Wavelength (July 1984)

Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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NEW ORLEANS Goes to Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD

CLARENCE "FROGMAN" HENRY

FRANKIE FORD

LEE ALLEN

JOHNNY ADAMS

HAROLD BATTISTE

NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE
Electric Dreams

MGM Presents A VIRGIN PICTURES LTD. PRODUCTION “ELECTRIC DREAMS” LENNY VON DOHLEN VIRGINIA MADSEN MAXWELL CAULFIELD and the Special Participation of BUD CORT

Executive Producer RICHARD BRANSON Produced by RUSTY LEMORANDE & LARRY DeWAAY Written by RUSTY LEMORAN

Directed by STEVE BARRON

Plug into EDGAR July 27th at a theatre near you

"New Orleans is very lucky to have Mike Smith as a resident artist and creative scholar. His photographs are unique in their time, certainly to be put in the same class as those of the great FSA series in the period of the New Deal." —Alan Lomax

160 photographs and journal by Michael P. Smith. A publication funded by the Louisiana Committee for the Humanities, the state affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities, benefitting the New Orleans Urban Folklife Society—a non-profit foundation supporting indigenous folklife and music of New Orleans.
**Scarface Splits, But He'll Be Back**

If you've been wondering what happened to Tom "Scarface" Clifford and his band of mighty frat rockers, The Mistreaters, Tom had to take a summer break to support his education habit. "My dad called from D.C.," explained Big Tom, "and said, 'Son, are you coming home for the summer?' and I said, 'Well, dad, I'd really like to stay down here and play music.' And he said, 'Can you make enough money to stay in school playing music?' and I said, 'Well, dad, we don't play every night, it's more like once a week, y'know?' and he said 'Well you better come home for the summer and get a decent paying job.' and I said 'Yeah, dad, I guess I'd better.'

But don't fear, fellow Mistreatees, Tom and his brothers will be back on the boards this fall...and back in the books.

—rico

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**Bluesrockers Bandstand Bourbon Street**

Mason Ruffner and the Bluesrocker's new single is what you might call a "bandstand record." "We've already sold about 200 copies in two weeks from the bandstand," Ruffner explains. "And the instrumental side was written and developed right on the bandstand."

"Red Hot Lover" is a funky Slim Harpo-style dance cut thick with shuffling ninth chords and Mason's two bluesy Strat solos. The flip side, "Sunset Serenade," is a flowing instrumental that gets its Spanish mood from Ruffner's slide tuning and melody: "That one was recorded live with two guitar overdubs," he continued, "one guitar is tuned to an open D tuning and the scale I used for the melody is not normally used for the blues; it's your standard 1-2-3-4-5 progression and the dropdown tuning gives it an unusual sound."

Bluesrockers Mike Stockton and Willie Cole comprise Ruffner's polished rhythm section.

Willie Cole comprises Ruffner's polished rhythm section.

Foster's: Quick Relief for Claustrophobic Pickers

About a year ago I was discussing the options available to a local guitarist in need of quality repair work for his or her guitar with a friend and we both agreed on one thing: Foster's repairs on Banks Street does the best work in New Orleans but their showroom is entirely too cramped. Well, local pickers will be happy to learn that a trip to Foster's Custom Finishes and Repair will no longer mean squeezing themselves and their axe into a closet-sized showroom. Jimmy and Vernon and Gene have recently added a new, spacious showroom with room for over a hundred guitars to their shop and they can still lay claim to having the best, and only, sales and repair shop in town devoted exclusively to guitarists and their beloved instruments.

—rico
Tallahatchie Mystery Still Unsolved

Quick: What song has been covered by one hundred and eleven artists, sold over thirty-five million copies, and used by Snooks Eaglin to close his second set at Snag Harbor on June 18, 1984? But of course, you say, that must be Bobbie Gentry's mysterious Mississippi memoir, "Ode to Billy Joe." The Louisiana World Exposition's Mississippi Pavilion recognized two parts of the above three-part question and proclaimed:

ed May 31st "Bobbie Gentry Day." About three hundred people gathered round the Peavey-speaker-laden Pavilion to hear good looking Bobbie tell the story of the "Ode": "Ode to Billy Joe" started out as a short story that I wrote, then I changed to verse. I started writing it about midnight and finished it around five-thirty the next morning. I recorded it in one take later that day and that became the version we used on the record. The question people ask the most about that song is 'What did Billy Joe throw off the bridge?' I've never told anybody the answer to that one."

"- Rico

FRANKIE FORD, accompanied by manager KEN KEENE, spent part of his recent European tour shopping for real estate. Cardiff Castle in South Wales, shown here, was mixed because it didn't have central air-conditioning.

EGYPTIAN DAY
at the World's Fair
is July 23.

Louisiana World Exposition
Music Schedule

American Showcase Tent (just outside the Italian Village): Call 566-2300 for listings.


The Cave in The Winery 569-5071. Thursdays George Lewis 6-9 and John Rankin 9-1. Fridays and Saturdays: Harlan White 6-9 and John Rankin 9-1.


I've Known Rivers. Sun. 1: Profiles. 2 pm: Sof-Sheen, 4 pm: New World Ensemble with Moses Hogan. 7 pm: Black Chorale. Mon. 2: Pato Bahia. 8 pm: Shawn Henderson. 8 pm: Spirit. Tues. 3: 4 pm: Trudie School of Dance, Wed. 4: 4 pm: Family Circle Gospel Ensemble. 8 pm: Lyle Bove. Thurs. 5: 12, 4 and 8 pm: Lecture with Morris F.X. Jeff Jr. Fri. 6: 12: Tuskee Dancers. 8 pm: The 10:30 Band. Sat. 7: 12: Tuskee Dancers. 4 pm: Mark Taylor. 7 pm Tuskee Dancers. Sun. 8: 12: Tuskee Dancers. 4 pm: Bethany United Methodist Choir. 7 pm: Shirley Chatters Bloom. Mon. 9/12 noon: Lee Bates. Carl Marshall & S.D. 4 pm: Children's Art Festival. 8 pm: Hale Smith Amistad. Tues. 19 and Wed. 11: 4 pm Children's Art Festival. 8 pm Hale Smith Amistad. Fri. 13: 4 pm: Greer Goff. 8 pm: Hale Smith Amistad. Sat. 14: 12 pm: New Zion Baptist Church Youth Choir. 7 pm: Angelic Voices for Christ. Mon. 16: 8 pm: New Zion Baptist Church Male Choir. Tues. 17: 8 pm: 1st. United Methodist Church. Wed. 18: 12, 4 and 8 pm: Lecture - Black Catholicism. Fri. 20: 4 pm: McDonough 34 Ronet­ tes. 8 pm: New Zion Baptist Church Radio Choir. Sat. 21: 12 and 5 pm: Brother Blue. 4 pm: Wade Griffin. Mon. 23: 8 pm: St. Francis DeSales Church. Tues. 24: 12, 4 & 8 pm: Dr. Morris F.X. Jeff Lecture. Sat. 28: 12 noon: St. Francis DeSales Youth Choir. 4 pm: Tambourine & Fan with the Mardi Grass Indians. Mon. 30: 8 pm: Price Elite Chorale.


Reunion Hall. Thurs. 5 through Sat. 7: The Cold (late night 11:00). Thurs. 12 thru Sat. 14: A Train (late night 11:00). Pete Fountain 8 pm. Fri. and Sat.: Live Dance Bands - check for times. Sat. and Sun. at 5:30: Italian Folk Dancing with New Orleans Folk Dancing Troupe.

Sheila's: 11B Fulton Street. Live music nightly from 9:00. Call for info 569-5025.

Wavelength/July 1984
golden moments in new orleans rock 'n' roll

Gospel quartet singer Lathan John Adams is approached by New Orleans songwriter Dorothy Labostrie (who coincidentally lives in the same apartment building as Adams) in 1959. Labostrie had written an R&B ballad that she hoped to have recorded on Joe Ruffino's Ric label. After much haggling from Adams, he was eventually convinced to cross the line and record an R&B song. The song, "I Won't Cry," turned out to be a solid local hit, but more importantly paved the way for one of America's best singers to record nearly one hundred more singles and LPs. Thankfully, Adams still remains active, with a brand new record out this month.

— Almost Slim

letters

To the editor:
I am delighted that "Frankie Ford's Swamp Pop Jam" at the Jazz Fest received Almost Slim's rating of 8," as did the genius of Ray Charles.

In answering Slim's concern as to my connection with the whole thing, I offer the following: The Jazz Fest didn't invite me to be a part of the prestigious New Orleans extravaganza until last year when it was 14 years old. My manager Ken Keene, the wonderful John Broven from England, and I, wanted South Louisiana music to be a part of the Jazz Fest this year. So after many, many efforts, we convinced the Jazz Fest to use Rod Bernard, Jivin' Gene, Warren Storm, Van & Grace Broussard and Johnny Allan & The Memories. They are all a part of the South Louisiana musical heritage and all are known worldwide...yet they'd never been on the Jazz Fest. I, being a part of the New Orleans music scene for more than 30 years, did not want these artists to wait as I, to appear on a show that reflects our musical heritage.

So, through the efforts of Ken, John and myself, we helped to initiate the "Fais-Do-Do" stage of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival.

I am very proud of our "Swamp Pop Jam," being from New Orleans, which is certainly in South Louisiana. I might add that through working with Johnnie Allan & The Memories at the Jazz Fest, it was a deciding factor on our part to use them during our six-show engagement at the World's Fair. They will also be with us for our annual "Frankie Ford's New Year's Eve Spectacular" in Beaumont, Texas.

Johnnie Allan & The Memories are one of the most exciting bands anywhere in the world!

Thanks again to Slim for the great rating, and to Wavelength for the opportunity to let the world know that we really appreciate it.

Frankie Ford

To the editor:
Seeing as how Wavelength is the most eagerly awaited magazine in this establishment (even more than Blues Unlimited and Living Blues—and that's some competition!) I thought I'd send you a bit of info on how New Orleans & Louisiana music is doing in the UK (England / Wales / Scotland / N. Ireland).

Lots of people here have been aware of New Orleans R&B & Louisiana music thru the good work of Blues Unlimited and John Broven in particular. His great book, Walking to New Orleans, created great interest in N.O. and his latest blockbuster, South to Louisiana, is doing the same for the other musics of Louisiana.

For years we've been well supplied with the records of Fats Domino and Dave Bartholomew on London and United Artists labels. Everything the true Fats fan needed was available on a superb six-album set Fats Domino Story on United Artists (edited by John Broven). Minit & Sue provided us with a few excellent anthologies of R&B and soul in the '60s but the most inspired release was the two-LP set on Flyright Records in the early '70s. Dave Bartholomew, Prof. Longhair, Roy Brown, Huey Smith—all fantastic stuff easily available!! Then came records by Professor Longhair—his Atlantic LP, the McCrory Queen Elizabeth LP, a live LP on JSP of...
his London Concert in 1978, plus the essential Nighthawk LP. Ray Topping's discography got a few collectors interested in the more obscure labels, and the limited reissues made a lot of this stuff available to the UK collector.

However, nowadays things are really heating up with all kinds of New Orleans and LA. music being put out over here. Rounder has licensed several albums to Demon (one of Britain's more adventurous labels) and the first few releases include the two brilliant LPs by Gatamouth Brown and James Booker's LP. They've also released Doctor John's Plays Mac Rebennack and Brightest Smile albums. Tuts Washington's Rounder album is selling slowly but surely and we've even got a Frogman Henry LP which was recorded in England while he was starring in a Summer Season on a pier in a Northern seaside resort!!

