Wavelength (March 1985)

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A SALUTE TO MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOLS

Pete Fountain, with high school clarinet teacher Anthony Valentino
Monday through Saturday 10:00-7:00. Plenty of parking. Phone: (504) 561-5050.
"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979
Mardi Gras 'Torture'

Carnival 1985 commenced with a chilly clime and ended with a balmy, overcast Mardi Gras—warm enough for t-shirts but not quite sunny enough for those dapper citizens known as Indians, who spend months affixing plastic jewels and sequins to their suits. Without a blazing sun, these local Sioux lack half their glory.

We've said it before and we see no reason not to repeat our plan: Carnival should be held in July. Most people have no idea that Carnival has anything to do with Lent (what right-minded modern person would ever give up something in these greedy times?), the Church or the Pope. How silly it is that in other sections of this nation, the one-minute silent denominational school prayer is a subject of great debate and breast-beating. Here in New Orleans, we celebrate a full-blown Roman Catholic holiday with more than a little cooperation from our municipal government. Along the parade routes, Lutheran congregations sell hot dogs, Episcopalians retail German beer and devotees of Krishna dispense fake "summonses," which "order" the startled recipient to appear at a Krishna ceremony. The young lady who tried to present us with such a document nearly got punched in the nose. Next time, we won't think twice about it.

In New Orleans, the height of "nastiness" is some poor coed from Alabama, drunk for the first time in her life (on Hurricanes or the like), discreetly flashing her bra for the benefit of other drunk students. Ooooh! They go wild over stuff like that on Bourbon Street.

What passes for decadence and sordidness beyond the call of duty in New Orleans is a young insurance salesman or native hairdresser costuming as a woman (or at least the kind of "woman" seen in Las Vegas chorus lines). Next year, they'll probably be A.I.D.S. fatalities so these boys literally and liberally adopt the motto of the Knights of Momus—"Vivimus, Vivamus—"While we live, let us live!"

Momus, which traditionally parades along the Uptown route on the Thursday evening preceding Mardi Gras, utilizes satirical themes for its parades. Momus tries to be funny and in our estimation, usually fails. Momus fails because, we assume, a committee of its bluebloods gets together and makes up jokes about New Orleans and New Orleansians. Well, there are tons of funny people in New Orleans but not one of them is a member of the krewe-joining, ball-going class. Those in doubt should attend one of the "social" balls at Municipal Auditorium. We've been to funerals that were more jolly.

Momus' 1985 theme was "Our Own Language," a rather rich source considering previous endeavors by Robert Tallant, John Kennedy Toole and Bunny Matthews. However, the god of mockery seemed fairly wimpy in his choice of jokes—depicting our seven city councilmen as po-boys (too true to be funny) and World's Fair chief executive Petr Spurney trapped in a gondola with the legend "Siempre D'Affaire" (too mild to be funny).

The Krewe of Hermes, founded by men of the tourist industry, introduced neon lights to Carnival floats in 1938 and its parade is the last procession to feature a team of mules pulling the king's float. Before the advent of tractors, all floats were pulled by mules and the sight of mules ensnared in white robes not unlike those worn by the Klan is awesome. Bravo to Hermes for keeping the tradition alive!

Hermes' 1985 theme was "All For One and One For All," depicting the tale of the Three Musketeers as it rolled through the city on Friday night. On Sunday morning, the same floats (designed by the Barth Brothers) were used by the Krewe of Thoth, who called their parade "Classic Tales of Fact and Fiction." The Thothians tossed vibrant yellow plastic cups decorated with Vikings, Egyptians and of course, the Three Musketeers. And then there was the peculiar truck disguised as a portable jail, festooned with the heads of the Jacksons and Sherriff Foti. Aboard the truck was what looked like real prisoners (mostly black) and real whores (mostly white). One's first assumption was that these celebrants were being let out of their cells for reasons of good behavior or perhaps as living examples of what happens to bad little boys and girls. Quite mysterious, to say the least.

Endymion, parading through...
Jazz Fest Update

This year on Saturday night with Wayne Newton as its monarch, was simply too much. Too slow, too-strung out. We watched the first four or five floats, then drove home and watched the rest on TV.

One of the TV commentators, Pat Mathews, kept pointing out people from his high school who were aboard floats. Since we know Mathews has been out of high school for over a decade and since the guys on the floats were wearing masks, we found this bad of reporting pretty incredible.

We skipped Bacchus for the same reason we've never been to Disneyland. We were shocked to hear you'd see too.

We were watching Madonnas and the Jacksons.

The 15th Annual Rock-On Survival Marathon hits Uptown from Friday, March 15 through Sunday, March 17, 1985. Nine area bands will participate in the event to be held at the Tulane University Main Quadrangle.

The marathon opens with Multiple Places scheduled to appear from 4 to 6 p.m. on Friday, March 15.

Activity resumes on Saturday, March 16 with the Uptown, to be followed by Ramsey McLean and the Survivors, the Radiators, and Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo. The Cold will cap off Saturday's segment of the marathon.

Sunday, March 17, opens with folk music by as-yet-unscheduled groups from noon to 1 p.m. Following this will be the Continental Drifters and the Batiste Brothers.

The marathon closes Sunday evening with a performance by Woodenhead.

At press time, the starting and finishing times for each of the groups was unavailable. The 15th Annual Rock-On Survival Marathon is sponsored by WTUL FM 91.5 and Busch Beer. Admission is free to the marathon.

In connection with the event, Jimmy's will present live music the night of Saturday, March 16, provided by Multiple Places, Final Academy and more.

—Comus Jones

Rock On Radio

The 15th Annual Rock-On Radio Survival Marathon hits Uptown from Friday, March 15 through Sunday, March 17, 1985. Nine area bands will participate in the event to be held at the Tulane University Main Quadrangle.

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CAPP's-ulization

"I'm pretty much a party animal," explains 29-year-old George Lissarrague, a New Orleans native who has lived in New Orleans for the past 14 years. "I'm not able to find the right environment for his animalistic partying. Lissarrague and his partner Brett Guepet have done what many other local fun-lovers have done on previous occasions when bereft of congenial sites — opened a bar. They've picked a good one, too.

Now called Capp's, formerly Andy Capp's and a variety of other names (even as a bank once, if our feeble minds are correct), the bar has long been the premiere place for non-heterosexual dancing in New Orleans. The dancing will continue — upstairs and down — with deejay Wayne Landry returning with his infernal discs. There's hot pink walls downstairs with a black and white tiled floor, lots of mirrors so you can check your composition and Lissarrague promises "lots of specials." These will include a "Gothic-Punk Night" and an "Oldies-New Wave Night."

Oldies-New Wave??

"Yeah," says Lissarrague. "That's like the Psychedelic Furs and bands like them." If the deejays permit, Lissarrague hopes to present live bands and live sounds. As for the dancing, there's no cover charge ever.

—A. Pascewigh
Dave Wakeling, formerly of the Beat (or the English Beat, as lawyers on this side of the Atlantic ordained), is something of an old favorite in New Orleans. The Beat’s loose-limbed punky rhythm, highlighted by the strong foot of drummer Everett Morton, the walls of venerable saxophonist Saxa and the sweet-and-sour boasting and toasting of Wakeling and partner Ranking Roger, was a natural for this city grown rhythmically accustomed to the Meters, the Nevilles and fellow syncopators of college audiences and their shaved heads and most realms in between. The Beat was Everyman’s band.

That was last year’s more plebeian model, however. This year, Wakeling and the newly-striped-with-shaved heads and most realms in between. The Beat was Everyman’s band.

Wakeling, speaking via telephone to commence in the band’s Birmingham, England, headquarters. Wakeling (left) with three-time winner of Best New Band of the Year.

I like the “Tenderness” video because it’s so non-sexy...

Absolutely. We worried that the video might come out looking overcut but we thought that it commented on the inherent sexism of MTV and the other cable channels and that it would be very good to make such a comment. Some of it’s disgusting, isn’t it?

I’ve got a daughter—3—and she’s mad on Boy George. I don’t think I’d like a 3-year-old child of mine ravaged by the Def Leppard of this world. I really don’t think she should grow up thinking she has to walk around in fishnet tights and be dragged around in the air by overweight heavy-metal guitarists. It’s awful.

I was surprised. I’ve never really watched too much MTV until recently when we’ve stayed in one town for too or three days. That gives you a chance to go to some one’s home and check it out. And then you realize that you probably never get in your hotel. I’m not a prude. I don’t think but I was really quite shocked. Some of it’s so degrading.

I was so surprised because American girls seem very independent and forceful in general. They seem fairly independent. I’m amazed that they stand for it! Certainly the girls in England wouldn’t stand for that sort of continual stereotyping.

