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NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

Wavelength

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OCTOBER 1984
$1.50

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-Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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NEW YORK DAILY
RECORD RUN
A HIT IN NEW YORK...
R.E.M. Shot

New and jolting experiences he’s not had much time for during the last few years, explains guitarist Peter Buck of R.E.M. Too many motel rooms to inspect in far away places, too many soundchecks in the middle of nowhere. We caught him in Texas, at the Sheraton-Austin, en route to Europe, Japan and Tulane’s McAlister Auditorium, where Buck and associates will deliver an October 2 lecture on the powers of “Pretty Persuasion.”

Does R.E.M. maintain a backlog of material?

We always try to keep ahead. We’ll have about five or six new ones in the set when we get to New Orleans—brand new stuff. It helps to work out the kinks on the road, to see what can go wrong with a song, what can go right.

Still down on videos?

I think if we ignore them, they’ll go away. I think they’re pretty much overrated as far as their importance. They just don’t cost much. Our album cost a tenth of what it costs people to make one video.

How do you feel about the music business?

I actually entered the music business with such negative thoughts that I’ve been pleasantly surprised. I’m probably the only guy in the whole world who could say that. I read all the stuff about the business, about how everyone was a jerk but I’ve met tons of good musicians and lots of good business people. We’re still enjoying it and that’s the main thing.

What about your Flannery O’Connor/William Faulkner connections?

I’m reading Faulkner’s Absalom, Absalom right now. I think it’s great stuff but it doesn’t match up to anything like that. I think you can find your influences in certain places and it doesn’t always have to be music. That’s why I always try to mention good books and good bands and good records when I do interviews because I have had a lot of kids come up to me and say, “Gosh! I’ve gone out and bought this record because you said it was good or I’ve gone out and bought this Flannery O’Connor book because you said so and I really enjoyed it.” That’s good. Okay, so tell us about some good records.

Husker Du and the Replacementss are two of my favorites. The Meat Puppets’ new record is really cool. I’ve been getting a lot of old stuff—bargain-basement hunting, that kind of thing, old soul and blues records. I’ve been listening to a lot of New Orleans stuff. Ernie K-Doe—I’ve got about ten singles on him. I’ve been discovering slowly and surely around the country. I just got the Wild Tchoupitoulas album, which I really like a lot, and the new Neville Brothers album is pretty cool.

Will R.E.M. ever release a live album?

We’ll be recording the last three dates of this tour just because the feeling is that if we tour with the next [studio] album, a lot of the stuff that we do now, we won’t be doing so we might as well get good live versions of some of the older stuff before it gets thrown away. It’s good to have it in the archives in case our playing goes down one day. Oh yeah! Posthumous eight-record set live album!

Do you ever take vacations?

I had three days off and I went down to New Orleans. I went to the World’s Fair, saw the dB’s, hung out. I saw Alex Chilton playing down in the French Quarter. I like him, he’s real cynical. He recognized me and I’m not sure if he recognized what band I was in but he came and sat down and talked to me. None of us mentioned Big Star and I think he was happy about that.

I think he wants to get into it a little bit more. I told him, “If you feel like touring or anything, give me a call and I’ll try to help.” The band he’s with now, the drummer kinda sucks but when they do blues stuff or soul stuff, it’s really fun. They’re called the Scores and they play at Papa Joe’s Original Music Hall. Four sets a day for tips. They play covers, they don’t do any originals. Some of the covers are really cool. They also do “Whipping Post” and Little Feat. It’s pretty weird.

R.E.M. does it share of weird covers...

We do them intermittently—one or two a night. We do some Velvets songs, a Troggs song or two. A lot of them are totally unrehearsed, like “Smoking In The Boys Room.” We were playing Detroit and thought, “Let’s play a song by a Detroit band.” We couldn’t think of one. The old Motown stuff was too complicated for us.

Know any ghost stories?

I don’t have one, unfortunately. I don’t know any fictional ones and I certainly haven’t had any happen to me in real life. I’m keeping my ears open but I don’t really believe in ghosts.

—Bunny Matthews

DeGeneres Not Degenerate

Comedian Ellen DeGeneres, cable television network Showtime’s choice for Funniest Person in America, returns home to New Orleans, triumphantly. She is booked for two appearances, the first on October 16 in Jackson Square as part of the Showtime sixteen-city tour and again on November 3 for a special show at Le Petit Theatre. An overnight sensation (or if so seems?) surely the last several years as amateur comedienne are to be overlooked, her Showtime win has gotten far more than just a foot in the door; one might say she’s been hunted head first into that mythical room of success. Being Showtime’s Number 1 includes not merely a title and statuette, but the sixtencity tour and a mini-special currently being aired in bits and pieces on Showtime. And there is more—the pièce de résistance includes numerous bookings across the country such as at Carolines, the club in New York, film and TV offers, both The Dave Letterman and The Tonight shows have called, and special appearances such as co-hostessing with Joan Rivers at a recent celebrity tennis benefit. WHEW!

It’s not all roses however—She has encountered her first negative review (in Boulder, Colorado—what do they know?). Working for a large corporation like Showtime is not always easy and she feels that this is the hardest she has ever worked. Creatively, one of the biggest problems besides staying funny is working at a job tra-
Elementary rock video in Jefferson Parish.

Savage 'Drop-Out'

A new type of public service announcement can be seen on Cox Cable, channel 10 these days, utilizing the talents of semi-local, semi-heavy metal band "Gypsy Savage." It's a rock video entitled "Never Drop Out!" and was produced by and for the Jefferson Parish School Board. The concept was conceived by Cindy Robison and husband Jim who works in the Media Center at the Jefferson Parish School Board. The hook up between Gypsy Savage and Jeff Parish took place when Jim Robison mentioned the concept to a guy repairing a Xerox machine at the Media Center, and stated that he was looking for a band. The serviceman was Gypsy Savage's bass player, Jim Kinter. Kinter and the band's lead guitarist and lead vocalist, Wayne Rogge lined up the lyrics, some of which are:

"Want-a-tell you a story, like my daddy told me. He said, 'son, you can go places if you choose. You gotta set your diploma with your name written on it. It's your ticket, with this you'll never lose.' Never drop out, never drop out of school. You've gotta sharpen your mind, it's your best tool, don't 'cha be no fool, never drop out, never drop out of school.

The video was filmed in late July at Homedale Elementary in Jefferson Parish and features a classroom scene filled with over thirty real Jefferson Parish high schoolers, an actress hired to play the teacher and the band set up at the rear of the room. There's a short rebellion scene, and then the video moves out the front doors of the school with students and cheerleaders dancing around the band, with teach looking on. The PSA video will debut on WWL, Channel 4's locally produced "Video Trax" in the near future.

A "Never Drop Out" single b/w "Goodbye Now" was produced by Richard Bird at Visionary Studios and presently can be heard on 13-Q.

—Carol Gniady

Ellen's a fun girl.

Showtime's second annual "Funniest Person in America" search settles in New Orleans October 14 through 17, looking for the successor to Degeneres. Presently, if you have cable TV, you can view an entertaining promotional spot announcing the upcoming dates on their coast to coast, twenty-stop search. If you'd like to audition to compete, an outdoor location will be announced later this month where the Showtime Funniest Person in America producers will be taking applications and screening contestants. A video taping of the final batch of comedians will take place on October 16, when Degeneres will host the event and demonstrate to the audience why she is The Funniest Person in America. If you are unable to audition in person, but would like to pursue the contest, write for the rules and an official entry form at the following address: Showtime's Funniest Person in America P.O. Box 800, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10159. A video tape will be requested of your routine. The last day they'll accept entries will be December 31. The national winner will be announced next April.

—Allison Brandin

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REMEMBER THESE?


PETE: Rampart St. Parade, orig on Coral / GAYE, MARVIN: Easy.../ TAMAR TERRELL, orig. pressing / GEILS BAND: Bloodshot...blood red vinyl / GENERATION X: Valley of the Dolls...B. Joel's 1st group / GOLDFINGER: orig. issue of Bono's first collector's item / HAMPTON, LIONEL: Al Malou's, cool out of print / HARD DAY'S NIGHT: George Martin & Orchestra, original mono / HARRISON, GEORGE: Music Dialogue, must for Beatles fans / HERMAN'S HERMITS: On Tour, rare live performance / HITT, AL: Eason Boyd / ZYDECO RECORDS, very rare / HOMER: orig. 7"...features early Led Zeppelin Cream... / JAN & DEAN: Dog City, orig. issue contains Dad's Man's Curve...LATEEF, YUSEF: This is orig. on Riverside Records / KINGSMEN: In Person...featuring Louie, Louise, Wand Records / MAVALL, JOHN: Blue's Breakers, featuring early Captain, McVie / McCARTNEY, PAUL: McCartney...1st pressing on Apple / MERMAN, ETHEL: Call Me Madame...circa 1946's very rare METERS: New Directions, N.O. only, orig. issue promo / METERS: Rejuvenation, out of print, must for N.O. music / MANY MORE...

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The Last Parade

A double blow was dealt to the "over a century old" tradition of Black New Orleans brass bands this September. Jazz funerals were held for Chester Jones who passed away on September 5 and Herman E. Sherman who followed on September 10, 1984.

Ralph "3 Knocks" Chester Jones, Sr. was born in Cut Off, La. on March 3, 1913, and at an early age moved to New Orleans. While a teenager he began to play the drums and during his career he performed with the Silver Leaf Brass Band, George Williams, the Eureka Brass Band, the Onward Brass Band, and many others. He also toured Japan and recorded with George Lewis and Kid Sheik Colar.

