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Conference On How To Research Black Music To Be Held Here

Historical research can be an exciting business. It’s a slow and often laborious process, but anyone who has spent time studying source material knows the thrill of discovery as a picture starts to form amidst a plethora of documents. Sometimes the picture is rather blurry, and not exactly what you expected, and this is where the real problem begins because it’s the interpretation of the-blur, which separate the historian from the writer of mere “potted” histories. The National Conference On Black Music Research, which meets at the New Orleans Sheraton Hotel October 15-17, probably won’t of itself make his or her historicist — but it will offer valuable knowledge of some of the nuts and bolts of research into Afro-American music.

This will be the second conference organized by the Center For Black Music Research of Columbia College, Chicago. (They held their first two years ago in Washington, D.C.) This year’s meeting will describe methods and tools of researching black music in the New Orleans area including black religious music, jazz (both in New Orleans and during the Chicago migratory period), zydeco, Creole and Cajun music, rhythm and blues and late Nineteenth Century black concert music. The final presentation will be particularly intriguing for researchers: a new computerized data bank of black music which draws material from six Chicago-area institutions, and which one day is likely to become a national repository.

Of added musical interest, and running concurrently with this conference, will be meetings of the College Music Society and the American Musicological Society. Numerous concerts are scheduled, plus discussions on Louisiana’s musical culture.

A lot of this may seem academic to the casual music listener. However, if Afro-American music is ever to be fully recognized as the great and pervasive force that it is, detailed documentation needs to be done. Biography, history and critical analysts are needed on the level so long enjoyed by European music. The National Conference On Black Music Research promises help to those of us who aspire to record this black contribution. It will advise us on the use of the many source materials. After that we are on our own.

—Andy Ridley

Schedule of Papers

The following is the schedule of papers to be delivered at the National Conference On Black Music Research and subsequently published in Black Music Research Journal.

Thursday, October 15
1-5 p.m., Registration, Exhibits, Demonstrations
5-7 p.m., Reception
Friday, October 16
9 a.m., Session 1. Researching Black Religious Music in New Orleans
10:30 a.m., Session 2. Researching Jazz in New Orleans
2 p.m., Session 3. Researching New Orleans-Chicago Connections
3:30 p.m., Session 4. Researching Late Nineteenth Century Black Concert Music in New Orleans
Saturday, October 17
9 a.m., Session 5. Researching Creole and Cajun Music
10:30 a.m., Session 6. Researching Zydeco Music
2 p.m., Session 7. Researching New Orleans Rhythm and Blues
3 p.m., Session 8. Using the CBMR Database and the CBMR Bulletin Board for Researching Black Music

Further information about the conference can be obtained from Dr. Barron at Tulane University’s Music Department, or by writing to Gail Scholler at Columbia College, Chicago, 600 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605, 312/653-1600.

Beausoleil: Music In Flux

The first question to raise about Beausoleil’s “Bayou Boogie” is one of purity vs. wider appeal — just how exactly can the group’s earnest Cajun/zydeco sound exist alongside its newfound rock element? Leader Michael Doucet was expecting that one.

“I consider myself a traditionalist who experiments,” Doucet said, “I will never, ever, come close to selling out. There’s too much schlock in our culture right now. Fifteen years ago, when I was very adamant about preserving the acoustic sound, all you heard was electric sounds. Now you hear mediocre acoustic sounds that are supposed to be traditional.

Actually Beausoleil’s use of electric guitars and keyboards has a precedent. Doucet was in Coteau, which during the period 1975-77 was termed “the Cajun Grateful Dead.” Doucet said it was really more of a melting pot of Louisiana styles, and the same goes for Beausoleil.

On some songs on the record, we don’t even play electric instruments,” he said. “But on other songs, it’s from that Coteau era. It has a different druffer. I think it showcases more the music of Louisiana and the different styles that have been nurtured here — swamp-pop, older traditional songs, traditional songs with a twist, and new songs written by Sonny Landreth and me.”

While Beausoleil simply reached into an early form of itself for some of its electric sounds, Doucet was quick to remind us of how the music of the Cajuns has come to employ what has become the “accepted” Cajun-music instrumentation.

“The music has always grown. You got to understand, when the Cajuns first played the accordion, it was a big shock. This music did not include the accordion until around 1900. It was an instrument totally out of our culture. It is now representative of our culture. In 1799, a traveling Spanish writer went to Opelousas where he heard a guy
To the Editor:

I just read Rick Coleman's "Reissues" section in your July issue in which he comments on, among other things, the Aladdin and Imperial doo wop albums that I helped put together for EMI-America. He made a couple of observations that I'd like to elaborate upon.

First, I am the one who wrote the liner notes for both albums, even though the coordinator — Steve Robinson, alias Steve Brigati — put his name on both of them along with mine. (See attached letter copy.) I take full blame for the gaffe about Dave Bartholomew's association with the Ellington band. I picked it up somewhere, but I'm assuming that Rick Coleman's knowledge of New Orleans R&B surpasses mine.

Second, when I turned in my acknowledgments, I included Lynn Abbott's name. After all, I did "plunder" his research. But again, Steve Robinson alias Brigati undermined me by removing several of the names I turned in and adding a couple of his own (including his brother, Tim Robinson, who had nothing to do with either project).

I was working on a third album (Thurston Harris) when I discovered that Robinson/Brigati had defrauded me and pocketed $300 of liner note money. I left the project at that point, and Robinson/Brigati remained despite my complaints to EMI-America management.

Recently, EMI-America merged with another company and all the people involved with the rhythm and blues repackaging were dropped — poetic justice, I suppose, although I'm sorry to see a worthwhile enterprise go down the toilet.

Just wanted to set the record straight.

Jim Dawson
Hollywood, California

To the Editor:

Through the present letter, I'd like to let you know of my interest about your wonderful magazine.

I lived in New Orleans for almost three years while attending Tulane and always made sure to grab a Wavelength copy every single month (I've got quite a good collection!!), however since I left N.O. in 1983 never had the chance to read it again.

Browsing through some back issues I found out you accepted foreign subscriptions, I felt really happy about it and now I only would like to confirm that regard and the current foreign subscription fees (I heard it was $20. U.S. foreign but that was back in 1983.) I'm very much fond of New Orleans' musical heritage and most of the South's to say the truth. I particularly love the blues and good R&B.

People like: Muddy Waters, Guitar Slim, Irma Thomas, Albert King, Earl King, Buddy Guy, etc. I mentioned all those Chicago blues scene guys like A. King and Waters because, to me, the blues is the South's own property, it's the birthplace, where it's really rooted and felt. Where the feeling and inspiration come from.

However, I must recognize Chicago and thank Chicago as the perfect showcase for an art form which was very much depicted by the recording down south.

I'd also like to ask you to give my best regards to Mason Ruffner (yeah, that white blue s dude from Fort Worth, TX) and maybe tell him to go and thank Chicago as the perfect showcase for an art form which was very much depicted by the recording down south.

Luis A. Barrero, Jr.
Merida
Yucatan, Mexico

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find a check for a first-class subscription to your magazine.

I'm a native New Aowlian forced to move to St. Louis because of my job. I find your magazine very helpful when planning my frequent visits back home.

Louis Manito, Jr.
KSDK-TV
St. Louis, Missouri
In Search of the Local Bijou

From the heart of deepest darkest CBD to the asphalt jungles of Metairie come the moviegoers.

BY JOHN DESPLAS

Unless you are fortunate enough to summer abroad, you may still find the best way to beat the heat in the Big Easy is at the local Bijou... except there is no more local Bijou, or for that matter, Roxy, Strand, Imperial, Escorial, or Rivoli. Instead, it's Cinema One thru Ten. (In L.A. there is now a Cinéplex Odeon 18.) But the main attractions remain: plenty of air-conditioning and escapist movie fare. In the spirit of a back-to-school essay, a riff on “How I Spent My Summer Vacation,” I've gathered some rich thoughts on both the suburban moviegoing experience (the new Galleria) and what remains of the downtown alternative (the Downtown Joy).

Sports fans who regularly attend events at the Superdome are psychologically more prepared for the task of negotiating admittance to Metairie's newest multiplex, the AMC Galleria 8. You don't just hop out of the car and dash to the box office to purchase a ticket for the feature that begins in thirty seconds. Indeed, for those who pride themselves on Making an Entrance as the house lights dim, the Galleria is a formidable challenge. If you're coming from Orleans Parish, there's an obstacle course that must be mastered before you gain admission to what in another time was a temple of the Muse and today is Screen One.

First there are the hairpin turns off the interstate and onto the service road. A wrong turn and you're at the Super Store. In the best of all possible worlds, Harry Lee would have crews painting green lines from the Causeway South exits to the parking entrance to the Galleria and red lines leading from the exits to the on-ramps at Bonnabel and Causeway. This is the kind of public works project that the Eighties call for.

Once you've entered Oz, new tasks...

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Summer School

Mercifully, John Hughes has taken the summer off, and Carl Reiner, who learned his ABCs from McGuffy, is taking his place in Summer School. Demonstrating that the old methods were best, he doesn't take the kids as seriously as they are wont to take themselves (vide The Breakfast Club). Yes, class, you have your problems but turn in your homework and then you can fight-for-your-right-to-party. Reiner dispenses with the Adolescent Psychology stuff in a brisk and cursory manner—eg. teen pregnancy should be avoided because young girls are not ready for such responsibilities, OK? —and then gets on with the business of displaying nubile flesh and tossing out scatter-shot yocks. The Deep Meaning of All This is that your teen years are the time to be in John 'Pink Flamingos' Waters' felicitous phrase, "young, rich, naked, and stupid." Sigh. It makes for a surprisingly fizzy ninety minutes, the movie equivalent of a frisbee. Even Mark Harmon, erstwhile sexiest man alive, is agreeably goofy. Empty calories, but not harmful.

Joy

Rene Brunet has been "in exhibition" since Lassie was a pup (never mind which Lassie). A jolly sort, Mr. Brunet has a wide, toothy smile that would do the Cheshire Cat proud. He is the last of the old-time showmen, and his theatres, the Downtown Joy and the Downtown State—retain some of the quirky individualism that characterized movie houses when there were "naborhood theatres" as opposed to shopping mall cinemas. On the Loyola Avenue side of the Joy, on a small segment of the marquee visible only to pedestrians walking toward Canal Street, are the words OH WELL... Can you imagine an AMC or a GCC or a UA allowing such an existential statement?

For any moviegoer who believes there can never be too many trailers (movie biz jargon for "coming attractions" or "previews"), the Downtown Joy is a motherlode. During late spring I saw almost a dozen trailers in one seating, a preview of half the summer's film releases.