To its credit, MTV has forced change upon American radio...

It’s really odd, isn’t it? The combination of college radio and MTV, one that was actually made for credible top 40 radio.

Do you get to see many American bands as you tour?

You see support groups when you do your own tour. You get a lot of demos given to you. I get a lot of cassettes.

Do you listen to them?

Oh yeah. The good ones I give to I.R.S. [General Public’s record label]. They haven’t signed one that I’ve given them yet. There seems to be, as far as I can tell, an enormous reluctance from American record companies to sign “new wave”—if you can call it that—American acts. Sometimes I’ve said to people at I.R.S. in Los Angeles, “Why does a group have to come from Birmingham or Manchester before you’re interested?”

I’ve seen groups in Los Angeles that are really good and can’t get a record deal. They would get a record deal if they lived in England. They can’t get a record deal and they live right on your doorstep!

Especially in Los Angeles, they’re kind of scared of homegrown talent. They don’t mind establishing sorta middle-of-the-road rock and they’re willing to really stretch their imagination to see what the latest English group’s coming up with. If somebody on the same street as them comes up with something just as challenging, they tend to try and ignore it or say it’s rubbish. I find it ever so odd.

It’s the continuing story, America’s always produced the most innovative music. Everybody thinks it’s England. All that England does is it listens to American music properly and changes it and takes what they need and modifies it and puts it into their own experience. Ever since the Beatles, Americans all hold their hands up and go, “Wow! This is fantastic! It’s amazing music!”

I think there was, and probably still is, a lot of inherent racism in American music. Probably I like New Orleans because it’s one of the few places where musicans seem to be judged by how they play rather than what color they are.

So a lot of chances have been missed in America. Tamla/Motown really had a strong effort on everybody who played the guitar in England in the last 20 years. When I speak to some American musicians—or even some American journalists—about favorite songs—and quite a lot of my favorite songs are Tamla songs or Stax songs or Atlantic songs—they don’t know ‘em at all.

It’s really quite interesting. I even saw one dreadful program—"25 Years of American Pop Music"—something that I thought would be really great. They managed to miss out on Tamla/Motown entirely. It went from one white bloke just before Tamla/Motown to some white fellow just after. It really doesn’t make sense.

American radio has always been very segregated.

Fortunately, there are signs that it’s breaking down—even if it’s just MTV now having black faces. If somebody’s number one on the chart, you can hardly say they’re not commercial.

Also, things like the Talking Heads experiment: all the English two-tone groups goggled and said, “Oh, look—Talking Heads has gone two-tone.” But it did have quite a profound effect. I think, Standards, middle-of-the-road musicians in America suddenly realized you can play music with anybody you like. You can learn whatever you like.

Wouldn’t it be great to have the best of American rock mixed with the best of American funk? You don’t end up... well, you’d end up with the Talking Heads, which is, frankly, one of the best music in the world.

I think it’s part of our heritage. New Orleans isn’t a very American city. I think it’s my favorite. I’ve seen...
Europe seems like a half continent without the Hungarian culture—in art and music and literature. Before the War, Eastern Europe was very...
Hottest Videos

New Videos Added To MTV:

"Material Girl" Madonna (Warner Bros.)

"Just Another Night" Mick Jagger (Columbia)

"Lucky" Greg Kihn (EMI)

"Save A Prayer" Duran Duran (Capitol)

"Julia" The Eurythmics (RCA)

"The Heat Is On" Glenn Frey (MCA)

"Balloon Blitz" Krokus (Atlantic)

"Underground" Angel City (MCA)

"Gratitude" Danny Elfman (MCA)

"High In School" Madam X (Epic)

"Method Of Modern Love" Hall & Oates (RCA)

Critics' Choice:

Iain Blair Crows About Huey Lewis & The News

Veteran Northern California rockers Huey Lewis & The News finally—and appropriately enough in the year of the Olympics—hit big last year with their multi-platinum Sports album. They also hit it big at this Forum sell-out with another winning performance that provided the happy crowd with two hours of hard-working, unpretentious, good time rock and roll.

Lewis and his lads have no time for make-up, bizarre hairstyles or androgynous poses—they wisely leave all that stuff to the likes of Prince, Ray Charles and Michael Jackson. Instead, with well-trained athletes, they just get on with the business of playing music with gusto and determination—all laced with just enough calculated showbiz moves to give their show an edge of drama. Lewis is an appealing performer, the band is tight and punchy, and together they are the epitome of local boys made good with their no-nonsense, "what-you-see-is-what-you-get" hits such as "I Wanna New Drug" and "If This Is It" which perfectly sums up their attitude and music. Lewis and company may not take any musical risks, and they're not exactly challenging the boundaries of rock and roll—but their hearts are definitely in the right place.

On Tour...

First, there was Purple Rain—The Album, quickly followed by The Film. Now we have The Tour—starring The Kid himself, Prince Nelson. With Sheila E. opening, Prince started in the Midwest and is covering the West and the South into spring. Photo: Terry Sesvold/Pix International © 1985

In The Studio...

Translator are currently at work on their third album for 415/Columbia Records. Ed Stasium is in the producer's seat. Recording began at Studio D in Santa Monica, CA and has since moved down to the Record Plant in Los Angeles. The project is slated to go to New York for final mixing. DeMola Adipoju from King Sunny Ade's mighty band is at Sound Image Studio in Hollywood working on a solo project for Mij Productions. John Henning is at the board... The Fugs, those celebrated 1960's purveyors of literary smut-rock, got together for a reunion concert recently at New York's Bottom Line Club. The show was committed to tape and is now being mixed at Midnight Modulation Studios in Saugerties, NY. Michael Bitterman is at the controls... Production ace Jimmy Levine (Springsteen, Bob Segar, Tom Petty, etc) has been lined up to remix several songs from The Teatones' acclaimed LP, Midnight Mass. These special mixes will be serviced by Gold Mountain/New Media Records to radio stations across the country... R&B stalwart Dennis Edwards is currently working on a new LP at Sound Castle Studios in Los Angeles. Dennis Lambert is producing... Guitarist/producer Rick Deringer was at New York's Skyline Studio recently, cutting some tracks for artist David Gruen. Tom Edmonds engineered, assisted by Roger Moutenot. Also at Skyline were Manhattan's own Egyptians. The sessions were produced by CBS/Parachute/new music patron Hilly Crystal. Roger Moutenot engineered, with assistance from Eric Calvi... Canadian artists the Boys Brigade are now at the Complex studios in Los Angeles tracking their upcoming Anthem/Capitol album. Producing the disc is Verdine White of Earth, Wind and Fire. Tom Canning, who leads the "Thick Of The Night" band and co-produces Al Jarreau's records with Jay Graham. Engineering for the Boys Brigade sessions is Chris Brun. Sharon Rice is assisting... And at Starlight Studios in Richmond, The Uptones have just finished up their debut EP for 415 Records, six tunes that will be coming out in the spring.

Personal Favorites


Top of the Charts

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Did Nixon Smuggle Satchmo’s Stash?

NEW YORK CITY—What’s that latest hot spot? What’s the biggest “hit” for the musical elite? What’s the hottest daily event and those at the top of the pop? Why, it’s Alcoholics Anonymous. The Soho meetings alone could field an all star jazz band while also providing the pick of the night’s jazz (soberly). From the late seventies punk performances—art-blackclothes—all night scene. As there have existed junk, cocaine and freebase cliques, welcome to the sober but brave new world of abstinence and confession. Narcotics runs a close but less acceptable second. It’s one thing to admit to and seek help for drinking, but to admit to being a junkie is a great leap.

Watergate was just a hotel... Richard “Millhouse” Nixon was once the president of a country known as the United States of America. He was also a frustrated piano player much like his hero, Earl “Fatha” Hines. Mr. Nixon was also a huge fan of Louis Armstrong. During his term as Vice-President, Mr. Nixon told Satchmo if there was one man he would have forsaken the political arena for a career as a solo piano player much like his hero, Earl “Fatha” Hines. Mr. Nixon found himself at Washington’s Dulles Airport a few minutes before the arrival of a jet returning Louis Armstrong’s band from a state department party in Europe. His always wanted to meet Satchmo, Nixon went to meet the plane. The two men met on the runway, chatted briefly and walked back toward the terminal. Nixon told Satchmo if there was ever anything he could do for him, don’t be afraid to ask. Never one to miss a beat, Satchmo asked Nixon to join him on his bags through customs. Nixon agreed, carrying three pounds of fine marijuana past the smiling customs officials. It is not known whether Nixon was aware of the contents.

