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Wavelength

March 1987

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

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TEACH THE CHILDREN
Program brings jazz to city schools
At a time when a lot of things people take for granted in New Orleans are on the budget chopping block, a jazz history presentation in our schools could be the link the next generation needs to a heritage this city has always taken for granted. Last month "Dr. Jazz & Sister Second Line," was performed in 22 public schools in Orleans Parish to show the children of the Eighties how their music evolved from their grandparents' music. Such a link is needed, considering the hard-edged and often cynical music listened to by today's urban youth. Co-founder of the project Danny Barker sums it up. "New Orleans needs a jazz awareness program that will be successful at giving kids a chance to experience their cultural heritage as a positive force in their lives. "Dr. Jazz & Sister Second Line" is a 45-minute presentation accompanied by study materials. The production deals with the many influences that led to the creation of jazz and a link around the turn of the century. The two actors/singers along with a six-piece band strive to entertain while educating the students with much improvisation and audience participation.
Project director Eric Glaser tells how such a presentation became a reality. "The idea came about through a meeting I had with Danny Barker. We were sitting in his living room about a year and a half ago and he had shown me information about a jazz education project in Milwaukee called the Milwaukee Jazz Experience. It was in the schools up there and they had a study guide, jazz flash cards, seminars, and a couple of weeks' worth of jazz education for the kids. It was very successful and I thought 'that really should be here in New Orleans.' So the next thing I did was write some grants. I wrote grant proposals to the Jazz & Heritage Foundation, to the Arts Council of New Orleans, to the Louisiana Division of the Arts through the Amistad Research Centre and to Links, Inc., a women's art group and was able to raise the money." Also within the school system, Shirley Trust Coren in her position as supervisor of Arts in Education was behind the idea from the beginning and lent invaluable support.
The result has been a show that gets New Orleans kids second line dancing in their schools. Julian Delcourt and Sadie Blake in the title roles brew up their jazz gumbo on stage while explaining the reasoning behind a jazz funeral and the definition of a symphony. In the closing chorus of a day of studies, school kids find any music an uplifting break, but their excitement truly peaks at the finale when Sadie breaks into a 'rap' with the band backing her up, thus showing how flexible jazz is.
With its local run finished, Eric will be pursuing interest in the project outside the city with the hope of turning kids in other areas of the country on to the birth of jazz. The timing couldn't have been better considering the number of New Orleans musicians that are currently in the vanguard of today's jazz movement. They are living proof that the family tree can grow and flower if the roots are deep enough.
— Jason Patterson

THE CARNIVAL ANTHEM
Every Mardi Gras you can't go anywhere in New Orleans without hearing the magic ripping piano of Professor Longhair, whether the song is "Go to the Mardi Gras," "Big Chief," or a host of others. Although Longhair had recorded his "Mardi Gras in New Orleans" three times before, the first time in 1949 with his group the Shuffling Hungarians, it was not until 1959 that the song reached "Go to the Mardi Gras," became the definitive Mardi Gras anthem, recorded by New Orleans artists from Fats Domino to the Olympia Brass Band. Sadly, Longhair benefited little from his "hit," and he would have died in obscurity if not for the efforts of dedicated fans. In 1971 Professor Longhair was rediscovered by a new generation at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, and received international acclaim before his death in 1981. In a city full of great piano players, all of them paid the highest tribute to Professor Longhair.
— Rick Coleman

NOTHING ROTTEN AT CAC'S FESTIVAL OF NEW MUSIC
The CAC has streamlined its music program in recent years, moving away from a strict jazz format to focus upon composers and performers from the Gulf Coast region. Most of the CAC's recent music offerings go under the heading of New Music. Under that banner we find Electronic, Tape and Computer works along with Chamber pieces. Jazz gets its due as well, with last year's Dewey Redman concert being one of the standout music events of 1986.
This year's Festival of New Music II is various and asunder, reflecting the wide open ears of CAC music director Jay Weigel. One featured event will be a piano recital Saturday, March 14 by Mary Kathleen Ernst performing works by Copland, Piston and Glass as well as works by living composers Roy Harris and Larry Alan Smith.
There are also concerts featuring The LSU New Music Ensemble (March 12) and the Contemporary Arts Ensemble (March 3). Both of these concerts will showcase the works of local and regional composers.
On the jazz side, we find New Orleans guitarist Steve Masakowski performing with saxophonist David Liebman on Saturday, March 7. Masakowski is in the upper stratosphere of guitar heaven along with the Bensons and the Sterns and the Vans. Not content to be just another great guitarist, Masakowski is also a noteworthy composer of unpretentious non-academic computer realized pieces. Liebman is a big favorite among his peers. Eclectic to extremes, Liebman is also a pure player no matter the context. For his playing on the Miles Davis LP On The Corner, Liebman deserves more praise than there's room for here. Don't miss this concert.
All shows start at 8 p.m., and tickets go for $6 ($4 members). Despite the New Music banner, there is nothing blatantly rotten going on anywhere over the run of the festival. For further info call the CAC 523-1216.
— Mark Bingham

UNQUOTE
On New Orleans music you'll hear a really hot, generally black rhythm section and the rhythms are pretty sophisticated, well done, and hard-hitting. A Memphis thing is totally primitive and out to lunch.
— Alex Chilton, as interviewed by Frank Beeson in Option magazine
**UGLY DAY**

**Mamou young people start new tradition**

"A new generation, pre-Mardi Gras celebration," is how Steve LaFleur, singer and bassist for the Cajun rock band Mamou, describes Ugly Day.

Ugly Day takes place annually on the Saturday before Mardi Gras near the town of Mamou, the Evangelic Parish prairie hamlet after which LaFleur's band is named. A few hearty, impetuous souls camp out at the Ugly Day site on the Friday night before Ugly Day, but things really get started on Saturday morning.

"A bunch of townspeople get together to have a pre-Mardi Gras celebration," says LaFleur in his cool Cajun accent. "We just try to get as many bands — Cajun bands, rock bands, whatever kind of bands — as we can get to play. Nobody's making any money. We just jam that (Friday) night and all the next day."

According to LaFleur, Ugly Day began 11 years ago when a restless group of young people in Mamou known as the Hashack Gang decided to have a party to start off the Mardi Gras weekend, which in Mamou is the social event of the year.

"What they were doing was getting ready for Mardi Gras," LaFleur explains. "They bought a pig and they called it Ugly. They raised it and fattened it and for Ugly Day they killed it and called (the day) Ugly Day after the pig."

The town of Mamou itself celebrates Mardi Gras in a way that is steeped in Cajun tradition and is quite unlike the celebrations in New Orleans and elsewhere. While there is a parade, plenty of music and beer, Mardi Gras in Mamou is centered around the Courir de Boeuf, the runners of the woods. For decades on Mardi Gras Day marked men on horseback have ridden the countryside around Mamou, stopping at houses and arms along the route to collect chickens, rice or whatever people will give them. The climax of the Mamou Mardi Gras is when the riders return to ride through Mamou. The bounty of their ride is collected and used to make a communal gumbo.

"Once they get into town they have the traditional Mardi Gras dance," says LaFleur. "A bunch of men and women get together and pick up all the goods and bring them to the Legion Hall about an hour from the town and they start cookin' and have the gumbo ready for the riders after they finished their dancing and partying."

"Mardi at that time of the year is happening," declares Wayne Aguilard, guitarist for the band Mamou. The band Mamou formed on Ugly Day two years ago as the result of a one-off performance.

"The Monday night before Mardi Gras," Aguilard continues, "you have all the French bands in all the bars, the streets are full of people. You can hit the streets that Monday night and you can walk bar to bar and it don't cost nothin'. You got Cajun bands in each bar. It's not just Ugly Day," says Aguilard. "Ugly Day is kicking off the whole scene. The whole weekend is the time to be down here as far as Cajun culture."

"Not only that, but Mardi Gras with the horses, the riders, they're out there chasin' chickens. That's Mardi Gras you know. It's not just built up on a day; it's built up on the culture of it."

"I hate to miss Mardi Gras in Mamou," LaFleur adds. "You would get bored, I guarantee you. The whole weekend's outrageous..."

Aguilard and LaFleur added that anyone who would like to attend Ugly Day or any band that would like to play is welcome. But finding it may be a problem. The exact site of the Ugly Day celebration is somewhat nebulous. And Aguilard and LaFleur's explanation doesn't help much either. "It's out in the woods between Mamou and Chatigny," says LaFleur.

"It changes places," Aguilard adds. "This year it's going to be held in a different place last year. It'd be hard to find."

"It's kinda like a private party but friends invite friends. It's private but everybody's welcome," Aguilard says in the spirit of the famous Cajun hospitality.

"They've been holdin' back on publicity," LaFleur notes. "The T.V. station wanted to go over there and they didn't let it happen. They've been turning 'em down. Last year was the first time it broke loose again and hopefully this year is going to be pretty heavy duty."

"Ugly Day is exciting because you're kicking it off," says Aguilard. "That Friday night you're kickin' it off and everybody's excited and fresh. They've been waitin' all year for it. Then again, it's just a loose party too."

— Doug Newcomb

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**THE TOP 3**

DIXI-KUPlet

"For three weeks in June of 1964, the Beatles-led English invasion of our national pop charts was temporarily stymied by three young girls from the Calliope Housing Project. Sisters Barbara and Rosa Hawkins, accompanied by Joan Johnson and collectively known as the Dixi-Kups, were responsible for America's Number One record, "Chapel of Love," the choice of paramours from coast to coast, be- st-friend to best-friend in the world."

Twenty-three years later, the Hawkins girls, now known as the Dixi-Kups, continue captivating listeners across the globe. They've been all fifty states, Europe, the Bahamas, the Virgin Islands, Bermuda and Vietnam, where they enter-

caded an outdoor show in the California desert for an audience of 45,000, on the same bill with the Righteous Brothers, Martha Reeves, the Vandellas and 27 other "oldies" bands and "all-girl" acts including the Crystals and the Chiffons, and two shows in Chicago (1 degree Fahrenheit outside) with Little Anthony, Ben E. King and Del Shannon. On the last Sunday of the Jazz Festival (in a somewhat more subtropical environment), the Dixi-Kups will share the stage with the Neville Brothers and Bobby Goldsman.

Often treated like royalty when they're on the road, the Dixi-Kups have to wait in line at R&B like everybody else when they're back home in the Seventh Ward. What exactly does Barbara miss when she leaves New Orleans? By telephone, she confessed: "Besides my mom, my son and my dog, nothing. On the road, the fans love you now as they loved you then. The red carpet is always out for you. It's all different from home."

Consequently, the Dixi-Kups' number was to ask for the ladies' All-Time Top Three New Orleans Records: an inquiry which prompted both Hawkins sisters to be staggeringly unabashedly select their own "Iko Iko" for the top slot. Both likewise picked the Nevilles (and yet another Indian-rooted song) for the place position:

1. "Iko Iko" by the Dixi Cups
2. "Hey Pockey Way" by the Neville Brothers
3. "Barbara" by "Holy Cow" by Lee Dorsey (Rosa) "Barefootin'" by Robert Parker

— Bunny Matthews

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As anyone knows who is old enough to have experienced the Beatles, the ballad of John and Ono played to an incredibly hostile, unaccepting audience. Even among Beatles fans, the professsed love for Lennon and the Beatles was ironically blinded by an intense need to find a scapegoat for the group's breakup. Ono has never given up her message of peace, nor has she ever refused contact with Beatles fans, whom she considers part of her family.

