Wavelength (May 1982)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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To The Editor:

Thank you for writing the article on the New Orleans Public School marching bands in the Carnival parades. The power and the spirit of the hundreds of students who march miles and miles to entertain Mardi Gras revelers needs to be brought to the public's attention.

The marching bands are just another aspect of a wide-ranging music program that has been making a regular contribution to the local, national and international music scene for many years. We are now charting the progress of New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts graduate Wynton Marsalis, who recently released his first jazz album. We are also watching Fortier graduate Gail Gilmore, who recently signed with the New York City Opera.

Someday I hope to be able to work up something in either print or videotape to document the many public school products who have influenced the music we enjoy, from classical to jazz to gospel to R & B, etc.

Al Kennedy
Communications Coordinator
New Orleans Public Schools

To The Editor:

I had to leave a concert the other night. I really wanted to hear the band; it was with great reluctance that I left. But my hearing is more important to my enjoyment of New Orleans than almost any other sense. And the sound man at the concert I left didn't respect that.

In recent tests, over one-half of the entering freshmen at the University of Tennessee had significant permanent hearing loss. There is no way that those freshmen will ever hear the full spectrum of sound again. Why they lost their full hearing ability is important. The best scientific evidence indicates that exposure to excessively loud music is responsible.

The United Kingdom has done by law what the soundman of New Orleans must do voluntarily: limit the level of sound reproduction to reasonable levels. The threshold of pain is not reasonable. Nor is it reasonable for a soundman to wear ear plugs while working a show; is it to protect his hearing while damaging other listeners'?

And what is reasonable is not incapable of determination. OSHA has established sound level vs. exposure time limits to protect hearing. A simple sound level meter (which costs much less than one small P.A. amp) should be an essential tool in the soundman's kit.

More importantly, what must be added by soundmen is the certain knowledge that when they ignore reasonable limits on the sound level they rob the listeners of their hearing just as certainly as they would if they physically assaulted the listener. And that loss can never be regained. If that isn't enough to convince a soundman that he should turn it down, one wonders if that person should be called a professional and accepted by the fraternity of audio professionals.

J. Fred Riley
RF and Audio Consultant
Kenova, W. Va.

Address letters to Wavelength, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, Louisiana 70175. All letters become the property of Wavelength.
SIMPNG 1982

All these concerts are FREE and open to the public.

1ST Week—DUNCAN PLAZA
May 4—New Orleans Circus Band
special performances by
Nelson Camp,
Mario Ramer, and
Tom Foote
May 5—Lady DJ sings Lady Day,
a tribute to Dilly Holiday
May 6—Preservation Hall
Jazz Band with Percy
Humphrey
May 7—The Lifters (Jazz) and
Presentation of a One
Hundred Foot Long Swiss
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2ND Week—DUNCAN PLAZA
May 10—Woody Herman and the Thundering Herd
May 11—Tony Dagradi and his Eleven Piece Ensemble
May 12—Crescent City
Movin' Company
and Junior Company
(dance)
May 13—Boutée Cajun Band
May 14—The Fifth Infantry Division
(Mech.) Fort Polk Band

3RD Week—New Indoor Location—Gollier Hall
May 17 through May 19
11:30 12:15 Winners of the
Contemporary Arts Center’s
New Music Competition
12:15-1:00 Winners of the
Contemporary Arts Center’s
One Act Play Competition
May 20—The Consort of Musicke &
Chanters
May 21—11:30 12:15 Allegro
(Renaissance, Folk to
Reggae)
12:15-1:00 Kumbuka African
Dance Troupe

3RD Week—New Outdoor Locations
May 17—PAN AM PLAZA, Andrew Halls
Society Brass Band
May 18—ITM LOBBY, Jacques St. Laurent
(French Music)
May 19—PIAZZA D’ITALIA, Jasmine (Jazz)
May 20—SPANISH PLAZA, Creole Rice
Jazz Band
May 21—SPANISH PLAZA, NOCCA Jazz
Ensemble

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cooperation with the City of New
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and the Musicians Union.
CONCERTS

Saturday, 1
• Pilobolus Contemporary Dance Theatre, Theatre of the Performing Arts.

Monday, 3
• LeRoux with Atchafalaya, Lafayette Municipal Auditorium, 7:30.

Friday, 7
• George Davis, Contemporary Arts Center Jazz Factory, 11:00.

Sunday, 9
• Austin Blues and Heritage Festival, Auditorium Shores, Austin, Texas. Free admission.
  W.C. Clark, George Underwood, Cobras, Blues Boy Hubbard, Leroy Brothers, Omar and the Howlers, Major Burkes and the Blues Company, Tex Thomas and the Danglin’ Wranglers, Angela Strehi, Lewis and the Legends, Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets, The Dell Kings, Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble, Macumba Love, Mark Pollock and Midnighters, Big Money Rhythm Section, Dr. Hepcat, the Juke Jumpers.

Thursday, 13
• The Pointer Sisters, Riverboat President, 586-8777.

Friday, 14
• Bonnie Raitt, Riverboat President, 586-8777.

Sunday, 16
• Tom Waits, Riverboat President, 586-8777.

Monday, 17
• Charlie Daniels, Saenger Theatre.

Saturday, Sunday 22, 23
• Mardi Gras Chorus, a 70-member chorale group presents “This Is My Country.” 8:00 on Saturday, 3 p.m. on Sunday. McAllister Auditorium.

Sunday, 23
• The Original Temptations, Saenger Theatre. 2 shows.

Sunday, 30
• Smokey Robinson, Saenger Theatre. 2 shows.

CONCERT SERIES

• Brown Bag Concerts. 11:30-1:00 weekdays. Wed. 5: New Orleans Circus Band. Wed. 6: Lady B.I. sings a tribute to Billie Holiday. Thur. 7: The Lifers.

WAVELENGTH / MAY 1982

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Cafe Coat, 729 Conti, 524-4701. Rock 'n' roll in the Quarter. Call for listings.


Hawks, 3027 Jean Lafitte, Chalmette, 277-8245. C&W music, with dance lessons Mondays and Wednesdays 7-9 p.m.


Luigi's, 6319 Elysian Fields, 282-9210.

Luther Kent's 'Till the Rising Sun, 400 Dauphine, 523-8329. Luther Kent and Trick Bag. Thursdays through Sundays 11-4 a.m.

**New Orleans Jazz Hotline**, 482-7185. Call for current jazz listings across the city.

**Noah's**, 1500 Esplanade. Jazz club.


**Old Post Office**, 4000 Downman Road, 342-960. Rock 'n' roll.


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Sir John's, 3232 Edenborn Ave., 887-9858. Rock 'n' roll.


Woody Herman's Club, Poydras Plaza Mall in the Hyatt Regency Hotel, 601 Loyola, 522-8788 or 561-1234. Woody and his Thundering Herd play big band jazz, Monday through Saturday 10 p.m.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Reg. Price</th>
<th>Sale Price</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sanyo FT-1495</td>
<td>Hi-power bi-amp AM/FM in-dash cassette with auto reverse, dolby, fast forward &amp; rewind.</td>
<td>$299</td>
<td>$159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanyo FT-C18</td>
<td>Mini-size AM/FM in-dash cassette with AMSS (music scan), separate bass &amp; treble, pre-amp model.</td>
<td>$249</td>
<td>$120</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sanyo FT-C8</td>
<td>Horizontal or vertical mount AM/FM in-dash cassette mini-size full featured.</td>
<td>$149</td>
<td>$85</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sanyo FT-4700</td>
<td>Eurospec design AM/FM cassette made to fit all European model cars, auto reverse, locking fast forward and rewind.</td>
<td>$219</td>
<td>$119</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sanyo FT-C26</td>
<td>Mini-size AM/FM in-dash cassette, hi-power design with full auto reverse and much more.</td>
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<td>$105</td>
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Recommended Jazz

Because of the recent crossover success of Freddie Hubbard, Gato Barbieri, Spyro Gyra, and the other familiar names booked for evening jazz concerts at this year's Jazz and Heritage Festival, there are three events which have not generated much excitement, and which, for my money, will be the highlight of the festival. Considering the fact that this job is a handy source of extra income for me and that I wish to remain in this city for some time, I do not make the previous statement lightly. The events are Jazz at Tyler's, Jazz at the Faubourg, and Jazz Fest Jam at Prout's. For the first two shows, the festival producers have taken the following group: saxophonist Sonny Stitt and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Billy Higgins, and drummer Billy Higgins (which will be performing at the Fair Grounds). They have booked the horn section with pianist Ellis Marsalis, bassist Jim Singleton, and drummer James Black at Tyler's. For the Faubourg, they have placed the rhythm section on stage with the horns of Earl Turbinton, Clyde Kerr, Jr., and Tony Dagradi.

Ornette Coleman twenty or so years ago. A list of sidemen common to all the guys includes Art Blakey, Lee Morgan, and Jimmy Heath, to name a few. These are musicians who have been in the music for years and continue to tour extensively here and abroad. They have never compromised their musical integrity, always maintaining dedication to growth, particularly regarding improvisation.

Bop is the most natural recent outgrowth of New Orleans traditional jazz, both musically and socially, and its time to be an integral part of the Jazz Fest is long overdue. And these shows will be nothing less than a bebop extravaganza! The quintet can be heard together at the Fair Grounds on Saturday, May 8 at the Kolinda stage. Jazz at Tyler's will be Sunday, May 9 at 8:00 p.m., followed by Jazz at the Faubourg that same evening at 11:45 p.m. Tickets for these events are $9.50 each, and if the music isn't worth much more than every cent, I promise to sell my album collection and go into computer programming.

Debuting at last year's festival, and returning to this year's schedule is the "New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival Jam Session." Last year's event was a success, both artistically and financially, and as practice makes improvement, this time around may be even more phenomenal. The Jazz Fest Jam will be at Prout's Club Alhambra Thursday, May 6 at 11:45 p.m. The three sets will showcase New Orleans finest jazz musicians playing everything from traditional to contemporary. According to the evening concerts producer, Charlie Bering, encouraging spontaneous interaction for the performances is a priority, and for that reason the musicians have not been told exactly with whom they will be playing. Prout's was packed for last year's jam in spite of the late hour and weekday placement in the schedule.

― Brad Palmer

Golden Moments In New Orleans Rock 'N Roll IX

April 1969 — Congo Square is the site of a two-day concert. On this day, it is the largest gathering of New Orleans talent at one place. In fact, the musicians outnumber the spectators at times. From these humble beginnings is born one of the world's most important musical events, the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival.

― Almost Slim

Upcoming TV Attractions

Spotlighted on the upcoming edition of what promises to be a very popular television series, WGMO-Channel 26's Homegrown, will be Allen Fontenot with his Country Cajuns and the Brouse Cajun Band featuring the animated Bruce Daigrepont on accordion. The show, projected for an air-date in early May (an exact time and date has not been set), was taped live at the Napoleon Room on March 19.

Fontenot, remembered for his fiddle-playing antics at the old Cajun Bandstand and known to radio audiences from programs both on WSHO and WWOZ, and Brouse, familiar to New Orleanians from Thursday night stands at the Maple Leaf Bar, were chosen by Homegrown producers Bob Gremillion and David Jones because the two New Orleans bands perform a style of music representative of a lifestyle indigenous to southern and southeastern Louisiana.

The crux of the infant series, which in the past has presented television viewers with performances by the Radiators, the New Orleans Jazz Quintet, the Cold, and most recently the Neville Brothers, according to Gremillion and Jones, has been to focus on the talent of local musicians and diversity of the New Orleans music scene.

With the hope of Homegrown expanding a monthly television experience and the possibility of eventual syndication, the series fills a void in New Orleans television programming that has long awaited to be filled.

― Bradley Gonzalez

Next Step? New Project

Bill Malone, Tulane professor and a Grammy nominee for his production of the Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music, is currently at work on several projects.

The country music compiler and co-author of several music books, including Country Music U.S.A., A Fifty-Year History, Malone is currently completing notes for a country-gospel anthology for the Franklin Mint scheduled to be out later this year. Next will be a Tune-Life collection of Honky-Tonk tunes, followed by an extensive anthology of the legacy of Jimmie Rodgers. This compilation will feature artists from the Twenties and Thirties to the present who were influenced by the legendary singer.

Plans for next year include a forty-song collection by George Jones for Time-Life. In addition, Professor Malone is a contributing editor for the Smithsonian Collection, and will continue to work on their projects during the next few years.

― Margaret Williams

WWOZ/WTUL Benefits Held

The WWOZ New Orleans R&B Revue, Friday, April 16, proved to be an immense artistic success, "one historical moment after another," according to Jerry Borden, program coordinator. A tight show with almost non-stop music, the revue contained everything from a parade around the Municipal Auditorium by the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, to Chuck Carbo's first appearance in 12 years. The evening held many wonderful performances—Tommy Ridgley and his Uncouchables, Walter Washington, and Shirley Goodman provided top-flight entertainment. A surprise appearance by Allen Toussaint and a Fifties jam session with Lee Allen, Dave Bartholomew, and Red Tyler were true highlights of the show.

Despite rain, WTUL's 12th Annual Survival Marathon, March 26-29, also proved to be a success because of the hard work put in by volunteers, especially Barney Kilpatrick, program director, who coordinated groups for Tulane's University Center Quad. According to Glen Schulman, general manager, the marathon would have proved to be an overwhelming success had the weather cooperated. The station received a record number of pledges from listeners.

― Margaret Williams
New Orleanians take their Jazz Fest quite seriously these days. Once upon a time, it was a simple matter of strolling to the Fair Grounds on a spring afternoon to hear some jazz (which has always included blues, zydeco, country music, bluegrass, gospel, rhythm and blues, and various other musical idioms). Church groups sold fried chicken and potato salad, there was plenty of beer, and lots of hand-woven goods and pottery could be purchased cheaply. Some folks got up and danced. No big thing.

The Jazz Fest is still full of good music and good food, but it is definitely no longer a casual affair. The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is now a Dionysian rite, not unlike the bacchanalian pop festivals of the Sixties. Respectable citizens begin their preparations immediately after the courts of Rex and Comus meet at the stroke of midnight; once the festival committee releases the official schedule, strategy begins in earnest. Let's face it, going to the fair requires considerable forethought. You don't just truck-on-over to the racetrack anymore. You plot and scheme.

First off, there is the question of tickets. Buy them in advance. At the gate, the price of admission is now six bucks, as opposed to $4.50 by mail or at the specified locations. In the Age of Reaganomics, that's enough of a savings to warrant getting those ducats early. As an added bonus, your entrance to the Fair Grounds is greatly expedited when you don't have to wait in line for a ticket.

Getting There is not half the fun of going to the Jazz Fest. Simply stated, traffic is a bitch. There is parking at the Fair Grounds, but you could knock off the last three volumes of Proust's Remembrance of Things Past in the time it takes to inch your way to the gate. The good people who live near the track will waste no time in having your vehicle towed away (understandably so) if you leave your love van in front of their driveway or abandon your Trans Am on their St. Augustine grass. Take it from one who knows, it's no fun to return sloshed and stoned after having stayed too long at the fair to find that your wheels have been impounded. It's a downer. So, if at all possible, leave the car and take the bus.

There's also a shuttlebus from the Dome to the Fair Grounds which might be a pleasant way to meet other funseekers. It all sounds a bit like days gone by when you were in grammar school and the class would charter a bus for its picnic at Fountainbleau Park. You might also consider telling a dear friend that your car has thrown a rod and would they mind giving you a lift. Or you could walk or jog or skate. In any case, Getting Back is much less of a problem. A savvy acquaintance, a fellow who has had years of experience attending all sorts of festivals, assures me that if you stand on the corner of Broad and Esplanade, you are bound to see someone you know who will offer you a ride.

Another major consideration is What to Wear. In general, your clothes should be items of apparel that you've been meaning to donate to the Volunteers of America. Be sensible, don't wear anything you might consider wearing again (except perhaps to another such outdoor event). Imagine yourself sitting in the Gospel Tent, dressed in your finery, when your chair collapses and you tumble onto a pile of crawfish heads or melted spumoni. Dress in simple festival elegance: a floppy sunhat, sunglasses, cutoffs and a grubby old tee...
shirt or sundress, and a pair of thongs.

Do not wear any shoes that you aren’t willing to toss into the garbage can on your way out of the Fair Grounds. The official Jazz Fest committee last year announced that there would be no mud for their vernal celebration. Nay, they decreed it, and except for an occasional gust of dust, nature complied. Even if the gods should visit us with torrential rains, the water will drain off the newly redesigned infield, preventing a recurrence of the slippin’ and a-slidin’ that plagued festival-goers in years past. But I still advise against stiletto heels and cordovans. Thongs, old moccasins, running shoes that have seen better days — these are ideal footwear. Finally, it’s a good idea to apply a sun screen if you plan to be at the fair from dawn to dusk.

Should you close out your savings account to attend the festival? Unless you’re one of those souls who feels deprived unless you indulge your every whim, such a move is unnecessary. Ten dollars is a sensible amount to spend on any particular day (discounting the price of tickets). Certainly enough for half a dozen beers and a pleasant, if not sumptuous, lunch.

By John Desplas
Shop around for food, check prices and portions. If you're on a limited budget, you might order a hearty staple like a plate of black beans. If, on the other hand, you feel Jazz Fest is the ideal time to indulge in gustatory delights, by all means make a pig of yourself. One last bit of culinary advice: standing in line for beer and vittles is a drag, and though we are assured that there will be no long waits this year, it's still a good idea to take turns with fellow merry-makers going for a Schlitz and a hot sausage sandwich.

Don't carry a wallet or a purse — there's always some spoil-sport anxious to part "a fool and his money." Just stuff your bills in your jeans and be done with it. Your credit cards and your Express Banque debit card are of no use to you at the Fair Grounds.

Well, it's the first day and you're past the front gate. Now what? I always spend a few minutes watching the ducks in the pond near the entrance, and recommend you do likewise, unless they're being served at one of the food booths this year. Then it's on to the Gospel Tent, a good place to start the day and to bring it to a close. Here is one of the best stages, where you can have a decent view of the performers from just about any vantage point. Which reminds me, unless you feel somehow incomplete without your camera, leave the damn thing home. Frequently you have to spend all your time and energy jockeying for a position where you might, if you're lucky, get a picture of Cleveland Chenier's washboard slightly out of focus. Usually you have to settle for the right buttock of some unsuspecting matron who just happened to pass in front of the lens as you were clicking away, or more likely, the back of the head of one of our city's more noted photographers.

Decide in advance what acts you simply must catch and stick rigorously to your plans. For native New Orleanians, I say be adventurous, spend a day or two listening to bands that don't appear at the clubs about town. Part of what the Jazz Fest is about is an opportunity to see and to hear what's not available on a regular basis. Ferret out the unknown.

You should also obtain a map of the Fair Grounds and acquaint yourself with the various stage locations. Even veteran festival-goers will require some kind of guide since, as of last year, the layout of the stages and booths has been altered. You can save a great deal of time if you know where your musical favorites will be playing, and those extra minutes could be crucial for getting a spot relatively close to the stage.

