Wavelength (July 1987)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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Sam McClain

From the audience the gentlemen in the vested suit is shouting refrains and responses, the light reflecting off the bead of sweat he tries in vain to catch before they reach his starched white collar. Hey this is live...this is real...this is good blues! The man is just one member of an enthusiastic crowd at Mr. B's Lounge on Earhart Boulevard responding to the emotion-packed performance of Mighty Sam McClain. These folks are here for one thing...the blues.

A high energy band of seven funky white boys are building the tempo for the star's second set. Mighty Sam McClain comes forth in black tie and white dinner jacket...the tie goes first, then the cummerbund. He's getting relaxed. It's not a large crowd, but it is an appreciative one on the evening following Memorial Day. Mighty Sam pours it on with a song entitled "Back Streets" that brings the house down. McClain's musical phrasing and crankin' Clements' guitar solos bring the audience, young and old, black and white, to its feet! Sam is obviously pleased with his new band, and so is the audience.

Mighty Sam McClain has been singing the blues for twenty years, has toured the world, and recorded a number of albums, but this is the first time he's had his own band, with Clements writing arrangements and serving as music director and lead guitarist for the "Thunder Blues Revue."

Mcklain's new band made its first public appearance opening for Bobby Blue Bland at Tipitina's April 17 of this year, featuring its three-man horn section led by Eric Traub on tenor sax (a veteran Maynard Ferguson sideman). Following the enthusiastic reception given McClain and the band, the group has been playing in various local clubs and at the Jazz & Heritage Festival. Plans are now in preparation for a Canadian tour that begins July 2 at the Montreal Jazz Festival, and ends with four day stint at the Albert Hall in Toronto July 6-10. The group is also scheduled to showcase at the Nightstage in Boston while up East.

McClain is currently promoting his last album, Perfect Companion, produced by Carlo Ditta on the Orleans label. He will be on an upcoming LP on Blacktop Records entitled Hubert Sumlin's Blues Party featuring Roomful of Blues and Mighty Sam McClain and an American release is anticipated for the Live in Japan album recorded last year (five separate venues in Japan sold out at $27 a ticket). The next step is to record with the new band and arrangements. The five sets are 90% original material, and the musicians couldn't be tighter. Definitely go out of your way to see and hear Mighty Sam McClain and the Thunder Blues Revue.

— Gloria Powers

Local Groups Entertain at Angola Prison

The Neville Brothers, Charmaine Neville and Real Feelings, and the Pfister Sisters performed a three-hour concert at Angola Prison April 21, with all musicians donating their time and talents, and the inmate organizations at Angola donating most of the money to defray expenses.

There's no stage at Angola, so a makeshift stage was created out of the boxing ring (ropes removed), the drum riser was a flat bed truck pulled up behind the ring, and an old parachute formed the cover to protect the musicians from the 90-degree heat of the day.

For Holly Bendtson of the Pfister Sisters, the concert was a homecoming of sorts, as she lived in the family section of Angola back in the Sixties when her father was Assistant Director/Recreation for the prison.

The concert marked the first time since 1980 that musicians had donated their time to play for the 4,700 inmates of Angola.
Neville’s Uptown: Verdict is In

The Neville Brothers’ new album Uptown is a departure from the kind of music the Nevilles are known for playing at their live shows, and inevitably cries of “selling out” and “desertion” came from many of their most loyal fans here and nationally. We wondered how our readers felt about the “new Nevilles.” So in W.L. 79 we invited reviews from the readers. The only stipulation was that they be 25 words or less, and signed with the address of the reviewer. What follows is a representative sample of responses, as varied in opinion and postmarks as Wavelength readers often are.

Dear WL:
We bid the boys farewell. ‘Cause they’re goin’ a long way. Hope they haven’t forgotten Where they used to play!

Paul M. Bello, Jr.
Jefferson, LA

Dear WL:
Yes, the album is slick, but “Money Back Guarantee,” “Midnight Key,” and “Shek-A-Na-Na” all retain that funky Uptown Neville Brothers R&B sound. They are doing their “best to stay alive.”

Spread the word.

Bettina Wulfing
New Orleans, LA

Dear WL:
This whitebread music has little heart and no soul. I sympathize with their desire to make it big, but their problem has always been dismal management and poor promotion. Don’t change the music; change the management. When the Brothers went Uptown, they got off at the wrong stop!!

Bruce E. Fleury
New Orleans, LA

Dear WL:
Hearing “Hey Pocky Way” helped convince me to relocate from Maryland to “Big Easy” (Uptown, no less). Uptown (the album) leaves me again feeling 1,000 miles from the source — this time I’ll stay put.

Carey Carson
NOLA
(as in NO thanks, LA, NOLA’s OK)

Dear WL:
The Neville Brothers’ Uptown album is certainly more mainstream pop than we’re accustomed to hearing from the Neville tribe. In fact, the songs are so catchy, that, if the album doesn’t go top ten, it’s just simply bad marketing. The Nevilles are still within shouting distance of their Wild Tchoupitoulas roots (among others, they thank “Big Chief” Jolly, Professor Longhair and Satchmo in their Uptown liner notes) but this is as far away as they’ve ever been.

Whether Uptown is a commercial success or not, I just hope that the Nevilles continue to keep their musical roots firmly in mind and heart, even as they explore new musical avenues. As for Uptown, it’s pop, but Neville pop is better than most.

Orlando Peraza
St. Louis, MO

Dear WL:
How do the Nevilles expect to broaden their appeal by competing with acts (like Kool and the Gang) who can do this stuff better than they can?
(This is my Uptown review; I counted “Kool and the Gang” as one word).

Doug Hoekstra
Oak Park, IL

Dear WL:
Sure we love the Big Chief beat on a sweaty night at Tip’s, but this is well crafted pop with a heart (and roots)!

Excellent.

Ben & Libby Benton
New Orleans, LA

Dear WL:
Uptown — the Nevilles have tastefully and soulfully woven contemporary radio with their New Orleans roots and given us another treacherous page in music history.

John Brenes
Petaluma, CA

Dear Wavelength:
In regards to your request for a review of the Neville’s new album, Uptown: I am providing the following containing 25 words or less.
A slick, well produced, delicious piece of music I enjoy whenever possible. Cyril’s lead vocals show his strength while the beauty of Aaron’s voice shines, particularly on the cut “Shek-A-Na-Na.” Perhaps middle-of-the-road for us, but then I guess we are spoiled.
I appreciate the chance to express myself.

Sterling W. LeJeune
Lafayette, LA

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LETTERS

To the Editor:

Maybe the readers of Wavelength are interested to hear some good news from two Dutch admirers of the great Antoine "Fats" Domino. In March of this year Fats visited Europe and did a number of concerts, about seven of them in The Netherlands. All were sold out, most of them for several weeks in advance and culminating at his appearance in Rotterdam's AHOY Theatre, packed to capacity with 8,000 enthusiastic followers of the Fat Man. A few weeks later, he and his crack band (with among others Dave Bartholomew, Herbert Hardesty, and Smokey Johnson) performed in Switzerland; there too all of his concerts were sold out, most of them even months in advance.

We hope New Orleans (and Wavelength) realizes that one of its most famous residents, here in Europe also known as "Mr. New Orleans" or "The King of Rhythm & Blues," still enjoys an enormous popularity over here, which is likely to continue for many years to come. Wouldn't it be a great idea to start now with the preparations for celebrating Fats' 60th birthday (on 26 February 1988), as was done last year for Chuck Berry? Such an initiative would certainly do great justice to one of the founding fathers of popular music, who is still performing at the peak of his creativity (which cannot be said of most of his contemporaries!).

We hope Wavelength will continue paying attention to Fats and will seriously consider our suggestion of an unforgettable birthday party next year!

Cor Lahnstein and Louis Tavecchio
The Netherlands

UNQUOTE

What the North has always feared about the South is exactly the capacity of its black and white citizens to join together and create something as astonishing and powerful as rock & roll.

--- Dave Marsh
Rock and Roll Confidential

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MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
By Rick Coleman

On October 23, 1986, Esquerita, whose real name was Eskew Reeder, Jr., died after a lengthy illness at Harlem Hospital in New York City. Esquerita was best known for his connections to Little Richard, especially for his monstrous foot-tall pompadour that dwarfed Richard's coiff. "S.Q.," as he was sometimes called, spent a couple of years in New Orleans in the early Sixties, recording for Minit and Instant. In the Seventies he totally disappeared, finally surfacing at Tramps blues club in New York City in the summer of 1983, whereupon he gave an extended interview to Billy Miller of the great hard-core rock 'n' roll magazine Kicks. (Quotes from that interview appear courtesy of Kicks, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003.)

"Truly the Farthest Out That Any Man Has Ever Gone"

Eskew Reeder, Jr. was born in Greenville, South Carolina. He claimed the date was November 1939, though it was probably a few years earlier. At age five, Eskew began banging keys on the piano of a neighbor, Mrs. Willis, though it was the opera lessons of her daughters Cleo and Virginia that influenced him more profoundly, as he developed his "obbligato holler" imitating them. After some extremely strict piano lessons, Reeder began playing in the Tabernacle Baptist Church, where his mother was choir leader.

Reeder began playing piano for various gospel acts in the early Fifties — The Three Stars from Greenville, the Heavenly Echoes from Brooklyn (with whom he recorded for Baton in 1953), and gospel wildman Brother Joe May.

