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

FUTURE OF CITY'S UNTAPPED MUSIC BUSINESS LOOKS BRIGHTER

Despite the standing of music in the New Orleans mystique and its venerable place in the tourist trade, "fun, food and music," the business of music here remains small business.


"In Nashville they think of recording, video production, publishing, even theme parks."

So why not Jazzworld or Basin Street in New Orleans? A major factor is the conservative coterie of the New Orleans business community, which, coupled with a traditionally underorganized and dissipated force of artists, has left New Orleans' musical natural resource an untapped one. And, in a time when the city is fighting to keep its head up long enough not to go the way of Cleveland, it's hard to justify any unturned stones. That was the thought behind the creation of the New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association (NOME).

In what was considered by many artists as a unique move by members of the business community, real estate consultant Ramsey and lawyer Michael A. Duplantier got the Chamber of Commerce involved in the project which eventually became NOME.

As what she called "young turk" members of the Chamber's Economic Development Committee (not to mention the unique profile Economic Development Council), Ramsey said she and Duplantier were looking for a project to spark their interest when Duplantier brought in a Jason Berry article from Gambit on the ways and whereabouts of the plight of the music industry in New Orleans.

"We were really excited," Ramsey recalled. "I said 'really, why isn't there a thriving industry here?' But, I'm not a music business person, I'm a real estate consultant who's a music freak." So Ramsey and Duplantier went to "music business people" and in a series of meetings, began to understand the needs of the industry in relation to those of the business community and the city.

"We sat down and talked to some people in informal meetings," she said, "and the people could not believe that the Chamber, the bastion of business in New Orleans, was taking an interest." That fact, in itself, outlined what was to become one of NOME's primary duties: to establish a positive working relationship between the communities of business and entertainment art.

Through a series of other meetings and forums, music business people naturally found their way into NOME's roster of hopes: to raise the level of professionalism in the business end of music by enhancing the educational opportunities, to promote cooperation and communication among the artists themselves, to gain the attention of legislators and to present them with scenarios for positive change, to promote New Orleans' music entertainment industry on a local, national, and international level and to use that promotion as a means of increasing the tourist trade, to be a clearing house for industry information, and to develop projects that create unity and enhance the industry in New Orleans.

It all adds up to quite a list, but the organization's board members don't think it's more than they can chew. "I think it will work," said Jay Gernsbacker of the New Orleans Booking Agency and a long-time New Orleans musician. "But we're not going to have to work on understanding each other."

In fact, many of the preliminary goals of the organization have already been accomplished and an understanding between the group's two somewhat polarized factions, artists and business people, is developing through experience. A first coup, in what's hoped to be a series of many, was the organization's responsibility for bringing MTV's 'Night Time' series, "The Cutting Edge," to New Orleans. As the only city visited by the show in an entire season, New Orleans is a standout of the nationwide broadcast.

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What rock 'n' roll stars do on their day off (left to right): Billy Ludwig III, A.J. Pero of Twisted Sister and Yes' Alan White after the Dallas drum clinic.

- Gina Guccione

ERS OF THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY, REAL

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In Dallas recently, the guys drew more than 200 interested musicians and fans at the Redns to hear the duo perform together and share their own personal stories about their own personal climbs through the music chart.

Although Yes and Twisted Sister may not draw the same audiences or seem comparable in many ways, the two musicians complement each other both on stage and off.

So successful were the clinics, the drummers are considering going back out on the road together and sharing the drumming. Both are scheduled to go on the road with their respective bands latter this year.

-Gina Guccione
city couldn't pay for that kind of publicity. It was a perfect fulfillment of the organization's goal to be good for the music industry while being good to the city.

The Association also has an all-encompassing music and entertainment industry handbook in production edited by Echo Olander of the Arts Council which will include information on everything from legal advice for individual musicians to contacts for video production, according to board member and Wavelength editor Connie Atkinson.

Set up in a loose-leaf-easy-to-read format, the book promises to be an ongoing and invaluable resource for artists and businesspeople alike.

On the political front, in mid-July Ramsey and board member Cosimo Matassa faced City Council members to ensure the inclusion of the music industry in the councilmen's plans for a film and television promoting committee. Ramsey has also already been in touch with the Barthelemy administration's Jerome Dickhaus and has gotten a favorable response and constructive advice, she said. While it is certain that the city's already tapped for a film and television production, its purposes were already misconstrued. Because it seems the very mindset of the city is unable to cope with the idea of music as an industry, local media sent their music reviewers instead of their business correspondents.

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On the burner for the near future are two sets of workshops, one to help businessmen overcome their natural fear of music investments, and one for musicians to help them overcome their problems with the demands of the business world. The hope is that what for many has been a handshake-business will become bigger business when it's all on paper. "We want to say to businesspeople 'don't laugh people off [with music business ideas] out of the bank,' and to music people 'have broken out into what it means in dollars and cents, have the documentation to spell out the return.'"

Despite the energies of the board members and the Association's widening grassroots support, Ramsey has no delusions that it's going to be an easy ride. "There's so much to be done and not enough people to do it," she said.

And, the Association has already had to weather some setbacks.

When NOME held its first major press conference to introduce itself to the city as a new force for economic development, its purposes were already misconstrued. Because it seems the very mindset of the city is unable to cope with the idea of music as an industry, local media sent their music reviewers instead of their business correspondents.

One TV news person asked "Is all this going to mean more jazz on Bourbon Street?" NOME board members were flustered. "It was as if when an oil company moved their headquarters to Poydras Street, they'd ask what's the viscosity of their oil. They should be asking what's the economic impact? How many jobs are we talking about?" said Atkinson. The city's mainstream press is yet to get the point.

"We want to be a force for economic development. If we could help get a shirt factory into some warehouse on Tchoupitoulas, we would, because that would mean employment and that would mean that on Friday nights those people would have the seven dollars in their pockets to go to the French Quarter or to Tip's or Jimmy's to
Seattle has forged a reputation as one of the country's most progressive cities, and the city's music business is no exception. Informative interviews and essays from a variety of sources make for some fascinating reading. Drawings of armadillos and other Texas wildlife abound.

**LAWDY MR. PRICE!**

Continuing old home month, Lloyd Price made his first singing appearance in his hometown in 26 years on Sunday, June 22 at the Black Heritage Festival, a two-day music and food festival in the Riverfront shopping area in Kenner. The festival is put on by the Lasalle Economic Development Corporation, which promotes small businesses in the area. Unfortunately, the fest was promoted only on WYLD radio stations, though the shopping area couldn't have held much more than the 1,000 or so people who showed up for the nighttime portion of the fest. LED president Emmett Richardson promises that the heritage Festival will be an annual event. It may expand to the nearby levy area with two or more stages. Judging from the first Black Heritage Festival, it may be the best thing to happen to New Orleans music since the Jazz Festival. The food and music were the same as the Jazz Fest. If you got hungry, you could go to cholesteral heaven on Caroline Monica, though, instead of pepperoni, you had to settle for the hometown Mr. Big soda, red or purple. There were gospel choirs, jazz bands, funk bands, and children doing African folk dances — a lot of people dancing, for that matter. Talk about 1952 deja vu, the grand marshall for the festival's opening parade was Dave Bartholomew. Before Price came on Tommy Ridgely blew the crowd away with his version of "Ooh Poo Pa Do." The big difference between the Jazz Fest and the Heritage Fest was the predominately black audience and the white audience behind him at the first Beans, the Mane, at the festival. The difference in the audience size was impressive. The whole Black Heritage Festival was a benefit to raise funds with its biggest project to date: the Crosstown Jam, three nights of prime New Orleans music at seven different clubs. Some participating groups: Laissez Faire, FloRebel, Skin Seek, Songdogs, Uncle Stan and Auntie Vera, a reunion of the Rock-a-Byes, Leigh Harby, Rob Bluth and RVB Keohane, Ray Bonneville, Dazz Riprock, Astral Project and the New Orleans Stick Band. At this writing, negotiations are underway with other artists.

The across-the-board participation of artists and clubs like Jimmy's, The Dream Place, Carrollton Station, Snug Harbor, Jed's, The Maple Leaf and Tipitina's in what is strictly a good cause, while club owners are giving up the take of their doors. Business will listen when you put your money where your mouth is, said Ramsey. The lion's share of the money generated from the benefit will go to hiring a full-time executive director for the Association, said board members. "We need someone in that position who has a knowledge of fundraising, a steady background in business, who is familiar with the arts and who can handle politicians," said Ramsey, who knows such a person doesn't come free.

This would be a person at the end of the line for all sorts of things, said Atkinson, "if an artist calls who's been asked to sign on to a certain label, he could get information on that label from the NOME office. If an out-of-town producer calls New ORLEANS about making a video here, he can be referred to NOME's executive director. Now if they call the Chamber, they're referred to the Tourist Commission, and when they call the Commission, they're referred to the Chamber."

It's precisely that kind of confusion that costs this city money, said Ramsey. "It's the same story as any other Professional city," she said, "they say 'why should I work to do business in New Orleans, I can go somewhere where they make it easy to do business, somewhere like Chicago, Dallas or Atlanta.' She envision the executive director of the Association helping to make doing music business in New Orleans less of a chore.

I've lived in the outside world," she said, "where there's a spirit of cooperation and concern and where people don't take their music for granted. Sometimes that makes it frustrating for me. We have to alleviate that frustration for people with money to spend."

NOME is on the track to do just that. Membership in NOME are available at levels from student to patron ($10 to $1000 tax deductible dues with a $25 individual membership). And, there will be membership tables at all of the Crosstown dates.

Membership forms are also available by writing The New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association, P.O. Box 30120, New Orleans 70170. The Association is open to all musicians, entertainers, businesspeople and to everyone who wants to see the music business grow in New Orleans.

—Kate Cohen
to know him personally. Some of them undoubtedly knew him from the brash 19-year-old who helped change the course of music history in 1952 with "Lawdy Miss Clawdy." They made him sing it twice.

Most of the crowd hadn't been born yet in 1952, but everybody could sing along with "Personality," which has been in more commercials than John Houseman. Though he was hoarse and he had had only a short rehearsal with Tommy Ridgely's band, Price could do no wrong for the crowd, which waited out a Louisiana afternoon shower under a tent to see him.

And Price showed himself as a consummate showman, grinning as he teased with the intro from "Stagger Lee," and dancing like a kid.