Finally, a word of advice probably unnecessary for people born and raised on Carnival: remember to pace yourself. Besides the great music at the Fair Grounds, there's also lots of good music at the clubs each night. Take it easy and enjoy all the incredible diversity and flavor of New Orleans music.
The girl group that pushed aside nine Beatles hits to top the charts in 1964 is still together — and still young, talented, and looking good.

The year 1964 was a bad year for New Orleans' musicians. The era of rhythm and blues had passed and Allen Toussaint was still wearing army khakis. In fact, 1964 was a poor year for almost any American sound; the British wave had swept all the male vocalists except those who could surf and sing at the same time. But as the likes of Paul Anka, Bobby Vee and Neil Sedaka sunk, the sirens arose and the "girl groups" took to the airwaves.

You had to stand up and take notice when the Crystals, the Shangri-Las, the Ronettes, the Shirells and the Supremes appeared. There was no questioning Martha Reeves when the Vandellas sang "Summer's here and the time is right for dancing in the streets." And 1964 was a banner year for three young girls from the Calliope Projects, the Dixie Cups.

The first comment to come up whenever you mention the Dixie Cups is that today's group can't be the genuine article: they look too young. Readers can rest assured that two of them, Barbara and Rose Hawkins, have been with the group since its inception, and the third member, Barbara Brown, has been with the group since 1967. Have they cheated the aging process? No, all the members were minors when their classics such as "Chapel of Love," "People Say" and "Iko-Iko" were released, when they had to get their parent's consent before making a move. Barbara and Rosa Hawkins have a classic New Orleans musical heritage behind them. Their mother (under the name of Lucille Meritt) was once the lead vocalist for Papa Celestin's Band. Her daughters have been singing as far back as they can remember in church and school choirs, primarily the Second Corinthian Baptist Church Choir. The girls were close friends and neighbors of another Calliope Project family, the Nevilles, and laugh fondly at remembrances of Aaron's "cowboy-and-Indian days."

Their first step into the commercial side of music came in 1963 when the two sisters teamed up with distant cousins Joan Marie Johnson and Howard Johnson to form the Meltones for the purpose of entering St. Augustine's annual talent show. The Meltones rehearsed nightly and put together the then almost mandatory group uniforms, in their case green dresses. The group didn't even come in fifth place but the three girls got a call from D.J. Larry McKinley who informed them that a talent scout in the audience was interested in giving them a recording contract. The talent scout turned out to be Joe Jones of "You Talk Too Much" fame, an appropriate hit for a singer-turned-promoter whose antics include once sending a copy of the song to Fidel Castro.

According to Barbara, "He told us a long story about going to New York, having a number one record, and traveling all over the world. We thought it was all a fairy tale, that this man had to be out the box, all these things are not going to happen." Joe Jones then started rehearsing the group, renamed the Dixie Cups, with Earl King writing material and Wardell Quezergue doing the arranging.

After Jones did some preliminary scouting, the Dixie Cups drove to New York, found a few record company doors closed, and then went over to the office of Leiber and Stoller.

Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller were, by 1964, at the apex of their songwriting-producing partnership, having produced Big Mama Thornton, the Coasters, Ben E. King, and the Drifters. Leiber and Stoller, along with such assistants as Phil Spector, Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, penned such classics as "Yakety Yak," "Charlie Brown," "Fools Fall In Love," "Spanish Harlem," "Stand By Me," and "Hound Dog." Leiber and Stoller liked what they heard from the Dixie Cups but wanted to see what they could do for a tune which
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had never caught on, even though the Crystals and Ronettes had recorded it, "Chapel of Love." Wardell Quezergue arranged this third version of "Chapel" for the Dixie Cups, who are backed by Alvin "Shine" Robinson on guitar, James Black and Smokey Johnson on drums, Melvin Lastie and Sam Alcorn on trumpet, and Fred Kemp on sax.

Originally "Thank You Mama, Thank You Papa," written by Earl King, was to be the group's first release, but Leiber and Stoller had other ideas. These recording veterans were so impressed by the Dixie Cups' treatment of "Chapel of Love" that they put together a new label for the group to get the news out. With Earl King's "Ain't That Nice" on the flip side, "Chapel of Love" pushed aside nine Beatles hits and in May of 1964 landed at number one on Billboard's charts, and remained there for at least six weeks. In the words of the Dixie Cups, "We had a unique sound; the arrangement had a lot to do with it. This was just our time." An album soon followed, which included another top twenty hit, "Little Bell," and the group soon found itself playing at the New York World's Fair and going to Britain.

How did the group handle all this exposure at such a young age? Rosa Hawkins answers, "The Shirelles became really good friends of ours during tours and taught us a lot about the business. When we came out, we were babies, we didn't know anything about how to dress, how to apply makeup, what to wear for which gig. A lot of things the Shirelles taught us, including one of the most important, to get your rest." When asked if male chauvinism was a problem at this time, the group replies in unison, "Yes." "We always had someone with us when we went out, either Alvin Robinson or Joe Jones; we had to travel well protected."

Leiber and Stoller were easy to work with, according to the Dixie Cups, who feel more at ease calling them Jerry and Mike. They never tried to rein the group in, but would build around the girl's creativity. The story behind the release of another Dixie Cups hit, "Iko-Iko," in 1965 is illustrative. "We were clowning around the studio while the musicians were on break, it was just the three of us using drumsticks on ashtrays and glasses, singing "Iko-Iko." We didn't realize that Jerry and Mike were in the control room with the tape rolling. They came out and said that's great, they had never heard it before, all they added was a calypso box. We had never planned on recording it."

"Iko-Iko" was released as a single and had its first major response in England. By now, manager Joe Jones was involved in what was to become a litany of litigation then with Leiber and Stoller. But the Dixie Cups without Jones promoted "Iko-Iko" on their own, and it ended up being the title track for their second album on Red Bird Records. According to Barbara Hawkins, "Iko-Iko" was actually based on a church hymn which she had learned from her grandmother. But she pointed
out that much of what her grandmother knew came from her Choctaw mother, who included many Indian chants in her teaching. Barbara adds, "It's the type of thing the Indians have always used, inventing new words as they march along." Barbara should know: she reigned as Queen of the Wild Magnolias a few years ago with Bo Dollis and Monk Boudreaux.

Without the group's knowledge, Joe Jones severed the Dixie Cups' ties with Leiber and Stoller and they recorded their last album in 1967, Riding High, for ABC-Paramount. Shortly thereafter Joan Johnson had to leave the trio because bad health was preventing her from touring. The two sisters were faced with the challenge of finding a new singer "who could blend in with our sound," and their thoughts turned to trying out an old neighbor, known to them as "Algebra," Ethelgra Neville, one of the Neville sisters. Joe Jones then found Beverly Brown playing at Laura's Playhouse on St. Bernard Avenue, along with Oliver and the Rockets. What impressed Jones about Beverly was "all of a sudden the mikes went out and she continued singing without missing a note." Beverly Brown was chosen as the third Dixie Cup because her voice was better suited to the group's style, and Ethelgra, who had a family to look after, was worried about touring. Beverly has been with the Dixie Cups for fifteen years now, and they all consider themselves "sisters, but sometimes we fight as sisters do." The selection of Beverly Brown was about the last suggestion of Joe Jones the group would follow.

"Show business is ninety percent business and ten percent show. If the business isn't correct then the show can't be," states Barbara Hawkins. She continues, "Mother always told me 'give credit where credit is due'; Joe Jones discovered us, recorded us, and taught us a lot but he didn't tell us we weren't going to make any money." Rosa adds, "In 1964 we signed a five-year contract with Jones. It must have been the longest five-year contract in history — somehow it extended to 1978. One of the few good things Joe did was to tell us not to accept an offer from Motown, they already had too many girl groups, the Supremes, the Marvelettes, and the Vandellas." Without going into a rendition of the Johnny Vincent blues, Jones, according to the sisters, would take ten percent for booking the group, twenty percent for managing them, and then charge them for being a chauffeur if he drove them anywhere. The best Joe Jones story from the Dixie Cups doesn't involve them, but concerns Aaron Neville, who Jones managed right after "Tell It Like It Is" came out. According to the Hawkins sisters, Frank Sinatra and Sammie Davis Jr. had heard Aaron and were so impressed that Sinatra wanted to put Neville on a nationwide television special with him. But first Sinatra wanted a plastic surgeon to remove the dagger tattoo on Aaron's face, then send him to "charm

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school" and buy him fifty suits before doing the special. Sinatra also offered to put Aaron and his wife Joel on a large weekly salary for the interim. The one thing Sinatra wasn't interested in was managing Aaron Neville, but Jones reportedly told Aaron, "I don't know, I won't have any control." Joe Jones then asked Sinatra for front money to cover unspecified expenses, and Sinatra, already disturbed by Jones' delaying, called off the idea. While Jones' motives may have been questionable, at least he saved us from the horrors of seeing Aaron Neville embracing Richard Nixon, attending Hollywood roasts, and opening his own Vegas club or one in Fat City.

In late 1967, the Dixie Cups decided to stop recording if they had to continue working with Joe Jones. The group continued touring, playing in all fifty states, and made four more trips to Europe. In the early 1970s the Dixie Cups spent more than six months in Thailand entertaining troops and even ventured into Vietnam. Although they aren't exactly clear as to the date, they changed the spelling of their name to Dixi-Kups, not because of any trouble with the American Can Company who gave them, through Leiber and Stoller, permission to use the product's spelling, but to avoid any litigation after finally breaking with Jones. "We didn't want to change our name. It's as hard for a new group to get started as for an old group to come back."

The Dixie Cups view their hometown with a few mixed emotions. Like many musicians and performers, they feel that New Orleans gives belated attention to its own talent. The Dixie Cups were given a special brand of flattery during the mid-Sixties when they discovered, upon returning home for a rest, that another local girl group, the Sugarlumps, had been performing throughout southern Louisiana using their name. "We had been away so much no one knew what we were supposed to sound or look like."

When asked about the strong growth of white girl groups today, Barbara Hawkins laughed. "I saw the Go-Go's on TV and could not believe it; as the Bible says, nothing is new." The group is at a loss as to explaining why there are so few black girl groups today, but attributed their bloom in the early 1960s to the fact that they were "singing about love and boy-girl relationships, things that touched people."

The Dixi-Kups are now mostly playing private parties and are very active in church choirs, especially St. Mark's Fourth Baptist Church. They love playing the Jazz Festival — as Rosa describes it, "you stand on stage and see people enjoying your music as far as the eye can see. The response is amazing."

The Dixi-Kups are looking for new material to record, and are thinking about covering some reggae tunes, but welcome all suggestions. They quickly add "anything we do will be with Wardell Quezerque or Harold Battiste. Our goal is the same as always: to put a smile on someone's face with our music."
The undisputed queen of New Orleans rhythm and blues and one of the city's most loved musicians is still doing her part. No history of New Orleans rhythm and blues would be complete without the story of Irma Thomas. For some twenty-four years people have been calling her the "Queen of New Orleans R&B and Soul." But there's been plenty of ups and downs in that twenty-four years for Irma. Sure there's been hit records, but there's been plenty of dry periods when she had to seek employment other than entertaining.

Thankfully she has bounced back from every setback, using a little luck, a little work, and a lot of talent. Today she's still in the limelight, remaining one of the most popular attractions in the city to a wide variety of audiences.

Irma recently talked about her music and career, with the same pride and humor you hear when she sings.

Now 41, Irma (her maiden name is Lee) was born in Ponchatoula, Louisiana, and brought to New Orleans as an infant. She stayed here until she entered first grade. She then moved to Greensburg, Louisiana for three years, where she stayed with nine cousins. "That's where I first learned to take care of kids," laughs Irma, who has raised four children and now has four grandchildren of her own. "You had no choice with nine cousins."

After the fourth grade, Irma came back to New Orleans to live with her parents in a rooming house behind the Bell Motel. It was here that Irma first became interested in music. "The lounge in the motel had a juke box, and I'd listen to it every chance I'd get. I used to like Clyde McPhatter, The Drifters, Joe Liggins. I remember my favorite song was 'Ida Red' by Percy Mayfield."

Irma also recalls listening to Jack the Cat, Poppa Stoppa, and Okey Dookie on the radio. "A lot of people don't remember the Ritz Theatre," she continued. "It was on Felicity and Magnolia. They used to have Sunday afternoon vaudeville shows. I remember when I was 10 or 11 going to see a movie and a show. It cost $1.50, but it was a real bargain. Besides the movie you'd see your snake dancer, your fire eater, your comedian, and then they'd have groups like The Coasters and The Drifters on the show, too."
To help support her family, Irma left high school to wait tables at The Pimlico Club. It was while waiting on tables at the Pimlico that the 17-year-old was “discovered” by Tommy Ridgley, who invited her up to sing a number one evening. Irma’s boss wasn’t too impressed, as he fired her. But Tommy was, and he introduced Irma (now Thomas) to Joe Ruffino at Ron Records. This lead to Irma’s first release “Don’t Mess With My Man” (Ron 328), which turned into a surprise hit for the young singer, and became a substantial hit on the national R&B charts.

With a hot record in the charts Irma hit the road with Al White’s Band to cash in.

“We all travelled in an old Mercury station wagon — five of us, instruments and clothes — everything!”

Irma feels her early days on the road were the key to her career’s longevity. “There was something about that road, that chittlin’ circuit, that matured you,” explained Irma. “You either grew up or regressed, there was no in between. You either had it or you didn’t, and believe me, they let you know if you didn’t; they would throw cabbages at you.

“Rough? You don’t know what rough was. We went from $4 a day to $50 a night. I wish today’s entertainers could experience what we went through. I used to live on sardines and stage plains (crackers).”

From the beginning of her career, Irma fell under the wing of Percy Stovall, the famed New Orleans promoter. “He was like a Daddy to me,” says Irma. “He taught me a lot about the road. He knew the road like nobody else.”

Irma followed up her initial hit with one more single on Ron, “A Good Man” (Ron 330), which was roughly based on her previous hit. Both Ron releases showcase Irma’s ability as a young female blues shouter.

Her popularity grew substantially in and around town before she moved over to Joe Banashak’s Minit label. In between jobs, Irma was beginning to raise a fami-
ly, which was growing rapidly.

Until the early Sixties Irma's popularity was primarily with the black record buying public, but that changed around 1961. "Ed Nunez started giving Tuesday night dances at Germania Hall so the teenagers could hear the local artists like K-Doe, Sugarboy, Johnny Adams and Bobby Mitchell," she explained. "Back then we'd do three or four songs and split. Then we started going down on Broadway and play the fraternities and then the school dances.

"Back then we were triple-gigged. We'd work a record hop, then a fraternity, and then go play The Sabu Club." During this period, Irma was working

Around 1961 Ed Nunez started giving Tuesday night dances at Germania Hall so the teenagers could hear K-Doe, Sugarboy, Johnny Adams, Bobby Mitchell—and Irma Thomas.

with Danny White's band, perhaps the most popular R&B group in the city.

While on Minot Irma recorded her most popular and biggest local sellers. Her first release in 1961, "Cry On," was followed by the memorable "It's Too Soon To Know," and "I Done Got Over It" in 1962. These strong regional hits insured plenty of work during the early Sixties. When not jumping around to the dances and lounges in New Orleans, Irma hit the road in rather notable fashion. "Back in those times we played a lot of sororities and fraternities all over the south, and we had some fun," laughs Irma. "I remember playing at 25 out of the 27 frat houses in Tuscaloosa. See, during rush week, all the fraternities would try to outdo each other to get rushees. I remember playing on the same block with K-Doe, James Brown, The Drifters, and Hot Nuts. We played Tulane, Milsaps, Ole Miss and LSU. Those kids would get so stoned, I remember they had this stuff called joy juice which was gin, vodka and everything. In fact, one night in Mississippi, one fellow fell into the microphone stand and knocked my front teeth out. But after they integrated the universities they cut all that out."

Few can claim to have played such varied audiences as Valencia, The Apollo Theatre and literally every crossroads along the Gulf Coast. "We played places
nobody else would go," said Irma shaking her head. "We played this place in Pierre Port where everybody's name was Boudreaux, way out in the woods. And let me tell you, they fought like cats and dogs. But they never did fool with me."

In 1963 Irma cut the two sides for Minit for which she is best remembered locally, "It's Raining" and "I Did My Part" (Minit 653). Despite its phenomenal sales in Louisiana and Mississippi, it was not Irma's biggest hit, since it never dented Billboard's Hot 100. Produced by Allen Toussaint, the record represents Irma's early Sixties peak. It presents a more polished, smoother Irma Thomas, in contrast to the bluesier early releases.

Later that year she made the much remembered "Ruler Of My Heart," another excellent record that caused a regional stir. So impressed was Otis Redding, who heard the song while in town, that he covered the song with slightly altered lyrics and title, "Pain In My Heart" became a national hit and helped establish Redding's career.

In 1964, Irma's contract was turned over to Imperial Records, which had bought out Minit. Imperial brought Irma to Los Angeles to be produced by Eddie Ray. The session yielded Irma's biggest hit, "Wish Someone Would Care," a powerful ballad, penned by Irma herself when her marriage was on the rocks.

For Irma Thomas, the biggest year as far as hit records were concerned was 1964. Four of her Imperial singles entered Billboard's Hot 100, and her much-sought-after album Wish Someone Would Care was released. Irma toured heavily on the strength of these records, headlining in just about every city in America, and eventually making it to England in 1966.

"I really did some great stuff out in Los Angeles," says Irma, recalling her Imperial sessions. "I was working with Jerry Ragovoy, who is one of the best songwriters around."

Ironically, of all people, The Rolling Stones decided to cover "Time Is On My Side," which Irma had earlier recorded,
Imperial then decided to record Irma at home, with Allen Toussaint producing the fine Take A Look album and a fist full of singles. Sadly, after 1964, Irma couldn’t dent the national charts again. The kids who had bought Wish Someone Would Care were now buying records by The Beatles and The Dave Clark Five. Irma wasn’t to sign another recording contract until 1967, when Chess entered the picture.

In the meantime, Irma returned to work the Gulf Coast area and New Orleans. Other than cutting some demo records for other artists, Irma didn’t have a new record out until Chess brought her to Muscle Shoals. Irma’s Chess sessions are somewhat ignored but were nonetheless top notch, producing a mild hit with “Good Things Don’t Come Easy,” and stunning versions of “A Woman Will Do Wrong” and Otis Redding’s “Good To Me.” “I got even with him for ‘Ruler of My Heart’,” chuckled Irma.

“Chess was going to do big things for me,” she continued, “but they had a thing where they wanted everybody locked up. They wanted to control my life, and I wasn’t gonna go for that. They had Walden Booking Agency and they would take twenty-five percent of everything.”

“Well, since I wouldn’t go along with their plans, they stalled on my records. I guess I had about three or four singles but they didn’t do much. It’s too bad, because I really liked that Muscle Shoals sound.”