During this time Reeder occasionally ran into Little Richard, who came to Greenville with Sugarfoot Sam from Alabama and was booked by the same promoter as Joe May when he was with the Tempo Toppers.

In his biography, Richard recalled the time Reeder came to his hometown of Macon, Georgia.

"I used to mess about with Luke Gonder at home on a piano that my mamma's daddy had given us, but I really couldn't play. Then I met this gay guy, a piano player called Esquerita... I used to sit around the all-night restaurant at the Greyhound bus station in Macon... He was with a lady preacher by the name of Sister Rosa, whose line was selling blessed bread... So Esquerita and me went up to my house and he got on the piano and he played 'One Mint Julep', way up in the treble... I said, 'Hey, how do you do that?' And he says, 'I'll teach you.' And that's when I really started playing... I learned a whole lot about phrasing from him. He really taught me a lot."

Such an admission of influence from Little Richard, who takes credit for nearly everything in rock 'n' roll, is extraordinary. When Richard's biographer stated that Esquerita had influenced Richard's hair stack, Richard sent the book back to the printer to be corrected. Both Richard and Esquerita more or less admitted that the pomp came from Billy Wright, a blues waiter from Atlanta. Another possible influence Reeder had on Richard is mind-boggling. Reader recalled, "When I met Richard he wasn't using the obbligato voice, just straight singing. 'To think that little Cleo and Virginia led to the shriek that shattered the world!'"

Gospel For Rock 'n' Roll

By 1957 Reeder had left gospel for rock 'n' roll at the Owl Club in Greenville, where he performed as "Professor Eskew Reeder." He was spot...
told there in late 1957 by Greenville native Paul Peek of Gene Vincent's Blue Caps. Vincent, who had just come off of Little Richard's God-told-me-to-stop-rocking tour of Australia, gave Richard's discarded rocking clothes to Reeder and got him signed with his label, Capitol, and his producer, Ken Nelson.

Apparently Capitol, who had bought Vincent as the "new Elvis," believed Eskew was the "new Little Richard," as they recorded several sessions with him. Unfortunately, Reeder had three obstacles blocking his ascension to Richard's throne: 1) he couldn't sing; 2) his band couldn't play; and 3) he recorded in Nashville instead of New Orleans.

Although Nelson wasn't, as Charlie Gillet theorized, "bound and gagged" from New Orleans, Eskew wished he were "bound and gagged," as he held Reeder to "do whatever you feel you wanna do." What Eskew wanted to do apparently were bizarro planet imitations of recent Little Richard hits, with Eskew's house sreeches and out-of-tune piano a perfect complement to the off-key solos and spontaneous tempo changes of his band.

The best of the songs are gospel blues numbers in which Reeder's vocals are not so strained and his skills as a piano player and song writer are evident. "Baby You" was the "New Little Me," and "Sarah Lee" are interesting in that they borrow from New Orleans artists besides Richard, namely Fats Domino and Ernie K-Doe ("Tough Enough") and his band's more bizarre Esquerita Capitol recordings is "Esquerita and the Voola," an almost avant garde instrumental featuring Latin-flavored piano and lots of obligato shrieks. It is a favorite of Esquerita fans like WWOZ DJ Billy Delle, who calls it "raw jungle music." — "Man, you had to look behind you to see if Richard was coming chucking spears at you!"

Even more incredible than any of the recordings is the fact that Capitol actually released an Esquerita album in 1969. Less incredible was its sales figures.

Esquerita next surfaced in 1962 in New Orleans at the Dew Drop Inn after getting a ride with Big Joe Turner, and placing in Dallas, Eskew, who would later immortalize the club in the song "Dew Drop Inn," waxed poetic about its charms: "Shows started about ten and next morning people are still in there groovin', waitresses dancin', owner dancin' — it was some place! They got a restaurant on the side: lotta food, lotta whiskey all."

While in New Orleans, Reeder played with musicians like Lee Allen, Red Tyler, John Boudreaux, and Roy Montrell. "I wore out the whole damn state, and Reeder, 'played every little joint there was.'"

Eskew recorded under his own name for Joe Banashak's Mint and Instant labels with Allen Toussaint producing. He played organ on an instrumental version of Jim Lowe's "Green Door" (recorded March 2, 1962) that became a regional hit. "I had the New Orleans Symphony on Mint," said Eskew. "My girls, the Esquerettes, were on 'A Tear,' 'I Woke Up,' 'Never Again.' Irma Thomas is on 'I Waited So Long.' On Instant I used my girls, but one of them went on her own with boss man Allen, which I didn't think was too cool. I made one called 'Margie' that they didn't put out."

Billy Delle describes Reeder's show during that time. "He used to play a piece called the Baby Grand, but mostly at the Safari Room with Irma, K-Doe, Spellman — all the Mint artists. Little Richard was more polished, I think, than Esquerita. Esquerita had that raw energy, but he catered more to the crowd, something like Bo Diddley. And the more the audience started cheering him on andegging him on, the wilder that son of a gun got. He had the high, pomaded hair, almost like straight up with a little wave. He had all kind of wild sunglasses, glasses clothes, daggie pants. He used to like to play that plink-plink type of sound, the real high keys more than anything else. When you'd say you were going to see Esquerita there would be a lot of people who would want to go, because they knew they were in for a show. The parking lot at the Old Safari Room used to be packed, boy!"

Dissatisfied with Banashak's distribution, Reeder recorded an excellent version of Chris Kenner's "Little Lover." It was the musical highlight of his career.

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Kid Thomas Valentine — Dead At 91

A jazz pioneer of international fame died Tuesday, June 16. Long sought out by historians and traditional jazz buffs, Valentine was unique in both style and attitudes. Born in Reserve, Louisiana in 1896, Valentine was exposed to musical performances early in his life when he became the keeper of his father’s brass band instruments.

Valentine became a member of the Elton Theodore band of Algiers in 1923. He eventually took over that group and played extensively on the West Bank. His rough primitive style was especially well suited for the honky tonks and dancehalls of that period. By the 1930s and well into World War II, he performed at many West Bank clubs including the original Speck’s Moulin Rouge, Kohlman’s Tavern and Old Fireman’s Hall.

In the 1950s, many jazz fans and researchers trekked to the dancehalls where he played. Some recordings were made of his group in that period, and were his first documented performances — almost fifty years after his start.

When Preservation Hall was established, his group known as the Algiers Stompers were regular performers. As Preservation Hall grew in fame and popularity, his group toured the world, including a standing-room-only concert in Moscow.

In his waning years, Valentine chose a young New Orleans trumpet player, Wendell Brunious, to help front his group. He continued to play sporadically until the mid-Eighties when failing health caught up with him.

Valentine was unique due to being active professionally before the Louis Armstrong influence permeated trumpet style. His brand of music represented an earlier primitive New Orleans style that delighted traditional jazz fans. Mr. Valentine is survived by daughters Helen Martin and Bernice Whitten; sons Thomas Valentine and Todd Valentine; three great-great-grandchildren; 51 great-grandchildren and 27 grandchildren.

Kid Thomas did not like to mix religion and music and requested that he not have a jazz funeral. A wake was held at All Saints Church in Algiers with many friends and world wide musicians attending.

—Fred Hatfield
EMI Goes Way Down Yonder

The second batch of releases by this American label is but a taste of what's still in their vaults

BY RICK COLEMAN

In 1963 when Lew Chudd sold Imperial Records he had accumulated easily the largest catalogue of New Orleans rhythm & blues recordings, including Aladdin Records (Shirley & Lee), Sue (Barbara George), Mint (Irma Thomas, Ernie K-Doe, etc.) and his own formidable Imperial roster (Fats Domino, Smiley Lewis, etc.). Chudd sold out to Liberty Records, which was bought by United Artists, which was bought by Capitol.

By far the most ambitious reissue series of these recordings has been by Pathé Marconi in France, which in the past several years has issued some 30(!) New Orleans R&B albums.

Finally awaking from the pin prick import sales European EMI has been able to manage with these albums, the sleeping giant Capitol/EMI started its own New Orleans reissues last year with superb Imperial and Minit samplers compiled by Alan Warner and a so-so Irma Thomas “best of” which omitted her New Orleans standards “I Did My Part,” “Two Winters Long,” “Hitin’ on Nothing,” “Cry On” and songs from her fine bluesy first album, as well as having inaccurate liner notes.

This year’s group of EMI America mid-priced New Orleans reissues also run hot to cold, with a couple for the New Orleans specialist.

Definitely hot is Trick Bag — The Best of Earl King, which is a version of a Pathé reissue improved by digital (and sometimes stereo) sound, two great unissued cuts, and anecdotal quotes from Earl King to Bunny Matthews on the origin of his two classics “Trick Bag” and “Come On (Let the Good Times Roll).” The album definitely shows King at his early creative peak, as he orchestrates (Earl tells me that he pre-arranged all the horn parts in his head!) jagged funk riffs that have modern funk pretenders like Robert Palmer agape 25 years later.

Another album that you should buy immediately is I Hear You Knocking, compiled by none other than Jim Russell of “Jim Russell’s Rare Records” on Magazine Street. Jim knew what he was doing when he told Alan Freed to play R&B and he knows his Smiley Lewis. Despite the many great Lewis tracks, one would be hard pressed to think of songs to displace Russell’s selection, with the major omission being “Blue Monday.” Nonetheless, every song here is classic New Orleans R&B with hot horns and Smiley’s bullhorn blues voice commanding attention.