Recently the Joy's lobby had a facelift that greatly simplified the entrance to the three different screens, and fortunately, the downstairs auditorium still has the large screen from the glory days of downtown movieling. It was here while waiting for an afternoon performance of the new James Bond film, The Living Daylights, that I overheard one of the more memorable exchanges in a movie theatre. Two teenagers were chatting about their friends when the older, a girl around seventeen years old, remarked to her companion, a boy, probably a couple of years younger, that he was "going through a stage" and several months from now things would be different. After briefly considering her words, he seemed to buy into her theory of "stages." "You know, you're probably right. Last year I was really into skateboards, doing all kinds of fancy tricks to show off. But I'm past that stage now. I only use my skateboard for transportation..."

And what about the new James Bond? Well, Timothy Dalton was an inspired choice and he created some excitement about a new Bond flick after twenty-five years of formulaic SPY vs. SPY. Unfortunately, Dalton is the only thing that's new, and he can do only so much to revive the Bond character within the confines of the same numbing special effects sequences. Though Living Daylights has more explosions than I can remember in a single film, the violence is of the old school: there are no lovingly depicted scenes of guts and gore just lots of bang-you're-dead. I couldn't, for the life of me, figure out what the hell was going on during the protracted finale in the desert; it might as well have been random footage. But I understand the film has been breaking box office records throughout the world so expect twenty-five years more of the same. What kept the afternoon from being a total bust was the kids going through their stages and the half-dozen or so trailers that flickered across the wide screen.

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SEPTEMBER • Wavelength 7
Mansura is a small farming community about the size of Mamou. Most of its inhabitants still speak French, as they have ever since their town was founded by former soldiers of Napoleon. Although the region is Cajun to the core, it is often overlooked by books about that culture. This is probably because it lies so far north, almost to Alexandria. People don’t think of Acadia as going that far. They fail to see Mansura as a repository of vital customs and Cajun technologies. They do not realize that this town is both the “cochon de lait capital of the world” and also the home of “the Cajun microwave.”

In the 1960s the Cochon de Lait Festival was a major celebration. It ranked right up there with the Breaux Bridge Crawfish Festival as one of this state’s biggest events. People came from far and near to take part in the fun, but especially other Cajuns came. To them, most of whom have never tasted a piece of blackened redfish, cochon de lait was their “national dish.” This was the food they might have for their Thanksgiving, along with dirty rice, sweet potatoes, zydeco (snap beans), baked macaroni, and pecan pie. This was a dish their ancestors had brought with them from France, one they maintained over generations.

The name implies that it is made with milk-fed, young pig. “Lait” means milk, “cochon” is pig. This part of the prescription is rarely followed. The crucial thing is how the pig is cooked. First of all, the pig is whole; secondly, it is charcoal roasted. This has normally been done over a pit. A large pile of wood is shielded on three sides by sheets of corrugated tin. The pig, enfolded in a piece of metal fencing, like a press, to keep it intact while it roasts, is suspended just in front of and above the glowing embers. It spends some time hanging down nose-first and some time reversed. The tin sheets help direct the heat toward the pig. It may have been vigorously rubbed down with salt and pepper and riddled with insets of garlic cloves, or it may be left unseasoned until after roasting. That depends on the roaster.

The good news out of cochon de lait country is that the festival is back. It was stopped for a long time because it had gotten out of hand. Too many people, the locals could not handle it. Hippies everywhere. People sleeping in the Catholic church. Even the Hell’s Angels showed up. Shut it down, they agreed, only they said it in French. Now it has resumed. Happy days are here again. (Ed. note: This year it will be held in October.)

The other big news is the “Cajun microwave.” It is a technological advance that has trimmed the cooking time and removed most of the work of a cochon de lait. Young entrepreneurs from Marksville to Calcasieu are making small fortunes with this revolutionary new device. It is a wooden box large enough to hold a pig. A metal pan for holding hardwood briquets fits down over the entire top. When lighted, the heat from the charcoal will radiate through the thin metal and roast the meat. The entire process can now be finished in about four hours. The box can last for years, and most of the proceeds go to some local high school.

The fact that more junior achievement groups make “Cajun microwaves” than crabtraps should suggest a key fact about many Cajuns and their diet (or, “cuisine,” if you prefer). The vast majority of them are farmers, and they eat mostly what
they raise. Seafood can be a staple for those who live near the coast, but the larger numbers of Cajuns who live inland would traditionally use shrimp, oysters, or saltwater fish only on rare occasions. A seafood store near Eunice is far more likely to offer alligator gar and casburgot, a.k.a. "goofish," than red snapper or speckled trout. The folks who live there or near, say, Plaquemine or Goudeau would thus be more familiar with garfish boulettes or goofish in white gravy than with broiled flounder stuffed with crabmeat.

Most familiar of all, however, would be the products of the farm: chickens, hogs, cattle, sugarcane, corn, rice, crawfish from the rice fields, vegetables, pecans, and sweet potatoes. Add to this list of foodstuffs whatever game country people might hunt and trap and you can make a complete Cajun menu. All you would lack is a beverage.

A popular joke still making the rounds will ask you, "What is a seven-course Cajun meal?" The answer is, "A six-pack and some boudin." What really makes it funny is that it contains more than a few grains of truth. Boudin is a soft sausage of cooked pork, pork liver, onions and other seasonings and rice stuffed in casings. It is made throughout the Cajun farm country, and it is very popular. Beer is also very popular, but it is not now made commercially in Acadia. It must be imported from Milwaukee, St. Louis, Texas, and even New Orleans.

Coffee is another staple beverage, and it is also imported. Cajuns begin their day with coffee, even before the sun has fully risen if they are farmers; and it is usually the finish to their evening meal. If you are a child accompanying your parents on a visit to some of their friends or relatives and you are anxious to go home to watch television of maybe go to Walmart, you will constantly run up against these halting words: "Just wait 'til we finish our coffee." And Cajuns do not drink their coffee very fast.

It is often said that the distinction between New Orleans style and Cajun-style cooking is the difference between city and country. One has sauces, the other makes gravies. One uses herbs as seasonings, the other does not. (Check next month's chomp details.) Each has ingredients the other has not got. Each shares words that have different meanings.

"Grillades," in New Orleans, are pounded rounds of beef or veal stewed in a reddish sauce and served over grits. To a country Cajun, the term means the heart, liver, spleen, and small intestines of a hog cooked in a black iron pot and served with its gravy over rice. (It is said to be very tasty.)

In New Orleans, "La Boucherie" is the name of a barroom in the French Quarter. To a Cajun, "la boucherie" is a work party where folks came together to put up meat for the winter. One or more hogs are slaughtered, the meat is cut and portioned, sausages are made, lard is rendered, cracklins are fried, backbones are cooked into a frieassae, and everybody takes some food home with them.

Cajun country is a place where andouille and tasso are very familiar. New Orleans is a place where these are relatively new items in the grocery stores. Cajun country is a place where people from New Orleans can go to discover what boudin, churice, and chaudin (stuffed pork stomach) are really like.

Highly recommended for such an experience would be a trip to Poche's Meat Market at Poche's Bridge. If you were to be driving along Highway 31 from New Iberia through St. Martinville to Breaux Bridge, you would simply continue a few more miles north. Or, putting it another way, you could start at Mulate's, come back towards New Orleans a hundred yards or so to the corner, and then take a left. Go until you get there. You will find Poche's on the banks of the Bayou Teche.

Everything there will taste good. The boudin is as good as I have ever had. The andouille is bigger around than most you may have ever seen; the meat is coarsely chopped like it is supposed to be, and the smokiness is most agreeable. The tasso is lean. The stuffed pork chops gigantic.

Floyd Poche now heads this family business. He told me he smokes his meats with pecan wood. Of course, this makes perfect sense. It is abundant and gives a good flavor.

Inside the store, Floyd has a large cooler to display his products. Nearby shelves also hold a combination of basic groceries and some local specialties like homemade chow-chow and pickled quail eggs. A small steam table keeps some items hot: stuffed pork roast, potatoes fried in lard, stewed vegetables du jour. Tables dot the back room, allowing you to sit down and enjoy a meal there if you choose.

Every Sunday Floyd also hosts a bar-b-que dinner. Starting around 9:30 and going all day, he cooks chicken, beef, and pork on the grill. You can get a plate with his special bbq sauce, rice dressing, and potato salad for $4. Crabs are boiled during the season and served for $8 per dozen, and etouffees are available on occasion.

Poche's is on the cusp between the coastal/seafood country and the prairie/farming country; you can enjoy the best of both worlds. And, as everywhere in Cajun country, the hospitality is genuine, abundant, and free.

(P.S. Poche's will deliver via UPS. Phone 318-332-2108, or write c/o Route 2, Box 415, Breaux Bridge, LA 70517.)
At Last

After reaching Europe, Africa, and the Caribbean, Zouk music can be heard here.

GENE SCARAMUZZO

Last year at this time I was raving about a music coming out of the French Antilles islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique called zouk which was sweeping across the francophone world. Since then, zouk has infiltrated the music of Africa, Europe and the Caribbean. Records coming out of Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Guyana, Montserrat, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Zaire, Congo-Brazzaville, Burkina-Faso and elsewhere are employing zouk musicians, covering zouk hits, directly imitating the sound, or at least borrowing touches of the zouk magic.

In Europe, this past summer saw England and France zouking away with Antilles groups at numerous concerts, many of which were broadcast live on radio and TV.

Amazingly, one year later, this sound has still not reached American ears, due mainly to the fact that zouk records are nearly impossible to find here. Those who are always on the alert for new sounds from the African diaspora have become instantly hooked on zouk, but the discovery has turned out to be a mixed blessing.

On the one hand, zouk provides a new thrill full of the best possible blend of African, Caribbean and European influences, with a joyful lightness that can only come from economically advantaged Caribbean islands like the French Antilles.

The other hand is the frustration that arises from not being able to buy or hear zouk records. Increasing demand for this music has prompted several domestic record labels to begin carrying a few discs by Kassav', the undisputed ruling family of zouk. Celluloid Records, which are available in many New Orleans record shops, has re-issued two early Kassav' discs that would provide an excellent introduction to the group. These Celluloid re-issues are being distributed by Rounder Records also, increasing the likelihood that Kassav' records will start to pop up in New Orleans record store bins.

I highly recommend that anyone wondering what all the fuss is about over zouk music take this opportunity to pick up the Celluloid re-issue of Kassav' with Georges Decimus (CEL6131). This record does not represent the 1987 Kassav' sound because some of the personnel has changed since 1982, the approximate date that this record was originally released (as George Decimus avec Kassav' et Cie). Nonetheless, this record is one of the best that has ever been produced by the Kassav' musical family, featuring very strong Antilles roots drums (called gwo ka in Guadeloupe), funky bass and technological wizardry courtesy of Jacob Desvarieux.

