Wavelength (February 1984)

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WAVELENGTH
ISSUE NO. 40
FEBRUARY 1984

WOMEN IN NEW ORLEANS MUSIC
MARCIA BALL MEETS HER IDOL

Interview: Wynton Marsalis
Art Scene: Halftime Guide
Movies: Five of the Latest Flicks
Jazz Fest: Who Would You Book?
THE NEW ORLEANS JAZZ & HERITAGE FOUNDATION PRESENTS:

AN EVENING WITH:

Wynton Marsalis

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24 at 8 PM

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Wavelengt/ February 1984
The Power, The Glory, The Scene-Boosting

Those of you who presume folk-culture is exclusively provincial might do well to take a look over your urban shoulder. Graffiti artists and break dancers have made national news with their inner city folk expression. In New Orleans, Mardi Gras Indians and the paintings of Sister Gertrude Morgan exemplify folklife within city limits. Curiously, Barr also has his own rock band together.

Tonight, given twenty or thirty years, "The musicians I know like [Kid] Thomas and [Kid] Sheik always hit me in an emotional way. It has a lot of feeling in it. That's what drew me to it in the first place. It's not too pushy. It's very relaxed, quite melodic, yet it has a great deal of freedom." As for the survival of traditional jazz, the veteran of early Ken Colyer and Chris Barber bands is not worried: "The musicians I know like [Kid] Thomas and [Kid] Sheik will never change. They have always been the same and they always will be. I think there are a lot of things happening, a lot of parades going on, and some young guys coming up that are doing a great job."

Rimington enjoys New Orleans'
people almost as much as its music: "They've been very nice to me. Things are very friendly down here; it's slower than places like New York. I enjoy coming here every year. It's a great pleasure to meet the musicians and everybody."

In the future Rimington plans to bring Kid Thomas and Louis Nelson over to the Lugano Festival in Italy. He, along with Strickland, also plans to book Kid Thomas on another of their famous European tours this year.

—Michael G. White

**Keeping Pace With 24 Tracks**

Back in the days of Jimi Hendrix there was a popular studio called "Electric Lady" Studios, I think, and all the big times used to record there. Well, New Orleans is getting a "lady" studio of its own; sitting on the rustic cobblestone of Bayou Road is a funky old building with a skylight female silhouette painted on its peeling walls. A partly obscured sign advertises the "Lovely Lady" beauty salon and gives no hint of the sound recording concepts that brew within.

"The day of the heavily-carpeted recording studio is over. The trend lately is toward a brighter, more live sound with drums closer to the front, and that's what I'm shooting for with this studio: the ultimate drum sound. How many people do you know who have carpet all over their living room walls?" asks Glenn Himmbaugh of Pace Sound Co., and the upcoming Pace Studios.

Pace Sound has provided sound reinforcement for local concerts over the past decade, and assembled five large scale PA systems. Their regular gigs with Cox Cable's Music City video program and as the Neville Brothers sound company have strengthened Pace Studio's reputation. Glenn Himmbaugh plans to use Art Neville as house producer for a variety of projects. "Pace Studios will have all the resources of Pace Sound at its disposal," says Himmbaugh, "including our remote truck, which is 16-track now, with 24-track capability. We've worked very closely with Sea-Saint and Studio In The Country, in terms of providing sound reinforcement, but I think the 24-track remote unit will put us in a class by ourselves. And because we've been a sound company for so long, we've stayed up on the latest developments in the technology."

The main studio at Pace will be a medium-sized five-sided room with variable acoustic damping. Adjoining are two small isolation booths, one fully damped, one variable. All walls are triple insulated and heavily soundproofed. Himmbaugh claims to be having no expense in his construction job. "We want to sell finished products to the major labels and the only way to do that is to have the best of everything."

They already have the best peeling silhouette painting of a 'lovely lady' in town.

—rico

**Dirty-Minded David Byrne**

Hey David Byrne, Mr. Talking Head, in town to work with the Dirty Dozen, shake booty at the Glass House, and set a drive-in in quarantine sound, what's happening?

"I was asked a while ago to do music for a theatre piece that this sort of avant garde director is doing. His pieces tend to be like a series of very slow moving tableaux, sort of like pictures that move really slowly, where the lighting and everything is real beautiful. I'm involved in one section called 'The Knee Plays' because they join some of the other sections together.

"I saw the Dirty Dozen a few years ago and thought that they were real good. Originally I had wanted to write music for brass instruments for this thing, and when I remembered them [the Dirty Dozen], I thought, 'Gee, why don't I just work with them.'"

What I've done so far is I've taken some gospel numbers and old hymns and things like that and had those transcribed for their instruments. So far it doesn't quite have the Dirty Dozen sound, which is something that'll have to be worked on down the line. I have a feeling that once they get used to it, they'll kind of adapt it and put a little more feeling into it than what's written down on paper, which'll make it good, which is the only reason to use them. Otherwise you could just hire any old horn section."

—rico

**A German, Two Danes And Lillian**

New Orleans' own Lillian Boutte took a break from a busy European tour to return home for a week or two last month. Lillian's show, "Lillian Boutte and her Music Friends," has been playing Scandinavian festivals and cabarets since May 1983. So far, her globe-hopping has landed her in Denmark, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, Germany and Norway (where she recorded a New Orleans gospel record with the Magnolia Jazz Band of Norway).

In case any New Orleansians are curious about why Lillian is playing to packed houses in Europe, they can sample her talents starting March 31 at the Mediterranean Cafe at 1000 Decatur St.—the site of the old Morning Call coffee shop.

Lillian will have accompanying her Music Friends consisting of renown Thomas L. Etienne of Germany on clarinet and both tenor and alto sax, Hans Knudsen of Copenhagen, Denmark, on piano, along with compatriot Soren Houlind on drums. Banjo duties are handled by Arild Holms of Oslo, Norway, and Bob Cubberley of London, England, will be on bass.

—Fred Hatfield

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**NEW RELEASES**

- Fats Domino, *Walkin' To New Orleans*, Pathe Marconi 154662/1 re-release
- Irma Thomas, *Time Is On My Side*, Kent 010 (collection of 16 sides recorded for Minit and Imperial 1964-65)
- Fats Domino, *Get Away with Fats Domino*, Ace CH30 (reissue of ABC 510 1965)
- Huey Piano Smith & Clowns, *The Imperial Sides*, 15-46631
- Marcia Ball, *Soulful Dress*, Rounder 3078
- Kent Jordan, *Terms of Endearment*, CBS
- Lloyd Price, *Mr. Personality Revisited*, Charly Records CRB 1052
- The Larry Williams Show featuring Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Pathe-Marconi re-release Edel 119
- The Best of Shirley and Lee, British Ace CH47

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Wavelength / February 1984
Bas Clas: Global Politics Not Chanky-Chank

"Bas Clas" is sort of a Cajun way of saying "low class," and is also the name of an outspoken Lafayette-based rock band led by brothers Steve and Donnie Picou. Geoff Thistlewaite on bass and Jon Bossiere on drums (a former New Orleanian) provide rhythmic bottom.

The instrumentation is standard contemporary rock fare: huge drum kit, electric guitars and bass. The timbre is aggressive and the volume high. Structurally, most of the material has a more-than-three-chord melodic twist and sincerely Southern upbeat tempo, although I must admit the usual "I've heard it all before" yawn was upon me for several tunes at a recent Bas Clas opening gig.

"The Bas Clas sound is driving and full, a thick half-Dylan-half-Clash stew of spiral phasing guitars, sibling harmonies, and a solid mod rock bottom. "Spy vs. Spy," a slinky funk number with long, sustained fills and a bassline you could bump to, is typical of a Bas Clas socially-conscious-but-let's-not-forget-that-everybody-came-here-to-dance song. "Serfin', USA" could be about almost every 25-year-old welder's helper between here and Cameron and preaches for the working class without undue romanticism: "Johnny gets two weeks off with pay. But he doesn't get too far away. He's back on Monday ready to go."

Donnie Picou's septum-heavy vocal inflection is much closer to Elvis Costello or even Zachary Richard, and not a word in French. Lyrics concern global politics and romantic dereliction: not flowing bayous and rocking' at the fais do do. But let us not forget that this is a band of modern young men who probably watched Batman as kids; the days of Governor Jimmie Davis had passed and gone. "We don't speak French or anything and our mom is from up north." Donnie casually explains.

Bas Clas is one of the most politically active bands in Louisiana. Their monthly newsletter goes out to around a thousand people and urges them to take action on issues from nuclear disarmament to chemical waste dumps, but the tone is always one to one and down at the grassroots: a short entry in the recent newsletter read: "Donnie has seven puppies—mostly Labrador blood—that need homes. The dogs are six weeks old and ready to go. He also has 2 kittens—1 male and 1 female. Call him at 873-6815." Maybe Bas Clas is as much a part of the sprawling rice prairies of Southwest Louisiana as the potlickers and tom cats that walk the headlands at night...even if they do sing about spies and serfs.

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To the Editor:

I am 27 years old and have been collecting records for 13 years and have been collecting Czechoslovak records. I would very much like to complete my home discotheque with LPs issued in USA, England or West Germany, please will you publish my readiness to cooperate in exchanging records. I am sure you hardly know anything about our Czechoslovak groups and popular music in socialist countries, with some exceptions as Karel Gott, of course. And I am sure there might be some collectors in your country who would like to complete their collections with LPs from socialist countries.

I am seeking friends willing to exchange LPs with me. I can offer LPs from socialist countries, new wave, rock, folk, jazz, classic music. Further rarities from Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Stones, Hendrix, etc. issued by our houses—Supraphon, Opus, etc.

Rob Mullen
KZSC
Santa Cruz, California

To the Editor:

You may be surprised on receiving this letter from Czechoslovakia. Let me introduce myself just in short. I am 27 years old and have been interested in rock music, folk and blues for 15 years and have been collecting this kind of music. As my main interests are the records that are not available in Czechoslovak shops and have no other way to to complete my home discotheque with LPs issued in USA, England or West Germany, please will you publish my readiness to cooperate in exchanging records. I am sure you hardly know anything about our Czechoslovak groups and popular music in socialist countries, with some exceptions as Karel Gott, of course. And I am sure there might be some collectors in your country who would like to complete their collections with LPs from socialist countries.

I am seeking friends willing to exchange LPs with me. I can offer LPs from socialist countries, new wave, rock, folk, jazz, classic music. Further rarities from Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Stones, Hendrix, etc. issued by our houses—Supraphon, Opus, etc.

Ludwig Kos Hornicky 4109 4303 Chomutov Czechoslovakia

To the Editor:

On the 5th of November, the annual Blues Estafette (a 12-hour blues event) was held at the musiccentre Vredenburg Utrecht, drawing a crowd of approximately 2,000 people. Outside two Chicago packages, this year’s Blues Estafette brought several artists from Louisiana to the stage.

First there was Tabby Thomas and his Mighty HouseRockers who opened the event at 3 in the afternoon. I'd seen Tabby before in his club, 'The Blues Box' in Baton Rouge, and I was anxious to see him perform again. His band opened with a Magic Sam boogie. Then Tabby entered the stage and he really proved that he paid his dues as a blues musician. With songs like his own "Nose Wide Open," he added a very personal note to the festival, getting a lot of response from the crowd. The fact that he plays both piano and guitar (being best on piano) guaranteed a varied show by Tabby, who is a pure and great singer as well.

Silas Hogan, from Scotlandville, La., entered the stage together with Henry Gray. Hogan did two songs, accompanying himself on guitar and he still reminds me in a very favorable way of the great Lightnin’ Hopkins.

Bad part was that after these two songs, Henry Gray took over the main role. Gray is good, but we’ve seen him several times before in the Netherlands. And Hogan has never been here before.

'‘A Taste of New Orleans’ has been brought a swinging stage show with Walter Washington doing the main role. Then, Earl King entered the stage doing a professional set, although most people would have preferred to see him solo.

Last Louisiana act was the ramblin’ act of John Delafose and the Eunice Playboys. They played authentic zydeco, and they sure got the audience on its feet. The quality of their performance was, however, not comparable with many other zydeco acts that have been touring here like Clifton Chenier, Rockin’ Dopsie and Queen Ida.