Lost Dreams is a fascinating collection of obscure New Orleans vocal groups which runs from pure doo wop to the jump blues novelty back to the Forties that Dave Bartholomew liked so much. The album is worth the price, though, for three previously unreleased gems: the eerie “Ghost Riders in the Sky” sequel...
“Last Ride” by the Dukes, the perfect New Orleans standard/vocal group combination “Sunny Side of the Street” by the Bees, and the wistful “Lost Dreams” by the Dukes, which definitely sums up the hopes these groups had for stardom. Although the liner notes are generally informative, one wonders where the annotators got the idea that Bartholomew was a Duke Ellington sideman. They also plunder New Orleansian Lynn Abbott’s extensive research on the Hawks rather heavily without crediting him.

Imperial Musicians: 1952-1962, Alan Warner’s latest New Orleans compilation is, as the title might indicate, a little off the wall. Emphasizing the musicians who made New Orleans recordings great is a fantastic idea, but unfortunately the categorization is made somewhat nebulous by the fact that the musicians who played on any particular track are not known with complete certainty. The material ranges from heavily anthologized hits to others that have never been released. New Orleans R&B fans will hear the superb sound on great tracks by Dave Bartholomew, Smilin’ Joe, Archibald, etc., along with two hot instrumentals by West Coast saxophonists Big Joe Houston and Big Jay McNeely. The set is capped by the first ever issue of the complete five-minute version of Earl King’s “Come On.”

EMI did us no favor by re-releasing Specialty’s New Orleans Volume 2 Ace CH 181.

Another release, Kador’s Rock ‘n’ Roll, was a monkey in the works some years after an Archibald song on Imperial(!), rocks all the way through. All but two of the songs here are previously unreleased, yet the songs here rank with the artists’ best.

Other Releases

Various

New Orleans Volume 2

ACE CH 181.

Whereas the first Ace reissue of Specialty’s New Orleans R&B emphasized slow bluesy numbers from the early Fifties, this one, named after an Archibald song on Imperial(!), rocks all the way through. All but two of the songs here are previously unreleased, yet the songs here rank with the artists’ best.

Lil Millet’s “Rock Around the Clock,” Art Neville’s “Old Time Rock ‘n’ Roll,” and Big Boy Myles’ “Mickey Mouse Boarding House” can stand proudly with the best New Orleans rock ‘n’ roll. Ernest (Burn!) Kador’s “You Never Miss a Good Cryin’” are fine bluesy ballads, the latter two with a heavy Cajun influence. You get two rockin’ saxophone instrumentals by Robert Parker and the old Caribbean rhythm of Dave “Fat Man” Williams’ “Don’t You Hear Me Calling You,” the only solo recordings by these artists from the Fifties.

Curiously, Fats Domino recorded a song in 1954 that had the same title and a similar rhythm to the “Fat Man” song here. (Speaking of confusion, annotator Roy Topping claims that a check stub from Specialty’s session files indicates that Professor Longhair played on Big Boy Myles’ “Who’s Been Foolin’ You,” yet in a Blues Unlimited interview Longhair stated he was paid, but did not play on the session.)

To top this magnificent album off are two masterpieces to close out each side—“Rich Woman,” a drawing creole version of Bo Diddley by Lil Millet that has been recorded by Canned Heat and the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and the crazed rhumba mix of those Nobody New Orleans rock ‘n’ roll by guitarist Roy Montrell, which has been recorded by Dr. John, Johnny Reno, and the Stray Cats. Once again the question is “Why in the world didn’t Specialty release the majority of these tracks?” Obviously, there was a monkey in the works somewhere. But at this late date, who cares? Turn it up and enjoy!

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JULY • Wavelength 11
I was just sitting here one afternoon, minding my own business, trying to avoid the 260,000 people at the Jazz Festival and drawing a picture of two bluesmen sitting in a kitchen at 9 a.m., frying a couple of eggs and playing their guitars. One of the bluesmen was a little guy with pink fuzzy slippers, a jacket emblazoned with hammers and sickles, a large gold hoop earring and a geisha-style coiffure. The other bluesman weighed about 350 pounds and wore a Panama hat with a paisley band.

As I was contemplating what to draw on the walls of the kitchen, there was a knock at my door. Opening the door, I discovered Jim Glasscock, a friend and neighbor, accompanied by the semi-gigantic figure of Nappy Brown, the legendary rhythm and blues singer from Charlotte, North Carolina.

Nappy was wearing a polyester shirt upon which were printed various skyscrapers silhouetted against vibrant orange and red sunsets. He explained that his "young wife" back home in Charlotte had made the shirt for him. Nappy was very proud of his spouse, who had informed him that she was taking a day off from work when he got home from his two-week sojourn in New Orleans (where he had been working on a new album) and that the kids would all be in school and that it would be a sweet reunion indeed.

Before they arrived at my house, Nappy and Jim had been at Lakeside Shopping Center, where Nappy bought his wife a Mother's Day dress. Then they'd stopped to pick up the ingredients for a few afternoon cocktails — rum and Coke, to be specific.

Now since Jim is in the antiques/junk business, he came equipped with something a bit more exotic than styrofoam cups to drink out of: '50s-vintage glasses with poodles prancing up the sides. The cokes were in the classic 6-ounce bottles, the rum was Puerto Rican and the gents had even brought over their own ice bucket.

I was teetotaling that day but I told Nappy and Jim to dig in. The background music was a cassette of the unmixed tapes of Nappy's recording session, produced by our mutual friend Hammond Scott for his Black Top label and featuring the musical accompaniment of Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets, keyboardist Ron Levy, saxophonist Kaz Kazanoff and guitarists Earl King and Eugene "High Rise" Ross.

On this particular afternoon, stoked by the successful recording session, thoughts of his "young wife," the pleasant weather and the rum and...
Coke, Nappy was feeling... well, philosophical. Nowadays, he spends most of his time fishing, an activity almost guaranteed to make a man philosophical.

Brown was born in Charlotte on October 12, 1929, named Napoleon Goodson until 1949. In 1949, he changed his name to the more soulful Nappy. But he stopped at 16. At 24, he joined a gospel group known as the Golden Bells and lives there. At 16, he joined the church choir, but by the time he was 24, he had joined a gospel group and was a lead singer. In May 1955, "Don't Be Angry!" hit the #2 position on the national rhythm and blues chart. And, as was typical of the times, the Crystals' Caucasian version of the song went even greater rewards on the pop charts — an area off-limits to most black performers. This situation did not overjoy Nappy, who had ambitions of duplicating the pop supremacy of his friend Antoine "Fats" Domino, but as the song says, "Don't Be Angry!"

That is, until the day Nappy heard Lubinsky talking about "niggers." Nappy politely explained to Lubinsky that he hadn't been raised that way and that he would appreciate such language not being used in his presence.

"Lubinsky was a millionaire — he had five mansions," Nappy said, as he started on his second rum and Coke. "And he took me to one of the mansions and on the wall, he had a picture of a black Jesus and a black Moses. Most people don't know that Jesus and Moses were black men. And then Lubinsky told me that he had always wanted to be black!"

This disclosure brought about general agreement from Jim, Nappy and myself that Northerners were different. "I prefer making people happy. That's my life — making people happy — and that's what I like. I go out on the road, on the weekends or what have you. Wherever they call from, I've got to go. I just believe in making people happy. I don't see nothing wrong with that. And blues was the first gospel!"

We shook hands and Nappy and Jim drove away in Jim's truck. I returned to my picture. On the walls of the bluesmen's kitchen, I drew a black Jesus above the stove, and a blonde pin-up next to the window.
So you want to be a rock 'n' roll star?
Then forget about good eating ’till you’re back home.

BY STEVE ARMBRUSTER

Everybody says Professor Longhair would have been much more famous if he had early on agreed to travel. Only after he resurfaced in the 1970s did he start accepting many out-of-town gigs. But, even then, he always exercised caution. He knew the food would not be what he was used to, so he would carry his own supplies. He referred to these as his “Schwegs,” after the local chain of “world’s largest supermarkets.”

The story is told of how a stewardess once tried to interest him in one of her airplane meals. Fess eyed her suspiciously. He then produced his grocery bag from under the seat and answered, “No thank you, lady, I got my Schwegs.”

Fats Domino is another one who believes you really can take it with you. He has steamer trunks for his pots and pans and loads them up with sausages and seasonings before he takes off on tour. Unless logistically impossible, he insists on a hotel where he can cook in his room. Band members like nothing better than to be invited in for a taste with the boss.

Most musicians from New Orleans, however, consider eating on the road strictly a survival skill. They are probably out there because they have to be: to try for some wider recognition, to promote a record, to stay together until the local club scene improves. They certainly do not keep regular hours. They almost never make decent money. They rarely stay in one place long enough to home in on good local eateries.

So what is a starving artist to do?

Aaron Neville relies on club sandwiches. “At least you pretty much know what you’re going to eat. They don’t change much from place to place. I mostly stay in the hotel rooms and watch TV. Cartoons, whatever. Between the shows and the traveling there’s not much time left for sightseeing. I won’t until I’m desperate, then I call room service.”

As you read this, Aaron and his brothers will be either somewhere up the East Coast or in Japan. They are touring with Carlos Santana. If you did not know this, the next time you saw him you might think Aaron had been working out at the Shape Spa. “I always lose weight when I go on tour. Sometimes people cook for us, but, usually, unless they’re from here themselves, it won’t taste quite right. They don’t know about the seasonings. They might just add a lot of pepper sauce and call it ‘New Orleans style,’ but it’s not the same.

