Wavelength (January 1985)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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1985 Band guide

Remembering the beaconette

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Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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December 1984/Wavelength 3
Hard To
The Core

At two a.m. every Sunday morning three young men secure themselves in the WTUL-FM studios and give New Orleans The Hardcore Show... right where it hurts.

"Hardcore punk rock music is primarily American music about social/personal strife, by and for younger people... Hardcore is not some new mutant virus, but rock and roll as it was originally meant to sound - energetic and fast," writes Peter Ward in Tulane's Vox Humana. Ward and jock Ivan Bodley are joined by Tom Upton, Chris Brown, and Greg Pryzby in their early morning assault on the airwaves and sensibilities of a sleepy New Orleans.

The Hardcore Show is the radio equivalent of riding a turbine-powered go-cart (or skateboard, as the hosts would choose) through the CBD at rush hour. Most of the songs are about one minute long and contain at least one four-letter expletive, seldom deleted. "The FCC leaves the broadcasting of obscenities to the discretion of the individual station, and the station is responsible for defining just who its audience is," states Bodley with a wry smile, "and they don't monitor college stations much anymore." He watches an Angry Samoans record segue from "Homosexual" into "Hitler's Cock."

'TUL hardcore personnel (l to r): Tom Upton, Peter Ward, Ivan Bodley (and skateboard).

In these troubled FM times of watered-down, stamped-out, pre-packaged European techno hits, The Hardcore Show stands as a patriotic local bastion of the individualism of American youth through militant music, with an occasional dash of nihilism thrown in for fun. That is why you should listen to it, and listening to it won't be quite as difficult when the show returns in late January, moved up to the 11 p.m. slot on Saturday night. Like Ivan says: "Do you want New Wave or do you want the truth?"

- rico

Bruce On The Loose: The Storyville Jazz Hall played host to a party for Bruce Springsteen after his Baton Rouge performance. The Boss seemed more relaxed the next night at the Absinthe Bar, listening, undisturbed, to Mason Ruffner's set - later helping Ruffner to load his equipment.
Saddle Sore

By all accounts there should've been more people out at Sheila's to enjoy Blood On The Saddle's electrifying performance on December 5, but that didn't stop the West Coast quartet from shaking the rafters for a set or two of punkified country.

Greg Davis proved once and for all that bluegrass guitar can be played through a Marshall amplifier. Ron Botelho slapped his upright bass with fingers wrapped in duct tape and drummer Herman Senac moved through a variety of percussive styles with the greatest of ease. Ms. Annette Zilinskas, who makes Barbara Mandrell look like Rottweiler, sung "Do You Wanna Dance?" and "Single Girl" like her life depended on it.

Afterwards Davis recalled the time he once lived in New Orleans: "I lived here for six weeks, long enough to see a lot of things and get a feel for the place. I played bluegrass down on Bourbon Street with a guy named Jeep, had these teeth, this great huge smile. We made $30 the first hour we played! I finally had to quit it though, 'cause even though we split the money 50-50, Jeep was the star, he was the whole show. What a great banjo player! He's the one who showed me how to play dobro, he showed me licks that I'm still using today."

—rico

Dickie Landry
On Extended Time

Richard Landry is a well-respected composer, a crucial influence on the work of Phillip Glass and a saxophone player whose work has graced recent records by Talking Heads and David Van Tiegem. He was a member of Laurie Anderson's band on her recent tour. On January 5 he brings his solo quad delay saxophone to the CAC for a concert of music that is to the saxophone what Robert Fripp's Frippertronics is to the guitar.

Landry is from Cecilia, Louisiana, a small town near Lafayette on the edge of the Atchafalaya Basin. His musical roots reflect his Cajun heritage. Combining his experience as horn section leader of the legendary Swing Kings with his integral involvement with the gestation of what has become the "downtown" New York art scene, Landry is as unique a figure as you'll find in American music.

Concerning his quad delay system Landry says, "The delay gives you extended time. You can hear what you've done and consider the next move." Landry is a playing composer as opposed to a pencil composer. He claims to play better than he writes so he does things like videotape the keys during a performance as a "record" of the piece. Whatever his techniques may be, his music is a joy to hear. Don't miss it!

—Mark Bingham

Around the McDonogh House ...

No, that's not the new members of the Lady B.J. Fan Club up there on stage with the local songstress, but if there were such an organization these kids might be the first to join. The Lady was joined on December 2 by Walter Payton, Ramsey McLean, and a host of other performers who donated their services to help raise funds for McDonogh 15 Public School, located in the French Quarter.

Local promoter Charlie Bering, whose daughter attends the school, offered his services to help coordinate the event, and the New Storyville Jazz Hall donated a percentage of their bar receipts.

The whole day turned out to be quite a success for parents, kids and teachers. Over the din of the packed crowd, I overheard this summary of the experience: "This is great, just fantastic. All the teachers get to sit around in a club and get loaded, and all their kids get to run around and yell: 'Lookit Ms. So-And-So, she's got a boyfriend!' A lot of them don't realize their teachers are real people."

—rico

Lady B.J. and fans at McDonogh 15 benefit.
Crazy Shirley's Closes

The jazz nightclub Crazy Shirley's, a fixture on Bourbon Street for years, closed down last month. For the past fourteen years, Shirley Ludman and her son Edmund Ludman III have leased the building at the corner of Bourbon and St. Peter streets, but a gigantic leap in rent has forced them to close the club.

Crazy Shirley's had a relaxed, neighborly air. Sheila Hosner, who worked at the nightclub for nearly six years, remembers Crazy Shirley's as "The hang-out for other musicians after they were through with their own gigs." There were nightly visits from Justin Adams, former guitarist for Fats Domino. Many a night Lou Cino, lead and horn from Mo' Mo' Jazz would come in during the last set and jam with the house band, Johnny Horne and the Jazz Giants.

Local musicians jammed as did musicians of the international set, as when last November for one straight week Johnny Horne's group was accompanied by a Swedish Dixieland jazz band. There was also Ellyna Tatum, traditional jazz singer at heart who, on the nights she would work at the nightclub, would mount the stage, tray in hand, to belt out two or three tunes every couple of sets.

In the past fourteen years, Crazy Shirley's had six fabulous bands play up on its stage. The doors opened the very first night featuring George French and the Storyville Jazz Band. It closed with the talent of Johnny Horne and the Jazz Giants. In between, Murphy Campo and the Jazz Saints, Tommy Yetta, Copas Brothers, and Wallace Davenport filled Crazy Shirley's four walls with great music. These former clubhouse players always had the habit of stopping back and sitting in for a set or so with Johnny Horne. We're sure they'll miss the old club. We will, too.

—Maureen A. Hutchison

Reggae From Cheese Country

Reggae/jazz band Java has erupted on the local club scene with the force of a volcano. Via a warm tropical breeze out of Wisconsin, this six-person band has already warmed the hearts of local club owners and goes all over town. Headed by the very personable, talented vocalist Lynne Godfried (I'll bet she has relatives in Opelousas), Java has come to satisfy New Orleans' need for accessible reggae. Listen for remarkably played standards and originals like their "Ragga Reggae." For a good time and lots of dancing, Java is highly recommended.

—Allison Brandin

The Seven-Year Itch

Calmly and methodically Gabriel Puccio describes the items in his imposing collection of Elvis Presley memorabilia: "This is a fan club membership card that belonged to this girl, around '57, '58, a little change purse, about '57, belt buckles, some of the original postcards, bubble gum cards up here, buttons. . . . Clearly, Puccio would like nothing better than to stand here till sunrise and pour over his cherished assemblage, such is the obsessive reverence that the man feels for his collection.

In commemoration of what would have been Presley's fiftieth birthday, this January 7, R.C.A. is releasing a six-album set of choice Presley recordings. Naturally, Gabriel pulls out his giant poster and describes what cuts will appear on the series. Although he owns most of these tunes many times over, Puccio plans to buy a set anyway. In fact, Gabe has amassed almost five complete sets of the Presley LP catalog. He has a complete set of Presley 45s on Sun including five singles of the coveted six-single set of Sun bootlegs pressed in yellow, green, red, purple, orange, and blue (only three records were pressed in each color)! He has all of the Elvis Sun 78s except four, and he'll be happy to throw "That's Alright Mama" on his vintage Victrola (hand-crank, of course) at a moment's notice.

"What I'd really like to do in the future," Puccio explains, "is to take my collection and open up some kind of Elvis museum down in the French Quarter somewhere, and charge people a small admission fee to see it." He also is starting a local Elvis collectors' club and encourages anyone interested in joining to give him a call at 245-0423 after 6 p.m.

Considering the size of his collection you'd think he'd been at it for a good twenty years, but ironically he says: "I've only been collecting for seven years, since The King passed away." Another mistake would be to assume that Puccio is in thick with some international underground of Elvis collectors, "No, no," he laughs, "all this stuff comes from right around New Orleans. Garage sales, mostly."

—rico
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Music Writing And The Art Of Hyperbole

"Writers who write for other writers should write letters."
—Larry Niven

When I was asked to write this column, I sensed immediately the vast potential for corruption. From my usual perspective, that of a performer whose work is scrutinized by critics, I view most music writing as thinly disguised hype. Many writers seem to rewrite press releases, push their friends or those of whom they approve without ever telling us much about the music or the people making it. It would seem that intelligent, insightful music writing has become a scarce quantity.

There are exceptions to the giant parking lot of mediocrity where most scribes shine their tainted adjectives and trade gossip. One writer that comes to mind is Bunny Matthews. I can honestly say that without him (or rather his writings, I’ve never met the man) I never would have come to stay in New Orleans. He made New Orleans sound so desirable it was a sin to leave. While living in New York I subscribed to the Figaro just to get my weekly fix of his work. His writing was funny, in the joke, informative and up on the big picture. His work reminded me of the writing of a New Yorker named Glenn O’Brien who writes for Interview. Both these men have the unfortunate habit of mentioning their friends, but, as you will notice in this column, this, ahem, habit seems to come with the territory. Robert Palmer (who despite all his talent often lapses into social nepotism and outright groupiedom), Ed Ward, Jon Pareles and Dave Marsh are others who come to mind. Why consider all this? It seems to come with the territory.

Speaking of jazz (were we?) the dirty Dozen LP is the major disappointment of the year. To be blunt, my favorite band has come out sounding like Cheez Whiz squirting from an enema bag. What gives? Was this Helen Keller’s first outing as a record producer? Gee what, I sure am confused about this one.

We recently passed the fourth anniversary of the death of John Lennon. I mention this hoping that more people will notice the anniversary of the death of Jerry Marley.

* Stop Making Sense is the name of a film by Jonathan Demme and Talking Heads. For my money, no one will ever accuse either party of making much sense, but that’s what great art is all about and I this is a swell flick from jump street—worth seeing and all that. The band sounds better than ever. The camera has a love affair with lead singer David Byrne who bears an eerie resemblance to the young Jerry Lewis. Further into the film, Byrne becomes a cross between Zippy the Pinhead and Zen philosopher D.T. Suzuki. I guess it’s the music with singing to concentrate on the singer and Demme sure did. The low point of the film is the Tom Tom Club segment. This film is something of a summary of Performance Art packaged for rock fans much like the recent Last Exit to Brooklyn tour which featured Dickie Landry who just happens to be doing a piece at the CAC on January 5.

"It’s more fun to do videos than play in nightclubs."
—Joe Nick Patoski

I wouldn’t know, but I’ll take
your word for it, Joe Nick. After all, music video is “what’s happening now” and music is the lesser part of it. In fact most music video features Near Music. What is Near Music? It’s a substitute for people who, for one reason or another, can’t handle the real thing. And in 1985 that includes almost everyone. Who plays Near Music and why? Locally, The Cold is an immaculate conception of Near Music. Wynton Marsalis provides us with Near Music approximating the Music Music of vintage Miles Davis. But, Miles himself has said, “Of course I like Wynton, he sounds just like me twenty years ago.” Wynton may be Near Music but Near Music is in no way inferior to Music Music. Confused? Me too.

Anyhow, if Herbie Hancock now gets his inspiration from Duran Duran, God help all of us.