Anyway, Louisiana has played its part in the Dutch Blues Scene and I already heard word from some booking agencies to bring over Tabby Thomas and his band with all the Louisiana blues-harp players. Also there might be a Louisiana blues package coming to tour Europe in ’84. And the World famous Northsea Blues Festival in July will bring us Irma Thomas, Ernie K-Doe and Allen Toussaint while negotiations are still going on with Clarence "Frogman" Henry and Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown.

Rien Wisse
Block Magazine
7600 AE Almebo
Netherlands
After a decade-long career downturn, James Booker begins to turn things around. Following a stretch in Angola and a persistent struggle with a drug problem, he appears at the 1973 Jazz and Heritage Festival where he is introduced to a wider and enlightened audience. Not long after, Booker is contracted to Island Records for whom he records an excellent solo album. In 1976, he embarks on his first tour of Europe thanks to German promoter Norbert Hess. While in Europe, he records two excellent live sets for the Aves and Blue Star labels.

This poster is from Booker's first European tour where he portrayed himself as "the black Liberace." It is being donated to the Maple Leaf, where Booker spent his most memorable New Orleans musical moments.

—Almost Slim

**KINK-O-RAMA OR DEPRIV-O-RAMA**

From Police H.Q. in Moscow to the Transylvanian playground of the Living Dead to boudoirs in porn pix, the verdict remains the same: Dental Work for Everybody!

By Jon Newlin

We take but a war to be refought and goals to kill.

He takes them down south of Galveston (bankrolled by Stack whose son is also missing) and they practice, oh do they practice, and in between are treated to some (curiously well phrased) speeches by Hackman about how society at large perceives them as scabs because they committed that most un-American of acts, They Lost. (Even Gore Vidal, in his essay on West Point, lets us know what lousy tacticians our military leaders from Washington on are and have been—they barely won when outnumbering the British three to one—and how the military is really just a great P.R. Machine.) Well this really gets to the vest—a biker for low comedy, a muscleman, a sort of Bert-on-Soap type, a black doctor, a hypersensitive artist who makes sort of Tongueley-Dada constructions out of car parts.
Jan-Michael \n
and is played by Fred Ward who also expands the boundaries of caroonia as a San Amerindian in (Whitmaci) and a Jack-Michael Vincent type whose father is (perhaps—there’s no real follow-up on this) in the same POW camp. The results are as expected— screaming Laotians M-1’d by the score; noble sounds and even noble self-immolations, detonations, a handful of terrified prisoners who look something like the Margaret Bourke-White pictures of Buchenwald; an O-Henry ending.

Ted Kotcheff, a decent action director and also not bad with comedy, has nothing much to do—how much talent does a director need to show bamboo shots blowing up? Bits from such unfondly remembered (by me) movies like The Great Escape and Bridge on the River Kwai keep popping up. Gene Hackman slogs a lot and Rob Brown flexes his muscles and shows off his (I am sure; I see Charbon’s deathless phrase) “2nd Street ring,” and there’s a great deal of the cloaking mixture of grand-ol’-flag, gumpowder, and (literally only) guts. What’s creepy about this show is this: (theoretical questions but worth of being sounded anyhow): what will people whose sons, fathers, nephews, uncles, etc., really are in POW camps (maybe) think of this travesty? What will those who missed the whole blessed thing think when this heterogenous bunch of goons so quickly drops wives, jobs, everything, and head back to the steamy jungles for a bit more patriotic gore? In the light of certain recent international incidents (as Henry James might have called them), what can anyone sane think of this sort of global vigilantism—which is just terror from Our Side instead of Theirs?

Let freedom ring... but Uncommon Valor is the sort of picture that makes one understand (for a change), the remoral mind.

You know, or can imagine, what a godawful strain it must have been to get two and one-quarter hours of epic struggle-cum-rock-exorcism out of the Karen Silkwood story is, on the surface, not one taught—to use a delicious old verb in current disfavor except for Gothic novel blunts—with drama, high, low or simmering. Silkwood is a nice-looking, not particularly interesting movie, which I gather Mike Nichols was at first unsure how to give some life to: whether it meant having Kurt Russell run around with the top button of his jeans undone or setting up some Vermeer-de-Hoogh-like scenes of Cher (as a kooky dyke!) rolling joints in the bate kitchen of a clapboard house. By the time the movie rolls around—a goofy tableau of Meryl Streep dead behind the wheel of her little white Honda (smushed, I guess, by capitalist greed and pro-nuke anti-labor intrigue) —Ken-McGee is, from all reports, as thrilled over this picture as the Cubans were over Scarface), one realizes the presence of a heroic-folly mentality. This closing shot is, in its much, much lesser way, as emblematic as Marat dead in his tub. Wolfe expiring on the Plains of Abraham.

Meryl Streep remains a personal irritant—like Peter Sellers (although she is much less amusing), she seems an impersonator not an actor. She has it all Down: the accent, the costumes, the aura of handling a cigarette or a can of beer, the hairdo. But it all seems like caricature—nothing inside. just an extraordinarily skilful, uninvolving turn or routine, not a performance. There is, however, absolutely stealing small part: character work by Susie Bond as Thelma, in the film’s best performance, and Diana Scarwid as the mortuary-beautician, a beautifully rounded job in just a few scenes.

Gorky Park is the first picture I remember with a credit line for “Cadavers”—they’re swell. too, easily the best thing in this laborsome non-mystery about some mysteriously grizzly selves committed in Moscow’s big public park. Under the banner of relentlessly dull Michael Apted (even with a script by Dennis Potter of Pennies From Heaven, but you’d never know it), the one thing that might have been of interest here—Russian police routine—is catholized into Movie Police Routine. You might as well be at home watching Edward Dmytryk’s Confessions of Buckley Blackey (a much better movie) on TV. There’s arguing among superiors, friction between police and KGB, a noble sacrifice or two, some double-dealing, why one old codger tells William Hurt (more relentless dullness, as a character named something like Arkady Raincoat, with that over-earnest hippie-seducer voice of his that suffocates any scene he’s in) that he’ll never be the cop his father was. Some sables—the clue to what mystery lurks at the bottom of this swirling conversation—make wonderful noises and dart about most picturesquely (they make great capes and hats too). I hear and Lee Marvin skulks about as a rich, sinister American. Some of the bad people also have bad teeth, and there is an amusingly set-up Russian version of the N.O.A.C. complete with “exotic” buffet—tomatoes and oranges amidst the salmon and sturgeon, and also a Russian rock band playing “Twist and Shout” as well as the bullying non-presence of Brian Dennehy (I haven’t had any use for him since he was so damned mean to Sylvester Stallone in First Blood)—another Ted Kotcheff pro-Vietnam wet epie by the by, but hardly an incendiary one). I imagine the “hook” (to use a term I wish would die out) with Gorky Park as novel and film was a detective story but with Russians, not the flamey Miller-87th Precinct crew, sifting clues, dusting for fingerprints, putting thumb to nose at their superiors, putting tails on people. The evidence is that’s it’s One World after all—at least in detective fiction. Still, there are those cadavers...

The Keep, an ary and incoherent occult drama—not a thrill or jolt, but
a great many fancy angles and sound effects—directed by Michael Mann, mixes the pulp elements of Nazi beasts and the Carpathian Undead with Wagner (which is pretty pulp to begin with) and the power of burned or released rants, which change effect according to who they have. There’s some excitingly handsome production design by John Box—a Romanian village of wonderfully prickly chaliers and a round church painted all round with kids’ imitation of Fra Angelico’s blue and gold saints. For the longest time I thought the Good Nazi (played by Jurgen Prochnow, who really ought to have some dental work done) was named Klaus Vooman, but in a movie this dumb such in-jokes would be even more outre than possible. (I’m told at least 30 minutes—probably exposition—was chopped out to make The Keep less apocalyptic.) The monster is a sort of Conan thing in a Vesalius-designed wet-suit with red Christmas-light eyes and mouth and a deep gravelly voice; also, parts of him occasionally light up and the result is something like those old Visible Man models you used to build as kids. With extensive cutting and the soundtrack erased, this would make a swell video for some long-winded neo-Nazi new music group.

And finally, Kink-O-Rama, a film that cries out to be seen should it ever surface again at the bottom of a porno double bill, it was directed by Lasse Braun (once a name to conjure with in European smut circles), although I double he directed the framing device where a living-doll of a marriage counselor shows sullen husband and repressed wife what they are missing in life. In between all of this are some films they are allegedly watching (of past case histories), which are creepily tinted and appear to have been filmed in a deliberately archaic manner. These are really something—everyone in them is gross in one way or another and while they aren’t anything really outré (virgin ravished by hideous elderly man while decorated shepherd grandson watches; woman humiliating husband first with various bodily functions and apparatuses then with another man—who certainly puts her husband to shame where it counts, but—again—needs dental work), the effort at making them really look like something that might have been fished out of a tin of nitrate at Magnus Hirschfeld’s long-lamented Institute for Sexual Science (did it, like the Kinsey Institute, have a vast collection of such audio-visual aids?) is laudable and curiously ghoulish. These are indeed the sort of stories that fill the ultimately tedious pages of Stekel and Krafft-Ebing, and it’s interesting to see such things done instead of simply Bored Housewives or Randy Nurses or Hookers In Love. In short, no blood or entrails but much semen and urine—my kind of picture, I guess.

art

THE ART SCENE

AT HALFTIME

The art season in New Orleans, rather than being one furious gallop from October to June, separates itself into roughly two heats. After a thunderous start in the fall which carries through to December, the pull of the holiday season eventually cools down the pace. Art, patrons, and gallery directors are just plain distracted by the holidays and some thoughtful directors pause to well, consider the commercial aspect of the season and the art business. Miniature shows are more likely to be found this time of year than any other. In January or thereabouts, the season cranks up for its smooth downhill run into summer. Here’s a look at what’s available at halftime.

Arthur Roger, fresh from his coup at the Hotel Intercontinental, began the calendar year with a show of his stable: 36 Inches. Most galleries get around to this sometime in their schedule but unless the artists naturally form a group, the actual show can look like potluck. But trust the man who brought us painted carpet to find a way around the group show theme bind. This year, Roger settled on a dimension, one side only, as a premise. With artists, being the recalcitrant lot they are, not even this common element is always apparent. Still, the exhibition has everything and that we have come to expect from Arthur Roger.

Of particular interest are a high tech neon swing by Carol Soppe Hutz (which lent a note of tension to the opening), expecting, as you did some looped gallery goer to give it a test
Arthur Rogers' hand-colored potted palms: Best use of dead foliage by a local art gallery.

run), an assemblage by Reiter who evidently took the thirty-six inch admonishment to heart, and a classic AbEx drawing by Paulette Whiteman. (I independently took the thirty-six inch admonishment over classic Abstract Expressionism. )

Ever since Robert Gordy turned over a new leaf and started cooking on his new etching press, things have been looking up. In the plain brown monotype here, the caricature style figuration of his earlier work has been boiled down into a basic emblematic image, almost tribal. Other artists, twenty in all, include an acrylic by Dub Brock, just your basic technopunk mermaid poolside maidens (this sounds more interesting than it is) and a full blown Steve Rucker, lights and sound even, but less to the point than usual.

However, we can't pass on without noticing the changes wrought in Arthur Roger's potted palms. In a season noted for it, he has excelled in the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. The climatic excesses that wrecked bougainvillea and ficus all over town hit the tasteful use of dead foliage. 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coming up with anything new. Many of Lee Crum's fall into this somewhat slick category; however, the one mildly nasty, cigarette smoking, high-heeled nude had that personal edge that others lacked.

At scenes, like any small town, have their standard characters that function as vital organs, keeping life in the system. Three artists representative of three types essential to the health of any art community were presented at various galleries in January—the Patriarch, the Bad Boy and the Saving Grace.

Tom Young, New Orleans veteran of the turbulent New York School and longtime professor at UNO, qualifies as a Patriarch. He opened this year for the Mario Villa gallery, alongside a show of pre-Columbian art. His canvases are large, with an elder statesman kind of brevity, carving up space with color. Sparse, direct, the clear primary and secondary colors plus black provide the works with their substance and structure.

