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Wavelength (November 1982)

Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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Wednesday, 3
• The Jerry Garcia Band, Riverboat President.

Thursday, 4
• Ray Charles, Trinity's, Baton Rouge, 8:30 & 11.

Friday, 5
• Kenny Rogers, Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers Band, LSU Assembly Center, 8.
• Richard Hell, Tupelo's.

Saturday, 6
• R.E.M., Tupelo's.

Saturday, Sunday, 6,7
• Annual Bluegrass Festival, with The Heights of Grass, Collins Creek, Delta Ramblers, Luke Thompson, Hwy. 25 in Folsom, 55 miles north of New Orleans. Saturday 6-12, Sunday 2-till; New Orleans information, 831-8290.

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Thursday, 11
• The Imperials, Saenger Theatre.

Friday, 12
• Dean Darling and the Wanderers, featuring Flashback, Hyste and comedian Lance Mantoia, St. Bernard Civic Auditorium, 9.

Saturday, 13
• Juice Newton, Riverboat President.

Thursday, 18
• Roy Ayers, Riverboat President.
• Hamiet Bluett with the Improvisational Art Ensemble, Faubourg, 10.
• Fabulous Thunderbirds, Trinity's, Baton Rouge.

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• Woody Herman's Club, Poydras Plaza Mall in the Hyatt Regency, 601 Loyola, 522-8788. Woody Herman and His Thundering Herd play big band jazz, Monday-Saturday, 9:15 and 10:45.

Wavelength club and concert listings are available free of charge. Call 895-2342 for information.
TALK TO ME BY HAND

Anson Funderburgh was in New Orleans last month, playing those blues that made his first album, *Talk To Me By Hand* (produced by Hammond Scott), such a success. Scott and Funderburgh have another album that will appear in January, *She Knocks Me Out* (recorded 'neath the full prairie moon in Dallas this past August). The new disc includes more original tunes, has "a more total group sound" and will be distributed nationally by Rounder Records.

JIVIN' JOHN

A solitary cry of "Get-down-get-back-up-again!" notwithstanding, jivin' Johnny Reno was spotted executing the difficult "Juke Jump" flawlessly to four feet above sea level in the steamy confines of the Tipitina Arena. September 27 saw the Juke Jumpers, from sunny Panther City, Texas, hoist their crowd to equally dizzying heights of R&B euphoria. A standing sitting-in Earl King provided icing for the cake.

Mr. Reno's saxophone reportedly caused the feet of an elderly Canadian man to jump and slide so wildly about the dance floor that his shoes were reduced to smoldering strips of spent leather.

IDOLATRY

Billy Idol's manager hustled us upstairs into a muggy dressing-room, where the blond and blue-eyed "punker" of the late 1970s looked a bit shy and restless as he drank a Dixie. Dressed in "New Romantic" garb—satin striped baggies, medieval belt and vest, assorted chains, rings and a cross dangling from his ear—he turned a few heads walking down Oak Street.

Billy was still amused at the transvestite strip show he had just seen on Bourbon Street—"You just knew she had to be a bloke!" Billy's previous group, Generation X, had never toured the U.S. but he recognized problems similar to touring Britain and Europe: "Clubs were scared to try new things; they were against the way I looked...in England the band was on 'Top of the Pops' but not on the charts. We were signed for two years (with Chrysalis) before our single broke."

Idol was so polite and calm that the only clue to his previous hardcore-punk image was his half-sneer/half-grimace expression and his spiked haircut.

I asked him about his reputation as a sex symbol: "You really become aware of it when you see posters of yourself in the record stores, and your records selling...It wasn't a conscious effort, I did what looked good. It was nice for a change to smell perfume coming up at you rather than the smell of dirty gym shoes!"

While Billy Idol's direction seems more commercial, he views it as a natural progression, concentrating on music rather than message.

He feels "White Wedding" was his most significant song to date—"It's about people who are ridiculously conservative. Like having the bride wear white even though she's pregnant, 'cos God wouldn't like it! People like us view them (the ridiculously conservative) as one extreme and they see us as the other. Absurdities, that's what it's about."

—Lenny Zenith

OUR GANG

Capping off a Wednesday night September rampage of international new wave talent, the 22nd saw Tipitina's play host to San Francisco's Translator and British funk-punksters Gang of Four. Previous sold-out September acts included The English Beat and Stray Cats.

Translator's sound has been described as "a hybrid cross between U2 and The Byrds, with stronger root growth." The Gangsters whipped their crowd into a dancing sweat-soaked frenzy with sledge-hammer backbeat, astral guitar pyrotechnics, nifty clothes, and enough spaces in their music to keep it interesting and English.

—rico
HELLUVA WEEKEND

A great weekend of new music is planned early this month, featuring the legendary Richard Hell, Georgia's newest export R.E.M., and a batch of good local bands, playing for a worthy cause, presented by Tupelo's, in conjunction with Pontchartrain Productions.

The weekend begins on Friday, Nov. 6, with Richard Hell who, if he didn't actually invent punk rock, apparently originated the spiky hair and torn shirt look that seemed such a big part of the early scene. Hell has been largely idle in the five years since the classic Blank Generation, doing a little acting and issuing a few singles, but he has just released Destiny Street, a terrific record that includes not only new versions of the singles "Kid with the Replaceable Head" (originally produced by Nick Lowe and now almost impossible to find) and the lovely "Time," but also covers of the Kinks' "I Gotta Move" and Dylan's "Going Going Going" (!) Check it out.

Saturday, Nov. 7, will see the return of R.E.M. ("rapid eye movements" which indicate the deepest stage of sleep when dreams occur). No one has determined why former U. of Georgia art students make such swell dance bands—the B-52's and Pylon are other notable examples—but when these guys played here earlier this summer to a sparse mid-week crowd, everyone danced. They have a new mini-album out, Chronic Town, which is very good and a great single, "Radio Free Europe," but they're really a knockout live, where they come across more like a group of boys fooling around with guitars in the basement for fun than jaded adults making careers in music. Go see them, and be prepared to sweat.

The weekend winds up Sunday with a nuclear disarmament benefit featuring the Rockabyes, Red Rockers, and An Island. The Defense Department will no doubt monitor the turnout for this event to assess the strength of the opposition so come out and show you care.

—Steve Alleman

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

She jumped at me, trying to lick my eye; that's how my photo session with photo journalist Annie Leibovitz started. It was 11 a.m. on Wednesday, October 5, and Annie's plane would leave at noon. We met at the Marriott (where Annie had addressed the national meeting of the University and College Designers Association) but Annie's ride to the airport was due to leave fifteen minutes later. I thought, just enough time...

Standing in front of me with long brown hair and casually loose clothing was a woman whose work I ardently admire (hundreds of Rolling Stone covers and feature photos, many of them entrenched in the collective consciousness). But, raising my camera to meter and set my exposure while looking through the lens, she moved left then right, then jumped up, landed and lunged forward until all I could see was a large wiggling tongue approaching. Feeling like a po-boy but trying to deport myself like a journalist, I quickly documented this pictorial historian of rock's taste buds.

While cleaning my lens, I wondered how I could take control of this photo session. Making friends would be a start—we had friends in common, a few employers in common, age in common, an ethnic background in common and both of us are losing our hair. A quick smile, a snap of the shutter and she attacked again—this woman didn't want to make friends, she wanted to wrestle. She grabbed my shoulders, tickled my armpits, I gave up trying to give her any directions and hoped she wouldn't lock me in a figure four or an atomic drop.

Portrait photography demands "Sensitivity." Many people are, for many reasons, afraid of cameras. Ms. Leibovitz would rather be behind the camera than in front. Still, no matter where the camera is, she is aware of it and controls it.

Her energy and muscles turned our fifteen minute photo session into five, and I didn't even have time to thank her for documenting the music scene of my generation. She's past that—her work will stand the test of time.

A couple of hours later, it occurs (painfully) to me that it's hard to load a camera with Band-Aids on my hands, carry equipment with bruises on my shoulders—no wonder Annie publishes so much... she beats up her competitors!

—Donn Young
Sheila Jordan is a New York-based jazz singer who is a secretary-in-an-Advertising-agency by day, but also enjoys a subterranean reputation as one of the great jazz vocal stylists: subterranean because, in 1962 and again in 1982, she was selected by down beat as the female singer "most deserving of wider recognition"—now that's classy obscurity. Ms. Jordan, who makes such sensible statements in interviews as "Who the hell is ever going to suffer as much as Billie Holiday? And who wants to?" and "I'd rather sing the melody than make a poor choice in improvising," is going to appear November 27 as the climactic event of the Women-In-Jazz weekend at the Contemporary Arts Center. Her appearance sounds like one of the more interesting one-shots of the year: Jordan (who predated the more interesting one-shots of the year: Jordan (who predated the more interesting one-shots of the year: Jordan (who predated the more interesting one-shots of the year: Jordan (who predated the more interesting one-shots of the year: Jordan (who predated the methods of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross by forming a vocal trio that put words to Charlie Parker solos in the late 1940s) will sing accompanied only by bassist Harvie Swartz, who will play obligato to her vocal as lead instrument. Her repertoire includes standards old and modern ("Am I Blue?" and "What'll I Do?"
and "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone" through "Lazy Afternoon" and "Lush Life" and "Baltimore Oriole") as well as things you've never heard but, from the sound of them, might want to. Nat Hentoff, Robert Palmer and John S. Wilson have all written ecstatically of Sheila Jordan—and you might want to discover her, too. The show starts at 9:30; LaVerne Butler and Patrice Fisher and Jasmine are also on the program.

--Jon Newlin

The New Orleans music community got a nice boost from an unusual source recently. The rock band, Foreigner, which chose New Orleans as its final stop on its recent national tour, shared some of the fruits of its labor by presenting a healthy check to WWOZ, Tiptina's and Wavelength.

--Jon Newlin

The Kool Jazz Festival took place in Saturday and Sunday, September 18 and 19, and featured artists like Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Earl Klugh, George Benson, Joe Henderson, the Crusaders and some outstanding local performers like the Dirty Dozen Brass Band.

The concert, at City Park's grassy old driving range, was well attended, though the relatively small crowd may have been due to the limitations of an outdoor setting—temperatures were well into the 90s and there was little shade to be had. But it was a thoroughly enjoyable event for those prepared with sunglasses and picnic baskets and umbrellas.

The scope of the traditional program was broadened into one that was more varied and eclectic—tasteful old and new jazz, cool modern jazz, Spyro Gyra with electric Latin music, Jeff Lorber with fusion. Notable local musicians peppered the crowd and drummer Johnny Vidacovich went so far as to go up on the side of the stage to get a closer view of Art Blakey.

One grump was the printed programme which didn't give the order of the performers; therefore, if one had gone solely to hear the Crusaders, it not only cost $15 but entailed a six-hour wait. Hopefully, the Festival's management—which also polled the audience to see who they would like to see next year—will rectify this problem next year.

--Bonnie Canielli
Tony Klatka, a member of Blood, Sweat and Tears for eight years and now a local resident has formed a new band called (get ready) Klatka. Although all of the band's members are, like Tony, college educated jazzmen and each respected in his own right, he says it's difficult to pin their sound down to just rock 'n' roll or just swing. Klatka writes all of the band's music and arrangements. The members are Tony Klatka, trumpet; Larry Sieberth, piano; Jay Griggs, guitar and vocal; Jim Markway, bass; Herman Ernest, bass; and Eric Traub and Cris Kaercher on flute, sax, piccolo and clarinet.