Other parts of Louisiana are well represented too. Clifton Chenier is a firm favourite in Britain and is widely acknowledged as "The King of Zydeco." His records sell as well as anyone's, particularly on Red Lick Records. His record of course, I'm Here is currently licensed to this is the new release on the Swedish Blues Boy label aptly titled Atomic Energy. Also big news is the reissue of Irma Thomas' Imperial recordings which came out on Kent Records. Irma Thomas is big stuff in the UK!! Blues reissues from Louisiana include the great Goldband sides from Guitar Junior (Lonnie Brooks) on Charly and we've another chance to get his Capitol LP Broke & Hungry which's been put out by Crosscut Records of Germany.

Flyght's Records of England are the ones who've been doing the most for Louisiana Blues, R&B, Swamp Pop, Country etc. For years now, they've been religiously making available recordings from the vaults of legendary producer Jay Miller. Their "Jay Miller Series" has now put up to the 36th volume and includes for people like Katie Webster, Lightnin' Slim, Lonesome Sundown, Warren Storm, Lefty Frizzell, Peewee Tralherne—the list seems endless!! The latest to emerge is a third volume by Slim Harpo and a full album of Guitar Gable tracks.

While we're on the reissue front, Bear Family in Germany have released a set of early country music by your ol' governor Jimmie Davis! The LP is called Rockin' Blues and it's the old-tom-catz at his best in the early '30s. One of the best Old Time albums currently available I think.

As for live music—we regularly see Rockin' Dopsie down in London at Dingwall's Club. Fernest & the Thunders have played a few times and recorded in London for JSP Records. Doctor John seems to be around a lot playing with the likes of Chris Barber's Jazz Band, Dizz & The Doormen & The Danny Adler Band. In fact, I think the Doctor's next LP is to be recorded in England—Live!!

Dizz & The Doormen are an English band who play New Orleans R&B in the style of Professor Longhair and they've got a good album out on Ace Records. We've also got a Cajun band, "R. Cajun," who go down a storm at summer festivals and they've had a coupula records out over here.

Last but not least, good ol' Wavelength is getting a few mentions around the place. You've already used the London Times quotes but a lot of people just back from the Jazz & Heritage Festival are pleased to have discovered you!

Needless to say, the folks at Red Lick always give you a plug and if we ever talk New Orleans to a customer we talk him into subscribing!!

Ken Smith
Red Lick Records
P.O. Box 3, Porthmadog
Gwynedd, Wales, U.K.
Rico's Recent Rockin' Releases Review

Can you believe it? $7.98, $8.98 for an album? $5.98 for an EP! Incredible, huh? If you're like me (yes folks, some of us music writers, we less-famous music writers, buy our own records just like you), you'll want to squeeze every last penny of musical value out of your prized payday record purchases and I'm happy to report that there are a number of recent releases in the rockabilly and upbeat country bins of any local well-stocked record emporium that are definitely worth a look.

I went down every road you led... .

But still I went down every road you led... .

And the others hang around...

I step aside... .

Until! I bled... .

Listen to the sounds of the loss overhead...

I just listen to the sound of the rain...

The Leroi Brothers Forget About The Danger Think Of The Fun Columbia SC 39106

Steve Doerr keeps the Leroi Brothers non-stop dance party rolling with three excellent compositions that fit like a glove on the Brothers' upbeat style. "Eternally Blue," "Pretty Little Lights Of Town," and "Dance With Me Tonight" all have a timeless rocking groove much like the tastefully chosen cover material from their debut LP, Check This Action. "Dance With Me Tonight" features Steve's blistering harmonica break that sounds for the world like a Cajun accordion. Joe Doerr's "D.W.I." ("... national pastime of the average guy ..."), and a gut-kicking version of Roy Head's "Treat Her Right" round out this excellent EP.

Violent Femmes Hallowed Ground Slash 1-25084

While neither a country nor a rockabilly record (this band is unequivocally impossible to pigeonhole), Hallowed Ground contains four wonderful songs that are knee-slappin', chaw-spittin', get-down-and-praise-the-Lord "countryfied," anyway. "Country Death Song," "Jesus Walking On The Water," "Sweet Misery Blues," and "Gonna Rain" plow new, and definitely rural, territory for one of America's most eclectic, enigmatic, intelligent, and inventive bands... . and I ain't funnin', podners.

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Al Ferrier Let's Go Boppin' Tonight Flyright 597

Like most of the albums in the Flyright reissue series, this one contains several outstanding cuts and a few duds. "Blues Stop Knocking At My Door" kicks things off righteously with a driving barrelhouse beat and the great electric guitar (rhythm and lead) of Al's brother, the late Bryan Ferrier. "She Left Me" follows as a showcase for Al's vocals, and those familiar with the "Crowley Sound" will thrill to Katie Webster's piano and Warren Storm's solid backbeat.

I've always preferred Al's energetic rockers to those arrangements that play on a slower beat, and although the guitar work of Bryan Ferrier is consistently juicy on the reworked versions of both "Honey Baby" and "Hey Baby," the arrangements pale when compared to the powerful cuts found on the Goldband Bayou Rock compilation LP. Al's version of "You Win Again" hasn't a thing on Hank Williams' original or Jerry Lee Lewis' excellent cover.

Like Larry Hart's "Good Rockin' Joe" (on Bayou Rock), "Indian Rock And Roll" tries to cash in on the popularity of Williams' "Kaw-Liga," "I'm The Man" and "Send Her Back" tip the hat in Johnny Cash's direction with their booming vocals and rhythmic country guitar; nice...
new bands

OK, when and how do all those bands fly materialize on every pole on St. Charles and elsewhere? Well, being in the dark about the nuances of a bizarre genre, they call "psychobilly" (lighten up, VooDoo!); sort of like the ghost of Bela Lugosi singing with a terminally-stoned reincarnation of the Strawberry Alarm Clock. Smell Of Female is one of the best Cramps records to date. It blasts off from the Peppermint Lounge with lead singer Lux Interior’s regally titled "The Most Excited Potentate Of Love" where de Lux turns the a phrase and drops a pun or two: "I’m the celebrated hot ’n’ rot of twat, Make a hole, lookout, make way for the big shot, I’ll make you dear my turtle dove, Ride the range up to your love, We’ll have big fun on the bayou son of a gun..." And the weirdness never lets up. "Call Of The Wight" could be the theme song for a perverse sitcom on pygmy cannibals and "I Ain’t Nothin’ But A Gorehound" makes a perfect lead into the Cramps most appropriately chosen cover song ever: "Psychotic Reaction.

Rubber Rodeo
Scenic Views
Mercury 818 447-1 M-1
These nice cowboy boots all point to the same conclusion in my view: this record sucks.

The Johny Burnette Trio
Volume Two (Collectibles)
MCA 1561
An excellent companion to 1982’s Listen to Johny Burnette! that follows its lead by assembling a number of classics and unreleased outakes of definitive rockabilly. Paul Burnlson’s stellar Telecaster riffs and Johnny’s impassioned vocals uphold the trio’s legendary status alongside Cochran, Vincent, Elvis, and Co. "Lonesome Train" and "Train Kept A Rollin'" appear with Burulson’s signature double-E-string lick; "Lonesome Tears In My Eye" sports two beautiful Mexican solos; but the real gem here is "Sweet Love On My Mind" with its macho/vulnerable lyrics, dramatic stops and walking bass. Essential listening.

Moon Mullican
Seven Nights To Rock
Western 2001
Aubrey “Moon” Mullican’s "pumping piano" and honky tonk vocalizing laid part of the foundation that Jerry Lee Lewis built his rock’n’roll empire upon. Moon’s unofficial motto was: “You got to make those bottles bounce on the table” and this incredible collection of 1946 to 1956 King releases proves that he practiced what he preached. I’d put “Well, With The Devil Back Right Up to anything Bob Wills ever recorded and never once imagine the title track and Bill Haley’s best efforts. Mullican could cover black R&B ("Grandpa Stole My Baby"), “I’m Mad With You”) and turn them around for some hard-hopping jump blues ("I Done It," "Rocket To The Moon"). "Cherokee Boogie" and "Tokyo Boogie" show Moon’s almost childish fascination with the wall-of-sound experiments and the simple wonder of the way words sound, in any language. (Many historians credit Mullican with writing the lyrics to Hank Williams’ "Jambalaya.")

Now that you got the word, Ferd, run out and plunk down those greenbacks on some American music and help keep our pickers and shouters off the unemployment rolls. Stay tuned for hot tips on starting your essential rockabilly collection in the near future.

BY ALLISON BRANDON
The GENERICS scoff at anonymity.
discovered here any more. You have to go somewhere else, and as you said that’s expensive, frustrating. There are so many bands in San Francisco, though, that if one doesn’t want to play for $100 the club owner just gets somebody else.

The law of supply and demand. What does it do to you to know that there are so many bands out there with the same aspirations as you, that are as good as or better than the Generics?

Generics: It might be naive, but we believe that there is enough space for everyone. Our intention is to make something happen. We’ve made a commitment to this intention and to each other and plan to remain faithful to it. Living within an intention allows everyone to have space. The only idea is to keep reaching, to set immediate goals and work toward these—a single, an EP, some touring. We know that we just can’t put an album out or push a video onto MTV.

Here’s a simple question: why are the Generics important?

Generics: Because we have a good quality product that is energetic, danceable; the music itself is interesting; our songs are structured interestingly. The content is there and it’s danceable. We have a lot of fun; people who come to see us have a lot of fun. We have strong personalities in the band, and we’re relating to the audience more than ever. We’re developing a following. And most importantly, we think other musicians respect us. Is that enough? We could go on.

I’m sure. You mentioned “danceable.” Is there always the thought of making the song you’re working on a danceable one?

Generics: Yes . . . well, no. Sometimes they come out that way and sometimes they don’t. For the most part we try to move in the straight-ahead rock tradition, but we do things in the songs like bridge major segments with a bit of odd timing, an off rhythm. We do diverse things, sometimes have a jazz feel or move in an artful direction.

In trying to do something diverse, don’t you run the risk of lifting yourselves right out of the mainstream, or commercial success? There are plenty of bands that do this, even or maybe especially those that have already made it.

Generics: And there’s an intrigue missing in the bands that don’t experiment. If you go too far you flirt with obscurity, but on the other hand, where would the best bands be had they not taken those risks?

Do you agree that there’s sometimes a great amount of compromise necessary—a kind of half-assed out?

Generics: Yes.

I see a movement in the content of Generics’ songs, those that I know, away from the three-minute love song to social and political issues, friendship, commitment.

Generics: Yeah, we’re trying to stay away from too many love songs. “Heart in a Box,” though, is a quirky love song that resists the Journey, Loverboy, Air Supply formula schlock. It was one of our first songs, and it’s probably the best in that genre.

What about the new song “Human Zoo?”

Generics: It’s one of the best things we’ve done, musically and lyrically. It’s bitting at something but we made it general enough so that it could point to a number of targets. We also have a song called “Going Through the Motions” that’s just an image of the automaticity of everyday life, the routine that can stifle people’s lives. And “Seven Cards”—we like the concept with that—a married couple, could be from the man’s or woman’s point of view, let’s say the man’s. And they’ve got a couple of kids, and they’re just spending a regular day together, a Sunday afternoon, and she’s working in the garden and he’s doing whatever and suddenly he just stops. It hits him just how important these people are to him, just how much they mean to his life.

Seems almost the inverse of one of those Springsteen stories, though there is the hint that the importance of these people and the security of this life are so great that the fragility of life is more pronounced. From these songs, can one detect an attitude, a Generics philosophy?

Generics: Two things perhaps, but neither grows out of these songs necessarily: one, any group’s songwriters have trouble deciding what they want to say that those people out there haven’t already heard or are going to get bored with. Not just another love song or protest song. It’s a challenge, and the best we can do is come up with fresh angles for good, old ideas.