Since 1980, Ono has continued to share Lennon's artistic output with us through records, a book of his prose and poetry (Skywriting By Word of Mouth), and most recently, gallery showings of Lennon's artwork, including the famous Bag One lithographs, in major cities around the country including New Orleans. Skeptics may consider these projects to be solely financially or egotistically motivated if they wish to be so negative, but in this world fraught with so much hatred, I will continue to believe that Yoko and John are messengers of peace.

Because we have to share things. Now, the Lennon fans and myself are like one big family, and I would feel guilty if I just kept it to myself. And by sharing it this way and somehow by presenting John's work in different fields, I feel like John's still around. Through his work he's still living. It's a nice feeling.

What made you decide to include the unfinished Walls & Bridges tracks on the Menlove Ave, album? The reason is that EMI/Capitol, the record company, was going to put all rock songs. You would have had six songs on the album and each song would have been like seven to nine minutes long, because (John) was rehearsing and he'll stop a little and he might just say something... and it would have been very lax.

The record company really wanted three songs on one side and three songs on the other side, and all long. But artistically it would have been wrong. The album had just one side [worth of material]. I didn't want that kind of presentation for John even if it was posthumous; I didn't think it should be done like that.

So I edited down [until the rock songs] fit one side, and I could then add those songs for the other side. I think that those Walls & Bridges tracks would never have gone on a record if he were alive because we always make a song so that it can be played on AM/FM radio. It has to be done in such a way so it's all EQ'd and squashed and all that. But this is very natural, as it happened, so it's almost daring, or taking a risk to put it out as a record. But I thought it was good... I hope you enjoyed it.

What are your feelings on all the bootleg Lennon material that is available?

Well, it's sad in a way because the bootleg material buyers are very limited, so that it doesn't circulate to all the people. It has to be presented in such a way so that it would go on the charts and be reviewed and the general public would know it's available. So, one, it's sad somebody's putting it out like that. The other point of view is the fact that most of them are bad quality and not artistically satisfactory as John would have wanted them to be.

With all these John Lennon-related projects that you're doing, and also being a mother, do you have any time for your own art?
Well, more and more I'm finding it difficult to get time for my own artwork... at this point. But I think that's a good sign; it means that John is really active. I think that I can always do my thing in a couple of years or whatever, so I'm not so worried about my thing.

How did your years with John change your approach to art, or do you feel that it did?

I think it did definitely. The rock 'n' roll beat gave me real energy. It didn't go into that way of thinking, probably I would have ended up being very arty. You know... do a concert in Carnegie Hall or somewhere, one of those very artsy concerts of avant garde music... in the Green Room, having tea with a few people... something like that. I think he changed me into something more active and now.

When I say live and now, I mean, I wasn't doing something that was old-fashioned. I was doing avant garde, which is not now, it's futuristic. So it wasn't like bringing means of some old-fashion... but I just think in terms of communicating with the mass public, I probably wouldn't have done that. It would have been like... in the Village, a few people understand it and enjoy it, but it would be very precious. I think he brought me out of that trip.

How do you feel now about the effectiveness of the dramatic gestures that you have done, like the bed-in, the War Is Over campaign, sending acorns to world leaders...?

I think it did have an effect. Somebody was asking me about Band-Aid and all that. We Are The World... saying would John have joined them if he was around. I think those things happened only because we did those things twenty years ago, you know. It's inspiring each other. It may have happened without us, regardless. But still I think that the fact that it was done in the rock 'n' roll world twenty years ago, it's all in people's subconsciences, and it may have inspired them.

As a single parent, what are your views on raising children?

Well, a single parent raising a child is always a problem. I suppose. But also, I'm trying to tell Sean that this way you're not limited to one father, but... this sounds crazy... he can learn from more different men about what it is to be a guy.

Had you and John considered at one time educating Sean yourselves?

No. John and I were saying if he doesn't want to go to school he doesn't have to go to school... he'll have a tutor or something. If he wants to go to school, only if he asks, then we'll send him to school. The funny thing is, he did ask, so I put him in school. Of course, school is limiting, limiting our brains or our psyches, or whatever it limits. But, I suppose that the idea of mixing with other children, even just from that point of view, it's a good experience.

From where do you draw the strength to deal with the negative criticism that you've had over the years?

Well, first of all, if we were so concerned about negative criticism then I wouldn't have been with John because... since I was with John I got so much flack that it would have been better to just say goodbye. But, of course, it's wrong to say that I didn't care... I mean... we both cared a lot... you know. We're human, so we get very hurt each time. At the same time, it was not my priority to not be hated, because the priority was that we were in love and we loved to be together. For that, we didn't care as much what was said. Still even now people give me all sorts of slak. This time around, because I'm alone, it's a bit harder. With John it was easier to cope with. But it's a bit harder... but I'm used to it.

Do you read any of the accounts in books of your years with John such as The Love You Make?

No. That's too painful for me to read those books, so I don't read them. But because I read newspapers, most of it I get. It's like... "Oh, they're writing something like that..." You know. I think it's unfair in a way, but also I think that everything is a blessing in disguise. It's hard to think that, but it's better to just see the positive side of everything, and use that positive side. Some might think... what is the positive side of all this flak? I don't know yet. But we'll see.

I'm attempting to look [on the positive side] because it's a very practical solution, because everything that we have in this world is probably not perfect, so if you concentrate on the imperfections, then there's no end to it. Just think that we've got all these things and let's use the good bits.

You have to use your own strength. I think in the Sixties we did find great power outside of us, which is a healthy thing to do. But in the Eighties we're learning that all of that is within us anyway. So we're starting to learn to trust in ourselves and use what we have within us. That's what I'm trying to do.
Black Widow is a lush, stylized, rich thriller about two women and two obsessions. Catharine is an alcoholic in order to stalk the lady killer in Hawaii, and she is doing a routine investigation of the curse that took care of husband number one, Alex (Debra Winger), who is a workaholic in need of a man, or at least a night on the town. In Hawaii, she begins to realize both the mission that brought her there and her personal life. She gets a haircut, appreciates the changes in herself after a love affair, and in accordance with her cause, befriends the friendless woman Catharine. They embark on a relationship far more dense and complicated than anticipated, with a feeling even borderline erotic between the women, creating tensions pregnant with possibilities. We get a glimpse into the human side of Catharine, now called Rennie, and the devious side of Alex, now called Jessica.

When warned about the danger she may encounter searching for a suspected killer, Alex points out to her boss that Catharine "is not about guns." This is one of the most refreshing aspects of the film—that a thriller about murder does not rely on guns to be threatening. The black widow is much more subtle in her style, yet no less deadly. The one scene where Catharine does use a gun to threaten, takes something away from the whole, although she still doesn't shoot.

The script, written by Ron Bass, is brilliant from start to finish, the best of its genre since Body Heat. It doesn't falter in its ending as did The Morning After, it is not even slightly uneven like the unsatisfying Bedroom Window. The cinematography is exquisite, from the office with the green windows to the lush landscape of Hawaii which reminds us mainlanders to our country's islands. The whole look of the film is varied and a treat for the eyes throughout its changing scenarios.

One of the great visual treats is the voluptuous Theresa Russell, sometimes reminiscent in looks of Kathleen Turner, but with much deeper beauty and sex appeal. Followers of director Nicholas Roeg remember Russell from his films Bad Timing, Eureka, and Insignificance, and she was also seen in The Last Tycoon and Straight Time, but she is not a household name, yet. It is the script's strength that we are not exposed to any psychoanalysis of Catharine, or attempts to find out why she became a ruthless killer, and it is Russell's strength that we like her in spite of it all. One keeps expecting a moment when she will crack under the pressure of keeping her secret, but she doesn't. Besides a few brief, self-deprecating cries of despair, Catharine gets right back on the horse every time she encounters a setback, relentlessly cunning and industrious. It is scary to see how one person can, without being realized, direct the behavior of those around her.

Winger has never been one of my favorites. I find her at best annoying with her boyish looks and that voice that sounds like she has a permanent throat infection. But she is less annoying in Black Widow than in any of her previous films, which is great praise coming from this non-fan. The viewer has a good impression of the complete Alex Barnes, investigator and lonely woman, and there are more sparks between Winger and Russell than between Winger and any of her previous male film counterparts.
sentiment and longing by Dianne Wiest, who perennially searches for a husband but attracts only unavailable or unsuitable suitors. These scenes of Brooklyn household are interesting with the lives of the beautiful people in Manhattan. Mia Farrow plays Sally White from the world of radio celebrities and nightclubs that the crowded Brooklyn household only dreams about. Met in her struggling cigarette girl days, Farrow tackles a dreams about. Met in her struggling

Charles H. Greene in (Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith, Plenty)

Shawn a-.

Another Woody White from the world of radio

• An Orion Pictures release • Directed by Woody Allen; produced by Robert Greenhut; director of photography: Carlo Di Palma; edited by Susan Morse; starring Mia Farrow, Julie Kavner, Michael Tucker, Diane West, Seth Green, Josh Mostel.

LOCAL PRODUCTION NOTES

As of this writing, Tri-Star Pictures will release Angel Heart nationally on March 6, with a provocative X-rating. Angel Heart is British director Alan Parker's latest feature, shot in New York and New Orleans last spring, and stars Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet and Charlotte Rampling.

Team Effort Productions of Miami shot exterior scenes for their feature production The Unholy in New Orleans in January. Actors Ben Cross (Chariots of Fire) and William Russ, a New Orleans native, were here for shooting. The rest of the movie was filmed in Miami, and also stars Ned Beatty and Hal Holbrook.

**“Heritage: The Jews of New Orleans,”** a program on the history and accomplishments of Jewish New Orleanians, will be shown March 4, 7, 9, 12. This ten-year effort for Lanzmann recalls the times before, during and after the transition from a segregated society to an integrated one. “A House Divided” is a co-production of WVUE and Xavier University's Drexel Center for Extended Learning. Associate producer Rhonda Fabian reports that copies of the one-hour show have been distributed to local schools and libraries, and LPB of Baton Rouge will be airing the show in the near future. Watch for it if you missed the first telecast. This fine documentary should not be overlooked.

The Contemporary Arts Center will offer several screenings in March, most notably Shoah, French filmmaker Claude Lanzmann's epic documentary on the Holocaust. This ten-year effort for Lanzmann recalls the tragedy of the Holocaust by focusing on oral histories from witnesses and survivors. Shoah will be screened in two parts on consecutive nights at the Henson Auditorium at Newman School, 5335 Dunnel Street. Tickets to the two-part screening are $8 for CAC members and students, $10 for non-members. Screening times are 7 p.m. Part 1 will be shown March 4, 7, 9, 11. Part 2 on March 6, 9, 12.
The Marvelettes Mess Around

In which the author embarks on a search for the perfect Tom Collins.