Fred Trenchard, for almost a generation, has played Bad Boy to New Orleans' art scene. Revolt is functional. Complicacy sours creativity and as an artist Trenchard has thrown his weight against prettiness and toward content. The Expressionism, Neo-Expressionism, and violent figuration that are the wave of the Eighties have been simmering in Trenchard's work for the last two decades, even down to the violent greens, murky ochres and stewed yellows. But in trying to present a retrospective this January at the Bienville in a space not suited for it, Trenchard may have further confused his case. The paintings and drawings dating from the Sixties cover many stylistic evolutions, usually represented by one or two works. Though some paintings, for example

**Jewel King**

**ROUND ABOUT THIS TIME / LOST LOVER BLUES**

_Imperial 5177_

Jewel King was the first artist recorded for Imperial by Dave Bartholomew in 1949. She had an immediate hit from the initial session with "3 x 7 = 21." She was given the opportunity to do a national tour with Dave Bartholomew's Orchestra but gave it down, choosing to work locally with her husband, bandleader Jack Scott. Ms. King couldn't follow up her hit but she did have other releases on Imperial, including this one from 1952. Both sides of this were influenced by the then-popular West Coast blues sound best exhibited by Charles Brown and Amos Milburn. "Round About This Time" is a pleasant shuffle with a slightly risque lyric that's quite snappy. "Lost Lover Blues," on the other hand, is taken at such a clipped-tempo that one can't wait for it to end.

—Almost Slim
reviews

Fats Domino
REELIN' AND ROCKIN'
Charly 1054 (England)

Unfortunately many listeners have written off Fats post-Imperial ABC releases as commercial tripe of little merit. Nevertheless, in between the unnecessary chick singers and dragging string section, Fats' magic shines through just like always. This album collects sixteen tracks recorded in Nashville between 1963 and 1965. There are a couple of remakes, including "Red Sails In The Sunset" and "The Fat Man," plus covers of "Kansas City," "Love Me," and "I'm A Fool To Care." Also of special interest are Fats' renditions of Chris Kenner's "Land Of A Thousand Dances," "Packin' Up," "Something You Got," and Big Al Downing's "Heartbreak Hill" and "Land Of Make Believe." Fats didn't really change his style, there's still plenty of that warm vocalizing and 6/8 piano triplets. However, in the hands of producer Felton Jarvis (who also did terrible and Lloyd Price), it is often surrounded by questionable accompaniment. Still this is an interesting and enjoyable album that deserves the attention of all Domino fans.

—Almost Slim

Leather Angel
WE CAME TO KILL
Miami M-20

A monumental achievement! The best record on the current market by the best American band currently in business! Duh, where do I begin? Leather Angel, "The Queens of Leather Rock," is a band composed of four awesomely slutty California girls and I mean awesomely! Morse Peckham's definition of sadomasochistic pornography (in Art and Pornography: An Experiment in Explanation) fits this quartet like a spike-heeled boot: "...women, usually but not always naked—bound up in incredibly complex and intricate network of ropes and straps, usually of black leather, often enough suspended from a hook in the ceiling like a side of meat!" As nasty as the girls in Leather Angel look, you'd need a chain-cutter and a locksmith to get their pants off, which is the ultimate appeal of such fetishistic dressing and behavior anyway. It ain't easy and therein lies the fun.

The band's music is slow and grinding, the recording sounds like it was done on a cassette. Kristi North, the drummer, attains a nice, macho John Bonham-on-in-cans sort of propulsion and lead singer Terry O'Leary is a hybrid of Seka and Pat Benatar—make that Seka and Stefanie Whiteoaks as sexy as Pat Benatar tries to get in her videos, she's always seem as temperamental as the turnip greens at Wise's Cafeteria. Are you man enough? Are you woman enough? Down on your knees, filthy slave—lick this album cover!

—Bunny Matthews

Huey "Piano" Smith
THE IMPERIAL SIDES
Pathe Marconi 1546731

The first thing you'll notice after listening to this LP is how little (if at all) Huey's music changed after leaving Ace. There's still the same old shave-and-a-haircut beat, with Huey's playful piano tinkling interlaced with plenty of vocal interplay. Although Bobby Marchan's distinctive soprano is missing from the Clowns, his place is admirably filled by Gerri Hall and Carley Moore. Although the group's Imperial sides failed miserably, it wasn't for lack of effort. "I Didn't Do It," "Behind The Wheel," "Able Mabel" and "Somebody Told It" have the same spark that all the earlier hits did on Ace. Perhaps it just sounded dated for the early Sixties.

The bulk of this album has been compiled from unreleased material, but nothing here sounds unhearthed or amateurish. One of the album's real treats is "Psycho," based on Hitchcock's movie and spiked with hilarious vocals. Anyone who enjoys Huey's hits will find this LP an unexpected treasure. John Brown's sleeve-notes are an added attraction.

—Almost Slim

Lloyd Price
MR. PERSONALITY REVISITED
Charly 1052

The only bad thing I can say about this one is that most tracks presented here can be had in one form or another in the local record store out our bins at rock bottom prices. Nevertheless, Mr. Personality Revisited contains sixteen numbers originally released on ABC between 1958 and 1960. This is a 'Greatest Hits' package, and contained here are Price's biggest including "Just Because," "I Want To Get Married," "Personality," and hits of "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" and "Mailman Blues." While many (including myself) will take exception to the sugary arrangements and unnecessary female background singers, beneath it all is some hard-driving R&B with plenty of the good old New Orleans touch. A pleasant offering from Kenner's favorite son. (Sorry, Aaron Broussard.)

—Almost Slim
New Orleans Music...

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New Orleans has always had a soft spot in its heart for its female vocalists. As far as rhythm and blues is concerned, the history of female vocalists goes right back to one of the city's first national rhythm and blues hits, "Since I Fell For You," recorded in 1947 by Annie Laurie. Annie Laurie's string of great late Forties hits on Deluxe and Regal paved the way for other New Orleans songstresses. Before the Forties ended, "Chubby" Newsome had scored with the rowdy "Hip Shakin' Mama," Erline Harris with "Jump and Shout" and Jewel King with the swinging 53 - 7 = 21, all of which predated even Fats Domino's first recordings.

Originally, female vocalists were provided by orchestras and R&B combos of the Thirties and Forties. It was expected that a sultry songstress would provide the contrast to the instrumental portion of the show and the male blues singer. No band was worth its salt if it didn't carry a female vocalist, so naturally they got plenty of attention when the record companies invaded New Orleans looking for talent.

The Fifties produced the powerful blues voice of Christine Kittrell, who is best known for her hit, "Sittin' and Drinkin'". One of the decade's most successful and distinctive New Orleans voices belonged to Shirley Goodman, one half of the R&B duet, Shirley and Lee. Other memorable records were waxed by Bernice Deen with "He's Mine," Stella Johnson with "Yeah Baby," and Blanche Thomas. Out of this blues-cum-rock-n-roll era emerged Irma Thomas, whose roots were deep in the blues, but whose distinctive voice appealed to young audiences. Completely adaptable, Irma has been able to adapt to soul and even disco successfully. One of the lost heroines of the Fifties was songwriter Dorothy LaBostrie, who penned some of the finest songs of the decade including Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti," Johnny Adams' "I Won't Cry," Irma's "You Can Have My Husband" and the classic "Rich Woman" by Lil' Millet and the Creoles. Today her whereabouts are a mystery. One distant relative recalls she was in a bad car wreck and might have moved to Kansas City, but this is speculation.

The Sixties provided a cornucopia of female talent in New Orleans. National hits were scored by Barbara George with "I Know," Betty Harris (who really only recorded here) with "Cry To Me," Barbara Lynn (see Betty Harris) with "You'll Lose A Good Thing." Three New Orleans girls formed New Orleans' The Dixie Cups, even topped the Billboard Hot 100 with "Chapel Of Love" in 1964. While the above-mentioned were lucky enough to have national hits, other deserving singers like Gerri Hall (ex-Raelet and Clown), Mary Jane Hooper, Tami Lynn, Marie Bourbon, the Rouzan Sisters, Shirley Raymond and Cathy Savoy also had fine records.

New Orleans' Jean Knight led the charge into the Seventies with "Mr. Big Stuff," which was one of New Orleans' biggest records during a quiet decade. Rose Davis, Mathilda Jones and Cynthia Sheeter also had great records.

As the Eighties dawned, many of the "old line" female singers found new strength. Irma Thomas and Jean Knight both recorded new LPs, with a new voice. Carla Baker, ready to make waves.
There's A Certain Girl I've Been After A Long Long Time...

JAZZ SINGERS
Germaine Bazzle
LaVern Butler
Lady Bj
Margie Joseph
Angelie Troclair
Carla Baker
Charmaine Neville
Leslie Smith
Tomato
Stephanie Sieberth
Lillian Boutte
The Old Mo' Time Ladies
(Topsy, Thais & Kuumba)
Fran Comisky
Pat Mitchell

GOSPEL
Mahalia Jackson
Bessie Griffin
(holds the record for inducing fatal seizures with her singing)
Alma White
Christine Myles
Elizabeth Eustis
Betty Lafayette (Mount Moriah Choir)
Gertrude Spears (The Humble Travelers)
Ruby Ray (New Orleans Spirituals)
Lois DeJean (Youth Inspirational Choir)

R&B
First Generation
Annie Laurie
Jewel King
Miss LaVell
Shirley Goodman
Alister Hampton

Second Generation
Irma Thomas
Bernadine Berns-Dean Washington
Geri Hall
The Divi-Kups
Martha Nelson
Sadie Blake
Betty Lastie
Christine Kittrell
Stella Johnson

Third Generation
Jean Knight
Rose Davis
Tami Lynn
Betty Harris

Fourth Generation
Marilyn James
The Electric AGB (All Girl Band)
Juanita Brooks
Sharon Henderson
Pepper Elskoe
Leigh Harris
Cinnamon

HOT MAMAS & FOREMOTHERS
First Generation
Esther Outside of That Bigao
Lizzie My Man O' War Miles
Memphis Minnie
(Davies Minnie "Born in Louisiana and raised in Algiers..."
but not a local artist except by nativity)

Second Generation
Blanche Thomas
Angel Baby

Third Generation
Juanita Brooks
Sharon Henderson
Pepper Elskoe
Leigh Harris
Cinnamon
LOUNGE LADIES
Mimi Guste
Zelda Rose
Henrietta Lee Boggs
Janice Medlock
Charlotte Champagne

THE YOUNGER GENERATION
Becky Kury
Marcia Kavanaugh Radlauer
Suzy Hiller (Huette)
Allison Young
Rebecca Nice
Debbie of The Batteries
Barbara Menendez
Carolyn Odell
Suzie Malone
Cindy Chambers
Lisa Sherman
Toxic Shock
The Pregnant Men
Cher and the Impolites
C.C. Mitchell

PATRONESSES
Connie LaRocca (recording)
Roberta Grace (recording)
Allison Kaslow (promotion, management)
Sandra Jaffe (clubs)
Barbara Hoover' (clubs, promotion)
Cyndi Christian (promotion, management)
Rosy Wilson (clubs)
Dianna Chenewert (management)
Pat Jolly (promotion, photography)
WWOZ's BB Dugas

SONGWRITERS
Dorothy Tutti-Frutti LaBostrie
Ruth Bais in My Heart Durand
"Naomi Neville"

SHOW BIZ
The Boswell Sisters
(Connie, Martha & Yet; when the act broke up in the mid-30's, Connie went solo for the next 25 years)
Dorothy Lamour
(Miss New Orleans of 1931 and sarong girl)
June Prater
(In the Ziegfeld Follies as a child; later appeared in such Forties ephemera as Babes on Swing Street, Junior Prom, Serge Goes to College)
Becky Allen
The Pfister Sisters

INSTRUMENTALISTS
Sweet Emma Barrett
Billie Pierce
Sadie Goodson
Edna Mitchell
Jeanette Salvant
Lil Hardin Armstrong (by marriage only)
Margaret Kimball
Jeanette Kimball
Ethel Merwin's All Girl Band
Patrice Fisher
Emily Remler
Diane Lyle

SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH
Patsy Vidalia
Bobby Marchan
Eddie Bo (as Olive Oyl on Check Mr. Popeye)
Lenny Zenith
The Sluts (theoretical girls?)