What about the other “thing?”

Generics: Oh . . . when playing in a local club, always get a guarantee.

Somewhere in New Orleans there’s an Eddie Van Halen and a Cyndi Lauper.

Be among the first to discover them at Wavelength/13 Q’s Battle of the Bands July 10 & 11 at Jimmy’s.

The winner claims a 4-song demo taping session at Gilbert Hetherwick’s Grouse House Studios.

Vote for your faves—ballots available at the door.

JULY 10—HANDS, PRESS, FINAL ACADEMY, CROWD, ROGUES

JULY 11—VITAL FUNCTION, MULTIPLE PLACES, NUMBERS, POPSTAR, LOOSE CHANGE

Wavelength/July 1984
Boogie Jake  
'Early Morning Blues'/'Bad Luck and Trouble'  
Minit 601/602

The first release ever from one of New Orleans' most important R&B labels, this one dates from 1959. "Boogie Jake" (his real name was Matthew Jacobs) was a bluesman from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who once showed plenty of talent. Boogie Jake leased this record to Joe Banashak and Larry McKinley, who were just getting the Minit label off the ground and were looking for something to issue to get their ball rolling. Both sides are strong "Excello-styled" blues, very much in the Slim Harpo/Lightnin' Slim/Lazy Lester mold, and apparently were recorded at Jake's home.

The record proved to be a strong seller in the Southern blues market, and drew the attention of Chess Records, which leased the master. According to Chess, the record didn't get moving in the key Northern markets because the name "Boogie" was then considered offensive. As a result, Jake reverted to his real name for his next Minit release, which didn't measure up to the first release. Disillusioned by his lack of continued success, Matthew Jacobs moved to the West Coast in the early Sixties, where he continued to record sporadically until his death a few years back.

—Almost Slim

**reviews**

Jimmy's  
Modern English  
June 15, 1984

Modern English, the popular MTV band, gave a slick—perhaps too slick—performance at Jimmy's on Friday June 15. The band played over an hour of properly executed songs, many from their new album Richochet Days, including some fine songs such as "Rainbow's End," "Chapter 18," and their closest thing to a current hit, "Come With Me." They did a particularly pleasing rendition of one of their better songs, "After the Snow." The band did the best they could with the songs on the new album, which are scored with classical orchestration, by using guitar synthesizers and the like, though they missed touching the subtle beauty of the strings.

Several of the favorite songs were duly appreciated by the audience numbering close to a thousand, but much of the show lacked that bit of magic or whatever that makes a concert memorable.

Modern English is far from being a political band despite the fact that they were born out of the radical punk movement of the mid-Seventies and are from working class backgrounds. They, along with other young struggling bands, kept their band going by practicing the tradition of "squatting"—that is moving into abandoned homes, and setting up house until the coppers kicked them out. As bass player Mick Conroy remarked, "the band prefers to play songs of a less serious nature; they would rather not sing about their problems." Well I think they could probably sing about squatting and still avoid being political raving raves.

The band features distinctive Robbie Grey on lead vocals (who was in top form on this evening) Gary McDowell on guitar, Richard Brown on drums, and Steven Walker on keyboards. All were quite charming on stage, true to their MTV image and sound, and the crowd was very enthusiastic especially when they launched into their biggest hit "I Melt With You" from their album After the Snow. Quick-witted Grey made appropriate comments about the beastly heat suffered by band and fans during the song. All in all the show was worth the ticket price in exchange for a few choice songs, a good opening act by the Models and of course a special show by the ever fascinating people in attendance.

—Allison Brandin
three face-lifts, green fields and a strike out. No, you're not at the DAR Softball game, you're in New Orleans in the midst of growing pains. With "the world at our door," lots of club owner are gallantly facing the challenge of providing poise and adventure in clubbing it. I applaud their enthusiastic efforts and encourage more of it.

Deja Vu on Dauphine and Conti has been transformed into a very pretty place. The days of the collage on the walls and ceiling, and slippery beer-soaked floors have vanished in a flurry of refinement becoming sleek and squeaky clean. Soft hues of aqua, peach and natural wood conjure a peaceful setting. Comfortable couches are strategically placed where the dance floor once was. The upstairs has been totally closed off and will be renovated for another purpose. The only reminder of that cozy cubby hole is a painting on the wall which is an accurate reduced replica of the doorway as seen from across the room. The color scheme and design can be attributed to the talents of the owner and half of the operational team—Paula Collums. The music swings from Paula's preference of R&B and good ol' N'awlins' music to technopop and new stuff as preferred by her partner, Frank Covacevich of Sir John's fame, who spins records at least three nights a week. There's a sole cyclops of a video monitor placed above the dance floor, and there's a possibility that more monitors will follow. Surprisingly, the crowd remains much the same; musicians, local and national abound as well as notable night owls. Several nights after the new concept and you'll probably run into one of the guys/girls you've just seen on stage.

Paula mentioned the possibility of serving lunch, but noted that the area in which they're located has a disadvantage in drawing patrons from the CBD or Bourbon Street. A Conti Street merchant's association could be on the horizon which would garner more attention in the many good restaurants presently on that street. Another plus in Deja Vu's favor is a recently purchased parking lot on Conti, half a block away. Parking is 83, open 24-hours with attendants and your parking club is redeemable for a drink at Deja Vu. Look for the "Liberty" sign on Conti Street.

The Bounty in West End Park has also renovated and re-opened recently to be a real hole-in-the-wall kind of place, when West End Park was in its heyday during the disco era of the Seventies... with clubs like the now defunct Spinder's and others really packing 'em in. A revitalization for The Bounty and their optimism must remind people of how pleasant a setting the lake can be for a night club. The Bounty's gone semi-hi-tech, using silver chrome on just about everything and rose and grey fabrics where the old Lucky Pierre's had a flat wall beneath the dance floor. The old Lucky's had an array of omelettes and breakfast foods that made it a busy place. The new Lucky's breakfast menu is very limited and cites one omelette du jour. I found Lucky Pierre's breakfast has lost a lot in the transition. The new menu, seems to have been thrown into a blender. The service was excellent though. The coffee was weak—not at all like the standing spoon brew I used to count on. I can't say anything about the other items. The change in hours is evident of the day and I haven't worked up the courage to go back for more. There's a snug, inviting bar... but without the hearty, revitalizing omelettes. In the warm hours of the morning, for me they haven't got much of a drawing card. Looks can be deceiving.

The Park, located in beautiful Metairie, behind Studebaker's (look for the green neon sign) is your basic brass and plants bar... with video monitors. Top forty dance music with matching videos when possible is abundant. Metairieites and stragglers from the many good restaurants presently on that street. Another plus in Deja Vu's favor is a recently purchased parking lot on Conti, half a block away. Parking is 83, open 24-hours with attendants and your parking club is redeemable for a drink at Deja Vu. Look for the "Liberty" sign on Conti Street.

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There's no sense in trying to avoid the heat of New Orleans in July. Instead of running from one air-conditioned place to another, why not admit you're spending summer in the tropics and pretend you're on a Caribbean island? A few mangoes would help. The fantasy is made more real by cutting a fifth of vat 19, but to really appreciate the heat in its place, some of the latest dance records from Trinidad/Tobago and Jamaica will be essential.

Trinidad/Tobago still the land of steel drums and calypso (now sometimes called Kaiso), but those who haven't tuned into this music lately might not know about the emergence of soca music. Soca is the name given to one of the directions calypso has taken since approximately 1978, moving musically toward disco and Latin music, while lyrically continuing to voice the joys and concerns of the people. Like all the best Caribbean music, it's got a beat for the body and a message for the head.

Some of the older names are still around, like the Mighty Sparrow and Lord Kitch. They are two undisputed kings of calypso, but there are many, many newer names like Black Stalin, Explainin', Crazy, Scrunter and Penguin. The latest albums by these calypsonians mostly feature a mixture of calypsos, soca and an occasional disco number. Production quality is better than ever: lively clean recordings that sound great on both good and mediocre sound systems. And aside from one way to go now, because there are as many 12" 45's available as there are albums. Two stores in New Orleans carry music from Trinidad/Tobago. Metronome Records has the most interesting supply, which is constantly expanding. On the Westbank (and well worth the hassle of dealing with bridge traffic) is the People's Choice Record Store, which carries all the latest records, both albums and 12" 45's. Listed below are a few suggestions which are available in town.

Still going strong are the latest offerings by both Kitch and Sparrow, entitled Roots of Soca and Soca-King of the World respectively. As mentioned in the last Caribbean article, Sparrow's album contains the road march for Carnival '84, and Kitch's features "Gee Mi the Ting," one of the hot runners-up. More on the party hearty side is Rush Hour, the latest release by Arrow (although this is just a re-release of his hit called "Heat"). Almost every song on this album is soca at its best, especially "Rub Up," with the remainder being disco.

The Calypso Crown for 1984 was awarded to Penguin for "Softman" and it can be found on his latest album, Touch II. The calypso crown was won in 1979 by Black Stalin for two cuts from his Caribbean Man album, a soca classic. His latest release, You Ask for It... is another great album from Stalin. Slower and funkier than the Sparrow and Penguin albums, this one features a vocal and version of a great song with a crooked beat called "Make Them Alright" as well as a vocoder vocal on the hot cut "Better Days." Fading out now, but a big hit since late 1983, is a 12" single by Bajan calypsonian, Gabby, called "Boots." Produced by Eddie Grant, this one's more on the disco side than the other records mentioned here, with an annoying synthesizer slapping out the downbeat, but the melody and lyrics make this one a winner. The song was banned in Gabby's homeland, Barbados, because of its critical view of the government's use of tax money for the military, but with the Grenada crisis and invasion by American forces into that country, the song became an instant hit in Trinidad.

The Caribbean dances are still going strong on the Westbank. Most have been "bring your own bottle" affairs with yucca con coccinarios for sale. The very latest reggae, soca/calypso and salsa can be heard, played by the Westbank's number one DJ's, Watch for Flyers and listen to WWOZ's Caribbean and Reggae shows for details on these dances.

Moving over to the music of Jamaica, several new dub releases are available that offer some cool summer sounds. For instance, take 10 slow riddim tracks by the two hottest rhythm sections in Jamaica, Sly & Robbie and the Roots Radics, give them to one dubmaster, Scientist, and one apprentice, Peter Chemist, and the result is 1989 Dub. Although this album might have benefited from the addition of a few disco riddims, overall the record creates a mellow, spacey mood that is guaranteed to unwind the tightest nerves. Less mellow and going much further into the psychedelic possibilities of dub is a re-release by ROIR tapes of a 1979 Prince Fari dub album called Cry Tuff Dub Encounter-Chapter 1. This features dub work by the British On-U label wizard, Adrian Sherwood, who is almost single-handedly taking dub music into the techno-synthesizer territory that it's never before gone. Ideally, those interested should pick up both the five-year-old Cry Tuff tape and another ROIR release called Dub Syndicate-One Way System, which features Adrian Sherwood's work in a 1983 style. Both of these ROIR releases are available on pre-recorded cassette tapes only. Ask for them at your local record store or write directly to ROIR at Reachout International, 61 Broadway, Suite 140, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Another recent dub release falls short of the mark, especially next to the aforementioned albums. Dub Poets Dub features riddims by the High Times Players (the band that appeared here with Mutabaruka) dubbed out by Scientist. The album offers a nice selection of various tempos, and I like the acoustic piano in dub, but the High Times Players sound soft to me compared to the Radics and Sly & Robbie's Taxi gang.