Afterwards, in Price's hotel room he related to WWOZ's Duke-a-Paducah (Thanks, Duke) and myself what he had been doing lately. It seems Price has been living primarily in Africa for the last ten years and has been working as a building developer, after a stint promoting title fights with fight promoter Don King. "I had quit doing music altogether. I found out that I wasn't giving 100% to the craft that I love, which is my music.

"The music goes around. It looks like now that this music is in a full circle. For instance, Patti LaBelle, Tina Turner, Aretha Franklin, and Dionne Warwick just came off number one hits. I think now it's more positive. I think now that if you are really dedicated and sincere, those of us who were young back during that time and still have youth in our lives today, I think we can do it again.

"As a matter of fact, I am working on some new material, and I haven't thought about making a record in a very long time. I think I'm gonna do it again.

"Last month Chuck Berry, Chubby Checker, Little Anthony, and myself, we did about six nights. We were in Texas—San Antonio, Fort Worth, Dallas, Oklahoma, Wichita. All these places like this. We sold out every night. They were outside scalpin' tickets at $35. I couldn't believe it. I said, 'This is just like 1959. What is this?' and people there were 30, 20, 15, and they all loved that music. I couldn't believe it.'"

For someone who hasn't lived in New Orleans for over 30 years, you wouldn't think Price's civic pride would be too strong. On the contrary, Price is incensed by the recent placement of the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland.

"How can Ahmet Ertegun [founder of Atlantic Records and board member of the Hall of Fame], who made his fortune off New Orleans talent, have the audacity to say that Philadelphia or Cleveland should be the headquarters for the Hall of Fame? New Orleans built rock 'n' roll. I mean, "

"It was exciting today, tremendously exciting. I tell you, after being away from the business as long as I have and away from performing, especially in your hometown as I did today—the last time I was in New Orleans (I've never performed in Kenner) I was at the City Auditorium in 1960 with Dick Clark, Connie Francis, and Fabian—I was just elated. I've never seen anything like it. Today the people were happy, and the music sounded great, even though I only had a 20-minute rehearsal with the band. The people loved it. I tell you I guess I can call it a highlight. It was one of the highlights in my life that the people accepted it and it went over so well. I loved it."

—Rick Coleman
Our parents knew this, too. Those handbooks one reads about in solemn English blues histories proclaiming that savage black music would ultimately lead to the destruction of the white race were commonplace items in New Orleans. My father brought one home to me and I put it on my bedroom wall and thought it was pretty funny. I'm not sure what he thought about it. He probably thought it was somewhat silly but then, at the time, he was the head of the Louisiana State Sovereignty Commission, the purpose of which was to maintain the 'sovereignty' of Louisiana against the Feds. The White Empire was crumbling and our parents were only trying to save us. In New Orleans, in 1986, the situation has totally reversed and now my kids cannot ride their bikes around the block unescorted without eliciting threats from their young black contemporaries. This curious intermingling of blacks and whites is what makes New Orleans tick. We live next-door to each other and we know each other very well. We have also learned to ignore each other while sharing the same turf, much the same as zebras and Cape buffalo on the Manyamadzi Flats. This same 'curious intertwining' resulted in the beloved soul music of my youth. As Peter Guralnick theorizes in his latest work, Sweet Soul Music: Rhythm and Blues and the Southern Dream of Freedom: "Southern soul music represented a temporary victory, a momentary cessation of hostilities in which the combatants hesitantly set aside their differences and, for an instant, however brief, joined arms in a sea of troubles, against a common foe." "Or, as determined by Rodger Redding (Ots' brother): "What made it work, the key to it all, was black and white together, working as a team." Without hesitation, I wish to declare that Sweet Soul Music is a masterpiece. Anyone who grew up in the South will love it because it is so true. And anyone who grew up in the North (as did one or two of our daily newspaper's regular music writers) should be required to read Sweet Soul Music and then tested for comprehension. Why, I remember sitting next to one of these fellows a couple of years ago at a James Brown concert at Municipal Auditorium and it was the first time he had ever witnessed Soul Brother Number One in action. And if that wasn't shocking enough, he spent the entire concert telling and asking my friend Hammond Scott (since I don't usually converse with Yankees) questions about James Brown and associates. Hammond, the polite Southern gentleman, obliged the fool, who went back to his typewriter and composed the most pitiful essay on why James Brown wasn't up to par. If I was King, this writer would've been beheaded on Canal Street at high noon.

Guralnick's finest achievement is that he got Southerners to talk and more or less gained their confidence. Southerners love to talk—that's easy enough—and they also love to bullshit Northerners. It's simple to run the race set in his opening act, Sam and Dave ('These motherfucking are killing me!') Rick Hall and Dan Penn and Spooner Oldham and numerous other soulful white boys; James Brown and Syd Nathan of King Records, a man so tightfisted you'd have passed on an opportunity to buy the rights to 'Tennessee Waltz' because no song was worth $50; Al Green ('jumps from topic to topic with the skittishness of a startled deer, and I'm not sure it seems to mean anything to him anyway'); and the inimitable Muscle Shoals trumpet player who pounded Aretha Franklin's butt the day she recorded 'I Never Loved a Man (The Way I Love You)'; New Orleans' own Marshall Sehorn, pistol-whipped and beaten-up in his shower at a black radio convention in Miami in 1968. There are no two ways about it: you must read this book. And then you should sit down and pray to the Heavenly Father that Peter Guralnick will write a similar book about New Orleans music. I would certainly lend my hand.

My own criticism of Sweet Soul Music (one-splitting criticism) is that on at least three occasions, he utilizes the word 'bathetic.' I doubt if this word is part of many readers' vocabularies, especially those beyond the Mason-Dixon line, down here, behind the sun.

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Dwight Yoakum draws skinheads and good old boys to his 'hillbilly as it gets' gigs.

Not actually rock but definitely worth considering musically is a hot new recording artist who's forcing hardcores to explore the country & western stacks in music stores across the country.

Dwight Yoakum's satisfied playing a classic Hank Williams tune to a club full of teenage punk rockers or to a predominately country and western crowd like the one that showed up for his New Orleans performance last month at Bronco's in Gretna.

Yoakum's been in front of both. And he really doesn't have a preference as long as whoever's listening doesn't mind his uncompromised hillbilly sound.

At Bronco's, the 29-year-old Pikeville, Kentucky native drew mostly middle-aged cowboys dressed in boots, hats and western shirts with a hint of the new wave invasion expected from the Reprise recording artist who was "too country for Nashville" so went to Los Angeles to be greeted with reverence by the emerging cow punk set.

But there is nothing cow punk about Yoakum's performance of originals from his debut album, Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc., combined with country and western tunes by Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt, Bill Monroe and Hank Williams. For the New Orleans crowd he added "Jambalaya" to the set—closed the two-hour show with a wonderful rendition of Elvis' "Little Sister."

Just as strong as Yoakum's songwriting abilities and voice are a band that road manager Michael Dumas describes as "the best rock 'n roll musicians playing the best country and western music." Touring with same players who made the album, the band is composed of guitarist Pete Anderson, bassist J.D. Foster, fiddler Brantley Kearns and drummer Jeff Donovan.

The five-member band, three crew members and a bus driver travel by bus from one stop to the other. They were recently featured at Farm Aid II, July 4, in Texas, and from New Orleans traveled to Nashville for Charlie Daniels' annual "Volunteer Jam."

On that particular day, Yoakum and band played with Merle Haggard at one gig, then the Volunteer Jam and headlined their own show that night.

But no matter what the schedule they always make time, like most of their country counterparts, to meet the fans. Following his Gretna performance, Yoakum greeted young and old, country and punk fans waiting for him outside his tour bus. From signing autographs and album covers, posing for pictures with fans and even recording a message on tape for a young fan, Yoakum and his band are accessible to the people who have built their careers.

Prior to the evening performance, Yoakum visited the record department at the new Wal-Mart store in Harvey to promote his album.

Yoakum defies critics' attempts to crown him King of Cow Punk. Describing his set as "as hillbilly and honky tonk as it gets," the guitarist, usually hidden behind a tall cowboy hat, applauds the attention. 'L.A.'s real cow punk bands have given his country roots.

"Those kinds of acts were wanting to find out about country music," he says from the back of his tour bus after the show. "That was surprising. I was skeptical at first. It's as if we don't understand it. We don't accept it.

Yoakum has toured with Los Lobos, the Blasters and X's offspring, the Knitters as the opening act and recorded a duet, "Bury Me," with Lone Justice's Maria McKee for his current release.

Again clarifying his distinction of being "true country" with a cow punk following, the country star says: "We do hillbilly. We do honky tonk if anything." But they don't do cow punk!

"Honey Tonk was dance music in joints," he says, again for clarity between conflicting musical styles. And who should know better than the performer who began his musical career in those joints?

From there he went to Nashville in search of a record deal. But the "Luke Warm" reception was "very disillusioning, very disheartening" because it made him feel like there was no hope for the music anymore. But now we've overcome that hurdle."

That's right, the hurdle's behind him. But it took the enthusiasm and help of a surprisingly interested bunch of musicians that were thought to stand firmly on the opposite end of the musical spectrum from country and western.

They draw skinheads, hard core punkers and others you'd never imagine...
fluencing a new generation of sounds.

"I hope we've had a positive influence. I don't know that I've had a major influence. You know we're traveling around from club to club and we're slowly seeing that there is obviously an impact. We had 700 people show up tonight, which for our first time in New Orleans is a fair turnout."

Yoakam likes returning to play the honky tonks, like Bronco's, he says, but thinks it's necessary to play both country and rock clubs.

Starting out "I wanted to play anywhere people would come see me," he says, meaning honky tonk joints. But in the past three years, he's played rock 'n' roll clubs almost exclusively. "I didn't mean to get mixed up with the sounds of Nashville."

"At first I was surprised," Yoakam admits, "that there was a scene that came out of L.A. that was punk rockers like X. and people like the kids that formed Lone Justice, Rank 'N' File, Jason and the Scorchers, who were interested in his music.

Now, the country and western star adds cow punk bands like the Bo-Deans, True Believers and Lone Justice to his list of favorites. The list also includes Ricky Skaggs, George Strait, Randy Travis and the Judds.