—Bonnie Canitelli

A FAMILY WAY

Since the New Orleans reggae band Kush debuted last December, there have been several personnel changes and re-groupings; but currently, in their third incarnation, the band members feel they've finally achieved some stability. Problems had arisen from clashing creative drives, and the resulting changes have taken Kush towards a more spiritual perspective.

The nucleus of the band is vocalist/percussionist Joy Daz and her three sons Howard, Melvin and Peter (sax, bass and rhythm guitar respectively). Rounding out the lineup are John Bargley on drums, Whooshavel on keyboards, and lead guitarist Marcus. Most of the band members stay in one house, which they feel aids to unity in their performance.

The Diaz Family's route to New Orleans was from Jamaica by way of England, and much of their motivation to play arose from the culture shock they experienced upon arrival here. Although they wish to appeal to all peoples, they are especially concerned with the status of blacks here, whom they see as self-repressed, lacking the confidence and knowledge needed to achieve their potential.

Like most reggae bands, there is the strong sense of message behind the music, of spreading of love and light according to the tenets of Rastafarian teachings. The band members see themselves as teaching while playing, in a more spiritual than political sense.

Their ambitions are lofty: their goals include returning to play in Jamaica, and England, and, ultimately, Africa.

For now, though, Kush is here in the Crescent City, offering some of the best reggae yet played by a local act. They play a variety of clubs, from the Maple Leaf to the Beat Exchange.

So, for those of you who didn't make it to the Sunsplash Festival, don't despair, the bayous are alive with the sound of reggae music.

—Keith Twitchell

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Several years ago during the fuel crisis, Fred Laredo had the happy idea of a shuttle bus to get customers to his jazz club. The idea is now reality: the bus runs uptown only and by a schedule that is strictly adhered to—but its main purposes, getting more week-night business for Tyler's live jazz and getting a few perhaps-intoxicated drivers off the street, may soon be happily achieved.

—Bonnie Canitelli

BLUIETT AT FAUBOURG

Whether you call it "avant-garde" or "loft music," the soulfulness of baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett is transcendent music. Not surprisingly, Bluiett's virtuosity gained him the New York City Jazz Award for baritone saxophone, along with several national Endowment Grants for Composition.

Bluiett was a member of Charles Mingus' jazz workshop and helped pioneer the "Loft Jazz Series." These 1975 series served as birthplace to the Hamiet Bluiett Telepathic Orchestra. The magic of Bluiett can be heard on several solo releases on the India Navigational record label. Bluiett is also a member of the World Saxophone Quartet, an art ensemble formed by musicians who are all virtuosos in their own right. Presently touring with the Kool Jazz Festival, the World Saxophone Quartet was selected in the Downbeat Critics Polls in 1982.

New Orleans will witness todays adventurous spirit of Hamiet Bluiett together with the Improvisational Art Ensemble, Thursday November 18 at the newly reopening Faubourg, 626 Frenchmen. Featured will be Edward "Kidd" Jordan, soprano, alto and tenor saxophone; Clyde Kerr, trumpet; Elton Harris, bass; Alvin Fiedler, the ensemble founder, on drums.

This event is part two of the Jazz Contacts series and is jointly coordinated with SUNO and the Xenia Foundation. For workshop and concert information, call 861-1789.

—Eduardo Young

ANNIVERSARY SPLASH

Man overboard? That's Crescent City crooner Frankie Ford doing his own personal version of "Sea Cruise" at a recent party celebrating his thirtieth anniversary in show business. As Frankie's mom, Mrs. Vincent Guzzo, beamed at her son's backstroking prowess, someone in the crowd was overheard saying, "Sure hope that's a double knit you're wearing, Frankie!"

—rico
‘SUPPER’ A SMASH

When composer Valerian Smith first conceived Supper three years ago he thought the musical might serve as a meaningful alternative piece of theatre. But barely a month after Supper completed a smashing six-week debut run at the Baton Rouge Little Theatre, he has dramatically revised his initial analysis: “Supper,” Smith said after the musical had sold out nearly all its dates, “has taken on a life of its own.”

The life expectancy of Supper will be enhanced a bit more when the spirited black production opens at the Orpheum in New Orleans for a scheduled four-day run, November 26-29.

From there, Smith hopes to take the musical on the road throughout the South and Southeast. Depending on how well the production is received here, Smith would like to make the next jump directly to London.

For Smith—who has a full-time dental practice when he isn’t composing—Supper’s success would be, in part, vindication for his life-long crusade to bring people closer together. A native of West Virginia who attended the dentistry school at Washington, D.C.’s Howard University, Smith is a perennial optimist, a black humanist who settled in Baton Rouge nearly thirty years ago because he took to heart the advice of a prominent Howard faculty member: “He told us,” Smith remembers, “Don’t go to a big city where you’ll be absorbed by the white culture; go down south where you are needed. I remembered that advice. And it served me well.”

Supper, accordingly, is about a little-known slice of southern-style Americana, set in Baton Rouge. It also is an almost literal dramatization of Valerian Smith’s sunny, uncannily positive approach to the struggle for racial equality and peace among neighbors.

The concept of the musical is deceptively simple: revolving around a set of characters who gather one weekend at a black church supper. These “suppers” Smith says, are almost entirely a southern phenomenon, and a way of life for many in the Baton Rouge black community.

A typical supper, as it turns out, takes place at a church members’ house and lasts an entire weekend—from Friday night, non-stop, until Sunday morning.

A church supper’s main function is to raise money for the church or to help raise money for a particular church member.

In any case, the supper, as such, is hardly religious in nature.

On a given night you can find supper-goers gambling, drinking beer and hard liquor and carrying on as if they were at a neighborhood bar. “Hell,” Smith laughs, “It’s better than a bar—they don’t have a closing time.”

The subplot Smith and his collaborator—Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman author Ernest Gaines—wrote into the musical leap smoothly from inter-family quarrels, a romance between two teenagers, and a foiled burglary.

The songs, all written by Smith, cover a wide range of stylistic bases—everything from gospel choruses, MOR love ballads and modest jazz instrumentals to full-tilt R&B and funk to a rollicking dose of second-line rock ’n’ roll.

Throughout the production, Smith returns again and again to one central concept: whoever you are, whatever you’re doing, you can be proud of yourself and, most importantly, do what you need to do for yourself. Smith puts it even more simply: “You get what you give.”

That philosophy, and the marvelous vitality of Smith’s compositions, succeeded in energizing Baton Rouge during a time when quality theatre offerings in the city were hard to come by. That it was composed and produced by a local citizen—much less a black local citizen—made Supper’s triumph all the more remarkable.

Smith expects that as many as a dozen parts in the production may be recast when the musical opens at the Orpheum, due to schedule conflicts on the part of some of the cast members.

The job of recasting those parts will fall to director Geoffrey Newman, artistic director of Howard University’s Ira Aldridge Theatre. Newman’s credits include two award-winning entries at the American College Theatre Festival at the John F. Kennedy Theatre for the Performing Arts and the European premiere of the Tony-winning Raisin, which he staged in Switzerland in 1979.

Newman’s assistant director, and Supper’s choreographer, is a man called, simply, Kashka, whose credits range from an appearance in the film version of The Wiz to a role in the Los Angeles Opera production of Scott Joplin’s Treemonisha.

Eddy Allman

GATE CRASHING

The phrase “Take one” assumes new and unexpected dimensions when uttered in the electric atmosphere of Bogalusa’s Studio In The Country by local string-and-swing man Gatemouth Brown. For details of this and other fascinating tales from deep within the sterile environs of the modern recording studio, stay tuned to a future issue of Wavelength.
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QUANTITY
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COLOR
RED
QUANTITY
1279

OUR T-SHIRT...Taku Water Reticular
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WHITE
QUANTITY
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WAVELENGTH/NOVEMBER 1982
Mr. Bert Braud cocks an eye at the kids taking their places in a basement classroom one afternoon at N.O.C.C.A. - the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, the city's arts high school. "People come here," he remarks, "and they expect it to be like that television show, *Fame*. It's not much like that. The show is one explosion after another—all flash. What you have to pay attention to here is process."

Braud heads N.O.C.C.A.'s music department, where he has taught since the school's founding eight years ago. Describing himself as a "composition-type academic, with experience in the playing field," he looks the part of the serious contemporary composer who has put notions of fame and flash far behind him. His suede shoes might make it on television—but not matched with his green pants and loose blue shirt that pulls open at the belly when he gesticulates for emphasis. The process for this particular afternoon, however, does involve television; a crew from Louisiana Public Television is shooting footage for inclusion in a documentary to be shown around the state. A young institution and quite a small one (with 269 students at present, perhaps 100 of whom will drop out by the end of the year), N.O.C.C.A. presents a sturdy claim for public attention. Two of its music program alumni—jazz musicians Wynton and Branford Marsalis—have in fact gained international fame at the start of their careers, and an impressive number of graduates in all the disciplines have received student prizes, scholarships and promising starts.

Eavesdrop for a few minutes on the conversations of the music students practicing in the school's basement, and you'll hear more than a few references to auditions and competitions. The presence of a television crew on campus seems no big deal.

What the television audience will eventually see is a truncated performance class, staged to the extent that the performers have run through their presentation shortly beforehand and heard critical comments from their teachers, none of whom is much inclined to contrivance for the cameras. Talking about the process, vocal teacher Lorraine Alfaro says, "I've got a young man, Charles Cannon, who has just composed a song—he's singing it this afternoon for the first time. It's very difficult. It demands vocal technique that he didn't realize it demanded. He's finding that out in the preparing of it. We've had to take two measures at a time and just work on vocal technique. It's really beyond his technique, but he's coming up to it."

In the run-through before the taping, Braud accompanies young Cannon on the piano, while Alfaro straddles a chair and leans out over a classroom table as if her body were a directional antenna aimed toward the singer. The song turns out to be a dolorous Rosetti poem from the *Nor­ton Anthology*, which the student has set to music that taxes his control. His teachers pick out error after error. "He wrote the song and sings the wrong notes," sighs Alfaro. "I'm playing it the way you want it to be—but you don't have it written that way," observes Braud. But there's a palpable sense of professional camaraderie between the three. Alfaro mentions that she'd like to sing the piece herself at a recital; she says this, in fact, three or four times. And Braud advises his pupil: "You can't be a genius in every piece—just every other one."

Making one concession to the demands of television, Cannon tucks in his shirt tail before the taping; his performance comes off as lugubrious, lacking some necessary dynamics, but the only real sign of strain is a single cracked note, which he is quick to mention in the ensuing class discussion.

One student asks him about his intent in the piece, which was apparently written for an assignment dealing with impressionism in music. "I was trying to convey an impression...of deadness."

The rejoinder is immediate: "It worked!"

As the students shuffle out of the classroom at the end of the session, Lorraine Alfaro overhears Charles Cannon joking about cracking a note on statewide television. "You know," she tells him, "the only person in the room with the vocal technique to sing that song was me. A year from now, you'll have the technique."

It's this conscious application of intellectual discipline to innate artistic ability that makes the N.O.C.C.A. program such singularly good news for music in
The students are as talented as those kids in 'Fame,' but here the direction is toward discipline rather than flash.

By Yorke Corbin

New Orleans. Our city's famous musical culture often lacks an intellectual focus and proponents of the various styles of music that proliferate here tend to think in terms of preserving a heritage rather than developing an art. The handful of young players and singers who pass through the school test themselves against professional standards of performance at an age when they can tap powerful creative energies. Music is the art that develops best in youth, and the art most characteristic of New Orleans. The conjunction of those two conditions at N.O.C.C.A. deserves some notice.