And speaking of great bands, it was no surprise last month when Freddie McGregor came on stage and won over the audience with his smooth voice and beautiful songs, but his band, the Studio One Band, was fantastic beyond all expectations. This band locked into grooves that were as tight as any by the Radics, and even went beyond this because of their superior technical ability. Although the Radics defined the style that these guys were playing, the Studio One Band did more than just copy it; they jammed around the riddims without losing the feeling that you're doing something new. And it was a pleasure to watch the bandleader, space cadet Pablo Black, who was having the time of his life experimenting onstage with a Yamaha DX that he rented from Tipper's. And which has infinite possibilities compared to his Prophet 5 synthesizer, which got damaged on the trip from Jamaica. The other outstanding member of the band was percussionist Eber ton Carrington, who added expert groovation-type syncopations on a repeat er drum. McGregor and the Studio One Band can be heard on the Ras Records single of Guantanamera, and a new album by them is expected any day now.

Presently available at all the standard outlets is the latest issue of the Reggae and African Beat magazine, which features a cover story on Bob Marley, and really excellent. Included are never-before-published interviews with Marley, as well as interviews with people associated with the Wailers such as Nahru Hope (who designed all the album covers).

The Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are 12" 45's in a dance hall style. Top ranking is "Trickster Loving" by Freddie McKay on the Volcano label, a slow Roots Radics groove, toasted over the flip side by Little John, and called "Smoking Cocaine." Some trickster label ing makes this one hard to find; the label reads the A-side as "Smoking Cocaine" by Little John and the B-side says "Version." But scratched into the vinyl version-side is the title "Trickster Loving." Up the tempo to disco style for a Frankie Paul 12" called "Worry's on the Dance." This one is also on the Volcano label and features Roots Radics. And check out the same song in a much slower groove on the album Sugar Minott-Frankie Paul Showdown Vol. 2. Little John comes through with another good rap over a Roots Radics riddim on "To All the Posse," And ina disco style is June (J.C.) Lodge's latest, "Make It Up To You."
On Tour

The 1984 model of the Jefferson Starship, (l-r) Craig Chaquico, Paul Kantner, Don Baldwin, Mickey Thomas, Grace Slick, David Freiberg and Pete Sears, are supporting their new Nuclear Furniture LP and "No Way Out" single—racing on the charts. Chaquico grab a large share of the spotlight this time around, as is evidenced on their national tour, which began in California June 15 and will continue through major US cities during the rest of the summer.

Personal Favorites


Top of the Charts

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<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Albums</th>
<th>Singles</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Heartbeat City</td>
<td>Let's Hear It</td>
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<td>The Cars (Twist)</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Dancin in the Dark</td>
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<td>Street Talk</td>
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<td>Steve Perry (Col)</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Grace Under Pressure</td>
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<td>Rush (Mercury)</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Body and Soul</td>
<td>The Reflex</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Joe Jackson (EMI)</td>
<td>Duran Duran (Chrysalis)</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>She's So Unusual</td>
<td>Heart of Rock</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Cyndi Lauper (Portrai)</td>
<td>and Roll</td>
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<td>Harry Lewis &amp;</td>
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<td>(Chrysalis)</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Streets of Fire Soundtrack (MCA)</td>
<td>Breakfastdance</td>
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<td>Van Halen</td>
<td>Lionel Richie (Mowtown)</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Nuclear Furniture</td>
<td>I'll Wreck</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jefferson Starship (EMI)</td>
<td>Van Halen (Warner Bros.)</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Whisper to a Screen</td>
<td>Self Control</td>
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<td></td>
<td>India Works (Arista)</td>
<td>Laura Branigan</td>
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In the Studio

Michael Jackson is at Westlake Studios in Los Angeles producing a cut for the new Jacksons LP and a record for older sister Rebbie Jackson. Meanwhile, Jackson's cohort Quincy Jones is at the same studio working on film scores for Shotout and The Slugger's Wife. Westlake also hosted Stivie Wonder, who was completing work for a television special titled Stivie Wonder Comes Home. Stephen Stills was at the studio too, working on a record that is being produced and engineered by Ron and Howard Albert, as was Barry Manilow, who recorded a self-produced project. At Muscle Shoals Sound Studios in Alabama, Julian Lennon was cutting tracks. Phil Ramone is producing the project and Pete Greene engineering. Also, Michael Sembello and Dick Rudolph spent some time at EMI Systems in Los Angeles producing a record for New Edition. Thom Wilson engineered, assisted by Richard Broner, Virgin Records artist Brandy Wells is at the studio recording with producer Bill Neal. Jim Gallagher is engineering with assistance from Leslie Berwitz. Jim Capaldi (former drummer with Taffi) wrapped up four tunes for his forthcoming Atlantic/WEA release at the Automat in San Francisco. Joining Jim in the studio were Carlos Santana and Tom Coster on guitars, along with percussionist Orestes Villota. Capaldi and Stewart Levine are producing the record. Richie Consolo is engineering and Ray Pyle assisting. The Eurythmics are at an undisclosed studio in London, recording an album with Dave Edmunds as producer. The disc is slated for an August release on Polygram. The Fixx were at the Workshop in Douglassan, New York recently working on tracks with producer Rupert Hine and engineer Rob Bengston. The studio also played host to a band led by Mink DeVille guitarist Rick Berga and Nile Leffgen. Leffgen completed four tunes for the Broadway play, Wille, with lyricist Nelle Adams.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to "Night Tracks":
- The Reflex: Duran Duran (Capitol)
- "Sister Christian" Night Ranger (MCA)
- Legs: ZZ Top (Warners)
- "It's a Miracle" Culture Club (Virgin / Epic)
- "Doctor Doctor!" Thompson Twins (Arista)
- Eyes Without a Face: Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- "Borderline" Madonna (Warners)
- "Let's Hear it for the Boy" Deniece Williams (Columbia)
- "The Heart of Rock and Roll" Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)
- "Obscene Phone Caller" Rockwell (Motown)
- "Music Time" Styx (A&M)
- "Time After Time" Cyndi Lauper (Portrai)
- "Who's That Girl" Eurythmics (RCA)
- "Dancing in the Sheets" Shalamar (Columbia)
- "You Might Think!" The Cars (Elektra / Asylum)
- "Oh Sherrie!" Steve Perry (Columbia)

Heavy Rotation on MTV:
- "Don't Go" Wang Chung (Geffen)
- "Dance Hall Days" Wang Chung (Geffen)
- "You Might Think!" Cars (Elektra)
- "Original Sin" INXS (A&M)
- "Lilith Balloons" Nena (Epic)
- "Give" Missing Persons (Capitol)
- "Show Me" Pretenders (Warner Bros.)
- "Owner of a Lonely Heart" Yes (A&M)

Critic's Choice

Iain Blair examines Joe Jackson's Soul

Since he first released Look Sharp! in '78, Jackson has proved to be one of the more quirky, unpredictable singer/songwriters to hit the scene. Starting out as one of the angry young men of the post-punk new wave movement, Jackson sported a raw, stripped-down sound and approach that, combined with strong hooks and melodies, gave him such hits as "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" But like a musical butterfly, Jackson seemed to tire of this approach, only to settle instead on a big-band sound with his Jumpin' Jive period. This got jet­toned in favor of a rock/jazz blend that

I t's funny what love can make you do. Four months ago, if someone had said that Lee Dorsey, Johnny Adams, Art and Aaron Neville, Ernie K-Doe, Frankie Ford, Clarence "Frogman" Henry and Benny Spellman would all play L.A., I probably would have pinched myself and expected to wake up shortly. And if they'd gone on and added that I'd be in the middle of this divine madness, I'd have chalked it up to too many viewings of Fantasy Island. But it happened, and except for the expected level of insanity surrounding this sort of endeavor, almost without a hitch.

My initial idea to import New Orleans' finest singers to Los Angeles came one balmy November day when I realized that living among us in the state of sunny California were hundreds of penguins. That's right, those loveable tuxedo birds that normally reside in the icy environs of Antarctica had been beautifully transplanted to San Diego. Being a longtime fan of penguins, I couldn't believe anything so removed from their natural home would thrive among the freeways and palm trees. Taking a flying leap of logic, I figured that if those proud animals could make the trek to the Golden State, why not some of the prime purveyors of the Crescent City's rhythm and blues world. Just because it had been twenty years since most of these singers had ventured so far west didn't matter; wasn't it only a matter of hopping on an airplane and hitting the stage? Fat chance. I'm sure wars have been waged with less logistical migraines. But being a person of obvious obsession, I also knew that by refusing to take "no" for an answer, it could be pulled off.

My first problem took care of itself. Finding the right nightclub wasn't really a question of looking around. For all intents, the only spot in Los Angeles could be Club Lingerie. With a capacity of around 500, the room had had a long history of presenting R&B, and in a previous incarnation, it was even called Scouled Out. Physically, the Lingerie is a dream, with a large dance floor, and full bar along with an upstairs room for less public mingling. Once I'd convinced owner Kurt Fisher there might be money to be made, my next hurdle proved to be the one which nearly knocked the horse off the track.

As anyone knows who's ever attempted to take New Orleans music out of town, things tend to get real fuzzy real quick. Chalk it up to an unwillingness to test new waters, or simply say that many singers have everything they need in the Crescent City, but it's not always as easy as it looks to get the likes of Ernie K-Doe to hit the road. Others, like Frankie Ford and "Frogman" Henry, are used to touring, and continue at it with a passion. Again, with the Nevilles, no problem. With Lee Dorsey, he's happy enough hanging on his beloved "bodys and fenders," while Johnny Adams is more than willing to go anywhere at the drop of a dime, but unfortunately doesn't get that many calls. Then there's Benny Spellman, living in Kansas City and often referred to as a 'spirit' more than anything else. So the wall I found myself running into before things even had a shot at blowing up was, first, finding all these people and, next, trying to talk them into coming to California. After making a pass at it with a couple of booking agents, the person who turned into my knight in shining phone calls entered into the picture. Jay Gemsbacher, of New Orleans Booking Agency, took on this mission impossible, and after a month of juggling, I received a set of seven contracts two days before Christmas. Considering that the series was set to start in three weeks, I felt like Santa Claus had finally boogie-woogied into town, but with the number of details still up in the air, I couldn't tell if he'd left a present or a letter-bomb. Lucky for me, George Orwell proved to be the one which nearly knocked the horse off the track.

Those familiar with the history of the city's musicians know there's always been a well-traveled trail between N.O. and L.A. And the person at the center of establishing this byway proved to be a godsend. Earl Palmer, besides being one of the finest drummers to ever pick up a pair of sticks, is also a man of no-nonsense convictions backed by a strong business sense. He's presently the secretary-treasurer of the L.A. American Federation of Musicians, and one while interviewing him for a story, I ran down my pipedream for the series, I'd inquire, naturally, about his services. Unfortunately, there's an union by-law which says no office-holding member can accept a paying job, which kept Palmer off the drums, but not from giving well-respected advice. When I told him I wanted to round up a band of New Orleans musicians, he immediately said to find Harold Battiste. Of all
the players in Los Angeles. Battiste's background assured he was capable of being the bandleader. Besides serving as director of the National Association of New Orleans Musicians, Battiste has an uncanny sense of musical organization. When I called him about the job, it was like he'd been sitting by the phone wondering when someone would put this kind of show together. Once I had Gernsbacher, Battiste and Club Lingerie on board, the "Friday Night in New Orleans" series actually seemed like a living reality.