The other Celluloid Kassav' reissue, Kassov No. 5 (CEL6130), is from the same time period, featuring basically the same lineup of musicians. It contains two excellent cuts, "Sa Pa Ka Gade Mwen" and "Anki Nou," but falls short as the perfect introduction to Kassav' (and zouk in general) because of the lp's unevenness. Those who are already beyond introductions will probably want to...
check out Kassav' No. 5, though, since it still ranks up there as a good Kassav' lp, having a very similar sound to the Kassav' alter ego records of the same period called Soukoue Koo. In the meantime, while more of us in America get turned on to zouk, Celluloid is contemplating re-issuing more discs from the early Kassav' catalog, making it more likely that other zouk artists will follow shortly afterward. But even bigger news is that Island Records has just finalized a contract with Kassav' that is likely to result in the group's first American tour. The band has never really debuted in the U.S. They performed several relatively unannounced gigs in Brooklyn last year for the annual Caribbean Carnival, but their real debut, complete with heavy advertising, at New York's Roseland Ballroom last November, fell through ignominiously. This fiasco, of which the band was apparently unaware, left a bad taste in many mouths, especially in Brooklyn last year for the annual Caribbean Carnival, but their real debut, complete with heavy advertising, at New York's Roseland Ballroom last November, fell through ignominiously. This fiasco, of which the band was apparently unaware, left a bad taste in many mouths, especially in Brooklyn. But even bigger news is that Island Records has just finalized a contract with Kassav' that is likely to result in the group's first American tour. The band has never really debuted in the U.S. They performed several relatively unannounced gigs in Brooklyn last year for the annual Caribbean Carnival, but their real debut, complete with heavy advertising, at New York's Roseland Ballroom last November, fell through ignominiously. This fiasco, of which the band was apparently unaware, left a bad taste in many mouths, especially in Brooklyn. Unfortunately, the above mentioned discs are available only through mail order. As mentioned many times, the best selection and most reliable source for zouk presently is the Original Music catalog. In fact, they've expanded zouk coverage to include a number of very recent releases like the newest from Malvol, Joselyne Beroard and Dede St. Prix. Original's catalog is available by writing R.D.I., Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoly, NY 12583. In addition, free weekly doses of zouk can be heard on the New Orleans airwaves on WWOZ 90.7 FM. The Caribbean Show (Tues., 11:30 p.m. til midnight) and the Sunday Kitchen Sink (10 p.m. til midnight) give heaviest emphasis to the latest in zouk, but it can also be heard on The African Journey (Wed., 1 p.m. til midnight) and the Sunday Kitchen Sink (10 p.m. til midnight).
Ah! A Capella!

The New Orleans tradition of a capella music continues with the First Revolution Singers.

BY ANDY RIDLEY

Methods of artistic expression have a way of reappearing, in revised form, over the years. Benjamin Britten’s vocal settings, for example, owe much to the seventeenth-century composer Henry Purcell. William Morris used forms from the Middle Ages and Pablo Picasso found inspiration in earlier modes, such as primitive sculpture.

Perhaps one of the oldest forms of musical expression is the unaccompanied human voice. Over the years it has passed back and forth between the folk tradition, religious performance and the concert stage. Like many other places, New Orleans has enjoyed an a capella tradition, both secular and sacred. We know that a capella groups sang on New Orleans streets early this century and that one such group included a young Louis Armstrong singing tenor. Other members of this particular group had such intriguing sobriquets as Big Nosed Sidney, Little Mack and Red Happy. Little Mack and Red Happy later became drummers, and like Armstrong moved into other musical styles. A capella music continued in the city, though, and today it is possible to hear at least one unaccompanied group singing on New Orleans streets.

The First Revolution Singers did not intentionally set out to preserve this style, but as things worked out they have done just that. By a method of trial and error they have achieved a blend of harmony, unison and rhythm within the a capella tradition.

The First Revolution was formed in 1972 when Larry Bell and Harold Miller, both fresh out of the Army, began rehearsing with a few friends. They started going their different ways until 1980 that they decided to reform, perhaps personnel changes, the singers decided to continue unaccompanied. Larry Bell remembers it this way:

"A lot of times folks would let us sing at church musicals, but it was just because we happened to be there, not really because they liked what we were doing. I can understand that, though, because at that time we really couldn’t sing anyway!"

"I saw the need for more training so we began rehearsing three or four nights a week. Then in 1976, we decided to come into the French Quarter and sing on the streets, and see what people there thought about it."

"I remember at that time we had Harold Miller, Elvin Dabney and myself. Elvin is the nephew of Ernie K-Doe and a fine natural tenor. It was just the three of us and none of us had a steady job. Harold had an old beat-up pickup truck and we would go around and pick up trash. We used the money we made to buy tuxedos and we thought we were ready to go places!"

Unfortunately, this optimistic period proved short lived. The group suffered personnel changes, the members started going their different ways and finally they split up. It wasn’t until 1980 that they decided to reform, and this was due mostly to the promptings of bass singer Earl Manning.

"In 1980 we sang a benefit for the New Orleans newspaper, in December 1899. [Aaron Neville] youth center on Lyons and Laurel streets,” continues Bell. “Most of the performers were from uptown, like us. After we got through, Duke-a-Padukah and BB of WWNO invited us to sing on their radio show. We found that listeners liked what we were trying to do and we started to think that if we could only get it together this thing could really work!"

As Bell’s interest in the style grew he listened more and more to recordings by such members of the gospel pantheon as the Pilgrim Travelers. He studied not in order to plagiarize their work, but rather to appreciate what the older men were doing and find out "just what made them so great." The
The First Revolution Singers: Achieving a blend of harmony, unison and rhythm in a capella, a tradition that dates to the beginning of this century, and includes a young Louis Armstrong, who sang in an a capella group.

resulting broadening of the group's sound was further increased when Jimmy Reilly brought his talents to the group as musical director and first tenor.

"What Jimmy did was to take all the raw talent and bring it out," says Bell. They returned to the French Quarter and from the tips they earned were able to pay for their first recording, "I've Been Changed," and "The Lord Will Make A Way."

During the 1984 World's Fair, held in New Orleans, they performed a six-week engagement at the Storyville Jazz Hall. They performed a number of times that year on television and made numerous radio broadcasts.

The group's current line-up is Jimmy Reilly, first tenor and musical director; Cornel Coulon, second tenor; Lynwood Bell, baritone, second tenor and lead; Larry Bell, baritone, bass and lead; Harold Miller, second baritone and lead; and Earl Manning, bass, baritone and lead.

Their music, which is frequently heard in neighborhood churches as well as on the streets, is an interesting mix of traditional gospel songs interspersed with group originals. Listening to them soar emotionally on "I'm Gonna Fly Away," or "Heaven Is My Goal," one is reminded of the words of gospel composer Thomas Dorsey, who said, "When a person is filled with troubles this music makes his worries fly away." There is a strong shout of joy in these unaccompanied voices, a direct emotional exuberance which swings with the pulse of one of the great mid-western territory bands. "We're hoping to keep this a capella style alive a few more years," concludes Larry Bell, "because in a traditional town like New Orleans this style should never die."
Mojo Nixon is everywhere. He's on the radio, on records, on television. He's even at the local go-cart track. During his recent stop in New Orleans with co-conspirator and washboard man Skid Roper for their August performance at Tipitina's, Mojo was overheard mumbling, screaming, hollering and holding his unique brand of homespun philosophy at virtually anyone who happened to be within earshot of his somewhat hoarsened but still room-filling voice. In an interview heard on radio station WTUL, and as well as throughout Tipitina's before the show, Mojo delivered his strong and often controversial opinions on a wide variety of topics, including videos, talk shows, the FCC, Nancy Reagan, talk shows, and of course, the King himself.

Mojo Nixon on Elvis: "Elvis is everywhere, man. He's in everybody, everything. He's in your cheeseburgers... He's in the water he pissed in... Elvis is in your Mom... Everybody except one person; the evil opposite of Elvis... The Anti-Elvis... Michael J. Fox has no Elvis in him... Elvis is in Joan Rivers, but he's tryin' to get out, man.

Mojo on videos: "We made a video for our new song, 'Elvis is Everywhere,' right before we left on this tour. We shot it at a go-cart track. The best part about it was that we rented the go-cart track for three hours, but it only took two to shoot the video, so the last hour we just had a big race. It was like Darlington or something. I was Wendell Scott. Me and Skid dressed as Elvis in the video. We rented these really hideous big fat Vegas Elvis suits and raced around the track in them..."

Mojo on Elvis Again: "Me and Lee Ving (of the band Fear) were both incarnations of Elvis also. Me, I was Louisiana Hayride Elvis. Lee was ugly. He couldn't help it. He was the Vegas Presley. The ugly Elvis. The picture of Elvis you put on your refrigerator to remind you what happens if you open it too much... That's right, too many cross country flights for Twinkies, and then you get that Dunlop tire on your belt, like your stomach done lopped over, you know..."

Mojo on Elvis and Extraterrestrials: "People from outer space, they come up to me: they don't look like Dr. Spock; they don't look like Klingons, all that Star Trek jive; they look like Elvis... because, you see, Elvis is the perfect being... we're all moving to perfect peace and harmony towards Elvis-ness. Soon, soon all will become one with Elvis... Why do you think they call it 'evolution'?... anyway? It's really 'Elvisution'..."

Mojo on the New Album Bo Day Shus!!!: "It's a rockin', screwin' sweatin' droolin', booger-flyin' thang, it is... Hopefully when you listen to it, boogers will shoot right out yer nose... can we say 'boogers' on the radio? Mr. FCC. I hope you get so many boogers in your nose when you hear my record on the radio, you can never breathe again..."

Mojo on Elvis once again: "The Big E is inside of you and me..."
Rip Records was owned and operated by the Creole entrepreneur, Rip Roberts. The label operated during the early 1960s and was responsible for over a dozen singles. With a roster that also boasted Bobby Mitchell, Eddie Bo and Reggie Hall, as you'd expect most of his recordings were great examples of New Orleans R&B. Rip had a rather confusing, numerical system — there were three singles issued as 154 causing many sleepless nights for discographers. Rip's top seller was of course Reggie Hall's “The Joke,” which was leased by the powerful Chess signature.

“Everybody's Blowing!” is fairly typical Longhair — if such an animal actually exists — complete with nonsensical lyrics and some rhumba-flavored backbeats. The horns at

Arthur Alexander
SOLDIER OF LOVE
Ace 299

While this LP doesn't neatly measure up to Alexander's stunning debut on Ace, A Shot of Rhythm and Soul, it's still a welcomed follow-up.

Alexander, of course, is best known for the hits "A Shot of Rhythm and Blues," "Anna" and "You Better Move On," all collected on the previously mentioned LP. Instead this volume collects "The hits that missed," and an assortment of unreleased tracks.

