans Jazz Comes To Town."

Now there's some jazz awareness for you. Back at the Faubourg, awareness dawned in subtler ways. Returning from the heights of Manhattan to the regular, no-cover Wednesday night gig, Marsalis strolled into the club about ten minutes late, which is unusual for him, and exchanged only brief remarks with well-wishers, which is highly unusual, before settling in at the piano. (Generally speaking, no one without a substantial chunk of time to commit to the endeavor should strike up a conversation with Ellis Marsalis.) Big, slow-moving and slouchy, a guy who'll carry a grant proposal around in his briefcase for a couple of years so that he can tinker with the idea in odd moments, Ellis nonetheless retains, at 47,
Jazz awareness can get to you, especially if your background runs more to metaphor than musical smarts. Of course, tracing the connections between music and language can lead a man of theoretical bent—and Marsalis is surely that—through some intriguing conversational byways. “Learning how to improvise,” he reflects, “is like learning how to talk. The first thing you have to do is develop a vocabulary. In the case of jazz, the vocabulary consists of motifs—short musical statements that previous musicians have made, little gems, little nuggets, which have been played on recordings. You listen, and you begin to identify little nuggets that you—the musician studying—can relate to in developing your vocabulary. We find that invariably, if the creative spark is there, and all of the other things that impel one to reach out and go through this experience of improvisation, students will learn to use the ideas of all these musicians as a source for their musical vocabulary. You hear, and you try it. And at first it doesn’t usually work too well.”

The evidence continues to mount, however, that pupils who follow this jazz master tend to work things out quite well. We’re talking now about jazz awareness as education. For the past eight years, Ellis has run the jazz program at the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts (NOCCA, pronounced with a long “o”). That distinguished little institution operates within the public school system to provide gifted high school students with rigorous professional training in the arts. The jazz program requires students to study classical music as well as jazz, with the goal of preparing graduates for this experience of improvisation, students will learn to use the ideas of all these musicians as a source for their musical vocabulary. You hear, and you try it. And at first it doesn’t usually work too well.”

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A short list of the program’s best known alumni inevitably includes Wynton Marsalis, the astonishing young trumpet player who moved in rapid succession from NOCCA to Juilliard to the flashiest professional debut of any jazz player in the past twenty years. Reports are that he plans to follow up the success of his first album, Wynton Marsalis, by recording two classical trumpet concertos with the Prague Chamber Orchestra: as a jazz musician, he’ll appear on a forthcoming live album with Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams, among other projects.

The next name on the list is equally obvious: Branford Marsalis, who looks ready to take his place in the spotlight with a debut album due this fall. Names other than Marsalis include Donald Harrison and Terrance Blanchard, who played the Kool Jazz Festival in City Park with Art Blakey’s Jazz Messengers, and a number of others now, as Ellis puts it, “in the work force.” Marsalis’ own stint in the work force stretches back to 1955, when, just out of Dillard, he accompanied his friend Ed Blackwell to Los Angeles where they hooked up with Ornette Coleman. “Ornette,” he recalls, “was formulating some very strange-sounding music. The three of us would go around from place to place, trying to find someplace to play. Musicians would get off the bandstand and stand in the back of the room and laugh. It sounded funny to them. It sounded funny to me—but I was trying to figure out what the guy was doing.” After about three months, he decided that there was really no place for a piano in the style of music they were playing, so he returned briefly to New Orleans.

A tour of duty as a Marine Corps musician brought him right back to L.A., where he spent the next two years playing jazz in his off-duty hours with the musicians who, in the late 1950s, moved on to play “free jazz” in New York City and shake the jazz world hard. Marsalis though, was not in that number. “I came back to New Orleans. I don’t know why. Maybe I didn’t have enough courage to go to New York.”

In New Orleans, Marsalis became a moving force among the young black musicians who developed a modern jazz scene in New Orleans in the early 1960s. He opened a jazz club at his father’s motel, formed the Ellis Marsalis Quintet, and recorded for A.F.O. Records, a brave experiment in which a number of New Orleans musicians, led by Harold Battiste, sought to present their music outside the dictates of commercial recording. The music, to use Robert Palmer’s term, was “a kind of advanced chamber jazz,” and the recordings stand as the principal antecedents to the albums that the Marsalis family and other contemporary New Orleans jazz players have made in the past couple of years—solid evidence to anchor a claim that a modern jazz tradition prevails in New Orleans.

Marsalis has played steadily around town over the years, with occasional extended engagements at the Carnegie Tavern in New York during his summer hiatus from teaching. Two albums document his recent work, Fathers and Sons, mentioned previously, showcases Ellis Marsalis the composer; the Marsalis side of the record (saxophonists Von and Chico Freeman hold sway on side two) presents four of his original pieces—hard bop, snappy and swinging. The pensive style of his club performances is better represented on Solo Piano Reflections, which Ellis produced on his own Elm Records label; the record doesn’t match...
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the meditative intensity of his best live efforts, but it does include his singular reworking of Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz," an excellent introduction to the quirky delights of his playing.

Years of playing creative music in the face of the torpor that often characterizes the local scene have provided Ellis Marsalis with some sharply critical perspectives. "New Orleans is not a professional city. There are professional demands, but they're not really at the level they would be in New York. Most of the musicians in New Orleans live on what we call Mom Street. They can go to Mom and get a little breakfast—or to Auntie, or to Sister. "Whereas, the demands that are placed on a professional musician in New York for a certain level of excellence—whether it's excellence in terms of show business, jumping up and down, or excellence in terms of John Coltrane and experimentation—those demands mean that you've got to meet a certain level of excellence if you're going to survive. That is not the case here. "Therefore, you find a lot of musicians who are not going to put forth the effort, and they're going to blame the general public. That is the reaction: to say that the people here don't like jazz, they don't listen and they don't come out..." Ellis shakes his head. "No introspection."

That's the category of jazz awareness called facing life.

In his professional life, Marsalis has traversed a significant quarter century of jazz history, from the beginnings of free jazz with Ornette Coleman to the reflective musical conservatism prominently exemplified by Wynton and Branford Marsalis. As a player and composer, he stands as the strongest link between the pioneer spirits of modern New Orleans jazz who came together in the early 1960s and the intensely creative nucleus of musicians who have emerged here in the past few years. As a teacher, he has made damn sure that New Orleans jazz will continue to look toward the future.

A final burst of jazz awareness compels me to temper these ringing declarations with an acknowledgment that present opportunities to hear Ellis perform are scarce. The Contemporary Arts Center will present him as half of a piano duo with James Drew, another limpid stylist, in its Piano Players series. Tyler's features his luminous, understated duets with guitarist Steve Masakowski on Monday nights. When the Faubourg reopens (as, God help us, The Snug Harbor) he may figure in the new, limited jazz policy, but there are no guarantees.

This paucity of local gigs notwithstanding, Ellis Marsalis is clearly not one of those languishing New Orleans legends. His work in the splendid NOCCA jazz program constitutes a major project in itself, and a unique contribution to New Orleans music. He also seems ready to pursue further chances to record and perform nationally. "I've made no plans," he pronounces emphatically, "to become the teacher who used to play."
Dreamy Scenes and Jazz Visions

George Schmidt is painting New Orleans' jazz history instead of writing about it: "I'm painting my dreams," he says of a quartet of huge canvases that include Jelly Roll Morton, Buddy Bolden, Sarah Bernhardt, Tom Anderson, John Robichaux and Emile "Stalebread" Lacoume and the Razzy-Dazzy Spasm Band.

History Painting is probably the most despised of once-popular painting genres—even today in art schools students might still be asked to knock out a still-life or a landscape (and George Dureau still does landscapes, among other things), but what art professor is going to ask his pupils to dream up a new version of such once-popular subjects as "The Confinement of Scipio," "Zenobia found on the banks of the Araxes" or "The Body of Harold brought before William The Conqueror"? The great era of History Painting begins with David and then Ingres, continues through the pompiers in France and the Pre-Raphaelites in England and a few of the Nazarenes in Germany, but the great names in the genre are all but forgotten today, save for the inclusion of their works in history texts and encyclopedias: Gérôme, Meissonier, Feuerbach, Delaroche, Emanuel Leutze.

