Wavelength (April 1983)

Connie Atkinson  
*University of New Orleans*

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New Orleans Jazz Music Marathon

FRIDAY, APRIL 29 at 9:30 P.M.

Kidd Jordan and Alvin Fielder with
THE IMPROVISATIONAL ARTS QUINTET

THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND

KENT JORDAN QUINTET

ALVIN BATISTE TRIO

plus an ALL STAR JAM SESSION

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"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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JAZZ 'N FASHION

High fashion and foot-tappin' jazz are the chief elements in the first-ever Jazz 'N Fashion show at the Orpheum, April 2 at 8. Creations by ten local designers or design houses will set the stage for contemporary music by Ellis Marsalis, Lady BJ, Germaine Bazzle and Philip Manuel. The designers to be featured are Jerome Smith (hats), Myra Everett who creates Sybil Morial's wardrobe, Lois Simbach (sweaters), Kathleen Joffrion Perry (soft suade accessories), Le Sac (accessories), Thadeus (menswear), Mary and Kelcie Hyatt and Judi Burras (evening wear), Ray Cole (costumes), and Fleur de Paris (new but vintage style hats and dresses). Commentary will be by Patricia Hill, and coordination of Jazz 'N Fashion is by Adriana Lopez Barnes. The event will benefit the New World Ensemble, a local 24-piece chamber group, founded and directed by Moses Hogan.

FROGMAN VISITS BRITS

For years tourists have stepped into Bourbon Street clubs like 544, La Strada, or Court of Two Sisters, to hear the classic New Orleans R&B sound of Clarence "Frogman" Henry. Henry has been a busy man lately spreading that sound across the Atlantic to a hungry audience in the UK. The British firm of Stuart Littlewood Associates heard Henry's show on Bourbon Street and brought him to England for album sessions with producer Geoff Gill and arranger Mike Timmoney. The sessions went so well that Clarence landed a spot touring with one of England's top comedy acts, "Cannon and Ball," through May. The Frogman will return home this summer to work the French Quarter and the Westbank's 1801 Club which has recently featured top local R&B acts.

THE COPAS BROTHERS

Side one of the Copas Brothers' eponymously titled debut album includes a song called "Going Back to Louisiana" and the juxtaposition offers a subtle, concise picture of the path the band has travelled to arrive at its present station. Nine years and twenty-odd personnel changes ago, the Copas Brothers played their first gig as a "newgrass" band, bluegrass music played with drums and electric instruments. They played rural Louisiana clubs, and built up a respectable following, steady work. Before long, they began to be influenced by the Texas style of Jerry Jeff Walker, with whom they appeared several times as an opening act, and others like him. Since the Jerry Jeff dates were well-attended shows, the Copas Brothers "got a heap of exposure," according to Pat "Copas" DeCuir; the result was that the band which also includes Dickie Knickerbocker, Hokie C. Gjertsen, L. J. Dimaio and Jude Levette had new listeners who thought of them more as country rock than newgrass. This propelled the band further into the Texas routine, and threatened to all but obliterate their Louisiana roots. Then came Urban Cowboy. "All of a sudden what we'd been doing for several years was the "in thing"" laughs DeCuir. "It got so we were almost embarrassed to wear our hats on stage." Not wanting to be pegged as a change of pace, they expanded its repertoire, throwing in some R&B and allowing the bluegrass to re-emerge. Now they've achieved a happy mixture, interweaving the styles in a manner that give their album a pleasing diversity not often found in country rock music. Performing music has strengthened the Copas Brothers' bond with their home state. Says DeCuir, "You think of Alabama as representative of the state of Alabama, or of Marshall Tucker for Georgia. But there's not many people doing what we're doing in Louisiana and we want to get that going. We're trying to promote Louisiana music more than anything. We're not trying to be ethnic; it's just a good feeling we have -- we love the state." To that end, references to various places and features of Louisiana are sprinkled generously throughout the album. Hank Williams and Hank Jr.'s "Cajun Baby" is included -- and the band really shows off its vocal tightness on it, one of the best performances on the record -- as well as "Rollin' Out of Little Rock," a honky-tonk little number, written by the band, about escaping to Louisiana to get away from a love affair gone bad. And of course there's "Going Back to Louisiana," a tribute to the virtues -- or whatever -- of a woman born here.

The Copas Brothers was recorded in December 1982, involving about nine days' worth of studio work, and released in late February. Glenn Himmaugh did the recording at Secret Studios in New Orleans for Pace Recording. The album is self-produced, on the CoBio label, but don't be misled: it's a high quality piece of work. For it is the music that makes or breaks any record, and this one really does bring a smile to the ears. The song selection shows off both the diversity and the consistency of the Copas Brothers ("mostly we just put on there what we felt would interest people and was fairly representative of the band") allows DeCuir modestly. There is no quality difference noticeable between the five covers and the seven originals included on the record. A moderately promoted version of "New Delhi Freight Train" is perhaps my favorite of the outside material; without a doubt, the rascally "Skinny Dip" is my favorite original. Also worth mention is "Chained and Bound," a slow, melancholy song, simple and pure.

Already the Copas Brothers have plans for a second album, to be recorded in the summer and released in the fall. It's too soon to tell what the response to The Copas Brothers will be, but according to DeCuir, early signs are encouraging, especially in some of those places across the lake where the band's long-time followers tend to be concentrated. It's available in stores around the city, and from the band, and definitely comes recommended from this writer.

--Keith Tuitehell
ST. PATRICK'S DAY SOCK HOP

A Fifties sock hop was added this year to the already chaotic St. Patrick's Day celebration at the Parasol Bar on Constance Street in the Irish Channel.

The new AM radio oldies station, WYAT, supplied the music, played from a console perched on the shotgun porch of Assessor Ronnie Burke. The records were spun by WYAT disc jockeys Cherie Smith, Jim Stewart, and Sonny Stoppa, the Saturday DJ (otherwise known as Ed Muniz, owner of WYAT-AM and WAIL-FM).

The whole affair was broadcast live over WYAT for most of the day. Constance Street rocked with throngs of "Irishmen For A Day," spurred on by their favorite brew, doing the Hully Gully, the Twist and other popular oldie steps.

ACOUSTIC CLASSICS

Ten years ago Ed Kalil couldn't really build a guitar, he just started "messing them up and learning." After a stint as a Channel 8 engineer and an educational program at the Guitar Research and Design Center in Vermont, he constructed a shiny blond flat top acoustic of German curly maple and cedar; an impressive instrument for a first time luthier, in both sound and appearance.

Kalil's present location does seem more than a little incongruous: we tend to associate guitar making with craft communities, kerosene lamps, wooded valleys. "This guy in Vermont offered me a good job working on instruments," he explains. "But this is my home; I'd rather be down here doing it on my own." - rico

RAMSEY & RIVERS RAIN OR SHINE

Longue Vue Gardens continues its Performing Arts Series this month with the Ramsey McLean/Sam Rivers duo scheduled for Sunday, April 24. These are more than the usual outings for jazzers who normally perform exclusively in late night environs; these are productions that take advantage of Longue Vue's outdoor garden setting—one that is truly unique in New Orleans.

McLean's will be the first event to make use of the newly constructed tennis court Pavilion, which means the music goes—rain or shine.

-Margie's Knockout

Margie Joseph's new album, Knockout, is just that. Placing high on charts in Billboard, Cashbox and Jet, it is her greatest national success to date and this ninth album marks the end of a five-year hiatus in her recording career. Ms. Joseph says that all of this success happened because of a conversation she had with local disc jockey Ed Burkhalter. Burkhalter suggested Margie curtail her inactivity by speaking to Harvey Lynch, the owner of HRMC Records in Houston. A demo tape was sent, Lynch liked it and the first punch of the future Knockout was thrown.

Recently back from playing New York nightclubs like the Copacabana, Saturn and Bonds, Margie spent a brief period resting up in New Orleans before embarking on a 30-city tour with Confunkshun and the Barks. "Right now," she says, "the basic thing with me is trying to keep my feet on the ground. I'm doing what I have to do to become successful. But I don't want it to be financially success. Don't get me wrong, I want some money, I'm not stupid. I'm talking about peace of mind. Success if being able to close your eyes at night and go to sleep without anything on your mind. That's my pot of gold."

Born in Gautier, Mississippi, 32 years ago, Margie Joseph came to New Orleans in 1966 to attend Dillard. After trying teaching, working at Sears and continuing her education, Margie decided she wanted to sing. Her career was launched at a 1967 Riverboat President with Cannonball Adderley. In the decade and a half since, she has appeared with Al Green, Barry White, Lou Rawls, LTD, the Spinners and the Commodores. Her influences and admiration range from Billie Holiday to Aretha Franklin. Commenting on the sales of Knockout, which will probably go gold, Margie says she's "cautiously optimistic but never counts the chickens before the eggs hatch."
LANDRY CATALYZES

The number of musical "pictures" catalyzed by Richard Landry's music is limited only by one's willingness (or unwillingness) to be taken away by sound, to relax, and be swept away.

Paradoxically, it becomes more visual as you close your eyes. Its shape may be circular, but big, like a circus ring. A time delay amplification system produces this spatial effect. Its colors change gently, a four-stranded web of tonal hue that envelops the audience in a subtle echo.

Often the repetition of a single phrase will produce a placid mirror-within-a-mirror effect; sort of an aural equivalent to watching sunlight shimmer on the surface of a lake.

However, this music is interesting not only to the imaginative right hemisphere, but to the analytical left as well ("bilateral stimulation of the cerebral cortices," Dr. Johnny calls it.) Position yourself right up next to the number three speaker and observe how effectively it succeeds as a basic investigation of time and space. You could have wholeheartedly recommended this February 26 performance at the Contemporary Arts Center to any student of physics...or painting.

---rico

A FAIR DEAL

Attention all hardcore collectors of eccentric and eclectic musical, literary, and artistic memorabilia. The Symphony Book Fair is just around the corner and if you don't check it out look what you'll be missing: 250,000 books including that best-seller of 1890 The Marriage Guide of Natural History (sorry, no illustrations, but there is a chapter on Softening of the Brain), 6,000 LP's including the 3-D cover version of Their Satanic Majesties Request by the Rolling Stones, 1,000 78's including a bound set of Negro Folksongs Sung by Lead Belly, 2,000 45's, and even Molly Hatchet posters!! Kathy Bohrer and Anne Marie Pargason keep track of all this for a year then sell it to local collectors and regular folks like you and me for mere "pennies on the dollar." The fair will be April 12 through 16, from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. at Oakwood Shopping Center. There is a three dollar admission charge, but only on the first day of the fair.

