DEVELOPING THE NEW LEADERSHIP IN NEW ORLEANS MUSIC

A Symposium on New Orleans Music Business

Sponsored by the University of New Orleans Music Department and the Division of Continuing Education and Wavelength Magazine.

Moderator: John Berthelot, UNO Continuing Education Coordinator/Instructor in the non-credit music business program.

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

I. How To Get A Job In A New Orleans Music Club
2 p.m. — Panel discussion on the New Orleans music club scene. Panelists include: Sonny Schneidau, Talent Manager, Tipitina's; John Parsons, owner and booking manager, Maple Leaf Bar, personal manager of James Booker, one of the producers of the new recording by James Booker; Classified: Jason Patterson, music manager of the Snug Harbor, associate producer/consultant for the Faubourg Jazz Club, producer for the first public showing of One Mo' Time, active with ABBA foundation and concerts in the Park, Toulouse Theatre and legal proceedings to allow street music in the French Quarter; Steve Monistere, independent booking and co-owner of First Take Studio.

II. The Importance Of Management
3:15 p.m. — Panel discussion on music management in New Orleans. Panelists include: Bill Johnston, personal manager for the Neville Brothers; former association with Gino Vanelli, original and co-owner of Beaver Productions and The Warehouse; Bill Cat, personal manager for the Radiators; Bruce Spizer, former manager of the Gold, attorney with Stone Pigman law firm; Eduardo Young, personal manager for Kidd Jordan and Al Fielder and the Improvisation Arts Ensemble, consultant to Kent Jordan Quintet, agent for Sam Rivers, Hamiet Bluiett, and Bobby McFerrin, consultant for Tony Dagradi.

III. How To Get A Record Deal
4:30 p.m. — Panel discussion on recordings and video. Panelists include: Pat Berry, former owner of Leisure Landing and former publisher of Wavelength, presently doing independent video production; Cosimo Malassa, recording engineer for J&M studio, founder and owner of Cosimo Studio, owner of Dover Records; White Cliff Publishing, currently with Jefferson Music, kid, John Berthelot, president of Great Southern Record Company; St. Expedite Distributing Company, independent record producer since 1970; Kevin McLin, producer and member of Windjammer, MCA recording artist, television engineer at WDSU; Ellis Marsalis, jazz artist, president of Elm Record Company.

DETAILS

Date: Sunday, June 12 from 2 until 6 p.m.
Place: Liberal Arts Building, University of New Orleans, Room 140.
Registration: No admission charge. For free registration, call UNO Continuing Education, 286-7110, 8-4:30 Monday through Friday.

Open to the public, especially those persons interested in careers in the performing arts, management, record and video production, and any and all other interested individuals.
"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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WAVELENGTH/JUNE 1983
JUNE 1982, ~ STICKS AND STONES

Those of you with pachydermous memories might recall that in the November 1982 issue of Musician Magazine, Brian Cullman wrote a scathing "Letter From New Orleans" (see WL 25 for details) castigating all of us roundly on our city and our music and also explaining in the process that we locals were so dumb that anything worthwhile musically that happened here was sheer cosmic accident.

Recently, we talked to Brian when he was in town for that (moribund, to him, but why should he miss it?) institution, the Jazz Festival; he told us that the response to his article was unprecedented in Musician's history, between 700 and 800 letters, most of them local and irate. One local woman even said she couldn't take anything he wrote seriously because his band was all dressed as nurses and he beat them onstage. Not true, but as Brian said, "an idea worth thinking about." Who says local creativity is dead? —J.N.

SNOOKS COOKS

"Ya gotta keep movin' to get the best pictures," camera-dangling Darrell is telling his friend Bob, "See, ya go from stage to stage, always movin', always shooting", plus that 'a way ya get to see the whole Jazz Fest, ya don't miss nobody." But as they enter the sunny ambiance of the Festival Tent to Snooks Eaglin belting out "Lipstick traces, on a cigarette," at 1:40 p.m. on May 1, Darrell turns to Bob and says with a smile, "Sit down cuz we ain't goin' nowhere!"

The combination of Snooks Eaglin's wailing soulful voice and lowdown electric guitar tone, and Allen Toussaint's distinguished piano accompaniment was enough to inspire a performance of magical proportions at this year's Jazz Fest—a historic set impossible to walk out on.

This wasn't the first meeting of the two R&B masters, however; the pair had a band called "the Flamingos" many southern nights ago. Eaglin also worked regularly with Professor Longhair, both live and in the studio.

Eaglin's musical reputation has been built on his solid folk/blues guitar style and airy voice. Unfortunately, his true vocal power or formidable grasp of the New Orleans R&B style is not fully displayed on his records. This is a situation that local producer Allison Kaslow would like to remedy. As she explains: "We're working on a record deal for a French label and he's writing some new material that'll definitely be more New Orleans-sounding. Snooks is one of the most powerful and original instrumentalists ever to come out of New Orleans, but because of a lack of professional management he hasn't really received the exposure he deserves. He's an American genius...there's just no one like him."

Eaglin gets fantastic dirty guitar tone by using a funky red Truetone electric, the kind you get from Western Auto, run through a Fender Twin Reverb amp, amply over-driven. When he used to sit in with the Rhapsodizers everybody else would have to turn up because Snooks would always want to play wide open. His popping-finger picking style and stinging tone can bring tears to the ears of a blues fan hungry for the real lowdown sound.

As if his playing and singing weren't enough, Snooks is just as nice a fella as you'd ever want to meet. Complimenting him after a gig, he'll put both hands on your shoulders face to face and say in a smiling front-toothless grin: "When they ask me t'play, bra, they better be ready to stomp, 'cause I'll get up there and tear the sumbitchin' house down!"

BOSS GUITAR

Ever wonder what the mayor of a large metropolitan city like New Orleans does to relax after a hard day of wrestling with appropriations and amendments, irate NOPSI customers, or enemies and friends of the zoo? Mayor Ernest Moral likes to sit back and strum a tune on his...his big stringed thing from Senegal that looks like a mutant guitar. Dutch was given this beauty on his trip to Africa, but, sorry, he doesn't take requests.

-WAVELENGTH/JUNE 1983
Johnny Adams, considered by many to be New Orleans' finest R&B crooner, has inked a one album pact with Rounder Records of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Adams, now 51, first recorded for the Ric label, having a hit with the memorable "I Won't Cry" in 1959. Since then he has recorded for nearly a dozen local and national labels. His biggest hits, "Release Me" and "Reconsider Me," were national hits for the SSS label in the late Sixties.

Rounder hopes to record the album this month, employing either guitarist Walter Washington or keyboardist Sam Henry as arranger. The album is to be produced by Scott Billington, who produced "Gate-mouth" Brown's recent Grammy album, Alright Again.

Adams hopes to return to cutting more R&B oriented material as opposed to his recent forays into the country and western songbooks. In signing the deal, which also calls for a single to be released locally, Adams hopes that the exposure afforded by Rounder, one of the country's major independent labels, will open other entertainment markets throughout the country and Europe.

—Almost Slim

Waka Waka is "a dance band." Their brand of dance music comes from the ska/reggae school and they play it properly: hard and driving, with plenty of heart.

Similarities to The Police, The Specials, and unspoken other British ska groups are obvious upon first hearing Waka Waka, but what keeps this band from being just another cover act is a hard-headed musical indifference to trends, influences, and even the structural formalities of ska, their chosen genre.

"I never studied any bass lines," says Irish Channeller Vernon Rome, "I just play what feels right." Ditto for drummer Daemon Shea, whose stripped-down kit provides the essential beat: "We three [Shea, Rome and guitarist Mac Fontenot] are completely self-taught musicians. We wanna get up there and have fun with it...our objective is to make people dance." It is hard to stand still with the upbeat drive of "The Jam Song" or "The Looney Boys" or a seething cut on nepotism entitled "Bob's Your Uncle." three from a set of about thirty songs the band has written and arranged in the past six months.

Sal Canitella hails from Liverpool, England, and provides vocals and rhythm guitar, often hitting the painfully high end of a three-part harmony with Rome and Fontenot. His lyrics and even his personality lean toward the political, with tongue embedded firmly in cheek: "Lots of our stuff is satirical like 'U.S.A./U.S.S.R.' but we try not to be too serious. If they drop a neutron bomb, it doesn't matter anyway, we're gone!"

Nick Marinello is a recent addition on synthesizer and percussion. His synth is usually programmed to give a fluid undercurrent of tone color to the jumping melodies. Often it will set the mood for a song.

The most lyrical element in Waka Waka's sound is Mac Fontenot's guitar playing. Mac uses the steely tone of a Stratocaster with delay and chorus effects to punctuate his lead runs economically and beautifully. "You Know Everything" is a perfect vehicle for his style with its unusual rhythm chord pattern changing in mid-song from majors to minors.

Waka Waka's goal is to move people...physically. Says Fontenot: "We've never had a gig where nobody danced. We'd just jump offstage and make 'em dance, if we had to...from now on we attack!"
Al Pellegrini's Pool Hall, on Willow Street, had been a rundown wino's paradise for years. So when Jimmy Anselmo bought it in 1976 and announced he was turning it into a live music club, people who knew him said he was crazy.

It took almost two years to get the place ready—"Lots of work to be done, lots of dreams and ideas, and a shortage of funds," laughs Jimmy. Finally, on Saturday, April 8, 1978, Li'l Queenie and the Percolators opened the club. Since then, Jimmy's has expanded and prospered, and entrenched itself as one of the major uptown music places. It's taken seven years and about a hundred thousand dollars, but you can bet Al Pellegrini's winos would be surprised if they were to show up on a Saturday night now.

The first major act to play the club was the late Muddy Waters, and Jimmy has a definite soft spot for him. "His contract specified a home-cooked meal, so we cooked up bisque and a seafood gumbo and served it for him," recalls Jimmy. "About nine months after that I saw him again, and he told me it was the best meal he'd ever had on the road. Memories like that are beyond value, that's the best part of the business." Quite a variety of other national acts have played the club, including Asleep At The Wheel, Elvin Bishop, X, Levon Helm, the Psychedelic Furs and the Motels. On other occasions, such luminaries as Steven Stills and Rickie Lee Jones have dropped by to sit in.

Of course, a steady flow of top local acts have crossed the stage, and Jimmy is especially grateful to these bands. "The Sheiks, the Nevilles, the Radiators, and in the past, the Meiers, the Cold, and of course, Professor Longhair," Jimmy counts them off. "I really thank all of them, and all the other bands too that have played."

As the official fifth anniversary celebration comes up (June 2, featuring Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins, the Renegades, and a late set by the Sheiks), Jimmy looks back over the first five years with obvious satisfaction. As the club has become established, it has become easier to manage—"Right now my place is like a well-tuned engine, it runs real smooth," he says. "I just have to keep it up and keep providing good music."

—Keith Twitchell
NEWS FROM SHREVEPORT

SHREVEPORT—The Fritz recently closed, scattering The Haircuts all over town. (Is there a better image for identifying the better New Wavers? In S'port, the Haircut is it.) But Shreve Square, the mostly restored turn of the century riverfront entertainment district still has five other rock clubs.

Bill and Annie Griffin run their 300-seat club, Steamboat Annie's, with the same love and zeal any passionate rockers would, excepting one item: they've survived in the business almost three years and are very healthy. They've enabled all sorts of bands to touch base here, from the Sheiks to the Cold and Apt.B, from Son Seals to Heyoka. They frequently install bands at both ends of the club, resulting in non-stop Rock.

Humphre's is the longest-lived rock club hereabouts and is A-Train's home (last month they recorded their live album there). Hump's brings in a lot of Texas blues (the Cold Cuts, Dr. Rockit, et al.). In past seasons Humphre's has introduced people like Li'l Queenie and Bas Clas to Shreveport audiences.

Shreve Square has a couple of new clubs: The 10th Floor features hard and older rock, and Clancy's is mellow.

IT'S SO SATISFYING

The vastly underrated New Orleans group Satisfaction has recently returned from Austin where they completed their first album. Recorded at Cedar Creek Studios, the disc will feature all original tunes written by the group. The nine-song record will be issued on the group's own label and should be available later this month or early in July.

The group will originally press 1,000 albums which they hope to sell primarily on their live dates. "I guess you'd best describe it as funky rock 'n' roll and high energy rhythm and blues," says group spokesman and guitarist Red Priest. "It's all material that we do on our gigs."

Satisfaction will embark on another extensive tour this summer which will take them as far away as Canada and the Northeastern United States. So get your tickets because there'll likely be none left when they get back in the fall.

-Almost Slim

THE ROAD GANG HITS THE ROAD

After more than a decade of all-night radio broadcasts on WWL, Charlie Douglas and his "Road Gang" are headed for the brighter lights of Nashville. But fear not truckers, you'll still be able to hear Charlie via WWL late at night as Douglas will produce a nightly show for the Music Country Network, a new Satellite radio service.

A country music institution, Douglas' show, which was geared toward the night-driving trucker, was first broadcast on the 50,000-watt clear channel station in 1971. Douglas sees the change as a definite advancement as his show will be syndicated to other stations throughout the country.

Douglas' exclusive tenure at WWL will conclude later this month and WWL will pick up his program once he gets to Nashville. Traditionally a station that depends on locally produced shows, buying a significant block of satellite programming is a new step for WWL.

-Almost Slim

SON OF SPACE BASS

Two years ago a new electric bass guitar hit the market that looked like something the house band on U.S.S. Enterprise would bring to an intergalactic jam session on a distant planet. Creative bassists like Sting of The Police adopted the Steinberger because of its comfortable, lightweight, superb playability, and micrometer tuning set-up.

Now the Steinberger Company is producing a six-string electric that boasts many of the same features as their revolutionary bass. The instrument must be laced with double ball-end strings (available from LaBella or Superwound) that allow for instant changing and maintain fine pitch control via the micrometer tuners.