Chess also recorded two other female vocalists in Muscle Shoals around the same time Irma completed her session, and came up with a number of hits by Etta James and Laura Lee. In comparison, Irma’s records were every bit as good.

After the Chess disappoint, Irma’s career hit a downward stretch that musical careers so often take. No one was interested in recording her, and her nightclub work slowed as well.

Irma related this period of her career. “We pretty much were working just on
When Hurricane Camille came along, it wiped out all our work. In fact, it destroyed all the work we had booked. The band disbanded, and I decided to move to California. I figured if I had to start my career all over, I might as well try California since I had some relatives there in Los Angeles.

It was back to square one for her. In Los Angeles, she wasn't "The Soul Queen of New Orleans" but just another good vocalist. I got a job as a clerk in a Montgomery Ward store. On weekends I worked with pickup bands in black clubs.

Irma did run into other transplanted New Orleanians in California like Harold Battiste, Dr. John, Shirley Goodman and Tami Lynn, who turned her onto some session work. Eventually, she was introduced to the colorful performer and producer, Swamp Dog. "Boy he was weird," smiled Irma, shaking her head, "but he knew how to take care of business. We had a small hit with this song, I was really known for like 'It's Raining'."

Periodically, Irma returned to her home for a few dates. In 1974, Irma came home to stay. New Orleans didn't forget her and she was as popular as she ever was as she worked again with bandleader Tommy Ridgley. Her triumphant performance at the 1976 Jazz Festival was solid evidence of that.

Irma signed with Sansu in 1975, but asked for her release after a year. She is still somewhat peeved at them. "They didn't even call me in to pick out material."
The only thing that was recorded was the stuff out at the Jazz Festival. As far as I'm concerned that album released in England (Charly Records, *Hip Shaking Mama*) is a no-no. I didn't sign anything and I had no idea I was being recorded."

It was during this period that Irma met her present manager-husband Emile Jackson, who began helping Irma take care of the business, putting together her own band and handling the bookings.

In 1977, Irma was approached by John Fred, who produced the *Soul Queen of New Orleans* album, which was leased to Floyd Soileau, at Maison de Soul. The band's project was a low budget, but nonetheless pleasant effort running through an assortment of her old tunes. Meantime, her work increased around town, including private parties, the uptown music clubs, and of course, the Jazz Fest.

Irma's latest recorded effort is the contemporary album *Safe With Me*, which she recorded in 1980 for Cyril Vetter's Baton Rouge-based RCS label. After much initial attention, sales of the disc fell off. "I've been lucky, I still get good local airplay, WTIX and WNOE played *Safe With Me*, but the black stations wouldn't touch it."

"I really admire RCS; they wanted a good album and they almost covered the globe to get one. But promotion wise, I guess they had their head someplace else. I can't knock 'em, it just didn't work. I guess disco was just on the way out, and maybe my public didn't like me doing disco."

In summing up her frustrations with the recording industry, Irma shrugged and said, "At this point, I've come to the conclusion I'll never have another national hit. You gotta have big bucks. It's been my luck that I'm either with a big company that won't promote, or a small company that can't afford to promote. I just don't know what to record anymore. You can't live in the past, but basically that's what I've been living on." But she adds, "You can't knock a successful thing."

Irma Thomas does have a successful causeway travel:

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**WAVELENGTH / MAY 1982**
thing. Today she lives in a comfortable home in Airline Park with her manager/husband, Emile Jackson. The 1982 Mercedes parked in the driveway with Irma T tags is further proof of Irma's success.

Recently Irma has found a new medium to showcase her talent — local television commercials. Surprisingly they were not her first. "I did a Coke commercial when I was about 20. A lot of people don't know I was one of the first blacks in the south to do a commercial."

"I love to do them, and I hope to get some more," she added. "I never realized how much work and money goes into one. I even get requests to do the Gulf State Coin Exchange commercial on my shows. It's kind of a catchy jingle, but I think people are really fascinated by me flashing money."

Irma's show of 1982 is still highly entertaining, and loads of fun. Besides the obvious high quality of the music, Irma manages to make her energy and enthusiasm contagious to her audience. "It's not always easy," assured Irma. "Sometimes I get on stage and people just sit there dumbfounded. I know they're thinking, 'She must be in her fifties, what's she up there dressed like that for?' Sometimes I have to stop in the middle of a song and say 'Look. Y'all must be used to the way I look by now, why don't you just have some fun?' It usually works."

There's no doubt that Irma portrays a youthful image, one that has caused writers (including this one) to label her the 'world's sexiest grandma.' Irma laughs at such a referral but admits she has to work hard at staying in shape. "I'm prone to gaining weight, and I love to eat out. But if I get a few pounds over what I'm supposed to weigh, I get back on a diet." Irma also jogs three days a week in Audubon Park, and bowls Wednesday evenings, in between indulging in her favorite hobby. "I love to shop," admits Irma. "My husband is the saver and I'm the spender."

Irma gives a lot of the credit for her present success to her husband, Emile Jackson. "I only have to worry about singing. Emile takes care of the business. He fires and hires the musicians. He bawls me out if I give a half-assed show. If I don't get up on stage and give an hour of Irma Thomas, I get two or three hours of Emile Jackson. And it's paid off. We've got more bookings, and I think people really get their money's worth when they come see us. We've really got a great band too (The Professionals). He rehearses them twice a week back in the garage."

What does the future hold for Irma? "Well," she says pensively, "Just keep singing and maybe do a few more commercials."

"You know what I'd really like to do?" she chuckles. "When I'm about 60, I'd like to think I'll still be worthwhile enough for some fancy hotel to hire me to sing in their cocktail lounge. Can't you just picture me with an old gray-headed man playing piano with me singing 'It's Raining'?

But somehow I can..."
Getting their own gold and making their own rules, life's getting easier for these music lovers.

Charlie Brent looks over the desk at me and delivers a leading contender for this year's Understatement of the Year award: "Things are goin' good for us in 1982."

"Us" is he and Luther Kent, friends and partners of long-standing; and Trickbag, the ten-piece band Kent leads and Brent writes, arranges and plays guitar for. "Things" are a whirlwind of happenings that seem to be falling into place rapidly and perfectly for the two, like a film of an explosion run in reverse.

Luther Kent, "the ursine Luther Kent" as Figaro used to call him, has been singing Crescent City blues since he was fifteen. Saddled with the moniker "Duke Royal" by his first manager, Kent first played in the old clubs out Airline Highway; in something of a reverse breakthrough, he was the first white performer to appear at some of the black night clubs, where his gravelly, belt-em-out blues style crossed all color lines. During this time, between ages fifteen and eighteen, he recorded about ten singles (Kent has no copies of his early recordings, and even had to fork out big bucks for one of his first albums, found on a "rare records" shelf at a local store). His first hit was "Your Love is a Monkey on my Back."

As Kent's popularity grew, and he began headlining at larger and more prestigious clubs, he attracted attention from the national recording industry. He signed a contract with Lou Adler, who at that time was head of Ole records, an A&M subsidiary. Instead of being his breakthrough to the big time, though, the contract became a major impediment to the singer's career. As an exclusive agreement, it prohibited Kent from recording with or for anyone else; yet Adler basically put him on a shelf for the duration, tied him up for the whole five years. In the middle of this time came the kind of offer musicians fantasize about: at the height of the band's popularity, lead singer David Clayton-Thomas quit Blood, Sweat and Tears, and Luther Kent was invited to replace him.

Kent did two U.S.-Canada tours with BS&T, in 1974-75, but was never able to appear on any of their albums because of the contract with Adler. Consequently, he was never entirely able to solidify his position with the band. It was a frustrating situation, but Kent takes the positive approach to it, the "look what it did for me," not the "look what I coulda done." In retrospect, he expresses no bitterness.

There have been fewer spotlights on Charlie Brent during his career, but he has been to places and levels similar to Kent. In the late Sixties he was something of a prodigy on the West Coast/Vegas scene, writing charts for a number of big acts. From 1969 to '71, he was with Wayne Cochran; Brent put Cochran's band together, arranged the music and led the musicians, and towards the end, basically held the act together. After that gig ended, Brent continued to arrange and play with various people. He also taught music; his most notable pupil to date is eminent bass player Jaco Pastorius, formerly of Weather Report. Pastorius
played with Cochran for a while, and worked with Kent in BS&T, and Brent considers him one of the best he's ever seen.

Kent and Brent (there might be a drugstore chain in there somewhere) put Trickbag together about four years ago, under circumstances that would be unusual anywhere but New Orleans. Wavelength editor Connie Atkinson, then with New Orleans Magazine, was doing a story on Kent; the standard "what are you doing now" question came up, and in one of those historic moments, Luther and Charlie decided they were working with a big band.

"Who's in this band?" was the next question, recalls Kent. "I said, 'I dunno, let me get on the phone,' and there we were, calling prospective members while the article was being written." It was Atkinson who suggested the name Trickbag, and the rest, as they say, is history. Of the original band, only Kent, Brent, and lead trumpeter John Brem remain; such well-known local talents as Johnny Vidacovich, James Singleton and Tony DaGradi have played with the band at various times.

Luther Kent and Trickbag have headlined regularly at the Old Absinthe, Crazy Shirley's and the now defunct Blues Saloon, and their large and faithful audience is comprised mostly of the after-hours Quarter crowd. Frequently big name performers in town come to see the guys, looking for some late night entertainment, and end up on stage. Kent has a story for each one: Rickie Lee Jones, Bonnie Bramlett -- "a beautiful person and a wild woman," BS&T; even Peter Frampton -- "Frampton is one of the world's great guitarists. I'm not even a Frampton fan, but he played with us, our arrangements." "You gotta laugh," Brent.

"He had his hair cut short, and when he told me he was Peter Frampton, I just looked at him -- he's a little dude -- and I said 'Yeah, and I'm Muhammad Ali.'" The conversation dissolves in laughter, but the point remains clear: a lot of very talented people have a lot of respect for Luther Kent and Charlie Brent.

For this interview, the "what're you doing now" question is easier to answer, but takes at least as much time to cover as it did four years ago. For one, there is the album, It's in the Bag, released around Mardi Gras parade by mistake, and if the crowds attending the opening weekend are any indication, Kent has a gold mine going. His regular following is faithful, and the band appreciates deeply. While he and the band are away, and perhaps on nights when they're not playing, other local musicians will be featured, providing variety for the patrons and something of a built-in audience for some deserving talents.

In all, Charlie Brent and Luther Kent are reaping many benefits from their many labors. They deserve them, and are putting back what they're getting out. Kent puts it best, describing the deeply rooted motivation behind this storm of activity: "We want to make a statement, one that lasts since the Fifties, that good music, good records can be made as well in New Orleans as anywhere in the world."
In the stacks of the venerable Jazz Archives at Tulane University, there is a folder bearing the name "Brother" Percy Randolph. The folder is thin. It contains a biographical information sheet, dated September 5, 1958, which reads: "His junk wagon is now 23 years old. He was born sometime in 1914 in New Orleans, but he doesn't know the date of his birth."

There are also receipts verifying the fact that Percy Randolph received on two occasions, in recompense for his musical services, the sum of fifteen dollars. Beneath his name—written in the hand of whoever made out the receipts—is a large scrawled X.

On another page there is a list of references to Brother Percy that have appeared in various media. These include two mentions of his name in connection with the Jazz Fest, and two reviews of an LP called *Possum up the Simmon Tree* on which Brother Percy accompanies the more widely known guitarist and singer Snooks Eaglin.

One of the reviews appears in *Ethnomusicology*, an erudite journal featuring articles such as "Toward an Understanding of the Sogo in Atsai" in which the writer, by the use of complex diagrams and verbal description ("Pulses as well as patterns can modulate, for a point common to all pulses is already present in each of the two tie points equidistant in the cycling of the bell, figure 17"), and attempts to explain recreational drumming and dancing in Southeast Ghana.

I recently visited Brother Percy. He lives alone in a ground floor apartment at the very back of the Iberville projects on North Rocheblave Street.

After noting that Brother Percy is "perhaps the most interesting performer on the record," the *Ethnomusicology* critic notes, "the vocal harmonies in parallel thirds demonstrates the continuity of African musical traditions in Black America, despite the songs' commercial origins."

He had been somewhat suspicious of an interview. Our initial telephone conversation dwelt at considerable length and confusion on the subject of money. First, he expressed fears people would think he had lots of money if he appeared in a magazine. Then, he told of the many times he had been short-changed in the past by people who would come by to hear him play and either not pay him at all or pay him less than he expected.

Finally he was "all jammed up" with things to do. Brother Percy's current financial mainstay is the fix-it business, with a specialty in fans. And he had to bicycle uptown to pick up a broken fan from a lady. At last, with a sense of...
he has always played. His instruments are the harmonica and the washboard. He has always had some sort of personalized vehicle. It used to be a large pushcart with an automobile steering wheel on the back. Now, he tends to use an old bicycle with a grocery cart hitched on like a trailer. As he makes his rounds, collecting broken appliances for repair, or resale, he habitually plays his harmonica. Unlettered and untutored, he has always played for his own amusement. That's how he was discovered, over two decades ago, by folk music enthusiasts. And that's how he remains today.

Brother Percy comes to the door, holding his harmonica and a microphone in one hand and trailing a long cable that is connected by a maze of wires to various amplifiers and speakers he has salvaged and rigged. In fact, everything in the small, cluttered room attests to the ingenuity of the inveterate scavenger. The apartment is a cluster of green cubicles stacked in his living room, waiting for repair. There is also a line of aluminum and plastic kitchen chairs against one of the walls, a bed with flowered sheets littered with second-hand records, a stuffed toy cocker spaniel, an empty canary cage. Curtains are tacked to the screen doors, draped in the archways and hung before the bare recess that serves as a closet. They are all figured patterns, in clashing colors and designs.

Off in one corner is a silent black-and-white television on which flickers the pan­tomimed euphoria of an afternoon game show; the sound track, by some quirk of Brother Percy's homemade wiring, erupts at odd intervals from within his bedroom.

Brother Percy is a shortish, dark-com­plexioned man. He is wearing neat, if somewhat worn, slacks and a shirt. He has a brown stocking cap on his head and a silver horseshoe ring on one finger. His left eyelid is closed over a sunken socket. He lost the eye as a child of four when he fell against the corner of a brick. Sometimes they did at Charity when they treated him, he claims, destroyed the hearing in the left ear as well. Now, he says the hearing in his good ear is failing. Because of the eye, he receives a disability check. It is not enough to live on by itself, but he has some anxiety about losing that income, if he earns too much by other means.

Brother Percy walks around in the limited space, trailing the mike chord and huffing complex patterns of sound on the harmonica, which he seems almost to have swallowed. Then he stops and sits on a tiny child's chair, about a foot high, upholstered in scraps of bright oil cloth.

"I been getting short-winded," he explains. And then he starts talking about his current most pressing problem: finding an accompanist for the upcoming Jazz Fest appearance.

From the beginning, Brother Percy and I have had a bit of difficulty in communication. This is partly due to our difference in background, partly due to a noisy old oscilator fan just above his head, and partly due to his teeth—which are missing, and which I later encounter floating in a water-filled Vaseline jar on the bathroom sink, next to a bottle of Lilac Vegetal aftershave, beneath two drip-drying polyester shirts.

"I used to play with Babe Stovall, the guitar player, 'til he died," says Brother Percy. "Then I played with Freddie King, another guitar player. But Freddie found a woman and went away. I don't know where he's at. There's another boy, but he ain't so hot. He can't play the chicken song."

"The chicken song?" I say, shuffling my chair closer, trying to hear.

"Coo, cucka, pukka, pukka," Brother drops into a vocal approximation of aroused poultry.

"And at the same time, I beat on the washboard with four thimbles on each hand."

He nods to a washboard painted gold and decorated with carnival double­

"Of course, I made that record with flyin' snow, but I never did get no royalties off that."" Flyin' snow?" I repeat, shuffling my chair still closer.

...
“Flying snow?” shouts Brother in amazement.

“Who did you make a record with?” I persist.

“Blin’ Snooks,” he enunciates painfully. Blind Snooks Eaglin. “People heard me playin’ my harmonica and put me on that record. They know me all over town. I be riding my bike and play my harmonica. I used to tap dance, too.”

“Tap dance, you mean like on Bourbon Street.”

“With my tongue.”

I now shuffle so close, Brother probably wonders if I intend to kiss him. But he picks up the microphone and once again, nearly swallowing it, starts emitting a clickety-clacking sound that is like a perfect tap dance routine. He gives me a look of triumph, not unmixed with irony.

“That’s ‘Pork Chop and Veal Chop,’” he says, “That’s on the record.”

The record — Posoph up a Simmon Tree — is very much on Brother’s mind. It was released in 1958 and recently re-issued by Arhoolie Records. Brother has a copy of the re-issue, but no turntable to play it on. He points out where his name appears on the jacket. Then, without getting off the tiny chair, he reaches for a dented metal box with a handle improvised from insulated electric wire and out-sized hasp and lock. From his pants pocket he draws a key ring on a long chain. He opens the box and selects from a pile of bargain brand cassettes a soiled tape.

“They selling this record for ten dollars,” he says. “You know Snooks is getting paid. But I can’t find those people. They making money off me and I don’t see no money.”

He puts the tape on a portable player and listens with evident satisfaction to his performance of 24 years ago.

The way Brother got on the Snooks Eaglin tape is typical. He was living in the French Quarter then (Fronta town, he calls it). He was sitting out on the sidewalk, cleaning old gas stoves and playing his harmonica. Paul Crawford, a dixieland trombonist who lived across the street, heard Brother and was bowled over by what he calls, “one helluva blues harp.” Crawford told his friend Dick Allen, at that time an inveterate amateur musicologist, later director of the Tulane Jazz Archives. Allen and a fellow enthusiast got Brother, Snooks and a harmonica-playing auto mechanic named Lucius Bridges together at the Eaglin family house and taped a session. It was all done in the great tradition of New Orleans musical chaos. “Just kind of thrown together,” as Allen says. Eaglin, the blind guitar virtuoso, kept insisting, to the exasperation of the folklorists, that his favorite song was “Malaguena.” And Snooks’ father, Fird, at one point grabbed his own harmonica and started joining in from the kitchen.

Brother has two solo harmonica tracks on the record: an imitation of a freight train, and an imitation of a Model T Ford
Brother chuckles, listening to the old routine on the scratchy tape.

"I'm 67 years old," he says, when the tape is over. "When I was younger, everything was coming in bloom. I was getting better, better and better.

"I was raised and born right here in New Orleans. On Gray Street, they call it. One of seven children. My daddy left. Went up north and we never did see him again. My momma was getting a check to support us.

"I used to run off and play hookey. My brother too. They caught him and put him in a home. But they couldn't catch up with me.

"I stopped school in the second grade. I can't write and I can't read. I be on top the world if I could read.

"I be out in the street, always, me and my harmonica."

"I learn from people, like that fellow they call Harmonica Al. Used to have a shoe stand on Rampart Street. Could eat up a harmonica.