This year bass clarinetist John Reeks has scheduled a series of chamber groups to perform each night at Oakwood from 7 to 9: the Loyola Wind Quintets to Sax Machine. "Anybody seen that vintage copy of Occasus Equilibration and Temporomandibular Joint Dysfunction? My brother-in-law the dentist is calling long distance...."

---rico
AND ON... AND ON...

The New Orleans Jazz Club is 35 years old, no longer young but not yet elderly; for 34 of those years, the Jazz Club has had its own radio show on WWL, and for 22 of them has sponsored regular live performances with its "Jazz On A Sunday Afternoon" series, and it is also the site of the first and therefore oldest jazz museum anywhere—the French may have had the jump on us with jazz scholarship but we beat them to the museums for once.

The Jazz Club has also helped out local musicians time and again when times were tough and things were tantamount to that old slow drag you hear about, and it sponsors The Second Line, a fine research tool for jazzologists worldwide.

All of this will be celebrated in appropriate fashion on April 23 at the erstwhile Mint at Decatur and Esplanade, and site of the Jazz Club's new and expanded headquarters. The event is entitled "Jazz With A Mint Flavor," and runs from noon to 7, and frankly cool and tangy mint is probably just the right flavor for jazz—you wouldn't want to smother it in coriander or HP Sauce. Among the innumerable sources of entertainment promised are hands from far-flung outposts like Denver (The Queen City Jazz Band), Biloxi (The Bob Hill Band) and Massachusetts (The New Black Eagle Jazz Band) as well as such local treasures as the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble, The Last Straws, Andrew Hall's Jazz Band, Wes Mix, Lillian Boutte, Clive Wilson, Chris Burke, Placid Adams, Shelly Blunt and the proverbial host of others.

—Jon Newlin

STOOPS TO CONQUER

Like gumbo z'herbes during Lent and mosquito bars and nets on beds, stoop-sitting, still in practice throughout Bywater and Treme and in a few small pockets in Algiers, Mid-City, Uptown and the French Quarter, is a pastime, for some almost a religious vocation, that combines the functions of gossip/socializing/neighborhood watch/getting some healthful air/simply getting out of the house more often. It has been chronicled with some expertise by Karen Snyder, whose made-in-the-shade-in-New-Orleans video, View From The Stoop, is an affectionate portrait of those staunch traditionalists who still brave such rigors as bus-exhaust fumes, the general deplorable state of the atmosphere, unleashed Dobermans, packs of wild schoolchildren and the brazenly criminal-minded.

In the film, these sitters give their views on stoop-scooping through the ages: what it was like when street vendors and itinerants and jazz bands furnished street activity and food for thought instead of the erratic behavior of local motorists. Shown before now only in special showings, the show is being aired publicly (just like its subjects) on Wednesday, April 27 at 7:30 on WYES. If it were only practical to put the TV set in the gutter (where it so often belongs), we could all indulge in a bit of method-acting and take it in as a view from our own stoops.

—Jon Newlin

JOHNNY OTIS SCORES KEY

The City of New Orleans made rock 'n' roll legend Johnny Otis an Honorary Citizen at the Fairmont Hotel's Blue Room. Denise Verrett of the mayor's public information office made the presentation February 28.

Otis has been bustin' up the charts for quite a few years now after an original hit with the rich "Harlem Nocturne," a humorously licentious "Double Crossing Blues" with chicken-chasing Little Esther on vocals, and the original "Willy and the Hand Jive," since covered by scores of other artists.

Johnny's current big-band rock 'n' roll revue includes super-saxman Clifford Solomon (Ray Charles' music director; imagine having that on your resume!), talented young vocalist Charles Williams (featured on the recent Otis L.P.) and Johnny's sons Nicky and Shuggie on drums and guitar, respectively. Shuggie Otis may well be the most underrated guitarist in the country. Flawless blues runs and jazz chord progressions spring effortlessly from his little sky blue Fender Mustang, while Dad works out on vibes, sax into the melody.

—rico

PRINTING OUT!

Yamaha International, the corporation that makes everything from motorcycles to musical instruments, has created a revolutionary new keyboard—the MP-1 Mini-Printer. The Mini-Printer, a technological first in keyboard instruments, contains a computer and a printing system that allows the musician to quickly compose music as he plays. On a two-and-a-half inch wide paper roll, the MP-1 prints notes, staffs, even sharps and flats so that tunes are instantly recorded for posterity. In addition, the unit contains a memory function two channel recording and playback, plus all the functions of a regular electronic keyboard.

The MP-1 is small, only four pounds and about twenty-seven inches long, and it can be operated on household current, batteries or an automobile cigarette lighter for the traveling composer. Options such as headphones, expression pedal and a power adapter are also available.

The cost? All this in the Mini-Printer for under $1000 at local music stores.

—Margaret Williams
At a time when internationally known jazz artists are making fewer visits to New Orleans, we are fortunate to welcome back jazz's number one vibraphone virtuoso, Gary Burton and his quartet for a concert on April 10 at Tulane's Kendall Cram Room. Burton plays what must be one of the most challenging and difficult of all musical instruments, and plays it with such abandon that he has set new levels for jazz virtuosity.

Developed during the early Thirties, the vibraphone (a.k.a. the vibraphone) was viewed largely as a novelty instrument in the hands of earlier players until the late Forties and early Fifties, when Milt Jackson and others began to explore its jazz potential. Burton initiated the four-mallet technique, one that has considerably expanded the harmonic and melodic resources of the instrument. The additional mallets also allow him to play unaccompanied solos—solos as full-voiced as those of a pianist, and this he does with such flair that the vibraphone is transformed into a completely self-sufficient instrument.

Burton is a member of a rather exclusive club of younger jazz virtuosos that includes pianists Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett, and guitarist Larry Coryell among others. He has performed and recorded with all three and his last with Corea (Duet, 1979) earned him a Grammy, the second of his spectacular career.

How a young Midwesterner growing up in rural Indiana could have risen so quickly in the jazz ranks is a good story in itself. It was not until his student days at the Berklee School in Boston that he heard much live jazz performed at all, but by then he was already performing with four mallets. His rise in the next few years was meteoric with stints in the George Shearing Quintet and Stan Getz Quartet before forming his own quartet in 1967. Since that time, he has captured virtually every award and accolade possible within the jazz world including Down Beat's "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition" 1965, "Jazzman of the Year" in 1968 and "Best Vibist" every year since.

His position as jazz's premier vibist established by the time he was 25 years old, Burton next explored the fusion of jazz and other music types, including rock and even country and western. Most of Burton's repertoire of recent years has been in a more traditional jazz vein, however, and includes compositions by Duke Ellington, Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, Mike Gibbs, Carla Bley, Jim Hall and Mick Goodrick.

Gary Burton is also a skillful teacher, whose explanation of how jazz works is as informative for a seasoned veteran as it is for the most inexperienced novice. Thus for those who miss the quartet's performance at Tulane (8:30 p.m., April 10—tickets on sale at the door and at Leisure Landing), there is still his vibraphone clinic the following morning (April 11 at 10 a.m. in Loyola's Nunemaker Hall—admission free!). For more information, contact the Xenia Foundation at 861-1789.

—Charles Bianchi
CONCERTS

Sunday, 3
• Gospel Music Festival, Louisiana Superdome, 7 am, tickets at Ticketmaster and at the Dome.

Tuesday, 5
• Rubber Rodeo, Tipitina's, 10 pm.

Wednesday, 6
• Mose Allison, Tipitina's, 9:30 pm.

Thursday, 7
• The Psychedelic Furs, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane University, 8 pm, 865-5143; tickets at Ticketmaster.

Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun., 6,7,9,10
• Styx, Saenger Theatre, Tickets are available at Ticketmaster.

Friday, 8
• The Psychedelic Furs, Trinity's, Baton Rouge, 8 p.m.
• Fats Domino, Riverboat President, tickets are available at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Saturday, 9
• The Ramones with the Backbeats opening, Riverboat President, tickets are available at Ticketmaster and at the docks.
• Randy Newman, The Orpheum Theatre, tickets are available at Ticketmaster.
• Modern English, Trinity's in Baton Rouge, call 1-388-9884 for more information.

Sunday, 10
• The Gary Burton Quartet, Kendall Cram Room of the Tulane University Center, 8 pm, co-sponsored by the Xenia Foundation, 865-5143.

Saturday, 16
• Queen Ida and her Bon Temps Zydeco Band Tipitina's, 10:30 pm.

Thursday, 21
• Steps, featuring Michael Brecker, Peter Erkine. Club Marigny 10:30 pm.

Friday, 22
• Michael Iceberg and the Iceberg Machine, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane University, 8 pm, 865-5143.

Saturday, 23
• Johnny Rivers, Riverboat President, tickets are available at Ticketmaster and at the docks.

Sunday, 24
• River City Blues Festival, on the Southern University Campus in Baton Rouge. Call 1-344-8558 for more information.

Friday, 29
• Engelbert Humperdinck, Saenger Theatre, 7 and 10 pm, tickets available at Ticketmaster, and De La Salle High School. The show is for the benefit of the De La Salle Development Fund.

Saturday, 30
• Steve Morse and Morse Code (formerly of Dixie Dregs), Club Marigny.

FILMS


Saturday, 9

ART

• Aaron Hausings Gallery, 1130 St. Charles Ave., 523-7202. Sat. 9 through Thurs. 28. Madeleine Shellaby, Sat. 30, through Thurs., May 19: Randy Asprodites.


• Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Sat. 9 through Sun. 24: Festival of New Works.

• Galerie Simonne Stern, 2727 Prytania St., 895-3824. Through Thurs. 7: Wayne Amedee, Dino Pelliccia. Robert Hausey, Patty Whitty Johnson. Sat. 9 through Thurs. 28: George Dunbar. Sat. 30 through Thurs., May 19: John Opie and Randy Ernst.

Newcomb Women's Center Gallery, Tulane University, 865-5238. Through Thurs. 7: "These Kinds of Ladies," exhibit of hand tinted photographs by Laura Leavelett Schwartz.


MISCELLANY

• Aprilfest, University of New Orleans, Lakefront Campus, Friday, 22: a day of sunshine, live music and plenty of refreshments, raindate, April 25.

• C.A.C. New Music/New Jazz Series, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Sat. 9: The Festival of New Work winners, and a concert by juror Douglas Ewart, a red cell player originally from Jamaica.

• Cajun Fridays at Tipitina's, in conjunction with WWOZ fm, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Fri. 1: Marcel Dugas and the Entertainers. Fri. 5: Don Montoucet and Lionel Leleux. Fri. 15: Walter Artizan and the Scott Playboys. Fri. 22: Leo Thomas and Michael Dragon.

• Catholic Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave., 895-6602. Sun. 12: Organ recital by Frederick Swann of the Riverside Church and the Manhattan School of Music, New York City.

• Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans, 641-4289, 666-7555. Fri. 29: Recital, Dixon Hall, the Newcomb College Campus, 8 pm.

• Longue Vue Performing Arts Series, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5484. Sunday 24: Sam Rivers and Ramsey McLean.

• Madewood Arts Festival, Madewood Plantation, near Napoleonville, La. Fri.-Sun. 22-24: The 10th anniversary festival features ballet, opera and theater by regional artists, tickets are available at the gate.

• New Orleans Friends of Music, 897-3491. Thurs. 28: The Lyric Quartet, a string and piano ensemble, Dixon Hall on the Newcomb College Campus, 8 pm.


• T.U.C.P. Spring Concert Series, Tulane University, 865-5143. Thurs. 7: The Psychedelic Furs with Di-Vinyls, 8 pm, McAlister Auditorium. Sun. 10: The Gary Burton Quartet, 8 pm, Kendall Cram Room of the University Center, co-sponsored with the Xenia Foundation. Fri. 22: Michael Iceberg and the Iceberg Machine along with Chris Bliss, the world's only hi-tech juggler, 8 pm, McAlister Auditorium.
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**APRIL 1983**

MUSIC AT 9:30 P.M. MONDAY-WEDNESDAY

**TIPITINA'S AND WWOZ PRESENT CAJUN ZYDECO FESTIVAL '83**

1.

**QUEEN IDA**

2.

**DON MONTOUCEF**

3.

**LIONEL LELEUX**

4.

**THE NEVILLE BROTHERS**

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**THE RADIATORS**

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**THE NEVILLE BROTHERS**

**501 Napoleon Ave, corner-Tchoupitoulas — Phone 899-9114**
FRANKY & JOHNNY'S
specializing in
Hourly Hot Boiled Crawfish
Daily Hot Lunches
Po-Boys of All Kinds
Featuring the Oldies Professor—April 16
Restaurant Hours
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- Blue Room, Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111.
- Through Tues. 5: The Platters. Wed. 6 through Tues. 19; Tony Bennett. Wed. 20 through Tues., May 3: The Fifth Dimension.
- Bonapart's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Sundays: Pfister Sisters, 3-6 pm. Daily: Ralph Cox at the Piano, 4-8:30 pm.
- Bounty, 1925 West End Park, 282-9144. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Pyre.
- 1801 Club, 1801 Stump Blvd., 367-9670. Call for listings.
- Also, disco in the other dance room.
- Houllian's Old Place, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Sun. through Thurs.: Happy Time Jazz Band, 9-1 am.
- Larry's Venue, 4612 Quay St., Metairie, 455-1223. Tuesdays through Sundays: Johnny Pennino and Breeze, 9:30-2:30 am.
- The Levee, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Thursdays through Sundays: The Levee Jazz Band, 11 pm il.
- McBuddy's, 1544 N. Claiborne Ave., 946-3322. Saturday night live entertainment, Mark Richardson Jazz Trio. 9:30-1:30 am. $2 cover.
- Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons at Laurel, 899-9190. Wednesdays: The Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble.
- New York, New York, 3815 Frenchmen St., 944-2323. Thursdays. Desire. Call for other listings.
- Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. Wednesdays through Sundays: Bryan Lee Blues Band, 9:30 pm.
- Paddlewheel, 1928 West End Park, 282-5800. Call for listings.
- Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri. 1: Jive. Fri. 8: The Pranksters. Fri. 15: Bourré. Fri. 22: Jive. Fri. 29: The Pranksters. All shows begin at 10 pm.
- Penny Post, 5110 Danneel, Sundays: Open mike, 8 pm. Fri. 1: C.C. Mitchell, 8:30 pm. Sat. 2: Half Moon Trio, 11 pm. Mon. 4: Tom Rice, 9 pm. Pat Flory. 10 pm. Tues. 5: C.C. Mitchell, 8:30 pm; Mouse, 9 pm; Weh, Penny, 10 pm; Johnathan, 11 pm. Wed. 6: Dave and Cheryl; 9 pm; Taylor Berry, 10 pm. Thurs. 7: Country 3, 8 pm; Bill and Bobbie Malone, 9 pm; Pat Flory, 10 pm; Steve Worsham, 11 pm; Half Moon Trio, 10 pm. Mon. 11: Steve Worsham, 9 pm. Tues. 12: Mousie, 8 pm; Steve Worsham, 11 pm. Fri. 15: Fred and Debby Davis, 8:30 pm. Sat. 16: Half Moon Trio, 11 pm. Sun. 17: Folk Sing Out, 8-10 pm. Mon. 18: Dave and Cheryl; 9 pm; Wed. 20: Tom Rice; 9 pm; Taylor Berry, 10 pm. Thurs. 21: Fred and Debby Davis, 8 pm; The Malones, 9 pm; Pat Flory, 10 pm; Steve Worsham, 11 pm. Sat. 23: Fred and Debby, 9 pm. Sat. 24: Taylor Berry, 10 pm. Thurs. 28: The Malones, 9 pm; Pat Flory, 10 pm. Sat. 30: Half Moon Trio, 11 pm.
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•Roo's Tattoo, 4401 Tchoupitoulas, 895-9681. Featuring local blues and R&B on weekends.

•Seven-Eleven Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Mondays: Al Broussard, 9:30. Tuesdays through Saturdays: Randy Hebert, 9:30 pm.


•Wavelength's listings are available free of charge. Call 895-2342 for information.
Shreveport's Louisiana Hayride held a prominent position in the history of country music, its popularity as a live musical institution surpassed only by Nashville's Grand Ole Opry. A partial list of the Hayride's performers illustrates the show's importance: Hank Williams, Red Sovine, Faron Young, Nat Stuckey, Kitty Wells, Jerry Lee Lewis, Willie Nelson, Webb Pierce, George Jones, Johnny Horton, Sonny James, Roy Acuff, Slim Whitman, Floyd Cramer, Johnny Cash, Elvis Presley. No less than twenty-three of the Hayride's guests are enshrined in Nashville's Country Music Hall of Fame.

Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry have been the obvious capital of country music for some fifty years. Such is the enduring popularity of the Nashville barn dance that it served to obscure the importance of the Hayride. But the Louisiana Hayride, aired every Saturday night for twelve years over KWKH, served as a springboard to the top for many rising country and western performers, so much so that it has been dubbed "cradle of the stars" by long-time Hayride announcer Frank Page.

Country music—or hillbilly as it was often referred to—experienced an extraordinary acceleration of interest after World War II. The Grand Ole Opry, located in Nashville's Ryman Auditorium and broadcast over WSM, was the perfect symbol of this sudden upsurge of interest. Though the Opry was already an institution at the time, the postwar boom spawned several regional live music shows that were similar in format. Dallas had the "Big D Jamboree" and Los Angeles had the "Town Hall Party." But it was only Shreveport's Louisiana Hayride that ever threatened the Opry's popularity, even if only occasionally.

As it turned out, Shreveport was a natural location for the introduction of a regular live country music broadcast. Besides being a fertile area for country music talent and interest, North Louisiana/East Texas was experiencing an economic upswing due to the expansion of the area's oil and gas industry.

Before the Hayride was established, Shreveport had already developed a strong
musical tradition. The city hosted the annual Tri-State Singing Convention, which featured gospel singing, and it was also the home of one of Louisiana's most famous musicians and future Governor, Jimmie Davis. Meanwhile, the substantial black population made Shreveport's Fannin Street and Texas Avenue stopovers for many of the area's blues musicians. In 1940, John Lomax recorded several of the local bluesmen for the Library of Congress, including the legendary Huddie Ledbetter—known as Leadbelly.

But more directly, the Louisiana Hayride grew out of the need for live entertainment in the Shreveport area. Frankly there were practically none; the city didn't even have a television station until the mid-Fifties. The roughnecks and farmers wanted to hear country music and KWKH, a 50,000-watt clear channel station reaching from the Canadian border to the Yucatan, gave it to them.

Since the station's inception in the early Thirties, KWKH, a CBS affiliate, had been broadcasting hillbilly records, network programs and occasional live country music. By the late Forties, three men joined the station who were directly involved in the creation of the Louisiana Hayride: Henry Clay, station manager; Horace Logan, program director; and Dean Upson, commer-

It didn't take long for the Hayride to begin selling out every Saturday night. For 60° (30° for kids) you could see as many as fifteen performers over a three-hour period. "Television hadn't come along yet," continued Page. "There really wasn't much else to do. People use to come from all over Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, and we never even advertised who was going to be appearing."

The exposure that the Hayride offered its performers far outweighed the $13 they got for their appearance. A regular spot on the Hayride insured an abundance of work the rest of the week throughout the area. As a result, Shreveport became the target for country entertainers from the deep South and Southwest. One of them was the Alabama legend, Hank Williams, who became a Hayride regular on August 7, 1948.

For Hank and the Hayride, it was a marriage made in heaven (well, maybe Shreveport). Williams became the Hayride's first major attraction and helped the show gain early prestige throughout the country. In recalling Williams, Frank Page, who was present on all of Hank's Hayride appearances, uses the adjectives "quiet, sad, likable and scary," to describe the hypnotic Williams. "I just looked at Hank and would make you feel sorry for him. He was thin as a rake and he'd get so drunk it was pitiful. But when he picked up the guitar and started singing, he was so powerful—I remember getting choked up watching the first night he appeared. He got six encores that night.

Besides his appearances on the Hayride, Williams hosted the popular Johnny Fair Syrup Hour and his spot on the Hayride became a major attraction. Webb Pierce, who made a string of big country records on Decca, worked at the Shreveport Sears Roebuck before he got his break on the Hayride. Slim Whitman was a postman when he came to town before earning a spot as a Hayride regular.

Then there was Faron Young, who Page remembers "walking down Greenwood Road with a guitar on his shoulder on his way to the Auditorium." Jim Reeves was a radio announcer who filled in for Sleepy Lefbee one night, and then decided to try making it as a singer. George Jones played the Hayride and spent the rest of his life, playing the honky-torons on the notorious Bossier Strip. Lefty Frizzel got his career back on the tracks with the Hayride and Hank Williams returned to Shreveport after he was banished from the Opry.

There were others, too, between 1930 and 1954: Sonny James, Patsy Montana, Brandi Attaway, Ray Bartlette, T. Texas Tyler,
the Wilburn Brothers, Claude King, Wavy Fairburne, and many others.

By 1953, CBS carried isolated portions of the Hayride on its national network. Twenty-seven stations comprised the Hayride Network including two other 50,000-watt stations, WWL in New Orleans and KAAY in Little Rock. It was at this point that the Hayride and Shreveport seriously threatened Nashville and the Opry as the country music capital.