“The more changes you play over the more things sound the same.”
—Author unknown

All this brings up many questions concerning Jazz, MTV, Near Music, Hype and what to wear to church. Here are the questions, you find the answers:

1. Did Tony Williams really invent Fusion?
2. If he did, should he be executed?
3. Did Fusion destroy jazz?
4. Why do people go to college to learn jazz?
5. Does jazz need an artificial heart transplant to bring it in line with the rapid growth and rampant popularity of Near Music?
6. Is race an issue or just something horses do?
7. Is the Windham Hill label a front for the Moonies?
8. Is John Mooney’s work best approached as music or theatre?
9. Is revolution really over and does Prince really own the rights to use the name?
10. Are not oriental and white musicians who take on the trappings of pre-revolution black culture simply character actors?
11. Is Oscar the Grouch really studying with Ellis Marsalis and vice versa?
12. Is bad memory really the key to longevity as an artist?
13. What’s the difference between New Music and Near Music?
14. If George Landry, Professor Longhair and James Booker were all playing at the same time in different clubs, who would you go to see and why?
15. Is Frankie Goes To Hollywood really The Village People?
16. Is the birthplace of jazz also becoming the graveyard?

Next month:
Near Music Hall of Fame, The Best Music Ever, Rock Star Paternity Suits, and An Interview with Judy Collins.

Remember—It’s all music!
The Diversity of African Pop

The year 1984 was an impressive one for the emergence of African pop music on the American scene. In the two years since King Sunny Ade brought his mind-blowing twenty-piece juju band to the States, African pop records have appeared on many of the labels that distribute reggae: Shanachie, Island/Mango, Rounder as well as some newcomers like Jive Afrika and Earthworks. Considering how long it took for reggae records to start being picked up by domestic distributors, the rapid rise of African pop is no small feat. Much of the credit for the roots development of this current interest must be given to these record companies for their careful selection from the thousands of hours worth of African pop music that are available. While the companies for the most part chose artists that are proven stars in Africa, they did an excellent job of compiling on single discs careers that encompassed twenty or more years of recording and styles that have with them countless variations. No matter what the marketing strategy, in the end the music must stand on its own, and the music of Africa has absolutely no problem doing this. The musical intricacies of African pop, the positive honesty and thoughtfulness of the lyrics along with the multitude of rhythms that are irresistible could easily take this music to the level of worldwide acceptance to which reggae has always aspired but will never, I daresay, achieve.

The current (December/January) issue of the Reggae and African Beat magazine, devoted almost entirely to the musicians and music of the African continent, is a must for anyone with a growing interest in African pop. Interviews with Fela, Sunny Ade and Tony Allen (Fela’s drummer of fifteen years and the person most responsible for the development of the style called Afro-Beat) are enlightening, but also included are several articles that serve as an excellent primer to the many forms of African music. The real gems of this issue, though, are two articles written by Elizabeth Sobo, an authority in the field of past and current releases, which trace the changing trends in the music of the continent, as well as highlight the best of the many new releases. Her reviews are never limited to albums easily available in the States, so reviewed are many records that will never be heard here, but there are always a few that can be had, and her recommendations have always proven to be winners with me.

It must be emphasized that the term “African pop” is just a general term. To quote Randall Grass, head of Shanachie Records, one of the leaders in domestic
distribution of reggae and African music, "...under the umbrella of 'African pop music' are at least a half dozen different major styles, each with a large number of variations, each sounding quite different from one another." In 1984, Shanachie and the other labels mentioned have provided a taste of most of the major styles, and the majority of these records have been excellent. What follows is a list of these records found in local record stores like Canal Street Records, Metronome, Mushroom and Leisure Landing.

Indisputably the most popular African pop sound in Africa is the Congolese sound, with its multiple guitar interplay and Cuban rhythm influences. Available records in this style include Tabwa Ley by Le Seigneur Rochereau with guest appearance by leading female vocalist Mblia Bel, Nyboma's album Double Double, two Sound d'Afrique compilation albums and a variety of albums by Dr. Nico.

From South Africa have come several great compilation discs on Earthworks. One called Zulu Jive, contains all mbaqanga sounds, a raw, jazz-influenced style. Mbaqanga and more can be heard on Hugh Masakela's Techno-Bush, Sonny Okosun's Liberation, a compilation of South African music called Rhythm of Resistance and a fine collection of oldies from all over the continent, called Africa Dances, on the authentic label. Singles from Africa that topped the charts were "Epitipiti" by Jewel Ackah and the Spiritual Train Express, "Zakobo" by Orchestre Jazzira and "Magic Baobob" by Bikanda. From the Caribbean, Trinidad hit big with Black Stalin's You Ask For It... the Mighty Sparrow's Sparrow - King of the World, and a twelve-inch single by Shadow called "Way, Way Out." Top ranking from Jamaica and England were Out Deh by Gregory Isaacs, Outcry by Maitaharuka, Cry Tuff Dub Encounter - Chapter 1 by Prince Faru and Adrian Sherwood, and again some singles like Freddie McGregor's "Yes, I Am Ready/Try Love," "To All of the Pose" by Little John and "Gunshot" by Horace Andy.

Afrika called Which Way Nigeria, Which Way Nigeria is weak compared to Liberation and another called Togetherness, which sometimes appears in town. Fela's Afro-Beat sounds are the most abundance of all, with recordings available in many stores that don't sell any other African music. Finally, juju music is represented by countless albums by King Sunny Ade and Chief Ebenezer Obey. In addition, another star named Segun Adewale has one out called Play For Me. One of the most popular styles in Nigeria right now is a basic, tribal sound called apata and the only record of this type available is a re-release of a 1983 disc by Akanni Animashaun called Akanni Da Afojye Orin... Year's Best.

The Caribbean Show recommendations this month are the biggest hits of the past year. African album hits were Hugh Masakela's Techno-Bush, Sonny Okosun's Liberation, a compilation of South African music called Rhythm of Resistance and a fine collection of oldies from all over the continent, called Africa Dances, on the authentic label. Singles from Africa that topped the charts were "Epitipiti" by Jewel Ackah and the Spiritual Train Express, "Zakobo" by Orchestre Jazzira and "Magic Baobob" by Bikanda. From the Caribbean, Trinidad hit big with Black Stalin's You Ask For It... the Mighty Sparrow's Sparrow - King of the World, and...
On Tour...

Bryan Adams, the feisty young pop rocker whose Reckless LP is firmly lodged in the Top 40, takes his show on the road to the Midwest, the East and Canada in December, then it’s on to the West Coast and Hawaii in January.

In the Studio...

RCA artists Mr. Mister are at Oceanway Recorders in Hollywood, working on an album project. The record is being produced by Paul De Villier, who has recently come off the road with Yes, after serving as their live engineer... At Boogie Hotel in Port Jefferson The Eamens are at work on their second LP for Island Records. Chas Jankel, former keyboardist for Ian Dury & The Blockheads, is producing the record. Chris Isaak is engineering. The studio is also hosting Atlantic artists Voices, who are cutting a debut LP with producer John Robie and 22 Hillside. The latter project is being produced by Don Berman, with Jim Sparling at the controls... Alcatrazz are at LA’s Skyline Recording working on a new album and video. Eddie Kramer is producing and engineering. John Sebastian is also at Skyline, cutting an album with producer Gregg Andrade and engineer Cisco Deana... Former Wall of Voodoo lead singer Stan Ridgway is at Lighthouse in LA working on a record project with co-producer/engineer Joe Chiccarelli. Hugh Jones also stopped by to produce one track on the album, which is slated for a January release on I.R.S. Records... Nashville’s Sound Emporium was the site of some sessions with London-based songwriter Tony Hiller and Nashville tunesmith Bygninn Hill. Hiller’s credits include hits for Anne Murray, Olivia Newton-John, Crystal Gayle, The Osmonds, The Hollies and The Miracles, while Hill has penned tunes for Kenny Rogers, Juice Newton, Conway Twitty and many others. The duo collaborated on several songs... Weather Report recently did some recording at Crystal Sound in LA. Carl Douglas (who had a huge hit some time back with “Kung Fu Fighting”) cut some sides with a star-studded backing band that included Sly Stone, Billy Preston and James Gadson. Meanwhile, producer Alan Douglas is at Crystal working on music for a forthcoming Jimi Hendrix movie.

Critic’s Choice:

Jain Blair Salutes Elvis Costello

Perhaps someone had slipped something in his drink, or perhaps it was just that it was the last night of the tour—either way, the once retreating and shy Mr. Costello seemed unwilling and incapable of leaving the Universal Amphitheater stage once up there. In fact, the king of marathon performances himself, Bruce Springsteen, had better watch out after this impressive display of stamina. As if every second was counted, and-no-encore-thanks-very-much sets. Instead, Costello treated an adoring, sold-out house to a virtual documentation of his fairly prolific career, with two versions of the same song—the poignant “Only Flame in Town” — thrown in for good measure. Not that the singer has any shortage of material, as he happily made evident in a show that included everything from “Alison” and “Pump It Up” to a stunning version of the bittersweet “Peace in Our Time.” Strangely, and presumably intentionally, all the newer songs featured vocals heavy with echo, while all the newer material was correspondingly dry, almost as if Costello was self-consciously distancing the past. More irritatingly, The Attractions were, for the most part, over-hust and anxious to fill any spaces left by Costello’s spare playing and economical phrasing. Most guilty was bassist Bruce Thomas, whose if-in-doubt-play-ten-notes-where-one-will-do approach ruined songs like “Girls Talk.” However, on balance, the show was a huge success for Costello, whose third album featured an inspired version of “I Can’t Stand Up for Falling Down,” tailor-made for Sam & Dave, and the crowd went home more than satisfied.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to MTV:

- “The Boys of Summer” Don Henley (Geffen)
- “Pink World” Planet P Project (MCA)
- “Sextime” Eurythmics (RCA)
- “Supernatural Love” Donna Summer (Geffen)
- “Body” Jacksons (Epic)
- “Do What You Do” Jermaine Jackson (Arista)
- “Easy Lover” Phillip Bailey & Phil Collins (Columbia)
- “Method of Modern Love” Hall & Oates (RCA)
- “Let It All Blow” Dazz Band (Motown)
- “Lonely School” Tommy Shaw (A&M)

Heavy rotation on MTV:

- “Out of Touch” Hall & Oates (RCA)
- “Blue Jean” David Bowie (EMI)
- “Pride (In the Name of Love)” U2 (Island)
- “Like a Virgin” Madonna (Sire)
- “The War Song” Culture Club (Epic)
- “Drive” Cars (Elektra)
- “Voilà” Julian Lennon (Atlantic)
- “Go Crazy” Lindsay Buckingham (Elektra)
- “Are We Ourselves” Fixx (MCA)

In Town... Toto (CBS)
The Continental Drifters is a new band that finds itself in that awkward embryonic period where the number of songs they play on a certain night may outnumber the number of people in their audience. It is the make or break phase for a new group. The crowds are small because the gigs just don’t get anything approaching big time promotion, the clubs claim they can’t afford big time promotion because the crowds are too small, the old Catch-22. The only way to survive this situation is to keep booking jobs, developing new ideas, and enjoying the simple magic of playing music together. For the Continental Drifters, the latter is no problem.

John Magnie (keyboards, vocals), Tommy Malone (guitar, vocals), and Johnny Allen (guitar, vocals) carry the melodic weight of the group. Vernon Rome (bass, vocals) and Daemon Shea (drums) are recognizable as the former Waka Waka rhythm section. Malone and Magnie have played together in other local R&B groups and say that they are anxious to make a move away from that style. Allen is a former member of the Cartoons and he emerged that style. Malone is a former member of the Continental Drifters is a musical clubhouse. It’s hard to say exactly what kind of music the Continental Drifters play. Sometimes they sound like early Sam and Dave or late Rolling Stones. Sometimes they sound like Gang of Four and other times like Michael McDonald and the Doobie Brothers. Often times they don’t sound like any of those people. Pressed to pigeonhole you could call it funk, as most of the songs are firmly in that syncopated, shake-your-booty sort of style.

Magnie, Allen, and Malone are the primary songwriters. When it works, a good Continental Drifters song will move you to: (a) dance, (b) laugh, and (c) think, all at the same time, as in “Wide Load,” a Magnie/Malone collaboration at its finest:

(landscape)

(Get outta the way)
Wide load on the side road
Can’t get past and I wanna go fast
Signs say
Three ways to the freeway
Got to call up the boss
And tell him that I’m lost
I know-I-just-could-be-so-much
Farther-down-the-road
If it wasn’t for this wide load

Big Dad
says I’m his best lad

Tommy Malone and Vernon Rome: Two kids building a musical clubhouse. Some
day
he’s gonna raise my pay
I wish I could see
What’s up ahead of me
But the only view from here
Is in the mirror
to the rear
(repeat chorus)

Opening with a tricky repetitive guitar phrase, the song wastes no time in establishing its irresistible funk groove. Bass and lead guitars play cat-and-mouse to a whirlpool synthesizer while demented vocals assert the straddled-on-the-freeway theme. A sincerely juicy guitar solo shores up the second chorus and displays a wide range of tonal colors (Malone’s style on the instrument is always interesting). The lyrics, like many of the Drifters’ songs, deal with everyday working-man situations and fluctuate between making a lot of sense and making no sense whatsoever. This, of course, is to the writers’ credit.