Clarinetist Michael White once said, "Chester's drumming reminded me of being on the street. I could always hear the parade drumming in his performance. It reminded me of the second line." This "parade drumming" is also clearly evident in the music of two of his sons; Benny Jones plays bass drum with the Dirty Dozen Brass Band and Michael Jones plays bass drum with Tuba Fats and the Chosen Few.

Herman Sherman died at the age of 61. He played alto and tenor saxophone and was the leader of the Young Tuxedo Brass Band since 1971/72. Herman once told me, "I don't allow any of the rock 'n roll or modern stuff in my band. I've got all good people who are interested in playing traditional New Orleans music."

The Young Tuxedo Brass Band has been together over 50 years under the leadership of Herman Sherman they have performed at the White House for President Jimmy Carter, the Berlin Jazz Festival, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Playboy Jazz Festival.

Both Herman Sherman and Chester Jones literally performed with hundreds of different New Orleans groups. In this city it is easy for a good musician to put together a band as long as they have a job and on any given day a variety of different musicians may play with them. This is one way that New Orleans traditional jazz musicians are sometimes likened to a family.

Similarly you could say, this family just lost two of it's fathers. Both Chester and Herman will be greatly missed by family and friends and by the thousands who enjoyed their music.

-Jerry Brock
Horror Story

A as the dust begins to settle from the stampede of college students, the phoenix city, New Orleans rises to accommodate the upcoming occasions of October 1984.

Jackson Brewery, one of the largest riverfront developments (along with the Louisiana World Exposition) will officially open this month on October 27 and boasts of over sixty different specialty shopping, dining and entertainment experiences. As its first phase of development, the Jax Brewery extends for 22 acres along Decatur Street to the Mississippi River and stretches between St. Peter and Bienville streets. The center of the building has been cored out and a 100-foot-high glass atrium has been installed. With six levels to the complex, 65% will offer "the best of New Orleans and Louisiana" cuisine as well as a number of boutiques faced in 19th century atmosphere amid the omnipresence of the hi-tech glass atrium. Two of the many restaurants hosted in the facility are "Visso's," located on the fourth level, and "Guste's" (off Antoine's) restaurant on the fifth level and accompanying lounge on the sixth level. The third level is called "Jazz Fest"—a take off of "Jazz Fest," and is dubbed as a celebration in Louisiana cooking, with various independent operators serving up New Orleans favorites like crawfish etouffee, red beans and rice, jambalaya, to name a few. There's an outdoor pedestrianizing along the riverfront on the second level, and it's here that you'll find live entertainment, strolling musicians and street performers. Of course, the festive atmosphere will be evident throughout the complex. Push-cart merchants will be selling their wares and our local craftsmen should benefit in that the duration afforded each of these merchants will be from two weeks to two months at a time; constant turn-over and new merchandise circulating on a frequent basis, some merchandise seasonal like Mardi Gras masks.

A ten-day celebration and grand opening begins at 10:30 am on October 27 with an opening line (second-line) parade and at high noon the dedication ceremony will take place at Decatur Street and St. Peter. The many entertainers to be announced will be hosted through the month of October.

The employees at La Masquerade are dressed to kill.

The New Orleans Wax Museum opened its doors at 327 Bourbon Street in early July and houses its own "Horrorville" on the third floor. Displayed in wax figures imported from England and France are crimes of passion, taken from fact and folklore, indigenous to New Orleans. Notable natives caught in the act and preserved in wax like Johann Gravel can be seen murdering his lover, as well as Ms. Kitty Lyons leaning over her cold boyfriend's body, to spit in his eye. Other local favorites exhibited include Marie Laveau frozen in voodoo dance, Joe the Whipper laving some affection on his mate. More famous freaks include Dracula and Franky, the kindly Dr. Jekyll and counterpart, a still-wet scene from E.A. Poe's "Murder in the Rue Morgue," and many more.

The New Orleans Wax Museum also houses a fine commemoration in wax to New Orleans' red light district on the second floor with call girl queens, mistresses to senators, madames and shady characters. The first floor has a few more readily recognizable figures in its Mardi Gras showcase. Past kings in some original carnival costumes include Rex Harrison, Bing Crosby, Johnny Carson and revelers like FDR, Charles de Gaulle, Louis Armstrong with trumpet in hand and, of course, Michael Jackson. Soon to join the troupe is a wax figure of the king himself, Elvis Presley.

Then there are those figures who will leap out at you from the dark. Comforting, isn't it? At what's dubbed as "the best little horror house in New Orleans," La Masquerade offers the twist of the knife for the real fright-seekers at heart. Located at 917 Conti Street, it can be spotted from Bourbon Street by the marquee-burdened, and occupied, hearse in front next door to the Shilstone Testing Laboratories. The plot thickens. La Masquerade involves a complete theatrical production, using special effects, black lighting, strobe lights, mood music and nine to fifteen live performers. The performers are non-professionals in ghoulishly made up faces, dressed to kill and strategically positioned throughout the dark chambers of the building. A person could get lost inside feeling through pitch black corridors that wind and slope through various staged scenes of horror, hosted by mad scientists, monsters and Prince charming himself, the Texas Chain Saw Murderer! La Masquerade is presently prepping up for Halloween with some special attractions... one out of the bag is a room dedicated to roach haters, where one can witness the dark chambers of the building. The New Orleans Wax Museum is the perfect place to spend some Halloween with some special attractions.
On Tour...

Quiet Riot, the reigning kings of heavy metal, don't appear ready to pass on their crowns just yet. Their latest album, "Metal Health," is already rocking the charts andThe Feeling That Why They Call It The Blues," but it was the old favorites like "Your Song," "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting," and "Crockett Rock" that predictably drew the greatest applause, along with a killer version of "Bennie and The Jets," that featured a bravura rendition of "In The Mood."

In the Studio...

Chicago's Streeterville Studios has been playing host to several projects for Alligator Records. Blues great James Cotton is at work on his new album, which he is co-producing with Alligator president Bruce Iglauer. Streeterville engineer Justin Niebank is at the controls. Son Seals is also cutting tracks at the studio, and individual artists. One project underway at Streeterville include the Clancy Brothers and Xanadu for horror records and Lovejoy for Cashew Records. Legendary rock conceptualist John Cale is at Unique Recording in New York. He's producing his own album, which he is co-producing with Alligator president Bruce Iglauer. Streeterville engineer Justin Niebank is at the controls.

Gone are a lot of the more extravagant costumes and gestures he merely contented himself with occasionally jumping onto his white grand, and at one point tossing the piano off the stage. In their place was a long, well-paced and energetic concert of his greatest hits that once again reaffirmed his position as one of the major singer-songwriters of the last fifteen years. Elton and his superb band—consisting of originals Dee Murray on bass, Davey Johnstone on guitar, Nigel Olsson on drums, with the addition of Fred Mandel on keyboards—effortlessly pounded out rousing versions of such classics as "Tiny Dancer," "Rocket Man," "Daniel," and " Candle In The Wind." Elton also included some of his more recent material, such as "Sad Songs" and "I Guess That's Why They Call it The Blues," but it was the old favorites like "Your Song," "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting," and "Crockett Rock" that predictably drew the greatest applause, along with a killer version of "Bennie and The Jets." That's what they call it the "Rebellion That's Why They Call It The Blues." but it was the old favorites like "Your Song," "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting," and "Crockett Rock" that predictably drew the greatest applause, along with a killer version of "Bennie and The Jets," that featured a bravura rendition of "In The Mood."

Hottest Videos

New videos added to WTBS' "Night Tracks":

- "I Want to Live In America" Bobby & The Midnights (CBS)
- "The Lucky One" Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
- "Rescue Me" Duke Jupiter (Morocco)
- "I've Been Watching You (Jamie's Girl)" Randy Hall (NCA)
- "Torture" The Jacksons (Epic)
- "Dr. Beat" The Miami Sound Machine (Epic)
- "Surrender Your Heart" Missing Persons (Capitol)
- "Together In Electric Dreams" Giorgio Moroder/Phil Oakey (Epic)
- "You, Me & He" Muma (Epic)
- "Raised On The Radio" The Revays (Melrose Film)
- "Some Guys Have All The Luck" Rod Stewart (Warner Bros.)
- "Better Be Good To Me" Tina Turner (Capitol)
- "Eat Your Heart Out" Xavion (Asylum/Marriage)
- "Let's Go Crazy" Prince & The Revolution (Warner Bros.)
- "Right By Your Side" Eurythmics (RCA)
- "Lucky Star" Madonna (Warner Bros.)


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GOLDEN MOMENTS

ALMOST SLIM

Larry Darnell
Gets Along

Fall, 1949—The Brownskin Models, a singing, dancing, comedy troupe, makes a stop in New Orleans to play local theatre. Frank Pania, talent entrepreneur and owner of the infamous nightspot the Dew Drop Inn, spots one of the entertainers in the chorus with a particularly angelic voice, and promptly hires him for $75 a week to sing at his club. The youngster causes an immediate sensation, upstaging many of the big-name recording artists performing at the Dew Drop.

Fred Mendelson, the owner of Regal Records of Newark, New Jersey, stops by the Dew Drop to see what the big fuss is all about. Convinced the singer is a potential record seller, Mendelson rushes him into the studio to complete a session. Unsure of what songs to put on the market, he releases two ballads simultaneously (then an unheard-of practice) to see what would happen. Surprisingly both songs rise to the top of the national rhythm and blues charts by the end of 1949. The songs were "For You My Love" and "I'll Get Along Somehow," of course sung by Larry Darnell. Darnell remained a popular attraction in New Orleans until the mid-Fifties when he returned to his home in Ohio.