Like George Jones, Merle Haggard, Hank Williams, Stonewall Jackson and early Elvis-influenced Yoakam, so the young singer is in-

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James Solaieu
Issac Bolden
Michael Wolfe
Joseph Briggs, Ill
Renard Poche
Rockin' Sidney Simon

Next month we will be in New Orleans to tell you more about how you can become part of the organization that awards the Grammys. If you're part of the recording industry, you should be part of the Recording Academy.

Look for an announcement in next month's Wavelength for all the details.
A

bout Last Night is about modern relationships, and suffers from what nearly every movie in this category does: the psychobabble of modern people using modern language to express their modern feelings. All these terms of communication and interaction tend to illustrate a general sexual trend in society, something all moderns can relate to. In other words, there is no real story.

Focusing closely on Danny (Rob Lowe) and Debbie (Demi Moore), two young singles in Chicago who attempt to be serious about one another after a one night stand, About Last Night is not a love story. Reminiscent of last year's Key Exchange, which not too many people saw for good reason, About Last Night examines a live-in relationship that cannot withstand the modern threats of sexual freedom and temptation that lurk in all corners of city life. These temptations consist mostly of drunken glances and flirtations occurring in a raucous singles bar, Mother Mallone's, a lively but not very appetizing alternative to cozy domesticity and regular sex.

What really happens between the two lovers is not clear. Why Debbie fends off the passes of her boss at a Christmas party, declaring her undying love for Danny ("I want to have ten children with this guy! Doesn't it show?"), and not knowing how to react when the implores, "Who didn't?" asks Debbie, innomically guilty. "I didn't!" replies Joan. Touché for an angry movie character finally defending loyal females everywhere.

The only thing this movie really does well is show the awkwardness between two people who sleep together before knowing each other. Bernie, giving some free advice while reminiscing her of all those women who used to drop their girlfriends the moment some guy called, "Who didn't?" asks Debbie, innocently guilty. "I didn't!" replies Joan. Touché for an angry movie character finally defending loyal females everywhere.

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RUTHLESS PEOPLE is a brilliant comedy that never sags, drags, or falters. Its momentum is its first ruthless moment, a twist as its last. Danny DeVito’s Sam Stone, the “Saint Mini Skirt King,” is trying to add to his fortune by kidnapping his dilligent, wealthy wife Barbara (Bette Midler). His efforts are aided by ruthless people-in-training Ken and Sandy Kessler (Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater), a young couple with a dreadful plan who kidnap and threaten to kill his wife. Directed by Jim Abrahams, who stars as Barbara Stone, a spoiled heiress who is as selfish, her kidnappers are tempted to pay her husband to take her back.

most movies about “real” people don’t tell real stories. Ruthless People is no exception. The characters have no conscience, no goodness, and no morality. They are totally slimy throughout, which is the heart of why this picture works.

Ruthless People succeeds as a commentary of L.A. lifestyles in the way Down and Out in Beverly Hills attempted to, but failed. Down and Out used the tired, Beverly Hills cliches of the indulgences and excesses of the nouveau riche, their obnoxious heris and silly self-help gurus. Ruthless People uses a similar lifestyle as a background, and a much more interesting story and characters in the foreground. Bette Midler, who starred in both pictures, was just a boring, pathetic rich woman in Down and Out. She plays a much more sympathetic character in Ruthless People despite being a lead, obnoxious witch.

It is touching to see Barbara Stone’s violent temper rise when she hears these three little words a woman like her craves most—”you’ve lost weight.”

Directed by Jim Abrahams, Bette Midler, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker, Ruthless People delivers the highlight of the current summer comedies.

Touchstone Films; directed by Jim Abrahams.

Corporate executives, U.S. Senators, and other such mover-and-shaker types have recently started a trend towards business breakfasts. The theory proclaims this meal ideal for getting you off to an organized, running start. Your mind is supposed to be duly refreshed by a good night's rest and undisturbed by details that will pile up during the day. I was once present at a monumental encounter over a breakfast table. It is a fortunate memory that I shall always cherish. Understand right from Jump Street that this did not happen in New Orleans. None of the principles would have been up at that time of the morning in their hometown. It happened in Santa Cruz, California, in September 1977. It was the first real meeting between “Big Chief Jolly” and “Big Chief” Professor Longhair. It was, as they say, the start of a beautiful friendship.

Both men had just flown in to play music. The had rendezvoused with Jolly’s nephews: Art, Aaron, Cyril, and Charles—the Neville Brothers—who had endured a three-days-and-sleepless-nights road-crossing in a crowded Winnebago “Allegro” and were back at the motel sleeping. They had accepted an offer to highlight the 20th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival. It was billed as “Mardi Gras in Monterey.” Seventy-five hundred tickets had been sold out for three weeks in advance of the show. Queen Ida and Gatemouth Brown started off the afternoon with their respective groups. A slightly nervous Neville Brothers Band, making their first big road appearance, held down the middle slot. They had only been together four short months but were already New Orleans’ premier performing group. Professor Longhair came next, with an impromptu rhythm section culled from the brothers’ backup band. Finally, it was time for Uncle Jolly. The Wild Tchoupitoulas was the headline act, even though Jolly was the only real tribe member present. Economics prevented anyone else from making the trip. He came out to sing a set of Indian songs, supported by his nephews. All were decked in full Mardi Gras regalia, beaded satin and plumes. Their street music was irresistible. The lucky ticketholders all exchanged their seats for their fronts, responding instantly to the beat. They went berserk. They second-lined all over the place.

It was a great day for the home team. Uncle Jolly was a star. In fact, he was the real reason for the tour. The Nevilles were brand new; nobody had as yet heard of them. Fess was great but still not as widely known as he should have been. Also, it was expensive to mount a tour with so many people. The bookings actually came off the strength of the album entitled The Wild Tchoupitoulas. It was a neighborhood collaboration. Released by Island Records, it had become an underground sensation on the West Coast.

The big chief’s breakfast took place two mornings later. I had no real business being there, so this left me free and available for any meal. I believe the group’s managers were afraid Fess might get neglected in the shuffle and invited me to be a companion to him during the ten or so days they would be in the area. My job was to keep women from running up to Fess and sloppy-kissing him (he was afraid they would bite him by mistake), to go with him to the Steinhardt Aquarium in Golden Gate Park, and also to show him and Jolly some supper. (Jolly decided he wouldn’t mind doing that if it was a seal.) First, however, we had to find something to eat.

The place we found had lots of windows and was very bright. I remember that. The other customers looked ultra-healthy, young and tall and tan and lovely. We sat as far away from them as possible. Fess and Jolly were checking each out other. Even though they were almost the same age, both played piano, both had been in New Orleans most of their lives, their paths had never really crossed until now. Where did you live, who did you know, what were your favorite dance steps, rib joints; they covered basic stuff like that. There were lots of questions. They were like two hip kids who had just transferred to a new school, comparing notes. There was a lot of kidding. They each had a wonderful laugh.

The menu wasn’t important. We were in California, so there were no grits. I seem to recall we had big omelettes decorated with tufts of parsley and slices of orange. It all seemed quite fancy at the time. When we left we were no longer hungry. Fess is the man who recorded the classic tune “Big Chief.” He included it in all his sets by popular demand. Jolly actually was a “Big Chief.” When four guys first got together in 1974 at the Patric Bar to form a new tribe, Jolly, whose birth name is George Landry, became its Big Chief. Before that he had run as Second Chief of both the White Eagles and the Black Eagles, Trail Chief of the Black Eagles, and Second Chief of the Wild Magnolias. As these two men got to be good buddies they often traded Indian stories.

Indian tradition goes back a long way in New Orleans. Neither Fess nor Jolly could remember when blacks had not masked as Indians and paraded through the streets of the city. Maybe it goes back to a time when real Indians had harbored runaway slaves deep in the swamps. There were lots of stories; fearsome and funky names like “Golden Blades,” “Creole Wild West,” “Apache Hunters,” the “Wild Squoula,” and many more. Every neighborhood had its own tribe or two. They were not always fond of each other. Fess recalled how it was like gang warfare. The tribes would go out to do battle. Every Indian had knives, guns, and “tommyhawks.” Hidden up his sleeves, his boots, tucked in anywhere where that would hide them. If two gangs met in the streets, especially if one was from uptown and the other from downtown, boom. If guys came across another tribe after they got separated from their gang, they were in trouble. They would bow down on the ground before the other tribe; that’s called “making hoom-bah.” If they refused they would get beaten and cut.

Songs like “Meet Me Boys on the Battlefield” tell true stories. The Battlefield was a specific place back there near today’s train station. “Fess got to talking about it. “Every year a dozen Indians or so would go to Charity Hospital all cut up. Every year, I mean the same thing would happen. We wouldn’t cross Felicity Street. “Every year they refused to treat any more Indians or so would go to Charity Hospital all cut up. Every year, I mean the same thing would happen. We wouldn’t cross Felicity Street. “Every year they refused to treat any more Indians or so would go to Charity Hospital all cut up. Every year, I mean the same thing would happen. We wouldn’t cross Felicity Street.
said any threatening anybody in an Indian way they see..."Too much bullshit," Jolly agreed.

After that the tribes got together and decided to regulate themselves. They made the chief of each tribe responsible for any violence committed by his tribe. Then the rivalry was channeled into competition over costume and song. Talk at the table then swang to the suits. In those days suits were made out of anything available. "Guys would decorate backs with turkey feathers and strings of bottlecaps," Fess recalled. "Those guys were really artistic," Jolly would agree.

A week later in San Francisco they were visited by Mac Rebennack, a.k.a. Dr. John. Mac remembered one chief who was really impressive. His headdress was eight feet tall and had coconut shells across the top, all painted up. Stuffed alligators were crawling up each arm. And at the very top of his crown was a real panther's head.

"Hey Jolly," Fess called, "I got a black cat by my house. You want me to save him for you?"

Today's Indian suits are elaborate, expensive, and beautiful productions. Countless hours go into sewing tiny beads into grand designs and complex pictures. Literally thousands of dollars might be spent on gorgeously colored ostrich plumes and satin cloth. Those were the kinds of suits Fess was making. The man could really sew.

I heard him questioning Fess much later, in the way of a reminder, "Hey Fess! When you gonna bring me my pipes?"

