Wavelength (September 1984)

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University of New Orleans

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FANS
FRONT ROW FASHION

'TUTS' WASHINGTON
WHAT TEENS DO ROCKIN' RUSSIA
NEW ORLEANS JAZZ & HERITAGE FOUNDATION, INC.

Presents

A PROFESSOR LONGHAIR BENEFIT CONCERT

Featuring

Allen Toussaint / Dr. John & Dave Bartholomew

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1984, 8:00 PM
SAENGER THEATER

Tickets $10/$15 At All Ticketmaster Locations & Saenger Box Office

Proceeds will go to the Longhair Family.
HEARTY HOORAY — Have you heard of the new dance that's sweeping the nation? It's called "Brown Bag Concerts." Fall 1984.

The poster shows a brown paper bag with a picture of a rusted can of music. The text reads: "A new activity has been introduced to New Orleans — Brown Bag Concerts. The concerts are held every Wednesday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. at Duncan Plaza, next to the New Orleans Public Library. The concerts feature live music and are free to the public. The concerts are sponsored by the Downtown Development District and the Arts Council of New Orleans in cooperation with the City of New Orleans, the Recording Industries, the Musicians' Union, and the Louisiana State Arts Council, Division of the Arts."

The image also includes a list of concerts for the first and second weeks of September, with locations and dates. The final week is from various locations.

CULTURAL HABITS

in LAFAYETTE SQUARE

More Brown Bag Concerts than ever — and they're all FREE!

WEDNESDAYS

11 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Join us every Wednesday in October and November to enjoy our delightful Lafayette Square for a new development in our Brown Bag series — Cultural Habits.

Oct. 3 U.S. Navy Show Band
Oct. 10 Tim Williams Country Band
Oct. 17 Johnny Repak
Southerner's Orchestra
Oct. 24 Deacon John
Oct. 31 Lady BJ
and Spectrum
Nov. 7 Dan Gibbons and the New Orleans Jazz Band
Nov. 14 Spectrum
Nov. 21 Original Orleans Jazz Band
Nov. 28 Noel Kendrick Band

SATURDAY FESTIVALS

12 noon to 4 p.m.

Now Saturday shopping downtown with the family can include a visit to Lafayette Square and some of the best music in New Orleans.

Sept. 29 Jazz Awareness Festival
Oct. 27 Rhythms and Blues Festival
Dec. 1 Christmas Celebration

All these lunch-time concerts are FREE and open to the public.

THE ADVENTURES OF RECORD ROW by KIKO

Single

Yeah, I'm Record Row. I guess you heard about my divorce. And now that I'm a bachelor, I want to talk to you singles.

Single

Single

Plus, posters and t-shirts... and if you notice anything different about the next frame, I'll even give you $10. Off this stuff..."
Schizophrenic Rockers

From a lonely motel room in Arizona, Red Rockers bassist/spokesman Darren Hill called in mid-August to report that the band's third album, Schizophrenic Circus, would be in the nation's record stores by the time you read this. The Rockers spent most of August touring the Southwest with the Go-Go's and preceding their own year-long worldwide tour (which will include the band's first American dates with the Go-Go's and preceding their third album, anaces), the Red Rockers plan a mid-August to report that the last album was done in two weeks— and the one before that was done in about two days. So it was quite an experience for us."

The Big Sound: "A lot of it has to do with microphone placement. We used about three mikes on the drum sound. We recorded it in New York at the Record Plant. That has a lot to do with the drum sound. It's a really hard room—all wood."

On recording 'Eve of Destruction,' Barry McGuire's 1965 Number One hit: "Well, we used a really big room at the Record Plant, too. That has a lot to do with the drum sound. It's a really hard room— all wood."

"On re-recording 'Eve of Destruction,'" Barry McGuire's 1965 Number One hit: "Well, we went just sitting around the studio and we needed to do another song. Originally it was just going to be a B-side for a single. We recorded tons of songs—Beatles songs, Dylan songs. 'Eve of Destruction' just came out the best so we spent a lot of time working on it. When we got done, it turned out better than anything else on the album. We did kind of a Byrds arrangement of it. It was real interesting because [vocalist] John [Griffith] had never heard a song before.

"We were afraid of actually doing it because we didn't know what people thought of it back then—if it was a real serious record to people or if they kind of laughed it off. The words are still pretty relevant today and we changed a lot of the verses—re-wrote new words for it."

The album title: "It's taken from a line in one of our songs—it summed up what we thought about the world at the moment. You wouldn't believe how much grief CBS gave us about it. I think they just couldn't spell it. They didn't think it was good."

"We did an unusual album cover shoot and CBS didn't like that, either. We did a double-sided album cover. We set up a circus scene—an 1860s-type circus—on a beach on Staten Island. We did one shot where we were in these really weird-looking antique circus costumes."

Then on the other side, it's the same shot—only we're standing there in regular clothes. One shot is upside-down so that when you flip the album, you can't tell which side is the front and which is the back. CBS is doing it but we had a battle with them over it."

The future: "We're really looking forward to this year. I think this is going to be the year. I feel really confident about this album."

Shawn Paddock, the new guitarist: "He was a friend of ours from Algiers. We all grew up in the same neighborhood. He was playing guitar long before we even thought about playing so when we got rid of James [Singletary], Shawn was the logical choice for the replacement."

Message to New Orleans: "I don't know. It's been so long since we've been back there, I wonder if people remember us."

—Bunny Matthews

Normally Acoustic

David Normal, formerly of the Normals and known to family and loved ones as David Brewton, played a recent comeback gig at—you guessed it—The Penny Post. No slumdancers were to be seen, however, amidst the flattering candles, incense, and scattered pillows. David played an acoustic set (no electric guitars are allowed on the premises) of some of his favorite '60s songs as well as many of the Normals' greats, such as "Around the Downtown" and "Philosophy." Joining him for a bit of harmonizing was ex-Normal Chris Luckett and friends Vance DeGeneres, Kevin Radecker, and Rick Polizzi.

Mr. Normal has recently returned to music after a somewhat extended Sabbatical to contemplate religious mysteries and explore a normal kind of life. As for the future, the Normals are not getting back together but David is releasing a 45 in September and a new band is on the drawing board.

—Allison Brandin

Europe Goes To War

Even though 1984 has been a banner year for the European R&B album manufacturers, next year looks to be even better. The year 1985 could see a "war" between the big independents: Ace, Charly, Demon-Esdev, Flyright and Pathe Marconi.

Ace Records' Ted Carroll recently visited these shores and left with a parcel of sides from the American Ace label Starline, the Spooky Cue, and Modern, which are destined for reissue early next year. Also began negotiations for material on the Jin, Slowball and Instant labels that could be available in 1985 as well.

Charly on the other hand is finishing up its excellent Sun records reissue program and hopes to have a three-tp Sun Blues Box in the shops sometime early next year. They are also packaging up Eddie Shuler's Goldband sides (22 albums' worth!) and are in the process of compiling many of the classic Atlantic and Vee Jay sides in a double-truck Ips. So start looking for those great Jimmy Hughes and Wilson Pickett to appear soon.

Meanwhile, Flyright is continuing to unearth classic Southern Louisiana material from J.D. Miller's vaults, with hopes that the original Excello sides will soon be available for reissuing. It looks like 1985 will be great for the record collector but hard on the bank account.

—Almost Slim
25-Foot Long Boudin!!

Second to Mardi Gras as a major celebration in the state is Festivals Acadiens, a comprehensive carnifex happening in Lafayette during the weekend of September 15-16. Good Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters will help kick off this year's festivities at the Downtown Reawakening Street Dance and Fais Do Do on Friday September 14 from 4:30 til 8 p.m. More than 75,000 are expected in the Hub City to celebrate important aspects of Cajun culture. Below is a brief description of each event; for more information, call Beverly Corbell at 232-3737:

Girard Park is the setting for over eight hours of Cajun music on both Saturday and Sunday. The music segment of the festival, dedicated this year to young musicians who have helped further Cajun music as an expression of Cajun culture, will celebrate its tenth anniversary with such bands as Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters, Beausoleil, Hadley Castille and the Cajun Brass, Wayne Toups and the Crowley Aces, File, Bourre, Belton Richard, and Dewey Balfa and the Balfa Brotherhood. And according to music chairman Barry Aucelet,

Festivals Acadiens: 75,000 Cajuns and would-be Cajuns.

"This is not the complete line-up; we're still working on some key people, a group from Quebec for one."

The Jaycees Acadiana Fair and Trade Show will open the festival proper on September 13 with the cutting of a 25-foot link of boudin!

The highlight of this year's Native Crafts Festival, held as usual at the Lafayette Natural History Museum, should be the exhibit, "Travailler C'est Trop Dur: The Tools of Cajun Music."

From 11:00 til 6 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday at the Lafayette Municipal Auditorium, the Bayou Food Fest will offer the mouth-watering cuisine of over 30 local restaurants, caterers and area chefs. A $5 admission charge includes $3 in food tickets.

—Les White

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CHESS MASTERS ON SPECIAL SALE

$3.99 EACH LP

Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley
The Super Super Blues Band

Sonny Stitt
At D.J. Lounge

Chess Sisters of Soul, Vol. I

1017 Pleasant Street at Magazine Street

897-5015
Take Off Your Shoes

"Everybody get on your feet. You make me nervous when you're in your seat."

Of course everyone from Dryades Street to Canal Boulevard remembers Robert Parker singing that phrase in the summer of 1966 in his "Barefootin.'" Previous to the hit, Parker was best known as a journeyman saxophonist who was in retrospect perhaps best known for his work with Professor Longhair. Parker's record on the NOLA label brought bright lights to the local record industry during the mid-Sixties, as it went to number two in the national R&B charts and 37 in the pop charts. Parker followed with a small hit "Tip-Toe," and a fine Otis Redding-influenced LP (of course entitled Barefootin') which has become a real collector's item. Robert doesn't perform too much these days, preferring to save himself for special occasions like the Jazz Fest and other selective engagements.