-WaveLenght/JUNE 1983
Midwest

By Zeke Fishhead

If your journeys take you through the Mid-West, here are some clubs that offer good drink and good music.

Minneapolis: Moby Dick's, at 620 Hennepin, lies in the heart of the city's downtown district. The sign above the door offers a "Whale of a Drink" and that's putting it mildly—the drinks served here kick like a mean mule. The local clientele are some of the most colorful characters you'll ever encounter. Friday nights are legendary. Perform on occasion (they comprised a large and some say best-album). Moby's has part of the backup on Bonnie Raitt's tour and among their favorites is Willie and the Bees. Local musical favorites Willie and the Bees are a favorite out-of-town spawning for our own whale-of-a-band, the Radiators. Moby Dick's also forms here when she's in the area.

Chicago: Biddy Mulligan's, 7644 N. Sheraton Rd., three blocks from Evanston on the North Side, offers righteous drinks and great blues music. Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows are famous for heating up the fatback at Biddy's. Marcia Ball performs here when she's in the area.

St. Paul: Wilbeski's, at the corner of 917 Cedar Avenue. A big ceilinged bar with an adjacent game room, the crowd here, like the bands, features a mixed bag of nuncios, hippies, Latinos and hillbillies—you name it. Local raves up, Cats Under The Stars, say they enjoy their most stellar nights here.

St. Paul: Wilbeski's, at the corner of Western and St. Thomas, is the local blues joint. Lonnie Brooks and Mighty Joe Young play here regularly. If you don't ride up on a big, gleaming motorcycle, at least wear a Harley-Davidson T-shirt. The Budweiser is recommended: that's how cold it is. If you don't ride up on a big, gleaming motorcycle, at least wear a Harley-Davidson T-shirt. The Budweiser is recommended: that's how cold it is. Last Call! And they mean it: it's impossible to buy anything to drink after a certain time—the bars close and the all-night convenience stores won't sell it. And there you are, you and Tail-Gunner Teddy, eyes popping out of your skulls, wanting to party, party and not a drop of drink can you find. Here's the solution: buy your beer or whatever early in the day and keep it iced down in your hotel room. Oh—and don't forget your tape-deck!

London

By Jon Newlin

Those of our readers (and we know who you are) who moon about on vast, unearned incomes might consider this: London in June—it may not be April in Paris, but you can't have everything. This musical junket (which can also include the usual historic pit-stops at Southwark, the British Museum, Reading Room, a spot of Dover Sole at Wheeler's, a few zooms through Hampton Court's maze and Sir John Soane's monument to eccentricity and Kenwood House and the Tate and the National Portrait Gallery and the Courtauld, the watching of the Trooping of the Colors, a dip in the Serpentine and what have you) is for a definite date: June 20, when there's a big New Orleans dance at the Hammersmith Palais with Kid Thomas Valentine and his Valentine's Massacre cronies—Louis Nelson on trombone, Emmanuel Paul on tenor sax, Jon Marks on piano, Sammy Rinting on clarinet, Frank Fields on bass, Stanley Williams on drums and the amazing Emmanuel Sayles on banjo.

Sponsored by Footnote Magazine, the tickets to this five-hour bash, which represents Kid Thomas' "sole U.K. appearance" as the ad claims, are a mere eight and one-half quid. Probably best to arrive Saturday or Sunday, as whose leather-burning is at its best when suffering from jet lag?

New York

By Jon Newlin

It's a balmy-muggy June evening in Manhattan and you're wandering around Astor Place, having already done sufficient gawking at Frieda's Disco (our favorite TV lounge in little old New York) and browsed around the sidewalk flea market outside of the British Museum. Suddenly you hear something familiar...something that's more mirthful than Manhattan, and suddenly you're not just bumming around the Lower East Side, you're back in New Orleans. Granted this sounds fantastical, but this is what is conjured up by the thought of the first (and hopefully annual) New Orleans...
Orleans/New York Jazz Festival, a cultural exchange program between new jazz artists from both cities, both of them great and not coincidentally, jazz centers.

The two evenings-June 3 and June 4—are part of a series called “New Jazz At The Public,” since the New York Shakespeare/Public Theatre is the choice venue, right off Astor Place and usually bedecked with banners. The Festival is partly sponsored with N.E.A. grants, and is coproduced by the New York Shakespeare Festival and Musicians For Music, the local jazz artists’ collective, responsible for much local recording and performing activity.

Each evening’s performance begins at 9 p.m. (by admission at the door, or in advance from the Theatre’s box office at 545 Lafayette Street) and the gigs combine the cream of local talent with important New York musicians as a musical X-factor—none of these musicians has ever played together before so the results should be exciting to say the least.

On June 3, the program features performance by the New Orleans Jazz All-Stars (Rox’s, Doodie Bernard, Steve Masakowski, Jim Singleton, Johnny Vidacovich and Mike Pelleria) and Woodendood who will be joined by Michael Urbanik, an avant-garde jazz violinist. The next evening’s performance will be by Jasmine (featuring Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos (formerly with Pat Metheny’s group) and Earl Turbinton’s Quartet, to be joined by bassman Buster Williams (actually, Earl and Buster have played together before, and even recorded an album, Pinnacle, together for M fuse Records about three years ago). Some of the local artists will make other use of their time while at large in New York—Earl Turbinton may use some of his recent N.E.A. Jazz Artist Fellowship clout to give some prison concerts, and Tony Dagradi will probably record his next album.

Virtually all of the local performers appearing in New York have recorded, Jasmine and Woodendood on the Inner City label, based in New York, which also has a hand in the production of the concerts; many of the others have recorded through Musicians For Music, including Turbinton, Masakowski and Ramsey McLean, whose album on the label will be released during the warm months.

Bayou Lafourche

By Rico

In the heart of South Central Louisiana, running from Donaldsville to near Grand Isle, is a magnificently muddy tributary of the Mississippi called Bayou Lafourche.

The music scene along the bayou is somewhat anemic at best (modern favorites run the gamut from over-modulators like Rush and AC/DC to peppy Lawrence Welk for the younger and older generations, respectively) but an afternoon drive southward still holds a wealth of unusual surprises for the intrepid cultural investigator.

Begin your journey at the First and Last Chance in Donaldsville, whose curb-service parking lot (blow twice) has made it the kingpin hangout for several generations of local teens. Great cheeseburgers and cold beer compliment the slightly remodelled Fifties decor.

Head South along the bayou on LAI and remember that they’ll put you in jail now for a D.W.I. Near Thibodaux is the O.J. Mire General Store with a neat bar to the rear complete with an overhead model train set, just the thing for these boring summer afternoons.

Thibodaux is a cozy college town that sports two authentic Cajun bars next door to one another: Rox’s and Rene’s. Rox’s had to be rebuilt in ’75 due to fire and the cinder block decor is dull, to say the least, but the manager, Doodie Bernard, surely isn’t. Doodie will treat you like a neighbor even if you’re from Cleveland, and he’s full of great stories. Look for his “Entrée, Mes Amis” sign above the door. Rene’s has a 125-year-old mahogany bar with working neon atop, and a nice collection of old mirrors in the back. Across the street is the Red Goose for world-class card players. Napoleons be forewarned: these guys throw down cards at lightning speed and if you get “bourr’d” you can lose a bundle in a hurry. If you’re 15 or 25 and drive a shiny black Trans-Am or Z28 with headers and skull-shattering sound system you may want to shake your booty to the numbing, heavy metal throb of local rockers like Tyrant or Maxwell Stone at the Iron Horse, a favorite watering hole for young blue collars and bayou preppies alike. Bring earplugs.

Back on LAI southward pull over at Nelson’s, site of the World Championship Duck Calling Contest. Occasionally, they’ll throw a dance here (ever see a two-piece dance band?) and if you need some shallots, turnips, carrots or cold beer you’re in the right place. Time takes on new meaning here at Nelson’s with an electric clock that runs backwards and a boat landing adjacent to the bar.

When you hit Raceland hang a right at the first traffic light to experience T.B.’s Seafood House. Dynamite “purrit” crawfish (boiled only) and the most staggering collection of stuffed animals in the area: Bobcats, armadillos, muskrats, a mink, a mole, a shrew, a giant loggerhead turtle, and even a penguin! There’s also a real nice shuffleboard game for the more cosmopolitan in your party.

The other exciting thing about Raceland is Ted Lee’s “Adult Dance” every Saturday night, but continue southward and save the steppin’ for later in the night. Just south of town is The Hut, a favorite of hunters, deer and otherwise, as the dozen or so mounted racks attest. Ask Herb to tell you about the ten-point he bagged during the Depression.

LAI makes a dogleg to the right at Lockport where you can go straight and park it at the Blue Moon for some local art. Covering the far wall is a naively exquisite mural depicting a naked, snake-draped siren greeting the shrimp boats upon their return from another lonely, arduous harvest of the sea. A true Cajun dream if there ever was one! This joint may get a little rough sometimes, so beware of flegding street fighters.

In Galliano is Emmanuel J. Toups’ world-famous Hubba Hubba Bar, Cafe and Souvenir Shop. Mr. Toups was taken ill recently and no longer operates the shop, but he remains a character—his calling card is a smiling face with the inscription “Do not worry, things will get better” and serves as the unofficial Cajun ambassador to the world, a heavy job. He’s also recorded an album that remains politely obscure. Covering the walls are photos, plaques, well-aged black velvet paintings, caps, gold-leafed oysters and model car kits. Well, from here to Grand Isle, there’s a lot of marsh, game and fish and not much else save the occasional silver-painted natural gas location of the Tabby catfood factory (hold your nose). Grand Isle offers some moderately obscure recording and performing activity.

Turn that buttercups ’56 Impala around and navigate northward back up to Te-Lee’s in Raceland for the big Saturday night dance if you consider yourself an “adult.” A few years ago, there was a hot little sextet called “Cotton and the Boll Weevils” that used to rock the foil-covered walls of this joint, but now the house band is “Shine Folk and the Country Ramblers,” who play a stretched-out set just right for the rural fox trotter. On your way out don’t forget to genuflect at the painting of Huey P. and Bon voyage.

Key West

By Bunny Matthews

In Key West, there is an Italian restaurant called Bubbles on Duval Street, across from one of the world’s smallest movie theatres. Bubbles is staffed by young Italian (Italian-American) punks and furnished with chairs, tables and stools of odd geometric shapes, painted in pastel colors. Spaghetti and pizza are served to the customers who play a game of craps or barefooted on the floor, using their bare feet to roll the balls to their choice of two dartboards, one on the restaurant’s floor and the other on the Boll Weevils’ floor, above the bowling alley. The Boll Weevils’ floor is separate from the restaurant and is used by the staff to play the game of craps, which they use as a sideshow for the restaurant customers.

Down the street in one direction is Sloppy Joe’s, where Ernest Hemingway once
DAVID CRAWFORD
Has released his long-awaited first single 'Cement City' b/w 'Hard Times'
featuring lead guitarist extraordinare David Foreman

DAVID CRAWFORD
"CEMENT CITY"
"HARD TIMES"

on sale at
Harvest Records- Lake Charles
Leisure Landing- Baton Rouge
& New Orleans

DAVID CRAWFORD AND PHASE TWO
New Orleans Debut
Tupelo's Tavern
July 9th

drank (his Key West home, now a museum, is nearby) and in the other are such attractions as an army/navy store selling olive drab tee-shirts qnalazoned with "Search and Destroy" in blood-trickled letters and the take-out chili parlor of the amiable Mr. Jennings, who remembers when Miami—160 miles away on Highway 1—was "really classy."

Nearer is Cuba, precisely 90 miles away from two or three Key West motels all claiming to be "The Southernmost Motel in the Continental United States" and a sole pharmacy claiming the title of "Southernmost Drugstore in the Continental United States." Fallen coconuts and carob pods, the detritus of the tropics, lie in the gutters.

Move every Uptown New Orleans Victorian house to a skinny Caribbean island, give them all roofs of tin and populate the dominion with 30,000 gay men, a dozen lesbian couples, a tribe of Pre-Raphaelite unwed teenage hippie mothers, Calvin Klein and Junkanoo gangs, not unlike the Indian gangs of the Sixth, Ninth and Thirteenth Wards. With the addition of cosmic cyclist Love 22 (who, while in New Orleans, was ordered to burn his infamous 22-dollar bills by the Treasury Department) cruising the streets and cacti as tall as the Lee Circle monument towering over the homesteads and you've got Key West.

MEMPHIS
As the Memphis Press-Scimitar announced on March 26, 1957:

"Elvis Presley, the boy with the golden voice, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Presley, were to be the new owners of one of Memphis' most graciously beautiful homes today. It marked the long upward climb of a young man who sang his way into the hearts of a nation's young people."

The home, called Graceland and built in 1939 by Dr. Thomas D. Moore, was first opened to the public last June and immediately became the prime tourist attraction in Memphis. Graceland is open seven days a week (closed Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day) and visitors are afforded the rare opportunity to see the King's Living Room; the Music Room (with its gold-leaved piano); the TV Room (RCA supplied Elvis with three identical sets); the Pool Room (billiards, that is); the Jungle Room (furnished in an "African
Jackson, Miss.

By Jon Newlin

What manner of event, outside of an opium dream perhaps, brings together James Baldwin, Dr. John, Denise LaSalle, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, Gregg Allman, Ben Hooks and B.B. King? The 1983 Medgar Evers/Mississippi Homecoming in Jackson, June 3 through 5, that's what.