Provincial museums in France and Britain, storehouses of 19th Century taste, are crammed with splendidly detailed tableaux with cumbersome titles like "Charlemagne and his Principal Officers receive Alcuin," "Julius II giving orders for the building of the Vatican and St. Peter's to Bramante, Michelangelo and Raphael," "The Excommunication of Robert The Pious," "Cardinal Mazarin's Last Sickness," "Queen Rodope Observed by Gygès," "Achilles in the House of Aspasia," etc., etc. Modern critics and artists, as trapped by conventions of style and subject matter as any Academician, dismiss them as colorful tripe.

So why is George Schmidt (who once told us, in an echo—sort of—of Boldini and Sargent, that he was becoming a portraitist and was going to "paint only the rich and powerful") embarking on a series of four large History Paintings, inescapably linked to the history of New Orleans music? "I'm painting my dreams," Schmidt says, standing before a wide, six-foot high canvas in the early stages of completion entitled "Buddy Bolden's Nervous Breakdown." The painting is derived as much from Brueghel's 'Fall of Icarus" as from the description of the event in Don Marquis' book about Bolden. A large table nearby is littered with photographs of friends dressed in costumes in different poses and preparatory charcoal drawings, and Schmidt reveals his delight ("I'm doing what I want to do") in consulting primary sources—old photographs and newspaper accounts and digging in local archives. He brandishes a startling photo of a New Year's Eve party at the old St. Charles Hotel—"Look at that! Dentists have just ruined everything ... you don't see faces like those any more!" Some of the faces turn up in one of the other history paintings, "John Robichaux's Orchestra in the Japanese Room at Antoine's."

Already involved in local music as vocalist and banjoist with the New Leviathan Oriental Fox-Trot Orchestra, Schmidt becomes wittily histrionic about the new paintings: "I have an emotional relationship with the subject matter ... This is my going back to my childhood looking at the encyclopedia and those Gérôme paintings of Roman history ... I'm interested in the past so I'm going to paint it. These paintings involve research not aesthetics. My earlier things were about art [a series of paintings derived from Diane Arbus photographs, and another as-yet-unexhibited series of paintings—largely in blues—of Duchamp readymades: the Bicycle Wheel, the Rotorelief, the Rose Selaya?Why Not Sneeze? pieces] but in these paintings there'll be no metaphysical decoration... They're so big because it gives me some
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freedom with the light and the detail; when you see those tiny Meissoniers like 'Napoleon III at Solferino,' your back hurt's after a while when you bend over looking at them and you feel sorry for the artist...When I see these super-realist paintings, I always feel sorry for the artists, bent over for a year. I want as much detail as possible but not photographic realism...I want these paintings to be more like Velasquez or Rembrandt's 'Night Watch,' they're about light as much as anything else.

In the Bolden painting, a frieze-like composition, still in its early stages, Bolden (in the center) slumps against a cemetery fence in front of a double (a large woman of color surveys his collapse from the porch) while to the right a horseback procession is held up by the central event, and to the left the musicians, who seem distracted by the drama, are breaking ranks. Schmidt had the corner of "Dryades and Jackson in mind... they don't know where it happened but it was somewhere in the central city. It was a CIO parade, the black CIO because there was a black CIO and a white CIO and they had their parades in separate neighborhoods and went different ways. But the black musicians struck the parade and so they had to get a non-union band and that was how Bolden's band came to play."

Two more finished works, as high but not as wide, are the Robichaux Orchestra painting and "The Naked Dance," suggested by the Jelly Roll Morton piece of the same name (based on a Storyville tradition in which an undraped female would display her charms for customers via the shimmy); these paintings evoke Degas and Goya in their wonderfully odd framing and their umbrageous colors.

The Robichaux painting is "a portrait of the room rather than of a specific event," says Schmidt, adding that the room still exists though unused for decades on the second floor at Antoine's. He also mentions that Robichaux was a left-handed violinist, a detail he needs to emphasize when he returns to work on the painting.

"The Naked Dance" takes place in the mirrored ballroom at Josie Arlington's mansion with the interpolation of the uniquely phallic chandeliers from Mahogany Hall adorning the ceiling; Jelly Roll Morton will appear in the painting, glimpsed behind a folding screen, but so far only an umbr blob indicates his placement. All four paintings have the same horizon lines...it's as if, although it didn't really happen that way, you could walk around the city on a single day and see all of these things happening.

"The times we live in are so ugly, that's probably why History Painting is out of fashion—what is there worth chronicling now? In the 19th Century you had painters of contemporary life and History Painters, but all of this modernism started with Baudelaire telling painters to seek their subjects in the modern city...I don't know why when Rossellini makes one of his history films it's Art but when some-
one does a History Painting it's Reaction." The Robichaux painting, with some startling visages derived from various old group photos strewn about the studio, seems to derive almost as much from the society-column paintings of Beraud and Tissot and Gervex as from Velasquez, save that it combines the loving detail and grace of a Tissot or Beraud with the stylistic freedom and playful irony of a Velasquez.

The fourth painting in the series (all four are commissions for Con Demmas, but Schmidt hopes the paintings stay in New Orleans since locals have a "back-lot at Warner Brothers idea of the past like Yancey Derringer or Pretty Baby," and besides "the purpose of the History Painting is to instruct") hasn't been started yet, although a beautiful large charcoal study for the just-primed giant canvas rests on one of the large tables. The title: "Sarah Bernhardt Meets The Razzy-Dazzy Spasm Band." Schmidt describes its genesis: "A few years ago I was teaching a course and one of my students was an old man who was married to the daughter of Emile 'Stalebread' Lacoume [leader of the Razzy-Dazzy], and he told me that he had all of these inscribed cards to Stalebread from different people like Sophie Tucker...and he brought them in and he mentioned that there was also one from 'Sarah Boinhawt' inscribed to Emile Lacoume. In the painting Sarah is tipping them a dollar outside of Tom Anderson's since during one of her visits to New Orleans she went to Storyville as a tourist. Tom Anderson is in the background... who to use for the children will be a problem. Have you seen a picture of the Spasm Band? They were just awful looking kids...but in this painting, it's like the Three Magi, the world comes to visit..."

Schmidt's enthusiasm is infectious, to say the least: How did he decide on subject matter? "I thought to myself: What would you like to see visualized?" Will there be more paintings of this type? Schmidt has two in the back of his mind: "Papa Jack Laine and the Reliance Brass Band Lining Up at the 1910 Rex Parade" ("the background would be an old carnival float and the musicians would be standing there, with Laine holding his bass drum, and all you'd see of the maskers would be their boots...") and — less musical this, but irresistible — "E.J. Bellocq Posing A Model" ("this hydrocephalic dwarf arranging a model, some whore perhaps, standing by a bed, and in the foreground one of those enormous cameras bigger than Bellocq was...Louis Malle really should have had a dwarf play Bellocq in that film...") And as a passionate devotee of local music and history, it seems unlikely that Schmidt will stray for long from the musical belle epoque. His next project, however, couldn't be more remote from New Orleans: illustrations for Marguerite Yourcenar's Memoirs of Hadrian, rendered as homages to the Academic visions of antiquity of Ingres, Gérome and Alma-Tadema.
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SPECIAL THANKS TO: Cyril Neville, Clark Vreeland, Earl King, Jesse Hill, Gary Brown & Feelings, Steve Nelson, Frienz, the Radiators, Monk, Robin, Woodenhead, RZA, the Dozen, Johnny Magnie, Chakula & Chink, Tuts, James Booker, other Room Services, each and every Neville Brother, the Bad Oysters, Mean Willie & Sabu, Leslie Smith, Suzy Malone, Red, Franco, Ricky Castrillo, Walter and OZ, Gary Edwards and Is Music, Martha Lagoy, Frank Quintini, Tommy Malone, Rick Spain, Stevenson Palfi, all the folks at Whole Food, and all the others who did it.