Last month I interviewed and photographed the Continental Drifters in a downtown warehouse. Maybe it was the exquisite weather, maybe it was the full moon, but something caused that one-hour talk to be one of the most uninspired and irrelevant interviews in the history of music journalism. (At least the pictures came out nice.) I asked some stupid questions, they responded accordingly, and you, kind reader, will be spared the consequences. Instead, I have chosen to excise from the bulk of that ponderous transcription one curious comment from each band member:

John: “We’ve learned pretty well how to play to three to ten people... it’s an art form.”

Daemon: “We’re the V.D. Rhythm Clinic...Burnin’ Vernon and Flamin’ Daemon.”

Tommy: “I’d like to lose that R&B feel.”

Vernon: “We are all available for any kind of construction work... sheetrock, framing, painting, we do it all.”

Johnny: “I wanna get outta here.”

Sometimes around ten p.m. on December 2, the Continental Drifters are finishing another sound check in preparation to open for a band from the West Coast. Tonight the venue is Jed’s Showcase, formerly the Back Door, an old brick warehouse with very bright acoustics. Onstage Magnie and Malone are fooling around with a melody that will soon be shaped into a song and find its way into the growing repertoire of Drifters originals. It is an offbeat piece, flavored by a dominant minor key, almost sad, but undeniably funky. Piano and guitar converse as each allows the other to voice without losing hold of the flowing groove. Guitarist Malone toe-taps a floor mounted effects box to change tones and Magnie bends over the keyboard to try a harder rhythmic phrasing. While it’s pretty obvious they are playing around with each other, they are also experimenting up there, letting the sound breathe and expand in an almost jazzlike fashion. Two kids building a musical clubhouse. It may not be the most effective way to hit on the charts these days, but it makes for some interesting music...business as usual for the Continental Drifters.
WYLD Night Of Talent

On the 9th of November, 1984, it was back to the sweat-drenched stage of the New Orleans Municipal Auditorium — the place where national and local artists such as James Brown and Ernie K-Doe had sung and screamed; the place where P-Funk unveiled their unmatched “Mothership” show to national music writers; the place where the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival was first held; the place where you could dance on the floor and drink in the seats. Radio station WYLD-AM/FM brought us back to the Municipal Auditorium for a WYLD night of talent.

The fourth annual WYLD talent show offered exposure, trophies and cash prizes to winning contestants and simultaneously offered an audience the opportunity to see relatives, friends and neighbors display their talents. WYLD billed it as a “family affair” and the show lived up to its billing as nearly everyone in the audience knew at least one contestant.

Proud parents and relatives, pulling hard for their kin, cheered lustily. Someone would recognize a former schoolmate and squeal in delight. Surprised by how well someone did a favorite song, a young lady would scream "O00000hhH!HHHHH!" that sends the whole show into overdrive. Another person held a two-year-old child, who clapped and jumped perfectly on the beat. This is really a family affair because it is communal — everyone, performers and audience — enjoys each other.

The WYLD Talent Show, featuring thirty contestants and produced by Del Spencer, WYLD-FM's new program director, was judged this year by recording executives from Motown, MCA, RCA and CBS Records. Other judges were Robyn Leary, public relations director of the Fairmont Hotel; Moses Hogan, community project coordinator, New Orleans Symphony; Lorraine Wilson, supervisor of music, New Orleans Public Schools; Roslyn Kay, fashion coordinator; and Noah Adams, proprietor of Nexus, a Jacuzzi.

Backstage most of the contestants were The Grippers Band. With the excitement running high, several performances brought the crowd to its feet. Surprised by how well a group called Ebony, performing the song "Am I Still The One." The lead singers in Ebony are Karen Walsley, an Orleans Parish sheriff's deputy. The background singers in Ebony are Chiquitta Cooley and Charlene Johnson. Cooley sang strongly and

was a great crowd pleaser, but it was the magnificent voice of Walsley that won it for Ebony.

Second place went to Delisha Adams, a twenty-year-old Xavier student who was clearly inspired by Patty LaBelle. Her singing literally gave her all in a stirring rendition of "If Only You Knew." Her gripping performance was the last number of the evening, and ended the talent show on both an emotional and musical high note.

Third place went to Willie Odrick, a UNO student in electrical engineering. Odrick performed the Luther Vandross song "Forever, For Always, For Love." His voice was both soothing and exciting, and he had the best stage presence of all the contestants.

Fourth and fifth places also went to male solo performers. Tyrone Johnson, a 1984 Dillard grad, won fourth for his performance of "Whatever We Imagine." Aster Eric Dixon, a 22-year-old mass communications major, won fifth for his rendition of "There's No Getting Over You." Prizes were also given in the dance category. Tollbert "Lucky" Roberson, a 17-year-old high school student, won first prize for his original and highly laudable interpretation of the song "What People Do For Money." Troy Johnson, a dancer and gymnast, won second place for a sensitive and graceful re-creation of the song "Black Butterfly."

One contestant who didn't win but who was a big hit with the audience was a stand-up comic. Eric Wayne Perkins, a graduate of Morehouse College in Atlanta. Additionally, two enjoyable performances not vocally as strong as the winners but which exuded a nice presence were Joseph Maize, Glenn Good and "Crushed," a group called Ebony, performing the song "If Only You Knew." Mahood and Walton deserve kudos for the most original performance. Their choreography was both inspired and the cardboard autograph of the song "Black Butterfly."

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The winners: Ebony.

The greater complexity required for a group to perform and sing well as opposed to a single or duo. The awards (both trophies and cash for the top winners) were presented by James Hutchinson, executive vice president and general manager, WYLD-AM&FM. The 9000-plus capacity audience (the show was sold out by Friday noon) truly appreciated the thirty contestants. The WYLD Talent Show, co-sponsored by McDonalds and NOPSI, was originally conceived and produced by WYLD-FM's former program director, Brute Bailey. Earlier this year, Bailey accepted an offer to be program director at a station in Houston, Texas.

Commenting on last year's show and what WYLD hoped to accomplish by doing the show, Brute Bailey correctly noted "There is a need in the community for people to express themselves. Also, it has a rippling effect in that not only did we get people to express the talent they had but we also teach. During the rehearsals we teach discipline, we teach poise and the proper way to communicate. Moreover, in the final analysis when you have thousands of people watching people like themselves stand up and perform, it brings about an 'I am-ness' in the people who are watching. It makes them want to emulate because they feel that it's really no big thing to be a star. 'The brother next door can do it, well I can do it too!' We teach that."

Unlike many musical concerts, which titillate with sexually explicit and scatological lyrics and pantomime or which dazzle with technical tricks and illusionary staging, the WYLD city-wide talent show was the real thing, the reaching for a star. Rather than the falseness of fantasy, the talent show was about making dreams come true. There is nothing else comparable to this happening in New Orleans, and certainly nothing else which showcases the talents of young black men and women. Given the international reputation of New Orleans as a music city, and the unashamed and blatant commercializing of that image by the government and businesses of New Orleans, one would think that the city ought to be sponsoring this talent show. The city government ought to be doing more to encourage musical talents. But so much for "ought to be" and let's just give thanks that WYLD is continuing to shoulder this important responsibility.

After the show, over eight thousand appreciative people filed slowly out into the chill of the autumn November night. It felt good being there, inspiring. I believe almost everybody left humming a tune or two to themselves, or doing a small bit of a dance step on the sidewalk outside. Some of us even said to ourselves, "Next year, I'm going to try out for the talent show. I know I can do it!" And no doubt, most of us, with a smile on our face as we recapped the night with whomever we were with, laughed and vowed, "Yeah, I'll be back next year" for the fourth annual WYLD night of talent.

One young sister, totally impressed by what she saw and heard, and nearly overcome with genuine surprised excitement, joyfully and proudly exclaimed, "I don't believe they're so good." But their "goodness" was not the hippest part of the production. The hip thing about this concert was that "they," in a real and apparent sense, were "we." At that November moment, it had been decisively demonstrated that "we" — not just some group or some singer from out of town but "we" (we, like in the young lady you work with or the man who lives around the corner), we were good. Real good.
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Remembering the Beaconette

by Jon Newlin and Larry Eagan

Back in the middle to late sixties, we started frequenting a bar on Claiborne Avenue, just off Napoleon, named for its parent building, the Beacon Restaurant at Claiborne and Napoleon. The Beacon, alas, is now gone—how many places featured on their menu an item like Red Snapper Throats?—and it has a certain amount of family sentiment attached: my Aunt Lucille used to send out for her meals to the Beacon; and even more important, before it was The Beaconette, the lounge property was the site of a cocktail lounge owned by my Uncle Nestor called The Chattabox which was not only the scene of his supernally romantic first meeting with my Aunt Annette (underage at the time, history informs us) but also enjoyed the notorious distinction of being the first integrated—really integrated, so history again informs us—boite de nuit in the city. The Beacon and Beaconette were run by Vic and Roy LaRocca, respectively; the bar was dark but comfortable, with a classically curved bar, mini-juke-boxes, padded railings that were conducive for sitting around casually, and bartenders in red vests. I recall also an area near the rest rooms that looked like a Fifties patio after a bomb test; virtually destroyed but comfortable lounge chairs, sitting in varied states of isolation. It resembled the bar in Mean Streets, if not Madame Francine’s on Van Buren Derringer.

Right after we started hanging out there in 1966, Roy LaRocca, an instantly likable and avuncular character, went to a live music format. He booked The Glory Rhodes (a New Orleans English-style band) for a Sunday afternoon jam session and from this modest beginning, the idea took off with bands being booked all three weekend nights. Eventually, he was booking rock bands—all Beatles-type “long hair” groups—Wednesday through Sunday.

Each band had its own distinctive personality, but certain repertoire items never altered: “Hungry” by Paul Revere and the Raiders, “Gloria” by the Shadows of Knight (though originally done by Van Morrison and Them), “Time Won’t Let Me” by The Outsiders, “Gimme Some Lovin’” by the Spencer Davis Group, etc. The Glory Rhodes were partial to Animals material with lead vocalist Kenny Lyles fronting the band in grand Eric Burdon fashion—“We Gotta Get Out Of This Place” (the chant of every graduating high school senior that spring of 1966), “Please Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood,” and The Who’s “My Generation” stick in the mind. The Glory Rhodes also produced some local singles: “Old Laces” and “I’m So Happy,” the latter actually classifying as bubble gum, during the band’s final period.

Another big draw was Yesterday’s Children. If the early Glory Rhodes represented the first wave of the British Invasion on Creole shores (the G.R.’s were actually hastily put together to open a Sonny and Cher show with only a few songs in their repertoire, but when people wanted them for longer gigs, they had to get a decent song list together), the Yesterday’s Children represented a hybrid of American folk-rock with the British influence. Their list included songs by the Beau Brummels, the Lovin’ Spoonful, the Byrds (“Mr. Tambourine Man”), and the Turtles, as well as songs by the Animals, Searchers, Stones, et alia. The band, fronted by singer John Murphy, had at least one local single—Buddy Holly’s “Take Your Time.” The group had a turbulent history with many changes in personnel later (many members ending up in the Paper Steamboat),
Since I used to work for The Palace Guards back in the Devonian Period, there are 2½ pictures of them to 1½ of other bands, but that was all I found when I took the brass-hinged folio volumes, covered with the dust of what seemed millennia, off the dumb waiter; my position with The Palace Guards was your basic step-and-fetch-it with the august "title" of Equipment Manager. I also occasionally acted—unpaid and to almost universal distress among the band members—as what might be termed an aesthetic consultant. Now that I look back on all of this, I may have been a mite severe and more than several mites pretentious when making my comments. But that latter-day equivalent of the Algonquin, the UNO UC Cafeteria was (at our end, away from the fraternities and the Student Government people) thronged with members of just about every working or somnolent garage band in the city. You always had an audience.

These pictures were taken by Alan Langhoff, founder of the Dream Palace (which is hardly all he's found along the way to these many years) who was then an ace Driftwood cameraman, I believe. Both Alan and I briefly had "paid" jobs with the UNO paper from which we were booted after a stay of a month at most because we wouldn't take the Loyalty Oath—essential in those days of SNCC, black light posters and "police actions" in Southeast Asia.