Honoring the slain (some might even say "martyred") civil rights activist Medgar Evers, the event combines commemoration and celebration with speeches and addresses, a gospel service (Sunday at 8) with the Rev. Jackson in the pulpit and several groups, as yet unspecified, an interesting symposium on the topic "Black Americans and the Reagan Administration: An Update" (June 4 at 10 p.m.) with various figures from government and business on the panel, a festival of poetry and dramatic readings (June 3 at 11 a.m.) in which James Baldwin is probably the most renowned participant, along with poet Margaret Walker Alexander and poet/lecturer Robert Earl Jones, father of James Earl, and a grand parade (June 5 at 5 p.m.) with B.B. King and Gregg Allman as Co-Marshals (eat your hearts out, Endymion), and along with 100 festooned-bedecked-bedizened vehicles, the Wild Magnolias and drill units, marching bands and dancing Choctaw Indians.

There are two concerts, each at the Entertainment Center Amphitheatre, and a mere $10 at the gate—June 3 from 5 p.m., with Cadillac Shortie and his Revue, Denise (Breakin' Up Somebody's Home) La Salle, Little (And The Mona Lisa Was A Man) Milton, Dr. John, and Tyrone (Turn Back The Hands Of Time) Davis; June 4 at 5 p.m., again, with Austin Gary and his Shack Full Of Blues Band, Bobby Rush, Gregg Allman and the Allman Brothers Band, Bobby "Blue" Bland and B.B. King.

The way to go to Jackson, obviously, is on the train; Amtrak, with daily service, is $63 per round trip and you need not book ahead or chew your cuticles away at the last minute fearing over-booking.

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Festivals

Kerrville Folk Festival
June 3—5, Kerrville, Texas. Information at (512) 896-3800. $7 per day; Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Rosalie Sorrels, Michael Murphey, Charles John Quarto, Marcia Ball.

U.S. Country Music Festival
June 4, San Bernardino, California. Information at PO Box 300, Phoenix, AZ 85001, or 800-222-0533. Tickets $20; Willie Nelson, Emmylou Harris, Waylon Jennings, Alabama, Ricky Skaggs, etc.

Polk Creek Music Festival

Scott Joplin Ragtime Festival
June 9—11, Sedalia, Missouri. Information from PO Box 1625, Sedalia MO 65301, or 816-826-2271. $5 to $7 per concert; Ian Whitcomb, Max Morath, Waldo's Ragtime Orchestra, David Thomas Roberts, etc.

Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Festival
June 10—19, Bean Blossom, Indiana. Information from 3819 Dickerson Rd., Nashville TN 37203, or 615-866-3333.

Playboy Jazz Festival
June 18 and 19, Los Angeles, California. Information from 8460 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90069. Tickets $7 to $30 per day; Count Basie, Spyro Gyra, YSOP (with 2 Marsalis), the Crusaders, Benny Carter, Hubert Laws, the Modern Jazz Quartet, etc.

Summerfest '83
June 30—July 10, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Information from 200 N. Harbor Drive, Milwaukee, WI 53202, or 414-273-2680. Tickets $4 and $5 per day; Kool and the Gang, Rick Springfield, Donna Summer, Hall & Oates, Eric Clapton, Linda Ronstadt, etc.
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Mighty Sam McClain

After nearly a decade of musical inactivity, a strange quirk of fate has brought one of America's toughest R&B singers to New Orleans where he's rejuvenating his career.

During the late Sixties, Mighty Sam recorded an obscure cluster of well-crafted, compact country-soul tunes at the legendary Muscle Shoals Alabama Studio—emotion-laced tunes that told stories of unrequited love, consanguineous relationships, and two-timing women. Mighty Sam sang with a frenetic intensity that bridged the gap between raw city blues shouters like Bobby "Blue" Bland and Roy "Good Rockin" Brown, and the sweeter, more sophisticated uptempo soul singers like Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding (who both employed the Muscle Shoals Studio at one time). A sadly underrated singer, Mighty Sam managed a few mild hits (his biggest: being his chilling version of Don Gibson's "Sweet Dreams") out of his eleven single releases. But after becoming disenchanted with the record business and his status as a "minor league" artist, Mighty Sam dropped out of music altogether, despite his vast potential. After nearly a decade of musical inactivity, a strange quirk of fate has brought one of America's toughest R&B singers to New Orleans where he's rejuvenating his once promising career.

Sam McClain (let's forget the Mighty for now) was born on April 15, 1943, in the North Louisiana town of Monroe. One of twelve children, Sam was partially raised by his grandmother in nearby Winnsboro, Louisiana. Both towns were basically quite rural communities, but still echoed the sounds of downhome music. His mother started a small gospel singing group, giving Sam his first taste of singing at the age of 5. Inevitably, Sam's interest in blues surfaced while in grade school. "My momma was totally against it; I used to get run out the house for singing the blues," he recalls. "But every chance I got, whether it was in the cotton field or washing dishes, I was singing the blues—as long as my mother wasn't around!"

During grade school Sam befriended fellow singer Robert Green, later to become Little Sonny Green, who went on to sing with Little Melvin (guitarist Melvin Underwood), then the premier R&B group in Monroe. After dropping out of school after the eighth grade, Sam picked cotton around Monroe until Green introduced Sam to Melvin who offered him a job valeting. "Totin' instruments," he laughs.

Eventually Sam talked his way into singing backup vocals when Melvin's band worked some dates with Larry Birdsong, a singer who had a string of minor R&B hits during the late Fifties. Melvin was quick to note Sam's booming voice and took advantage of it when Green quit the group. "We worked all around Mississippi and Louisiana," says Sam. "We were doing all that old blues stuff—'Woke Up This Morning,' 'Doggin' Around.' We were staying alive; some days you made it, some days you didn't. But it was fun; that was the way things were in those days."

Sam adopted the moniker "Good Rockin' Sam" while working with Little Melvin's group. Together they played many of the night spots around Monroe like Willie T's, often hitting the road for other dates in black juke joints in Mississippi and Louisiana. Sam recalls Little Melvin cutting only one record, "The Wobble," a "Green Onion's"-type instrumental, that garnered a little airplay in Monroe around 1960.

Good Rockin' Sam stayed on with Little Melvin's unit until 1963, until the group came to Pensacola. "I came for two days and ended up staying ten years," shrugs Sam. "I met a group when I got there that was very interested in me singing with 'em called the Dothan Sextet. They were popular all around Georgia, Florida and Mississippi, playing in behind Otis Redding. Melvin was gettin' ready to go to Wisconsin and I didn't wanna go, so the band offered me a job singing with them, plus I met a lady I kinda liked. Melvin went to Wisconsin and I stayed."

Sam and the Dothan Sextet continued to gig throughout the Gulf-South and worked steadily on the military bases around Pensacola. After three years, with things not working out with the Sextet, Sam heard about a group in Mobile called the Rounders so, as Sam tells it, he "went over and got em."

It was while playing with the Rounders that the colorful "Mighty" tag was adopted. According to Sam, a club owner confused his name and put "Mighty Sam" in an advertisement instead of "Good Rockin."

"The band was jokes about it and they kinda liked it, so we just let it roll."

Mighty Sam and the Rounders soon became one of the area's most popular groups and became a regular attraction at the 506 Club, then Pensacola's jumpin'est spot.

While at the 506 Club in the summer of 1966, Papa Don Schroeder, a Pensacola promoter-producer who also had an R&B
show on WSBR, approached Sam in the
cub one night about making a record. Sam
was all for it until the owner of the 506 Club
told him if he left he'd be fired because the
506 would be stuck without a singer for the
weekend. "I didn't know how to handle it," says Sam. "Don sat out there in his jeep all
night 'cause the girl I was living with told
him I was gone. I wasn't; I just couldn't de-
side. I didn't want to turn that job loose.
But come daylight I went outside and said,
'Come on, Don, let's go.' So we went on up
to Muscle Shoals." 

Papa Don intended Sam to cut a song he
was high on, "Georgia Pine." But engineer
Dan Penn introduced them to a country
song called "Sweet Dreams." Apart from
being one of the best records to come out
of the famous studio, it typified the Muscle
Shoals sound that dominated the national
soul charts of the late Sixties: black "back-
a-town" vocals backed by the distinct coun-
famed Apollo Theatre, the mecca for black
entertainment for over two decades.

Amy followed "Sweet Dreams" with a
streamlining version of "Fannie Mae," which
everyone would have expected to throw
him over the hump. But according to
Sam, "it didn't do too much. It got a few
picks but not too much else happened.

Strangely, Mighty Sam couldn't get
another record to catch the public's atten-
tion, even though people like James Carr,
Etta James, Candi Staton, Clarence Carter,
Percy Sledge, Jimmy Hughes and Wilson
Pickett all regularly cranked hits out of
Muscle Shoals. Without a doubt, all eight
of Mighty Sam's singles must be considered
classic examples of late Sixties R&B.

Specifically his versions of "When She
Touche Me," "Talk To Me," "Badmou-
thin'" and "I Who Have Nothing" stand
up to many of the other R&B luminaries
of the era.

"I really think promotion was bad on
me," explains Sam. "I think 'Sweet
Dreams' made it by itself. I didn't get no
really good promotion." Part of the
problem was that Papa Don was experienc-
ing massive commercial success with two other
acts, James and Bobby Purify and Oscar
Toney, Jr., both of whom Sam introduced to
Schroeder. Sam's hard-edged blues ap-
proach just wasn't as marketable as James
and Bobby's "I'm Your Puppet" or
Toney's "For Your Precious Love," and he
was ignored.

Despite the lack of commercial success,
Sam could find no fault in the "Ricky Hall
sound" that typifies his releases. "These
were all live sessions," explains Sam,
although sometimes they overlooked
background vocals. When I cut those
records I was the blackest thing in the
room," he laughs. "Jimmy Johnson, Roger
Hawkins, Barry Beckett—it was those
pickers and that studio that made that
sound." 

The year 1975 saw Sam move on to Nash-
ville, to "be closer to the business. That's
when I really got serious about my writing.
I wasn't doing no gigging. My wife said,
'Don't worry about nothing,' and she went
out and worked for two years while I tried
to pursue the business." 

Sam had no luck placing material, so by
the late Seventies he was forced to pick up
day work, painting, washing dishes and even
working for a portable toilet company,
while gigging occasionally at clubs like Kante-
trell's and the Roadway Inn. "There really
isn't a lot of music in Nashville that's not
country and western. I was trying to go
more for the white market with my singing
because during the Seventies, a lot of black
people thought the blues was something
terrible bad. That's when I realized that it
was the white people keeping the blues
alive."

After eight years, things soured in
Nashville. Sam's marriage broke up and in
his own words he "had no more doors left
to knock on." He decided to go home to
Monroe in the fall of 1982, "to try and get
it together."

Thing in Monroe didn't work out either
and on October 14, 1982. He found himself
completely broke and in New Orleans, "It
was rough at first," he says. "I had to sleep
d out of doors the first couple of nights I was
here."

Remembering the 544 Club, Sam even-
tually talked his way into singing a few
numbers at the 544 with Mason Ruffner
and the Blues Rockers. Kerry Brown, who
was working as the Blues Rockers' interim
drummer, was immediately impressed by
Sam's singing, and the two "started talk-
ing," according to Sam. "I got a job
washing dishes but Kerry called after three
days and said he had some guys who wanted
to start a band so let's get it together. He
told me to forget about working a day gig
and just worry about music. 'As long as I
eat, you eat. Let's make this thing happen.'

So that's what we've been doing."

It started slowly, but Sam and Brown-
ville managed to play a number of New
Orleans' smaller night spots regularly in
clubs as varied as Luigi's and the Colt 45
on Basin Street. The six-piece group
primarily plays popular blues and soul
material and has encountered enthusiastic
response everywhere they play.

Through Brown, Sam was introduced to
Carlo Ditka, who signed Sam to a produc-
tion contract which calls for an album
within the next year. One tune has been cut,
an A.J. Loria tune called "Pray," and Dit-
ka is presently in New York trying to interest
Arista in it and reissuing their Amy masters.
Although Sam admits his strength is sing-
ing blues, his new material leans more
toward the contemporary mainstream.

"But it's good material," he contends, "I'm
real pleased with it. Hopefully, one of the big
companies will offer us a deal and do it
right. I've just got to keep on trying, I've
got no other alternative."

Although he's still paying dues, Sam is
still elated by the acceptance he's received
around New Orleans. "It's real gratifying
that people haven't forgotten me. I was real
surprised."

Overdue for a break, Sam and Browns-
ville have a regular Sunday evening gig at
the Howard Theatre and play other isolated
nightspots in town. His voice is still an
"mighty" as his records indicated fifteen
years ago. Check him out.
If Al Ferrier wasn't in the delivery room when rockabilly was being born, he was damn sure pacing the halls.

In a heavy North Louisiana drawl, Al Ferrier defines rockabilly music as “a country voice with a fast beat to it, that's what it is.” With the help of Eddie Shuler, Ferrier recorded “No No Baby” for Shuler's Goldband label in 1954. While not as polished instrumentally or technically as its rival, “That’s Alright Mama,” recorded by Elvis Presley on the Sun label, the record has a Cajun-influenced rawness and undeniable authenticity that secure it as a classic in rockabilly history.

The next couple of years saw Ferrier developing his style further with more upbeat Goldband singles like “It’s Too Late Now” and “My Baby Done Gone Away.” “Honey Baby” and “Let's Go Boppin Tonight” both contain rock style stop-time beats and an urgency in the vocals that give the songs an irresistible rural rocking punch.

If Al Ferrier wasn’t in the delivery room when rockabilly was being born, he was damn sure pacing the halls. Then how come we don’t see any sequin-studded “Al Ferrier Impersonators” working the southern circuit from Atlantic City to Las Vegas? Or perhaps Al gussied-up and immortalized by Avedon for the cover of Rolling Stone like his musical progeny the Stray Cats? “I went into night clubs, which was the biggest mistake of my life,” Al explains. “I shoulda gone to fairs like Elvis did, little concert deals. A lotta stuff passed me by that I coulda really caught on to, but I was a little bull-headed then, you know; I thought I was gonna do it all by myself.” Remember that few fledgling singers had managers at this time (Colonel Tom had just latched on to Elvis and sealed that deal) and being short on business smarts caused the downfall of many talented performers.