OUTSIDE NEW ORLEANS
Southwest Louisianas
Cleoma Breaux
Theresa Falcon (the Mo Tucker of early Cajun music)
Emma Dell Lee
Grace Broussard
Carol Fran
Little Miss Peggy
Dorle Matte
Margo White (Marguerite Wright)
Katie Webster (Katherine Thorn)
Queen Ida Guillory (as if Clifton needs a consort)

Baton Rouge
The Parallelles
Texas
Barbara Lynn Ozen
Marcia Ball

Women In New Orleans Music: A Family Tree
She Lives There And Eats Here...

Irma's still the Queen but tall Texan Marcia Ball is Heir Apparent to the New Orleans Musical Throne

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

Despite the unpleasant predictions of 1984 once espoused by George Orwell, Austin-based vocalist/pianist Marcia Ball figures it might go down as her best year yet. Ball, fiance Gordon Fowler (son of chili champion Wick Fowler) and their three children (one is hers, two are his) will move into a spacious new home, Rounder Records releases Ball's Soulful Dress album in February, Cox Cable will broadcast a taped recital to its subscribers this month and on New Year's Day at the Fairmont Hotel in New Orleans, Marcia Ball's lifetime dream came true.

"The high point of this year—I think it’s going to make '84—has been meeting Irma Thomas," Ball says.

"I like her. She's just the way she is. I felt this immediate rapport. Irma seems like somebody who's from the country and from a big family. She reminds me of a roommate I had when I lived in Baton Rouge—she says what she thinks. I just really enjoyed meeting her.

"The first time I saw her play, I was 13 and she wasn't that much older. She was playing on a package show in New Orleans at Municipal Auditorium. I don't remember anybody else on the show but I do remember Irma and she was pregnant at the time. That helped me out twelve years later when I was playing music and pregnant. Irma walked up on the stage and you could hear gasps from the audience.

"I was the same way. I'd sit down behind the piano until maybe the last three or four songs of the night. Then I'd stand up and people would go 'Ohhhhh!'

Because there was no hospital in her hometown of Vinton, La., Marcia Ball was born across the state­line in Orange, Texas. (Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, curiously, claims to have done the reverse—seeing his first light in Vinton and promptly jumping across the border to Orange.) She commenced piano lessons ("not exactly classical") at five and her favorite childhood singers were Fats Domino, Ray Charles, James Brown, Joe Tex, Wilson Pickett and, of course, Irma Thomas. Until she departed Vinton at eighteen to attend LSU, Ball confined her own singing to the shower.

In 1968, she joined the Baton Rouge mainstream rock band known as Gum, covering Summer-of-Love-era selections from Grace Slick and Janis Joplin.

For the last twelve years, Ball has lived in Austin and performed along what she calls the "crawfish circuit" of Dallas, Houston, Lake Charles, Lafayette, Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

"I live in Austin and I eat in New Orleans," Ball jokes. "But I wouldn't want to live in New Orleans and try to work there all the time. In fact, I can't even live in Austin and work there all the time. We make it because we travel and we're fortunate that we've got the circuit that we've got."

"You can't work in your hometown. Every musician has to be a road musician or they have to drive a truck. If you don't want to go on the road, you can't make it."

Concerning the maintenance of one's sanity after extensive roadwork, Ball says, "It's easy. I don't have any problem. I don't drink that much.

"I decided when I first moved to Austin and started playing in bands here that I was going to be spending a lot of time in bars and when it seemed like music was going to be a serious thing—that I really was going to have a career, I just thought about it: do I want to be this kind of person or not? I didn't want to have that kind of personality.

"Like Huey Meaux says, 'I don't wanna have to get up in the morning to do something—to take a drink or to snort something.' I'm in training for the 1984 World's Championship. I can't be messing with my body!"

"And besides—having a kid will clean you out right away. All of a sudden, you've got to take care of yourself. I can't get stinking drunk and stay out 'til 6 o'clock in the morning and get him to school on time and be anything. It used to be uncool to say that or act like that when everybody was out partying as hard as they could and killing themselves"
Ball's latest band—bassist Don Bennett, guitarist Kenny Ray, drummer Wes Starr and hornsman Mark Kazanoff—is featured on the Soulful Dress album, which was recorded at Third Coast Studio in Austin and produced by Denny Bruce.

Ball cites the following album specifics: "It's very... very specifically right now. We're doing material that we do in the live show. It sounds real— it's almost unenhanced. In some songs, we've added a horn section but it's all low-keyed. It's very basic... very basically Marcia Ball's band playing music.

"We used the Mighty Big Horn, who are a horn section with a band in Austin called the K-Tels, and an organ player, Nick Connolly, Stevie Vaughan played guitar on one song and David Murray, another good guitar player in town, played on another. That's about it.

"I did three originals and the rest of 'em are by all my favorite people, and one is by me. I did a B.B. King song—actually it's a Joe Sample song—'Made Your Move Too Soon'; 'Don't Want No Man' by Bobby Bland; an Etta James song, 'I'd Rather Go Blind'—everybody's favorite; and a Lavern Baker song, 'Soul on Fire.' The whole song of the album, 'Soulful Dress' is a song by Sugar Pie DeSanto.

"Sugar Pie DeSanto is from San Francisco, a contemporary of Etta James—in fact, they do shows together. Ira was telling me that she went on tour with Sugar Pie DeSanto and Rufus Thomas. She said, 'She's a fine singer, and Rufus, she thought she was going to wet her—y'know—just die from laughing. It hurt she laughed so much. I've never met Sugar Pie and I've never seen her live.'"

The mention of Marcia Ball's only previous album, Circuit Queen, released by Capitol in 1979, causes the singer to make a horrible gagging noise. "It was at the time when all the labels were kinda dabbling in progressive country—when Jerry Jeff Walker and Asleep At The Wheel were doing their thing. I went to Nashville and kinda got 'produced,' which was not my intention but just what happened. I got into the big machine. Fortunately, she adds, the album is now out of general circulation.

"Good songs—good, old songs—are constantly sought by Ball: "Anybody, at this point, that I can find, I'm devouring—in terms of music. Anything that happened before about 1968, I'm totally infatuated with."

"I discover people all the time. Two years ago, I didn't know who Darveaux was—boy, what a revelation! I go through life always finding somebody else that I didn't know about—finding Sugar Pie DeSanto and Little Milton and Little Walter and Lomone Sundown, one by one. I grew up in Vinton and I'd never been to the Goldband Studio in Lake Charles—all of a sudden, I realized where the Thunderbirds were getting all that shit."

"As far as functioning in the male-dominated realm of popular music, Marcia Ball decrees: "I don't think being a woman has mattered. If anything, it's helped. I think it's a matter of personality, I might've gone farther in the music business had I had a different kind of personality but it wouldn't have mattered if I was a man or a woman. I'm kinda more home-oriented and not particularly pushy."

"I am career-oriented—I do this not only because I love to do it but because I have to do it. I need it. But careerwise, I never packed up and went to L.A. and knocked on doors, and said, 'Hey, take me—do this, do that...'."

Marcia Ball's Gumbo

"I make a real good gumbo. I make a real dark roux. There's no secret to it. I use oil and flour—Crisco and regular old white flour—just like anybody else, in a black iron skillet usually. I do it real slow and I make it real dark so the flavor of the roux is there. Then it doesn't matter what you put in it. One of my favorites is chicken and oysters. My seafood store in Austin gets oysters from Amite.

"Don't put brown rice in your gumbo—graze on your own time. Cut your okra up real small so it's not floating in big green globs."

"The thing about it is that I don't make a New Orleans gumbo—I make more of a Cajun gumbo. Gumbos, like French dialects, vary from town to town. Mine tastes not like my mother's or like either of my grandmother's but more like the gumbo of the woman who used to cook for my grandmother when I was growing up. You can feel it but it doesn't hurt."
Seven Women

Photographs by Bunny Matthews

Becky Kury (1952-1982)

Leigh Harris at Home

Stephie Whitesox at St. Patrick Cemetery No. 2

Angelle Trosclair at New Orleans Museum of Art

Susie Huete (a.k.a. Susie Hitler) at the Mardi Gras Fountain

Tamie Lynn at Her Nephew's House

Dorothy, owner of Dorothy's Medallion, at American Legion Post 208

Bobby Marchan at Prout's Club Alhambra
Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis has attained phenomenal success in the music world. In addition to winning numerous awards, including top honors in Downbeat magazine for two years in a row, in January 1984 Wynton Marsalis became the first musician to be nominated for a Grammy award in both classical and non-classical music at the same time. The following is from a January 4, 1984, interview with Wynton during which he talks about his goals as a musician, his development as a trumpeter in both the classical and the jazz idiom, and his approach to music.

When did you first start to deal with classical music?

When I was thirteen, I had a tape of [Maurice] Andre. I said, ‘Damn, that’s bad.’

What was “bad” about it?

At first I didn’t think it was a trumpet. I thought it was a flute or something. It was a piccolo trumpet. I didn’t know a trumpet could sound like that. Before that I didn’t even listen to classical music. We had one of those record anthologies you get from Disney or somebody with classical composers on it. I couldn’t stand that record. But eventually I came...
Talking to Wynton Marsalis

Double Tonguing, Triple Tonguing, Slurring and Phrasing

After you began studying with instructors and had learned to appreciate classical music, what was the next step in your development? Did you want to play classical?

I never really wanted to play classical music. It's strange. I wanted to be "able" to play classical but I didn't want to play in an orchestra. I knew that would get boring. I didn't think of playing sales because who does that except Maurice Andre? So, I thought of playing in studios as a session musician. I never thought about playing jazz because nobody I knew was doing that.

But you did go on to play classical music with the New Orleans Symphony.

Yes, I won a couple of the youth concerts they had when I was fourteen. I was "sad." I only won because no one else could play. Then I would go to classical music camps in the summertime.

Did you ever have any problems dealing with the theory of music?

No, theory is the simplest thing in music. People don't understand that. A lot of people don't have the discipline to sit down and figure something out. But that doesn't make it hard. The hardest thing about music is playing it. By now, every musician should know theory. It's just like reading music. Reading music is not hard to do. There's nothing creative about it, and because you can read doesn't make you a superior musician. In 1984, every musician should know how to read.

When you went to the summer camps what did you get out of them?

I could practice there. I wasn't there to party, I was there to learn how to play.

Do you think you practiced more than most people your age?

No. Maybe a little bit more, but not that much. I practiced, but mainly I thought about what I wanted to play. I would figure things out. I'll play this, that way. I'll play that, another way. But you see that's bad in a way because sometimes you think things out too much so you might miss a lot of other stuff. But that's mainly what I did. I would figure out what I was going to practice and why. Each thing I would do in practicing, I did for a reason. For example, I would do certain things to practice double tonguing. That was another good thing about being in summer camp. I was in an environment where I could practice all the time. If I stayed home, I wouldn't do anything. I would just hang out.

Did you develop your trumpet playing in stages? For example, did you say at this point I'm going to learn fingering, and then at another point I will learn double and triple tonguing?

I wouldn't say that because those things are something that you have to keep practicing all the time. When I was in high school I could double tongue better than I can now because I never have to double tongue now. My practice would be in stages, but at the same time I would work on each aspect of it.

So you had broken trumpet down into various aspects?

Yeah. Double tonguing, tripled tonguing, slurring, phrasing, tone, articulation, breathing. But I had a lot of good teachers.

Do you think having good teachers made a big difference?

Yeah. My daddy [jazz pianist Ellis Marsalis] was here. John Longo, George Jensen, Bill Fielder, Norm Smith, John McElroy. I would ask people questions plus I would buy a lot of books.

Had you made up your mind at that time that you wanted to be the best all-around trumpet player?

Definitely, by the time I was thirteen. So you weren't interested in any one style of trumpet playing, you just wanted to be the best that you could be in all styles?