The educational process, of course, is hardly that abstract. On the nuts-and-bolts level, N.O.C.C.A. operates within the public school system to provide selected high school students with professional training in the arts. Music students are selected by auditions, held four times a year, and concentrate their studies in either classical, vocal or jazz music. In practice, the three area designations are largely an administrative convenience, since the fluidity of the program encourages considerable interchange. Students spend half a day at N.O.C.C.A. and half at their home schools, five days a week. The music department accepts 35 to 40 percent of its applicants. There are 37 students currently enrolled in music, with an attrition rate of 10 to 15 percent in jazz and close to zero in classical. This sets off the program from the rest of the school, where close to half the students drop out by the end of the year.

"You have to remember," Bert Braud notes, "that our auditions are based on a higher standard of performance to begin with." A good percentage of the music department consists of piano students who have studied with private teachers, and most instrumental students come in with a better background in music than, say, writing students bring to literature and composition. The selection of students, says Braud, is "a process of interview plus audition. Equally important. The interview is sometimes more important. Sometimes a student who is really gifted is not easily discernible on an instrument or in singing, because they haven't had a chance to do anything. But talking to them about specific interests yields a lot of information, and we have a tendency to bend over and give a student an entrance if we feel that this interest deserves a chance. What we look for is intensity. And we have never been wrong about that."

The background that Braud brings to his teaching includes a doctorate in composition from L.S.U., experience as a working jazz and show pianist, and his work as a contemporary composer. He stresses the importance of the interchange between the classical and jazz aspects of the program. "The best students who came out of here were strong classical players—and they all played jazz. We like to think of it as learning a skill. Anybody can learn a jazz skill at this age, if they can play their instrument. But they can't learn it after this age, because the creativity turns off.

"We have classical pianists coming in here who wouldn't think of jazz; then they get here and start seeing those things and say, 'I can learn that skill.' So they wind up doing both. Most of them call themselves classical majors because they want to go to conservatories after here, and it looks good on their record and all that."

Braud brings out N.O.C.C.A.'s particular strength with a comparison to New York's High School of the Performing Arts, the model for the school in Fame. "When we first started the school, I went to the New York school, which I thought was a normal school. Anybody that wants to play their violin four hours a day goes to the High School of the Performing Arts. They don't do any real counseling about professional careers, they don't really get into the nitty-gritty of private lessons, they don't get into the guidance aspect. We're into the guidance aspect pretty heavy around here. If a student majors in music, and he shouldn't, it's my fault. We don't care too much about the ones who should major in music and maybe choose not to—but the ones who shouldn't, we don't want to get them messed up. That happens to too many already."

Music students who lack a strong foundation begin the program by studying with Lorraine Alafaro, a career teacher at levels ranging from kindergarten to college. "I'm what is known around here as the basic music teacher. The vocal students, by and large, come here without ever having been asked to look at a piece of music and sing it. They've learned everything by rote. I discovered that my level one students could not keep up with the instrumental level one students in theory class. I had to do something about that, because when they get past here, they're thrown in with the instrumentalists; they've got to be at the same level. I decided to start right at the beginning and teach basic music.

"I have some people other than vocalists in it. Some of the jazz people who are aimed at jazz are in it also. They come here not having read music before. With advanced students, Alafaro works strictly on voice. "It's just like at the university level—except that I can't work privately with the students as much as I'd like to because I've got too many. I've got fifteen." She speaks with unrestrained enthusiasm about her charges. "I think we're going to have some major singers of the future come from here. I hope so." She hesitates to make specific predictions, then names Michelle Charbonnet, now a sophomore at Northwestern. "If she's going to be the first one. And we have a graduate at Eastman, Howard Stern. But I think Howard is more interested in the musicology aspect of it. He came here as a vocalist and got enthralled with the theory. He's trying to change his major to composition at Eastman—but he's got a gorgeous bass voice, really gorgeous." And Alafaro adds slyly, "I've..."
got a young Leontyne Price here. She looks like her and the voice is very similar. I'm going to have her rest of this year and next year!"

Like the other N.O.C.C.A. teachers, Alfaro is a practicing artist. Early on, she had set her sights on a performing career. "Quite frankly, I wanted to go to New York and I just didn't have the guts." Lawrence Tibbett heard me sing once when he was down here doing an opera and he took me aside and said, 'Young lady, you really have got something. You ought to go to New York. I'll help you.' But I still didn't have the guts." Remaining in New Orleans, she has sung several roles with the New Orleans Opera Association, sung as a soloist with the Symphony, and done extensive recital singing. She also serves as choral director for St. Martin's Episcopal Church, and has taught in the public school system since 1967. Alfaro evinces close to a religious conviction that her mission is teaching, with her work at N.O.C.C.A. the most satisfying of her career.

One intriguing aspect of the thought that major operatic singers may be starting to emerge from New Orleans is that such a development would set an element of the city's musical past marching smartly off into the future. This town made its operatic history. If a virtuoso emerges out of N.O.C.C.A. in that field, it would make an apt parallel to what has already happened in jazz.

A sketch of music at N.O.C.C.A. needs a few lines about the program's most famous graduate, Wynton Marsalis. These are from a piece in the November Atlantic Monthly by jazz critic Gary Giddens:

"The pride that animates Wynton's music is reflected in candid interviews that make clear his preference for jazz and his familiarity with its history; his advocacy is a welcome response to the the jazzmen who have complained bitterly of the demeaning implications of the word 'jazz.' The fastidiously tailored Marsalis even looks like a performer from jazz's glory days. With his husky arms supporting the trumpet at about 30 degrees short of a right angle and slightly right of center, his stance resembles that of the legendary King Oliver.

"I haven't made up my mind about Gary Giddens," says Ellis Marsalis, Wynton's father and N.O.C.C.A.'s jazz instructor. "Profiled in last month's Wavelength, he makes a brief appearance here. As much as anyone, he personifies the intellectual respect for jazz that the music program inculcates. New Orleans jazz largely began with the creative improvisations of un schooled musicians; with about the same degree of mild overstatement that Giddens practices, it's possible to say that much of the future direction of the music rests in the hands of classically-trained players who has mastered improvisational skills.

Among those now coming up is another Marsalis son, Delfeyo, who took the outstanding brass player award at Tanglewood last summer; he'll be performing as a trombone soloist with the Symphony later this season. And Ellis Marsalis relays news of another student, a pianist with extraordinary promise in both classical and jazz playing. He also bears a well-known name. To quote his teacher, "Harry Connick, Jr., is going to scare some people." This January, the elder Marsalis and the younger Connick will pay a visit to a national conference of jazz educators in New York. It seems likely that people will listen.

What we have here is a success story in the New Orleans public schools. A closer look than the scope of this article affords would presumably reveal some problems as well, but the strengths are obvious. Perhaps the greatest strength of N.O.C.C.A.'s music program is the reflection of the quality of the educational process that shines through the remarks of the three teachers, Bert Braud sums it up: "Students who study the discipline of music sometimes get shortchanged on the creative aspect. Johnny's going to practice his piano lesson every day, and all the scales constantly—and it's necessary to do that. But I think in addition to that he must be fed a diet of creative kinds of exercises. We do that. We definitely try to keep the spirit open."

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A concert presentation
have really been lucky," is how Germaine Bazzle describes herself. She was born on Pauger Street, in the heart of the Seventh Ward, reared Congregational at Beecher Church (she recently converted to Catholicism), grew up in the Lafitte Housing Project in Treme, graduated from McDonogh 35 public high school, and majored in music at Xavier University in New Orleans.

At first glance, most people would not say Germaine is lucky. Although an honest assessment of New Orleans vocalists will reveal that she is one of the most innovative singers to emerge from this city in the last three decades, Germaine has never achieved significant acclaim as a singer. In fact, her career has been one of low visibility: no recordings, no tours, and infrequent club dates.

That's fine with Germaine because rather than make a career as a professional singer—touring clubs and concerts, making recordings and videos—Germaine has decided teaching is the most important career she can undertake.

"To me, anybody who teaches is doing one of the greatest things that you can do for an individual. I think that when we are blessed with the ability to do something, we have to share it. Music happens to be the vehicle for me to be able to share myself with kids. It's something that I have to do."

Germaine remembers that as a child her whole neighborhood was into music. "At that time somebody in the neighborhood always had a piano. We had one. That was the main source of entertainment. Everybody sang, you sang all day. You didn't make any big deal out of it because everybody was doing it."

Growing up in the projects afforded Germaine contact with the street music of New Orleans, a contact she considers invaluable. "Now that I am older and really understand and appreciate all of this, I think it was an important experience for me to grow up in the Lafitte Project. I grew up with a lot of the second line."

Germaine proudly exclaims, "I was a participant" in the second line. "My parents were people who masked every Carnival. I'm told that when my mother was expecting me, she went out and was dancing up and down the streets on Mardi Gras Day. My grandmother used to say of me, 'That child has come here with Mardi Gras in her' because I would dance at the drop of a hat."

As a developing adolescent and young adult, Germaine got the best of two musical worlds, worlds which some people see to be at odds with one another.

At Xavier University, Germaine was exposed to classical music, and at home, through the influence of her older brother, she listened to jazz. Germaine catalogues her experiences as a music education major at Xavier: "You learned to sing the classics—Schubert,
You've got someone who wants to hear music—and we've got a group of musicians that want to play. A phone call makes the connection. But making a good connection is important.

Literally on the other side of town, Germaine was basking in the sounds of jazz. “One of my biggest influences jazz-wise was that one of my brothers started listening very seriously to jazz. He introduced me to Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and others. He would have his buddies come over and they would sit there for hours just listening. I would be sitting there, too. I think that as a result of that I started paying close attention to what each musician was doing.”

When Germaine graduated from Xavier University she remembers Sister Elise calling to tell her that the superintendent of schools in Thibodaux needed a music teacher. Initially hired to work with secondary students, Germaine ended up working with children from six to eighteen and she stayed in Thibodaux for twelve years. To her satisfaction she was able “to accomplish all the things that I wanted to accomplish with my students. I did an operetta, the Christmas Oratorio, Handel's piece, Beethoven. It took me twelve years to do it but I did it.”

Germaine was perplexed because her new freedom wasn't fulfilling. “I had private piano students. I had my gigs. But there was something else that was missing. Money? Yes, because I wasn't making the same salary as when I was teaching, but there was something else. I stayed out of the classroom about three years. One day I got a call that Xavier Prep needed a music teacher part-time. I applied for it and got it. As soon as I got into the classroom, I felt it. I said, ‘Ok, this was what I was missing.’ I missed not being able to teach in a classroom.”

From that point on it was clear to Germaine what her vocation was. “Every day it is more and more obvious to me that teaching is the thing that I'm supposed to do. At one time I thought it wasn't, during those three years when I wasn't in the classroom and was talking about recording, and doing this and that. But it just didn't sound right to me. I wasn't even willing to put the energy to find out if singing was a possible career for me. When I got back to the classroom I found out teaching was what it's about for me.”

Germaine has influenced thousands of people to appreciate music through her teaching, but she has also deeply touched many of us with her innovative jazz singing. She points to those early sessions under her brother's tutelage as the beginning of her style, “I shifted from singing the words of the popular tunes to just actually listening, sometimes tuning the words out and listening to what was happening instrumentally, to try to imitate the solos.”

Germaine smiles as she fondly remembers, “It was a big thing for me and my circle of friends to be able to sing the same song with the words and then be able to do the solos. Then you really had it, you knew what was going on. From that it helped me develop some kind of respect for improvising or scatting.”

But Germaine moved beyond scatting, beyond what other singers did. “I wanted to do something other than imitating. For a long time I would not listen to a recording by any vocalist at all. Any song that I wanted to learn, I would go downtown and buy the music. I would sit down and learn the music. If I had to change the key, I would do that, and then I would say, what else to do besides sing melody and the words?”