The food I have the most trouble with is in Japan. Strange as it may sound, when I’m there I’ll eat Chinese food. I like Chinese food, especially the shrimp dishes. It’s pretty dependable, except in New York. A lot of the places there seem really fly-by-night. I stopped in one joint that advertised HUNAN food. The meat looked so funky I thought they might have meant to say HUMAN food. I could have been surrounded by cannibals.”

So what does he eat first thing when he gets back? “Anything my wife Joelle will cook for me: red beans, white beans, gumbo, catfish. She and her mother are both good cooks. I get around them and I’m liable to hurt myself.”

Each band looks forward to getting home, but they all have tried and true methods of stockpiling up while they are away. Fast food outlets, 7-11s, cheap and bulky Chinese and Mexican restaurants, and friends’ houses . . . pretty much cover all the options. Unless you are very radical.

Spencer Bohren, solo blues artist from New Orleans, brings his home

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14 Wavelength • JULY
right along with him. He pulls a beautiful Airstream trailer behind his roadcar. The only time he might miss a homecooked meal is when he takes the wife and kids out to eat. That is radical.

Charlie Neville carries a lightweight juicer with him. He juices carrots and says you can always find sprouts, avocados, or other veggies. Maybe some good bread too? He does not miss New Orleans cooking a whole lot. That is also radical.

Only slightly less radical is Red Priest. Red, who is not with Waka-Waka but actually a guitarist with the Song Dogs, swears by 7-11 bean burritos. “They fill you up, and there's never any kickback. Of course, after you're on the road for a week or two your system is destroyed anyway and stops trying to put up a fight.”

Red is a veteran of many long tours with the now-defunct Satisfaction band. They had to go on the road to get some respect. Truck stops and fast food places were their most common resorts.

Then there were days when they just could not pay the price, literally. Then it would be sliced bread and bologna. Occasionally, friends and fans would invite them over for a meal. They even had one day, carte blanche, at the Houston Country Club, compliments of an oil heiress. Sometimes, the clubs will have a grill or pizza oven and the bands can catch a quick bite during the sound check or in between sets, hopefully at half price. A few places, like Sloppy Joe's in Key West, may even provide a guest house for their minstrels on tour. Then the lots are drawn: somebody gets the groceries, whoever can cook is drafted for that, and the others do the dishes, make the drinks, or fluff the pillows.

Sal Canatella, who actually is with Waka-Waka, handles the road pans and pots from fast-foot pit stop to pit stop as long as they have to, but they jump at the chance to stay over at somebody's house. Then they put Sal to work. Raised in England, with Italian heritage, and a New Orleans background, he cooks food that can make the band forget where they are. “I can't tell you how important that is,” says Nicky Sanzenbach, the Waka sax and keyboard man. “You can survive psychically for a long time on one real good meal.”

David Malone of the Radiators loves a good bowl of barbecued shrimp as much as anybody, but when he travels he is known as “Microwave Dave, King of the Road Food.” When they traveled exclusively on the ground they had a familiar pattern. “Quickstop. Grab a cellophane sandwich. Zap it. A cup of styrofoam coffee. Back in the van, and boom.”

It also got to where they could go into a truck stop and seem like they belonged there. "Once we were sitting at a place in New Jersey and this band called Modern English came in. Skin tight pants, purple hairdos, the whole bit. The place went silent. But nobody had even noticed us. Probably thought we were lumberjacks.”

Now the Rads have been together long enough to be going back to the same clubs. They have catalogued a few good restaurants in some key cities, mostly near their hotels. Again, bands often have little time or energy in concert towns for exploring or for eating out.

Some musicians may not even leave their hotels except to perform. Earl King related how many years ago he walked into Gatemouth Brown's room and found him heating up his can of dinner on the radiator. Gate has certainly gone beyond that, but other would-be stars might still use that trick if the weather is cold and "the hungers" are up.

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GUMBO SHOP

JULY - Wavelength 15
A live performance from 1968 on Rykodisc's new compact disc shows the master at the top of his form

The Jimi Hendrix Experience
Live at Winterland
Rykodisc catalog #RCD 20038

plays Monterey as the definitive Hendrix live recording. Every aspect of the project, from the performance itself to the post-production and packaging, is flawless; it is a fitting tribute to the amazing talent of Hendrix, who, twenty years ago this summer, began tearing the stages and sound systems of the world to shreds and in the process revolutionized not only the way people played the guitar, but the way people thought about playing the guitar as well.

Hendrix, like John Coltrane, Bob Marley, and most of the other Great Dead People in Music, has had his name blackened by hordes of repackage, bootlegs, and inferior posthumous recordings, most of which were never meant to see the light of day if indeed Hendrix knew they existed, which quite often was not the case, and many of which were doctored and tampered with at a later date. Any scrap of tape with Hendrix on it was fair game. (And not always was it even Hendrix, especially for bootlegs; some records that are actually Hendrix bear names like 'John Brantley' or "James Randall," others that have lush color photographs of Jimi and fold-out gatefold sleeves have no Hendrix anywhere on them at all.)

Buying posthumous Hendrix material is often much like buying real estate; it's easy if you know what all the catch phrases mean. Just as a salesperson might call a house "peaceful and secluded," meaning there's no paved roads within ten miles, there exists a similar jargon for the Hendrix catalogue. Generally speaking, if a recording promises "early, raw Hendrix just as he was exploding onto the scene," in all probability it dates from around 1962 and is a session gig for a hotel lounge band in which Hendrix is present but totally inaudible.

Likewise, if a recording offers Hendrix "at the peak of his creative powers, when he was just beginning to leave his past completely behind," it's probably a tape of Hendrix stoned tuning his guitar for twenty minutes.
ly humorous incident occurs when halfway through the set, Hendrix counts the number of Marshall amps he's blown in the concert so far that evening: "I think I've got about, uh, two, three, four, maybe seven speakers left," he laughs.) Perhaps the most important track here, however, and the CD's true find, is a very rare jam called "Tax Free," a heavy, melodic prototype of "Voodoo Chile" that would ultimately lead to "Machine Gun," centered on a jazz-influenced riff Hendrix claims to have picked up "from two Swedish cats named Hansen and Carlsson," which shows the shift towards looser, free-form jazz structures Hendrix was ultimately to undertake.

Technically, the quality of the recording is unsurpassed. Remixed digitally direct from Wally Heider's original 8-track master tapes of the shows, this disc suffers less of the distortion and loss of accuracy found in the drums and the high end of many CD's of analog origins. This disc is truly essential for virtually any serious Hendrix fan. The CD offers a rare, deep window into Hendrix's off-hand, spontaneous performance as a solo guitarist purported to be the finest of his generation. Perhaps the most significant thing about this disc is its potential to change the way we perceive Hendrix's genius as a guitarist, as his performances here are far crisper than any others on tape. The recording opens authentically, with a tape of Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade of Pale" blowing over the house P.A. while Bill Graham introduces the band. Then the Experience roars into "Fire," "Manic Depression," and nine other songs comprising an entire Hendrix performance and almost ninety minutes of music. Among standouts are an instrumental tribute to Cream with "Sunshine of Your Love," a very rare live performance of "Spanish Castle Magic," a special guest appearance by Jack Casady of Jefferson Airplane on "Killing Floor," the scalding blues of "Red House" in short, virtually every cut is of importance.

One noteworthy point is the inclusion of Hendrix's off-hand, spontaneous stage patter in between songs, something often deleted from other live recordings. (One particular event that sticks in the mind is a picture of Hendrix with the bulk of his great music behind him, but before the wear and grind of constant recording and touring had crippled him as a performer. The performance of Hendrix's off-hand, spontaneous patter is something often deleted from seventy-two minutes of music.

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The Donner Party

The Donner Party
Cryptovision Records, P.O. Box 1812, New York, NY 10009

Everybody knows that Gospel and the blues are the same music, but with different lyrics. What's interesting is that there is a similar schism happening in the realm of guitar, folk, thrash-pop that seems to be this year's bumper crop. Some of the "groups of American guitar-playing guys" these days, like Sorry and the Volcanicans, are gloomy, angry, and pessimistic; others like the Donner Party, are much happier and upbeat.

It's not that Sorry are a blues band, and the Donner Party are Gospel; of course they're not. It's just the attitudes that compare. While Hasty Dee may rip their lungs out on the stage every night to express their misery, the Donner Party would probably just rather sing some songs and have some fun. Musically, this, their debut EP, makes this album a treasure to own, and a natural for inventory trading.

What happens when a unique, creative, and deserving American band such as Throwing Muses cannot land a recording contract here in the States? Why, they go to the U.K., sign up with a label over there, and make us buy their records as imports. This is not the only unusual circumstance surrounding Throwing Muses, they have a decidedly female perspective on everything they do as three members of the foursome are women. The band doesn't perform typical female band music; these guys...errr...gals are loud and angry and not going to take it from anybody or anything.

The four songs on this EP are somewhat different from their debut album of last fall. The music is still intensely energetic and uptempo, but now contains a country influence. The lyrics for the most part are still witty and filled with sarcasm, but nothing as blatant as "Hate My Way." From the earlier effort, lead singer and main songwriter Kim Hersh majored in English while in school and it shows. The songs are complex and involved; no shallow, superfluosity allowed here. Even the band's name is well thought out.