Like all business, the fiscal worries started to hang around like threatening clouds after the club's adding machines started cranking. Praying for a little breathing room in the money department, I approached Popeye's Fried Chicken about a co-sponsorship hook-up which would put the "Popeye's Presents" tag on all advertisements and news stories. Their Chicago ad agency director, Pat Patterson, jumped at the chance, but after several proposals were drafted and hands held, word came down from L.A. franchise-owners that "we already have all the business we need, and don't need to spend any more money on advertising." Of course, my balloon felt a bit popped when this word was in, but by now I figured the worst that would happen would be that the club would go bust and I'd have to leave town in the middle of the night, hopefully still able to crawl. Compared to living in Los Angeles through the spring with only Black Flag and Megadeth to listen to live, there was no choice but to breathe deep and go for it. By this time, I'd come to understand the Lingerie's Kurt Fisher's pet phrase—"Ain't that a bitch." You bet. My one saving thought through this period was that Popeye's West Coast version of fried chicken tasted somewhere between Church's and cement. So there.

Now it was right after New Year's, I had a sure show with Lee Dorsey on January 20 and a band which included singer Tami Lynn, guitarist Leo Nocentelli, saxophonist Jerry Jumonville, trumpeter Ike Williams, drummers John Goines and Johnny Boudreaux, pianist Henry Butler, keyboardist Ivan Neville, bassist Hutch Hutchinson and leader Harold Battiste. We got lucky, and both big daily newspapers, the Los Angeles Times and the Herald Examiner ran long stories the weekend before the first show, and a general buzz of imminent excitement began to run through the city. And that Thursday, when a sun-glassed and smiling Lee Dorsey strolled into the departure terminal at Delta Airlines, I knew for sure that, somehow, the whole thing would be a flying success. Dorsey's show was a sell-out, with lines around the corner.

Even when Irma Thomas couldn't be persuaded to headline the second Friday, Johnny Adams came to the rescue and put on a performance that many who saw the series declare was the highlight. Bonnie Raitt deejayed that night, and when she got onstage to do Barbara George's "I Know," a song which Harold Battiste had produced over twenty years ago for his AFO label, it was a heart-stopping instance of how timeless rhythm & blues has always been.

As for Adams, it was his first club show in California, and he sang with the soul and power of an all-timer. (It's no wonder the Jazz Fest concert at the Saenger included Adams in the company of Al Green and Ray Charles.) I was in heaven, because only a year ago I'd been sitting in Dorothy's Medallion Lounge listening to Adams, and when I'd approached the singer about playing L.A., he kindly gave me his number and said "anytime." I've still got the well-worn piece of paper, and
whenever things got tough the past few months I'd pull it out like a touchstone and rub it for luck. It worked every time.

The third show, with Aaron and Art Neville, turned into a blockbustor. Naturally, the Neville name is like gold in L.A., and when word went out that the two were coming to town, the Lingerie's phones lit up. By the night of the show, the doors were shut by 11 o'clock, and after the last note had finished, the Nevilles had set a house-record for the room and the bar. I saw on the bayou had never burned so bright on Sunset Boulevard, and riding back on the plane with the brothers to New Orleans, Art was all smiles when he said it was like the "take no prisoners" tour. Myself, I was feeling a little shaky. The next show, with the inimitable Ernie K-Doe, had taken a threatening twist when K-Doe's manager, who shall remain nameless for fear of losing my one remaining good phone ear, had wanted to meet on the corner of Hollywood and Vine to turn over advance money. Failing that, he then informed me that K-Doe no longer could be contacted by phone. Sensing problems, I figured why not make a beeline for New Orleans, talk to Mr. Naugahyde in person, and fly back with "Mother-in-Law" that Thursday. Unable to find K-Doe at the address on the so-called contract (it turned out to be his aunt's house on S. Derbigny), I got in touch with booking agent Cleon Floyd and put him on the case. The next day, I received an early evening call and the first thing I heard was "God bless you for calling Ernie K-Doe." After several hallelujahs, K-Doe and I met at a club behind Prout's, made some quick travel plans, and the next morning he and his sister arrived at my door at 5 a.m. for a breezy ride to the airport. It wasn't until we were sitting over Michelob's at 9 a.m. in the Dallas-Fort Worth airport waiting for a connecting flight that I saw the singer's luggage was labeled "Sir Bentley." All the headaches of the past week disappeared in a laugh, and for the next four hours I was happy to be the valet for one of New Orleans' classiest characters. When the gig came off like a charm, K-Doe pulled me aside and told me there was never any doubt about any of it. "You didn't listen to me," he whispered, "when I first told you that understanding isn't important, but paying attention is what counts." Burn, K-Doe, burn, even if I at times I thought about changing his name to K-Oas.

For the fifth and sixth shows, I felt as if the old pros had arrived. Both Frankie Ford and "Frogman" Henry rolled into town like the trouper they are, were patient enough to help plug the shows with live interviews on the mighty KRLA-AM station, and put on performances that had the whole club rocking. But the last show, planned as a "Forget-It-All Mardi Gras" Ball, was shaping up as a disaster. Besides Harold Battiste & His New Orleans Natives, we had no headliner. No singer was willing to leave Louisiana for that night, and several attempts at signing on a Dixieland and marching band fell through at the last minute. Sitting around with an ad that promised a "big surprise," I suddenly remembered an old ad in a dress book I had for Benny Spellman's so-called manager in Kansas City. After a fast prayer and a cold sweat, I called the number, got hold of one Roger Nabor who assured me Spellman was in fine form and would be delighted to come out. "Look for a man in a brown suit built like a pro fullback," was how Nabor described the singer when I mentioned that I couldn't know who to look for at the airport. Of course, there was no problem spotting someone fitting that description, and by the time we were half-way into L.A. proper, Spellman had proven to be the wild card which made the band complete. A consummate showman, he drove the costumed crowd crazy at the Ball, and came to be the capping hero to the seven Friday's.

The one show I'd been struggling with was the Irma Thomas date, and for several reasons it still remained out of hand. Realizing that any New Orleans series without a female singer was slighting both the city and the audience, I went ahead and confirmed a final Friday featuring the fine and often underrated Betty Ann Lastie. But when the club decided that the evenings had really run their course and it might be better to hold off on Lastie, I sensed a new series was lurking in the dark somewhere. It wasn't long before the "Soul Queens of New Orleans" idea gripped my brainwaves, and if all goes well, sometime this summer look for Club Lingerie to play host to some of the women who make the city's stages jump with joy. Maybe even Ms. Thomas might consent to a date, and if possible, soulstress like Lastie, Jean Knight, the Dixie-Kups, and (why not?) Bobby Marchan.

If I've learned anything through this whole affair, it's that New Orleans carries its pride with it wherever it goes. Borrowing the immortal words from the Black Pope, there's still plenty of time to "wear it out."
Ed Volker: 'How I Write the Songs'

BY TAD JONES

Hearing Ed Volker talk about his songwriting is like listening to a priest give a lecture on Catholicism. Over his morning coffee he spoke with confidence about his art. "This is what I do best! It's fulfilling to me, I'm putting order in my life, my heart. It gives me energy deep in my soul where the motivation is."

As leader of the Radiators and the group's one-man songwriting shop, Volker has been responsible for well over one hundred original songs in the group's never-ending repertoire. Unlike artists like Tom Waits, "Suck Angle" and "Hard Core" have garnered a ferociously loyal cadre of fans during the group's six-year history. By 1980, Volker founded Fish Head Music (BMI) to administer and publish his copyrighted works. To date the Radiators have recorded twenty-five of Volker's compositions. But for all his efforts as a songwriter, Volker lamented, "I'll have to be honest. I haven't received a lot of royalties from my songwriting. A few months ago I got a check from BMI for $325 for airplay in Canada on my tune 'Swing'."

"These aren't exactly the kind of songs I was looking for, but it was a start."

Volker pours one more cup of coffee, and lights his third cigarette of the morning. His cat Lucille dances playfully on the kitchen floor, a distraction throughout the interview. With some gentle prodding Volker talks about his earliest attempts at songwriting. "I wrote poems in verse form. The when was eleven my grandmother taught me some bongos, and I put these verses to bongo accompaniment. Then when I was thirteen, my family rented a piano and I took lessons, and I started putting the music into actual piano form."

In the early Sixties Volker was drawn to rock 'n' roll radio stations. WITX and WNOR played the latest releases by Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Ray Charles, and local productions by Allen Toussaint on the Mint label. "In those days I didn't delineate between the artist and the songwriter, there was only songs back then. I wasn't really trying to be a songwriter. I was just trying to get at songs."

From his first piano lessons, Volker began working with a variety of club bands like The Other Side, The Plebian Rebellion, and the Cajun Boys during high school days at De La Salle. During these years he began refining his songwriting techniques, and many of his early compositions made their way into his group's song list. One song, "Aw Honey I'm Juiced," was the first tune I wrote that was recorded in the studio. Volker belly laughs as he recalls the title, then goes on to explain. "You see, there was this talent contest, and my band won best song. The whole thing was a setup by Tippecanoe Music Store. Columbia Records came down and recorded all the winning bands at Cosmos's, and 'Aw Honey I'm Juiced' was the first B side of a song called 'Run'. Well, before the record came out, they flew the lead singer out to New York or L.A. and cut him with a group of Herb Alpert sound-alikes, all out of key. 'Run' finally came out, but it was backed by 'Run' an instrumental, so my song never came out."

Volker was seemingly unaffected by the incident, as he was developing a reputation as a songwriter among his peers in the local music scene. In 1967 he penned two songs, "Gas Station Boogaloo Downtown" and "Lookin' Everywhere for the Palace Guards," released on Cosimo Matassa's White Cliffs label. The record sold poorly, but for Volker, "it was a real learning experience. I wrote those songs with Jeff Miller, a member of the group. Jeff and I would get together and we'd say, 'How come I can't use this lyric here?' or 'Why doesn't this chord work here?' It was a great time for me, because I was developing the rules for my craft."

Over the next few years Volker placed songs with Yesterday's Children, The Glory Roads, and several productions for Joe Banashack, but none of the tracks were released. "These never saw the light of day," Volker said reflectively. "They were just casualties of the business, I guess. But I was learning."

From his work with the Cajun Boys in the mid-Sixties to bands like the Dogs in the late Sixties, Volker always managed to use his combos as a springboard for his songwriting, working his original songs in between the standard radio fare and R&B favorites.

In 1974, Volker along with Becky Kury, Clark Vreeland, and Frank Bua formed the Rhapsothizers, opening a wide range of song possibilities for Volker. "I was writing a lot back then," he recalls, "but it was Becky's bass playing that inspired me musically. She played such simple patterns, it made me think in simple terms, and that's hard to do." Kury, who died in 1982, is best remembered for her raw, gutsy vocal style. But for Volker, "more than her voice, I got more mileage lyrically from the crazy situations she put herself in, and just her overall personality. That's how I wrote for her."

During the Rhapsothizers' four-year tenure, Volker penned some of the group's most memorable material for Kury: "Good Things," "I Want to Love Like Lovers Do," "Down in the Need," and some years later, "Shoot Out the Lights," while Kury was a member of the Cartoons.

Today Volker lives in Mid-City on Palmyn Street in a shotgun apartment. The room near the kitchen is the designated work area—one half is his office, complete with desk, phone, and typewriter, the other holds his upright piano piled high with dozens of notebooks, a cassette recorder, and several old paperbacks. Amid the clutter a set of lyrics is plainly in sight. The title reads "Old Habits Die Hard," "Is this a new song for the Radiators?" I asked. "That?" Volker asked smiling, "Well I don't think so. That's kind of personal." "Well then," I asked, "What's your next project?" Volker thought for a moment, "I'm going to write a new song!"
"How does a song get to be a Radiator song?" Volker doesn't answer, and we return to the kitchen where he lights up another cigarette, then he sits back in his chair pondering the moment. "You see the whole idea, the process for songwriting for me personally is therapy. It's very therapeutic. I write dozens of songs that the Radiators never hear. I wrote a song last week called "Revolving Door," and I mean it; nobody will ever use this thing! I like it, but it has no application to the commercial market.