Fortunately for us who are music lovers, Germaine found something else. “I started thinking about the music. The voice is an instrument. I am able to sing the words but it seems to me that I should be able to make some other kind of sound. The horn sound was the easiest to do but I wanted to concentrate on it. Now I'm promising myself to develop something rhythmically with my voice. I believe that I can do something to sound like bongos, and seemingly without effort she demonstrates what she means. ‘I want to get it worked out so that I can be able to do it whenever I want, provided it will be effective.’

If her past accomplishments are any indication, she will be effective. For example, to hear Germaine do the trombone line and trombone solos on Duke Ellington's “Mood Indigo” is astounding. You hear a trombone but you see a singer and it's sometimes hard to figure out what's happening. Unlike some singers who imitate a horn for a chorus or two, Germaine does the entire song as a wordless instrument. The effect is marvelous.

Germaine's "Mood Indigo" developed one night when she shared the bandstand with saxophonist Red Tyler, Edward Frank, and two other musicians. "I said 'let's do Mood Indigo but I don't know the words.' The way we do it now is the way that it happened that night. The trombone was to make the variety with the saxophone and blend the tones. I've never bothered to learn the words to that song.” Germaine's light laugh illuminates the room, but her achievements as a vocalist demonstrates what she means.

People who have seen Germaine perform often comment about her visual presentation, particularly the movement of her hands. Germaine smiles again when asked how that developed. "I think because of working in a corner. Before I started singing in New Orleans, the band director in Thibodaux and I had a two piano show. Both he and I would play piano and sing. When I started doing the gigs here I didn't have anything to do with..."
my hands. I was working at Mason's and there was nowhere to move. I was stuck in this corner. I guess through that combination the hand thing came in."

As with many habits which seem to be inconsequential at first glance but are actually essential to a person's style, Germaine states "also it helped me to concentrate, to block out the conversations that were held at nearby tables. I was working with guys who really knew what they were doing to make sure that I did my part right.'

Germaine usually gets her part more than right. Although she is not a fixture on the jazz scene, her vocal work is far more interesting than many who sing six nights a week. (She sings every Thursday night at Tyler's.) Her show is both sensitive and lively. She will open with a bop standard taken at a medium or up tempo, render an absolutely impeccable reading of Monk's "Round Midnight" as a vocal showstopper, and end with a rousing second line (including the dance steps) version of "Ease On Down the Road" from the Broadway show The Wiz.

In addition to nightclub work, Germaine also sings in a couple of choirs. "I'm in the New World Ensemble with Moses Hogan conducting. Twice a month we get together and go over music and prepare music for concert performances. Then with the Cathedral Choir I sing another type of music. It gets complicated..." But not really, if you understand that it is music that Germaine Bazzle learned to appreciate in her early years. Today she is able to professionally cover the spectrum of vocal music. In her own dazzling style she is simply doing what she loves to do. Music is her life.

Closing out the interview, Germaine mentions that although she had not been interested in recording earlier in her career, she would do so now if the circumstances were right—if the recording were well planned and well executed. Then she returns to her favorite subject: "Here comes the teacher bit. I'm hoping that parents will encourage their children to become involved in some kind of creative medium, be it dance, or writing, or painting, music, or whatever. I believe that we all have the ability to create. I really wish that parents would encourage their children because I have found for myself a lot of peace in creative expression."

Germaine's face turns both excited and serious as she emphasizes her closing comment, "I work with kids every day, and I want our kids to have a positive self image. I think that when they get involved in creative activity they have to struggle to get it just right but that glow that comes from creative accomplishment, there's no money for that. We weren't put on this earth without creative ability. I wish more people could see the value of creative expression."

New Orleans is lucky to have a teacher and singer of the stature of Germaine Bazzle.
**Tipitina's**

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corner — Tchoupitoulas

**NOVEMBER 1981**

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<td><strong>26</strong></td>
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<td><strong>27</strong></td>
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<td><strong>28</strong></td>
<td><strong>THE KILLER BEES</strong></td>
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<td><strong>29</strong></td>
<td><strong>THE BLIND DATES</strong></td>
<td><strong>bring your own</strong></td>
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**COMING UP IN DECEMBER**

* **DEC 5:** CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT PRESENTS HOLLY NEAR
* **DEC 7:** THE PERSUASIONS
* **DEC 16:** JOHNNY COPELAND

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Most Wavelength readers are familiar with WTUL, the public radio station operated by Tulane University, but if you’re just a semi-regular listener, you may not be familiar with the regularly scheduled specialty shows that entertain the station’s listeners from the early morning classical shows to the late night soul music and smooth talking on Bimbo’s show.

Within its regular framework, WTUL (91.5 FM) has a number of specialty shows, all described in some detail below, that range from Broadway to new wave to country to what-have-you; we’ve also included pictures of what the people running these shows look like when they’re not disc-jockeying. The station is non-profit and run by students and volunteers (although many of the specialty show disc-jockeys are not Tulane students). This survey of what’s-playing-when and who’s-playing-it is the first in a Wavelength series on local radio stations.

**THE NEW ORLEANS SHOW**
(Monday, 7-8 p.m.)

Shepard Samuels kicks off Monday evenings with the New Orleans Show. Shepard features local artists and music of all types, from R&B and jazz to funk and new wave. He tries to expose listeners to as many local artists as possible on the show and has interviewed such local luminaries as Huey “Piano” Smith, Professor Longhair, Aaron Neville, Irma Thomas, Lee Dorsey and Dr. John on the air.

**REGGAE**
(Monday, 8-11 p.m.)

After the New Orleans Show, Shepard hosts the Reggae Show. Shepard says this show has grown...
sometimes receives more than a
six
get a lot of calls asking me to play
ska, rock steady, mento, soca and
tremendously in popularity in the
Samuels plays a wide variety of
comedy, a special called Religion
and a smattering of Christmas
song you ever/or never wanted to
Jamaica that he has returned there
is a practicing attorney, and by
night he manages the Rockabyes.

THE JOCK OF NEW ORLEANS
(Monday, 11 p.m.-2 a.m.)

The Jock, a mysterious fellow, puts on programs like the Annual Christmas Show which features every rock and pop Christmas song you ever/ever never wanted to hear, plus old traditional favorites and a smattering of Christmas comedy, a special called Religion In Rock (a few hours of rock and pop music with religious influences), and one called The New Disco, which introduces a lot of genuinely well-respected (in musical circles) electronic dance disco by groups like Kraftwerk, SoftCell and Yellow Magic Orchestra, for people who always thought they hated disco and would never admit to listening to it.

Then there's the Rag Of The Month, and no, you can't enter

BIMBO'S ROCK AND SOUL-SEARCHING SHOW
(Tuesday, 2-6 a.m.)

Very early on Tuesday mornings—2 a.m., to be exact—Bimbo brings you her Rock and Soul-Searching Show. For the next two hours she plays soul oldies (1960-75) by the likes of Wilson Picklet and James Brown; then at 4 a.m., she takes requests on The All Nighters' All Night Long Request Hour; and at 5:30 a.m., Bimbo winds her show down by playing a Moody Blues album side or something equally obscure.

Bimbo has many loyal male fans. Apparently her seductive voice and sense of humor really have the boys coming back for more, because Bimbo says the request lines don't stop ringing and the program director says she gets more fan mail than any other jock. The response, Bimbo says, is 99% male, but women will like her too.

The Rock and Soul-Searching Show is not Bimbo's first radio gig—she worked at WNOE-AM and FM. Right now she's working on a studio art degree at Tulane which will add to her Communications and Art History degrees.

Bimbo says one of her favorite hobbies is—yes, you guessed it—making animated film porno movies ("Playboy Porno"). Bimbo runs her own production company called Pachyderm Productions, and she says some of her films can be rather obvious stuff, but she's seriously interested in video.

NEW WAVE
(Tuesday, 7-11 p.m.)

Richard McCarthy hosts the
New Wave Show every Tuesday
and plays a wide variety of the
latest youth music from England,
as well as American (including
local) new wave artists. Most of
the quality cuts he plays are im-
ports, he says, because much bet-
ter new wave music is coming
from Europe today than America.
You can hear groups like Zounds,
Echo and the Bunnymen, Throb-
birg Glitter and Secret Affair, but
you probably won't hear much
"pop" new wave on his show.

After McCarthy has played sets of
"Mod" or Sixties psychedelic,
futuristic, electronic, punk and
arty music, the album hour rolls
around at 10:00 and he features a
recently released import.

McCarthy is the youngest jock
at WTUL—he's a senior in high
school—but he's by no means the
least accomplished. Since he
began doing the show this sum-
mer, he has done live interviews
with the English Beat, the Lords
of the New Church, and Chelsea,
as well as playing bass in his own
mod new wave band, The Scene.

NATHAN'S NEW MUSIC
(Tuesday, 11 p.m.-2 a.m.)

Following the New Wave Show is
Nathan's New Music, also
known as Nathan's Newies. "New
music does not necessarily mean
new wave," says host Nathan
Schwam, "But I end up playing a
lot of it because that's what's
coming out these days. He plays
everything—all the new albums
that come to the station—from
country fiddling to piano im-
provisations. As Nathan points
out, listeners can hear cuts from a
new album they're thinking about
buying on his show before they
spend their money. With the price
of records nowadays, it's a nice
service. And how can you find out
what he's going to play? Call him
at the station, 885-1885.

Nathan is a senior Theatre ma-
nor at Tulane.

TECHNO 2000
(Wednesday, 11 a.m.-2 p.m.)

Techno 2000 was originally a
summer program but response
from listeners was so good that it
earned a permanent spot. Hosts
Mark Townsend (a.k.a. Martin)
and John Wallace (better known
as John Thomas) created the show
early this summer: "Computers
are getting into everything in
society," says Martin, so he and
friend Thomas put their skills
together to educate their audience
about electronic music.

"People have a flimsy idea of
electronic music and its
capabilities," Martin said. Ap-
parently, the pair sees few creative
limitations. Between songs, they
talk with the computer, which is
developing a personality of its
own. The computer's voice is real-
ly that of Canadian-born Nikki
Kalverda (Martin's girlfriend),
third member of the Techno crew.
Her voice is used and distorted
to create a computerized effect. The
computer introduces the album
hour, announces the weather, and
responds sort of like those talking
Coke machines would if they
really carried on a conversation
with you.

Martin and John are aiming for
the same goal with their show:
they both say they'd like to
help change the structured, predictable
and non-creative aspects of com-
mercial radio into something bet-
ter. "We want to let them
(listeners) know there is something
else out there," Martin said. "I'd
like them to see our show as more
than just background..."
Country host Dennis says he tries to do with country music what the station does with all its programming: provide an alternative to the Billboard charts type of country music that’s played on many country stations. Dennis likes to play songs by guitar and fiddle players you can’t hear anywhere else, and he includes old traditional country music to his country rock and bluegrass repertoire.

Dennis and Country Kate (Katie Caraway) have both hosted the country show on and off for the past few years, and Dennis pretty much took over when Katie graduated from Tulane and went to work for WTIX Radio’s Morning News. But good news—Country Kate is coming back this fall to do the show once a month.

More good news: country music scholar Bill Malone will be spinning country music one Saturday a month also. Malone is the author of Country Music U.S.A., and last spring he completed the compilation and annotation of the Smithsonian Institute’s Great Country Music. Malone, a history professor at Tulane, will be a welcome addition to the country show.

Oldies (Saturday, 7-11 p.m.)

“Alternative oldies for moderns” is how deejay Steve Taylor describes WTUL’s Oldies Show. The station plays so much old (as opposed to just-released) music regularly that Steve says it’s almost irrelevant to have an oldies show; so Steve keeps his listeners alert with a more unconventional oldies format that sometimes includes rather bizarre selections.