As rockabilly gave way to rock 'n' roll and other modern pop sounds in the Sixties, Ferrier and his wife Pat opened a fish market outside of Natchitoches, and his repertoire shifted from rockabilly to country. Occasional country releases on Goldband gained him local and regional airplay, but Al’s obscurity only seemed to increase with the passing years. He eventually sold the fish market and now lives in a small roadside home in the beautiful pine woods north of Natchitoches. Adjacent to the house is a little bait stand with crickets, shiners, worms, an assortment of dry goods, even “Goldband” brand transmission fluid.

Around January 1983, Ferrier received a call from the legendary “Ding Dong” of Charly Records, a British label that has leased most of Al’s early sessions for re-issue. "Ding Dong" was in the market for some new rockabilly sides for European distribution. “I made him a price,” Al says contentedly, “and he jumped on it.” In three weeks, Al and co-writer Walter Van Hook had an album’s worth of material ready for production with his old friend in Lake Charles, Eddie Shuler.

Recording has always been something of a family affair for Ferrier; his early singles feature chunky, rhythmic work from brother Warren Ferrier, and straight-ahead electric guitar from the late Byron Ferrier. The new session tapes display that same familial unity with Al’s nephew Wesley Ferrier on guitar, seventeen-year old Wesley Jr. on drums, and Warren on the trademark fiddle. The most surprising element of the new recordings, however, is the confidence and strength in Al's vocals. In a throaty whine reminiscent of Carl Perkins, Ferrier sings about “rock-boppin' pretty baby's and honey mama's” with a genuine redneck twang. You won’t find a hint of androgynous British inflection in this voice; no sir, this is what the man means about a “country voice.”

If the so-called "rockabilly rebellion" continues to gain strength stateside as it has in Europe in the past decade, Ferrier could have a very successful album already in the can. But no matter what the Charly LPs do in sales, you’ll probably still be able to find Al Ferrier selling crickets from his bait stand near Black Lake, keeping it simple, just like in ‘54.
Ralston Crawford’s pictures of New Orleans musicians, churches and their members, street parades and advertising signs, night clubs and tombstones give us what was once a secret (like Brassai’s Parisian pictures of brothels, apaches and prostitutes), glamorous, ebullient and only retroactively elegiac portrait of a New Orleans most of us never saw. A Precisionist painter (along with other members of the movement, Stuart Davis and Milton Avery, interested in a reduction toward essential details, a paring down, the use of the eye as a fragmented zoom lens) Crawford steers away from the abstract in most of his photos, certainly in his most memorable ones (arty shots of angled signs, bedecked graves, funeral feet carrying a casket are isolated examples in more than one sense of the word), and the more straightforward his images the more satisfying.

Crawford began chronicling the New Orleans jazz world about 35 years ago, and already much of the Classic atmosphere of early jazz was gone: “New Orleans jazz—the origins of which, of course, are now as remote as Chellean man simply because the environment in New Orleans sixty and more years ago will never again exist,” wrote Whitney Balliett in 1958, a decade after Crawford began his enthusiastic pictorial embrace of local music. Coming down from New York on a mission suffused with almost romantic, Holy Grail-like ardor, Crawford caught a good bit. I still can’t believe for a second Curt Jerde’s remark in the catalogue accompanying the exhibition of Crawford’s pictures at the Historic New Orleans Collection (through July 22) that “Crawford saw concisely the form and substance of the New Orleans musical folk culture, as it has survived for more than two centuries”—an order so tall as to be fatuous.

For all any of us know at this distance, Crawford may have been interested in the music secondarily and in good pictures first (one doubts that he was interested in blacks and their culture as ethnological exotica like Leni Riefenstahl’s pictures of dandish, elegant African tribesmen, or as monuments to unconquerable human dignity like some of the FSA photographers). More like William Gottlieb (a Washington Post writer who took most of his own memorable photos because as a jazz writer, he couldn’t get photographers to go with him to the dives he covered—“it would have meant working on their own time, late at night,” Gottlieb says) or the Danish nobleman Baron Timme Rosenkrantz or Lee Friedlander, Crawford brought a fresh, but trained, outsider’s eye to jazz. One doubts he knew in advance what pictures he wanted to take—but what pictures he ultimately took!

There is Tony Almerico in an improvised burnoose, obviously singing “The Sheik Of Araby,” and looking almost alarmingly like the middle-aged Connee Boswell; Papa Celestin’s Tuxedo band performing on one of the big boats, with a group of maenadish matrons (possibly sloshed and hollering) gyrating in a caged-off area behind them; Wooden Joe Nicholas, reputed to have practiced on King Oliver’s cornet during breaks, a face that is all patient, avuncular dignity in an interior of sedate garishness that almost defies description—antimacassar-draped armoire, religious prints (The Good Shepherd), vacant-eyed china dolls heaped about; the saxophonists at the Tiajuana Club (is that Robert Parker on the left?) suggesting in their shaded, ultracool anonymity and jiving gymnastic postures the direction in which New Orleans music would go soon after these pictures were taken.

Some of the photos—Buddy Escare getting his process job worked over by an ancient, deferential barber in a spacious / probably stifling barber shop, for instance—suggest the spectre of Uncle Tomism, by their period and their subject matter. This is just a mental function of the segregationist policies of the period reinforced in mass media and mass thought (I recall no pictures of black and white musicians together), but both the blacks and whites in Crawford’s pictures radiate charm and generosity of spirit and energy; one is reminded of Billie Holiday’s remark about Louis Armstrong when he was accused of stereotype-perpetuating in the early 1950’s: “Sure, Pops toms, but he toms with class!”

Crawford’s photos (left en masse to the Hogan Jazz Archives at Tulane, some 3,000 of them; they are being publicly shown for the first time in such numbers) are so good that the only attitude that matters is aesthetic. Even a cliche subject is redeemed by knowing freshness: the fashionably spectacled, suited and hatted Forties career girl grimacing at the mountainous piles of refuse on her route to work though the French Quarter on Ash Wednesday. But Crawford knows, as we do too, what she probably looked like and was acting like only the day before.
Wooden Joe Nicholas, at home

Louis "Buddy" Escard in barber shop.
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The Haitian Difference

A Haitian visitor talks with Bunny Matthews about Haiti, art, Voodoo, music, and the French Quarter.

Alix Beaulieu is a handsome, middle-aged Haitian, who, after retiring from the managerial sector of Air France four years ago, embarked upon a new career as a dealer of Haitian art. Beaulieu specializes in "naive and primitive" (and "magical," one is hastened to add) paintings and his exhibitions have taken him to Paris, Brussels, Santa Fe, Galveston and Lubbock. Beaulieu's visit to New Orleans was but a stopover on the way to yet another exhibition in Los Angeles.

As the afternoon rain pelted the loquat and cat's claw jungle outside, Beaulieu smoked a single cigarette and observed that the surrounding French Quarter seemed very much like sections of Haiti. The French Quarter, he noted, had survived the plague of modern architecture with which much of Haiti is apparently infested.

"There is a tremendous amount of original artists in Haiti," Beaulieu said, taking the last puff on his cigarette. "I think it's a fact of illiteracy—maybe 80 percent of the population doesn't know how to read or write. And they have to express themselves in one way or another. If it is not music, it is painting or woodcarving or they sculpt. That's the kind of message they want to leave to the others."

In 1943, DeWitt Peters, an American conscientious objector, arrived in Haiti as an English teacher. A year later, the former student of Fernand Leger founded the Centre d'Art in Port-au-Prince, dedicated to the development of the arts in Haiti, a place described by Peters as "a tiny country of endless, cloud-wreathed mountains and long, indented coastline whose newborn art is one of the most vital in the world today."

One of Beaulieu's favorite painters and one of Peters' greatest discoveries is Philome Obin, born in 1892. "The unearthing of the popular or natural painters was slow work, requiring tact and affection," Peters wrote in his journal. "Mostly from the masses, they were timid about coming into the impressive, cream-colored building, once a private home, in the center of the city and set back from the street by a charming garden. The first to venture, and he by proxy, was Philome Obin.

"A former bookkeeper in his native Cap-Haitien, Obin was one of the very few popular painters in Haiti who had been painting for years before the start of the movement. Late in 1944, he sent us, by relative, a small, naive painting, The Arrival of President Roosevelt to Lift the American Occupation of Haiti. It was my first experience of a Haitian popular painting, and I was not too sure how to take it. I compromised by sending the artist a letter with a five-dollar bill and a package of art materials to a value of another five. Today Obin is considered by most foreign critics to be one of the greatest natural realists of contemporary painting." (A portrait of Obin, Philome Obin et son fils Antoine, painted by his youngest son, is part of the permanent collection of the New Orleans Museum of Art.)

Obin, according to Beaulieu, is beyond the average citizen's range: "If you order a painting from Obin, first of all, you will have to wait at least a year before you get it. His paintings are around $5,000 to $6,000. Obin has his own atelier. If you go to Cap-Haitien, at the entrance to town, you'll see the sign of Philome Obin. You can visit him. He's a very charming man, 90 years old."

"Haitian painters have to represent what they see in nature, in their own environment. They don't want to miss anything and they are very particular about details."

The small details—a snake symbolizing Damballah, god of life, or the favorite number—3—of Papa Zaca, god of agriculture—often proclaim an allegiance to the Voodoo religion: "At a certain time, they mixed both religions—the Roman Catholic religion, which was imposed by the French, and Voodoo religion, which was the religion the black man brought over from Africa. What
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happened is that some of the slaves escaped from the plantations and they found refuge in the mountains. Haiti is very mountainous. That's where they started their guerrilla warfare with the French and that's where they mixed the two religions. There was a synthesis. So don't be surprised if you walk into a Voodoo church and you see an image of St. James or the Virgin Mary.

Voodoo churches are called **houmask** and the Voodoo priest is a **houman**. They hold ceremonies certain times of the year, like the Second of November, which is the Day of the Dead. Around Christmas, they celebrate the ceremonies of initiation, where they give the necklace to the one who is initiated into the religion.

"There is a place in Haiti called Saut D'Eau—it's a waterfall. There is a story saying that there was a Black Virgin coming out of it and a lot of people go there on the Sixteenth of July. On Good Friday and up until Easter in a city called Leogane, all the Voodoo priests get together in front of the cemetery, dancing. It goes really wild."

Of the Voodoo presence in New Orleans, Beaulieu commented: "I'm not surprised because I've met people here in New Orleans who told me that their grandmother or grandfather was from Haiti. There was a certain time during American history when there were some Haitians fighting for America—the Battle of Savannah, for example."

The Haitian music scene, said Beaulieu (an amateur musician on the side), is as rich as the world of Haitian art, although hardly as well known: "We have popular music, what they play in nightclubs—I would call it **nouveaute vage**. They are all big bands—maybe 15, 16 musicians playing there. They have a special beat called the **meringue**—la meringue Haitien. It's a modern way of expressing it because the meringue was slower than what we hear now. What we hear now is a faster beat."

"They play electric guitars, electric organs. Some of the bands have trumpets and saxess. I would mention a band like Les Freres des Jacques, which is very good. There's another one called Bossa Combo, which has toured all over. Eddie Barclay has been promoting Haitian music in Paris. He was the first one to bring those big bands over. There's another one called D.P. Express, which is very popular, too. D.P. means 'diffícile de Petionville'—the group originated from Petionville. Taboo Combo is also very popular and very, very good."

"Why have we Americans heard so little Haitian music? Jamaican reggae, to cite the cultural products of one of Haiti's neighbors in the Caribbean, is unavoidable these days."

Jamaica, explained Beaulieu, is different: "Jamaica is different for many reasons. One reason is that the British left Jamaica not too long ago actually. Haiti was independent since 1804. When the French pulled out of Haiti, they left the island with nothing, without what we call the **cadres**—engineers, doctors and all. The island was all by itself and we had to survive. So we have been through very difficult times through all Haitian history."

—Bunny Matthews
Confrontation With Marley

Good news for reggae fans: the new Bob Marley album contains many new songs that rank with the best ever recorded.

The second anniversary of the death of Bob Marley has brought with it a spate of releases of Marley tributes. Among the best of the lot is Island Records' release of a new Marley album, entitled Confrontation. Consisting of material previously unavailable outside of Jamaica, this album will be an unexpected treat for those who love Marley's music. With the exception of a disco-ish tune called "I Know," recorded back in 1976 during the recording of the Rastaman Vibration album, all the songs were recorded between 1978 and 1980, the period during which Marley recorded the material on his Survival and Uprising albums. Three of the songs, "Black Man Redemption," "I Know," and "Trenchtown," were singles in Jamaica, but the versions on Confrontation are different from the singles. Don't think that this is a collection of songs that Marley didn't think were good enough for release; nor are they unfinished songs that were completed and mixed by someone other than Marley. The entire collection is good, but many songs are different from the best songs ever recorded by Marley. "Rastaman Live Up!" is nothing less great than the bare essentials of reggae...a skanking keyboard, bass riddim, clean, simple drumming and reverbed, echoed vocals. A few horns and bashing organ are added for "Buffalo Soldier," "Jump Nyabinghi," and the beautiful "Give Thanks." The simplicity of the musical arrangements on most cuts makes this collection sound better the more you hear it.

Those who took my advice and wrote for a free subscription to the Reggae Beat newsletter (now expanded to magazine size, and renamed Reggae Beat and African Beat) received a special tribute issue this month called Bob Marley Remembered. The issue contains some great photos, interviews and articles on Marley and his music. Get on their mailing list by writing Bongo Productions Box 29820, Los Angeles CA 90029.