Perhaps the best exponent of country'n'western (there's plenty of that here), Alexander's plaintive voice is perfectly suited to ballads like "After You," "Call Me Lemonade" and especially "Love Me Warm and Tender." Although slow tunes predominate, Alexander can still raise some sand as "Keep Her Guessing" and "Whole Lot of Trouble" display.

My only real complaint concerning this album is the abundance of covers found here — I counted at least four. Although he delivers perhaps the definitive version of "Detroit City," I still get the feeling Ace had to really do some digging to get this one together.

— Almost Slim

Boozoo Chavis
"LOUISIANA WOMEN LOVE UNCLE BUD" / "DEACON JONES"
Koma Day 304

This single gets my nod as being one of the best zydeco efforts in some time. However, due to its XXX-rated lyrics, you won't see it in too many stores, and you sure won't hear it on the radio. Both sides are stompers for sure, with the A-side explaining just why Louisianans women love Uncle Bud. "Deacon Jones" — currently WWLZ Deeply Billy Delle's unhappily pickin' hit — is a tale concerning the sexual prowess of one particular clergy member. The lyrics are just outrageous and there's plenty of Boozoo's wailing accordion. Worth finding.

Note: available from Floyd's Record Shop, P.O. Drawer 10, Ville Platte, LA 70586.

— Almost Slim
Saturday Sept. 19
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Nat'ly

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Da Republicans!
Ev'rybody's comin' ta Nawlins!

Uh map?/
Dey betta stay in dere hotel rooms...

...an' stay outta trouble!

Ya know what dat judge said—people dat give tourists maps dat lead 'em into dangerous territory could be held liable.

Ah—doan' be such uh spurlspoil!

© 1987 Bunny Matthews
Ya can't sit in no hotel room an' see Nawlins... ya gotta hit da streets!!

We got music, AWT, Arkyteckcha... we got cultcha bo-coop!

Dey mos' famous statue in Nawlins—Gen'l. Jackson on his horse—is made um mo' den 40 sep'rit pieces, as frankistas haven' discov'd.

Aroun' ev'ry cor'na is an'adda rev-a-lat/ion...

"The union must and shall be preserved!"
IN NAWLINS, EV'RYTHING AIN'T ALWAYS WOT IT SEEMS...

TAKE DA CASE UH DEESE 2 GENTS—DEY BOTH WOIK AT DA SAME DOWNTOWN BANK...

MARDI GRAS
ASH WEDNESDAY
MARDI GRAS
ASH WEDNESDAY

YEAH—IF YA DOAN KNOW WHERE YA AT, NAWLINS CAN BE UH TOTAL DISASTA!!

I'LL SIT... I'LL SIT RIGHT DOWN BY THE RIVER—I'LL JUST DRIVE, I'LL DRIVE MYSELF INSANE!
HEY—I DOAN MAKE NO GUARANTEES... DIS AIN'T DISNEYWORLD, YA KNOW...
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Snooks Eaglin was the hot new master of the blues guitar. Throughout his long career people have always tried to put him into one bag or another. But with his burning new album Baby, You Can Get Your Gun on Black Top, Snooks is out to show that the boy who started out on Lionel's "Hungarian Rhapsody" and has played nearly every type of music since, has got more than a few notes up his sleeve. At age 51 Snooks has his first properly recorded record, and he's going for broke.

Fired Eaglin, Jr., was born on January 21, 1936, in New Orleans. At nineteen months he was left sightless after an operation to remove a tumor. His handicap didn't keep little Fird from getting into trouble, though. He told English writer Max Jones he was named after Baby Snooks the radio character, because he was a "bad boy [who] used to swing on the kitchen cabinet.

Beginning at age five Snooks began trying to imitate the sounds he heard by plucking strings - on a dimestore ukulele, on a banjo, and finally, on an acoustic guitar with an electrical pick-up that his "dimestore ukelele, on a banjo, and, finally, on an radio and to blues 78s.

By Rick Coleman

Snooks Eaglin is the high-flying New Orleans master of the blues guitar. Throughout his long career people have always tried to put him into one bag or another. But with his burning new album Baby, You Can Get Your Gun on Black Top, Snooks is out to show that the boy who started out on Lionel's "Hungarian Rhapsody" and has played nearly every type of music since, has got more than a few notes up his sleeve. At age 51 Snooks has his first properly recorded record, and he's going for broke.

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Beginning at age five Snooks began trying to imitate the sounds he heard by plucking strings - on a dimestore ukulele, on a banjo, and finally, on an acoustic guitar with an electrical pick-up that his father bought him. He listened to big bands on the radio and to blues 78s. "Lonnie Johnson was my favorite guitar player," recalls Snooks, "him and Lil Green.

In 1949 Snooks' musical rambunctiousness paid off when he won $200 playing "Twelfth Street Rag" on O.C.W. Taylor's "Negro Talent Hour" broadcast from Hayes' Chicken Shack on WNOE.

Earl King, no mean blues guitarist himself, remembers Eaglin as an impressive prodigy.

"I knew Snooks when he was about 16. You used to have to go to his house to get him to play and get his daddy's approval. But Snooks is one of the guys that I used to try to get to teach me guitar. And he used to tease me - Earl, you don't need to play no guitar. You just sing. I'm gonna be your guitar player.

"Snooks used to be around with Huey [Smith] and Victor Augustine. As a matter of fact I think that's how they did 'Would You,' "cause [Augustine] wrote that song.

"Snooks was a fantastic guitarist from comin' up. As a matter of fact, I think Snooks was playin' more then, I guess because he was more ambitious than he is now. He takes it kind of easy now. He was somethin', man. He always sounded like two or three guitar players playin' at one time."

Eaglin recorded a gospel record with "Doc" Augustine around 1952 as "Blind Guitar Ford" on which he backed four female vocalists almost audibly in the background. Eaglin recalls: "Cosimo had to holler at Doc to keep the wine bottle down!"

In the early Fifties Snooks joined Eddie Bo's group with Wilbert ("Lee Diamond") Smith on tenor, his brother Joe Fox on drums, and Bill Serigal on bass playing at a club on the corner of Amelia and Tchoupitoulas. After a gig promoted by WBOO DJ Oney Dokey in Slide with Ray Charles Okey Dokey brought Leonard Chess to Eaglin's house. Chess had Snooks sit in with Sugarboy Crawford's group in 1954, replacing Irving Bannister on the Mardi Gras anthem "Jock-a-Mo.

"We went in there ten o'clock that morning," says Eaglin, "and we didn't come out till seven that night. We didn't do no session all day. We just fooled around talkin' and sat around and ate."

"It sounds good, but to me it wasn't together. The tempo was dropped on 'If I Loved You Darling' and I broke a string right in the middle of the set. You can tell it's missing on 'You Call Everybody Sweetheart.' It was a country and western tune. But at that time they wouldn't accept blacks as country and western artists, so I had to change it around."

Eaglin sang "You Call Everybody Sweetheart" and "If I Loved You Darling," which were apparently also recorded for Wonder earlier. One person who liked the latter song was Dave Bartholomew, who re-titled it for his biggest hit "Would You" in 1957, and had Snooks re-record it in 1961.

Prior to the session Eaglin had joined another teenage group called the Flamingoes with Allen Toussaint (piano), Benjamin Gregory (tenor), Alex- ander Dunbar (alto), Walter Lang (trumpet), Fernand Biju (trombone), Frank Morton (tenor, clarinet), Alvin Lang (trombone), and James Jackson (drums).

"It was a powerful band when I got in it," says Eaglin. "Before I sat in with them, they weren't too up to par. They didn't have that much work till I joined the group. We started playing all these big school dances - Xavier Prep, Cypress Grove in Lutcher, Cohm in New Orleans, the Pimlico Club on Broad Street."

"We used to do things similar to what I did with Bo, but we had a powerful backup - like 'Lawdy Miss Clowy,' 'Mary Joe,' 'Daddy Loves Baby,' 'Dream Girl,' 'Cherry Pie,' things by Shirley and Lee."

The Flamingoes also had two of the most talented Ray Charles disciples imaginable in one group. Eaglin explains, "At that time Ray Charles was bitten. [Allen] was heavy into that. He wasn't too heavy into the other stuff, but he was right on Ray."

"In 1956 Art Neville described to Ray Topping the battle of the bands in the Fifties. Eventually there were two young groups in New Orleans that were real popular, the Hawketts and Allen Toussaint's group the Flamingoes. Between us we had the city sewn up."

What Art didn't mention was that the real star of the Flamingoes was the vocalist and guitarist, Snooks Eaglin, a fact that, according to Eaglin, chafed Toussaint.

"Allen, after he progressed, decided to leave and go for something bigger," recalls Snooks. "He was crying about 'cause I was making more money, why didn't he get nothin'? He did a thing with Billy Tate on Peacock for Don Robey. They wanted to record me, but the money wasn't satisfying. He did a thing for RCA called 'Happy Times.' He did that album right after he broke from us."

At about the same time Eaglin began a curious side career as a "folk" bluesman when he was discovered by LSU professor and folklorist Harry Oster in 1958.

"We were in Donaldsonville at Champ's Honkydrippers says Snooks. "I'll never forget that. It was New Year's Day and he came by the hotel and made a tape. He came by my house the week after, and we did the album from that."

"I did some current things, you know, commercial things, but he wanted me to get some stuff from old records. I went home and dug up all the old 78s and started working - 'Rock Island Line' by Leadbelly and all that stuff."

Snooks recalls that Oster woke him up at five a.m. (after he had just gotten home from a gig) to do the session. Snooks, being a half-asleep and with a hangover, did a thing within the group that culminated its break up.

Convinced he had a find, Oster followed with sessions through 1959. New Orleans Street Singer, the first of several albums, was released in May 1958 on Folkways.

Of course, Snooks was not a street singer and the entire folk concept was a sham. The album included two songs each recorded by Fats Domino, Amos Milburn, and Lil Green, along with hits by Lowell Fulson and Charles Brown. Though Snooks gained widespread fame as a folk blues artist, he never benefited from it, apart from $150 he got for the album.

Shortly after a June 1, 1959 session with Oster (which included a pre-Ray Charles version of "Georgia on My Mind"!), Tulane Jazz Archive curator Richard B. Allen noted that the Flamingos (with the Langs, Morton, "Sticks" Cornett on drums, and Ralph Johnson on tenor) auditioned for a recording contract.

Soon thereafter Snooks refused to sign a contract to make Oster exclusive agent for Snooks' recordings, a move which apparently ended their relationship.