OCTOBER 1982

501 Napoleon Ave. 
corner — Tchoupitoulas
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<td>8</td>
<td>Clifton Chenier live on WWOZ. the king puts out...</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Clifton Chenier... and returns for more.</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>People's Book Store Benefit 8 p.m. Banda Fiebre veggie spaghetti $1.</td>
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<td>James Booker ‘oo poo pa daoo ‘extravaganza.</td>
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<td>14</td>
<td>James Booker at the 88's.</td>
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<td>Lili Queenie and Backtalk ‘quizzed, weenie, &amp; the beanes’.</td>
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<td>Deacon John Revue with Earl King. where dat guitar go?</td>
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<td>Special Gospels Show. music at 9 every Monday.</td>
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<td>Algie's Defense Fund Benefit. red beans &amp; rice $1.50.</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>Mason Runner and the Bluesrockers. hot hits from fort worth via the quarters.</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>Taj Mahal. the true fishin' musician.</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>The Radiators.</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>Jazz Month Benefit. spence is back in his slot from lafayette way.</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>Atchafalaya. bayou blaster.</td>
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<td>26</td>
<td>The Tony Brown Band. reggae master of the midwest.</td>
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<td>Klatka. arranger for woody herman with power horns.</td>
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<td>29</td>
<td>Albert Collins. ice is nice.</td>
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<td>Marcia Ball. widdoze long laigs.</td>
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The overflow of late-model cars and pickup trucks in the parking lot is the only sign that there's a Big French Dance every Saturday night at Slim's.

South Louisiana is dotted with clubs, barrooms and dance-halls, where you can go to hear live Cajun and zydeco music. Most of the clubs bear the name of their owners: Richard's in Lawtell, Fred's in Mamou, Bushnell's in Iowa, Pat's in Henderson and Snook's in Ville Platte.

Since the advent of air-conditioning, the newer clubs have been built without the benefit of windows, but the traditional oblong shape of the older dance-halls has been maintained. Some of the smaller bars, like match-box-sized Buzz's in Mamou, don't even have a stage for the musicians. The smoke and noise that pervade these clubs seem to go hand in hand with the music. The musicians play through brand-new amplifiers for the dozen or so couples that waltz in the small space provided for dancing and the old men who smile seated at the tables against the wall cluttered with empty Schlitz cans.

"Is everybody havin' a real good time?" quizzes the accordion player, with more than a hint of French accent.

One of South Louisiana's most memorable and enjoyable nightspots is Slim's Y Ki Ki, located just north of Opelousas on Highway 167. Located within 100 yards of both soybean and sugar cane fields, the only indication that anything is going on is the overflow of late-model cars and pickups in the parking lot, since the Jax Beer sign has long since been broken.

Except for the posters taped to the front door, Slim's only advertisement is by word of mouth. All the Creole people in St. Landry and Evangeline Parishes know that there's a "Big French Dance" every Saturday night at the Y Ki Ki.

Admission to one of Slim's dances is an oddly priced $1.75 or $3.75. Inside, it's your typical Cajun dance-hall: small bandstand, a huge dance floor, an enormous bar and seemingly acres of chairs and tables.

Everybody dances at Slim's. Grandmaw-maws waltz with each other, carrying their purses on their arms. Hefty middle-aged men can two-step fast enough to tire even the youngest girl in the club, and couples dip and sway with a lithesomeness that pleases both participant and spectator alike.

The men and women dress in a variety of colors—men in colorful polyester suits, some with fancy jewelry or exotically feathered cowboy hats; the younger girls dress casually in tight designer jeans; while the older ladies display their colorful party dresses of brilliant purples and greens.

The bandstand, surrounded by Christmas lights and a wrought-iron railing, just barely accommodates a five-piece band. Recently heard at Slim's was the group Marcel Dugas and the Entertainers, made up of Marcel Dugas on ac...
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zydeco, that's what we like,” declaresSlim as the patrons seated at the bar nod in approval. “I like the French music, me. Now, Marcel, he plays a little rock 'n' roll, but not too much. See, a lot of people will get up and leave if they hear too much rock 'n' roll. They come to hear French music. They can go some place else to hear rock 'n' roll.”

Once the Entertainers begin at 9, they don't take a break until they quit at 1 a.m. Dugas puts out nothing but great French zydeco music, alternating waltzes with two-steps, and an occasional blues or soul tune, as the dance floor remains crowded from the first to the last note of the evening. Dugas grins constantly, his rugged face bathed in sweat, as his meaty hands chokes the notes out of his shiny Hohner accordion in a spirited version of "Eh, 'tite Fille."

The crowd responds with explosive applause after each number, and many shout requests at the bandstand between songs. After everyone is well warmed-up, vocalist Gene Morris steps to the microphone every so often singing his familiar "Going Back to Big Mamou" or "Joy to the South," before returning to mingle with the enthusiastic audience.

Even though Dugas is the featured performer, there really is no star. "Jockey" handles the vocals with professional ease though his dynamic drumming tends to become static. The saxophonist squeezes some gutturals out of his instrument between barking out the vocals to a couple of Ray Charles requests (in French). Joe Morris demonstrates how he got his nickname "Jumpin'," as he dances a furious breakdown in front of the bandstand accompanied by drums, rubboard and the shrieks of the crowd. Ernest Johnson prowls the bandstand, both hands a blur as he supplies a frantic backbeat, stopping only to wipe his dark glasses between numbers.

In zydeco music, emotion and feeling draw more applause than technical proficiency. If mistakes are made, they occur with such desire and honesty, that they sound genuine and not at all out of place. No one ever notices when the musicians end their songs differently.

Just as Dugas' lifiting zydeco rhythms differ from music found elsewhere, so too is the environment found inside Slim's Y Ki Ki. When one of the regulars asks a new face to dance or inquire if they are passing a good time, they do so with genuine sincerity.

Released from their toils in the rice, cane or oil fields, the Creole people are free to enjoy Saturday night the way they always have, unconcerned with the latest dances, fashions or just what anyone else thinks.

At Slim's a waltz is a French waltz and a two-step is a French two-step. If Dugas plays something that is particularly appealing, young girls get up to shake and older men will break into an old-time reel or a breakdown, just as they did on a Saturday night forty years ago.

And still do today.
MIXED-MASTERS

When confronted with the pleasant task of choosing between British, Jamaican and American pressings of the same album, be aware that each pressing will sound different due both to the quality of plastic and the mix of the music.

As reggae albums become increasingly available in American record stores, you may occasionally find yourself confronted with the pleasant task of choosing between British, Jamaican and American pressings of the same album. Be aware that these albums do sound different, due both to the quality of plastic and the mix of the music.

Just as most British labels are known for their superior sound quality, most Jamaican records are fair to poor in quality. However, what is sacrificed in sound quality is usually more than compensated for in the low-end mix of Jamaican records. The bass and drums (the low-end) are mixed loud; you won't just hear the difference, you'll feel it. This mix gives the music a live sound, closer to its roots as dance-music.

Most of the early reggae music that can be found on British pressings has been re-mixed (in fact, this will be stated somewhere on the album jacket). The re-mix takes the form of boosted guitars, keyboards and other high-end instruments, as well as occasional additions of guitar solos, done in the hopes of making this “crude” music more palatable to Babylonian tastes. Worse yet, American pressings have the double disadvantage of poor sound quality and a soft, wimpy low-end mix, a problem especially noticeable in the fourteen volume United Artists Anthology of Reggae Collector’s Series, released back around 1977.

This knowledge might best be applied to the bewildering array of albums of early Bob Marley material that fills most reggae record racks. They all contain basically the same songs, but the similarity ends there. Soul Rebels and Soul Revolution Part II, both on Upsetter Records, are the Jamaican versions and therefore feature the original Lee Perry mix. But don't forget, the disc itself will be of poor quality plastic with plenty of surface noise. For clean, high quality discs of the same songs, you'll want to listen to African Herbman and Rasta Revolution, which are British Trojan pressings. But then, remember that these versions have been re-mixed. Finally, in the case of these Bob Marley songs, don't even bother with the American pressings unless the packaging attracts you.