Steve has been on the WTUL air staff more than three of the four years he’s lived in New Orleans and is a freelance commercial artist. “I’m very rock ‘n’ roll oriented, even in my art,” he said. Steve has done illustrations, t-shirt designs, and record jackets for record companies in New York, worked for an alternative press in Miami, his hometown, and drawn comic strips.

Best of Freret (Sunday, 6-8 a.m.)

Music at 6 a.m. on a Sunday morning should be celestial but not so celestial that it puts you back to sleep. So says Best of Freret host Mark Townsend. The show has evolved over the past four years Mark has had it, but if you listen to it these days, you’ll hear a mellow medium between electronics and progressive acoustics.

“The show was originally started in order to bridge the gap between Bizarre Radio (Saturday late night hard rock and electronics) and Cheezmuzik (Sunday morning mellow music),” Mark said. He wants to avoid “loud or obnoxious music,” so he plays the most suitable cuts on import albums by artists like Logic System, Tangerine Dream, Kraftwerk, Japan and the Buggles.

Mark is fascinated by music and radio and has been a musician for 18 years—he sings, plays drums, bass, guitar and keyboards. He’s had quite a bit of recording experience and also throws himself into producing Techno 2000 (see above); he has a daytime job at an optical survey instrument company.

Best of Broadway (Sunday, 11 a.m.-1 p.m.)

Best of Broadway, as the name suggests, is two hours of Broadway show soundtracks. Hosts Herb Scher and Ann Storer play individual songs, not entire musicals, so if you don’t like a particular song, hang in there and your all-time favorite from Guys & Dolls may be next.

“There’s nothing like a Broadway production,” Herb said, describing the music that he plays. “I’ve always thought of Sunday morning as a magical time, because it’s the only day of the week you’re not supposed to do anything.”

The music is easy to listen to, not not significant: Leonard Cohen, Jonathan Edwards, Steven Wright, George Harrison and Eric Clapton are typical Cheezmuzik sounds.

Music isn’t the only thing you’ll hear, though. At 10 a.m., John presents Little-Known News, about ten minutes of unusual news stories that are interesting departures from routine and often depressing daily news. For example, John throws out such tidbits as “Did you know... that the word ‘Coca Cola’ in Chinese means ‘Drink the wax tape’?” Then he plays fifteen minutes of comedy from his own collection that pertains to the last news item.

During the day, John repairs optical instruments, but much of his free time is spent in musical endeavors, if not with his wife. He’s been doing Cheezmuzik for six years, begun self-producing Techno 2000 this summer, and has just produced a three-hour Vangelis radio special.

Ace’s Global Folk Show (Sunday, 1-4 p.m.)

Ace is the only disc-jockey in the city who regularly broadcasts live acts in the studio. Since 1980, Ace (Mark Eckerle) has extended an open invitation to local musicians to play on the radio—and it’s an ideal opportunity for musicians to gain exposure. His show has featured live performances by John Rankin, Lenny Zenith, Lloyd Price, John Chapin and Joe Bar- baro. Between live acts, Ace spins records, usually playing folk, country rock, bluegrass and that sort of thing. But, he says, “I don’t confine it to folk music... it’s folk’s music. Music for folks.”

Twice a week Ace and a few live bands and musicians are out on the Tulane quad for Recycling Day, broadcasting part of the show outdoors, encouraging people to donate their recyclables.

Ace has played musical instruments since he was 12; piano and then, self-taught, the guitar. Now, he also plays mandolin, bass guitar, and glass washboard. When he was a Tulane student, Ace played bass (that’s how he got his nickname) with a band called Hopalong Casually, later known as Sunshine Daze. These days he plays mandolin with the Bad Boys of Bizarre Radio.
WORLD OF JAZZ  
(Monday-Sunday, 4-7 p.m.)

World of Jazz airs more hours than any other specialty show on WTUL. Jazz jocks try to present a variety of jazz at a consistently high level every day.

"The most exciting thing is that we're presenting a daily jazz program in the city where jazz was born," said Sunday jazz host Robin McCartt, "And up to just a while ago, no other station offered that."

On the show, you'll hear traditional, contemporary and experimental jazz. Robin, who is the resident long-term jazz host, says he wants to teach listeners as much about what's going on in jazz as possible. The other six hosts are jazz director Michael Hotz, Doug Grills, Margaret Towne, Clay Markham, John Rodwig and Errol Demeese.

CLASSICAL  
(Sunday, 7-11 p.m.)

Sunday night is a perfect time for working people and students to get some rest or study before the week begins and The Classical Show is a perfect accompaniment for both activities. Host Dan Wellens educates his listeners about not-so-famous classical music but without a lot of talk between movements.

"I don't want to treat classical music in the depth that WWNO radio does," Dan said. "Instead, I want to appeal to the middle-of-the-road listener...to come to the layman's level." He usually plays one or two movements from one album at a time, then features and discusses an entire album at 10 p.m. What listeners hear is a little explanatory dialogue and a lot of beautiful music from the Baroque through the modern period.

Dan, a senior psychology major at Tulane, has been playing the piano for the past five years and is studying music. For pleasure, he sails on Lake Pontchartrain and competes regularly in regattas.

WTUL also broadcasts classical music every morning from 6 to 8 a.m. Hosts Andrew Lambert, Stewart Lob, Catherine Zuckerman, Doug Caffarel and Dan Wellens play cuts from a variety of classical albums and make waking up a pleasant experience.

LATE NIGHT JAZZ  
(Sunday, 11 p.m.-2 a.m.)

For the more sophisticated, Late Night Jazz offers a gourmet selection of jazz cuts to expand your musical horizons. WTUL manager Glen Schulman, host of Late Night Jazz, calls the show "environmental music for your extended outlook." He said he wants to treat his listeners to obscure music by familiar artists and familiar music by obscure artists, with heavy emphasis on improvisational music.

When you listen to the show, be comforted by the fact that you're in the hands of a real connoisseur: Schulman has been learning about jazz since he was 13, when his jazz musician big brother's influence began to rub off on him. Schulman got involved with WTUL when he came to Tulane and became a deejay, being appointed jazz director of the station last year. In that position, Schulman used the resources of the William Ransom Hogan Jazz Archives on the air to spotlight different eras and artists during Jazz Awareness Month—the first time WTUL had ever broadcast any of the Archives' holdings.

Aside from WTUL, he also enjoys taking weekend canoe trips in Louisiana and Mississippi (he was president of Tulane's canoe club last year) and cooking. He is a junior Psychology major at Tulane.
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was only twelve years old when I first heard Phil Phillips and the Twilights’ “Sea of Love.” Even at that age, when I devoured all rock ‘n’ roll with the indiscriminate voracity of a kid reaching into his candy bag on Halloween, the record seemed different—it’s lover’s plea floating in such an eerie, incantatory atmosphere that it was almost ghostly. The bubbling and swirling mix of forlorn voices and muted instrumentation could never have risen from a studio in New York or Los Angeles, or even Memphis or New Orleans. In fact, its magic seemed hardly the product of a record studio at all. Years later I got the facts; none of them have demystified the record one note.

John Phillip Baptiste (Phil Phillips) was an 18-year old bellhop from Lake Charles, Louisiana, when he brought a love song, written for his girlfriend, to local record entrepreneur George Khoury. Khoury, duly impressed, took Phillips and his song to Eddie Shuler, whose Goldband Studio (a converted Holiness church) and Records were enjoying considerable success with Cajun releases. Shuler, duly impressed, spent three months developing the sound of “Sea of Love,” which was finally released on the Khoury label. It sold so well that it was leased to Mercury, thus beginning its ascent to number two nationally. The gold record still hangs on the wall of Khoury’s record store on Railroad Avenue in Lake Charles.

Like all the records made in bayou country in this period, “Sea of Love” was made by local musicians in a primitive local studio and was released on a local label for consumption by the largely French-speaking population of South Louisiana and East Texas. A number of these records, all imbued with a distinctive regional sound, were leased to larger labels and made the national charts. They remain the most visible successes of a large body of pop records, all endearingly romantic, made in South Louisiana in the late 1950s and early 1960s known collectively as swamp pop.

Cookie and the Cupcakes, led by the rich vocalese of Hugh Thierry (Cookie) and Shelton Dunaway and horn-driven New Orleans rhythms, had hits with “Mathilda” (1959) and “Got You On My Mind” (1963). Rod Bernard was only 17 when he heard Guitar Gable’s band performing an original called “This Should

Joe Sasfy is a free-lance writer for one of our favorite music publications, Unicorn Times, Washington D.C.
Go On Forever.” Bernard and his band The Twisters recorded it for Floyd Solleau’s Jin label and it became a national smash when leased to Argo in 1959. Joe Barry, from Cut Off, Louisiana, recorded two records for Jin, “I’m a Fool To Care” and “Teardrops In My Heart,” that thanks to a Huey Meaux deal with Smash Records, made the national charts in 1959. Meaux, the Crazy Cajun himself, recorded the mush-mouthed Jivin’ Gene (Bourgeois) in the back of a barber shop in Port Arthur, Texas, and his Fats Domino-sounding “Breaking Up Is Hard To Do” also charted in 1959.

There were a few other songs that brought the lachrymose bayou beat to national ears: Warren Storm’s “Prisoner’s Song” (1958), Elton Anderson’s “Secret Love” (1960), Dale and Grace’s “I’m Leaving It Up To You” (1963) and “Stop and Think It Over” (1964), and Tommy McLain’s gloriously pained reading of Don Gibson’s “Sweet Dreams” (1966).

While the national breakthroughs were rare (only a few were big hits), it’s surprising, given the unsullied, affecting charm of the singers and the primitive recordings, that any were hits. In the bayou region, however, these singers and a number of others—T. H. Woods, Tommy Allain, Clint West, Jimmy Donley—dominated the airwaves with a brand of mournful ballad singing that remains as moving, intimate and romantically sincere as a teenager’s secret diary.

The sound of swamp pop developed from the confluence of the local cajun folk music with, first, hillbilly music, and second, the rock ‘n roll that made its way from New Orleans (especially Fats Domino’s style) and Memphis (especially Fresty’s ballads) via radio. Most of the songs were standard rock ballads that the singers, for the most part, felt through the mournful singing of the artists who, whether they were white or black, were almost all French-speaking. It was the French ‘soul’ of these records that transformed them into some of the most romantically fatalistic pop ballads ever. They all sang in what Huey Meaux aptly called “the heartbreak key.”

To my ears, none of these artists was better at taking a love song and creating an air of suicidal depression than T.K. Haulin, who supposedly cut his first record for the local EK label at age eight with his band, the Lonely Knights. While Haulin’s weary heartbroken persona is captured in his regional hits, “Graduation Night” and “I’m Not A Fool Anymore,” it is nakedly paraded in his perfectly titled “How Far To the End,” and even better, “That’s Why The End Must Begin.” When he begins the latter, achingly sobbing, “So you’ve evin’ up the score,” you know exactly what the “heartbreak key” is all about.

The swamp pop sound was mostly the product of a few studios—Jay Miller’s studio in Crowley, Goldband and Bill Hall’s studio in Beaumont—and a few local labels—Goldband, Jin, Khoury, Lyric, Montel, Lanor, Hallway and Tribe. The man most responsible for pushing local talent into the national spotlight was Huey Meaux, the legendary Cajun who is known for bringing fame to the Sir Douglas Quintet: in the mid-1960s and Freddy Fender in the mid-1970s. Meaux not only produced swamp pop style hits for Jivin’ Gene, Joe Barry and sultry Barbara Lynn, but he made national deals for Rod Bernard and Dale and Grace, among others. With Sunny and the Sunliners and Fender, he created a Mix-Mex variant of the Louisiana ballad, and his contemporary labels, Starlite and Crazy Cajun, have released lots of R&B, C&W and swamp pop from Louisiana and Texas. In 1977, he got ABC to release a fine collection of bayou music by Joe Barry and followed it in 1978 with Swamp Gold, a collection of Gulf Coast standards sung with wailing and sobbing perfection by Freddy Fender.