BUNNY MATTHEWS

The Tom Collins, composed of lemon juice, powdered sugar, dry gin, carbonated water, ice, a cherry or two and slices of lemon and orange, was named in honor of the bartender who created it. The story of Mr. Collins, the bartender, has not survived as well as his famed cocktail but one can speculate, with reasonable certainty, that the inventor created his drink at some remote outpost of the British Empire; that the elixir was meant to revive the daintless spirits of Etonians determined to teach grass-skirted savages the pleasures of cricket and civilization.

Variations on the Tom Collins include the John Collins (in which Holland gin—whatever that is—is substituted for the dry gin), the Brandy Collins, the Mint Collins, the Orange Gin Collins, the Sloe Gin Collins, the Rum Collins, the Tequila Collins, the Whiskey Collins and the Vodka Collins. The general idea of the entire Collins family is to taste like pink lemonade and get you drunk.

The place to drink a Collins, appropriate to its colonial genesis, is out in the glare of sunlight, preferably next to a swimming pool full of Third Runners-Up in the Miss Wakulla Beach contest. Perhaps that's why the best Collins in New Orleans is the one concocted by bartender Louis Forstall in the downstairs, poolside bar at the Vista Shores Country Club. Louis has a "secret ingredient" he puts in his Collinses and the "secret" apparently never leaves the room since the Collinses to be found in the club's upstairs dining room never match their downstairs cousins.

The key, methinks, is the right proportion of club soda and sweetness. A lot of Collinses taste like spiced Hawaiian Punch, or worse. I recently sampled one at the Sheraton that excelled vodka and Sprite!

Since my bride and I are ever-vigilant for the perfect Collins, an invitation to witness the Marvelettes' opening last night at Georgie Porgie's and consume free drinks aroused our interest—especially when we found out they were toasting in hors d'oeuvres. Georgie Porgie's, for the benefit of our readers in Iceland and Oman, is located in the downtown Hyatt shopping mall, in the shadow of the Louisiana Superdome. Among others, Georgie Porgie's clientele counts among its members plenty of conventioners and traveling salesmen, indulging in the final blow-out before the sombre trek home to the wife and kids in Minnesota.

During the past few months, the club has begun a policy of booking "oldies" acts. It's an intimate joint—sort of like the Rosy's of yore except the Warhols have been replaced by purist decoratifs loosely based on Alphonse Mucha. The seats are close enough to hear anything you need to know concerning strangers' medical predicaments or romantic encounters in elevators. The stage is within spitting distance of virtually every table.

As for the Important Stuff, the Collinses are pretty good; big, but a bit too sweet. In the realm of the infamous Hurricane. After the first one, I switched to Campari and soda (which, no matter where it's ordered, tastes like mouthwash, which is what I like about it). The hors d'oeuvres were quite delectable: egg-rolls, barbecued chicken, turkey sandwiches, raw vegetables, fried cheese-balls. The waitress even warned us that the show would commence in five minutes and it was our last chance to order free drinks.

"It's SHOWTIME!" So announced a rich-voiced gentleman in beige formal attire, introducing himself as "Baron Von Dyke, formerly of the Drifters." Or maybe it was "Byron Von Dyke, formerly of the Coasters." I dunno—I was on my third stiff drink. How many former Drifters and Coasters are there? I would reckon nearly as many alumni as those formerly aligned with the Ray Charles Orchestra. Let's say less than 400,000.

Mr. Von Dyke is a very capable emcee and he speaks a sort of poetic language, a dialect compounded with a choice of words from "performance," a trade publication for concert promoters, Von Dyke called the journal "the most-read magazine in America and Europe." He then begged the audience's applause for the proprietress of "the city's finest Chinese restaurant" and for the house band, Deja Vu, which is, indeed, a swell ensem-
ble. Led by guitarist Steve Hughes, veteran of many Allen Toussaint orchestras, the six-piece combo dwells in jazzy cocktailisms and Christopher Cross. The saxophonist/vocalist and the hefty trumpeter, in particular, are excellent players.

After three songs, Mr. Von Dyke introduced, in a manner worthy of Keats or Shelley, the Marvelettes. They were great-looking, wearing those broad-shouldered pink satin jackets and white pants with crotches in jazzy cocktailism and hair-styling tips and the phone numbers of former Drifters and Coasters they know.

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The Marvelettes, sketched from life.

The finale of the show was “Don’t Mess With Bill.” Brenda grabbed a traveling salesman from ringside and hauled him onstage. The three Marvelettes whipped his jacket off and his keys and credit cards and phone numbers written on the backs of scraps of little pieces of paper went flying everywhere. The Marvs continued singing. They rubbed their bodies next to him. They kissed him all over his white shirt, leaving marks that would be very hard to explain to his wife. Brenda slowly sucked on his paisley tie, until she had the entire thing in her mouth. The salesman was in heaven. He deserved a hand.

And they knew “Playboy.” Brenda sat on one of the traveling salesman’s laps and sang it to him. His life was enriched.

The Marvelettes asked if anybody in the audience could sing. A drunk lady tried. Then a lady in a very tight orange dress sang. Not bad. Brenda asked who wanted the lady’s dress after the show. Then two of the girls from ELS, one of Allen Toussaint’s pet projects, sang. They both wore very tight black dresses and black nylons.

One of the ELS girls had a run in her nylons. She said she wanted Brenda’s pink satin jacket after the show.

It was very hard to concentrate, as you might imagine, on the fantastic singing and music because I kept wondering if all these different women were going to get together after the show and exchange jackets and dresses and hair-styling tips and the phone numbers of former Drifters and Coasters they know.

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MARCH · Wavelength 11
For the Glory of Saints Patrick & Joseph

A couple of sanctioned celebrations to the Lenten season keeps March lively.

March has always been an excellent month for parades. Although Mardi Gras is often history by its beginning, there are two other celebrations that assure us of good times. Fixed permanently in the mid-month calendar are the feast days of Saints Patrick and Joseph. These figures are the cultural heroes, the spiritual guides, of the Irish and the Italians. Each nationality swarmed to New Orleans during the heydays of immigration and continue to thrive here to this day. Although both groups, being intensely Catholic, tend to give themselves up to the rigors of Lenten sacrifice, they still honor their saints. Curbing spirits on a feast day might dampen the fervor or diminish their respect.

If the branch of the family in question is native to New Orleans, then expect their respects to be paid in that style. Witness, for example, a scene from a bygone St. Patrick’s Day Parade.

A Saints linebacker stepped into a paper-mache pocket and launched his pass. A gaggle of receivers yelped wildly and waved excited, inebriated arms. They were wide-open on a sunny day as it sailed up over arms dangled with beads and hands holding go-cups. Glasses were then raised, songs were sung, and friends put their arms around each other in gestures of mutual support, as everyone wandered off into the neighboring afternoon.

All this was done for the greater honor and glory of St. Patrick, the man who drove the snakes from Ireland. It will be done this year and every year, wherever the Irish may dwell. The feast itself is on March 17. Celebrations will erupt on this day in Boston, Dublin, New York, and more. I doubt, however, that any of their parades feature the massive exchange of cabbage, the gift that keeps on giving.

We have two major parades for St. Patrick. One is on the Saturday preceding his feast day. It is an Uptown affair, originating in the Irish Channel. The second comes twenty-four hours later (March 15) in Marvelous Metry.

It seems unnecessary to be Irish to ride in these parades. They have the air of neighborhood get togethers, with much mixed blood. If you had to guess, you might say the true Irish were wearing the most green and singing the loudest. No traditional songs are heard, as in other cities. Versions of “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling” get repeated over and over again. But soon the bands lapse back into “Second Line,” and the jigs start getting funky.
They will barely be sober before the Italians take to their heels. March 19 is the feast day of St. Joseph, husband of Mary and guardian of Jesus. He is the special patron of Sicily, origin of most Italians who settled in New Orleans. He is also protector of the family, the single most important unit of Italian culture. To a people proud of their heritage and mindful of their history, the symbol of St. Joseph is a crucial one. They rally under his banner and revel in simply being Italian. On Saturday evening, March 21, they will take to the streets of the French Quarter, haven to many of their immigrant ancestors.

The parade is mostly on foot. A few vehicles carry young maids in white dresses, officers and elders, or honored celebrities. This year’s honorary grand marshal — hold your hearts, ex-teenagers — will be none other than Fabian. The rest of his krewe, dresses, officers and elders, or honored celebrities, will take to the streets of the French Quarter, haven to many of their immigrant ancestors.

Throughout the community, people construct altars in his honor. Some may be in churches or halls, but many are in the living rooms of private homes. Each is a platform that steps up four or five tiers, completely covered from end to end with an amazing assortment of foods in great quantities and many styles. Mixed among them are candles, statues, and holy pictures. The other furnishings and walls are also given over to elaborate iconography and even more candles. This creates an overwhelming impression of being inside a great shrine. It is done to beg St. Joseph for help or thank him for favors already granted.

Diane Pope was a woman with a very serious favor to ask, and she was not even Italian. She prayed that her mother be able to walk, and she built an altar to emphasize her sincerity. Unbelievably, her request was granted. Grateful, she has maintained an altar ever since. Last year alone she prepared the following: stuffed artichokes, crabs, bell peppers, and tomatoes; made salads with shrimp, crawfish, crab, and lobster; boiled crabs and shrimp; baked redfish, fried trout, made shrimp creole, shrimp stew, crawfish etouffe and bisque, and two different seafood gumbos, one red, one brown. She steamed broccoli and other vegetables. She picked vegetables; giardinera, caponata. She had breads baked in the shapes of a cross, an artichoke, a heart, a fish, and a beard. She also baked cakes in fourteen different shapes. For this, she had ten separate ovens going at once in various apartments of a complex where she worked. She also made several kinds of cookies and a few more things I have forgotten. There was no meat, however; this was, after all, during Lent. Anyway, the Sicilian farmers would have needed their animals for eggs and milk. They could not afford to eat them.

All this food was given away free to whomever walked through the door. Over five hundred people were fed, and there was still some left over. Before a plate was empty, it would be replenished. The public represents “the poor,” and no one goes away hungry.

During the few days leading up to March 19, the Times-Picayune runs a column in the classifieds under the special heading “St. Joseph Altar.” Last year’s entries numbered over twenty, each a separate altar bearing the same invitation, “Public Invited.” Mrs. Pope thinks she will take this year off. She certainly deserves it. A wedding in the family and some hospital visits were expensive endeavors. Last year she spent upwards of a thousand dollars, even with some donations and wholesale prices offered by suppliers. It also takes heroic amounts of labor to prepare that much food. Who can fault her for sitting this one out? She has already been made an honorary Italian, and her mother is still a strong walker.

We, the public, must check the papers to locate some other taste of a miracle.