"For the Radiators," he continues, "I'll put ten or twelve tunes on tape. Then Dave and everybody listens and we'll pick the ones we think are best for the band. It's pretty much a democratic process."

For every songwriter the method of marrying lyrics and music into song is a very personal one. No two writers proceed in the same manner. When asked about his formula for writing Volker explains, "The hookline is the beginning. It's the center of the song and everything else rotates around it." For the Radiators, Volker has written some unforgettable "hooklines": "All Meat Off the Same Bone," "I'd Rather Waste You (Than See You Wasted On Somebody Else)," "If Your Heart Ain't In It (Get Your Other Part Out)," to name just a few. "Once I've got that hookline, then the rest of the lyrics flow from that," he explains. "I write lyrics at night when I'm in a night frame of mind, and the music comes out during the active part of the day. I always have some lyrics sitting around, then later I'll try to shape some music around them."

A good example is the group's currently popular "Let the Red Wine Flow," "I think I had those just sitting around. Then the band began doing a reggae version of Dylan's 'All Along the Watchtower,' and out of that came the music. Then I put the two together."

"Let the Red Wine Flow"

There is a fire
Deep in the heart of darkness
There is a joy
Not far removed from the madness
There is a time when
The Noevers cease their spinning
Let the red wine flow
Let the red wine flow
Let the red wine flow
Let it flow
There is a kiss that
Cool's with a bite and a burning
There is a breath drawn
From a deep well of yearning
There is a time when
The gamblers quit their winnings

In his songs, Volker's lyrics address the broadest spectrum of human experience. In his song "Automatic," sexual images abound: "when she blows my fuse," and "my love gun shoots right away," Drugs are the obvious theme of "Smokin' Hole," while Volker introduces a surrealistic tone in "Hold Back the Flood" with lines "The wind starts howling/the moon is dripping blood/who's got the power to hold back the flood." "I Screew Loose" he weaves a bit of comic relief. "When you worked at the station on the corner/I nearly took you, for a goner/When you went to finishing school it finished you." And in "First Snow," Volker paints a sensitive autobiographical sketch of his first snowfall in 1957:

Readily aware of his eclectic nature, Volker says, "When I write, I try to strike a balance between being real personal, and what will be universal to the greater amount of people." But he is quick to add, "When I write I'm not really looking for success. I don't think about how a song will be accepted by the audience. If I think it's good it's acceptable. Sure I'd like other people to record my songs, and I'd make money. But I've achieved success by the fact that I'm writing songs."

Having his songs recorded by established record artists is the dream of every songwriter. When name touring acts pass through town, Volker often takes time out to pitch his songs both the Band's Levon Helm and Bonnie Raitt have expressed interest. He views this with some caution, however. "I'm not sure the name acts will record my material. I think those acts that aren't established yet, those who want to take a chance, could take my songs and mold them into their style."

As the interview slowly winds down the phone rings for the second time. It is a booking agent from New York confirming a club date for the Radiators in April. Volker hangs up the phone, then turns his attention back to the interview, and his songwriting.

"As a songwriter I have all these different parts to me," he says in sumation. "There's this part that wants to write a funny little song like Hussy Smith. I have a part that wants to write a funky party song, and another that wants to write a country love ballad; and they're all valid. It really doesn't matter what type of song it is. Maybe you've gotta be yourself. Does it ring true? That's the bottom line. Does it ring true?"
ReBirth: Born-Again Teenage Horns

By Jerry Brock

The ReBirth Jazz Band of New Orleans is a part of the current "rebirth" or repopularizing tradition of marching brass bands in New Orleans.

The ReBirth, along with other young brass bands including the Roots of Jazz Brass Band, the Charles Barbarin Memorial Brass Band (once called the Fairview Methodist Church BB), Tuba Fats and the Chosen Few, the Pinstripes Brass Band, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the Young Men Jazz Band, and not to exclude older brass bands with young members such as Doc Paulin's Brass Band, Floyd Avelk and the Majestic Brass Band, Herman Sherman and the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band, the Onward Brass Band, the Imperial Brass Band, and the Original Sixth Ward Dirty Dozen Kazoo Band represent a new generation of New Orleans jazz musicians.

The ReBirth is comprised of seven down home talented musicians: Kermit Ruffins, trumpet; Gardner Ray Green, trumpet; Keith Anderson, trombone; Reginald Stewart, trombone; Kenneth Austin, snare drum; Keith Frazier, bass drum with cymbals; and Philip Frazier, tuba.

The first time you see the band it is evident that these guys are young. The members range in age from fifteen to nineteen years old.

Sometimes a friend named Joe or Vincent will sit in with the band on tambourine. Though they are not official members, they like to help out and add a good percussive sound.

ReBirth Headquarters (as they call it) is located on North Villere, half a block from Armstrong Park and five blocks to the French Quarter. It is in a neighborhood known as Treme in the Sixth Ward where there is a strong tradition of Black culture.

At the headquarters the band holds meetings and practices. On one wall plastic music notes seem to drift towards the ceiling. In a corner stands a mountain of stereo equipment and on top rests a large mirror that has been designed into the official ReBirth Headquarters sign. In another corner there is an altar constructed by Philip's and Keith's step-father, Larry, who is the drummer of the Antioch Spiritual Church.

Barbara Frazier, their mother, sings, plays piano and organ at her Baptist church. She is one of the chief supporters of the band and has influenced their performance on some of the hymns and funeral dirges the ReBirth plays, especially on "A Closer Walk With Thee" which she taught them.

"I don't mind them using the house as a headquarters," she said. "I'm glad that they want to play music and be in a brass band. If they work hard and keep at it they can develop something real good for themselves because there is a need for brass bands in New Orleans. People will always want to hear New Orleans music when they come to this city or all over the world."

On May 4, 1983, the ReBirth Jazz Band played its first professional performance for a convention at the Sheraton Hotel. For over a year they have developed their own style of brass band music at street parades, jazz funerals, Social Aid and Pleasure Club parades, parties, public events, hotels, small neighborhood bars, and at various spots outside in the French Quarter.

The ReBirth's sound is distinctly New Orleans and reflects many of the musical styles commonly found in the Black neighborhoods of this city like jazz, R&B, gospel, blues, and Mardi Gras Indian.

The tempo is well paced and never rushed. In a very natural setting they perform a variety of New Orleans songs like the Saints, "Little Liza Jane, Sweet Georgia Brown, Go To The Mardi Gras, Down By The Riverside, Closer Walk With Thee, Muskrat Ramble, and others."

The two trombones give the band a round and warm sound with lots of tailgate. The two trumpets can play high over the rest of the band, in counterpoint, or lay back and add rhythm. There is a lot of ensemble work and call and response between the trumpets and trombone. The drums lie down a hard second line of New Orleans funk and street rhythms, while the tuba plays walking bass lines more like a string bass.

New Orleans is a horn town. One of the strong influences in the development of the ReBirth's sound is that at one time or another they all played in the J.C. Clark High School Marching Band.

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the Pinstripes, Tuba Fats, and others have also been a strong influence on the ReBirth.

ReBirth trombonist Keith Anderson sometimes sits in for tuba player Kirk Joseph of the Dozen. He has helped teach the ReBirth some of the Dozen's songs and arrangements. This has led to the band's own interpretations of modern jazz classics like Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" and Golson's "Killer Joe."

One of the ReBirth's original songs, "Pie," is a sort of testimony to the band's determination to stick together. The chorus repeated throughout goes:

"Hey there, don't go no where / the ReBirth's on its way / Hey there don't go no where / the ReBirth is here to stay/ Hey there don't go no where / the ReBirth is here to stay."

The ReBirth's sound is "sort of testimony to the band's determination to stick together."

The record should be out sometime in late July or early August. Keith Frazier said, "We are all very happy that the ReBirth got a chance to make a record. Hopefully this way more people will hear the ReBirth and they will hire us to perform. We would like to play at more music clubs, festivals, and at the World's Fair."

"We like to play in the streets for parades, funerals, parties, and sometimes in Jackson Square for money," Kermit Ruffins added.

One opportunity locally to hear the band will be Saturday August 18 at 5:30 pm over public radio station WWOZ 90.7 FM. The program will feature a majority of the music recorded for the album at the Grease Lounge and also an interview with the band.

The record should be out sometime in late July or early August.
Robert Jr. Lockwood was born on a farm near Marvell, Arkansas, on March 27, 1915. The only blues guitarist to have actually received lessons from the immortal Robert Johnson (who was his mother's live-in boyfriend), Lockwood is spending the summer in New Orleans on a "working vacation" and making frequent appearances at the Louisiana World Exposition.

Music critic Robert Palmer devotes almost an entire chapter of his Deep Blues book to Lockwood, noting that "he tamed (Robert) Johnson's polyrhythmic ferocity, substituting a refined, almost classical counterpoint and a slower, more deliberate walking tempo. These innovations later served as a model for countless Delta and Chicago blues guitarists who would have had trouble (as more slavish Johnson imitators like Johnny Shines did) integrating the careening Johnson style into band accompaniments. Lockwood's lyrics carried on Johnson's fascination with and distrust of women, but they evidenced little of Johnson's tortured, driven quality. For the most part, the songs Lockwood sang were disillusioned but assertive dispatches from the sexual battlefront."

During the early 1940s, Lockwood, accompanying harmonica player Rice Miller (also known as "Sonny Boy" Williamson, not to be confused with blues star John Lee, another adoptee of the name), could be regularly heard on what is reputed to be the world's first blues radio broadcast: "King Biscuit Time," originating from the studio of KFFA in Helena, Arkansas.

Lockwood's greatest claim to fame, however, is his guitar work on numerous blues hits, including Little Walter's "My Babe," "Flying Saucer," "Out Go The Lights" and "Teenage Beat"; Rice Miller's "Nine Below Zero," "Don't Start Me To Talking," "Eyesight To The Blind" and "Fattening Frogs For Snakes"; Willie Mabon's "I Don't Know" and Eddie Boyd's "Five Long Years."

Between performances one recent evening at the World's Fair, Lockwood sat down in a rocking chair and talked about his long blues career.

When did you first play music?

I had two cousins—I didn't really consider them musicians but they could play a couple of tunes on the organ. I started playing that when I was about 8 years old. When I was about 12½, Robert Johnson came into my mother's life. I didn't have no idea that I could possibly play like Robert Johnson played but sometimes I just think I was meant to be a musician. When I heard him play, I must've been so enthused over the way he was sounding that I just had to play a guitar.

It's hard to pick up a guitar and set it down without making a sound. He hadn't shown me anything, I was watching him play and I was picking up different things. I didn't even know how to play a chord.

So did Robert Johnson teach you chords?

After a while, he seen I was going to study the instrument anyway—that I was going to learn how to play—and he started showing me.

My first guitar the two of us made. We didn't have the right kind of glue to hold it together. I didn't even know how to play a chord.

What kind of glue did he use?

He told my mama a lot of lies, I heard him tell her lies—that he was 32, 33 years old and all that shit. He could play...

There was a lot of poisoning going on in the Delta at that time...

Yeah, they've been doing that for some time. I got poisoned, too. Robert got poisoned and died. We got poisoned the same year (1938). I got poisoned by my old lady.

What kind of poison did she use?

The man who cured me said it was Lysol. She put some Lysol in some whiskey...

You had some rough girlfriends, huh?

four years and it got busted. I was taping it up. A man stole it because everybody wanted to sit and listen to me play and didn't want to dance. It was just a guitar and you had to be very quiet to hear it. You had to sit up close. So this dude stole my guitar and I bought my first good guitar. I bought a Stella. Man, I loved that guitar. I didn't let no dirt stay on that guitar for about two years!