According to Steve Tucker, a Tulane doctoral candidate in American cultural history who has spent the last five years researching the history of country music in Louisiana and specifically the Hayride, Shreveport could well have surpassed Nashville in terms of importance if they had played their cards right. "The Opry set up a publishing firm and a booking agency. This made a lot of money for them and the Opry artists. In turn it hired a lot of record companies and other related music industries into Nashville. KW KH just looked on the Hayride as a Saturday night radio show. The Hayride didn't start a booking agency or a publishing firm until 1957 when the show was losing popularity and it was too late. Who knows what would have happened if they'd thought of it sooner?"

Throughout the mid-Fifties, the Hayride continued to supply the Grand Ole Opry with a steady stream of new talent. Then on October 16, 1954, an event occurred that would subsequently change the future of the Hayride and eventually the history of popular music. On that evening Frank Page stepped to the microphone to introduce a new performer by saying:

"Just a few weeks ago, a young man from Memphis, Tennessee, recorded a song on the Sun label, and in a few weeks that record has skyrocketed up the charts. It's really doing well all over the country. He's only 19 years old. He has a new, distinctive style...Elvis Presley!"

The record that Page referred to was "That's Alright," which inspired the Hayride's initial interest. The impact of his first performance was such that Presley was signed to a two-year contract for $18 a show, after only his second appearance, and signed on D.J. Fontana, who was the Hayride's regular drummer. Elvis would make 84 appearances on the Louisiana Hayride over the next 18 months. As his other Sun records began making an impact, Elvis barnstormed the honky-tonks and high school gyms throughout the South. For example, during 1955, you could have walked into the Golden Cadillac Lounge on St. Claude Avenue in New Orleans and, for 50¢, seen Elvis backed by Scotty Moore and Bill Black, or driven to Donaldsonville, Louisiana, to see the same show at the Town and Country.

Presley's impact was to be far more dramatic than even Hank Williams'. "He wasn't so wild back then," says Page, recalling the 'Hillbilly Cat.' "In fact I'd have to say he was a bit on the shy side."

It didn't take long for the Presley aura to affect the Hayride's traditional structure. As Page noted: "Elvis started to draw

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hundreds of teenaged girls and it ran off the older audience who had been supporting the Hayride since the beginning."

But Presley's influence went beyond the makeup of the Hayride's audience as Page reflects: "Elvis was the first one to mix black blues with white country music. Elvis had something different and people knew it was a catchy style. The Hayride is where rockabilly began."

While Page's claim is open to debate, the Hayride's format began to change considerably. Fiddles and acoustic guitars were replaced by drums and amplifiers as other performers attempted to get some of Presley's magic rubbed off on them. The tempos quickened and so did national interest in the Hayride. In February, 1955, it was a catchy style. The Hayride is where rockabilly began. Page, still with a trace of frustration in his voice, "Nobody cared about it anymore," says Page, still with a trace of frustration in his voice. "Shreveport didn't want it. People from East Texas supported the show. Shreveport looked down on country music. They just weren't interested anymore."

There were more obvious factors that contributed to the decline of the Hayride, according to Steve Tucker. "Rock 'n' roll hurt all forms of country music, not just the Hayride," he points out. "Television was a big factor because it competed for the people's attention.

"LSU football was extremely popular when the Hayride went under, and they played on Saturday nights. But another big factor was the union. The musicians' union had ignored hillbilly music until they saw the money it began generating during the Fifties. The Hayride couldn't afford to pay union scale when the crowds fell off and they started losing money."

A brief revival was attempted in 1966 but it too failed. In 1974, Page and his partner Don Kent resurrected the Hayride in a 600-seat barn eight miles north of Bossier City. After losing a substantial amount of money initially booking big-name Nashville acts, the new Hayride began concentrating on finding the next Elvis by booking local talent only.

Today Kent is the sole owner and the Hayride features a restaurant and a small showroom covered with 8 x 10 glossy photos of days gone by. The stage backdrop is the same as the original one from the old Shreveport Municipal Auditorium. Last year KWKH began broadcasting the Hayride on a tape delayed basis.

While traveling salesmen and teenage girls vie for musical stardom in place of Hank and Elvis, the Hayride makes no attempt to compare itself with its past—it doesn't have to. The Louisiana Hayride has already unequivocably changed the pattern of popular music in this Century.

Special thanks to Steve Tucker whose help and encouragement were invaluable.

---

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Robert "Sonny" Vaucresson makes a "gourmet-blend all beef hot sausage, with the emphasis on the seasoning, not just the pepper." He and his wife Geraldine operate a packing plant and neighboring annex store near North Claiborne and St. Bernard where the Indian parades pass. These tasty sausage po-boys will be available at the Jazz Fest this year. Groove food.

Jamaican David Mair is the man behind those spicy yellow meat pies that have been popping up around local convenience stores, high schools and musical events. For this year's Jazz Fest, Dave's cooking "escoveitched" fish (marinated in pepper, shallots, and vinegar, then crisply fried) as well as the popular meat and shrimp pies.

In the rear of the Second Mount Triumph Missionary Baptist Church on Washington Avenue is a spic 'n' span kitchen where Mercedes Sykes (Roosevelt's wife) and friends regularly cook up a traditional rib-stickin' South Louisiana Sunday dinner of fried chicken, barbecue ribs, potato salad, yams, macaroni and cheese and sweet peas. That same down home menu will be satisfying hungry stomachs at this year's N.O.J. & H.F. and proceeds help the church.

This fo'teenth and most august edition of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is not just the usual roundup of familiar faces, familiar flies above familiar dechets of crawfish husks and watermelon rinds, or even the familiar stomping through the Fair Grounds' by-now-trade-marked hybrid of hay, horse patties and fresh mud.

There is, for instance, a new tent—with a dance floor, yet; named Economy Hall, this tent is Trad, dad—only: performers include Danny and Blue Lu Barker, Tuts Washington, the Pistrer Sisters, the Louis Nelson Big Six, the Revival Jassband of Holland (oh, those low-down low countries!), the Majestic Brass Band and Festival debutantes Linda Hopkins, of the acclaimed one-woman-show *Me and Bessie*, and raconteur and classic blues pianist Art Hodes.

Some other noteworthy attractions: the Festival bows of Frankie Ford and John Fred and the Playboys, Kilometarz—the latest confection from the fertile brains and fingers of George Porter and Zigaboo Modeliste, Ernie K-Doe and the K-Doe Naugahyde Band (apparently appearing through the courtesy of Compass Furniture), the Widespread Jazz Orchestra, Billy Gregory (still New Orleans' great contribution to Psychedelic Lead Guitar), and at night—Rufus and Carla Thomas and Tina Turner and Junior Walker in an R&B mile-high-pie on the President (obviously for observers of the local fashion scene, the midnight performance will be the one to catch), that pioneer of machine-gun-delivery Jon Hendricks and Company in an evening of song, along with Carmen McRae and Bobby McFerrin and Astral Project, Doug Kershaw's entire family and that potentate of poivre aromatique Clifton Chenier, as well as Dewey Balfa and Marc Savoy on a slow-boat-to-the-Algierspoint Fais Do-Do.

All this and new ticket prices for those with brood in tow: $5 for one adult and one member of the peanut gallery (advance only but a good deal) to enter the happy hunting grounds, along with the normal prices: $6.50 as you enter, otherwise $4.50 which is quite a saving should you plan ahead. A more definitive breakdown of places and people follows.
FRIDAY, APRIL 29
Riverboat President—8 p.m.

Theatre of Performing Arts—7:30 p.m.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30
Riverboat President—7 p.m. and midnight
“Rhythm and Blues on the River,” Tina Turner, Rufus and Carla Thomas, Junior Walker and the All-Stars.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 1
Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp Street—9:30 p.m.
“Inside and Out”—The Archie Shepp Quartet

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

MONDAY, MAY 2
Theatre of Performing Arts—8 p.m.
“A Night of Song,” Carmen McRae, Jon Hendricks and Company, Bobby McFerrin with Astral Project.

TUESDAY, MAY 3
Theatre of Performing Arts—8 p.m.
“The Beauty of the Piano,” Oscar Peterson and Herbie Hancock.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4
Riverboat President—8 p.m.
“Fais Do-Do,” Doug Kershaw and the Kershaw Family, Clifton Chenier and his Red Hot Louisiana Band, Dewey Balfa and Marc Savoy with the Cajun All-Stars.

Prout’s Club Alhambra, 728 North Claiborne Ave.—8 p.m.
“Three Generations of New Orleans Singers,” with Blue Lu Barker, Germaine Bazzle, Lady BJ.

THURSDAY, MAY 5
Riverboat President—8 p.m.
“Bebop and All That Jazz,” Elvin Jones and the Jazz Machine, Chico Freeman Quintet, Jazz Allstars with Jimmy Smith, Stanley Turrentine, Kenny Burrell and James Black.

FRIDAY, MAY 6
Riverboat President—7 p.m. and midnight

SATURDAY, MAY 7
Riverboat President—8 p.m.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 8
Riverboat President—8 p.m.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 9
Riverboat President—8 p.m.
“Pharaoh’s Music,” Pharaoh Sanders, SUNO Jazz Ensemble.

Fair Grounds Race Track—11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

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Contemporary Clothing
The British are coming — in hordes. So much so that it's getting hard to tell one British band from another. That problem, however, doesn't apply to the Twins.

1964: England sends us The Beatles. Girls scream, society changes, and "Yesterday" is heard in dentists' offices across America.


Well, it's 1983 and new British bands flood our shores in numbers rivalled only by new Japanese cars. And the worst part of it is, so many of the new bands are good with a remarkably uniform sameness that affords them a remarkably uniform palatability.

So, we follow our fancies—a catchy synth program, a pretty face, or a stunning idea—because the bands that will really succeed, the measure of that success being its magnitude and duration are those with the fascinating quirks and novel approaches.

The stage is set. Enter the Thompson Twins—all three of them. Initially catching on in 1977 in Sheffield, one of England's many northern industrial cities, The Thompson Twins evolved and migrated, taking their present shape in London eight months ago.

Since then, they have responded to their less-than-impressive British reception with a coup de maître here, with chart successes like "In The Name Of Love" and "Lies," a successful mini-tour last fall, and their present full-scale album promotion tour.

Yes, it sounds like the all-too-brief career of every new wave synth band to briefly conquer the U.S. before fading away. But there are differences that set The Twins apart. One is their adamant refusal to exploit trends.

"We aren't into fashion," proclaims Alan Currie, percussionist/vocalist whose most striking feature is a carefully cultivated chaos of blond curls that acts as an awning for her face. "We're into style. In fact, we veer away from being incredibly fashionable, because if you're incredibly fashionable then you're out six months later."

