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Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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The First Song of Rock 'N' Roll

The Singer
The Songwriter
The Band

Tutti Frutti

NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE
WAVELNGTH

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FRANK ZAPPA
"TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY WORLD TOUR"
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McAlister Auditorium, Tulane University
Tickets Available at all Ticketmaster Outlets
Irma Signs With Rounder

Irma Thomas, who for decades has been one of New Orleans' favorite entertainers, has signed a new recording pact with Rounder Records, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The 43-year-old songstress first recorded for the Ron label in 1959, and had a hit immediately with "You Can Have My Husband," which reached the lower portion of the national R&B charts. A number of local hits followed in the early Sixties on the Minit label, including "It's Rain," "I Did My Part," and "Ruler Of My Heart" among others. Recordwise, Ms. Thomas' biggest year was 1964, when four of her singles crashed the Billboard Hot 100, including "Wish Someone Would Care," which peaked at Number 17. Although she never repeated her chart success, she continued a string of excellent records which appeared on Chess, Canyon, Roker, RCS and Sansu. In signing with Rounder, Ms. Thomas will wax her first album since the Safe With Me effort, recorded in 1980. Preliminary plans call for the session to take place in February, with a possible release date as early as the 1985 Jazz and Heritage Festival.

— Almost Slim

Irma's up in the air over new EP.

Ripping The Rock

Dash Riprock was Ellie Mae Clampett's Hollywood stud boyfriend on the Beverly Hillbillies. Dash Riprock is also a high energy rockabilly trio out of Baton Rouge who approach their work with youthful enthusiasm and an emphasis on having fun. Consider their version of Johnny Cash's "Get Rhythm," a study in garage dynamics: starts out fairly straight Cash-style, towards the middle they bring it way down low, real cool, and just when you expect a fade out, they're blasting at you full volume a la Jason and The Scorchers. Add a handful of respectable originals and you might find a prescription some serious post-adolescent rug cutting. Keep an eye out for Clarke Marley, Big Bill Davis and Honky Ned Hickel next time you're scanning the club calendars... tell 'em Jethro sent ya.

— rico
Double Treble

Those eyeglasses! That baby face! That soon-to-be-distended upper lip! It's gotta be Wynton! NO! It's Marlon! AND Wynton!

Marlon Jordan (Kent's little brother) joined the New Orleans Symphony on October 9 at the Theatre For The Performing Arts in one of a series of Young People's Concerts for area public school students. The World's Most Famous And Well-Publicized Jazz Musician, Wynton Marsalis, stopped by to wish his lil' buddy good luck and pose for a few quick photos.

Marlon practically brought the house down with his inspired trumpet solo, as his fellow students called him back onstage with deafening applause. Looks like the stage could be set for another world-class musician to emerge from the N.O.C.C.A. building... all he needs now is some new glasses.

Marlon Jordan and Wynton Marsalis—N.O.C.C.A. grads are bad.

"SHAKA"

The debut LP from

BOBBY ELLIS' AND THE CREW

"SHAKA"
The debut LP from Bobby Ellis
DA 102
Also available on CHROME cassette (DA 102csl)

COMING SOON

Burning Spear drummer Nelson Miller turns producer with The Two Ton Machine debut album "CHINATOWN."

This great dance record features five new vocalists and a thunderous rhythm section. Enjoy the reggae versions of "Guitar Man," "Broken Hearted Melody," and much more.

Distributed by IMPORTANT, CITY HALL and GREAT BAY RECORD DISTRIBUTORS
Or order by mail from Dublab Records, 1537A 4th St., San Rafael, CA 94901 - (415) 492-9733
**A Hit By Accident**

FALL 1970—King Floyd, an employee of the United States Postal Service, is stopped by WYLD deejay Harrison Verrett, on his way to work. Verrett informs Floyd that he intends to play his new single, recorded two months previously in Jackson Mississippi, the very next day on the radio. (Floyd had had no luck leasing the single to a major company and finally the two sides were released on the tiny Chimneyville label, which was associated with the Jackson Studio.) Floyd tunes in the next morning but to his horror and amazement, Verrett is airing the wrong side of the single! He immediately informs the deejay of his error, but is told that the side being played is the one everyone goes for. As Verrett plays the B-side of his record, Floyd returns to work, resigned to his song dying on the vine. But a strange thing happens. The record gathers steam and crosses over on the New Orleans stations. Atlantic becomes interested in the single for the national market and it promptly shoots to number one in the R&B charts and number six in the pop charts, selling more than a million copies by Christmas. The record, of course, is the funky “Groove Me,” which has served as the high-water mark for Floyd’s colorful career.

—Almost Slim

**Ballad Meets Funk**

Scott Detweiler and his band, Organized Noise, appear on stage with a certain playful defiance. This may be due to an anticipated animosity towards the sight of Detweiler’s acoustic guitar by those conditioned to the vapid clammering of Quiet Riot and Ratt. Ironically, Detweiler and Organized Noise (Billy Schell on drums) are more than capable of unleashing emotionally charged music, albeit in a civilized manner.

Admittedly an acoustic guitar is not unique and has seen a recent rebirth of popularity due to bands like Big Country and Aztec Camera, but these groups—Eighties pop meets early Sixties rock—are a far cry from Detweiler and O.N., who are more like ballad meets funk. Inevitable comparisons to the already famous will be made, though on any given night the band only faintly resembles the likes of Crosby, Stills, and Nash all the way to Don McLean. And since they do not originate the band’s favorite influences are cleverly camouflaged.

Detweiler, leader of the group, is not a dictator. All hold up their corner of the triangle and there is an inherent feeling of trust among everyone. Detweiler who has played in several garage bands and played solo during the past year, feels the skillful interplay is due in part to everyone’s musical academic training. Says Scott, “We all speak the same language.” Noting that some of the best songwriters were untrained, he compares music to cooking. “Someone who learns cooking at home learns the hard way, while someone who has gone to chef school knows all the short cuts.” It makes it easier to write and then communicate the complexities of his music when everyone understands the jargon.

Detweiler has studied jazz performance (under Bill Huntington) among other things at Loyola Music School, had two years of theory and composition at University of New Orleans and is currently studying orchestration with Ellis Marsalis. His homework assignment is to orchestrate his song “Come to Me” for a full symphony. Accordingly, says Detweiler with a sigh, “It’s a lot of work.”

Clements (or Organized), a recent graduate of Rummel High School and now a psychology major at U.N.O., has had a wealth of experience despite his tender age. Some of his mentors include Tim Auscorn and Gary Parker (of Boys Town/Pop Combo) and a stint of stage time with the band Mirrors. Incredibly deft at his trade already, Clements was skeptical at doing ballads feeling that his “heart is in Motown.” But he has managed a successful marriage of the two styles, each clearly identifiable.

Drummer Billy Schell seems the obvious source of energy on and off stage, his nuttiness nicely juxtaposed with the quiet...
refinement of the others. Schell is also a student at U.N.O., though his musical education comes from two years of study with New Orleans Symphony percussionist David DeGroot, and the popular though short-lived Moderns. Schell was also unsure about playing Detweiler's music at first because of the constant changes in rhythms and dynamics and the overall complexity of the music. "It's not all 1-2-3-4 count, it was a challenge; but now that I know it works my attitude has definitely changed." Though Scott is the essential writer, Schell has a talent for arrangement and is particularly fond of sharp endings and beginnings so that if the middle is a bit weak you nonetheless go out with a bang."

Instrumental dexterity is only one characteristic of their music. Detweiler has a superbly powerful voice, controlled and delicate at times. His lyrics are written in a poetical Renaissance style, absorbed with sad observances of our world along with an occasional woeful love song. The tunes are not all serious—some of the lyrics are absurdist or nonsensical—nor is the delivery plaintive or preachy, just speculative, making one wonder why such thoughts are lurking deep in the mind of this candidate for school girl idol.

NOTE: Scott Detweiler and Organized Noise will be appearing at the opening act for Arlo Guthrie at the Saenger, Thursday, November 15.
Outcry
Of Conscience
And Rhythms

With the release of the new Mutabaruka album, Outcry, there is once again something significant and controversial to discuss about reggae music. Probably everyone even slightly interested in Caribbean music for culture knows Mutabaruka, the Jamaican writer of patois poetry who teamed up with Earl "Chinna" Smith's High Times Players band to spread his message of revolutionary politics through records and live tours. Although he has published three books and several 45s, he's best known in New Orleans for his first album, Check It, and for his mind-blowing performance at Tipitina's a year ago. It was almost unbelievable that the friendly, open-minded man who walked around and met people at Tipitina's before the show was the same man who later that evening pulled no punches on stage, expressing opinions on the world situation, race relations, Jamaican and American culture. While some were offended by his thought there's no more views on American culture and politics, there was less disagreement on his poems directed at racial and social issues. Most of what he performed that night was from the Check It album; the remainder, and more, now appear on Outcry.

Without doubt Mutabaruka is a finger-pointer, and this directness offends or scares many people. I've had people say to me that this is too negative an approach, that a better method would be to express the positive aspects of situations and to work from there. But I don't see one approach as being better than the other; we need leaders taking both approaches. People must be awakened and told to look around them before they can start doing anything about situations either in the world or their own community. In addition, I don't feel that Mutabaruka was saying how bad everything is. His ideas for social change include positive action, and whether or not one agrees with the ideas, the point is to awaken minds.

From a musical standpoint the new album and Outcry also the High Times Players, with their jazz-influenced, show band style, are perfect as a backdrop for Mutabaruka's poems. Although not one of the harder bands in Jamaica, they are comfortable playing all types of music, and Mutabaruka takes them through their paces on the new album I will always highly recommend an album like this one, which is in the classic Caribbean style, with great rhythm and conscious lyrics.

