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Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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

Features
Lee Allen .......... 9
The Blasters .......... 11
Earl Stanley .......... 13
Gulf Shores .......... 15

Columns
July .......... 4
Zekespeak .......... 16
Bunny Matthews .......... 17
Unpopular Music .......... 19
Reviews .......... 21
Listings .......... 24
Classifieds .......... 29
Last Page .......... 30

Cover illustration by Skip Bolen
**VIPERS DISBAND**

Local jitterbug clubs will sadly note the recent demise of New Orleans most beloved pit-dwelling quartet, The Blue Vipers. The snakes have decided to hang the fangs after two successful, but trying years.

The original Vipers were: Jay Beninati, guitar and vocals; Kevin Hinks, guitar and vocals; and Nick Sanzenbach, drums. Bobby Brennan joined on upright bass and vocals. Sanzenbach later left the band and was replaced by Rocko on drums.

A Vipers gig was invariably fun: if Bobby wasn't dangling a baby doll from his upright or spinning a high E on “Baby Let’s Play House” then Jay was probably cracking the worst one-liners known to mankind between songs. At one point they cultivated a call and response Vipers Anthem with the more faithful fans. Jay would shout, “What do we want?” and the imminent reply from the audience was a hearty “Good Head!”

In an able dance style they covered material from Bo Diddley’s “Pills” to Edwin Bruce’s “Rock Boppin’ Baby,” and local collectors lucky enough to own a copy of the Viper’s demo tape can dance every night to four well-crafted rockin’ originals.

Snake fans needn’t wallow in remorse for the Vipers, however. The Brennan/Rocco rhythm section is currently staking a claim in New York and Kevin Hinks may make a move to the Fort Worth jump blues scene. Comedian Beninati is doing an electric solo gig around town and rehearsing “Johnny Jay and the Hitmen.”

“We're doing about 80% covers, like ‘You Know My Name.’ For this reunion, we’ve been rehearsing quite a bit. We want it tight.”

—rico

**TOTALLY COLD REUNION**

The Totally Cold first greeted the world in June 1979, with a name inspired by an Olivia Newton-John ad campaign (“Totally Hot”), a repertoire fueled in part by regular listenings to WTIX’s “The Sixties at Six,” and a belief that cover versions offered a world of possibilities undreamed of by the originals’ creators.

A reunion of the defunct quartet, which saw life as the Normals’ opening act, dissolved and had two of its members form the Cold (all in the space of six months), is scheduled Friday, July 8 at Jimmy’s, with the Probes opening.

Members Kevin Radecker, Bert Smith, Rick Connick and Ronnie Blanchard performed in a way that was endearingly amateurish, but with a strong sense of good-natured musical subversion in their sendups of 1960s pop fare. Consider their versions of “I’m Down” or “Love Me Do.” Here was a band whose joyous pranksterism paralleled the practiced irreverence of, say, the Dickies.

“‘There’s no getting around it—the Totally Cold was a cover band,” Smith said last week. “Some of our arrangements were far removed from the originals, especially ‘Dock of the Bay’ and ‘Lay Lady Lay.’ Kevin called about a month ago and suggested the reunion. We called Rockin’ Rick Connick and Ronnie Blanchard, and they were as anxious to do it as we were.”

Radecker, recently returned from Los Angeles, said, “The first time we played was at a party in Algiers. The Men In Black also played, and all the Normals people were there. We were doing about 80% covers, like ‘You Know My Name.’ For this reunion, we’ve been rehearsing quite a bit. We want it tight.”

—Vincent Fumar
**How old-fashioned can you get? He's only living in the '50s—rather than the Renaissance or pre-war Berlin.**

**CRUISING WITH LOWRY**

Ray Lowry, England's surly answer to R. Crumb, recently devoted five rave paragraphs in the weekly New Musical Express to the Ace reissue of Frankie Ford's *Let's Take A Sea Cruise*. After a thorough analyzation of Frankie's hairstyle (similar results could have been obtained by wiring the old boy to the main socket), Lowry concluded that the disc was "a lovely record and fine tribute to another great, lost record and fine tribute to Frankie's manager Ken Keene read Lowry's critique and soon thereafter, posted a dispatch to Lowry containing a selection of Frankie and news that of New Orleans' own fan club. The Irma Thomas Fan Club is now the largest in the city with a membership of over 1,000. The club will be holding a special party to coincide with the release of Tuts' first album slated for a late summer release on the Rounder label.

**REUNION HALL**

Pete Fountain likes to do things in a big way, and for the 1984 World's Fair he's investing $2.1 million in an 18,000 square foot music pavilion called "Reunion Hall." A buffet food service will be incorporated into the hall, which will be located directly across from the Vatican Pavilion. "It's the biggest private investment in the fair," says Jim Pertuit of Pertuit Alford and Partners.

"There will be live music every day, with a jazz brunch in the morning and a jam session every night that'll go till three. Music almost around the clock."

Pete won't be playing every day at Reunion Hall, but he will be doing his regular club gig. The promoters hope to book a variety of acts, from Count Basie to Doug Kershaw.

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**IRMA'S FAN CLUB**

Fans of Irma Thomas will be glad to know "The Soul Queen of New Orleans" now has her own fan club. The Irma Thomas Fan Club has been formed by Linda Boudreaux, who has recently been advertising the new organization in the classified section of the Times Picayune/State Item.

According to Irma, Ms. Boudreaux attends just about all of her concert and nightclub performances. New members of the club will receive an Irma Thomas T-Shirt, a button, an 8" X 10" glossy and a monthly newsletter announcing her upcoming schedule of appearances. For an application, write to 2401 Ramsey St., Marrero, La 70072.

Irma also visited the studio this past month where she waxed her latest single. Irma cut "Louisiana USA" and "Cocktail New Orleans" for a small record concern in Tickfaw, Louisiana. "We hope it might be good enough to catch on for the world's fair, that's why we stressed the local theme," said Irma. "It ought to be out in a few months. Who knows, maybe we'll have a hit."

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**TUTS FINDS A NEW HOME**

Having left the Pontchartrain's Bayou Bar after three years, Tuts Washington has moved downtown to the Fairmont Hotel, for an indefinite engagement. Tuts, who began playing June 12, will be featured in the Fairmont Court Monday evenings from 9 pm to 1 am.

Robyn Leary, the Fairmont's director of public relations, who was instrumental in securing the venerable pianist's services, was elated at the addition of Washington to the hotel. "Frankly I'm really excited about getting Tuts here at the Fairmont," said Ms. Leary. "He's just perfect for the hotel. He fits in just like he's played here for years. The people who work in the Court have already said they noticed the change. He's got everybody on their toes. It's something that should have happened here years ago."

Although details aren't as yet finalized, the Fairmont plans a special party to coincide with the release of Tuts' first album slated for a late summer release on the Rounder label.

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*WAVELNGTH/JULY 1983*
JOHNNY RENO

Aside from having the finest promo photo we've seen around this office for a long time (his wardrobe already being of legendary stature), bar-hopping Johnny Reno has a brand new band that's taking the South by storm called the Sax Maniacs (not to be confused with the local blowers with the same name). The former Juke Jumpers will be exploring "jump tunes, some rockabilly, and a few ballads" and stepping out front vocally.

Doyle Bramhall, former skin pounder for the Chessmen, Texas Storm, The Midnighters, and Mason Ruffner, will be handling percussion for the Maniacs and country sax legend Waldo Weathers may be joining the inimitable Mr. Reno on reeds.

Buddy music magazine in Texas, tells us that when Robert Harwell was invited by the Juke Jumpers to play sax, he replied: "Fine, as long as I don't have to walk any God-damned bars", obviously in reference to Reno's legendary acrobatics. The Jumpers are polishing their re-unified sound, a beefy, T-Bone flavored mixture of jazzy R&B.

So next time your local bar manager/booking agent starts asking for suggestions, turn him on to two of Texas's hottest bar-room acts and don't forget to bring your dancing shoes.

JOHNNY RENO

What do you do if you're a club owner and club is losing money on a regular basis? Well, usually you close the sucker down and open up a snowball stand or something else more likely to turn a profit. But in the case of the Showboat, on Hessember Avenue in Fat City, former owner Vic Larocca simply turned the place over to three musicians and said "it's all yours."

The three—Rick Kipker, Paul Crout and Joe Bennett, former members of the Look—had practiced and played at the Showboat before, and were fully aware of its strenghts and its pitfalls. They were equally aware of the problems facing a young, unestablished band trying to make a name for itself in the city. To try to accommodate the needs of both, they've come up with a fairly novel and timely approach to running the club: offering little or nothing in the way of cash guarantees, most nights they will have showcases featuring several different bands. PA equipment will be set up; no demo tape is needed to get a booking; and if a band establishes itself as a draw, they may eventually be able to play for a regular fee.

"The emphasis right now is on trying to keep the club going," said Kipker. "If it closes, there'll be one less club to play. But we know that demo tapes are expensive, and bookings are hard to come by, and philosophy is that if a band wants to play, call us and we'll put you on. It may not be a weekend at first, and you'll be playing for the door, but at least it will give a band a chance to get in front of people and show what they can do."

—Keith Twitchell

SHOWCASE AT SHOWBOAT

BLUESMAN SUBJECT OF FILM

Independent film producer Alan Greenberg plans to use the life of legendary Delta bluesman Robert Johnson as the topic of a new movie to be filmed in Mississippi. Entitled Love In Vain, the movie's music will be coordinated by the Rolling Stones' Keith Richard.

Often cited as the most powerful and emotional blues singer of all time, Johnson influenced artists as varied as Muddy Waters, the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, Magic Slim, Elmore James, Ry Cooder, and countless others. Although practically a household word among musicologists, Johnson's life is still shrouded in mystery. It's known that he was murdered near Greenwood, Mississippi, in 1938, but other than recollections by some of his contemporaries, his only legacy is the 29 stuning sides he recorded for the ARC music company in 1936 and '37. Such is Johnson's obscurity that no known photograph of the man has yet been published.

Greenberg plans to spend $2 million on the project, and will do most of the film's shooting on location in the Mississippi delta.