— Almost Slim

RHYTHMIC

Bush League

The casual listener to African pop might not be aware that records are being made in South Africa. South African musicians are subject to so many recording and performing restrictions under apartheid rule that any recording efforts by them can be viewed as an expression or resistance against the government, yet recording is going on. A few of these records are making it to the States. Although the handful that have reached New Orleans record stores haven't made much of a splash, a recent release should do more than any other to introduce the South African sound in this country. The album is Techno-Bush by South African trumpet flugelhorn player Hugh Masakela. Recorded in Gabarone, Botswana, this is Masakela's first roots record, featuring South African musicians playing South African music. Predominant on the album is a style called mbaqanga, a jerky, bass heavy sound that begs for the state-of-the-art production techniques it is given on this recording. The mbaqanga style was created around the 1940s when South African musicians began to combine their zulu rhythms with the jazz music that was becoming so popular. Mbaqanga can be played with a rock group lineup: guitar, bass, organ and trap drums. Unlike the other African music that we've heard in New Orleans (Sonny Okosun's funk/highlife/ozziddi sound and King Sunny Ade's smooth, rhythmic juju music), the mbaqanga sound is not rhythmically complex; in fact, the drummer does little more than keep the beat. The bass player is the one who really jumps, layering on one of the melody lines as well as syncopation while the guitar player does pretty much the same thing in a higher register. The jerkiness of the music is prettied up a bit by full chords on the organ and by the vocalists' rich harmonies.

On Techno-Bush, in addition to the mbaqanga cuts, the band goes through other rhythms and styles as well, from a high energy medley called "The Seven Riffs of Africa" to a multiple influenced, infectious tune called "Getting Fat in Africa." Those who are familiar with Masakela's two earlier attempts at African roots music with a Ghanaian band called Hedzolleh Soundz have been eagerly awaiting more, and this new album, with the exception of a couple of throw away cuts, lives up to expectations. Masakela persuaded the record label, Jive, to set up a mobile recording studio on the outskirts of Gabarone, allowing one of the first high quality recordings of mbaqanga to be made, and hopefully also acting as a catalyst for further recordings by the local musicians. The band on Techno-Bush was drawn from the cream of the crop of South African musicians, including some members of the Soul Brothers, a South African band able to sell 250,000 copies of its records. The one musician on the album not from South Africa is Gaspar Lawal, the excellent percussionist from Nigeria who plays various hand drums on the album.
The details of Masakela's career show him leaving South Africa shortly after the Sharpville massacre in 1961. Pursuing a jazz career, he moved further and further away from home, but Vegas-type resort located in lost his ties to the homeland. He spoke out against apartheid at every opportunity during the Sixties and Seventies, although he seems to have mellowed a bit now, at least verbally. In an article recently in New Musical Express, Masakela expressed his feelings on the U.N.'s cultural boycott of South Africa. "Why should the pressure be on artists alone, just really that it makes no difference...nobody really gives a shit about South Africa so long as they're making money out of it."

Due to the restricted rights of blacks in South Africa, recording sessions must be arranged at times when there are no conflicts with curfews, work schedules, etc. Obviously, this isn't conducive to stimulating a booming recording industry, and consequently there are few records being made in South Africa that are available here in the U.S., especially New Orleans. Presently in many record stores around town is an interesting anthology entitled Rhythms of Resistance, a soundtrack album South African warriors, 1895.

Because of their high visibility, I say a stand should be made, but by everybody. From the boycott point of view, you hope it will have an effect, but how the hell can't we stop the world from doing anything about it? Because, after all, it bores me to even think about it, because I know nothing that can be done about it. The Carrington is a black-owned establishment, and rich and stylish, vocal songs, "Jane" and "Indoda" by the New Lucky Boys stand out especially.

The Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are hard to find but well worth the search. A soca/highlife cut by Jewel Ackah and the Spiritual Train Express called "Epitipiti" is really a great dance tune in an Afro-Caribbean style. And a disco-ish highlife cut by Orchestra Jazira will have you singing along to the English lyrics of their hit called "Sakabo." Both records are available through mail order African record shops.
Finding the pulse of the New Orleans music scene gets more and more difficult with each passing new band. Fresh, new blood is in demand but rarely survives the perpetual circulation and the leeches. The club owners complain that they don't make money. Local musicians don't make money period. Radio and record companies can't take very many risks with the money they do have, and they're hog-tied to safeties. The marketplace continues to change and fewer people are spending their hard-earned paychecks on entertainment. Without even daring to claim to be able to put the brakes on a vicious cycle, take into consideration, if you will, a stable and valuable untapped resource with the healthiest of corporuses, The Teenagers.

Teenagers are perhaps the minority the music business has neglected in its search for profits. However, in my opinion, I predict the New Orleans teenage society will come of age...with their own choices of music and entertainment that will change the course of our rapidly declining industry. Teenagers are once again strutting their identity of the re-emergence of the Teen Club.

Karin Berg, director, East Coast A & R for Warner Brothers, suggested back in December of 1982 in an article called "The Live Music Antedote" published in Musician magazine that "Until the center of gravity shifts again to live performances, we can't develop a new audience for American popular music. The excitement of music and, more importantly, the excitement of discovering that music, is in first seeing and hearing it live." During her article, which ran in conjunction with one called "The Failure of Corporate Rock," she stressed the importance of the younger audience, the kids, and pointed to society's lack of developing that talent and potential. Kids today "seem to concentrate on the musically predictable bands that come out of the arena circuit and show little inclination to explore the possibilities offered by some of the more progressive musicians and record companies in the U.S...the audience for new forms of music is much older, while the younger audience, i.e., teenagers, largely seem to be musically bereft." The only place for those under drinking age to go to hear music is the stadium or arena. Small wonder their favorite bands are Kiss, Journey, Foreigner, Styx, etc. "Update: Quiet Riot, Def Leppard those are the only bands they're permitted to see live...I don't know how much I'd care about an artist I couldn't see until I 'grew up.'"

Ms. Berg went on to reflect on the music business and its "the Sixties (the Gaslight, the Bitter End, the Troubadour) that did not serve liquor, and subsequently did not place an age limit on its patrons so anyone could see a live band. For one reason or another (perhaps the selling out of those clubs to attract the supposedly more lucrative nightclub crowd?) this era vanished. In a candid telephone conversation, Karin Berg confided that she believes 'what we have succeeded in doing is to deny social activity to adolescents and particularly in the area of music, a culture which belongs to them, the only thing they can call their own. We underestimate the quality of taste of teenagers in music and if we don't pay attention to the quality of our music it's going to decline.' She seemed genuinely pleased with the news that New Orleans has its own teen clubs on the rise and indicated that they are even more important now with the proposed raising of the drinking age.

Presently there are three teen clubs, that I know of, two of them have opened within a month of each other - June 1 and August 1. The most established teen club, Rando's, opened in Chalmette last October in a small shopping center on Judge Perez. It's run by what the patrons (the kids) call "the Rando family." The owners are Anne Perigoni and Pete Rando who know practically all their customers on a first-name basis. The principles in charge exude wholesomeness...an owner's mother, "Mia" to everyone, sits at the door collecting money and directing traffic. It didn't take much to get the kids into the club. "If you want to be a part of the club, Anne and Pete spread the word by word of mouth and on the job..." Anne is a computer science teacher at an area middle school and Pete is a school bus driver. Talk about having rapport with the client! At one time 'Rando's' operated as a real bar, and the club still reflects the earlier business operation; the U-shaped bar and stools are still there along with the dance floor and live d.j.'s and mirror ball. Rando's is not in the best of shape itself, but the kids certainly don't mind and take a great deal of pride in having their own place. The shopping center that houses Rando's seems to belong to the kids, too. The theatre, the pizza restaurant, the ice cream parlor ... the kids are the ones who support them. Literally, it's their own little world.

Best of all, local bands have already successfully performed to the delight of the owners and patrons. Perigoni is planning to continue this practice of giving what she dubbed "their own private concerts." She went into vivid description of the local heavy metal band, Deja Vu, and concluded that "kids want to see a show." The Chalmette cable company, Group W, filmed the concert for their small market cable channel. In turn, the band presented the club with a plaque of appreciation to hang over the bar.

The eighteen-year-old proprietor of Kenner's premier teen night spot Chaze's Place, Charlie Gandolfi, Jr., fresh from the cap-and-gown routine at Brother Martin High, concluded that "It's created...the kids have nowhere to go, as club manager Chip Moorehead said. Housed in a converted theatre, the Oasis seems to be the largest of the three clubs and is a development that's a real gusher for the kids. It was created...because the kids have no where to go..." as club manager Chip Moorehead said. Housed in a converted theatre, the Oasis seems to be the largest of the three clubs and is a development that's a real gusher for the kids. It was created...because the kids have no where to go..."

And encompassing the entire area...a trip to the West Bank Oasis teen club; "The Oasis" is located on Triple By-Pass, Marguerita's, and Orange Anti-Freeze that are a diabolic's delight...all extremely successful.

Here again at Chaze's is an avenue for live music. Chaze's has featured a couple of local bands already...they just played host to Eclipse the weekend prior to my visit. We were gearing up for Force of Habit for the upcoming weekend, and the kids flock to the concerts. During the summer, Chaze's is open every night of the week until 11 pm and there are weekend concerts such as male and female sing-along sessions, dance contests, pool tournaments (also featured at Rando's), blue jeans contests and various "radical events." For all practical purposes Chaze's seems to be following in the footsteps of the real live era. However, as the Quiet Riot anthem blared over the sound system and everyone sang in unison "We're not gonna take it...anymore!" it was evident that it's still a teen community that's taking shape.

Inside, The Oasis offers a lot of space for dancing, a live d.j., a small game room, some junk food...and a nice low-lights area with tables and chairs where the kids can relax, eat, talk. And Chip Moorehead mentioned that the club offers the kids a "place where they can have an adult-ish evening..." if anything the club is training them to act like adults and accept adult responsibilities. "Responsibilities" include making money. "Kids are finding ways they can make money to come here...doing odd jobs," et cetera.

I was informed that "there are kids going down here from Empire...because there just is no where for them to go." The Oasis is just getting started, but Moorehead indicated that there would be school dances coming up...perhaps with bands.