"I used to sell stone coal. Go to the coal yard, way back-town, by Elysian Field Street. Buy fifteen dollars worth of coal. Had a wagon with automobile tires. I be out and around, calling 'co-al, co-al, do you want my co-al.' Sell it two fifty for a small bushel, three and half for a big bushel.

"I used to 'pedal'. Watermelon, oranges, eating pears, cooking pears, garlic. All that stuff.

"I had a push wagon with a steering wheel on the back. People said, 'that man got a nice little wagon'.

"I never did marry, but I had a girl friend."

People know me all over the French Quarter. You just ask about Brother, they'll tell you. I go weekends to the flea market and try to sell some fans and stuff.

"I got a friend down there, a white fellow. He drives the horse carriages. He can play the harmonica. I went by his house. He got records from the front door to the back. He got two cases full of harmonicas."

Brother looks down glumly at the two somewhat battered harmonicas among the cheap tapes in his dented metal case. He sits for a moment, in silent envy, perhaps, of his white friend's wealth of harmonicas. Then he looks up and says, with grudging admiration:

"That white boy, though, he can play the chicken song."
THE MOST HORRIBLE TIME OF THE YEAR

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

IT'S 2:37 A.M. IN SLEEPY NEW ORLEANS...

TIME OF YEAR

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

WE'LL BE IN NEW ORLEANS AT 9 A.M.
WALTER! Dis is lil' Olive - she's from Missouri - like Chuck Berry - HA!! HA!! HA!!

Y'know - da show me state sho' nuff' rite, waltie! HA!!

Glad ta know you. Dis is really the most horrible time of the year for me. I don't know if I can be much of a host...

Ah, just show us where ta dump our bags...

An' I wanna slip inta sump'n differen' before we head out to da fairgrounds... gimme an hour or two...

I got some dynamite toot fo' ya ta sample... HA!

2 hours and 13 minutes later, Lester drops out of his car...

Okay, Waltie - I'm ready!

Let's burn rubber!

Got dat cocoa butter, Olive bag?

Our Lady
AT THE FAIRGROUNDS...

AWRITE, BRA...

WOTTA SHOT!

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL

JESUS! I'M SPLITTIN' DIS IS WEIRDIN' ME OUT!!

OUR NEXT EPISODE: PSYCHEDELIC APOCALYPSE

WAVELENGTH / MAY 1982
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>11:30 ON</td>
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<td>Monday</td>
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<td>Dr. John at Tipitina's</td>
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<td>Tuesday</td>
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<td>Enjoy Sheila's Fresh Cookies &amp; Pastries</td>
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<td>Wednesday</td>
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<td>Thursday</td>
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<td>Now In! Tipitina's T-Shirts!</td>
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<td>The Radiators</td>
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### SUNDAY, MAY 2

**Stage 1**
- 12:45-2:15: Tom Ridgey w/Jessie Hill & Bobby Mitchell & Ernie K-Doe
- 2:45-3:30: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown
- 4:00-4:45: Clarence "Frogman" Henry
- 5:00-5:45: Percy Mayfield
- 6:15-7:00: Dr. John

**Stage 2**
- 12:15-1:00: Southeastern Jazz Ensemble
- 1:15-2:00: Caledonia Society
- 2:30-3:15: Sassy Courville & The Mamou Hour Cajun Band
- 3:30-4:15: Night Breeze
- 4:30-5:15: Sybil Klein's Gumbo People
- 5:45-6:30: Odetta

### SATURDAY, MAY 8

**Stage 1**
- 1:30-1:45: St. Augustine Jazz Band
- 2:15-2:30: B. B. King
- 3:30-4:30: Earl King w/The Deacon John Blues Revue
- 5:00-5:45: Pete Fountain
- 6:15-7:00: The Neville Brothers

**Stage 2**
- 1:15-1:30: Mardi Gras Chorus
- 1:15-2:00: White Eagles
- 2:15-3:00: Ronnie Kote Trio & Friends
- 3:15-4:00: Dewey Balfa & Friends
- 4:15-5:00: Roosevelt Sykes
- 5:30-6:15: Rasye Mayne Trio

**Stage 3**
- 12:45-1:30: Rock-A-Byes
- 2:00-2:45: Tim Williams Band
- 3:15-4:00: Sonny Landreth Blues Band
- 4:30-5:15: John & Mary Davis, Cedar Black & Bobby White
- 5:45-6:30: Woodenhead w/Anigene Tocla

**Stage 4**
- 12:15-1:00: Leyla Faculty Jazz Ensemble
- 1:15-2:00: Diahnus
- 2:30-3:15: James Rivers Movement
- 3:45-4:30: Rita Marley
- 5:00-5:45: Batiste Brothers
- 6:00-6:45: Dave Bartholomew

**Jazz Tent**
- 12:30-1:15: Fred Kemo Quintet
- 1:30-2:15: Placid Adams Original Dixieland Jazz Band
- 3:30-4:15: Ramsey McLean & The Lifters
- 4:30-5:15: Sonny Stitt, Eddie "Leeke" Davis, Cedar Black
- 5:45-6:30: Danny Barker & The Jazz Hounds w/Blue Lu Barker

### SUNDAY, MAY 9

**Stage 1**
- 12:15-1:00: B. B. King
- 1:15-2:00: Henry Grey Blues Revue
- 2:45-3:30: Caliente
- 3:45-4:30: Irma Thomas
- 5:00-5:45: Etta James
- 6:15-7:00: Allen Toussaint

**Stage 2**
- 12:45-1:30: ODCCA
- 2:00-2:45: Walter Payton
- 3:15-4:00: Tuts Washington
- 4:15-5:00: James Booker
- 5:30-6:15: Louis Armstrong Slim and "Slim" "Chick" "Boo" "Hoo" "Son" "Rat" "Gee" "Woo"

**Stage 3**
- 12:30-1:15: "Slim" "Chick" "Boo" "Hoo" "Son" "Rat" "Gee" "Woo"
- 1:30-2:15: B. B. King & Friends
- 2:30-3:15: John & Mary Davis, Cedar Black & Bobby White
- 3:30-4:15: Ramsey McLean & The Lifters
- 4:30-5:15: The Great "Kidd" Jordan
- 5:30-6:15: The Blues Rockers

**Jazz Tent**
- 12:30-1:15: New Nation Oriental Footstool Orchestra
- 1:00-1:45: Rod Tyler & The Gentlemen of Jazz w/Germane Bazzie
- 2:30-3:15: Thomas Jefferson
- 3:45-4:30: James Black
- 5:00-5:45: Earl Tuffington
- 6:00-6:45: Percy Humphrey

**KONDOU**
- 12:15-1:00: Khadja's Afro-Ethnic Dance Ensemble
- 1:30-2:15: Wild Magnolias
- 2:30-3:15: Muzik International
- 3:30-4:15: Sonny Landreth Blues Band
- 4:00-4:45: Excuma
- 5:15-6:00: Lacy B. J. & Company

**Gazette B**
- 1:00-2:00: Bongo Joe
- 2:00-3:00: Buddy Ellis Group
- 3:00-4:00: The African Family Band
- 4:00-5:00: The Creole Joe

**Gospel Tent**
- 11:30-12:00: The Spiritual Wonders
- 12:30-1:30: The Mighty Charriers
- 1:30-2:30: The Heavenly Stars
- 2:30-3:30: N.O. Spirituallettes
- 3:30-4:30: Greater St. Stephen's B.C. Choir
- 4:30-5:30: The Senegalese Brothers Choir

**Kids**
- 12:00-1:00: The Sunbeams
- 1:00-2:00: The Game Changers
- 2:00-3:00: The Great St. Stephen's B.C. Choir
- 3:00-4:00: Greater St. Philip's B.C. Choir
- 4:00-5:00: Greater St. Phillips B.C. Choir

**Parade**
- 2:45 P.M.: Majestic Brass Band
- 3:00-3:30: Dirty Dozen Brass Band
- 3:30-4:00: Treme Sports Boosters & PC
- 4:00-4:30: New Orleans Big Band
- 4:30-5:00: The Creole Joe

**Scene Bosticke SA & PC**
- Fun Lovers SA & PC

**Sports Tent**
- 10:30-11:00: Olympic Gymnasium
- 11:00-11:30: Olympic Sports Hall
- 11:30-12:00: Olympic Swimming Pool
- 12:00-1:00: Olympic Track & Field
- 1:00-2:00: Olympic Basketball
- 2:00-3:00: Olympic Soccer
- 3:00-4:00: Olympic Volleyball
- 4:00-5:00: Olympic Softball
- 5:00-6:00: Olympic Football
**SATURDAY, MAY 1**

**Stage 1**
- 12:30-1:15 - The Family Players
- 1:45-2:30 - The Cold
- 3:00-3:45 - Willie Tee
- 4:00-4:45 - Luther Kent & Trick Bag
- 5:15-5:45 - Rusty Kershaw
- 6:15-7:00 - Doug Kershaw

**Stage 2**
- 12:00-12:45 - East St. John High Jazz Band
- 1:00-1:45 - Square & Round Dance Association w/Johnny Creel
- 2:15-3:00 - Black Eagles
- 3:15-4:00 - Carlos Sanchez
- 4:30-5:15 - James Rooster
- 5:30-6:15 - Henry Butler (Piano)

**Stage 3**
- 12:30-1:15 - Booby Breaux Quartet
- 1:45-2:30 - Allen Fontenot & the Country Cajuns
- 3:00-4:00 - Tabby Thomas & The House Rockers
- 4:30-5:15 - Danny McLean
- 5:45-6:30 - Mars

**Stage 4**
- 12:15-1:00 - UNO Jazz Band
- 1:15-2:30 - Pedro Valadezaro "Sonora Latina"
- 2:30-3:15 - Buckwheat Zydeco
- 3:30-4:15 - Wendall Band
- 4:45-5:30 - Fats Domino
- 5:45-6:45 - A Taste of N.O. W/Little Sunny

**Jazz Tent**
- 12:00-12:45 - Holy Cross High Jazz Ensemble
- 1:15-2:00 - Lady Charlotte's Jazz Band
- 2:30-3:15 - Astral Project
- 3:30-4:15 - Wymon Marsalis
- 5:00-5:45 - Louis Nelson Big Six

**KING**
- 12:15-1:00 - Xavier Jazz Lab Band
- 1:30-2:15 - Edward Perkins Group
- 2:30-3:15 - Voodoo Macumba
- 3:30-4:15 - Golden Stars
- 4:00-5:15 - The Dog Ear Group
- 5:45-6:30 - George Pask African Ensemble

**Gazebo A**
- 1:45-2:30 - Jim Turner
- 3:00-3:45 - Butch Madden
- 4:15-5:00 - David and Roselyn

**Gazebo B**
- 1:15-2:00 - Scott Stidou Trio
- 2:30-3:15 - Snooks Eaglin
- 3:45-4:30 - Hazel Schneider & Delta Ramblers
- 4:45-5:30 - Beausoleil

**Gospel Tent**
- 12:00-12:35 - Greater Asia B.C. Choir
- 12:45-1:15 - The Religious Five
- 2:00-2:35 - The Spiritual Wonderers
- 2:30-3:15 - Union Bethel A.M.E. Cathedral Choir
- 3:20-3:55 - The Friendly Travelers
- 4:00-4:35 - The Southern Bells
- 5:30-6:15 - The Oil Family
- 6:30-7:05 - Pentecost Youth Choir

**Parades**
- 6:00-6:35 - Modern Choir Parade

**Kids**
- 12:00-1:00 - Lusher School Choir
- 1:00-2:00 - New Orleans School of Music Choir
- 2:00-3:00 - N.O. Free School Village Kids
- 3:00-4:00 - Ms. Salley, Storyteller
- 4:00-5:00 - Aesop's Fables
- 5:00-6:00 - Human Unity Council

**Parades**
- 6:00-6:35 - Modern Choir Parade

**Dec Paulin Brass Band**
- Mellow Fellow Big Four SA & PC
- Gentlemen of Leisure SA & PC
- Burgundy Ladies SA & PC

**VENUE**
- Turbine Street - 7:00 P.M.
- Caribbean - 8:00 P.M.
- Greater Asia - 8:30 P.M.
- UNO - 9:00 P.M.
- Jellyroll - 9:30 P.M.
- Union Bohemian - 10:00 P.M.
- Old Town - 10:30 P.M.
- Gentlemen of Leisure SA & PC
- Burgundy Ladies SA & PC

**ADMISSION**
- Adults: $4.50 advance/$5 at gate
- Children 13 and under: $1.50 advance/$1 at gate
- Tickets for all events at all Ticketmaster locations.
- All D.H. Holmes stores, Tulane Univ. Church, Superdome, Leisure, Loring, Mutual.

**Call 504-267-3072**
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<td>DELBERT McCLINTON</td>
<td>Spencer Bohren &amp; John Mooney</td>
<td>THE CHRIS BARBER BAND with special guest DR. JOHN</td>
<td>THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</td>
<td>ROCKIN' DOPSIE AND THE TWISTERS</td>
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<td>01</td>
<td>MARCIA BALL</td>
<td>DR. JOHN AND THE LOUISIANA ILLUMINODS</td>
<td>The Astral Project (2 to 6)</td>
<td>The Lifers with Sam Rivers (midnight)</td>
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<td>9' QUEENIE AND THE PERCOLATORS</td>
<td>MARK CARR</td>
<td>ILLUMINOIDS</td>
<td>LOUISIANA</td>
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<td>25' draft • 75' bottles • $1.25 hi-balls</td>
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<td>the best tapes we can find, plus played through our sound system</td>
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As Sehorn says: ‘It don’t matter how good you sound, it don’t mean a thing if you ain’t go no money behind you!’

New Orleans’ longest and most successful musical partnership is that between Allen Toussaint and Marshall Sehorn. Besides a fistful of hit records, the partnership has led to a modern studio, a successful publishing firm, an independent label, and most importantly, worldwide respect within the musical community.

While the reserved Toussaint has taken care of the musical side of the partnership, the vociferous Sehorn manages the business affairs at Sansu Enterprises. As Sehorn explains in his thick Carolina accent, “It don’ matter how good ye sound, it don’ mean a thang if ye ain’t got no money behind ye!”

Constantly busy attending to business affairs over long distance telephone calls, or traveling somewhere to promote his product or close a deal, Sehorn is a hard man to track down, but I was lucky enough to catch him at his well-appointed studio on Clematis Avenue where he revealed his colorful career in music, which goes back to 1957, and the future plans for Sansu Enterprises.

“I’d like to say I grew up on black music but I’d be lying,” began Sehorn, recalling his early days in music. “I cut my teeth on rockabilly, which is really a bunch of country boys trying to sound black. We used to ride around at night listening to John R and Hossman Allen (deejays on WLAC radio in Nashville) and they were always playing blues.”

Like most other teenagers interested in music, Sehorn formed a band. Hailing from Concord, the group stayed busy during the summer working the Carolina beach circuit. It was the summer after his last year of college that Sehorn decided he would try to get into the production and business aspect of music. In fact, he remembers the exact moment. “It was the day after Labor Day 1957, and I was sitting on the back porch of a house in Myrtle Beach with some of the guys in the band. The day after Labor Day Myrtle Beach is deserted, and we were sitting around trying to decide what to do. One of the guys in the band, Floyd Biggers, said to me, ‘Why the hell don’t you go back to Concord and be a teacher? You can’t sing, and you sure can’t play worth a damn.’ So the band split up and everyone went home but me.”

Sehorn didn’t really get his wheels moving in the music business, as much as I think I was looking for someone to tell me just what the hell to do.”

Sehorn’s initial trip to the Big Apple proved to be fruitless, and he returned to the Carolinas only to save some more money to try again. In the spring of 1958 Sehorn got his first break, when he returned to New York and got Morty Craft at MGM interested in an Indian kid from South Carolina named Tommy Rowe (not the guy who made “Dizzy” and “Sheila”).

“Morty got me a room in a hotel, and gave me some advice about the business. He told me to go back to North Carolina and hit on some people locally for a job. But I couldn’t even get to first base.”

Sehorn didn’t really get his wheels
turning until he befriended Bobby Robinson, owner of the black Fire and Fury records label, at a record convention in Miami. "I presented myself as a disc jockey. I told everybody I met that I was working on some acts, as well as being a deejay. So Bobby said if I ever got to New York to look him up. Little did he know that I'd be there in a week."

"I told Bobby I needed a job, and I knew I could do it, so we sat down and made an arrangement. I furnished my own car, and made $50 a week and got $50 expense money. In return I'd be his promotion man in the south."

"You see, this was 1958; there was no such thing as black salesmen, or promotion men. Whether people want to admit it or not, it took a lot of balls for a white man to work for an all-black record company and travel the south saying "Hey, I work for Fire and Fury Record Company.""

Besides promoting Fire and Fury Records, Sehorn also kept his eye out for talent for the tiny, independent label, which constantly had to try to be one step ahead of the majors. His first find was Wilbert Harrison, who turned in one of the biggest records of all time. "I got Wilbert out of Charlotte, North Carolina. He was singing with a group called the Calypso 5 at the Seltzer Club. He did this tune "Kansas City" and the whole place started jumping. Immediately called Bobby—I had never heard of Wilbert before but Bobby had heard his records for Savoy and DeLuxe."

"I said, 'I swear I got a hit record.' "Bobby told me to come in because he had a sales meeting, and to bring Wilbert with me, and maybe we could try to do something with him."

"We drove in, and Bobby was having a gospel session at Beltone Studios. We had about fifteen minutes of studio time left, and went through it about three or four times. Wilbert just sat down at the piano and ran through it, and the band got the changes right."

"We had no money at the time, I sent Wilbert home with my own money. We didn't even have any money to pay the phone bill and I was staying over Bobby's record shop on 125th Street. We went on the road with about ten dubs to get the response from the disc jockeys. The record was such an overnight smash that before we could get back, the record had already broken in Cleveland and Leonard Chess was in the studio with Rocky Olsen cutting a cover. And we hadn't even pressed the record yet!"

"When we got back there must have been fifty telegrams saying 'send me 10,000' 'send me 5,000.' All we had to do was take the telegrams to the pressing plant and show them. We were afraid of being covered even more than we were."

Such was the impact of "Kansas City" in 1959 that it inspired a host of cover versions. Versions by Little Richard, Hank Ballard and The Midnighters, and Rocky Olsen all made the Billboard national charts that year. Eventually Wilbert Harrison's version won out, rising to number one and remaining on the charts for sixteen weeks. Sehorn believes one of the keys to its success was the fact that Dick Clark chose to play it instead of the others.

Things still weren't rosy, even for a company with a four-million seller. Savoy Records claimed they had an exclusive contract on Harrison, and a court injunction prevented a follow-up release. Leiber and Stoller also claimed they owned the song. Sehorn feels the whole mess could have been avoided if they had had the money to put a publisher on the initial release and paid a token settlement to Savoy in the beginning. (Eventually they had to pay Savoy $60,000.) Sehorn estimates that the record to date has accounted for sales in the neighborhood of 10 million records. Not a bad start for a Carolina country boy.