In the reggae music of the 1980s there is a less dramatic difference in the mix of British, Jamaican and American pressings. On all of these records, the low-end...
is emphasized, but it's done differently now. What used to be achieved by boosting certain low-end frequencies along with moderate use of echo is now accomplished by the use of drums and electronics that smack down on the beat. In a sense, the reggae throb has been replaced by the reggae slap.

This change in style, along with the fact that current domestic distributors of reggae (Rounder, Shanachie and Alligator Records) are not tampering as much with the original mix, has more or less standardized the sound of reggae records.

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**Augustus Pablo**

*Original Rockers*

Message 1004

One of the leaders of the musical revolution in the early days of reggae was producer/musician Augustus Pablo. At a time when dub music was just beginning to be more than a popular vocal song with most of the vocals removed (this form was called "the version"), Pablo entered the scene with his melodica. Teaming up with many of the great Jamaican producers, he created a unique new dub sound by taking versions, breaking them down to their basic guitar, bass and drum tracks, and then adding on his own melodies.

He experimented with many different instruments, utilizing at different times the melodica, piano, organ, even vibes.

Another unique Pablo trick has been to recycle songs by writing new words and melody to a song and then using relatively unknown singers like Jacob Miller, Hugh Mundell and Delroy Williams. Using different combinations of singers, lyrics, and lead instruments, Pablo has been known to create as many as four songs from one basic guitar, bass and drum track.

Over the last ten years, Augustus Pablo has released so many albums and 45s that it's hard to keep track of them in America. Some of these albums, such as *This is Augustus Pablo*, *Pablo Nuh Jester* (re-packaged as *Dubbing in Africa*), and *East of the River Nile* are exercises in creating mood music with slow tempos and peaceful melodica melodies. Other albums are wilder experiments in dub, featuring Pablo's songwriting and musicianship, teamed with the genius of producer King Tubby. The true classic Pablo album is *King Tubby Meets Rockers Uptown*, but unfortunately this album has been unavailable for almost two years. The next best thing, and the classic album for this month is *Augustus Pablo—Original Rockers*. This album is a compilation of 45s that AP released during the years 1972 to 1975. More than any of his other albums, this one gives a cross-section of all his early styles, and even features a version of "Africa Must Be Free By 1983," with vocals by Hugh Mundell.

—Gene Scaramuzzo
THE RATINGS GAME

Some of the drawbacks for the Arbitron radio-rating system are that the sample size is very small, the mobility of radios makes accuracy difficult to achieve and programming overlap makes radio less distinguishable than TV stations.

I. A Quiz. Here's a quiz for y'all: which commercial radio station is number one in New Orleans? Go ahead, write it down. All set? Now, give me the answer.

Congratulations, you're right!

Wait a minute, certain skeptics may say, how'n'the hell do I know what you answered? Couldn't seven different people have given seven different answers? How can they all be right?

Ah, my friends, welcome to the ratings game. With a little statistical manipulation, almost like magic, I can prove to you that any of at least seven New Orleans commercial stations are number one in the Crescent City. It's a great game, and as a special treat, we're going on a walking tour through the rules and regulations. Come on along, and you, too, will soon be able to amaze and confound your friends with terms like 12+ and AM Drive. It's all part of the ratings game.

II. The Main Event in this spectacle occurs twice a year with the release of the Arbitron commercial radio ratings. Arbitron is simply a ratings service, independent and unaffiliated, and capable of recognizing a good scam when they see one. Each spring and fall, Arbitron mails out radio listening diaries to a lightly screened group of people in the greater New Orleans area. For the spring 1982 ratings, 7,068 diaries went out (in a radio audience area estimated at 1,894,000) and 3,112 were received at the end of the ratings period. The diaries divide each day into time segments, and the respondent notes what radio station he/she is listening to for each time.

Despite all its inaccuracies, the Arbitron ratings are given a high degree of credibility (at least by those who score well in them), and their arrival is eagerly anticipated by those who use them. Which brings us to the next section.

III. You Can't Tell The Players Without A Scorecard. Playing the ratings game is quite a privilege. While all the
commercial stations are charted (and the non-commercial stations' share may be deduced from the figures), not everyone subscribed to the ratings report. Admission to the game ranges from eighty dollars, the amount the advertising agencies pay, to a cool $30,000 per year for the radio stations. If a station doesn't play, it is not allowed to use the figures to promote itself. Ad agencies and advertisers, the other major players besides the stations, use the statistics the same way as the stations do, but from the other side of the transaction. Simply, the advertisers are the buyers, the stations are the sellers, and the product is time and the number of cars per time slot.

IV. Rules Of The Game. Arbitron publishes its ratings in the form of a booklet, with page after page of ratings tables. This is where the fun comes in. The various tables offer statistical breakdowns by age, sex and time, down to 15-minute periods. There are cross-references, breakdowns within breakdowns, figures by percentage and by audience size—in short, enough numbers to provide something for everyone. The largest category is Tot. Pers. 12+, which means everyone twelve years old and over. The time categories given most attention are AM Drive and PM Drive, the morning and evening rush hours when everyone, it is assumed, is listening to their car radios. Scoring well in these times can offset a minimal share in another time slot.

The minute detail of the ratings is what allows so many radio stations to claim ratings superiority. A station's advertising manager simply finds his station's strengths and targets his advertising efforts accordingly. On this basis, almost any station can make a strong pitch to some particular advertiser.

In the largest category, total person age twelve and over for all time periods, WAIL had the largest ratings share—but nobody uses that figure (except WAIL). From a practical standpoint, it is meaningless: there simply aren't that many advertisers who want to pitch everybody at once. Each particular product to be advertised is geared toward a particular group of people. The key to using the figures is to be able to show an advertiser that he will get an efficient cost per thousand listeners, and that those listeners belong to a group most likely to be interested in his product. If your station scores highly with the over-65 age group, you will solicit Geritol ads. If you score in the 12 to 18 range, you will be selling a lot of pimpel cream. As explained by Phil Zachary, program director of WQUE and the man to whom I am indebted for most of this information, "the ratings are a selling tool, and they're more versatile than any other we use." Indeed.

V. Play Ball! Now that you've absorbed all this useful information, you're ready to play the ratings game. So spin the spinner in the middle of the board, and let's see what happens.

Uh-oh, bad luck. You've been cast as the ad manager for WINE, which got a 1.2 share (out of a possible 100) for AM Drive. But all is not lost. Looking at your 0.6 rating from the last period, you can see that WINE has doubled its AM Drive audience since the last ratings. You also mention that you've climbed five places in the standings (do not mention that it is from 46th to 41st). And be sure to point out that in the context of left-handed Armenian circus people with twelve or more children, you are the clear-cut winner, with a whopping 54% lead over your closest competitor. Finish by stating that when AM Drive is combined with the 4:00-4:15 a.m. time slot, WINE delivers 113% more women 100-110 years old than it did in the last report.

See? That wasn't as hard as you thought, was it? Let's give it another spin.

This one's a little better. Now you're ad man for WZZZ, weak in some areas but with several obvious strengths. You come in fourth in PM Drive, so your first step is to release a data sheet showing the shares for this period. Conveniently, your data is only for stations ranked fourth through eleventh. Looking good. Your chief problem is that a series of chauvinistic editorials cost you your entire female audience, so you lead off your promo sheet by stressing that WZZZ offers a higher percentage of male listeners than any other station. Also point out that you are number two among 12-18 year olds from midnight to 6 a.m., up 66% from the last ratings. Close by noting that you deliver 43% more illegal aliens in the evening than in the morning.