Right now Meaux is trying to revive the careers of Warren Storm and Tommy McLain, two of South Louisiana’s best singers.

One of the artists Meaux produced in the early 1960s was Jimmy Donley, an excellent Louisiana-style singer and songwriter whose brief life has a tragic resonance with the fatalistic quality of swamp pop. He is a gloomy, depressive personality, called Meaux one night in 1963 and told him, “Huey, I can’t carry the load another night.” Donley was found dead in his car a short while later on a road outside of Gulfport. He had asphyxiated himself with the exhaust fumes from his DeSoto.

On the album Meaux later released by Donley, frankly titled Born To Be A Loser, there is a song called “I’m To Blame” which Donley ends:

Goodbye, so long, my will to live left with you
I must go now, I think I hear my train.
With me I take my Bible and your picture.
Oh how it hurts me for I know I’m to blame.

When the police found Donley, there was a white Bible next to him and, in it, a picture of his wife, Lillie Mae.

Discography:
The records listed below are the best available introductions to swamp pop.

You can write to Goldband Records (P.O. Box 1485, Lake Charles, LA 70601) and Jim Records (P.O. Box 509, Ville Platte, LA 70596) for extensive catalogues of South Louisiana music.

Ain’t It Fun With South Louisiana Stars (Jin LP-9002)
Golden Dezen (Jin LP-9001)
Golden Dozen, Volume Four (Jin LP-9020)
Cookie and the Cupcakes: Three Great Rockers (Jin LP-9003)
The Other Song of the South (Mercury import 6403 386)
Bayou Beat: The Legendary Jay Miller Sessions—Volume 26 (Flyght import FLY 581)
LOVE US, LOVE US NOT

There’s been a lot written about New Orleans music in the national and international music press lately, but if you didn’t know ahead of time, you might not recognize your hometown.

New Orleans music has been receiving a good deal of outside press in the last few months, but it isn’t the usual laudatory sort of semi-panegyric that might be transferred intact to Tommy Griffin’s column or a Chamber of Commerce brochure. The three articles under consideration come from a highly divergent trio (you wouldn’t want to see them onstage at the Blackhawk) and the titles give some of the show away: Marcel Joly’s “New Orleans 1982” in the British-based Footnotes magazine, Brian Cullman’s “Letter from New Orleans” in the current issue of Musician and Robert A. Hull’s “Love You, New Orleans” in the Washington, D.C., music-zine, Unicorn Times.

I don’t know anything biographically pertinent about M. Joly, but there are a few parallels between Hull and Cullman. Both of them went to Brown, which also spawned Wendy Carlos, Ted Turner (who never graduated), New Yorker cartoonist Ed Koren, S.J. Perelman, Thomas Watson (Chairman of the Board at IBM), Nathanael West (who transferred from Tufts on the strength of forged diplomas), the author of The Preppy Handbook (whose name mercifully escapes me) and Robert A. Hull’s “Love You, New Orleans” in the Washington, D.C., music-zine, Unicorn Times.

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Joly obviously knows and loves New Orleans—he tips his readers off early on that the streetcar to Tulane is a “beautiful” ride but that the Freret bus is quicker and not without interest (“Look out for the Brown Derby at the crossing of Freret and Louisiana Avenue at your left. This name will ring a bell for most readers of this magazine.”) and he also understands the totality of local music, without disdain and without sacrificing his own primary interests: “It’s amazing how many musicians of the rhythm ‘n’ blues world end up playing traditional jazz (or do these different ‘worlds’ exist only in historians’ brains?).”

Cullman and Hull, writing about R&B as exclusively as Joly concentrates on traditional jazz, present a night-and-day contrast: Cullman is acerbic and cranky—he combines the bleak, whiny contentedness of Joan Didion with George M. Cohan’s sharkish showmanship (at least verbally—“Any time I can’t fool those babies out there I’m quittin’”) was Cohan’s proverbial pre-performance peek-through-the-curtains crack); while Hull is frankly dithyrambic—he’s a man head over heels trying to compose a mash-note to his inamorata, and (as in mash-notes) sometimes embarrassing exaggerations get in the way of objectivity. He’s as bent on rhapsody as Cullman is on curmudgeonishness.

Cullman tells us that local music is “dumb” (citing admittedly excellent examples by Huey Smith, Fats Domino, Ed-
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die Bo) and that New Orleans is an
in-
sular, echt-provincial big-small-town
(true, but is it bad?) where everyone and
everything is for sale (also true but is it
bad?) and the music of quality that exists
here is all—get ready—Accidental. "The
music doesn't travel well," says Cullman
after comparing it to certain Bordeaux
wines and certain New York cheesecakes,
"Hell, it doesn't travel at all, it lives
vicariously through its reputation and
through all the old records."

Thus, James Booker plays "like an in-
spired lounge pianist in a Holiday Inn,"
Toussaint is "a lousy performer who
shows serious lapses in
taste," and Aaron
Neville "looks
like someone who, if en-
countered in a dark alley, might kiss you
(regardless of gender), stab you
(regardless of gender) or advise you on
your shampoo (again, regardless of
gender)." The Jazz and Heritage Fair
(Cullman's description of same is mainly
devoted to an Earl Wilson-ish roundup of
what Celebrities were there) is
"a way of
checking to see that all the performers are
still alive." Cullman might be New
Orleans' most vocally vitriolic visitor
since Mrs. Trollope in 1832 who remarked
"New Orleans presents very little that can
gratify the eye of taste ... (but does) afford
that species of amusement which proceeds
from looking at what we never saw
before."

Robot Hull, on the other hand, just
loves us: "Musicians—great musicians
stalk the night...the most unmolested
music in America...to hear (it) in (its) rich
setting is a shock, a jolt of knowledge that
makes you realize how pretentious and
pathetic are the modern sounds coming
out of New York and Los An-
geles."

Hull is so busy bein' fulsome that he
makes a few errors—Fats Domino's 9th
Ward home is hardly "inconspicuous,
modest"—at least in contrast to the other
houses near Caffin and Marais; WWOZ
doesn't play "only New Orleans trad-
itional music," and I wouldn't exactly
describe Irma Thomas as "uncompromis-
ing." (But then I didn't write the article.)
Hull, perhaps because (unlike Cullman)
he is from the South, has a more open and
less canny view of things, and perhaps he
doesn't exaggerate much more than
Cullman does—Johnny Adams just might
be "possibly the most underrated soul
singer of all time" and "Never have I
known a city to feel so strongly about its
musical traditions," (except for Vienna or
Salzburg one hopes not!) and of course all
of the nice things he says about
Wavelength couldn't be truer. His article
ends with the quote-above-the-masthead
of each Wavelength and Hull adds,
"After a wonderful but all-too-brief vaca-
tion there, I'm almost positive,
too." Cullman hedges, but only slightly, in his
conclusion: "If some of the best and most
beautiful and strange and heartfelt music
in the world comes from here, it's an
accident. It just happened that way while God
wasn't looking."

—Jon Newlin
CONSUMER GUIDE TO EP'S

Our favorite rock critic takes us on a whirlwind tour of the many singles that have lately crossed his turntable.

Considered "the dean of American rock critics," Robert Christgau is familiar to readers of The Village Voice, Creem, Newsday, Esquire (where he began his career as a rock critic at a precocious age) for his trenchant and all-encompassing "Consumer Guides." His earlier pieces have been collected as Any Old Way You Choose It. A long-time fan of New Orleans music, this marks Christgau's first appearance in Wavelength.

The most exciting single I've heard all year is The Fearless Four's "Rockin' It" (Enjoy), a staggered-rhythm beat-box with synth rap chant that finally made me hear what they're doing at the Kraftwerk uptown, so much so that for two weeks I've also been playing Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock" (Tommy Boy), now a major black hit nationally.

Two other 12-inchers that have me dancing and singing are Eddy Grant's "Time To Let Go"/"California Style" (Ice import), two-sided Caribbean disco by the Guyanese veteran with lyrics that show a surprising ironic edge, and (who could escape?) Stacy Lattislaw's "Planet Of The Apes" (Cherry Red import), overdubbed on demo tapes by Simon Napier-Bell, has an off-center infectiousness pop postmodernists would give their M.F.A.s for. As for A.A., note this hook: "You scare me to death/With your awful breath."

The Roentgens' "Atomic War"/"Chatter" (Austown, Box 12396, Austin, TX 78711), combines an unusually coherent punk protest song ("I may not know what I'm livin' for/But I know I don't want that") with a nice piece of garagey Farfisa that is fast, punky and much too rock 'n' roll for hardcore.

The Dead Kennedys' "Nazi Punks Fuck Off"/"Moral Majority" (Subterranean, 912 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, California 94710) are yowling bullseyes that are much too hardcore for rock 'n' roll. Permanently unconquered by Willie Alexander's permanent crusade (just made sure by checking out two current LPs, of which the live double was actually better), I took two years to play "Gin"/"Close Enough" (Vulcun, Box 2392, Woburn, Massachusetts 01888), thereby missing one of those soft-edged lyrical ballads he pulls off every year or two b/w a tune whose absolutely accurate title continues with the line "For rock and roll." The Crackers' "Be Smart"/"Tired of You" (no label, no address) are two deceptively gentle (and simple) sounding love songs about boredom, struggle and reciprocity recommended to fans of Jonathan Richman, Gilbert O'Sullivan and the first B-Minors' "From Night" (Ikon, 137 Grimm Heights, Struthers, Ohio 44471) is an ironic tale of adolescent deceit and lost virginity that's rueful rather than snide, which together with the tune is what gets it across. The Beautiful Americans' "The Beautiful Americans" (Compact Organization import) is a Brit novelty that states its parodic animus clearly for once, and what's more, you can't dance to it—unless the fox-trot is coming back, which no doubt it is. And Portsmouth Sinfonia's "Classical Muddly" (Springtime import) is a crack attempt to cash in on "Hooked On Classics."

Don't say I didn't warn you about EPs. For the majors they've turned into a dandy way to test-market less than half an album of dubious music at more than half...
the price, from pop metal (Radio's Hellcats) to pop funk (Capitol's Space People) to pop schlock (Columbia's Scandal) to, eres, pop new wave (Liberty's Talk Talk) as well as to take fliers on putatively worthy crap (Bowie Sings Brecht, Tonio K. Has Been). On the indie side the problem is the same as with singles only bigger—there are few enough bands with one song sharp enough to break out of a coterie, much less four. In ascending order, and with repossess for the Neats, the Brains and R.E.M., here's the year's worth of what caught my ear. The Replacements Stink (Twin/Tone, 445 Oliver Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55405) showcases a young, snotty rock n roll band that thinks fast and short but plays it too loose for hardcore and manages to make getting pissed off sound both funny and fun, which is always the trick. Meat Puppets (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, California 90260) are three Phoenix boys who make L.A. 's punk no wave prodigies explicit with fourteen brief, doomy noise songs that sound like DNA meeting the Marx Brothers, Oh OK's Wow Mini Album (DB, 432 Moreland Avenue NE, Atlanta GA 30307), the only seven-inch on this list, comprises four toy songs totalling 6:42 in which two girls—definitely the word—with tiny little voices and sharp little minds dissect such subjects as sibling narcissism, personhood and the impermanence of waves. Fine Art's Scan (Good, 3132 Park Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55407) leads off with a deliberate hypnotic existentialist ditty called "You Tell Me" that's the catchiest piece of white-woman art-funk since the chore danceable "Too Many Creeps," then rolls merrily along until "Scheduled Interruption," where they fall off a cliff that students of band names will have anticipated. Peter Laughner (Koolie, 250 High Street, Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022) isn't for audiophiles, but should convince mere rock n roll fans that the Cleveland legend, who died in 1977, deserves his rep as both songwriter ("Sylvia Plath," "Baudelaire") and guitar prophet ("Hideaway," "Dinosaur Lullabye"). The Incredible Casuals' Let's Go! (Eat, 400 Essex Street, Salem, Massachusetts) offers eight songs totalling 20:21 in that doomed Sixties-nostalgia Beatles-surf mode, and whaddya know, four or five have the timeless aura of good, clean pop, especially "Yeah, A Little" and "No Fun At Parties." And Hose (Def Jam, 5 University Place #712, NYC 10003) isn't Flipper.