Possess Up a Simon Tree (including the Hawketts' "Miss Mammy" on Oster's own Folk—Lyric label) came out soon after Snooks' father died in January 1960. The death of Fird, Sr., the Flamingo's manager and Snooks' guiding light, caused a rift within the group that culminated its breakup. "Too many people running one damn group," says Eaglin.

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While the group was falling apart, "Fat Man" Matthews of the Hawks brought Dave Bartholomew by Snooks' house. On April 25, 1960, Snooks recorded three Smiley Lewis songs and Pee Wee Crayton's "Yours Truly," with the guitar-bass-drums combo of "Emmett McLean, Frank Fields, and June Gardner. A simple sentimental song, "Yours Truly" showed off Eaglin's fiery guitar licks, and became a regional hit.

"We had a big show," remembers Snooks. "Sam Cooke, Dakota Staton, Ernie K-Doe, Chuck Carbo & the Spiders, Gerri Hall. It was a good show all the way. We went to different parts of the country - Texas, Mobile, Pensacola, Miami Beach, Florida.

Eaglin was also heavily booked locally at Lincoln Beach, the Autocrat Club, the 5-4 Club, and at the Sands, usually as "Lil Ray Charles."

The comparison to Charles is certainly understandable when listening to Snooks' powerful recordings of "By the Water" and "See See Rider." Eaglin recorded a handful of sessions with Bartholomew from February 1961 to April 1963, first with Justin Adams, Robert French, Frank Fields, and Warren Myles, and later in less spontaneously bluesy recordings with Wardell Quezerque's Royal Dukes of Rhythm orchestra.

When Imperial was sold in late 1963 Snooks was in the midst of three-year gig at the Playboy Club, sometimes playing with the club's musical director Al Belletto. Snooks had made another jazz connection earlier when he filled in for Roy Montrell on a record by Willie Tee with the AFO Combo.

Things slowed down for Snooks in the mid-Sixties, though he recorded on unissued Eddie Bo and Oliver Morgan sessions for Doc Augustine's Sun label. Eddie Bo produced Snooks' 1965 record on Fun with the hilarious "Cheatah" (pre-dating Ray Stevens with the line "swinging through the trees in his B.V.D.'s") and "Sweetness" with a pumping horn arrangement. Eadlin even got together with old rival Art Neville to recreate the Hawkett's for a time before Neville booked up with another former Hawkett, Fess Snooks, to redefine funk, with the Meters.

In 1969 Ealgin and his wife Doretha moved to the town of St. Rose outside of New Orleans. The following year he appeared at the Jazz Festival doing blues with Percy Randolph, with whom he had recorded for Harry Oster in 1959.

"This is the Modern Age!"

The year 1971 marked the return to two New Orleanes legends from obscurity wailing full-blown into the modern world. The clarion was sounded at the Jazz Festival at Beurregard Square where the combination of Eaglin's guitar and Professor Longhair's piano literally stopped the show.

Quint Davis, who had gotten Snooks and Fess together, recorded Eaglin a month after the Festival for Sam Charter's Swedish Sonet label. The session produced the magnificent Legacy of the Blues album in which, for the first time in his career, Snooks recorded what he wanted. Allison Kaslow, who was present at the session, recalled on a WWOZ radio program, "[Snooks] had total control over the material, and he went home and planned it and did it all the way straight through. I don't even think [Charters] changed the order of the songs."

Snooks' freedom was the result of having to do the session almost overnight without hiring any other musicians, rather than foresight on Charters' part. As Snooks remembers, the session was almost a disaster. "Everything burned out that night! The amplifier went dead. The board went dead on the man's machine. I said, 'Man, we got trouble here tonight!' Quint rented an amplifier which wouldn't do nothin', bro! So what he had to do was plug me in through the board, and we had to finish it up from there."

The album opens with the fierce metallic chords of John Lee Hooker's "Boogie Chillen" and Snooks relating Hook's tale of momma and papa okaying the kid's new boogie craze, circa 1940. Then suddenly Snooks announces, "This is the modern age! This ain't the old time age!" and goes into the story of how funk was born. He does equally magnificent funk versions of Al Page's "Drive It Home," "Lucille," "Good News," and his showstoper "Funky Molequen."

The album also gives Snooks' romantic streak full bloom, with immensely gorgeous versions of Junior Parker's "Who's Loving You Tonight," Louis Armstrong's "I Get the Blues When It Rains," and Ben E. King's "Young Boy Blues."

Charters, who had also released Snooks' first album on his Folkways label in 1958, obviously wasn't pleased with the result, as he wrote in the liner notes, 'In his own way Snooks has all the tough independence of the most aggressive rock performer, for insisting on doing what he wants, the way he wants to do it, despite the people around him who would like to see him doing something else.'

Unfortunately, the album saw only limited release, though the next session that Snooks did would not even be released until 1987. Sessions that Snooks recorded with Fess in Baton Rouge and New York were a funk summit between the New Orleans masters of the guitar and the piano. The summit was complete in a session in Memphis featuring the powerhouse drumming of Zigaboo Modeste. Snooks and Fess seem to be the driving force in a session that brought Longhair back to his peak, as is evident in a still-unreleased killer version of "Big Chief" and in the explosive "G Jam."

While in Woodstock, New York, an incident that added to Snooks' legend occurred when he couldn't sleep because he heard snow falling! Snooks elaborates: "I said, 'How can ya'll sleep through this junk?' All night! - 'Tat' Tat' Tat' Tat'. They had one of them tin roofs in the house where we was staying. And that snow was payin' off, boy! I woke up, 'em up. I had 'em up eatin'!"

After contributing a flaming wah-wah guitar to the Wild Magnolias' album in 1973, Snooks made a trip to London with Professor Longhair, Willie Tee, the Wild Magnolias, and the Olympia Brass Band but was not recorded again until 1977 when Sam Charters returned to New Orleans. This time Charters was determined to record Snooks as he conceived him, as a strictly R&B performer. Unfortunately, to re-create the New Orleans R&B of the Fifties, which was built upon session musicians who played together for years, Charters spent two days. Snooks sums up the consensus on the result: "I liked the album, but it was kind of a shock, oh, lawd! It wasn't mixed properly. They didn't separate the horn from the drums, and it sounds like everything was cut in mono."

Throughout the Seventies and the Eighties Snooks played the Jazz Festival to huge enraptured audiences, yet he seldom got large crowds when he played at clubs like Snug Harbor or Tipitina's. Snooks often had to play solo gigs on beat-up guitars. Nonetheless, his concerts are always something special. Billy Delle, who has had Snooks perform live on his Tuesday night WWOZ radio show several times, remembers nights at Martine's in which Snooks played every request the small audience could think of, from Lightnin' Hopkins to "Western Movies" by the Olympics. After he would get off of the guitar, he's go bang on the electric piano, and play Ray Charles off of that, then come back to an acoustic set.

On July 19, 1986, a WWOZ benefit with several acts at Tipitina's reunited Snooks with Allen Toussaint. "Toussaint loved it," recalls Delle. "Toussaint smiled through the whole thing and he was enjoying Snooks. He really just sat there and played along and showcased Snooks. I had to go up there and get Snooks off the stage. Snooks said, he didn't care, he would have stayed there all night!"
Hammond Scott says the idea to record Snooks probably germinated in his mind the first time he saw him—at the 1970 Jazz Festival with Professor Longhair, but didn't really come together until after his sessions with Earl King last year.

Scott based his personnel on the drums-bass-sax-keyboards line-up of Sam Charlier's last Sonet album, Erv ing Charles (bass) and Smokey Johnson (drums) had long impressed him with Frogman Henry and Fats Domino. "Dave Lastie I knew would be a good filla to play that footin' type of sax," says Scott. "He's pretty fervent" Ron Levy (organ) and Ronnie Earl (rhythm guitar) "seem to be able to fit into any situation. There's something a little fresher about throwing together a group of guys who are on the same level playing-wise." The thing that immediately strikes the listener when comparing it to other Eaglin albums is the sound, which even the ultra-discriminating Snooks calls "perfect." It ranges from the bottomless echo in "Lavina," to the stately crispness in "Profidia," and the all-out-power in the title track. The instruments are all separated beautifully with fat bass notes underpinning the crisp high on guitar and cymbal.

A sound that runs the album is a slight jazz flavor, on the blues ballads (especially Percy Mayfield's "Baby Please") and in the blues shuffle Guitar Slim's "You Give Me Nothing But the Blues" and the title song by Slim's protege Earl King. Scott explains, "That's part of what makes Snooks unique. He gets that really dirty sound, yet he also gets that acoustic guitar sound with a bluesy tone. But the chords he uses, the voicings, are very sophisticated."

Fans of Snooks' rocking R&B will definitely dig his versions of the Four Blazin's "Sweetness," his own "Sweetness," and Eugene Church's "Pretty Girls Everywhere," in which he pays homage to Billy Delle at the beginning with the "Aah-ah!", which Delle uses in his radio show.

The great interplay between Snooks and the rhythm section is especially evident on "Profidia." Ron Levy and David Lastie contribute a fantastic spooky blues tone with their fills and flavorings, without overpowering Snooks' guitar. David Lastie, who played with Snooks in the Cha Paka Shaweez as early as 1952, contributes some of the best solos of his career. "You should've seen him dancin' in the studio," says Scott. "You know you're getting a good record when you see the guys physically doin' wild things. You know you're getting the ample amount of fire at that point."

Snooks Eaglin Discography

Special thanks to Alan Warner.
Singles
Blind Guitar Ford and the New Orleans Wonders
1952? Jesus Will Fix It for You/Traveling On Wonder 7606
Ford Eaglin
1960 Yours Truly/Nobody Knows Imperial 5671
That Certain Door/By the Water Imperial 5692
1961 If I Could/Guess Who Imperial 5756
Travelin' Mood/Wonder (My Head Is Spinnin') Imperial 5765
Going to the River/I'm Slippin' In Imperial 5802
1962 Don't Slam That Door/Nothing Sweet As You Imperial 5823
I've Been Walkin'/Would You Imperial 5857
People Are Talkin'/Reality Imperial 5866
Long Gone/Willie Lee Imperial 5890
1963 Cover Girl/Little Eva Imperial 5946
Little Snook
1965 Cheebah/Sweetness Fun 303

ALBUMS
1958 New Orleans Street Singer Folkways 2476/ Storyville 119
1960 Essential Up a Simmon Tree Folk-Lyric 107/Ashville 2028
That's All Right PrestigeBluesville 1046
? Blues from New Orleans Vol. 2 Storyville 140
? Portraits in Blues, Vol. 1 Storyville 146
? Snooks Eaglin/Robert Pete Williams Rural Blues Fantasy 24716
1972 Legacy of the Blues, Vol. 2 Sonet 752/Crescendo 10002
1979 Down Yonder — Snooks Eaglin Today Sonet 752/Crescendo 10003
1987 New Orleans 1955-61 Sundown 709-04
1987 Baby, You Can Get Your Gun Black Top 1037

OTHER ALBUMS ON WHICH EAGLIN IS FEATURED
1959 The Music of New Orleans, Vol. 1 Folkways 2461
1974 The Wild Magnolias Polydor 6026
1976 Sugarboy Crawford Chess 427017/9215
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SEPTEMBER • Wavelength 25
Bruce Daigrepont's

‘Stir Up the Roux’
or

“Hometown Chanky-chank Goes Vinyl!”