VI. A Disclaimer. Lest all this sound too cynical, and lest any readers think someone out there in Radioland is pulling the wool over someone else's eyes, keep one thing in mind: everyone playing the game knows the rules and understands how to play. Really, this gives everyone involved in the advertising side of radio a chance for some creative fun and games; they all have the same basic information, and no one is so naive as to be taken in by all this, Says Phil Zachary, "It's really an ego-building device for broadcasters." And I should take the time here to thank Mr. Zachary himself, for being extremely helpful and forthright in showing me just exactly how the game is played. I enjoyed it, and I hope your advertising manager will still talk to you after he reads this.

VII. The Post-Game Show. Ultimately, like any other rating system, the Arbitron ratings are meaningless except to a small group of people with specialized needs. As for proclaiming any particular radio station number one in New Orleans, it's impossible. Even in terms of specific audiences, it's highly questionable, given the sample size and methodology. Whichever station a person listens to is number one for that person.

What station do I think is number one? I'll be happy to tell you—for $30,000.

—Keith Twitchell
TAPE A NUMBER—ANY NUMBER

Home-taping gives power back to the consumer—which is precisely what frightens the major record companies.

Looking over some new albums, I spied a small and strange symbol on the back of a record-jacket. At first glance the symbol appeared to be a skull-and-crossbones; closer scrutiny revealed the bones to be bones but the skull was a cassette. Over the cassette were these words: "Home-taping is killing music."

The record companies, the major record companies, that is, are currently in a panic. Record sales are at an all-time low. And to make matters worse, the big stadium shows fared poorly this summer: low public exposure—low record sales. So the major record companies want you to believe that things are bad for them because would-be customers are home-taping. Rather than go out and buy a new LP, you, the consumer, tape the new record off the radio or you tape a friend's copy. The blank cassette costs you between three and five dollars; the new album runs about seven dollars (as low as six if it's on sale; as much as eight if it's by a "superstar"). Usually you can fit two and a half albums on a ninety-minute tape—one a side plus some. The big companies point to this discrepancy in prices, then they point to their falling revenues and say, "All the money that should be rolling into our pockets over here is rolling into the pockets of the manufacturers of blank tapes over there!"

What home-taping does is give some power to the consumer. The consumer becomes an editor, a programmer. The consumer cuts out all the fat himself and tapes what gems can be found. Also, a lot of home-taping involves making programs of, say, all your favorite tracks by John Lennon. Or you could mix Bartok, Bob Dylan, Charlie Mingus and Talking Heads. The possibilities are endless. The Walkman-type deck enable one to bring one's music anywhere; and the music one brings can be programmed by oneself for oneself at a low cost with a little time and imagination.

A proposal by one of the majors calls for a tax to be levied against blank tapes so that the companies could recoup the losses they claim to suffer through home-taping. The majors say artists, composers, and arrangers are being deprived of their rightful royalties. But who would decide where these extra revenues will end up? The majors would decide and the revenues would end up in their own coffers.

A cassette tape is small and easy to pass around, it's an easy way to circulate information and entertainment. American culture becomes a throw-away culture more and more with each passing day. The major record companies contribute to this condition by releasing mostly throw-away product. The consumer seeking pleasure if not information can find the treasure—and throw away the trash.

—Zeke Fishhead
At last the music of Jasmine is available without the distractions of poor acoustics, noisy crowds, and faulty mixing that jazz groups and their audiences must endure in New Orleans. *Tropical Breeze* was recorded at Sea-Saint Studios with production assistance from Allen Toussaint. The musical virtuosity, nuances, and ambiance of flowing sensuousness in Jasmine are all presented here in a superb mix.

The music here is difficult to categorize. Jasmine is truly what fusion is about. Old and new musical themes are fused with Latin rhythms and propelled by a New Orleans backbeat.

Eight of the nine tunes on the record were penned by Brazilian composers. Drummer James Black's "Jasmine" is the exception, and blends well with the other tunes to create a very cohesive presentation. All lyrics were composed by Ron Cuccia, who, as a jazz poet, is talented at fitting words around musical rhythms.

Cuccia's talent is amplified by the marvelous vocal style of Cassandra Wilson. Ms. Wilson sounds as though she came straight from Brazil rather than her Mississippi home. She moves from lyric to scat with the fluid motions that are expected from performances in this idiom. She shares melodic chores with the flute of Kent Jordan and the violin of Sun Kim. Of all the players, Jordan gets the most solo space and makes good use of it. Sun Kim's haunting violin keeps the whole affair from becoming too light and blowing away.

With Jasmine's leader Patrice Fisher on harp, the rhythm section is completed by Jim Markway, bass; James Black, drums; and Mark Sanders, percussion. The harp is particularly effective with all of the swells and crescendos in the music.

The tunes range in style from the airy “Oh Pepita” to the solemn and familiar “Malaguena.” “Jasmine” is a love song and “Everything I Do With You” is a medium tempo funky number.

Once again, New Orleans musicians make an aesthetically significant musical statement.

--- Brad Palmer

**Album Of The Year**

**Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers**

*Timeless SJP 155*

This album has much to recommend on many levels. It is extremely listenable and holds up well under repeated playings. Art Blakey has obviously pared down his superior musical knowledge for his younger colleagues, who all sound courageous and fresh. What is most inspiring about this album is how new it sounds in comparison to the many 'dated' albums that have recently been appearing.

Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, a native New Orleanian, began working with Blakey in 1979, a position previously held by such great trumpeters as Clifford Brown, Freddie Hubbard and Bill Hardman. He plays with full knowledge and confidence, revealing his extensive training; his trumpet never sounds cracked or dry and his solos are dynamically put.
together as evidenced on Charlie Parker's "Cheryl."

Art Blakey is complemented by bassist Charles Fambrough, best known through his association with McCoy Tyner. He is technically facile and excels in the solo passages of his "Little Man." Saxophonists Robert Watson and Bill Pierce shine out and display a remarkable sense of timing, never being put out with Blakey's sudden shifts. Robert Watson's "In Case You Missed It" is really brilliant, with a no-nonsense feel to it. It would be very easy to take this rhythm section for granted—they make it sound so easy!

The members of this super band complement each other and it's a good indicator of where these musicians are headed. Art Blakey is continuing to do his best and sounds as fresh and creative as ever! This album is very good.

—Bonnie Canitelli

Atomic Café Original Soundtrack Rounder 1034

I've not seen the film, Atomic Café, which is apparently a Fey-horrifying cautionary compilation of America's late-1940s/early-1950s Kierkegaardian romance with the A-bomb, as reflected in newsreels, popular music, training films and the pronouncements of military tacticians, politicians and over-eager scientists: this soundtrack is a potions counter of ephemerae, running from one authentic masterpiece to some incredible crud (all however with redeeming social value) in the blues, rock, country and gospel styles. Now this is itself interesting: leave it to blacks and rednecks, least respectable and most disenfranchised of immediate-postwar Americans, to pass the most telling comments on the most demonic addition to The Technology. The black music is generally witty and cool and ironic, the redneck music excitable and vivacious.

The authentic masterpiece, "Atom and Evil" by those jazzy human pipe-organs the Golden Gate Quartet, opens the album; how could one beat a combination of prescience, wit and virtuoso technique (despite the accusations of over-slickness that haunt the Golden Gates)? Baritone Bill Johnson gives the narrative line as usual—Atom being a "friend of the human clan" led astray, Garden of Eden-like, by the conniving, voluptuous Evil—"If we don't break up that romance soon, we'll all fall down and go boom, boom, boom!" is the refrain moaned by the sublime Henry Owens—the one really "colored" sounding member of the Quartet and probably their greatest lead.

Serenely sly and suave, this secular warning is light years ahead of the rest of the selections which include such discoveries (all worth hearing once, but some only once) as Skip Stanley's kicky-as-a-grade-Z-horror-picture "Satellite Baby," Sonny
Russell's godawful "50 Megatons," Lowell Blanchard and the Valley Trio's "Jesus Hits Like An Atom Bomb" (anything with a title like that is already self-parodic with its hayseed Last Judgement opposed to technological destruction and its punctuating shouts of "Great Gawd a-mighty!")), the creepy, lounge-lizardish and Nino Rota sounding "Atomic Love" by Little Caesar (not the one of "Those Oldies But Goodies Remind Me Of You" fame) and the Red Callender Sextet.