After "Kansas City," Sehorn and Robinson had an incredible string of hit tunes: "Fanny Mae" by Buster Brown; "Mojo Hand" by Lightnin' Hopkins; "Every Beat Of My Heart" by Gladys Knight; "I Need Your Lovin'" by Don Gardner and Dee Dee Ford; "The Sky Is Cryin'" by Elmo James; "There Is Something On Your Mind" by Bobby Marchand; and "Soul Twist" by King Curtis, to name but a few.

Of all the Fire and Fury, and later Enjoy artists, Sehorn's favorite was the great bluesman Elmo James. "There was just something about him that made you sit still and listen. He was just a cat out of the street, but man, when he stood up to play..."
he demanded your attention. He knew just what the people buying blues records wanted to hear." Sehorn recorded James prolifically in Chicago, New York, Atlanta, and New Orleans. Some of these sessions have become available on the Charly label.

It was in working for Bobby Robinson that he first was introduced to New Orleans and Allen Toussaint. "The first time I came to New Orleans was when we cut 'There Is Something On Your Mind,' and then I came back again to cut 'The Booty Green.' Allen played on the session, and that's the first time I ever met him. The I came back with Bobby in 1961 to cut Lee Dorsey's 'Ya Ya.'

"Allen was under contract to Joe Banashak and Minit, and Joe wouldn't let Allen do the arrangement. Allen had rehearsed Lee with it over on Earhart Boulevard and got it down on tape, so we took the tape over to Harold Battiste, and Harold wrote the arrangements from it."

Amazingly it was not Toussaint playing the patented New Orleans rolling piano on "Sittin' in Ya Ya." "We drilled Marcel Richartson all night listening to Allen play the piano."

Toussaint's Minit contract likely was one of the reasons he used his mother's maiden name, Naomi Neville, as the writer on Dorsey's material. "After that I kept coming down here to cut Lee and I got pretty close with Allen," added Sehorn.

By early 1963, Fire and Fury found itself in financial difficulty when Robinson's silent partner and backer Fats Lewis had a disagreement with Sehorn and Robinson, after a proposed deal with ABC fell through. Consequently the label folded and Bobby Robinson and Sehorn went their separate ways.

Sehorn sums up the relationship with the man who gave him his foothold in the music business. "I really respect Bobby Robinson. He has the best set of ears in the business, he can recognize a hit in the rough and develop it. That's the greatest talent in the business."

Sadly little of the Fire catalog is available today and likely will remain so. Most of the unreleased material has disappeared, "gone forever," shrugged Sehorn. The remaining catalog for the most part is the subject of a legal battle between the teacher and his pupil. "We don't really fight," says Sehorn, "we just argue."

After Fire and Fury, Marshall decided to try his own luck and started his own label, naturally called Sehorn Records, in association with Ewart Abner, ex of Vee Jay Records. Sehorn had a small hit with Wilbert Harrison's "Near To You." Abner talked Sehorn into consolidating with Constellation and Dart Records and produced a Lee Dorsey side for them.

Abner decided to go back to Vee Jay in the meantime, and Sehorn decided to split, too, moving to Atlanta and forming a partnership with Jake Freedman of Southland Record Distributors.

Sehorn's next stop was to come back down to New Orleans and cut a Lee
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These two records were produced by Musicians for Music with assistance from Allen Toussaint & Marshall Sehorn. This project is supported jointly by the National Endowment for the Arts, the La. Arts Council, the City of New Orleans and Sea Saint Recording Studios. Licensed by INNER CITY RECORDS for distribution.


JASMINE at: Jazz Fest 5/1, Gibson St., Mandeville 5/12, Piazza D'Italia 5/19.


Just as Sehorn was getting the Dorsey sides ready for release, Freedman's wife called with the news that Jake Freedman was ill. He died soon after.

Eventually Sehorn struck a deal with Amy Records to release Dorsey's records. The first issue, "Ride Your Pony," took off in the summer of 1965 rising to number 28 nationally in a nine-week stay on the chart. Sehorn was approached by the famed Apollo Theatre (incidently, next door to the Fire and Fury headquarters) wanting Dorsey to appear. Lee agreed as long as he could bring Allen Toussaint to lead the band. It was on the subsequent trip to the Apollo that the partnership between Sehorn and Toussaint was struck.

"Allen and I went to dinner and were walking down the street one night and decided to start Sansu Enterprises. Allen had some offers from Motown and the West Coast, but he told me his convictions were at home and that's where he wanted to stay."

Not long after, Sehorn moved to New Orleans, where the new-found partners began the Tou-Sea, Deesu and Sansu labels and recorded much of the talent in New Orleans. Sehorn and Toussaint worked out of Cosimo Matassa's defunct Jazz City studio on Camp Street. They continued to have success with Lee Dorsey's work, which was leased to Amy and later Polydor. Releases on their own labels did well only on a local basis for the most part. Only Betty Harris, a singer out of North Carolina, had a national hit "Nearer."

Nonetheless, it is unlikely that people like Eldridge Holmes, Warren Lee, Ernie K-Doe and Benny Spellman would have cut records in the late Sixties and Seventies without Sehorn's aid.

The biggest find for Sansu Enterprises turned out to be The Meters. "Allen saw them playing in a club in the French Quarter. He knew all of them, especially Ernie K-Doe. He called them in to do some work as a rhythm section. Then we thought we'd try to cut a few sides on them. We did 'Sophisticated Sissy,' and 'Sissy Strut,' and I took them up to New York to see if I could get someone interested. Nobody was interested and I was really disgusted because that had never happened to me."

"I couldn't get Amy Bell interested in it because they were p.o.'d at me for not signing an exclusive with them. I mean I couldn't get anyone interested in it. Finally, I took it to Tommy Small [Josie Records] but he tried to run a game on me. So finally I leased it to him for $500, and a royalty."

After Josie went bankrupt, Marshall and Allen opened the Sea-Saint Recording Studio in 1972. Sehorn worked a deal out to lease sides from the studio to Warner Brothers, which had success with The Meters and with Allen Toussaint himself. Sea-Saint studio hosted sessions as varied
as Paul McCartney and Albert King.

Today Marshall Sehorn is sensitive to the changing music market and relates its changes and Sansu's plans for the immediate future.

"I've spent more time than ever traveling around in the last year. We bought a pressing plant in Jackson, Mississippi. We've been buying up a lot of masters, so we can build a budget label that will sell for $6.98. We're going to call it Jefferson Jazz, so we can keep the identity separate from Sansu.

"We bought some rock and roll stuff out of Canada, from a television series, and a lot of other stuff from other labels. Right now we've got enough stuff for 300 albums. We're going to come out with the best product we can offer the American public."

Sehorn also plans to release many of his Sansu masters and the bulk of his R&B library. One of Sehorn's most amazing plans involves the release of the famed Elvis Presley Louisiana Hayride performances. Sehorn feels that he can legally issue the session since Presley's Sun contract apparently turned out to be non-exclusive.

"Every record company that depends on hit records today is running in the red," explains Sehorn. "There's too much money involved in trying for a hit. And the law of averages is only one in fifty that the damn thing is going to make any noise."

Sehorn feels that the artists are the major cause of the problem. "Fleetwood Mac took a year and a half and a million dollars to make an album, and Donna Summers, $400,000. ALL this is going to make things easier for independent record companies.

Sansu has not abandoned producing new products; in fact, they renewed their agreement with Warner Brothers for another three years. "We feel good about the deal. I need somebody to call an asshole and still push my product."

Sehorn furthered, "Allen's working on a new album and we're trying to work with a major label. Allen's also working with a girl named Carla Baker on an album, and Lee Dorsey's going to be cutting some new sides. We're going to try to land them on major labels; in fact, we're already negotiating the Carla Baker sides."

Not one to stand on past accomplishments (he has a mountain of them), Sehorn also plans to record new material for his budget labels, with a new marketing twist, to compensate for the slumping record industry. "We want to make records so that black entertainers will have something to sell on their gigs. Right now we're negotiating with Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Ben E. King, and The Miracles.

"A lot of people don't understand that an entertainer can sell more records and make more money at a gig than in a record store. Hell, who knows? We might get lucky and get a hit out of the whole damn thing."
Other plans at Sea-Saint include a thirteen-week video project for public television which will be hosted by a different New Orleans' musical figure, and a proposed special on Allen Toussaint which Sehorn hopes to film at this year’s Jazz Fest.

Sehorn is aware of the criticism that he and Sea-Saint have been subjected to in New Orleans and elsewhere. “There’s a lot of prejudice in this town against me and Allen,” Sehorn says matter-of-factly. “The salt-and-pepper situation has had a lot to do with it. Sure it’s also helped us. When it was popular to be black Allen took the shit for me, and vice versa. Any time somebody gets ahead there’s going to be somebody trying to bring them down. My note on this studio is $20,000 a month, even if I don’t cut one session. To make something happen you’ve got to make some money.

“Tired article after article about how the Meters got beat out of money, and how I built a house on the lake, and Allen bought a Rolls Royce. Shit! When the Meters left me they owed me $190,000. Warner Brothers gave them money for equipment to go out on the road and for studio time. But that money came out of my royalties. “I had one of them come here with a gun wanting his royalties over the Mardi Gras record the other day [“They All Ax Fo’ You.”] Shit, I had to buy the record back from Warner Brothers. The record only sold five thousand. How much money do you think that is? “And those records that come out on Charly overseas—those guys think they sell millions. Hell, they only sell between five and ten thousand at the most.”

Sehorn also hopes to develop new talent, now that he has a commitment with Warner Brothers, and also hopes to organize songwriters in town so that he can get something going publishing-wise in New Orleans.

Even though Sehorn has big plans for Sansu Enterprises, he sees the future of New Orleans and traditional music to be pretty bleak. “I’ll be surprised if it’s still around by 1990,” Sehorn says bluntly. “If you look at blues and Dixieland jazz, we’re rapidly losing people. There’s no new Elmore James or Lightnin’ Hopkins. There’s no one to look to. There are no dynamite guitar players out there. Allen summed it up when he said that if you play young black kids something old they say, “Aw, that’s just a blues record; nobody wants to listen that.” But when Motown takes it and puts a tuxedo on it they say, ‘Wow!’

“The young kids just aren’t playing it any more. Who’s going to replace a Professor Longhair? Even Allen will never have the impact of Fess.”

Even with such a forlorn future painted for us, Sehorn is undaunted in his pursuit of producing good records. “As long as the earth stands there’ll be music. We move in musical patterns. So as long as we keep trying, our music is going to get better.”
UNPLEASANTNESS at the Hyatt

By George Schmidt

Once at a dance the New Leviathan Oriental Fox Trot Orchestra was playing, a drunken judge asked us to play an old tune. "The next song we're going to play," I volunteered, "is from 1926."

"No, no, something old," he said, "something from 1940."

I could hear the veil of the temple ripping.

One can't exactly blame the man for requesting "something from 1940"; he didn't realize we weren't for real, or at least he wasn't in on what it was we were in on. He was an innocent and unaware of the complexity of the situation.

There have been many confrontations such as this one in the ten years that the N.L.O.F.T.O. has been in existence. In the case of the drunken judge, he merely wandered away bemused, dissatisfied, gathering up his courage every twenty minutes, wandering back, a little more drunk, still persisting.

"How about 'Amapola?'"

And the orchestra would answer with "Mid the Pyramids with Omar Khayyam." We couldn't help it and neither could he. 1919 versus 1940. Time outside of Time.

The highwater mark for the N.L.O.F.T.O. at this kind of confrontation, which until this point had been a mere wrangling with confused individuals, came at a New Year's Eve dance at the Hyatt-Regency. It became known as the "Riot at the Hyatt" among orchestra members.

The unpleasantries began with an early-in-the-evening confrontation with the man in charge of the festivities concerning our putting up our banner announcing who we were (hand-stitched and certainly appropriate to the kind of music we play). "The program already says who you are," said the middle management factotum-in-charge angrily. We were ruining the decorations which, I am sure, some decorator had gouged the hotel for three times the cost of the orchestra. The place was decorated in silver Mylar and black-and-white balloons with the typical herkemer-jerkemer silhouette of a couple doing the "Charleston" that plagues us wherever we go. We compromised, folded our banner and retired it for the evening.

We had given ample warning to the hotel beforehand about the kind of music we played. In fact, the hotel people should have known who we were, for we had played a series of tea-dances for them as a publicity gimmick at the time of the opening of the place. Tickets were $200 a couple and they had been sold to every red-neck staying at the hotel, most in town for the Arkansas-Alabama Sugar Bowl game. Our first tune was either "Sweet Man" or "My Pet." A smattering of light applause. And then perhaps "Darktown Strutter's Ball." A few people dancing.

Less applause.

The gap widened . . . .

"Is this all the music you play? This is 1980," drawled one of them. "Play 'Up Against the Wall Red-neck Mother,' " slurred another of them. "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round a Big Oak Tree!"

"Soo-ey Pig!"

Here it was, finally, the American middle class as mass man; the rough beast its hour come round at last.

I remember a woman in an evening gown threatening to throw a chair into the orchestra and one man banging on top of the piano and shouting at the top of his voice, "'Play 'Amapola,' play 'Amapola!'"

By this time an angry mob had formed around the bandstand.

I thought at the time how closely this resembled a lot of other confrontations that had taken place in the Twentieth Century mainly involving the avant-garde, particularly the Dadaists: they were harbingers of the future, baiting the middle class reactionary. But the N.L.O.F.T.O. looks backward and is itself essentially reactionary.

The problem involved — no matter the differences, forward or backward — is that we were asking for an exercise of the imagination that these people were unable to make.

This was an audience that had already had their fun prescribed to them. They wanted to hear what they had already heard, and they were in a place where they thought they were going to hear it.
In that evening I remember one comment made to me by one of the “sons of the South” in attendance: “I can’t dance to this music.”

“You can’t dance, then,” I said.

Four beats to the measure. One-two-three-four. Left foot, right foot; left foot, right foot. At its simplest, the one-step. His Anglo-Saxon forebears had, as galley slaves, that same beat hammered into their heads by their Roman masters for centuries. And that jerk couldn’t dance.

In our times even the simplest tasks are forgotten.

There is a term that Sigfried Gideon uses in his book *Space, Time, and Architecture*. It is the “devaluation of form.” For instance, a clock in the shape of a sphinx or a sphinx in the shape of a clock. He is, of course, speaking from the standpoint of “pure design.” Another example, coming a bit closer to home, is a young man wearing a summer straw hat in the middle of winter. Believe me, I’ve seen it (usually in lines like at K-Paul’s or Tipitina’s). That’s “devaluation of form,” or in other words, “inappropriateness.”

We live in an age of inappropriateness. No one knows this better than those playing in the N.I.O.F.T.O. and watching people try to dance to our music. It’s like the young man wearing the Panama hat; people today perceive, but they do not understand. They make what seems to be dancing motions—vague imitations of what it seems like Fred Astaire might be doing, with a dash of Twyla Tharp thrown in. One merely has to attend Wednesday nights at the Maple Leaf Bar to corroborate the above observation.

Gideon implies in his thesis on the “devaluation of form” that any culture that manifests this kind of dissociation is on the skids. One merely has to reflect on the attempted revival of classicism in the Fourth and Fifth Century to realize what is happening. Are the doll-like humanoids carved in the Arch of Constantine an ancient reflection of the audiences of today?

This edifice is a hodge-podge of borrowed Third Century classical bas-relief slammed up against pathetically sufficient depictions of the Roman populace as mass man.

I may be accused of being a bit picky; after all, “everybody is having fun.” But as Mies van der Rohe said, “God is in the details.”

Is there really an apocalypse on the dance floor? Just think of the well-oiled smooth-running dance band/dancer duality in evidence in old films or even at now defunct places such as Lutjen’s—that evident oneness that W.B. Yeats speaks of when he wrote, “How can one tell the dancer from the dance?”, that image of a civilization in harmony with itself.

As in any divorce, both parties are to blame—the dancer for not learning to dance, and the New Levithan Oriental Fox Trot Orchestra for trying to make the wrong dogs jump through the right hoops.
This is the story of a young woman who sings the Bourbon blues. Not the variety of blues found at the bottom of a fifth of Jack Daniels, but the kind that hits a young nightclub performer who realizes that the locals don't take the street named Bourbon too seriously, not when it comes to spending hard-earned bucks on a night on the town.

Nora Wixted grew up, "way upstate" in New York. At three years old she began taking piano lessons. During one of these sessions, little Nora was given a piece to play which required singing along, and she made a startling discovery. The child, it seemed, could sing.

After moving from her small hometown to the Big City when she was twelve years old, the piano/vocal lessons came to a standstill. "The teacher was in an upstate town," the now-grown Nora explained to me, "and when we moved back in town to New York we couldn't get anybody from a small town to come down there. Nobody could afford it. That's when I started playing guitar — I couldn't carry my piano around with me.

Carolling her way through such childhood odysseys as Catholic school choirs—("We could either take art or music. I always took music. Consequently, I can't draw.")—and various talent shows ("any one I could get into!") the travel bug finally hit her. At about the same time, the bebop bug visited her soul and decided to take permanent residence.

Nora Wixted landed a job in Palm Beach, Florida, with a group called Adam's Apple after playing up and down the East Coast for a couple of years. When that band split up, she made the decision to come to New Orleans.

She started out on Bourbon Street with a band called Bienville. She credits her present keyboardist, John Autin, with giving her the confidence to start trying out her own material. "John used to come and see me when I played with Bienville. Then I moved to Houston for a couple of years to play with a group called Freefall. After that group broke up and I came back to town in the summer of 1980, I did a few gigs with Tom Fitz and the Misfits. John came and sat in for one of the players one day. We started talking — he had a big band together and he was looking for a vocalist." The band was Prime Directive, and included drummer Jeff Boudreaux and guitarist Jay Griggs.

The band really cooked, Wixted explained, but it was too big, it had too many people. Not being able to support everyone in the band, Prime Directive split up and Wixted and Autin put a duo act together; out of that came the Nora Wixted Band.

"Originally I was called to do a single act. I brought John with me because I know that John and I are better together than I am by myself. The others (Autin, Griggs, drummer Ed Lacey and bassist Lenny DeMartino) all started showing up at the Blues Saloon and playing the gig with me and John. One week the whole band was there — they just all showed up and we pretty much came together on the spot. After a couple of weeks we said 'hey, we got something good here! Maybe we can rehearse... you wanna learn..."
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some of these tunes?” And so we did.”
Describing her band now (“a cross be­
tween R&B, funk and jazz”), it’s evident
that Wixted is a bit in awe of the talent
around her. The group does boast an im­
pressive mixture of talent: Autin on the
keys, Griggs on guitar, Lacey on drums,
and the newest addition, Steve
Masakowski on bass. Working with
John Autin, she says, “has been real good
because I give him my songs and, being a
person of his caliber, he can play them the
way I wish I could.” She still plays the
piano herself, but mostly as an aid in
writing her material. “Just like the rest of
the guys in the band,” she continues. “I
can’t play their instruments but I rely on
their creativity a lot, to go with what I’ve
already written.” Jay Griggs she describes
as “a songwriter supreme,” and his own
reputation as a guitarist is solidly rooted
in the local scene. Ed Lacey has played
drums in the city for several years with
various groups, including Harvey Jesus.
Steve Masakowski on bass seems to be a
very good omen for the band’s future:
known as one of the ten best guitarists in
the city, his presence in the group is sure
to be helpful in drawing more of a local
crowd.