New Orleans News... Miles Dewey Davis at the Jazzfest, on the same bill with Wynton Marsalis. Both these men have new LPs. Marsalis chose to do a record of standards, Hot House Flowers, easily the best sounds young Marsalis has put on disc yet. Despite the skill shown by Marsalis, the CBS hype of all things-Wynton has met with considerable backlash as of late, much of it centered on Hot House Flowers. Less we forget, Wynton Marsalis is a young, developing player, not the second coming. Journalists of the “rewrite the hype, take the check, keep the free records and pay list coming” school kissed considerably as in assisting CBS in their all-out effort to create a new genius, wholesome, pure, educated and thoughtful—not angry, funky and streetwise like those old-fashioned type Marsalis helped with insightful interviews. He was definitely for real. (This writer Xeroxed copies of Wynton’s interviews with his music students. They were not interested, asking me if I had any Prince interviews.) Now, many journalists, who probably didn’t like Marsalis much anyway, went along for the bygones, now coming at poor Wynton with pitchforks, tar and feathers. Let’s hope this talented young man can keep his act together through the treacherous territory he has chosen to walk. Miles Davis has lived his nine lives and more, skillfully twisting the world around his... finger is not the word. He is, of late, heavily MTV and cable bound. He recently appeared on a very good andavid video watcher and has praised the likes of Rick Springfield. His new release is You’re Under Arrest, the title tune being a John Scofield composition and the only out and out jazz on the record. Other pieces include “Time After Time” by Cyndi You Know Who, “Mother Nature” by Michael You Know Who, and times by Debarge and D Train. This record is a big departure, even for a man known for his incongruous behavior. Miles actually speaks on the record, his being, “ Arrest someone, Mother-fucker!” One assumption it will be bleeped for the single. The funnest part of the record is Miles’ use of the stock train whistle settings in his Yamaha DX7 synthesizer. He uses the train whistle live to cut off band member’s too lengthy solos. Miles Davis is now healthier than he has been in years, excited about music and capable of doing decent Reid Fox and Rudy Ray Moore impressions. God bless.

...Singers... Before there were musical instruments, there was singing. New Orleans is chock full o’ singers. Most people know about Aaron Neville (“God gave me the voice of an angel”), The Gospel Soul Children, Leigh Harris, Lady BJ, Johnny Adams, and Germaine Bazzle. The real story here is in the churches and schools, not so much on the professional scene. However, there are singers who play nightclubs and such that are worth hearing for their contributions to today’s music, not for their museum potential. There is a new singer in town, Jackie Jones. She has a gospel background that lends itself well to her choice of standards. She sings for The Dukes of Dixieland, managing to inject some life into a three set a night, six nights a week routine.

Carolyn Odell sings and plays with The Uptights. While the Uptights are the antithesis of most New Orleans bands—pop, Sixties nostalgia and originals that reflect their love of mid-Sixties British pop—a good singer is a good singer is a good singer and it’s all music, so labels be damned. Stephanie Sieberth is a singer who performs infrequently but is “deserving of wider recognition” as they say in down beat.

Luz Marie and Adela are sisters (with no last name) from Guatemala who now live in New Orleans. Their vocal efforts rival those of other nationally famous sister teams. Alam, they have done little performing, finding New Orleans somewhat lukewarm to their brand of Latin Soul. They plan to tour parts of Central America and Puerto Rico, where they are better received than in New Orleans.

Linda Ronstadt is not from New Orleans. Never a fan, this writer was shocked to find himself swooning over Lush Life. No oversinging, hairy chested operatives, maudlin self pity or pointless virtuosity. Lush Life is listenable and even exceptional. Congrats to her voice teacher, Linda doesn’t sound like Ronstadt anymore.

Bobby McFerrin is the next jazz superstar. Hearing his recent shows at New York’s Blue Note, I came away convinced. McFerrin is capable of making large and small groups feel good about themselves and unified with the world at large. His singing encompasses all manners of sounds, styles and aspirations. He is a comedian. His singing long TV theme stumps the band sequence was both entertaining and embarrassing. Good job on Mr. Ed. Bob. While a forced

chumminess did on occasion blanket the good times, more often McFerrin was able to break down the barrier between audience and performer. His shows were augmented by frequent solo spots from members of the audience—predominantly female. Michelle Hendricks, daughter of Jon and presently employed as a waitress at the Blue Note, joined McFerrin for a duet that electrified the already rabid crowd. McFerrin closed his shows with a gospel tune. He alternated choruses with members of the audience. The words: “If I let God fight my battles, I know the victory will be mine. Some thoughts... Spearheaded by Bruce Springsteen, King Sunny Ade, Talking Heads and Grateful Dead, music events with a warm revival feel are having an impact once more. Concerts that were like church were common 15 years ago but have become scarce in large scale mainstream rock circles. As spectacle replaced unity, facile technical displays became the norm. A side product of MTV is that people are getting so much techno virtuosity that they are looking elsewhere and coming up with more participatory events.

Questions... Why has no one released Pass The Hatchet as a flat-out dance floor tune? Why would a band call itself Quick Zipper?

Favorite Quote of 1964: “I believe there will ultimately be a clash between the oppressed and those who do the oppressing, but I don’t think it will be based on the color of the skin.”—Malcolm X.
TALKING HEADS
VIDEO PARTY

SEE UNRELEASED VIDEOS OF THE TALKING HEADS PLUS HEADS GIVE-AWAYS AT METRONOME ON THURS., MARCH 21 AT 7:00 PM

SEE STOP MAKING SENSE AT THE PYRTANIA THEATRE MARCH 22ND—APRIL 11TH.

METRONOME
Pleasant at Magazine / New Orleans, Louisiana 70115 / 504-997-5015

Jazz On A Blue Note

George Lewis and His New Orleans Stompers
Echoes of New Orleans
Blue note 110

Here's a classic New Orleans jazz LP from the great clarinetist George Lewis. As most jazz historians know, Lewis (born George Louis Francis Zeno in 1900) first made a name with trumpeter Bunk Johnson around 1940. From that time until his death in 1968, Lewis was one of New Orleans most popular jazz musicians, not only in America but Europe and Japan, too. Thankfully he was recorded prolifically, but his mid-Fifties Blue Note recordings were among his best ever.

Blue Note Records of course has reached legendary status and rightly so. Besides Lewis, other subjects of early Blue Note releases were Sidney Bechet, Bunk Johnson and even Miles Davis. This particular long-playing 33 1/3 microgroove is actually a ten-inch record, containing six outstanding performances. Lewis is accompanied here by "Kid" Howard on trumpet, Jim Robinson on trombone, Edgar Mosley on drums and the great Chester Zardis on bass. The sound is definitely down-low but with a warm, powerful drive. Best of the lot is "Dauphine St. Blues" and "Just A Closer Walk" which have to be considered among the greatest dixieland performances of all time. Found this and Vol. 2 (Blue Note 1013) at a flea market in Florida not too long ago for two bits a piece.

TECHNO-PULP

Funk, Fun, Mature and Single

12" Singles:
Scritti Politti—"Hypnotize"
Virgin VS 725-12

Once upon a time there was a band that was sweet, they put out several singles that sounded like sedate rock with funk overtones. Then came a series of singles that approached white funk. Then it was discovered that Green, the lead singer/songwriter had been holed up in New York for a while working on some new material. What emerged were some of the best dance/funk songs ever. "Hypnotize" is the third single by Scritti Politti in the series started with "Wood Beez." The band, comprised of New York studio musicians, sounds ultra slick but doesn't enter the homogenized and sterile territory of, let's say, Steely Dan. If you like to move then this is one record that doesn't stop you.

The Monochrome Set—
"Jacob's Ladder"
Blanco y negro NEG 4-T

This has always been a fun band, a hearty mix of humor with just the right amount of absurdity. This new five-track E.P. finds them at their best. Imagine a non-political Clash singing fun and humorous lyrics over neat guitar riffs. Continuing this current trend this band should have a hit here.

Bill Nelson—Trial By Intimacy
(The Book Splendours)
Cocteau JEAN 2

This four-record set includes a book of photographs and a set of postcards. It is a collection of unreleased recording Bill Nelson has made at the Echo Observatory in Yorkshire. This is ambient music that should be played loud in large rooms—music that sometimes would take over the conversation. It would add something to your idea or thought. It would make you dream. In color.

LPs:
Orange Juice—The Orange Juice (The Third Album)
Polydor OJHP 2

This took a little while to grow on me. I hated the singles, most of which were released before the album. The band now consists only of Edwin Collins and Zeke Manyika with Angela Claire Kenny (from Amazulu) on bass and Dennis (Blackbeard) Bovell on keyboards. The songs are good, still featuring the loose guitar/tight drum sounds of previous efforts, but none have the intensity and urgency of the older material. The band has gone from a wonderful "wimpy/pop" sound to more sensitive and mature sound. Approach with caution.