Some people will do anything to get their picture in Wavelength. This unidentified Cindy Wilson impersonator got his/her moment of glory by courageously leapin from the upstairs balcony behind the stage and sashaying (literally) across the planks with a security guard in "hot" pursuit. The band obviously got a kick out of it; singer Fred Schneider waved him/her back onstage just as he/she was leaving. Is this what Le Roux meant about "New Orleans Ladies"?

The bombers had a hot night June 7 aboard the Riverboat; playing to a severely packed house of mod teens in khaki shorts and pastel polo shirts. ("Don't forget to turn that collar up, Bambi!"). Featured were songs from their new LP, Whammy!, which contains some of their wackiest material ever. Lines like "'I ain't foolin', give me a refuelin'!" and "Let's make some babies, now!" combined with the B's hilarious stage presence to produce a concert that was anything but, ahem, a "drag."

—rico

B-52'S ON BOAT

WAVELENGTH/JULY 1983
JOHNNY EXCELLO

Who's that grimacing young guitarist jamming with Mason Ruffner at the Parkview Tavern? None other than Johnny Excello Jr., whose late-Sixties hits for the Silverband label included "The Brawl" and "I'm A Drone Bee." Ruffner recently "discovered" Excello at a Highway 90 garage sale outside of Jeanerette, where Excello was attempting to unload a batch of Papa Cairo records and two bridal gowns, size 16. Incredulous that anyone would even remember his name, Excello was nonetheless persuaded to make the excursion to New Orleans for an appearance at the Parkview.

Excello's reaction: "Well, I don't see none of this big money that Mason was talkin' about. I shoulda stayed down in Jeanerette."

Why the pained expression? "Ah, man—some joker was trying to be funny and he put hot sauce in my Preparation H. Real funny—ha ha."

—Bunny Matthews

RECORD COMPANY SELLS SHARES

Say you always wanted a piece of a record company, huh? And you'd love to see New Orleans re-emerge as a force in the music industry again, wouldn't you? Plus there's just something about gospel music that grabs you in the pit of your stomach every time you hear one of those heavenly holy roller wails.

Well, here's your chance to kill three birds with one stone. Powerhouse Records, the New Orleans-based gospel label, is selling shares in the company to local investors. The announcement was recently made by the label's president, DeWitt Brown.

Brown said he is offering 500 shares of Powerhouse stock at $20 a share for local investors. The former gospel disc jockey said the corporation expects to pay dividends by next spring. To date, Powerhouse has released two records, one by the Crescent City-based group The Ambassadors and another by Houston-based singer Sara Jordan Powell. Powell's album was produced by Ray Charles.

Potential investors should contact DeWitt Brown at Powerhouse Records, Inc., One Canal Place, Suite 2300, NOLA 70130, (504) 523-7804. Your piece of the rock could turn out to be a powerhouse—and sooner than you think.

—James Batiste

BOURRÉ IN EUROPE

Bourré, New Orleans most popular young cajun band, has embarked on a one-month tour of Europe. The five-piece group, led by accordionist and vocalist Bruce Daigrepont, will make stops in Paris and the French Riviera, Switzerland and Belgium. The tour will be highlighted by their participation in the international folk music festival at Biarritz France that takes place in early July. From there the group heads to Brussels for one week before departing for home. Daigrepont is obviously pleased by the acceptance of Cajun music in Europe but also feels the tour will be a good representation of Louisiana culture as well. Once back home the group will resume their regular Thursday night stint at the Maple Leaf Bar on Oak Street.

—Almost Slim
BENEFIT FOR MUSICIANS

On Sunday July 17, Optima Studio and Pendragon Productions will present a benefit show for the Institute for Artistic Evolution, a recently chartered organization dedicated to continued growth and recognition for New Orleans artists. Optima Studio is well known for its displays of and symposiums on the vanguard of visual art—i.e., paintings, sculpture, etc.—in the city; the IAE will expand on that premise to include writing and performance arts as well.

The benefit will be at Tipitina’s, and will feature the Big Bang, Nora Wixted and Tim Youngblood. Showtime is 8; tickets are five dollars in advance and six at the door, and are available at Leisure Landing, the Mushroom and through the studio. The bar will be open, and food will be sold.

"Right now, our goals are a lot further advanced than our financial situation is," said Jack Fontana, one of the co-founders of both Optima and the IAE. "We’re hoping that a lot of people come out to hear the music, so we can begin raising the money we need to support the projects we have in mind.

One of the projects which will be under way soon is the production of a monthly series of Sunday evening shows dedicated to the performing arts. The idea is to feature one name act and several new, unknown and/or unusual performers (musicians, dancers, poets) each time, people who might not otherwise have an opportunity to display their talents. The Institute hopes to begin producing the events, which will be held at Jimmy’s, in August or September.

ROYAL FLUSH

Lots of bands are experiencing a serious summer drought in terms of places to play. Instead of sitting around bewailing the fact, one enterprising band, Gretna’s Royal Flush, went out and did something about it: they organized, produced and headlined a benefit show for Ronald McDonald House. Held on a Sunday in June, the event was sponsored by several local businesses and the Gretna Boosters Club, and also featured the bands Eclipse and Ozone.

Royal Flush consists of Kurt Bellow, Chris Leinaman, Gerard Breaux, Yvette Bellow and Rachel Watkins; they play a smattering of covers of Fleetwood Mac, the Pretenders, Pat Benatar and the like, but their focus is on originals. "That’s where the future of rock ‘n’ roll lies, in original material," observed Bellow, the band’s leader. As the West Bank music scene has basically rolled over and died, Royal Flush plans to continue to go the route of producing shows in which to perform. A late July benefit in Pensacola, also for Ronald McDonald House, has been set, and other possibilities are being explored.

—Keith Twitchell
Gee Allen, now 56, possesses that modest dignity and charm found in so many musicians from the early days of New Orleans’s rhythm and blues. Best known for the countless number of sessions he played on in New Orleans during the Fifties, he has since been recognized as one of the foremost tenor saxophonists in the music business. His work has spanned over three decades, playing with some big bands on campus, Don Raymond and Sidney Desmond. I started working off campus one night a week on weekends when I could slip off. Played around the Dew Drop mostly, the Robin Hood and the Tiajuana too. I didn’t have any trouble getting in clubs and getting to know musicians. There were no strangers; everyone was like family.

“I used to like to listen to other saxophone players back then like Louis Jordan, Illinois Jacquet, Lester Young, Ben Webster and Gene Ammons—I really liked his style. I really copied my tone around Coleman Hawkins, I always loved his sound.”

Allen never did get to graduate from Xavier, because his studies were interrupted first by the death of his mother, and his continuing musical aspirations. By October 1947, Lee was a regular member of the Annie Laurie/Paul Gayten band, which was using Jackson Avenue’s Robin Hood Club as its home base. Although Lee doesn’t recall the first time he stepped into the J&M studio, it was likely with the Laurie-Gayten duo, who started the whole New Orleans rhythm and blues ball rolling earlier in the year with their hit waxing of Gayten’s “True.”

Lee was quick to cite Al Young, a generally unsung figure, as one of the primary proponents of early New Orleans R&B. “Al Young was a fight promoter who branched into recording and promoting shows. Al had a record shop [the Bop Shop on North Rampart Street near Cosimo Matassa’s J&M Studio]. He opened some doors here for the local blacks who wanted to make some records. He really got things started for Paul Gayten and Dave Bartholomew. He was getting stuff for one label from Dave [Imperial] and for another from Paul [Deluxe].”

After quitting school, Lee married while continuing his musical career which really began to mushroom in the late Forties. “There weren’t too many sessions just then. I was mostly playing with Paul Gayten and Annie Laurie around town. I didn’t like to travel too much. Oh, we might go to Vicksburg, Jackson or Baton Rouge, but I liked to stay around New Orleans.”

Eventually through recording and playing with Gayten, Lee was invited to play on other sessions produced by Dave Bartholomew. “I’d been knowing Dave since the mid Forties. He didn’t have his own band then, because he was still in service. He’d just come in a club with his horn and his G.I. issues on and play. He got a band together after he got out of the service and I played in it from time to time but not as a regular member. Dave and I took a liking to one another. I guess the first thing we worked on was an Earl Williams session. Dave and I worked well with each other so we just got a little group together to work in the studio.”

The basic “studio band” that worked out of J&M Studio during the early Fifties was Lee Allen and Alvin “Red” Tyler, tenor sax; Frank Fields, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; Ernest Mclean, guitar, and depending on if a piano was called for, either Edward Franks or Salvador Doucet.

With this talented unit at his disposal, Bartholomew was able to shape a distinctive New Orleans’ sound to the records he was producing, best typified by Fats Domino and Smiley Lewis on Imperial Records and Shirley/Sidney and Lee on Aladdin.

“The money wasn’t great for side musicians then. We got $35 a session and worked a lot of hours. A session was 4 tunes then. Sometimes we’d work all day and half the night. We had some rough sessions too.

“It seemed like once Fats got a few big hits that the record companies from New York and California started coming here to use the band and the studio. We played behind Joe Turner, Ray Charles, Little Richard. The records kept being hits and they kept flying down here. I didn’t try to play differently behind each individual, I played the way I felt. I got my message from the singer and stayed close to the melody line of the song. I never tried to change my playing for different artists.”

“We stayed pretty busy around that studio, but like I said I never was too much on travelling because I was raising a family and had made a house on Mandeville Street over by the Falstaff Brewery. The only time we really went on the road was a mid-west tour with Fats and Professor Longhair and that was some trip. None of the club owners
wanted Professor Longhair to play their piano because he would kick holes in the bottom keeping time. That was his thing."

The list of artists Lee Allen accompanied on record is practically endless. Besides the previously mentioned, his tenor sax also graced sides by Huey "Piano" Smith, Lloyd Price, Guitar Slim, Amos Milburn, Charles Brown, "Frogman" Henry and the Spiders to name but a few. By 1956, Aladdin Records' Eddie Mesner approached Lee about making a record on his own. The result was Aladdin 3354, "Shimmy" / Rockin' at Cosimo's, both blistering instrumentals that hardly warranted its poor sales.