There are other hits—no pun intended—that deserve a bit of study: the Buchanan Brothers' "Atomic Power" which is hokey beyond belief with its mixture of clarinets and fiddles and eschatology but has a peculiar force that make it sound like a seminal fossil; Louisiana Red's "Red's Dream" (the latest cut on the album, from 1962) with its account of Red wreaking havoc at the U.N. and bossing Castro about—like Moms Mabley collaring Khruschev and telling him, "Listen, boy..." and Billy Hughes and the Buckaroos' anti-mechanist "Atomic Sermon," which is both witty and musically tasteful, the Five Stars' almost artfully banal "Atom Bomb Baby," and Slim Gaillard's "Atomic Cocktail" (better than anything on the recent MCA reissue album), which recalls Pauwels and Bergier's fascinating-but-unexplored comment in Le Malin de la Magie that anyone could make an atomic bomb at home on the kitchen range, and is sparse and clever—"when you take one sip, you won't need any more"—and makes us think that Ronny Graham might have been satirizing Gaillard's ultracool icebox-jive as much as Harry The Hipster's benzedrine-hysteria in his old New Faces routines about hepcats.

An interesting document this, with a few works of folk art and much enjoyable trash; I'm just a sucker for theme albums, I guess. Good scholarly notes inside by Charles Wolfe.

—Jon Newlin

Since Ol' Gabriel's Time
Hezekiah and the Houserockers
Louisiana Folklife Series
LP-003

This disc, produced by the Louisiana Folklife Center, is without a doubt one of the most outlandish releases in some time. Hailing from Ferriday, Louisiana, the group is not your typical blues trio.

Led by Hezekiah Early, who doubles on drums and harmonica, the group also consists of guitarist James Baker and the extraordinary Peewee Whittaker on vocals and trombone, of all things.

Between them, the group incorporates blues, ragtime, jazz and even rock 'n' roll into their style. Though virtually unknown, the band was the highlight of this year's Baton Rouge Blues Festival.
As a group, the trio's sound is raggedy at best, but that doesn't bother me and it shouldn't you. The Houserockers play with a fervor not often captured on wax these days. One listen to Peewee taking a rude solo on his trombone should convince anyone.

Admittedly you'll get more out of this release after you've seen the Houserockers work out. Side one contains studio takes, while the flip side was recorded live at last year's Natchitoches Folk Festival. Most material is quite traditional—"St. Louis Blues," "Racetrack Blues" and "Outskirts of Town"—but the approach is definitely out of the ordinary.

This record isn't for everybody, but neither is this magazine. —Almost Slim

Cornbread For Your Husband And Biscuits For Your Man:
Mr. Clifford Blake Sr. Calls The Cotton Press Louisiana Folklife 37321

This curio comes to us direct from Natchitoches, famed for its meat pies and the late Cammie Henry and that curious settlement on Cane River called Isle Brevelle and the Little Eva Plantation (where Mrs. Stowe supposedly derived some of her inspiration) and that notorious and now-removed 1927 bit of public statuary, "The Old Darkie," which was inscribed on its base: In Grateful Recognition Of The Arduous And Faithful Service Of The Good Darkies Of Louisiana.

And now Mr. Blake joins the list of above wonders: "calling" the cotton press—a big malignant machine which bales and arranges the cotton and claimed one of Mr. Blake's legs some years ago—inspires greater production, keeps the workers cheerful through the Brucknerian thunder of the damn thing, warns them when they are too close to its maw, times them ("sun is almost down") and is apparently a Lost Art, which as demonstrated in Mr. Blake's chants, combines gospel call-and-response and blues moaning with the more primitive features of the Industrial Revolution—one doubts whether those child miners investigated by the Sadler Commission in Mid-Victorian England had pipers or fiddlers to cheer them.

Mr. Blake explains that he had an almost mystic vocation to call the press, and besides, he "didn't want my sisters to rock no white folks' babies," and thus by luck/determination/nerve (and, one suspects, a little bit of knuckling under because the press caller represents the bosses' interest, not the workers—he keeps the workers happy so they can produce more), he gained the coveted position of shouting raconteur that has gained him enough eminence to merit an entire record to himself. Mr. Blake is eloquent
on the mechanics of the press and on the origins of the blues—a "pacified mind" is his description of a blues-less one, and his singing of the Sanctified hymn, "I Done Got Over" has nothing to do with Irma Thomas. His voice, a shouting, alternately razor-like, alternately gnarled, lilting—slices through words in linear movements that are horizontal and floating as opposed to the vertical smashing of the press.

The second side of the record is given over to fabliaux, folklore and reminiscence—peopled with clever rabbits and stupid mules, overseers dispensing justice of a Biblical harshness, haunted graveyards and hoodoos (a charm involved in one story is made up of egg yolks, Epsom salts and black pepper—those people in Natchitoches eat some strange omelettes) and charitable residents of Calcasieu Parish (a redneck gentleman gives Blake a hambone and a baked potato, the former being the first meat he had eaten in six months, he tells us). It is less interesting than the first side, but a record like this is still a good demonstration of what small record labels do well and an even better and more heartening demonstration that state funds don't just line legislators' pockets or adorn their wives' bodices. If the state of Louisiana can press a record as charming as this, it's doing something right.

—Jon Newlin

Lords of the New Church,
An Island
Tupelo's Tavern
September 3, 1982

With a long break between acts, Oak Street was crowded and the police threatened to send a paddywagon; very reminiscent of the 1978-1979 punk scene in New Orleans. The Lords of the New Church came on with thundering sound, generally in black with Stiv Bators in leather pants and a red sash.

They set everyone's adrenaline pumping with their aggressive attitude; the audience was crammed against the stage and the club-owner threw a couple of slamming dancers out before deciding to let the audience kill themselves and/or the band.

Brian James, ex-Damned, played wrenching guitar solos with stereo and setup and swayed and grimaced as if he had several gunshot wounds; the bass player, ex-Sham69, dealt out punchy bass lines while maintaining a bored and detached presence, while the drummer leapt off his bass drum at the end of the set.

Stiv Bators was only slightly calmer than usual. For the finale, he threw himself on the floor and in one of those acts of self-destruction for which he is famous, beat himself across the chest with the mike stand and then threw the microphone around and around, eventually slamming himself in the groin (accidentally?). The Lords thrilled me more than any other band in recent times.
An Island played an impressive opening set to a seemingly unimpressed audience. Opening bands have a hard role, going unnoticed except when they take up too much time. An Island is a three-piece local band playing mostly original music with semi-political themes and a hard-driving dance beat; visually they are very exciting.

—Lenny Zenith

Homegrown
WGNO-TV, Channel 26
September 26, 1982

September's Homegrown featured the Radiators, taped at Jimmy's in late August. According to Bob Gremillion, co-producer and director of the show, Channel 26 used the services of Southern Mobile Video and mixed the sound through television speakers for optimal television sound. The tape that I previewed was high quality and as clear as can be expected from television.

The music was that good old fishhead repertoire of original tunes that the Radiators do with such wonderful freshness. Crowd shots were edited in and the audience clearly enjoyed the show—dancing figures swayed to the music and made you wish you were there too.

The show's only problem is one you'd expect—the range of television simply cannot capture that live feeling, the musical intensity, the stomach-thumping beat of actually being there. Yet Channel 26 does an admirable job, taking the resources of an open, inviting club like Jimmy's, and the talent of the Rads to create a local concert rivalling the slickly packaged M-TV. Channel 26 has captured the Radiators' energy and style.

Look for 26's Homegrown to appear later this fall featuring other New Orleans acts. The station hopes to make a monthly series out of the show by the end of the year.

—Margaret Williams

Bobby McFerrin

New Orleanians may remember Bobby McFerrin as the vocalist with Astral Project throughout 1978. In addition to singing lyrics, McFerrin takes on the role of other instruments with his astounding vocal improvisations. He calls these vocalizations "vocalise" (pronounced vo-ca-leeze) and his objection to being called a scat singer is understandable. In his lightest moments he is a fine scat singer. His more serious moments are musical marvels.