The Teen Club...the next frontier.
Personal Favorites

Critic’s Choice
Lain Blair on David Gilmour Beyond Pink Floyd
Best known for his work with the rhythmic supergroup Pink Floyd, guitarist Dave Gilmour has stepped into the limelight with his first solo tour. And given that band’s almost obsessive attention to sound and experimentation with the cutting-edge recording techniques and electronics, it was no surprise to find Gilmour’s post-Pink Floyd efforts to be much along the same lines — high on hi-tech, and low on personality. With a stage set that emphasized dramatic lighting, and backed by a band of stellar musicians, Gilmour served up a variety of songs and instrumental that centered on his impressionistic yet powerful guitar work, while showcasing state-of-the-art effects.

Much of the material, from his first solo album and the recent “About Face,” LP, consisted of fairly predictable Floyd-type grooves, slow and earnest. And while Gilmour was keeping with his heritage, Gilmour maintained a low profile for most of the evening, only occasionally venturing out for a guitar solo or extended jam-sparring match with second guitarist Nick Ra- phals. Consequently, the leap into the audience by sax-wielding Raphael Ber- trancsprobably elicited the biggest cheer of the evening next to the predict- able roar that greeted an inspired version of Floyd’s “Money.” The band, which also featured Chris Slade on drums, Mickey Feat on bass, Greg Dechert on keyboards and Jodi Linscott on percussion, sounded impressive all night, and particularly so on an extended version of “Blue Light” that featured an exciting drum/percussion battle between Slade and Linscott. An enjoyable, yet uneventful, evening from an artist who, obvi- ously knowing his limitations, has wisely decided to concentrate on his very evident strengths as a guitarista.

In the Studio …
Frank Sinatra is at the Village Recorders in West Hollywood, CA recording tracks for a forthcoming album which is being produced by Quincy Jones. Elliott Scheiner is engineering, with assistance from Mike Flaven. Two jazz greats are also at the studio. George Benson is in with producer Russ Titelman and Jean-Luc Ponty is recording the track at Hollywood’s Rusk Sound. The studio also holds DJ Russ Titleman.

Top of the Charts

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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>(EMI)</td>
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On Tour …
After returning from some dates in Germany in mid-August, Greg Kihn and his band have been traveling to various cities in the USA to support his ninth album, Kilma-yay. Videos for his songs “Reunited” and “Worst That Could Happen” are getting healthy airplay on MTV, laying the groundwork for live shows.

Frankly Indulgent

In the five years since his arrival from Texas, Frank Bailey has established (with partner Liz Page) two successful restaurants (Indulgence and the Creole Bistro) and also formerly known as Indulgence), masteredmind a catering business (Indulgence Caterers) and written a weekly food column in the *Times-Picayune*’s Dixie magazine that is perhaps the most widely read culinary feature in Louisiana. The main thing he misses when he’s away from New Orleans, says Bailey, is our strong coffee. Over several cups of same one August morning, Bailey discussed food, culture and blood.

Did you start cooking when you were a boy?

No, I was in college and suddenly realized that I liked food that was a whole lot better than what I could afford to buy. I realized that I could afford to go to the grocery store and buy the raw materials and put them together the way I really wanted them to be.

I had cooked a little bit but not much. I wasn’t that interested in cooking—I was just really interested in eating—and eating in dormitories and fraternity houses just didn’t quite do what I wanted it to. So I got Julia Child and *The Joy of Cooking* and started playing with it. Then I decided I really liked cooking because I really liked eating.

At the time, I enjoyed drinking wine and that was really weird. People would drink Swizzle and that was about it. It was a fizzy, grapey, purple thing—it was disgusting. When I cooked dinner, I would get a bottle of what I thought was nice pop wine.

I started cooking and studying the subject, reading everything I could get my hands on and traveling and talking my way into kitchens—a really weird. I traveled through Mexico, Europe, the United States, Canada—all over. I worked with a chef on a winter in New Mexico at a ski resort. I’d ski in the day and work with him at night. He was a European-trained, very accomplished chef. I learned some classic techniques from him, took what I knew and made a more disciplined talent out of it. I continued to work in kitchens and continued to study material and continued to travel and tried to learn as much as I could about as many different types of cooking as was possible, tried to forge my own ideas of what cooking ought to be.

I ended up in the restaurant business 12 years ago in Dallas, at a restaurant that still exists (the Grape). I was the chef for a couple of years and then I sold it to my partners and started writing for *D* magazine and *Texas Monthly*, then the *Times-Picayune*. I continue to write for various magazines, cook and study the subject. I really enjoy it. If I’m not cooking, I’m eating and if I’m not eating, I’m thinking about what I’m going to cook or eat. I love to travel and what do I do then? I eat. I don’t know anybody who really likes to write. The physical act of writing sends me up a wall. It’s just a hard thing to do because you’ve got to sign your name to it and you want it to be right. I continue to do it so there must be something that pushes me but I don’t feel particularly driven. Once I finish an article, I’m glad I did it and I hope that it will stand on its merits as something that’s informative or beneficial to somebody besides me.

Your column always makes me think. I don’t know anybody who really likes to write about food. I love to travel and make food appealing to people reading about it, eating it and cooking it. I have the same sort of energy that I have about writing. I have the same sort of energy that I have about traveling and eating and I don’t know anybody who really likes to write about food. I love to travel and make food appealing to people reading about it, eating it and cooking it.
Frank Bailey: 'If I’m not cooking, I’m eating and if I’m not eating, I’m thinking about what I’m going to cook or eat.'

complimentary. Serve it in the proper condition and get going.

When you were a kid in Texas, was your mother a good cook?

We ate well. I didn’t know until I got away from home how well we in fact ate when I was growing up. We had a maid who was a good cook, my mother was a good cook. At the time, it was unusual in that we drank wine with meals on special occasions—we weren’t so European that we had wine every day. I found that other people in Texas didn’t drink wine at meals—yous had a bourbon-and-branch-water or two before dinner and that was it. You drank iced tea or water with the meal.

I began to see that there were more ways to go at food than just playing the hand that was dealt you. And I’m still finding that out all the time.

I have a real good relationship with Nicholls State University and I went down there this summer to do lectures on cuisine and culture, specifically Louisiana food and culture and how they effect each other. It was a summer professional improvement program for teachers from Lafourche and Terrebonne parishes. There were about 100 people in each class and there were three classes: one in Central Lafourche, one in South Terrebonne and one at Nicholls State in Thibodaux. Everybody brought a dish to the last class. I gave a little lecture and then we all ate this food and visited.

In the course of a week, I ate 300 home-cooked Cajun dishes. That’s where these folks are from, that’s what they are and that was part of the thrust of the lectures. I thought that was unique to be able to taste 300 home-cooked dishes from an isolated culture in a short time. The differences were amazing to me. I found that things that people brought from Central Lafourche were different from what they brought in South Terrebonne and it’s not 35 miles apart. The seasonings were different, the types of things they put together were different.

You read in national magazines about Creole-Cajun cooking—they just lump it all together. Not only is there not a Creole-Cajun but there are different ideas and different variations of Creole and Cajun. The things you eat in Mamou or Ville Platte will be much different from the things you eat in Galliano or Houma.

How many other states have such diversity?

Not many have as vivid a culture but because America grew the way it did, there’s more diversity than you think. In Texas, you just think it’s Tex-Mex food and barbecue but it doesn’t work that way. There’s one little town in central Texas that’s Alsatian. All the people who are there came from Alsace 150 years ago. There’s a couple of different German settlements, all in the central Texas area. The Latin influence is tremendous. Barbecue in east Texas is much different from barbecue in central Texas.

Are there some unknown Louisiana dishes out there?

Sure. There’s lots of them. Tasso is a big deal now. The reason that tasso’s big is because Paul Prudhomme started using it and uses the tasso as it’s made around Opelousas, where he grew up. Tasso is different in different places. Down in South Terrebonne, they used to make a tasso poisson—a dried-fish tasso. You get things like that which people either don’t know about or have forgotten.
Boudin is rice dressing with pork but there's also a boudin rouge that's closer to the French boudin. It's only made in homes for the most part because it's made with blood. To make things with blood for retail sales, you have to have tremendous supervision from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Most people can't afford to have a USDA inspector to deal with it and to do all the things that they require. There are temperature variations—you have to bring it up and then bring it down. Blood's volatile. So you don't see much boudin rouge.

What's so great about eating blood?

Well, blood's got flavor and it's also a natural thickener. Blood sausage is part of a lot of cultures—the French, the Italian, the German, the Spanish—even in England, in blood pudding. Blood is the classic thickener for certain stews, like rabbit and hare preparations.

Would you like to do a cookbook now?

Yes, I certainly would. I have, in effect, over the last several years, written most of a cookbook—certainly the recipe portions—and I'd like to put those into book form so everybody doesn't have to keep saving all those Dixies, although they like it. It's nice because they can have my recipes on one side of the page and they can flip over and see Vic and Nat's.

Do you go out to eat a lot?

I don't have time really. Restaurant people are supportive of each other—we go to each other's places as much as we can but it's really hard. I've got Sundays off—that's it.

It seems like we're having quite a renaissance of restaurants in New Orleans.

Sure. Absolutely—and good quality. There's a lot of good ones and that means that the next ones that come in will be good, too, because they'll be afraid not to be good because they won't succeed. Location's very important but people in New Orleans will drive a little further to get something that's good.

It also seems that the new restaurants are much more adventurous than the traditional New Orleans places.

Well, we're thinking more about what we're doing. You can't just say, "People expect to have trout Meuniere so let's go fry some trout." We don't do that. If somebody wants trout Meuniere, you can get some great trout Meuniere in places that have been doing it for a long time. There's no reason to open another place like that.

You can't open a new place to compete with the places that have been here for a hundred years. Why would somebody go to a brand new restaurant for trout Meuniere when they can go get 

trot Meuniere as prepared by Galatoire's, Arnaud's or Antoine's? Those are comfortable, neat old places with great ambience. You can just build one of these. It has to develop.

People are looking for more food experiences and I think the marketplace will have to provide them with that, as well as the old experiences.

Do you eat po-boys?

If I'm going to get one, I'll generally go down to Parasol's because it's close but I don't eat sandwiches very often. I'm never in a hurry when I eat. I'd rather not eat than eat in a hurry because I want something more out of the eating experience than just food.