In 1957, Lee was signed on with Al Silver's New York R&B label Herald/Ember, producing singles on Tommy Ridgley, Joe Jones, Ernie Kador. At Silver's suggestion Lee also recorded his own instrumental session which was to have surprising results. A Bill Doggett-inspired "Walkin' With Mr. Lee" (Ember 1027) entered Billboard's Hot 100 early in 1958 rising as high as number 54 during its eleven-week visit to the charts.

"I'd been working some dates with Fats Domino and we used to close the show with an instrumental. I'd come up with this riff that everybody liked and this guy from New York (Al Silver) suggested I cut it. After I did, he went back to New York and called me after a couple of weeks and said 'Lee you got a hit!' Sure enough I had a hit with my first record. I got my own band together and went on the road for three years. I had Jack Willis on trumpet, Placidé Adams on drums, Curtis Nichols piano, Bill Jones on guitar—who by the way went on to play with Stevie Wonder—and Ferg Joseph on bass, I was the youngest guy in the band. It was a lot of responsibility but it was a great experience. We had a number one hit on American Bandstand for something like six weeks. I played the Apollo, the Howard, all in the Carolinas and Florida, all up into Canada.

Lee managed to sneak one other instrumental, "Tick Tock" (Ember 1039) into the national charts for one week during October of 1958. Even though Lee couldn't duplicate the success of "Walkin' With Mr. Lee", Ember thought enough of his work to release an album aptly titled "Walkin' With Mr. Lee", which now changes hands among collectors for as much as $100, according to Lee.

After the public's interest in his hit subsided, Lee returned to New Orleans and joined Fats Domino's band in 1961. Although he still was present on a few isolated recording sessions, things had definitely changed on New Orleans' recording scene. The hard-edged R&B sound that typified the city's sound of the Fifties was being replaced by a softer "pop R&B" sound that was being penned primarily by Allen Toussaint for a new roster of up-and-coming performers. Consequently, booming sax solos gave way to less dramatic instrumentation.

Lee remained the backbone of Fats' dramatic horn section until 1965 when the strain of constant travelling dissolved his family and he decided to pull up stakes and move to Los Angeles. In many ways Lee's departure was typical of the direction of the overall trend of New Orleans up-and-down musical fortunes. The demise of the independent record labels had New Orleans' recording activity at a standstill, and Lee was just one of scores of musicians who headed for the greener pastures of New York and Los Angeles.

"I had an offer to go to the West Coast when Earl Palmer left in 1959 with Aladdin Records, but I didn't want to go at the time. I always loved Los Angeles because it's wide open and beautiful, and because I love to play golf! I got a job working in an aeronautics factory but I was still playing music as much as five nights a week. You know how it is, sometimes you got to do something else to get by, it doesn't matter who you are.

"I ran into Clifford Scott who was Bill Doggett's saxophone player on "Honky Tonk". He had a lot of work so when he'd get an overflow, he'd call me. I had an organ trio, so we started getting around and things just sort of snowballed. You know your name just starts getting around. We played one place steady for two years. I made a few sessions, but other than the stuff with Dr. John, it wasn't really too much to speak of."

During the mid-Seventies Lee returned to Fats Domino's band, touring extensively throughout the United States and a number of times in Europe. After the 1980 Fats Domino tour concluded, Lee suddenly found himself being the key figure in the resurgence of rhythm and blues among the young rock 'n rollers, primarily through his work with the Blasters.

"I used to help the kids out in the Blasters [Phil and Dave Allen] about 13 years ago. They wanted to play Jimmy Reed and Joe Turner songs and I showed 'em how the changes went. We've stayed friends pretty much ever since. They were going into the studio to do an album [The Blasters on Stash] and Phil asked me to help out. After we cut the album it started to take off and I started to help out on gigs once in awhile. One-nighters aren't exactly my cup of tea, but a trip back to New Orleans is like a holiday back home because I get to talk to my old friends like Dave [Bartholomew] and Shirley [Goodman]."

"Recently did sessions with Diz and the Doormen in Europe and the Stray Cats too. It seems like a lot of younger listeners are now interested in the older music and musicians. It really gratifies me to see people like Lowell Fulson and Big Joe Turner out there again. I love to help guys out like that anyway I can."

Lee Allen's mastery of his instrument has been documented by three generations of music lovers. It might be easy for him to coast on his reputation but Lee has no such intention. "A lot of people might laugh, but I'd love to do a gospel album. I really think I could do a good job. I've got a few other things I've been working on that might make a good R&B album too. Maybe when all the excitement with the Blasters dies down I'll get a five-piece band together and work on some new material. It doesn't work if you just stand put. I'm always looking for something new."
The Los Angeles Blasters, with New Orleans' Lee Allen on sax, is a contagious blend of California rock 'n' roll and Louisiana rhythm and blues.

Amid the slam dancing, drug abuse, and general nihilism of the early Eighties West Coast punk scene, there arose a band of almost romantic sincerity that chose to paint a different picture: a musical canvas as American as Edward Hopper's stark night hawks and gas stations. Released on Slash Records was an album entitled *Blasters* that displayed a competent assimilation of American music traditions including rock, blues, country, and the funky syncopations of New Orleans rhythm and blues.

Check out "Hollywood Bed" on side two. That off-center snare drum shuffle (courtesy of Bill Bateman) and between the beat piano (courtesy of Gene Taylor) is pure Longhair, and you can bet the horn section didn't need any coaching on the finer points of harmonic humor because heading it is the master of the funny sax, walking Lee Allen.

Allen/Blasters union goes back to the band's formative years as vocalist/guitarist Phil Alvin explains: "We met Lee through a guy at a music store. We went to meet his mother, she was in a Big Joe Turner concert and Lee was backing him up. I was fifteen, I think."

Writer and guitarist Dave Alvin acknowledges that the L.A. Fifties rock scene (which spawned greats like Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran and the Burnette Brothers) was a seminal influence "as well as some of the Mexican music around there, black music, the fact that when I was thirteen I got up to meet with Lee, Jr. Walker, Big Joe Turner. People like that had a big effect." Allen's presence affected more than just the Alvin brothers' technique, however. "He helped us have the right attitude about playing music," Dave adds.

When the Blasters appeared at Jimmy's last year, Phil Alvin introduced the song "Marie, Marie" as being "about a girl from Louisiana," but he may not have meant that literally, as he explains: "There's always two interpretations of a Blasters song; David writes the song with his images, then I get in it and I sing it [with mine]. In 'Marie, Marie' there's this frustration, you can't get a girl. When I sing it I think of Louisiana because the song is named after the yell of the 'Grand..."
Mamou,' which is like: 'Ay-Ah-Ah—Oh!,' so it was built around that," You can bet it was a new experience for many of the bone-crunching California punks to hear a derivative but ironically original version of the Cajun sound on the alternative FM airwaves.

The Alvins have a "small but high quality" record collection. Phil walked into Tipitina's from a pre-show sound check carrying some vintage 78s and Dave excitedly talked about finding Al Ferrer's "Hey Baby" in a store near his home. Then he proceeded to whip out the guitar solo to Ferrer's "Let's Go Boppin' Tonight" on his battered Fender Mustang. That solo may have been played to a different rhythm, but it was every bit as energetic and soulful as the original.

The new Blasters release, Non Fiction boasts a thicker, more layered production sound than the debut Slash LP, while still reflecting the band's continuing fascination with original New Orleans funk. "Fool's Paradise," "One More Dance," and "Barefoot Rock" are three cuts that support this theory. In addition, it's exciting to hear Lee Allen in such a contemporary setting.

An unabashed reverence for the traditional American folk music form, fixed with a healthy dose of originality and consummate musicianship, enables the Blasters to produce a contagious blend of rocking rhythm and blues. Their song, "American Music," pretty much sums it up:

We got the Louisiana boogie and the Delta blues
We got Country, Swing, and Rockabilly, too
We got Jazz, Country Western and Chicago blues
It's the greatest music that you ever knew,
It's American Music, It's American Music,
It's American Music, it's the greatest sound
Right from the U.S.A.
used to play country music, hillbilly music when I first started out at Mary's Tavern on Magazine Street, Earl Stanley explains. "I used to be big for my age and they used to sneak me in to play. I took care of myself. My mother and my father were divorced and I was like on my own from the time I was 11.

"The only friends I had were Mac Rebennack and a couple of musicians I knew. We used to go by Roy Montrell's house in the day and Irving Bannister's house and Mac would pick up stuff on the guitar. Mac was into it way before me and I picked up a lot of stuff from him—working with him so much. We'd just get together and trade information.

"We used to hang around the streets all day and I would go with him to all these black people's houses. At first, I got kinda leery—I thought, 'I'm gonna get killed around here' but it wasn't no problem. We used to go by the projects by Sugar Boy's (Crawford) house. I used to like Big Boy Myles—he was kicks.

"I grew up downtown. I lived on Dauphine around Elysian Fields, right across the street from Washington Park. Mac used to live on Jeff Davis Parkway with his mother and his daddy. We got to be buddies, y'know? In fact, he married my first wife.

"The thing about him that I know is that his personality is kinda like strange but that's the way he's always been. The way he talks—it's not like a front or nothing, just that's the way he is."

When it became clear that Mac
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Rebennack had the toughest guitar chops, Rebennack suggested to Stanley that he try one of the new-fangled (this was 1957) electric bass guitars: “A guy brought one by my house one time. The electric bass was rare in ’57. They never had any around—they had one or two in the city. Most of the bands in them days didn’t have a bass. It was just guitar, piano and a couple of horns. At the time, it didn’t bother musicians because they were used to playing without a bass. Now it’s hard to play without one.

“And then Mr. Tippett (proprietor of Tippett’s, a leading music store) had bought an old Gibson bass—it looked like a violin. He brought that around and I started playing it. I said, ‘It’s easy’ and I just picked it up real quick.

“When he was 18, Mac used to run all the sessions at Cosimo’s. He was younger than me—a year or so. I’d play bass and guitar—whatever they needed—on the music tracks and I’d leave. I wasn’t interested. Half the stuff, I didn’t know what I played. We got $10 or $15 a session if we were lucky.