Reagansonics

Two politicians stopped by the Fair on Labor Day; the lesser of these, George Bush, addressed who knows how many over by the United States Pavilion. Out on the river, boats gushed red, white and blue water as the Vice-President spoke of Olympics (the U.S. Invitational), a value or two, the obvious choice in November, and blind trust. A bit later, across the way at the Amphitheater, Elvis Costello off-handedly remarked, in introducing a new song, that he would change the title of his recent record Goodbye Cruel World to Goodbye Mr. Bush. Few seemed to catch the connection; fewer still seemed to know—or care, if they did know—that Bush had been in their midst.

Sounding one moment like Pere Ubu, the next like the Lovin' Spoonful or studio musicians for one of Aretha Franklin's Atlantic sessions, Costello and the Attractions tore through the evening as though they were trying to frighten George and Barbara away. Two hours after it had begun, the band left the stage; and as the vice-presidential entourage was finishing its bread pudding at Commander's, Costello returned for a solo encore, glared at an audience reeling from a dozen rockers, and sang to it of there being "nothing at the end of the rainbow, nothing to grow up for anymore." This wasn't rock 'n' roll, or good news. He followed up with a performance of Goodbye Cruel World's "Peace in Our Time" that was as weighty as the song's irony, and it settled hard until some perfectly apposite lyric- altering brought the crowd's recognition or approval or edginess. No matter that the Chamberlain allusion flew right by. When Costello has Bush "sit alone in a bar and wonder, 'Oh God, what have we done'?" and when he changes the song's last line from "There's already one spaceman in the White House, what do you want another one for?" to "What do you want the same one for?" everybody got the message, whether they agreed with it or not. In making such statements, Costello is, as one writer has said, not simply bringing the bad news, but trying to make sense of it.

This is precisely what Gil Scott-Heron is up to on his new 12" single, "Re-Ron," a hip-hop message that, along with its complement "B-Movie," stands as the cleverest anti-Reagan material yet. This kind of protest-commentary is Scott-Heron's strength, and through the Seventies, when few bothered to listen, he was working out his politics in a succession of sound jazz-protests. With "Re-Ron" global political urgency has finally caught up to the urgency of his message, which doesn't say much for sociopolitical priorities.

If we can measure just how dangerous and downright embarrassing a president is by pop culture's collective responses to his politics, then perhaps we should thank Reagan for inspiring, among other works, the Clash's Sandinista! (1980), less an attack
on the president than on imperialist American foreign policy which Reagan's camp would exacerbate anyway, Springsteen's *Nebraska* (1983), songs about folks suffering from the kind of social-Darwinism that Reagan and Co. posit, and Costello's "Shipbuilding" and "Pills and Soap" (from 1983's *Punch the Clock*), two staggering anti-Thatcher/Falkland songs that translate perfectly into anti-Reagan/Grenada material.

Like Costello, Scott-Heron in "Re-Ron" makes no distinction between Thatcher's UK and Reagan's U.S. (after all, fascism is fascism); nor is he able to distinguish the talking heads themselves: "In the dead of night, of night, we've seen it all/Boy George in drag or was Maggie Thatcher Ray-Gun in drag?/Maggie and Jiggs, what a gig they got!" No question though that Scott-Heron is less interested in an all-out attack on the man—or woman, as it may be—than on trying to figure out this guy's appeal. But because he understands Reagan as well as, or better than, any political analyst, Scott-Heron realizes that there is, finally, little there to understand. We can no more explain Reagan's popularity than we can that of "Roy Rogers and Buck Rogers/Rutherford B. Hayes and Gabby Hayes/Marlon Perkins and Carl Perkins." We should be, in other words, no more baffled by Reagan's immense appeal as president than by an Air Supply platinum album or an eight-year run of *Three's Company*.

Scott-Heron makes the technique of theatrical illusion, by now too commonplace in referring to the president, work beautifully, presenting Reagan as the fourth banana of B-moviedom that he was. But if Reagan was a hoot on the big screen, he is a hero of the small one—to the extent that "through it all we close our eyes/to the recent damages, banging on the war drums/Cosmetic set changes, the minimal shuffle of the cast of characters/Attila the HAIG transformed into peanuts, called Schultz up on Capitol Hill."

Village Voice television critic Tom Carson writes of Reagan as failed movie actor who moves to television as a final pitch for stardom: "Most of TV's peculiarities after all were developed as ways of providing reassurance. Reagan is the first president to understand that so long as you have the right, comfortable manner, you can say pretty much whatever you want. The most verbally bellicose president in recent memory also speaks with the softest, most easily modulated voice—even when he's calling Russia an evil empire, he doesn't shout, but only takes on the firm regretful tone of Marcus Welby telling a recalcitrant patient to shape up." The Reagan people understand their man is a TV star, and they market him as skillfully as they might a new breath mint. Reagan is the least intimidating of any recent president, and though he commands respect, it is the kind that one might be likely to afford Lee Majors or Forrest Tucker or Chrissie Brinkley.

When Scott-Heron calls for no "Re-Ron, the late late show/A black and white flick from ages ago," he risks a scathing attack on the masses whose uneasiness with ambiguity and fondness for the absolute, the "black and white," defines the myopic vision of reality that characterizes political mannikins and those who elect them: "It's a Re-Ron, a time machine, stuck in reverse and filming/Those scenes twenty years gone with the point of a gun/The hell with reality places everyone." Scott-Heron knows these words potentially alienate, but the tension between artist and audience that appears inevitable never quite forms. His acerbic satire is masked by the skillful use of cinematic metaphor and the equation (or blurring of) figures from pop culture and politics, an equation that allows the singer to suggest on what level our democratic, electoral process operates. He asks: "Would we take Fritz with our grits?/We'd take Fritz the Cat/Would we take Jesse Jackson?/Hell, we'd take Michael Jackson."

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My Interview With Andre

Andre Ledoux, native of France, is the Executive Chef of the Fairmont Hotel and oversees a large kitchen which supplies the Sazerac Restaurant, Bailey's, the Blue Room and innumerable banquets. Chef Ledoux arrived in New York in 1965 after more than a decade spent in the kitchens of Paris. His American career began as a sous chef at Cote Basque and he subsequently was employed by the Hotel Pierre, Le Georges Rey Restaurant, the St. Regis Hotel, two branches of the Sheraton chain, the Cricket Club in Miami and the Marina City Club in Marina del Rey, California. In 1981, he moved with his wife and two children to New Orleans and joined the staff of the Fairmont.

On a Monday morning, amidst periodic interruptions from his sous chefs and deliverymen bearing receipts for cases of orange juice, Chef Ledoux kindly consented to the following interview. Like a true Frenchman, Chef Ledoux possesses ample quantities of wit, temper and of course, joie de vivre.

**When did you start cooking?**

I was born in a hotel. My father had a small hotel at the time. Even though I’m a country person from the country, my family were in the hotel business. My grandfather and my mother were in the hotel business. And from the time I was young, I was always fooling around in the hotel, helping my mom or her mechanic. But I found that I liked the food so much and I was good at it even though I was a small little guy. I was always fooling around with it, helping my mom or her cook at the time. And I figured, “That’s the right life for me.”

**Where did you receive your classical training?**

I’m from Normandy, in the northwest of France. It’s pretty similar as far as de Gaulle way before he was elected. But in America, it’s not so. They don’t look at if you’re young or you’re old. Certain places are conservative but they don’t stop young people with brilliant ideas. They try it. If it doesn’t work, they tell you. They give you plenty of chances and this is why I believe the country is so successful.

On the other hand, in France now—there are the restaurants suffering?

No, I wouldn’t say they suffered. It was a very great opportunity to expose yourself to such a large country and bigger hotels. American people do not limit you on anything. You can become creative at something. Go ahead, they’ll give you all the tools.

**Why did you come to America?**

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Now in Europe, they’re very conservative. The chances are that the chef has got to be a little older and the chances are that you’re going to have to go strictly under his rules. Not too much chance for your own ability or flair.

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**What’s happening in France now—are the restaurants suffering?**

No, I wouldn’t say they suffered. I would say they did what was needed. You see a lot of younger chefs now—27 years old, 30 years old. Before, a chef was beginning to be a chef at 40 years old. They saw a lot of new creation because they gave a little bit of freedom to their young. And some of the young proved by buying their own places. They said, “Now I’m doing what I please.”

**What were your first impressions of New Orleans?**

I love New Orleans. I’ll tell you why I love New Orleans. I’m from Normandy, in the northwest of France. It’s pretty similar as far as fish and I like seafood. Plus people here are much more warm. I lived on the East Coast for about ten years but really refined. We served the President of the Republic and some reception for de Gaulle way before he was even President. Things like this were routine so we had good people. And of course, fantastic exposure in the press.

**Is that where you received your classical training?**

Yes, classical. What I really love the most is original. To know every dish from every town—that’s impossible. I don’t care how long you would live.

But for me, it’s always something—I’m always going to find something that’s really interesting. I try to work on it. I look at the product and I do something better. Lots of times, the product’s already good but it needs refinement. That’s always true. It’s, shall we say, as an artist, sometimes the more you look around, then the better idea you have. I do believe it’s the same for cooking. As you can tell from looking at the top shelf (Chef Ledoux points to a long row of cookbooks), I don’t take nothing for granted. Nothing’s too small. I always research things.

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Chef Andre Ledoux: 'I don't care what you're going to do, you're not going to fool the New Orleans public.'

And people love food here. That's what makes our industry. Every little thing that you do, they're thankful for it because they love food. They carry you all the way.

Do New Orleanians have more sophisticated palates?

They have palates—they have good palates. If you really want to win the New Orleans public, it's the test of your dish. I don't care what you're going to do, you're not going to fool them. They have good, good palates. Their palates have been educated since they were small. And they have many which ways of cooking them. Some ways may be too spicy, comparatively, for the rest of the states but still, they love everything good and sizzling and it's better than eating plain food, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not saying for your health but I'm talking about enjoying yourself.