RARE RECORD
ALMOST SLIM
Rebirth Brass Band

Here To Stay

Atholie 1092

The Rebirth Brass Band is perhaps the youngest of the new brass marching bands currently forming a wave of interest and excitement in New Orleans, perhaps the most tradition-conscious city for jazz in the country. Like their predecessors, the increasingly well-known Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the Rebirth Jazz Band cut its chops on the streets, in parades, at jazz festivals, parties, and neighborhood bars, and like their forebears, the new wave of brass marching bands are first concerned with feeling and spirit. Although the Rebirth sound is not yet fully developed, as the group has barely been together for just about two years, the ragged edges and gritty inflections of their sound resonate with echoes of classic blues, gospel, and traditional brass band themes and in a not-necessarily-traditional context. The two trumpets, two trombones, tuba, bass and snare drums create a natural momentum often sought long lost to electric instruments and drum machines. Their progeny is anything but undefined, the sharp changes and strong attack on "Here to Stay" testify to the hours of practice and level of encouragement that young at the Rebirth Jazz Band go. From the sacred "Lord, Lord, Lord, You Sure Been Good To Me" to the profane "Shake Your Booty" through the more traditional "Till the Last Day Grain" to the lost-often-heard "Blue Monk," these young musicians (all still in their teens) reflect some of the best traditions of a culture and its finest promise as well.

—Almost Slim

Wynon Martsalis

Hot House Flowers

Columbia FC 39530

Wynon Martsalis, the young jazz sensation out of New Orleans, has returned following his initial media triumphs with a tour de force album of jazz, strings, and pop. Besides his prodigious talent, Marsalis has displayed near-perfect control in the manner of speaking in which he expresses his art. Still, it is something of a bold move to record an LP of mixed standards and styles. Even an LP of mixed standards and styles is unlikely to satisfy the jazz purist. Marsalis' album, "Hot House Flowers," is caught somewhat between the worlds of pure jazz and the more popular forms of his generation. Marsalis' apologetic and lack of guile lead his trumpet through stunning pinstripes of sounds, his playing is a social commentary musical as well as social boundaries whilst subtly undermining form. Wynon Martsalis has shown us his serious side, his deep side, his intense face, "Hot House Flowers now lets us see that smile. And what a joy it is. A sublime, silken approach to ballads and a quicksilver handling of romantic feelings. A sheer emotional beauty and conceptual unity arises from the有机 blend of songs, styles, and sounds.

—William D. White

Roy Orbison

The Sun Years

Charly CDX4

Although Roy Orbison is best remembered for his lush ballads that topped the charts in the early Sixties, five years before he donned the Ray-Bans and crooned to swooning teens, Roy was greasing down his hair and exhorting his baby to "Do the ooby dooby." His earliest and rockiest material spanning 1956 through 1958 has been reissued in chronological order of Roy's output for Sun Records including undubbed versions of material released in the Sixties and Seventies and five raw "demo" recordings. Of interest to record collectors is the inclusion of the two rare sides recorded for the Je-Wel label which are released legally here for the first time.

In the spring of 1956, Roy and his West Texas band, The Teen Kings, entered Sun Studios in Memphis to record "Ooby Dooby." Orbison had recorded the song two months earlier at Steinway's studio in Clovis, New Mexico (the same studio where Buddy Holly made his first records) for release on the Je-Wel label. The Jewel record sold poorly but Sun Records owner Sam Phillips was impressed by Roy's guitar style and invited him to record the song again for Sun.

Orbison's first Sun Records session produced not only a pop hit with "Ooby Dooby" but five of the finest pure rockabilly sides ever recorded. These five songs and the two sides for Jewel comprise side one of The Sun Years. Roy's guitar playing was in top form on the rockabilly number where he laid down a rapid and rhythmic lead to the background of Jack Clement's ticking slap-bass. Although occasionally strained by the mafoo lyrics and rapid tempo, his high and urgent vocals added a unique dimension to the rockabilly sound.

Despite the overall quality of Roy's rockabilly material, the follow-up to "Ooby Dooby" failed to hit and side two of The Sun Years finds Orbison trying to come up with a sound that would sell. For his third Sun single, "Sweet and Easy To Love," Roy and producer Jack Clement experimented with a ballad style and vocal accompaniment that is a clear progenitor to his later Monument hits. This record didn't sell either and a final session was arranged. Orbison's last regular session at Sun employed the accompaniment of studio musicians Roland Janes (guitar), Dick Ketner (bass) and Martin Willis on sax. "Chicken Hearted" the fourth and final Sun single, was culled from this session and was a wimp-rock classic. Roy sang his most convincing lyric ever ("I'd like to be a hero but I ain't got the nerve") but the record met the same fate as the previous two and Roy terminated his contract with Sam Phillips.

The most interesting material on The Sun Years are the six "demos" that Orbison wrote and recorded just before leaving Sun in 1958. On these tracks Orbison is caught somewhere between the urgency of his first records and the melodrama of his Monument sides. Recorded without the driving rhythm of "Ooby Dooby" or the lush strings of "Only the Lonely," the "demos" have the honesty of a singer performing his own songs without studio production. The songs were clearly performed with other artists in mind. "You Tell Me," which was pitched to Johnny Cash, features a Luther Perkins style guitar line and "Clementine" later became a hit for the Everly Brothers. Nevertheless, these songs are a rare opportunity to hear the famous voice without embellishment.

Orbison's Sun material has long been judged inferior to his ballads of the early Sixties and to the work of his contemporaries, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, who arrived at Sun with well-developed vocal styles. Like Elvis Presley, Orbison came to Sun as a raw vocal talent. Roy Orbison, The Sun Years is a musical portrait of a developing artist and its release in the wake of a deluge of mediocre rockabilly reissues highlights the quality of Orbison's first recordings. Here is a glimpse behind the dark glasses at one of the great singer-songwriters of the rock 'n' roll era.

—Mason Fry
The Music Educators National Conference has proclaimed the month of March "Music in Our Schools Month," and the theme of this year's celebration is "Music for all ages." There is certainly no school district in this country more deserving of a celebration of its rich musical heritage than the New Orleans Public School District.

"How can one school district prove that is frequently asked by visitors to the city, their curiosity aroused by the national spotlight turned on the school district's music programs as a result of the international fame of New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts (NOCCA) graduates Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Terrance Blanchard and Donald Harrison. It seems that Music in Our Schools Month is an appropriate time to attempt to answer that question.

"We are extremely proud of the international performers who have graduated from our schools," says Lorraine Wilson, the current supervisor of music and a product of the school district's music program. She makes it clear, however, that she is equally proud of the many non-superstars who go through the schools and acquire a love for music. She points out that the city's gospel choirs, community choruses and even barbershop quartets (yes, New Orleans does have an active circle of barbershop quartets) are heavily populated with public school graduates.

"In the schools they learn to appreciate music," she said, "and later on in life they find they want to make their own musical contribution."

Mahalia Jackson, Wynton Marsalis, Allen Toussaint, the Neville Brothers, James Rivers, George "Big Chief Jolly" Landry—they all went through the city's public schools. Look closely at any style of music, and you will more than likely find a performer, musician, composer or arranger who graduated from the New Orleans Public Schools. Those same classrooms produced Gail Gilmore, a Fortier student whose performance of Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier in a Wiesbaden, Germany, opera house caught the attention of Beverly Sills, who signed her for the New York Opera. Aubry Bryan, a graduate of Landry Senior High, was handpicked to sing in the Metropolitan Opera's recent production of Porgy and Bess. D. Antoinette Handy, performer, educator, music historian and now assistant director of the music programs for the National Endowment of the Arts, graduated from McDonogh 35. And Pete Fountain picked up his first clarinet as an elementary student at McDonogh 28.

When explaining the importance of music in the public schools, you are also explaining the importance of music to the city. In that regard the city and its public schools are inseparable. Musically, the city strengthens the schools, and the schools in turn contribute to the city's musical heritage.

By the time they have entered kindergarten, most New Orleans public school students have already been captivated by the forceful music of the marching bands in the Mardi Gras parade. They might have witnessed jazz funerals and danced behind one of the city's brass bands. On their way to and from school they might hear gospel choirs practicing in neighborhood churches, blue musicians playing on front porches or jazz musicians performing on street corners. Music of many kinds, many styles and many emotions becomes the background music of their lives.

"In New Orleans, you hear music every day," explains Pete Fountain. "It can't help but have an influence on you."