First, Frank Bua (the picture is dated September 23, 1967, and all of us were more scrupulous about such things then) playing at the Flowerpot on North Rampart (located somewhere near where Pan-American Film Labs was); this being that innocent age when we thought hallucinations had something to do with mental distress and that Psychedelic was a type face that people were using a lot in San Francisco, one need not comment on the decor of this mazelike establishment (should have been called Cui De Sac City) which was done Entirely In Black Light, making the patrons all look like they had spent a fast three minutes inside a microwave or a long weekend at Yucca Flats.
Back when knights were bold and dinosaurs ruled the earth, one of the more pleasing parts of a college education at the lakefront was an institution called the F.A.D. (Friday Afternoon Dance—I mean the Pentagon was spending good tax dollars making up acronyms, so why not?) which was chiefly useful for screening purposes. You paid your four bits and could decide if you ever wanted to see these guys again in this particular incarnation. These two photos are from F.A.D.'s.

Again we see The Palace Guards (or one of them, Jeff Miller, later the center of some unpleasantness at Trinity's), but this time with an interloper in their midst: Eddie Whiteman from The Other Side. Eddie Whiteman is one of my favorite characters from this period of my life: the first day I saw him at UNO he was wearing fuschia bell bottoms and had hair way past his shoulders. He was also extremely nasty and extremely intelligent and extremely amusing: one of the things that always haunted me about Eddie Whiteman was this: he had this long, long hair, just the kind I was being bitched at by my parents for trying—sheepishly—to grow. Well, one day I had to go with my mother to the wedding reception of a friend at some V.F.W. Hall on the West Bank and Eddie was there and my mother starts telling me how beautiful hair Eddie Whiteman has and if my hair could look like that, well, then it might be fine to have long hair. I like to die!

One of the reasons parents exist is to pour small amounts of salt into slow-healing wounds, but this was too much. I wanted to chalk it up to Mama's having a couple glasses of Iced Andre under her belt, but I suspect it was simply That Ole Whiteman Magic. As to what he was doing onstage with Jeff Miller (looking like Spafuicile and Rigoletto plotting the Duke's death), I couldn't begin to tell you. One of Jeff Miller's finest works of this period was a B-side for a Palace Guards single (which—speak memory, dammit—may have been written in collaboration with Ed Volker) called "Funky Funky Broadway Gas Station Boogaloo Downtown"—and he didn't even know who Jon Hendricks was!
winding up with an elaborate strobe and light show (portable light boards were unfortunately de rigueur) which included the then-bizarre Quint Davis as “go go boy” complete with cape, sunglasses and tambourine—a spectacle best seen on larger stages than the Beaconette, where the carpet-sample-sized bandstand was not conducive to old-or new, for that matter-fashioned showmanship.

Another group of the time was the uneven, but always interesting, The Other Side, which featured future Radiators (and Dogs) Eddie Volker and Camile Baudoin, as well as the ineffable Vaughn Whiteman as sex-symbol-cum-lead-vocalist and the even more ineffable Eddie Whiteman whose rendition of Murry Kellum’s “Long Tail Texan” clatters fondly along the cemetery fences of time. The Other Side, with Vaughn’s highly laryngeal vocals (something like June Christy on Darvon, sometimes) and a true garage-band tattiness, did not have a polished sound (they did have a following, as every local band did then), but they were always willing to fill in when Roy LaRocca needed them (there was a soprano like this at the Met-back around World War I named Florence Easton who could learn any score in 72 hours—but I digress). Even then, Ed Volker seemed almost prodigal with songs, and their sets were always highly seasoned with original material—such long-forgotten songs as “Goodnight Nigel” and “Brother John (Tell Me Where Are You Goin’)” which betrayed the distinctive eccentric-reflexive Volker style. As with many of the bands of this period, The Other Side went through a variety of changes down the line. They supposedly got a recording contract and then went through a lot of name changes—The Brain Police, The Cajun Boys, and the Plebeian Rebellion. Need one say, such image crises were the beginning of the end for them as a group, although they did release one top-fortyish single, “Man on the Run” (which I had forgotten completely until a relocated New Orleans friend of mine in L.A. started singing it while we were reminiscing about the Beaconette). Another Beaconette favorite was the Palace Guards, featuring a rather regal-looking lead singer named Les Gray who announced the band’s songs in an English accent (as English as you could get with an East Jefferson diploma, anyway), as well as drummer Frank Bua (now a Radiator and restaurateur), Jeff Miller, Ray Morvant and Bobby Fonseca. The Palace Guards’ song list was similar to Yesterday’s Children, except perhaps a bit less adventurous (another important point: The Palace Guards wore band uniforms while Yesterday’s Children were proto-hippie in look), with the Byrds, “Hey Joe,” “You’re Gonna Miss Me” by the 13th Floor Elevators, “She” by the Monkees (Frank Bua’s big vocal and I bet his face is red as he reads this), “Light My Fire,” the Turtles, the Blues Magnes (as well as a cacophonous rendering of “The Theme from The Wild Angels” for when Les Gray wanted to leave the bandstand, and “For No One” by the Beatles, which he sang when he was quarreling with his girlfriend). They had a local single hit in “Better Things To Do,” and several other original tunes, written mostly by Jeff Miller, including “Barbara,” “No Coming Back,” and—horror of horrors—a Christmas record, “Christmas Would Be Nothing.” In fairness, however, one must add that they also played (occasionally) a decent cover of “Soul Train” by Curley Moore, learned posthaste after an altercation at the now-defunct W.O.W. Hall on Franklin, which took place because they didn’t

And this is teetotaller Les Gray with s.l.s.p. (standard lead singer paraphernalia) of hip-huggers and tambourine. This is a really marvelous photo since it looks as though he’s performing remote for an audience of Fiji Islanders; same place—the Flowerpot—but a week earlier. The Palace Guards didn’t always wear their uniforms, and this is one of those less formal occasions (Les Gray got his Carnaby-meets-Canal-Street tags from a place called Newt’s of New Orleans, a name that should bring back a good many unwelcome memories to some; for something a good bit more tone—a dance at F&M or at Andrew Jackson High School, for instance, the powder blue went back on. During the years I worked with this band, Les Gray’s inamorata was Sherry Lewis, a wonderful young woman who used to lip-synch a different song each week on The John Pela Show. Sherry made her debut on Hay Glaud’s show lip-synching Ann Margret’s “Bye Bye Birdie,” wore really great eye makeup, did the best monkey I have ever seen anyone do (although her Beau did not allow her out on the dance floor without a Pass To Leave The Room or a duena at her side), and the rest, you might say, is history.
This is Franco Maier who played the organ (obviously, huh?) with a band called the Better Half Dozen. The reasons for the particular getup—that Ludendorff Look—is obscured in the mists of time, but I seem to recall that one of the guys in this band (with the great last name of Mangiapane, which led to his nickname being "Menge" as in the skin condition) favored the military surplus look which was then coming into terminal vogue. Franco was an interesting character—he was a Jesuit boy, and a gymnast (he was only an inch or two over five feet) with a lot of muscles, and read entirely too much science fiction. But then I think we all may have.

know the song.

The last of the original staple stable of bands at The Beaconette were the Moon Dawgs. Half of them were from Florida. They prided themselves on an interesting song list, which included the Byrd’s "Feel A Whole Lot Better" (played by most of the above) and "All I Really Want To Do," the Stones’ "Under My Thumb," Tommy James and the Shondells’ "Just A Mirage" and some nice covers of "Steppin’ Stone" (pre-Monkees) and "Good Thing" by Paul Revere and the Raiders. Following the pattern, they hit snags over a recording deal and dissipated soon thereafter. One of the guitarists, Allan Johnson, turned up in one of the last incarnations of The Glory Rhodes and then later he and the Moon Dawgs’ lead singer, Ray Genovese, formed a solid bar band called Orange, which also had an interesting repertoire ("Darlin’","Hello It’s Me","Fresh Air").

The best years of live music at The Beaconette were from 1966 until 1969. The crowd was quite a mix of people and it was often so packed that you could hardly move. Occasionally on a crowded Friday night, some fights would break out (in that blasted heath area referred to above, near the bath rooms—the only area large enough for a decent melee) and the bartenders (doubling as bouncers) would leap over the bar and drag the obstreperous patrons out, even sometimes lifting them above the crowd and literally carried through the swinging doors. The disturbance to one’s musical enjoyment was fleeting at best.

Other groups that played there (and on the entire existing club circuit at the time, though somehow The Beaconette nicely epitomizes the "era") included: the Roamer Togas, the Sixth Edition, the Paper Steamboat, Pete Philibar’s band The Mourning After, the Super Submarine Marching Band, Alley’s End (from Lafayette), the Souls of the Slain, the Better Half Dozen, the Local Traffic, Alfred E. Neuman and the Madmen, Threshold of Sound, Shane Martin and the Madmen, Threshold of Sound, Shane Martin and Noah’s Wax Battleship (Shane Martin—not his real name of course—was a real period Dreeem Boy, fresh from, or not even out of, Holy Cross), the Know Body Else (later to become, almost unchanged, Black Oak Arkansas—they had the longest hair seen on men in New Orleans since Lafitte’s men dispersed in 1814), the Alternative Rap, a cloned version of The Zombies, and from Baton Rouge, the In Crowd, Isosceles Popsicle, and Eternity’s Children, probably one of the finest groups that the state has ever produced, with Charlie Ross and Linda Lawley (the one record of theirs that anyone remembers is unfortunate—a sappy thing called "Mr. Bluebird"—as it gives no idea of how good the band indeed was). Many of the groups above belong to that period of Psychedelic Rococo which was peaking just as The Beaconette was virtually crashing.

The Beaconette served its purpose admirably: it gave a number of young groups some work in the mid- and late-sixties, including a legacy of survivors still making good music today. The club was probably emblematic of its period because (if for nothing else) it stayed open and prospered for longer than fifteen minutes and defied the usual mortality rate among local clubs, then and now. It gives one hope...and not much does nowadays. May small clubs and garage bands flourish forever, and hail, hail rock ‘n’ roll!
5 PM.

Tickets went on sale at 10 a.m. and we were there 19 hours early, decked out with a gnawing, biting, chewing, grinding black sort of hunger in our souls and a fear that we were too late, which we were, for all practical purposes; but we were fighting our game on the spiritual gridiron, not in the practical realm, and it's never too late when you're dealing with someone in the grip of true religious fervor.

Just like the Egyptians had no chance in hell of throttling those Hebrews, neither did D.H. Holmes department store have any chance of running off the hardened Springsteen apostles soon to confront it.

There were two separate and unspeakably distinct tribes there on the catwalk above Uptown Square: those who were willing to stand in line all night to see Bruce (the Tulane law students and high school seniors) and the others, those who had a raw-nerved devotion that can't be measured in any sort of human terms.

No prophet, Biblical, musical or otherwise, could possibly have foreseen That Which Had Come Before, that which, throughout the course of the long, mean-spirited night, grew to the height of a demi-god, if not messiah: that which was whispered about and joked about, that which was irrevocably.

He was referred to and deferred to as "Marko" by the Tulane students who knew:

"And then Marko, he came up to me, it was about four in the afternoon and I was here first. I had been number 22 at Tulane's Ticketmaster, but I just took a chance and came here. And I was first in line here, but Marko, he was second, came up to me, and, man, he was short but stocky, a powerful sort of stocky, like someone whose job it is to rip the heads off of cows in the slaughterhouses with their bare hands, which I think he does, and you knew he was bad because he had a dangling earring in one ear. 'I'll fuck you up,' he said, 'I'm first in line now. I'll fight you to see who goes first. And I'll fuck your body up. You bring twenty guys and I'll fuck all of them up,' he said, and you had to believe him because he had this earring and everything. And with him was this wild-looking entourage of wild-looking guys on stripped-down motorcycles, who were drinking beer out of bottles and had drive-chains wrapped around their heads and spike-studded baseball bats and Vietnam-issue M-16s strapped across their groins and wild-looking women slinking around looking around for a wild time. So I just said, 'Hey, okay, you can be first and I'll be second.' He was crazy."

Marko was gone before we got there, but his rightful place was reserved at the head of the line. It was because of what was called in somber tones "Marko's Plan."

Marko had invented a list with everyone's name on it, their number in line and a complicated set of rules that were Solomonesque in their fairness, because they insured that Marko and his band of chosen Huns would always remain at the head of that line, no matter how long they were absent from the all-night hell-hole that was to follow, no matter how long they were gone, out prowling Audubon Park, garroting librarians, or eating microwave burritos and drinking grain alcohol at the 7-11 store.