By the way, St. Joseph is also the patron saint of the Mardi Gras Indians. The only two times they take to the streets are Mardi Gras and St. Joseph’s Day. Their current practice is to assemble along Bayou St. John on the Sunday following the feast. They head up Orleans Avenue beginning about noon. I imagine St. Joseph enjoys that tribute also and would not mind seeing you in that number.

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Rhythm and Bluesiology
Three New Orleans writers collaborate on a history of postwar New Orleans music.

RICK COLEMAN

Up From the Cradle of Jazz
Jason Berry, Jonathan Foose, and Tad Jones
The University of Georgia Press
$15.95 paper/$35. cloth

Tad Jones tells me that this book is already in its third printing a few months after publication, so anything I might say about it will not affect its success. Cradle has had loads of positive reviews, including a couple by the godfathers of jazz criticism, Nat Hentoff and Leonard Feathers, and only one negative review. The success of a book about New Orleans music is something everyone who reads this magazine would favor, but some commentary from a local perspective is important.

Cradle exceeds even its forefather John Brwen's Walking to New Orleans (1974) in its ambition. In the prologue Jason Berry sets the objectives of the book:

...to extend the historical terrain of rhythm-and-blues by charting parallel courses of modern jazz and the Mardi Gras Indians; and to portray within this narrative the rise of post-war music in New Orleans amid the transformation of a long-segregated society.

Certainly the authors had the wherewithal to attempt their objectives. Tad Jones is known as one of the finest researchers on New Orleans music. His credits include articles in Living Blues and the only course ever taught on New Orleans rhythm & blues (at UNO). Jonathan Foose is likewise a fine researcher and interviewer. Foose and Berry's film Up From the Cradle of Jazz (1980) is a moving personal portrait of two New Orleans musical families, the Lastie and the Nevilles, and hopefully will be released on video tape to coincide with the book's success.

For the most part the book is successful in the attempt to chronicle modern jazz and Mardi Gras Indian music. The chapters on these forms are welcome additions to the body of work on New Orleans music. The first chapter on jazz, along with the complementing chapter on the Lastie family, are moving visions of the struggle of New Orleans musicians to stay true to their muse despite staggering adversities, and show the kindred spirit strongly shared among the players. Unfortunately, the two chapters include little hard information on a key member of the Lastie family and the AFO combo — Melvin Lastie, who died in 1972. Moreover, the decision to have 1980 as a cutoff date for the book cripples the second chapter on jazz, which is over-burdened with album reviews and bits on minor figures to the detriment of information on the modern jazz explosion in New Orleans in the last few years. For a more complete picture of the early AFO modernists a four album (with booklet) package, New Orleans Heritage Jazz: 1926-1966, is particularly recommended. The set is available for $35 postage paid from Harold Battiste, 5752 Bowcroft St., Los Angeles, California 90016. An extra album is $5 more.

The chapters on the Mardi Gras Indians (along with Willie Tee and the Neville Brothers) are a fascinating tapestry of research and oral history emphasizing the environmental factors in the creation of the Indians and their relationship with the younger rhythm & blues performers. Each chapter has a minor flaw, however. The first theorizes a lot without showing an acceptable connection between true Indians and their Afro-American counterparts. The second dwells on Willie Tee without much information on Bo Dollis, chief of the Wild Magnolias, even though he is mentioned throughout. The third fails to take the narrative up to the Neville Brothers' 1984 album Neville-station, which, to my mind, is the only record that has shown them at their peak.

Other sections of Cradle stand out — the chapters on the clubs and the deejays fill out in detail the thumbnail sketches in John Brown's book on the local scene, the chapters on Guitar Slim, Dr. John, and the Meters are excellent in-depth biographies complementing Jeff Hannusch's I Hear You Knockin'. The bibliography is a superb source for future researchers: the photographs, many from Michael Smith and the Rassion Crawford Collection are spectacular, though reproduced somewhat darkly in my copy.
For the most part, however, the chapters on the rhythm & blues era (roughly 1947 to 1967) are somewhat weak.

Chapter six is based on an interesting premise: early rhythm & blues performers are remembered by Vernon "Dr. Daddy-O" Winslow. Winslow's reminiscences are delightful, but the intervening narrative is very much mundane bio material, rehearsing the artists' greatest hits and downfalls with some superficial musical analysis. Apparently due to a lack of space, the bulk of the R&B biographies follow this same pattern. Moreover, from reading them one would think that New Orleans R&B was produced in a vacuum, as there is very little mention of the music's vital relationship with the larger world of popular music. Even the "dominant research theme" of "the urban culture as musical seedbed" is lost. Except for some anemic theorizing about musical osmosis from everyday sounds, the authors concentrate on the structures, musical families, clubs, etc. — that facilitated the rise and expansion of the music rather than seriously analyzing the actual sources of the music.

There is also a problem in the organization of the material, emphasizing the lack of direction in the narrative. The chapter on piano players, chronologically in the 1970s, is simply a grab bag of piano players who didn't fit into the other chapters, including Tommy Ridgley, whose most popular records were between 1949 and 1962 and who is better known as a vocalist/bandleader, and session and jazz pianist Edward Frank, who is the subject of two woefully misplaced paragraphs. Earl King, who by rights should be the crucial link in the chapter on Huey Smith and Guitar Slim and whose last chart hit was in 1962, is in the post-British Invasion chapter, as is Clarence Henry, whose biggest hits were produced in 1961 by Allen Toussaint.

There also seems to be a degree of subjectivity in the work in which the authors lean toward the artists and music in the 1970s with which they are most familiar. This slant is apparent in the chapter on Professor Longhair. In eight pages of text on Longhair, 1½ pages are devoted to his life and recordings from 1918 to 1970. Five of the remaining pages concentrate on the Seventies, including two pages on Fees' funeral.

Tragically, the authors seem to deem their own words more important than their subjects' far too often. Tad Jones once printed an 11-page interview with Professor Longhair in Living Blues. In eight pages here there are only five minuscule quotes from Longhair. The book is filled with tiny snippets from dozens of extremely rare interviews, including one-liners from many — Longhair, Chris Kenner, Leonard Lee, Lee Diamond, Big Chief Jolley, Walter Lastie, Dave Williams, etc. — who are now deceased. A book simply of the authors' interviews would have been fascinating and very insightful as well.

I will not go into the pretensions of the prologue and epilogue and the general slickness of the prose. Suffice it to say the authors have a strong academic background and were apparently attempting to impress the academic/arts community. In fact, the book very much resembles a textbook.

With the scope that the authors chose and the amount of research they had available, Up from the Cradle of Jazz could have been, and certainly should have been, two books — one on the R&B era and one on more recent music. As it is, it is still essential, but only half done.
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T his winter has truly been a productive one for independent records, particularly in the New Orleans area. In recent months several local bands of importance have all released records on independent labels, and doubtlessly more will follow. It seems that, in spite of the economy, the change in the drinking age, and the lack of a WTUL marathon to foster local talent, now is still a good time to put out a record on an independent label. One knowledgeable source on the practical and financial aspects of independent record release informs us that he has not heard of an independent record in the last year that, given even only modest efforts to promote, at least in terms of money invested by the artist, didn't indeed turn a profit.

So if there is a lesson to be learned from this month's column, it's that there's not as much stripping all the bands out from making records as they might think; You Too can have a record, You Too can be a rock star.

Dash Rip Rock

Dash Rip Rock
688 Records, P.O. Box 54343, Atlanta, Georgia 30306

Dash Rip Rock (actually some would argue it's Da$h Rip Rock) have finally prived. On this their debut album on 688 Records, the Louisiana-based but nationally-known band offers a rich serving of "songs from the Sportsman's Paradise."

More than just a slogan from an early t-shirt design, this statement is actually a genuine indication of what to expect from the band's debut album. Their songs don't always seem to refer to specifics, but rather suggest an entire atmosphere. It's a world of gambling, of duels under oaks, nightmares and steamroller hallucinations. Recorded last summer at Avis studios in Atlanta; formerly an old gospel studio (and whose recent clients include Drivin' and Cryin', 69, and none other than the Georgia Satellites) by producer George Pappas, at times the very air of the recordings seems infused with this mystery. Most of the album closely resembles the band's frenzied and feverish set on a good night, featuring their strong rockability and country influence (they cover "I Saw The Light"), combining with their own ideas to create their particular brand of rock and roll that has gathered them quite a following in the South and East Coast.

Featuring revised and reworked versions of older Dash Rip Rock material such as "Specialty" and "Snake That Girl," (actually the A-side of their first single), and the haunting "Endeavor," the album presents the strengths of their diverse repertoire as all directed by Pappas' tasteful production. Silent and somber bassist Holly Hickey makes his compositional debut, sunglasses and all, on "Hell's Scared." Featuring his ominous, luring basslines. Drummer and singer Fred Ladouceur turns in his strongest Horace Rife, fully out with the precedent "Just Like You Mama," (with strong potential to be an AOR single) and "Operator" (as found on the earlier 688 Records 7" single to buy this coming October). The remainder of the songs, penned by guitarist and vocalist Bill Davis, range from rockably-inspired rave-ups to sincere, insightful ballads often based upon the curious phenomena of Davis' native Louisiana. An example of this occurs in the song "Old Bridge," where Davis sings: "You're coming into the city there's insanity around. That's what you get when you bury above ground."

Although they often seem to draw upon literary themes for song names, Davis is careful to downplay the role of literature in the band's songwriting. Although he admits to having read a lot of Southern writers, he is quick to stress that it's not as if Dash Rip Rock is drawing specifically upon the literature as much as people sometimes seem to imagine. The influence upon Dash Rip Rock lies more in the things that are elements of the culture rather than the details of the literature itself. After all, in Louisiana people really do dig for lost Confederate gold. This idea is to give people who are not from here a picture of the spookiness and mystique that is Louisiana. Dash Rip Rock has successfully captured the richness (not economic, of course) and color of their heritage with a startling clarity. While steeped in the mythology and legacy of their origin, they avoid wallowing in the cliched Southern imagery of many of their contemporaries. Their vision is extraordinarily literate, honest, and authentically personal. They live in a land that remembers its past, its ancestors, where memories are above ground, and wherein people still dig for buried treasure.

30 x 90 "Exposures" 'That's Something' 7" 45 Carreyon Records, 1517 Cambronne, New Orleans, LA 70118

Thirty By Ninety, another local New Orleans band, has recently released a 7" single on their own Carryon Label located in New Orleans. Elegantly self-produced and recorded last year in their home studio, the music on this double A-sided (side A and side one) shows in its two songs the cleverness of the group. Side one, "That's Something," grooves and sways like a DelFunk or Spy and Rebble song, a heavy excursion into whiteface funk, in the vein of Sheekack or Tallking Heads. Side A, however, is more monochromatic, a clearly crafted pop song with more emphasis on the guitars and sentimentality. Swirling like a cross between college radio staples like Winter Holidays, and the progressive FM flakiness of The Sweetest's "Expressions" it is a mellow it somewhat overly romantic ballad that frames the singers' well-developed vocal harmonies, shimmering guitars and crisp production. Obviously, recording at home allowed the band to invest the time and effort necessary to make a record as carefully crafted as this one, and the extra work has clearly paid off for them.