"I'm a little busy this week," Fess replied. "I'm going to be out in the desert with my drumming, you know." After that the tribes got together and decided to regulate themselves. Then the rivalry was channeled into competition over costume and song. Talk at the table then swang to the suits. In those days suits were made out of anything available. "Guys would decorate backs with turkey feathers and strings of bottlecaps," Fess recalled. "Those guys were really artistic," Jolly would agree.

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Walter Washington On His Own

Known as Johnny Adams' band leader, guitar player "Wolfman" Washington is stepping into the spotlight this month.

JASON PATTERSON

he air is smoky at midnight in Dorothy's Medallion on this Saturday night. Between the low ceiling and the hundred or so lit cigarettes, the neon Budweiser sign projects like a beacon on a foggy shoreline. The go-go dancer pokes her head out from between the rubber bars of h her cage and invites guests to stay for a light. Tonight like every Sad urday night, she has had to compete with the latest neighborhood gossip for the attention of the patrons. Except for the handful of white faces in the crowd, Dorothy's clientele lives within walking distance of the place.

As the hands of the clock push us into the a.m., the anticipation builds as the band sets up its equipment in a space the size of a walk-in closet. The white kids have made the excursion from Orleans Avenue to hear the sounds that have been emanating from this club for years, the sounds of Walter's "Wolfman" Washington. Waiting for the late band member is all part of the foreplay involved in the experience. As the music finally projects over the roar of the crowd through amplifiers that look like they were used in World War II, you know this is the real thing. This is the blues. Though it has now come to an end, Washington's seven-year stint at Dorothy's has proven him a showman in his own right. As bandleader behind many rhythm and blues stars over the last twenty years, he has performed in much larger venues but not on his own terms. "Dorothy took me into her family," Walter reflects as he sips his Crown and Coke at the Song Harbor, where he holds down a regular Monday night gig, "and I've always tried to be fair with her. If I had another gig that paid more dust, I'd call her at least a week ahead of time and tell her 'look, I've got somewhere else to go,' and that's the way I'd work it with her."

But the Dorothy's gig had gone on too long for too little money. Washington left the need for a change. It wasn't the first time he had turned away from security in the hopes of bettering his music career. Many years earlier, when he told his mother that he was leaving high school to play music, she gave him the door. With guitar and suitcase in hand, he headed for the now legendary Dew Drop Inn. While eating a plate of beans and rice that had cost him his last $75, Johnny Adams spotted him. "Hey man, what you doing out here with your bag and a guitar?"

"I told him 'My momma put me out, Johnny, I'm looking for a job.' I did know a little about playing guitar, didn't have a band and the guitar player he was normally using was out of town, so I told him I'd play it 'cause it was nothing but a solo and a couple of changes so it really wasn't a difficult tune, you know. So I played it and it was about two months later he came in and asked me if I wanted to go on the road.

Washington had no idea what "on the road" really meant when he agreed to do it. A couple of weeks maybe? After four months straight without coming back home, he began to understand. Like the Dew Drop, most clubs had a house band and touring "stars" would usually have one musician accompanying them, be it guitarist or keyboard player, who knew the star's material and would have to teach each house band at each stop. Washington finally talked Dorsey into going back to New Orleans so he could get a road band together.

The stay was short, however. After a couple of weeks of rehearsals, it was back to the road. With "Ride Your Pony" taking off on the national charts, the band went out for six-month periods, then have a week or two back home before the next tour. After two years of this, Walter called it quits.

Upon returning to the Dew Drop, Washington was approached by Irma Thomas. "She was trying to get a band started and she wanted me to lead it, but I wasn't going to be the band leader. I said 'Well I don't mind being the guitar player and singing, but I wasn't going to be no band leader.' And when she got that band together it was called the Tornadoes and awwoo, that was a tight band."

Washington had a talent for putting tight bands together. After the Tornadoes broke up, he got a band together for a regular gig in Thibodaux. "That was a tight band.

Washington guitar style.

As the music finally projects over the roar of the crowd through amplifiers that look like they were used in World War II, you know this is the real thing. This is the blues. "Washington was approached by Irma Thomas. "She was trying to get a band started and she wanted me to lead it, but I wasn't going to be the band leader. I said 'Well I don't mind being the guitar player and singing, but I wasn't going to be no band leader.' And when she got that band together it was called the Tornadoes and awwoo, that was a tight band."

Washington had a talent for putting tight bands together. After the Tornadoes broke up, he got a band together for a regular gig in Thibodaux. "That was a tight band. But then it had a big build-up and everything and then the album was recorded and with all that taken care of, he really didn't do nothing else with it. Nothing, nothing, nothing and that just made me disgusted. He paid me $50 and that was it. Nothing else.

Lately, however, things have been looking up for Washington's career as a performer. Rounder Records' Scott Billington has seen the potential in Walter since they first worked together on Johnny Adams' One From the Heart album. "A month or two after Johnny's record came out, I was looking at the gig in Port Allen. Scott came over there and was looking at the gig and we took a break. He asked me 'did I want to record.' I said yeah but I ain't got no material. He said 'well how long would it take you to get you some material,' and I said well, it shouldn't take that long. So when I posed Timmie [rhythm and blues singer Timmoe] about it, Timmie told me she'd help me get it together. So we sat down and started writing."

Timmie had just started singing with the show at this time and had not done much composing herself, but when the two of them came together, something emerged. In a short time they had produced enough material for an album.

The record, to be released this month, is titled Wolftracks, a fitting term for a man on the road who works hard. Like other Rounder artists, he has paid more than his share of dues in smoky clubs in the wee hours of the night. Now the wolf is on the prowl.
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this column should clear up some of your confusion when it comes to laying down your hard-earned ten bucks for one of the innumerable New Orleans R&B collections mostly foreign imports that have appeared in the last few years.

Many of these albums are available at import and oldie-carrying stores like Record Ron's, Metronome Sound Warehouse, Acorn, and Goldmine record stores. If you live outside of New Orleans, two of the best mail-order outlets are Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, California 94530; and Roundup Records, P.O. Box 154, N. Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140. (Last free plug in this column, guys.) The albums are rated one to five saxophones, the best given five saxophones, under the assumption that only the best New Orleans records have five saxes.

Starting with Roy Brown is starting at the beginning. Brown put New Orleans on the map, R&B wise, in 1948 with his "Good Rockin'" wailing blues voices in history. If you've heard Jackie Wilson, you've heard the closest of Brown's many imitators.

Between his last hit in 1957 and his death in 1981 Roy Brown was almost completely forgotten in this country, though, thanks largely to a Swedish record company. Brown was beginning to enjoy a revival shortly before he passed. The company, Mr. R&B/Route 66, has issued four superbly packaged reissues, with rare photos, great sound quality, session details, and voluminous liner notes.

Tonight, the song that also put the word "rock" at the top of the R&B vocabulary. You will not hear the "New Orleans sound" as such on Brown's records. What you will hear is definitive jump blues, from aching blues ballads to raucous boogie, most with Brown's crack New Orleans band led by trumpeter Teddy Riley and all with perhaps the most astoundingly powerful voice on the planet.

The first of these, Laughing But Crying, actually made the Swedish charts when released in 1977. It is a fine cross-section of Brown's lesser-known songs. The reason for that is only of interest to the type of R&B collector that everyone interested in blues and early rock 'n' roll should own. It is the kind of performance, slowly rising from a bang to a big BANG, that would have made Caruso take note. It was number one on the R&B charts in 1950 and seems to have inspired a Mickey Mouse imitation in 1956 Elvis Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel."

The Intermedia LP is a rip-off live set released on Imperial with Dave Bartholomew's band "Let the Four Winds Blow" and "Party Doll". "I'm Stickin' with You," says the liner notes. "The latter two are interesting for the interplay of bassist Frank Fields and drummer extraordinaire Charlie Williams in a faintly rockabilly style, but surely the voice that launched a thousand walls had better things to do than cover aspiring teen idols. Brown could have sung most of his Imperial material here with his mouth closed." The latest Swedish release, a Feel That Young Man's Rhythm, is a fascinating look at Brown's rare early recordings - only three rare songs are from after 1949! It includes both sides of his mysterious first 78; the original A-sides of "Good Rockin," Lollypop Mama," and "Miss Fanny Brown" (all three of which were "borrowed" by rival shouter Wynonie Harris for hits). "Rockin' at Midnight," recently a hit by the Honky-Tonk Kings, and an amazing four-song live set with Lucky Millinder's band in New Orleans which shows just how staggering Brown's vaunted pipes must have been in person.

"Hard Luck Blues," the title song of the King budget-priced two-lp set (Made in the U.S.A.), is probably the song (with "Good Rockin'") that everyone interested in blues and early rock 'n' roll should own. It is the kind of performance, slowly rising from a bang to a big BANG, that would have made Caruso take note. It was number one on the R&B charts in 1950 and seems to have inspired a Mickey Mouse imitation in 1956 Elvis Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel."

The Intermedia LP is a rip-off live set recorded (apparently) in California shortly before Brown's death with an abominable band. It is only of interest to show that Brown's voice still had that power.

The recent rediscovery of Roy Brown is more than the discovery of the roots of R&B and rock 'n' roll. It is, like the concurrent renaissance of Louis Jordan, the uncovering of a pillar of American music. Or, as Brown put it more succinctly in 1949: "Good Rockin'," that's my name. They'd better put my rock in the hall of fame! 

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JAMES LIEN

Summer is once again upon us in full brute force, leaving little alternative for those of us in this southern clime other than staying indoors and listening to records or maybe our favorite progressive radio station. Of course the record people know this, and have glutted the market and bombarded the airwaves with a staggering amount of new releases. Among the more important coming our way this August are a compilation album put out by the Atlanta-based 688 record label featuring, among others, the Fleshtones and more importantly, at least one cut by New Orleans' own Dash Rip Rock. On the airwaves, in between hearing such summer mainstays as Run DMC on New Orleans' own Dash Rip Rock. On the airwaves, in between hearing such summer mainstays as Run DMC's "Rock Box" and the Fleshtones, one might hear some of these records as well:

Live Skull
Chill One
Homestead Records HMS56

For some serious sonic eating that sounds a lot like Lydia Lunch, Live Skull offer organic music that often comes close to being streetform expression, but never degenerates into mere thrashing and moaning. Although not as eclectic or experimental as the Youth (apparently these guys have their guitars the way the rest of us do), Live Skull are still strong on the same points, namely combining eerie esoteric and dark imagery to produce spooky mood music to mold the mind. And the two bands share the same producer, Martin Bisi (at one time in Bill Laswell's Material), and record in the same place, the notorious Before Christ Studios. After only one listen, the message becomes clear: these are intense people who make some intense music to brood to. They get you up in your seat, shuffling your feet with acid-like grinding guitar and moaned, obscure vocals. The album reaches its rousing conclusion in "The Loved One," a vague bit of a melody about driving a stake into the heart of your beloved. Live Skull mean serious business. Put on your best black clothes and brood away.