How does a new dish get on the menu?

Last week, I was looking for a new idea. It was quite busy around here. I take everything, I go home with my little radio in my car, just like a kid and I work. There you can do something.

When I put my ideas together and I see all my sous chefs, then we work on the product. We try it a couple of times. Maybe it's a funny idea, maybe it's just not what I thought it would be. Then we work on the product until it comes to the test of presentation, when we determine if we'll accept it. Then we have the management approve, see if they like it. I try to be as open as possible because I figure the more people involved, the better the ideas that are going to come. Then we start to reduce, to reduce, to reduce and boom! This is the one! Everybody agree?

It doesn't have to be my idea. My concern is that the people be happy with it. If I've got four people happy with it, the chances are I've got a good product. I'm concerned that it's going to be a winner.

I try to understand the public. I've got. I try to understand what they're looking for, what they like basically. If I know already the direction then it's easy to be creative. To tell you the truth, the first year I was in Louisiana, I knew a few basic dishes they were going to like but other than that, I was just fishing. Now I know anything you do with seafood, they go crazy. If you go to California, you can do no wrong with salmon, you can do no wrong with swordfish. If you go to Miami, you look on all the menus and they've got real Francs.

Why do chefs move so much?

Now you come to the good question. As you said before, chefs have a tendency to be artists. Well, I don't want to go that far but they are, at least in that part, the same thing. They are people who get bored very quickly. When a place has gotten to be in a pattern for a while and there's no modifications anymore in that pattern, if you have a good chef, you have him bored. He's just coming to work. And if he's just coming to work, you don't have the chef you want. You want the guy to come every day aggressive and smiling and thinking what the hell's he's going to try to play with today.

Does the Fairmont have best-sellers on the menu?

Right now, we have extreme success with—and it's been on the menu for two or three years and it's still the winner—poisson Veronique. The quail (le duo de caille Bourbon Street) will probably take over. I don't follow it every day—what you call the abstracts. We were looking about two weeks ago and it was one of the first times in a long time when we had such a balance as far as sales. We sell almost equally just about everything on the menu, which I consider as a compliment for myself. Usually, you'll sell 300 portions of this thing and 100 portions of another thing. But we are coming so close, it really pleases me.

Is it true that chefs have bad tempers?

I tell you what—it's the pressure that you've got all day long. Your nerves have got to give sometimes. So how do you relax?

I don't relax. And on top of that, I've got a pinched nerve in my neck. So everything bothers me.

Available at local record stores.

FOR INFORMATION, WRITE NITESHADE RECORDS.
Mistreating Music

Aimed with a repertoire of country, blues, rockabilly, and rock'n'roll, the Mistreaters recall the early days of rock with verve. A singing encyclopedia of rock history, they resurrect such buried treasures as “Everybody’s Loving My Baby” by Charlie Feathers, Sonny Boy Williamson’s “Help Me,” Chuck Berry’s “Let It Rock,” and “Folsom Prison” by no other than Johnny Cash.

Dispel visions of greasy Sha Na Na, however, and picture lead singer/harmonica player Tom Clifford as a cross between Elvis Presley and The Blues Brothers. Once the band (including drummer Buzz Collins (formerly of the Sluts and Johnny Jay and the Hitmen), bass player Tim Adde who has played with Flavor (a 70's southern rock band), the Pearls, and Johnny Jay. Clifford, Stern, and Hamilton are all Tulane students and the original members of the band. There have been some personnel changes though everyone is satisfied with the current line up. Clifford is an especially talented harmonica player and when his voice quivers and shakes it’s not hard to hear the strong Presley influence. A perfect model of Fifties virility, dark, stocky, and a left chinn, Clifford sights Presley as their spiritual guide, though Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps are also idols.

Mainly a cover band and perhaps criticized for it, Clifford explained their position, “It’s like George Thorogood said, ‘Why write songs when Chuck Berry already wrote them all?’ It’s not exactly the way I feel but there’s just some songs that you’ve really got to feel good playing. And if people like dancing to it, why not do it? We’re not the Blasters or the Del Rio Brothers yet, though that’s our goal, but when you slip in a song you’ve written that’s got a good beat and people keep dancing, then you say that’s a good original.”

Then they have a few originals such as “Like a Hound Dog Loves Its Bones” and “Bring It To Me” both of which are good songs.

As Clifford continued “I’ll give ‘em an honest product, they’re gonna dance; when some bands do originals the dance floor clears.”

And people definitely dance; on a weekday they draw a big crowd, a lot of collegiates, few of whom sit. A bit concerned about being stereotyped a Fifties or fraternity band, they don’t need to worry. The band does classics from many different periods, there is a promise of more originals and each is a solid musician, which allows for two tightly performed sets. Ian Astbury and Tim Adde and Clifford are close to receiving diplomas though they wouldn’t think twice about leaving school for music if the right opportunity came along. And there is no doubt about how much they love their own music, perfectly stated by Stern and Clifford: “We play music that’s gonna stand the test of time, American Music.”

The Mistreaters, perfect models of Fifties virility: ‘If you give ‘em an honest product, they’re gonna dance.’

Mod’n

12” Singles:
Paul Haig — Big Blue World
Les Disques du Crepuscule TW 123

I never have anything by Paul Haig until I’ve heard it at least ten times—then I love it. This is DANCE music with a big drum machine sound and plenty of neat synthesizers. Sounds too familiar? As familiar as 90% of the bands coming out today. This, fortunately, is different. There is some thought behind the music and optimum effect is achieved through the mix. The B-side, “Ghost Rider,” is a rockabilly song that outdoes anything from those old compilation albums and puts the originals to shame. The real treats of this song are the players on it, a kind of who’s who of modern Scottish bands—Alan Rankine (ex-Associates), Malcolm Ross (ex-Orange Juice/nou Accazteca) from John McGeoch provides the business. Powerful guitar playing from John McGeoch provides the perfect blend of acoustic and electric sounds. Russell Webb’s bass fits into the puzzle in perfect form. This is the Pick-to-Hit for ‘85.

The Armoured Show — Castles in Spain Parlophone 12 R 6079

The guts lost by U.K. bands like The Sound, The Combat Angels, and Echo and the Bunnymen lives here. Ex-Skits singer/writer Richard Jobson and company outdo any of these bands and put Skid Row’s Big Country out of business. Powerful guitar playing from John McGeoch provides the perfect blend of acoustic and electric sounds. Russell Webb’s bass fits into the puzzle in perfect form. This is the Pick-to-Hit for ‘85.

LPS:

The Cult — Dreamtime
Beggars Banquet Bega 57

This is IT. Perhaps the best LP of the year, Ian Astbury, formerly of the Southern Death Cult, leads this guitar, bass and drum group. The songs are all very moving, which proves disco is not the only thing you should dance to. They are hard guitar anthems highlighted by the very intense voice of Astbury. If there ever was a band to bridge the gap between good heavy metal (if it does exist) and “dark” bands like Bauhaus this is it. Don’t expect punk, these people are too intelligent for that. Remember that we have gone from an Indian nation to a Coca-Cola nation—a message found again and again in the lyrics.

The Armoury Show — Castles in
Spain Parlophone 12 R 6079

The guts lost by U.K. bands like The Sound, The Combat Angels, and Echo and the Bunnymen lives here. Ex-Skits singer/writer Richard Jobson and company outdo any of these bands and put Skid Row’s Big Country out of business. Powerful guitar playing from John McGeoch provides the perfect blend of acoustic and electric sounds. Russell Webb’s bass fits into the puzzle in perfect form. This is the Pick-to-Hit for ‘85.

But if you give ‘em an honest product, they’re gonna dance.”

Everything But The Girl — Eden Blanco Y Negro BYN-2

This is Beat 3 Beat Jazz music for the Eighties. If you liked “The Paris Match” on the Stylist Cylce album, done by Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt (the core of EBTG), you’ll like this. Thorn and Watt both have “dark” albums on Cherry Red and they were great. The mixture of a folksy attitude with very pronounced jazz overtones make this a mellow but “up” collection of songs. The music at times sounds like a Fifties jazz session with Thorn’s voice sounding, at times, like Lenny Zenith.

Fiction Factory — Throw The Waved Wheel Out CBS 25964

Very English, almost M7Y sounding. Interesting but no sense of direction. “Ghost of Love” is good but it sounds like a very restrained ABC (first LP). The whole album reeks of restraint as if they were playing with guns pointed at their heads. Pop music made by a band with a heart condition. The only saving grace is the free single included in the album—“Rise & Fall.” This is the best pop radio song I have heard all year. At least the band sounds like Bowie (before EMI’s 17 million) but then it heads in its own direction—catchy hook and good lyrics. I figured I paid nine dollars to get one song. It was worth it.
RARE RECORD

Broom Tune

The Spiders
WITCHCRAFT
Imperial 5366

Well, October means that it's going to be Halloween again soon, so the editor says "do you think you can do a Halloween-type record? It doesn't have to be that rare, just something to do with Halloween." With those outlines I began rummaging through everything from 78s to eight-track tapes to find something suitable.

Of course, I can't do "Morgus the Magnificent" because that was covered a couple of years ago. So what else? I thought about Eddie Bo's "You Got Your Mojo Workin'" but that doesn't exactly fit. What about Betty Harris' "Mojo Hannah?" No, same reason. I considered Lil' Snook's "Cheethuh," and Aaron Neville's "Ape Man," but I guess I'll wait until it's Audubon Zoo month. I nearly wrote up Roger and the Gypsies' "Pass The Hatchet," but somehow that just missed too.