By having the good fortune to have been born in New Orleans, students come to the public schools with a musical awareness they couldn't get in any other city. But just because this is New Orleans is not enough in and of itself to guarantee that the city's music tradition will survive. That's where the many music programs and the music teachers fit into the picture. From NOCCA to the elementary schools, the teachers of music are in many ways responsible for the city's musical future. The music teachers in the New Orleans Public Schools are not just college-trained music academics.

"They are dedicated, committed and highly con-
By having the good fortune to have been born in New Orleans, students come to the public schools with a musical awareness they couldn't get in any other city.
Sam Henry is a graduate of Cohen Senior High, and his music credits include performing and recording with such musicians as Ramsey Lewis, Patti LaBelle, the Staple Singers, Allen Toussaint and many others. A talented musician, he has tried to move away from the city but he stays in New Orleans on several occasions. "I always return here," he said. "I like it here." He also knows that his decision to stay in New Orleans puts him out of the more lucrative music mainstream of Los Angeles or a New York. Instead, he stays in New Orleans working as an itinerant strings teacher at five elementary schools while pursuing his arranging and composing work in the city’s recording studios.

Henry typifies the many music teachers in the school district in that his contribution to his students doesn’t end when the school dismissal bell rings. He gives his students the "extras" in music education that can only be found in New Orleans. Working with two other teachers at Phillis Wheatley Elementary, Henry is preparing a "Music In Our Schools" program that would make envious many graduate students in music. He is inviting Allen Toussaint, his lifelong friend, to come and serve as guest lecturer to his students, who will have even the opportunity to play a synthesizer under Toussaint’s tutelage. Later in the week Henry will take his music students to Toussaint’s Sea-Saint Studio to get a close-up look at the recording business. In addition, Henry is preparing a series of reports to acquaint his students with the "first families" of New Orleans music. "I want my students to know about the Lasties, the Duvigneauds and the Chatters," says Henry. "I want to give them a sense of the musical contributions of these families to music in New Orleans."

A music program for an elementary school planned to include someone of Allen Toussaint’s musical stature is another hint at the school district’s musical success. Although the music teachers provide the bulk of the instruction, they get help from the city’s musicians, many of whom are also public school graduates. The musicians do not forget their schools, and it is not at all unusual to see the names that appear in Wavelength’s "Live Music Calendar" show up as guest lecturers or performers in the schools. The city’s resident musicians frequently lend their professional services to their neighborhood public school to help out with a benefit or fund-raiser.

This friendship between musicians who are teaching and those who have graduated from the school district cannot be underestimated as a contribution to the overall music curriculum. The Chatters family, mentioned above, influenced a great many of the city’s musicians. Shortly after being appointed to the National Endowment of the Arts, D. Antoinette Handy visited New Orleans, seeking out Jocelyn Chatters, a teacher at Macarty Transitional School. Because of her friendship with the Chatters family and her interest in the city’s public school children, Handy (along with the members of her "Trio Pro Viva") gave the students an hour-long concert that exposed the children to 200 years of music by black composers. That rare sharing of talent and knowledge is a part of the school district’s overall music program.

Other teachers also find ways to make musical contributions to the students. At Fortier Senior High, Jim Peddecord, and English instructor, together with band director Elijah Brimmer, Jr., obtained a grant from the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation to transcribe the works of the late Professor Longhair so that they could be taught to marching bands. "We felt it is important for young musicians to be exposed to this music as part of their own musical heritage," said Peddecord.

The final ingredient in the success story is the support of parents. "From the parade routes to the concert stages, our parents are fully supportive of their children," said Lorraine Wilson. A good example of a supportive parent is Charmaine Neville, a graduate of Fortier Senior and a member of the musical Neville family, who performs with The survivors. While pursuing her own music career, she is ever attentive to her son, a third-grader at Hoffman Elementary, spending a lot of time at the school as a parent volunteer, and performing for benefits at other public schools.

Across the nation, the cultural arts are in a battle for their rightful place in the curriculum. Many school systems are cutting back on support of music in the schools, as ardent "Back-to-the-Basics" proponents don’t equate music with reading, writing and arithmetic.

In the public schools of New Orleans, however, the children are getting their minimum daily requirements of the basics as well as the rich musical heritage of their city. In many of the public school classrooms, music is not treated as a separate subject. "When I teach music, I teach with the idea that I am teaching everything," says Sam Henry, "It just happens to be that I am using music."

The community has every right to be proud of the music programs in the public schools of New Orleans, and March’s month-long celebration of music gives everyone the opportunity to recognize the school district’s music teachers for their accomplishments. In complimenting his music teachers and all the persons involved in music instruction in New Orleans, Pete Fountain said it best when he ordered this writer: "You tell them they are doing a hell of a job!" We agree.
Daily Fire

On the road with Spencer Bohren and his family.

By Brent Haywood

The two-tone '55 Chevy Bel Air is just right. A Ford would be too plain and the chrome on a Buick would compete with the alloy shine of the twenty-seven foot Airstream trailer. You pass them on the highway, and they look great. No worries. Dad's driving, mom's riding next to him, and in the back, wide-eyed kids press their noses to the glass, looking out at what goes by . . .

No, it's not Donna Reed on vacation. It's Spencer and Marilyn Bohren, on tour. Last year the family logged 44,000 miles and a typical month took them from New Orleans to Windsor, Ontario, with stops in Waco, Greensboro, Detroit, and Niagara Falls.

It's a lifestyle that requires mind-boggling organization. Gigs are arranged months in advance, and itineraries are planned around them. The children, Django (6), Andre (5) and Corrina (2), are home schooled, and on top of the daily routine common to all families, there is the "daily fire."

"When we decided to go on the road as a family, there were lots of options. We were thinking about a van or an old school bus, but some friends of ours who travel with the circus talked us into getting the Airstream. They'd lived in one for years and were sold on it. They said the one thing you had to get used to was the 'daily fire'. Every day there's something—a slow leak in a tire, a slick club owner, a noisy rear end, a sick kid. They said that if you learn to get through the daily fire, you've got it made."

To that end, Marilyn (an accomplished midwife who has delivered more than a hundred babies) has become an agent/business manager while Spencer has developed into a fair mechanic. During a recent stopover in New Orleans he did a valve job on the Chevy's rebuilt 283 V-8.

Spencer first arrived in New Orleans in the mid-Seventies, and for the next few years he played in a variety of bands, including Road Apple (with Suzy, David and Tommy Malone and Reggie Scanlan) and Room Service with Clark Vreeland. He also worked with Eddie Volker and the late Beckey Kury. In 1977 he married Marilyn (whom he'd met earlier in Colorado) and shortly after that he decided to go solo.

There were lots of reasons. "I wasn't making enough money playing in bands, and working two jobs at once was terrible. And all this time I'd been playing one kind of music and listening to another."

Since 1966, when he'd first heard a Charlie Patton recording, Spencer had been listening to the blues. In 1979 he began to play the music he'd always loved, combining his powerful vocal skills with a variety of guitar styles. His music reflects a broad range of influences, from Snooks Eaglin to the "white blues" of Hank Williams to the steel guitar sounds of Bukka White, whom he met in 1972.

Spencer had a regular Monday night gig at Tipitina's, and was gone the rest of the week, playing in Mississippi, Alabama and Texas. "New Orleans is important to me. My kids were all born here. In New Orleans, music isn't something extra—it's a part of the fabric of everyday life. But as much as I love this place, I still felt a need to get out and around, to grow."

Monday nights at Tip's evolved into a minor institution. The crowds weren't huge, but fine musicians would come and sit in. One fan remembers: "There was a night when Spencer finished a song and said hello to everyone in the audience by name. On other nights Suzy Malone would be there singing the hell out of Patsy Cline or Aaron and Cyril Neville would show up and turn everything into do-wop."

One Monday night didn't turn out so well. Spencer finished his last set, loaded his guitars into his car, and then went back into Tip's to say good night. When he returned to his car, the guitars were gone.

Bluesman John Mooney and club manager John Kelly came to the rescue. A Spencer (Cyril Neville began to call him "Expensive") Bohren night was held to raise money to replace the instruments, and everyone from Rusty Kershaw to John Magnie showed up to play. The guitars were replaced.

But with all its good feeling, Tipitina's alone couldn't pay the bills. Touring paid, but kept Spencer away from his family. "I wanted to travel in order to grow, but what's the use in having a family if you can't grow with them?" The solution was to tour as a family, and it's a decision they haven't regretted.

Few nights can compare with the Expensive Bohren fundraiser at Tipitina's, but there was a night in Iowa when a cornhusker left the bar and returned an hour later with fresh vegetables for the family and irises for Marilyn.