“They used to use an upright bass on all the sessions, Cosimo always used to use Frank Fields. I was playing guitar then so it didn’t bother me. Then I started playing a lot of bass and Mac—he listened to records all the time—noticed. ‘These guys in New York are using an electric bass.’ So I had an electric bass and Cosimo tried it. It was the first electric bass used at Cosimo’s. It was Mac’s idea. It was like an innovation here, a big thing’.

“When Rebennack and Stanley were not in the studio or picking up tricks of the trade from various mentors, the duo played live gigs at such clubs as the Dream Room (there were actually two Dream Rooms), the Top Hat, the Swamp Room, the Sportsmen’s Lounge on Tulane Avenue, the Baby Grand, the Pressure Club in Gretna and the Monkey Bar and the Brass Rail on Canal Street, where they would jam with Big Boy Myles and Sugar Boy Crawford.

“Mostly, I remember playing teenage dances at St. Anthony’s and Sacred Heart,” Stanley says. “We played a lot of those. We were the Skyliners then.”

The Skyliners’ gigs included “WTIX nights” at Pontchartrain Beach (backing Fabian, Johnny “Battle of New Orleans” Horton and Johnny “Running Bear” Preston, as well as a spunky go-go dancer or two) and WNOE-sponsored concerts at Municipal Auditorium, strictly segregated.

“The auditorium was funny,” Stanley recalls, “because white artists like Jimmy Clanton and black artists like Bo Diddley couldn’t play together at the same time. We did the white show first and then we had to clear everything off the stage and they set up the black artists. One time—this was really exciting—Bo Diddley’s band didn’t show up so me and the drummer played with him. It was real easy. Bo Diddley only played in one key.”

The advent of the Fab Four drove local girls wild but local musicians felt as if they’d been dealt a fatal blow: “Things changed. When the Beatles came along, music changed. The New Orleans sound was a thing of the past—overnight, it seemed. That beat, that New Orleans funk was a thing of the past.

“It’s a different thing now. The guys that really play it are mostly gone—like Paul Staehle (of the Skyliners). They got a few guys that try to simulate it but it’s different.

“How do I define it? A laid-back feeling, I guess. Simplicity. The guy I remember playing it the best was a guy named Bones—he played with Sugarboy. I think he’s dead. Hungry (Charles Williams) was good—I played one or two sessions with Hungry. Guys like that, that’s how I would define it—when you hear them guys play.”

The Beatles, villains or not, had one benefit in store for Stanley: “I’d get love letters and all because they said I resembled John Lennon—the nose. I had stacks of letters.”

In the late Sixties, Stanley produced his two biggest hits as many musicians (Mac Rebennack among them) split for either the East or West Coast. “A Gypsy Woman (‘Told Me’) featured a stand-in singer, Eddie Powers, and a B-side entitled ‘Fish Eyes.” Released in 1966, it was Stanley’s first totally self-produced effort: “What happened that day, I had another guy singing with me. We went in the studio to record ‘Gypsy Woman’ and another guy was supposed to sing—Whitney Rousseaux. Anyway, Whitney was sick that day—he called and said he couldn’t make it. I said, ‘Wait, what am I gonna do now? I’ve got all these guys here.’ So I called Eddie and said, ‘Ya wanna come over and do a session?’ He said, ‘Yeah, yeah—I’ll be right over.’

“He didn’t even know the song. In fact, he sang one word wrong in it but nobody knows. We recorded at Cosimo’s on Governor Nicholls.”

“Pass the Hatchet,” the great New Orleans dance song, was another Stanley production of the same era: “I wrote ‘Pass the Hatchet’—me and my cousin Roger Leon (the song is credited to Roger & the Gypsies). Eddie Bo wrote the words and sang on it. My cousin Roger came up with this little guitar melody, Art Sir Vann played piano on it, Nicky Boudoin played bass, and the drummer was Lil’ Joe Lambert (later to die in a bus wreck while touring with Freddy Fender).

“We went and did it at Cosimo’s and I leased the music track to Joe Banashak’s Seven-B records. Instrumental tracks don’t go big—they wanted to put some words to it. I don’t know what was in Eddie Bo’s head—it might have something to do with the Indians.”

Today, Stanley has a recording studio (constructed by Roger Leon and his son) in his Metairie home and July will see the release of the studio’s first project, a new single by Art Sir Vann. One side is the old B-side of “Pass the Hatchet” called “I Wish I Knew,” and the other is “Night After Night” composed by Stanley and Freddy Fender.

“I used to work with Freddy Fender at Papa Joe’s on Bourbon Street,” Stanley reveals. “It was me and Freddy Fender and Skip Easterling and Joe Barry. I used to live on Elysian Fields and Freddy Fender lived downstairs and I lived upstairs. We were pretty good friends.”
It's The Redneck Riviera,
It's The Home Of The Coastal Cowboy,
It's Gulf Shores, Alabama!!

This summer why not ice down an Igloo of whole wheat pina coladas and make the relaxing four-hour drive to the one and only, world famous "Redneck Riviera," otherwise known as Gulf Shores, Alabama? Except for the sun, this L.A. (Lower Alabama) has little in common with its West Coast counterpart.

This is seafood country, cypress swamp, new condo, real estate, tourist, white-sportcoat-and-pink-crustacean Jimmy Buffet country. The white sand beaches, clear water, and Gulf breezes make for a rejuvenating retreat from the sickness of the city or the boredom of the country.

If air conditioning is your ticket there are twenty-five hotel/motels (including the omniscient Holiday Inn) to rest your toasted buns in, or for nature boys and nature girls there's the huge Gulf State Park Resort (205-968-7531) with 2½ miles of beachfront, 468 campsites, 800-foot fishing pier, golf course restaurant, convention center, and, for the wimps, a resort inn.

There are twenty-five restaurants in Gulf Shores, if you count the Danny's Fried Chicken and the Royal Dog House (woof!). One of the best is B.J.'s Seafood right on the main beach drag, with great po-boys and the cutest waitresses in town. Next door in the kite shop you can buy a full color cardboard cut-out of Marilyn Monroe, with moving arm, to wave at everybody on the Interstate. In lieu of Marilyn, you could just moon people.

Lotsa swingin' guys and chicks make for a real happenin' night life on the ole R. R. Polo shirt/flip flop types can check the Barefoot Bar/Pink Pony Pub circuit where occasionally Scott Boyer (remember Boyer and Talton?) will play in open air and people drive around in circles a lot. Two electrified video game rooms nearby virtually teem with teens.

Or, if you had the foresight to bring your cowboy boots and hat, try Sam and Shines'. Shine Powell has a regional jukebox hit with the authentic "Redneck Riviera" single out and you can hear him sing the real thing, in person, with his band, Blackwater, on the backup. Bet he's even got some for sale behind the bar.

So why not keep those deflating U.S. bills back at home, Buster, and forget about Cozumel, Nassau, and Kingston this summer. You didn't really want to get that far away from New Orleans anyway, did you?
Beyond the Beach

Civilization may have wrecked the beach, but it has given us in compensation that most civilized substitute: the swimming pool.

I know this is the Beach Season and all, but, what with petroleum wastes washing up on Miami sands, the Mediterranean overcrowded since the Sixties, and no beach at all in New Orleans (unless you want to count the sea wall along Lake Shore Drive that we can't loiter around anymore), I say: go beyond the beach.

If civilization has made a mess of things, we should at least look into what it has to offer in compensation: the swimming pool.

There are countless differences between beachside manners and poolside manners and this difference is reflected in the music one chooses as an aural backdrop in either location. Few people can afford to own a beach, while it is a psychological necessity to own one, or know someone who does, if you expect to survive the New Orleans Summer.

The soundtrack of today's beaches is the shrill whine of today's industrial-strength pop music, emitted from cheap radios and even cheaper cassettes. It is the loveless love-songs of psychologically starved people, people who are trying to SCORE. The New Orleans heat is debilitating enough, without trying to score, which is usually a waste of energy anyway. The only people who try to score in this heat would have to be bonafide maniacs, a fair assessment of what we all will have become by the end of summer, some time in November.

Pool music is cool but not austere. Individual artists go through "cool" periods, so individual artists are not recommended as much as specific releases that reflect a cool nature, music for an oasis.

Miles Davis is a perfect example, and the music he produced that would be deemed suitable for the pool was even called "cool jazz" in its time. 'Round About Midnight (Columbia PC 8649) contains some beautifully understated playing by Miles and a star-studded band, blowing breezily on Monk's "Round Midnight" and the evergreen "Bye Bye Blackbird."

Traditional jazz is a little too hot for the pool, but there's a recording comprised of Jelly Roll Morton sides from 1939 New York sessions called New Orleans Memories Plus Two (Commodore XEL 14942) that's wonderfully wistful pool music. It's just Morton playing piano and singing (on five cuts); the rendition here of "Winin' Boy Blues" is a gem.

Taj Mahal updates a lot of traditional blues on The Natch '1 Blues (Columbia CS 9698). This is a warm, good-timey effort but Taj's spirit is so cool and assured, it makes fine poolside listening. In the folk department, whining and braying are definitely out of the question. Fred Neil's voice and guitar have been nurtured by both Greenwich Village (when it was still cool) and the Florida Keys. Neil's Other Side of This Life (Capitol ST-657) may not be in catalog, but you can't do any better at floating music.

Swing music is eminently satisfying pool music, and while I'm not sure if it qualifies as swing, Louis Jordan's recorded output has got to be the swingiest music ever swung. I've not found a soul who has not been moved by this genius, especially a Louis Jordan side, that look of pool-ness washing over the face in a sly grin. Do yourself a favor: check out Greatest Hits, Volume Two (MCA-1337).

As everyone knows, the very best pool music is Italian movie music. The people who invented Vespas and wrap-around shades have got cool down. Nino Rota's music for Federico Fellini's films conjures up vast aquatic images. Amarcord (Polydor 2393083) and Il Casanova Di Federico Fellini (Cam SAG 9075) are both poolside masterpieces and they're both imports.