"We're making a living, if you like, out of music. Which is why we don't just want to make it for six months—though we see where we could. But we want to keep on doing it. I've had so many crappy jobs, this is brilliant."

Tom Bailey, handsome lead vocalist, keyboardist and "musical brain" behind the band, picks up on her thought. "It's strange, there are ten or a dozen bands from England that seem to be making waves over here. It seems to be a fairly arbitrary selection... while there are great bands from England who never come over here at all. I can't figure out why those twelve have made it, because they're not necessarily the best of the crop. It's just that the American record company..."
thong they were doing their job properly.

Why should The Thompson Twins risk being lumped together with the rest of the unending "British Invasion?"

"Audiences in England are really cli-

quish," explains Alannah. "We have to work really hard to get them into what we're doing—whereas here, we just do it and they immediately start clapping."

Tom continues, "There's no ambition really. No justification. We just take the open course. It's a fantasy thing. We get involved in bigger and better fantasies."

Fantasy is the key to The Twins individually.

Joe Leeway, dreadlocked percussionist/vocalist, late of England's National Theatre company, describes this reasoning.

"We're going for a cinematic approach—making big, sweeping images. I don't think our show is just about making music. It's definitely sound and vision."

"Surely," Tom continues Joe's thought, "the days are over when people just get up and [mimes strumming a guitar]. On stage, we're in the business of communication. The music is only part of that. We rehearse and work hard so that by the time we get to the stage, the music's not really important. We know it's going to be good. As for the rest of the time, we're either making visual statements or verbal statements. It's abstract."

"What we're really looking for, sub-

consciously, is the fact that the show doesn't take place on stage. It takes place in the whole room."

The Twins' live show certainly is a capti-

vating spectacle, combining the choreographed with the spontaneous, all fronted by Tom's emotional, demonstrative vocal interpretations. The stage is set with translucent screens, silhouetting the performers' images, lit with fantastic, dancing colors.

Musically, the band draws equally on reg-

gae and African rhythms and the possibility of the "technology movement" that's sweeping new wave:

"We're good at getting rhythmical things together," says Joe, "and that tends to end up as a dance-oriented idea. Although we're also working with—well, not exactly ballads—but more cinematic type songs."

"I don't think it's good enough to be able to play your music, because you're also putting out an idea. The people who really make it for me are the ones who can, without being overly intellectual, bung out concepts—let those ideas come out and realize them."

"Percussion is wide open for invention," observes Alannah. "I'm not really that good at it yet, but I'm learning so I'll get a lot better. I make things up. I like doing fidgety things. Like in the studio, I'd say 'I need something like dinosaurs tap dancing on a tin roof.' I work with visual concepts. I like editing tapes and twisting screws."

Tom continues, "Joe, of course, is a brilliant musician. Us two are brilliant other things..."

Alannah: "But we're not telling."

——
What's the best way to land a record with a major record company? Windjammer's Kevin McIn, who has recently signed a four-album deal with MCA, believes that if you want a deal bad enough, you simply go out and get it yourself.

Even in their hometown, New Orleans, Windjammer is still pretty much an unknown entity.

"We're not a gig band," says 28-year old McIn, singer, guitarist, writer and producer of the group. "Bands in New Orleans burn out. People just don't support New Orleans groups."

Besides McIn, Windjammer consists of Roy Paul Joseph, guitar, vocals; Chris Severin, bass, vocals; Carl Dennis, lead vocals, percussion; and Fred McCray, keyboards, vocals. The group was "handpicked" almost two years ago "to make a statement," according to McIn. "We make good music. Not white, not black. You really can't classify it."

Although McIn quickly protests when referred to as leader of the group, ("Let's just say I'm spokesman") he is the catalyst of the Windjammer success story. A lifelong resident of New Orleans, McIn, who was raised in the Ninth Ward and attended Holy Cross, is able to pinpoint the exact moment his interest in music was aroused. "February 6, 1964, when I saw the Beatles on Ed Sullivan," he laughs, noting the surprise on the interviewer's face.

McIn played guitar in a series of bands through high school and while earning each
of his three degrees in communication from UNO and Loyola. "I used to play a lot of Chicago, Santana, Buddy Miles and the Jacksons. It was funny, but I didn't know that much about the business and I really wondered if these guys really existed."

During 1973, Mclin tracked down Joe Jackson, father of the Jackson Five, while the group was in New Orleans. He gave Jackson a tape he was working on. "It sounds crazy but he listened to it and wrote back. He said we weren't ready yet but to keep practicing and that he'd stay in touch."

Jackson kept his promise and so did Mclin. Besides the musical aspect, he also studied the business end of the industry. "Music is probably the smallest part of the business," Mclin points out. "Let's face it, you're a commodity and you have to sell yourself to the public."

One of the first lessons he learned was to be careful with whom you sign a contract. It was a lesson Mclin learned the hard way. When talking about his early studio experience, Mclin's mild manner disappears: "New Orleans is still in the dark ages. The studios here think they can sign everybody and do nothing for you. If the studio can't pay for the session and the production, they're not going to do you any good. If they don't have the resources—if they can't even get you airplay—they're taking you for a ride. The studios sign people they can so that when something does happen they can get a piece of it. I had to go out and get my own deal."

For Mclin, making his own deal meant hawking demo tapes to a number of record companies. But until last year, all he had to show for it was a stack of rejection slips and an obscure single which he saved like a battle scar. But Mclin failed to become discouraged and with Joe Jackson's encouragement and assistance, the duo put the Windjammer phenomenon together. Mclin financed the session and Jackson arranged for Tom Tom, who has worked with the Jacksons and Earth, Wind and Fire, to arrange the session. After five days at Ultrasonic, Mclin and Windjammer had the sound they were looking for—but no recording contract. Jackson suggested taking the tape immediately to the major recording companies. "I talked to Joe every morning on the phone and I get all the MCA reports. It's starting to catch on in Cleveland and Miami, but they won't play it here. They're trying to kill it," he laughs, referring to the local 'pirates.'

Mclin doesn't seem to be worried by the lack of cooperation by local radio stations. While he won't go as far as making a concrete prediction, he feels Windjammer's horizons have broadened beyond Lake Ponchartrain. "I think we've got the top group and the best shot to make it nationally out of anybody," he says unpretentiously.

"We're really shooting at something that can cross over and go platinum like Stevie Wonder or Lionel Richie. We purposely didn't put our photos on the cover so we wouldn't get the stigma of being just another black funk group."

While the group has been rehearsing up to four hours daily, they still avoid playing local gigs. "If the album really takes off and MCA gives us a push, then we'll do a tour. We've been talking to the Jazz Fest but that's been it. To tell you the truth, if this thing takes off, I'm leaving New Orleans. I'm just tired of all the behind-the-scenes politics and dirty dealing that happen here."

Mclin and Windjammer aren't resting on their laurels just yet. Plans call for them to return to the studio in another month to start on their second album. The production company they have formed also plans to produce an MTV video and Mclin himself has been working on the score for the play Creoles of Color.

In summing up Windjammer's experience, Mclin hopes it teaches other New Orleans groups a lesson. "I learned the hard way to be careful with what people offer and who you sign with. You have to be aware of the music business, not just the music."
Mike Pelleria arrived in New Orleans in August 1978. He came at the urging of New Orleans pianist David Torkanowsky, who had been his classmate at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Pelleria spent his whole life in the Northeast and thought he could use some new influences. But he didn't plan on falling in love with the Crescent City.

Once here, Mike immediately became caught up in the jazz scene. Ramsey McLean made him pianist for the Lifers, and Mike worked closely with drummer John Vidacovich in the latter's trio.

New Orleans music, Pelleria thought then at age 23, lacked intellectual content and melodic development in the tradition of the great bebop artists. So Mike left the birthplace of jazz for the birthplace of bop: New York City.

This New York apprenticeship lasted three years. There his head was turned by giants of piano technique ("You've heard of Monty Alexander? He eats Art Tatum for breakfast!"). He met some excellent teachers, and experienced the isolation of a megalopolis where even the best jazz artists are mostly out of work. He also got more than enough of the intellectual side of jazz (see below) and has returned with, he considers, a more mature perspective on music as a deeply human experience. New Orleans has become for him an enclave of essential elements of a musical experience found in the community at large, not just in a small group of fans. This is what Pelleria hopes to put into the music he creates now: a contemporary embodiment of New Orleans' message to the world.
New Orleans is not a jazz town.

It's not a hard-core jazz town. These people aren't jazz fans: they don't go out and buy Charlie Parker records. On the other hand they are more responsive than New York audiences.

You mean vocally? With more obvious enthusiasm?

That's for sure. They're familiar enough with the idiom to understand the real nitty-gritty. You can't go up and play sophisticated New York cocktail jazz. I don't even really want to play that, even though it's a part of me. But when you get to the people down here, it's very exciting, more so than in New York.

When you really reach them...

Right. In New York, the experience is from the shoulders up. People go to the right clubs because they think they should be there. At Bradley's, for example: you see all these nine-to-fivers, all these fancy rich businessmen sitting there, talking a mile a minute, and you can't even hear Tommy Flanagan or Hank Jones at the piano. Yet they clap at the right time because that's the thing to do.

Here, though, people dance—I mean, if the music is really happening rhythmically. That's a rare thing nowadays. There's not much of it left in the United States. And this music came from Black people. You still see middle-aged Black people around clubs clicking their fingers. That's the way it used to be everywhere. That's where jazz was. And this is a Black town. I'm talking about the vibe of the town. You have to play rhythmic music here, and it really has to groove. I find that a challenge.

Also, in this town, because it's so small everything is much more accessible than in New York, and there's a greater cross-check of styles.

You mean cross-influence?

Yeah. Whereas in New York you play bebop or Latin or Brazilian music and you just pursue that, here you can be into it as much as you want. This weekend, for example, I'm playing a Latin gig with Caliente at The Faubourg. And you can't just hang out in New York. Somebody might tell you there's a great Latin band playing up in the Bronx, but you don't just shoot up to the Bronx. It's a big city; it's more dangerous.

What about the money scene there? I've heard you can be out of work for a long time up there even if you're a good player.

Yeah, it's much easier to make a living here, even though the town has slowed up a bit—but so has everywhere else. At least there's a music scene here, which is more than there is in most cities.

But these non-union bands are taking all the gigs. The French Quarter used to be the best place to play because of the exposure. But the Right To Work law has made it so...
and they have a Coltrane solo transcription up on a video projector. It’s informative, but it’s so easy to miss the point. So in New York, you find the cats who were at Berklee, who matured and got really good at what they were taught, but who are still schoolboys. It’s like nothing goes beyond what’s been done already. If you go to a jam session and you say, “Hey, let’s play ‘If I Were A Bell,’” all of a sudden the whole band sounds like the Miles Davis Quintet. The cats are so talented there, their ears are so good, that they don’t even realize that sometimes they start quoting Coltrane solo technique and I can hear my way around.