Shell Shock

Wives of Their Eyes

Splatner Records, P.O. Box 6005, Metairie, LA 70009

After over five years and several 7" releases, Shell Shock have finally come up with a full-length benefit album. Wives of Their Eyes gives the listener a pretty good idea of what Shell Shock sounds like, or for that matter, practicing at their parents' garage in Metairie. Recorded mostly early last year, this album reflects the early Black Flag style hardcore of the earlier Shell Shock song, in opposition to the ominous, spindeloidal leanings they have taken to in recent months. Needless to say, they'll never really be a speedmetal band, at least with the pants they're wearing now. The only real flaw with this record lies in its production and engineering quality; the caved box drums and headphone vocals are a problem in spite of the band's insistence that the album was "digital Mastered," I sure wouldn't want to hear a compact disc. Anyway, they're tight, they're fast, they're good, and they do "Born To Be Wild" in every way but not "Wild Thing." To the engineer's credit, it does sound a lot better when you turn it up loud.
Brubeck LaVerne Trio

See How 'T Feels
Black Hawk BKH 51401

I still feel a twinge when I realize I'm reviewing a recording by the children of Dave Brubeck; yet, if you've gotten over that generation gap (and they have) so can I. This is music of a far more conventional mode than that expressed by their father in the Fifties; it's contemporary, relevant, and runs a gamut of moods.

My favorite tracks are the first two, "Central," rather mainstream with a line recalling "All God's Children Got Rhythm," but sharing that it's a relentless rhythm of today. "Aquas" shows Chris Brubeck's trombone work to good advantage in a mellow polyrhythm. "All God's Children Got Rhythm," though, is the album's strongest track, with LaVerne's great vocals. It's a nice mixture; it's important to hear emphatically political music once in a while, and Fats Waller is always welcome.

The McCutcheon disc is an assortment of traditional tunes arranged for hammer dulcimer, including Tappo, one of the best string groups ever. I've had little exposure to the hammer dulcimer to be still be bright—though between the harp and mandolin. It is issued music, though there are surprises, like the chromaticism of "Here's Breakdown." It's all in all, a charming album.

— Rhedes J. Spedale, Jr.

Maggie
It'll Be a Love
Philadelphia

John McCutcheon
Step by Step
Rounder 8216

While the Rounder label is known to New Orleanians for its superb New Orleans Modern Masters Series, it has a much longer history as a preserver and distributor of folk talent. Two recent releases illuminate some superior musicians of this genre.

Maggie's "It'll Be a Love" features Terry Longino on harmonica, mandolin and dulcimer, Greg Artman on guitar and harmonica. They harmonize smoothly through anthems about Chico, multinational corporate greed and vagrancy, while lightening the mood with Fats Waller and Boswell Sisters material. LaVerne composed it's "Aqua," and its "All God's Children Got Rhythm." It's a nice mixture; it's important to hear emphatically political music once in a while, and Fats Waller is always welcome.

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WAVELENGTH
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Wavelength, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175.
The Great Bars of New Orleans

Over the last 2½ centuries, New Orleans barrooms have been the stage for the high drama that is this city's way of life.

By D. Eric Bookhard

New Orleans' old French-Spanish quarter is the only decent inhabited district that I discovered in America. From the architecture to the manners of the people, their clothes, customs and cookery, all was delightful. It was like being back in Europe again with the added charm of a certain wildness and romance, it was a civilization sui generis, with its own peculiar adornment in the way of history. It enabled me to realize the spirit of the Middle Ages as even the most remote and time-honored towns of Europe rarely do. I took a room conveniently close to the Old Absinthe House, where one could get real absinthe prepared by some elderly and eccentric old lady whose account books were worn by ninety years' continual dripping.

On the outskirts of the Spanish quarter was a large and picturesque red light section, one of the most interesting places of its kind that I have ever seen. In fact, if we except Cairo, it would have been hard to beat.

— Aleister Crowley, 1915
(from The Confessions of Aleister Crowley)

Most local folk have had to explain this city's reputation at some point — a reputation for boozey excess and decadent behavior. Relatives back in Little Rock or Augusta usually want to know if what they've heard is true, and why. On the first point — yes, whatever they have heard is usually true. But the second — why — is usually more difficult. A few uts and ums followed by some mumbled words about the humidity and the French, and then finally the punch line: "Well, it is a port city..."

Of course... a port city! Port cities mean sailors and everybody knows that seamen are able-bodied in name only, that when in port they are found in bars, red-faced invertebrate inebriates, glasses and bottles clinging to them like barnacles. Of course — that must be why New Orleans has more bars per square foot than any city in North America. (And with the merchant marine all washed up, the sailors are always in port.)

Port cities mean riff-raff, human flotsam and jetsam, the shadowy mystique of Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Anna Mae Wong. When it comes to port city mystique, New Orleans is right up there in the big leagues with places like Shanghai, Marseilles, Casablanca and Havana in the old days.

Such exotic visions are handy enough, but in reality the matter goes even deeper. For bars have been an integral part of life here for as long as there have been people in this city. Bars are institutions that function as centers for this city's highly ritualistic way of life: for personal rituals, social rituals, community and civic rituals; for rituals of sports, the arts and politics among others. For those who grew up here bars and drinking were central to rites of passage into adulthood; other bars figured into other rituals even into maturity and old age. Geopolitical rituals — coups, plots and mad schemes of empire, have routinely been hatched in local barrooms, and few cities, states or nations were completely safe from such visions of destiny concocted over a Dixie long neck or Ramos gin fizz.

But, while the world is historically not immune to the influence of New Orleans bars, it has been said that here in the Crescent City our local history is actually made in bars — is in fact a product of bars. (Actually bars and whorehouses but as the latter has been in political decline for the last quarter century, we will here concern ourselves with the former.)

Napoleon, Bob Dylan & Growing Up Local

Being of drinking age is certainly of symbolic importance to most teenagers. It marks a turning point of sorts. It signifies being part of the Real World, of having affect and effect, of being Serious (like somebody who could be on TV news and not just by accident).

In New Orleans we were all aware of this, our little teenage brains buzzing with such hormonally colored perceptions. If eighteen then we were legally and officially Of Age — but if you were under eighteen and could still manage to get served at a bar, then you were ahead of the game. This was evidence that you had already taken seriously (or else that you had a friend or relative behind the bar, which wasn't so bad either).

This was of particular significance here because we all grew up knowing that bars were very important local institutions. We knew that because local history always seemed to be associated with them — this was a tradition going back at least to Napoleon, who we all knew was the founder of the state's legal code and had his own bar in the Quarter, at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis. Or something like that; as kids we were still hazy about the details.

Being a kid in the early Sixties — the vestigial extension of the late Fifties — was probably somewhat stifling anywhere in America. Here at least we had the French Quarter to escape to (after hitting the five cent pinball machines at the penny arcade on Canal Street).

The early Sixties was also the belle epoch of the Beat Generation. Poets and folk singers like Bob Dylan were beginning to make a name for themselves, and drifted across the country, hanging out in trashy dives in odd neighborhoods like the French Quarter. Now as kids we all knew that there were all sorts of dives that we could have a great time getting into all sorts of trouble in scattered around the Quarter — but we were underage. The really cool, notorious bars like La Casa De Los Marineros wouldn't let us in most of the time (kids were always
Johnny Spericio’s Bar. Johnny is fourth from the left, behind the bar. He is Alma Laine Gascueck’s godfather. Jack Laine, famous New Orleans jazz musician, is at the far right with CCRC shirt. 1961.

trying to crash it) so we had to make do with a couple of coffee houses which were so dim and smoky that nobody could see that you were just a kid or cared if they did. (These were places like Ivan’s on Esplanade, later Rampart, where Lee Harvey Oswald hung out before getting into trouble for purportedly assassinating President Kennedy. Some of my young aspiring arms dealer friends at Fortier High School used to talk shop with him there before he fell into difficulty.)

Actually we used to go to some of those foreign sailors’ joints on Decatur Street first — places where they would serve a nursery school kid if he had a dollar and could reach the counter with it. We could buy ouzos at the Acropolis, while Greek sailors did Greek dances with each other and chased enormous fat whores. All this kept the bar help so distracted that nobody noticed or cared how old anybody was. After getting wozy on ouzos we would saunter down to some coffee house where someone who may or may not have been Ginsberg sang a folk dirge, as the actual or potential Lee Oswald sulked silently in a corner.

On towards midnight these bohemian refugees would drift off to places like the Seven Seas on St. Philip Street or to La Casa nearby, and we were left out in the cold (or heat), out of the action, with nothing to do but smoke foreign cigarettes and evaporate back up St. Charles Avenue in somebody or other’s car.

Fortier High School was something of a pressure cooker then. In the mid-1960s it was all white and overcrowded with frats, greasers, nerds, and assorted characters, a public school bastion of upper-town conservatism in an age when racial and social protest hung in the air like an electric charge. Sometimes the atmosphere felt like Moscow in 1917. The staff seemed to think it was Moscow in 1917. It was perhaps for that reason, or perhaps simply for reasons of ordinary boredom, that vodka martinis became a popular addition to the student lunch menu.

This came about in a variety of ways. By the time we were seniors some kids had aged so much that nobody thought to check their ID. And then of course, since it was common at that time for lesser students to flunk and have to repeat a grade, some kids didn’t graduate until they were at least 20. Vodka was popular because it didn’t linger on your breath — the scent of gin could get you expelled.

**Legends**

For whatever reason, Graffagnini’s on Laurel and Henry Clay did a booming business in vodka around midday and just after three. (It was called “Graff’s” the Fortier yearbook even had a Graff’s award for certain students, whose reputations were closely linked to the place.) Other places popular with high school kids because their bar help was no judge of age included Cusimano’s, also famous for its pinball machines, and Victor’s in the Quarter. None of these places still survives, unfortunately, except in fond memories. (However, a liquor store on Carrollton Avenue would sell booze to anyone under 12 is still around.) High school dance places like the now-resurgent F & M also provided some opportunities for the tippler. Of course there was the unforgettable experience of confronting the eternal mysteries in the back parking lot at Lenfant’s — the tactile intricacies of bra straps made yet more profound by the view of endless cemetery markers and the neurologically rush of bourbon and coke. Other mysteries took the form of those amazing layered drinks at Nick’s on Tulane Avenue.

By the time we were out of high school and Of Age to drink legally, Ginsberg, Kerouac, Dylan and Mick Jagger were too famous to hang out anymore at places like the Seven Seas and La Casa De Los Marinors. But everybody else did. The Quarter was more of a real neighborhood then, rather than a Babylon of commercialized antiquity, but those two places drew people from all over town.

Other famous French Quarter cases of the period were the still-popular Cosimos — always a true neighborhood haunt, the previously mentioned Victor’s, and such transcendent perennials as the Napoleon House, and that basement bar of the Western World, Pat O’Brien’s. On Bourbon Street the hyper-historic Absinthe House — New Orleans’ oldest bar, and the almost perennial Lucky Pierre’s held sway.