This leads us back to the point of
the Bourbon Street Blues: “New Orleans,”
Wixted philosophizes, “has used the
Quarter as a tourist trap. The locals don’t
want to go there. There’s not that of many
people who know who I am because I’ve
always played in the Quarter,” says Wix­
ted. “But one thing about this
town — you get in tight with people. It’s
not like in a lot of other towns, where you
walk in and say you’re a musician and
immediately everybody thinks you’re after
their job.”

Speaking of people who’ve heard her
on tape but never seen her play live, she
says, “They think I’m black. I’ve been
called ‘the thinking man’s black Ricki Lee
Jones.’ But I’m flattered to be compared
to Ricki Lee Jones — if they think I
sound like that I must be doing something
right.” And indeed, Wixted does have
that soulful, melancholy ring to her
vocals.

Like so many aspiring musicians, Nora
Wixted feels the need to leave New
Orleans to make it, even leave the
country. “I know people who have come back
from Europe and say it’s a completely dif­
ferent world, that they show much more
appreciation.” Willie Green, veteran
drummer with such groups as Dr. John,
one told her, “Don’t you know you can
go and take the rest of the world by storm
but you come back to New Orleans and
you’re just another
musician.”

“Some people don’t realize the talent in
this town,” she concludes. “It knocks me
out. That’s why I’m still here, because I
haven’t been able to absorb it all yet.
Every time I turn around, there’s more.”

Local music fans who would like to
hear Nora Wixted might find a visit to the
Quarter to the 711 Bourbon Club would
be a worthwhile adventure . . . and a
pleasant change from the ordinary.
Master of improvisation and practitioner of melodic wit, here's more tenor madness from the king of the tenor saxophone.

As someone who makes his living in front of a microphone, Sonny Rollins knows well the value of a well-placed laugh, whether it be a time-honored pun, an insufferable in-joke or a reliable signature gag. Of course, being recognized as the world's leading tenor saxophone virtuoso has offered him considerable leeway in such pursuits. It should be noted, though, that he has maintained his reputation through methods besides those of mere license.

Even the most casual glance at Rollins' career must include notice of his incursions into the pop realm in recent years, incursions which could be construed as rank commercialism or an evolutionary accident made possible by the slight degree to which the rest of the world has caught up with some of his devices.

The honk-and-squeal techniques developed by Illinois Jacquet, Paul Williams, Hal Singer and others in the 1940s became more extensively mined by Lee Allen, King Curtis and Sam Taylor as rhythm and blues staples. During the period when the formula was largely abandoned, only players like Albert Ayler, John Coltrane and Archie Shepp found any use for it. While those particular players refined and occasionally toyed with it, Rollins enshrined it at the same time he injected it into the oldest tenor tradition of all, the ballad.

Rollins' work through the years has nearly defied attempts at analysis, but his recent works have come close to spilling the beans on a long series of convoluted jokes. Consider that, after a decade of pop music's disdain for the instrument, saxophone accompaniment again became a feature of the hit song, radio jingle, movie soundtrack and cop show theme during the mid-Seventies. Typically, any tenor heard in an up-tempo pop song is intended by the players and producers as a salute to the golden age of rock 'n' roll (a dimly-remembered genre most of them can relate to only in the most trifling ways), while a tenor or alto backing an insipid vocalist on a ballad is done supposedly to invoke the spirit of jazz (an art form too imposing for most modernists to confront). There isn't anything wrong, though, with a jazz artist having a hit record or, in Rollins' case, playing on a Rolling Stones record.

While a virtual legion of hacks fight it out to see who can blow the blandest impressions of King Curtis, Rollins continues to be the master of long-line improvisation and practitioner of a melodic deviousness who casts a sardonic shadow on the traditions at which he excels.
Since his monumental "The Bridge" in 1962, Rollins has honed his smears, barks and three- or four-note theme capsules to invigorating effect, all the way from "East Broadway Rundown" to "Horn Culture." With albums like The Way I Feel, Easy Living and Don't Ask, his flirtations with pop styles (or was it the other way around?) began to seem less like forays and more like settling in, though the hardness of his improvisations still isn't likely to capture the audiences of a Grover Washington or a Tom Scott.

Rollins' newest album, No Problem (Milestone), is self-produced and has many of the pop-jazz trappings that he has featured in recent years. On hand are Tony Williams on drums, Bobby Hutcherson on vibes, Bobby Broom on guitar and bassist Bob Cranshaw, who obviously is Rollins' favorite bassist.

Yes, there are instances wherein Rollins' tone and choice of short, hammering phrases sound similar to the aforementioned obligatory tenor funk, but there's more than that. The Dolly Parton hit "Here You Come Again" is a case of Rollins dissecting a pop tune of the day with an almost imperious confidence. There is a martinet-like rigor to the intro, which can almost be described as straight, then Rollins allows Hutcherson to dig in for a few bars before he presses the tune's melodic turns for all they're worth. He throws in a small array of sound effects (mostly bosun whistle squeals) and finishes it off with "shave-and-a-haircut-six-bits."

Where "Here You Come Again" is playful, "Penny Saved" is a matter of aggressive jabbing. The riff is a tough, ejaculatory one, and Rollins lets Broom and Cranshaw fill several spaces more than he usually allows rhythm sections.

A Caribbean motif is employed for "Coconut Bread," which despite its island mood conspicuously avoids any interpolation of the "St. Thomas" riff. Rollins uses a gruff, imprudently wheezy tone at first, then grinds it into darker, almost drunken baritone growls. His generous application of the glissando in getting from one register extreme to another is typical of his powers, but his overuse of squeals (which level off on some ultrasonic plane) has been hardened into a cliche by the year, and simply no longer excites.

Rollins' brilliantly idiosyncratic ballad style, which formerly occupied much more of his playing than it does now, is represented by "Illusions." The crystal clarity of his execution is matched by the seriocomic qualities he imparts the reading, so corny quotations are made to sound even cornier, while light ones become somber. The practice highlights one of his strongest suits — burlesque.

Rollins' playing continues to confound as much as please. No Problem won't be remembered as one of his greatest albums, but there is no doubting that the man is as frisky as ever.

— Vincent Fumar
With a hot album on the jazz charts, the darling of the musical press comes home to a hero's welcome.

New Orleans trumpeter Wynton Marsalis has achieved fame with his new album, Wynton Marsalis. Marsalis was in town last month on a whirlwind publicity visit. He talked to us about his new-found fame, his new albums, his hometown, and innovation.

With the album, you have this thing that you can hold up in your hands and say "This is how far I have come as a jazz musician." Has that hit you yet?

Not really. The problem with me and the record is that every time I listen to it I hear all the things I could have done better.

You are on what appears to be a grueling schedule. In the midst of a promotional tour with many interviews and write-ups and managing to play around a lot, how do you keep both feet on the ground?

All of my life I geared myself toward doing this. The change in lifestyle has been gradual. The whole thing is that I know that I just have to keep getting better. That overrides everything else.

How do you keep that in mind — keep reminding yourself?

I listen to records and I listen to myself play. The press coverage isn't really that important. I appreciate the reviews and I'm glad they enjoy the album, but they could just as easily be saying that I'm bad. I look at reviews and they don't even mention my brother, and he's playing more on the album than I am. I'm getting press, I could not be getting it. You know what I'm saying? It doesn't make that big of a difference as far as shaping your views of your playing. That's not false modesty or anything, that's how it is.

You have established for yourself a reputation of making large strides in short time periods. How do you account for that?

Well, that's because I'm always trying to get better quickly. I'm impatient.

How many hours a day did you practice when you first took it up?

Maybe four or five or six. It fluctuated from day to day, but it was always a lot. Now it's less, but I'm going to have to start putting in more time. Prepare myself for my next album. I want to get back up to three or four.

Did you have any instructors that were particularly inspiring, both technically and philosophically?

I was fortunate because most of my instructors were. John Longo, Bert Braud, my father, Norman Smith — all those guys. George Jansen, one of my main teachers, he really taught me a lot. Most of the teachers I've had have been really good.

Could that be something special that New Orleans gave you?

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gave me the opportunity to grow by playing. When I was in high school, I was in a community band, a high school band, a funk band, and the Civic Orchestra. I played with the New Orleans Philharmonic. I played with shows every once in a while. I did Dixieland parades. A wide range of jobs. It gave me an opportunity to work while I was in high school.

I guess that is because this city is so musically oriented.

Well, that's true to a certain degree. Ironically, the fewest gigs they have in the city are jazz gigs. I mean real jazz.

How much of a New Orleans influence is there in your record?

In a way, all of jazz music is influenced by early New Orleans music.

It's come such a long way that it is difficult to recognize on the surface.

On the surface, yeah, but if you listen to what bass player plays, and the trumpet, the function of the instruments is all the same. One thing that is different about this album from a lot of jazz albums, even the stuff that Miles Davis did in the Sixties, we have a lot of contrapuntal lines going in contrary motion which isn't normally found in jazz. Two horn moving, playing against each other through most of the tunes.

I find you and your brother Branford seem to be on the same plane, when you play together.

Yeah, we're in tune with each other. He's so musical, too! He's a musical cat.

One important influence I detect in your playing is that I attribute to New Orleans is great quantities of soul.

I appreciate you saying that. New Orleans has a definite cultural vibe that's not found anywhere in the world. New Orleans is still one of the most soulful places, I think.

Herbie Hancock produced the record. Is there anything that you would have done differently as producer?

Well, I was producing it anyway. I did what I wanted. We just went into the studio and we recorded and I said what we would record, and we stopped recording after the last tune. There's things that I'll do differently on the next album.

Such as?

I'll make the tunes not as diversified, maybe. Like each tune has a different concept on this album, but on the next one each tune will have basically the same concept.

There are three of your compositions on the album. Do you write very much?

Not really. I mean I write when I have to, when I must. That's something that I'm working on right now.

Doing more of it?

Well, trying to learn how to write. What's coming up for you?

I'm doing a classical album, so I'm working on that.

Is it true that you are playing on Chico Freeman's next record?

Yeah, I'm on Chico's record. But I'm not going to be playing with Chico. Why
play with him when I can play with Branford?

The thing about music is that it progresses. And each musician that comes along and innovates something understands the music that has come before him. Ornette Coleman understood bebop. He might not have been able to play it, but he understood it. That's obvious if you listen to him play. When you have guys like Chico and Anthony Braxton, I don't hear it. I just say why not swing? The development of rhythm isn't no rhythm. There's a lot of cats out there who can play. But the biggest problem to me is that I'll be trying to figure out something else to play. It's not enough to just play and be good and learn how to play jazz over some changes. You have to get in on a more personal level. I hear guys like Michael Brecker, Bob Berg, Chico Freeman, cats like that play the shit out of the tenor saxophone. But they go be-dee-dee-de-da at least twelve times in every solo. That kind of stuff is unacceptable. They're obviously good players but they aren't striving to perfect their improvisation. It's the mental activity that determines what it's all about. Byrd knew Lester Young who knew Louis Armstrong. Ornette Coleman knew Byrd who knew Lester Young who knew Louis Armstrong.

So what I'm hearing you say, and correct me if I'm wrong, is that as far as innovation in music, it's not just doing what no one else has done, it's doing what no one else has done while building on the past. That is right. Just because you hear something that sounds like nothing else you've heard, maybe you haven't heard it because all the other cats said, "Man, I know I don't want to do that." The way the innovator approaches it is he says, oh, someone's done that. Well, I'll do it, and then I'll do this. Any innovator in any art form — whether it's Beethoven or Picasso — you'll see that they understand every period that came before them. Byrd, Lester, Dizzy, Miles, these are innovators, man. Just to come up and say well, I'm not going to play like that and I'm going to be something different just to be an innovator, well, that's bullshit.

Is there anyone playing today that you admire for innovation?

Conceptually, no. Nobody's really doing anything. Blood Ulmer is doing some things that are interesting.

What do you think of some of the new forms of classical compositions?

A lot of these cats don't have anything to compose about. Technique without direction is just that. American classical composers are all biting the dust because they refuse to embrace jazz. If they did like Gershwin did, that would be the smartest thing they could do.

So you're working on the classical record. What do your horizons in jazz look like?

I guess I'll keep playing. — Brad Palmer
Before his election, Edward Seaga was one of Jamaica's leading authorities on the island's music and tradition.

Assuming that those who read this column are naturally interested in the future of reggae, I have some good news for you.

Last June, Wavelength ran an article on the problems endemic to the growth of reggae music, including complaints voiced by club owners and record retailers plus a look at the poor if not nonexistent promotion of new releases and artists. Despite the ever-increasing interest by black buyers and steady support by white listeners, fewer reggae groups have been coming to New Orleans than in recent years.

Don't give up yet; help may be on its way via the office of the Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga. We sent the nation's Minister of Industry and Commerce a copy of the article plus a letter offering suggestions as to how to alleviate some of reggae's self-inflicted wounds. Rather to my surprise, this writer has received a personal letter from the Prime Minister thanking us for our interest and promising that the proposals made, including the creation of a Jamaican Music Board, would be studied. Subsequent correspondence has also come from the Minister of Industry and Commerce and the Director of Culture.

If anyone should appreciate the potential of Jamaica's recording industry and understand its problems it's Prime Minister Seaga. Prior to entering politics, Seaga was one of the island's leading authorities on Jamaican folklore and tradition. In 1956 he recorded Folk Music of Jamaica (Folkways FE 4453), an exciting exploration of the Jamaican Zion and Pocomania cults music. Seaga then went on to run his own record label, West Indian Records, during the early ska days and produced such reggae pioneers as Joe Higgs and Delroy Wilson.

For those of you who want to delve into the mysteries of the crosscultural, Folkways offers quite an experience on its Baongo Backra and Coolie, Jamaican Roots Volume Two (FE 4232). This album also presents music of Jamaica's Zion Revival cult, an Afro-Christian religion. The cult's music reflects both strong African and English influences. A good part of the album is devoted to illustrating Jamaica's quadrille tradition now found only in rural areas. The quadrille came directly from Europe during the 1820s but now has a distinct Jamaican flavor with a constant underlying syncopation and is played on fife, two guitars and a four-string banjo. The album gives its greatest challenge in its recording of festive John Canoe music played on bass drum, side drum, grater and bamboo fife. These are the sounds that accompany the appearance of such characters as Pitchy Patchy, Wild Man, Ox Head and Belly Woman in the John Canoe processions at Carnival. You might swear you've heard it somewhere before. The two selections here of John Canoe music bear an uncanny likeness in tempo and sound to recordings of Mississippi's Como Drum and Fife Band. Try listening to the Como Drum and Fife cut on Mississippi Delta Blues (Arhoolie 1041), close your eyes, and it hard to believe that both weren't taped during the same session.

—Shepard H. Samuels
Riding On A Blue Note is an important book on contemporary music and its roots. In subtitling his book "Jazz & American Pop," Giddins indicates not only the subject matter of these thirty-odd essays, but also signifies his perception that there is a direct linkage of the two music forms.

The strength of Giddins' book is that he brings a fresh vision and admirable research skills to the table of music criticism. The weakness of the book is a weakness inherent in any collection of miscellaneous essays: there is no broad overview. It's like the difference between viewing stills from a movie and seeing the movie itself: the stills tell a lot but the movie is the whole. And, although this book is important as it is, it would be invaluable if it were a feature length movie rather than an attractive showcase of still shots.

Except for an extremely entertaining and informative biographical featurette on Jewish trumpeter Red Rodney, who was Charlie Parker's personally selected sideman, none of the pieces on jazz artists are as captivating to read, and ultimately as informative, as are Giddins' essays on pop figures. He notes in the introduction, "Although a quarter of the book is concerned with artists who were only tangentially related to jazz, their music is studied from the always partisan viewpoint of a jazz critic." Although Giddins does not define what that jazz critic viewpoint is, it is the twenty-five percent pieces on the likes of Ethel Waters and Bing Crosby which establishes Giddins as one of America's most important music critics.

On Ethel Waters, in the opening essay titled "The Mother Of Us All," Giddins is unequivocal:

"Waters, in many respects, was the mother of modern popular singing, the transitional figure who combined elements of white stars such as Nora Bayes, Fannie Brice, and Sophie Tucker with black rhythms, repertoire, and instrumentation. By the late '20s, she had developed such rigorous standards for the delivery of pop songs that even Sophie Tucker, older by twelve years, paid her for singing lessons. Following that watershed piece is a truly inspired analysis of Bing Crosby which ties him directly into minstrel and jazz influences! Giddins notes that Crosby "was more deeply embedded in the minstrel tradition than is generally recognized." According to the documentation to prove his case, Giddins delivers his judgment of that phenomenon while discussing the commonality of Jolson, Crosby, Sinatra, and Presley, all of whom, in Giddins' opinion, "operated against the annealing influence of the black-music continuum." According to Giddins, "Minstrelsy is not an aberration but a continuing tradition in popular American culture. Economically and socially, minstrelsy is more often than not unjust; aesthetically, it is the key with which some of our more intelligent white performers unlocked the doors to their own individualities."

And here is where the movie should have rolled on. How does Giddins define "minstrelsy" and what are the implications of his above statement? The general tradition of minstrelsy is one of white performers imitating blacks, and while one might decry it from the black perspective, Giddins hints that there is something liberating ("unlocked the doors to their own individualities") about minstrelsy for
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whites. I wish that Giddins' book had explored those and other points in more depth, because it is precisely on these points that his vision is important.

Regardless of how racially threatened some writers, both black and white, may feel about exploring such questions, any examination of important truths of music and its meaning in America requires an unflinching and unsentimental honesty—an honesty such as Giddins displays when he writes, "Maybe it is because most of the people who have written about jazz are white and from the Northeast that so much jazz writing is infatuated with the exoticism of the South." Here Giddins is directly alluding to the cultural imperialism of white critics presiding as experts over American music to the exclusion of African-American critics and the exclusion of any concern about how the cultural consciousness of those white critics affects their judgments. Giddins must be congratulated for addressing this issue head on.

For example, had an African-American music critic written an essay such as Giddins' "Just How Much Did Elvis Learn from Otis Blackwell?" that critic probably would have been accused of excessive racial chauvinism. But as Giddins makes clear, Elvis literally learned how to sing by imitating Otis Blackwell, a black singer and songwriter whom the record industry would prefer that most of us never know. Although Elvis and Otis never met face to face, it was Otis who wrote and cut demo tapes for many of the songs that Elvis successfully recorded: "Don't Be Cruel," "All Shook Up," "Return to Sender," "Great Balls of Fire," and so on. Early in the essay, before he set off on his own quest to find Otis Blackwell and find the answers to some questions he had, Giddins acknowledged, "From 1956 through the early '60s, they fed off each other's talent, sharing a close musical affinity and, more incredibly, a vocal style so similar as to be eerie."