They would always be number one in line, until they had passed through the great glass doors and had bought their lot of concert tickets from the old lady with palsy; because, we were told and assured, that's the way the world works, and if there was a God that would be the way he would want it, of course, absolutely and irrevocably.

Those who advised and cautioned us were the twenty or so Tulanians that were in line behind Marko. Their safe place, in fact, depended upon Marko, for without Marko of the One Dangling Earring, their feudal lord, they were nothing, and they would have no hope whatsoever in the face of the others — the hard and the fast, the all-nighters, the grimy punks with teeth like wolves — like us, who had no fear and only one goal: See the Boss at whatever the cost.

We were more than ready to rip up into the line at the hint of a misstep. It was a state of such seriousness that few could understand it; it was haywire violence, howling just this side of the thread that bound it from their quivering world of casual Bruce interest.

But Marko was their strong thread, because he was not like them, he was ready to die for Bruce, and anything on that level of existence must be Noble, and with a capital N.

The leeches that sucked on Marko's vital organ juice for survival were an ugly pathetic crowd, as are most juice-sucking leeches, the kind of people who would just as soon stand in line for Van Halen tickets.

We called, by silent agreement, the one in the "El Salvador: Communism Stops Here!" t-shirt, the Friend of Freedom, and we knew he would be one of the first to be thrown down into the jungle and one of the first to get a one-way ticket back to his home on Staten Island, via a plastic body bag.

He got drunk on three Miller Lites and raved on about niggers and spics — Domino's delivery men in particular — and hoped aloud that Bruce would play 'On The Dark Side' and 'Jack and Diane' in concert.

At one point in the night he told the crowd that he knew Springsteen snorted a little coke before he went on stage. "How else could he get
behind everything. There is nothing, in the last, the nothing, with like only one
edged closer.

Finally Marko spoke, and as he spoke, that
earing ear, which had become a sym-
behind everything. There is nothing, in the last, the nothing, with like only one
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AMBLER, PENNSYLVANIA—Last Independence Day, at the Bauerlein residence in Ambler, the family Stars and Stripes hung limply in the summer humidity, and barbeque smoke lifted in neat curlicues through the charbroiled burgers on the grill. As toddlers played at the edges of the backyard swimming pool, their parents engaged in a casual discussion of the state of the union. Like so many other families of our time, the Bauerleins could not reach a consensus about the nuclear arms race.

My brother-in-law, a former Marine pilot, argued that Americans had to trust their elected representatives; to do otherwise encouraged anarchy. “Acts of civil disobedience not only break man’s laws, they break the laws of God as well,” he said. “The only way to change the system is the voting booth, and I’m proud of that. We’re not a banana republic: we’re civilized here.”

Agnes Bauerlein—the mother of 11, including me—had been standing at the barbecue grill, flipping hamburgers with an aluminum spatula. Now she shook her head in disagreement, causing her short-cropped, salt-and-pepper hair to swing back and forth. Over her bathing suit she was wearing a navy blue t-shirt, to which was pinned a small red button with black letters that read: “Question Authority.”

“I believe you should let the government know, through voice or action, how you feel,” my mother said. “If the government doesn’t hear from the people, it will go in its own direction. If the people let the government know what it ought to be doing, I don’t see that as anarchy; I see that as government by the people.”

Everyone in my family knew my mother as an outspoken opponent of nuclear armaments and of America’s military buildup. For months she had protested against military spending, draft registration and the government’s covert activities in Central America. But on this Fourth of July day, only my father knew how strong her pacifist convictions had actually grown. Only he knew that she was willing to go to jail to express those convictions, and that, in fact, just 10 days later, his wife—our mother—would be calling us from prison.

The morning after the Fourth of July picnic, my mother drove to a Roman Catholic monastery in Vermont and met with six other anti-nuclear protesters—three men, two of whom were single, and one a father, and three other women, all grandmothers. The seven were planning to illegally enter a defense plant owned by Avco Corp. in Wilmington, Mass., and commit symbolic acts of destruction against the nuclear weapons parts that were assembled there.

At the monastery, my mother and the others spent a week in prayer, solitude and preparation. One of the things they did, with the help of one of the protesters who was a nurse, was to draw blood from their veins and store it in small baby bottles. Part of their plan, upon entering the Avco plant, was to pour the blood over nuclear weapons parts and blueprints, to symbolize the blood that would be spilled if the weapons were ever used.

Mother used her time at the monastery to reflect on the implications of what she was about to do. She was full of fears and unanswered questions. “All during my visit at the monastery I kept asking myself, ‘Why am I doing this?’ I was leaving a very comfortable, loving environment, a place where I like to be, where I have enjoyed raising my family for 32 years. It was difficult for me to leave, knowing that I wouldn’t be back for a while,” she said.

My mother had been arrested before in the course of her anti-nuclear protests. She had even been herded off to jail by paddy wagon but never for an action as serious as the one she contemplated now. Her biggest fear was not the possibility of personal harm so much as the process of incarceration itself. “I was terrified to be put in a paddy wagon,” she recalled. “I hate paddy wagons. I get claustrophobic and panicky. The police don’t drive paddy wagons slowly. You’re handcuffed, sitting on a stainless steel bench. They go around corners very quickly and you slide there without ventilation. It gives you a feeling of powerlessness. It really puts you in touch with what oppression is.”

In the early hours of July 14, as the morning shift was arriving at Avco, the seven anti-nuclear protesters—they called themselves the Avco Plowshares—drove up to the plant. Each of them carried a false Avco identification card, obtained through the help of a supporter who worked in the plant, which they hoped would get them past the guards.
Getting inside proved surprisingly easy. As they approached, an Arco employee smiled and held the doors for them. “Good morning,” he said as they flashed their false IDs. Their next problem was to find the weapons. They knew that parts of the MX missile, including the warheads that were manufactured and stored somewhere in the Arco plant, but they had no idea where. Quite by accident, they found an architectural office and located blueprint plans for the MX. They poured some of the blood they had flung about as they moved, and found what they recognized as missile parts drawn across the floor. “We all felt,” my mother said later, “that the Holy Spirit had led us to those rooms.” Mother poured a bottle of blood over an MX, but the hard work of my mother’s secret, private, do-it-yourself surgery was not done. They soon learned that the nuclear warheads were in place inside the missile nose cone.

Another protester, Mary Lyons, bashed her hammer on a thermometer used for measuring how much heat and cold the Pershing II can withstand. In all, they must have spent about half an hour at these tasks. Although the building was filled with employees all this time, no one tried to prevent what they were doing. When they finished, they knelt in a tight circle, prayed for an end to the arms race, and waited for the police to come, which they soon did.

The protesters were taken to jail (not in padded wagons, much to Mother’s relief, but in police cars) and charged with trespassing and malicious destruction of property. My mother ended up in jail at the Framingham Women’s Lockup, which shared a 35-year-old woman who was suffering from withdrawal and destruction (CIV’S). After the protests, she asked to be whisked away to jail, where she could be out of sight of the masters of the world. Although she was placed in solitary, she did not receive any food. Unable to minister to the heroin addict, and emotionally drained by the day’s events, Mother passed out. She was placed in a solitary cell, and the next day she felt well enough to telephone home. She told my father that she felt overwhelmed by what was happening; she wasn’t sure she could withstand the 22-hour daily lock-in and the forthcoming trial.

As extraordinary as my mother’s action was, my father’s support of her was perhaps the bigger miracle. He is a Cornell University graduate, a Navy veteran of World War II, a civil engineer, and the president of his own consulting firm. In 1989 he had voted for Ronald Reagan for president.

“Don’t worry,” my father said over the phone, “we all have faith you can stick it out.”

My parents live in a three-story, seven bedroom stone house on Stout Road in Ambler, Pennsylvania. They have lived there for 22 years. For as long as I can remember the house has been open to people in need. Foreign students, inner-city ghetto children, Vietnamese refugees and even American sailors who have found food, shelter and acceptance at my family’s home.

In the spring of 1981, just months after Reagan’s inauguration, my mother had found sixteen reasons to open her home to people in need. She volunteered to provide shelter for supporters of the Plowshares Eight, a group of anti-nuclear activists who were about to go on trial in Norristown. They had been accused of breaking into the General Electric plant in King of Prussia, blasting nuclear warhead casings with hammers and spilling blood on weapons plans. The Plowshares Eight were headed by Daniel and Philip Berrigan. Roman Catholic activists with a long history of civil disobedience, a history that touched my mother very deeply.

It had touched my mother’s whole being, and she had been searching all her life for the kind of inner peace he spoke of. After more than three decades of marriage to my father, Mother knew him deeply: She appealed to his sense of Christian decency. Regardless of their political differences, she argued, the defendants had asked outright for help and needed a place to stay. Who else would take them in?

Forces beyond his control conspired against my father. Sensing his wavering conscience, the children grabbed at this opportunity to spend some time overnight with their school friends. They unanimously volunteered to relinquish their rooms to the Plowshares defendants. Hopefully outnumbered, my father finally bestowed his consent.

Within days, the Bauerlein house became the trial headquarters of the Plowshares Eight. My mother went over backward to make their visit comfortable. “For the first time in my life,” she told me at the time, “I feel like I’ve found like-minded people.”

Each morning at breakfast the dining room would fill with the camaraderie of friends who had embarked on an important mission. Although faced with a hostile trial judge and possible prison sentence, the defendants always found time to laugh and pray and sing. Their trial mornings began cordially with Daniel Berrigan taking his customary seat at the head of the table, next to my mother. (My father was willing to share his place of authority with Daniel, but not relinquish it.)

Draft records in protest of the war in Vietnam.

“I am not proud,” she told Schuchardt, “I’ll take anyone in need.” First, though, she had to elicit my father’s approval.

My 56-year-old father, Charles, Sr., had lived his life towing the chain of command, putting faith in both the Roman Catholic Church and the government. His initial reasons for refusing hospitalization to the Plowshares Eight were more pragmatic than political, though: It might affect his business; the FBI might tap his family telephones (a possibility that amused my two teenage sisters no end); the neighbors would think that we were harboring criminals. And, finally, where would the children stay? The six youngest were still living at home, and there was no extra bedroom.

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Daniel, a gaunt ascetic with cobalt eyes, had a gentle spirit but a commanding presence. Like a star actor stealing a scene, he was always the last to appear for my mother’s home-cooked meals. Once seated, the point of focus shifted to him as naturally as a soap bubble charting its own course forward. To be looking forward to hear his feather-soft voice when he spoke. He seemed to be holding his oratorical power in reserve, for the courtroom, where even the judge and the prosecuting attorney fell under his spell.

My mother blossomed under the lamp of love and appreciation that the Plowshares Eight shone on her. She drew close to the two women in the group, Sister Anne Montgomery, a member of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and Molly Rush, a homemaker from Pittsburgh. But nothing touched her like the simplicity of Daniel Berrigan’s testimony at the trial. It was well into the trial’s second week before my mother entrusted the mundane household chores to my sister so she could go to the Norristown courthouse to hear the Jesuit priest testify.

Sitting at the back of the crowded courtroom, her brown eyes focused intently, my mother listened with rapt attention.

“We come from America and we come to this, a trial of conscience and motive,” Daniel Berrigan told the hushed courtroom. “And the statement of conscience we would like to make is this: We could not not do this. We could not not do this. We could not not do this. We could not not do this. We could not not do this. We could not not do this. We could not not do this. We could not not do this.

“When I say I could not not do this, I mean, among other things, that with every cowardly bone in my body I wish I hadn’t had to enter the G.E. plant. I wish I hadn’t had to do it. And that has been true every time I have been arrested over the years. My stomach turns over. I feel sick. I feel afraid. I don’t want to go through this.

“I hate jail. I don’t do well there physically. But I cannot go on, because I learned that we must not kill if we are threatened by these weapons. I have read that Christ our Lord underwent death rather than inflict it. And I am supposed to be a disciple. The push, the push of conscience is a terrible thing.

“So at some point your cowardly bone gets moving, and you say, ‘Here goes again,’ and you do it. And you have a certain peace because you did it, as I do speaking to you this morning.’

The Plowshares Eight were convicted of criminal mischief and Daniel and Philip Berrigan received more than a year in prison. Within days of the sentencing they were set free, pending an appeal. Although Daniel Berrigan’s testimony apparently had not moved the jurors, it had touched my mother very deeply. She had been searching all her life for the kind of inner peace he spoke of.