La Casa De Los Marinors was in many ways the ultimate New Orleans bar of the latter half of the 20th century. From its rise sometime in the 1950s to its demise in the first part of the 1970s, it managed to epitomize fashionable bohemian wildness in the French Quarter. It was one of the great underground places of all time.

Originally it was a haunt for Latin and Hispanic sailors, hence its name. Then the artist-intellectuals of the Fifties and Sixties began hanging out there to soak up its earthy vitality — it was famous for extravagant dancing and colorful knife fights. The latter were short lived — Felix the proprietor, a formidable Cuban, maintained decorum with a baseball bat. Eventually the emergent liberated youth of the period took over the back room with its good loud jukebox. On a Saturday night when it was especially busy, the back room would be jumping with some hard-driving rock, Rolling Stones or equivalent. It was not possible to dance on those occasions — bodies were too densely packed. Instead the whole crowd would sort of writhe and pulsate to the deafening beat of a dazed guy and/or girl gyrated atop the cigarette machine, pounding rhythm on a tambourine, while in the front room it was frenzied Spanish dancing and abortive knife fights as usual.
But then there was a middle chamber in between, a central bar that was like a DMZ. There could be found Uptown folk slumbering after a Mardi Gras ball, perhaps a doctor or a judge, a couple trying to repair a quarrel, shadowy characters exchanging sums of money, and perhaps a poet passed out in the corner. In its prime, La Casa De Los Marinos was a microcosm of democracy, at least in its New Orleans form.

History and Decadence

In the early 1970s President Nixon announced that his government would stamp out decadence. Suddenly decadence became enormously popular—the age of cool, studied decadence, new places like Deja Vu (in its first incarnation) rose to prominence. Pseudo-elegant and on two levels, Deja Vu was a high-tone disco where an elaborate stereo system and high-fashion waitresses replaced for the in-crowd the competing julep boxes and bat-wielding bar help of places like La Casa De Los Marinos. Other "decadent" disco bars of the early Seventies were Pete's Place and the Cavern, both on Bourbon Street and both catering to the most "mixed" crowds seen either before or since.

Other hot spots of the period were Trinity's, sort of a lackluster Uptown version of Deja Vu and setting for a sensational society murder, the Red Lion (Uptown's answer to the Seven Seas), and Forty-One Forty-One, which always has seemed like some Melanie developer's idea of what a high-tone Uptown place should be like.

With the founding of Tipitina's, Jimmy's, the Dream Palace in the mid-Seventies, raw earthy vitality came back with a vengeance. New Orleans rhythm and blues (old to a lesser extent jazz, blues and reggae) had taken the momentum, and live music clubs set the stage for the scene that has held sway ever since.

Decadence and History

Ultimately the most interesting thing about the last thirty years may be how little things have actually changed. Thirty years ago some of the most popular hangouts mentioned by those who came of age in the Fifties were Bruno's, which was and is (and will be, God willing) on Maple Street near Tulane's campus, the deceased Victor's and La Casa, but also Pat O'Brien's, the Napoleon House and the Old Absinthe House, all still going strong.

Until recently, for a pre-dawn breakfast after an all-nighter on the town, the famous Lucky Pierre's on Bourbon Street attracted a social spectrum that defied sociology. This was yet another place with a long past history.

Lucky's was an institution—the kind of place that made New Orleans seem like an endless Fellini movie. The front parlor looked a lot like a whore-house, mostly because it, in a sense, was. There was a piano-bar, lots of baroque furniture and ornate marble and plaster trappings, all of it dimly lit. On a good evening with an entertaining singer-pianist like Janis Medlock belting out show tunes and exchanging banter with the frosty blonde hookers (who mostly seemed to have a lot of mileage on them) placed strategically at the bar or on the ornate overstuffed furniture—the effect could be quite surreal. (Especially when the girl's patrons turned up as the hour

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**Graffignoni's Vodka martini's were de rigueur at Fortier High.**
Johnny White's, the constitute the sets of participatory theater of an un-dent vice cop (he seemed to be stationed there) who everybody at one time or another. There was a resi-grew late: guys who looked like crazed dust-bowl ranchers and Argentine political prisoners and some who weren't even guys at everyone as change in management, was the last of a historic ceased operations in 1985 after a failed attempt at a catalyst that sparked the flowering of jazz in New Orleans, district that expanded and cultural evolution. In addition to Storyville, The Orange Magazine was associated with both of these, being both a catalyst for politics and for the development of white jazz at the time — the Original Dixieland Jazz Band being the most famous example. Also around that time a politically ambitious Illinois Central railroad engineer named Lee Christmas was campaigning for elective office in the traditional manner — by spending his free time in the city's taverns. It was in one such place that an emergency message was forwarded to him from his employer late one evening — he was needed to drive a train-loaded of bananas pronto to Chicago. His drinking pals propped him up in the cab of his locomotive where he remained steady of hand long enough to get the thing up to full throttle before passing out. Somehow he survived the collision with another train, was banned from American railroads, became an engine driver of banana trains in Honduras (where they were constantly hijacked by revolutionaries), continued in politics there and eventually became commander of the Honduran army. He specialized in crashing armored trains through enemy lines, and changed the configuration of national boundaries in Central America. (Oliver North was a boy scout compared to Lee Christmas.) After years of this he returned to New Orleans but the railroad never would give him his job back. Still, he is a classic example of the global reach of local bars.

Closer to home, Huey Long sometimes used the Sazerac bar (at the Roosevelt) — now Fairmont Hotel — as his war room for his campaigns for Senate and later the White House in the Thirties. Later his younger brother, Earl, as governor in the Fifties used a certain Bourbon Street cabaret for a similar pur-pose. Its leading strip-tease dancer, Blaze Starr, became the state's unofficial first lady for a while when the governor was troubled by domestic discord and refused to go back to his wife at the governor's mansion. (He and Blaze sometimes greeted visiting chiefs of state like France's President Charles De Gaulle.)

Obviously then, in our local barrooms the destin­ies of individuals, states and nations all become entangled together. The Spanish were probably the first to officially recognize this phenomenon, and in 1770 a tax on taverns provided the city's first municipally-raised revenues. (For the first hundred years there was only one church, St. Louis Cathed­ral, but taverns were everywhere.)

Later, after having reverted to the French and being sold to America by Napoleon, some New Orleanians were active in a still-existing smuggling operation. They prepared a home for Napoleon here, but sadly, like so many local civic endeavors, the intended benefic­iary died before the plan could be enacted. Instead, his death mask was installed at the Cabildo and his-be­would be home lived on to immortalize his memory as — what else? — a tavern. Today the ancient-seeming Napoleon House remains a quintessential New Orleans bar. Similarly, another legacy of that period — Lafitte's Blacksmith House — remains as an alcoholic shrine to another hero of local history, Jean Lafitte, the pirate.

We could go on and on and still be guilty of glaring omissions, such as the varieties of local barrooms. We can lament the demise of seniors' bars such as Lutjen's, Minster's, or Myr & Vics in Algiers, where crowds of sep­eguanian survivors of the Gatsby era did genuine jazz dancing with hedonistic abandon. We could applaud political bars — Bud Rip's, Parasol's, the Half Moon, we could cheer sports bars — Johnny White's, the Parkway Tavern among others; question proprieties such as why the Deutches Haus used to feature spaghetti or why the Parkview Tavern used to use live chickens as its principal decor; and we could salute some emergent classics of the past decade such as the Columns Hotel bar (of Pretty Baby fame), or cosmic classics that transcended time like the Saturn on St. Charles, somehow it is like counting grains of sand on the beach, a process made futile by the contin­ning ebb and flow.

It has been said that New Orleans is not a theater town; but one suspects that in reality the lives of ordinary people here have qualities that are comparable with those of professional theater of the most private and public intrigues. While not to be condescended, the absence of professional theater has seemingly left us no shortage of dramatic or colorful characters. And while the cast has never been noted for sobriety, few can deny that some stellar per­formances have occurred over the last 2½ centuries. A toast then: To the continuing tradition. Salud!
From 1945 to 1970, the Dew Drop was synonymous with topflight Black entertainment, drawing singers, musicians, dancers and comedians like a magnet. The Dew Drop was just it," contends Joseph August, better known as the renowned blues singer, "Mr. Google Eyes," who often worked the club as a singer and an emcee. "It was the foundation for musicians in New Orleans. Whether you were from out-of-town, or from the city, your goal was the Dew Drop. If you couldn't get a gig at the Dew Drop, you weren't about nothing."

Even though the club would embrace the lives and careers of thousands of people, the Dew Drop is really the story of one man, Frank G. Painia. Born in the Breville Parish town of Plaquemine, on June 4, 1911, Painia moved to New Orleans with his wife, Freddie, and two young children in 1934. A barber by trade, with a seventh grade education, he left Plaquemine to escape the poverty of depression-ravaged rural Louisiana. Upon arrival, the family moved in with Painia's sister, and he became a partner in a barber shop on LaSalle Street. When the shop was razed a couple of years later to make way for the Magnolia Projects, Painia opened his own shop across the street, on the corner of LaSalle and Sixth.

Always one to spot and take advantage of an opportunity, soon after Painia bought out an oriental businessman who owned a bar and grocery store just two doors away at 2836 LaSalle Street. He renovated the building to accommodate his barber shop and a restaurant, which was added to the barroom. To help him operate the business, brothers Paul, an excellent cook, and Easton, a bartender, also moved here from Plaquemine. Dubbed the Dew Drop Inn, the establishment opened in April of 1939.

Although business was tough from the beginning, according to Painia's daughter, Laura Jackson, who eventually served as the club's cashier and bookkeeper. "Daddy just had a mind for business. He was a real go-getter. He was always expanding and moving things around. He had a chance to buy the building next door and saw a way to turn it into a profit. The war was on, so there were a lot of people in transit. A hotel was going to do well because there wasn't a quality place for Blacks to stay then. So he built a hotel next door. The Dew Drop is actually two buildings."

Even though Painia's daughter pointed out, "the place was really jumping during the war," the Dew Drop hadn't yet begun to feature entertainment. However, another business venture for the elder Painia surfaced. He began booking touring bands for concerts into the Booker T. Washington Auditorium and the Coliseum Arena. Because New Orleans hardly had a suitable nightclub that was capable of handling the nation's top Black entertainers, such as Louis Jordan and Jimmy Lunceford, more often than not, Painia's shows were quite profitable.

Since the entertainers he hired already ate and slept at his establishment, and he could avoid paying rent and taxes at other halls by utilizing his own space, presenting shows at the Dew Drop was a logical progression. Painia began experimenting with local entertainment in the lounge, featuring artists such as singer Blanche Thomas and guitarist Erving Charles. Painia found a great demand for live music. So, as the war in the South Pacific was grinding to an explosive halt, workmen in New Orleans were putting the finishing touches on the latest addition to the Dew Drop, the club destined to be New Orleans' best known night spot.

"Shh, Shh," whispered a headline in the August 13, 1945, Louisiana Weekly. "Don't tell anyone, but the Dew Drop Inn is really coming up with that Northern stuff in the next week or three. Mr. Frank Painia, one of the city's better negro business men, will see to it that there will be a decent dancehall for his people."