Outcry is making it to New Orleans record stores. The High Times Players band and Mikey Dread album entitled Pave the Way. I don't find anything totally unique about this record, but Mikey Dread's vocal style has always added an odd touch to his dub mix, and this record is no exception. And check with the bass on it and you've hit on Roots and Culture.

New records by Linton Kwesi Johnson, Aswad and Bob Marley (a compilation called Legend) are being distributed by Island Records, but from their new releases, one record stands out from the rest, and it is highly recommended. The album is History, Mystery, Prophecy by one of the true geniuses of Jamaican musical history, Lee "Scratch" Perry. After a few years on his own, Perry is back with more than impressive reggae albums. He is known for his ability to incorporate a wide range of musical influences into his work.

African pop music is becoming more and more popular in America and consequently, many African artists are looking for new avenues to make their music heard. New Orleans record stores are looking for new reggae artists and one that's catching their attention is Oku Onuora.

While the current wave of reggae has been dominated by the sounds of Jamaica, there has been a resurgence of interest in the traditional forms of the music. One example of this is the recent release of an album by the band A New Day. This album features a mix of traditional and modern reggae styles, and has been well received by fans of the genre.

In conclusion, there is a lot of potential for growth in the reggae community, and the records being released right now are a testament to that. With the right promotion and support, these artists can make a big impact on the music scene.
On Tour ... 
U2 was hailed as "The Next Who" in the wake of the 1982 album, War, and American tour. Now this Irish band has returned with a Brian Eno produced LP, Unforgettable Fire, and extensive American roadwork. On record, U2's sound appears to have dropped a few decibels and become a bit spacier (due to Eno's influence, no doubt). But on stage, U2 continues to fuel their attack with aggressive guitarizing and booming rhythm grooves.

Top of the Charts

No. Albums Singles
1 Tonight David Bowie (EMI) "Let's Go Crazy" Prince (Warner Bros.)
2 Phantoms Fire (MCA) "Drive" Cars (Electra)
3 Born in the USA Bruce Springsteen (Chicago) "Hard Habit to Break" (Columbia)
4 Purple Rain Prince (Warner Bros.) "I Just Called to Say I Love You" Stevie Wonder (Motown)
5 Go-Go's Lindsey Buckingham (Electra) "Outhouse Star" Madonna (Warner Bros.)
6 Eddy & The Cruisers Soundtrack (Scotti Bros.) "Missing You" John Waite (EMI)
7 Instincts Ronnie Void (CBS) "Shut Up" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
8 No Dinks John Waite (EMI) "On the Dark Side" John Cafferty & Beaver Brown (RCA)
9 Heartbeat City Cars (Elektra) "Some Girls Have All the Luck" Huey Lewis (Warner Bros.)
10 Riff Raff Bar & Edwards (Columbia) "Caribbean Queen" Billy Ocean (Jive Records)

In the Studio ... 
Thomas Dolby stopped by Criteria Studios in Miami recently to add some synthesizer tracks to George Clinton's upcoming Capitol. Recently, work engineer the sessions were Richard Acero and Stan Lambert. At Control Center in Hollywood, CA, Naked Frey are at work on a new mini album. The disc is to be released on Down There Records, a label which has been inactive since 1982 but which is being revitalized by Steve Wynn of the Dream Syndicate. It will be distributed by another Los Angeles indie, Enigma Records. At work on the record in virtual Who's Who of LA underground bands, Dan Stuart of Green on Red is producing while Paul B. Cutler of 45 Grave is engineering. Former Bow Wow Wow vocalist Anabella Lwin is at New York's Greene Street Records recording on a solo album for RCA. John Robie is producing. Rod Hui is engineering, with assistance from Erika Klein, Greene Street also recently husbanded producer Don Was, who cut an album for EMI artist David Basley. Rod Hui and Joe Arnold were at the board engineering; the sessions were Richard Acror Lambert ... At Control Center ... Uniquel girl

Hottest Videos
New videos added to MTV:
"I'm Leaving You" Scorpions (Mercury)
"Who Wears the Shoes" Elton John (Geffen)
"Out of Touch" Hall & Oates (RCA)
"Lap of Luxury" Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)
"Stunnin' Out" Steve Perry (Columbia)
"No More Lonely Nights" Paul McCartney (Columbia)
"All I Want Is Everything" Aztec Camera (Warner Bros.)
"Long Blond Animal" Golden Earring (Polygram)
"Into the Fire" Dokken (Elektra)
"Eye of Destruction" Red Rockers (Columbia)
"Kiss Me Red!" Dreams (Columbia)
"Once in a Lifetime" Talking Heads (Warner Bros.)

Heavy rotation on MTV:
"Inflation" Rod Stewart (Warner Bros.)
"Drive" Cars (Elektra)
"Blue Jean" David Bowie (EMI)
"Sexy Girl" Glenn Frey (MCA)
"Missing You" John Waite (EMI)
"You Better Be Good to Me" Tina Turner (Capitol)
"Going Insane" Lindsay Buckingham (Elektra)
"Lights Out" Peter Wolf (EMI)

Critics' Choice
Jain Blair Watches Tina Turner Strut Her Stuff
Simply put, Tina Turner is a phenomenon. At somewhere around the half century mark, she looks better, moves better and sings better than most kids half her age. And now with a long overdue Number One LP and single, she has also gained mainstream acceptance as a solo artist who effortlessly straddles the worlds of R&B and rock and roll. Looking suitably provocative in black leather, and greeted by an adoring sold-out house, Tina swept onto the stage of LA's Beverly Theater and proceeded to give an inspired, high-energy performance of her greatest hits that dispelled any lingering suspicions that she might be slowing down. With hardly a pause for air, she belted out such old favorites as "River Deep, Mountain High" and "Nutbush City Limits," sandwiched between newer cuts like "Private Dancer," the catchy "I Can't Stand the Rain," and her current mega-hit, "What's Love Got to do with It." But while Tina was in top form, her band and tacky stage set were strangely out of tune with her performance. Why she chose to appear alongside some amateurish-looking pictures of leopards with eyes that lift up is a mystery, and the band, while competent, was pedestrian and dull. Tina is still at her explosive best when she has someone to play off, and the partly keyboardist was sadly no substitute for either the famous besser or last year's long-legged back-up singers. But Tina brought the show to a volcanic climax with her own version of ZZ Top's "Legs," and versions of two songs that highlight both her R&B roots and rock and roll instincts - a searing "Let's Stay Together" and equally ferocious "Proud Mary." With Tina's band and stage design, this would have been one of the best gigs of the year — as it was, it was still a personal triumph for an artist who, in her own words, "has only just started."
Kenny Rogers Vs. The Garage Disease

I last month's broadcast of the Country Music Awards television show is reflective of the current condition of country music, then country music needs a priest, fast. Fifty-five minutes of Kenny Rogers, Alabama, and Lionel Ritchie; five minutes of Bill Monroe, Floyd Tillman, and Waylon Jennings.

Fortunately, there remains a growing number of large and small record companies that have continued to provide us with classic (and often downright weird) releases in country and rockabilly. Let's crank the quartz-locked Victrola and give 'em a spin.

First up is Rounder Records, whose Special Series follows up their landmark Ernest Tubb release Honky Tonk Classics (SS14) with another great collection of oldies called Burn The Honky Tonk Down (SS15) by George Jones. Jones' recording career took him from Pappy Daily's Starday label in the mid-Fifties, on to Mercury, United Artists, and then back to Daily's Musicor label from 1965 to 1971. The songs on this reissue were mostly recorded from the Musicor vaults by way of a lawsuit that Rounder won with MCA, I think, but that's not really important. What is important is that classic sides like "Feeling Single-Seeing Double" and "A Good Year For The Roses" have been given quarter with lesser known gems like the malevolent title waltz and possibly the world's only musically photographic study in pathos, "Developing My Pictures." A knockout collection.

Regular listeners of The Prairie Home Companion radio show will want to scoop up on Riders In The Sky's new Live album (Rounder 0186). The Riders are a crackerjack acoustic trio that sings some of the wackiest Western ditties in three-part harmony, and enacts some of the funniest cowboy skits ever performed in the annals of recorded country music. Dr. Woody Paul (a.k.a. "El Caballero of the Lost Mind") is the main instrumentalist on Bob Wills-type swing fiddle. Ranger Doug ("The Idol Of American Youth") and Too Slim (who "rides drag in the roundup") fill out on rhythm guitar and upright bass. Together they construct a relaxed, yet precise reenactment of the old Twenties and Thirties style of entertaining radio broadcasts that dominated the airwaves in prevideo days. "The Yodel Blues" features dead-on harmony yodeling (easier said than done), when "The Bloom Is On The Sage" shares billing with "Cowboy Song" as epitomall cowboy music. "After You're Gone!" is more like Wild West-bop and side one concludes with the hilarious "Varmint Dancing" that finds Too Slim on all fours with his "sap rising."

Side two is more, much more, of the same copwrenching insanity from these brilliant nostalgists; and the crystal-clear production only adds to the fun. Weird, but beautiful.

Speaking of weirdos, those great folks at Rhino Records (who gave us The Best Of Louie Louie And The World's Worst Records) have come up with another hot biscuit in the form of a Sun's Greatest Hits picture disc. But it's not exactly a picture disc, it's a 12-inch authentic reproduction of the original yellow Sun Records label, artfully sandwiched between two sheets of clear vinyl. Electromechanically etched onto the surface of said vinyl sandwich are the hottest sides of Sun's hottest rock 'n rollers, minus Elvis the P. Jerry Lee Lewis ("Great Balls Of Fire")."Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On.") Carl Perkins ("Honey Don't."). "Blue Suede Shoes"). Warren Smith ("Ubangi Stomp"). Edwin Bruce ("Rock Boppin' Baby"). plus Junior Parker, Roy Orbison, Sunny Burgess, and Dickie Lee. Serious rock collectors will probably own much of this material already, but what a party record! Even if you've spun this stuff till you're blue, you can do like famous music writer Almost Slim and hang this one on your wall!