Looking ahead, there's an album in the works, recorded last spring and featuring Mac Rebennack, John Mooney and a hot New Orleans rhythm section. Plans are still being made for distribution, but advance copies (in cassette form) can be had by sending $8 (postage included) to Spencer c/o New Blues, River Rd., Pointe a la Hache, Louisiana 70082. The album includes five Spencer Bohren originals that will be familiar to Monday night regulars at Tip's.

There's also a European tour. Plans are being made now to take the Red and White Chevy to Europe in September and October. The Swedish Total's Blues Band is arranging things across the pond, and the family has already found a place (in upstate New York) to leave the Airstream. The only thing left is that daily fire . . .
It all started with this flyer. See, it was real late and I was leaving Peja Vu when I spotted a girl cutting these xeroxed flyers up on Dauphine Street. I got one from her as she whizzed by with her shot gun and when I noticed the names of the bands were really different. I'd never heard of Channel 3 from L.A. or Stretchmarks from lands, or even New Leaf from Travesty Rodeo. The flyer was hyping a show in Baton Rouge at a place called Jacy's--which was presented by Stimmeron and Null & Void. The graphics were great. There was an oddly cute skeleton man and a pretty tombstone angel--like the ones on top of the tombs in St. Louis #1. I started after the woman I'd seen just moments earlier, but she had vanished in thin air.

Who are these bands, anyway, and how can I get in touch with these people? What's Null & Void? I stayed a while longer, asking questions of the regulars at Peja Vu. One guy said there was a fanzine out called Null & Void, but informed me that I couldn't buy it anywhere. Perhaps the fanzine was a clue to the elusive but noticeable presence of hardcore underground--where those people with the clothes and haircuts to have fun must have been fated; the very next day I stopped by the Wavelength office and happened to check my vacum, and in the mailbox, and lo and behold there was a letter from Null & Void. It was postmarked June and had just turned up that day. I wrote a letter to Karen, the woman who had written the letter, offering to meet her and her associates for drinks. I thought I'd probably not hear from her, fearing that she'd smell that. I smelled a story. Karen responded in record time--she liked the idea of going for drinks with & Void, a fanzine, but also an informal booking agency. N&V thrives mainly for fun. These guys would never dream of sticking to a printing schedule, much less of having their booking agency listed in the phone book. They are, however, listed in the nationally syndicated hard core music magazine called Maximum R&R out of Berkeley, California, and they regularly receive stuff in the mail from around the country from that listing.

CG: (that's me): You book hard core bands. (Not from core bands.) Where do you get these bands? We've made some friends who play in these bands, and we book them at shows. A lot of when we can--we're from out of town--they are from Mississippi and Texas as well as bands from LA, Fayette and Baton Rouge.

KB: We rent halls and get them to play at private parties.

CG: Halls? What sort of halls?

KB: Community centers, like GYOs.

(Now Lorraine La--jumps in with an anecdote of a priest who stopped the show when he spotted blood on the floor during a N&W concert at his GYO.)

LA: We can't do any more shows there. (Woman why?"

CG: Give me some names of some of the bands you book.

KB: Bands like Black Oak Arkansas, Black Hawk, Black Flag.

KB: Yeah, we just did a show over at the Dream Palace.
LA: At present we don't have any shows planned, but when we do we put flyers up.

FANZINE: An amateur publication that prints whatever the writers say, including nasty words and gross illustrations, usually lacking half-tones on pictures, ranging in various shapes and sizes and utilizing cost-effective printing (like Kinko's and friends who work there). Fanzines are distributed among friends and sold to passersby on the streets to cover the cost of materials and beer. There are no subscriptions available because they cost too much to send.

The Null & Void fanzine is staffed by Karen Lorraine (who's denoted as KB Baldy, pen name Vivian Void), Joe, and a cast of deranged friends who get off on all the madness. In between the stapled covers it's loaded with information on the hardcore scene in New Orleans as well as reports from as far away as New York and Los Angeles; and interviews with bands. The format of the N&V is very busy and chockfull of scribbles, dictionary definitions of obscene words and phrases, notes to rea
dreaders, and plenty of photos of friends and bands. It must take some time to paste together. As it so happens, Karen is a serious student with an associate commercial art degree from Delgado. Lorraine is working at a museum soon to open in New Orleans. The publication is just now considering accepting ads, but there's a problem if you expect your ad to come out before a certain date; there's a definite publication time. N&V pops up when and where it wanna wants to. But if you look hard enough, and you really want to find it, you just might.

left to right: Karen "KB Baldy" Barranco, Joe, Lorraine "VIVIAN VOID" Accardo.
Come up to Kool.

Kool gives you extra coolness for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.

A sensation beyond the ordinary.

Ragtime

For Pianoforte.

By T.M. Gerard

David Thomas Roberts
Composer of "Roberto Clemente", "Magazine Street", "Broad Street", "Napoleon"
Rather slowly ($\frac{d}{2} = 63$), warmly and solemnly

ROBERTO CLEMENTE

DAVID THOMAS ROBERTS
King of the Piano Rag

David Thomas Roberts

wants you to forget everything you've ever heard at Shakey's

BY T.M. GERARD

A
tage 29, pianist David Thomas Roberts, a Mississippi native who has lived in New Orleans off and on since 1977, has compiled nearly sixty ragtime pieces, more than Scott Joplin and almost anyone else. More important than these numbers is the consistently high quality of his work. Al Rose, jazz historian, Eubie Blake's biographer and a man often critical of contemporary performers, has called Roberts "the foremost ragtime composer of this half-century."

Ragtime music and composition have known two revivals since the music's initial popularity in the first two decades of this century. During the first rejuvenation, in the Fifties, the music was performed in part on rinky-tink "tack" pianos by men whose rau-cous monikers ("Knuckles" O'Toole, "Slugger" Ryan) reflected their generally unusable approach to the music. The second revival, the Seventies, was spear-headed by classical musicians who approached Scott Joplin's and a few others' piano music as they would Schumann's, with a previously neglected attention to dynamics, phrasing and nuance. It was a dramatic shift; Joshua Rifkin and Gunther Schuller's recordings of Joplin topped the classical charts while William Bolcom, William Albright, Donald Ashwaneder and Max Morath created a new corpus of ragtime literature that was often inclusive, relying on 19th-century harmony, some of the new compositions achieved a modern sophistication extending beyond much of today's pop music (Bolcom's use of bi-tonality, for example).

For Roberts, the essence of ragtime is light-years removed from the Fifties' straw-hat-and-garter-play-as-fast-as-you-can-rinky-tink connotation promoted by Shakey's and other pizza collectives; nor has he embraced the harmonic revisionism of some of the 1970s composers. As he explains in the liner notes of Pineland Memoir, his third LP: "For me the piano rag is a confessional medium, a form fulfillingly lending itself to the most intimate and trusting expression. It is also an invaluable channel for my obsession with the people-land relationship which is present in all my work ... its expressive range is limited only by the mind of its practitioner. I recoil at the hickish and demeaning notion that ragtime is primarily a lighthearted genre. In fact, it is the gentle sadness so pervasive in Midwestern and Southern ragtime that has always seemed to me to be the overarching facet of its personality."

While Roberts can appreciate some of the work that other modern ragtime composers have produced, he is more often critical of their efforts. "Many contemporaries have failed to discover the cruel identity of ragtime," he reasons. "They've played with the inessentials without comprehending that core that could provide a basis for ragtime evolution."

For Roberts this core is best associated with a love of rural America, a feeling musically expressed in ragtime's earliest days by "folk" ragtimers like Charles Hunter, C.L. Wooten and Callis Wellborn Jackson. "It's important for me to have a consciously folkly foundation ... with this it's possible to give full reign to the eclecticism I've always wanted in ragtime."

About half of Roberts' works are named after places he's visited, including nine in Mississippi. When not composing, Roberts seeks out and cherishes small town rural America. "I'd love to tour Kansas for three months!" he says in complete earnest.

A secondary influence on Roberts is the music of Jelly Roll Morton, a uniquely important than these numbers is the consistently high quality of his work. Al Rose, jazz historian, Eubie Blake's biographer and a man often critical of contemporary performers, has called Roberts "the foremost ragtime composer of this half-century."

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Ten sultry singers from Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll—a hit in our January issue—return for a wild pictorial encore this month. Catch these up-and-coming stars on the set and behind the scenes as they create Playboy's first rock home videocassette. And be sure to check your video store or video club for this exciting new release from Playboy Video. Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll—it's music like you've never seen it before!