Nicknamed the "Groove Room," by October of 1945, the Louisiana Weekly was already referring to the spot as "New Orleans' swankiest nightclub." Featuring two shows nightly on weekends, and an amateur contest on Friday evenings, the Dew Drop featured the kind of entertainment that backed up its reputation.

A typical show which was advertised in the December 21, 1945 edition of the Louisiana Weekly featured: Joe Turner — "King of the blues who will be back with a new sack of new songs for Christmas, along with a brand new show."

"Dew Drop Inn"
R. Penman-Esquerda-K. Winslow
Peyton Music BMI

By Almost Slim

"Meet those fine gals your buddies and your pals. Down in New Orleans on a street they call LaSalle, Down at the Dew Drop Inn..."
Inside the Dew Drop early 1950. "Miss Cornshucks" is in the center with the hat.

"just back from St. Louis, nationally known female impersonator." "Iron Jaw" Harris — "dancing with three tables in his mouth." Virginia Plummer — "exotic dancer." Decoy — "now you see him now you don't back with a brand new bag of tricks." One could view all of the above for a mere 75 cents, and if a reservation was required, it could be had by dialing JA-9605.

"You always got a full floor show back in those days," emphasizes Naomi "Toots" Swan, Paimia's niece, who worked behind the bar at the Dew Drop for the better part of 25 years. "Frank always had an emcee or comedian that would host the show and loosen up the audience. Then you always had your shake dancers and female impersonators, that came on before the star attraction. The Dew Drop always had a house band back in the Forties, it was either Dave Bartholomew or Edgar Blanchard and the Goldoliers, and they'd do a couple of numbers on the show too.

"I guess you'd say that by today's standards the club wasn't much, it only held maybe 200 to 300 people. It just had plain wooden table and chairs, but they were covered with vinyl, white, table cloths, and everyone that worked there had a fresh uniform on.

"The Dew Drop always had a reputation for being a good clean club where you came to have a good time. Frank didn't stand for narcotics, prostitution or fighting. He liked to have a good time like anybody else, but he was a family man. Eventually he brought his whole family from Plaquemine and he gave them all jobs at the Dew Drop. I was just a little thing working in the bar, but I felt protected because I had nothing but family around me. If someone ever tried to get smart with me, Frank would cut them off and say, 'Do you know you're talking to my niece?'"

Virtually every Black entertainer of note passed through the doors of the Dew Drop. The Sweethearts of Rhythm, Amos Milburn, Lollypop Jones, Ivory Joe Hunter, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Chubby Newcombe, The Ravens and Cecil Gant, to name but a few.

But the Dew Drop also served as a training ground for many New Orleans musicians. "The first time I ever got on stage was on an amateur show at the Dew Drop in 1946," recalls singer/handleader Tommy Ridgeley. "I'll never forget, Edgar Blanchard's Goldoliers were playing and I sang 'Piney Brown Blues' and won first prize. That really encouraged me to stick with music. In later years I saw younger musicians like Earl King, Huey Smith and even Allen Toussaint get their start the same way."

Paimia also had a keen eye for talent, and many artists credit him with the early success. According to Naomi Swan, Paimia was instrumental in getting Larry Darrell's career off the ground, among others.

"Frank picked Larry out of a revue called the Brownskin Models around 1949. He gave him a job singing in the front bar. Larry had a boyish look and when he sang he just drove the women wild. He did so well that people were leaving the nightclub to see him in the front bar. Frank had a lot of connections in the business and arranged for Larry to make his first record. 'I'll Get Along Somewhere' that made him a star."

More Than Just A Nightclub

Paimia saw yet another way to take advantage of the abundance of local talent, and in April 1949 opened the Dew Drop Inn Booking Agency. "Sometimes we'd have as many as four bands out on the road on one night," says son Gerald Paimia, who helped run the booking end of the business. "Whenever we had a big record in town, dad would book. He had a circuit that stretched from Texas to Alabama, that included everything from colleges to roadhouses. We booked Earl King, Gutter Slim, Shirley & Lee, Smiley Lewis, Chris Kenner — really a lot of people. We had some great musicians in the bands too, Lee Allen, Huey Smith, Roland Cook, even Allen Toussaint for a while.

Normally a man of few words, Toussaint's traditional reserve erodes when discussing Frank Paimia and the Dew Drop. "Oh, I wish you could have seen it in its heyday. If you were a musician, at some point of the day you were going to go to the Dew Drop. Unless you were doing something really important, you were probably getting ready to go to the Dew Drop.

"It was a musician's haven. When bands got ready to go to Houma or Vachery, they met at the Dew Drop. When they came back around 2 a.m., they'd go inside the club and jam. There were musicians around the Dew Drop 24 hours a day. There was a permanent place outside the Dew Drop where guys hung out, and inside the club and restaurant too.

Frank had the kind of eyes that could find answers. He was the kind of guy that walked around with his chest poked out, but it wasn't a put on. He had strong features and he walked slow with a lot of grace. When he showed up everybody got shook up. He gave the orders and everybody listened. Whoever dropped the glass cleaned it up real quick, and the guy with the mop started mopping real good."

A highly respected man in the Black community (in fact he was dubbed "the mayor of Lafitte Street"), Frank Paimia was also a pioneer in the civil rights movement. In a highly publicized incident, Paimia, along with screen star Zachary Scott and his party, was arrested in November of 1952 and charged with disturbing the peace and "mixing." Scott, a white actor from the north, who was shooting a location for a film, had visited the club to see "Papa" Lightfoot, when the NOPD received a complaint that "Negroes and whites were being served together."

"They remember that night like it was yesterday," says Laura Jackson. "Father decided to make a stand and went to jail with everyone else. Whites had always come into the Dew Drop, in fact a lot of policemen frequented the place. The ongoing joke around the place was, if you needed a cop for something, you had to call the Dew Drop. They just wanted to make an example of someone. They threw the charges out the next day, but my father wasn't afraid to go to jail, in fact he went a number of times. But he had a purpose, he continually lobbied in city council to eliminate the segregation laws. In fact he was the first Black to ever book the municipal auditorium."

The Fifties were a great decade for the Dew Drop. While the public's taste in music was to change over
MARCH

CONCERTS

Saturday, 1

Sunday, 2
Red House Slabs perform with the Fleishman, Cash and the Road, 8 p.m. at the VFW Hall.

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Rediscover...
9 PM to 1 AM
50's to 60's, Rhythm & Blues, Rock & Roll and more
Call for Entertainment Schedule

Firehouse, with Ed Fromohio and ex-Minutenomen George Hurley and Mike Watt, will be at the VFW Hall Sunday 8.

Thursday 26
Women Writers speak at Newcomb. Call 524-9200.

Sunday 29
Maypole Leaf Poetry Reading: April Fool’s Celebration. All kids welcome!

FRIE NDY NIGHTS
"ALL DUTCH DANCE" begins this month on Channel 32.

FRENCH QUARTER
Bayard’s Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-9200. Jazz Unlimited every night, from 8 p.m.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 525-7111. Wed. - Sun. 8 p.m. to close.

St. Louis, 522-6212. The French Market, 525-8544.

Call 524-8626.

Wednesday 4
through Sunday 22
Festival Of Contemporary Dance. The O.C., 900 Camp St.

Friday 6
John Rawle Lecture: Author/philosopher speaks on “cultivating the heart of compassion” at Tulane’s Dixon Hall, 7:30 p.m. Call 665-3226 for information.

Sunday 8
Host for Life. The audubon Zoo sponsors discussions of diet and workouts.

Maple Leaf Poetry Reading featuring Beverly Rambo.

Tuesday 10
Scrapbooking Workshop. Every Tues. this month, the New Orleans Video Access Center will hold sessions at the Dixon Court. Call 524-8625.

Sunday 17
Masters of the Universe. Family show featuring He-Man, comes to the Lakeway Arena.

Sunday 22
Maple Leaf Poetry Reading with Ricky Barton and Red Dogue.

LIVE MUSIC

DANCE... IN THE FRENCH QUARTER...

FRENCH QUARTER
Bayard’s Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-9200. Jazz Unlimited every night, from 8 p.m.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 525-7111. Wed. - Sun. 8 p.m. to close.

St. Louis, 522-6212. The French Market, 525-8544.

Call 524-8626.

Wednesday 4
through Sunday 22
Festival Of Contemporary Dance. The O.C., 900 Camp St.

Friday 6
John Rawle Lecture: Author/philosopher speaks on “cultivating the heart of compassion” at Tulane’s Dixon Hall, 7:30 p.m. Call 665-3226 for information.

Sunday 8
Host for Life. The audubon Zoo sponsors discussions of diet and workouts.

Maple Leaf Poetry Reading featuring Beverly Rambo.

Tuesday 10
Scrapbooking Workshop. Every Tues. this month, the New Orleans Video Access Center will hold sessions at the Dixon Court. Call 524-8625.

Sunday 17
Masters of the Universe. Family show featuring He-Man, comes to the Lakeway Arena.

Sunday 22
Maple Leaf Poetry Reading with Ricky Barton and Red Dogue.
Late Night with parlay's the late night place to get met.

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Hotel Intercontinental, 525-5566. In the lobby Lounge, Joe Simpson, 5-8 pm and Theresa Kelly from 8-11 pm. In Pete's Pub. Wednesday, 9-3 pm. In the lobby Ballroom, 5-7 pm. Bob Morris.

Hyatt Hotel, 561-2224. Sundays, 7 to 10 am, and Thurs. 11 am to 1 pm. Jazz and the Blues. Brunch in the courtyard. Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 4-8 pm in the Mistee Loup Lounge. New Wave.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 252-7611. Mon. through Thurs. 4-9 pm, Greg Villanueva, Fri. through Sat. 4-9 pm, Greg Villanueva, Tues., Wed., Fri., Sun. 4-9 pm and Thurs. 9 pm-2 am, Terry Lee. Fri., Sat., 9-12 am, Mike Burns.

Le Caron Hotel, 551 Bourbon. French Delight at Le Caron. Fr., Sat., 3-7 pm. Maree Weight and Remissoire, 9 to 11.


Mediterranean Cafe, 1000 Decatur St., 532-3302. Sun., and Sun. 1-6 p.m. Scotty Hill's French Market Jazz Band, with piano music before and after.

The Mint, 500 Esplanade at Decatur. Harry Mayr onne on the piano from 3 to 7 pm.


Royal Sonesta Hotel, 300 Bourbon, 546-0300, in the Mystick Don, Tuesday/Tuesday, Bobsy Lorenz, from 10 pm.

Ryan's 500 Club, 641 Bourbon, 546-1907. From 9 pm, nightly, the Celtic Rock Folk Singers.

Cafe Biba, 1001 Decatur. Flamboyant from 8 to 11:30. African, Middle East, and Mediterranean. Amazing Miller on Sunday and Saturdays: Cynthia Chen. Thursday, Friday, Saturday: Fred McNeil. Harry Mayr onne, plays Sunday, Saturday, 6 pm to 11 pm.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 508-0981. Tues. through Sat. Silly Times, 9 to 11.