Definitely, and it was mainly out of practicality. Who was playing jazz trumpet at that time? Nobody was playing jazz, so I never thought about playing jazz. I learned to play it out of novelty because none of my peers could play it. My daddy played it but that was the only reason.

Did you seriously think about playing classical?

No, because it wasn't practical.

So at this age did you seriously consider making a living as a musician?

I considered being a musician and I thought I would be playing in studios. People buy records and you can see that; it's tangible. You know, Earth, Wind & Fire, or whoever, and they list the trumpet player.

Why did you reject playing in an orchestra?

(Cont'd on page 24)
Because a lot of times that's like having an assembly-line job; especially trumpets, you never get to play. It's nerve wracking. You have to sit there all that time and then come in for one or two notes, and you have to hit it just right. I couldn't stand all that time and then come in for one or two notes, to play. It's nerve wracking.

You don't think it's like that in other places?

No, I know it's not like that. We have a vibe here that they don't have in other places. Well, we say 'shedding.' We just have a thing in New Orleans. So when you say 'shedding,' you don't mean practicing with a book, you mean working with other musicians?

Right. Interaction.

What did they think of little Wynton Marsalis who was jazz pianist Ellis Marsalis' son and who was always going to camp for classical music? I don't know. They must have thought I was strange. Plus, I didn't really play a lot of New Orleans music [traditional jazz]. I never played that because I thought that was like 'tomming,' stupid stuff. If I could go back and do that again, I would definitely learn how to play that music. But, as far as what people thought, I don't know.

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Dear Jazz Fest:

The people of Louisiana have some sort of ongoing love affair with festivals. Maybe we just know how to have more fun than the rest of the world, or maybe Mardi Gras has a way of rubbing off on the rest of the year. Seems like the porcine squealings of Basile's greasy swine festival have barely died down when the round Cajuns down in Galliano are vying for another oyster-eating crown down in a two-minute cholesterol-consuming frenzy.

Louisiana also plays host to two of the world's great music festivals: Festivals Acadiens in Lafayette and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. The Jazz Fest just seems to get bigger and better every year (some would argue that the two terms are inherently contradictory) and the sheer volume of organizational and logistical muscle needed to pull off such an event is a year-round job.

Now we'd never dream of telling the NOJHF people how to spend their money, but the temptation to fantasize about one ultimate, transcendent, mind-blowing day at the Fair Grounds is often too much to pass up. Why, just last night I drifted off and dreamed that Dr. John was hanging the 88's behind Snooks Eaglin's screaming red guitar and bone-chilling voice. No sooner had they finished than the Blasters and Lee Allen took the stage as a banner went up proclaiming "A Day Of Louisiana Rockabilly." A procession of some of my favorite singers came forward, every one of them dressed in pink and black leather: Al Ferrer, Johnny Jano, Frank Lowery. Then the alarm clock rang...

"IF YOU COULD SEE ANYBODY YOU WANTED AT THIS YEAR'S JAZZ FEST, WHO WOULD IT BE?"

Ken Keene (Frankie Ford's manager): "We'd like to do a big show and call it 'Frankie Ford's South Louisiana Show' or something and get the cream of the crop of this area. Johnnie Allan, Dale and Grace, Tony McClain, Rod Bernard, Jivin' Gene, Phil Phillips—I believe Phil is a Seventh Day Adventist and can't play on Saturdays, but we'd like to get him up there. These are all South Louisiana people and, really, none of them has been there, with the exception of Frankie. I could get all the artists and even the band and a horn section, 'cause most of this material, like Frankie's, would require horns. It could be a dynamic production."

Ralph (Rock Adam) Adamo: "Pop Combo, the Backbeats, I think there is a little more room for new music there than ever before, and those guys sound tighter than ever. Who was that guy who was sweeping up at Tupelo's for a while?" ["Alex Chilton?"] "Yeah, Alex Chilton, people have been talking a lot about him lately, and Jay [Beninati] if his band's still together.

Wandell Quezerque: "Well, I'm an ex-trumpet player, and when you name trumpet players, that's for me. Diz, Miles Davis, has he ever been there before? I think he would be great to have here this year, but probably hard to get. I've heard Wynton [Marsalis] on TV, that he could be real nice if he could come down as a local guy.

Lynn Abbott (photographer): "The Fairfield Four, they're a gospel quartet from Nashville, Tennessee. They are a perfect example of the classic gospel style of the Forties."

Mason Ruffner (blues guitarist): "Guitar Slim, Jr., plays around town and not too many people know about him. You could probably get him up there and talk him into playing some of them old blues like his daddy did. Clarence Garlow, I'd like to see him do 'Bon Ton Route,' and 'Crawfishin'-' and 'Route 90.' He hasn't been handled and promoted properly and things haven't gone too well lately, but I'm gonna really try and get this guy out there. He told me on the phone he's still sharp as a tack and I'd like to see him out there for Carnival, or the World's Fair, or Jazz Fest...something."

Quint Davis (Jazz Fest producer): "That's something like asking Lee Iacocca what's his favorite kind of car or something. I'm looking forward to seeing the Festival as a whole, and within that are a lot of people I want to see, but as producer of the Fair, I can't say right now. You'll know soon enough."

Vincent Fumar (Times-Picayune music critic): "I could give you lots of names, but they're all dead, which would definitely have an influence on whether or not they'd be booked at the Jazz Fest."

Almost Slim: "Katie Webster, Rafal Neal, G.G. Shinn, BooZoo Chavis, Lonesome Sundown. The Whitstein Brothers, who live up around Alexandria and play the old style country duets. Lazy Lester, I know where he lives up north, and Bunny Matthews, of course."

Hammond Scott (record producer): "This sounds like a broken record, especially since the boy had his chance last year and blew it, but I'd like to see Albert Collins at the Jazz Fest. He showed up [at the Riverboat President] last year but he had a fight with his manager, and his manager wouldn't let him play and put Lonnie Brooks in his place. I'd like to see Bruce Welch there. This fellow Sam Myers has been to town a couple of times, but has only had a decent band behind him once. I just heard a tape of him that blew me away. He's the type of harmonica player who could make people like Kim Wilson and George Smith stop and take notice. He's trying to do twenty-nine dates on the West Coast with Ann [Funderburgh and the Rockets] in a battle of the blues. I'd like to see Little Milton get another shot, and I'd like to see a whole Louisiana Caravan with Lonesome Sundown and a lot of people like that together."

Bunny Matthews (Times-Picayune music critic): "I will not attend the Jazz Festival this year unless three of these acts are booked: Madonna, Meat Puppets, Minutemen, Seinfeld Ley Rocke and, Seinfeld Adele, Mouza Doumbia. The Fall, You've Got Poets On Your Breath, and William S. Burroughs. As for none of these acts being Louisiana acts, well, what do you do if Pete Seeger? In the words of Bob Marley: 'Children, get your culture.
## FEBRUARY

**Music Starts at 9:30 Monday—Thursday**
10:30 P.M. Friday—Sunday

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501 Napoleon Ave., corner Tchoupitoulas — Phone 899-9114
BY VIRGINIA LEVIE

With globular copper coffeepots fuming, Stetson ablaze on the sidelines, the assembled crowd in the LaSalle ballroom tuned to a decorous hush as resident New Orleans composer James Drew with conductor Andrew Massey and members of the New Orleans Philharmonic Orchestra performed Drew's recent work, Courtyard Music.

To the left rear of the performing area, Drew, fiftyish and tweedy, stood behind the instruments he originated for this piece. Long black cylinders mounted on individual stands, the instruments resemble a row of telescopes aimed, shoulder level, at the audience. Or rather, at the audience, at the end farthest away from the audience, a flat metal "tongue" hangs down. By tapping the metal strip of one of the cylinders with a round mallet, Drew sounds a tone for the other performers. Massey, as conductor, signals the changes (indicated by "boxes" on the score) by raising his fingers, 3.2.5, like a pitcher. The languorous moves forward without crescendos, contemplative rather than concrete.

Traditional instruments like cello, flute, and bass are there, a percussionist in back plays a set of shallow stainless steel bowls as well as a cymbal. Drew moves continuously behind his instruments, like a hand up and down a stick. Toward, battering the metal tongues with a round mallet and triangular wire brush. The tones of Drew's instruments are scarcely audible, intended instead to modify the voices of the other instruments. Massey signals the changes (indicated by "boxes" on the score) by raising his fingers, 3.2.5, like a pitcher. The languorous moves forward without crescendos, contemplative rather than concrete.

The piece, as Massey had explained earlier, combines "the sensuousness of harmony with the dissonance of mixed effects." In Drew's words, "We were after an abstract image."

Avant garde music and a Symposium on Imagination, all free and open to the public, are not the usual way of announcing the arrival of a new corporate business. But that is precisely how the Hotel Intercontinental chose to commemorate its opening on January 14. The performance of Courtyard Music was built into the Intercontinental, the instruments used in the Saturday afternoon performance are portable versions of the piece that is permanently installed on the fifth floor, in a courtyard that gave the piece its name. The courtyard, the process of designing it and the music, the unlikely assortment of people involved, from sculptor to physicist, were topics of discussion for the afternoon symposium.

In 1982, architect Steve Bingler was faced with the task of creating a courtyard for a deluxe hotel in a city already riddled with courtyards. Additionally, the hotel site was smack up against the imposing and strictly vertical Pan American building. Bingler knew he needed a new angle. He decided he wanted a space that would communicate. On a hunch, he assembled a group of local specialists for some brainstorming, a real collaboration. All from different disciplines but sympathetic to the "fourth dimension," the group was comprised of Bingler, composer Drew, sculptor Lin Emery, physicist Robert Moriss, mathematician Ron Knill and later, painter Patricia Whitty Johnson. What they came up with was an urban balcony garden, situated midway up the structure with two large free-standing sculptures by Emery, a yet to be completed fountain by Whitty Johnson and Drew's sounding tubes. The trees move in the wind but the sound is practically imperceptible, prompting the viewer to inquire if anyone had heard the emperor's new sound?

All major hotels require some sort of distinguishing feature, whether its a revolving restaurant or a glass elevator. For its opening gambit, Hotel Intercontinental decided to go ahead with contemporary New Orleans artists. Besides James Drew and company, the hotel is filled with paintings, drawings,
24 TRACK STUDIO TIME

$45 per hour

Including Engineer

STUDIO SOLO

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NEW ORLEANS' BAND GUIDE

Alien Original hard rock. Mike 466-9152. Lloyd Besse, Mike Jenissoh, Sami Zabba.
The Amazing Jeff Hampton "Hampton rock as seen on MTV." 866-9549. Jeff Hampton, Perry Ellis, Kevin Radacker, John Griffith.
Astral Project Contemporary jazz. 947-6012. Tony Dagradi, David Torkowsky, Jim Singleton, John Vidacovich.
A Train R&B. Bruce Flett (318) 805-3088.
Aubry Twins Top 40. Omni Attractions 899-8297. Jerome Aubert, Tyrone Aubert, Herman Ernest, Craig Wreten, David Barad, Renard Poche.
Backstreet Big band to top 40. Bill and Carol Maffray 273-0960 or 323-2773.
Bad Oyster Jug Band Jug band music; blues, originals. Frank Cole, Kent Davis, Dickie Schlenkert, Marc (Ace) Eckler.
Marcia Ball R&B. Tom Ordon (512) 476-8195. Marcia Ball, Kenny Ray, Don Bennett, Wes Starr, Mark Karmoff
Banda Fiebre Big band salsa. Ed Young 891-0586. Leader, Jorge Bonilla.

Danny Barker & His Jazz Hounds Jazz, croon songs, blues. Omni Attractions 899-8297.
Dave Bartholomew Big band R&B, jazz. Omni Attractions 899-8297.
Alvin Batiste Contemporary jazz. Jazz Contacts 891-0596. Alvin Batiste: "& guests."
Germaine Bazzle Contemporary jazz singer. Jason Patterson 944-3259.
Al Belletto Contemporary jazz. Jason Patterson 944-2569.
Blue-Steel Inc. Reggae, jazz, funk 'n' roll. Funky Monkey Productions.