Even though I didn’t grow up here, I’ve felt for a while that I wanted to be a New Orleans musician, to play with a little more humor. I didn’t have the kind of chops to realize that sometimes they start quoting Coltrane solo technique and I can hear my way around.

So I gather you don’t miss New York.

Right. There’s something to being isolated down here. It’s a valid music scene, a school of thought, a school of playing. Yet it’s never heard on jazz records. Wynton Marsalis is famous and he’s from here, but he doesn’t play New Orleans music.

What about Professor Longhair, Dr. John?

I’m talking about jazz. The way these local guys would play Bird’s “Donna Lee,” for example. I’m talking about 1983 New Orleans, cats who’ve played with Fess, cats who’ve got all these blues in them—how do they play bebop? Johnny [Vidacovich] studied Paul Motian and Tony Williams. Nobody plays like him. It’s just a little different turn.

Do you think Tony Dagradi has this too?

It’s part of his playing. He’s got a very strong blues sax. I’d say [David] Torkanowsky would personify it—some one who can really play the traditional stuff.

The average New York cat would just blow these guys off; he wouldn’t dig it. My thing lies smack in between New York and here. It’s more of a feeling, a funkiness, a natural thing you can just go anywhere with. But if you’re going to keep up interest, you’ve got to get down to the nitty-gritty and play something, whereas in New York it’s a high level of craft, and I can’t really do that. What’s needed, that kind of discipline. So now I want to cross check. I want to have all the craft, but I just want to be able to say anything goes and just play as outrageously as I want. [Thelonious] Monk is my biggest inspiration right now, although I don’t try to copy his style.

Right now I’m into feelings, capturing a certain spirit. I want to have something from the bebop past: the swinginess, the strength, the badness, the beauty. But it’s got to have some depth. That’s rare now, really, even in New York.

I’ve only now reached the point where I feel I’m starting to get a certain level of technique and I can hear my way around. So now I can benefit from all those years of listening.

What I’m trying to do is to fuse this traditional New Orleans street parade beat with some more modern elements.

So it should sound new and exciting to New Orleanians as well as to outsiders?

Sure, because nobody’s ever heard that combination. Maybe in a year I’ll come up with something else new, but that’s the only thing I’m doing now that’s even remotely original. I’m not a genius. I’ve worked very hard my whole life trying to be a piano player. I’ve been very influenced by this town and I’m thrilled to be back.

It’s been said that there’s more variety possible in rhythm than in any other musical element. Does this perhaps confirm your search for originality along the lines of New Orleans rhythm?

Yeah. I feel that rhythm is the only thing that the average person can really perceive easily in complex forms. I just hate arrogance in music. I stay away from musicians who say things like “These people are not going to understand this.” That’s bullshit. If you can’t reach those people, then you’ve lost it; you don’t have anything.

The only people who can appreciate bad jazz are other musicians—did you ever think about that? The only people who can appreciate music that’s not really happening are other musicians or people who think they’re jazz fans and hip. But the average Joe only digs when it starts cooking. That’s the kind of music I aspire to.

During the heyday of the bebop movement, almost every record—even if it wasn’t recorded well—had that drive. And why did it die out?

Commercialization?

I’d say it was because something happened when it was handed to the next generation. The essence of the music, which was the rhythm, was not picked up by a lot of players. But rhythm is really strong here, even if people think that it might not be as sophisticated as New York.

Now harmonically, the music has left its mark. Just listen to a film score of any recent movie, or to TV themes. People are hearing these sounds all day without thinking about it. We’ve actually gotten a lot hipper without realizing it. It’s just that the general American culture is rhythmically square. In Brazil or Puerto Rico, everybody can bang on a conga and keep time: it’s in the culture. But in the upstate New York suburbs where I grew up, there was nothing to prepare me to become a jazz musician, nothing in a personal sense. Down here, though, they just take it for granted. Everybody’s grown up listening to brass bands marching down the street. They’ve all heard jazz and it means something to them. I had to leave home to discover those things. But for a long time I couldn’t figure it out.

The only thing I would say critical about musicians down here, and I don’t understand it, is that most cats stop their development around age 24 or 25. Even so, it’s less true of the newer generation of guys, like the guys my age.

Like Julian Garcia, Chris Severin, those people?

Yeah. Or Johnny [Vidacovich], even though he’s a little older than those cats.
They grew up listening to James Black and others, and they learned how to play. Then they went to school and they learned how to read—so it’s a whole other school of players, and it’s exciting.

So what is it exactly that you got out of your experience in New York?

In a word, I learned to use detachment and concentration to get my rhythm together. But I’m just beginning to master it. A cat like Vidacovich has been able to do it for ten years. The average musician, though, won’t even get close to playing in time and being able to perceive the movement and chord changes and think in advance. The New York cats are into forward motion: rhythmically, harmonically always leading into the next phrase, anticipating changes. And you’d be surprised: you can speed up your brain. I never thought I could handle this kind of concept. Nothing clicked while I was still down here. Then up there I began to feel those things. Barry Harris and Tommy Flanagan have been at it for forty years. Now they’re into the subtlest shadings, just to give that line a little lop. That’s what Ellis has, and it’s really great. But it’s only when you’ve reached this level that you can say “Now this is what I have to say.” Up until that point it’s like talking with a speech impediment.

Here’s the way I picture it. Let’s equate musical enlightenment with a distance you have to travel. The halfway point is where you just get your shit together, where you can technically execute what you hear inside. The average musician never even gets halfway. The person who has great gifts-like [pianist James] Drew or Wynton—has natural technique. They start much closer to the halfway point than the rest of us do.

I feel like jazz wasn’t an inevitable thing for me. It’s only because of my persevering and my drive that I’ll get somewhere. That’s the main thing—it’s the only thing I’m concerned about in one of my students. I believe that there is a method, even though I said all that stuff about how bad the influence of school is. Most of my books are not talking about the music; they just don’t understand it. Nobody gets to the nitty-gritty.

Teach them how to improvise. It’s not such a mystery. But, as a musician, you are responsible for your own education. And a lot of it is luck: where you grew up, who you run into.

Some people have reached a certain level of expression and it’s really nothing very interesting. All the players in New York have that. But it’s only at that point that you say: this is what I have to say as a human being. And who they are as a human being all comes out in their music.

I must have always had something to say because people liked my music and even when I didn’t have these elements together. Even when I couldn’t live with myself—there must have been something there.
CAJUN FRIDAYS

Every Friday this month, Tipitina's will be transformed into a Southwest Louisiana dance hall, complete with two-steps, fresh boudin blanc and the sort of French dance music heard all too rarely in New Orleans.

The first four Fridays of this month Tipitina's will be transformed into a South Louisiana dance hall as it will be filled with the sweet strains of old-time French music. The event is the first annual WWOZ Cajun and Zydeco (zodico, zordico, zolo-go)—Cajun Music Festival. Sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts, the Louisiana State Arts Council, Old Style Beer and Tipitina's, the festival is designed to bring some of the wealth of South Louisiana's music to New Orleans (where most of the artists have not played before) and introduce (or reintroduce) it by way of stage and radio waves to the city.

The forces behind the festival are festival technical director Steve Pierce and festival director Allison Kaslow. Along with WWOZ station manager Walter Brock, they, along with WWOZ station manager Walter Brock, plan to make the festival an annual event, each year introducing to New Orleans more of the many great bands and folk performers that are still active in Louisiana.

"It's only natural that WWOZ should present this kind of event since it's practically the only source of French music in New Orleans," comments Kaslow, referring to the accordion-based music of the coastal region roughly from Lafayette to Beaumont.

Pierce and Kaslow made several trips to clubs, dance halls and homes in French Louisiana, looking to find active performers who had yet received recognition outside of their own community. They soon found that French music is not disappearing from the Southwest Louisiana prairie. In fact, the music scene is growing, with more groups active than anytime since World War II.

"There's so much talent out there that people just don't know about," said Kaslow. "You could practically have a different band every weekend for months!

Allen Fontenot, Cajun fiddler and band leader, will be the master of ceremonies for the concerts. In the early Seventies, his band was virtually the only Cajun group active in New Orleans. He has promoted French music, hosting radio programs, operating a record store and a music club, and now actively..."
Regular Features
Sundays—John Rankin
Back to Blues
Mondays—James Carroll
Booker III
Piano Prince of New Orleans
Tuesdays—Li’l Queenie and
the Skin Twins
Get Naked
Wednesdays—N.O. Rhythm
w/Lillian Boute
Makers
Thursdays—Bourre Cajun
Band
Alligator Music

Special April Attractions
Fri. 1st—The Radiators
Sat. 2nd—Rockin’ Dopsie &
his Cajun Twisters
Fri. 8th—James Booker’s
Rhythm and Blues
Review
Sat. 9th—Night Riders
Fri. 15th—Li’l Queenie &
Backtalk
Fri. 16th—Beausoleil
Fri. 22nd—The Radiators
Sat. 23rd—James Booker’s
Rhythm and Blues
Revue
Fri. 29th—Exuma
Sat. 30th—Rockin’ Dopsie &
his Cajun Twisters

Open Nightly Tues.—Sat.
Shows—9:30 Weekdays
10:30 Weekends

SMILEY’S FIRST

Smiling Lewis
“Here Comes Smiley”/
Turn On Your Volume Baby”
Deluxe 3099

Although Smiley Lewis was to have over
forty single releases, this is his very first,
dating from the summer of 1947. Smiley
(Otteron Lemons) was included in the first
batch of rhythm ‘n’ blues recordings done
by the Braun Brothers during the summer
of 1947, which also included Roy Brown,
Pleasant Joseph (Cousin Joe), Fats Pichon,
Dave Bartholomew, Paul Gayten and An-
nie Laurie.

To my knowledge, this is the only record
that credits New Orleans’ grand piano
master Tuts Washington as accompanist.
According to Tuts, the lineup on the release
was Smiley’s working band. Leo Frank,
credited with writing both sides, was a
white bartender who worked in the Quarter
and gave the songs to Smiley, who was still
shoeing horses to make a living!

As for the music, both sides are an R&B
delight. Smiley proves that, even from the
beginning, he was a blues shouter with few
equals. Tuts also confirms that he was, and
still is, one of New Orleans’ great piano
players. (Why has this man been ignored?)
His playing on these sides is frankly
stunning.

With the rapid escalation of prices for
such rarities, I couldn’t even guess what
this would set one back. I was just lucky
to find it at a garage sale.

—Almost Slim

April 15—Felix Richard with Sterling
and Zachary Richard/Walter Mouton and
the Scott Playboys.