I left out a lot, like Van Morrison's Veedon Fleece and Elvis Costello's Imperial Bedroom, but I hope you get the picture. I've got to run now. See you down at the pool.

-Zeke Fishhead
The Name Game

It's not the sound, it's not the style, it's not the look—Sure-fire success in the music business is all in the name.

What New Orleans needs, I think, is a couple of bands with good names. Not good names as in reputations—I mean good names. I mean Throbbing Gristle, Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft and the Meat Puppets.

The bands don't necessarily have to be good. If they've got witty, provocative names, the quality of the music will naturally rise to the level of the names. It's a scientific fact.

The local standard is, of course, Professor Longhair. Kindly Henry R. Byrd was a limping old fellow who loved the pomp and pseudo-militarism of his Civil Defense Post 714. Byrd mainly wanted to be a good citizen, promoting a neighborhood cleanup every now and then. It hardly mattered that his Terpsichore Street neighborhood hasn't been clean in over a hundred years—civic-minded Byrd loved tackling the impossible. It gives one more room for error.

A white saloon-keeper—Mike Tessitore—named Byrd Professor Longhair. It was a decidedly weird name, laden with wonderful parallel meanings. When I was a child and heard the name over the radio at Mardi Gras, I pictured Professor Longhair as a big black man with a top hat, a tuxedo coat, a grass skirt and a pair of two-toned alligator skin wingtips—perhaps a chicken bone in the nose. I got the idea from seeing Zulu's Big Shot, who used crystal doorknobs instead of diamonds on his pinkie rings.

When I grew up and became acquainted with Professor Longhair, I was slightly disappointed. For his favoritite publicity photo, shot by D. Eric Bookhardt, he dressed like an antebellum planter. Professor Longhair's sense of humor had its ironic bent, unintentional or not.

Without his masterful stage name would Henry Byrd have achieved such fame? I don't know. Henry Byrd sounds like the name of a mandolin player from Nashville. With a name like Longhair, strange images are conjured. The name made people expect the bizarre and in that department, Henry Byrd could deliver.

Byrd's local music descendants are not particularly breath-taking. One of the problems is names.

New Orleans music has become more and more like the green slime that floats on top of your neighborhood bayou. It sits there. It blobs about a bit. It sits there some more.

Now if New Orleans musicians took a little care in choosing names for their bands, the current musical state of affairs would undoubtedly ascend—immediately or overnight, at the very latest—to a new plateau of abundance. Bands with good names could pick and choose where (and when) they wanted to play. Armed guards from Brinks would have to accompany such band members home after gigs. The mobs of crazed admirers could be dealt with routinely, via tear gas; the problem of guarding the musicians' loot would require heavy artillery.

Sounds easy, eh? It is. Don't ask me why musicians in New Orleans think they always have to use dumb, unimaginative names for their bands. I could name a few—hundreds actually. But I'm a charitable person so I won't.

I will say that the only two bands with good names I've encountered lately are the now-defunct Uptown Rulers D.T. (D.T. stood for "Down Town") and Waka-Waka. The Uptown Rulers D.T. went out of business about five years ago, which leaves Waka-Waka. I like their name so much I'm afraid to hear them play. It might ruin a good thing.

How does the neophyte musician avoid "dumb, unimaginative names"? Here are a few examples of what insures a bad name:

A. Bands named after countries or continents. Asia's the best international exam-
B. Bands that are "The Something" or "The This." The current rage for non-pluralization began with The Knack, a band that didn't have much of same.

C. Bands that are the Somebody's Name Band. Unless the musician in question has an astounding name, skip it. Nothing is more annoying than reading on posters stapled to telephone poles from Chalmette to Gonzales that an ordinary-sounding person and his (or her) band is appearing in town. The John Smith Band—doesn't that make you want to rip your clothes off and slam your body into a gold-veined mirror?

D. Bands with colors as part of their names. There are exceptions, such as Edgar Winter's White Trash. I'd like to see a band called Fuschia Sushi. It would have a quartet of Japanese guys playing synthesizers and a ravishing black woman wearing a G-string and a geisha wig on bass. The G-string and the wig and the bass would all be fuschia.

E. Bands with names spelled oddly—particularly those replacing "i's" with "y's" (ala the Byrds) or "s's" with "z's." This is only acceptable if the leader of the band is a certified illiterate.

Where does the neophyte find a good name? Thousands of places—the novels of Lawrence Durrell, the Vatican weekly L'Osservatore della Domenica, Gilligan's Island reruns, Xhosa folk-tales, the fine print on packages of frozen cauliflower. Weirdness counts.

The richest source is dogs. A band named after a breed of dogs cannot miss. The very best band I have ever encountered—strictly on the basis of a band living up to its name—is the German Shepherds, composed of two men from San Francisco.

The band's record came out a few years ago and I was so impressed by the cover (a happy German Shepherd and his disembowelled mistress) that it took me nine months to get the disc on my turntable. When I played the record, my enthusiasm was not dampened. The synthesizers could've been from anywhere but the voice was Rev. Jim Jones' torrid instrument running away from Jonestown. This is the coolest, scariest record ever released in our nation.

The German Shepherds—thanks to a great name—will never have to work again. Their name has made them billionaires. If they feel like it, they might make another record but nobody's rushing them. They've each got six girlfriends and a Mercedes station wagon. Michael Jackson begs them for advice.

Take a hint, kids—get yourself a wild name and live up to it. Sticks and stones can break your bones, but names can never hurt you. They can only help.

—Bunny Matthews
Those Great Old Death Songs

"The cryin' tires, the busted glass"... from Victorian plaints to the Doors, a good death song is always a favorite.

Let's consider Death. One of the two greatest artistic subjects, along with romantic love, is perhaps the least amiable, the least acceptable, socially. It is a subject so vast and mysterious that it is fit for artistic contemplation, but not quiems, memorial anthems and in the numerous, movingly nonsensical Matters, the incidental songs in Shakespeare's death-scenes of opera and ballet, death emotional life of the human race plays of the major books of the century), to make remained a major musical subject.

Victorian death songs enjoyed an enormous popularity—"Willie's Grave," "We Are Happy Now, Dear Mother" ("Oh, though we love you dearly, From Heaven we would not roam"), "Shall We Know Each Other There?" "Deck My Grave With Violets Blue," "The Last Hymn," "In The Baggage Coach Ahead" (the father and crying child on the train, with the mother's body boxed for burial in the front of the train—"Where is its mother go take it to her, this a lady softly said, 'I wish that I could; was the man's sad reply, 'But she's dead in the coach ahead'") and "Put My Little Shoes Away" are a few of probably thousands.

Mario Praz, in The Romantic Agony, reports Berlioz's startling comment on viewing the lovely corpse of a young Florentine woman, dead in childbirth, during a torchlit twilight funeral procession: taking her hand, he murmured: "Si j'avais ete seul, je l'aurais embrassée!" This is the attitude of an entire succession of necrophile rock songs—striped often (but not always) of Victorian sentiment, we are back with Heathcliff digging up Catherine's grave in Wuthering Heights, back at a primal scene of Grief and Horror. Often we find the circumstances of death reconstructed again and again ("Teen Angel" "Leader of the Pack," a curious tune by the nelly Johnny "Mr. Bassman" Cymbal, "The Water Was Red" about death by shark during a casual trip to the beach) in traumatized monotones. The masterwork of this type is J. Frank Wilson's "Last Kiss" (written by Wayne Cochran) with its mixture of dry police-report details ("the cryin' tires the busted glass") and the naive framing: ululations and distant drums, "she's gone to Heaven so I got to be good so I can see my baby when I leave this world," the final cold embrace worthy of any clinical text in its graphic quality.

The two great areas for the Death Song are blues and rock 'n' roll; by Death Song, one means the song that contemplates it—not the posthumous tribute (even though rock is filled with them, and the tradition musically goes from Bumble Bee Slim's "Death of Leroy Carr" in 1935 to Tex Ritter's "Hillbilly Heaven" to Eddie Cochran's "Three Stars" to William Bell's "Tribute To A King"—which are simply eulogies of the quick-buck sort, nor the death threat number—a range from Aaron Neville's "Over
You" to Ray Charles' "Understanding" ("her soul better belong to the good Lord because her head gonna belong to me") to the Dead Kennedys' "Let's Lynch The Landlord" and back to the theatrical suicide threat in Rosetta Crawford's "My Man Jumped Salty On Me"—"Going down to the river, take a rope and a rock, tie'em round my neck and jump off the dock, 'cause my man jumped salty on me..." nor the extremely limited genre of songs about famous criminals which outside of 18th Century ballads, includes the Ogden Nash-Kurt Weill "Ballad of Dr. Crippen" from *Lady In The Dark* and the Dead Boys' "Son Of Sam."

The reappearance of death-as-a-fact-of-life in popular music may have something to do with artistic mortality; the fact that mainstream popular music ignored death may have to do with the general health and longevity of careers therein—aside from Glenn Miller and Russ Columbo one can think of new headline deaths among popular artists from say, 1920-1950. But in rock and R&B how different! There have been the mythological deaths of Lennon, Sam Cooke, Sid Vicious, Otis Redding, Buddy Holly, Hendrix, Eddie Cochran, and the tragic deaths of Chuck Willis and Ritchie Valens and Dinah Washington and Johnny Burnette, and the lonesome deaths of Janis Joplin, Phil Ochs, Gene Vincent, Clyde McPhatter, Elvis, Jim Morrison, Smiley Lewis, Frankie Lymon—exercises in real life pathos, for except for Sid Vicious and Jim Morrison, these were all expansive, life-embracing (at least artistically) personalities.

The blues are studded with *memento mori* numbers that face death as placidly as John Donne ever did: Lightnin' Hopkins' "Death Bells," "Bessie Smith's "Dyin' By The Hour," Sara Martin's "Death Sting Me," Big Boy Crudup's "Death Valley Blues," Ida Cox's necrophile fantasy "Coffin Blues," Robert Johnson's eschatological "Me and the Devil Blues," Son House's "Death Letter," Bukka White's "Fixin' To Die," Blind Lemon Jefferson's reworking of the Victorian "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean," Leroy Carr's "Six Cold Feet In The Ground," and the various disease and capital punishment songs. The only "popular" tune of the period that even attempts anything like this catalogue is the legendary "Gloomy Sunday," which, as rendered by Billie Holiday, allegedly inspired a rash of suicides, although the Lewis-Seress tune is a reworking of Victorian chicie ("angels have no thought of ever returning you") given exaggerated poignance by Holiday's peculiarly hornlike tone.