In Greek mythology, a 'muse' was the spirit regarded as inspiring and looking out for poets, musicians, and artists. Listen for this band on your favorite radio station or purchase one of their platters, but in any case demand that the British return what is rightly ours, now they are not only stealing our music and selling it back to us, they are stealing our bands. Muses help us. — Brian Wayson

Throwing Muses

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David Thomas and the Wooden Birds  
*BLAME THE MESSENER*  
Twist/Eye Records

You may think that Michael Jackson is music's oddest Jehovah's Witness, but he's not. David Thomas is. You see, Jackson writes songs about cases of paternity and the moral responsibility to prevent world-runger. Thomas, on the other hand, writes songs not by or for human beings, sung by birds, and which "laugh at the theory of uniformitarianism." On Blame the Messenger Thomas, former vocalist for the legendary Pere Ubu: sings, screams, chants, and mutes his way through rambling poetic lyrics while the Wooden Birds back him up with an intriguing mix of avant garde, rock, and strangely joyous noise. Although songs such as "The Long Rains" and "Having Time" show Thomas' more ominous side, the prevailing tone of the record is one of deep seated and complete happiness, exemplified by giddy swing of "My Town" and "The Velvsky 2-Step." What the Wooden Birds, which include Tony Maimone and the brilliant Allen Ravenstine of Pere Ubu and Chris Cutler of the Art Bears, may lack in straight-ahead rock sense, they make up for in their ability to breathe new life into what could easily have degenerated into boring art rock. Blame the Messenger is like a pleasant, cryptic dream.

— Mark Miester

Ted Hawkins  
*HAPPY HOUR*  
Rounder Records 2033

This is the first time I've ever reviewed an album, but when I heard this one for the fiftieth time, I decided I had to let people know about it. The Meatmen started in the late Seventies with Tesco Vee and his unmistakably offensive rude voice singing about how crippled French people in guys are. With Tesco on the album, they attack the opening act, Ted Hawkins. His voice was number 4 in the British charts, yet all these Londoners were talking about a folk blues singer from Biloxi, Mississippi, Hawkins' performance was incredible. He played several nights in a row, and his voice was worn out, but still powerful. The strain in his voice, just added impact to his highly emotional, deeply personal songs. I bought his first record, Watch Your Step, the next day. I was not disappointed.

Happy Hour, Hawkins' new effort, is an excellent follow-up that continues to provide interesting country soul and folk blues songs sung by an old pro who is beginning to get the recognition he deserves. Check it out.

— Kathy Harr

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Story by James Lien
Photos by Kathryn Anderson

On the Road
ash Rip Rock are burning up the road this time.
This time there are no cancelled shows, no van breakdowns, no rooms without electricity.
There are no wrong turns this time, no missed exits.
They used to be on the bottom of the flyers, but this time they are often the headlining act. They are using the extra thirty or forty dollars they are making nightly to get hotel rooms, rather than sleeping on the cold hard floors of strangers. They all take turns jamming quarters into the Vibrating Fingers Gentle Massage Bed. The hotel has remote control on the TV. Fights over who gets the last bottle of Point beer are far and few between.

Dash Rip Rock, the Louisiana-bred, New Orleans-based trio, have packed their bags and taken their blend of country-rock 'n' roll, and rockabilly all over America. After several regional and national tours in the last three years, they have built up a reputation as one of New Orleans' hottest musical exports. This tour is their most comprehensive and gruelling schedule to date; thirty-five shows in less than sixty days, often playing two and three sets a night. Many of the shows are opening slots for established national bands like The Pontiac Brothers, The Mekons, and the Raunch Hands; but on this tour almost an equal number of dates have Dash as the headlining act.

Success is slowly snowballing for Fred LeBlanc, Bill Davis and Hoaky Hickel; with this tour there seems to be a buzz around their name everywhere they go. According to Cathy Hendrix, promotions manager for Atlanta-based 688 Record label, advance orders for the band's debut album are twice what the label had anticipated. The band's booking agent and manager, Kelly Keller, has repeatedly had club owners wishing to put Dash in a headline slot, enthusiastically on the strength of their recent tours in the last three years, they have built up a reputation as one of New Orleans' hottest musical exports. This tour is their most comprehensive and gruelling schedule to date; thirty-five shows in less than sixty days, often playing two and three sets a night. Many of the shows are opening slots for established national bands like The Pontiac Brothers, The Mekons, and the Raunch Hands; but on this tour almost an equal number of dates have Dash as the headlining act.

The band is being hard on Fred LeBlanc. In truth, in addition to playing drums, LeBlanc sings as well and writes many of the group's best songs. He also plays guitar and bass, and records demos at home in his living room. At the end of one show, he and Davis decided to swap instruments, with LeBlanc banging out "Sweet Jane" and a few Beatles covers, taking the spotlight while Davis (who had never played more surf songs, yelled more insults, and we would play it, but we decided this was all too ridiculous, so we started playing surf instruments... After every song we'd yell insults at the crowd, like 'What's wrong with you? Why don't you dance, don't you know good surf music when you hear it? The lobstermen would just glare at us with their arms folded. They would request things like Lynyrd Skynyrd and stuff, and we would play it, but we wanted to sound good because we didn't know any of them. We would play the instruments to 'Free Bird' or 'Gimme Three Steps' and they seemed to get a little more into it. They clapped. Then we played more surf songs, yelled more insults, and we got to 'Wipe Out' and Fred goes berserk and starts running up on top of the tables, and drags his drum out into the middle of all these lobstermen and starts beating on it, right in the faces, and then Bah the Bartender comes up and grabs the drum away from him. Then Hoaky goes and does this stomach flop off the stage on top of this table and breaks the table, and then Bah the bartender just goes apeshit and grabs Hoaky's bass and unplugs it and starts waving the pipes so they hang down to where we could sing if we cricked our heads back enough.

"We started playing and our roadie Glenn started taking the door. He would ask these people for money, and they would look him in the face and say, 'No.' There was no way he could kick them out because they were these big burly lobstermen—remember, this was Portland, Maine. A lot of them talked really funny and wore baseball caps and these white rubber boots. Some of them looked like old sea captains. They were all absolutely huge. So we're sitting there, and we can't get any money out of these people, they want to see us play but they won't pay, so we started playing a couple of songs and crazing our necks back to sing to the dangling mikes. They'd just sit there and they wouldn't clap. They just sat there. So then Fred did his 'tribute to Def Leppard,' where he sticks his arm inside his shirt, 'cause the guy in Def Leppard only has one arm, and we started doing that, and the people out at this table have their arms folded like, 'That is not funny at all.'

"Finally, we decided this was all too ridiculous, so we started playing surf instruments... After every song we'd yell insults at the crowd, like 'What's wrong with you? Why don't you dance, don't you know good surf music when you hear it? The lobstermen would just glare at us with their arms folded. They would request things like Lynyrd Skynyrd and stuff, and we would play it, but we wanted to sound good because we didn't know any of them. We would play the instruments to 'Free Bird' or 'Gimme Three Steps' and they seemed to get a little more into it. They clapped. Then we played more surf songs, yelled more insults, and we got to 'Wipe Out' and Fred goes berserk and starts running up on top of the tables, and drags his drum out into the middle of all these lobstermen and starts beating on it, right in the faces, and then Bah the Bartender comes up and grabs the drum away from him. Then Hoaky goes and does this stomach flop off the stage on top of this table and breaks the table, and then Bah the bartender just goes apeshit and grabs Hoaky's bass and unplugs it and starts waving his arms on the stage like, 'It's over with! It's over with!' Finally, Glenn goes and passes Hoaky's spare hat around and somehow gave us like five or six dollars, so he gives it to Bah and Bah the bartender gives us a few beers. In spite of everything.

'Bah was kind of getting a kick out of it because he was a total weirdo. Later he comes up to us and says, 'If you can get your equipment out of here in fifteen minutes, I'll give you guys two six packs of..."
beer.' So there we were, throwing all our gear together like crazy, and as these people, these lobstermen, were walking out, we would say, 'Excuse me, could you grab that drum for me?' And they would do it, these lobstermen would take our equipment out to the van.

"We handed ass out of there and drove all the way back to Boston that night with our beer. Portland was the farthest north we'd ever been, and it was also the farthest out."

5/16 Darf, Boston, Massachusetts

Last Saturday night we had this spaghetti dinner in this apartment in Boston called the War Zone. It was on the fifth floor of this office building, kind of like a studio apartment, but it still looked like an office, all the bedrooms were like offices. A lot of bands stay at the War Zone. It used to belong to the Flies. They had two hotplates, one for the spaghetti and one for the sauce. It was nice. At Darf, we opened for this band the Boogaloo Swains, who played Cajun music on electric instruments. They were real snug and wouldn't speak to us, and then they'd get up there and play songs with words like 'Jambalaya, crawfish pie,' and you can't even get crawfish in Boston. It's amazing. People used to be cold. You roll into town and everybody's like 'Okay, you guys are from New Orleans, huh, well that doesn't mean anything to me.' But now, it has changed a lot. Now it's like, 'Oh, you're from New Orleans? Ever been to that Jazz Festival? Come here, let me show you the gumbo I made.'

5/14 Pauly's Hotel, Albany, New York

"We've been getting hotels a lot," Davis comments on the tour thus far. "We have good friends in the expensive places like Boston and New York where we always stay, but in the smaller places we usually wind up getting a cheap room in a Motel Six or something. We always tell them that there's only one of us so it's really cheap.