While Moussiere Zachary needs little
introduction (methinks an au revoir), Felix
is a 65-year-old accordionist who used to
hide in the barn so his parents wouldn’t
hear him play! A father of ten children,
Felix was a major influence on his son
Sterling and Zachary (no relation).

Mouton describes his music as “Modern
French dance music,” so bring dem dan-
cin’ shoes, cher. Now 44, Mouton is profi-
cient on four instruments and his influence
can be traced to Texas swing and country
and western music. His young band, The
Scott Playboys, is a regular fixture at La
Poussiere in Breaux Bridge.

April 22—Leo Thomas and his Big Time
Louisiana Soul and Zydeco Band/Mike
Doucet.

A former guitarist, Thomas concentrates
on playing drums now with his high-powered
five-piece group. Never one to be out-
done, Leo has a 20-piece drum kit, which
lights up in different colors when he plays.
His music runs the gamut from Bobby
“Blue” Bland to traditional French walt-
zes.

Doucet, a relative youngster at 31, is a
fiddle player and vocalist from Scott. He
leads the popular group, Beausoleil and
appears in New Orleans frequently.

Doucet will share a cappella solos and
duets with Zulz Catalan, 70, of Kaplan,
Louisiana. Of German-French-Spanish-
Black ancestry, Catalan grew up in the
Cajun “house singing” tradition, in
which women performed at home and did
not sing or play publicly in dance halls.
PERFORMANCE!

Not exactly painting or dance or sculpture or music or poetry or video, this is not the kind of profession to have to explain to a potential landlord or the IRS.

Deeds and Feats, a performance/installation series at the Contemporary Arts Center, is one big attempt to bring performance to a larger audience in New Orleans. Culminating March 27 with the Laurie Anderson concert (a joint production by Tulane, CAC and Plan B) as part of her "United States" tour, the series is composed of five weekends of performance by local and national artists as well as a continuing installation exhibition.

Performance art is a curious thing. Though the modernist tradition has hardly been short of modes of expression that are amorphous, ambiguous or eccentric, performance is tough to pin down—even for those accustomed to the gymnastic flip-flop of the avant garde. Change is the one great tradition of modernism. As soon as the powers-that-be manage to arrive at some cozy conclusion like the right and proper dominance of abstract painting, some other clowns show up with soup cans and comic strips. For the better part of the 20th Century, performance has been the avant of the avant garde.

Once the stronghold of conceptual art, performance has veered in the late Seventies and Eighties closer to traditional entertainment forms: music, theatre, dance. Deeds and Feats reflects this tendency both in the national artists it has chosen to include (NYC artist Michael Smith's stand-up comedian format for example) and the theatre/music-oriented artists like Amanda Hoover and David Wheeler. As artist Jesse Poimboeuf, one of the performers and organizers of the series, puts it, "I'm interested in bridging the gap between performance and entertainment. The idea that a performance has to be shocking is just not that interesting."

More attempts to define performance hover about what it is not, exactly. Not exactly painting or dance or sculpture or music or poetry or video, even though it can and often does contain elements and similarities to all of these. Depending on your perspective, it is either a marvelously elastic medium allowing the artist to explore aesthetic impulses without the limitations of traditional formats, or a hopeless blurring of disciplines in which the distinctive virtues are lost along with the boundaries. The most that can assuredly be said is that performance is an art activity by artists that takes place in real-time—live. After that, the sky's the limit. This is not the kind of profession to have to explain to a potential landlord or the IRS.

The month-long extravaganza here grew out of the CAC's Alternate Art Forms Committee, currently composed of Steve Sweet, Steve Rucker, Elizabeth Shannon, and others. For further information write: Jazz City, P.O. Box 3130, Edmonton, Canada T5J 2G7.
and Jesse Poinboeuf. The procedure for applying at the center has been to submit a proposal to specific committees: sculpture, music, etc. Alternate Forms originated to deal with all the proposals that didn’t quite fit in anywhere else. Deeds and Feats was set in motion about a year ago.

Performance is not that new to New Orleans. Individual artists and pieces have been presented here before as part of major exhibitions like the Triennial at the New Orleans Museum of Art and CAC's Louisiana Environments. Artists also perform occasionally at clubs like the Beat Exchange or in homes or studios, such as Dorree Cooper and Page Moran’s recent Duval Street installation. But the goal of Deeds and Feats was to focus on performance in a way that would alert a larger public, and in this they have been quite successful.

“I couldn’t ask for a better audience,” said Poinboeuf. “Some of the faces are familiar but I keep seeing new ones each time too.” Performers have been playing to a full house, and the series pulls a number of film and video people as well as the painting/sculpture crowd. Audiences have been surprisingly open. “Maybe the general laissez-faire attitude of New Orleans has something to do with that. New Orleanians may have broader ideas of what entertainment is than they do in other parts of the country.”

In performance work, the artist’s materials are time, people and setting instead of paint and canvas. The language and iconography of film or paintings is familiar; in performance each artist must evolve and communicate his own. “You have to make that jump between your own concerns—autobiographical or otherwise—and the audience. There’s got to be some kind of richness.” Art and language have to rely on what we already know to communicate, as well as what we are only hinting at. The success of a performance piece, like any art work, depends on the artist’s ability to harness the ambiguity of his own impulse as an accessible magic.

Deeds and Feats at the CAC is a good start. The series provided an informal look at some of the accomplished national artists as well as a spot for evolving local performers. But the scale of Deeds and Feats necessitated long lead time. Practice makes perfect and for performance artists the only way to improve is to perform. Some more spontaneous forum is needed to develop strong local work and a knowledgeable public. A picky audience occasionally never hurt anybody. Plans under consideration to provide space for performance on periodic basis at the CAC would help, as would regular performance cabaret nights at local music clubs. As Mr. Poinboeuf put it, “An offshoot of the Contemporary Arts Center would only support its success.” Doing it live, being there is a big part of life in New Orleans, whether it’s Jazzfest or St. Joseph’s Day. Performance should be interesting in a town where the public party is already an institution.

—Virginia Levie
WEATHER, LEATHER STONEHENGE AND CHICKEN FEET

Four new records that encompass the audible spectrum — from the classical avant-garde to a Willie Nelson song cycle.

Procession (Columbia FC 38427), the new Weather Report album, is something to experience. The new drummer, Omar Hakim, and Victor Bailey, the new bassist, give Zawinul's and Shorter's compositions a whole lot of swing. Sample the title cut, or try out “Two Lines” or “Molasses Run,” two rave-ups that simultaneously drive hard and swing gracefully. The gumbo of cultures depicted celebrating on the vibrant album cover matches the musical turns from other cultures Zawinul and Shorter inject into their compositions. The melody of “Where The Moon Goes,” sung by the Manhattan Transfer!, shifts from a major seven scale to a minor seven much like the scales employed by Indian musicians. “The Well,” a short excerpt of concert improvisation, is haunting and reminds me of the Japanese.

Willie Nelson’s Tougher Than Leather (Columbia QC 38248) is his first concept album since Red-Headed Stranger. The theme is karma and ties the story of a Nineteenth Century gunfighter by the name of Tougher Than Leather to the story of a contemporary would-be cowboy, who, through a case of mistaken identity, is sentenced to the electric chair. The supposed-innocent victim, Nelson tells us, pays for the crimes his soul committed in a previous lifetime. It looks kinda crazy on paper but the album works beautifully in its effortless succession of bittersweet songs. The image of the “bird in the sky” signifying the soul and the rose as a symbol of undying love are both timeless archetypes and Nelson uses them succinctly in weaving his tale of karmic retribution. The music is classic Willie, the musicians his usual crack-shots. It’s also the first album in ages (with the exception of a piano rendition of “Beer Barrel Polka” by Bobbie Nelson) that’s all Nelson originals.

Flautist Ransom Wilson has recorded everything from Bach to Koto. His most recent album, Ransom Wilson (Angel DS-37340), is his first recorded foray into minimalist music. There’s a Phillip Glass composition, “Facades,” which features simple, open-bodied flute over an undulating string-section — suggestive of clouds scurrying across the sky, continually concealing then revealing the face of the moon. Steve Reich wrote “Vermont Counterpoint” especially for Wilson. It’s both jerky and lyrical, with layers and layers of Wilson’s overdubbed flutes. My favorite piece is Frank Becker’s “Stonehenge,” written for flute, synthesizer and percussion. The work slowly builds on a simple pattern, then shifts into double-time with various patterns playing off against each other, reaching an exhilarating apex, then returning to the double-time theme which languidly breaks down to the original pattern. Those who’ve heard it have been mesmerized by “Stonehenge.”

What a hot time it was, experiencing Chicken Legs and Feets at Tipitina’s over the last couple of years. Not only was the Little Feat rhythm section awesome, but Paul Barere was moving to the front with a stronger voice than ever and some great new songs. Ken Gradney had mentioned that Feets might record, and while that hasn’t materialized, Paul Barere has released a solo album, On My Own Two Feet (Mirage 7 90070-1). And a beatin’, steamin’ e lp ee it is! “High Roller,” given a rush treatment on Little Feat’s Time Loves A Hero, is here slowed down to a main-line sleazy, funk tempo, so that words like “I’m jes’ a fool in a pair of dice” come sliding through on the waves of good grease. Lowell must be toasting Barere on “Love Sweet Love,” a Dixieland Chicken of a tune if I ever heard one, with a drunken trumpet thrown in for good measure. A good bit of the cuts have that big, open sound that the Feat were the masters of. I hear Richie Hayward all over this record, and while he isn’t listed in the personnel, the Ferrel Gummit that is listed must be no other than Hayward under an assumed name. This is rock ‘n’ roll. Wear it out.

—Zeke Fishhead
WAVELENGTH BACK ISSUES


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WAVELNGTH, P.O. Box 13467, New Orleans, La 70113
ing heads. Ellington masterfully fused the European piano form with African drum content to create timeless popular music. The WSQ discards the rhythm section altogether, thus insuring that the rhythms of the human breath must compensate for what the lack of accompaniment leaves out.

Hamiet Bluiett (baritone), Julius Hemphill (alto), Oliver Lake (alto, tenor) and David Murray (tenor) are a free jazz supergroup on sorts, based upon their individual albums and performances. Despite the absence of variety in tone, the World Saxophone Quartet brings forth avant-garde music with a neo-classic heart.

—William D. White

Roy Brown
SATURDAY NIGHT
Mr. R&B 104

This, the third Roy Brown reissue by the Route 66/Mr. R&B folks, covering the 1952 to 1959 period, is easily the most interesting. Running the gamut from blues shouting to rock 'n' roll and even rockabilly, this collection effectively covers Roy’s stint with Imperial and throws in some of his finest King sides too.