What's the origin of the name Indulgence? It doesn't have anything to do with Catholicism, does it?

No, I was having lunch with my lawyer—one of those Galatoire's lunches where you eat for a couple of hours. We were talking about setting up the corporation to do the catering and he was taking down the information. As lunch came to an end and we were finishing with a demitasse, he said, "Okay, this is great—we've got everything we need except a name. What are you going to call it?" I looked around Galatoire's and the people were attractive and we were feeling no pain and it had been a very lovely experience and I just said, "Call the son of a bitch Indulgence."

DINETTE'S BEST BETS

A random sampling of diners was asked to recall the best thing they'd had to eat during the last month:

Larry Schwartz, architect: "The paella I had in Barcelona—it had sausage, chicken, beef and shrimp and, as a friend pointed out, jambalaya is a sort of poor man's paella. By the way, in the Spanish McDonald's, they now have McPollo."

Margaret Orr, TV personality: "The best thing I tasted during the last month was Eggs Bayou City, which Marc Farchil of the Sheraton cooked one morning on The Breakfast Edition and I later cooked at home. It's a crawfish patty with a poached egg and crawfish sauce. I also love the cereal I have everyday shredded wheat, granola and fresh fruit."

Bruce Gold, magician: "Aside from the dinner my girlfriend cooked for me, I was very impressed with the chicken Rene, the blackened redfish, the stuffed mushrooms and the coconut shrimp appetizer at Copeland's."

Diana Dees, public relations woman: "Redfish en brochette at Bouligy."

Carlos Boll, philosopher: "Ceviche and Camarones a la Plancha at Las Mamonitas in Cuernavaca, Mexico."
Important Imports

Hi boys and girls! You wonder what I been up to? How come no speakeres, Zeekee? Well, I was with a medicine show for a while, but I'm cured of that now. But let's not quibble about the past, it's disappearing fast. And before the entire culture totally disposes of itself, let's see what moments of shellacked pleasure we can cling to.

The most satisfying LP I've come across in some time is Cidade Coracao (Brazilian EMI 31C 064 422 929) by the brilliant Brazilian multi-instrumentalist Egberto Gismonti. Those familiar with his more meditative and austere American recordings on the ECM label will be blown out by the verve and festiveness of this LP. One selection seques in to the next (one side is "Day" the other is "Night"), each cut offering a different mood and character, from the floozy "Dancin' Pizzolanta" to the wistful "Ruth" (shades of Nino Rota!). In addition, Egberto is trying his hand at electronic keyboards and he's putting out some remarkable sounds.

Hard to get this one off my turntable.

Polydor's been releasing volume after volume in the neverending story of James Brown. My favorite is Ain't That A Groove (821 231 Y1), which covers the years 1966 to 69. And what a groove it is! You got your "Don't Be A Dropout" (echoes of late Fifties N'Awlin's 45's!). You got your big band grooves: "Bring It Up" and the title track. And you also got some hard-to-find humongous funk-ups like "Lickin' Stick" and "I Can't Stand Myself," the latter which features an all-white band. This is low-lead stuff. This is the high octane. Bernie Odum's bass line in "Get It Together" is so funky, it defies you to get it together.

The long-awaited solo album by David Sylvian, Brilliant Trees (Virgin LTD-V2290), is a real treat. Sylvian spearheaded his group Japan through the most refreshing synth-funk to come out of Britain in the early Eighties. "Pulling Punches" and "Red Guitar" harken back to the funk of his former group. The remainder of the album displays a more subtle, jazzy touch, utilizing acoustic guitar, trumpet, even double-bass on one cut.

Finally, there's some live albums of interest lumping up on these shores via England. Just out over here is Such A Night (Spindrift 107) by our own physician-rarely-in-residence, Dr. John. This LP, recorded live in London, catches doc solo and doc backed by the irrepressible Diz and the Doomers. Don't be dismayed by the familiarity of the song titles: the good doctor has soupied up the arrangements, de-ranged the lyrics, and generally rejuvenated the songs with his special humor and energy. "Junco Partner" and "Tipitina" are standout tracks.

Meanwhile, Live At The Grand Opera House Belfast (Mercury MERL 36) features Van Morrison with the big group who helped him on last year's Inarticulate Speech LP. While I would have loved to hear this spectacular group cut loose on some of Van's earlier material, what they do to his recent stuff is amazing, adding a vibrancy and luster missing from the original versions. This is a monster ensemble, from the soaring voices of the female chorus' handling of the melodic chores in portions of old standard "It's All In The Game" to Glen Ellis' riveting solo on "Haunts," to the excellent work of the rhythm section throughout (how does bassist David Hayes slip and slide around the bottom and yet remain so ON?) As always, I'm deep in awe of Van's passion. Check out the picture of the Belfast Opera House on the album's cover. Now, couldn't you get down in a building like that?

Just noted: almost all of the above records are imports. Does that tell you anything?
In terms of sheer fanaticism, what's the difference between teenage Islamic suicide squads and the little girls in Spandex who line up to see the Models? Well, not much...except the clothes.

ALLISON BRANDIN ventured into the streets of New Orleans to find out what music fans are wearing and why. Her ultimate conclusion: 'These people are cooler by a mile than any jerk who pays hundreds for a stale copy of the street look.'

lillian axe

DICKIE ELLIS, AGE 16, JUNIOR AT JOHN CURTIS HIGH.

KEITH LEE, AGE 15, SOPHOMORE AT EAST JEFFERSON.

A.J. CARUSO, AGE 16, JUNIOR AT JOHN CURTIS HIGH.

What we love about the band...it's the power and the high screams and the guitars. It's nothing that you'd get in Culture Club, it's nothing that you'd want to go to sleep to. No dancing, just head banging.

Steve the guitarist is our favorite. He's great, a great guy, and a great guitar teacher. [About the makeup the band wears:] They may look like girls on stage but not when they're just walking around, like new wave groups. We go see them as often as possible. We may be underage, but we find a way. We all want to be heavy metal guitarists...they call us heavy metal punks.

Our favorite songs are "Rebirth," "Try to Stop Me Now," and "Axe Attack." We've seen 'em in Biloxi, and when they opened for Zebra and Night Ranger. Steve is the greatest guitarist in the world; watch out Eddie Van Halen! [On Satanic worship:] All the heavy metal bands go through it, we used to curse 'em out about it but now we know it's just a blow-over thing. They just do it for attention. If they really seriously believed in it they wouldn't make such a big deal out of it.

Keith: Dickie took about 145 pictures of the band, AJ took about three rolls of 24 and I only took one roll. It's hard enough to pay for all this stuff I'm wearing.

A lot of girls come, and they're like only 13 or 14 but they look 18 or 19. They wear a lot of great lookin' stuff.

The first time we ever saw Steve play guitar we just said — Wow!

Favorite other bands: Iron Maiden, Motley Crue, Van Halen.
the cold
JILL MOLLINERO, AGE 17, FRESHMAN
AT LSU.

I love the Cold because they project excitement and (giggles) I have fun. They're the only local band that I ever have fun at, that I can actually dance at. Barbara's one of my favorites, she's the most interesting because she does more. The guys like her 'cause she's sexually appetizing. I don't notice Chris too much; he's hiding behind the drums, Burt's kinda fun to watch because he hops around. Vance walks around kinda pigeon-toed, Kevin looks like he's really concentrating . . . and Barbara . . . she's just wild, she's just a wild woman. Chris is back there just giving it all he's got, beating the skins.

My favorite song is a new one called "Talk To Me." I don't know the words or who wrote it yet but it's really good. I've been coming since I was 13 or 14—I'm almost 18 now so for about three years I guess. Well, they broke up but throughout the breakup I was still listening to their tapes and stuff. They play around once a month so that's how often I see them. They're just a clean-cut bunch of musicians just out to have fun . . . the parents can rest assured that when their kids go see the Cold they'll be safe and have a great time.

Actually, I think Barbara, Vance and Kevin are my favorites. Barbara's visually captivating and Vance and Kevin keep the jokes going between songs; they're both very witty. I hope in a way they never make it big because then they would leave New Orleans.

Favorite other bands: Squeeze, Talking Heads, Tom Tom Club, Billy Idol ("my boy").

bourré
SUZANNE MARIE CHAILLOT, AGE 27.
HOME FURNISHINGS CONSULTANT.
LAURA ASHLEY SHOP, CANAL PLACE.
JOHN CHAILLOT, AGE 22, WORKS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(Spoken in a lovely Cajun accent:)
I love Cajun music, I can't live without it, I guess because I'm pure-D Cajun. My favorite member of the band, well it's hard to say. I like everyone but I guess I like the accordion the best, I just love Bruce to death.

Everyone dances, you can't not dance when you come to the Maple Leaf. We either do a fast two-step or a slow Waltz or you can just jump around like you're crazy. Oh, and the Cajun jitter-bug.

My favorite song is the "Bosco Stomp." Bourré is definitely keeping the Cajun heritage alive.

We didn't speak French growing up in Crowley, but we could pick it up just hanging around the household. They did speak it, and you'd understand if they were talking about you. We were all taught to speak English in a Cajun sort of way.

I learned to dance when I was about two or three years old. My papa Joe (grandfather) used to pay us a nickel if we'd dance with him. He'd put us up on his feet and hold us up and we'd just dance and dance. He taught us all how to dance.

I'm really pleased to see that Cajun music has taken on such a following. Me and my brother used to go to the country to go dancing, because all the other bars were playing Chicago and Blood Sweat and Tears, and everyone said "Cajun music yuk yuk," but now they all think it's the hippest thing on earth.

Her brother John Chailiot, age 22, works at the World's Fair, International Bazaar, in La Belle France.

I love Bourré because they're an instrument that's keeping the culture and tradition alive.

Her favorite song is the "Crowley Two-Step" 'cause naturally I'm partial to Crowley. It was great growing up with a great dancer like my sister. On New Orleans: Gumbo is my favorite food—the way my grandma makes it, not the way they serve it here.
Bonnie: My husband (Coleman) and I got married last week in Washington D.C., and the Rads just happened to be in town. They rocked the place, on a Monday night the place was jumpin'. A lot of Tulanians were there, the club had a deal where people with a Louisiana license or Tulane ID could get in for free. The club was Adams.