Also for your reggae reading pleasure are two brand new books, Catch A Fire, a biography of Bob Marley written by Rolling Stone writer Timothy White and Reggae International by Stephen Davis and Peter Simon. Timothy White has been writing interesting articles on Marley for years, and anyone who has seen Davis and Simon's first attempt at chronicling the development of reggae music and artists called Reggae are Jamaican poets Michael Smith, Chris Gayle and Garth White.

On the local reggae front, New Orleanians will have enough live music in June to keep us all happy. Rita Marley will make her second appearance here, again on the Riverboat President, on June 19. But perhaps more exciting will be another of the great reggae bands on June 29, the Gladiators. One of the roots Jamaican vocal groups of the 1970s, the Gladiators never quite achieved international fame, but they continue today in their roots style, expressing their Rastafarian beliefs through the music. Their 1983 release on Nighthawk records, entitled Symbol of Reality, is remarkable in that, except for a vast improvement in the quality of the recording, it sounds almost identical to the Gladiators' first album, Presenting the Gladiators, released over ten years ago on Coxsone Dodd's Studio One label. I am willing to bet their performance here is going to be another opportunity for New Orleanians to see roots reggae at its uncompromising best. Don't miss this one.

Also appearing in New Orleans this month, and written up before in these pages, will be the Blue Riddim Band, those white reggae boys from Kansas City, and the St. Croix Philharmonic Steel Orchestra. The BRB is not a copy band, they're the real thing, original and hard. And the St. Croix band plays soca, calypso and reggae with their steel drums, and it sounds so sweet.

As one listens to most of today's reggae, it might be hard to believe that the music ever had social relevance. However, some recent releases shine brightly above the insipid love lyrics and commercial beat of the rest. Fusing dub music with social commentaries are Jamaican poets Michael Smith,
Mutabaruka, and Sister Breeze. "Dub poetry" is not new to Jamaica, but until recently, the only artist who had been recorded was Linton Kwesi Johnson, who lives in Brixton. For those who have heard L.K.J., don't expect these newly recorded poets to sound the same. Each has a distinctive delivery and a different band dubbing behind them.

Michael Smith's Mi Cyaan Believe It comes complete with a lyrics sheet, which is essential except for those who can understand reggae films like Rockers and The Harder They Come without reading the subtitles. Smith's patois is thick, and he makes no attempt to soften it. Yet, while an article could be written just about the power of his poetry, the strength of this record lies in the fact that it's not necessary to understand the lyrics. His delivery is captivating. It's so musical and dynamic that often the music drops out completely and Smith's voice carries the rhythm as strongly as any bass guitar. And he feels many rhythms, from the grungy "roots" to the rock 'n' roll of "Long Time." Smith has total control of the dub in much the same way as DJ's U-Roy and Big Youth used to have back in the days when DJing was at its peak artistically. This record is recommended as a fine, fine dub record and as a record that represents a classic milestone for reggae.

Superior to most recent reggae records, but not nearly as powerful as Mi Cyaan Believe It, is the reggae disco 12" "Drug Kulcha" by Mutabaruka b/w "Slip" by Sister Breeze. Where Michael Smith's record almost defines a new art form because of the delivery of the lyrics, Mutabaruka and Sister Breeze deliver the lyrics in typical rap music and DJ fashion. Fortunately, the lyrics are strong, and the High Times Band does a good job behind them, making this record worth hearing. "Slip" is especially catchy, with its hook, "Slip, you Fool, you never go to an African School."

Shanachie Records is now distributing the 1981 hit album by Papa Michigan and General Smiley called Downpression. Of all the records being mass produced from Channel One Studios, this one is in a class by itself. The Roots Radics Band has rarely sounded so good, with some able assistance from producer Henry Junjo Lawes. The dub mix by Scientist is so sparse and clean that the music sounds good even on the poorest quality car tape deck. Michigan and Smiley, innovators in the art of team DJ-ing (rhythmic rapping/singing) are two of the best on record. Most reggae fans have heard the hit single from this album, called "Diseases." The sentiments of "Diseases" (women are hit with "the most dangerous diseases" because they don't abide by the Rastafarian concept of womanhood) left me cold and failed to interest me in the album. But upon hearing the entire album, one realizes that Downpression is one of the few real roots-Rasta albums to be given national distribution by a major label in years.

No typical paeans to Jah here, though. The lyrics are the voices of two Rastas trying to keep their faith in 1982. Check this one out.

—Gene Searamuzzo
Physical Culture

Images of Kathy B
Photoflexion
Contemporary Arts Center

People would rather look at each other than at anything else. Some people even make a living at it, as two shows now at the Contemporary Arts Center point up. Images of Kathy B is the show that resulted from 30 disparate Louisiana artists all using the same model. Mr. Doin's collection of eighty photographs, Photoflexion, looks at body builders. The photos chronicle the history of the sport from 19th Century sideshow men to the current state-of-the-art on Muscle Beach.

Though oriental rugs and abstract art are the only two visual forms to exclude bodies on principle, it's been slim pickings for the figure in American art, especially painting, ever since Social Realism went out of style. Photographers have continued to get away with images of the beautiful and not-so-beautiful people and that, along with cinematic glitz, has had to suffice for the last forty years. With noteworthy exceptions (local George Dureau is one, Hockney another), life drawing has been relegated to another), life drawing has been relegated to the only two visual forms to exclude bodies on principle, it's been slim pickings for the figure in American art, especially painting, ever since Social Realism went out of style. Photographers have continued to get away with images of the beautiful and not-so-beautiful people and that, along with cinematic glitz, has had to suffice for the last forty years. With noteworthy exceptions (local George Dureau is one, Hockney another), life drawing has been relegated to

In 1981, painter Rene Haro began having in mind when she came up with the basic idea for the Images show. Mostly, she wanted a chance to see what she could do as a model. “Everybody else gets to show their work. There seems to be a special energy in the pieces I have modeled for which I believe comes from my personal attitude and enthusiasm. I want people to see what my part is.” A couple of years ago, opportunity presented itself. In 1981, painter Rene Haro began having nonsensical Saturday morning life sessions in his St. Peter Street studio. Models aren't cheap, so a few like-minded friends joined in. The sessions with one model, Baudoin, yielded work that was fresh and diverse. Hey, wouldn't it be great to do this on a big scale? We could even make a show of it. This meshed with Miss Baudoin's ambition, and together with Haro and David Swoyer, the three put the idea to the C.A.C. Individual modeling sessions started the following year and today the results are on the walls at 900 Camp.

The show is big and could stand weeding, but what makes it special is that all the pieces were done specifically for this exhibition. It is usually disastrous, resulting in offhand second-rate work by most everyone. Part of the difference here has to be credited to Miss Baudoin's moxie and relentless enthusiasm. With artists using everything from clay to photocopies, with a similarly broad range in styles, the subject is the single unifying element.

In addition to some strong individual works, Images of Kathy B offers an index of local artist's opinions of what working with, for, or against the figure can be. The responses are as various as the artists, from pin-up to icon to compositional device. Limited to a single starting point, the show incidentally emphasizes that the art is not in the materials or the subject, but in what happens in between.

Conceived almost as an experiment, the more ambitious pieces generally come out ahead. Seven classic photos by George Dureau employ his usual combination of naked earthy personality with a restrained tonal richness. The dignity of his naked people bear thinking about. A veteran, he married the unique human subject for his formal concerns probably more than anyone else. With entirely different means, Steve Blank accomplished much the same result. His painting, controlled, catchy, bright with pinks and orange, zooming with art language—skyscrapers, dotted lines, Kathy B in cocktail dress, still managed to get down the girl herself in a surprisingly memorable image. The personal handling of the face did it.

Painter Richard Pendleton is a successful example of the opposite approach. Aban-
droning his personality, his nude is a featureless pink shape, valuable for building a painting. This large airy piece is the gutsiest item in the show, arguing space and letting his rough edges show. He works his painting hard. The painting owes more than a passing nod to Matisse—the ferns, the nude, the interiors—but the effect is personal.

Haro and Jesse Poinbeouf come somewhere between the "portraiture" of Blank and the architecturalism of Pendleton. Both retain a personality in their stylized figures, while subjugating them to long-standing preconceptions. Haro's piece is one of the strongest of his Mad Dogs series. The frantic, uncontrolled energy which is the Mad Dogs is more fluidly condensed here. Poinbeouf has produced a large, oddly cool painting of a girl and her pony. The chic, almost designer gayes collide with the tension of the imagery. Despite the turbulence of the central female figure, most of the painter's interest seems to lie with the line drawings that edge the painting like explanatory notes: a knife, balls and ear-like shapes, a curious elegance without calm.

There's a fair stand of photographers, most of whom work the glamour aspect. Two exceptions are Madelaine Shellaby and Toby Armstrong. Shellaby's red smeared Cibachrome prints are almost gory while Armstrong uses the model, blue water and red cloth to create crisp mysteries. In both cases, the model/artist interaction was just the kind of thing Kathy B had in mind when she started the project. Familiar with Armstrong's work, she provided the crucial prop, the fabric, when she showed up for a session at a neighbor's pool. Shellaby actually painted on Baudoin as well as the finished prints. "I was really hoping," Miss B said, "that somebody would do something like that, you know that kind of physical interaction between me, the artist, and the image. I think it's cool."

Most of the realistic figure paintings appear academic and stale. Even Ozols, from whom one expects better, produced a predictable nude draped in trailing sheet that was assured but tame. Too many of the small, representational works were also ordinary.

But size is not quality. Kenneth Harrison's small collage-like piece paired hyper realist images of Kathy B—as squealing and disguised—in sequence like shots from an instant photobooth. In comparison, Douglas Bourgeois' look-like clefted super bodies. Accordingly, the models done for health magazines, their negatives destroyed in vice squad raids. Fifties beefcake photography like Renslow's has an almost camp feeling now with its heroic poses, chains and silk. Bodybuilders' recent surge in popularity along with the homes of L.A. photographers all factored in making it an appealing subject for "art" photographers like Jane O'Neal, Mapplethorpe, Dietz. Their work has provided an ironic twist to the images of Kathy, terms themselves shift in feeling from naive documentation to the consciously artful. Many of the shots are original prints of pictures done for health magazines, their negatives destroyed in vice squad raids. Fifties beefcake photography like Renslow's has an almost camp feeling now with its heroic poses, chains and silk. Bodybuilders' recent surge in popularity along with the homes of L.A. photographers all factored in making it an appealing subject for "art" photographers like Jane O'Neal, Mapplethorpe, Dietz. Their work has provided an ironic twist to the images of Kathy, terms themselves shift in feeling from naive documentation to the consciously artful.
On Trains And Rainbows
From the Pretenders through Talking Heads, Rickie Lee Jones, B. B. King, back to Van Morrison, Zeke takes us on a musical journey through a varied terrain.

One of the first singles I've bought in a couple of years is the Pretenders' "Back on the Chain Gang" (Sire 29840-7), a most tuneful, bittersweet song. As the song grows on you, you begin to notice the lyrics. And, may I say, more profound words haven't been embedded in the confines of a pop single in many a moon. "The powers that be force us to live like we do/Bring me to my knees when I see what they've done to you," Chrissie Hynde sings in the bridge, concluding with "But I'll die as I stand here today/Knowing that deep in my heart/They'll fall to ruin some day/For making us part."

It doesn't matter that this vow the singer swears, as she confronts her "wretched life," may or may not come to pass. What does matter is the intensity that's communicated to the listener. Chrissie Hynde's understated delivery reverberates like cannonblasts in a canyon.

The flip, "My City Was Gone," is a thumping, finger-snapping affair. Hynde returns to her hometown in Ohio, and all her favorite places, the places of her memories, have vanished, replaced by shopping malls and parking lots. "And muzak filled the air from Seneca to Cuyahoga Falls." Good performances by Tony Butler on bass and Billy Bremner on guitar. Notable is the irony when Hynde sings the punchline of each verse like a weary cheerleader: "A-O, the way to go, Ohio."

"Back On The Chain Gang" is also found as the first cut on the soundtrack of Martin Scorsese's The King of Comedy (Warner Brothers 23765-1). Robbie Robertson, formerly of the Band, coordinated the music for the film, soliciting a song each from eight recording artists, contributed one track himself and used a late Fifties recording of "Come Rain Or Come Shine" by Ray Charles. At first glance, it looks like an uneasy compilation of styles—B.B. King, Talking Heads, Rickie Lee Jones, Ric Ocasek, Van Morrison—but the album works wonderfully, coming across not as a crazy quilt but as an interesting journey through varied terrain.

B.B. King performs "'Tain't Nobody's Bizness" with more gusto than anything he's recorded in years. Over a blues-rock beat laid down by Talking Heads' rhythm section, David Byrnes does his new-age shaman thing, mixing voodoo and atomic imagery. The tune of "The Finer Things," David Sanborn's contribution, was penned by Donald Fagen, late of Steely Dan, and reflects Fagen's suburban knack at a catchy tuneful. And Ric Ocasek's "Steal The Night" outsings anything he or the Cars have done for quite some time.

Perhaps in recognition of the lyrical quality of the soundtrack's music, Robertson has gotten Warner Brothers to print the lyrics of the songs on the inner sleeve (a very enigmatic photo of Robertson leaning against Scorsese, whose eyes and mouth are blacked out, is on the other side of the sleeve.) It's interesting to note that the songs that
kick off each side—"Back On The Chain Gang" and Robertson's "Between Trains," draw allusions to trains, while the songs that conclude each side, Ricky Lee Jones' rendition of Tom Waits' "Rainbow Sleeves" and Van Morrison's "Wonderful Remark," both contain imagery relating to rainbows. "Wonderful Remark" strikes me as one of Morrison's most unusual songs. The copyright date at the bottom of the lyrics is 1969, so he's been sitting on this one a long time. This may be the most existential song Van has ever written. The verses are long. The singer, representing a collective, is crying an indictment to a leader who has filled the collective with false hope. The first verse ends with these four lines: "Clinging to some other rainbow/While we're standing, waiting in the cold/Telling us the same old story/Knowing time is growing old." Then comes the chorus, shifting the perspective, the singer now singing of himself: "That was a wonderful remark/I had my eyes closed in the dark/I sighed a million sighs/I told a million lies—to myself—to myself." The shift of perspective turns political exposure into self-confusion. Couple that with the earthy slow stride of the tune and the results are chilling.