Do you have any favorite guitar players?

No. No, you know I like all the fellows... I like Albert, B.B., Otis Rush—I like 'em all. But I wouldn't want to play like 'em. I think when you have somebody favorite, you would like to do that. I don't like to sound like nobody. My favorite guitar player is dead and that was Robert Johnson. I guess what makes me feel like that is that he taught me to play.

Robert wasn't coming to my house—he was staying at my house. He was popular period then, he was recording records. When I knew Robert, I was around 13. I grew up without a father so I was my own man at 13 years old.

And Robert wasn't much older, was he?

Well, I don't think he was 10 years older—perhaps he was probably a few. He told my mama a lot of lies, I heard him tell her lies—that he was 32, 33 years old and all that shit. He could play...

There was a lot of poisoning going on in the Delta at that time...

Yeah, they've been doing that for some time. I got poisoned, too. Robert got poisoned and died. We got poisoned the same year (1938). I got poisoned by my old lady.

What kind of poison did she use?

The man who cured me said it was Lysol. She put some Lysol in some whiskey...

You had some rough girlfriends, huh?
You ain't gonna never know what you got.
After Robert Johnson died, you played around Helena...

I was playing at Oscar Crawford's Hole In The Wall. One night, Crawford gave me $5 not to play, $5 was a lot of money. A lot of people at that time was playing all night for $5.50. Now he gave me $5 because he wanted the jukebox to play. He didn't want somebody in the audience there, sitting in his place, staring at his feet, telling me, 'Don't play.'

I took the $5 and I got up and went out. About five or six years from then, I had recorded records and I went back to Helena and played for Crawford. Another dude had a joint up the street about a block away that was operated by a Greek. The Greek had a black man running the place. The black man, we called him Squirrel. Now I had a record on the box but Mr. Crawford don't take advantage of that. And Squirrel said, "What about playing for me?" Now at this time, you could get a whole band for $30, with 3 or 4 pieces. I told Squirrel, "Well, man, you'll have to pay me $30-I know you don't want to do that."

I said by me having a record on that box, it didn't give a damn what Crawford had down there (at his club), he wouldn't have no people. During this time, I was walking around with $1,000 in my pocket.

So the Greek told Squirrel he would give me $30. They put two tables together for me to sit on and had my amplifier hanging up from the next corner, down the wall, and I started playing up there and you could not walk through it, it was so full.

The second night, during the intermission, I went down to the Hole In The Wall. The Hole In The Wall was a place that if it was packed, you could not walk through the door. When I got off and walked out, his car was parked there. Crawford said, "Hey, Li'l Joe, e'mon and sit down." He said, "What's Squirrel paying you?" I said, "Why you want to know that, Mr. Crawford?" He said, "Well, I'll pay you more." I said, "No, that ain't what it's about. You been knowing me longer than Squirrel. You could've had me." He sat there for a while.

Squirrel had already told me that Crawford was coming. He said, "Now I'll give you $50. If you go down to Crawford's you should get $100." I did it. $100 then is $1,000 now.

I went down there and Mr. Crawford said, "What is Squirrel giving you?" I said, "$90—and ain't no point in me coming up here for no $92." One night, Crawford got ready to pay me. He said, "Li'l Joe, you know one time I gave you $5 not to play and here I am giving you $100 a night!"

Do you have any favorite solos you've recorded?
I've never thought about that. I've been fortunate enough to work on hits. But I never thought about them as being fascinating or anything like that. I just always tried to do the best job I could.

All the records I recorded on, if I had been playing by myself, they wouldn't have been that way. I've always had the ambition to try to play like whoever it may concern. Little Walter's about the only somebody who I really played with. I done his arranging—the way I wanted it to sound and nobody else.

You and Sonny Boy (Rice Miller) seem to have been a good match.
Sonny Boy was a very full harmonica player. As far as I'm concerned, he was Number One. He was always a happy-go-lucky person. He done what he usually do all his life. He never really shackled up. He never stopped doing nothing. He had them girls. He was just happy-go-lucky, going up and down the road.

Tell us about your most famous pupil, B.B. King.
I had a show for Mother's Best Flour and I recorded some things. After Robert Johnson died, you played at that time was playing all night for $5 and the timing was very bad. He had a sponsor who wanted to record record with him, advertising Pepticon (a cure-all tonic). Ferguson (the sponsor) wanted to buy me a bass and I told them I couldn't afford to stay with B.B. because he didn't know enough music. I said, "If you see any potential with this man, you'd better put him in a band. What you're trying to do to him now is gonna only kill him. He won't ever know right from wrong. He ain't gonna sell. Too many people are learning about music. They know when you're playing wrong or playing right. It just ain't gonna work. You've only got one John Lee Hooker. John Lee Hooker is the only one who I know that really don't play anything and got a good name and still sells."

Ferguson asked me, he said, "What do you think I should do?" I said, "You've got to put him with at least an eight-piece band and give him a chance to learn before he records." B.B. didn't start off making no hits because he still was playing wrong but he had the big band to get some attention. So from that first eight pieces, he ain't never looked back.

The reason I ain't no further advanced in music is I done quit playing so many times. I quit six times. When you don't have nothing on the charts, people can't be bothered.

Michael Jackson's a superstar. It don't influence me. Michael Jackson's doing what he's doing because he's got money. His stuff is being pushed. He's just getting across to the people.

It's kinda bad when artists don't really get treated right. Sometimes I feel like if you got talent, you deserve a chance. I just want to keep playing until I leave here and I ain't gonna be able to stop—just continue to make a decent living, that's all.
CONCERTS

Wednesday, 11
Gospel Soul Children, 8 p.m., Theatre for the Performing Arts.

Tuesday, 17
Crosby, Stills & Nash, Singer-Songwriters Center, 524-0876: this is a tentative listing, in the event it is canceled, tickets will be refunded.

Wednesday, 18
The Producers, Steamer President, 10 p.m., tickets available at TicketMaster.

Sunday, 22
Richard Landry, in concert, Longvue Gardens, 3 p.m., information at 459-5408.

Gospel Extravaganza, Municipal Auditorium, 5 to 9 p.m., tickets "All the usual places," as stated on the posters.

CONCERT SERIES

French Market Concerts, 3 p.m.
French Market Concerts, 3 to 5 p.m., Sun. 1: Dave (The Monkey Speaks His Mind) Barlow, Wed. 4: The Young Reel Band, with members of John Philip Sousa. Fri. 6: Connie Jones and the Crescent City Jazz Band, Sat. 7: Wes Montgomery, Sun. 8: Herman Sherman's Young Tuxedo Jazz Band.

Sunday, 22
Gospel Extravaganza, Municipal Auditorium, 5 to 9 p.m., tickets at "All the usual places," as stated on the posters.

LIVE MUSIC

Angie's Delight, West End Park, Sun. 1: Dennis Kenny, Wed. 4: Dave (The Monkey Speaks His Mind) Barlow, Sun. 7: Silk 'n Steel, Tue. 10: The Cruisers. Wed. 11: Leroy Lewis, Fri. 13: San Francisco Opera. Sat. 15: Charlie Byrd and his Jazz Band, Sun. 16: Monr. 17: Sable, the host of the trios, the roar of the trios, the Garden District, the cheers of the mob at each scene of the Crescent new years, and the home of the Kiss - a-Boo Band.

Hornback's "Plane Omelet," Laforgue, 2119 Decatur St.

The GO-GO'S perform at the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on July 19. KATHY VALENTINE and JANE WIEDLIN were photographed at the Gretna Holiday Inn in 1981, shortly before stardom.

from a bird's eye view on the bridge that passes over the bayou, Des Allemands looks like the prettiest, skicist little fishing village imaginable (something like Colorado) in the Bayou Troubadour, but annually it becomes the scene of frenzied activities in celebration of this fierce, hardworking (one fisherman who carries a gun in his boat and simply shoots his head off when he gets on his lines) biscook and bewitched scavenger, with the slightly Oriental features rumored to like bacon on the end of a hook and sweeter tasting, and more widely eaten, than any other American fish.

Sunday, 8
Watermelon Fest, to benefit the C.A.C. and the Krewe of Clowns, 10 a.m. until 7 p.m., at The Exposed Flea, 545 St. Joseph. Watermelon rolling and seed spitting contests, as well as the usual festival items, but also a watermelon jam out on the Father of the Waters, Information and booth tents from Mike Stark, 523-3533, before the 3rd.

Friday, 20-Sunday 22
La. Oyster Festival, Seabreeze, information at 318-532-2224 or 532-5000. The Beauregard Bivalve Desirably Dismembered, or something like that.

Saturday, 28
St. Charles Parish Festival, no location given. Can it be parish-wide from the fringes of Old Moisant to Airport Motors and beyond? Information at 504-411-7455.

ANN HORKIN'S "Plane Omelet" is on exhibit at Galerie Jules Laforgue, 2119 Decatur St.

The GO-GO'S perform at the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on July 19. KATHY VALENTINE and JANE WIEDLIN were photographed at the Gretna Holiday Inn in 1981, shortly before stardom.
Dugan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours, and again during the week, from 5 to 7.

Fat Cats, 605 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 352-6976. Call for listings.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-6811. Wednesday through Saturday, Gary Brown and Feels. CMS from 9 to 9. Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show. Reservations probably a good idea.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-5882. Alfrance, ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Heullman's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weeknights from 9 until 2, saving Fridays.

Han's Den, 4311 St. Claude, 821-1108. This used to be the Beaconette but now has the name of that ladies' shop on Carondelet. Hmm, Reggae music Saturdays.

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 944-9337. Sundays: the Wagon Train Band.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 666-9549. Tuesdays: The Numbers (prize imagination?) and The Rogues (sorry but I always think of that old TV show with David Niven and Charles Boyer and Colette and the like when I think of this group's name). Wed. 4: The Hands-on. Is this what they mean by 'tinkling'? Sat. 7: Johnny J and the Hi-men, the Uptowners, D.J. and the Jammers, plus the alluring little Janes.

Henri Den, 4501 St. Claude, 362-0598. Call at the same hours and 282-0501. Check the board as you go.

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 526-5826. Mondays to Fridays, Edward Frank from 5 to 7 and trumpet Leroy Jones from 7 to 10 (thank heavens it's not Le Roy Jones!).

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 254-5561. Reservations from 9 until 9, during the week, save Thursdays and Fridays. Joel Simpson takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial keyboard duties and is joined by Rusty Stoller on bass on Saturdays.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a good and well-deserved crowd outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Joe Thomas and Vincent Andrews, Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Coltrane.

Singles, 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 526-2259. Mon., through Wed., at 8:30 and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. The Cello, Sundays at 3: Gaelic Cell with the 'Irish Rhythm Stompers': the management of this place is the one that (rightly) took adorable Iris Keel to task on the letterhead: "The Cello-Ess-Ess-Eye because it's a place where the French Quarter draws and was-it-stumping-mentioned-knew even Sandra Sexton's old bash at the 9:00 Club lacked center, and since Sandra Sexton is about as Gaelic as can be, you'll find any repertoire from folk to jazz to Latin to rock to calypso to blues to Latin to rock to calypso, and best of all, you'll find an intimate setting for a great selection of the sort most popular on Sunday night, Lady Gregory, Sean O'Dwyer, the Abbey Theatre, the Easter Brothers, and the Black Dudes of Sir Roger Casement.

Cluny, 711 Bourbon, 525-6379. Tuesdays through Sundays, Randy Hebert: Thursdays through Sundays, Al Broussard at the piano, Fridays and Saturdays at 2 until late, Nora Wrek and John Autin.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 525-9256. Call for lists.