King
The King's March
No label

First of all, it's not the Euro-techno dance King you've heard of. What it actually remains a little obscure. As far as one can tell, King is (or appears to be) a somewhat loose collaboration of multi-talented, multi-dimensional musicians assembled in (of all places) Shreveport by the producer Trevor Brown, Jr. The record itself is an enigma; it bears no name of a record label or place of origin. Except for the word "King" underneath a pencil drawing of a rather hideous and alien looking figure of apparent royalty. The only other hint is a message scrawled on the upper right corner recommendin: "High Treble, High Volume." Inside is a typed page listing song titles and (often cryptic) musician credits ("TUP" plays solo sax on one cut). This scant information is all that can be gleaned from the album's cover; the rest must come from the music itself.

On first listening, this enigmatic record could be the King Crimson album that never was. The ambience is there in the production, in the sound of the drums and the quality of the vocals. Only a marginal cover of David Bowie's "Fashion" reveals that this in 1986, and not 1974. Though the musicianship may not always shine in originality and technical skill as the early Crimson, the songs here are well-crafted and well-produced progressive rock with much of the same jazz and classical influence of early Seventies progressive rock. The good part is that King have managed to slough off much of the art pretentiousness associated with Seventies progressive bands such as Yes and Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Only occasionally does their grip weaken, and allow them to lapse into such tripeless as medieval imagery and such, and even then it's tastefully done.

The Afflicted
Good News About Mental Health
Infrasonic ILP01

Young and white and tired of the disco. Shave your head and come to San Francisco. These are the opening words that lead off "Summer of Love," the first song on Good News About Mental Health, a demenated look into the wacky, wonderful world of The Afflicted. This unusual group remove the crown (they'll probably want to give it back, too) as "This year's Dead Milkmen." Another one of those hardcore novelty bands that keep cropping up from goodness knows where. The Afflicted, fortunately, are not nearly so dopey as the Milkmen, and they do have a few things going for them: they're a little more serious musically, with more edge on the guitar, and no stupid monologues, and they do have better names. The best is lead singer Dan Rancid's, along with Daryl Bach (no relation) on drums, and Frankie Lemon (also no relation) on bass and vocals. Guitarist Michael Voss doesn't have a funny name, but he can grooove with the basic chords to a crazy drunken cover of Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll" — one of the album's high points. Other gems include "Schizophrenic Baby," "Living on Beer" which degenerates into a ridiculous parody of "You Really Got Me" halfway through, "Dope Dreams," and "Here Comes the Cop." (Sort of a safe one would assume) Most of the record, although it's funny, doesn't make a whole lot of sense. Songs like "Sold Out To the Wannabes," "Jones-

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Bruce Bordeaux
RB 52877
If you're in one of the most successful, critically acclaimed bands in new music today, making lots of money and friends from records and live concert appearances, winning all kinds of awards and such, what do you do on your day off? Well, take one of the guys in R.E.M. (y'know, you remember them), you form a band called the Hindu Love Gods, and put out a record just to have fun. After all, music dudes like R.E.M.'s active are going to keep making records no matter what. Meanwhile, the Feelies come across as an interesting idea that they're trying to capture simple ideas that they really believe in. The result is a warmth and amiability that is impossible to resist. The remainder of the songs are upbeat mood pieces featuring simple ideas that they're trying for slicker production with more polished sounds. Meanwhile, the Feelies' construction is one long chorus of reverberating vocals and harmonies. A band that is so close, it is almost a member of the Velvet Underground's self-titled third LP. Standouts on the Feelies album are the Velvet Underground's "Shadows" (and something), a band that is so close, it is almost a member of the Velvet Underground's self-titled third LP. Standouts on the Feelies album are the Velvet Underground's "Shadows." (and something), a band that is so close, it is almost a member of the Velvet Underground's self-titled third LP. Standouts on the Feelies album are the Velvet Underground's "Shadows." (and something), a band that is so close, it is almost a member of the Velvet Underground's self-titled third LP. Standouts on the Feelies album are the Velvet Underground's "Shadows." (and something), a band that is so close, it is almost a member of the Velvet Underground's self-titled third LP. Standouts on the Feelies album are the Velvet Underground's "Shadows." 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(and something), a band that is so close, it is almost a member of the Velvet Underground's self-titled third LP. Standout
As a nice change of pace there is the folk rockish "Positive Train" wherein Mr. V. he demonstrates his prowess with a sax, the song concerns itself with the direction in which the general populace should be headed, but may not be.

Did I mention jazz? Well "Union Street" is a midtempo jazz romp through the parts of the local drug sellers' wars, a local version of Electric Avenue. The band even shows that they can do comedy, by concocting something entitled "Happy #12 and #35," an all-in-good-fun joke at the legendary Bob Dylan.

Overall this is an impressive breath of fresh air in a music scene dominated by neo-psychedelia and funk freaks.

- Brian Wayson

Chuck Berry
Rock 'n' Roll Rarities
Chess DBZ-95251

Chuck Berry is the greatest rock 'n' roll writer of all time. And if you've forgotten what rock 'n' roll is exactly, drop this magazine now and run out and buy Berry's The Great Twenty-Eight for a definitive refresher. A few years ago MCA Records bought the Chess catalogue and began an aggressive campaign of reissues to show the flood of Chess imports, recently even getting a court order to stop some dealers from selling them. The Great Twenty-Eight, the biggest hits from the now-deleted (except in France) three-disc Great Twenty-Eight set, many of them available elsewhere. Many of Berry's finest early performances are shown: the blues and boogie roots of his music aren't reissued. If Boone had no soul he was backed by some good musicians and he at least had taste. He might've been another Brian Wayson.

- Rick Coleman

The Smiths
The Queen is Dead
Warner Bros. 25426

This is the third United States release from Morrissey and the boys. As I've said before this album is not the second half of their 1984 release Meat is Murder. Musically there doesn't seem to be any fresh blood in the orchestrations, and lyrically Morrissey is still whirling about his self-pitying society.

The title cut, "The Queen is Dead," is an up-beat groover that relies on heavy rhythm section—chords with hints of psychedelia backwash. Morrissey describes Britain as a futile country with the same depression as the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen." This album runs through pretty much the same subject as Meat is Murder: "A boy with a thorn in his side" should have been "How Soon Is Now — Part 2."

As a whole, this album is enjoyable to listen to. Most of these songs are well-produced and they groove. I just hope that the next album will have a few surprises in store.

- Satiey Smith

Living Links
Gather in the Forges
Scratch Records

So close to home and yet so far away. Living Links is a wife and husband team operating out of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. This is their debut LP, as their previous works were only available on cassette or two-inch efforts. What a shame because if these recordings were properly released it would make an interesting outing. Maria Vanzarelli writes lyrics that cut to society's bone: Mar-although she has written well-crafted music that ranges from funky grooves rock to skanky 8-20s dance tunes to southern psychedelia. The duo's accomplished musicianship is more than complimented by their harmonies.

A third of the songs on this album are about the military, but they ask you to think for yourself rather than accepting the songwriter's word as gospel. Outstanding cuts include "I'm A Wake When I Should Be Asleep," a five-minute journey through funkdom that would put Prince to shame; "For the Paramedic," a tongue-in-cheek look at animal's rights; and "Do You Dream in Color (or Black and White)" one of the best neo-psychedelic songs to come out of the south which cries:

They have an unreasoning rationality. They're insane from too much sanity. They're too careful to live.

The federal government should declare the Living Links an endangered species, allow them to make music unadorned by mundane existence and do all of it in an enormous favor.

- Brian Wayson

Pat Boone
Jive 'n' Jive
Bear Family BFJ 15258

It can be argued that without Pat Boone rock n' roll would have had a much rougher start—his awful whitewashed versions of " Ain't It a Shame," "Tutti Frutti," and "Long Tall Sally" paved the way to the pop charts for Fats Domino and Little Richard. Boone also recorded other New Orleans classics—the only pop hit of "Good Rockin' Tonight," "Honey Hush," "Blueberry Hill," and (I kid you not) "The Man." Most of these are included here. Jo-ridiously edited, this album could have been Daniel Boone's Milkshake Heil's Pre-History of Rock n' Roll—constant cover versions of Louis Jordan, Roy Brown, Tennessee Ernie Ford ("Shogun Boogie"), Joe Turner, Fats Domino, Bill Haley the Comets, and Little Richard. Jive 'n' Jive is surprisingly listenable—better than 85% of Elvis' movie songs, says. Even if Boone had no soul, he was backed by some good musicians and he at least had taste. If he had concentrated on rock n' roll, who knows? He might've been another Ricky Nelson.

- Rick Coleman

The Dream Syndicate
Curt of the Grey
Big Time Records 1-1902

The third effort from the Dream Syndicate finds them stepping away from the neo-psychedelic scene they helped to found. Their music seems to be entering a guitar hero phase centered around Steve Wynn, characterized by his guitar virtuosity. Paul B. Cutler (a member of 45 Grave) stokes the guitar fires, and a solid rhythm section comprised of Dennis Duck and Mark Walton keeps punch- ing out the beat. Just as the music is centered around the guitar, the lyrics are a product of Steve Wynn's view of life and the people who live it.

The music on its own would make the album worthwhile and a joy to behold, but Wynn's writing ability allows him to take the listener to the depths of despair ("You Can't Forget," "Pioneering Bird") and when it seems too late to turn back he picks you up and returns your hope ("Dying Embers."). The album is consistently good, so much so that it is difficult to separate the superior from the above average. "Out of the Grey" is the perfect title track, a wonderful blend of evocative lyrics and guitar virtuosity. Cutler and Wynn take a good-time drinking song to its full potential, and it sums up the attitude of the album. The music takes a back seat in "New I Ride Alone" wherein Wynn demonstrates his ability to evoke emotion from his listeners: Well there ain't no dark angel hanging round my door.

There ain't no weepin willow that's never seen before. Man, there's just one little thing left that I never seem to take.