Scrapes Cafe, 223 Burundi, 522-7388. Through Sun., 15, Sat. 11 to 3: Rafael Cruz. Call for the complete schedule.


Benny's, 106 Bourbon. 252-3404. Check for our ad information.

Topical tale, 730 Toulouse, 523-9482. Thurs., Fri., Sat.: Al Miller. Club also features un scheduled jam sessions.

Windward Grill Room, 300 Graniv, 547-2000. Fridays/Saturdays from 9 to 2; the Joel Simpson, Jazz Duo.

Willie's, 2600 P. T. Stain, 945-9124. Sundays from 8 until 10 pm. Emme K-Doe.

LAKEFRONT


MID-CITY

True Brew Coffee, 3131 Ponce de Leon, 947-3946. Call for schedule.

N.O. EAST

Beau Geste, 7001 Read Blvd., 242-9700. Fr. and Sat.: Mandance featuring Al Norman.

Chez Frank, 4630 Downman Road, 241-9761. Live music Mondays and Saturdays from 10 to 11 pm. The Club, 7071 Bernard, 429-8634. Sundays from 11 to 1 am. Black Market featuring Alvin Banks.


France, 873-9173. Thurs. thru. Sat.: Various bands. Check with the manager for complete schedule.

MARDI GRAS SCHEDULE

Feb 7: Continental Drifters
Feb 28: Lti Queenie & The Red Death Squad
Mar 1: Boxx and Johnny J. and the Hitmen
Mar 2: Oliver Morgan
Mar 3: Johnny J. & the Hitmen and Black Magic

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Fri 13 Lil' Queenie
Fri 20 Song Dogs
Sat 21 Angela Streli
Fri 27 The Petries
Sat 28 Beau soleil

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The Mint, Decatur at Esplanade, 525-2000. Tues. through Sat. - Ricky Graham

Punchline Comedy Club


THEATRE


Wavelength: The Doctor is In

The beginning of Wavelength on WYLD AM-94 was truly historic. On his first show Dr. Daddy-O announced, "This is the man who started rhythm & blues. And he did it right here in New Orleans," as he played Roy Brown's "Good Rockin' Tonight." Daddy-O, who has been in gospel radio for over 30 years, has kept some aspects of his gospel show which may not appeal to some, though if you think Little Richard rocks, you oughta hear New Orleans gospel great Bessie Griffin sing "Move on Up a Little Higher." It seems she's goin' to a better place, where "It's always HAUN-DY, HAUN-DY, HAUN-DY, and never goodbye." "Have mercy" as the Doctor would say. Among the records he spun for Mardi Gras season were both the Wild Magnolias and Wild Tchoupitoulas albums, lots of vintage Professor Longhair, and lots of Dave Bartholomew. Bartholomew, in fact, was a guest on Wavelength. Among the history the two old friends discussed was their collaboration on "Good Jax Boogie" around 1949. Daddy-O's radio show, concerts, and column in the Louisiana Weekly were sponsored by Jax Beer, under whose auspices Bartholomew recorded the jumpin' number mentioning "a cat named Daddy-O." Other guests were Alice Byrd (Professor Longhair's wife) and Bo Dollis of the Wild Magnolias.

Wavelength's new time is strictly drive time: four to six p.m., though the number of traffic tie-ups caused by people getting out of their cars, turning the radio to max, and freeway jamming to "Hadacol Bounce" has not been confirmed.

— Rick Coleman

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James Brown, Milt Jackson and Little Richard were Joe Tex and Otis Redding, to name but a few.

The early Sixties continued to be heady years for the Dew Drop as Painia continued to vary his shows to meet his audience's tastes. When Soul became the latest trend, the Dew Drop hosted the likes of Ike & Tina Turner Revue, Joe Tex and Otis Redding, to name but a few.

Laura Jackson, who once ran a snowball stand for Kenneth Jackson, who once ran a snowball stand for Kenneth Jackson, who once ran a snowball stand for Kenneth Jackson, and continues to be heady years for LaSalle Street.

The Dew Drop attraction.

Frank Painia eventually succumbed to cancer in July of 1972. He was eulogized on the front page of the Louisiana Weekly and rightfully cited as "the boss of the blues," Joe Turner, was still a Dew Drop attraction.

"Even though he was still doing well with the bar and the hotel, I knew it had to hurt him when the nightclub was closed," continues Swan. "That was his baby. He liked nothing better than getting a bottle out when an entertainer came to town and have a few drinks. That was his life. By the time I stopped working there in 1969, they stopped having live entertainment altogether. Frank was really sick and there was nobody to take his place."

Today the Dew Drop still sits quietly on LaSalle Street, its brick facade covered with aluminum siding, looking forlorn and in need of a facelift. But the Dew Drop was still in the family. Painia's grandson Kenneth Jackson, who once ran a snowball stand for his grandfather, runs the hotel and cuts hair in "Frank's Barber Shop."

"I don't stand to see the family lose this place," says Jackson, now 30, who abandoned a teaching career to preserve the faltering business. "It's just too close to me and besides I think my grandfather would turn over in his grave if it was lost."

"I was real close to my grandfather and he used to give me little projects to do and let me run errands for him. People still come by here and talk about the days when the Dew Drop was really jumping. Sometimes when people pass by here I can see on their face they're thinking about the good times this place once held. It never fails that every Mardi Gras someone will come by out of town and ask for Frank Painia. You can see that they're disappointed because he's dead and because the place is not like it used to be."

"Right now I'm trying to get the business back on its feet and pay off the last mortgage. I'm trying to do some repairs to bring some class back to the place. Sooner or later I'm gonna renovate the bar, and maybe add a restaurant and live music again. Who knows, maybe some day I'll light up LaSalle Street just like my grandfather did."
AIDS... Get the facts!

Call the AIDS Information Center

522-AIDS (NEW ORLEANS METRO AREA)

800-99-AIDS-9 (TOLL-FREE LOUISIANA STATEWIDE)
In New Orleans, when adversity and disaster strike, there's always your mama. We fondly recall the local mother whose, after having made her fortune in the beauty culture industry, went to Mass each day and prayed that her only daughter would marry "a man like St. Joseph."

Our favorite episode in Up From The Cradle Of Jazz, Messrs. Berry, Foote and Jones' new tome, is the one where Dr. John's mama, Dorothy Rebennack, confesses that she kept the Hoover out of her 17 year-old son's bedroom: "I wouldn't dare clean it up. I might be throwing away another 'Stardust!'"

It was a breathless situation recently on TV's Super Password when, given the clues "Plump" and "Blueberry," the contestants were expected to guess — that's right! "Fats" Domino!

The Plump Blueberrymen's Valentine's Day concert on Austin City Limits was halted by one music connoisseur of our acquaintance as "the greatest thing since the invention of freeze-dried remoulade sauce." An hour later, another music connoisseur told us that the program had been about as exciting as a bag of wet Ruffles 'Cajun-Spice' potato chips (the brand endorsed by Justin Wilson). "We dummy because we were standing outside on Veterans Boulevard in Kenner, waiting two hours for the Krewe of Saturn to parade past; memorable moments included the pre-parade procession of a punk gang on BMX bikes ripping through the ranks of the citizenry (average weight in black Spandex: 340 pounds), and the shifty shuffling of the Stardusters dance team, all of whom came equipped with a rhinestone star sewn on the left-side of their respective derrières.

EMI/America is releasing a 12'' dancehall version of the first single from the Neville Brothers' Uptown album. Metairie's own John Guarneri, Manager of A&R Talent Acquisition for EMI, has dubbed the disc 'Re-Mix Etouffee' and informs us that the Nevilles' first video will be shot not at Naggo Head, Jamaica or beneath Annibale Carracci's Olympian gods and goddesses on the ceiling of the Palazzo Farnese, but at Tipitina's, which is haunted by godly spirits no less regal than Carracci's, and positively more funkier.

The Nevilles performed two selections from Uptown for the benefit of Johnny Carson and his zillion view­ers, with Cyril (in neo-Rastafarian garb) and Aaron (in some of that black Spandex we mentioned earlier) each taking a turn at the microphone. Massaging funny bones on the same show was New Orleans comedienne Ellen DeGeneres.

A few nights later, clad in an ultrapsychedelic shirt, Albert Collins sat in with the band on Late Night With David Letterman. What bothers us in the televised cases of both Collins and the Neville Brothers is that neither Dave nor Johnny let the gentlemen talk. We have conversed with all five individuals and can assure any producers that they are unanimously more erudite than Jane Seymour, who tried to convince Dave that it was "romantic" to kidnap one's spouse for a weekend of passion on a motel-room bed previously used by God-knows-how-many-diseased-ridden vacationists and adolescent bed-wetters. If we want "romanticism," we reach for Mr. Collins' "Freeze" or the brothers' "Eveer."

Bananas, apparently named after the Republic that Jim Bob Moffett says we live in, is a new live-music club on North Rampart, near Marie Laveau's final resting place. On the other side of the French Quarter, on Decatur Street and within block or two of the actual spot where jazz was invented, the conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy was hatched and Tennessee Williams used to walk his dog, is Chief's Cajun Cafe, featuring live-Cajun music on Friday and Saturday nights. According to manager Greg Foles, it's a "real" Cajun restaurant/bar (as opposed to those "Cajun-Spice" Ruffles, which are, of course, "unreal" because they're manufactured in a place where the economy is booming, the people understand what a turn-signal is and the streets are safe to walk at 4 a.m.)

Speaking of "safe streets," Bobby Marchan is sponsoring a "Big Throw-Down Contest" every Thursday at the Crystal Disco '81 on North Claiborne and a "Gong Show" every Sunday at the same address, of which Bobby proclaims: "Tell 'em they get police protection down here and it's very secure for the ladies!"

Or anybody else who might saunter by in an evening gown...
### March Schedule

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CURRENT

David Benoit - This Side Up - #4 Billboard Jazz, #1 Radio & Records. With the release of his new album, David Benoit is sure to emerge as one of the vanguards in the contemporary jazz scene. (Jazziz. SPT 104

Doug Cameron - Freeway Mentality - Virtuoso violinist, Doug Cameron's newest album offers a pleasant California style alternative. Some of L.A.'s best session players provide solid support; Lee Ritenour, Vinnie Coliuta, Jimmy Johnson, Pete Christlieb, and Don Huff. (SPT 103


James Rivers Quartet - The Dallas Sessions - Some great New Orleans jazz digitally recorded live to two track. Featuring David Torkanowsky, Johnny Vidacovich, James Singleton and George French. (SPT 101

Gene Taylor - Handmade - Formerly of California's Blasters, Gene plays some fine piano aided by Freebo, Larry Taylor, Andrew Woolfolk, Bill Bareman, and LouieLista. (SPT 111

Bill Meyers - Images - Newcomer Bill Meyers debuts with this fine album. Cut AM/PM is 1987 Grammy nomination for Best Jazz Composition. Featured soloists: Larry Carlton, Vinnie Coliuta, Brandon Fields, Mike Landau & Ernie Watts. (SPT 114

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