My mother committed her first act of civil disobedience on June 11, 1981. She and six other Catholic pacifists—a priest, two young men and three other women, ranging in age from 26 to 74—separated from a public tour of the White House and knelt in prayer on the front lawn for 10 minutes. District of Columbia police whisked them off to jail, where they spent the night in a holding cell. Their protest was part of a month-long action organized by the Committee for Creative Non-Violence, a national peace group based in Washington.

Because it was her first action against the government, her 10 other convictions and three other sentences, my mother was placed on the condition that she donate 50 hours of community service to her hometown. Once a week, my mother drove into Center City, Philadelphia to serve the needs of the battered women at Mercy Hospice. After 15 weeks, the nurse there threw a party and admitted my mother to “break the law and hurry back to us.”

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It wasn’t long before she obliged them by breaking the law again. On Oct. 15, 1981, Mother and two other peace activists interrupted President Reagan’s address to the World Affairs Council at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel. Mother shouted from the balcony, “Nuclear weapons kill all God’s children!” She was apprehended by city police and hotel administrators and escorted from the room.

She didn’t argue with them. Their home had become, by then, a haven for all manner of pacifists, anti-nuclear activists and miscellaneous aging hippies. Increasingly, my brothers and sisters resented having to share their beds and meals with Mother’s new friends, some of whom took advantage of her hospitality. They were not allowed by her government to protest the arms race—“all the more reason why America must shoulder the burden of halting the nuclear threat,” she said. More than 1,400 people were arrested that day and released on their own recognizance.

On Dec. 28, 1982, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, Mother stood a vigil with several hundred Christians at the Pentagon. And in May 1983 she joined 1,000 peace activists in a national gathering of Christians to pray for disarmament at the Capitol in Washington. More than 350 entered the building and stayed for two hours, singing and praying. They were all arrested and held overnight in four large holding cells. Although fined $50 each, Mother and 150 of the other protesters refused to pay the penalty and remained in jail for five days.

Throughout this time, my mother also followed kindness and overstayed their welcome. For the first time in his marriage, my father was forced to fend for himself. While mother was out protesting against nuclear weapons, my father had to do his own wash, make his own lunch, iron his own clothes. While Mother was out, my father was forced to pay the penalty and remained in jail for five days.

The family picnic had its positive side, though. A large part of my mother’s nervousness was because she was making an emotional commitment to a different way of life. Father started to pay more serious attention to what was gnawing at my mother’s heart. The truth is, he was afraid he would lose her if he could not accommodate to her changes.

For months my mother had been expressing a desire to do another, more meaningful, act of civil disobedience. She had been invited to join in a Plowshares-style action, patterned after the Berri- gians’ symbolic act at General Electric. But more important, she wanted my father to want her to do it, too. She wouldn’t settle for acquiescence;

### Holiday meals would degenerate into clamorous controversies—was Mother doing the right thing by protesting the nuclear arms build-up? Or was she neglecting her duties at home?

It was one of the most agonizing decisions of my father’s life. He’d been reading about the nuclear arms race, and was greatly touched by Jonathan Schell’s book *The Fate of the Earth* and by Dr. Helen Caldicott’s *Nuclear Madness*. But in expressing a Plowshares action, my father ran the risk of losing his life’s partner to jail for a long, long time. He drew some solace from the Birrigians’ experience: Although sentenced for up to 10 years in prison, the Plowshares Eight had been released pending an appeal, and after two years the appeal still had not come up for a hearing.

“There was no single moment when I decided that she should do it and that I approved of it,” my father recalled. “It was just a culmination of many things—talks with Mom, reading the papers, reading the Roman Catholic bishops’ statement on the arms race. Just a lot of things came together for me.”

When it had finally coalesced into a decision, he expressed it with simple eloquence. On the day after my mother’s arrest at Avco, he mailed photostat copies of this letter to friends and relatives:

On the morning of Thursday, 14 July 1983, Agnes our wife and mother, along with three other women and three men, entered the plant of a defense contractor, Avco Corporation in Wil-lington, Massachusetts at that site. They poured blood on weapons of mass and indiscriminate destruction and prayed for the conversion of swords into plowshares.

The seven were arrested and are now being held in jail near Boston. They will appear before the court next Friday, the 22nd of July.

We want you, our family and friends, to know that we support Agnes in this action. We were with her at the time, and we are proud of her and believe you should too. This step was at personal risk and took great courage on her part.

We expect that the action will result in a jail sentence and separation from those she loves. All of us consider the sacrifice which we are willing to make as our contribution to the growing effort to stop the arms race.

The letter was signed by my father and the six children still living at home.

Relativism from the relatives came swiftly. My father spent the next three days fielding telephone calls from his in-laws. Most of them expressed anger at Mother’s act of civil disobedience, and emphatically opposed it. My father was put in a delicate position—defending his wife’s act of conscience, which he himself had come to accept only with great reluctance. The question most often put to him was: “How could you let her do such a thing?” It implied that my father had the power to impose his will on my mother, and that my mother would allow such legislation in approving of a Plowshares action, my father recalled.

It was just a culmination of many things—talks with Mom, reading the papers, reading the Roman Catholic bishops’ statement on the arms race. But more important, she wanted my father to want her to do it, too. She wouldn’t settle for acquiescence;
BAND GUIDE

Compiled by Lise Giordana
Art Marvel
Atchafalaya
Allegra
Baby Grande
Jazzhounds
AI
change, outside Louisiana
The
Slidell 469-7710.
Alvin (318) 981-5188
A Train R&B, 469-7906.
Art Marvel Top 40. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.
Abby Twins Top 40. Jerome Aubert, Tyrone Aubert, Herman Ernest, Craig Wronen, David Bar- renard, Renard Poche. Omni Attractions, 821-9737 or 822-0301.
Marcia Ball R&B. Tom Orden, (512) 476-8195.
Danny and Blue Lu Barker and the Jazzbeauds Traditional jazz, Creole, swing. Omni Attractions, 821-9737 or 822-0301.
Mrs. Bates Bates dance music. Lesley Beter, bass/vocals; Dudley Blancke, lead guitar/vocals; Andy Kaps, drums; Charlotte Lancaster, vocals; Madison Leuter, vocalist; 522-5226.
Beausoleil Cajun, Michael Doucet (318) 981-5188 or 526-0016.
Al Bellette Contemporary jazz. New Orleans Talent Exchange, 944-2369.
Blue Eyed Soul Revue '60s and '70s soul and R&B, Jim Arthur, trumpet; "Sleepy" Brunet, bass; Bryan Leicher, vocals; Phillip Roddy, drums; Michael Vic, tenor sax; Pershing Wells, lead guitar. Michael Vic, (504) 872-4535, 873-9822.
Eddie Bo New Orleans R&B, 821-8108.
Spencer Bohren New blues. Marylin Bohren, (704) 252-8230.
The Bongo Trio Progressive electric jazz-rock. Mike Pelleria, key- boards; Jim Singleton, bass; Jeff Boudreaux, drums. Jeff, 861-6696.
Ray Bonniville Blues and R&B. Quiet and harmonica in the rack. Ray, 945-4065.
Brothers Top 40. '50s, '60s. New Orleans music. Barbara Copper- man, Jimi Williams, Michael Aubert, Herman Aubert. Omni Attractions, 891-0614 or 865-7444.
Buckeye Zydeco Cajun/Zydeco. Musicians Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.
Chris Burke and his New Orleans Music New Orleans/traditional jazz. Lloyd Washington, vocals; Chris Burke, clarinet; Wendel Eugene, trombone; Wendel Brun- nion, trumpet; Justin Adams, guitar; Barry Martin, drums; John Royen, piano. Chris Burke, 943-4273.
Hadley J. Castille & Cajun Grass Band Cajun country music (electric). Hadley J. Castille, fiddle; Brian Castille, guitar; Al Jr. Barta Castille, guitar; George Holler, guitar; Jay Stander, drums; Ray Deville, bass. (318) 948-6558.
Cajun Top 40. Motown, '60s, country. Barbara Coppersmith & Associates, 891-0614 or 865-7444.
Crescent City Jazz Band Jazz. Musi­cians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.
Dogs of Love Neo-psychodelic pop. Hueston Fornter, David Lane, Harvey Smith, Tony Jones, Richard Crosby, (504) 733-1348.
Fats Domino R&B, rock 'n' roll. Herb Hardesty, Reggie Hill, Antoine Domino, David Douglas, John Williams. (504) 821-9373 or 822-0301.
Fats Domino R&B, rock 'n' roll. Herb Hardesty, Reggie Hill, Antoine Domino, David Douglas, John Williams. (504) 821-9373 or 822-0301.
Leo Dorse R&B, Omni Attrac­tions, 821-9737 or 822-0301.
James Drew Trio/Quartet Jazz. James Drew, piano; Jim Singleton, bass, Jef Boudreaux, drums; Ray Margitza, sax, (504) 861-2638.
The Drifters Funk, soul. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.
Eclipse Funk, soul. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.
Exit 209 Covers, originals, progres­sive pop. Kevin Aucoin, drums; Frank Girard, bass; Roland Kepler, keyboards; Randy Kill- burn, guitar; Garland Powell, gui­tar; Melanie Scott, lead vocals. (504) 822-9900.
Exuma Island music. 895-3072.
Faye Band R&B, Pie Productions, 283-4746.
Faze Band R&B, Pie Productions, 283-4746.
The Fenders Oldies. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-
Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Fri Top 40, funk, '70s R&B

Paul Academy Timeless... Hampią, Theodore Albert, Skul, Edward Green III, and Tom Oms. (504) 282-6147.


The Flying Opposums "We play dad." The quality band playing the music of the Grateful Dead. Barry, John, Darryl Nurliscu, Darryl O'Meally, trombone, keyboards & vocals; Brian Caldwell, bass; Joe Miceli, drums; Sammy Pietre, keyboards; Madison Murphy, keyboards; Jonathan Trebey, drums; Renard Boisserie, bass/synth; Gabe White, drum/guitar.

John Fred & the Playboys Rock "n' roll, original songs, plus '50s and '60s classics. Entertaining fans for 25 years. Jim Hartner, guitar; Tim Hodges, bass; Jayse Calhoun, mandolin; Ernie K-Doe, vocals; Kevin Ryan, keyboards & vocals; Brian O'Neill, trombone, keyboards & vocals; A.J. Pittman, trumpet & vocals; Rusty Jessup, sax/vocals; Billy Young, drums/vocals. Rick Lash, 649-3979.

Henry Gray & His Cats Blues, Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Halifax Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions, (504) 488-8821.

Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band Jazz, R&B. Andrew Hall, (504) 486-1027.


Clarence "Frogman" Henry R&B. Omni Attractions, (504) 822-0301 or 821-9373.


J.B. and the Jammer's A la Musique, (504) 891-0614 or 865-7444.


Dr. John New Orleans piano. Paul Hovilla, (504) 486-3573.

Al "Carnival Time" Johnson R&B. Omni Attractions, (504) 822-9373 or 822-0301.

Leroy Jones Quartet Jazz, jazz fusion. Pie Productions, (504) 283-4746.


The Juke Jumpers Skit/R&B. "Jump music for parties, shows, love-ins and pop festivals." Pat Murphy, keyboards/vocals; Candy Murphy, bass/vocals; J.B. and the Jammers, drums; Rockin' John, guitar/vocals. Pat Murphy, (601) 467-4515, 467-3597.


Judah Star Reggae. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

The Juke Jumpers Skit/R&B. "Jump music for parties, shows, love-ins and pop festivals." Pat Murphy, keyboards/vocals; Candy Murphy, bass/vocals; J.B. and the Jammers, drums; Rockin' John, guitar/vocals. Pat Murphy, (601) 467-4515, 467-3597.


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Lion Rock (formerly Blue Steel Inc.)
Original and commercial reggae.
Ras Cliff, drums; Brother Joe, guitars; Ljahman, bass guitar; Many Hands, percussion; Cool Runner, keyboards. C.C. Productions, (504) 529-1390.

Louisiana Top 40, funk. Kingsland Talent Agency (318) 396-1269.

Louisiana Gizzards Psycho-billy, rural global dance music with standard rock instruments. Mac Bagham, Rock Oliver, Jerry Piles, Andy Ouskalet, Bobby Caruso, (504) 821-2029.

Maggoblun Funk, top 40. Barbara Coppersmith & Associates, (504) 891-6014 or 865-7444.


Monixax (Heavy metal, rock 'n' roll. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Jimmy Maxwell Orchestra Big band, some contemporary. Barbara Coppersmith & Associates, (504) 891-6014 or 865-7444.

The Maxx Funk, top 40. Kingsland Talent Agency (318) 396-1269.