McFerrin's vinyl debut does not justify this talent however. The album is just a little too safe.

Van Morrison's "Moondance" is rhythmically and melodically strong here.
McFerrin and Phoebe Snow team up for a very funky "You've Really Got A Hold On Me." But next to Ms. Snow's raunchy blues style, McFerrin's voice is too soft and pretty. It has a thin texture and he stays mostly in the upper register, leaving him out of his element on the Smokey Robinson tune.

McFerrin's "All Feet Can Dance" and "Sightless Bird" are vocal extravaganzas with numerous vocal overdubs. The impressionistic "Sightless Bird" effectively uses longer notes to connote great expanses. The above two tunes and Bud Powell's "Hallucinations" (on which McFerrin is featured a capella with vocalise overdubs) show a serious talent at work.

Good interaction contributes to the success of the three tunes just mentioned, but on other selections there is no real interplay between McFerrin and his band of West Coast musicians. Jazz is not an idiom where the band can be just a backup for a front liner.

While McFerrin has good jazz musicians playing with him, and while McFerrin's roots are in jazz, I can't recommend this as a jazz album. I do recommend it, though, as an example of the heights to which good pop-oriented music can rise.

McFerrin comes across here as a very talented composer and arranger. One hopes some day he will compose, arrange, and perform an extended work for voice and jazz ensemble. These days record labels are putting too few dollars into the development of new artists. It is therefore encouraging that Bruce Lundvall on his new Elektra/Musicians label has made it possible for this important artist to make his musical statement.

Brad Palmer

**Trick Bag**

**Earl King**

**French EMI 83299**

What a welcomed LP. This one covers Earl's stay at Imperial Records from 1960 to 1962. Many of the tunes that Earl's reputation is based on are included in this outing. "You'd Better Know," "Come On," "Mama and Papa," and the title tune are among the better known items.

Wardell Quezergue, and the true godfather of New Orleans R&B, Dave Bartholomew, produced and played on these. Once again Earl's songwriting is his forte, being simultaneously humorous, witty and deeply personal.

Earl lays down some "alley" guitar and he really wails especially on his mentor Guitar Slim's "The Things I Used To Do." Even though Earl never got a true hit out of these Imperial forays, his recordings were great examples of New Orleans R&B from the early "classic" period.

This set is a real service to collectors. Great packaging and superb sound make this a "must."

—Almost Slim
THE RECORD ONE-STOP OLDIE-BUT GOODIE QUESTION OF THE MONTH
What New Orleans artist had a big national hit of Blueberry Hill? The first 30 correct answers to the above question will receive a free oldie but goodie album. Write with your answer c/o The Roadrunner, the Record One-Stop, P.O. Box 547, Kenner LA 70063. The answer to last month’s question is Don’t Mess With My Man by Irma Thomas recorded on Ron Records, her first single.

LOOKING FOR lead guitarist, into original new wave music and pop. Must be familiar with rockabilly, ska, other styles. Vocal and image a plus. Call Michael at 488-6101.

WANTED. Keyboard into progressive techno-space-funk w/multi-stuff. 899-4251, 899-3549, 861-3502.

HEY! Not only does Red Star have cards framing and other neat stuff, but now we have a small selection of used records!! Still next to Leisure Landing, at 5432 Magazine St.

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NEW ORLEANS ROCK 'N' ROLL
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Amps, drums and piano included. $15 an hour for the first 3 hrs. and $10 thereafter. 467-3655.

LIVING BLUES America’s leading blues magazine; sample copy $2, subscription (4 issues) $8. Living Blues, 2615 N. Wilton, Chicago IL 60614.
Blues guitarist Mason Ruffner, usually heard at Tipitina's Club on Bourbon, will make an appearance uptown this month at Tipitina's October 20. Be sure to check him out; he's one of the best.

Ironing Board Sam, late of West Memphis, Arkansas, and currently gigging around Savannah, Georgia, is returning to New Orleans soon to stay...Clarence Frogman Henry is working on his next album in England...Roosevelt Sykes, "The Honey Dripper," has been in poor health since returning from the Nice Jazz Festival. Get well soon...Allen Fontenot is making an unqualified hit in New England, taking his Country Cajuns on a number of club and festival dates...Frankie Ford recently celebrated his 30th anniversary in show business with a giant party staged by his manager Ken Keene at Frankie's posh Gretna home. In attendance were such luminaries as Jimmy Fitzmorris, Bobby Mitchell, Ernie K-Doe, Bobby Cure (sporting a Kojak hair style), Frankie's mom Mrs. Vincent Guzzo and about 500 others...If you listen to your radio closely you'll of course notice Dr. John singing the latest Popeye's commercial, but did you know that Dr. Dorsey is also singing about Wendy's Chicken Sandwiches...Earl King is back at Sea-Saint, working on some new material...

The Newsboys will be at Studio In The Country to work on a demo in a couple of weeks. Also getting a demo together are the Blue Yippers...Drummer Kerry Brown is back in the French Quarter between touring and he'll play on Gatemouth Brown's next Rounider effort...Les Gatreaux is replacing Guitar Slim, Jr. at Dorothy's Medallion Lounge on Saturdays...Bryan Lee is selling a new rhythm section and working around town quite a bit...Billboard magazine recently featured New Orleans radio in their September 4 issue, rating WTX the top AM station while WAIK took the gold medal in the FM category...Studio Menis folks A.J. Loria, Mary Fox and Carlo Ditta are heading out to meet with the president of Warner Brothers to discuss a reunion tour of Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and England, taking their Country Cajuns on a number of club and festival dates...Frankie Ford recently celebrated his 30th anniversary in show business with a giant party staged by his manager Ken Keene at Frankie's posh Gretna home. In attendance were such luminaries as Jimmy Fitzmorris, Bobby Mitchell, Ernie K-Doe, Bobby Cure (sporting a Kojak hair style), Frankie's mom Mrs. Vincent Guzzo and about 500 others...If you listen to your radio closely you'll of course notice Dr. John singing the latest Popeye's commercial, but did you know that Dr. Dorsey is also singing about Wendy's Chicken Sandwiches...Earl King is back at Sea-Saint, working on some new material...