An unusual feature of Morrison's last album, Beautiful Vision, was the concluding track, "Scandinavia," a six-minute-plus instrumental on which Morrison played piano. His new album, Inarticulate Speech of the Heart (Warner Brothers 23802-1) includes no less than four instrumentals. Brian Eno once made a statement to the effect that Morrison was one of the few singers who impressed him because he used his voice as an instrument. On the instrumentals in this album, Morrison, whether playing piano or sax, uses his instrument as a voice.

Morrison states his intention in the song that leads off the album, "Higher Than The World," "I'm higher than the world/And I'm livin' in my dreams/I'll make it better than it seems/Today." This search for transcendence is blended with a search for his Irish roots ("Irish Heartbeat") and the recounting of his early discovery of American soul and blues ("The Street Only Knew Your Name"). And then there's his search for a "home" beyond physical and mental bounds: "When you hear, hear the call/You won't have to think at all—"Cry For Home." It would seem that all of Morrison's searching ends in the call, the sound.

The exquisite sonic layer of the album bears testimony that the sound is primary to Morrison. His caravan of musicians and singers have never coalesced into such a huge, full sound before, serving to bring to flower the intentions of his lyrics. Or, better than his lyrics, let's say his heart, his dreams. The concluding instrumental, "September Night" is an impressionistic aural landscape that articulates in sound when the heart might feel but cannot speak when the cool winds of autumn tease the state of rock in dreams. The concluding instrumental, "September Night" is an impressionistic aural landscape that articulates in sound when the heart might feel but cannot speak when the cool winds of autumn tease the state of rock in dreams. The concluding instrumental, "September Night" is an impressionistic aural landscape that articulates in sound when the heart might feel but cannot speak when the cool winds of autumn tease the state of rock in dreams. The concluding instrumental, "September Night" is an impressionistic aural landscape that articulates in sound when the heart might feel but cannot speak when the cool winds of autumn tease the state of rock in dreams.

—Zeke Fishhead
At The Maple Leaf Bar
JAMES BOOKER AND THE RHYTHM AND BLUES REVUE
March 11, 1983

For the second time in as many months, James Booker and the Rhythm and Blues Revue brought three sets of the best R&B to the Maple Leaf Bar. Booker put on a show typical of his recent performances, moving easily from moody, wildly improvisational numbers to rollicking R&B favorites. On the latter the band provided instrumentation of heat, with bass drummer Scotty B, pulled on a cigarette between chops, and trumpet player Ted Riley rounded out the horn section, playing punchy trumpet lines over the same creativity and energy he has displayed on his records by Fats Domino, Little Richard, Professor Longhair, and Huey Piano Smith.

The shake and rattle of the evening was the work of bassist George French and drummer "Smockey" Johnson. Johnson, who drums for Fats Domino's stage band, beat straight R&B, mambo, and Indian rhythms over a loping kick drum, pulled on a cigarette between chops, and never missed a lick. On an upbeat rendition of "Kansas City," Johnson hammered the rims and sides of the drums and anything else within his reach.

Holding the band together was Alvin "Red" Tyler on tenor sax. Tyler, who has played with the greatest studio and stage bands in New Orleans for three decades, demonstrated the same creativity and energy he has displayed on records by Fats Domino, Little Richard, Professor Longhair, and Huey Piano Smith, to name a few. Ted Riley rounded out the horn section, playing punchy trumpet lines over the melody.

Enough great musicians occupied the stage and audience to conjure up visions of the old Dew Drop Inn. In fact, both performances of the Revue have been highlighted by guest appearances. In February, Gerri Hall and Billy Roosevelt (of Huey Smith's Clowns) joined the revue for a set of Clowns style Carnival music. On March 3, Chuck Carbo, lead singer with the Spiders, took the stage to perform a set of New Orleans favorites, as well as his own hits. For a rockin' good time, for a rockin' good time, for a rockin' good time, we recommend you check out the next appearance of James Booker and the Rhythm and Blues Revue.

—Macon Fry

JAZZ AT THE DOORWAN
BLUECOAT MAN
Ace '61

Excuse me for reviewing this one. Time was when I would have written this one off as another clumsy "white copy" effort and filed it in the closet with the John Mayall and Charlie Musselwhite albums. But heavens, a miracle has taken place here! Amid all the bullshit re-recordings of "those oldies but goodies," here comes a group out of England that has cut some genuinely exciting New Orleans rhythm 'n' blues.

Though the sound quality of these recordings belongs to the Eighties, the music belongs to the days of yore, with the aid of tight arrangements and plenty of enthusiasm. The result is good rocking music. Material-wise, Professor Longhair gets the spotlight with "What Have I Done To You?" and "Married Grin In New Orleans" with a wailing accordion break, "She Walks Right In," and the Longhairish "Red's Bop" and "Swannee River Jump" (with steel drums, no less). Smiley's "Go On Fool," Fats' "Are You Goin' My Way," Huey's "Blow Wind Blow" and Chris Kenner's sadly overworked "Sick and Tired" complete the New Orleans tribute. Oddly the title track is the only non-Crescent City ditty, coming from Eddy Boyd's fiery repertoire of hits.

Each tune is a pounding platter, with plenty of pounding piano, soaring horns and out-of-control vocals from breathless Diz. Helping out on the Revue have been highlights by guest appearances. In February, Gerri Hall and Billy Roosevelt (of Huey Smith's Clowns) joined the Spiders, took the stage to perform a set of Fats Domino's only 1983 New Orleans performance, for those of you who passed up Fats Domino's only 1983 New Orleans performance, for all I can say is "eat your heart out; don't miss next year." Postponed a week due to the flooding, the show featured Oliver Morgan and Jesse Hill. Fats' rock-solid band. at around 10, the curtains parted and there was Fats, resplendent in an immaculate cream-suit, looking and feeling years younger than his 54 years (the man doesn't have a wrinkle on his face). Even before playing a note, his shy boyish smile and rolling eyes had won over everyone on the President. His presence and charm are so captivating, Fats' aura nearly outshines the man's music. Even so his vast repertoire was well picked over by the time Fats finished his encore well after midnight. "I'm Walkin'," "Blueberry Hill," "Goin' Home" (simply stunning), "Let The Four Winds Blow"—really, what's the point of going on? He remains one of the very few artists who can say that on the first few times his voice was clear and unmistakable, his vocal mannerisms identical to his countless recordings. Of course, there were loads of grins and exaggerated facialexpressions and a large white backdrop that claimed people's attention as much as the music. But if anyone could tastefully pull this off, Ray Charles certainly can—and does. Even if you've seen the man a hundred times, he's still exciting every time. Sadly, Fats won't be on at the Jazz Fest this time around, because he doesn't want to wear out his New Orleans welcome!

—Almost Slim

Sara Jordan Powell
AFFECTIONATELY, SARA
Powerhouse Records PH-1002

Sara Jordan Powell is an accomplished and fairly well-known gospel singer. She has been the featured artist on seven previous albums released on the Savoy label. Her 1978 recording, "Kansas City," also recorded in Canada, Europe and Asia. But the release of her present album, Affectionately, Sara marks the beginning of a new phase in her career that could garner for this Houston-based vocalist more attention as a featured vocalist greater popular acclaim.

Affectionately, Sara is a minor musical milestone: it is the first gospel album to be produced by Ray Charles, the venerable gospel jazz, R&B and functioned C&W. Charles is not only credited as producer, he was also the engineer for this recording in the studio of Ms. Powell, the only person in the engineering booth during the recording of this project. His influence on this record is delightfully evident. The production is always in the pocket, the saying goes. The nine tracks in this package are persistent swing, howl, and rocking. This is fine contemporary gospel in search of mass appeal. If any producer could tastefully pull this off, Ray Charles certainly can—and does. The overall sound is moderately pop-ish and nicely bottomed, with the mix allowing the sometimes lush orchestration to be unobtrusive to the singer's sound. On side one, Ray uses the Southeastern International Choir to introduce and frame Sara's singing. Their harmonies are rich and their tones are rounded. The arrangements are something to look forward to the choir drop warm accents in just the right places.

Powell's lead work on the album is most enjoyable. An evangelical singing star from childhood to her adult years, she was coaxed into recording by the Rev. James Cleveland nearly ten years ago. Her voice sounds like Diana Ross's when it turns soft and breathy or when she hits a high, hard, full-throated run. But true

to the gospel tradition, she uses a lot of raw tones that convey, with great conviction, her religious ideals. She is, after all, a preacher's daughter. Despite her worldliness; she is, in spite of the MOR touches on this album, a witness for the Lord—and as legions of her fans will tell you, a living angel.

Standout cuts on this album include a rocking stop-time version of "There Is A Way," a very tender reading of "Silent Night," and a bone chilling bluesy chant called "Pray." A Kris Kristofferson tune, "Why Me?", is also included as well as two originals by Powell. It would have been great if the Right Reverend Ray had wrote something to his taste.

—Almost Slim

On the Riverboat President
FATS DOMINO
April 15, 1983

Yes, there was a lot of aesthetic garbage that claimed people's attention as recently as ten years ago under the rubric of experimentalism—or the I-may-not-know-what I'm doing—but-by-no means—I-deserve-a-charge-to-be-heard syndrome—but John Graubarth's show in coordination with the excellent performance of the Revue and Powerhouse Records by Fats Domino, featuring David Liebman (with Steven Masakowski on guitar, Mike Pellera on piano

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and synthesizer, Jim Singleton on bass, John Vidacovich on drums and Mark Sanders on percussion) April 29, was not that. Graubarth has serious lighting and stage design credentials, having worked for Dr. John, the original Meters and the Neville Brothers, and having toured nationally with Sun, a space-funk group, but his degree of artistic competence was an unknown for most folks going in to the concert. We soon found out that he knew what he was doing that his artistry was entirely commensurate with that of the musicians.

Graubarth specializes in plucking out eloquent images from the massive barrage of visuals that assault us every hour of our waking life. Moreover, he has a fine eye for the aesthetic punch found in certain technological images, especially from the fields of medicine, engineering, photomicroscopy, and astronomy, and he knows how to juxtapose them among themselves and with selected pictorials to evoke feelings of suspense, surprise, awe and, above all, continuous fascination.

Graubarth’s slide show was to be the icing on Mars’s cake, but privately the musicians had gone into it without much enthusiasm. I heard complaints that there hadn’t been sufficient rehearsal, that the musicians “said it all” and didn’t need visuals, that the musicians really hadn’t been consulted about it. Ironically, though, this tension worked in favor of the overall aesthetic impact of the bi-media performance. Following an outstanding set without the visuals, the musicians were told to keep things simple and long-toned during the slide show, to let it have center stage. They did start out this way, remaining very much in the background. But then they got bored, and a small revolt was at hand. One by one the musicians forayed out of their roles drones. As they began more and more to play off each other’s energy, the music started to take off, reaching the level of dynamism of the previous set. By this time the audience had been drawn into the slides. The visuals were increasing in intensity, and the music confirmed it and heightened the effect. There was no hint of competition between the two media, as some of the musicians had feared. It was pure, trenchant synergy—and the audience was gripped.

Masakowski and Graubarth are planning an even more elaborate show together (also in collaboration with visual theater artist Jeanne Phillips from Ohio) including lasers and multi-media planar effects, at Longue Vue Gardens, June 25 and 26. If you missed their debut you won’t want to miss this next one. If you caught their first show, I don’t have to sell this one to you.

—Joel Simpson

Anthony Davis/James Newton/Abdul Wadud
I’VE KNOWN RIVERS
Gramavision GR 8201

I’ve Known Rivers (from the poem by Langston Hughes) is one of the most affecting and moving new music albums I know. Anthony Davis (piano), James Newton (flute) and Abdul Wadud (cello) compose one of the most interesting, exciting and engaging trios working in music today. Although there’s nothing flat about their lyricism, or abstract about their explorations, these top-flight musicians engage in discourse at the highest levels of call-and-response.

James Newton has confessed to a love of Jimi Hendrix’s music, and in the microtonal ranges of extreme registers, Newton finds an earthy analog to what Hendrix did with distorted electricity and Delphy did with tortured breaths. Abdul Wadud, on cello, is familiar to listeners of Arthur Blythe, Leroy Jenkins, or for that matter Anthony Davis or James Newton. Having worked with innovative musicians in a challenging variety of contexts, Wadud here contributes not only the unusual tone of performance cello, but also effective compositional flow and technique.

Anthony Davis’ invigorating neo-classicism and new music liberation is breathtakingly beautiful and cogently communicative. Having recorded with both Newton and Wadud previously, this date brings together Davis and composition-improvisation in brilliant performance. The unfettered intermingling of the piano, flute and cello produces startlingly expressive results. More interesting and noteworthy, though, is the seamlessness of this art music: neither “classical” nor “jazz” but a sophisticated matrix in which the “new music” pluralism can flourish. —William D. White

At The Blue Room
CLEO LAINE & JOHNNY DANKWORTH
March 3, 1983

It’s all definitely eccentric to say the very least: Johnny Dankworth appears in a red shirt, pink and gray tie, gray suit and patent leathers that do much to restore one’s faith in jazzmen as sartorial leaders; he would also make a fine after-dinner speaker (and does). Cleo Laine has teacup eyes and a cat-like face with perfectly amazing cheekbones (Navahos don’t have nicer ones) and ravenly dreadlocks gone all to hell and wears a sort of combination samurai robe/camisole.