Doc and Merle Watson's new Sugar Hill release Down South (SH-3742) continues their tradition of mountain folk tunes rearranged by father and son. No drums or string sections on this one, Bud, lots of plaintive vocalizing by the Doctor and enough superb guitar/banjo/fiddle/bass interacting to satisfy the most demanding purist. "Slidin' Delta," "Coal Miner's Blues," and "Hesitation Blues" give side one a definite sardonic blue edge and it closes with Doc by his lonesome on "What A Friend We Have In Jesus." A sweet album that points more to the mountains of Appalachia than to the bright lights of Nashville and sports a nifty handcolored Jim McGuire cover photo.

Do you really get off on that fake-twang California style phrasing of ex-Eagle Glenn Frey? Love those textbook harmonies and cliched guitar licks of Poco? Can you find real "meaning" in those inbred lyrics by such schlockmeisters as Toto and LeRoux? Then by all means run out and buy the latest Aitchaflaya album, Defined. This Louisiana band defines themselves as a "Cajun Country-Rock Band" according to the back cover. The
problem is that they aren't really any of the three, they just sort of homogenously skin over the surface of the genre and it all comes out sounding real safe, perfectly executed, with not a hair out of place. Leon Medien has certainly achieved a "perfect" production with this one, but I wouldn't touch it with Pere-Pere's ten-foot pirogue pole. I have relatives who love this kind of stuff, though.

Bad Records

Speaking of bad records, a lot of bad records pass through the Wavelength office and after listening to enough of them you begin to get used to hearing certain tendencies and trends in them. And some of them aren't really bad records at all; they just have one or two bad things about them. One such trend is what I call the "Vocalist Who Can't Sing Syndrome." Devil's Daughter (King Pin 001) by Fast Floyd and The Famous Firebirds and Oogum Boogum (Real Gone RGLP005) by Pinky Black and The Excessives are two 12-inchers that succumb to this particular malady.

The Famous Firebirds must be a great bar band; gunshot backbeat, funky bass, narcotic saxophone, etc., but that Floyd boy! Ugh! Somebody tell this guy that the melody is usually the part that the vocalist is supposed to sing, unless you're Lydia Lunch... and Floyd is much cuter than Lydia Lunch. Floyd and the boys choose a pretty good repertoire for this effort with two New Orleans classics; Huey Smith's "High Blood Pressure" and Joe Jones' hit "You Talk Too Much," two Dale Hawkins' numbers, and a damn good version of "My Baby Like Ta." Aspiring vocalists can order this one and a nice gold vinyl zoological 45 of "Tiger Man" b/w "Frog Legs Man" from King Pin Records, 1626 Wilcox, Suite 698, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Pinky Black displays only a tad more vocal prowess than Mr. Fast, but he too is at the helm of a house rocking bar combo. What pulls this band (and this record) a notch or two above other bands in this genre is the quality and variety of Mr. Black's original songs. "Ode To Billy Dye" is a horn loaded instrumental swimming in subtle vibrato, "Like Wow!" is Nebraska boogie cha-cha rock about going out in a car, and "Mixed Up Dazed Confused" is sporty arpeggios "walking on quicksand." P.B. and the E.'s are available from Real Gone Records, 2724 Summer, Lincoln NE, 68502.

In the Last But Not Least By Any Means Department we have Rockabilly Psychosis and The Garage Disease (WIK 18) a compilation on the British label Big Beat, which is a subsidiary of British Ace. Swaggering, demented, brutal, illogical Music To Have A Nervous Breakdown By, this LP combines a handful of Fifties and Sixties American garage rockers with a handful of British and American late-wave shockbilly, with a handful of... er, "things." The "things" include "Paralysed" by The Legendary Stardust Cowboy, who may have been dipping a little too often into the legendary stardust when he cut this one, and an unforgivable Bad Limy cover of "Folsom Prison Blues" by The Geezers. Old Yankee stuff includes the Trashmen's original "Surfin' Bird," Young Yankee stuff includes an excellent Gun Club cut, "Jack On Fire," and Panther Burn's "Dateless Night." My own permanently warped sensibilities are especially fond of The Sonics' "Psycho," The Meteor's "Radioactive Kid," and an especially hyperactive version of "Red Headed Woman" by Jim Dickinson with The Cramps. Legend has it that they were locked into Sam Phillips' studio all night by a time-lock device on the studio door and this cut is what emerged the next morning. If all that isn't enough to make you go out and spend ten dollars on an import record of important "bad" music, take note/ it's pressed on pink vinyl!
Musical Migration

In the neverending quest for live music, few stones remain unturned by music lovers and bands in New Orleans. The trendsetters have developed patterns and tell-tale traces leading to the newest finds. The city's new musical spots noted this month indicate a certain amount of migration, and we've followed the faithful to some new and promising locations.

Privateers Lounge, located on Franklin Avenue in the Gentilly/Lakefront area regularly draws the obvious crowd from the UNO campus, but also lures patrons who've been frequenting the Uptown music clubs. Right around the corner it's not. The music is composed of bands who've carved a niche in the Uptown market and have ventured to Privateers because it's been receptive to many different bands, and provides another financially beneficial outlet. Privateers used to be The Loop. After a brief recess period to renovate, it reopened under new management and a new name in September. The local bands who were quick to jump on the wagon have gained more exposure by playing to a new, more diverse crowd. New Orleans bands carry with them fans from their particular neighborhoods. Thus, the parking lot in front of the club is well-used by locals and the Lakefront can be seen leaving via caravan to make their way across the interstate.

The Ramones — Nov. 7

John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown Band — Nov. 10

Patrick Moraz & Bill Bruford
(Keyboard Player for Moody Blues & formerly of YES)
(Drummer for King Crimson & formerly of Genesis)

Acoustic Music for Piano & Drums — Nov. 13

Producers

Nov. 21

KASHIF
Nov. 23
KAPPA ALPHA PSI PRESENTS

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Why the West Bank? Pete Vicari had the foresight and desire to convert the building to a 1,000 peak-capacity concert hall. Vicari's been in the nightclub business for well over ten years, providing the West Bank/Harvey area with clubs in the past like The Big Apple and Gatsby's Disco.

Musical Migration

The trend in New Orleans is the emergence of new music clubs. These clubs are located throughout the city, catering to different tastes and styles. The West Bank called The Arch is one such club. The Arch is located in Harvey, Louisiana, and has been a popular spot for local and national musicians.

The Arch is a small, intimate venue that attracts a variety of musical genres. It is known for its friendly atmosphere and excellent sound quality. The club has hosted numerous local and international acts, including famous musicians like Buddy Guy, Etta James, and Trombone Shorty.

The Arch has established itself as a go-to destination for music lovers, offering a diverse range of performances, including rock, blues, jazz, and soul. The club's active schedule attracts a diverse audience, including music enthusiasts and locals who enjoy the vibrant music scene.

The Arch is located at 4330 N. 31st Street in Harvey, Louisiana. It is easily accessible for visitors, providing a unique cultural experience. The club is one of the many music venues in New Orleans that contribute to the city's rich cultural heritage and thriving music scene.

For more information, visit the official website or contact the venue directly. The Arch is a great place to experience live music, support local artists, and immerse oneself in the vibrant culture of New Orleans.
RARE RECORD

Primo Prima

Louis Prima . . . featuring Keely Smith with Sam Butera
The Wildest!
Capitol EP-2-755

This is somewhat of a changeup for this column but an enjoyable recess from the usual R&B offerings. Louis was one of those “Eye-talian” boys from New Orleans who had a lot of soul.

On this four-song EP Prima really is at his wildest. He’s positively in the Wynonie Harris mood on “Jump, Jive and Wail,” with another local boy Sam Butera blowing some knocked out sax. Even the neopolitan “Buona Sera” takes an unexpected shift in gear thanks to Butera’s playing. “The Lip” offers a great male-female vocal jousting with Prima and Smith trading barbs. I’m sure that Prima’s inspiration for the song was one, or many, trumpeters he encountered on Bourbon Street, when he was coming up. This is one part of a three-part album and I wish I had the other two EPs that comprised this “album.” I’m sure if I looked hard enough I could probably find them on some three-plays-for-a-quarter jukebox that still resides in Mid-City or the Irish Channel.

—Almost Slim

REVIEWS

The Dozen Strut Their Stuff

Dirty Dozen Brass Band
My Feet Can’t Fail Me Now
Concord Jazz—The George Wein Collection—5005

What a superb release! It’s so great to hear these guys doing so much more with the traditional strains of New Orleans jazz than recreating stuff from the turn-of-the-century, or watering it down so that it’s palatable only for tourists. Here we honestly have a group of young musicians who are carving out their own brand of jazz. Of course it borrows from the styles of yesteryear, but on this album they flaunt what a unique prospect they really are.

If you’ve not heard the Dozen in action, or even if you’re a regular Monday night second liner at The Glasshouse, you won’t be able to fault this release. Things kick off on the A side with one of the group’s signatures “Blackbird Special,” which is a great one song sampler of the Dozen’s style. Kirk Joseph’s tuba walks like an electric funk bass, while the horn section builds to an early crescendo and then blows away everything in sight. Each of the horns takes a brief solo before slipping back into the rhythm section and constructs another series of extended crescendos (I think James Brown would have called it “taking it to the bridge”).