After Giddins found Otis, listened to him perform, and interviewed him, Giddins concluded that Elvis indeed did learn much of his style from Otis Blackwell.

"The nature of Presley's minstrelsy assumes particularly bizarre overtones if one imagines him secretly imitating Blackwell vocals."

During the course of his essay on Otis, Giddins feels compelled to digress into a cameo history of minstrelsy. But, as we mentioned earlier, what we need, from a white point of view, is an explanation of why white performers imitate African-Americans. More honestly than most, and certainly with much sounder research, Giddins proposes beginning answers.

Of course there is much more to Blue Note. And because Giddins is well schooled in the history of contemporary music, much of what he has to say is very interesting, sometimes revelatory. However, like all of us, his own biases limit what he is willing to pursue. The most notable example is "The Avant-Gardist
Who Came In from the Cold," a Cecil Taylor study which is the last essay in the book.

The essay is divided into three sections, with the third section being a reportage on a collaboration of Cecil Taylor with Russian choreographer/dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov. "I anticipated the breaking of new ground. No jazz musician save Ellington has been as intimately involved with dance as Taylor, and not even Ellington had so scrupulously studied the Bolshoi tradition. Taylor's obsession with dance and Baryshnikov's vaunted adventurousness suggested a favorable chemistry." In a moment of infatuation, Giddins forgot to qualify his statement about jazz musicians' involvement with dance; perhaps had he said "ballet" specifically rather than "dance" in general, Giddins might have been on more solid ground. But it is a reflection of the blinders of cultural bias that Giddins failed to remember the nexus of the early development of "jazz" and African-American dance; from the grassy Congo Square to the tapping feet on wooden theater floors, jazz and dance have traditionally been closely aligned.

However, the real clinker in the Taylor piece is Giddins' evident non-interest in following up on Taylor's assessment of the jazz/dance collaboration. Giddins spends so much time admiring the Russian, he fails to comprehend the importance of Taylor's statement, "There are four black women in the audience who danced with me at the Studio Museum in Harlem on December 31, not for twelve minutes but for two hours. What Baryshnikov and the others trained like him do, they do well, but they should know that if Diane McIntyre came up she'd kick their ass for thirty-five or forty minutes and she would be in-ventive in her language." And, unfortunately, that's the first and last we read about the Taylor/McIntyre dance collaborations. Although certainly we ought to be given more about Taylor/McIntyre, it is for a critic of a different sensibility to deliver.

Nevertheless, it is the highest compliment to Gary Giddins that he offers us much more than most critics. Perhaps this is so precisely because he consciously works within the context of his own orientation. To paraphrase Cecil Taylor, within his own cultural context, Gary Giddins does well at what he is trained to do. He seeks and sometimes finds the answers to questions that most critics refuse to ask. Giddins is not afraid to look up an Otis Blackwell or define an Ethel Waters as the "mother of American pop." And this makes Gary Giddins and his book, Riding On A Blue Note, a welcomed addition to the growing body of work which attempts, in the age of worldwide electronic/audio communications, to describe, define and delineate the origins, impact and influences of the "black-music continuum" on the lives of everyone who lives on this planet called earth.

--- Kalamu ya Salaam
LATIN MUSIC

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Hot Latin music thrives with the growing Latin population of Nueva Orleans through the sounds of Los Cartrachos Boys.

You don't have to be from Central America to feel that tingling urge to dance to Los Cartrachos Boys' music. Los Cartrachos, a nickname given to Honduran people, play popular dance music blended with merengues and cumbias. The merengue is a dance rhythm that evolved from Haiti through the Dominican Republic. Cumbia comes from coastal Columbia. Both are music of the black Caribbean.

The Cartracho Boys are one of New Orleans oldest "Latino" bands, formed in 1964 through the help of Pedro Valladores, a banker who doubles as the band's tumba player. Valladores credits his banking experience as helpful through the years but his best moments have been spent behind the tumbadora... the proper name for a conga drum.

While Pedro Valladores takes care of business, his cousin Miguel Valladores handles Los Boys musical arrangements. He is responsible for their hit tune "Bailando Merengué," and "Mi Nueva Orleans," a Latino favorite during Carnival time (Maya 0101). For him, music started over 35 years ago in his native Honduras. His first instrument was la marimba, a xylophone, a favorite instrument among musicians in Central America. Other members of the band are Carlos Gómez, tenor sax; Kevin Clark, trumpet; Nilo Ordonez, bass; Gustavo Murillo, drums; Billy Deshotels, keyboards; and lead vocalist Yovanni Mejia, who is called "el nene" by the ladies at the club Las Vegas, where the band plays, for his sensitive style of singing those tear-jerking "love me, don’t leave me" ballads and boleros.

Bassist Nilo Ordonez has been playing the local Latino circuit since 1976 and previously formed "Los Profesionales," one of Honduras' most popular bands. Clark and Deshotels are local boys, and newcomers to Latin rhythm music, but they have gained the respect of their fellow band members. Both musicians prefer the Salsa tunes and believe that it musically appeals to the younger crowd.

Where does the world "salsa" originate and what does it mean? In Spanish "salsa" literally means "sauce"; it was used by dancers who encouraged bands to swing the music. Common phrases heard were: "Ponle salsa" or "Echale salsa"—to add sauce!

With the advent of Latin music in New York City, many people around the world believed that "Salsa" was a new hot music rhythm. Wrong! Salsa is a term music used to describe Afro-Cuban music (guaguanco, guaracha, rumba, etc.). Perhaps it was Ignacio Piniero's Sexteto Nacional who, in 1932, introduced the word "salsa" to Latin music with a popular song called "Echale Salsita" (Seeco CLP 9278). Since then "salsa" has been used an infinite amount of times. By 1972, most Latin musicians in New York City were referring to Afro-Cuban music as "salsa." Saleswise, Latin music record companies have found the word "salsa" a marketable term; Ismael Rivera's "Traigo Salsa" (Tico CLP 1305), a guaracha, was an all-time best seller.

With the constant growth of the Latin American population in Nueva Orleans, places such as Club Las Vegas may well become the weekend spotlight for those exiled minorities to hear the music they love, and some new fans, too. As for the Cartracho Boys, they have determined to stay faithful to a music that deserves to stay alive.

-Sequoia Jones, D.N.A.

—Eduardo Young
Their motto said it all: 'The New Wave of Jazz is on Impulse.'

In the last 20 years, three record labels have been largely responsible for the marketing and perpetuation of American improvised music: ESP-Disk, Blue Note, and Impulse. ESP-Disk, those harbingers of the avant-garde, lined their early releases with full-color triptychs of Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights, and recorded such oracles of new music as Albert Ayler, Sun Ra, Henry Grimes, Pharoah Sanders, Steve Lacy, Milford Graves and dozens of others. (Nor should one forget their commitment to ArtRock: the Fugs, Pearls Before Swine, the Godz, William Burroughs, and Charles Manson on Lie: Charles Manson and the Family Sing Thirteen Songs, ESP-Disk 2003. All contributed to this utterly remarkable label which wandered gently over the cliff around 1970.

Now, we hear the deplorable news that Blue Note, the oldest and most consistently aesthetic and lyrical of those labels, has decided to take ninety percent of their back issues out of circulation. In a few months, the chances of finding any Wayne Shorter or Bobby Hutcherson, Herbie Hancock or Elvin Jones, Sam Rivers or Tony Williams, will be slim and none, and Slim's left town. The whole post-Miles/Trane nexus is relegated to the sonic archives, no doubt by the prudent, anal wit of some Trancen’'accountant.

Things are not looking as bleak as they might, however, for the third of those great labels, Impulse, is being partially reissued by its parent company, MCA. The reasons for this magnanimous gesture are unclear. So too are the rationales by which corporate America makes its aesthetic decisions. I am however, mildly ecstatic at its occurrence. Why only mildly? Well, you have to understand what Impulse records were to jazz in America. If ESP-Disk was a gallant, innovative garage label, and Blue Note an old master of tasteful experiment, then Impulse combined the best of both labels and more. They were brash big spenders who did everything well. They hired adventurous producers and slick engineers to record the entire gamut of jazz of the day. Who else would record Cecil Taylor and Gil Evans — on the same album? Or an album of Charles Mingus playing solo piano? Or put corporate megabucks behind Archie Shepp and Yusef Lateef, Pharoah Sanders and Albert Ayler? How about putting Duke and Trane together? And while we're at it, let's get John Lee Hooker and Roswell Rudd, Sam Rivers and Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner and Max Roach, Gary McFarland and Gabor Szabo, Keith Jarrett and Count Basie, Quincy Jones and Gato Barbieri, O.K.?

Their motto said it all: 'The New Wave of Jazz is on Impulse.'

It was telling the world that jazz is a new wave, the music of improvisation and regeneration, and we at Impulse, we are jazz. So, I'm a bit ambivalent when I see what MCA has chosen to repackage because the diversity of the Impulse package is not really reflected by the reissue set. There are, unbelievably, 36 John Coltrane records in the series, six Keith Jarrett and five Pharoah Sanders — but only one each of Archie Shepp and Yusef Lateef, two mainstays of the Impulse line. They saved some classic Johnny Hartman and Oliver Nelson’s Blues and The Abstract Truth, but passed on the astounding Mingus solo piano album, and Charlie Haden’s Liberation Music Orchestra. My question is: why not do it all? MCA has made a major economic commitment here to preserving nearly 100 important works of American creative music. We can only hope that their sense of aesthetics dictates the reissuance of the rest of the Impulse line.

Of the five albums that we have to review, the most consistently pleasant is the Sonny Rollins On Impulse. Rollin’s playing is full of a rollicking, satirical humor, with a tone that is both warm and harsh. He is the perfect tenor for New Orleans, and is best heard at night during a summer thunderstorm, lights out in the tropics. This album is full of Rollin’s two favorite meters, calypso and ballads. "Hold ‘Em Joe," opening side two, is an impudent, sassy island
dance tune that has Rollins playing with a searing electric joy. On "Three Little Words," Rollins unwinds, playing hide and seek with pianist Ray Bryant, whose delicate tantalizing playing prods Sonny on. The real masterpiece of the album is "On Green Dolphin Street." Sonny sets the mood right off, stumbling into the piece, and staying straight up and down by weaving in and out of a complex Bryant warp, jabbing with a percussively beautiful pizzicato solo by Walter Booker, and crisp, tight drumming by Mickey Roker. The four drift off into a tight, tense fog, the wharf rumbling beneath our feet. Also on this album are two other standards, "Everything Happens To Me" and Rodgers and Hart's "Blue Room," and although Rollins only plays here through the midrange of his tenor, the album is marked by that beautiful clarity of articulation and masterful use of space in improvisation that only Sonny possesses. This is no "East Broadway Rundown," but simply a joyful, relaxing night of the ballad with three simpatico friends.

After Charlie Parker and Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter is as distinguished an altoist as there is. Did you know that he scored M-Squad, the great Lee Marvin cop show? Did you know that on Carter's Further Definitions album you can hear him joined by altoist Phil Woods, tenors Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Rouse, pianist Dick Katz, bassist Jimmy Garrison and drummer Jo Jones playing "Honeysuckle Rose," "Crazy Rhythm," "Body and Soul," and "Cotton Tail," and four other standards just like Benny and Bean played them in 1937? This is the stuff that Luminal is made of—nothing to tilt your balance, or cause your pulse to quicken. This is all straight ahead, impeccably arranged music with every eighth note right on the beat. This dance band music, replete with wah-wah horns, is the perfect approach for frail women in chiffon dresses, ascetic men with pomaded heads.

John Coltrane's A Love Supreme is the work of a mature Coltrane, and marks one of the earlier extensions of the new music in the search of God. Coltrane was a religious man, and for him the path of the pure mind was the path toward God. The original edition of this album opened to reveal a letter from Trane explaining why he created this album ("a humble offering to Him"), and a poem of the album's title. Unfortunately, the MCA reissue offers neither and we lose a valuable insight into the psyche of this master musician. The music, thankfully, bounces us in Coltrane's aura of contemplation and peace.

Pharoah Sanders goes one step beyond Coltrane in his search for the path of perfection. His music looks, harmonically, to the Orient, and spiritually, to the center of the soul. Sanders' is the music of the Be-In, visceral and emotional. He plays his bleating tenor with an impassioned lyricism that is derivative of Coltrane. Tauhid is one of a series of
Pharoah’s Impulse efforts that look toward the East for inspiration. The first side is devoted to a composition entitled “Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt,” which opens with droning gongs and percussion, Sanders humming through his piccolo, and fiery, high-energy bass work from Henry Grimes. Later, Pharoah switches to tenor, developing squawking, human cries until the end when the ensemble resolves to a spiritual, rumbling peacefulness. The other side is more of the same, highlighted by a frenetic duet on “Aum” between Sanders, here on alto, and the astounding sound—sheet guitarist, Sonny Sharrock. On Tauhid, Pharoah has surrounded himself with imaginative, percussive musicians. Pianist Dave Burrell lays down a solid base for the improvisers, and the rhythm section of Henry Grimes, Nat Bettis and Roger Blank take all the risks they can. Tempered by the deep, mystical spirituality of Sanders, this album sits on the fringe of the avant-garde, a classic of its genre.

Perhaps the most significant artist in the entire Impulse repertoire was Archie Shepp. His music, unlike Coltrane’s, is not concerned with the harmonic base. Of greatest importance is melody projected necessarily out of rhythm. And Shepp’s tone is all his own. At times, he plays with the rough texture of Ben Webster; at others, with the light, gliding playfulness of Sonny Rollins. Combine this with fragmented phrasing, sustained notes, screams and moans, bop tone colors mixed with gurgles, and you have Archie Shepp on Further Fire Music, the seventeenth volume of the Impulse Dedication series. On this double album, there are three versions of “The Chased” which build in intensity and tempo with some incredible arco bass work from David Lenzohn, and polyrhythmic drumming of J.C. Moses. On “Le Matin des Noirs,” Shepp plays almost delicately at times; at others, in a series of twisted, anguished cries that use timbre as a principle of improvisation. The ominous influence of vibist Bobby Hutcherson is felt on “Scag.” This is a dark, hollow piece, a lament which shows off Shepp’s masterful use of space. One of the two highlights of the album, “Call Me By My Rightful Name,” a slow, acidic ballad, concludes a set from the 1965 Newport Jazz Festival with Shepp and Hutcherson joined by Barre Phillips on bass, and the impeccable Joe Chambers on drums. Shepp’s fondness for the ballad form is evident again on “The Mac-Man.” Here he plays with an elegant, up-tempo bluesiness while Hutcherson, Henry Grimes, and two percussionists, Rashied Ali and Ed Blackwell, lay down a haunting free foundation under Shepp’s plaintive cries. Each of the eleven performances on this release are masterpieces of the new music. If you want to understand the nature of American creative music of the last twenty years, listen to this album.

— David Delegator
The Blue Mask
Lou Reed
RCA AFLI-4221

The Blue Mask is an elementary record. It deals with simple matters. It is precise, uncluttered and direct. Albums so described can be recorded by people like Barry Manilow. This one belongs to Lou Reed, and that makes all the difference in the world.

You see, Lou got married a while back and, truth being sometimes far stranger than fiction, the person he married was a woman. Not exactly expected behavior for New York's most celebrated homecoming queen. Stranger still, he wants to tell you about how happy he is being married, particularly to a woman. All kinds of normal topics are further discussed; Lou feels average, sometimes paranoid, is worried about drinking too much, loathes the popularity of handguns, and, as is our national pastime, wonders why John Kennedy had to die. Simple matters. But coming from the one responsible for "Metal Machine Music" and "Waiting For The Man," simple matters are given a new perspective. The world according to Reed.

The opening song, "My House," quickly establishes the musical and lyrical atmosphere of the album to follow. Reed, in addition to himself, used only three musicians in the studio. Overdubbing was kept to a minimum, and the resulting instrumentation provides a spare yet powerful vehicle for his words. Reed's characteristic informal presentation is particularly effective here, and he speaks to you as he would to a new-found confidant in a bar after too many drinks; a bit sloppy, sentimental, and quite possibly from the heart. "Women" and "Underneath The Bottle" follow, with Lou extolling the virtues of one while lamenting man's dependence upon the other. The latter is the first upbeat number on the album, and its choppy yet captivating guitar makes you smile in the face of such a morose subject. "The Gun" is chilling, from ominous musical introduction to unresolved finish. Reed shifts roles with equal facility between antagonist and victim in the spoken lyric. Even after hearing "I'll put a hole in your face if you even breathe a word," the listener isn't prepared for the restrained yet violent images which lurk in the next verse. I lock my door at night before listening to this one. The title track closes out the side, a lethargic retread of references Reed has milked for years.
Musically, this track would have been appropriate for the latest album by Neil Young, an artist who, to me anyway, is Reed's spiritual counterpoint on the West Coast.

Lou kicks off side two trying to convince you that he is just an average guy, despite having a temperature of 98.2. Well, that's about as close as he's going to get, I guess. "The Heroine" follows, basically recorded live in the studio and sounding as if the whole track was run through a phase shifter. This is quite possibly my favorite song on the record. I have absolutely no idea what it's about. "Waves Of Fear" returns to more familiar ground for Reed, as the title might suggest. While the whole of it is rather forgettable, I find the music appropriately bothersome, as befits the subject.

Upon first listening, "The Day John Kennedy Died" seems one of the album's strongest pieces. Little more than a "where I was when I heard the news" type narrative, it is at once engaging because you never thought Lou Reed gave a damn about the incident in the first place. Maybe he doesn't, for upon subsequent listenings, not much is revealed one way or the other. The real sleeper on this record, however, is "Heavenly Arms," a love song addressed to his wife. It is lyrically simple, almost as if written by a stricken schoolboy, yet it brings with it a dignified wisdom that is hard to express. The finest aspect here is Reed's voice, for this matter is important enough to him that he really sings, no small task given his vocal limitations. The chorus, a simple repetition of his wife's name, is nearly majestic, with Reed's quavering voice only adding to the impact. His power here as a romantic is undeniable.

The cynic in me wonders if The Blue Mask isn't just Lou Reed's latest disguise. He has been equally convincing playing other roles in the past, only to contradict in his very next outing. But regardless if being quite normal is a temporary state for him, there are still some rather fine sentiments expressed in this record. And even for a guy like Lou Reed, sometimes it is the thought that counts.

- Steve Graves

Down Home Blues
Z.Z. Hill
Malaco 7406

This is a most enjoyable album, bringing "The Downhome Blues" right up to date. B.B. King would do well (and I'm sure he already has) to lend an ear to this latest treat from Dallas, Z.Z. Hill.

A long-time fixture on the southern R&B circuit, Z.Z. has suddenly found himself at the top of the heap since he moved over to Malaco Records in Jackson.