It gets to be a regular thing. Dancers swirling swiftly and gracefully across the floor, like figures on a carousel, smiling, propelled by a chanky-chank beat. Onstage, Bruce Daigrepont and his band are playing Cajun music, and as he did last Thursday night at the Maple Leaf for five and a half years and as they now do at Tipitina's on Sunday evenings.

Most of the crowd are regulars, and they are passing a very good time.

Although New Orleans is not itself part of Cajun country, it harbors many residents with Cajun roots and borrowers freely the treasures of its neighbors and ancestors. Bruce himself is one of those transplanted Cajuns. His parents raised him in the house near Canal St. where he and his wife, Sue, live today. But the Daigrepont family tree grew up in the northernmost tip of the Acadian triangle, Avoyelles Parish. In the central part of the state, just below the Red River, this farming country still has parts of it which are eighty to ninety percent French-speaking. Here Bruce's grandparents have an old-fashioned farm. Bruce heard a lot of Cajun music. He did not, however, learn to play this music until much later.

Once Bruce had become a fixture on the local music scene, many of his fans pressed him to make an album. He was serious in his refusal, figuring it was all a matter of time.

"At first, everything had happened too fast," he recalls. "I had only bought my first accordion in September '79 and by July '80 I already had my own hand. I could have made an album right away, just to sell to tourists, with what I call the Cajun top forty: "Jambalaya," "Jolie Blonde," "Diggie Diggie Lo," "Lache Pat la Patate," or "Toot-Toot." Things everybody else has already recorded twenty times. I didn't see the point. I wanted to do a record that would represent me."

And now he has.

Stir Up the Roux by Bruce Daigrepont is being released this month for nationwide distribution on the Rounder record label. The hometown crowd has been hearing about it through Bruce's newsletters and seeing copies for sale at his gigs. Early response has been very favorable, suggesting Bruce has been successful in achieving his goal, which was "to make an artistically unique, good record."

The old guard seems to agree. Ti Bruce Broussard has had a Cajun music show in Port Arthur, Texas, for twenty-five years. He reported being swamped with requests for "Le Two Step de Marksville," one of Daigrepont's originals, after he first played it.

Back across the border, Carney Doucet, a fellow musician as well as a deejay for Abbeville station KROF (short for KROFish, I suppose), was so impressed with the album he took time to write Bruce a note of congratulations. Just to the north in Ville Platte, Floyd Soileau, the Sears' & Roebuck of Cajun music, has started leasing arrangements necessary to put out a 45. Reports are that he is leaning towards another old-timey sounding original, "Le Valse de Riviere Rouge" ("Red River Waltz").

Ask Bruce which two cuts he would put on a single and he winds up turning each of the ten cuts on the album. He thinks every song is good and, after repeated listenings, it would be hard to argue with him. Some may emerge as personal favorites, but none is a loser. Six of them are his original compositions. The other four cover versions are each handled in some unique way, making them like new.

"Les Traces de Mon Bogue" ("Buggy Tracks"), for example, is arranged with vocal harmony and an added dobro to give a fresh sound to this vintage tune.

Harmony is also used to great effect in the only slow number on the album, a beautiful version of the Belton Richard classic, "Un Autre Soir Ennuyeant" ("Another Lonely Night"). A true tear-jerker in any language, the song differs from the excellent original by its smooth blend of voices and some modest background piano, played caringly by Sue Daigrepont.

Some critics have complained that recorded Cajun music can all sound the same. Without the fun of dancing in a live setting, the sameness of the rhythms becomes apparent. So goes their argument. His years of performing has taught Bruce how to avoid this morass. He varies his rhythms as much as possible, mixing fast and slow Waltzes with two-steps, reels, and zydecos. He changes keys. He sets the audience up for his next song the way a quarterback sets up a defender. Having anchored side two with Richard's "Lonely Night," Daigrepont is primed for a final sprint.

"Frisco Zydeco" is a familiar Queen Ida song. Three years ago Bruce made a demo tape with his former band, Bourre'. He remembers how college station KRVS in Lafayette jumped on the song and "played the hell out of it." He has also found it to be one of his most requested performances.

"I've sort of gotten known for it, too, because not that many people play it. Just me and Queen Ida."

For his version, Bruce uses the Cajun accordion. This instrument does not have the piano keys and three-row buttons of its zydeco cousin. It does not have quite the same sound, and it can only play whole notes, not sharps and flats like the zydeco accordion. Daigrepont surprised a lot of people with his ability to achieve that hard-rocking, blues/zydeco effect with the Cajun accordion. Partly it is a trick of technique.

"A lot of people play with one finger, and some of your better players use two fingers to play octaves. On that song I'm playing with three fingers at a time."

The album closes with its title track, "Stir Up the Roux." It is the only song entirely in English, and although two others ("Frisco Zydeco" and "Les Filles Cadines") have some English verses. It is a rock 'n' roll number with lead guitar and saxophone, what we have come to label as "swamp pop." It manages to maintain the pace set by the previous
sizzler. With the fun-loving skill of the band and the vocal tricks of their leader, Stir Up the Roux comes to a wonderful finish.

Interestingly, Bruce does not use any zydeco accordion on the album, but he has just started performing this title song with that very instrument in concert. As his own roadie/equipment man, Bruce decided it was “too much of a hassle” to carry an electric guitar just for one or two songs. Instead, he bought another fiddle to his sets so he can join Dewey Balfa fiddle duets.

The other originals bear familiar themes. “The Hottest Girls Are Them Pretty Cajun Girls” boasts, “that’s all the world/the prettiest girls are them pretty Cajun girls.” (A message worth repeating.) A dreamy little tune bubbling over with hospitality, it is worth hearing.

Bruce recalls that what really inspired him to start playing was seeing his friend Terry Huval with his band Bucktown for a few candid snapshots. Apparently Rounder agreed. After receiving the tape in the mail, they decided it could be pressed into an album without even so much as a remix. All they had to do was get Wavelength photographer, Rick Olivier, to join the band at Sid-Mars in Baton Rouge for a few candid snapshots. Then their art department did some accompanying layout work to complete the cover. Bruce supplied translations for those of us who do not “parlez Cadjine.” And all we have to do is listen and enjoy.

(Not to get on Bruce’s mailing list, write to 725 Hesper Ave., Metairie, LA 70005.)

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<tr>
<th>Instrument</th>
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After my first visit to New Orleans in May of '85 I wrote:

"In an architectural era when gingerbread seems the most-used building material, New Orleans is an honest to god city of historic rock and iron wrought with character. Every night thousands of whoopee-worshiping tourists do their best to emasculate this urban stud, and every morning New Orleans wakes up hard."

Austin is currently waging a similar battle against the forces that loom with intent to sap from our metro area the very thing that brought them there in the first place. We've been discovered, and history shows what routes discoveries can be. Our major export.

Every so often something will happen to reinstate Austin as a city with soul, with a verve that humbles power lunches and wrinkles satin jackets.

BY MICHAEL CORCORAN
Austin
New Orleans
and Moonlighting
the Blues

next to legislation and college degrees; has long been underachievement that you can dance to. But now our lazy, groover's paradise has been infiltrated by record company degma and its bewitching assortment of platinum carrots and greased dotted lines. Bands that once played for free beer and the pleasure of their music, now only get excited when A&R patsies are at their gigs. The most-asked question at the bar is not "what sign are you?" but, rather, "how close are you to signing?"

New groups form with the intent to get a record deal, but for the old-fashioned reasons of wanting to drive the neighbors crazy and wanting to get laid. They play the same dives that Timbuk 3, Bands that once played for free beer and the rest of the country thought we were serious. (Best putdown of the label came from Wavelength's own Rico who wrote that New Sincerity sounded like the name of a new scented douche.)

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pure and simple as a heartbeat, the percussion of life. It is absolutely incorruptible by the clouds of progress and the modern day affinity for short-term pleasures and heroes seemingly chosen by lottery. It's strictly internal in an age when external characteristics are all-important and the adage that "beauty is only skin deep" has been twisted in meaning to serve as the banner under which tan, fit, disease-free America does sundae jumping jacks to "The Heart of Rock and Roll."

Bruce Willis, the frat Mickey Rourke and hawker of wine coolers, has discovered the blues, good for him. He's taken harmonica lessons (from the same guy that taught Dan Ackroyd, probably) and embarked on a musical career aimed at secretarial pools that are glad to finally be able to spend their money on something other than male strip shows. The secretaries don't care what kind of music Bruce plays, just as long as he smiles at them and dresses to the left. But Willis loves the blues. The notes are easy to play, the words are easy to remember and now the world knows: Bruce Willis likes Negroes and their music.

It was a Monday night when Bruce Willis got in a limo at the airport and instructed the driver towards Austin's house band. It would turn out to be a night when Austin traced its essence as a town with unfailing musical priorities. Austin would choose real blues from the masters over the smug self-harping hammers of a Hollywood hambock.

Willis arrived, shadowed by his video cameraman, and sparked an epidemic of "look who's here" as he headed backstage to meet some of the guys he's only known through the liner notes of Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf records. A few minutes later he was onstage jamming with Jimmy Rogers and the Antone's house band. The dancefloor remained empty except for one couple who moved like they checked their rhythm at the door. Then he took a solo. So so. Then came another blast of lethargic air and then Jimmy Rogers to the rescue. Willis played the blues like a rich TV star and an unimpressed audience went back to their conversations and drink orders.

When he left the stage 20 minutes later and retreated backstage, nobody went back for an autograph or a nervous, forced exchange that would grow with each recounting. They just sipped their drinks until Willis arrived, shadowed by his hannonica player from Chicago threw his arms up after his third and fourth order. Willis got in a limo at the airport and whisked to plush offices where he would turn over the Austin tape to a video editor named Rick who is creative with camera angles and applause. The finished product will show Bruce Willis blowing harp smoke all over a sweaty crowd under the smiling approval of his blues mentors. The girls at the office will love it. A nation of occupied Lazy Boy recliners will receive their first exposure to Pinetop's Ackroyd, probably) and embarked on an unchallenged messiah to so many. But I'm proud to say that Bruce Willis' ass the first time around.