As suggested, funk comes into play, even on the traditional numbers like “I Ate Up the Apple Tree” and “St. James Infirmary,” but it fits so well that only die-hard jazz fans might find things objectionable. But the Dozen don’t just leave their mark on New Orleans, they also give an enjoyable kick in the pants to Ellington’s “Caravan,” a natural tour-de-force, and even Charlie Parker’s “Bongo Beep,” and Thelonious Monk’s “Blue Monk.” I can think of no other album that can take as many bites of the musical pie as the Dozen do and not look bloated and awkward.

Of course the Dozen’s ace, “Feet,” puts the cap on the album, but at that point it wouldn’t have surprised me if they’d have snuck in the “Star Spangled Banner” because I’d have dug that too.

Don’t miss out on this, it truly deserves a listen. Let’s hope this release adds more fuel to the city’s jazz revival and that we don’t have to wait so long for the next Dirty Dozen outing.

—Almost Slim
Blues In Gayland

The 12th Annual San Francisco Blues Festival
September 7-8, 1984

The San Francisco Blues Festival is the oldest annual blues event in the United States. Louisiana artists, including Clifton Chenier, Irma Thomas, Queen Ida and Boogie Jake, have performed at the festival over the years but never in as heavy a concentration as was presented on the second afternoon of the 12th annual edition, thanks to Bon Ton West, a new Santa Cruz-based talent agency that specializes in performers from Louisiana and Texas. The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers, Katie Webster, Clarence Garlow, Buckwheat and the Golden Eagles comprised the first Bon Ton West tour, which began August 30 in Austin and ended September 17 in Santa Barbara. Joining them at the blues festival was Texas songbird Marcia Ball, who was not part of the Bon Ton package but fit in nicely nonetheless.

As many of the 4,000 fans who attended the Sunday show settled on the spacious, grassy lawn of Ft. Mason's Great Meadow, which is part of the federal government's Golden Gate National Recreational Area, the Dirty Dozen kicked off the proceedings by marching onto the field from the parking lot. Blasting out Duke Ellington's "Caravan," they were followed by a small second line, complete with parasols and Mardi Gras masks. After making their way to the stage, the octet played the sprightly "My Feet Can't Fall Me Now," the title cut of their debut album on the George Wein Collection label, interpolating a few Charlie Parker bop lines into the festive, syncopated number. After this too-brief performance, they exited and waited out the afternoon to return seven hours later to close the day with a longer, yet still too-brief set.

Up next were Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. The trio offered a set of crusty, gutsy Texas juke joint blues and boogies. Using heavy reverb on his guitar, the white-suited leader picked in a raw manner reminiscent of Guitar Slim and sang in a gruff, scratchy voice that brought to mind George Thorogood, though he possessed none of Thorogood's abilities as an entertainer.

The Dirty Dozen returned, with the driving intensity of their last two performances crossed over the left, the tall, lean Texan was in fine form as he played rollicking rhumba boogie piano and sang some blues, some Creosote City R&B (including a melancholy, heartfelt Irma Thomas-styled original titled "How Long Does It Hurt"), and two hard rocking Etta James classics—"Touch Lover" and "Tell Mama."

Zydeco singer-accordionist Buckwheat and his smoking I's Partis Band were the clear hit of the day. Modeled on Clifton Chenier and His Red Hot Louisiana Band, Buckwheat and crew were sloppy and out of tune but made up for it with the driving intensity of their music. Closing out his long, electrifying set, he led the shaggy-haired squeeze-boxer to return seven hours after his previous performance, and out of tune but made up for it with the driving intensity of their music. Closing out his long, electrifying set, he sang a medley of Z.Z. Hill's "Steppin' Out and Steppin' In" and "Down Home Blues" and had the crowd on its feet.

The Dirty Dozen returned, with the Eagles continuing to frolic in front of them, to close out the show. After performing two selections, which featured the dirty muted trumpet of leader Gregory Davis and the screaming tenor saxophone of Kevin Harris, the Eagles marched off the stage playing "Saints," the Eagles and much of the audience following behind. It was a fitting ending to a great day of music, yet it was unfortunate that the festival chose to utilize the Dirty Dozen as a novelty act, rather than allowing them to fully showcase their magnificent and innovative fusion of traditional jazz and pop.

The previous day's line-up featured Little Milton, James Cotton, Valerie Wellington and Eddy Clearwater (all from Chicago), the Nighthawks from D.C., Robert Lowery from Santa Cruz, Sonny Rhodes from Oakland, Bob Hall and Dave Peabody from England and Toru Oki from Japan. —Lee Hildebrand
Come up to Kool.

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‘The Big Bang from which everything since has emanated.’
Little Richard—
Make A Joyful NOISE!

BY RICK COLEMAN

Charles White
The Life and Times of Little Richard—
The Quasar of Rock
Harmony Books. $15.95.

Picture shows the Beatles in 1962—mere punks—huddled around Little Richard to bathe in his aura and touch his hands. Even without his crowning pompadour, King Richard’s huge head dominates the scene. With the slit eyes and grin of a Cheshire cat he receives his rightful homage.

Little Richard has always said he was the greatest—rather loudly. After reading this book you won’t doubt it.

Charles “Dr. Rock” White has practiced his British restraint on Richard’s evangelistic rhetoric and supplemented it with countless interviews with the people who knew him best to tell an endlessly fascinating story. We learn Richard’s original name—“Ricardo” (Little Ricardo? Little Ricky?); his childhood nicknames—“Bro,” “War Hawk” (for his singing), and “Princess Lavonne” (!); how Peacock Record owner Don Robey beat up everybody except the late “Big Mama” Thornton of “Hound Dog” fame (“He was scared of her”); how a girl named Enoris walked from Appaloosa, Mississippi, to New Orleans in her Sunday School dress to give Little Richard “Long Tall Sally”; how Sputnik led Little Richard to quit at the absolute apex of rock’n’roll in 1957; how Richard forgave the man who shot his father dead; how Richard stole Jerry Lee Lewis’ glory in headlining a show over Richard by literally stealing his audience; how near the end of Richard’s rocking Larry Williams gave him “the most fearful moment” of his life when he pointed a gun at Richard and threatened to kill him over a cocaine deal; even Richard’s opinion of MTV (racist and “mediocre at best”).

The interviews would be enough in themselves, but there is also a dream listing of every Little Richard session and record compiled by Bob Hyde. And those photos!

The book has two major flaws—White’s almost total neglect of the influence of New Orleans musicians on Richard’s music and career and White’s bumbling narrative, which strings together the interviews.

White has curiously few dates for the events in Richard’s life other than those researched by Hyde. I often found myself wondering which year he was talking about. He also gives little background on those interviewed. The latter part of the book is a virtual log of concerts and orgies, though the sex is undoubtedly sensationalized.

White’s insights on Little Richard are less than scintillating. Would you trust your rock ‘n’ roll to a man who calls Tom Jones “a rock legend”? White collects dozens of “tribute” quotes after a composite Little Richard sermon in a section ironically called “Testimonials.” The quotes range from cosmic (“Little Richard is my favorite singer”—Muhammad Ali)—to stupefying (“There would have been no Deep Purple if there had been no Little Richard”—Jon Lord). Most of White’s analysis is of the “gee whiz” variety, as when he attributes Little Richard’s yo-yoing between rock ‘n’ roll and the gospel-blues ballads with an unusually high-pitched voice. On “Chicken Little Baby” Richard grabbed the piano away from the session player (Melvin Dowden or Huey Smith) and injected some gospel shouting. But it was the obscene novelty Richard claims producer Bumps Blackwell heard him singing during a break at the Dew Drop Inn and had Richard sing and play during the last 15 minutes of the session that provided the breakthrough:

“I’d been singing ‘Tutti Frutti’ for years, but it never struck me as a song you’d record. I didn’t go to New Orleans to record no ‘Tutti Frutti.’ Sure, it used to crack the crowds up...
when I sang it in the clubs, with those risqué lyrics: Tutti Frutti, good booty/If it don't fit, don't force it/You can grease it, make it easy...

The significance of the change was that "Tutti Frutti," with its lyrics famed by New Orleans writer Dorothy Labostrie, was now a nonsensical novelty on which Richard could let all of his inhibitions go because he wasn't taking it or himself seriously. He had always been an exhibitionist and now he became the focal point for everyone to let their inhibitions out through the sheer intensity and humor of his music. The results of such relaxing of self-consciousness is a communal feeling that is rock 'n' roll at its best.

Little Richard best expressed this feeling in an interview with David Dalton for Rolling Stone in 1970 describing a childhood memory of a man who sold vegetables:

"There used to be a man comin' around singin', beatin' a washboard:

Bam-a-lam-bam
You shall be free
In the mornin'

You shall be free
And he'd beat the thing, you know. I'd follow him around, goin' 'Bam-a-lam-bam.' You shall be free." Then the vegetable man would come by. He would draw the people out and he would sing (sings in a high gospel voice):

Blackeyed peas
And a barrel of beans
Grocer man comin' with a cart of greens, Honey.

...and people would all come to the door, and the man would be ridin' down the street with a horse, a wagon, and singin' and everybody would come to the door, and he'd keep singin'...

It was really somethin'. Everybody be singin'. We would be weighin' in the back yard, just singin' and we sound like a big choir, and we never practiced; it was a big choir that had fifty voices all over the neighborhood, and that's what I come from...