I love the Rads because they play good music. How's that for a basic answer?

Holden: I used to love the Radiators back when I was young and stuff, and they made me want to gyrate, so I went and started gyrating like a fiend right there in front. I was the head gyrate, cheerleader. But then all these other people came and they looked just like me and stuff and I was freaked out, they were gyrating and looking like me and I didn't like it, so I just quit going, I boycotted the Rads for about three years. I'm kinda still in the midst of my boycott but tonight I came down here [Dream Palace] 'cause I wanted to hear 'em because someone played a bootleg tape of them for me last week and they sounded GREAT. My favorite song is "Automatic." Of course my favorite singer is Ed Volker. Current other favorite singer is Etta James.

Bonnie: I enjoy the music, I know I can always dance. My favorite guy is Ed but I really like all of them together. I come at least once a month, sometimes twice. My favorite place to see them is Luigi's. They play there on Wednesdays.

Hubie's cut and beard is self-styled. T-shirt was present from a friend purchased at the Uptown Youth Center get-together. Jeans from a forgotten source and leather Converse high-tops from Shoe Town. Dixie beer from Dream Palace, Main shopping haunt--"in the quarters."

I love the Neville Brothers because they are a history of New Orleans rhythm and blues. In one night you can have it all. My favorite tune is the "Iko/Iko"—"Brother John" medley. It's hard to pick my favorite performer . . . Aaron is one of the best singers ever in history, but I like Cyril. I am just geared to percussion. I try to see them at least once a month. Being a Neville Brothers fan is a state of mind. The thing about the Nevilles is that they just keep going. The family talent is incredible, Aaron is great, but I think Ivan's more talented than Aaron and Charlie, even though Charlie's something else, but like Ivan embarrasses Aaron, and Jason is something else. Hopefully it will go on and on and on.

On the Rads: I think the Radiators are the future. I used to like Little Feat, so naturally I would like the Radiators. I think Eddie Volker is a genius, I could never take enough drugs to be on the same level as Eddie, and Eddie doesn't take a lot of drugs.

Hobby: Shooting videos of people like the Rads, Nevilles, etc.

Other favorite bands: Police, Chris Kenner, Allen Toussaint, Radiators.
Zakiya: We listen to all kinds of music but I can't speak for staunch Rastas, because we're not staunch Rastas. They may listen to just reggae, it's a very personal choice.

Sam: Being a Rasta is very much an individual thing. It has the potential to be a whole lifestyle, but it's personal, even the divinity of Haile Selassie is also very much an individual choice, to some people he's the son of god or jah, to some he's jah, I can't speak for all Rastas because as you see there is a variation.

The history of the Rasta movement ties in to the music in that reggae specifically—not ska or bluebeat but reggae—is due specifically to the change in tempo and some of the messages that reggae is about... a message of brotherhood, a message of love, not just temporal love but spiritual love, a return or a forward to Africa, and freedom from oppression; not just for Africans but for all folks.

The Shepherd Band is really only one of the few reggae bands locally, but unfortunately they are not playing until September. We used to hear them at Tip's or the Players Club.

My lifestyle is my whole being. Reggae's the only music that really speaks messages about freedom from oppression, about our African heritage. The dreadlocks mean to me freedom, free to be myself, my most natural self. I feel closer to nature.

The music from the people of Jamaica... I can relate to their situation. I feel sort of like they do; this isn't my home, I'm just an immigrant. I'm an African born in America. I do consider myself an American but only because I was born here. I don't feel! speak for Americans or the American way of life. I don't eat like Americans, I'm a vegetarian. I do natural things for my body... I do go to McDonald's because they have a salad bar now.

On the colors used so often, red, green and gold: It's taken from the Ethiopian flag. The language is a vehicle expression of the positive.

Zakiya: Steel Pulse is my favorite group. I love Bob Marley, of course. My favorite song the Shepherd Band does is an original—one the keyboard player wrote but I don't know about the name. We dance most of the time when we go hear reggae. It's called skanking—your body does whatever it feels.

There's not too many places to hear reggae but we do go to 1 and 1 Restaurant. It means you do for me and I do for you, I guess the Golden Rule.

Sam: We look forward to seeing them every time. We don't have a favorite... they are really tight musicians; the drummer, the bass player... they are a very good show.
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From Russia, With A Beat

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Reporter Jim Motavalli recently returned from a trip to the Soviet Union sponsored by Promoting Enduring Peace and other United States peace groups.)

BY JIM MOTAVALLI

An American and a Russian were drinking in a bar in the Soviet city of Kazan. The drink was vodka, the subject, jazz.

The Russian, who avidly reads downbeat (the American jazz magazine) and translates it for his colleagues in the Kazan Jazz Society, knows the music only from records; he has never heard the real stuff played live. The American told the Russian about the New York jazz clubs he frequents, places where the great improvise.

"Ah, Jim," said the Russian, looking into his vodka glass, "you are a happy man.

The American was me; the Russian was Leonar Latypov, an English professor at Kazan State University. Like many of the young Soviet men and women I met on my recent two-week trip, Leonar is a passionate student of American culture, following the trends against some formidable obstacles: records are difficult to obtain, and American concerts are almost nonexistent.

I learned that the Soviets carefully separate the American government, which they regard as the cynical product of capitalism in decay, from American people, whom they are much admired for their vital and active culture.

Jazz, the most American of arts forms, has survived chills and thaws in official policy. Through widely spaced visits by Western performers, through records and radio broadcasts (especially those of the seminal announcer Willis Conover on Voice of America), jazz was a factor in Soviet culture even before Benny Goodman's 1933 tour.

I met Leonar in a bar in Kazan, and he spoke of jazz with passion. "Do you think Kazan is considered to be a provincial town?" he asked. "No, no; I don't think Kazan is considered to be a provincial town. They go to Moscow, Leningrad, Riga, but not to Kazan.

I really hope you get to hear some of these musicians live. Jazz is an improvised music, and they're very good at it."

I would very much like to hear the music live. We have a chance here to read downbeat and we read about the live performances with great interest here in Kazan.

What about Russian jazz? Do you think there are many groups here that are up to the standards of the American ensembles?

Do we have many talented jazz musicians in this country? It depends on the style. There is the big band led by Oleg Lundström, the fusion group Arsenal, which plays in the style of Weather Report, and a piano player you could compare to Chick Corea, Leonard Chizik. It's very difficult to name them all.

Do you go to a concert here to hear these Soviet jazz players live?

Surely. Even in this town, in Kazan, we have many groups, modern jazz, swing, Dixieland. We also have a jazz fan club in our youth center, and there are many members.

Does rock, the decadent West's most culturally symbolic product, have a place in Soviet cultural life as well? It certainly does. In September 1983, Jimi Hendrix's "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)" was played on the Russian airwaves.

The Soviet rock scene is rife with pale imitations of Western heroes, but innovative groups like the Winds of Change and Time Machine have maintained their own uniquely Russian sounds.

Punk has its place too—the leader of the Minstrele, Alexander Burnov, even sports two-tone hair.

I asked Andrei Ostrokh, a fifth-year student at the Moscow Teacher Training Institute, to guide me through the unfamiliar tributaries of Soviet rock.

Is it hard for you to obtain rock and roll records in the Soviet Union?

I would say it's hard, because you can't really buy many hard rock records in the ordinary stores. We get them by exchanging records. A friend of mine might buy a record, or his father might bring it from abroad, and I can tape it.

Tell me which are your favorites.

The first one, of course, is The Beatles. Do you know the Beatles song "Back in the U.S.S.R.?"

Sure, that's from the White Album, 1968. It's great. I like it. I also like the Rolling Stones. I would also sing my praises to Jim Morrison and the Doors, Deep Purple, Rainbow, Black Sabbath, of course, Golden Earring.

Are there many Russian groups which derive their sound from the American and British bands?

I'm not as familiar with Russian groups. I've heard some on tapes and in concert. I would say they've taken a lot from Western rock, and very often they don't put their own viewpoint into the music. They're simply playing it and playing it, maybe translating it into Russian. But there are some progressive groups, like Time Machine—they have extremely good lyrics.

Some of the bands are called "underground." Their music is not officially sanctioned...

We have about 30 underground groups in Moscow. Some of them play—can I say it?—shitty music, not so good. People go to their concerts not because they like their music but simply because they are underground.

Gradually, a lot of these groups are becoming "official," subsidized by the government. This is good. I say too because for an underground concert we have to pay about five rubles, $7.50 approximately. For us it's a lot. And many of the concerts are held way out in the suburbs. It's much easier to get tickets to see the official groups, and the prices are stabilized at about two rubles, $3. The members of the official groups are paid wages like any other workers. They have more time to rehearse and polish their music.

Almost every year we have a rock festival, and it rates the best bands. Many of these groups become official after this festival. And when they get official status, they can get their records released.

Some official groups I don't like. One band, Dialogue, was highly praised in our Moscow youth newspapers. I went to their concert and found them much too noisy. I prefer listening to music at home, wearing headphones and letting the music pour into my mind. I like music loud but this was too much for me. And the group stole some pieces from the Pink Floyd's 1975 album "Wish You Were Here." The guitarist played the same solo.

The younger people didn't notice this; they had too much beer. I'm 23 already and getting more serious in my approach.
I'm sure that many of you readers were just as shocked as I was at the news of Tuts Washington's death on August 5, 1984. Sure he was 77 years old, but it often seemed like a livelier septuagenarian didn't exist; the man had only been to church a doctor once in his entire life. But now, nearly a month later, we can reflect on just how much the city's music has lost.

As most people know by now, Tuts was felled by a fatal heart attack during a set at the World's Fair. But rather than dwell on his death, it is much more appropriate that we remember the man. Listening to him spin yarns about Orleans Street, New Orleans, Tuts displayed endless virtuosity and his own.

Isidore "Tuts" Washington, Jr. was born in New Orleans, January 24, 1907, the son of Juana Howard and Isidore Washington, Sr. Tuts had an older sister who died before his birth, and an "outside" brother fathered by Isidore Sr.: "I'm a crook," affirmed Tuts, "so there will never be a shadow of a doubt in your mind. I come up on the corner of Eighth and Franklin [now Simon Bolivar Street]. Most of my peoples is dark, but my pa's grandpa was an Indian, and I got his color.