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From Wavelength / February 1984.
tions 945-0250. Clifford "Funky Monkey," Taylor, Roger Lewis, the Hodges Brothers, David Turner.

Spencer Bohren New blues. Marilyn Bohren (704) 252-8230.

Bongo Trio Contemporary jazz. Jeff Boudreaux, Mike Pelleria, Jim Singleton.


David Brown "Modern jazz to medieval to new wave." 523-1422 or 486-2620.


Buckwheat Zydeco & the I'll Sont Parties Band Zydeco, R&B. Hammond Scott 895-7239.

LaVerne Butler Contemporary jazz singer. Kalaamu ya Salaam 522-4786.


Caliente Afro-Cuban contemporary jazz. Jason Patterson 944-2649. Mark Sanders, Hector Gallardo, Paul Parnell, Steve Masakowski, Jim Singleton, Tony Dagradi.

Clifton Chenier Zydeco. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Chrome Rock. Steve Tallman 482-3518 or 466-5592. Joey Winters, David Adams, Glenn Isermann, Rob Winters, Kenny Heggelund.


The Circuit Breakers R&B, zydeco. (318) 766-7836 or 928-5715. Bruce Lamb, Mark Cook, Cathy Lamb, David Crochet, David Carroll, Paul Langston.


Contrast Top 40. PBL Productions 504-891-0614. Nine pieces.


Cosmic Sky R&B. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Cousin Joe Blues piano. 897-3087.

Creator's Top 40, folk & soul. Bill and Carol Mauffray 273-0960 or 523-2773.


Cumbisun R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

Bobby Cure & the Summertime Blues Oldies, R&B.

Ommi Attractions 899-8297.

Cypress Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


The Daily News R&B, top 40. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Damasus Top 40. Bill and Carol Mauffray 273-0960 or 523-2773.


Billy Day Texas style country rock. Ken Keene 392-4619.

The Dealers Funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614. Stanley Johnson, Elton Johnson, Pametricia Johnson, Darrel Hunter, George Wilburn, Ricky Townes, Michael Hagen, Anthony Richardson.

John Delafose & the Eunice Playboys Zydeco. Mr. Parsons 866-6789.

De'Sire R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

Devastation Top 40 funk. PBL Productions 891-0614.


D'Lover and the Maniacs Top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.

Dr. John New Orleans piano. Paul Haurilla 486-3593.


Lee Dorsey R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297 or 641-5600.


Faux Pas Country Rock. 827-0825. Glen West, Steve Montier, Biddy Kirby, Brett Seidenberg, George Felton.

Faze Band R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

Final Academy "Psychedelic Samba." 899-6844 or 568-7922. Grayson Dey, Skull, Perry Coujou, Edward Green III.

Flash Flip Rock "The whole." George 486-6868.


King Floyd R&B. Cleon Floyd 466-5422.

Frankie Ford Rock 'n' roll, oldies, "a legend." Ken Keene 392-4619 or Omni Attractions 899-8297.


Stephen Foster's Big Band Forties big band. PBL Productions 891-0614.


John Fred & the Playboy Sixties. PBL Productions 891-0614.

Friends of the Family Country rock, Cajun & bluegrass. 866-1615. Gina Person, Don Swane, Eddie Michel, Mary Regan, Pablo Schor and Tom Schudelofford.

Fully Loaded Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Gangster Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Habitat "Parallel, omnidirectional and peripheral visions." (504) 635-4231. Joe Fuller, Terry Douglas.

Halifax Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band. R&B. Andrew Hall 486-1027.

Clarence "Frogman" Henry R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Sharon Henderson R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.

High Voltage "Tribute to AC/DC." Big J Productions 488-8821.

Higher Ground Funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.


Hot Dam Jug Band Swing, jug band, jugably. 522-5834. Gene Tygh, Terry O'Neal, Gary Neixner, Washboard Jackson, Dr. James Ryhthm.


If Rock 'n' roll. 288-4334 or 861-2285. Gary White, Kent Waldsmith, Francisco (Pancho) Rudeke, Wayne Asplund.


Innovations Funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.

Intentions R&B. Perry 733-0571 or 837-2326. Perry Pace, Wayne Smith, Phil Cook.

Ivy Top 40. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Al "Carnival Time" Johnson R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Eric Johnson and the...
VITAL FUNCTIONS

Tommy McClain Country, Big J Productions 488-8821
Maggabrain Funk, top 40, beach, soul. PBL Productions 891-0614.
Wynton Marsalis Jazz. Edward Arrington (617) 627-5795.
Jim Maxwell Orchestra Big band, contemporary pop. PBL Productions 891-0614.
Arthur Mitchell Quartet Jazz. PBL Productions 891-0614.
Bobbi Mitchell R&B. Omni Attractions 891-0827.
Pat Mitchell Contemporary jazz singer, pianist. Jason Patterson 944-2369.
The Models Rock 'n' roll. Larry Clement 469-1325. Mike Gravolo, Johnny Indovina, Charley Bous, Steve Fuxan, Gary Attardo.
Oliver Morgan R&B. Omni Attractions 891-0827.
Mount Pelhamtrain String Band Bluegrass, folk, country, Pat 838-9063 or 522-8625. Pat Hory, Bill Thomson, Dianne Potin, Paul Kiebler.
Steve Convrich, Chuck Gwenn, Gay Duplantier.
Mrs. Bates Bates Dance Music
Roger 888-9476; Leslie Beter, Dudley Blanke, Roger Burg, Bobby Charles, Margaret Lancaster.
My Three Sons Jonathan
891-3654. Jonny, Mutzi, David.
Sam Myers (Blind Sam) & Blues Band Mississippi Delta blues; Malcolm White (601) 352-0286.
Nasty Nasty Rock ‘n’ roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.
New Breed R&B, Pie Productions 283-4746.
Nitro Rock ‘n’ roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.
Nothing Personal Rock, new wave, oldies. “done tastefully.” Kent or Terry 735-4769. Terry Lead, Boom-Boom Kolinski, K.D.G., Scotty Whitetooth, Mor.
Harold Dejan & the Olympia Brass Band Jazz, traditional parade music. Omni Attractions 859-8297.
One-Us Reggae. Bevan Braithwaite 466-9573.
Original Camellia Jazz Band Tradition Jazz. Omni Attractions 859-8297.
Our Design Anheine Pop. (504) 641-4231. Joe Fuller, Ross Seehr, Russ Coss, Rob Coss.
Philip Paul & Patrol Top 40. Big J Productions 488-8821.
Billy Pendleton & Earth Top 40. Big J Productions 488-8821.
Ed Perkins R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.
Polo Top 40. Funk. Bill & Carol Maiffay, 523-2773 or 273-0960.
Preservation Hall Jazz Band Traditional jazz. Allen Jaffe 322-2841. The Kid Skejik Colar Band, the Kid Thomas Valentine Band, the Humphrey Brothers.
Pressure Reggae. Rock Arts (512) 327-5320.
Quick Silver R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.
Quick Zip Rock ‘n’ roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.
Redline Heavy metal. Big J Productions 488-8821.
The Rebels Rock ‘n’ roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.
Reunion Rock ‘n’ roll. 835-0540


The Shoes Sixties. PBL Productions 891-0614.

Barbara Shorts R&B, jazz, show tunes. 561-8833.


SKOR 641-5600. Fifties.

Percy Sledge R&B. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Sneaux Rock 'n' roll. PBL Productions 891-0614.


Southwind Top 40. Bill & Carol Mauffray 273-0560 or 523-2773.

Sparkle Sixties, funk, top 40. PBL Productions 891-0614.


or 831-1731. Skip Darie, Barry Holzenhal, Johnny Holzenhal, Carl Lauderdale.

Tom Rice Acoustic guitar. 241-6005 or 235-2160.


Marcel Richardson Trio Contemporary jazz. Esther Taffaro 523-2517. Marcel Richardson, Conner Shaw, Walter Payton.


River City Dance pop. Rock Arts (318) 327-5320.


Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters Zydeco, blues. Cajun. Mr. Parsons 865-6789.

Rockin' Sidney Boogie blues and zydeco. Mr. Parsons 865-6789.


Mason Ruffner & the Blues Rockers Blues, R&B, rock 'n' roll. 866-6905. Mason Ruffner, Mike Stockton, Willie Cole.


Savage White Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Senergy R&B. Pie Productions 283-4746.


Stone Jammin' Funk. PBL Productions 891-6614.


Storyville III Jazz Trio Ragtime, jazz. 943-4142. Woody, Greg, Reo.

Strait Face Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Survivors Contemporary jazz, gospel, R&B. Jason Patterson 944-2369. Ramsey McLean, Sam Henry, Reginald Houston, Charles and Charmaine Neville, Zigaboo Modeliste.

Taken New wave. pop. Sh. Holland Kemp 262-8703. Corbett Kemp, Karrin Manfredi, George McQueen, Mike Donlon, Charlie Wiemann.

The Tangents Mississippi redneck R&B, soul and pop. Malcolm White (601) 352-0286.

Willie Tee R&B, jazz. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

These Days with Jewel Bass R&B, jazz. Malcolm White (601) 352-0286.


Irma Thomas R&B. Emil Jackson 245-1719.


Toulouse Cruise R&B shuffle, pitterpatter. (318) 233-3042. Dana Dubois, Peter Bulliard, Lance Lafayette, Sam Whitmire, Dale Warrken.

Trac One Funk, soul. PBL Productions 891-6614.

2.2 New wave. 455-7460. Joshua Stone, Scott Shaw, Alita Apollo, Patricia Reis.


Trinity Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.

Earl Turbinton Contemporary jazz saxophone. Ethel Siegel (202) 966-0008 or Jane Lawrence Curtiss (813) 234-1586.


Ernie Vincent & the Topnotaes R&B. R&B Productions 891-0614.


Visions of Tomorrow Funk and roll. Bill & Carol Mauffray 273-0960 or 523-2773.


The Voltage Brothers R&B. Big J Productions 488-8821.


Tuts Washington New Orleans piano. 943-9334.

Uptown Washinton R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.


Nora Wixted Band Jazz. R&B. Omni Attractions 899-8297.

Woodenhead New rock. 891-1328. Fran Comiskey, James Comiskey, Edgitar Lippe, Jimmy Robinson.

WWW Unforgettable Orchestra Big band jazz, swing. David Smith, 522-1450. Directed by Ed Lewis. band can be as large as 16 pieces or as small as 6 as occasion warrants.

x-span-x Dance pop. Rock Arts. (512) 327-5520.

Zebra Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions 488-8821.
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The World’s Fair is coming and finally New Orleans talent will have the spotlight. There will be 12 stages with up to 14 acts a day on each. So, there will be ample opportunity for every local act to cash in.

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4305 California St. / Kenner, LA 70065

Steve Monistere
CONCERTS

Thursday, 2
Luther VanDross and Deborah, UNO Lakefront Arena, 8 p.m.

Friday, 3
Ultimate House Party presents Nap Martin at 8 p.m., Airgaze at 9 p.m., and Gilbert (That Sentimental Gentleman) Meatball at 10 p.m., with an open mike session beforehand; by admission; information at 298-7011.

Saturday, 4
Bobby Cure's Birthday Celebration, the scion of the Cure's dynesty comes of age at last; assisting at this "bar mitzvah" will be Aaron and Art Neville, Frankie Ford, the ever lovely Bobby Maclin, Jimmy Eleide, Johnny Adams, Dr. Bob Mitchell and Jerry Byrnes. At Bobby's Place on St. Bernard Highway (just a block or two from Jerry's La Vie Longue), S6.

The Rites of Rex at the Historic New Orleans Collection in February

February Parades
Saturday, 1
Or, St. Bernard (D)
Saturn, Kenner (D)

Sunday, 2
Little Rascals, Metairie (D)

Sunday, 9
The Emerson Quartet, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. (someone told me they thought this was a new music group; for aren't Eminem/consio radio from about 30 years ago all playing different things and then I told them that John Cage had done that at Dixon Hall about twenty years ago and they said, oh.) Part of the Friends of Music series; information at 635-5641.