Then I found it. "Witchcraft" by the Spiders! Of course it's not the rarest of New Orleans records, but it is still a sought-after collector's item. The Spiders, led by Chuck and Chick Carbo (see WL26), were New Orleans' most successful male vocal group. "Witchcraft" was a substantial hit, climbing to number seven during its eleven-week stay in Billboard's 1955 R&B charts. It even made an impression on Elvis Presley, who had a number 32 hit with it in 1963. Our version here is far superior, however, being one of the classic doo wop records of the Fifties.
NEW ORLEANS
AIN'T AFRAID
OF NO GHOSTS

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

We ain't afraid of no ghosts in New Orleans. We take 'em for granted. Ghosts are as much a part of the landscape as oak trees, streets that require four-wheel-drive vehicles to maneuver the potholes and century-old shutters painted dark green.

New Orleans has got all kinds of ghosts. The ghost of Buddy Bolden, "inventor of jazz," regularly shows up at French Quarter nightclubs and sits in with the band.

The ghost of Professor Longhair appeared to the Radiators as they played at the 1980 Jazz Festival. Fess was up in the clouds and he was wearing a turban.

The Devil, before he taught Guitar Slim how to bend a note, lived on St. Charles Avenue in a fine mansion. He had a French girlfriend and his girlfriend had a handsome Creole lover, who occupied her time during the six days a week when the Devil was away on business. One night, Satan came home unexpectedly and discovered his girlfriend and her paramour together.

Instead of flipping out, the Devil told the Creole boy to keep the girl plus a million pounds of gold. There was one condition: the couple must always be known Monsieur and Madame L. The boy agreed and when he told his lover the following evening about his pact with the Devil, she was furious, realizing that the "L" stood for Lucifer. Amidst a grand dinner, the French girl strangled her Creole beau with a napkin.

The Devil, obviously amused, murdered his former girlfriend and dragged both bodies to the roof of the mansion, where he ate their remains, all but the skins, which he fed to the neighborhood cats. But because the Devil had forgotten never to do one's work by the light of the full moon, his head was bound to the gable of the roof, cemented there by the flesh of the mortals.

For years afterward, the ghosts of the girl, the boy and the Devil haunted the premises. The husband of the daughter of General P.G.T. Beauregard attempted to live in the house, as did a succession of others, until it was finally town down in 1930. There are people today who will point out a house near State Street and St. Charles as the Devil's Mansion but they are wrong. The Devil has moved to a new neighborhood.

Anyone researching ghosts in New Orleans will soon learn that all ghost stories of local origin have similar, recurring elements. If a ghost story concerns a 19th-century Creole woman, she is always the most beautiful Creole woman in the history of New Orleans. She often has a lover who is American and therefore, despised by Creole society as a money-hording capitalist and totally ineligible for the hand of any Creole girl, no matter how homely.

One variation of this situation is the story of the "ghost dinners," which were held every Mardi Gras night until the late 1940's at a Royal Street restaurant. As the story goes, a young American visitor to the ball of Comus was awestruck by a Creole belle seated opposite him in a
1221 Orange: A baby in the walls?

balcony. Escorted by her Creole fiance, it should be added.

The eyes of the American boy and the Creole girl met during the tableaux and ZAP! They both headed for the lobby, where the Creole girl explained to the American boy that she was now disgraced for leaving her fiance to meet a man she didn't even know—an American man! Since she was ruined, the boy persuaded her to accompany him to a Royal Street restaurant, where they were served the most sumptuous meal ever prepared in New Orleans. A bit before dawn, they finished dessert and headed for St. Louis Cathedral, where a non-Creole priest married them.

All seemed blissful but because she was so beautiful and so young and so Creole and because this was the 19th-century, the girl died a few months later. Her distraught American husband consoled himself by going to the same Royal Street restaurant each Mardi Gras night and ordering the same meal—for two. When the young man died, he left a considerable amount of money to the restaurant on the stipulation that dinner would be served each Mardi Gras, in perpetuity, to the “ghost lovers.”

Robert Tallant first reported the story in 1947, noting: “There are always flowers on the table and decorations in carnival colors. Then, silently and seriously, a waiter slowly serves the fine foods and wine of an elaborate dinner for two. No one even seems to remember the name of the couple, or they won’t tell you if they do, but the ritual continues year after year. It has become one of the traditions of Mardi Gras.”

Apparently, ghosts have a special affinity for Royal Street. There was once a young New Orleans man who had a Creole lover—a black Creole lover. She wanted to marry him but he refused because well, she was black and this was the 19th-century. In modern times, one imagines the same sort of problem would still exist. However, the young man decided to give her a chance and told her that if she sat on the roof of a building in the 700 block of Royal Street, totally naked, for the entire evening, he might reconsider. The called his bluff, ripped off her clothes and climbed to the top of the roof. Unfortunately, it was a December night and she froze to death. Henceforth, a naked girl has haunted the building’s room, usually in December.

Ridiculous, right? I thought so until photographer Alice Quarles Hargrave and I went to the site to take a photograph. Now Alice has a Nikon camera which she calls her “right arm.” It has performed flawlessly in America, Europe and Africa—every day for three years. The afternoon we attempted to shoot the naked girl on the roof, the camera refused to cock. The film would not advance. Puzzled, we walked to the K&B Camera Center. Another customer was already there with his own Nikon camera, which had the exact same problem as Alice’s. Ghosts or faulty Japanese craftsmanship? Are you joking? The Japanese have no word in their
Constance: Who's singing in the attic?

Royal: A House Accursed?

Language for "faulty craftsmanship."

The building at 1140 Royal Street is often referred to as a "haunted house" because on the same site once stood the home of the notorious Madame Delphine Lalaurie, who excused herself from the polite company of Governor Claiborne, congressman Daniel Clarke and philanthropist John McDonough to head upstairs to an attic full of chained slaves, sequestered for the purpose of satisfying her sadistic urges. Madame, a relative of the Queen of France, tried everything on her slaves: starvation, mutilation by knife, whip-beatings. Before Freud, the New Orleans writer Henry C. Castellanos pegged Madame Lalaurie thusly: "There is a class of females, few in numbers it is true, the idiosyncrasies of whose natures are at times so strange and illogical as to defy the test of close analyzation ..."

On April 10, 1834, Madame Lalaurie's home was set afire by one of the tortured slaves. Neighbors, assisting in the rescue of the priceless Lalaurie furnishings, smashed through a locked door and discovered seven chained slaves. The slaves told the story of their incredible plight and a mob of angry citizens proceeded to destroy what was left of the Lalaurie house. Madame Lalaurie, aided by the mayor, escaped to France.

A new building, supposedly haunted by the ghosts of the slaves and in particular, a young slave girl Madame Lalaurie forced to jump from the roof, was erected at 1140 Royal. Castellanos, writing in 1895, had his doubts about the "haunted" appellation: "If several of its occupants, with whom I have often conversed, are to be believed, there is nothing therein to haunt its inhabitants save ghastly memories of a bygone generation. No spirits wander through its wide halls and open corridors, but in lieu thereof there rests a curse—a malediction—that follows everyone.
1443 Frenchmen: Why did Jelly Roll Morton move out?

700 Block of Royal Street: A naked ghost on the roof?

who has ever attempted to make it a permanent habitation. As a school for young ladies; as a private boarding house; as a private residence; as a factory; as a commercial house and place of traffic, all these have been tried, but every venture has proved a ruinous failure. A year or two ago, it was the receptacle of the scum of Sicilian immigrants, and the fumes of the malodorous filth which emanated from its interior proclaimed it what it really is, A HOUSE ACCURSED.

Jack Stewart, head of Red Hot Peppers Land & Exploration, tells the story of Jelly Roll Morton's hexed home:

"Jelly Roll Morton always said his house was haunted. Somebody put a hex on it, and it drove the whole family crazy. He said that was why he moved out at an early age, even though some people said it was because there was much more going on Uptown than in the uptight Creole neighborhood where he grew up.

"When we bought the house at 1443 Frenchmen Street in 1970, it had everything going for it: an 1830's Creole cottage with lots of history hidden under drop-ceilings and inside an enclosed secret staircase that still hasn't been opened up. But then everything started going wrong and it hasn't stopped yet. Early on, everybody said it was that ghost. Now I believe it's true. He's probably madder now than ever 'cause he must have gotten trapped somehow in the stairway when they closed it up in the 1950's."

The Saenger Theatre, where Stewart has performed with the New Leviathan Oriental Foxtrot Orchestra, is haunted by the ghost of Julian Saenger, after whom the theatre is named.

"Julian Saenger finished himself off in his apartment on Bourbon Street when he found out that Paramount had gone bankrupt," Stewart explains. "He had traded all his owner-

Continued on page 28
Hackberry Ramblers (past & present): Front row: Crawford Vincent, Eddie Shuler, Minus Broussard, Luderin Darbone.

Guest of honor Eddie Shuler and Cleveland "Sugar Bee" Crochet.

HALF A CENTURY OF HACKBERRY RAMBLING

BY RICO

Approaching Crawford Vincent’s hunting camp way down in Cameron parish one particular September Sunday can be a feast for the senses. Eyes absorb the severe beauty of the coastal prairie marshes dotted with scrub trees, mouths water at the succulent scent of smoking andouille and blistering chicken breasts, and the ears no doubt will be tickled by the half-Texas-swing-half-traditional-Cajun arrangements of "Black Bayou Rag" or "Te Petite Te Meow." Congratulations, you’ve just arrived at the fifty-first reunion of the world’s oldest Cajun-influenced combo, The Hackberry Ramblers.