Tragedy struck Tuts' life early, when his mother died under mysterious circumstances when he was just six. "The doctor said she drank some coffee that was poisoned," explains Tuts. "I don't know if someone would have poisoned her purposely," he says but adds quickly, "People were a lot more superstitious in those days, that could have had something to do with it."

Even though Tuts spent a relatively short period of life with his mother, there was apparently much love in the family, and he still speaks fondly of her, although he does admit, "She was real strict. My ma's the one that started calling me 'Tuts.' I don't know why she just did." Photographs of Juana show a dark-skinned, well-dressed, handsome woman with a glint of no nonsense in her eyes.

Tuts' father, a house painter, begrudgingly had to put his son in the care of his wife's sister, Rosetta Howard, who lived farther downtown, near the intersection of Josephine and Clara Streets. "I don't need to tell you things was different in those days. You could buy a sack of groceries for a nickel. There wasn't all this killin' and stealin' you got today. A man could walk the streets any time of day. I used to play in the alley behind the Leidenheimer's Bakery where they baked the French bread loaves. The bakers would give us kids donuts and bread all the time and I'd run back and give 'em to my aunt.

Like any child growing up in New Orleans, Tuts was exposed to a great deal of music. "There was plenty of it around," says Tuts. "There was always bands out in the street, 'cause nearly everybody had a band then. On weekends, sometimes there'd be two or three bands out on the corner tryin' to 'buck' each other to see which one was best. All us kids would run behind the bands, they call it second line today. I liked to hear the 'Tin Roof Blues.' [sings] 'Don't you get no funky 'cause your water's on.' That was kicks."

It wasn't too long before Tuts became interested in making his own music. "The first thing I learned to play was the harmonica and the drums. Every quarter I'd get, I'd run to the corner and buy a quarter's worth of harmonicas. I got to where I played one pretty good, but my aunt made me quit playin' 'em cause she said they would make my lips too big."

But it was an upright piano sitting in his aunt's front room that eventually drew most of Tuts' attention. "I was 10 years old when I first started playing the piano. No one taught me to play, not even how to play a C chord. That's why I believe it was a gift from God. I always could play anything I heard. When I was a kid, I was a good whistler. Every time I heard a song that I liked, I'd whistle it all the way home, then I'd sit down and find it on the piano. I got to the point where good piano players would come and ask me to show them things to play.

"I started out playin' the blues, 'cause that was what the people liked to hear. I sneaked around the joints and listen to 'em play the blues and boogie woogie. They had a gang of blues players then; see, every joint had a piano in it 'cause this was before they even had radios and jukeboxes. People wanted to hear something while they were drinkin'—that's why they had all these piano players out here. Not every joint could afford to get a band, so you had a lot of these guys out here hustlin' for change and a few drinks. I didn't play in the joints when I was real young, but I used to go 'round the corner to the Gallo Theatre [on Claiborne Ave.]. I played there when the movies were showing. Fish fries, too. People would give fish fries to raise money and hire me to play to entertain the people. Made a couple a' dollars then, although he does admit, 'That boy is good, he was lookin' for then. Just a good time."

As a child, Tuts was sent to a private "colored" school in Uptown New Orleans on Franklin Avenue run by a group of Lutheran teachers. "It cost my pa ten cents a week to send me to school.

I remember I learned to read from a McGuffy's reader—it was a real good book for learning. I only played hookey one day, but I got caught by one of the teachers. 'Essesor!'—I had to hear that—'where have you been?' Well, she gave me a whippin' and then she told me that the next time I was tryin' to learn things.

Tuts only completed the sixth grade, although he contends, "My education was just as good as anyone who graduated from a public high school. I quit school to go to work. I started shinnin' shoes for the rich white folks in front of the Crescent Billiard Hall, where Kolb's Restaurant is now on St. Charles Avenue [on the lake side of the 100 block]. I was makin' seven dollars a week. Man, I thought I was rich."

Even though Tuts had barely reached his teens, he began playing in bands whose members were far older than himself, and also began "hangin' out in joints. 'I never had any problems playin' with bands. I played with all of our best dixieland bands in the Twenties—Kid Punch, Kid Rene, papa.

Tuts also joined the large number of "barrelhouse" pianists that circulated throughout the city. "Right away I knew I didn't just want to be a blues player, there was a gang of them around. If you wanted to get a good job that paid some money, you had to play more than the blues, you had to be able to play anything the people wanted."

"See in them days the [red light] district was still open. Now I'm not just talkin' about the white district on Basin Street, but the colored district, in behind Rampart Street [Perdido Street]. We used to have a joint in back of the precinct that we called the 'FUCK Around.' I run up on a gang of blues players there in the Twenties. 'Black' Merineaux, Fats Pichon, Little Brother Montgomery, Burnell Santiago, Kid Stormy Weather, Hvezkiah—they were all blues players. Some nights there'd be three or four of us in there and we'd 'buck' each other to see which one was best. Some nights they'd raid the joint and I'd have to run out the back door 'cause I wasn't old enough to be in there. I'd come at all hours of the night and my aunt would be mad. She'd say, 'Tuts, where you been?' and she'd beat the hell out of me."

Tuts' reputation as a good player spread, and although his aunt wasn't too happy about the late hours he was keeping, she eventually consented to let her nephew take proper lessons from a "professor." Everybody that passed the house and heard me play would say, 'That boy is good, he ought be to takin' lessons.' Finally, when I was 18, my pa sent me to a teacher. I only went one day, the teacher told me my, 'I can't teach this boy nuttin'. He already plays better than a tenth grade pianist. So I just carried on the way I had been, sneakin' in the joints and tryin' to learn what I could by ear.

As Tuts grew to be an adult, he spent most of his time developing his style and soaking up the nightlife that New Orleans had to offer during the 1930's. "A piano player had it made in them days. Women would fight over a piano player. See, the district was open, women were turnin' tricks and they had plenty money. They wanted their man to look good. I had women buy me gold belt buckles, rings, silk shirts, new suits and all kinds.

ISIDORE 'TUTS' WASHINGTON
1907-1984
BY ALMOST SLIM

This story is an excerpt from I Hear You Knockin': The Story of New Orleans Rhythm and Blues, which is to be published this fall by Swallow Publications.
of shit. Man, they'd be puttin' money in your pocket and fightin' with each other to do it.

"I was mostly playin' by myself in the colored joints. Now a lot of them Italians had speakeasy joints. They hired nothin' but colored bands. The colored joints didn't hire too many bands because they could only afford a piano player. Bourbon Street, too. They hired nothin' but colored bands in those days.

"Now I bummed around plenty in my day, that's when I was drinkin' liquor. Mostly I bummed on Rampart Street, 'cause Rampart was nothin' but joints. I'd get me a half pint of gin, sit up in a joint and maybe play some piano and then walk down the street to the next joint. Do that all day long. Things was happenin' in them days. There was gamblin' and prostitution, but it seemed like a person had a chance to make some money then."

The man who came to influence Tuts' piano style the most was Joseph Louis "Red" Cayou. Cayou was two years Tuts' senior and was inspired by Jelly Roll Morton, who visited his house. Cayou played with a jazz trio at the Big Street, too. They had nothin' but colored bands in those days.

"Red Cayou was the best thing we had around here," declares Tuts flatly. "He had long hands and bowed legs. Red could walk into any joint in town and run anybody offa the piano. Piano players were scared to play when Red walked in the door. He fingered the hell out of the piano. Played so fast you couldn't even see his hands. That sambuch was electric! That's where I got my left hand. He used to tell me, 'You son of a bitch, I'm gonna run you offa that piano. He played in the tenors, but he played 'round those whorehouses over on Basin Street before they closed them down. Red left around '25 and moved to Oakland, California. He never did come back. I got to visit him once out there, but he died in a car wreck in 1947."

Not long after, Tuts began his most memorable musical association, one with Orton Lemon, of course better known as Smiley Lewis. "I had been knowin'" Lewis from when Tuts played with Thomas Jefferson back in the Thirties. Tuts was playin' on Rampart Street, and Lewis would always stop by to see me on his way home from workin' in the Quarter with noon Johnson and "Papoose." [Walter Nelson] He used to say, 'Man, I wish I could play with someone that's as good as you, Tuts.' He use to sing a few tunes with me, 'cause I always did like his voice. "I took a job with Kid Ernest at the Boogie Woogie Club in Bunkie, Louisiana. It was during the war and things had slowed down around New Orleans, so I took the job. The man that owned the club wanted a vocalist, so I talked Kid and his brother into hiring Lewis. We played around Bunkie and Marksville, Louisiana, for the best part of two years. When I came home I had $800 in my pocket."

Tuts was present on Smiley's first recording, "Turn On Your Volume" b/w "Here Comes Smiley" that was recorded in 1948 for Deluxe Records. "We had the best trio around New Orleans," confirms Tuts. "Nobody could beat Smiley singin' blues or standards. We played all around town, The Gypsy Tea Room, the El Morocco, the Dew Drop, all round town.

"We started bummin' around the J&M Studio. I remember they had an old German-made upright piano that I liked to play. I wrote a lot of those numbers for Smiley then that I never got credit for. I wrote 'The Dirty, Dirty People Done The Poor Boy Wrong,' and I gave Smiley the words to 'Tee-Nah-Nah.' That was one of those prison songs they used to sing up in Angola. 'Tee-Nah-Nah' went everywhere, every time I turned around I heard it on the box. We travelled all over on that record. Florida, Mississippi, Oklahoma—Melvin Cade was bookin' us—we went to so many places I had to write my aunt just to let her know where I was. In fact I did so much travelling then that I'm not too crazy about travelling now.

"I stayed with Smiley till around '51. Smiley just got too big headed and ornery. He got to the point where you couldn't tell him nuttin'. We had heard words a bunch of times so I left the trio and then Dave Bartholomew ran behind him and got him to make all those records for the Imperial Recording Company."