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SEPTEMBER

CONCERTS

Saturday 5
Third World play at the Treme Fest, along with reggae artists Mikey Dread and the Richmond Band. The show starts in the Municipal Auditorium at 8 p.m. Call 367-1313 for ticket information.

Izzy Thomas celebrates the anniversary of the Riverwalk in the Spanish Plaza around 8 p.m. Fireworks also mark the occasion. Free.

Alex Chilton, formerly of the Box Tops and Big Star, performs at Tipitina’s, 501 Napoleon, at 10 p.m. The John Thomas Griffith Band opens.

Sunday 6
Fats Domino appears in the Spanish Plaza at 7:30. He is playing in honor of the Riverwalk’s anniversary. Phone 522-1818.

Wednesday 9
The Replacements had the number one record on the college radio charts all summer. They plan to show up at Tipitina’s around 10 p.m. Dash Rip Rock opens.

Thursday 10
WWOZ Benefit. The Storyville Jazz Hall, 1103 Decatur, will host this party to aid our community radio station. Phone 586-1238 for more information.

Saturday 12
Mike Taylor. The guy who played guitar for the Rolling Stones in the early 70’s will play at Tipitina’s. Phone 897-3943 for details.

SOLD OUT: The Pope. Yes, Pope John Paul II in concert, so to speak, at the Louisiana Superdome in the afternoon, and at the UNO Lakefront Arena in the evening. Fans may phone 866-POPE for advice as to where one may glimpse the pontiff. Others may call 529-5027 for a schedule of demonstrations.

Tuesday 15
Rod Kross and Shot Down in Ecuador, Jr. appear at Storyville around 10:30.

Wednesday 16
Suicide Tendencies and Shell Shock invade Storyville. This is the club’s first hardcore show, so go easy on them!

The Meditations play reggae at Tipitina’s from 10:30. Phone the concert line at 897-3943.

Friday 18
Grand Funk Railroad, featuring Mark Farner, perform at Jimmy’s, 820 Willow Street. Koko Taylor and les Blues Machine come to Tipitina’s, 501 Napoleon. The show starts around 10:30.

Sam and Dave play at Storyville, 1103 Decatur, around 10 p.m.

Friday 25
Dash Rip Rock, our local boy wonders, play at the Boot, 1935 Broadway. These guys play fantastic rock ‘n’ roll, and their album is being played on alternative radio all over the country.

Friday 26
Saturday 27
The Neville Brothers grace the Tipitina’s stage both nights at 10 p.m.

Monday 28
10,000 Maniacs and the Balancing Act appear at Tipitina’s, 501 Napoleon, at 10:30. Both groups have had recent progressive radio hits.

Tuesday 29
David Bromberg plays his “dawg jazz” at Tipitina’s around 10. Phone the tips concert line at 897-3943 for more information.

Wednesday 30
The Paladins come to Tipitina’s, 501 Napoleon. Music starts around 10 p.m.

Random Diversions

Wednesday 2
MPCA meeting. The Movement for Peace in Central America meets every Wednesday at 7 p.m. Phone 522-2194.

Saturday 5
The Audubon Zoo has a funny day. The Friends of the Zoo held a giant sale at the zoo on Saturday and Sunday. Also, The Reptile Encounter exhibit opens today!

Sunday 6
Poetry Reading. The Maple Leaf, 8316 Oak, hosts these weekly readings at 3 p.m. This week Robert Borsodi and Sarah Beth Finn read.

Monday 7
Voodoo Museum. Another dull Monday? It doesn’t have to be! Pass by 724 Dumatine, one of the few places open on Monday, and learn about New Orleans’ psychic readings, rituals and crafts. Admission is nominal, and tours are also offered. Call 523-7605.

Friday through Sunday 13
The Pope will be in New Orleans. John Paul will give a papal mass at the UNO Lakefront Arena at 4 p.m. Saturday. For information about other activities, pro-Popes can call 861-2556. Those who wish to protest can call 529-5027.

Sunday 13
Bar None Ballads. In honor of the Pope’s visit, the Maple Leaf poetry reading group invites you to share your works on their open mike. Phone 866-LEAF.

Saturday 15
Golf of Dimes. Help eliminate birth defects with the A.T. March of Dimes Celebrity Golf Classic at Ormond Country Club in Destrehan. An auction will also be held. Phone 522-0656.

Saturday 19
Mardi Gras. Head to the Grand Ballroom of the Holiday Inn, 333 Poydras, if you want to bid on items and help the American Civil Liberties Union. They’re offering everything from art to vacations! Bidding starts around 7 p.m.

Sunday 20
Poetry Reading. Nancy Harris reads at the Maple Leaf at 3 p.m.

Wednesday 23
Candidates Debate. The five men running for Governor of Louisiana have it out at Tuskegee University. Phone 805-5400 for details.

Saturday 26
Recycle New Orleans. Help clean up our corner of the earth. The Louisiana Nature and Science Center sponsors this pick up at 1100 Lake Forest Blvd. Phone 246-5672 for details.

Sunday 27
Poetry Reading. Works of William Faulkner are read. Open mike, too, so head on over to 8316 and enjoy your poetry!

Monday 28
 Talent: The Fourth Annual Virginia Slims of New Orleans opens at the UNO Lakefront Arena. Chris Evert has entered. For tickets phone 888-8181.

Festivals

Labor Day Weekend
Blues and Gospel Festival. On Saturday 5 and Sunday 6 the old driving range in City Park will host the Popeye’s Blues and Gospel Festival. There will be food and crafts as well as music on four stages. Talents who will appear include Albert King, Guitarra de Oro, Lonnie Mack, John Adams, the Zion Harmonizers, Gospel Soul Children, and more. All artists will perform both days. For tickets, phone 866-7074.

Church Fair. Mansura, Louisiana holds this traditional party at St. Paul’s Church. Rides, food, and music will be offered all weekend. Phone (38) 964-2921 for directions.

Rock For His Reason is an alternative music festival to be held in Bloomington, Indiana. Over 50 bands will perform, movies will be shown, and food will be eaten. Phone (312) 533-6917 if you’d like to go see the Rainielettes, Diddie, Yothan, Pesteas, or Antagonists. Toxic Reason, The Industrial Waste Barrel, and more.

Shrimp and Petroleum Festival. I’m not kidding! Head to Morgan City to check out the industrial display in the Municipal Auditorium or just to eat seafood and scan the crafts. Music goes Saturday 5 and Sunday 6 until 11 p.m.

October is such a big month, I can only do it in one month. Check out Wavelength for more information.

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Friday 11 through Sunday 13
Cajun Riverfest. Forsythe Park and Old Town in Monroe is the place to be for street dancing, food, and continuous music on two stages. Call (318) 387-2372 for details.

Paul John Paul II will be in New Orleans over the weekend. He will fly in on Shepard One Friday, visit the Superdome, UNO and Xavier University Saturday, and fly to San Antonio Sunday. Those interested in details may call 888-PIPE. Those who wish to protest must phone 529-5027.

Cajun Day. Church Point holds this celebration of the culture of South Louisiana Saturday and Sunday. Call Theresa at (318) 684-2739.

Sunday 20
New Orleans Bicentennial. Fireworks and an outdoor symphony performance mark this celebration at Jackson Square.

Friday 25 through Sunday 27
Cajun Festival. St. Andrew’s Church in Amelia is the site for this party. Call the rectory if you need directions.

Get Free Concert! The New Orleans Symphony’s annual free concert is held at 7 p.m. in Lafreniere Park. Phone 524-0404.

Friday 18
Ballet opens. Rosalinda, a comedy set at a masked ball, will be performed Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 2.

Friday 25
Benefit Rec. Phone 861-2537 to participate in the race to aid the symphony. Things begin at 5 p.m. at the Audubon Zoo.

Wednesday 30
Othello opens the opera season at the Theatre of the Performing Arts. Performances Wednesday and Saturday at 7:30.

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Clarion Hotel, 1500 Canal, 522-4500. Piano music in the evenings.

Cosimo's, 1291 Burgundy, 861-8110. Fridays: A.J. Lota plays from 7 p.m. to close.

Cresole Queen, Peydras Street Wharf, 524-0081. Cruises nightly 6 to 11 p.m., with Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band.

Crystal Disco, 801 N. Claiborne. Thursdays: Bobby Marchan and the Big Throwdown Contingents.

Le Gauloise, in the Saturdays Dixieland Jazz Band. Cynthia Chien are frequent players.

Wednesdays the Famous Door Five occupies the Gazebo, 3 p.m. on Sundays.

Sundays from 7 to 9 p.m.: Placide Adams' Jazz Band, before shows, as does Nora Wixted. Confused?

Bromeliad: Atrium, some piano music. Mondays: Bob Mike Bunis. Thursdays: Bob and relaxing Mahogany at 4, Mike Bunis at 9. Wednesdays: Terry Lee, followed at 4 p.m. and Mike Bunis from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. noon.

Tuesday through Saturday, noon to 11 p.m.

Malson Dupuy Hotel, 2600 Orleans, 529-6066. Mediterranean piano players are often featured in the evenings.

Also, Jonathan's, 7006 Poydras, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band play here.

N. Claiborne. Thursdays: the Queen, Poydras, 523-8939. Sunday: Harlan Ogden and the Creole Brass Band, Monday and Thursday; Kid Thomas Valen
tine, Tue and Fri; Kid Sheik Celer, Wed and Sat; The Humphrey Brothers.

New Orleans Premier Comedy Club

374-LAFF

September Calendar

Sept 8-13
Chas Elyer
Trip Wildfield
Cajun Jazz Band

Sept 9-15
Steve O
Mike venezian
Chris Barnes

Sept 16-22
Lance Mallotco
Bruno Gold

Sept 23-29
Brother Rick
Steve Callaway

7404 Veterans Hwy
Metairie between Clearview and Transcontinental

‘Allons Danser’ CAJUN DANCE VIDEO

LEARN - TRADITIONAL WALTZ - TWO-STEP & ONE-STEP CAJUN JITTERBUG

This 30-minute video featuring the music of Michael Doucet and Beausoleil teaches you all the basic steps to folk dancing as done in the heart of Acadiana. Randy Speyrer, native of Opelousas, LA and one of the country’s foremost Cajun dance instructors, gives you a step-by-step approach to make Cajun dancing fun and easy. Order your tape today and learn one of America’s fastest growing folk dances - a must for your dance repertoire.

To order, send $19.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling to Randy Speyrer, P.O. Box 1500, New Orleans, LA 70175-9908. Specify VHS or Beta.

For private and group lessons, performances, workshops and Cajun band bookings call Randy Speyrer, (504) 892-0815.
AL BROUSSARD  
Sally Townes  
Celtic Folk  

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RARE VIDEOS
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John Coltrane
Bob Marley
Judy Garland
Elvis Presley
Ike & Tina
Duke Ellington
Prof. Longhair
FELA and more!