It's the knocks on my door all night long that I can't escape.

The Dream Syndicate has realized that it's okay to step away from your roots as long as you keep going on to bigger and better things. Here's to the band's continued progression and success.

- Brian Wayson
What the heck is Latin music? Who plays it? Why do they play it? Where can I get some? Latin music— that is, Latin American-oriented music—is alive and dancing right here in the Gateway to Latin America, New Orleans. In a myriad of styles, salsa, samba, rhumba, and Latin-jazz to name a few, it's played by musicians from Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, Central America, and the States.

In an attempt to describe the diversity of sounds included under this umbrella of “Latin music,” here are a handful of interviews with some of the New Orleans musicians who play it.

Mexican pianist Jorge Mabarak came to the States for a gig with an avant-garde band at the World's Fair in St. Louis. He stayed a while—and trained as a paramedic, “just for the fun of it,” working the streets while continuing to play music. He toured the Midwest and Northeast with various bands for several years, and moved to New Orleans totally by accident: on a trip to Florida with his wife, Karla, he stopped here for something to eat, heard jazz guitarist Steve Masakowski and saxophonist Bick Margitsa at the Sheraton Hotel, sat in, and has stayed for three years now. (Some people are seduced by Mardi Gras, and others by the music.) Whether broodingly serious or telling a joke, Mabarak’s face is always animated, his expressions made dramatic by dark eyebrows and curly hair speckled with gray. An articulate and rapid speaker, his eyes flash as if he has a lot on his mind. Short and energetic, he seems to feel confined at the Hotel Crowne Plaza solo gig with which he supports his family. (Which now includes three month-old Aisha). Although he has a drum machine to keep him “company,” he really shines when playing with a
group. The collective jam allows him to create harmonic tension and play off the layers of rhythm that make Latin music so vital.

His first gig was a three-year stint in a “solaria,” that is, a salsa band, in a Guadalajara whorehouse back in Mexico. He’s still excited by salsa; in contrast with Ruben Gonzalez, Mabarak feels it includes more contemporary jazz influences. At the same time, it incorporates the syncopation and polyrhythms which are characteristic of Latin music. Mabarak thinks very little of merengue. “Merengue is like a Latin polka, Chunta-chunta, chunta-chunta. To play merengue, if you know three chords, you’re overqualified. It’s even danced like a polka,” Like the egg-white pastry that shares its name, for him, this music is a hollow shell. Nevertheless, in New Orleans’ clubs like Isabella’s or El Rincon de la Guardia Vieja in Gretna and the Latin Quarter in Metairie, the bands play a lot of merengue as well as salsa in order to cater to the local Central American dancing public.

Like other Latin musicians here, Mabarak is a fond traditionalist: “I have a soft spot for corny Mexican boleros, [ballads].” He’s also working on an even more traditional project: a CRS Studio album combining jazz synthesizer and pre-Colombian (Mayan/Aztec) music on indigenous acoustic instruments.

Meanwhile, Mabarak will continue to jam here, soaking up influences like Sergio Mendes, Chick Corea, and New Orleans’ David Torkanowsky, and putting out his own flashy blend of Latin jazz. At his next Snug Harbor gig, watch out for his synthesizer “whistles” during percussion solos, and quotes of “La Cucaracha” the man plays with a sense of humor.

Mauro Saldanha

Brazilian guitarist/vocalist Mauro Saldanha grew up in Porto Alegre, Brazil, a small city near the Argentinian border. He looks much younger than his 35 years; tall and slim, he walks with a cat-like grace and confidence, and keeps his hair long enough to hint at a “tail” at the back. His eyes are startlingly clear, and he often looks off into space for a moment before speaking, as if weighing a difficult translation.

He came to the States for a “day gig,” a transfer to the State-side advertising department of a big corporation: no less than the Coca-Cola Company. With two degrees in business, music was secondary, until he got turned onto jazz in San Francisco and started taking his guitar more seriously. Despite his lack of formal training, he was raised with the sam-ba, the “urban African” and Carnival music of Brazil, and even as a kid joined in percussion jam sessions in his predominantly black neighborhood. He also listened to “baiao,” the European/Native American music of northern Brazil.

Having moved to New Orleans two years ago, Saldanha was excited to notice the similarities between baiao and and Cajun music: both use accordion, triangle, and syncopated bass drums to drive the dancing crowds. Mauro, who has only been playing professionally for five years now, emphasizes traditional elements in his performances. Brazilian music is much simpler and less improvisatory than the jazz-flavored music he plays here with Sounds of Brazil — and he concedes that the band has been criticized by the New Orleans’ Brazilian community for this discrepancy—but his Portuguese vocals and strong, percussive rhythm guitar give the band an added authenticity and a genuine verve that gets people dancing, even the “serious listeners” at Snug Harbor.
Ruben Gonzalez

No article about Latin music in New Orleans would be complete without something about "Mr. Salsa," Ruben Gonzalez. Although he's now a little overweight and puffy-eyed, recovering from five coronary bypasses, he's been something of an institution. Back in 1945, he sang in Sacasa, one of three Afro-Cuban bands in New York City; his only predecessors were the world-famous groups of Miguelito Valdez and Machito, with whom he became great friends. Sacasa's credits include several appearances with Desí Arnaz on the I Love Lucy Show. They played in Miami during the fifties, and in 1957 Gonzalez quit the band to perform in Las Vegas with The Havana Mandarin Crest, a revue of production numbers. Gonzalez recorded exclusively with RCA Victor for eighteen years, putting out 50 or 60 albums, and appeared on The Tonight Show.

In 1961, he came to New Orleans, where he performed in Bourbon Street clubs — the now extinct Boom-Boom Room and Offshore Lounge, and Chris Owens' club. Later he co-invested in his own club, The Mocombo on Claiborne, "a high class place — everyone wore jackets," and The Granada Club. The most current "Ruben Gonzalez and His Salsa Band" was established eight years ago, and most local Latin musicians, particularly percussion and horn players, have played in it.

"Salsa" is Spanish for sauce, implicitly hot sauce, because the music is spiced with a four-or five-piece horn section and jumping with three or four drummers. It used to be called "Afro-Cuban" music, and Gonzalez goes so far as to say, "Forget about 'salsa.'" The only new thing about it, he insists, is the music's popularity and the name. Salsa is essentially the same stuff he's always sung: the fast guarachas, the slow boleros, and the medium-tempo guanigans and "Guaintelameras"-type guajaras.

The last of these styles demands that the singer improvise his lyrics — a sort of Cuban scatting — and this is Gonzalez's strong point. Although he wrote some improvised lyrics for his well-known friend Tito Rodriguez, few singers, he contends, can care to compete. His band also plays some merengue, Central American dance music. After all, "you play one (song) for yourself, ten for the people."

Many older listeners and dancers ask him to play his "Salsa," but he prefers to serve them the Cuban dance music of samba with which Mauro Saldana grew up.

Saldana's roommate, Edu Alves, the leader of Sounds of Brazil, was born in São Paolo, Brazil. He started on drums, but a car accident incapacitated him for a year. Now he's a bandleader without a bass player knew Edu played guitar and asked him to fill in, and he's played electric bass for eight years now. He seems quite the laid-back Brazilian tall and broad-shouldered, his rat-tail reaching to the middle of his back, he walks like a sleepy bear and talks with a thick, slurring accent. The "shave and a hair cut, two bits" accent is exactly like the 3-and-2 beat pattern that pulses through Cuban music. This pattern, and its 2-and-3 beat inversion ("two bits, shave and a hair cut") are known as the clave, and are played by striking together two wooden blocks; the blocks themselves are also known as "the clave." The 2-and-3 clave is used for the rumba, the Cuban black street music (as distinctive as the Brazilian black street music of samba with which Mauro Saldana grew up).

Saldana points out that drums are very spiritual, and very physical; to stay in shape for them he lifts weights daily at the Superdome YMCA. And while even the second line shuffle, to which eluding jazz, R&B (note the distinctive sound of Bo Diddley and the "Spanish guitar" strumming), and even the second line shuffle, to which Sanders was turned on by drummers Johnny Vidacovich and James Black. The "shave and a hair cut, two bits" accent is exactly like the 3-and-2 beat pattern that pulses through Cuban music. This pattern, and its 2-and-3 beat inversion ("two bits, shave and a hair cut") are known as the clave, and are played by striking together two wooden blocks; the blocks themselves are also known as "the clave." The 2-and-3 clave is used for the rumba, the Cuban black street music (as distinctive as the Brazilian black street music of samba with which Mauro Saldana grew up).

Edu Alves, the leader of Sounds of Brazil, has played guitar and asked him to fill in, and he's played electric bass for eight years now. He seems quite the laid-back Brazilian tall and broad-shouldered, his rat-tail reaching to the middle of his back, he walks like a sleepy bear and talks with a thick, slurring Portuguese accent. In New Orleans, where he's lived for five years, Edu contends that there is little market for the traditional music of Brazilian samba bars. Even in Brazil, "when you turn on the radio, you think you're in [North] America." So he admits that he plays mostly "American" music to make a living: jazz, rock, funk, even country, wearing an incongruous tuxedo to his hotel gig.

With his own band, he hopes to let people hear authentic Brazilian music, a music that has progressed since golden oldies like Jobim's "Girl From Ipanema" and other bossa novas. Some listeners think Edu still plays primarily bossa nova bass lines, and though the bass player may be dissatisfied with drummers who "don't know samba," drumming is not his strongest suit. Yet he sets a good groove for the band, sings Portuguese with a suave flair, and cites contemporary Brazilian influences, particularly Ivan Lins, Chico Buarque, and Djavan. The last of these singers has "changed the beat" of Brazilian music, and made it "more sophisticated."

Since his operation in October, he's put the band on hold. He sings at nightclubs occasionally with a band led by Peter Tomas, and works the night shift as a New Orleans deputy sheriff.
ulti-instrumental percussionist Curtis Pierre is athletic-looking, articulate, and quietly brimming with respect for Latin, Brazilian, and African music. While other musicians have specialized, he seems well-schooled in each of these ethnic forms. He's also quite a showman on stage, rolling a pandeiro (what we would call a tambourine) across his chest and dancing as he plays.