"The first couple of tours we wouldn't be able to afford it, so we would have to do things like beg the audience in between songs for a place to stay, or we'd strike up a conversation with somebody, and then a few minutes into it, Hosky would interject, 'So we're staying at your place then, right?' Also a lot of the time there's a relationship between bands where, if I'm familiar with them, or if we have a mutual friend, I'll let them stay at my place when they come to New Orleans, and you get to know them so that when you're going through their town, they'll put you up. There's definitely a network of buddies which we still take advantage of, but now, if it's a place that has like ten cats and it smells like piss twenty-four hours a day, we kind of avoid them... we used to have to stay with those guys, and their dogs that chew on your socks and all that, but now we say, 'Look, we've got an extra twenty bucks, and I really need a bed tonight. And we've got the money, so why not splurge?'" Behind him the gears start churning as LeBlanc revs up the massaging bed.

5/21 The Pyramid, New York City, New York

"We played with this band Dan Frauleins, which is an all-girl polka group starring Wendy Wild, who hangs out in the very trendy New York Fleshtones crowd. We pulled in and helped them unload all their equipment. They were nice girls, but they were weird. They didn't know what to think of us at first, and we stayed down in the basement and hung out in the very fashionable, tragically hip Pyramid Club. We got two encores there. It was a place that has like ten cats and it smells like piss, and I really need a bed."

5/19 3x10 Club, Baltimore, Maryland

Davis sounds hoarse as he stretches out on the bed in Quality Inn room 142. "We pulled into Baltimore, and the guy at the club says, 'Oh, the other bands can't make it, so you'll have to do two sets.' So we said, 'Well, what kind of money can you give us?' And he said, 'Oh, I don't know.' But he went out and bought us this expensive dinner, so that was kind of the payment for the second set. We've started doing more tributes, like 'Stairway To Freebird' as Kind of a 'Tribute to the Seventies' and Fred's Tribute to Def Leppard.' Well, now, since the Georgia Satellites are playing in Japan right now, we started with 'We're Gonna Kick Your Ass To Tokyo,' and were doing our best in Japanese. Some guy videotaped it, too, in Richmond, Virginia. And now we do a polka version of the Beastie Boys' 'You Gotta Fight,' because polka is supposedly a big thing right now like 'New York in New York with bands like Polkaicide and Brave Combo and all that. You know, 'You've gotta fight for your right to polka.' And we bought a tape of the Ozzy Osbourne/Randy Rhoades Tribute album. We've been banging our heads ever since.

"We've been doing 'Iron Man' as sort of a Tribute to Ozzy Osbourne's Tribute to Randy Rhoades. We got bored and tried these things during sound checks or if we're doing a show with five people in the crowd. If you're going to play for more than an hour, you're going to have to play some covers, so why not have fun with it? They get a different reaction everywhere we go."

5/25 The Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio

On Memorial Day, Dash were gigging in Cincinnati. "We had some Duran Duran band open for us," LeBlanc says. "They were trying to be artsy or something. I'm not normally adverse to other drummers, but this guy was wearing lipstick and tons of makeup and rouge and everything. They were really loud.

"The guy who owned the club booked the show. There were two other bands opening for us, and they were all terrible and played way longer than they should have. So we go to the audience in between songs for a place to stay, or we get to play all of about twenty minutes. Those were twenty-fifteen minutes, I tell you, 'cause we were pissed... But we got some free beer out of it."

5/27 Trigo's, Champaign, Illinois

"We stayed a few days with our roadie's mom back in Dayton. Dayton is one of those Steven Spielberg towns... It was quiet and the sky was blue all the time. One day she cooked us sausage and hamburgers; it was fantastic. We were not wanting, those two days in Dayton."

5/28 O'keeys Cornal, Madison, Wisconsin

"Up here," Davis explains, "they have different kind of local music around. It's all over the place. We were trying to be artsy or something, we made a twenty-fiery minutes, I tell you, 'cause we were pissed... But we got some free beer out of it."

5/29 Lefty's, Green Bay, Wisconsin

Over the friendly wires, Davis reports. "We've been playing a lot with the Pontiac Brothers, and tonight's our last night with them. It's like KISS and WASP on the road together, when their last gig was in New Orleans, and KISS threw a bunch of dead chickens on the stage when WASP was playing, and WASP threw a bunch of KISS songs. So now we're trying to learn a lot of Pontiac Brothers' songs. We did the same thing to the Flies last year. When you play with another band a lot, it can get wild when it's time to leave..." Hickel agrees that although Dash are pretty easy going guys, they can get a little crazy and rowdy. After the Green Bay show, he asks, 'Did Bill tell you he smashed his favorite Telecaster at the end of the show last night? He just got curried away and threw it on the ground and picked up a mike stand and started beating the top of
5/30 Seventh Street Entry, Minneapolis, Minnesota

"Tonight we double parked by the club and unloaded most of the equipment, and then I pulled around the corner to park it, locked it up, and went back to the club." The Seventh Street Entry is where Prince filmed Purple Rain; as Hickel relates the story, LeBlanc can be heard muttering dialogue from the film in the background. "Then," Hoaky continues, "about twenty minutes later I went back out and there wasn't anything in the space we had had been. I went to find Fred and Bill to see if maybe they had moved it but they hadn't. They came out with me to look, saying 'Are you sure this is where you parked it?' I told them I was positive, so we started looking around and running white and running around going 'Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.' Finally I calmed down and got on the phone and called the Minneapolis Tow Department, and as it turns out, when I called they had just pulled it into the lot. We had to pay forty-five dollars and two other tickets to get our dear van back.

"Did we tell you we saw Molly Ringwald walking down the street that afternoon? She had green hair. We invited her to the show, out in front of the club. I didn't see her, but Fred and Bill and Glenn did. They invited her to the show, green hair and all. Put her name at the door on the guest list and everything, but she never showed up."

6/2 The Drumstick, Lincoln, Nebraska

"It's good to be heading south again," Fred says, "the people are getting more laid back. The people on the East Coast seem real tight, but the further west we go the people seem to be a little nicer. It's really interesting though, the similarities between the South and the North. In Minnesota there are all these lakes, all this standing water, that kind of reminds you of Louisiana. It's real flat.

"Green Bay was kind of a salty town," Bill continues, "it's right on the Bay, it's got seagulls and all. It reminds me of Galveston or something, but Nebraska is nothing but cornfields as far as you can see.

"We've got a TV inside the van, now," Hickel breaks in. "We had a power adapter left over from our old van. The Beast, so it's at a pawn shop in Wilmington, South Carolina, we bought a little bit of twenty-four dollar TV and an antenna, so now we can watch when one station disappears and when another one comes up. Driving into New York City we got stuck in this horrible traffic jam for three hours and we sat there and watched Hour Magazine and Oprah Winfrey and stuff. Our muffler's falling off right now. It started to go last night, so now we sound like an Indianapolis racecar. Hickel pauses to argue with Davis over who had the keys to the van last. It turns out that Glenn their roadie has them. "Oh yeah," he continues. "We bought one of those blue air freshener trees for the rear view mirror of the van."

6/3 Stilbas', Cedar Falls, Iowa

This is the first tour out for Dash RIp Rock's new roadie, Glenn Y.J.B. "He's been pretty good so far," he says. "It'd never been out on the road before with a band, but I sort of knew what it was like. I used to see Dash at the Chimes a lot in Baton Rouge, and I eventually got to know Hoaky. About a week before the tour, they just called me up and asked to replace the guitar and the spot where his plane might have crashed. There wasn't any marker or anything, but it was pretty moving.

"We had last night off, so we stayed here at this campground in Clear Lake, Iowa. It's pretty and isolated, and there's some beautiful trees and a lot of nice trails. Right now I'm at a pay phone on the edge of this lake. It really is. It sure beats Motel Six. We think we're gonna go fishing later on. We've got the rods in the van. We always bring them along.

There's this place where you can rent boats cheap, so we might get one and go and sunburned.

"Occasionally when we came out we get in these weird moods. We sit around the fire and talk about stuff you talk about at campfires; we start telling scary stories, talk about girls, and then by the time we get really drunk we get really spooky and start thinking about God... we get real metaphysical on the road sometimes."

6/4 Somewhere between Cedar Falls, Iowa and Lexington, Kentucky

"I'm looking forward to being in Lexington," Davis muses. "Lexington is always a weird place to play. That and Enoch's in Monroe. Something strange always happens at Enoch's."

6/5 The Bottom Line, Lexington, Kentucky

Dash Rip Rock seem to be fading fast. Every night is a weird show, and an even weirder place to stay. Hoaky explains. "We were supposed to stay with this guy and his girlfriend in an apartement above a whorehouse in Iowa City, but they got in a big fight so we didn't have a place to stay. We were supposed to stay next door to a whorehouse here in Lexington. But this whorehouse wasn't an ordinary whorehouse, it was a transvestite whorehouse, and they were all men... We stayed there before, and they were all standing out on the corner when we came back from the gig. I think this time we'll get a hotel."

6/6 The Blue Note, Columbia Missouri

When I last talked to Dash Rip Rock, their voices are so tinny and inaudible on the other end of the line that the tapes of the conversation are virtually useless. Though geographically they are now closer than they were before, emotionally and physically they are ever more distant from the land of people who get a full night's sleep in the same bed every night, and take the streetcar to work in the same building every morning. Now Davis is asking all the questions. "How's everybody? What's the weather like? What good bands have been in town lately? What's the special at Franky and Johnny's? God, I miss New Orleans. Oh well, do me a favor, drink a Dixie for me."
**JULY**

**CONCERTS**

Saturday 4
Joe King Carrasco. This energetic Tex-mex performer attacks his tunes at Tipitina's, 500 Napoleon, at 10 p.m.