One of the most sublime examples of the Death Song is by, of all people, The Mighty Sparrow, the sliest calypso singer of them all. In it, he imagines his own death and the resulting brouhaha, punctuated with greedy laughter and maddeningly shrill horn riffs and a who-kill-the-Sparrow-nobody-know refrain right from Cock Robin. Any song that begins with such a medical mouthful as "I hear he have cancer, I hear he have yellow fever, something in the bladder, and a double dose of leukemia..." is an instant classic of sorts.

Other death songs are less successful—the unpeckable necro-valentine "Honey," that novelettish melodrama of deceit and the war in Vietnam "Billy and Sue" by B.J. Thomas which remains a bitter souvenir of its period ("Billy had to die and when you hear the reason why, you'll hang your head and cry..."). But live because of Sue's fickle callousness rather than as an innocent instrument of government foreign policy, "Patches" and "Endless Sleep," two diverse raptures of the deep numbers in which the deaths can be attributed to, respectively, caste structure and the cruelty of the elements, as well as the mounting atmosphere of "The Last Clean Shirt," the gloating attitude of "I Shot Mr. Lee" and Don and Dewey's "Kill Me" with its whoops and gasps and layered horn structure—certainly music's most rambunctious suicide note.

The tradition of Death as a fit subject for popular music continues, especially with the creep groups prevalent in rock during the late 1960s; death imagery runs through the works of such not-really-disparate groups as The Band, The Doors, Black Sabbath ("Children of the Grave"), Grand Funk ("Born To Die"), The Velvet Underground ("The Murder Mystery," two violent texts recited simultaneously against a deranged kitten-on-the-keys background), songs like Blue Oyster Cult's "Don't Fear The Reaper," Bloodrock's stupifying "D.O.A." (a Twilight-Zone episode set to music with the corpse narrating first person, an intensely literary device), Dylan's "Little Sadie," in reality a fake-folksy reversion to "I Shot Mr. Lee," and his songs about murderous/angelic outlaws, and the always-audacious-if-nothing-else Rolling Stones (who else would have dared the confession of creative bankruptcy in "Hang Fire") with lines like "...and he said one word to me and that was Death," or the aptly named "Dancing With Mr. D," another throwback—this time to the Dances of Death of Baldung Grien and Holbein. As Aries remarks of these latter works: "The dead lead the dance; indeed, they are the only ones dancing..." The art lies in the contrast between the rhythm of the dead and the rigidity of the living.

The important thing regarding the artistic rigidity or rigor mortis of the Death Song genre is that these songs are...diversions, hermetically enclosed, while folk ballads like "Trouble In Mind" or "The Gallows Tree" or "Can The Circle Be Unbroken" contain images as chill and startling as the sculptures of rotting-decomposing corpses placed as reminders of the vanity and transience of earthly life on royal tombs during the Renaissance and called, naturally, *transis.* What the modern emphasis on self-pity, on religious-chromatic visions of Heaven Above and teetotal and the mayhem and glory..." Billy loses sight of the lack of guts in our artistic conventions which, on this particular subject, are less adult and less fatalistic than those of 500 years ago. Who says Art represents an upward curve?

—Jon Newlin
Being involved in this project to a small degree, I realize the trouble Rounder went to get the unpredictable Booker committed to wax. Since Booker refuses to leave New Orleans and carries with him a general suspicion of just about everyone (record companies included), it took a sympathetic concern to coax this album out of the man.

But to the point, how can one describe the playing of James Booker? Well, in deference to the album's title, it probably can't be classified at all. He is literally at home playing any style of music, as anyone can testify after one of Booker's Monday nights at the Maple Leaf. On Classified he covers the whole spectrum from the "Swedish Rhapsody" to standard pop songs like "Baby Face," to country on the hilarious "King Of The Road," and to blues on "All Around The World." His style embellishes all that is New Orleans, a little Professor Longhair, Tuts Washington, Dr. John and Allen Toussaint. They're all there but they have Booker's own stamp on them. It's also easy to tell from these recordings that many other artists have used Booker's unique style as an inspiration.

Hats off to "Red" Tyler, Jim Singleton and John Vidacovich for supplying inspiration and the uncompromising rhythm section. Lastly, hats off to James Booker. We certainly could do with more James Booker albums in the future. -Almost Slim

Ensemble Encore
OCTA CLARK AND HECTOR DUHON: THE DIXIE RAMBLERS
Rounder 6011

Recorded and annotated by Louisiana's State Folklorist Nick Spitzer, this is a magnificent modern presentation of vintage Acadian music. But what else could we expect from Hector and Octa who have been a team since 1928! The music, which is typical of Louisiana in the '20s and '30s, is basically that of fiddle and accordion, featuring waltzes, two-steps, and breakdowns, all with a subtle taste of blues and hillbilly now-and-then. The performances are lively and enthusiastic with wistful wailing vocals. Many of the classics are recreated here like "Allon a Lafayette," "Jole Blonde" and "The Bosco Stomp," which could please the traditionalists. But the "Cajun Twist" and "Lafayette Breakdown" prove the duo has progressed past 1936, when the Dixie Ramblers made their first recordings. Clark's uncanny answering of Duhon's fiddle on his accordion is both remarkable and enjoyable throughout.

The excellent packaging contains full lyrics in French and English and the enclosed booklet also includes some rare and vintage photos. If you're interested in traditional Cajun music, this one is highly recommended. —Almost Slim

The Limit
THE LIMIT
Pendulum Productions PR 001

Dubbed earlier by this magazine as "The Heirs to Zebra's CYO kingdom," The Limit's new EP, featuring four of their most popular songs, is now available at area record stores. The EP seems like just what the fans of this year-old group are looking for from the boys, and the Limit puts out a tight brand of new music that some say the city is lacking.
My only complaint of the EP is in the production of the album itself. The sound quality is at best mixed, and the vocals sound as though they were made in a tunnel with tin walls. But this shouldn't deter fans from taking a listen to this offering from the Limit, a local band with a lot of promise.

—Margaret Williams

Anthony Davis
EPISTEME
Gramavision GR 8101

Anthony Davis, a brilliant young new music composer and pianist, brings the strength of disciplined study of African, Asian and European musics together in an exciting format. Combining the role of the improviser and the composer within a "seamless and coherent musical structure" is the challenge met on Episteme. Davis presents an exhilarating and powerful synthesis of jazz, minimalism and world musics, by confronting, either obliquely or directly, themes of freedom on several levels. The futuristic inclination of analysis and the enduring qualities of ancient cultures mesh well. A unit of nine sensitive, accomplished musicians in the jazz tradition interact with the notated specifics of Davis' works, which mix hypnotic percussion, repetitive drones and melodic freedom. The results are provocative, elusive and extraordinary. A sense of personality and character envelops the listener in a captivating presence of nuance and subtle power. Like the wind rushing outside your window, or the floor of rain forests and mountain jungles, there is always more life about than you can observe on first approach.

—William White

Professor Longhair
MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS
Krazy Kat 7408 (England)

Oh, oh, not again! Recorded in Hamburg, Germany, during Fess' 1975 European tour, by my count this is the eighth posthumous Longhair release. What does that tell you about record companies today? This time out for some strange reason Fess is burdened with the rather inappropriate addition of a harp player, who manages to spoil many of the precious few high points on this record. Material is what we've come to expect, as some of his warhorses—"Big Chief," "Mar- di Gras," "Tipitina"—are included. However, "Yancey's Mixture" and "Pine Top's Boogie Woogie" are about the only items of any real interest. In all honesty, this isn't that bad an album, but jez, we've heard it all many times before. With its inflated import price tag, you'd have to be a real masochist to buy this one.

—Almost Slim

Yazawa
IT'S JUST ROCK'N'ROLL
Elektra 60199-1

This is the second LP from Japanese rock superstar Eikichi Yazawa to be released in America (his Japanese credits include nine number-one albums, a best-selling book and a successful tour documentary movie). And It's Just Rock 'n' Roll is an accurate title: no frills, no breaks, no dabblings in other styles, just straight ahead rockin'. The record is co-produced by ex-Doobie Brothers John McFee and Bobby LaKind, but only a few of the songs have much of a Doobie feel to them. Yazawa's voice is strong and expressive, with that rough, whiskey-laced edge
to it that makes for convincing rock 'n' roll. It definitely does not sound like your stereotypical Japanese plucked kyoto music. The lyrical themes are rock traditional: bars, cars, music and women, women, women. On the whole, the music is stronger. Yazawa wrote half the music but none of the lyrics, the result, I suspect, of an attempt to broaden the record's appeal; I for one would prefer to hear more of Mr. Yazawa, as his material impressed me more than did LaKind's, the other principle writer.

Anyway, you gotta love a guy whose American publishing company is named Conga Din Tunes. It's Just Rock 'n' Roll may not have a lot to offer philosophy majors, but it's a great record to throw on the turntable at your next party to confound a few of your "expert" friends.

—Keith Twitchell

Frankie Ford
LET'S TAKE A SEA CRUISE
* Ace 67 (England) *

Just a reminder that this reissue of the classic Ace album is readily available once more at your local wax emporium. Music-wise, what more can I say? All the classics are contained herein. Besides the title tune there's plenty of classic specimens of New Orleans rock 'n' roll including "Alimony," "It Must Be Jelly," "Robertta" and "What's Going On." Even some of the slow weepers like "Can't Tell My Heart," "Your Game Is Over," and "I'm Worried Over You," sound good after all these years. (Yikes, I'm showing my age!)

Vintage Fifties packaging (just look at Frankie's face—and those girls!!?) and excellent mono sound quality make this a worthy purchase and should contrast well with Frankie's forthcoming "new" album.