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AND DRUMMER WITH VOCAL CAPABILITIES. CALL JOEY AT 392-5150.
EXPERIENCED LEAD VOCALIST WANTED FOR ESTABLISHED WORKING BAND. SUBMIT TAPES OR RESUME TO TOPCATS, 4305 CALIFORNIA AVE. KENNER, 70062.
BAND LOOKING FOR KEYBOARDIST AND LEAD Guitarist UNDER 40 yrs. OF AGE - ALL STYLES CALL 820-7818 OR 820-3308.
ESTABLISHED ROCK GROUP IN DESPERATE SEARCH FOR KEYBOARDIST PLAYER ANDER VOCALIST INTO GRAND FUNK Z'TOP BLUE OYSTER CULT. CALL MARK AT 242-1937.
WORKING BAND SEEKING TWO ROADS TO WORK 3 TO 4 TIMES A WEEK. 4 TO 5 HOURS A DAY. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED, BUT HELPFUL CALL LENNY AT 807-6837. SERIOUS ONLY.
FULL TIME WORK FOR STAND UP SINGER. LOCAL NIGHT CLUB IN PHOENIX. $300/WK CALL GARY AT 218-234-7514 FROM 10 TC 2 OR AFTER 6PM.
WORKING TRAVELING BAND NEEDS SINGER/VOCALIST OR KEYBOARD/VOCALIST WILL BE RECORDING FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL JIM ANGELO AT 1-385-0421. GOOD PAY FOR THE RIGHT PERSON.
GUITAR PLAYERS
YOUNG GUITARIST INTO 22 TOP RUSH AND BLUES SEEKS PEOPLE WILLING TO FORM BAND. CALL FRED AT 282-0712 AFTER 5:00 P.M.
GUITAR PLAYER SEEKS WORKING BAND IN TO BLUES, JAZZ, OR POP. WILL CONSIDER BAND JUST FORMING IF SITUATION IS RIGHT. CALL WILLIE AT 241-3849 ANYTIME.
GUITARIST INTO ALL STYLES. ROCK TO COUNTRY WITH BACKGROUND SINGING ABILITY SEEKS BAND. CALL WAYNE AT 382-9333.
LEAD GUITARIST SEEKS SERIOUS BAND INTO HEAVY METAL. CALL LENNY AT 865-0622.
SERIOUS GUITARIST LOOKING FOR ROCK, NEW, AND BAND 1, NOW HAVE GROUP 1. I PLAY RHYTHM & DO BACK UP VOCALS, 1 YEAR BAND EXP. 15 YEARS, PLAYING, CALL 454-7808 OR 643-2478 ASK FOR JEREM.
GUITARIST WITH EQUIPMENT SEEKS WORKING BAND. I PLAY ANY STYLE BUT PREFER DOING SOME ORIGINALS. CALL STEPHEN AT 738-1402 AFTER 6:00 PM.
GUITARIST AVAILABLE. CALL ROBERT AT 944-4058 ALL STYLES.
GUITARIST INTO ROCK AND POP BAND SEEKS GROUP WITH EQUIPMENT AND POTENTIAL CALL RICHARD AT 468-7883.
DRUMMERS
EXPERIENCED DRUMMER LOOKING FOR WORKING BAND INTO GOSPEL, R&B, BLUES, ROCK AND TOP FORTY CALL: MILTON AT 897-6340.
HEAVY METAL DRUMMER IN ZEP, RUSH, AC/DC, GONZ-WANTS JOB IN HEAVY METAL ROCK BAND. MUST HAVE GIGS MANAGEMENT CONTROL. CALL PAYNARD AT 318-6554 AFTER 6:00 PM.
SCHOOLING DRUMMER SEEKING ANY WORKING SITUATION. CALL GLEN AT 833-1145.
BASS PLAYERS
BASS PLAYER INTO ALL STYLES AND WILING TO TRAVEL SEEKS GROUP, CALL BUTCH AT 394-1648.
NEED A BASS PLAYER WHO CAN PLAY ALL STYLES, CALL DON AT 822-2400.

BRASS-WOODWINDS
SAX MAN LOOKING FOR GIGS. WILLING TO SIT IN ON SHORT NOTICE. CALL MIKEY AT 882-8012 BETWEEN 10:00 AM AND 11:00 PM.
SAX PLAYER LOOKING FOR BAND. TO PLAY WITH CALL CHRISTINE AT 385-3565.

VOCALISTS
FEMALE VOCALIST/RHYTHM GUITARIST SEEKS WORKING COUNTRY BAND WITH TRADITIONAL/SWINGING/PROGRESSIVE/R&B LEANINGS. MORE LIKE MARIZA BARN, THAN HAVE ORIGINAL MATERIAL. CALL KATHY AT 860-4525 ANYTIME.
MALE VOCALIST WANTED ROCK AND ORIGINALS. SERIOUS MINDS CALL BRANT OR DON. 241-8486, AFTER 7 HOURS.
MALE LEAD SINGER LOOKING FOR A BAND. HAVE SOME EQUIPMENT, CALL FELIX AT 277-3363 ANYTIME.
VOCALIST SEEKS GROUP FORMED OR FORMING INTO ROCK, OLDIES, TOP FORTY, COUNTRY AND YOU NAME IT. CALL ROBERT AT 348-0577 AFTER 5 PM.
MALE VOCALIST, 26 YRS OLD WITH WIDE RANGE, GOOD SHOWMANSHIP, BANG ABILIT AND VOICE TO MATCH. ALSO CLASSICALLY TRAINED SEEKS WORKING BAND. PREFER 80'S POP MUSIC OR ORIGINALS. CALL GARY AT 288-6653.
FEMALE VOCALIST SEEKS BAND - R&B, SOUL AND JAZZ. CALL ELIZABETH AT 590-1119.

MUSICIANS WANTED
WANTED: DRUMMER FOR TIGHTIQUE - EXPERIENCE N HEAVY METAL ONLY. CALL ARON AT 464-6095 OR ANGELO AT 456-2926. MUST BE READY TO ROCK.
ROCK AND ROLL ORIGINAL GROUP SEEKS BASS PLAYER WITH VOCAL CAPABILITIES. RECORDING AND PERFORMING. SERIOUS ONLY CONTACT D. BERTIN AT 1-649-6572.
ROCK GROUP SEEKS MALE VOCALIST TO HANDLE ROCK ORIGINALS FOR RECORDING AND PERFORMING. MUST BE SERIOUS. CONTACT D. BERTIN AT 1-649-6572.
BAND SEEKS KEYBOARD AND VOCALIST TO PERFORM STEVE WENDER, GORDON DUKE, QUINTY JONES, ETC. CALL SHANNON AT 822-2928.
PROGRESSIVE BAND STARTING OUT NEEDS DRUMMER AND KEYBOARD PLAYER IN STYLE OF YES. AGE 16-22. CALL ERIC AT 278-4819.
WANTED: GIDDY LEE. OR HIS TWIN VICTORIA CROSS AUDITIONING BASS PLAYERS 340-3948.
ESTABLISHED WORKING BAND SEEKS KEYBOARDIST/ VOCALIST CALL 469-5296 AFTER 5:00 OR 899-4389.
WANTED: SERIOUS MINDED BASS AND KEYBOARD PLAYER INTO ORIGINALS AND SOME COPY MUSIC ABLE TO DO BACKGROUND VOCALS. CALL VIC AT 347-1755.
WELL FORMED BAND LOOKING FOR HEAVY METAL, SINGER WITH GOOD STAGE PRESENCE. CALL KARL AT 455-4133 OR BRUCE AT 456-1054.
EXPERIENCED DRUMMER AND SINGER NEEDED FOR HEAVY METAL BAND. CALL DWAYNE AT 456-1527.
WANTED - EXPERIENCED GUITAR PLAYER INTO FUNK TOP FORTY, AND R&B AND FUSION WITH OWN EQUIPMENT. CALL BRETT AT 347-4288 OR BILL AT 347-3960.
GROUP STARTING, LOOKING FOR NOT LEAD GUITARIST AND DRUMMER WITH VOCAL CAPABILITIES. CALL JOEY AT 392-5150.
EXPERIENCED LEAD VOCALIST WANTED FOR ESTABLISHED WORKING BAND. SUBMIT TAPES OR RESUME TO TOPCATS, 4305 CALIFORNIA AVE. KENNER, 70062.
BAND LOOKING FOR KEYBOARDIST AND LEAD GUITARIST UNDER 30 YRS. OF AGE - ALL STYLES CALL 4088, 453-7165 OR 347-3960.
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KEYBOARD PLAYERS
PIANO/KEYBOARD PLAYER AVAILABLE FOR ALL STYLES. CALL AL 469-2427. AM AND EARLY PM.
KEYBOARDIST AVAILABLE FOR WORK PREFER JAZZ OR ROCK. STEADY ON WEEKEND WORK. CALL KEKE AT 438-4923 AFTER 8:00 PM OR DIANE AT 561-6038.
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Music by John Rankin 9-1
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fridays - TGIF 5-7 Heineken $1 Oysters $1.50 dozen
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Thurs, 7 - Doc Watson
Fri, 8 - The Radiators
Sat, 9 - The Rock a Byes
Thurs, 14 - J. Monque’d
Fri, 15 - Woodenhead
Sat, 16 - The Brains from Atlanta
Wed, 20 - Big Twist & The Mellow Fellows from Chicago
Thurs, 21 - The Radiators
Fri, 22 - Rockin’ Dopsle & The Twisters
Sat, 23 - Walter Washington and The Solar System Band
Thurs, 28 - Roger McGuinn
Fri, 29 - The Rock a Byes
Sat, 30 - The Blue Vipers and the New Jetz Coming in November
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