Snag Harbor, 626 Franchon, 440-6066. Sun. 1. The Hot Strings with less famous Pietro (currently working on a musical version of the life of the Bronte sisters—being dreamed up for them by Patrick Shannon—who actually knew the Brontes, when they were teaching at West Jefferson—writing titles: 'Wuthering Loves' and 'The Tenant of the Westbrod V.F.W. Hall'. Mon. 2: Earl King, the man with the Louis Vuitton trick bag is the trick Louis Vuitton bag? Fri. 6. Al Bello and the Ragni Quartet. Sat. 7: Lady B. and Alis Marsalis. Sun. 8: Estelina.


Munster's Dance Hall, 627 Lyons, 495-1929. Call for listings.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-1266. Call for dates. This features entertainment including Kathy Lucas and the Loose Ends, E.L.S., the Aubry Twins, and Chocolate Milk.


Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Check the board as you go.

The COMEDIA DEL ARTE troupe of clowns present the story of Pinocchio Wednesday through Sunday at the Fair's Italian Village.


**Toulouse Lautrec.** 514 Toulouse, 529-1728. Tuesdays through Saturdays, when not drawing blooms of magnitude to shut-ins and convalescents. coastal to coast, the home of the Franks; (Ooh-Where-Ooh-Where, Baby) Ford Show. Call for information.


**Weasley's.** 1610 Battle Chasse, 1961-7002. Fridays and Saturdays, from 3 to 7 a.m., the LeBlanc Brothers.

**BON TON WEST.** Good time music for all occasions. P.O. Box 8406 Santa Cruz, Ca. 95060. (408) 425-5885.

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**ART.**

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3014 Magazine, 891-4665. Through September. Group show of gallery artists, the lot of them.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Call for information.


Bienville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5949. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 202 Camp 523-1218. Through September. 2: The National Women's Art Exhibition. honoring the contributions to American art made through the years by the likes of classical sculptress Harriet Hosmer, surrealist Audrey Frick, satirical painter Peggy Bacon, some-ex-faux-ma noir artist Alice Neil, rendezvoir of male flesh par excellence Sylvia Siegnt, abstract painter Ed Garrahan, and others whom without American art would be a less interesting thing (these women may not be in the show, but just demonstrate the variety of American women's artistic accomplishment).

Gallard Bimone Hearn, 2727 Prytania, 985-2452. From Tues. 17: and-of-summer group show of paper works as betfits the season: of paper fans and Japanese lanterns and bug lights.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 897-1900. Through July 15: photographs, some not shown before by Neo-Romantic Clarence Laughlin. July 15 through Thu. 7: Anne Leibowitz's Portraits from Rolling Stone, being a selection of pictures of celebrities, most of them musical, taken during that magazine's halcyon period. Through July 29: Diary of a Century by J.H. Lartigue. Through Nov. 11: Old New Orleans 1864-1905, photos and souvenirs from the Cotton Centennial Exposition, etc.

**HISTORIC NEW ORLEANS COLLECTION, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas, 8406 Magazine. Through Nov. 15: The Writers of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Streams, Lakes and Waterfalls, a mammoth collection of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the verses of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of Ernest Bligh through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasies of Frederic Edwin Church, and the ineffable (as far as I was able to see) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-tranquility scenes of Far West natural wonders were done by me and in large in his studio. The perfect gallery in this show are both perfectly delightful and still, which now, perfectly recognizable as to locale.

**NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF ART.**

**ART.**

Feaux Pas, 728 Poydras, 525-9535. The resident comedy team of Poydras things of a topical-satirical sort, Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 10; covers variable.

**PLAYS.**

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 525-2031, Split Ends, a musical comedy by Buddy, Stevfield. Tuesdays through Saturday at 8; late night comedy workshop, Cheesepie Theatre, performs twice nightly the same evening beginning at 10:30. Outdoor Summer Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2655. July 15 through Aug. 25. Garden District, two Tennessee Williams playlets, Something Unspoken about the psychological mastery of one spinster by another (Mendelson did the thing much better in The Stranger; but never mind) and the ineffable Summer, which deals with caravanserai: loneliness, homosexuality, inexperience, repressed, bad poetry, everything in fact that makes life worth living. Performances Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30, even, by the Marigny Players.


**Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5405. Through Aug. 12. Angie, a musical comedy based on the exploits of
drawn by Harold Gray — always looked like she was wearing poket-chip monolones. 

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 262-6292. With the most delightful comedies of the classics, including the usual operas, and a few other pleasant evenings. Each evening begins at 7:30, with the first opera at 7:30.

Tulane, in the Arena Theatre, information at 665-5631. From July 31, "As You Like It," Shakespeare's poetic comedy of bickin' and bluster. Usher and conductor a blank slate. At Dixion Hall, as part of the Summer Lyric Theatre, 777 C, the theme of the era is "Love," with a few pleasant evenings. Each evening begins at 8:30, with the first opera at 8:30.

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Drummer wants to join High Energy Metal Band. Must do the following: Zeppelin, Plant, Rush, AD/DC, Judas Priest, Ozzy, and some Quiet Riot, Whq. Heavy originals are fine. Serious musicians only. Call Raynard after 6:00 p.m., 835-655.

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Looking for platonic relationship (friendship) with no emotional exchange for rent I need help around the house. Prefer someone honest and gentle spirited who can play late 70's music. Write and describe yourself. Will answer all. Fawn Leete, 327 N. St. Patrick St., NOLA 70119.

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New band - new music all original - we have PA, lights, rehearsal space. Experience preferred. 288-1214 or 838-8008.

RECORDS WANTED
Must be VG+ or better, Ace - 646 Gerri Hall, "I'm the One"; Imperial - James Sugar Boy Crawford, "She's Got A Wobble"; Instant 1230 - Chris Kenner, "All Night Ramble"; Mini 646 - Jesse Hill, "Can't Get Enough of That Coca Cola Pain".

All replies answered and postage refunded: John Nankervis, 28 Hood Hill, "Can't Do It".

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FRI.: 13 - Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets
SAT.: 14 - Radiators
FRI.: 20 - Radiators
SAT.: 21 - Beausoleil
FRI.: 27 - Exuma
SAT.: 28 - Good Wave

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JULY: Creole rowing, skiff building demonstration
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La. Music-Blues, Jazz, Cajun, Zydeco

FAIRS & FESTIVALS FOR JULY
1) Festival Acadiens
7) French Food Festival
14) La. Cattle Festival
15) Bayou De Local Festival
27) Marqou Cajun Festival

THEME WEEKS FOR JULY
JULY 2 - 8: Acadian Folkweek
JULY 23 - 29: Zydeco Festival Week
JULY 30 - AUGUST 6: Texas Folkweek

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Tipitina’s has closed its doors forever. Sorta. Or at least until December, after the Louisiana World Exposition closes its doors.

The plan to somehow move Tipitina’s from the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Napoleon to the World’s Fair site and/or the Federal Fibre Mills building is under consideration but doubtful. Another plan, to load Tipitina’s onto three or four reconditioned Greyhound buses and put the club on a touring circuit between Alligator Pond, Jamaica and Transylvania, Louisiana, is possible but unlikely.

A quorum of Summa 24 U Corporation (which owns Tipitina’s) stockholders (over 100 investors, including Mrs. Alice Byrd, widow of Professor Longhair; four Neville Brothers; former President Longhair manager Allison Kaslow; photographer Michael P. Smith; chef Steve Armbruster; blues heir Allison Alford; attorney Elliot Snellings; and Federal Fibre Mills developer Pres Kabacoff) met at a Summer Solstice meeting and voted to give the incorporated board of directors authority to list the building at 501 Napoleon with a real estate agent.

The general idea, according to informed sources, is to retain the name and philosophy for marketing at a future date. Mrs. Byrd and Mrs. Kaslow, however, vowed that they would block any plans to use the hallowed Tipitina’s name, which the late Mrs. Byrd invented by mispronouncing the name of a volcanic island between Sumatra and Java, Krakatos.

Meanwhile, we will retain our memories—fond and foul—of the joint. Before Tipitina’s (and not too many years ago), the only place in New Orleans where young white people could hear the native New Orleans rhythm and blues sounds with any frequency (and safety) was Jed’s University Inn.

Jed Palmer, a fallen aristocrat from Virginia, was the host and not particularly sensitive to the special, albeit peculiar, needs of musicians. Indirectly, Palmer was the catalyst for Tipitina’s creation.

One evening in December of 1977, Professor Longhair appeared at Jed’s, accompanied by guitarist Snooks Eaglin and vocalist Jessie Hill, who had just returned to New Orleans after a lengthy stay in California. On stage was a grand piano and a tremendous p.a. system, rented for the following evening’s performance by the eponymous Michael Murphy, Professor Longhair, set up on the dance floor, utilized a very funky electric piano plugged into a single small amplifier, into which was also plugged his microphone. The sound was horrible but nobody really cared. Mainly because nobody was there.

The audience included Allison Kaslow, Hank Drevich, Bunny Matthews and four Tulane students, who left after a few songs. Kaslow and Drevich (who had previously helped promote the annual Grande Alligator Balls) were indignant over Palmer’s treatment of a “living genius” and vowed to do something.

Drevich did something the very next day by calling a meeting of his friends and laying the groundwork for Summa 24 U Corporation (adapted from Howard Hughes’ Summa Corporation). The site for the corporation’s new venture, the 501 Napoleon Club, was a riverfront bar frequented by rednecks and roughnecks, exclusively Caucasian. Blacks were served through a hole in the wall and the Klan held monthly meetings in the bar’s backroom.

Drevich, Quint Davis and the Sisters of Tri-Alpha had staged integrated concert/dances in the same backroom, which bothered the management only until they began counting the bar receipts and discovered that “race-mixing” was a profitable enterprise. Drevich, searching New Orleans for a music club site, was informed that the 501 building would be available to a new leasee in January and Tipitina’s was born. The name came from one of Ed Volker’s Christmas card collages, received by Drevich the day of Summa 24 U Corporation’s first meeting. The card bore a single word: Tipitina.

The mandate of the corporation, more or less, was to operate a facility that compensated musicians fairly for their services. This is a nice idea but even jazz benefactress Rosy Wilson, who had millions, didn’t have enough to treat musicians fairly forever. Sometimes, musicians—not to mention “geniuses” such as Professor Longhair and James Carroll Booker III—just don’t draw.

The real problem at Tipitina’s, though, was business. Business at Tipitina’s was a combination of homegrown anarchy, hippie trans­cendentalism, street smarts, Rasta­farianism, voodoo, gumbo, idle threats and the literary tenets of Ishmael Reed. There were benefits for various musicians, benefits to buy a piano, benefits to buy air­conditioners, benefits to buy the building, more benefits to buy air­conditioners. The doorman’s talents were critical and the all­time master of this field was the late Stanley John, a Trinidadian who occasionally accompanied Professor Longhair on the steel pans. A famous photograph of Stanley shows him eroding a truck engine block in his bare arms.

The mark of a “mos’ scocious” (as popularized by lingwist Dr. John) evening at Tipitina’s was spontaneity, free­form gator­poppin’ by young gentlemen (and very rarely, young ladies). Poppin’ the gator is what Tipitina’s was about: mimicking fornication on the dancefloor’s dirty linoleum. The French, who gave us Voltaire and Brigitte Bardot, called such behavior “nostalgia for the mud,” man’s primal desire to grovel, to slip into a bear skin and head back to the cave.

In prehistoric days, we imagine, our early ancestors feasted on dinosaur filets and generally whooped it up along the banks of the Mississippi River—perhaps on the exact spot that would one day become 501 Napoleon. We can hear our hairy uncles now, bellowing at the full moon, licking the blood from their lips: “Tra-la­la Tipitina Cheena Walla Woncha Doncha Chala Teena­may?” It’s the same old story.
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