THE YEAR IN MUSIC, PLUS PLAYBOY'S READER POLL RESULTS

Who's hot and who's not? Who's tops in punk and first in funk? The answers to these musical questions—and a whole lot more—await you in April PLAYBOY's star-studded salute to The Year in Music. Warm up with our hilarious Tina Turner Workout. Chuckle at our editors' tongue-in-cheek tributes to artists of distinction—and extinction. And check how your own picks compare with the final results of PLAYBOY's annual Music Poll. It's all in April PLAYBOY.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW
By Almost Slim

Senator Jones is the last of a dying breed. As a producer and independent record label owner, Jones is one of the only local recordmen who still is willing to record and promote the black New Orleans talent. Since the late Sixties, his circle of small labels has been a source of excellent jazz, blues and soul singles. Artists such as James Rivers, Johnny Adams, Stop Incorporated, Walter Washington, Charles Brimmer, Las Vegas Connection and Eddie Lang have all waxed excellent singles for "the Senator."

A self-admitted hustler, by hook-or-by-crook, Jones has been able to keep his head above water even if just barely. While his detractors claim he is "I can't play all of those records, they're on the same label." I started new labels and I switched the colors on the record labels to make them look different.

Most of Jones' releases eventually wound up on HEP Me, which got its name in a curious manner. According to Jones, "When John McKelvey was running for governor he would get on T.V. and say "Won't you please help me?" Well, that got him elected. I figured if it was good enough for him, it's good enough for me."

Ray J. kicked off the HEP Me label with a cover of Dr. John's 1973 hit "Right Place, Wrong Time" which sold well locally. Ray J. is actually Raymond Jones, a multi-talented musician who arranged many sessions for Senator Jones and who also teaches music at Xavier prep. Both Jonesses collaborated with one Norma Jean, to produce the first HEP Me LP This Is Our Song Of Love, a hard-to-find collector's item.

One of Senator's earliest commercial successes was the Carnival record "Second Line" by Stop Inc. "That group was led by two brothers, Clyde and Bryant Toval," recalls Jones. "I did about six or seven records on them, but they were too hard to control in the studio. Bill Sinigal had recorded the original 'Second Line' on White Cliffs (in 1961) but the master had been lost and it was a real popular-Carnival record. I asked Bill if I could record it again and he said it was okay. That's Alvin Thomas who plays the tenor sax on the record because no one in the group could get that second line feeling. That came out originally in 1974, but it comes out every year now."

Another "hit" from 1974 turned out to be a surprising downhome item "Food Stamp Blues" by Eddie Lang. Lang's career goes back to the mid-Fifties when he recorded as "Little" Eddie Lang for RPM. "Food Stamps" was eventually leased by Jewel Records, which made the record into a modest seller, largely through continually airings over 50,000-watt WLAC radio.

By 1975, Jones and his various labels were well represented in the local market. Jones had made a

Record producer, label owner, and self-admitted hustler, Senator Jones has spent his life promoting local artists — and himself.
number of great records on Hep’ Me. The Jones-Adams relationship has been on stormy terms since the very beginning and although they presently aren’t on speaking terms, Jones still admits, “Johnny is by far the greatest singer I’ve ever heard. When they tagged him the Tan Canary they told the truth.

“I must have asked him ninety times to make a record before he agreed. The first time I booked the studio he didn’t show and that made me mad as hell. I didn’t even think he’d show up the second time, so when he did show, we just pulled tunes out of the air. That’s how that first album came out, Stand By Me. Sehorn made a deal with Chelsea to release it. Like I said, we could have done better because we didn’t have time to get the right material together.”

While the Stand By Me album consisted mainly of weak covers of soul tunes, Adams’ latter releases were of much higher quality. Case in point is “After All The Good Is Gone,” an old Conway Twitty tune released in 1978. Once the record became a strong regional mover, Arista Records leased it and also contracted to release an album. Arguably some of Johnny’s best sides appeared on the After All The Good Is Gone album, but though the single did in the neighborhood of 60,000, the album didn’t catch on and was soon deleted.

Even though Jones couldn’t get another major recording concern interested in the Tan Canary, he continued a fine string of singles and albums at Hep’ Me, the best being “Love Me Now” and the unforgettable “Hell Yes I Cheated.” In total Jones was responsible for four Johnny Adams LPs and well over a dozen singles. Their association lasted until 1983 when Adams was contracted to another label, which didn’t exactly sit well with Senator. “If an artist thinks the grass is greener somewhere else, let him go,” he fumes. “I guess Johnny doesn’t remember all the work I put into his records.” Adams counters he never got a nickel from his Hep’ Me sides.

Another artist who has been a consistent record seller on Hep’ Me is Baton Rouge’s Bobby Powell. Blind since birth, Powell had hit records going back to 1965, when “C.C. Rider” charted nationally. “Bobby is the leading artist,” says Jones. “He can handle any type of material. I recorded him most in New Orleans but I did a gospel album on him in Baton Rouge. He does blues and gospel, he leads the choir at his church. We had a number of gospel records. I’m speaking of ‘The Glory of Love, ‘Sweet Sixteen’ and ‘A Fool For You’.”

Other local successes for Jones include Tommy Ridgley’s “I Can’t Wait Any Longer,” Barbara George’s “Take Me Somewhere Tonight,” Las Vegas Connection’s “Dancing With My Love Bones” and Clem Easterling’s “Just In Time,” to name but a few.

Despite modest regional success, Jones still has been able to make a go of it, as fans old or rather lack of them, are continually a stumbling block. He cites the local radio stations for stringing his efforts and causing the general demise of the local recording industry. “The radio station in New Orleans is a total disaster,” says Jones bluntly. “They don’t care about local acts, they’re just interested in ripping off the community to make money. They’ll make $50,000 on a promo instead of giving away a bicycle that was given to them. In New Orleans there’s something as a community-minded radio.

“You don’t get anything done for nothing,” says Jones, referring to how radio stations pick who gets played. “I’m just a record companies cutout radio today. The stations in New Orleans keep their heads in the national trades and forgot about us years ago. Shelly Pope was the last jock who gave a damn about New Orleans.

“But even so, it’s impossible to make a profit on a local record today. Anyone who says they do 50,000 on a local record is a liar. It takes fifty sales to sell that many records. You see, it’s good promotion to hype a record, and that means lie. In New Orleans they’re doing it too well.”

While Senator vows he’ll never give up in cause of promoting local artists, he seems to have drawn a horn of his latest activities, he is currently managing a motel on the West Bank. “Right now I’m just interested in producing and recording myself,” he claims. “I just fed up with the radio stations and bending to any winds.

While Senator’s ill-timed “Inflation Blues” failed to raise any dust of late, he still isn’t ready to give up just yet. “I know I can out-live any de jay,” he declares. “How many deejays last more than a couple of years? I still believe in the local artists and as long as they’re out there, I’m gonna try and record them.”
Few reach it. None forget it.

It's the promised land at the bottom of the map.

On the Floor, in the first ten rows of seats, there is a gleam in many eyes and a fever in many brains.

Drugs and alcohol are scarce. Those who make the Floor have risen above the controlled substances of mortality; they are gunning for a state of being that is unaffected by anything physical.

Security is tight.

If you do not belong on the Floor, you do not reach the Floor. You do not reach the ground level. You do not reach the escalator that leads from the plaza level that surrounds the top of the elevator that leads to the ground level.

On the Floor, there is no room for drunken businessmen who wander down from their loge to stare at the braless groupies. There is no room for winos and derelicts who crawl in from the street.

There is no room for anyone who has not cor­

dred a valid ticket or an elusive press/guest pass.

In the Superdome, where distances are measured in kilometers, seats a short jump-shot away and Prince's groin do not come cheaply.

"I paid $200 for these tickets!" A large black woman in the sixth row screams.

"And they worth it! Oooh! Yeah! Prince!"

People fill the Floor seats slowly, there is no need to hurry. The Floor is only half full when Prince's warm-up act, Sheila E., takes the stage.

People who can afford Floor seats can afford to miss Sheila E.

"You got front section floor tickets to Prince and you can pick your woman," a man in a brand new purple polyester shirt with a wide collar says.

His woman wears leather pants and a purple bikini top. She humps his leg in preconcert excitement.

The Floor is loud.

Nothing separates the Floor from the wall of speakers specially designed to send Prince's message to the furthest row of the Dome. Veteran floor-sitters have little balance; the fluid in their eardrums has been sucked out and spat onto the concrete by ambitious sound technicians.

"What?" the young white girl in a black lace negligee asks. "I can't hear you.

"The Floor is hot.

The heat of 50,000 bodies has no place to go. It rises, rebounds off the ceiling and gravitates downward. The concrete becomes slick with sweat and spilled beer. Fat people with underarm stains thump through the aisles; they brush against each other and create a dangerous kind of friction.

Small children are pinned to chairbacks; they often hyperventilate.


the large black woman chants. "I hope he squirts his guitar on me. Yeah."