Another important part of Richard's childhood which he talked to Dalton about is strangely not mentioned in White's book at all. After being kicked out of his house by his father at age 13 for his bizarre lifestyle, Richard was taken in by Ann Johnson (of "Miss Ann" fame) and her husband Johnny, a well-to-do white couple who owned the Tick Tock club in Macon, Georgia, where Richard began to perform:

"So they adopted me and bought me a brand new car, and I went to school, and she was just like my mother for many years... I think they had a lot to do with me loving people today; I know there is love in every race. That is very unreal in Georgia, it was real, though, because they didn't get nothing out of it, period, and they didn't have to do it, and they did. They really put me together in a big way, and I can't forget it; it's a beautiful thing... I think they had a lot to do with me being Little Richard...

Some of the most insightful comments on Richard in The Ouster of Rock come from Bill Blass, his lead guitar player in the Seventies, who was awash by Richard's performing energy:

"He seemed extraordinarily together. Extraordinarily moral. He really is a moral human being, the most Christ-like character I ever met by a long way. He is just what he is and nothing more. I've known him about ten years and he was always an incredibly kind human being, and that's pretty unusual for a person that important."

So what was the result of Richard's manic rocking? Saxophone player H.B. Barnum, who performed with Richard in the Fifties:

"Richard opened the door. He brought the races together. When I first went on the road there were many segregated audiences. With Richard, although they still had the audiences segregated in the building, they were there together. And most times, before the end of the night, they would all be mixed together... His records weren't boy-meets-girl-girl-meets-boy things, they were fun records, all fun. And they had a lot to say sociologically in our country and the world. The shot was fired here and heard round the world."

As Little Richard might say, the best way to go is and vinegar together is to shake 'em up. Although in his baptized state Richard talks about the homosexuality and drugs connected with rock and calls modern rock "voodoo" and "demonic," he always talks about his old rock 'n' roll in one way:

"Rock music may be just a bunch of noise to some people, but to me it was the music of love. My music brought togetherness, happiness. My music broke barriers that had seemed unbreakable. It drove through walls that no one had been able to get through. My music did that."
Quite often the forgotten spoke in the music industry's wheel is the songwriter. While a recording artist is constantly in the spotlight, a songwriter often stays in the shadows, with little notoriety. But while a recording artist has to keep hustling gigs, keep a band together and make ends meet, a songwriter—a good one anyway—just has to sit home, write music, and wait for the postman to deliver the royalty checks. That's oversimplifying things, but a talented songwriter will always be in demand, as long as there are people making music.

A name that quite often appears on writing credits on classic New Orleans R&B songs is D. Labostrie. Maybe not too many people notice, but D. Labostrie appears as writer or co-writer on such tunes as Little Richard's "Tutti-Frutti," Johnny Adams' "I Won't Cry," Irma Thomas' "Don't Mess With My Man," and Li'l Millet's "Rich Woman."

For the most part, D. Labostrie has been a mystery. There are no records by a D. Labostrie, there's no D. Labostrie in the New Orleans telephone directory and there hasn't been a new song credited to D. Labostrie in nearly two decades. Well, who is D. Labostrie? From Johnny Adams we learn: "That's Dorothy. She lived in the same building I did. She's the one who started me singing R&B." Studio engineer Cosimo Matassa adds, "She was always around the studio trying to get people to do her songs. Whenever someone came from out of town to do a session she was there with an armful of songs." Irma Thomas offers, "Dorothy was a real character, really full of life. She wrote some beautiful songs that really hit home, but I haven't seen or heard from her in at least fifteen years."

No one else around town knew of her whereabouts either. Unlike other New Orleans R&B legends, she didn't hang out in a coffee shop, live in the projects, or drive a cab for a living. After calling every Labostrie in the phone book, the only clue I had to her whereabouts was from a woman.
who was married to a Labostrie. She said Dorothy Labostrie was her husband's niece, but had been in a serious car wreck and she thought she had moved to Kansas City many years ago.

It seemed that D. Labostrie had disappeared in the same fashion as a sheet of newspaper does, twisting and blowing down a dark and windy street. But suddenly, long after I'd abandoned my personal search, Dorothy Labostrie miraculously reappeared. She was back in New Orleans and wanted to be interviewed by the city's community FM station, WWOZ.

With the help of WWOZ's production manager Jerry Brock, I was able to arrange an interview, which if I'd had my way would have been as soon as I could load my cassette with tape and get across town. After a quick chat with the woman over the phone, it was arranged that we'd meet the next day.

I wasn't quite sure what to expect, but I was greeted by a spirited dark-skinned woman with Indian features, who was more than eager to tell her story. Not only was Ms. Labostrie waiting, but so too was a woman introduced to me as her personal secretary. So much for the poor-downtrodden songwriter theory!

Dorothy Labostrie was born May 18, 1928, in the small mining town of Rayland, Kentucky. Her father, Amos Labostrie, came from a New Orleans creole family, but moved north to find work not long after his second marriage. After a mining accident, the Labostries moved to Mobile, Alabama, while Dorothy was still a child.

Dorothy left Mobile in 1941 and headed for New Orleans for the first time to look for her father's relatives. "The first day I came to New Orleans I was out enjoying myself," she began. "I was sitting in a bar on Melpomene Street when this fellow came up and started to talk to me. I told him my circumstances and he asked me if I knew my father's sister and his cousins. I got to feel right at home in New Orleans."

Labostrie took a series of jobs around town, including working as a domestic and as a bartender. But she had higher ambitions for herself, although at the time, she didn't know exactly where to direct them. "I went out to a lot of clubs to hear music," she continues. "The Dew Drop, the Tiajuana, the Robin Hood, the Blue Eagle—all up and down Rampart Street. All your national celebrities stopped there, like Amos Milburn, Bummoose Jackson and Louis Jordan. But of course, there was a lot of great local musicians, too, like Paul Gayten, Larry Darnell and Roy Brown. I got to know just about everyone who was someone in New Orleans.

"Ever since I was in school I used to love to write poems and sing. I knew that I wanted to do something musically but I wasn't sure just what it was. I sang in church of course, but never with a band. Some people would think that's odd because I've been told that I have a beautiful voice."

Labostrie's break came when Specialty Records, from Hollywood, California, brought Little Richard to Cosimo's Studio for his first session with that label. "I'll never forget the date," says Labostrie. "It was September 3, 1955. I was listening to the radio and an announcement came on that immediately caught my attention. It said that Bumps Blackwell [Specialty's producer] was looking for songwriters. Well, as soon as I heard where he was gonna be, I decided I was gonna be a songwriter. I was working as a cook for a lady and I told her that I had to quit because I was going to write a record. Well, she probably thought I was crazy, but that's exactly what I did.

"I practically broke Cosimo's door down the next day. Little Richard was sitting at the piano and it was the first time I'd ever laid eyes on him. I just asked to hear his voice and I sat down and put 'Tutti Frutti' down on paper in 15 minutes."

Although Little Richard has continually stated he in fact wrote the infamous rock 'n roll classic, "Tutti Frutti," "I'll tell you exactly how I came to write that. I used to live on Galvez Street and my girlfriend and I liked to go down to the drug store and buy ice cream. One day we went in and saw this new flavor, Tutti Frutti. Right away I thought, 'Boy, that's a great idea for a song.' So I kept it in the back of my mind until I got to the studio that day. I also wrote the flip side of 'Tutti Frutti,' 'I'm Just A Lonely Guy,' and a spiritual, 'Blessed Mother,' all in the same day."

Chart placements and Billboard and Cashbox reviews aside, "Tutti Frutti" hit the record in-

As soon as she heard Johnny Adams' voice, she knew her 'I Won't Cry' was for him.
dusty like an atomic bomb. Little Richard was suddenly the hottest thing in show business and took off on a torrid, but short lived, rock 'n' roll career. Being the writer of such an influential song, one would have expected Specialty to beat Labostrie. Suddenly the hottest thing in show business and strike his door down to get new material. But except for contributing the rousing "Rich Woman" for Little Millet, such was not the case.

"I wouldn't sell off the rights to my songs," points out Labostrie, explaining the situation. "Art Rupe was the owner of Specialty and he wanted to control everything. They wanted more songs, but they wanted to pay me a flat $500 for them. I knew better because the first check from BMI for 'Tutti Frutti' was more than that.

"After that, the big companies like Chess, Atlantic and Imperial didn't want to deal with me. They knew I wouldn't sell out, so they didn't want to bother with me. But I just piled up material until I had another chance."

Her next opportunity, on a smaller scale, came in the form of Joe Ruffino, who was looking for material for his local labels, Ric and Ron. "Ruffino had a number of great local artists," explains Labostrie. "I wrote songs for Tommy Ridgely, Chris Kenner, Johnny Adams and Irma Thomas. I'm proud to think that most of these great people are still performing today."

"The first time I had a chance with Ruffino was 'I Won't Cry' for Johnny Adams. At the time I was going out with a guy that I really liked, but he wanted to break up. I remember like it was just yesterday, we were sitting under a tree and I said, 'I know you're going to leave me, but I won't cry and I won't shed a tear.' Those words were stuck in my mind and I used them in the song.

"I was living in an apartment at the time at 3418 South Robertson. I was waiting to get in the bathroom and I was in a hurry because I had to go to work. There was this guy from down the hall in there singing 'Precious Lord' and he was really something. It was Johnny Adams. He was working as a roofer at the time and singing in spiritual groups at nights. I asked him if he wanted to sing rock 'n' roll, but he said he couldn't because all his friends would get mad at him.

"Eventually I got him to sing a couple of lines from 'I Won't Cry,' and I knew it just for him. I finally got him to come and talk to Ruffino and we talked him into doing the song. It came out great."