Curiously, even though he lived through the most active recording period in New Orleans and scores of inferior musicians were recorded, Tuts was never inclined to make recordings of his own. "I never did have to make any records," points out Tuts. "I've always had a name around New Orleans for my playin' ability. Now a lot of these boys that get a record out, they need one to get a name. But these boys that get a record out, they need one to get a name. But they need a bass guitar and a drum to fill out their sound. I never did need that. They got a name offa that rock 'n' roll, that teenaged music. They got them loud guitars on there and that high hollerin' and screamin'. But you can't call that music—that's just a bunch of damn noise."

After Tuts split with Smiley, he joined Papa

Continued on page 28

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CONCERTS
Monday, September 3
Pete Fountain and Irma Thomas, at Audubon Zoo, 3 p.m. The former performing no od honor in the band eagles; information at 861-2537.

Saturday, September 8
Juke In The Box (isn't that a chain of drive-in restaurants in Houston?), a benefit for KLSU; noon until 10 p.m. in LSU BR's outdoor baseball Stadium; among those participating are Woodenhead (center field), Pressure (short stop), Bluesomatics and The Night Timers (might get to second base). (This occurs out of left field). Match the mould—as usual—Lil' Queenie, bress her heart; information at 388-5911.

Saturday, September 15
3rd Annual Uptown Youth Center Fall Art and Music Festival, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. At the Center, 4877 Laurel Street, and continuing on Sunday, Sept 16 at the same hours. Rides, space-walks, food, cold drinks, prizes, and The Uptown, the Olly-pia Brass Band, Earl King, the Clean 13 (the Yung Center's band), the Eddy Twins, Francis Ford, Bobby Curb and the Summe- rtime Blues, Lenny Zenith, Tommy Ridgley, the Top Cats, Mark P. Vaughn, the Louisiana Purchase, and the Neville Brothers who have made the Center a pet project.

Wednesday, September 19
Peter Hansen, of Tulane's Music Department, in recital on the harpsichord; Rogers Memorial Chapel, noon. Free. Information at 866-5268.

Thursday, September 20
Sheila E., afoot and adrift on the Riverboat President; tentative like everything in life.

Friday, September 21
Chicago, UNO Lakefront Arena; if they can get Hack saw Duggen on that stage then one supposes they can fit the 47 members of this big horn band on it.

Friday, September 21
New Orleans City Ballet, Theatre for the Performing Arts: three ballets—Scotch Symphony to music by Mendelssohn and choreography by the late-great George Balanchine, plus Concerto Barocco and With Tinti and Dance Praise His Name which is set to music for spiritual soli; the latter provided by the estimable Barbara Sherr. Tickets from either Ticetmaster or New Orleans Public Library, 686-1861. Same program repeated Sunday, September 23.

Saturday, September 22
New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Festival, at the C.A.C. and continued on Sunday, September 23, call the Center for details, 523-1216.

Sunday, September 23
Le Cannibale, by Larry Sieberth, Longue Vue House, 7 Bamboo Road, 3 p.m. 486-5485.

Wednesday, September 26
Wynton Marsalis, Moses Hagan, Kent Jordan, the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, at the Amphitheatre, 8 p.m.

Friday, September 28
Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, Dave Bar- tholomew, Saenger Theatre, 6 p.m. Giv- ing the elderly phrase 'Under the Stars at the Ge...ing a new meaning.

Sunday, September 30

OUT OF TOWN
Sept.1

Sept.2-9
San Francisco Inter-Dada 84 Festival, with performances, parades, art, films, video, fashion, the whole ball of wax. Information from Faris Amr at 415-860-6500.

SYMPHONY
Sept.3
Laforet Park, Downs Boulevard, Jeffers- on. Light classics and popular music con- ducted by Andrew Massey, 6 p.m.

Sept.9
Amphitheatre, World's Fair. Entertainer at the place. Shono Minz, violinst and cellist, Leonard Rose performs Beetho- ven Triple Concerto. At 8. Tickets available through the Amphitheatre box office.

Sept.11-13
Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, violinist Joseph Swensen is soloist; works by Weber, Mozart and Beethoven. Ticket information at 525-1550.

Sept.14
Audubon Zoo, 3:30 p.m. Andrew Massey conducts, tickets available through the Audubon Zoo, 861-2537.

CONCERT SERIES
Brown Bag Concerts, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Duncan Plaza; Mon. 10: the Aur- by Twins. Tues. 11: the Original Crescent City Jazz Band; Wed. 12: Elyna Tut's Second Line. Thurs. 13: the Original Oyster Band. Fri. 14: The Bandido Latin Band (not to be confused with the group of Guatemalan teenagers from Chicago called Los G occupying them under wraps—they're literally living under a tar- paulin in a garage down on Foulard Street— until the world can stand that much beauty onstage at once—Menudo, look out!) Mon. 17: the vivacious Raymond Myers and his Singers. Tues. 18: Woodend, Wed. 19: the Gospel Express. Thurs. 20: the Original Crescent City Jazz Band—get out the planchettes and ouija boards, this must be a soap opera, 8 p.m. 601-684-6611.

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jamboree embracing everything from crafts to culinary delights, from literature to string bands and hot music; the emphasis musically is, according to several Barry Ancelet, on "hot bands." At Girard Park, information at 318-232-3737. Outside of the Jazz and Heritage Festival, Louisiana is most popular and publicized music festival.

**Festivals**

**Sept. 8-13**
La. Shrimp and Petroleum Festival, Morgan City. Information—what we really want to know is the connection between shrimp and petroleum—from Benny Villa, P.O. Box 103, Morgan City 70380. 387-0703.

**Sept. 15-16**
New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, New Orleans, Louisiana. Information from Robert Miranda, P.O. Box 675, New Iberia 70563; 318-364-1349 or 309-9323.

**Sept. 21-23**
Battle of New Orleans Festival, where it happened; information from Stanley Moriel, 1120 Perrette Dr., Arabi 70032; 271-8574.

**Sept. 22 and 23**
Cajun Food Festival, Houma, US HWY. 90. West. Information from Addis Giroir, Rt. 1, Box 232, New Iberia 70560. Louisiana Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia. Information from Robert Miranda, P.O. Box 675, New Iberia 70563; 318-364-1349 or 309-9323.

**Sept. 27-30**

**Football**


**Random Diversion**

Bud Light Crawfishman Sprint Triathlon—Sept. 9 at St. Tammany Parish Fair. Swim 1.5 kilometers in open water, bike 25 kilometers, and run 10 kilometers; pre-register at Philippines.

MTV Video Awards, live from Little Old New York and co-hosted by Bernie Mack and Dan Aykroyd. Sept. 14 on MTV. "Name That Camel"—Audubon Zoo is cosponsoring, with Kentwood Spring Water, a Name That Camel contest for the month—200 lb. Botticelli camel recently acquired from the Dusais Zoo (you thought all they had were elephants there); contest begins Sept. 15 and entry blanks will be at the zoo and at grocery stores around town. Also Zoo school year volunteer program registration deadline is Sept. 4 and orientation day is Sept. 6 at 9 a.m. until noon. Call the Zoo at 865-8197 for more information.

**Rate of the Month**, in case none of the above has made you think, this ought to—in fact it better: "What is the use of studying philosophy at all?" If that does not enable you to talk with some plausibility about some abstruse questions of logic, etc., and if it does not improve your thinking about the important questions of everyday life...I know that it's difficult to think well about certain things, "probability," "perception," etc. But it is possible, still more difficult to think than to try to think, really honestly about your life and other people's lives. And the trouble is that thinking about these things is not thrilling, but often downright nasty. And when it's nastily then it's most important." From a letter by Ludwig Wittgenstein to his brother, 1943.
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For more information contact the Lafayette Convention and Visitors Commission, P.O. Box 52066, Lafayette, LA 70505 (318) 232-5300

Allons à Festivals Acadiens
September 15 - 16, 1984

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consistently draw a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Brown and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik. Color: Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Privatizers, 6027 Franklin Ave., 262-0901. Call for dates.


Club Silver Dollar, 1545 N. Claiborne, 832-9228. Call for listings.


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New Orleans, Louisiana 70124
488-5488

'Blixo Pot,' GEORGE FEBRES' bisque clay homage to Gulf Coast potter/down East George Ohr, is included in a group show of Galerie Jules Laforgue September 29 through October 17 at the New Orleans Academy of Fine Arts.

ART
sounds routine, Sam!) created by area zine, 891-1002. including works by Polska Whiteside, Frances Johnston, Munguie, etc. up to the present. Through Nov. 28: Sun King, an historical extravaganza from la belle France saluting the man who revoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, and drawings from tutelage of these visual pedagogues on Sept. 10.
Bienvenue Gallery, 1800 Hasdings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.
Gasperi Folk Art Gallery, 531 St. Peter St., 524-9737. Call for information.
Historie New Orleans Collection, 517-525 Tchoupitoulas St. Through 18: The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings by the famous Waterfalls, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the works of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasies of Frederic Edwin Church, and the inevitable (and well-represented and highly) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-scapes of Far West natural wonders were done by and large in this studio in Brooklyn; the local paintings in this show are both perfectly delightful and still, yes, even now, perfectly recognizable as to locale.

The coolest place to hear the hottest music in town.
THE A-C WORKS!

DREAM PALACE

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CINEMA

Hellenic Arts Society, one of those Jules magnate in the Niarchos-Onassis vein) and lin Delabano. isosceles triangle, Melina mus prints of nlden·Poley, adoleescents (it was hard growing up in a great when Mercouri put on her mask and overdosed because she was so unhappy we were around... Those sailors, doxies that drove the Navy wild in the Thirties. Tidten-Poley, 4119 Magazine, 897-3000.

From Sept 25: The Rites of Passage by Marin Delabano.

THEATRE

Contemporary Arts Center, 300 Camp, Sun. through Sat. 9:15. Sept. 19th. General New Orleans Area acting auditions, which sounds like a three-parish casting call and again brings to mind that current Clint Eastwood peak- ture, in which so many local performers are crooked: to wit, or half-wit, Stuart Baker-Bengen tries to put the moves on Clint and ends up hanging from a beam in Blaine Kem's float den (or "that old warehouse") as they keep referring to it and Margie O'Dair's babies Clint's kids and ends up snuffed in a Maytag, or wis it a Speed Queen?