All praises to the Sugarhill Gang, Chuck Berry is back in print. The Great Twenty-Eight (Chess) is recommended unequivocally to the young, the uncultured and the divorced—in short, anyone so unfortunate as not to own the Golden Decades compilations. I can't say that the mono sound is much brighter as to warrant purchase by the already Berried, however.

—Robert Christgau
Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners
TOO-RYE-AY
Phonogram Mers 5

I first heard this group on a local radio station while driving across the Greater New Orleans Bridge. It was as close to a religious experience as I've had since discovering chocolate.

The cut I heard that day, "Until I Believe In My Soul," is one of those tunes that makes you wear the grooves out on a record: an anomalous blend of Celtic folk, jazz, whistling, whispering, and even a touch of soul.

Another track that stands out is "All In All," a slower, romantic ballad with superb backup vocals and harmony. The entire album definitely leans toward the romantic, but in a very alluring style: just enough cynicism and humor to keep it from sounding too sentimental.

Too-Rye-Ay was number one in England, the group's home turf, shortly after its release. Kevin Rowland is a name new to me but one that I suspect I'll be hearing a lot more often. With so many bands currently being classified as "new music," it's really great to discover that this one actually fits into the category.

-Tanya Coyle

Anatole Ardoin
HIS ORIGINAL RECORDINGS 1928-1938
Old Timey 124

This one should be greeted with much fanfare from Cajun and zydeco enthusiasts everywhere. This is the first collection by the original zydeco recording artist, and it is probably one of the most important reissues of the past year.

Musically, Ardoin set the standards for Cajun music in the 1920s. His influence is felt today as one listening to this collection will testify. Ardoin is accompanied by Dennis McGee on side 1, adding his wailing fiddle to the chunky-chank.

Sound quality is excellent, even though this disc was dubbed off of old 78s. Anatole is in top form throughout, working through an entertaining, if not varied, repertoire with his nasal vocals and lovely accordion accompaniment.

A real labor of love for "producer" Chris Strachwitz. His influence is more apparent in live performances and recordings than on this disc itself. Still, it's really great to discover that this one actually fits into the category.

—Almost Slim

Woodenhead
WOODENHEAD
Inner City 1156

It is a delicate matter taking progressive rock, altering it with the compositional integrity and syncopation associated with jazz, and infusing it with New Orleans rhythm and blues.

This challenge has been answered by Woodenhead on their debut album Woodenhead.

It is only natural that the music of guitarist Jimmy Robinson and Woodenhead has been compared to John McLaughlin. McLaughlin is one of Robin's early influences and this shows on these tracks. But the McLaughlin influence is more apparent in live performances of Woodenhead. On Woodenhead, the musical approach is more closely related to the All DiMedia style of fusing jazz and rock. Like DiMeola, Robinson and Woodenhead have distinct rhythmic characteristics. The rhythm

At The Blue Room
JAMES BROWN
October 13, 1982

Early one Sunday morning, when I read that James Brown would be appearing at the Blue Room of the Fairmont, I literally choked on my Quaker Oats. Surely this was a misprint.

But there he was—live! in the poshest, musical venue in New Orleans. Complete with his crack band, the J.B. Internationals, Brown worked just as hard for the audience as he has ever did at the Auditorium. The intimacy of the room only amplified that fact.

After a rousing version of "Honky Tonk," Soul Brother Number One hit the stage resplendent in a peach-colored tux and black shoe. Brown really grooves into "Too Funky In Here." Even the ladies on the bus tours grooved to "Prisoner Of Love," "Get On The Good Foot," "It's A Man's World," and "Try Me.

Brown closed as always with "Please, Please, Please," after a smattering of 25 years of hits, amid applause and a series of colorful capes. Hope this becomes an annual affair.

—Almost Slim
here is never neglected in pursuit of experimentation and virtuosity.

The use of elements from different musical idioms varies from one tune to the next. "Mardi Gras" and "Happy Birthday Calypso Style" have R&B roots. My favorite, "Heathens On The Beach," is a straight-ahead rock cruncher. "Tribute To The Greeks" could be called a Mediterranean rock number. And so on.

The strongest characteristic of Woodenhead is the compositional skill. All but two tunes were written by Jimmy Robinson. Attention given by Woodenhead to this fundamental element must be applauded. The talent of these musicians and production skill of Sea-Saint Studios would not mask poor material.

What was left wanting after listening to this record was longer selections. The group is too restricted. This is one instance where a little more self-indulgence on the musicians' part would be welcome.

Woodenhead was produced by Musicians for Music with production assistance by Allen Toussaint. It is a testimonial to the diversity and high creative quality of music in New Orleans.

—Brad Palmer

North Louisiana String Band
THE NORTH LOUISIANA STRING BAND
Louisiana Folklife Center LFRS LP-002

Rural string band music was at one time as common as pig tracks throughout the southern U.S. The fiddle music and ballad singing traditions that gave rise to this music spread throughout the south (including Louisiana) during the 19th Century.

The North Louisiana String Band is a loosely and specially assembled group of older country musicians, with fiddler Ray Beebe (who died shortly after the album was recorded) particularly prominent among them. The accompanying booklet suggests that the record is really an affectionate tribute to Beebe, for many years one of the most prominent musicians in North Louisiana.

The record has its technical weak spots—premature fadeouts, uneven tape-deck speed, abrupt cut-offs, some awkwardness in the live portions—and the tunes are mostly traditional fiddle tunes and gospel songs, with the loose ensemble singing representative of old-time string bands (and should be regarded as such: the tight vocal harmonies of bluegrass came much later). I wish I could recommend it for the casual listener, but unless you've a sympathetic ear, you'll be disappointed by the above-mentioned technical problems and the none-too-snappy look of the record and the booklet inside. To me, though, this shows that the record is a labor of love by ordinary people close to the music and not a slick mass-market production. Keeping that in mind, you might find it fascinating.

—Patrick Flory

Exuma
UNIVERSAL
Cat Island 123

"The Obahman is a storyteller singing tales of the things I've seen using all the musical influences I've experienced." With this introduction from Exuma, Universal, his eighth album to date and the second on his own Cat Island label, takes on its proper perspective. Universal presents musical pictures of Exuma's growth, moving from the Bahamian child making music in the street in "Cat Island Rake
and Scrape Band" to the introspective and angered artist in "Fame is the Name of the Game."

Along with assistant producer and percussionist Josiah Kinlock, Exuma assembled an impressive array of musicians, including "Weasel" MacDonald on lead guitar, Ricky Sebastian and Gene Scaramuzzo on drums, Jimmy Hymel on keyboards plus the Aubry Brothers on background vocals, using each to full effect in this recording from Studio In The Country. A majority of the cuts are uptempo tunes done with a mixture of Bahamian junkanoo, calypso and reggae. Exuma even manages to mix down Dance Marathon favorite "Roller Reggae" from its usual 18 minutes to just over four without missing a beat.

There are a few surprising departures here, too; as in "Rose Mary Smith," a fine dose of blues with a hint of gospel provided by keyboard player Eugene Foster. Although the rocker "Maasai" sounds ill-conceived, "Get It" is a strong exploration into New Orleans funk rock that doesn't take a wrong turn. Exuma says he uses the album's reception in his native Bahamas as his barometer. If the airplay Universal is receiving on Radio Bahamas is any indication, we'll be hearing a lot more from Exuma.

—Shepard H. Samuels

The Blasters
OVER THERE
Slash/Warner Brothers 1-23735

Recorded in England this past spring, the Blasters' Over There—a live six-song EP (seven song cassette)—is not only an outstanding mini-document of a Blasters gig. It's one of the best live recordings I've ever heard. Apart from the British accent introducing the band, it's those rootsy L.A. boys sounding exactly like they sound over here—as alive and vibrant as heard from the dance floor at Jimmy's.

The disc opens in tribute to Jerry Lee Lewis with a marvelous rendition of Lewis' "High School Confidential." As expected, Phil Alvin's singing immediately takes command, yet his vocals never overshadow the group's instrumentation, particularly Gene Taylor's rolling keyboards and Dave Alvin's sharp guitar which together accent this eternal teen anthem.

The next cut, "Rock Boppin' Baby," is an example of the kind of song that ninety-nine percent of us would never hear were it not for Alvin Archeology. Unearthed in a thrift store in Whittier, California, or so the legend goes, this once-neglected gem has found new life in the Blasters' stable. Few of us will ever know Edwin Bruce's original Sun label recording, but it's hard to find fault with this sultry version, played here with finger-poppin' precision.

Another, perhaps more familiar "resurrection" is their remake of "I Don't Want To," a Blasters original first heard on their now out of print Rolling Rock American Music E.P. Highlighted by Davis' electric guitar twang and Phil's on-the-money vocals, this jitterbugger is as fresh and timeless as any classic under the Sun.

Going beyond the original and obscure, the band demonstrates its true fortitude by diving into Little Richard territory. It's to their credit that they know the impossibility of measuring up to the infamous screaming madman himself; instead they simply recognize Richard's "Keep A-Knockin'" for being the terrific song that it is, and play their hand Blasters style. Nobody's fools, they're also...
smart enough to know they're holding a pair of aces—resident saxophonist Lee Allen and Steve Berlin, to whom this arrangement owes its big sound. Here the spotlight's on Allen's sexy tenor, blowing the original sax recipe he once pioneered at Rampart and Dumaine. The combined Allen-Berlin virtuosity shines even brighter on the band's rousing version of Big Joe Turner's "Roll 'Em Pete." Given room to move beyond the usual two to three minute song format, the horns let loose with back to back solos guaranteed to shake your socks. Again, pianist Taylor glides across the ivories in the most delicious fashion, while Phil Allen bellows the blues with heart and soul. If there's one cut out On Over There which stands out over repeated listenings, it's Roy Orbison's "Go Go Go," a dynamic song to be sure, but on this version the Blasters pump it up with incredible ferocity. Driven by Dave Alvin's blistering guitar, the sound is paradoxically crazy and wild yet at the same time skillfully controlled. Certainly credit is due in no small part to the Blasters' rocksteady rhythm section, with John Bazz on bass and Phil Bateman on drums propelling this rocker with jackhammer locomotion. I can't think of any other selection that better exemplifies why I find this record so exciting. Indeed, this is the archetypal Highway Sound in its most magnetic incarnation updated by five poetic lumberjack types whose music exults the exhilaration of working up a sweat on a Saturday night.