Thursday, 9
The New Orleans Dance Performance Company, Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. (for information at 866-6121.

Saturday, 11
The Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans, Dixon Hall, 10:45 a.m.

Sunday, 12
Jasmine, French Market, 1 to 3 p.m. Free

Sunday, 19
Cafe and Bar, 8 p.m. (admission is by Wavelength, 866-6121.

Z.Z. Top, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, can any band that the Von Erich Brothers use as their entrance music be all that? Information at 601-388-3222.

Tuesday, 14
Duran Duran, LSU Assembly Center: the triumph of attractive vbeschäft; wonder if creation hit their video with this and head like Berrie Casey in that gorgon movie will be hanging around.

Wednesday, 15
Rumlin 'n Rollin' with Phil Specter, 8 p.m. on Channel 12—oh look at the Howard Hughes of rock 'n roll (the man who buys the "Orchestral Wash,") I wish he'd make a star out of Darlins Green, and took the lyrics for "To Know Him Is To Love Him" and "Shake, Rattle and Roll." It's pretty dumb how he'd bring back perfectly that circ fame of Sink-A-Delik.

Dorothy's Medallion, 322 Orleans, Snake-dancing, exponents of adolfo doroico in motion for Bolo-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

CONCERT SERIES

New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony, Orpheum Theater, 524-0404. Tues. and Wed. 7:30 p.m. Sunday, 2:30 p.m. lead bassist David Miller is soloist in a program works by Tchaikovsky, Roussel, Rameau, Mozart, Bach.

Saturday, 18
The Models. Friday 9 p.m. at the Models. (The Models!)

Live Music

Andrew Jager's, 2708 N. Hillion, 545-2621. Sun. 5. Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers

Bistro Leveque, 4061 Tulane Ave., 842-9376, Continental Wednesdays through Saturdays from 10 p.m.

Blue Tuesday, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed. through Wed. 15: Nancy Wilson, who is of all singers aspirs closest to Dinah Washington, but is refined as well and doesn't go in for so many wiglets and fias. Tue., through Sat. 25: B.B. King and his adored redhead Lucille. Mon. 27 through March 13: the almost supernaturally ele­ gant and eloquent Billy Eckstine. Reserva­ tions: dancing, as well.

Bobby's Place, 520 St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 721-0137, Fridays and Sundays: Bobby Cure and the Summertime Blues.

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Certain days: Sandy and most "intimate" of W.E. clubs. Fridays and Saturdays: Cross Over.

Brooks', 1409 Romain Grano, 386-1000. Through Sat. the Mississippi South House Band, and again through the rest of the month with the exception of the following dates: Sat. 9. John Andrew. Mon. through Sat. 16. Dillinger.


Columns Hotel, 3611 St. Charles, 899-0308. Wed. through Sat. the Models. Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (on charts by Nell Nolan). Sat. 4. Russian Dressing, with a circulation of bits (uh-oh, sounds like the old days of Hans and Rudi and Kolb's). Rus­ sian dinner and music by the Russian Masons, free parking for tolocks, too no doubt.

Deja Vu, 400 Dauphine, 525-5170. Live music Sundays in the afternoon; we're told by our network of informers that the bands are young and that for those elderly customers we're told by our network of informers that they bring back perfectly that circ fame of Sink-A-Delik.


1801 Club, 1801 St. Mauvile, 338-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays; Janet Lynn and Ya Ya.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays; Judy Oldrige occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hour.

The Famous Door, 522-7162. Everyone of note from Thack-eray to Durante has passed through these charmed portals. Thomas Jefferson, the former President of this "Crode Jazz Band plays Thursdays through Tuesdays. Wednesdays: the Riders' Jazz Band (are his brothers' names C.C. and Easy?) who also enlivens weekend afternoons from 4 to 6.


May 4 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-6011. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

PooL on the Hill, 1001 Bayou Black Dr. (Ronnie D. and the Hallelujah Club) call the club for information.

Pete Fountain's, in his Hilton, 523-3474. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; on the road and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazabo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur. Fri. and Sat. 9. "The Famous Door" goes oceanic and again as night is falling, Houlhan's, 315 Bourbon, 525-7412. Live music is a jazz happening on weeks from 7 to 11 and Friday; the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.


Kolb's, 3601 Westbank Expressway. Fri. 8: Russian Dressing, with Hans and Rudi at Kolb's.)

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Along the shores of this famous river port, artists and musicians have gathered to perform at various locations throughout the city. The 2001 New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival is one of the city's most popular events, attracting visitors from around the world. The festival features a variety of musical performances, including jazz, blues, and other genres, as well as food and art vendors. The festival takes place over several days, with a diverse lineup of performers. The Fairmont Hotel, located in the heart of the city, is a popular venue for many of the performances. The hotel's ballroom is transformed into a lively dance floor, with music filling the air and people dancing the night away. The festival is a celebration of music, culture, and heritage, bringing together people from all walks of life to enjoy a weekend of fun and festivities.
Montgomery, from 11 to 3 a.m. Tues. through Thurs.: Janice Medlock from 7 to 10 p.m. Tuesday, through Thurs.: Lee Aldridge from 7 to 2 a.m. and Fridays and Saturdays there is alternation with Sandy Hanson. Mondays: D’Auray from 10 to 2.

**Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 889-6159. Call for listings.**

- **Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7781**. Fridays through Sundays: Bryan Lee from 8 until 2 a.m., relieved by the Judy Canova entitled til I Die from 2 until 6 a.m. Saturdays: Bryan Lee from 8 until 2 a.m., relieved by the Judy Canova entitled til I Die from 2 until 6 a.m. Sundays: Bryan Lee from 8 until 2 a.m., relieved by the Judy Canova entitled til I Die from 2 until 6 a.m.

- **Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon. Sundays and Mondays: the Pontchartrain Band from 9. Tuesday through Sundays: Aubry Twist and the Fresh Air Band from 8:30. Saturday: Oliver and the Follies from 2:30 until 8:30. Monday through Fridays: Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band from 4:30 until 6:30.**

- **Old Post Office, 400 Cowan Rd., 242-9600. Saturdays: Brefiol Sounds.**


- **Pontchartrain Hotel, Bourbon, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0651.** Bruce Eversen from 5 until 9, during the week, and is joined by Rusty Gilder on bass on Friday.

- **Preservation Hall, 728 St. Peter, 523-8939.** Along with Gailauro and K. Paul, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside, the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band, Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Coler. Wednesdays and Saturdays: the Humphrey Brothers.

- **Riverboat President, Canal Street Dock, 524-4544. Sat.: 4:30 The Fresh Air Band from 8:30. Sun.: 10: The Fresh Air Band from 8:30.**

- **Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0861.** Tuesday through Saturdays: Sally Townes.

- **Slide's Hotel Bar, 111 Club, 525-8379.** In the Showroom, Nora Wink and John Aulin from 9 on Sundays and Mondays; each other night, with Habeck. In the piano bar from 8:30 through Thursdays: Al Broussard.

- **Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5226. Call for listings.**

- **Red's Cafe & Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0861.** Tuesday through Saturdays: Sally Townes.


Contemporary Arts Center, 200 Camp, 225-1016. Wed.15: An evening with experimental filmmaker Peter Bumby. Wed.15: Steve Christiansen discusses "Creating the Short Documentary." Fri.17 through Sat.19: Christiansen conducts an intensive production workshop at the Camellia Theatre. Louisiana Landscape 292: William Van Dyke, the first of the Mendenhall of the Museum of Modern Art's film department, will introduce to each documentarians as Pare Lorentz speaks.

Loyola's Epic "Bufts Institute, 895-3196. Wed.1: Citizen Kane. Orson Welles' 1941 film about a deservedly lonely and unloved newspaper tycoon is hunted down. the candleabras are stolen. The Party and The Lady Vanishes, 1938. Friday, 21: Carmen, the opera? the film? the story done straight? Having seen many Carmens at my great age (Chaplin's burlesque version, Gershon Farrer in the Mallon silent, Pola Negri in Lubitsch's Gypsy Blood, Raquel Meller in the 1926 Jacques Feyder version filmed on location in the Pyrenees with real gypsies. Rita Hayworth with Glenn Ford as her Don-José, the Karajan Conducted film of the opera with Grace Bumbry as Carmen in Black, 1981. I do not much really feel like another one, but there are those out there who are still in their first youth and perhaps they.

TUCP Series, McAlister Auditorium, 805-5413. Mostly new films. Wed.1: Tender Mercies (Directed by the Australian Bruce Beresford, with Robert Duval as a country singer, much liked by critics who seem to have the only people who saw it). Sun.5: Psycho (Hitchcock's 1960 film still remains remarkable for its wit, its classiness, its larky spirit, and its ultimately tragic dimension. what has happened, however—the new candor of violence—is also remarkable, but disporable; with Janet Leigh as Marion Crane, Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates, John Gavin as Sam, Marlin Brando as Arrogant). Wed.8: Catch 22 (I may be one of the few living people—if you call this living—who didn't think this 1970 Mike Nichols disaster was a total disaster, much of it is gratuitously funny—especially the scene with the nurses changing the IV bottles on hideously wounded men while discussing methods of frying chickens—while a lot of it is shrill, lubored and brutal. Some of the performances are good—Alan Arkin, Paula Prentiss, Jack Gilford, Anthony Perkins, Marcello Mastroianni, others). Jon Voight, Orson Welles, Buck Henry—cannot be worsened. Fri.10: Trading Places, Wed.15: Tess. Wed.22: The Warriors (Arthur Hill's high point: the teenage gang film as modern poetic epic: stylized marvelously out of sight but every conceit works, quite probably a key Seventies American film.) Wed.29: Local Hero.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 525-1216. Thurs.2 through Sat.19: Panorambe by Derek Walcott.

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PLAYS

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Poet,” Richard Pierce's theatrical performance piece, complete with dancers, celos, and stagecraft.

Le Petit Theatre, 618 St. Peters. 522-2061. Through Sat. 11: Room Service, that seminomadic, slightly neurotic, and extremely amusing show about a couple's attempts to raise enough to pay the rent. One Night Only at the Victory, as well astemporer, it's an all-right comedy for those who enjoy what can bring any form of edibility on the point of being.


Tulane Arena Theatre, 895-5561. Mon. through Sat. 10: The Mandor, a one-act play by Jean Genet. The play is based on the novel of the same name by the same author. The Mandor is a story of revolution, of women who have been oppressed by men and who are now fighting back.

Tulane University, 1001 Walton. Tues. through Sat. 10: The Mandor, a one-act play by Jean Genet. The play is based on the novel of the same name by the same author. The Mandor is a story of revolution, of women who have been oppressed by men and who are now fighting back.


Historic New Orleans Museum, 532 Royal Street, 522-4929. through Mar. 1: The Rites of Rex, an exhibition showing how the School of Design puts its pieces together, both this year and in years past. This show should allow patrons to see the French Quarter and its intricate design. The museum is open Thursday through Saturday, 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM.


New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 438-2031. Sat. 11 through Mar. 25: Spatially Spatially, a group exhibition of spatial art. The exhibition features works by a variety of artists, including spatial artists such as Robert Morin, John Chamberlain, and James Turrell.

Optima Studio, 2035 Magazine, 522-8285. Through Thurs. 16: a group exhibition of works by a variety of artists, including spatial artists such as Robert Morin, John Chamberlain, and James Turrell.

Tilden-Polley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Feb. 15: paintings by Rene Harte. Fri. 17 through Mar. 23: paintings by René Harte. Sat. 11 through Apr. 1: Tradition Meets Tradition (an exhibition of the work of a variety of artists, including spatial artists such as Robert Morin, John Chamberlain, and James Turrell).
Wynton Interview

We had a funk band, used to play all the time. Matter of fact, I used to tell my brother I thought we were going to have a funk band when we grew up.

Right, I hadn’t really studied the music. I knew all my chord changes but I didn’t know the music. I didn’t understand the music, and I’m still trying to understand jazz. A lot of stuff that cats would take for granted, well, I didn’t do that because I didn’t learn music just by hearing it. I knew everything I was doing. I would never know what I was doing.