The Ramblers gained enormous popularity in the mid-and late 1930s by combining the infectious melodies of traditional Cajun music with the mushrooming popularity of Texas Swing to produce a jumping hybrid dance-hall style of playing that could be termed "Cajun Swing." Musicologist John Broven believes they almost singlehandedly "made Cajun music a listenable commodity beyond the confines of rural Louisiana."

Leading the band on fiddle was Luderin Darbone, then in his early twenties, and practicing every day to learn the popular hillbilly tunes of the time. Darbone joined forces with his Hackberry neighbor Edwin DuMon, who was an accomplished accordion and guitar player with a formidable repertoire of traditional Cajun standards. The original Rambler trio was rounded out with Lennis Sonnier on second guitar and the group soon found themselves playing regularly at South Louisiana dancehalls and on radio station KFDN in Beaumont, Texas.

The Hackberry Ramblers were the first group in this area to break the traditional Cajun ensemble mold of accordion/fiddle/triangle (and sometimes, guitar) but this was not done without a bit of trepidation on their part, as Darbone recalls: "We didn't know if the people would like us or not, because in those days we were sort of replacing the accordion bands. We started with just the three of us, two guitars and a fiddle. We had no sound system, nobody had amplifiers then. We played our first dance in Basile, and the people liked us, so they asked us to come back week after week. We started to spread out and play all over, in maybe eighty or ninety dancehalls."

After moving to Crowley in 1935 the Ramblers made their first recordings in August of that year for the Blue Bird label, a subsidiary of RCA Victor. "We made five records at our first session," Darbone recalls, "some of 'em were just hillbilly numbers. We'd make $25 for each two-song record, and that was a lot of money in those days. When we started playing dances we were lucky to make a dollar a piece! At least by playing music we'd have a little income. [Because of the Depression] there were no jobs, you couldn't buy a job!" Perhaps more important than the session wages, however, was the rapidly growing importance of records on the jukebox and music filling the juke joints in establishing a widespread commercial audience for local bands after Prohibition. You can bet the owners of these roadhouses didn't complain as their beer drinking clientele dropped coin after coin into the newfangled music machines.

The year 1936 was a busy one for the band according to Darbone: "The Montgomery Ward [department store] in Lafayette hired us to play from the store three times a week at 10 a.m. We ended up playing there a year. In this time Montgomery Ward changed our name to the Riverside Ramblers because that was the brand of tires that they sold. RCA also called us to do more recordings and from then on we'd do four Cajun songs as the Hackberry Ramblers and two hillbilly or swing songs as the Riverside Ramblers per session." Darbone and Sonnier also accompanied Joe Werner on his well-known hit "Wondering" [later covered by Webb Pierce] in this year.

Their Blue Bird contract fell through in the late Thirties with the approach of World War II and Darbone suffered a personal setback: "My dad was killed in an accident in 1939, so I temporarily quit playing for about a year. We reorganized in 1942 when I moved to Hackberry and that's when Crawford Vincent joined and Minos Broussard joined. Not long after that the war started and Crawford and those guys went into the service. Ed DuMon rejoined us, along with Eddie Shuler and in 1946 we started playing the Silver Star Club in Lake Charles. We had expanded to a seven-piece band with horns, piano, drums, steel guitar, bass fiddle. We had a regular Bob Wills type band."

The Ramblers kept this weekend date for ten years during which time they recorded the "Silver Star Stomp" for DeLuxe, in tribute to their favorite venue. After leaving the Silver Star in 1956 they played sporadically in East Texas and were approached by Chris Strachwitz of Arhoolie Records in 1963 to record an album. The result was the delightful Luderin Darbone's Hackberry Ramblers Louisiana Cajun Music (Arhoolie F5003). The record traverses an amazing range of styles and time periods from the traditional Cajun duets and waltzes to the modern upbeat rags and swing numbers. Edwin DuMon displays an exceptional versatility in his vocals and playing. Considering Mr. DuMon was born in 1910 in Broussard, Louisiana, and exposed to every type of indigenous music from the local black pre-Zydeco bands to the old time white brass bands, it comes as no surprise that his contribution to this album is so rooted in tradition and unaffected integrity. In addition, a large portion of the record was recorded by Strachwitz in Darbone's living room with one microphone, and it sounds great!

Throughout the years a number of other local players have passed through the Ramblers' ranks such as Whit Whitlow, a fine multi-instrumentalist and steel guitar hot shot, and Minos Broussard on fiddle or guitar. At the annual reunion barbeque this year both were present to join in the everybody-on-the-front-porch jam session. As Mr. Broussard's left hand scaled the fret-board his right foot stomped the floorboards causing the amplifier's reverb unit to splash out an unpredictable flourish of psychedelic squawks atop the well worn melody of "Jolie Blon." Those of us fortunate enough to have our portable tape recorders can boast of another historic musical moment preserved in magnetism, spontaneous and expressive, as all good rural music should be. Let's all hope that the current generation of young Cajun music makers, both purist and hybrid, will approach the next fifty years of their art with a comparable fervor.

October 1984 / Wavelength 21
PERFECT music for tearing up your girlfriend's picture, cursing your boss, or just toe-tapping acceleration on the freeways. Everybody knows rock 'n' roll's greatest ambition/revenge song, but who did it first? If you guessed Fats Domino, give yourself a "C-". 'Cause it'd win grand prize on The Joker's Wild. If you guessed Bobby Mitchell, you get an "A"—you're either from N'Awlin's or an expert. If you guessed Roy Hayes you just won the Louisiana State Lottery.

"I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday" was written by Frizell and Dave Bartholomew. It was inspired by someone asking for a piece of gum—sounding roughly like "Dentyne chewing gum, Den-tyne chewing gum." On the flipside is Hayes' swamp pop weeper "You Better Go Home." Mitchell sings both sides of the record on "American Bandstand" in early 1958 when the record broke out around Philadelphia.

Ernest McLean played some nifty guitar figures on Fats Domino's streamlined version of the song which made for perfect cruising in the summer of 1959.

Hayes' song became a self-fulfilling prophesy as his royalties enabled him to buy a cherry-red Dodge Dart and suplemented his income nicely.

Despite a recording session with local Sonora Records and songs recorded by Bobby Mitchell, Joe Jones, and Shirley & Lee, Hayes only had one son reborn released in the next several years—the plaintive ballad "Congratulations to You" by Tibby Edwards on Din.

In the early Seventies Roy again showed his talent in songs recorded by two great musicians living in Baton Rouge. Legendary honky tonk pianist Moon Mullican recorded Hayes' perfect song about Cajun hospitality, "The Cajun Coffee Song," for Bill Hall's Hall-Way Records out of Beaumont, Texas.

Mechanic and blues great Slim Harpo liked Hayes' tunes so much he recorded five of them. One of the two issued tracks, "You Can't Make It," is blues pure and simple:

A man needs a woman.
A woman needs a man.
A ship needs a captain.
And I hope you understand.
You can't make it,
You can't make it on your own.

Unfortunately Hayes never received any royalties for the songs, and, worse, never even received any writer's credit until the recent Rhino collection The Original King Bee.

Hayes got a surprise this year when Bobby Mitchell dug up the original acetate demo from which he learned "I'm Gonna Be a Wheel Someday" and "You Better Go Home" and Roy heard his own versions for the first time in twenty-seven years! Over a rambling piano, Hayes' voice gives "Wheel" a warm Cajun flavor. Roy's mournful 345 minute version of "You Better Go Home" is definitive swamp pop.

Today Hayes still works with a Baton Rouge wholesaler, but he is always looking for people to record his songs. Hayes figures his best chances are in his original choice, country music, where basic songs never go out of style. "Wheel" is one of the few rock 'n' roll classics that hasn't been revived for a hit or a TV commercial—yet. No doubt about it, he's gonna be a wheel. Again.
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METRONOME
CONCERTS

Oct.2
Jefferson Starsels; The Cold, Gulf Coast Coliseum.
RENT; the d Js, McAllister Auditorium, Tulane.

Oct.3
Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic, last heard of having a devil of a time with their Indian hotel accommoda-
tions, simulcast on Channel 12 MYES-TV and WWNO-FM 93.

Oct.4
Love Treater (right out of the John Deere Showrooms in Athens, GA, home also of the biggest boultons on the Hane) and Final Academy, Jimmy's.

Oct.6
The Family Tree of Jazz, beginning at 1, Lafayette Square Kidd Jordan and his 10-year-old son Martin Jordan; Ellis Marsalis and his 7-year-old son Jason Marsalis; Alvin Batiste and members of the Batiste family.

Oct.7
Johnny Winter, a thumaturgic guitarist if there ever was one, Stomper's President.

Oct.8 and 10
Prokofiev Sonata, with Robin Williams.

Oct.9
Lafayette Square sponsored by the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

Oct.11
Twisted Sister, which must be how Charlotte and Anne Bronte often referred to Emily when she wouldn't come off those rocks.

Oct.12
A Tribute to Sidney Bechet, paid to the master of the soprano sax and oculot clarinet, the idol of French music halls, and the man whose brother fixed Bunk Johnson's dentures, by the Creole Jazz Band, with French clarinetist Jacques Gathe, Kendoll Clarion Hall Music Center.

Oct.13
The Crusaders, steamer President.

Oct.15
The Bing Concert, with the Van Dyke Brothers, the Everly Brothers, and the Statler Brothers.

Oct.16-17
Subscription No. 3, from the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

Oct.18
Ratt and Billy Squier, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Oct.20
Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera, Jimmy's.

Oct.21
Steve Masakowski and Mars; John Graubard, multi-media performance, Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 5 p.m.

Oct.24
Joe King Carrasco, Jimmy's.

Oct.26 and 27
CAC Contemporary Jazz Celebration, at the C.A.C. of course.