Over here, over there, over anywhere, this new Blasters EP showcases the best in American rock 'n' roll. —Richard Braverman

Various Artists
LIFE IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE
Elektra 60779

Life in the European Theatre is a compilation of songs by various artists. The musicians are predominantly British and all advocate nuclear disarmament. Most of the songs are successful U.K. singles expressing great concern about the proliferation of nuclear weapons and music here does it better than any number of speeches.

Besides the political aspect of the album, it is highly recommended to anyone who wants to become familiar with some of the best new wave, ska/2-tone bands. Some of the bands and singles included are The Clash's hard-hitting "London Calling," The Beat's "I Am Your Flag" ("specifically aimed at Americans who still think that war is a glorious affair"), XTC's "Living Through Another Cuba," The Jam's "Little Boy Soldiers," about the waste of lives in war, the Stranglers' "Nuclear

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Device," and The Au Pair's "Dict" which attacks domestic bliss and sexual oppression.

Overall, this is a superb compilation album, full of real strength and feeling.

—Bonnie Canitelli

Shell Shock
"YOUR WAY"/"MY BRAIN IS JELLY" & "EXECUTION TIME"

This is the latest opus from Vinyl Solution, the home of New Orleans hardcore. Shell Shock, featuring the inimitable (we hope) Hatch Boy on guitar, has come up with a batch of songs fairly representative of the form—distorted guitars, shouted vocals, with singalong choruses, dead-end humor—albeit taken at slower than usual tempos. The record comes with an insert showing pictures of the band but also the recording studio track sheet, which reveals the addition of some extra guitars by producer Larry The Punk. This single is definitely as good as the seemingly innumerable hardcore singles finding their way here from the West Coast and elsewhere. The only problem is that side one is pressed so that it is rejected before the song is over. Is this my design, or is my turntable trying to tell me something?

—Steve Alleman

Colin Escott & Marlin Hawkins
SUN RECORDS
Quick Fox Publishing, $8.95

This is an unparalleled study of a record company, and none was more interesting than Sam Phillips' Sun Record Company. Sun Records is profusely illustrated, and traced the entire history of perhaps the most influential recording company in early rock 'n' roll from its beginnings to date. The text is easy to read, while still presenting hard facts, making it both a valuable reference and a great picture book. Extremely well researched, I just read and learned Any rock 'n' roll or R&B enthusiast will find

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& his Cajun Twisters

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New Orleans Blues Revue
with special guest Earl King

Sat. Nov. 27 - Cush-Cush
traditional Cajun Music
this book fascinating, since so many great singers and instrumentalists recorded for Sam Phillips. Of course, there are obligatory chapters on Presley and Perkins and Jerry Lee, but Escott and Hawkins also shed light on many obscure Sun artists like Doug Poindexter, Hardrock Gunter, Roscoe Gordon and Joe Hill Louis, to name but a few. Anyone who wants detailed information on how Sun helped change the face of American popular music should reach for his wallet now.

I only wish that they might have dug just a bit deeper into some of the blues artists that Sam Phillips recorded before he formed Sun, but I know rock 'n' roll don't generally pay much attention to that era. I really can't complain. There's enough here to keep a budding musicologist quiet for days. — Almost Slim

The Monsters

"CALLING DR. HOWARD—DR. FINE—DR. HOWARD"/"ELMO THE EEL"

The Monsters have come up with a first for local bands. They have decided to issue their single on a flexi-disc, 33 and one-third RPM, both songs on one side. This apparently cuts down on the pressing costs, but it sounds like money saved in manufacturing went into the recording process, because the instrumental sound on this record is remarkably clear. The tunes are pleasant, nothing special structurally, and the singing is in that nervy, overbearing "new wave" style. I guess this is appropriate since these are basically novelty songs, a genre I've never been too fond of but which seems to have a definite audience. The Monsters are to be commended for taking a new approach to the "single syndrome," and it will be interesting to see if other bands follow their lead.

— Steve Allen

Various Artists

BAYOU BEAT
Flyright 581

Mmmm. Don't really know just what to say about this one. Covering the 1958-1963 period, it's quite a fascinating mixture of rock 'n' roll, doo wop, ballads and Cajun. J.D. Miller was really trying to broaden his product at the time, releasing both hits and misses, as this album illustrates. If you treat Miller's releases with the kind of awe usually reserved for early Imperial and Sun records, you better have it. Once again, Flyright notes and packaging are of high quality. The Legendary Jay Miller Sessions remain a superior collector's anthology.

— Almost Slim
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New Orleans Music—We’ll help you find it... Go ahead on and subscribe.
Hey Local Groops! A new NYC-based cassette mag called BangZoom needs a tape of your group to break up the monotony of that “whiny suburban stuff!” that they have to put up with there above the cotton curtain. Give these poor deprived Yankees a break: send your tape, especially if it's good ole down home funk/soul/R&B, or influenced by some, to Gary Sperrazza, Box 1603, Buffalo, New York 14216...Crawford Vincent, a new subscriber and original member of the Hackberry Ramblers, writes us from Lake Charles: “I've been playing the music for a long time, 41 years of Country and Cajun)...The Royal Street Association, a new organization representing the merchants and shopkeepers of the rue Royale, will throw an inaugural shindig aptly titled “Royal Welcome,” on the weekend of Nov.13 and 14, with plenty of bands, street performers, parading and promenading and an array of food described as “sumptuous”...The Dirty Dozen Brass Band and the Wynton Marsalis Quintet are both prominently featured in the San Francisco Kool Jazz Festival, the Dozens making no less than three separate appearances, the first of which is an alfresco Union Square entertainment, “San Francisco Greets New Orleans.” Likewise I’m sure...
The New Leviathan Oriental Fox Trot Orchestra recently played for, of all things, the 75th anniversary, or Diamond Jubilee, of the opening of Neiman-Marcus. Posh is apparently barely the word for the supper dance at the Dallas Fairmont where guests included Beverly Sills, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Lady Bird Johnson; Art Buchwald made an after-dinner speech, before the patriarch of Neiman’s, Stanley Marcus, sang a version of “My Way”—no foolin’—incorporating Neiman-Marcus’ history with “new lyrics” by my friend Sammy Cahin. New Leviathan members were impressed by the fact that they played for three hours and used only half of their repertoire as they were by the Diamond Jim Brady atmosphere of serenity, ostentation and very conspicuous consumption.
The Limit has just wrapped up a four-song EP at BB Recording Studio, entitled New Music, which should be hitting the bins at Christmas...Baton Rouge’s hottest pop/wave band is Scooter and the Mopedos, while another group to watch for is Young Hawn, formerly of Young Hawn, former Kenny Blackmon, bassist Doug Johnson, guitarist Jeff Johnson and guitarist/organist Mike Arnow...The Red Stick City, Li’l Queenie and Backtalk drew more than 400 people for their debut gig at Trinity’s—without any significant promotion (as opposed, we guess, to reams of the insignificant kind)...Hazel Eugene, former maîtresse de cuisine at the restaurant atop the Dream Palace and proprietor of her own place on Dumaine Street, has moved it all into a new restaurant, Hazel’s Creole Caribbean Cuisine, in glamorous old Algiers Point at 325 Verret. It’s just a ferryboat ride away, and there’s both New Orleans and Caribbean music on the jukebox...
On Oct.16, The Raffeys hosted a world premiere screening of their new video, The Mystery, at the home of Paul Yachic. Raff Raffy said the inspiration for the living-dead-themed production was to surpass local competition: "Doing the Raffy means keeping ahead...in order to complete this vampire video, we had to do the Raffy with a big sharp stake on hand and a large wooden mallet in the other"...The Submarine Attendents, who debuted the evening of Oct.15 at Jimmy Anselino’s swank Willow Street boîte de nuit, are a welcome case of old wine in new bottles: the members are poker-faced Bert Smith, formerly of The Cold, two ex-monsters, George Neyrey and Brent Roser, and drummer Joey Torres, late of The Raffeys. Their Liverpool/Echo and the Bunnymen-inspired sound may soon become a staple in local clubs...David Byrne, who toured and recorded with the Philip Glass Ensemble for years, spent time roaming the French Quarter with Byrne, discussing Landry’s role on the next Talking Heads album; friends for a decade, Landry’s participation with TH is a result of chiding Byrne over the years about a lack of sax on their previous albums...
Le Roux recently at Studio In The Country in Bogalusa recording their fifth album and second for RCA. This will be the first for new lead singer Dennis Frederiksen (replacing Jeff Pollard, who Little Richard-like, announced that Christianity and rock ‘n’ roll just don’t mix and he was opting for the former) and guitarist Jim Odom. Le Roux’s future direction will be more mainstream (read: radio-oriented) than in the past, according to the record’s producer, bassist Leon Medica...
Goldmine (#76), a record collectors’ magazine, has buried amidst all the lists and lists and lists of oldies for sale, a list of items for sale from a gentleman in Baton Rouge named John F. Gourrier, who of course none other than John Fred late of The Royalrod Band. Among the items offered are such obvious classics as Professor Longhair’s “Go To The Mardi Gras,” K-Doe’s “Hello My Lover,” Dee Clark’s “Hey Little Girl,” and The Miracles’ “Shop Around,” as well as obscurities like Fats Domino’s “You Can’t Pack Your Suitcase,” Lloyd Price’s “Forgive Me, Clady,” and John Fred’s own “Keep It Hid” (on the Sugar-cane label), modestly listed as “rare.”
The Sound Doctor, a.k.a. Robert Vernon, sends along his new single, “I’ve Got A Disease” b/w “Tonight’s Just Right” on the Zoo York Records label. In addition, Mr. Vernon enclosed a membership form for the “They All Asked For Ewe ’83 Club,” which is an organization to aid in the election of Edwin Washington Edwards as next governor of the Dream State...
The Kool Jazz Festival in City Park was a coming-home for trumpet player Terrance Blanchard and saxophonist Donald Harrison, now both members of Art Blakey’s Jazz Messengers. Both are from New Orleans and are graduates of the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts. Blanchard has worked with Lionel Hampton and Harrison; he has recently played with Roy Haynes...
Fats Domino’s new album is finally finished up...King Floyd is just back from a month-long tour of Africa...Mathilda Jones is working steadily now thanks to the playing of her new single, “I Need Somebody” by Ernie K-Doe on his Thursday night radio show on WWOZ. Burn, K-Doe burn! Bumbershoot Productions was in town recently to do some preliminary work for A Confederacy of Dunces...
Caronna’s, the oldest continually operating bar in the Irish Channel has recently been restored and will soon have live music. Established in 1923, Caronna’s was the home turf of Nick LaRocca and The Original Dixieland Jazz Band. LaRocca claimed to have been the originator of jazz music...The Fountain Of Youth Lounge, 3129 St. Roch, is a new club that has the patrons reminded of the Dew Drop Inn. In recent days, Smokey Johnson’s band has played there, along with The Raffeys, David Lusie, Richard Knox, Dave Bartholomew, Edward Frank, and Reggie Hall sitting in. The Rockabyes are working on a film short directed by David Guzman, to be aired on local television soon. The tune to be performed is “Blue Love” featuring the new members of the band, Chris Luckette and Frank Assunto, along with the erstwhile Clements Brothers, Cranston and David. The segment features a mysterious female passerby attempting (quite successfully) to ward off the attentions of the hopeless romantic David Clements. We’ll have to wait for the show to find out the result.
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**Thurs, 11**: Walter Washington

**Fri, 12**: Bas Clas w/ The Backbeats

**Sat, 13**: The Newsboys w/ Lenny Zenith

**Thurs, 18**: Walter Washington

**Fri, 19**: ALBERT KING

**Sat, 20**: Woodenhead

**Wed, 24**: Walter Washington

**Fri, 26**: The Radiators

**Sat, 27**: The Radiators