He's from New Orleans, but studied in Detroit with Skip Bundy, a Santiago (Cuba)-born drummer of the Yoruba religious tradition. From Bundy, he learned that "all those Latin riffs are played in the spaces between the beats" of the two fundamental claves. He also studied Latin music with Bill Summers in Los Angeles, and Brazilian percussion with his idol Airto Moreira, one of the world's finest players.

Pierre appreciates the adaptability of Brazilian music: back in the hills of Bahia, the northeast region of Brazil, cans, frying pans, and the like have been absorbed into the samba orchestra, but each of the traditional instruments have a function. The ancient Djembe drum from West Africa, for example, is used as the repique (repeating) drum for calls and sustainment breaks - that is, this drummer keeps the beat going when the others are silent for a moment; "the samba never stops." Other basic instruments include the agogo, multi-pitched bells struck with a stick, the surdo bass drum, and the tamborim, a small drum, 5-8 inches in diameter. Before they were made with lugs to tighten the catkins, tamborims were tuned by heating the skin with burning tissue (like the drums of Mark Sanders' father).

Pierre contends that the latin and not the Brazilian flavor is more pervasive in North American music several reasons: Spanish lyrics reach a larger audience than Portuguese lyrics; jazz absorbed the Cuban elements as early as the thirties, while Brazilian music didn't hit the scene until the sixties. Still, both Brazilian and Afro-Cuban sambas originated from the celebration of Carnival - just like second line, which "speeded up to warp factor 5 is a samba."

In Latin music, each percussionist forges a link in a chain of rhythms built within the clave. "And there's no place to put an extra link." Two bon-goceros (bongo players) is not "ethnical" - but two or more tamboura players is fine, each on different-pitched drums such as the conga, the name many of us misuse for all the long, conical tamboura. The maracas, coconut-or gourd-shaped shakers, help to regulate the speed and volume: "unless you're playing solo, and you can't hear the maracas, you're playing too loud." The caixa (timba) player leads the band, holding down the time by playing on the sides of his snare-size drum, often playing the clave in double-time, and building the collective intensity.

Here in New Orleans, Pierre leads the Brazilian-oriented New Orleans Samba, plays with Percussion, Inc., a drum corps covering African, Puerto Rican, Cuban and original material (mixing, for example, vibraphones and African shaker), and the Kumbuka African Dance Collective. As far as he knows, he is also one of only seven pandeiro masters in the States, performing not only the intricate techniques of the jingled instrument but the basketball/soccer-like acrobatics as well. He's also a professional pen-and-ink artist, and depicts his encounters with the music and its history. At elementary schools, high schools, and colleges, he holds seminars emphasizing the unity rather than the musical aspect of percussion: five, twelve, even 500 people can cooperate to play good samba.

WHERE TO HEAR IT:

Cafe Brasil, 2100 Chartres, 947-9386. samba jams.
Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Latin/Brazilian jazz occasionally.
Tyler's, 5234 Magazine St., 891-4989. Latin jazz.
Rincon De La Vieja Guardia, 2105 Hancock St., Gretna, 367-6733. Latin big bands.
Isabella's, Stump Blv., Gretna, (directly behind the Rincon De La Vieja Guardia). Latin big bands.
We're living in the Golden Age of reissue albums, and what the buyers want is New Orleans.
the rights to much of the material he had sought to release. But the battle has been a long one.

"I've been here about a year," he said, "and I knew that EMI owned the Imperial, Minit, Aladdin and Sue catalogs. But those catalogs had been dormant for a long time. The last enthusiastic reissue campaign was back in the Seventies, when United Artists owned the catalogs. EMI was around, but Capitol didn't own UA at the time. There were about four or five albums in UA's Legendary Masters series. They were well done -- double albums with lots of information. And that was it. Over the years, EMI purchased UA and nobody had really been doing the catalog reissues in America. EMI England can handle double-albums these days. They'll have the rights to release. But the battle has been a long one.

Guarnieri said he will reinstitute the Legendary Masters series soon.

"We're going to do five label compilations," he said. "There will be a Minit, an Imperial, a Sue, a Liberty and an Aladdin. They'll be sampler albums, released quarterly. Between each quarter will be compilation albums by different artists and themes. There were about labels. I just did an Irma Thomas album from Imperial and Minit -- with 'Breakaway' and 'Time Is On My Side.'"

Bobby Marchan, Fats Domino, Earl King and Benny Spellman are also due EMI releases.

"Ted Jones helped me on the Earl King album," he said. "It will be the same as the French record that was released several years ago, but with two extra songs added. Then a Smiley Lewis album that Jim Russell helped compile. It'll be out sometime this year. And I'm probably going to do an Aaron Neville album from Minit. Also, two doo-wop sampler albums. One of the doo-wop albums is all New Orleans doo-wop from Imperial. We're going to release two volumes of 'Rare Dominos' combined into one, and 'Fats Live in Europe.'"

Uniform standards, especially of song selection, pressing quality, annotation and artwork, aren't always evident in the New Orleans reissues. Some "premium vinyl" has been known to erode with the first tearing of shrink-wrap, some discographies rely too much on broad guesswork, and occasionally the import-priced Japanese or European item is scarcely worthy of being a domestic-label budget-line release.

Most reissues, however, are well-appointed. And in New Orleans, the choices are getting wider.

"Reissues are selling fabulously," according to Jimmy Augustin of Metronome. "I can't keep them in stock, especially the Pathe Marconis. France's Pathe Marconi has done an exemplary job of compiling gems from the Imperial and Aladdin catalogs. Augustin thinks they're the best.

"The whole series of Pathe Marconis is the best," he said. "They started with Dave Bartholomew's Jump Children album last year, then they released The Monkey. But when Shrimp and Gumbo came out, we did the Tommy Ridgley and the double-record set New Orleans Rarities which is a downright hit. It has a lot of really obscure stuff on it, like the 17-year-old James Booker. It's just amazing -- on one of the songs he sounds like the Violent Femmes.

The flood of reissues isn't about to stop, so it's safe to say that even more catalogs will be tapped, with the result of previously unobtainable material coming to light.

"I just ordered Ace's New Orleans, Volume I," he said. "It has Ernie K-Doe, Little Sonny and Big Boy Myles -- apparently all things from Specialty from 1952-56. There's also a thing called 'Kissing Her and Crying for You' on Kent. It has a couple of Willie Tee songs on it. There's also Charly, which did the Aaron Neville and the two Meters albums. Sehorn's Soul Farm, Volume II will be out soon. They're really hot, especially the British and French labels -- really nice packaging and good pressings."

Augustin said Metronome's best-selling reissue is Allen Toussaint's Southern Nights.

"Since we opened the doors here," he said, "Southern Nights has sold as a cut-out and as a Japanese import at $20 a pop. It sells practically everywhere. It's now as well as a foreign import on Edsel. The first Spiders album on a Japanese reissue sells well, too. We've sold more than 200 copies of New Orleans Rarities, and Aaron Neville's Make Me Strong is a big seller."

Augustin had comforting words for the reissue-minded.

"New Orleans reissues are coming in hand over fist," he said. "All I can say is I really don't know when they're going to stop."
This Month

**Fri 1** Nighttimers

**Sat 2** PM Cajun Band

**Tues 5** Regatta (Reggae-Progressive Jazz)

**Fri 8** Walter Washington and the Road Masters

**Sat 9** Les Freres Michot (Cajun Band)

**Tues 12** The Youngbloods with Carson Tenant (R&B)

**Fri 15** The Nighttimers

**Sat 16** TBA

**Tues 19** Burn's Rush Comedy Show

**Fri 22** The Radiators

**Sat 23** Dewey Balfa and Cece Anisimov (tentative)

**Sat 29** Walter Washington and the Road Masters

**Sun 30** TBA

**8316 Oak Street  866-9359**

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**Regular Features**

- **Sundays**
  - Live Traditional Bluegrass
  - Live Classical Music
  - Wednesdays
  - J. Monique's Blues Band
  - Thursdays
  - Laissez-Faire Cajun Band

---

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---

**Festivals**

**August 1986**

**Fri 1** Scott & Jerry (Jazz Duo)

**Sat 2** Ron James Trio

**Fri 3** Scott & Jerry (Jazz Duo)

**Sat 9** Russell Brazzell (Classical Guitar)

---

**Sports**

**Saturday, 2**

**World Class Wrestling**

With whatever corners of New Orleans are around at the moment, Brutus Beefcake, The Great Muta, and Chris Adams, Ravishing Rick Rude will host the annual Louisiana Music and Entertainment Association (LOMA) Awards.

**Saturday, 9**

**Mid South Wrestling**

With everyone else you can think of (Oliverio, Chuck Brown, Duggan, whoever isn't in a body cast or on crutches will host the annual Louisiana Music and Entertainment Association (LOMA) Awards.

---

**Concerts**

- **Sunday, 3**
  - Billy Ocean, at the UNO Lakefront Arena.

- **Friday, 8**
  - Superfast with Maze and other groups; 7:30 p.m., Superdome.

- **Thursday, 14-Saturday, 16**
  - Crossworld Jam, a city-wide musical event; see listings for Jed's, Jimmy's, Tugboat, a Dream Palace, Sugar Harbor and Mable Leaf. Sponsored by the New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association (LOMA).

- **Saturday, 16**
  - Saints v. Daveer, In the Superdome, 8 p.m. Will Jim Mara make a difference? Ticket information at 522-2020.

- **Saturday, 17**
  - Saints v. New England, Superdome, 7 p.m. Ticket information as above.

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**August 1986**

**Saturday, 3**

**Billy Ocean**, at the UNO Lakefront Arena.

**Friday, 8**

Superfast with Maze and other groups; 7:30 p.m., Superdome.

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**The Radiators**

**Friday, 15**

Irma Thomas in a rhythm on the River Concert, 6:00 p.m., Fino.

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**Tues 5** Regatta (Reggae-Progressive Jazz)

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---

**Festivals**

**August 1986**

**Fri 1**, **Sun 3**

Bell Club Fair, 723 N. Bayou Drive, Golden Meadow, La.

**5th Annual Mardis Gras Seafood Festival**, Fenton-biloxi State Park, with the Radiators, Irma Thomas, etc. Tickets at the gate.

**La Fete du Bon Ami**

Krewe, La. Information from Father Malachy Maheu, 504-633-9431.