Oct.27
Big Brown Bag (Schwegmann's size), at Lafayette Square sponsored by the C.A.C. and the C.A.C., with Frankie Ford, Bobby Marchan, Dr. Bobby Mitchell, Deacon John and the Ivories, the Dix-Kups, Chuck Carbon, Lady Timothessa, the Uptowners, emceed by Da Duke Pecaud and BB. Free.

Oct.30
Cindy Lauper, the woman who defined Captain Lou Albano: UNO Lakefront Arena.

Oct.31
Culture Club, appropriately: LSU Assembly Center.

SYMPHONY

Oct.9 and 10
Young People's Concert, conducted by Andrew Massey, Theatre for the Performing Arts, 9:45 a.m. and 11 a.m.

Oct.13
Gala Concert, from the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

Oct.16, 17, 18
Subscription No. 3, from the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

Oct.24
Special Concert for Opening Ceremonies, celebrating the opening of the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

Oct.30, 31
Subscription Concert No. 4, from the New Orleans Museum of Art, from October 6.

FESTIVAL

Oct.4-7

Oct.8 and 7
Children's Hospital Celebration, 200 Henry Clay Ave, information from Larry Lifell at 895-8951. Saturday: Celebration, the Saturday Morning String, the Baton Rouge String Quartet, the Lip-Sync Contest with the Uptowners, sponsored by WWNO.

Oct.14 and 21, 28
Angie Prison Rodeo, if you think (with my combination of reputation and inside
knowledge) that I'm going to make any buckish or brazenly rousing jokes about New Orleans and especially about its festivals. I'm afraid you're just dead wrong. Information from the Warden's Office, Louisiana State Penitentiary, Angola 70712; 504 655-4411, Ext. 2002.

Oct. 9-14
Rapides Parish Fair, Rapides Parish Coliseum Complex, 29W, Alexandria (sounds like London, that 29W except the order is wrong). Information from Mrs. Leon Luttrell, PO Drawer: 1032, Alexandria 71301; 318 473-6605.

Oct. 10-14
Louisiana Cotton Festival and Tour, the latter word undefined by ourUnauthorized U.S. Senate. Information from Margaret Berger, 407 E. Magnolia, Ville Platte 70588; 318 363-4521.

Tangipahoa Parish Fair, Amite Fairgrounds; information from Audrey Currier, 210 E. Mulberry Street, Amite 70422; 504 568-4676.

Oct. 12-14
The Gumbo Festival, Information from the Rev. J. Anthony Luminaries, POB 9069, Bridge City 70044, 504 430-8376.

Legare On The Bayou, which is for New Orleans, a few miles off the levee among these chivalry; one of the paths to the crowds of man-made canals and boulting-golding unions, or through a cemetery where nearly every tomb has a photograph of the deceased on it, the cemetery alone is worth, the cemetery is a very fat sausage, Houston: "So," Luttrell, POB 218, Chouvin 70344; 504 564-5863.

Tamaic Fiesta, Information from Fred Robertson, POB 237, Zwolle 71488, 318 645-9554.

Oct. 13 and 14
Festa d'Italia, Piazza d'Italia, Poydras Street and Mohamed Street. A lâu in the country that gave the world (among other things) the House of Savoy and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The festival has Poles and La Comtesse de Castiglione and Baldassare Castiglione, Antonio Canova (but not Judy Canova), Poro Tosi, and Jacopo Perl. Savannah and Filippo Marzetti, the exhumed lambs and rather criminal practices of the Generals Gang and Big Jim Colesimo and Lucky Luciano, Carcappoli and Chimabue and Boudoni and Salvador Rosa and Martina Peti and Lorenzo Ghiberti and Botticelli, Carlo Peri and Pasolini and Clara Calmatari and Caterina Boratto and Alida Velli and Visconti, Temrazzini and Tamagno and Tita Ruffo, Carlo Emilio Gadda and Alfredo Cardini Ottaviani, Leoncavallo and Valeriano, a list that seems to be eloquent as it is glorious and not even a jab at the surface; information from Joseph Massign, 1538 S. Sceodo, N.O.

Louisiana Art and Folk Festival, Community Center, Columbia; information from Jonathan James, POB 189, Columbia 71418; 318 649-6136.

Oct. 19-20
International Rice Festival, Information from Bill Williams, POB 1900, Crowley 70526; 318 792-2672.

Oct. 20-21
National Ascadian Festival, Hwy. 1 South, Plaquemine. Information from Joe Bryan, POB 452, Plaquemine 70759.

International Alligator Festival, on Anderson Street in the lovely town of Franklin. This reptile supreme always makes up for the August heat and brings two exotic creatures and a cock-a-doodle-doo of Indian drums) is seated astride an alligator (as in, for example, Teppoz trecoses and Grave's evagras and in Mesoamerican figures is also an alligator is being badgered by an incredibly ferocious-looking hippo in Van Der Eems, "The House of Pharaoh"—the ascadian portrait of Pharaoh's Miami? We hope the festival will provide a brass band rendition of "The Great Gatsby," as well as a recording of "The Alligator Pond Went Dry," and that it will provide as Squire Waterlton noted of his 1812 ride on a 30' alligator in the "Islands of South America," "a fine shot for an unoccupied spectator." Information from Renee Burke or Gary LaGrange at the Chamber of Commerce, 303 Anderson St., Franklin 70538, 318 828-1584.

Oct. 19-28
Louisiana State Fair, Information from E. Ed Nelson, POB 9100, Shreveport 71109; 318 635-1951.

Oct. 20 and 21
Ponta Goupee Fair and Festival, and any parish where they filmed most of The Long Hot Summer and the end of Easy Rider be the last. Information from Mrs. Miller Armstrong, POB 368, New Roads 70760; 504 638-6254.

Oct. 20-28
Lousiana Yambala Festival, Information from POB 111, Opeoues 70751; 318 940-6084.

Oct. 20-28
Andouille Festival, Old Drag Strip, LaPlace; the Picayune Creole Cook Book admonishes: "This is a very fat sausage and entirely too rich for delicate stomachs. When tied into large sausages about the length of the hand they are called 'Andouilles.' When tied into small sausages they are styled 'Andouillettes.' The latter are the more delicate." Forewarned is foreshortened, or something like that, information from Frank Fagg, 504 652-6986, or from POB 256, LaPlace 70068, 504 652-2065.

French Food Festival, where one can expect everything to be cooked a la Creole, a la Timpa, or Boulangere, and entirely too rich for delicate stomachs. Information from Mickey Gomez, Drag Strip, LaPlace, POB 217, LaPlace 70068; 504 652-6098.

Oct. 24-28
Catahoula Lake Festival, Keos Park, Highway 28 East Pineville; information from Brian Smith, 318 465-0664, or from POB 160, Pineville 71361.

Oct. 27-29
Cajun and Creole, Festival, Kees Park, Highway 28 East Pineville; information from Brian Smith, 318 465-0664, or from POB 1792 Pineville 71361.

OPERATE

Oct. 2, 4 and 6
Aida, Verdi's extravaganza about the romance of the captive King of Ethiopia's daughter and the not-to-be-future-come in-law of Pharaoh, Radames, was written for the opening of the Suez Canal and can be found on the streets of the wondrous world. Theatre for the Performing Arts. 7:30.

Oct. 23, 25 and 27
Carmen, Bizet's opera about the gypsy, cigarette girls, melodramatic fortune-telling, lovesick soldiers and a bullfight. A failure when first produced. Theatre for the Performing Arts. 7:30.

Oct. 26 and 27
The Tulane University Singers in an all-French program, including Dido and Aeneas. Purcell's solitary operatic masterwork from one of the more lurid passages in Vergil, first produced somewhere around 1690 for Josias Priest's School for Young Gentlemen.
TELEVISION

Music City Schedules: Wed. 17: Pure Light Baptist Church Choir and The Famous Harmonious Brothers of Gospel, 6:30 p.m. Wed. 24: The Followers of Christ and The Heavenly Stars (Best of Gospel), 6:30 p.m.

RUNNING


Sun. 7: Magic on the Mississippi: a 2 mile race, 8 a.m. The course follows the Mississippi Riverfront, followed by a party on the steamer President

Wed. 10: Columbus Day Race, Audubon Park, 2 miles, 6:15 p.m.

Sun. 21: Hot Pink 5K. Prytania entrance to Audubon Park, 8 a.m.

Fox. 16: Witch’s Moonlight Run, 3.1 miles, Marriott Hotel on Canal, 8:00.

New Orleans Track Club Information at 428-6685.

Sun. 7: First 10K in New Orleans: The 1801 Scotch Whiskey Road Race, 8 p.m., Williams Boulevard in Kenner.

Sun. 21: Apple Race, 1 mile and 5K at the Whole Food Company on Esplanade.

FOOTBALL


RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Sun. 7
(continued)

Sun. 28

Autumn in Armstrong Park, the WW2G Helga, in which a motorcycle led by a huge red bull around a WW2 bus leaves Napoleon and Tchoupitoulas, the station’s old standing grounds, around 1 and walk towards Loyola University, past the 90.7 piece (the latter decimal entry is a Teapot-era WW2 Brass Band to escort everyone to the fare). You might recognize Rhythm and Blues Revue, films, refreshments, and it doesn’t sound like Sun

Quote of the Month: “Today’s dictators...the doctor began, and then sat down and quickly ate a piece of jelly roll.”

“Those gentlemen are dead set against things like what we are now eating and drinking, and of course, enjoying. Actually, these dollars and cents are not just the goings-on of the vaudeville managers, tourists of the natural, if not Nature. What do they understand is the future sounds of the natural world: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11...”