Ramsey McLean Tony Dagradi Duet Concert and jazz. Ramsey McLean, Tony Dagradi. (504) 943-2082.


Arthur Mitchell Quartet Jazz, both Dixieland and progressive, big band, some contemporary. Barbara CopperSmith & Associates, (504) 891-6014 or 865-7444.

Bobby Mitchell R&B. Omni Attractions, (504) 821-9373 or 822-0301.

John Mooney Rock 'n' roll. (504) 488-3911.

Oliver Morgan R&B. Omni Attractions, (504) 822-9373 or 822-0301.

Multiple Places New wave, psychedelic. Setley Smith, Duncan McCord, Marc Bouloguie, Rodney Milk, Duncan. (504) 833-5291.


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# Jackson, MS. 517 E. Capitol. 353-3517

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Razor White: Progressive heavy metal. Phil Anselmo, lead vocals; Jimmy Davis, lead guitar/vocals; Craig Cazubon, bass/vocals; Thomas Grishmans, drums; Allen Bankson, lead. Phil Anselmo, (504) 232-7058; Thomas Grishmans, (504) 485-5083.

The Rebels: Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions, (504) 488-8821.

Red Beans & Rice Blues: Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444, or 273-0960.


Zachary Richard: Cajun/zydeco. (219) 269-9926.


Teddy Riley/Heritage Hall Jazz Band: Royal Brass Band: Traditional New Orleans jazz and R&B. Teddy Riley, trumpet; Lionel; Wendell Eugene, tenor sax; Don Suhr, clarinet and sax; George French, bass; Bob French, drums; Emile Vinette, piano. Teddy Riley, (504) 699-8667.

James Rivers Movement: Jazz. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Rockin' Dopsie & the Cajun Twisters: Zydeco, Cajun, blue. Mr. Parsons, (504) 866-6789.

Rockin' Sidney: Cajun/zydeco. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.


The Rogues: Beat music. Glenn Grass, Doug Chatelain, Tommy Moore, Stan Gelp. Tommy Moore, (504) 861-9343 or 835-7970.


Moson Ruffner & the Blues Rockers: Blues. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Roper: Heavy metal & rock 'n' roll. Original and commercial. Mary Serpas, lead vocals; George Wood, lead guitar; Pat Giroua, drums; Eddie Monto, bass; René Perrera, rhythm guitar. (504) 482-1515.

Savage White Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions, (504) 488-8821.

Six Machine: Jazz. Musicians' Exchange, outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

The 7 Grand Band: Top 40, funk and soul. Quiltman Thomas, Premium Fortenberry, Michael McDonald, Rodney Calhoun, Louis Bibbs, Kevin Pearson. The Brutus Corp., P.O. Box 8119, N.O.L.A. 70182. Willard J. Frederick, 888-0675.

Sex Offenders on Parade: Original heavy metal. Wild Dog Bob, vocals; Street, guitar; Steve Strong, guitar/vocals; Les, bass; Mr. X, drums. Hurston Forner, producer. (601) 234-0485 or (504) 733-1348.

The Shels: Rock 'n' roll. Michael O'Hara, Leslie Martin, Nick Ferber, Rob Sanders, Rob Sanders, P.O. Box 8083, Metairie, LA 70011.


Silk-n-Steel: Top 40. Musicians' Exchange. Outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Silvian: Modern rock, all original. Mario O, guitar; Ray Darric, guitar; Johnny Kane, bass; Pat Hunter, drums. Mario O, (504) 891-7316. Ray Darric, 891-4578.


Stone Jam: Funk, top 40. Barbara Coppersmith & Associates, (504) 891-6614 or 865-7444.


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One R&B, jazz. Pie Productions, (504) 283-4746.

Vital Functions


Vital Signs

Rock n' roll, sixties to eighties. Mona Landy, vocals; Jami Hahn, guitar/vocals; David Newman, guitar/vocals; Grayland Morgan, bass; Joe "Big Guy" Toups, drums, vocals; Dennis Olliver, sounds. Dwight, (504) 341-8677.

The Voltage Brothers R&B, Big J Productions, (504) 488-8821.

Vortex


Walter Washington R&B, Omni Attractions, (504) 821-9373 or 822-0301.

Warlock

Rock 'n' roll. Musicians' Exchange. Outside Louisiana 1-800-592-2444 or 273-0960.

Woodenhead

New rock. Fran Comiskey, James Comiskey, Edgar Lips, Jimi Burrow, (504) 891-1328.

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Richard Wright R&B, Pie Productions, (504) 283-4746.

Y-Ki-Ki

John Kaji (aka No Hit) Funk/rock dance band, all original material. Kevin Toussaint, Mark Bingham, Jerome Dupree, Mamou Kitagawa, "Coors from Osaka". Bobby Caruso, (504) 821-2029.

Zebra

Rock 'n' roll. Big J Productions, (504) 488-8821.
CONCERTS

Tuesday, 1
Viana Philharmonic Orchestra's Four Days in Concert, live from Atlantic City at 10 a.m., with plenty of waltzes, tango and tango from the Buenos Aires Woods, music to which you name it; WWNO-90 FM.

Thursday, 3
Pete's Birthday Party, (her first annual 9th), she tells you, by whatever name you like; MMN-107 FM.

Friday, 4
Show, Steamer Cross, Neville Brothers, Steamer African Palm Tree Relief Party, and the Wanderers, Sian in the James River Movement, and Germaine LeMaire and the Wanderers.

Saturday, 5
Dean Darling and the Wanderers' Olde Show, Steamer President.

Sunday, 6
John Rankin, Dave Mason, Jimmy's, 825 Willow.

Saturday, 12
The Neville Brothers, Steamer President.

Sunday, 13
African-film Relief Fundraiser, Steamer President, 2 to 8, with money (not food); the show's version of Trappey's Jalapeno Poppers. Black Eyed Peas you want to send off to the Copps might not make it to Addis Ababa in a piece or even two) sent to the Red Cross at 1523 St. Charles, New Orleans. 70110; included among the entertainers are the James Rivers Movement, by Uncle John and Auntie Vera, Lady B, Oliver and several tentativo names.

Tuesday, 15
Kiss: Krokus., UNO Lakefront Arena.

Friday, 18
The Beadles of Prague, by Herman Berlinski, recorded at the Smithson, broadcast over WWNO-90 FM in conjunction with the Prewintal Legacy exhibit at NOLA.

Sunday, 27
George Winston, Steamer President.

A Jerome Kern Centennial, as part of WWNO's High Performance series, performed by that sublime couple, the Lunts of Song, the Brownings of Tin Pan Alley, pianist William Boden and his wife, singer Joan Morris: 12 noon.

Wednesday, 30
Again simulcast over WWNO and Channel 12 from the Metropolitan is Zandonai's

CONCERT SERIES

Saturday, 10 a.m.
Richard Dodds presents Backstage on Broadway, dedicated to the American Musical Theatre, from Jan 5; WWNO 90-FM.

Wed.23-Sat.26

The weekly World of Jazz on WTUL 91.5 FM will move, starting January 15, from 8 to 9 in the evening; weekend hours remain the same.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Quote of the Month: "On my left, then, was this girl with the rolling gams; what was on my right I could not make out till after some time. It was a huge, immovable mass, that had a face and a large, heavy, inert hand. The side of the face that I saw was empty, quite without features and without memories, and it was gruesome that its attire was like that of a corpse dressed for the coffin. The narrow, black cloth had been tied in the same loose, impersonal way around the collar, and it was evident that the coat had been put on the will-less body by other hands. The hand had been placed on the trousers exactly where it lay, and even the hair looked as if it had been combed by those women who lay out the dead, and stuck up stiffly like the flur of stuffed animals. I observed at all things with close attention, and it occurred to me that this must be the place that had been designated for me; for I now at least believed that I had arrived at the stage of my life at which I should remain. Yes, fate goes wonderful ways..."—Ramer Martin Hike, The Note-Books of Maita Ludics, Bridge, 1910.

Fri.4,Sat.5
Auditions for the New Orleans Symphony Chorus, experience not only preferred but essential (one of the tried to carry-a-ounce and nearly-twisted-a-trous stuff), auditions held in Room 250 of the New Music Building at Loyola; information at 524-0404.

Sat.5
Krewe of Glenda fundraising extravaganza, which could really mean almost anything (Dame Rumor has told us that the K.O.C. is trying to clean up its act, which may result in scores of new recruits for the Krewe). Fri.5: The All Stars, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Sun.6
Pony Reading by Helena Baglione and Helen Shock. Longue Vue Gardens, 408-5488.

Fri.16,Sat.19
TRT Tractor Pull, which sounds like the sort of event one can get one back into. UNO Lakefront: Arena.

Fri.25
Lippstail Stations, UNO Lakefront Arena (tentative).

FESTIVALS

Sat.5,Sun.6
Battle of New Orleans, restaged the historic event, starting January 6, with the peals, blues, and other pitches of musicians and musicians and badgers and noises. If not Persian lamb's and cemeteries and tables, will be on display, as will—ones hopes—these dear little creatures "In the Night," in this year's Mardi Gras. B. S. Blanche.

Sun.13,Mon.14
Louisiana Fur and Wildlife Festival, which may or may not include entertainment by Li'l Queene and the Son Twists; the pelts, blues, and other pitches of musicians and musicians and badgers and noises. If not Persian lamb's and cemeteries and tables, will be on display, as will—ones hopes—these dear little creatures "In the Night," in this year's Mardi Gras. B. S. Blanche.

SYMPHONY

Sat.5
A Night on the Danube, Superpop Concert, conducted by Philip Enarch and the Wanderers, soloists Germaine LeMaire, Germaine LeMaire, Germaine LeMaire, Germaine LeMaire.

Sun.6,Sat.9
Philipp Enarch conductors, soloists are Claudine Carlson, mezzo, and Gary Laster. Sunday, Haydn's Symphony No.85, La Reeue, Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde.

Sun.22-Thurs.24
Philipp Enarch conductors, soloists in Waves and Wildness, violins, violins; four works by Stravinsky—the Violin Concerto, Circus Polka, Fast Fast for a New Theater, Scherzo a la Russe, Siberia, Symphonic Symphony No.2.

Sun.27

Sun.29,Wed.30
Philipp Enarch conductors and is piano soloists; Weber's Aba Hassan overture, Mozart's Piano Concerto No.23, Ravel's La Valse and Debussy's Préludes. All concerts are at the Opera Theatre, conducted by Andrew Massey. Mon.14 through Fri. 18: Once Upon An Orchestra; at 9:45 and 11:45 a.m.

VIDEO


NOVAC, 210 Magazine, 524-0826, offers screening programs and classes in editing, camera operation, computer graphics, etc. Call for schedule.

LIVE MUSIC

The Arch, 4737 Laplace, 348-2945.


Angelo's Dineo, West End Park. Thurs.3: Zone One. Fri.4 through Sun.6: Jake the Snake (Deuce's; the man I love?): and the Who! Dandie West 5: Items Thurs. 12 p.m. to 12 a.m. Fri.11 through Sun.13: Sk8 'n' Steel. Wed.16: Limit. Fri.18-Sun.20 Cirque. Wed.23: Zone One. Fri.25 through Sun.27: Tricks. Upstairs: Fri.4 through Sun.5 and Fri.11 through Sun.13: Mab America. Sat.30: Jaya

Beau Boat, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710.
Thursdays through Saturdays from 9: bruins: Lunch with Stepping Out. Fridays and Saturdays, 10-3: Spice of Life.

January 1985/Wavelength 33
Clockwise from below: Jim Sohr's "Fish Show," Posselt-Baker Gallery, through January 31, Final Academy at Jimmy's, Thursday, Jan. 10. WTLU's World of Jazz, new time, 6-8.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Wed., Thurs. and Sat. to 2 a.m., Sun. to 1 a.m. Thurs. to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m. and Sun. to 3 a.m.

Bret's, 1409 S. Peters, 522-0862. Mon. to Thurs. to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 529-4574. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 p.m.; every night, only; pay cash, only and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 666-3854. Alfonso, reggae piano and reggae people every Saturday at 8 p.m.

Chaps, 1401 S. Charles, 522-1849. Live music on Tuesdays.

Chinatown, 1717 Canal St., 525-7937. Nightly (yes, nightly) until 1 a.m. 


Phil Kaplan, 644 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from 9 to 9. Thursdays and Sundays from 9 to 9.

Bistro 18, 480 Bourbon, 522-0353. Thursdays to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4279. Mondays and Saturdays. A Night in Old New Orleans, with Becky Allen as the Casket Girls. For listings, call at the Stage Door Lounge.