Labostrie was also responsible for supplying Irma Thomas' first hit, the bawdy "Don't Mess With My Man" in 1959. "That was kind of a bold song," she explains, "especially for 1959. I was looking for a young girl with a lot of spirit to sing it and when Irma came along she was just perfect. Irma was just 16 or 17 at the time, but believe me she had a voice."

Labostrie explained that the Ric and Ron sessions generally employed Edgar Blanchard's Gordonians, with Lee Allen and Eddie Bo helping out on occasion. "Edgar was real talented and a guy that I don't think got enough credit. He was a great guitar player and real professional around the studio. He always was coming up with little ideas that were useful."

Eventually the relationship between Labostrie and Ruffino soured. Labostrie says that she was being cheated by Ruffino over writing royalties and claims that to this day she hasn't been paid a cent for "I Won't Cry" and "Don't Mess With My Man."

Labostrie continued to write material in the Sixties, eventually signing an agreement to write material for Cosimo Matassa's White Cliffs Publishing Company. Although she wasn't to write another earth-shaker that compared with "Tutti Frutti," she claims to have written "hundreds of songs," of which twenty-seven were recorded at least once.

"I get inspired to write songs from different sources," she explains. "I've written a lot of good songs just sitting on the bank fishing. I might hear somebody say something in a conversation that strikes me as interesting or I'll just see something that catches my eye. I don't play an instrument so I just try to sing the lyrics for my songs. I always keep a pad and pencil with me so I don't miss anything. I like to go out and listen to music, all types of music, and I get inspiration from that."

The last record that D. Labostrie's name appeared on was "Mickey Mouse Boarding House," Walter Washington's first single recorded for Al Scramazz's Serum label in 1970. But a serious car accident and the death of her mother temporarily put her out of commission, and she eventually moved to New York where she lives today.

Although she is a devout member of the Church Of God In Christ, she doesn't disclaim secular music and even went club-hopping to see Johnny Adams and Tommy Ridgely during her New Orleans sojourn. In fact she still writes "rock 'n' roll" songs and reveals she's penned a song called "Outer Space Woman," that's just waiting to be a hit.

She seems to be living quite comfortably on her writing royalties, which come in every few months. From the song "Tutti Frutti" Labostrie claims she receives on the average of $5,000 every three to six months, although $30,000 was the size of last big one.

"A lot of people thought I was dead," she laughs, "but you can see, I'm not. I'm really interested in writing spirituals now and that's what consumes most of my energy. I want to be a great evangelist and record gospel music. That's where I'm at now."

WWOZ-FM, 90.7, will air a show on Dorothy Labostrie, along with Louisiana writer Roy Hayes, on December 1, at 5:30 p.m.
1. A New York Style pizza is any kind of thin crust pizza. (TRUE or FALSE)

2. It does not matter whether a pizza is made with imitation mozzarella or real mozzarella cheese. (TRUE or FALSE)

3. Roll-through ovens (i.e. conveyor belt type ovens) produce golden brown and crispy pies as well as store ovens. (TRUE or FALSE)

4. Fresh dough does not taste any different than frozen. (TRUE or FALSE)

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"Most of my hits were cut in New Orleans. Earl Palmer was my drummer—he is probably the greatest session drummer of all time—and Lee Allen was my tenor sax player—he, too, is the greatest and they both have influenced so many musicians."

Here is how Little Richard describes his association with New Orleans in *The Life and Times of Little Richard: The Quasar of Rock*. The session listing at the back shows just how great Richard's debt to New Orleans is. "Tutti Frutti," "Slippin' and slidin'," "Long Tall Sally," "Rip it up, Baby," "Good Golly Miss Molly," "The Girl Can't Help It," "Send Me Some Lovin'," etc.—all rock 'n' roll standards—were recorded with you musicians talking about Little Richard and his New Orleans connection.

Robert Parker

Famed for his 1966 smash "Barefootin'", Robert Parker was bandleader and tenor saxophonist at the Club Tiajuana in late 1952 when Little Richard first arrived in New Orleans. I can remember the day when Little Richard came through town with his convertible old Buick and pulling a wagon behind it. Oscar "Red" Tyler and I owned the Tiajuana. He told me, "Robert, they got a new group in town." I'd seen the wagon outside—"Tempo Toppers" on it. They were asleep upstairs in the hotel. And I used to be around there and eat my lunch. He said, "We got a group upstairs—Little Richard & the Tempo Toppers. You ever heard of them?" I said, "No, but they gotta be good, they got a group; I see the name on the van and everything." He said, "Well, they gonna play with you tonight.

So my boss hired him as an artist—the whole group, man. I think he had a lady playing timbales or something. And Billy Brooks was with him—singer too. And, man, they had one of the best shows you ever wanna see. It meant much.

Earl King

One of New Orleans greatest bluesmen and walking archive of New Orleans R&B, Earl got to know Richard well during his residence at the Tiajuana. In his biography Richard says Earl "was really great singer and guitar player and he influenced my style."

When I first met Richard I used to go around to the Tiajuana when they came in with the Tempo Toppers. They also brought a band with them—most acts around there used to come up from Los Angeles, San Francisco, etc. I think that's where he met Wilbert [Smith, a.k.a. Lee Diamond, later the bandleader for Richard's road group, the Upsetters], "cause Wilbert was the saxophone player there with Richard Parker and Billy Tate on guitar, Charlie Williams on drums and Eddie Bo on piano. They used to give talent shows around there and we used to go, quite naturally, me, Chris Kenner, and K-Do.

He had this guy, Joe Bell, he played accordion and guitar—fantastic guy. He had an organ player and a piano player, a guy from Memphis, "Sun Records' sound," the most powerful regional creation in Fifties rock 'n' roll. As Earl King says, "When they say 'Little Richard' they got to think about Earl Palmer, Frank Fields, Lee Allen, and Red Tyler. That's got to come to mind."

Unfortunately, the book's author Charles White seems to have ignored New Orleans' contribution to Little Richard's success. He didn't interview any of the musicians who played on Richard's classics, and it's not as if they're inaccessible—almost all are still performing and Earl Palmer is the secretary-treasurer of the Los Angeles musicians' union! In order to partially right White's injustice to New Orleans music, here are New Orleans musicians talking about Little Richard and his New Orleans connection.

Lloyd Price

A major star since the number one R&B hit of 1952 and New Orleans classic, "Lody Miss Clazyd," Lloyd wheeled his black-and-gold Cadillac into Little Richard's hometown in early 1955.

I was in Macon, Georgia, performing at a little theatre on Ninth Street and I didn't know who this was. Back during that time when you seen guys with all the hair Little Richard had on his head, well! And being from New Orleans that sort of scared me, you know. Here's a six-foot dude with—"Hi!"—one of those little light voices. So he told me he was a singer and he played piano. I asked him to come up and play some and he did. I called Art Rupe out in California—Specialty Records. Of course he had all his own natural stuff—"Good Golly Miss Molly," "Tutti Frutti," and all that stuff. And my brother Leo and I wrote "Send Me Some Lovin'" and that was the song that got Little Richard off.

On February 17, 1955, Specialty Records in Los Angeles received a crude audiotape from Little Richard. Specialty owner Art Rupe explained the reason for recording Richard in New Orleans: "Richard had told me he liked Fats Domino's sound [Richard recorded a half dozen Domino songs in his career], and I thought maybe lightning would strike twice if we recorded Richard at J&M Studios in New Orleans, like we did Lloyd Price."

Alvin "Red" Tyler

Saxophone player Red Tyler played on Fats Domino's "The Fat Man" in 1949 and in concert sessions once, including every one of Little Richard's New Orleans dates. He is very active today with his own modern jazz group. They brought in a guy named Little Richard and [Bumps Blackwell said], "I want you guys to record with him." When he brought Little Richard in at that time Richard wore his hair up in the air and a lot of mascara and stuff and we thought he was, you know, quite funny. And we smiled and laughed, but then we got to know Richard and respect him as a fine performer.

Actually in those days we didn't know what to expect and, vice versa, he didn't know what to expect from us. I think once we got into the groove with "Tutti Frutti" it was almost like a happy marriage between song, the artist, and the audience.

With the frenzy and everything in that arrangement, I distinctly remember him saying...
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JED’S LOOKOUT
CONCERTS

Nov. 1
Edgar Winter, Steamer President; the perfect performer for le jour de Toussaints.

Nov. 2
Alabama, Miss. Gulf Coast Colesium.

Nov. 4
Bonnie Raitt, Steamer President.

Nov. 5
Ramsay McLean, Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road.

Through Nov. 6
Jose Feliciano, Blue Room, Fairmont Hotel, 9 and 11 nightly.

Nov. 7

The Ramones, perpetrators of Rock ‘n’ Roll High School and a macabre remake of the Grahame Brothers’ Time Has Come Todays; our favorite paleolithic new wave band, and—on the basis of their Todd Browning first five albums—not to be missed; Steamer President.

Doug Kershaw, Blue Room, Fairmont Hotel, 9 and 11 nightly.

Nov. 8
Jethro Tullis, UNO Lakefront Arena; have seen these guys twice, but back in the Nov. 10 Chicago, Tour, something in one of those Elizabethan uttered on TV? What is the filthiest sentence ever refined speaking voice. Does near the amount of roasting they ought to; information from James Crooks, 318-6459.

Nov. 10
Windham Hill In the Heart of America Tour, McAlister Auditorium, 7:30; with Chet Helm, Liz Story and Michael Hedges.

Nov. 11
Patrick Moraz, Bill Brudor, Steamer President.

Nov. 12
Ronnie James Dio and Dokken, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Nov. 17
Arl Guthrie; David Bromberg, Saenger Performing Arts Center. 7:30 p.m.

David O’Connor and S. Sanchez, Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane, 7:30 p.m.