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. Full Ends, a musical comedy by Buddy Sheffield. performed Tuesday through Saturday at 8: Little Night comedy workshop, Cold Theatrix, performs twice nightly the same nights beginning at 10:30.

Theatre Marigny, 619 Frenchmen, 944-2853. From Thrus. 20: Last Summer at Blue Fish Cove, a one-act drama by James Chambres (not a chamber drama by 'Jane OneAct). Minascelli's Dinner Theatre, 701 S. Claiborne, 889-7300. Through Sept 15. Any Wednesday, about a kept woman who wakes up to the fact that life is indeed for the living. From Fri 14. The Mikado, which is about a dentist who wakes up to find that old warehouse.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Through Sun. 18: Fiddler on the Roof. Fri. 21 through Oct 14. The Mikado, which of course treats of operettas in old Nippon, involving a wandering minstrel, an overly genial lord high executioner, a little miss from school, a re- cluse spinster, various foolish dignitaries and the emperor of the title.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Through Sun. 22: Move Over, Mrs. Marlingham, with a title like that either a foose or a session of group therapy. From Fri 21: Do! Do! Do! A musical version of Jean Harlow's play The Four-Poster which races fourteen or fifteen decades in the life of your usual Darzy and Joan by what transpires in their old brass mare's nest.

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JOHN ADAMS DIXIES LEE KING FLOYD ELLERFORD ERIC CLAPTON EARL SCRUGGS BOD MORGAN BOB WELCH DANNY WINTER VERA H trong
Celestin's Dixieland Band, replacing his talented cousin, Jeannette Kimball, on piano. "Papa Celestin had the most popular band in New Orleans. His band was even a member of the white union, and no other black band did that until the unions merged in the Seventies. We mostly played on Bourbon Street at the Paddock Lounge. Once we went over to Texas and I was supposed to go to Germany to play for Eisenhower. But Jeanette and no other black band did that until the unions merged. Jeanette had the most popular band in New Orleans. Tin had the city's renowned pianists.

Despite his aversion to recording, Tuts was often sought out by other New Orleans pianists for "tips," served as an inspiration for most of the city's renowned pianists. "A lot of these Johnny-come-lately piano players came to hear me. I remember Fats Domino when he was just a lil' ole fat boy. I had a job down at the Club Desire with Smiley and he come around beggin' me to play 'The Honeydripper.' But Fats can't play nothin' but that 6/8 time. He got lucky and came along with that 'Blueberry Hill.' In these teenedged times. He needed that band behind him to sound good.

"I used to go over to James Booker's house when he was a boy. His grandmother was a personal friend of mine. We used to drink together. He was like Fess, he would sneak in the joints and listen to me play. He was a pretty good little piano player, I have to give him that. He was one of the only guys that was good enough to play on Bourbon Street. But that dope brought him down. I saw him when he come out of the penitentiary with a patch over his eye; he saw me on Bourbon Street and gave me a big hug. I said, 'Where you been, James?' He said, 'Over the hill, Pops.' It's too bad he got mixed up in that dope."

Throughout the latter half of the Seventies, Tuts played with his old friend Thomas Jefferson at the Maison Bourbon and occasionally played house parties for New Orleans' most well-to-dos. In 1979, he participated in Piano Players Rarely Ever Play Together, a documentary film produced by Stevenson Palfi, which also featured Professor Longhair and Allen Toussaint. "It was to show three generations of piano players," explains Tuts. "I'm one of the oldest, the other ones learned from me. I'm the one that sold that picture. Now I told you about Fess, I knew about Allen when he lived back in Gert Town and learned offa Ernest Penn. Allen got his name from writin' music for other people."

In 1980, Tuts began a two-year engagement at the Bayou Room, an elegant lounge inside the Pontchartrain Hotel on St. Charles Avenue. At the time, this observer wrote: "He plays the piano three nights a week, from Thursday to Saturday, for the cocktail crowd in the Pontchartrain Hotel's Bayou Bar. The majority of his audience consists of affluent New Orleanians, with a smattering of conventioneers sporting plastic lapel cards, waiting to dine in the St. Charles Avenue hotel's elegant dining room.

"The Steinway baby grand is scarred from the endless splashes of drinks and burning cigarettes. Tuts Washington sits behind its keyboard letting the standards flow, and the requests pour in all night long. 'Canadian Sunset,' 'Sentimental Journey,' 'Hello Dolly,' 'Juts is never at a loss for crowd pleasers in the Bayou Bar."

"Occasionally he will tap his Storyville roots and launch into a blistering boogie woogie that will recall the pioneers of boogie woogie piano from the 1920's, Jimmy 'Papa' Yancey and Pinetop Smith. The years roll away as Tuts' hands fly over the piano keys, seemingly faster than the man of 74 years of age should be able to play.

"Just about this time, conversation at the bar and the crowded tables ceases. Attention focuses on the little man with the odd tuft of hair (a coif which in Storyville times would have identified him as a house pianist). He finishes with a flourish of the piano keys, seemingly faster than the man of 74 years of age should be able to play.

Everybody drinks up, some leave a tip on the piano, but all leave with a smile. That's the earmark of a successful player's evening. A good piano player brings it all together."

In March of 1983, at the age of 76, Tuts finally made his first solo recordings, which resulted in Tuts finally consented to recording after Rounder complied with the stringent specifications laid down by the New Orleans Musicians Union. During the two days of recording, Tuts surprisingly reacted like a studio veteran, putting down more than twenty completed piano solos and one vocal, the risque "Papa Yellow's Blues."

"I'm glad I finally made one," says Tuts. "I'm proud of it. Everybody that heard it said they liked it, white folks and colored. I even sold some in my neighborhood and the people said that they enjoyed it. See, I mixed it up, I'm versatile, I didn't just put the blues on there, I mixed in some of them standard numbers.

"I believe my playin' is better than it was twenty or thirty years ago. I'm not as fast, but I'm still fast enough. I know more now, 'cause I keep studyin'. I goes down to Werlein's and buy books to study it. A good piano player's got to keep studying and improving. If you don't, you're not worth a damn anymore."
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MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

November 1984 / Wavelength 29
Sonnet for Steam Callope

I don't want to drive over any more future bridges. Exultant toddlers, while the moon rises like a thud in the ocean, I'll tell you. I'll make a wish on the moon, and then fall to my knees and get a look at the floor of heaven, you know. Oh, I've heard before the uncrowned heads of Carrolton. They all went right to sleep. What a relief! I'm so glad you're here. Am I not impressed? I'm sure I am. What if I'm not? What if I'm not? What if I'm not? What if I'm not?

The Natchez Audubon Park. Woody Herman. What if you woke up one morning and heard the Liebesleid on the steam callope. back words, in Latin? Would you love me then? —Everette Maddox

Scott spent the last part of August in Dallas recording Jackson's Sam Myers (a former Elmore James accompanist) with "Brother" Anson Funderburgh on the slightly-dented gold Stratocaster. Yet another Englishman of good taste, ex-Squeeze keyboardist Jools Holland, has released what is essentially a tribute to Jools Holland, titled Jools Holland Meets Rock-A-Boogie. Seen by MTV's viewers this summer during his stint as a guest VJ, Holland delivers at least two significant numbers. First of all, Professor Longhair's "Black Beauty," which mixes Fess-style piano with ska horn charts; and "Tipitina Tree," which—sorry, Jules—makes us cringe. First of all, Professor Longhair's "Tipitina" was more or less nonsensical. Holland's version, rooted in—gasp!—country-westernism, is about a tree in Ohio. Apparently, Englishfolk, cursed with the worst climate and food on the planet, think that Ohio is exotic.

If Ohio's exotic, imagine what the limeys must think about Terpsichorean, where Fess bought a house for his wife (Mrs. Alice Byrd) and family shortly before his death in 1980. To President Reagan's rhetorical query: "Are You Better Off Now Than You Were Four Years Ago?," Mrs. Byrd would have to say, "No." The lady can't meet her mortgage payments so we've got a concert this month's issue but something delivered the story and art to the wrong address and now we're afraid that one of our elderly neighbors might've received the dispatch by mistake and that's why that ambulance was parked down the street the other day.

An unknown fan joined Steve Wynn of the Dream Syndicate onstage for an impromptu duet during the band's August recital at Jimmy's and actually knew the words to the song! New bassist Mark Walton celebrated his birthday the same evening and the Syndicate's choice of cover material reflected the group's Hollywood roots: they played "Ghostbusters."

Remember that Wolf Brand Chili commercial with the crusty voice asking, "How long has it been since you've had a bowl of Wolf Brand Chili?" The retool, of course, was "Well, that's too long." Our next question: how long have the Sheiks been together? That's right—14 years! These St. Louis pupils of Chuck Berry celebrated their rock 'n' roll birthday on August 11 at Jimmy's with handsome Dino Kruse, who's sold Stratocasters to Jeff Beck and Joe Walsh, as the opening attraction. "If you sit at home for this one," read the invitation to the gala, "you could end up like Miss America!!"

Roll over, Joan Collins: local writer Jerry Ellis has scripted a TV pilot set at Joey K's Restaurant on Magazine Street. Entitled "Tommy Coffee Dog," Ellis says it's about "having fun. Reaching up your sleeve and finding more than an elbow. The script idea jumped into my head one morning a month ago while I was in Joey K's paying my respects to the coffee bean packeters high in the Andes. I was on my fourth cup of coffee when Tom, the cashier, set a ceramic dog on the counter. Customers gathered around the pretty little clay-baked mutt and were within a hair of talking to it and trying to get it to do tricks. In the pilot, I bring New Orleans' famous Bead Lady into the scene and well, let's just say that the magic bead that Tom buys for the dog does, indeed, have a little of that old Frosty the Snowman magic.

Whether or not the nation's television homes will one future season be exposed to life as it's lived on the Street of Dreams remains to be seen and/or sold. Explains Ellis: "It stands as much of a chance getting off the launching-pad—here in New Orleans—as a Cadillac turned up-right with six bottle-rockets tied to it."

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Head back to school and to the hottest new club to hit the Lakefront area. CORNER OF ROBERT E. LEE at FRANKLIN

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