The lengthy set includes rubber-mouthed mugging, Harold Arlen, rococco flourishes and cadenzas, avian swoops and Satchmosque ruminations. Carlo Monge, Dr. John’s brand of madrigal time-lapse with the endings of songs, “Gimme A Figfoot!” (first and last time I ever expect to hear that number in the Blue Room), blue notes and a few mauve and periwinkle ones, Mozart’s Turkish March done as a half scat/half patter song, a good version of “Crazy Rhythm,” Mr. Dankworth doing some soprano sax at one point and some good clarinet at others, Miss Laine holding the mike up to the clarinet like a newlywed bride holding the bathroom mirror for her adored mate to shave by—a charming gesture. Cleo, with Mr. Dankworth’s brand of madrigal theatricality with Yma Sumac top-notes and a voice so large it needs to be scaled down to the room, and “Love Me Or Leave Me.”

Anyone who wants anything more from a supper-club act—or from anything, really—would have to be crazy. —Jon Newlin

Eric Clapton
MONEY AND CIGARETTES
Warner Brothers 33772-1

Eric Clapton has become one of the essentials, the way the Beatles, Dylan and the Stones have been. Money and Cigarettes, his latest release, is an outstanding collection of up-tempo rock ‘n’ roll and slow blues. “Everybody Oughta Make A Change,” by Sleepy John Estes, starts things off on a roll with a brisk pace and cut, almost bluesy, The high speed boogie “The Shape You’re In!” allows Clapton to reassert his creativity, working with perfectly sinipatico siders.

There are those who maintain Clapton’s best days are behind him, energy and spirit melted
Some months ago in a Zekespeak dealing with current Japanese music, I was curious whether there was any connection between the British group Japan and their Japanese contemporaries, Lo and behold, what did I discover? This EP collaboration between David Sylvian (late of Japan) and Riuichi Sakamoto (late of Yellow Magic Orchestra, currently of B-2 Unit).

The music this duo creates defies description. It has more quirks and jerks than the music of their now defunct groups. It’s almost like an intellectual form of Disco although that really doesn’t do it justice. (I’d love to see what would happen on the dance floor if someone slipped this on the turntable at the Famous Disco some Saturday around midnight.)

One side’s entitled “Bamboo Houses,” the other side “Bamboo Music,” and it’s simultaneously very funky and very Oriental. There’s a synthy figure on “Bamboo Houses” that sounds remarkably like the xylophone-like gangsa used in Gamelan music. Sylvian’s affectations crones are as reedy and cool as ever. Sakamoto’s drumming is a funky, other-worldly, stone delight. How can anyone who dresses so urbane and looks so menacing, as Sakamoto does on the jacket, play so goddamn funky? Pass the sushi.

—Zeko Fishhead

Robert Palmer

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
Institute for Studies in American Music Monographs: Number 12

This is a 38-page monograph published by the Institute for Studies in American Music. It’s in fact the printed transcription of a lecture the venerable Mr. Palmer delivered to the Institute in 1978.

While Palmer doesn’t shed any new light on the subject, at hand, he neatly summarizes the development of New Orleans’ and Memphis’ contribution to the world of rock ‘n’ roll music. Even though the length of the volume is understandably short (I plowed through it in 45 minutes), it does contain some interesting photos of Lee Allen, Huey Smith, Elvis, Smiley Lewis and the rest of the gang.

Can’t give this one a whole-hearted recommendation: if you’re really interested in all that jive, get Bronson’s book.

—Almost Slim

Sylvian/Sakamoto

BAMBOO MUSIC—BAMBOO HOUSES
Virgin VS-510-12

Some months ago in a Zekespeak dealing with current Japanese music, I was curious whether there was any connection between the British group Japan and their Japanese contemporaries, Lo and behold, what did I discover? This EP collaboration between David Sylvian (late of Japan) and Riuichi Sakamoto (late of Yellow Magic Orchestra, currently of B-2 Unit).

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—Almost Slim
CONCERTS

Wednesday, 1
Paul Barrere and Friends, Andy West, Bob Morgenstern and T.Lavitz, Jimmy’s, 10 p.m.

Sunday, 2
Jimmy Anselmo’s 5th Anniversary in business, commemorated by The Sheiks, L’il Queenie and the Skin Twists and the Ronnies, from 16 p.m.

Friday, 3
The Original Impressions, Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. tickets from Ticketmaster and at the box office beforehand, and of course Jerry (I remember when mama said...) Butler and Curtis Mayfield will be among the participants.

Dream Syndicate; Stick People, Tupelo’s, 10 p.m.

Tuesday, 7
The B-52’s, probably the only group that can give the Steamer President a run for his money; cans of All-Set and ratatat on com back available at boarding time. Tickets from N.O. Steamboat Company or from Ticketmaster.

Wednesday, 8
Blasters, Tupelo’s, 10:30 p.m.

Saturday, 11
The Neville Brothers, Steamboat President, 10 p.m. Tickets at Ticketmaster or at N.O. Steamboat Company.

Sunday, 12
Circle Jerks, Tupelo’s 10 p.m. I didn’t think they had these things publicly since my East Jefferson days—you never know what nostalgia will bring back.

Wednesday, 15
A Roomful of Blues, Tupelo’s, 10:30 p.m. The loudest little band from the smallest state, “reelin’ and rockin’.

Blue Riddim Band, Tupelo’s, 10:30 p.m.

Saturday, 18
Rita Marley, Steamboat President, 10 p.m. Tickets from Ticketmaster or from the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Sunday, 19
St. Croix Philharmonic Steel Orchestra, Tupelo’s, 10:30 p.m.

Tuesday, 21
A Flock of Seagulls, Steamboat President, 10 p.m. Tickets at Ticketmaster or from the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Thursday, 23
V.S.O.P. II, Theatre for the Performing Arts. Participants are Herbie Hancock, Jack Higgins, Elly Wallisch, Akim Tamiroff; Wed.15: La Dolce Vita (Fellini’s high-Fifties apocalypse-cum-rake’s-progress, with Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and probably the great Fellini film at this distance). Tues.21: Diary of a Chambermaid (Jean Renoir’s highly stylized, frothy, macabre 1946 film of Mirlleurs’s novel, with a curious cast: Paulette Goddard, Hurd Hatfield, Burgess Meredith.
Nightmare
Pitt
Revue,
career of
Le Petit Theatre
theatre
station; 616
matinees; reservations.
small-scale
barre Road. 837-4884. Through
Jones' joke about the hit
Willson's excessively good-natured
Boraodl'a, "Seventy Sex Hormones"
70,
Camp, 523-1216.
and
Orleans
dent Juried Exhibition.
Thurs.30,
and photographers. among them John
by Josephine
tania.
895-3824.
LISTINGS
PLAYS
Beverly Dinner Theatre, 217 La
barre Road, 837-4864. Through
Sun.17, The Music Man, Meredith
Wilson's excessively good-natured
patrician musical about a lovable
conman (we've always been fond of T.C.
Jones' rendition of the hit song, "Seventy Sex Hormones"
from this play). Supper served with the play;
malaise, reservations.
Borsed, 5104 Freret, 986-9202.
Tues.14. Poetry readings, periodic
small-scale staging of one-act and
chamber plays. Call for current
schedule.
Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre,
5 The Brothers Grimm Barnyard
Revue, a Theatre's Corner presenta-
tion; Fri.10 through Sat.25. 70 Girou
70, a musical loosely derived from the
career of Taylor Gibson. Call the
theatre for ticket information.
Pitt Theatre, 6201 Elysian Fields
288-1611. Through Sun.12, two plays
by Christopher Durang, The Actor's
Nightmare and Sister Mary Ig-
natius Explains It All For You,
about the fifth-grade teacher at Our
Lady of Perpetual Sorrows, and a
comedy (Lynn Redgrave is currently
playing the role in L.A. with great suc-
cess). Call the theatre for ticket
information.
Saenger Theatre, 524-0376. Tues.7
through Sat.18, Sugar Babies, with
Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller. a
restoration of the Star-and-
Garter/baggy-panties tradition; tickets
from Ticketmaster or from the
Saenger's box office.
Theatre Marigny, 816 Frenchman,
944-2653. From Thurs.30, Tennessee
Williams' bizarre pejorative-malignant
comedy. Die GnadenlosFranz
e, about two elderly vicious geese, the
equally vicious Cockalopy Bird, a
handsome Indian and a "celebrated
soubrette" who battles the birds for
fish in a continual struggle resulting in
carton-like mutilations. Helen Jolley
is in it and like Keats' dictum about
truth and beauty that all ye need to
know.
Pitt Cinema, 6201 Elysian Fields
Ave., 288-1611. Repertory films, but
no confirmed schedule at press time.
Pratyana, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513.
Through Thurs.9. Moonlighting, with
Jeremy Irons leading some dispossessed
Polish workers in London during
the troubles; directed by Josey
Klimowksi. Fri.10 through Thurs.16.
The Seven Samurai, the 4-hour
plus version of Kurosawa's 1954
adventure in which some villagers
hire, for a few handfuls of rice, itiner-
ant samurais to defend their village
from bandits. Toshiro Mifune is a
splendid Fri.17, through Thurs.30. The
Gift, a farce in which the premise is
that a retiring clerk is given a luscious
young thing as a farewell present from
his cronies to fall in love with him
"unawares," and thus give him a
spurious new lease on life; directed by
Michael Lang — any film in which Clau-
cio Cordellone is treated as over-the-hill
and no longer deserves is lacking in
believability from its doomed outset.
Gallerie Simone Stern, 2727 Pry-
Robert Lyon and Georgia Ross. Sat.11
through Thurs.16, new work by Kitten
Christovich and Andrew Basile.
A Gallery For Fine Photography,
5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through
July, Great Photographs of the 1920s.
Academy Gallery, 5244 Magazine,
899-8111. Through June 9, the New
Orleans Academy of Fine Art's Stu-
dent Juried Exhibition; Sat.11 through
Thurs.16, new works by Fred Halnes
and Marshall Wood.
Arthur Roger Gallery, 3005 Maga-
azine, 836-5267. Through June 9,
curious works by Doyle Gear-
tjansen. June 11 through 30, Carol
Hurst.
Contemporary Arts Center, 900
Congo, 522-1216. Through June 12.
Images of Kathy B., an exercise in
artistic self-aggrandizement with like-
nesses of the artist and a number of artists
and photographers, among them John
Miller, Francis Rich, Skip Bolen, Jesse
Pomboert, Adrian Dickbear, Carol
Laake, Marcel Duchamp, Beurdeges, Kon-
Gergo, Peg Muritzon, et c., "Photofe-
lon," photographs of body-builders,
an exhibition of photographs by Josephine
Sacabo.
Geileine Simonne Stern, 2727 Pry-
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through Thurs.16, new work by Kitten
Christovich and Andrew Basile.
A Gallery For Fine Photography,
5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through
July, Great Photographs of the 1920s.
Historic New Orleans Collection,
533 Royal Street, 522-4662. Through
July 22, Music In The Streets,
photographs of New Orleans jazzmen
and various churches, parades,
funerals and related subjects by Preci-
sionist painter Ralston Crawford (see
photo spread this issue).
Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo
Road, 488-5848. An exhibition of a half
century's works by New Orleans
photographer Rupert Kohlmaier Sr.
New Orleans Museum Of Art, Ci-
ty Park, 488-2631. Sat.11 through
Sun.14; Constructivism and the Geometric
Tradition: Selections from the McCrory
Corporation Collection, and The Geometric
Impulse: Works from the Lilian H.
Flohrsen Collection. Among the works
are pieces like Malevich and El Lisitsky,
and artists like Leger, Severini, Sol Lewitt,
Delaunay, Gabo, Dorald Judd, Vasau-
rely, Pevsner and Kandinsky, members
of artistic movements like Op, Futurism,
Minimalism, Orphism, and de Stijl.
Optima Studio, 2025 Magazine,
522-9825. Through Thurs.9. "My Baby
Needs New Shoes," paintings by Tony
Korsanty — as good a reason for
having an exhibition as any other.
``A traumatic experience." Delphine Sevrig in Alain Resnais' L'Anne
derniere a Marlenbad, Loyola, June 22.
**Roomful of Blues, Tipitina's, Wednesday June 15.**

**Tulane Center Stage, Tulane Arena Theatre, 865-5361.** Four plays in repertory throughout the summer: Alan Ayckbourn's 'Relatively Speaking,' opening June 3; Tennessee Williams' 'The Night of the Iguana,' about ancient poets, de-frocked ministers, nymphs, nuns, and Maxine and her beach boys, the latter of whom give that titular lizard a devil of a time, opening June 10; Emlyn Williams' 'Night Must Fall,' about a charming homicidal maniac who carries an old lady's head about in a hatbox, opening June 29; the fourth play is a production of 'Pinocchio', opening June 10. By subscription or by individual ticket.

**LIVE MUSIC**

**Basin Street South, 501 Bourbon, 525-6167.** Home base for Al Hart, who is there more often than not, with band, horn and beard.

**Blue Room,** In the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Dinner, dancing, smoked glass, candleabras on the table, reservations and cover charges that match. Wed. 1 through Tues. 14. The Four Freshman, who still remember the day they tore the goal-posts down, etc. Wed. 15 through Tues. 28. Flora Purim and Airto and all sort of Bachianas Brasileiras. Wed. 29 through Tues. 6. Allen Toussaint, downing nothing—no doubt—those wild sounds of New Orleans.

**Bobby's Place,** 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0137. (Unchanging: Fridays, Bobby Cure (of the Cure Cleoners dynasty) and the Sumertime Blues Gong Show. Saturdays, Allen's Tribute to Elvis.

**Bounty,** 1926 West End Park, 292-9144. The darkest and (seemingly) most sedate of West End clubs. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Fyce.