Punks Party on the Fourth, at the VFW Hall, 3113 Franklin. Hop in the back of someone's pickup and rush to see Frightwig, an all female group. Life Sentence and Blatant Frustration. The show begins at 9 p.m. and all ages are invited. Last time Frightwig played in New Orleans they reportedly had male audience members strip. Check it out, bring your cameras.

Sunday 5
Free Concert In City Park. The Miller Sound Express show features Midnight Stroll, who will play on the Marconi Meadow. The music starts at 1 p.m. and continues until 6 p.m.

Friday 10
Doctor Hook performs at Storyville, 1004 Decatur, at 10:30 p.m.

Tylor's Repea dense night. The James Rivers Movement will play at the uptown club, 5534 Magazine, from 10 p.m.

Saturday 11
The LeRei Brothers, a roots-oriented rock band from Austin, plays at Jimmy's, 6200 Willow, with Johnny J. and the Hitman opening. Show starts around 10 p.m.

Summer Sizzle Concert. Today and tomorrow, New Orleans rhythm and blues performers play on Spanish Pk from 7 to 9:30 p.m.

Friday 17
Connie Mack appears at Jimmy's Music Club, 6200 Willow, around 10 p.m.

Saturday 18
Dawn Rip Rock return!!! The local band is honored from a national tour to celebrate the release of their album with friends and fans at Jimmy's tonight. See the story in this issue.

Summer Sizzle Concerts. Brass Band Bash on Spanish Pk today and Sunday, Call 522-1555 for details.

Thursday 22
Lights of the New World hold mass at Jimmy's, 10 p.m.

Saturday 25
The Cure, a bizarre British pop rock band perform songs from their new album along with underground hits like "Let's Go To Bed" and "Why Can't I Be You?" Get your tickets from TicketMester.

Monday 26
Poetry Reading. Bill Roberts reads fiction at 3 p.m., 8316 Oak Street.

Wednesday 29
Central American Conference. An economic summit featuring leaders from Nicaragua, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras and El Salvador. To learn about economic opportunities in the area, call 685-5714.

**RANDOM DIVERSIONS**

Independence Day Celebrations
Louis Armstrong Birthday Celebration. Continuous music, dancing, contests and fun, all free, at Armstrong Park downtown.

Powerboat Race. Budweiser's Thunder on the River Race from New Orleans to Baton Rouge and back starts in the French Quarter at 1 p.m.

Louisiana Nature and Science Center. Old and new combine for fun today. Activities include a sack race, a frog jumping contest and a costume competition. You can also check out the center's planetarium, the SPCA's paws on wheels and a model rockets demonstration. Call 246-5652 for details to the center's Lake Forest Location.

Fireworks and Laser Show. At 10 p.m., the show begins. The Moon Walk at the Jax Brewery on the Mississippi is the best spot for viewing.

Sunday 5
Poetry Reading. The Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak Street, hosts Panal Johnson, who will read fiction at 3 p.m.

Wednesday 8
Wine Tasting. Flagon's Wine Bar and Magazine allows patrons to sample from a private library. Phone 926-6741 for reservations.

Thursday 9
Pe Boys, Chefs and All That Jazz. The Sheraton Hotel, 500 Canal, is the location of this free competition. Area chefs try to create the most outstanding Po-boy. At lunchtime. Phone 225-4143.

Coffee Tasting. Sample P.J.'s coffee and desserts from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. For reservations call 868-5983.

Saturday 11
Indians Artifacts. Learn about the life of Louisiana Indians and view various artifacts. This talk by George and Marian DeLaune begins at 1 p.m. at the Nature and Science Center, 11000 Lake Forest Blvd.

Sunday 12
Poetry Reading. 3 p.m. at the Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak Street.

Saturday 18
Camera Orientation Workshop. Learn to be comfortable with a 3-5 tube camera, courtesy of the New Orleans Video Access Center. This workshop on operation of KY-2000 video cameras, the field monitor and accessories begins at 9:30 a.m. at 2010 Magazine. By fee. Call 524-8625.

Sunday 19
Poetry Reading. Julie Kane holds an auto-graph party to sign copies of "Body and Soul", a book of poems. At the Maple Leaf Bar, 3 p.m.

Monday 20
Advanced Video Editing. NOVAC holds 6-session workshop beginning today at 6:30. Jon Sanford of WWL-TV will teach technical and aesthetic skills. The sessions will include hands-on experience in producing dramatic action sequences and M-TV style promos. By fee. Call 524-8626.

Sunday 26
Poetry Reading. Bill Roberts reads fiction at 3 p.m., 8316 Oak Street.

Wednesday 29
Central American Conference. An economic summit featuring leaders from Nicaragua, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras and El Salvador. To learn about economic opportunities in the area, call 685-5714.

**FESTIVALS**

July Fourth Weekend
Church Point Buggy Festival. Take I-10 West from New Orleans to the Baybee Church Point exit, turn right and continue until you reach downtown Church Point. The festival is to be held in front of the Catholic church. There will be a parade consisting of floats and music. The festival will feature food and live music and end with a fireworks display at 9:30 p.m. For more information go to the baybee church website.

Festival International de Louisiane. Lafayette will host this celebration of French culture Thursday 2 through Sunday 5. Ethnic pop and classical music will be performed by groups from French-speaking countries. There will also be food and a visual arts show. For a specific schedule of events contact the festival at 337-237-8086.

Jax Brewery Cajun Fest. Cajun music, cooking demonstrations and storytelling at the Brewery in the French Quarter, Saturday.
Friday 10
Cajun Fais Do Do. Café Anglais, 221 Royal, offers Cajun food and music in the evening. Call 529-2803.

Saturday 11
Catfish Festival. St. Germaine’s Church in Des Allemandes is the site of this celebration. Allen Fontenot, Cypress, the Bells Aires and the Nifty Fifties play throughout. Take Highway 90 from New Orleans. Call 1-756-7542.

Sunday 12
Bastille Day Waiters Race. In front of the St. Louis Cathedral, 2 p.m. Later that day in Jackson Square samples of various restaurants’ specialties will be offered. Free entertainment and cookies. For information call 525-4143.

Friday 17, Sunday 19
Habitat/Mini Jazz Festival. The Habitat for Humanity established this benefit festival to be held at the St. Tammany Parish Fairgrounds in Covington. Music will include Errie K. Doss, the Olympia Brass Band, Rain, Smooth Force, Ron Myers Group, the Bayou Renegades and several gospel groups. There will also be plethoria of Louisiana crafts on hand. Call 892-2388.

Friday 18 through Sunday 19
Oyster Festival. Galliano, Louisiana, will host this party. Music includes Pat Fossil, Friday at 5 p.m., followed by Southern Pride, Saturday. The Rice Band plays at 4, followed by the Nifty Fifties who play from 8 p.m. to midnight. Sunday, Vin Bruce takes the stage at noon, followed by Mike Collins at 4 and Seaboard at 8. Call 632-2224.

Saturday 25
St. Charles Parish Fest. The residents of the Norco/Destrehan area get together to party. You're invited! Call 764-7766.

Friday 31
Tanjignapha Parish Black Festival. Rejoice in one of the heritages that made this area the special place it is. Call 354-9134.

LIVE MUSIC

DOWNTOWN

Artist Café, 608 Iberville, Saturdays, 10 p.m. till: Blues Kraze. Blues music as only New Orleans can provide.
Bayard’s Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-9200. Jazz Unlimited every night, from 8.
Bayou Jean Lafitte Riverboat, 586-6777. Boarding for the two hour cruise daily at 5:30. Hear Poppa Don’s New Orleans Jazz Band as you tour the Mississippi.
Blue Room, in the Fairmont, 529-7111. Through Sun 12: Emery Thompson and the Jazz Preservationists, Tues. 14 through August: Pascalle Adams on a Downbeat Jazz Band/ Battle Top, Atoh the Jackson Brewery, Decatur St. Saturdays and Sundays, 3 to 7; Gracey T Jazz Band, Fridays; Jack Rebenders play Rhythm and Blues 4 to 7 p.m.
Brew House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 325-9643. Louisiana Lightning, oldies and hits.