Nov. 18
Grover Washington, Jr., Saenger Performing Arts Center, 7:30 p.m.

Nov. 19-20
Johnny Desmond, Blue Room, Fairmont Hotel, 9 and 11 nightly.

Nov. 21
The Producers, Steamer President.

Nov. 23
Jeanne Brackeen, Contemporary Arts Center.

Nov. 24
Flora Purim, Patrice Fisher; Contemporary Arts Center.

Nov. 27
The Kinks, UNO Lakefront Arena; led by the Noel Coward of rock ‘n’ roll, Ray Davies, also the father of Chrissie Hynde’s child, which is no less an achievement, one supposes.

Plano recital by Louis Bernhardt, Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane campus, 12 noon.

CONCERT SERIES

Brown Bag Concerts, Wednesdays, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m., Lafayette Square.


French Market Concerts, schedule still nebulous; call for information 522-2621.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Thurs. 1
The Mist, a novella by Stephen King done as a radio play—this is one of his better bits of shock and deals with sinister government experiments and a group of people trapped in a New England supermarket and the end of the world, on WWNO 90-FM at 12:30 a.m., with a cast of 35 and computer synthesized special effects. Headphones will only increase the horror of the.

Sat. 3
Ellen DeGeneres performing comedy at Le Petit Theatre (why not Le Petit Salon?), 8 p.m., with Barbara Menendez and Ray Ganci; preceding her and Vance DeGeneres as M.C. Information at 522-2081; first Quentin Crisp and now this.

Sat. 10
Workshop in Sound Recording Techniques for Film and Video Production, at NOVAC, 2010 Magazine; information at 524-8626.

Sun. 11
Computer Editing Workshop, at Teleproductions, the city’s most sophisticated and newest post-production facility, 4140 Canal Street; information from NOVAC of the above number.

Horn Island: A Designated Wilderness Area, a lecture and slide show at the Playhouse at Longue Vue Gardens, which is not yet designated a wilderness area. Information is at 456-5468.

Tues. 13-Fri. 16
Not Bloody Likely, Tulane Blood Center "hosted" (an unfortunate verb choice in the circumstances) its second University Center Blood Drive. In the Pedersen Lounge of the U.C. Information at 865-5708.

OUT OF TOWN CONCERTS

Sat. 14
Mama. A lecture on chrysalis metamorphosis by Joy Benen; in the Playhouse at Longue Vue Gardens at 3 p.m. Part of the Specialties in Horticulture series; information at 625-2700.

FESTIVALS

Nov. 2-3
La Pecan Festival, Inc. (inc.?), a festival honoring that succulent nut that also is peculiarly sexy (well, listen, some people think figs are sexy and it’s so obvious even D.H. Lawrence couldn’t miss it) at least to mol-mol; the act of properly roasting them, with the right amount of salt and butter is an act loyally saved for a handful of elderly uptown ladies who don’t go near the amount of roasting they ought to; information from James Crooks, P.O.B. 76, Colfax 71417, or Donna Tyler at 316 627-91 or 627-5166.

Live Music

The Arches, 7437 Lapalco, 346-2945.

Fri.: Sneaux, Fri. 10. Trice.


Thurs.: 17. Doug Kershaw.

Wed. 28. Foreign Correspondence: Central America, curried by Skip Blumberg.


Tulane, in Der Rathskeller, Tues. 20: West Side Story. Tues. 27: The Elephant Man.

SYMPHONY

Nov. 20 and 21
Subscription Concert No. 5, James DePriest conducts and Cecile Licad is piano soloist; works by Chopin, Barber, IMSky-Korsakov, Orphnum, 8 p.m.

Nov. 25
Pierre Berge, Andrew Massery conducts; light classics and popular music. Belle Promenade Mall, 7:35 p.m.

New Orleans Symphony Concerts will be recorded for Monday broadcast on WWNO 90-FM at 8 p.m.

OTHER

NOVEMBER LISTINGS

NOVEMBER LISTINGS

Nov. 13, 15, 17
La Traviata, thrill again, if you dare, to the rhymes of Verdi—that grand opera, and her caller lover Alfredo, and Alfredo’s interfering father, Germont, this is an opera from Donne to D’Annunzio, from Camellies, known to generations of tubes and bits as plain old Camille and dessan. Oh, yes. Opera is a perfect mixture of champagne and tears.

What a mixologist would he have model! A model, when the Doctor sings that the teatro Fenice during my childhood, it was a disaster—the soprano playing the tubercular role wanted to say the least, and when the Doctor sings his little aria about her about to croak from consumption, she didn’t want to meet ‘em. Above a tear, above a laugh, above a jeer and hoes echoed from the gallery. Theatre for the Performing Arts, 7:30.

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OTHER
Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Houston—today they're top. Voi cafe losn thac pham kho da sac. Co bon va cho muon bang nhac, video tape, manga, ke dai gia, moi bieu, giai gia de anh mau. The Radiator. Sat. 3: Black Flag, Doroth~··

Dorothy's Medallion, 3230 Orleans. Sat. dancing, dancing, dancing! Wider force about geisha, two musicians in drag, Addison Mizner's Florida land by the sea. Girls are in a perfect thing of its kind; with Jack Lem- mon, Tony Curtis, Marilyn Monroe, George C. Scott and his wife Faye, Shawe see as Sweet Sue, Pat O'Brian, George E. Stone as Toothpick Charlie. Friday, 7:30 P.M. Radio interview of the Robert E. Sherwood allegory of The World On The Brink Of War, originally done in 1936, but the result despite the startling apparition of Norma Shearer in an Egyptian-lined bikini into the dining room. With Clark Gable, darling, joyed old Charles Coburn, Edward Arnold, Laura Hope Crews fluttering all over the place, Burgess Meredith, Joseph Schildkraut, Skoeds Gallagher and the always-agonized Fritz Feld, directed by Clarence Brown. Films are shown in Bobet Hall, on the third floor; admission by season subscription only.

Orpheum, Nov. 14, 7:30 P.M. The Joy That Kills, an hour-long film about an invalid women who sublimes her youth by letting me quickly disabuse Iike”• Place, as Jed 's Female Dance Revue. Fridays and Saturdays.

Friday, 7:30 P.M. Jumpstreet and Bar,

Fat Cats, 505 Greta Blvd., Greta,

Friday, 9:30 P.M. Call for information.


the Souleyman. 820 Willow, 865-9649. Call for information.

the Jazz Coop, 1100 Bourbon, 865-2095. Call for information.

the Neville Brothers. Thurs. 15: 8 p.m., McAlister.

of Des Broussard. Thurs. 15: 8 p.m., McAlister.

the Neville Brothers. Thurs. 15: 8 p.m., McAlister.

CINEMA

Leyland's Film Buffs Institute, 850-1190. Sat. 3: Harakiri, a 1963 film by the somewhat overrated Masaki Kobayashi which although not perfect for its horrifically graphic (and all the more horrible because in black and white) may not be as grim and distasteful as anyone expects. Sun. 4: When A Woman Loves, an easily suitable film by the underrated pioneer Huiso Kogo, who directed the first Japanese film in 1931, "The Neighbor's Wife and Me" I saw this latter years ago and it's a risk—Japanese screenwriting "Broadway Melody," and a marcelled Nip­ ponese lady pushing a baby carriage while a bouncy version of "My Blue Heaven" lights the soundtrack—what a sound debul!

Fri. 9: Smiles Of A Summer Night, Ingmar Bergman's film of the closest of all the Swedish sixties. Sun. 5:60-9:30. Palm Springs, directed by the third-rate lady. Thursdays and Saturdays: "The Dead Heat of the Harmless," directed by the fourth-rate lady.

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Historic New Orleans Collection, 517-522 Tchoupitoulas St. Through Nov.18: The Waters of America: 19th Century Paintings of Rivers, Streams, Lakes and Waterfalls, a mammoth exhibition of some of the finest American art of the period ranging from the vistas of Asher B. Durand and the genre scenes of George Caleb Bingham through the realistic approach of Eakins and the fantasias of Frederic Edwin Church, and the inevitable (and well-represented here) Albert Bierstadt whose recollected-in-tranquility scenes of Far West natural wonders were done by and large in his studio in Brooklyn; the local paintings in this show are both perfectly delightful and still, yes, even now, perfectly recognizable as to locale. Through Nov.30: Seldom Seen; portraits from private collections.

Louisiana State Museum of Jackson Square and elsewhere. Through Nov.18: A Century of Vision, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two wars, including works by Pop Whitsworth, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, et alia up to the present. Through November: The Sun King, an historical extravaganza from France saluting the man who revolved the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, etc. from the Louvre and elsewhere. At the Museum: two sumptuous Poussins (hung poorly), a wonderful Philippe de Champaigne portrait of the Abbess of Port Royal, some works by Boudon and Vouet, a curious enormous pencil map on brown paper of Paris at the time, a portrait of the weaselly-looking Comte de Pontchartrain, Louis' choque for his wife's gambling debts, a Jesuit map of the Mississippi with funny little bison drawn on the margins wherever they were spotted, and much more. At the Old Mint: Life on the Mississippi, a sampling of the museum's Edgar Degas papers with that big bit of water to your left, and not drawn by immortal Jesus, either.


New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 486-2831. Through Nov.18: Circles of the World: Traditional Art of the Plains Indians and A Plains Women's Legacy. Drawings from an Indian Sketchbook; through Nov 4: Louisiana Portraits by Debbie Holdridge; from Debbie Gallery, Lee Crumm and A.J. Meek. The Veneer Tradition, an exhibition depicting, with some from NOMA's large holdings of the same, the history of glassmaking from Egypt to the end of the last century, but without docents reading from Ellin Wyle's The Venetian Glass Nephew. Through Sun.25: The Art of Cameron.