**Louisiana Shakespeare Festival**, at the Civic Center in Lake Charles, La. Information at 318-495-4451.

**Tangolaguna Black Festival**, Hammond, La. Information from George Perkins at 504-945-9141.

**Friday, 8-Sunday, 10**

**Sixth Luneau Redfish Festival**, Luneau, La, Hwy 936, Galliano, La.

**Wedneday, 13-Sunday, 17**

Dulacambo Shrimp Festival, Dulacamblo, La. Information from Jacqueline Toops at 504-685-2053.

**Friday, 15**, **Sun 16, Saturday, 16, Saturday, 17**, **Sunday, 30 & Sunday, 31**


**Friday, 15-Sunday, 17**

**World Zen Boon Baptist Church Country Food Festival**, International park on Hwy 308 in Lacombe.

**Friday, 22-Sunday, 24**

Cajun Hunters Festival, Bayou Cestoulaire, Galliano, La. on Hwy 936.

**Saturday, 30-Sunday, 31**

**Red River Arts & Crafts Festival**, Rapides Coliseum; 5500 Hwy 28 West.

**Saturday, 30-Monday, Sept. 1**

Cajun Fest, Festival, Raceland, La. Information from L. Roussouss at 504-627-5140 or 50.4-627-5140.

**Fire Fighters Food Festival**, Lacombe, La. Information from Eddie Decker at 504-882-5977 or 504-882-1216.

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**August 1986**

We will be closed August 10th - September 2nd, for Renovations. See you on the 2nd with our exciting new look.

---

**August 1986**

We will be closed August 10th - September 2nd for Renovations. See you on the 2nd with our exciting new look.
Hilton Hotel, Poydras at the river.

Their life on Deerkey island revolve out of town for trips to Tripicia, near, the performing downtown capital of the world; Chris Burke and his New Orleans Rhythm Band, 11 to 6; Nica Wofld and 2 March Fun, 8:30 to 12:30. Sundays are as much a scene for the nocturnal strains.

Cafe Open Daily from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Call 895-9405. Check the menu offer cave specials, Tempting Bar.

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MONDAYS

Domestic Beer, $1, 5 p.m. - 11

TUESDAYS

DRAFT Beer Night

50¢ Glass/$2.50 Pitcher

Starts at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS

Ladies Night

1st Drink Free, 4½ Price

Mixed Drinks

8 p.m. - 12 a.m.

THURSDAYS

Rotating Import Beer Specials

SUNDAYS

$1.50 Bloody Marys. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Le Bon Temps Roule

Le Bon Temps Roule

803 Bourbon, 895-9678.

Mondays

Domestic Beer, $1, 5 p.m. - 11

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Starts at 5 p.m.

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Thursdays

Rotating Import Beer Specials

Sundays

$1.50 Bloody Marys. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Love Tractor at Jimmy's Wednesday 27th.

Le Bon Temps Roule,

803 Bourbon, 895-9678.

Mon-Fri

Domestic Beer, $1, 5 p.m. - 11

Tuesdays

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Thursdays

Rotating Import Beer Specials

Sundays

$1.50 Bloody Marys. 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Love Tractor at Jimmy's Wednesday 27th.
drugs and mother-love by Bertolucci has—
because soap opera lacks cachet as a highbrow
genre—suffered; it is a lovely film despite the oc-
casional stridency of the main performance by Jill
Clayburgh (as an opera singer!) whose storage
ven (some pulsing-pulsing blood whose rare
evades me) has an odd love-hate relationship
with both his mother and hypocritical needs.
Gorgeously, looking, with Alda Valli, Franco De	
as the old chickenhawk, Renato Salvatore as the
gentleman who tries to romance La Clayburgh,
and Fred Gwynne as Clayburgh's husband.
Mon. 25. La Fiancee du Pirate, this 1967 comedy
about a "bad" girl in a provincial town, a French
version of a hilarity-cited, it is very funny, it
may be the only decent picture Kelly	Kaplan ever directed, through Bennett's talent's
performance was a good warm-up for her sympa-
this of the type in Truffaut's Une visite de com-
mite. Films are shown usually at 7 and 9 p.m.
through the summer months there are some
showing at 7:30. In Bobet Hall on the Loyola
Campus. Admission is either by season subscrip-
tion of $1.50 at the door.

Prytanis, 5330 Prytania, 895-4513. Fri. through
Thurs. 2 Dyn. Beautiful landlady, Stephen	Frears' film—a success lou-was
about a young Pakistani man, who
backed off by a capitalistic uncle, opens a laun-
chette in the slums of London. At the same
time a young white prole boy as his lover; the
other proles are resentful; the com-
petition is a startling one, the
performances Fridays and
Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30, S and 10:30 and 1
a.m. Call for featured acts. Georgie Porgie's,
Hyatt Regency Plaza, level payoar Plaza,
925-0000. Tuesdays-Saturdays, 8 and 10 p.m.
Call for acts. The Pusillirne, 4714 Veterans
Bivd., 454-7973. Performances at 8:30 nightly
save for weekends when there is an additional
performance at 11. Sundays nights hosted by Dan
Mackay of COKE. Through Sun. 3. Kent
erson and Charles Wescott, Turs. 5 through
Sun. 10. Larry Miller and Tim Whigfield, Turs. 12
to Sun. 17. Amazing Jonathan and Jimmy Mcboe,
Turs. 19 through Sun. 24. Mac. B. Jarrell and
Michelle Beaudry. Thurs. through Sun. 31.
Lance Montante and Paul Gay.

CINEMA

Loyola Film Buff's institute, 895-3198. Tues. 5:/
Conklin, Hitchcock's rather stolid 1953 film
about a priest who hears a murderer's confession
and goes to the man to save him since he can't violate
the sanctity of the box; humorlessly foreboding and one
can say the premise is a startling one, the
premise is a startling one, the
attempts to outdo each other in
acting class somewhat as
well, with Montgomery
Ogilt, Brian Aherne, Anne
Baxter, Karl Malden, deep-
laced Sally Ann (wife of
Bancroft, as the great-lady actress.
Vivian, man 's physiognomy, the producer's wife, Ann
of the titular character, Wendy
John Hurt
monochromatic, ominous noises in the
ground style for
Sun. 17: Caper, the
Lange Montalto and Paul Gay
through Saturday at 8:15 and
23: Dennis Blair. Tues. 26
Hodge. Tues. 28 through
28: Dennis Blair. Tues. 26
through Thursday at 1:15 and
Sundays: Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays:
In
The Sound of Music, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical
which mixed up so nicely a remarkable
ensemble as kids, nuns and
script, to try an answer to soap opera's
commercial success; with Barbara Bernard,
Bonnie Toups. Rob Cunningham, Mem Babin and
Robert McCowley. Performances Thursday
through Saturday at 8:15 and Sunday at 2:30
with supper served two hours prior to curtain.
Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse.
888-9111 or
886-5747. Aug. 13: Decadence, New
Orleans Style, a triumphant celebration of wit,
through Michael Houssay, Giuseppe Metera,
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AUGUST • Wavelength 33
LAST PAGE

In the market for a serious jazz periodical? Look no further than War­
nings, Polish comrades! Jazz Forum (“The magazine of the In­
national Jazz Federation”) is a bi­
monthly publication printed in Polish and English editions which focuses on the world of jazz “from Argentina to Yugoslavia.” The last time we check­
ed, that particular world included (in white tux). We
appearances of Miles Davis, Betty
Carter, Chico Freeman, Ellis Mar­
salis, Herman Jackson and others at
the all-new Anson and the
former home of the a foremen- Dressed A ward for wearing Bermuda
shorts and cowboy boots) and the eter­
ner. The disc
comes packaged in a zebraskin jacket
designed by Bunny Matthews and
inspired by the zebraskin sheets de­
signed by the late Perry Ellis (look for
a set on Hammond Scott’s bed,
cowgirls) and/or the zebraskin bra­and-panties currently marked-down
half-price at Victoria’s Secret.
Next out on Black Top will be The
Earl’s
Roomful of Blues的合作
with a cover photo shot at
Earl’s “headquarters”—the Tastee
Donuts outlet on Louisiana Avenue.
Dancing Cat Records is planning a
release of James Booker tapes and
claims to “have enough stuff for
seven albums.” Of course, the finest
Booker tape of all—a live perfor­
ance heard over WNOE during the
summer of 1977 when Booker was
smashed on alcohol (as op­
posed to heroin)—is available only on
privately-circulated cassettes and we
aren’t even letting our copy out of our
grassy banks.

Pam Gibbons, the Nevilles’ man­
ger (if that’s not a contradiction in
terms) for the past nine years, has
migrated to San Francisco. Clarence
“Frogman” Henry has just returned
from France. Home of the Frogs,
Wavelength’s roving Caribbean
reporter, Gene Scaramuzzo, also
spent his summer vacation in France,
from whence he sent us a postcard
with the explanation: “This guy on
the card is ‘Faire-ing Chabrot,’ which
means he is washing out his soup bowl
with red wine. This could be a hit
in New Orleans with gumbo, I’m
sure.” We’re sure, too and how did
Gene-o get to Republique Francaise
on a Wavelength salary? Must’ve
traded-in a truckload of rare ska
records.

Finally, it is our pleasure to an­
nounce that 5-foot 2-inch Michelle
Anne Abadie, a 40 student at Loyola
University, has been selected as Ms.
Park 1986. What park? City Park?
Audubon Park? Bert Parks? Nuh uh—
The Park, that swinging Metairie nightspot. According to a
press release composed by Gail Rab­
ito, formerly of “America’s Shopping
Channel”: “The new Ms. Park cap­tured the attention of the judges and
the crowd as she donned a suede biki­
i accentuating her 35-24-35 inch
figure.” It figures. . .

Reel after Reel

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- COMING IN SEPTEMBER
  - SATURDAY: JOHN SAT 1965 ROCKETEER
  - ZYDECO

**Monday**
- **Fais Do-Do**
  - **FREE RED BEANS & RICE**

**Tuesday**
- **Chapter Two & Up Front**

**Wednesday**
- **The Congos**
  - ASAHI RYU & SISTER DUNNY BRUNET

**Thursday**
- **Joe "King" Carrasco & The King Pins**

**Friday**
- **Delbert McClinton**
  - **with special guests Lil Queenie & the R&B Death Squad**

**Saturday**
- **Roy Buchanan**
  - **with special guest Lil Queenie & the R&B Death Squad**

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- **Saturday:**
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