—Almost Slim

R.E.M.
MURMUR
I.R.S. SP70604

R.E.M.'s music has been described as a post-new wave version of the Byrds—an apt description as far as it goes. The lead singer's voice does have something of the countrified flavor of the Byrds' Gene Clark but where Clark's voice possessed a folksy, haunting glow, R.E.M.'s singer commands a far wider expressive range, coming off as both tough and tender.

The use of unusual chords in the vocal harmonies, the Byrds' famous "soaring harmonies," is only evidenced on one cut of Murmur—the exquisite "Shaking Through." R.E.M.'s unusual chordal juxtapositions are found in the structure of the songs themselves, rather than in superimposed harmonies.

There is something unusual and appealing going on here that is much more than harkening back to old musical reference points, and this "something" isn't very easy to nail down. R.E.M.'s music has settled down easily into my principle writer. Somehow, I'm not listening to it. Somehow it works.

Perhaps the clue is in the refrain of "We Walk." Over a strolling beat, the singer intones the words, "Take Oasis." And then there's a song entitled "Moral Kiosk"; a kiosk is a Persian summerhouse or open pavillion. The metaphor communicated lyrically and musically is not a negative one of escape but rather a positive one of refuge, sanctuary.
Friday, 1
Lady Bj, Blue Lu Barker, Alvin Batiste, Germaine Bazzle, Ronnie Kole, Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks; tickets from TicketMaster. For the record, that’s one hot mama, two cool ones, a Renaissance Man and a pretty good pianist: a La Fete ‘83 production.

Sunday, 3
Royal Shield Gospel Showcase, Theatre for the Performing Arts, 3 p.m. Tickets from TicketMaster.

Wednesday, 6
Joan Armatrading, Saenger Theatre; tickets from TicketMaster or through the Saenger’s box office, 524-0876.

Friday, 8
Frankie Beverly and Maze, Saenger Theatre. Tickets from TicketMaster (and, listen, this guy has a local following if anybody does).

Sunday, 10
Dave Edmunds, Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, tickets from TicketMaster; expect a large boatload of other guys’ girls.

Dave Mason, Richie’s, 3501 Chateau Blvd., 466-3333. Not feelin’ too good myself, thanks.

Wednesday, 13
Gospel Soul Children, 8 p.m., Theatre for the Performing Arts. Tickets from TicketMaster. We’ve always been in the minority about the Children: their talent is undeniable, but are they quite as great as everyone says? Gospel hardly demands intimacy or starkness, but both factors often work in its favor, and the children have neither.

Friday, 15
James Cleveland, 8 p.m. Municipal Auditorium; TicketMaster. Cleveland has an unlovely voice, a portly figure and a bulldog mug, but he has probably discovered/encouraged/nurtured more great talent in the last 20 years than anyone else, and as a composer, arranger and group leader he’s almost nonpareil; a disarming combination of sweetness, fury andfolkishness.

Sunday, 17
Wes Mix, sponsored by the New Orleans Recreation Department. A La Fete production, Jackson Square, noon to 6, and free we’d imagine.

Journey, Foghat, Brian Adams and Zebra, An afternoon, not of a faun, but of decibel-stretching, including local-boys-made-good Zebra. Tad Gormley Stadium, City Park; tickets at Peaches, Bayou Leather, Sound Warehouse.

Wednesday, 20
The Whispers, Saenger Theatre; tickets from TicketMaster or the Saenger’s box office, 524-0876. UB-40, Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks. Tickets from TicketMaster or the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Saturday, 23
The Spinners, Richie’s, 3501 Chateau Blvd., 466-3333. Polished veterans of the R&B mini-Renaissance of the early and mid-Seventies.

Sunday, 24
Majestic Brass Band, sponsored by the New Orleans Recreation Department, Jackson Square, noon to 6. free.

Ellis Marsalis, Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488.

Greater St. Stephens B.C. Gospel Concert, 8 p.m., Theatre for the Performing Arts; TicketMaster. One of the city’s best and most visible mass choirs.

Tuesday, 26
Air Supply, Saenger Theatre; TicketMaster or the Saenger’s box office, 524-0876.

Spyro Gyra, Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks; TicketMaster and the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Wednesday, 27
Peter Tosh, Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks; TicketMaster and the N.O. Steamboat Company.

Friday, Saturday, 29,30
Mikhail Baryshnikov, 8 p.m. with a 2 p.m. matinee Saturday; Theatre for the Performing Arts. Let’s hope things go easier for M.B. than for that champion leaper Edward Villela some years ago—everything went wrong, was late or screwed up and finally to top it all, the entire curtain dislodged itself and fell. Villela, a funny guy, strode to the front of the stage and cracked, “I didn’t come here to dance—I came here to destroy your theatre!” Tickets are $20 to $50; information at 891-0857.

Saturday, 30
New Orleans Housing Authority Gospel Extravaganza, 5 p.m., Municipal Auditorium. The participants surely know that in My Father’s house are many Mansions, because there sure ain’t any in the N.O. Housing Authority’s precincts. TicketMaster.

FESTIVALS

Saturday, Sunday 2, 3
New Orleans Food Festival, Rivergate, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Call 525-4143 for more information; a La Fete event.

Saturday-Monday, 2-4
Morgan City Fourth of July Festival, Morgan City, La. Information at 504/385-1770.

Louisiana Freedom Festival, Elton, La. Call 318/584-2265 or 584-2282 for more information.

Through Monday, 4
Reggae Sunsplash, Montego Bay, Jamaica. Steel Pulse, Musical Youth, Rita Marley, many others.

Monday, 4
Louis Armstrong Birthday Celebration, Armstrong Park. 3-7 p.m. Sponsored by La Fete and always a treat for the Satchmo Impersonation competition and That Cake. Information at 525-4143.
Sunday, 10
Bastille Day Festival, Place de France, sponsored by La Fête; information at 525-4143.

Saturday, Sunday, 9, 10
Louisiana Catfish Festival, Des Allemands. La. Call 504/759-7542 for information
Louisiana Oyster Festival, information at 532·2224.

Friday-Sunday, 15-17
Bastille Day Festival, Galliano, La. Call 504/893-7788 or 632-2224 for further information.

Saturday, 30
St. Charles Parish Fair, Norco/Destrehan, La. Information from Ralph D. St. Amant at 1-764-7166 or 441-7455.

MISC.

French Market Concert Series.

New Music Seminar, New York Hilton, 53rd Street at Avenue of the Americas, New York City, 212/348-4876 or 212/866-7410. Tues., Wed., 5, 6. The Seminar will cover all areas of the Music business and will even include W.L's own Barry Richards in a segment on Rhythm Radio.

Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus, Thurs.7 through Sun.10. Louisiana Superdome. Tickets at the Superdome's box office and all Ticket/Master outlets.

FILMS

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Tues.5: The Big Heat (Consu'llmat). Fri. Lang film noir about a cop's revenge on the mugs who blew up his wife; terrific script and performances by Gloria Grahame, Lee Marvin, Alexander Scourby and Jeanette Nolan. Various venal types and Glenn Ford as the implacable detective). Wed.6: La Mort sur le Jardin (Not major Bunuel, but some telling stuff in this program picture about the escape of a disparate group of types through a hellish South American jungle after a revolution breaks out. Charles Vanel as the increasingly deranged man and Michel Piccoli as a fool for Christ are fine creations, even dubbed). Thurs.7: Lost Horizon (Frank Capra's New Deal Shangri-La, with the glorious faces and voices of Colman, Horton, Jaffe, Jewell, Warner, lots of snow and Margo's famous aging scene). Tues.12: A Walk On The Wild Side (Nelson Algren's novel about a peculiar New Orleans bordello Holly- woodized, but still worth seeing for the glamorous perversity of Barbara Stanwyck, Capucine and Richard Rust; 1961). Thurs.14: Georje Girl (Big whopping girl doesn't get the guy but gets instead her roommate's baby and a wealthy lecher who employs her parents as servants, with Lynn Redgrave, who has slimmed down considerably since, James Mason, Charlotte Rampling, over-flashy direction by Silvio Narizzano; 1965). Thurs.21: De1 (Satyajit Ray's interminably gorgeous and horrifying and moving picture about a simple young girl who is taken—and that's the word—for an incarnation of the goddess Kali; 1962). Tues.26: Fires On The Plain (Ichikawa's almost devasting war picture about a Japanese patrol reduced to the ultimate indignity; eating each other, 1963). Films at 7 and 9, in various rooms in Bobet Hall; $1.50 single admission.

Pitt Cinema, 6201 Elysian Fields Ave., 228-1811. Repertory films, but no confirmed schedule at press time.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Fri.1 through Thurs.7: Beau-Pere, a comedy by the famed sexiest director Bertrand (Femmes Fatales, Les Val'seurs) Blier, with Patrick Dewaere, the handsomest man in French films since Belmondo, and a suicide a year ago, as a man whose late mistress' daughter makes nymphet-like advances to him. Fri.8 through Mon.11: Winter of Our Dreams (Australian, directed by John Dulgan, about a wealthy man and a dope-fiend/hooker drawn together through the death of the former's lover). Tues.12 through Thurs.14: Don's Party (directed by Bruce Beresford, an Australian nat'eristic allegory about a rather sodden, violent, promiscuous gathering that begins as a group of friends getting together to watch election returns). Fri.15 through Thurs.28: Starstruck (Australian again—a new Wave musical supposedly of great charm and sweetness, about two stagestruck Sydney teenagers; directed by Gillian Armstrong, who also did My Brilliant Career).

ART

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-6111. Fri.8 through Thurs.28: Summer Invitational Group show featuring 21 local and out-of-town artists.


Galerie Simonne Stern, 2727 Prytania, 895-9224. Through August: Various group shows by Galerie artists.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through August, photographs of American Indians of long ago by Edward Curtis and probably the best documentary of them we have, along with Catlin's even earlier paintings.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4662. Through Wed.16: Bastille Day photographs by Lucien Aigner, taken on many quatorze jultes past during the 1930s: through Fri. 22. Music in The Streets, photographs of New Orleans jazzmen and various churches, parades, funerals and related subjects by Precisionist painter Ralston Crawford; Mon.27 through December 2: I Remember New Orleans: The Movies, a nostalgic survey of the theatres and events and people that flourished; oh,

Journey at City Park Stadium, July 17.