First the early King sides. Finally the ludicrous “Mr. Hound Dog's In Town” (Roy's answer to Big Mama Thornton's hit) has seen the light of day again. Along with “Caldonia’s Wedding” and “Bootleggin' Baby,” they best represent his early Fifties jump blues. “Midnight Lover Man” meanwhile slows the pace down, showing traces of his earlier successes, i.e., “Hard Luck Blues,” “Long About Midnight.”

The Dave Bartholomew produced Imperial sides provide food for thought as Roy's material is obviously geared to a younger audience—so different from the sound of "Black Diamond" two years earlier. The accompaniment is pure New Orleans, using the cream of the Cosimo studio sessionmen, complete with punching horn lines by Lee Allen and Red Tyler, and knockout guitar licks by Justin Adams. The title track is a stormer, very much influenced by Little Richard's vocal antics, but my favorites are “I’m Ready To Play”—the old Bartholomew standby “Ain’t Gonna Do It.” On "I’m Stickin' With You" and “I Love You, I Need You,” Roy comes as close as any black singer ever did to Memphis-style rockabilly. His two Imperial hits “Party Doll” and “Let The Four Winds Blow” are included at the expense of classic sides like “Hip Shakin’ Baby” and “Diddy-Diddy-O.” This may sound like carping when songs like “Good Looking and Foxy Too,” “Everybody” and “We’re Going Rocking Tonight”—all of which show Roy at, or near, his best—are included.

Roy's full emotional, oft-times campy sounding voice is a knockout, mixing blues and rock 'n' roll throughout. This release underlines just how much he is missed. I'm more than a trifle impressed with this one.

—Almost Slim

English Beat
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The (English) Beat puts together an appealing and vivacious "funky multinational anthem" composed of often unequal parts Caribbean rhythms (reggae/ska/calypso) with rock, jazz and soul. The post-punk pluralism of the new wave scene (never truly a sensibility) gave way to ethno-decentralism of every possible description and thus made way for previously dubious appellations and aggregations.

The Beat, starting as part of the ska move-
ment, has expanded its rhythms and repertoire without losing that essential spark. On the finest tunes here, the diverse selection of styles and smoothly entertaining manner get the message across. "Counter-Revolution of the Heart" is reminiscent of the new wave pop dominating British airwaves, that highly-wrought theatrical vocalise. The familiarity-bred-consumption of "Jeanette" mashes two-tone ska up against high-tech keyboard synths pop with surprisingly effective results. The dub-funk inflection of "Spar Wid Me" adds flavor and shows off their range.

"Rotating Head" provides a specific sociotechnical commentary on matters of great sociopolitical import. "She's Going" and "End of the Party" add urgency to the pressing affairs of modern romance. "Ackee 123" offers the challenge of the unexpected, the unusual, out-of-the-ordinary terrorism of the soul and counter-revolution of the heart. "It doesn't have to be a nice day, just the only one you've got...

Couriers of pop, "music of international mystery, political intrigue, and incessant foot movement", the English Beat has crafted a totally accessible album of widely divergent appeal.

—William D. White

**Magic Slim and the Teardrops**

**RAW MAGIC**

**Alligator** Al-4728

Magic Slim, real name Morris Holt, has been a virtual fixture on the Chicago blues scene since the middle Sixties, playing such South Side clubs as the 1125, Buddy Guy's Checkerboard Lounge and taking over the late and legendary Hound Dog Taylor's Sunday afternoon jam sessions at Florence's, a crowded, no-nonsense postagreement-sized bar at 54th and Shields, not far from where the Chicago White Sox make their home.

Raw Magic marks Slim and the Teardrops' first full outing for Chicago-based Alligator Records, but not their first appearance on the label. Slim and the Teardrops were featured on Alligator's landmark Living Chicago Blues series, which they stole with such earthy songs as "Dirty Mary, Fact You" and "Stranded On The Highway."

Although Raw Magic was waxed in Toulouse, France, at Condoreet Studios, Slim and the Teardrops (brother Nick Holt, long-time friend Junior Pettis b/k/a Daddy Rabbit and Nate Applewhite) manage to bring to vinyl all their grittiness, sweaty, in-the-alley feeling that characterize their live performances as well.

Slim's guitar work is unmistakable, and this album gives you a good taste, as he slides and spins his way through sheet metal.

To complement Slim's lead guitar work, there is the inventive rhythm playing of Junior Pettis, which bears sounds like a mower caught on Chicago's Dan Ryan Expressway in rush hour, as he darts in and out of Slim's scattitng, white-hot guitar licks.

The last two components that help to fuse together The Teardrops' tight South Side sound are the solid Holt bass line and strong, almost compulsive Applewhite back beat.

With B.B. King sounding tired, fat and just plain dull, Bobby Blue Bland (now going by just Bobby Bland) coming off like a "sepia Sinatra", Raw Magic is a much needed blast of fresh blues.

—Jay Marvin
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WAVELENGHT / APRIL 1983
First things first: Apt. B is not phlffft, as we inaccurately noted last month—they’ve simply done the following: taken Ricky Cortez of Percolators and Raizin’ ‘Caine fame, as their bass player, have written reams of new material which they are busy rehearsing, and also putting together a demo, all of which has led to a suspension not of disbelief but of live performances until sometime in May; Vance DeGeneres has left the group to join the Backbeats, but this doesn’t sound like rigor mortis to us, and we herewith apologize.

ELI Queenie and Backtalks have just finished work on a 12-inch EP, five songs’ worth, recorded at Ultrasonic Studios in mid-March. The Backtalkers have also expanded their range, as in territorial-imperative-wise, and are playing a good bit around Houston—half-a-dozen times in March alone.

What’s this about Ivan Neville, scion of the 13th Ward’s leading musical family (move over, Scarlatiis, and tell the Schumanns the news), turning up as a member of Rush? It’s all true, apparently; Ivan sings lead on live tracks on Rufus’ new album, Seal In Red, and wrote “The Time Is Right.” Says Ivan when questioned on that perplexingly inevitable matter of local-musicians-leave-town-to-make-it, “If you go to L.A., you’re closer to the door; here you’re stuck on the porch...” The Press have produced their own one-hour music and interview show featuring the group to be aired on Group W cable in St. Bernard sometime in late April or early May... John Rankin’s album will appear, eventually; it’s due to both Rankin’s perfectionist nature and the arrival of new equipment at Niteshade Studio where the album’s waxing progresses apace (I guess you could say)... Watch for Gilbert Hetherwick’s April Fools Day gig at Gibson Street in Sliedert—its kicks off at 4:30—or “Happy Hour,” as it is egregiously known.

The Xenia Foundation is bringing back the seventh son among seventh sons, Mose Allison, for an April 6 gig at Tip’s and an April 8 stint at the Saug Harbor. Mose’s backup will be John Vidacovich and Jim Singleton... Has anyone yet mentioned that the best remake of Lee Dorsey’s “Ya Ya” ever is on the German new music group Trio’s album... Michael Doucet’s BeauSoleil band has a summer itinerary that rivals any of Henry Kissinger’s old schedules: the American Folklore Festival in Washington, D.C., Germany, the West, or Left, Coast and perhaps Switzerland. There’s also talk of recording some of the German gigs for an upcoming live album.

Rock and Roll Beer, whose label depicts a man in a leather jacket and cap with slicked-back hair and a dangling cigarette, is “produced” by Joe Edwards of St. Louis and is distributed in Missouri, California and Japan (Chicago and Ohio, soon, and tomorrow the world)—but guess who makes it? New Orleans’ own Dixie Breweries... And our April birthday gents: Nick LaRocca, of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (April 11), supreme New Orleans clarinetist Johnny Dodds (April 12), banjoist Johnny St.Cyr, with Louis Armstrong’s Hot Five, who provoked the immortal introduction, “Oh, play that thing, Mr. St. Cyr, lawd, you know everybody from New Orleans can do that thing!” (April 17), and trumpeter Tony Fournier (April 23)... We might also mention that St. Expedite’s feast day is April 19, for those inclined to get up a novena and a crawfish boil simultaneously... Lenny Zenith is now cruising the streets in a new Renault Le Car “Sport” and we are also promised (soon) the debut of The Benny Zenith Band—with new music, new musicians and a new image.

Speaking of new, the following bands have come to our attention and probably ought to come to yours: Cafe, headed by guitarist/vocalist Brad Catron, an erstwhile expatriate known for his studio gigs Up North where he accompanied any number of luminaries before succumbing to the siren call of homesickness; their lineup includes Denise Alvarado on keyboards and vocals (‘she’s real pretty and that always helps,” a band member volunteered), Keith Posey on bass; you can catch them at the Quarter Note on April Fools’ Day and at the Showboat on the fo’teenth... The New Breed, a bunchafunk composed of Xavier students—a “rock/funk” trio, The Scramblers, including former Rockabye baby Cranston Clements, with Jim Markway and Allyn Robinson...Quicksilver, a group of studio musicians who have backed Dr. John... and Waka-Waka, recently at WTUL’s Marathon, and play ska and reggae; members are Gerald McCollam, Damon Shay, Sal Caniella and former Wayward Youth Vernon Rome.

The Sheiks recently received (belatedly, if you ask us) the keys to the city of St. Louis, while playing back in their Home Town; also, the mail order price of Going Public is $7.95 and not, as incorrectly stated in the ad, $7. Rumors about WQUE switching to a “hot hits” format prove, as usual, to be unfounded. The station is billing itself as “hit radio” but that’s the extent of any great transformations. “Our position is solid,” says Program Director Phil Zachary.

And yes, Clarence “Gatemouth” Brown won a Grammy for Alright Again, whose recording was described at some length in last month’s Wavelength and yes, the Grammy was named by a dear little lady in New Orleans, and you’re reading it here, but not first, and what of it?

Cinnamon, three young proteges of Allen Toussaint just signed a record deal with WEA. Local audiences will get to hear the girls on Toussaint’s Southern Night riverboat stomp on April 29 which is also, coincidentally the first evening event of the 1983 Jazz and Heritage Festival.

Kent Jordan, a flautist and son of trumpet Kidd, has been signed by Columbia Records who are flying him over to England to do some recording with Elton John’s producer. Now that’s a deal!

Zebra’s new/first album will be released in April; to celebrate, the doors of Ole Man River’s were thrown open again one more time as the boys returned to the scene of some of their greatest triumphs for a big bash... The Buddy Ellis Group has changed its name to Synergy... Where Ya’at’s is a New club in (where did you guess? Bucktown? Arabi? Little Farms?) New Orleans East—or the Orient as it’s known to us accidental Occidentals... Walter Washington and Johnny Adams have been whooping it up weekends at the fabled Dorothy’s Medallion on Orleans, home of the 250-lb. go-go girls, just made for Botero-eyed girl watchers.
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