On this, his second Malaco LP, Z.Z. proves that the blues still hit home in 1982. As hard as I looked I couldn't find a bad
Jazz Fest Schedule

Friday, April 30 - L'il Queenie & the Percolators
Sat., May 1 - Beausoleil
Sun., May 2 - Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band
Mon., May 3 - International Jam Session
Tues., May 4 - James Booker plus Late Night Jam Session
Wed., May 5 - Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble plus Late Night Jam Session
Thurs., May 6 - Bourré Cajun Band
Fri., May 7 - Marcia Ball
Sat., May 8 - Exuma
Sun., May 9 - John Rankin

Special Attractions

Fri., May 14 - Radiators
Sat., May 15 - Roosevelt Sykes
Mon., May 17 - Blind, Crippled & Crazy
Fri., May 21 - Alison Young & the New Nightriders
Sat., May 22 - Rockin' Dopsie & the Cajun Twisters
Mon., May 24 - John Magnie & Leigh Harris
Fri., May 28 - Exuma
Sat., May 29 - L'il Queenie & the Percolators
Mon., May 31 - Blind, Crippled & Crazy

And, Our Regular Features

Sundays - John Rankin
Tuesdays - James Booker opening act - Kurt Kasson
Wednesdays - Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble
Thursdays - Bourré Cajun Band

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track on this one. Of course the title track and "When It Rains It Pours," stand out as "hard blues" numbers. But so do the blues-based things like "Cheatin' In The Next Room," "When Can We Do This Again," and "That Means So Much To Me" (my fav). Watch one of these cross over.

Lots of good original material with a standard or two thrown in, even King Floyd's "Woman Don't Go Astray." This is one of the best modern blues records to come along in some time. Good pacing and variety. Z.Z. does it so well. A very worthwhile album...often hard to say these days.

— Almost Slim

Love Me Tender
B.B. King
MCA 5307

I sat around looking at this one for a day. The Milton Glazer cover looks like a label for an erotic bar of soap. Not at all the usual fare for a B.B. King release.

Finally I summoned up my courage, and on it went. And off it came! Poor B.B. sounds old and tired. I guess there was just too much to contend with, what with the steel guitars and 18-piece string section. I guess producer Stewart Levine won in the end and certainly both B.B. and Lucille lost. There is nothing on this album that resembles blues, and there's not even a shuffle.

The album will probably sell just because of B.B.'s name. The next one (should we be so lucky) will likely be titled B.B. King Sings the Best of Waylon Jennings. Then we can all pack it in!

Out come the Crown albums. Let MCA get a message from the real thing. I just realized what B.B. meant when he once sang "Looks like you lost your good thing now."

Almost Slim

Earl Turbinton
Concert of Sacred Music
CAC Jazz Factory
April 11 (Easter) 1982

Earl Turbinton (alto and soprano saxophones), Clyde Kerr, Jr. (trumpet and flugelhorn), Linda Aubert (piano), Mark Sanders (percussion) Patrice Fisher (harp and flute), Jim Singleton (bass), Julian Garcia (drums).

At the beginning of his annual Easter concert, at the Contemporary Arts Center, Earl Turbinton, dressed in white cotton and looking like an Eastern mystic, dedicated his Concert of Sacred Music to the "cosmic masters known as jazz musicians." Never far from the evening's music was the spirit of John Coltrane and "A Love Supreme." Earl who acknowledges his main musical in-
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fluenes to be Charlie Parker, Cannonball Adderley and Trane, cast the audience under a spiritual spell as he used his alto and soprano saxophones to preach and persuade the listeners to a path of respect for each and every woman and man.

The concert, which was broadcast live on WWOZ, opened with Turbinton’s incantation “Lord won’t you help me right now,” over Patrice Fisher’s harp and flute and the trumpet of Clyde Kerr, Jr. Linda Aubert’s piano solo in the middle of the piece was difficult to distinguish in a room which is not always complimentary to each musician.

“Lord’s Prayer” opened with a dense duet between Fisher on harp and Turbinton on alto saxophone with Aubert’s piano and Jim Singleton’s bowed bass adding to what could be called a spiritual blues.

Turbinton’s stay in Japan was influential in his composition “MISA WA” which was based on an opening vamp from Mark Sanders, Julian Garcia and Jim Singleton. Turbinton switched to soprano saxophone and played as if he was charming spirits. Clyde Kerr’s flugelhorn produced traces of the natural electronic “sounds” for which he has become known.

The group quickly moved into the familiar “Deniece” written by Earl and his brother Willie Tee fourteen years ago. The piece is dedicated to Earl’s daughter, Deniece, who just turned twenty. Earl has said that the mood of this piece varies as the mood of his relationship with his daughter changes. Judging by the buoyancy of the music, Deniece and Earl had a fine birthday! Earl on alto played a long, fast solo as well constructed as any heard from him. He demonstrated that the feeling of spirituality can be be incorporated in the music without a hint of dirge.

The first half finished with another Turbinton favorite, Coltrane’s “Naima,” with Earl singing the words composed by Jon Hendricks.

The second set opened with “Milestones” allowing Turbinton to weave a boppish tapestry on his alto sax. The piece gave solo opportunities to Clyde Kerr on trumpet and Julian Garcia on drums.

Next, “All Praise To Yahweh” began with Earl intoning a lyric beginning with “Yahweh come quickly and help me” over a layer of Eastern-sounding percussion from the rhythm section. The music was taken through its movements by the ensemble featuring a glissening alto sax passage from Earl, then Clyde Kerr picked up the incantation on flugelhorn before being joined by Earl on soprano. The piece ended with Earl’s intonation of the opening words.

Another Japanese-influenced Earl Turbinton original followed. “The Seeds of Oriental Wisdom” began with Turbinton (soprano), Fisher (harp), and Aubert painting on a rhythmic canvas provided by Sanders and Singleton. Singleton and Garcia picked up the pace to allow Earl a solo which slumbered and honked before

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The Blasters
Jimmy's
April 13, 1982

It's hard to pick a favorite show out of a week where I caught Bobby Blue Bland (great as usual), Albert King (predictably smokin') and the New Orleans R&B Revue at the Auditorium (it would take pages to cover it decently), and the Blasters. But you've heard me expound to no end on the former, so for a change of pace, I thought I'd try to enlighten you on the hot young group.

Even though it was a Tuesday evening, Jimmy's was packed to hear the rock 'n' roll strains of L.A.'s Blasters. The show was opened by The Blue Vipers' hot brand of rockabilly. Although I'd still like to see the boys hit on a slow number, the crowd was sufficiently excited by the Blue Vipers' mile-a-minute rhythms.

Since the Blasters last played Jimmy's in December they have been the subject of much publicity. Plaudets from The New York Rocker, Rolling Stone, Wavelength, yes, and even Time has folks everywhere on the look out for them, and has catapulted their Slash album to the number 45 spot in the nation.

This time around the Blasters brought a surprise with them in the form of New Orlean's legendary sax man Lee Allen, who was given a special cameo. The Blasters set stuck primarily to material from their by now familiar album. Versions of "Marie Marie," "American Music" and "Border Radio" had the dance floor packed solid much to the sweaty delight of the group, which played the audience like chittlin' circuit veterans.

Lee Allen's spot was dominated by his superlative version of "Walkin' With Mr. Lee," but the high point of the night (actually by now early morning) had to be when Lee and the group teamed up to do a dead-on version of "Fess's "Mardi Gras In New Orleans" that sent chills down my spine.

— Kevin Martin
Blasters' guitarist Danny Alvin, one of today's foremost music writers I might add, told me he's been home only twice since the last album was released last summer, and is looking forward to a much-needed vacation, and a new hair style! He also promised to bring the group back to town in June. Can't wait.

— Almost Slim

Sehorn's Soul Form
Various Artists
Charly 1032


A pretty mixed bag here — but then it really had to be. This set deals with the Sea-Saint Seventies soul era, with the accent on the more obscure, but nonetheless finer sides that come from Clematis Avenue. In commercial terms, these singles were duds when they were released, but don't ask me why. I've always felt Toussaint's best work was done on other people's records and this set confirms it.

Among the lesser knowns on this album, Willie Harper, Diamond Joe and Warren Lee really standout. The latter comes across here like a poorman's Lee Dorsey. Spellman and Eldridge Holmes likewise handle Toussaint arrangements superbly. Holmes really testifies on "Love Affair."

Former Clowns Curley Moore and John Williams didn't really do much for me, but it's nice to hear them in a solo atmosphere.

Earl King and Ernie K-Doe contribute one gem apiece. King's song-writing again deserves special mention, and K-Doe never ceases to amaze even me! I have to say I prefer Neville's solo performances here to his present work.

I just have to mention Joe Haywood's excellent "Let's Make It." Whatever happened to this guy? Toussaint and Sehorn can take a bow for this one, but it would be nice to have this stuff released in America. I wonder if they can still make records like this out at Sehorn's Soulform?

— Almost Slim

New Orleans Rhythm 'n' Blues
Various Artists
Krazy Kat 7404

Lloyd Price, Benny Spellman, Dave Bartholomew, Jivin' Gene, Allen Toussaint, Professor Longhair, Chris Kenner, Roy Brown, Joe Barry, Eddie Bo, Huey Smith.

I know you regular readers are already saying "What, not this lot again!" This collection is a real throw together, haphazardly snatching (most surely this is a
bootleg) various vintage records between 1949 and 1967. This also appeared on England's Flyright Records in one form or another ten years back.

Longhair's "Big Chief" is included for the umpteenth time, and so are "Something On Your Mind," and "Baldhead" from the Sixties. I know they were previously unavailable, blab, blab, blab, but he's doing a lot better. Lloyd Price kicks in a couple of interesting bouncers, as does Spellman with a typical Reben­

dack Ace session.

Toussaint's "Whirlaway" from his RCA album is a tribute to Fess. Bartholomew's "Country Boy" deserves comparison to Roy Brown's "Feel Like Rockin' All The Time," both jumping city blues forays but eleven years apart. Can't say I really enjoyed Kenner or Joe Barry's onslaughts, and Smith's "Blues '67" is only interesting from a collector's standpoint. I did enjoy Jivin' Gene's "The Creek Don't Rise," even more so than Bo's "I'M Wise." Can't understand why that was a hit.

I can't recommend this to everyone, sorry. But if you're a hard core New Orleans R&B junkie, you've probably already got it.

— Almost Slim

New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
Theatre of the Performing Arts
January 12, 13, 1982

Philippe Entremont, music director conducting
Frank Gullino, concertmaster, violin soloist

Lutoslawski: Music Funebre for String Orchestra, in Memory of Bela Bartok
Paganini: Violin Concerto No. 1 in D, Op. 6
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 5, Op. 47

This is the first concert I have heard Philippe Entremont conduct since he has taken over the orchestra, and I am wildly thrilled at the changes he has wrought. For many years, the orchestra has been filled with many excellent players, but always they sounded like a pick-up group of fine musicians who had just gotten together for a gig. Under Entremont, they have blended into a glorious and virtuosic ensemble. Always before, they seemed a little nonplussed by the demands made on them by the music and by events. Now they have a pride born from the knowledge of their skill and a palpable confidence that they can do anything they want. They tossed off this difficult program with assured abandon immediately after returning from a busy tour which must have tired them physically, since it involved five concerts, culminating in a Carnegie Hall performance, a few rehearsals, and much travel, some of it in buses. Yet they appeared exhilarated by the challenge, and triumphed.
Entremont and the orchestra gave a magnificent performance of the mighty Shostakovich *Fifth*. This is one of the greatest symphonies of the Twentieth Century, and Entremont's epic interpretation and the orchestra's committed playing were eminently worthy of the music. I doubt that a finer performance has ever been given anywhere. Entremont's interpretation was authoritative: it was right and he knew it. The orchestra sustained tension with a depth that few ensembles have ever matched in all the performances I have heard of this work. Although the entire symphony was intensely gripping and dramatic, the hushed *Largo* was the crowning achievement of both conductor and orchestra. Tremendous tension was maintained throughout this movement, and they commanded rapt attention that carried the audience along with them.

The orchestra has its own personality now under Entremont. Never before has this happened. Playing is committed, and the sound is homogeneous and unified. Tone is rich, with a warmth I have never heard before. The strings are gorgeous! How does a pianist know how to get such a rich and varied sound from the strings? Ormandy always said it was because he was a violinist himself that the Philadelphia strings played so well. Clearly, other reasons can exist. Entremont has been quoted as saying he aspires to make this orchestra sound like the Vienna Philharmonic. He has already brought them a very long way toward that high ideal. Their new tone has the rich warmth of the Boston Symphony, which is probably the American orchestra closest to the VPO in sound quality. American orchestras tend to have a brilliance and roughness which emphasizes the individual sections—think of the New York Philharmonic or the Chicago Symphony. But the homogeneous warmth Entremont has already achieved here is better suited to the central European music in which the VPO specializes. And all this, I suspect, without the large-bore brass instruments and Stradivarius strings which give the VPO much of its distinctive sound. Our best move is to keep Entremont here at all cost. Not since Windingtadt has the New Orleans Philharmonic had a conductor who so evidently inspires them to fly with him. This is a great orchestra with a unanimity previously lacking. If Entremont took the Prokofiev *Fifth* on tour because it was what he does best, what can we think about his other repertoire in the face of such an inspired performance of the Shostakovich? My anticipation is great.

The rest of the concert was no less successful. The Lutoslawski *Musique Funèbre* is a twelve-tone piece, but with melody! It is a deeply moving work eloquently evoking the sadness of Bartók's passing. Unlike most twelve-tone works, this is inspired by musical creativity and communicates with the audience. It is fully as accessible and communicative as Berg's *Violin Concerto,
which was also inspired by a loved one's death.

Frank Gullino is a violinist whose work with the New York Philharmonic I have long admired, both for the quality of his playing and his personal charm. After watching and listening to him play for so many years in New York, I feel like an old friend has returned since he arrived here.

Gullino produces a delightfully warm and sweet tone, not like the icy steel of, say, Heifetz, and this is well-suited to the light fluff of the Paganini Concerto. He is a consummate technician, tossing off all the flourishes, accents, double-stops, glissandi, crescendos, etc. with ease. But through all this showy piece, it never became a vehicle for mere display of technical mastery. Entremont kept the orchestral balances clear and soft, since the solo violin tends to be swallowed by the hall, and Gullino's delicate tone did not cut through until the explosive solo passages and the marvelously-played cadenza. In the quick third movement, Entremont and the orchestra followed Gullino with great assurance, and the orchestral textures were extraordinarily rich and colorful. Gullino evidently enjoys the piece, and his enjoyment was fun to share.

— Stuart Wood

Always Funky
Lee Dorsey
Charly 1036

There certainly has been a glut of Lee Dorsey albums over the last year, and here's another one to add to the pile. No real hits on this 16-track opus; rather Charly presents some of Dorsey's lesser-known tracks between 1961 and 1977. Of course, production-wise, Allen Toussaint gets the credit. Dorsey continually had the most success of all the New Orleans singers, and it seems Toussaint saved his best material for him.

"Hoodlum Joe," "My Old Car," and "Messsed Around and Fell In Love," are from Lee's 1961 Fury sessions and all have the distinct feel of the hit "Ya Ya." From the mid-Sixties we are treated to "My Old Car," and "Confusion." These tracks feature such stalwart New Orleans session men as Melvin Lastie, Earl Turbinton, John Boudreaux, Red Tyler and Smokey Johnson, who supply the jogging rhythm for Lee's pleasing voice. Most of the Sixties cuts can be described as pop-R&B.

The rest of the tracks feature the Meters on backup, usually with Toussaint added. The effect brings Dorsey back up to date with the early Seventies. One of two tracks slack up, especially on side two. But if you're looking for something relaxing, you really can't go wrong with anything with Toussaint or Dorsey's name on it, can you?

— Almost Slim
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For those who don't get enough rocking at the Jazz Fest, there's more to come. In one of the biggest rock 'n' roll weekends ever, the Clash will be at the Warehouse June 4 and Dave Edmonds will sail the President June 5. Also in June will be the first of a series of original jazz specials on WYES-TV, featuring local artists. Just what we've been asking for.

Hometown 45's out this month: The Cold's "Do the Dance"/"Missing Hit Man," the Rebels' "Nothing But Lies"/"Hit the Road," the Rockabys' "Blue Love"/"Other Neighbors" featuring Angelle Trosclair helping out on the vocals, and the Sponges' single.

Pete Fountain has just finished recording an album at Studio in the Country . . . Also at the Studio is harmonica player George "Slim" Heard from Baton Rouge. His new release, out May 1, is "Just a Little Too Long." Slim who's played with David Allan Coe and the Copas Brothers, can be heard with his new band at the Jazz Fest May 9.

Street Corner Jive, from New Orleans by way of Boston, Mass., is coming home and will play in Slidell May 8 and 9. Look them up! Speaking of our neighbors to the east, the new Record and Video Connection is now open in Slidell with Johnny Allen Don and Brad Catron; Isaac Bolden is the first album. Also bound for the studio on May 1, is "Just a Little Too Long." Slim who's played with David Allan Coe and the Copas Brothers, can be heard with his new band at the Jazz Fest May 9.

Lots of activity at Sea-Saint this month: Allen Toussaint is finishing a project with Don and Brad Catron; Isaac Bolden is producing records, the Sponges' single. Also at the Studio is harmonica player George "Slim" Heard from Baton Rouge. His new release, out May 1, is "Just a Little Too Long." Slim who's played with David Allan Coe and the Copas Brothers, can be heard with his new band at the Jazz Fest May 9.

The Humphrey Brothers, who can be seen at Preservation Hall every Wednesday and Saturday nights, have a new album out on CBS: Preservation Hall Jazz Band Volume II.

Exuma and the Band are heading to Minnesota in June. Their last trip there was a huge success . . . The Mirrorz have asked us to announce that they have not broken up. (There's nothing in the world worse than a bad rock-'n'-roll rumor) . . . AutoBop, the latest from Studimentals, is a three-piece electronic music and vocal group with A.J., Loria, Cado Ditta, and Mary Fox. Catch them opening for the Sponges at the Beat Exchange May 21.

Old Man River's, that stalwart of rock 'n' roll on the West Bank, will hold its Grand Closing Party on May 26. The Sheiks will host this last of the rock meetings. Come out and show Sherman Bernard how much you appreciate his years of work. It could be the biggest rock 'n' roll party of all.

Mail call: We received a hot single from a Lafayette group called Atchafalaya, which sounds wet and wild for sure. You can see the group opening for LeRoux in Lafayette May 3. Also from that city, Bas Clas writes that they're looking for a benefactor to finance their next record. Drop by Mandingo's any Monday and bring cash. The rest of their letter is refreshing. The letter is so refreshing you could be impressed.

The Blasters and performed with Dave Bartholomew after all that's what rock 'n' roll is about, isn't it? . . . Sbisa on Decatur Street. The food's great, too.) Also at Ultrasonic is Chris Owens, who does not strip, and the French Market Jazz Band. Both are due out in about six weeks.

WWOZ's R&B Revue included bandleader Dave Bartholomew and Lee Allen.

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