So none of it was osmosis with you, even though your father was a jazz pianist...

That doesn’t mean anything. That was my daddy who could play, not me. I couldn’t play any piano when I left home. My daddy used to say all the time, “Practice the piano.” I couldn’t play the piano and would never practice. He’d say, “Listen to Louis Armstrong.” I would never listen to Louis Arm-

everybody would play funk, right in the middle of the jazz class. So, I was always saying, “Let’s play jazz,” just to do something different but I didn’t understand the music.

My daddy was a major influence on me wanting to play jazz but that didn’t help me understand jazz.

In a certain sense, if I understand you correctly, unlike many people who got into the music emotionally for whatever reason or who got into music as a result of just being in a “musical environment” where the music was passed on to them and they were expected to do certain things—like people in the church who play in the choir and one opportunity leads to another [here Wynton plays gospel changes on the piano and laughs]—you got into music and, in a way, it became an intellectual pursuit every step of the way.

In a way, yeah. I liked music, but, well, the funny thing is that it wasn’t really intellectual, it was just that I would listen to music and I always liked the slow tunes. Like I would listen to Miles play “Old Folks” or “So What.” I liked “Giant Steps” and all of that but, I don’t know, well, you know, you think you can play like that. When you first start playing and you’re sad—I’m not explaining it right, you know, the way I’ve thought about it.

The easiest way for you to hang onto is the technique, the most basic thing. That’s the easiest thing for you to figure out, the first thing you can get to: “Oh yeah, that’s what they’re doing.” The hardest thing to get to is the content of the music because that means you have got to understand the music.

When I was younger I didn’t understand the music, but it wasn’t just technical because I got a feeling from the music. Even when I first started listening to music, I just loved music all the time, but I didn’t study music. I’d listen to any kind of music because I loved the sound of music, not because I knew what they were doing. Trane, man, I didn’t know what Trane was doing [when I first heard him] but I just loved the way he sounded. Trane!

It was an emotional response to the music because you loved it.

Right, you loved the music because of what it is but you don’t necessarily think that you can do that.

But when you began to personally get into making music you didn’t approach it from that emotional angle.

Yeah because that’s something you either have or you don’t have. That’s one of the most talked about angles in music but it’s a waste of time to even talk about it. People may develop emotion but you can’t have emotion and then somehow get it through study. If you don’t have it, you don’t have it.

You might have a potential and not develop it.

Right, but if you don’t have it, you don’t have it. And it doesn’t have anything to do with how much dues you’ve paid. There are people all over the world who have paid dues and not one of them is really a good jazz player. There are brilliant people who are starving, but you give them a horn and they sound just as sad as a white boy who was raised in a mansion. Music doesn’t have anything to do with all of these fallacies that social critics have set up, to make us believe that these are a race of superhumans who have come among us, that it’s based on the suffering of the black man. That’s not true. It’s our way of looking at life that makes us able to do that.

So you’re talking about a philosophical approach. That goes back to what I was saying that it seems you have a philosophical approach to music and I’m using intellectual not...

I know what you mean...

...not off into some school or something but I mean that we basically have a worldview even if we have a different one. I mean racial.

Yeah, that’s the only way. You figure out the music.

Thank you, Wynton.
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Excellent 3-217 PA system valued at $8,000, will sell for $3,700. All high quality components, such as a Yamaha power amp, Furman crossover, and space echo, are about 2 years old and in excellent condition. Includes all patch-cords and speaker wires. Will not be broken down until 6 a.m. date. Also, mini-Moog. $300. Peavey Deuce guitar amp, $275. Call Kermit at 466-2176 or 466-3592 or 652-5562 after 6 p.m.

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Hi! I have curly brown hair and blue eyes, am 5’4” with lots of energy, I love jazz, dance, blues, R&B and reggae, good friends and Halloween’en, gourmet food, and foreign movies, jogging, and medication, travel and the outdoors, and lots of sharing. I am seeking friendship with a talkative, adventurous, non-sexist, physically fit, European man of any race, appr. 25-45. Linda P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, La. 70173.

CLASSIC New Orleans oldie but goodie 4s available from Record One Stop: $2 cash, any 6 for $11. Add $2 for shipping and handling (these are all the original recordings on reissue labels). Carnival Time Al Johnson, Mardi Grass Mambo Hawkettes, Trux Bag Earl King, Big Blue Oyster. Don’t Take It So Hard Earl Cornelly King, Mother-In-Law, Tom & The Truth, Hello My Lover Ernie K-Doe, Pass The Hatche’ Roget & the Gypsies, Ooh Poo Pat One Part II, Jene Hill, I’m Raining, I Did My Part Irma Thomas, Fortune Teller, Lipstick Traces Benny Spellman, Part Time Lover Little Johnny Taylor, Last Chance Allan Collily, Sittin’ & Drinkin’ Christine Kelrell, Tell It Like It’s Aaron Neville, These Lonely Lonely Nights Ear King, Anna Arthur Alexander, Gypsy Woman Eddie Powers Go to the Marlin Gran Professor Longha, Hey Puckeys Hey. They All Asked For You, Metess, There Is Something On Your Mind Bobby Marchan, Talk To Me, Let Them Talk Little Willie John, Honky Tonk Parti Jill Bill Daugther, see Creole Frankie Ford, Night Out Tonto Allen, The Things I Used To Do Guitar Slim, Lively Miss Cindy Llyfe Price, and many, many others. Send orders to Record One Stop, P.O. Box 547, Kenner, LA 70063. Road Runner says, “Keep rockin’ and rollin’.”

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SINGER seeks established or newly formed music band. Experienced and serious! Call Barbara 833-8135.

BLUESMAN—crazy ragtime and blues from Wall City. 60-minute cassette $6 cash/check to T. Starr Postfach 909 1000 Berlin 41 West Germany.

TO THE AQUILINE featured boy in the brown leather jacket, scarf and black loafers who hangs out at PJ’s and Memens, orchestral, jazz, rock, Latin. Established or newly formed music band. Experienced and serious! Present this ad to me and you are entitled to free admission to Jules at 3am.

What New Orleans artists did she original version of “Jole Mo”? The first 30 correct answers to the above question will receive a free oldie-but-goodie album. Write with your answer c/o the Roadrunner, The Record One Stop, P.O. Box 547, Kenner, LA 70063. The answer to the last question of the month was Roland Stone.

DRUMMER wants to join high energy heavy metal band. Must do the following: Led Zeppelin, Plant, Rush; AC/DC, Judas Priest, Ozzy and some Quiet Riot. Who, heavy originals are fine. Serious musicians only. Call Raynard after 6 p.m. 835-6554.

EXPERT DRUM INSTRUCTION
Beginning to advanced, all styles—rudimental, orchestral, jazz, rock, Latin. Individual or class instruction. Call for appointment. Drum Studio, 525-2517.

ELEGANT-DRUM INSTRUCTION
Established high energy rock band is seeking experienced lead vocalist and guitar/vocalist in the vein of Priest, Ozzy & Pat Travers. Originals are welcome. For more details, contact any of the following:

.Attention Stone’s Studio is now offering a complete eight track facility. Rates will stay the same for January and February. Call for details.

- Amps, Drums, Piano & Synthesizer Included $15 an Hr. $3 Hr. Min.

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Raw Oysters & Po-Boys
Specials

Fri. 3 -L1’l Queenie & The Skin Twins
Sat. 4 - TBA
Fri. 10 - TBA
Sat. 11 - Radiators
Fri. 17 - L1’l Queenie & The Skin Twins

Sat. 18 - James “Blood” Ulmer
Fri. 20 - Krewe of Cosmic
Debris Ball with Allison & The Distractions
Sat. 25 - Beaux Arts Ball
w/ The Survivors

2 For 1 Admission With This Ad

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Wavelength / February 1984
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Kent Jordan’s single, “Terms of Enchantment,” is due to be released this month on CBS Records and his LP, *No Doubt About It*, is due for release in March. This LP is produced by Stanley Clarke who can be heard on several cuts playing piccolo electric bass, as well as Alphonse Mouzon on bongos.

Arca drivers proudly displaying the “Make My Grass Blue” bumper sticker may want to tune in to a Bill Malone and Pat Flory on WTUL’s Saturday afternoon live country show or catch Flory and the Mt. Pontchartrain String Band at Carousel Station. Bill Malone and Pat Flory will also present *Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed?*, a new daily live country show or catch Flory and the Mt. Pontchartrain String Band at Carousel Station.

Attention all B-52’s clones, members of the *Lost In Space/My Favorite Martian* Fan Club, collectors of cheap wigs and fab ’50’s furniture: The Krewe of Clones is looking for musical groups to match in its 1984 parade on February 18, under the theme of “Barbie and Ken To The World’s Fair.” So remove those geniuses, buy a new set of Duracells for the Pignoise and call Sandra “Big Barb” Blair at 523-1216.

The musical label of the month Award goes to Jane Scott of the *New York Times*. This month she describes the music of the group as “Rocka-Mopop,” which is (what else?) rockabilly/Motown/pop. The group’s self-titled album is due for release in March. Jane Scott has been recording what we can only presume to be “Love Oat Chicken”: Dr. John back in studio.

In Pontchartrain Studios, Bill Malone and Pat Flory on noon live country show or catch Flory and the Mt. Pontchartrain String Band at Carousel Station.

In the *Plain Dealer*, a new daily music column, a letter from the manager of A&R for MCA Records, Mr. Mark Berman, to Messrs. Foreman and Crawford... We got a curious notice of the Final Jam, which included the Davids, the Sirens, and David Silverstone and the (can we say this on the air?) Hard Ons. The H.O.’s are a truly rocking trio consisting of David Clements on bass and vocals, J. “Bengt” Benninati on guitar and vocals and Wee Jimmy Sharman on drums, a purist band, indeed, and hold the smegma. As a matter of fact, NO, we can’t say that on the air, buddy.

The latest Neville Brother to debut is Ivan Neville, son of Art, who has been strutting his stuff on drumskins lately. As Billy Preston, Bonnie Raitt and other assorted luminaries stood by, little Ivan decided to help out his buddy, Zigaboo Modeliste, on the drums. Born on Uncle Aaron’s birthday, Ivan is reported to do a mean version of “Hey Pock-y Way,” though slightly hampered by not being able to talk yet. He’s only two.

The Band held their umpteenth annual reunion at Jimmy’s last month. In attendance were the Backbeats, Barbara Menendez, the Models and Lenny Zenzal, Big deal. Just kidding, guys... The NBC Nightly News did a human interest story on Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown’s retreat from the city that included a memorable shot of Gate paddling his prouge down a lazy bayou. Mac "Dr. John" Rebennack was at Sea-Sta Studios recently to cut another in a series of “Love Dat Chicken” commercials for Popeye’s.

Guitar entrepreneur Dino Kruz debuted his own Kruz Band at the Melius Bar for Christmas. The band’s repertoire includes the city’s best covers of Aretha Franklin tunes, according to Mr. Kruz.

That’ll Be The Day The Music Died: February 3, 1984, is the 25th anniversary of the tragic plane crash that killed Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper. As a matter of fact, NO, we can’t say that on the air, buddy.

The Louisiana Homewreckers whip their mandu, crowbars, spades, picks, wheelbarrows, and other implements of R&B destruction regularly in the Lake Charles area. Chief wrecker is Giles Sonnier on lead vocals and guitar and Goldband artist Ralph Young has joined the Homewreckers on piano. The Homewreckers’ newest newsletter includes the essential Fish Haid; oops, Fish Head Manifesto which harkens us to slide backwards down the evolutionary ladder and become long, sloppy things again: “Fall in love with mermaids, dance with octopi, cast off your big brown shoes, get squishy, and wiggle for all you’re worth...”

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band got a big write-up in *NYC’s Village Voice* recently. Looks like they’ll have to shore up the floor joists in the Glass House as soon as those World’s Fair tourists head down to Saratoga Street in search of the truly hot and the terminally hip. And Fred Ferriti wrote (in the *New York Times*) a nice piece about our local oyster bars that quoted Mary Ann Cercles of Casamento’s: “You don’t like land, you don’t come here,” Nuff said.

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