Taher Gallery, 823 Chartres, 525-3055. Through November: New Orleans In the Eyes of the Artist, incorporating works by Morris Henry Hobbs, Mabel Dwight, Charles Richards, the late dubonnet pioneer H. Alon Sharpe and others from the 19th Century to the present who have cast orbs, jaundiced or enchanted, on the Big Mithril.


Tulane, Sun.4 through Wed.14: paintings by Lucia Lebowitz, and prints by Luciana Tarrado, a Mexican artist who specializes in whimsical pieces featuring many tiny little ladies with dolorous expressions, in the Newcomb Women's Center Art Gallery. In the Newcomb College Art Gallery, through Tues.22: new works by the faculty of the Art Department.
Eddie Bo

Prolific New Orleans recording artist and producer Eddie Bo had one significant connection to Little Richard—the song "Slippin' and Slidin'," which was based on Bo's "I'm Wise" on Apollo in late 1955. Although White does not mention Eddie, Richard told an identical story of the song's origin to Rolling Stone in 1970.

Lee Diamond was Richard's bandmaster and my close friend. Lee Diamond said, "I have a tune for you Richard that's bad." And when he played it for Richard, Richard just changed it around and put his name on it. But I had the tune out first and I was young so they gave me a little money on the side, which was big money to me. When you go up to $14-15,000, the kid shut up and be quiet!

Frank Fields

Fields has perhaps played more New Orleans sessions (including Little Richard's) than any of the famed studio clique, largely because few could compete with him on his instrument—the upright bass.

When he went into the studio he worked. He was a workaholic. He just believed in getting this thing done and he would put his whole soul and mind into his tunes.

Sometimes Art Rupe would call us from Los Angeles and tell us to be in the studio for such and such a time, 'cause we gotta record Little Richard. We'd leave from off the job [Frank had a regular job at the Brass Rail with Paul Gayien's band from 9 to 3 at night] and we'd be in the studio sometimes 3:30, 4 in the morning, and wouldn't get out of the studio till about 9 or 10 o'clock.

Bumps Blackwell was one of the best arrangers and musical directors I ever worked under—other than Dave Bartholomew. Bumps would write the little thing for you and hum it to you and let you know how it goes, particularly with what we call the syncopation and figuration of the tunes.

Little Richard played a common type of piano. There wasn't no gimmicks to his piano playing or nothing like that. You just had to follow him and he'd tell you when it was okay and when it wasn't okay. With that type of music you didn't have to read any music, all you had to do was try to get through to the public—be yourself, you know. That's the only way I looked upon him as being—himself. He was real.

They tell me he's a minister now. To me he was acting like, we say, a self-made country preacher. It looked like he would enjoy what he was doing more than his audience would enjoy it. His music looked like it just went through him—he was just a part of it. And he done everything he could to get that enjoyment out of it.

That's why he was down here—he wanted the New Orleans sound along with his. I think it was about 75% or more of his success.
CLASSIFIEDS

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GUITARIST
S eeks musicians to form New Wave / Punk band. Fred, 282-6712.

WANTED: CIBACHROME PRINTING EQUIPMENT
Looking for motor base and processing drums (8x10 and 11x14) in good condition. Diana, 895-2342.

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in Warner Robins, Georgia, is soliciting material for a weekly, non-profit radio show devoted to unsigned talent. Any style of music is welcome, although country cannot be used due to format considerations. Copyrights are advised. Interested artists should send a cassette of up to four songs, a brief bio, and pictures if available to: Hidden Meaning Studios, 115 Corinth St., Warner Robins, Georgia 31093.

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TUESDAYS/6th, Vanilla Wafers
w/Bruce Bleylock & Tommy Malone, 2nd, John
Rankin Band Album Release Party, 20th, Timothea & the Piece of Earth, 27th, The Sounds of Man

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+ Sat/3/Radiators
+ Fri/21/Queenie & The Skin Twins
+ Sat/10/Cajun Treasure
+ Fri16/Exuma
+ Sat/17/Allison & the Distractions
+ Sat/23/L7/Queenie & The Skin Twins
+ Sat/24/Free Cajun Band
+ Fri/30/Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets

TUESDAYS: LADIES NIGHT
8:00-12:00 PM Two Free
WEDNESDAY: DRAFT BEER NIGHT
$2 A GLASS $2.00 PITCHERS
THURSDAY: 80'S OLD STYLE LONGNECKS
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FRIDAYS: FREE OYSTERS & 20' DRAFT BEER
9 PM—9 PM

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Nove mber 1984/Wavelength 28
Reran aet

Effanbee Doll Company's address tiling, bases. But when the real doll gets unable to review a doll on such leads as to where you can get your hands on this little beauty. We were the glossy 8 by spring some new, hot goodie upon Corporation of and give it a fair listen until the real would't expect us to review a can't even put it on the turntable as Louis was known throughout Lakole, Of .

Of Joy.'

As Christmas draws near it's not surprising to find 300 pounds of mail falling out of the box. From the far corners of the globe, Poland, Australia, Vacherie, come the cards, letters, cherished press releases and clippings. Often this mass correspondence serves to spring some new, hot goodie upon a hungry, but unsuspecting public.

Why just the other day we tore open yet another 8½ by 11 manilla and discovered the "Satchmo" doll from the Effanbee Doll Corporation of Somewhere, USA! Of course, all we got in the mail was the glossy 8 by 10 of "Okula Lakole," as Louis was known throughout Africa, so, by law, we're not allowed to give out the Effanbee Doll Company's address or phone number or any other leads as to where you can get your hands on this little beauty. We can't even put it on the turntable and give it a fair listen until the real thing, the '15½ inch tall superbly detailed likeness' of Satchmovic, as Louis was known throughout Yugoslavia, arrives at Wavelengh Box 15667, NOLA, 70175 in time for the Christmas rush. You wouldn't expect us to review a record on the basis of what's written in a press release, and, consequently, we are regretfully unable to review a doll on such bases. But when the real doll gets here, you'll be the first to know.

What do you get when you cross XTC with The Doors? Ecstatic Encounters? Happy Traps? No, you get Outside Children, a new local rock trio with Lenny Jorns on bass, Carlo 'Who Dat' Nuccio on drums, and Ben Waugh on guitar and compositions. These nature-loving progeny reportedly display a "highly unified group sound" for having been together only two months. Another up and coming young act who cites Black Flag and Liberace as its two major influences is Indoor Offspring.

As Billy Preston once prophesized: "Nothing from nothing leaves nothing" and you gotta have something if you wanna get on the last page, which reminds us of three 'things,' (1) Raw Magazine, (2) Allen Toussaint, and (3) a local band. (1) The new Raw No. 6 is on your local stand and opens with a Mark "I Never Took A Drawing Class in My Life" Beyer horror tale of urban alienation entitled "Nothing." Also highly recommended: Charles Burns' staggeringly stylish "A Marriage Made in Hell," his best work yet. Sidney's on Decatur St. can usually get you a copy, (2) Allen Toussaint has a couple of real groovy toys that any boy would enjoy, a Bentley and a Rolls! Now that's something! Allen would make a great Santa Claus if he'd hitch up a dozen reindeer to each of those shiny suckers and fly around New Orleans delivering gold-sequence jump suits, diamond rings, and oversized pendants. His two sleds, er, cars are shown parked outside the Fairmont Hotel in this rare photograph by noted British celebrity photographer Irving Watt-Second. (3) Nothing Personal (former members of No Offense, Ma'am) has "tapped" (isn't that what they do to maple trees up north this time of year?) a new lead vocalist, Brian Berthueme, who does an admirable job of imitating Billy Idol and Bryan Ferry. Imagine the tricky costume changes that must require...

Remember the old mustard plasters that grandmaw used to mail order for her chest cold this time of year? Remember how granddad would stuff half a jar of Vick's salve down his wheezing pipe every New Year's? You don't? Well that's no reason to forget that The Cold and the colds will be around this winter boys and girls, so line up for your flu shots. The Cold, capital "C," was "almost 99% promised" to open for Culture (as in "penicillin") Club until it was discovered that no "girls" are allowed to open for Boy "Yes The Beard Is Real And No You Can't Touch My Kimono" George. He must be from Cleveland...

Multiple Places has been working in the studio lately. Their "first wax effort" is a pair of orange vampire teeth, er, an EP, as yet untitled with instantly explicable toys like the "Area For The Fall" and "Keep In Time." The latter single will be leased to area drummers on a pro rata basis. Two of the hottest bands on the local scene are The Models and Johnny J. and The Hitmen. Turns out both bands have a lot in common with new members (a Hitman drummer, a Model keyboardist) and recent successful trips to New York City. Also, the Models have promised to never again tear down the Hitmen's Metairie handbills if the Hitmen will set aside one dozen of their upcoming "Hair Pie" promotional parties for dis reelrational Model usage.

The Waitresses 'know what boys like' and by this time you should too. Little boys like little cheap toys and big boys like big expensive toys like the X800 "Rail" bass guitar from Westone. The Rail looks like a Steinerberger with handlebars. Instead of having separate front and back pickups, the Rail has one pickup that slides back and forth on the handlebars. Why make something simple and logical when you can make something complex and ridiculous? An added benefit is that there's more parts to break and the instrument doubles as a chin-up bar for musicians on the road who want to keep those biceps pumped. No longer will an insecure macho heavy metal bassist have to merely feign an attitude of formidable phallic prowess! Now he can show those squealing teens exactly how a real man "plays," back and forth, back and forth, right in the middle of his favorite song! Imagine the video potential! Yea Christmas All Year! Toys For Everybody!!!
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