CaDe De La Ville, 95 French Market Place, 524-8100. Sun. 4 to 8 p.m.: Dino Kraze, a rock and soul band.
Cafe Patache, 200 Magazine, 522-2333. Fri., Sat., 4 to 8; Willie Tee.
Cafe Stix, 1011 Decatur. Sunday Brunch, noon to 3; Lil’ Dee Dee and Arma Miller; Allo: pianists nightly from 8:30 to 11:00. Mon. and Wed., features Arma Miller, Tues., Sun. Cynthia Chen. Thurs.-Sat.: Fred McDowell.
Cajun Crawfish House, 501 Bourbon, 525-4525. Sun., through Thurs. From 8 p.m. Sat. and Sun. from 11 p.m. Laissez-terre Cajun Band. Wed. from 8 p.m. Fri. and Saturday. 6 to 11 p.m. The Boogie Boys.
Charlie’s Meditation, 1500 Esplanade. You can catch some great New Orleans blues here late nights.
Clairon Hotel, 1500 Canal, 522-4500. Piano music in the evenings.
Club No No, 310 Erato. Located under the new bridge, this New York style club features dancing, local talent and special activities. Check it out! To investigate further, call 561-6090.
Casino’s, 1201 Burgundy, 861-8110. Fridays: A.J. Lanza plays from 7 p.m. to close.
Creole Queen, Poydras Street, 524-8014. Cruises nightly from 8 to 10 p.m., with Andrew Hall’s Society Jazz Band.
Crystal Discs, 801 N. Claiborne. Thurs.: Bobby Marchan and the Big Throwdown Contest. Sun.: Bobby Marchan and Higher Ground. Also: A Gong Show, 11 a.m. Thurs., “All Town Invited.”
Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Every night save Sundays, Sam Adams at 9 p.m.
Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7266. Wednesday’s the Famous Door Five occupies the premises until 4 a.m.
Feelings, 2600 Magazine, 945-2222. Piano Fri. and Sat. at 7:30. Harry Mayronne and Cynthia Chien are common players.
344 Club, 544 Bourbon, 525-8611. Live music most nights at 10 p.m. and in the late afternoons on weekends.
Ferdin House, 824 Bourbon. Brazilian music nightly from 7 to 11 p.m.
Fete Fournal’s, in the Hilton Hotel, Canal Street, 523-4734. Pete Fountain and his band nightly at 10; one show only, reservations.
Fleuressa’s, 733 Bourbon, 525-6432. Fridays and Saturdays, Mesopotamia Jazz Band play in the evenings.
Le Gazebo, in the Hotel Merciedon, 614 Canal, 526-6000. The Drolee Rice Jazz Trio, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Sundays.
Lafitte’s, 1018 Decatur, 522-0892. Piotor Sisters every other week, alternating with Chris Burke’s New Orleans Jazz Thurs. through Sund. at 12. John Maginn plays ragtime piano before shows, as does Nora Wood, Combust. Phone the Gazebo, they’ll tell you what’s up.
Miller Hotel, Canal St. at the River. In Le Cafe Bremé: the Hilton Opera Singers. Sundays from 7 to 9 p.m. at 8 p.m. Adam’s Jazz Band, Sundays at 9 p.m. in the afternoon. In Kabby’s: Eddie Bayard and his N.O. Classic Jazz Orchestra. Friday and Satur-

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The Mint, 500 Esplanade at Decatur. Harry Mayr, piano on the piano room at 8 p.m.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon Street. Tuesdays: Eddie Boudreaux and the Bourbon Street Five. Wed.: Armond Kaye plays jazz. Also, Tuesdays through Sat.: Wallis Evergreen plays from 10 to 12. He also plays Sundays 3 to 5 p.m.

Maison Bourbon, 641 Bourbon, 522-5918. Tuesdays: Eddie Boudreaux and the Bourbon Street Five. Wed.: Armond Kaye plays jazz. Also, Tuesdays through Sat.: Wallis Evergreen plays from 10 to 12. He also plays Sundays 3 to 5 p.m.

The Mint, 500 Esplanade at Decatur. Harry Mayr, piano on the piano room at 8 p.m.

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bar often features free live music. Cyril Neville's Uptown Allstars play here often. Pass by and enquire. Located near Pyramus, where Lycass splits.


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-子: 1 fl. east of Causeway in Metairie

July 27

File

July 27

File

JULY • Wavelength 27
name rock acts. Please call for their July schedule.

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 5423 Magazine, 891-1002. All month: 19th and 20th Century photography is displayed in the main area while contemporary photography is displayed in the rear.


Academy Gallery, 5236 Magazine, 899-8111. All month: Group show featuring Shirley Lancaster, Anna Paik, Stella Fawell, Nini Bodenheimer, Dianne Primin and Joyce Hogan.


Bergen Gallery, 703 Royal. All month: displays by gallery artists, including works by Erle Impevia and Robin Morse.


Can Bras, 2108 Cheval, 947-0396. Through Wed. 8: new works by Eduardo Mejia.

Carol Robinson Gallery, 4537 Magazine, 895-6159.

Davis Gallery, 3684 Magazine, 897-0780. Monday through Saturday 10 to 5. All month: Cameroon postage stamps. Also, gallery artists.

Duplanthier Gallery, 810 Baronne, 504-1071. Summer hours are by appointment only. Gallery artists include Robert Reeder, Chris Bunchowder, Greg Gómez, Tom Landoua, Tom Secrest, Isadell Edmonds and John S. Greenberg. Nancy Harris, Francis Pavy and Marilyn White.


Framing Market Gallery, 506 St. Philip, 524-1908.


Gamma Art Group, 831 St. Peter. Gallery artists display this summer include Howard Finster, David Butler, Clementine Hunter, St. Gertrude Morgan, Walter Anderson and Pauley Kitchens.

Jackson's Place, 1212 Royal. Saturday and Sunday 11 and Saturday 17. Black River Arts Show from noon to 7 p.m. Leather, makeup and body decorations by Jocelyn Burrill, Debra Cobb and other local talent will be displayed. Refreshments will be served all day.

Lafloux Galleries, 520 Pelican Avenue, Algiers Point, 365-7255. Artworks on display this summer include Tony Green, Mary Lee Eggart, Dennis Pomrin, Mango Manning, Vic Heist, Kelle Myers and Charles Piatark.

LSU Union Art Gallery, LSU Campus, Baton Rouge, 364-5117.

Louisiana State Museums: The Cabildo, Jackson Square. Louisiana History through art and artifacts. The Presbytère, Jackson Square. Open Wed. through Sun. Starring Louisiana: A romance of the real and the real. This exhibit of more than 700 interesting remnants of Louisiana art and history includes art photographs, photos, props and props. The Old U.S. Mint, 400 Esplanade. Exhibitions on Canebrake jazz and the history of black workers show each weekend.

Luxelies, 601 Chartres. All month: food-related art.


Phyllis Parz Studio, 2109 Decatur. All month: black and white and color photography together in an exhibition titled "Life FORCE, in My Native City." By Parz, New Orleans. Married Art, City Park, 456-2525. The museum is free to the public on Thursdays. Summer exhibition includes mixed media by Martha and Emerick. Weather's recent collage, Summer art classes begin Monday 6, and NDMA will also feature children's stories each Thursday morning. Sunday 19 NDMA celebrates Daghan Day with special films on impressionism and a sidewalk contest on Bayou St. John at 10:30. Spontoon and jamballs will be served.

Possel-Baker Gallery, 822 St. Peter, 524-7252. Group show including works by Malika Faustee, Arod Kroungold, Lencore Fried, Jim

Sehr and Larry Zine.

RPM Gallery, 2109 Decatur #8, 849-2488. By appointment only.

Shadows Gallery, 1038 Canal, 561-6660. Call for details about hours and shows.

Sill-Zisselis, 630 Baronne, 525-8483.

Title-Foley, 411 Magazine, 897-5200. Artists on display this summer include Lynda Benglis, Marlin Delbla, Vincent Forrest, Linda Uda Goudie, Cheryl & Susan, Molly Manson, Gail Nathan, Gary Pandor, Randall Schwartz, Robert Schwartz, Kevin Sommer and Margaret Weber.

Casey Willems Pottery, 3919 Magazine, 899-1174. All month: pottery by Mr. Willems.

CINEMA


COMEDY

The Mint, Decatur at Esplanade, 526-2800. Tues. and Sat. Ricky Graham and Harry Mayonne perform at 9:30. Graham and Mayonne also do their acts Sundays at midnight.


THEATRE


Kenner Community Theatre, Riverfront at 4th and Minor, 468-2763. Weekends only. From Thursday 17: South Pacific shows at this dinner theatre with evening performances and Sunday matinees.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peters, 522-9558. Wed. & through Sun. 13: The Wiz, with shows at 8 p.m. Saturday and Sunday matinees at 2 p.m.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert Street, Gretna, 362-4800. Every Thursday through Sun. until August 9: Little Shop of Horrors. Performances nightly at 8:30, Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.


Dinner! DAILY (except Sunday) 5-10 pm

Dining on Canal Street is the trend all over town. Whether you're looking for a great meal or just a place to relax and drink in the New Orleans atmosphere, Canal Street has it all. And it's all within walking distance of the French Quarter.

Dinner at a place like Cafe Orleans or LeMieux would be a great choice for a romantic dinner. Both offer delicious food and a cozy atmosphere.

But if you're looking for something more casual, try The Mint or Marie Laveau's Restaurant. Both offer good food and a fun atmosphere.

And of course, there's always New Orleans' famous French Quarter. Whether you're looking for a great night out or just a place to relax and drink in the New Orleans atmosphere, the French Quarter has it all.
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Louisiana Connection

ALVIN "RED" TYLER Graciously
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The latest release in Rounder's esteemed Modern
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sitions and two standards from one of the city's
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This ever-popular Louisiana group makes its
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talented young musicians on the Cajun scene today.
His debut album features both originals and tradi­
tional songs, played with fire by Bruce and his hot
band.

IN STORE APPEARANCE
5500 Magazine St.
JULY 24th, 7-8 p.m.

SOUND WAREHOUSE

30 Wavelength • JULY
**THE RADIATORS** appearing  
Friday 24th and Saturday 25th

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Happy hour 2pm-8pm. 50¢ drafts, $1 longs, $1.50 hiballs
Tip's is available for private parties
Happy hour every Friday
Free Crawfish — $1.00 Dixie Beer
For Bookings 891-8477 • Business 895-8477 • Concert Line 897-3943
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