CALL 581-5347 for PLAYLIST
OPEN DAILY 11-8

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New Orleans, LA 70115

Le Bon Temps Roule
Welcome Back STUDENTS!
Visit Our BACK BAR and our PATIO CAFE
Featuring Our Legendary JUKEBOX!

MONDAYS
Domestic Beer $1.25
all day/all night

TUESDAYS
Draf Beer Night
$0.50 Glass/$2.50 Pitcher
Free Oysters 7 pm - 10 pm

WEDNESDAYS
Ladies Night
1st Drink Free, W/Price
Mixed Drinks
8 pm - 12 am

THURSDAYS
Busch Night
75¢ Busch
Longneces, 9 pm - 11

FRIDAYS
Free Oysters, 5 pm - 9 pm
50¢ Draft, 6 pm - 8 pm

SATURDAYS
Rotating Import Beer Specials

SUNDAYS
$1.50 Bloody Marys, 11 am - 5 pm
Now with 2 Great JUKEBOXES
4801 Magazine
697-9288

What has 52 input modules, 48 output busses, parametric equalization, 12 effects sends, 8 headphone mixes, complete computer automation and sounds absolutely positively, really insanely great?

Q. Could you rephrase the question?

A. Performance Clinic
Presenting
Larry Coryell and
Ovation Guitars
Sept. 22, 7 p.m.
Admission $3
Gateway Hotel
2261 N. Causeway
Tickets at Mitchell's

1026 Veterans
Mitchell's
634-5090

Blow-Out Prices!
Effects... Keyboards... Amps... Guitars
We're Overstocked!
10 to 40% Off

Borselli's Coffee House, 5104 Ferret, 805-9292. Tuesday and Wednesday: poetry reading. This authentically weird coffee house also features periodic live music and plays.

Cafe Brasil, 2100 Quarter, 843-9898. Live music on some weekends. Monday through Thursday: The NUC Task Force holds a benefit poetry reading.

Cafe Caliente, 900 N. Peters, 583-4656. The phone is out of order, but they're rumored to have live classical and folk music occasionally.

Cafe Del Arte, 7120 Dublin, 861-4272. Thursdays: depending upon which Thursday you hit this uptown spot, you'll see Patrick Kemer playing classical guitar or you'll stumble into a musical gathering and wish you'd brought your instrument: Saturdays: Brazilian music by the Arcadia Trio, from 8:30 to 10:30.


Penny Pots Coffee House, 5100 Dananel.
music every night from 8:30 to 11. Check the graffiti in the bathroom!

The Bres' 233 Ponce de Leon, 947-3948.
Sundays: poetry from 4 to 6.

October 1: Claude Berri's new film Jard de Fiancés has a strictly limited run at this uptown theatre. Most shows at the Prytania start at 5, 7 and 9:15. Phone 985-4613.

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 5423 Magazine, 891-1002. Opening Saturday 28: The photography of San Francisco, including classic portraits of Janis Joplin, the Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead and other famous scenes from the summer of love. The show will be left open at the opening to tell stories and answer questions.

Academy Gallery, 5206 Magazine, 892-6111. All-month group show featuring Shirley Lennon, Anna Paik, Stella Fallaw, Nini Bodinheimer, Dennis Ferrin and Joyce Mann.

Bergen Gallery, 703 Royal. All-month: displays by gallery artists. Including works by Ettie, Impigilia and Robin Morris.

Cafe Brasil, 2100 Chartres. All-month: the art of Rain Webb is displayed in this coffee house.

Caro Robinson Gallery, 4537 Magazine, 989-6130. Open Tuesday through Friday; 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Artists on display in the rotating summer exhibit until Saturday 25, when Revisions, works by color pencil by Sally Morgan, will open.

Contemporary Arts Center, 100 Camp Street, 523-1216. Saturdays: Art for Arts sake, multimedia art by artists living and working in Louisiana.

Downtown Gallery, 2904 Magazine, 897-0780. Open Monday through Saturday; 10 to 5. Tuesday 29: An exhibit on the art of Cross River opens.

Dupinian Gallery, 618 Baronne, 524-1371. Gallery artists include Robert Rector, Chris Busknight, Davis Gregor, Tom Ladesca, Tom Seidman, Isabel thoroughhouse, John Greenberg, Nancy Harris, Francis Pavy and Marvin White.


Gaspere Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter. Gallery artists on display include Howard Finster, David Butler, Clementine Hunter, Lillian Morstein, Walter Anderson and Pappy Kitchens.

LeMieux Gallery, 305 Peltier Avenue, Algiers Point, 381-1735. Artists on display this summer include Tony Green, Mary Lee Eppert, Dennis Perini, Marga Manning, Rick Helson, Kate Myers and Charles Piber.

Live Art, 4207 Dumaine, 484-7245.

Lsu Union Art Gallery, LSU Campus, Baton Rouge, 368-5117. Friday 11 through October 4: faculty art show.

Louisiana State Museums: The Cabildo, Jackson Square. Louisiana history through art and artifacts. The Presbytere, Jackson Square. Louisiana history through art and artifacts. The Mint, 506 Esplanade, Exhibitions on Carnal, Jazz and the history of black workers show each week.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. The museum is free to the public on Thursdays. September: "The Splendour of Senners," an exhibit of the famous French porcelain, is displayed. Animal lovers will be delighted to learn that through Wednesday 29, NOMA will feature three exhibitions of animal art, including glass and photography displays. And of course, in honor of the Prix de Vois, NOMA will display rare sacred art all month.

Phyllis Purcin Studio, 2108 Decatur. All-month: "City of Masks," an exhibit in black and white photos. Purcin says she strives to express truth and style self-renewal with all her work.

Passat-Sacket Gallery, 222 St. Peter, 524-2752. Group exhibit including works by Malakia Favorites, EACP Konnowski, Lenica Fried, Jim Meston and Larry 2.

Stills Fine Art, 827 Girard, 528-3008. Tuesday 8 through October 3: works by Miriam Schapiro and graphics by Bill Gromer.

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Imagine the Last Page with no jokes! What you’d get would be lists of local folksingers who have recently performed in Abita Springs and the vital information that “Fats!” Domino is a smash in Monte Carlo. Who needs a magazine to tell ‘em that?

Despite our best intentions, the occasional reader — probably because his or her boss yelled at them or because they were bottle-fed as infants or because they are too insensitive to maintain long-lasting relationships with members of the opposite sex (or the same sex, if that is their inclination) — is offended by one of our little jokes. The sillier the joke, the more they freak.

A reader from Atlanta got upset when we said that no record had ever been made in that city. That’s because the really cool place to make records nowadays is at an abandoned drive-in movie in South Dakota. Atlantic musicians have been going there for years — Springsteen, Bon Jovi, all of ‘Em! Atlanta — wait a minute... we thought the reader was from Atlantic City! How ignorant of us!

Then another person thought we were making fun of poetry. Ridiculous! As children, we used to hide under the covers at night with our flashlights, reading the glorious verse of Burns and Shelley and Swinburne and Yeats. Our parents thought we were reading Gent — or worse. To us, poetry is serious business. It’s so serious, we rarely mention it on the Last Page. What we don’t understand is that poets oughta be pretty tough-skinned individuals, given that anyone declaring themself a poet in this age should be prepared for some ribbing. Recall the words of William Butler Yeats:

O heart! O heart! if she’d but turn her head.
You’d know the folly of being comforted.

New Orleans’ most popular band (without a doubt!), the Neville Brothers ensemble, is the recipient of almost constant reportage in this column. As we have detailed the trials and tribulations of the family, we have tried to temper the triumphs and tragedies with comedy. Was that not the method of the late James Booker?

This month, however, — no jokes about the Nevilles. We have, instead, an excerpt from a recent interview with Cyril Neville, conducted by Austin writer Greg Stephens. Cyril performed with the Killer Bees at the Seventh Annual Sunsplash festival in Montego Bay, Jamaica on August 21 and prior to his departure, he explained his indoctrination into reggae and Rastafarianism: “What I did was learn everything I could about Bob Marley as fast as I could. I sat in a room with that album for about 15 days and actually purged myself of some bad habits I had at the time — by knowing I would have something when I came out of the room. It’s hard for me to talk about. But when I heard Bob Marley, I knew then what I was gonna be doing for the rest of my life. I was gonna be writing and singing reggae music. I was gonna be a totally different person from when I went into this room with Natty Dread. It was a spiritual experience.”

About the reggae-fication of the Nevilles sound: “You can take people out of Africa, but you can’t take Africa out of the people. Regardless of what kind of machines we hook up around us, we are still the Neville Brothers and our roots are still in Africa. Even on a song like ‘Shek A Na Na.’”

John Magnie’s latest experiment is the accordion, to be heard in the pianist’s collaboration with Tommy Malone, Johnny Allen and Steve Amedee, collectively known as the Subdudes. Several women have fainted upon hearing Tommy’s slide guitar in the ‘dudes’ rendition of “Down In The Boondocks.” Actually, they didn’t really faint. They were light-headed for a moment, sat down, had a glass of water and felt much better. Then the Subdudes played “Love Oh Love (Ain’t No Love Like The Love at Home)” — that’s when the ladies fainted.
## SEPTEMBER

**Showtimes:**
- 10pm Mon-Thurs
- 10:30pm Fri & Sat

### OCTOBER

**Sun 11**
- Tip’s Gumbo “Cook-Off”

**Thurs 18**
- Nola Partin & Alto

**Fri 19**
- Jerry Lee Lewis

**Fri 26**
- Junior Walker & The All-Stars

### Fairs & Events

**Thu 12**
- Splashy Festival

### Concerts

**Fri 19**
- Junior Walker & The All-Stars

**Sat 16**
- Jerry Lee Lewis & Friends

### Special Events

**Fri 19**
- Free Red Beans & Rice

### Tickets

**Sun 11**
- Tickets for Rolling Stones

### Bookings

**For Bookings 891-8477**
- Business 895-8477
- Concert Line 897-3943
## SEPTEMBER

### Calendar of Events

**Every Sunday**

**FREE PIG ROAST**

**9 P.M.**

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**Special Events:**

- **9/15 - Tues. Red Kross**
  - $1.00 Beer & Schnapps
- **9/16 - Wed. Suicidal Tendencies**
  - $1.00 Beer & Schnapps
- **9/17 - Fri. Sam & Dave**
- **9/25 - Fri. Micki Honeycut**

**Coming In October...**

- Holly Near
- Maynard Ferguson
- Big Twist & Mellow Fellows

**Advance tickets at Storyville Bar, Record Bar's 1104 Decatur**

**1 1/4 PRICE DRINKS**

**525-8199**

**JAZZ! FOOD! Booze! Dancing!**