**Burt's Ramada,** 1732 Canal, 525-6525. This is one of those deals where you eat there and all the help is dressed up as Yosemite Sam or Catherine of Aragon or a Wookie—except that we remembers that they are all entertain, and it isn't like a ShowBiz Pizza Place, for instance. Call for details.

**Cafe Sinai,** 1011 Decatur, 561-8304. Pastrami accompaniment to such things as fried dill pickles, clams and Amaretto cheesecake. Harry Mayonne Jr., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 6, and on Sundays from 1 until 3. Stephen Long on Sunday evenings: Barbara Shorts sings more often than not as well.

**Cajun Country,** 327 Bourbon. The Copas Brothers, Mondays through Wednesdays.

**Carrollton Station,** 8140 Willow, 865-9100. Fri. 3 and Sat. 4: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers. Fri. 10: the hapless (see our Last Page for details) J.D. and the Jammers, Sat. 11: Ron Price. Fri. 17: those singing sweeties the Pfister Sisters. Fri. 24: J.D. and the Jammers (in J.D.'s Revenge, or what?). Sat. 5: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers and Flapjacks, Mopsy and Cotillon.

**S44 Club,** 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

**Houlihan's Old Place,** 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Happy Time Jazz Band, 9 to 1 a.m., Sundays through Thursdays.

**Jamaican South Reggae Club,** 330 St. Charles, 561-3701. Call for information; located in the Old Spaghetti Factory.

**Jimmy's,** 8200 Willow, 865-6940. Wed. 1: Paul Barere of Little Feat and various accompanying members of the band from Dixie Dregs but none of them from the dregs of society. Thurs. 2, an anniversary, for which see the concerts listings. Fri. The Shakes, Sat. 3: the Radiators, Mon. 6: Rusty Kershaw and the Kershaw Family Band. Wed. 6: The Renegades (we got it all wrong last month, boys, so here it is again). Fri. 8: the Shakes. Sat. 3: Decent Exposure. Fri. 10: Big Bang.

**Larry's Villa,** 4812 Quincy St., Metairie, 455-1233. Tuesdays through Sundays: Johnny Pennino and Breeze.


**Munster's Dance Hall and Bar,** 627 Lyons, 999-9109. Wednesdays: The Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble and a great many nimble-footed septuagenarians.

**Nevada Club,** 1409 Romaine, Gretna, 366-1000. Wed. 1: Gary Morris and Lidy David Foster. Thurs. 2 to Sat. 4: Different Strokes, Mon. 6 to Sat. 11: Valentino. Mon. 13 to Sat. 16: Mississippi South. Fri. 20 through Fri. 24, joined on Weds. 22 by Moi Bancy. Sat. 25 and Mon. 27 through the end of the month: The Louisiana Red Hots.

**Old Absinthe Bar,** 504 Bourbon, 524-7761. The Bryan Lee Blues Band. Wednesdays through Sundays from 9:30 and rollin' till dawn.

**Parkview Tavern,** 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Formerly Gunther's, and a roach joint, but the new owners are classing up the act. Fri. 3: Breeze. Fri. 10: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers, Fri. 17: The Pranksters. Fri. 24: The (Jim-Jam-Jumpsin) Jive.

Cladiators. Thurs.30: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band.
Tupelo's, 8301 Oak, 963-3658. Mostly
New Music. Thurs.2: Die Kreuzen
(sounds like a sonata we heard once
that Tolese wrote a smuttly novel of
about) from Wisconsin...and The Of
fenders, from Austin, Fri.19: Dream
Syndicate, and Stick People. Sat.4: Legal
Weapon. Wed.8: Safety Last
also from August Derleth's home state,
and Stanly and the Undesirables.
Fri.20: Panther Sums and
Wild Kingdom and it sounds like Mutual
of Omaha has plenty to answer for.
Sat.11: Clark Vreeland's Room Ser
Wed.15: Jah Love. Thur.18: The
Works. Fri.17: Waka Waka. Sat.18:
Lenny Zenith with his best-lookin band
but Tues.21: Erator Sat.
Thurs.23: The Works. Fri.24: The Radi­
ators. Sat.25: A-Train Thur.30: The
Works.
Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 963-4369.
Modern jazz, good raw oyster.
Sun.26: Mike Pellerin
and his Trio. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis.
Tuesdays: chanteuse Leslie Smith. Thursdays:
Germaine Bazzle. Fridays and Saturdays:
The James Rivers Movement.

LA. CLUBS

Ali's, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette,
318-234-9904.
Desperado Saloon, Highway 90.
Raceland, 1-537-3437.
The Dock of the Bay, 113
North Beach Boulevard, Bay St.
Louis, MS. 1-567-9940.
Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Music
Company, featuring Jerry Fisher, erstwhile
Blood Sweat & Tears member.

Glen's, 2501 3rd Street, Lafayette,
318-234-9877.

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LIVING BLUES, America's leading blues magazine; sample copy $2, subscription (4 issues) $8. Living Blues, 2615 N. Wilton, Chicago IL 60616.

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**ECLIPSE**

**Louisiana Appearances:**
- May 31: The Heritage (Covington)
- June 2: The Magazine (New Orleans)
- June 3: The Place (New Orleans)
- June 6: The Voodoo (New Orleans)
- June 9: The Music Hall (New Orleans)
- June 10: The Ritz (New Orleans)
- June 11: The Fillmore (New Orleans)
- June 13: The House of Blues (New Orleans)
- June 16: The Joy (New Orleans)
- June 17: The Marigny (New Orleans)
- June 18: The Parlor Room (New Orleans)
- June 19: The Saenger (New Orleans)
- June 20: The Stone (New Orleans)
- June 21: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 22: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 23: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 24: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 25: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 26: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 27: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 28: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 29: The Warehouse (New Orleans)
- June 30: The Warehouse (New Orleans)

RHYTHM GUITARIST—singer with original songs looking for bassist and drummer to form nucleus of high-energy rock group. 899-0496.

MISSISSIPPI'S on this rocket and we know TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BUENS is outta this world. We believe, Daddy, shouldn't you?

FEMALE VOCALIST/keyboards and lead guitarist into R&B, original, new wave, etc. are looking for serious bassist and drummer interested in forming a band. Call Ariane, 282-0417 (after 8 p.m.) or Maurice, 466-7489 (after 6 p.m).

**THE RECORD ONE-STOP OLDIE-BUT-GOODIE QUESTION OF THE MONTH**

What New Orleans artist did "Nothing Sweet As You"? The first 50 correct answers will receive a free oldie-but-goodie album. Write your answer to The Roadrunner, the Record One-Step, P.O. Box 547, Kenner LA 70065. The answer to last month's question was: Johnny Adams did the original version of "I Won't Cry."

**MUSIC PROMOTION AND PUBLICITY**

Press releases, bios, promotional material, ads, press kits and everything else you need to get your band, club, special show or whatever the attention you deserve. Pendragon Productions, Keith Twitchell, 486-7126.


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REGGAE BEAT/AFRICAN BEAT Magazine. Spreading Jah word internationally. For sample copy, send $2 to Bongo Productions, P.O. Box 29820, Los Angeles CA 90029. Subscription (12 issues) $8.

REGGAE INVASION Heartland reggae limited edition award-winning reggae movie poster available in color suitable for framing. 20x18". $3. U.S. including postage. Order from Music Freak Enterprises, P.O. Box 10, Station B, Toronto M5T 2T2, Canada.

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Notable quotes from this year's Jazz Fest:

Eddie Bo's exhortation to the crowd to "Give yourself a round of applause, you deserve yourself!"; Johnny Adams, invited to sing in the Festival Tent with Bobby McFerrin, exclaiming after an ovation, "I don't know what I'm doin' here..."; and Marcia Ball's "When I'm an old lady, so old I can't get out of the bed, I'm gonna wake up in the morning and say, 'Damn, I wish I was at the Jazz Fest.'"

Wonder why Rockin' Dopsie didn't appear as advertised at Jimmy's on May 12? He forgot the date and booked another job in Breaux Bridge—also apropos the absent-minded accordianist, the latest addition to the Cajun Twisters is Robert St. Jute, lady of Clifton Chenier and Buckwheat Dural's aggregations...Butch McDade, former drummer with the Amazing Rhythm Aces (of Low Rent Renard famous) is the latest addition to Mason Ripper's Blues Rockers...The Radiators rumored to be shoppin' A to Z for a label...Louis' has abandoned its Wednesday night live music policy...Rounder Records, which recently signed both Tuts Washington and Johnny Adams, recently "inked a pact" as they say in show-biz with tall-tan-terrific Marcia Ball. Speaking of Tuts, he recently left the Hotel Ponchartrain's Bayou Bar, with Joel Simpson taking over the ivories in the p.m.; some acrimony was reported, but Tuts will be bringing his virtuosity to Preservation Hall from now on.

June 8 is the deadline for proposals for the 1984 Municipal Endowment Grants for the arts; for more info, contact the Arts Council of New Orleans at 522-1465...In the same vein, one of the many prizes in the 8th Annual Old-Time Country Music Contest (Box 8099, Omaha, NEB 68103) is a recording date at a top Nashville studio and 500 free records pressed at Floyd Solera's Ville Platte Pressing plant. The contest goes on (with categories for fiddler, singer, bluegrass band, etc.) Sept. 2 to 4 at the Pottawatamie Fairgrounds, "just west of Des Moines, Iowa."...Chrome recently closed down Rockabilly's, a big Houston club (literally) during a series of Texas dates...Caveat emptor: Exorbitantly priced Huey Smith and Frankie Ford albums on Ace being fobbed off as originals that are popping up in local stores—they are repressings being sold in their original jackets.

Zachary Richard's group has disbanded with the two French members, Freddy Koella and Jean Michel Biger heading back to La Belle France; Richard's new band includes members of Sonny Landreth's group. Richard also heads to Montreal late this month for work on a new album...Look this month for Taken, a new group with Jacques Grundy formerly of The Look on lead, Rebeca Nac on keyboards and lead vocals, George McQueen on drums, Corbett Kent on rhythm guitar, and ex-Singles member Charlie Wyman on bass...and the end of May saw yet another demonstration that the local music scene is just a jungle, folks: the Musical Zoo Revue on May 27 and 28 at the Audubon Zoo, in which the participants included the New Orleans Symphony Orches-
tra, conductor Andrew Massey and pythons, macaws, seals, penguins, giraffes, otters, donkeys, tigers, owls, miniature horses and a number of other creatures you'll never see at the Orpheum (with any luck)...Fats Domino back from Florida dates, and soon off to Europe where he will be joined by Mr. Google-Eyes. Also slated to cross the water: Cousin Joe this summer and Boogie Bill Webb at the beginning of next year...Gatemouth Brown, who himself just returned from The Continent, has two new albums—One More Mile on Rounder and a Swiss bootleg of a live date.

Atlantis have added a new horn player, Tim Green, formerly with Irma Thomas and Gatemouth Brown. Their new headquarters are the Phyllis Chalet at Pauger and North Rampart (the place where James Rivers was shot).

June birthdays of local note are the pognathously ugly gay Storyville stylist Toney Jackson, composer of Pretty Baby and saluted as their superior by Jelly Roll Morton and Clarence Williams (June 5); clarinetist Raymond Burke (June 6); pianist and singer Billie Holiday (June 7); New Orleans Rhythm Kings Paul Mares (June 15); Deacon John (June 21); Memphis Minnie, the nonpareil blues singer/guitarist "born in Louisiana and raised in Algiers" (June 24); brass bandman Oscar "Chicken" Henry (June 26); trumpet virtuoso Wallace Davenport (June 30). Also of note: the feast day of St. Anthony, who inspired that great local prayer—"Saint Ant'ny, start lookin' around, there's somethin' lost that's gotta be found"—on June 13 and erea St. John's Eve on June 23.

The Models have recently added keyboardist Gary Attardo, formerly of White Tiger, to their lineup. The band is currently negotiating with a major management and record company in New York and plan to showcase there late this month.

Master showman, radio personality (a combination of Arch Oboler and Ted Lewis), Orientalist, publisher of Karrollon Karnality and universally respected authority on Unpopular Music, Faruk Von Turk will be going out over the aether with a series of famous works of world literature to be illustrated/illuminated with selections from his enviable collection of the (often deservedly) forgotten-on-shellac, to be aired on WWOZ-FM. Exactly which works would be rendered in this manner remains, as always with Von Turk, mysterious—Bussy Rabutin's Histoire Amoreuse des Gauls? Pepys' Diaries? William Gadeis? The Recognitions? The Eddas or Evelina by Fanny Burney? It's anybody's guess what Von Turk's Theatre of the Air (with scripts by F.Y.T. himself, performed by his Sons of the Sand Not Ready For Air-Time Players) will include—but there's simply no doubt that it can't be missed. Sundays at 5:30, or for the indolent/indigent among us, Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 9 a.m. Amazing Toussaint will perform (at lowered cover prices) in the Fairmont's Blue Room for six days—you've heard of nine-day-wonders, well...the dates are June 29 through July 5...And another first for local music: producer Ken Keene announces (proudly, we imagine) the World's First Record Produced By Telephone: Bony Morone by Fort Worth singer Billy Day. Don't even ask what they'll think of next...

J.D. of J.D. and the Jammers has had a little identity crisis lately. First, when he and band subbed for the Blue Vipers at the recent benefit for Wilkinson Row, they were introduced as the Vipers and identified as the B.V.'s in subsequent media coverage. Then, onstage with Willie Tee at the Fair Grounds, Willie referred to J.D. as "T.J." Then, Channel 6 played a good two minutes of the band in Jackson Square and didn't even bother to identify them at all...so for those of you out there who have heard how good the Vipers were at Wilkinson, or how hot Willie Tee's band was at the Fest or saw that unnamed musician on Channel 6 and want to see and hear more, check out J.D. at Carrollton Station.
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