Fritz Lang's The Big Heat: Gloria Grahame gets some hot java in the puss, Loyola, July 5.

WAVELENGTH/July 1983
not so very long ago.


UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront Campus, 286-6493. Through August: unstructured student shows.

PLAYS

Beverly Dinner Theatre 217 Labarre Road, 837-4884. Through Sun.,17, The Music Man, Meredith Wilson's excessively good-natured patriotic musical about a lovable con. (we've always been fond of T.C. Jones' joke about the hit song, "Seventy Sex Hormones" from this play). From Tues.19 through Sun. 26: Carousel, in which Billy Bigelow discovers why Julie Jordan is a queer one and June busts out all over, etc. Supper served with the play; matinees; reservations.

Borsodi's, 5104 Freret, 895-9292. Sat. 2. 3: An original play, Tony up on Venus (surely they don't consider space Antoinette Perry Awards!); call for information.

Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. Fri, Sat, Sun, 15-17, 22-24: Grease which ought to be enough, as caution or recommendation, for most people. Call the theatre for details.

New Orleans Art Theatre, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, 8017 Zimpel St., 888-1523 or 524-7503. This is a new theatrical company: their first presentation is Harold Pinter's less-than-usually-critical Old Times. Call the above numbers for ticket information.

Saenger Theatre, 524-0876. Through Sat.2: Porgy and Bess. Gershwin's opera—here being played as one, too—about romance, murder, theological skepticism and what-have-you among the po' black inhabitants of Catlett Row.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2633. Through Sun.31: Tennessee Williams' bizarre pathetically-malignant comedy, Die Nagnides Fruelein, about two egotistical vicious spouses, the equally vicious Cockaloo Bird, a handsome Indian and a 'celebrated soubrette' who battles the birds for fish in a continual struggle resulting in cartoon-like mutilations; Helen Jolley is in it and like many of the truth and beauty that is all ye need to know. Also, between parts of this lengthy one-act, three curtain-raiser monologues by Jordan Critten. Call the theatre for ticket information.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Tuesdays, Oh, Play That Thing! a jazz revue with Society Jazz Band; Wednesdays through Sun., One Mo' Time. Both plays are at 8:30. Tickets at the theatre.

Tulane Center Studio, a Tulane Arena Theatre, 865-5361. Four plays in repertory throughout the summer: Alan Ayckbourn's Relatively Speaking, Tennessee Williams' The Night of the Iguana, about ancient poets, defrocked monks, nymephets, tourists, and Maxine and her beach boys, the latter variable titulard lizard of a time; Emlyn Williams' Night Must Fall, about a charming homicidal maniac who carries an old lady's head about in a hat box, the fourth play is a production of Pinocchio, with kids in mind. By subscription or by individual ticket.
Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Fri: 1; those princesses of harmony, The Pranksters. Fri, Sat, 8, 9; Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Fri 15: those Pfister women again (request Miss Holly to sing "Love Is a Trip That I'm Gonna Go On" from "Cigarette"). Fri, Sat. 22, 23: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Call for late bookings.

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans Avenue. Fridays through Sundays: Walter Washington, Johnny Adams and the House Band, along with the legendary examples of adiposa gloriae that act as go-go dancers.


Fad's, 1100 S. Cleanview Parkway, 734-0590. The erstwhile Hired Hand, now DJ's spin platters that range the last three decades.

Fairmont Club, Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Sundays and Mondays, Tuts Washington at the piano from 9 until 2 a.m. 524 Bourbon, 522-8611; Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

Pete Fountain's, New Orleans Hilton, 561-0850. Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Mr. Fountain and his embouchure at 10 p.m. One show only: $15 cover.

Gazelle Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Mondays through Fridays, ragtime piano music in the afternoon; Saturdays and Sundays, the John Rogers Jazz Band, al fresco.


Hollywood Place, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Happy Time Jazz Band, 9 to 1 a.m. Sundays through Thursdays.


La Riva, 4612 Quincy St., Metairie, 455-1223. Tuesdays through Sundays: Breeze, featuring Babs (Chester A. Riley's kid?).


Menefee's, 1101 North Rampart, 565-0464. Luxurious piano bar. James Booker, from 5 until 8, Mondays through Fridays. Wednesdays through Sundays, at a later time, John Heinz.

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 889-9103. Wednesdays, The Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble and a great many nimble-footed septuagenarians.

Nebraska Club, 1409 Romaine, Gretna, 368-1000. Mon. 4 through Sat: Valentin. Mon. 11 through Sat: Different Strokes. Mon. 18 through Sat: Mississippi South, Mon. 25 through Sat: Savannah.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. The Bryan Lee Blues Band, Wednesdays through Sundays from 9:30 and rollin' till dawn; occasional surprise appearances.


Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. The last bastion of acoustic/Childs-ballads/bluegrass/folk in this noisy city, and that is what you'll hear. No regard for the inventions of Edison in this place. Open mike on Sundays. Mon. 4: Sandia, 10 p.m. Tues.: Nap Martin, 9 p.m.; Jonathan, 10 p.m. Wed.: Charles Nagy, 9 p.m. Thurs.: Country Three, 8 p.m.; Calechama, 9 p.m.; Pat Flory, 10 p.m.; Mary Baxter, 11 p.m. Mon.: Nap Martin, 9 p.m.; Sandia, 10 p.m. Tues.: Jonathan, 10 p.m. Wed.: Tom Rice, 9 p.m. Thurs.: Charles Nagy, 9 p.m.; Pat Flory, 10 p.m.; Mary Baxter, 11 p.m. Sun.: 17: Nap Martin, 9 p.m. Mon.: Charles Nagy, 9 p.m.; Pat Flory, 10 p.m.; Sun.: 24: Tom Rice, 10 p.m. Mon.: 25: Pat Flory, 9 p.m.; Sandia, 10 p.m. Tues. 26: Jonathan, 10 p.m. Wed.: 27: Nap Martin, 9 p.m. Thurs.: Charles Nagy, 9 p.m.; Pickin' Machine, 10 p.m. Special guests on weekends.

Phyllis Chalet, 1641 Pauker, 944-3356. Sat: 9: Atlantis; call for other listings.

Poi de's, Kenilworth Mall, 246-6770. Chanteuse Henrietta, Thursdays through Saturdays.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-6939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.


Richie's 3-D, 3501 Chateau Boulevard, 466-3333. Sat: 9: A Tribute to The Doors with Backdoors. Sun: 10: Dave Mason, ex of Traffic. Sat: 23: The Spin-
Wavelength / July 1983

**Listings**

J.D. and the Jammers, at the Rose Tattoo, Saturdays.

**LA. Clubs**


Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2292.

Circle In The Square, Shreveport, 318-222-2216.

Clancy's Lounge and Brick Street Tavern, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Slidell, 1-537-3855.


Enoch's A Cafe, 5202 Essex Street, Monroe, 318-343-9650.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-892-7057.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-232-2666.

Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9569.

Humphreys, Shreveport Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 1-447-9999.


Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays: Great Escape.

Pappo Joe's, 1235 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-273-2376.

Party Town, Military Road, Slidell, 1-649-3867.

Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-626-9933.

Rusty Nails, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

Scarlett O's, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-456-3742.


Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside Pub, 820 E. King's Highway, Shreveport, 318-889-5306.

Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-8297.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.

Toby's, 1303 Girard Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9900.

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CLASSIFIEDS

WAVELENGTH/JULY 1983
Jazz pianist Ellis Marsalis recorded a live album at Newcomb College's Rogers Memorial Chapel last month. Sons Wynton and Branford added their famous horns to their dad's efforts, while younger son Delfaio produced the recording. The Press was taped in concert for Group-W cable, which serves the St. Bernard area. The concert will be aired several times in early July. An EP is expected out by summer's end. The Lost Boys, featuring Marcia Kavanaugh, are in the studio this month. Jazz drummer Ricky Sebastien, of late playing in Lafayette with the Hub City Allstars, is moving to New York.

Our West Coast correspondent Nancy Weldon reports seeing Leo Nocentelli playing with Etta James in LA in June. Etta's special guest was Orleansan Richard Berry, author of "Louie, Louie." Seems Leo has been on the coast for a while and plays sessions, writes and assures that the Popeye's by USC is the real thing.

From England, Tom Stagg writes about several New Orleans musicians. "Fats Domino is booked July 18 for a gig in London at the Royal Festival Hall along with Big Joe Turner. Wynton and Branford Marsalis appear with Herbie Hancock the following night. Emmanuel Paul, Frank Fields, Stanley Williams and Englishmen Sammy Rimmington and Jon Marks play Hammerstein Palais on June 20. The Palais is famous as the place where the Original Dixieland Jazz Band appeared back in 1919. Dr. John recently completed a tremendous and successful Southern England tour with our Chris Barber Jazz and Blues Band. Apart from a short break when he has returned to New Orleans, Frogman Henry has been living in Oldham, near Manchester, in the north of England since last March 10. He has been involved in much TV and recording work as well and his UK made-and-produced album on Silvertown records has proven very popular."

Kalamu Ya Salaam, editor of Black Collegian magazine and a Wavelength contributor, has been named executive director of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. A new all-woman band, the New Orleans Nightingales, features the Pfsister Sisters, Leigh "Tell Mama" Harris, several thousand other comedians, and Nida, formerly of the eminent Tuscaloosa combo, Locust Fork.

The Backbeats' debut EP, "All The Fun In The World," will introduce the group's reprise of Jimmy Ridóa's "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted?" Scholars will note that the tune had its initial modernistic re-working in 1974, when Roxy Music saxophonist Andy Mackay recorded it—quite magnificently—for his "In Search of Eddie Riff" solo album.

The Neville Brothers are rumored to be headed back to the studio to work on new tunes. What happened to those other sessions? Perhaps Mickey and Keith are driving hard bargain. Speaking of whom, the rumor that the Rolling Stones might do a series of recitals at a posh local nightclub (hint: it's not red, it's not yellow, it's not...).
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