Sun. 7: Magic on the Mississippi: a 2 mile race, 8 a.m. The course follows the Mississippi Riverfront, followed by a party on the steamer President.

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JAZZ AWARENESS MONTH

This October marks the Louisiana Jazz Federation's fourth annual celebration of Jazz Awareness Month. Concerts will take place throughout the city. For more information, call 985-7500.

Saturday, 6: Lafayette Square. The Family Tree of Jazz with Kidd Jordan and his 13-year-old son Martin Jordan at 1 p.m., Ellis Marsalis and his seven-year-old son Jason Marsalis at 2:30, Alvin Batiste and Paul Beaudry.

Sunday, 7: Tyler's. Ellis Marsalis at 7 p.m.

Mojo Walls at 7: 2nd Kendall Cram Room of the Tulane University Center. A Tribute to Sidney Bechet with the Creole Rice Band and French clarinetist Jacques Gautier. 8 p.m.

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3514 Magne,


Newcomb College Art Gallery, Tulane, Uptown.


New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through Nov.18: O'Clocks of the City. Through Nov.18: The Art of the Plains Indians; through Nov.4: Louisiana Portraits by Debbie Caffery, Lee Crum and A. Joe. Through Nov.4: Elinor Wylie's Rope, a one-act drama by Jane Chambers. The Art of Cameroon, an exhibition describing, with samples from Noma's large holdings of same, the history of glass-making from Egypt to the end of the last century, but without docents reading from script. Email's wife of the Venetian Glass Neophyls. Noma has also created a film, with a lecture by Dr. Tamara Northern at 5 on Oct.7. 'In Cameron: The Art of Kings, Romans, Commoners.' Noma has also installed a teletypewriter for the deaf and hearing impaired.


Tahir Gallery, 829 Charms, 525-3095, Alvin's cousin. 'Original Paintings by American Masters, including examples currently by John Sloan, Morris Henry Hobbs and Al Green.'


CINEMA

C.G.A., 900 Camp, 523-1216, Oct.3. Wailing, Saturday Morning and Zorns. Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 523-1216, Oct.3. Bringing Howard Hawkes' 1938 comedy about a heroess, a dog, a bone and a paolontologist, and a box office flop which was awarded 2000 Oscars by Katharina Hepburn, Cary Grant, Mary Robson, Charlie Ruggles. Mon.8: The Miracle of Morgan's Creek, Preston Sturges' hard-to-see 1943 comic simonara (Elsie Hutton gets knocked up by a GI whose beloved is a Jap, ends up in a Jap hospital, finds out he's a Jap, etc., but to us, more like--in its cluttered, comicphonic way--a WPA small-town idyll). Fri.10: A Boy Named Charlie Brown, a 1967 feature which has a sequel in the works. Sun.12: Lynne Lynn (Horton's younger sister) tells William Demarest (as Constable Kockenlocker, their papa--pounder that name), "You have a mind like a swamp." Not all that it's crook ed up to be, but a rarity. Thurs.11: Black Legion, a 1936 Warners socially conscious programmer about the KK.K with Humphrey Bogart as the innocent man who gets in­ volved, Erin O'Brien-Moore and a pre­ cox Ann Sheridan; not nearly as much fun as Warner's later KK.K. Extravaganza Storm Warning, which features our President as a mourning Southern Jour­ nalist and the sprints of Doris Day in a bow­ iing alley and Ginger Rogers getting her clothes torn off while being bound to a non­ flaming cross for horsewhipping in the operatic finale. Fri.19: Empire of Passion, a cartoon about a kayser who stays in the public eye. Sat.20: Dalida's Decade of Progress 1930-1940, a study of Louisiana architecture. From Oct.14: new faculty exhibition.

THEATRE


October 1884/Werelegence 27
ship in his beloved Saenger Amusement Company for Paramount stock and now it was
worthless.

"After that, he came to permanently reside at the Saenger and for a while was doomed to help-
lessly watch it slowly decline. When they put the Saenger-Orleans in, it really didn't affect his
daily route through the theatre. He would walk from his big room—later the screening room—
behind the old projection booth, down through the aisle into the wall of the platform under the
Saenger-Orleans screen, seemed to disappear for a short while, then pop out on the Rampart
Street side into the little private five-seat balcony that overlooked the Saenger. From
there, he made his way to the offices in the Rampart Street wing.

"Mr. Shelby, a Saenger employee, talked to him the most but so did others. Some said he
occasionally played the theatre's pipe organ but most people said that was just hearsay, which
probably was true since Mr. Saenger wasn't a musician. He'd comment on the movies and get
furious when they showed junk. He also could predict whether a movie would do good or not.

"Now, there aren't any bad movies for him to get mad about and the Saenger-Orleans screen
with the new projection booth under it isn't there in his path, not that it mattered much. The
only thing for him to get mad about now is the old management who messed-up the special
effects lighting when they put in the new board. And there is only thing for him to get mad about
and the only thing for him to get mad about now is the old management who messed-up the special
effects lighting when they put in the new board. And, in fact, we would keep my two cats
out of there because they would get real strange and crawl around on the floor. Oddly enough,
I was just telling someone this story and they said, 'Did you ever experience anything?' And I said,
'No, but who knows? Maybe I did.' Because my husband and I split up not long after we moved
in there. The couple who bought it from us have already split up. And the old man who lived
there before us had a wife who went crazy. Maybe the house drives women crazy.'

Bishop says she never saw any bloodstains or heard any singing but "my mother, for one,
used to say she could feel spiritual things in the attic. And, in fact, we would keep my two cats
out of there because they would get real strange and crawl around on the floor. Oddly enough,
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MENTION THIS AD!
"A change is gonna come," Sam Cooke once sang, perhaps envisioning revolver-wielding Bertha Franklin, who would later blow him away in a motel room.

Hatchetman, our Aesthetics and Ethics Editor, was recently exposing more or less the same sentiment, perplexed and bothered by the never-ending parade of Musicians With Problems through Wavelength's executive offices. "And if it's not Musicians With Problems," the 'man bellowed, "It's Musicians With Cassettes or Musicians With Blurry Photography!"

Mr. H. is a man of action and like Martin Luther, he is a compiler of lists, which he digs graphs!"

Musicians With Problems through Wavelength's "It's Musicians With Problems," he is a compiler of lists, which he digs graphs!"

Mr. H. is a man of action and like Martin Luther, he is a compiler of lists, which he digs

gnals to our front door. So we were not surprised the other day when, as our limousine pulled up to the curb, we discovered yet another epistle affixed to Wavelength's door, this one entitled:

**GRIM REALITIES**

1. Send us your cassettes, records, photographs, stories—the weirder, the better. Do not expect to have any of these articles reviewed and/or returned. We make no promises. Considering the discerning tastes of many of our critics, editorial silence might often be preferable to public humiliation.

2. We will not hold your hand. If you can't take shit from us, how are you ever going to handle Rolling Stone, People or Bob Guccione? Tighten up and toughen up!

3. Do not call us unless:
   A) You've signed with Columbia
   B) You're shooting a video in Aruba with Vanessa Williams and you want us to come along
   C) You have an original, clear photograph of either Robert Johnson or Chris Kenner.

Do not ever call us at home.

4. You are not the only musician and/or band in New Orleans. We all believe the world revolves around us, that everybody can't all believe the world revolves around us, that everybody can't

5. This is a business. We keep telling ourselves that. You should, too. If we don't sell ads, we don't have a magazine. If your music can't sell beer in local bars, forget it. Or else, marry rich. Then you can buy an ad in our magazine and say whatever you want to say. Get it off your chest! Get down! A little strong, our Editor thought. "These people are sensitive," she said.

"Forget that!" Hatchetman mumbled. "I'll take care of 'em!"

He then proceeded to compose the rest of this month's Last Page:

"Okay, what is this? Charlie Web laying across some girl's lap and the girl has a whip around Charlie's neck? Why are those other three guys so serious? Maybe they don't like getting whipped.

Maybe they do.

Oh, this is a band—Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera! Great name! It's about time somebody used a little imagination around here.

Let's see—the girl's name is Elizabeth Bennett. She's originally from New Orleans, obtained a degree in synthesizer programming, plays saxophone, wears black garter belts on stage. Yes, this is what the world wants! Intelligent sexism!

Uh, the three serious guys are (left to right) John Barr (renowned for his classical guitar endeavors; no relation to John Burr, the local flamenco guitarist), Sal "Waka Waka" Cannatella and Glen Perroux. For their debut, this band spent something like $80 million dollars, which should give you a good idea of the kind of bread they're talking about. If you're starting a new band,

Next, we have Linda Ronstadt, Hatchetman has picked on poor Linda before and since she's a personal friend of this magazine's publisher, there's no reason to get too nasty. After all, the woman donated $500 to this year's Uptown Youth Center fair and sent her regrets, saying she'd love to do a benefit later in the fall with Aaron Neville. How sweet can you get, huh? Speaking of sweetness, where did those Naughty Nurses of Aruba come from?

Norbert Hess profiles James Booker in the latest issue of Blues Forum and it's too bad we can't read German because we'd sure like to hear Norby's side of the story. Booker always claimed that Norby locked him in a German hotel room and stole all his clothes. In the middle of winter!

On to more elegant environs, such as the Blue Room. Some在绍deCrater has gone in there and freaked-out! A cork ceiling! Flopped wallpaper like in every cafeteria between here and Nebraska.

All this is to say, we've included a little bit of everything in this month's Last Page. Let's see: the girl's name is Elizabeth Bennett. She's originally from New Orleans, obtained a degree in synthesizer programming, plays saxophone, wears black garter belts on stage. Yes, this is what the world wants! Intelligent sexism!

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