Maison Bourbon, 641 Bourbon, 520-0818. Tues. to Thurs. to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

Sugar House Hotel, 515 Julia St., 525-1993. Mon. to Thurs. to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

Sasha's, 529 Bourbon, 523-8734. Thursdays to 2 a.m., Thurs. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

The Veranda, in the Continental Hotel, 520-5555. Sun. to Thurs. to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

The Zone, 525-6822. Thursdays to 2 a.m., Fri. to 3 a.m., Sat. to 4 a.m., Sun. to 3 a.m.

Walking Wings, 523-4535, 525-8422. Call Jim, 525-6822.

Weese's, 1610 Belle Chasse Hwy., 361-7918. Tuesdays-Saturdays: Firewater, until 11 a.m. during the week and as late as 2 a.m. on the weekends, when the Le Blanc Brothers follow with a jam session on going on until 6 a.m. Sundays and Mondays; the Luzianne Band, from 9 to 11.
CINEMA

Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 486-4848. Sun 27: Memories of Monet, a PBS television documentary on the paintings with films of the gardens at Giverny, where he painted among other things the water lilies, at 3 p.m. in the Pavilion.

Loyal's Film Buffs Institute, 500 N. Rampart St., 523-1216. Fri 10 through Sun 13:第一名马ff. Directed by Peter Medak, the film is an original biographical/period drama about the American baseball player and idol of the 19th century, Peter Rose. The film is about a white, suburban punk from Philadelphia who grows up to be one of the greatest baseball players of all time. This film is an excellent choice for those interested in American history and baseball.

THEATRE

Marjorie at the Marjorie, 516 Frenchmen, 944-2653. From Thurs 10: The Boys in the Band by Mart Crowley, directed by Michael Goldsmith. This play is about a group of gay men who gather for a party to celebrate the end of a long-term relationship. The play explores themes of love, loss, and acceptance.

Louisville Museum of Art, 1212 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Call for Information. From Tues 16: The Fugitive: The Art of Film, an exhibition of photographs by Norman Rockwell, showing the influence of his work on the art of film. The exhibition includes works by filmmakers such as Alfred Hitchcock and Ingmar Bergman.


continued from page 26

For many years, the principal nuclear strategy of the United States was known as Mutual Assured Destruction. It was a strategy of deterrence, pioneered by Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, during the Kennedy Administration, and its basic premise was that even if the United States came under a surprise nuclear attack, it could still annihilate the enemy in return. Implicit in this strategy is the notion that our nuclear weapons are purely defensive, only to be used when we are under attack.

By their act of civil disobedience at the Avco plant, the Avco Plowshares were seeking a public forum for their belief that America's nuclear strategy is no longer purely defensive. They hoped to show that recent development of the MX and Pershing 2 missile systems represent a more aggressive, more offensive strategy. They chose Avco as their target because the Reagan administration had budgeted $250 million to that corporation to develop a re-entry system for the MX and Pershing 2 systems.

The trial of the Avco Plowshares set a legal precedent. For the first time, expert witnesses were permitted to address a jury, to explain the inherent dangers of the nuclear arms race and argue that the MX and Pershing 2 systems increased the threat of worldwide nuclear war.

At an August 8 pre-trial hearing, my mother's attorney argued that the charges should be dismissed on the grounds that nuclear weapons violate international law—specifically the Nuremberg laws, which postulate that responsibility for immoral acts cannot be denied by a statement that one was merely “following orders.” Professor David Kennedy of Harvard Law School testified that “the possession, manufacture and development of nuclear weapons is illegal” under international law, and that “the law creates a shield around individual behavior attempting to prevent crimes against peace.” And Paul Walker, a private consultant on nuclear issues, one of whose clients is the Defense Department, told the court that the MX missile was an offensive, not a defensive, weapon. He said it had been “sold to the Air Force as a counter-force weapon...to be used first and only first.”

The motion to dismiss was denied and trial was scheduled for mid-December 1983. It took place in a Lowell, Massachusetts, district court and lasted for two weeks. My father was the only member of our family who was able to attend.

At the December trial, Howard Zinn, a Boston University professor of political science, reviewed the long history of civil disobedience in American history. He told the six members of the jury that non-violent civil disobedience has often produced more social reform than such traditional institutions as courts and legislatures. Zinn compared the Avco Plowshares with the Boston Tea Party, the abolitionist movement in the 1860's and the civil rights and Vietnam war protests of the 1960's. “These people [civil disobedients] have the possibility to change the law and policy in this country,” Zinn testified.

Other witnesses also spoke to this point. One was Daniel Ellsberg, the former Pentagon analyst who had leaked certain classified documents, the famous Pentagon Papers, to the press in 1971. He testified that protesters at the Pentagon had helped him to change his mind about Indochina and thus release the classified documents. “I know civil disobedients can be very effective,” Ellsberg said, “because they affected me.” Another witness, retired Navy Admiral Gene LaRocque, testified that “the United States is preparing for a nuclear war.”

“Pentagon planners know that 2,000 nuclear strikes will effectively dismantle Soviet society, why does America need to build 30,000 bombs in defense?” he asked.

Still another, Richard Fark, a professor of international law at Princeton, told the jury that Americans cannot necessarily change their country's nuclear policy just by going to the polls and voting. Stronger action is necessary to alter basic foreign policy, he said. “Elected officials are paralyzed in their attempt to affect foreign policy. The planning and development of nuclear weapons as we now do it signifies the end of democracy as we know it.”

All seven of the defendants had their day in court, too, and many observers later said that my mother’s testimony—although the shortest—was the most expressively rendered.

“I was born in Holland and lived right on the German border,” she told the jury. “My father had placed his work in a cocoa factory in Germany. One day, when I was about eight years old, my father came home and said the shoe store in Cleve, Germany, where we always bought our shoes, had been vandalized. The front window of the store had been smashed and people plundered the store in broad daylight. The owner was a Jewish merchant. I was bewildered that no one tried to stop the thieves. Why don’t the police do something, Daddy?” I asked my father.

“About a year later, my father came home one night and told the family that his German friends had warned him that Germany was about to take over Holland. He said the German people felt very bad about that. I asked him then, ‘If they feel bad about it, why don’t they do something to stop it?’ My father never answered me.

“I see a lot of similarities between Germany in the 1930s and America today. When my children ask me what I did to stop the arms race, I’ll have an answer for them.” The jury found the Avco Plowshares guilty of trespassing and “wanton” damage to property, a less serious crime than the “malicious” damages with which they had been charged. The judge imposed a sentence of 2½ to 3½ months in jail. After the verdict was read, the defendants stood in the courtroom and sang, “Rejoice in the Lord Always.”

As soon as the jury was released, the courtroom filled with sheriff’s deputies and court attendants. Seated in the back of the courtroom, my father could see that the defendants were about to be taken into custody. He pushed forward through the crowd and leaned over the wooden railing to take Mother in his arms, but as she reached to return his hug her arms were grabbed and pinned against her back, and handcuffs were slapped over her wrists. She was pulled out of my father’s embrace.

“It’s over, it’s all over,” the courtroom attendants shouted to the audience. “Go home, the trial is over.” The Avco Plowshares were taken immediately to jail.

This time, though, they spent less than six hour behind bars. They were released on their own recognizance, pending an appeal for another trial, and my mother was home for Christmas. She had been home every day since then, attending to the family and enjoying her husband and children. She hopes the Avco Plowshares will get another day in court, but if not, she says she is willing to do her time in prison.

I have thought a lot about nuclear arms, the months since her trial. I find that while I admire tremendously what my mother did, I do not agree with her entirely. I still have faith in the political system. I still hope that steps can be made toward nuclear disarmament, and that our vote can still make a difference.

Since the birth of my first child this spring, I understand more deeply the strong desire of my mother to protect their children from harm, and I think that this must be part of the reason for my mother’s courage and actions. I am proud of my mother. I look forward to the day when I can describe her civil disobedience as an act of heroism to my son, Luke. I will try to teach him to be proud of his grandmother’s bravery, because she tried to protect the precious earth so he could enjoy it, too.

Yet even now, months before my son can speak words before the question is uttered, his small voice haunts me. What if he is not altogether satisfied with the admirable deeds of his grandmother? What if he asks, “But what did you do to stop them, Daddy?”

Chuck Bauerlein, who lives in Newport News, Virginia, was once the rock ’n’ roll critic for the States-Times and captain of the famous softball team, the Typhoons.

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In the Some-Songs-Take-Longer-Than-Others-To-Get-Together Department this month we have one Donny York, original Sha Na Na-er, compadre of Traci Borges (Mr. Knight Studios himself), and current self described "cartoon character." On December 6 Mr. York received a "Donny York Day in Louisiana" proclamation from Secretary of State Jim Brown. Donny will debut his "Creole Mama" single at the Blue Room on the 30th of January. York and Borges have been working on the song for a mere two years; my how time flies!

The American Folklife Center wants to hear from you. Each year the center selects a group of down-home country, blues, and foreign language LPs for inclusion in its "American Folk Music and Folklore Recordings," series. Citizens of the U.S. of A. can send their very own suggestions in three separate categories: Anglo-American, Afro-American, and Other Ethnic Traditions (Cajun, Tex-Mex, and stuff like that). Send your five rave to: Recording List, American Folklife Center, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540, before our beloved Mr. President makes the center to make a Pentagon annex.

Flora Purim was in Composer's Studio last month with Patrice Fisher and other local jazzophiles. WL contributor Gilbert Hetherwick is moving to Dallas (look out, J.R.!) to start a gig with Polygram Records and Mrs. Bates, recovering from a bout of self-induced schizophrenia, has gotten her chops back together with Dudley Blanck, Lesley Beter, Andy Kapp, and those daring Lancaster sisters, Charlotte and Madge.

Ex-Backbeaters Fred LeBlanc and Vance Degeneres have each discovered a new form of self-abuse: Mistreaters and Vance is taking his evening of Central American politics. What do Kidd Jordan, Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote and Francis Ford Coppola have in common? Culture, mon ami, culture! Kidd recently received a letter from France's Minister of Culture, Jacques Lang, who named Mr. Jordan a Knight to the Order of Arts and Letters of France. Although Kidd has no plans to write a novel or make a movie, he will be taking his "Elektrik Band" to The Kitchen jazz club in N.Y.C. on the 18th and 19th of January for an evening of "new funk R&B" with Gangster Choir opening.

The Android Sisters of National Public Radio fame have released their new song of Electronic Despair album that lampoons everything from digital eroticism to Central American politics.

Columbia University's WKCR-FM ran a seven-hour-long birthday performance tapes and interviews of Frankie's adoring British fan club.

Pat "No Experience Necessary" Berry plans to crank up a series of Friday afternoon in-store gigs at Leisure Landing. The in-stores are a good opportunity for new bands to strut their stuff, especially to the under-18 crowd.

In an unprecedented move, Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera (who have tea and crumpets every Tuesday with Anthony Perkins and Mr. Bates) actually turned their amplifiers down at a recent Pen Club gig due to the club's small size and lack of a raised stage. The Pen Club folded anyway.

"After The Fall" is a new tune by Multiple Places that has been receiving good airplay on WTUL. Upset, danceable, and very mood the song more-or-less single handedly vaults Multiple Places up to the top of the heap in local pop rock quartets. Fledging rocker, take note: demons don't have to sound bad... this one sounds great.

Brian "Hand Me The Peroxide" Setzer has split drawers with his wayward feline trio, The Stray Cats. Setzer plans to play some small clubs on his home turf of Long Island (pronounced "lawn-guyland") and later join Ringling Bros. & Barnum and Bailey as the Tattooed Man.

Saxophonist Branford Marsalis can be heard on Bobby Hutcherson's new Landmark album scheduled for release in early January.

The Big Bang sent us a nice Christmas card from Los Angeles (Santa playing a white Gibson Flying V, two elves singing backup in red tennis shoes, with Rudolph on drums.) They report a big crowd for their L.A. Street Scene gig and hoped surprise N.O. fans with a great EP soon.

And what would a Last Page be without one reference to male genitalia, or, at the very least, some recent news from the Raffys: "We got ourselves situated as far west as rock 'n' roll can go... right smack on the beach in Venice, California is GREAT!! L.A. is going to be very good for us. This town is dying for a hot new act. Tomorrow night we go mix down our Xmas single, an ultra-mega version of 'Silent Night.' At the mixing board will be Mark Woolfson (Talking Heads' Stop Making Sense). We'll send you a copy..."

P.S. — it's not 1964 anymore. Is Big Brother still watching? Are we having fun yet?

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