She is lucky. Prince masturbates his guitar neck and hoses down the first few rows with water. She is among the wet.

The Floor is crowded.

The people in the front row are not content with an open view of the stage. They stand up; the people in the other rows stand up. Then the front row stands on their chairs; the other rows stand on their chairs. Then the front row climbs onto the tops of their chairs; the other rows climb onto the tops of their chairs. It is a wobbly and precarious situation.

The Floor is violent.

Any seat vacated after the lights go out is lost. The people in the back press forward. They are seldom polite in their advances; they have the manners of rabid jackals. Security guards half-heartedly try to keep order; they dissolve into the darkness when the main act goes on and the trouble starts.

"I ain't saving your seats! You hear me? You leave me now and I ain't saving your seats."

A girl with purple hair refuses to save her brothers' seats. The brothers are nervous; they decide to stay.

The Floor is exhilarating.

People in the terrace do not see the sweat on Prince's upper lip. They do not see Sheila E.'s nipples. They do not feel their livers thump against their kidneys on every bass note. They do not risk their life for a drumstick. They do not get hosed down by an ejaculating guitar.

The Floor is the final and ultimate goal of all concert-goers.

The greed-crippled little men who guide the juggernauts of arena-scale music performances know what the Floor means and handle it accordingly. The Floor is unattainable for all but a few, nailed far up on the wall, out of reach; ordinary humanity can only drool and lunge.
CONCERTS

Fri. 1
Ashford and Simpson, Saenger, 8 p.m. Tickets from TicketMaster.

Sat. 2
The Neville Brothers in a fundraiser for the coming French Quarter Festival, Steamboat President.

Fri. 1 through Sun. 3
The History of Jazzercize, with music by Mark Bingham, choreography by Maxine Snow, sets and costumes by Steve Sweet, 8 p.m., Contemporary Arts Center.

The Celebrated Mass of Hilarionus Beec, a performance art work dealing with the extravagant fancies of an artist, now thought to be a member of some heretical sect who probably avoided conventional masses as he would the internal-cannibalistic pandemoniums of his paintings. Written by David Wheeler, scored by Jimmy Robinson, performed by Lala Eby and members of the Performance Company, 8 p.m., Friday and Sunday, 10 p.m., Saturday, Contemporary Arts Center.

Sun. 10
A pops organ concert by organist Lee Abbott. Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Avenue, 4 p.m.

Thurs. 14
Eddie Murphy, UNO Lakefront Arena. Sold Out.

Sat. 16
The Pointer Sisters, Baton Rouge Centrotplex, 6 p.m. TicketMaster.

Foreigner; Guitfria, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum.

Moonlight Cruise, Steamboat President, 10 p.m.

Sat. 16, Sun. 17
Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, Corbett Monica, Saenger, 8 p.m., a benefit for Congregation Gates of Prayer; TicketMaster.

Sun. 17
The Herd Brothers, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum; tentative.

Foreigner; Guitfria, LSU Assembly Center.

Wed. 20
David Allen Coe, Steamboat President.

SYMPHONY

Tues. 5-7 Thurs.
Philips Ennatrement conducts, soloist is cellist David Garlinges. Worsa by Rossini, Debussy, Hindemith and Dvorak, Orpheum, 6 p.m.

Sat. 9
Lionel Hampton appears with the Symphony as part of its Great Performances series. Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Sat. 16
The Molina Family Band of Kentucky appears with the Symphony as part of Superpop, 1985, in Country Meets Classical, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Tues. 19-20 Thurs. 21
Julius Rudel conducts, works by Paine, Dvorak, Bach, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

BALLET

Fri. 15, Sun. 17
The New Orleans City Ballet/Cincinnati Ballet Company performs Le Beau Danube, Raymonds Variations and Jubele at the Theatre for the Performing Arts, 8 p.m. Friday and at 2 p.m. on Sunday. TicketMaster; information at 522-9986. group rates 522-2494.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Sat. 2 through Sun. 10
New Orleans Boat Show, Louisiana Superdome.

Thurs. 7
Glass Artis Greg Verbors presents first

a casting demonstration from noon until 5 in the Glass Shop at the Newcomb Art School, followed by a pot luck supper at 6 and sing along at 7.

Wed. 13
The Harlem Globetrotters, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Sat. 16
U.S. Hotrod Truck & Tractor Pull, Louisiana Superdome.

Thurs. 21 through Sun. 24
La. Sportman Show, Louisiana Superdome.

Sat. 30
Mid-South Superbowl Wrestling Extravaganza, with such behemoth beauties as Kerry Von Erick, "Gentleman" Carmen, Ted Schiller, the Guerrero Brothers, the Rough Riders, both "Huckabees" (Reed & Duggan), more. Louisiana Superdome; TicketMaster.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH / LENTEN EDITION:

when I consider besides that our joys and excitements are lodged together palliably, and that sensual pleasure at its height is attended, like pain, with faintness and moaning, how can I doubt that Nature was in a mocking mood when she left us that most common and most salutary of all allures? (Achilles."

from 7 and on

German Beer Garden, 1101 S. Petes. 528-9866. Tued. through Sun.: Johanna 0-5 milisem Original Czech. Quiet from 7 and on. Sunday, free from 2.

Hyatt Hotel, 561-1234. Sundays 10 a.m. 2 p.m., Chuck Quero's In the Courtyard Restaurant.

Sat. 16 and Sun. 17: the World Cup. Dutch Cuisine. Quiet from 7 and on. Sunday, free from 2.


OUT OF TOWN

Seventh International Film Festival of Women, Sat. 16 through Sun. 24 at the Maison des Arts de Creteil; information from the French Cultural Services, 3365 Charles Avenue, N.O., 527-9326. Prague and Israel, trips to which are being organized by NOCA in conjunction with the film festival. Information Sun. 16 through Sat. 25 at 897-6385.

LIVE MUSIC

UP TOWN

Blue Room, In the Fairmont Hotel 529-7111. Through Wed.: Brenda (call fem. warriors). Lee: Thurs. 14 through Wed. 26: Rita Coolidge, who adopted her habit of wearing Indian regalia from her father, "Silent Cal" Coolidge, occupant of the White House for six years or so, who had a weakness for posing in his war bonnet. though he called his problems "I do not choose to run." From Wed 27: Keely Smith about whom words are fairly superfluous though if you listened through the mostly-embarrassing marathon on PBS called Jukebox Saturday Night, you may recall that Miss Keely was one of the few nonembarrassing performers. Reservations; dinner, dancing.


Columns Hotel, 3111 St. Charles, 859-9306. Wednesday evenings, Andy Hall's Society Jazz Band, from 8.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Bob Duggan on the piano; on Tued. to Fri, Mike Miller on the Organ and other various. Quiet from 7 and on. Sunday, free from 2.

Hyatt Hotel, 561-1234. Sun. 10 a.m. 2 p.m., Chuck Quero's In the Courtyard Restaurant. Quiet from 7 and on. Sunday, free from 2.

Ballet at the Newcomb Art in the Fairmont Hotel 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Bob Duggan on the piano; on Tued. to Fri, Mike Miller on the Organ and other various. Quiet from 7 and on. Sunday, free from 2.

The Newcomb Art Museum, 721 Magazine Street in Metairie).
FRENCH QUARTER & MARIGNY

Artists, 603 Iberville, 522-9238. Call for listings.

Bonaparte’s Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 522-2369. Call for listings.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 522-8330. Thursday through Sunday, the Gela Kaye Band plays Mondays through Wednesdays.

Cosmo’s, 1201 Burgundy, 561-9018. Call for information.

Dream Palace, 523 Frenchmen, 943-6860. Fri. Scott Detweiler and Organized Noise, Sat.2:00, Woodshed, Fri.8:00, Minott and the Black Roots Players, Fri.8:00, Multiple Places. Sat. 9:00, Mooney’s Blue Skies Band, Fri.11:30, U’Queenie, Sat.16: The Radiators, Fri.22:20, Steady Robin. Bob Margolies and John Mooney, Fri.29. The Radiators Sat.30:11:30, U’Queenie.

Famous Door, 522 Bourbon, 522-7626. Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Thomas Jefferson and Uncle Creole Jazz Band from 6:00, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Feeling’s, 681 Bourbon, 945-2222. Thursday and Fridays, Kenny Ard. Saturdays, Harry Moynier. Mondays-Wednesdays, 844 Club, 545 Bourbon, 522-8611. Wednesdays through Sundays, Gypsy’s, Gardener’s and Feeling’s. CME from 9:00 and Fridays and Saturdays and from 9 to 9 other evenings.

Gusté’s, 1717 Bourbon, 522-5212. Alresco ragtime piano each day noon until 4, the New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Jazz Band weekends.

Gusté’s, Jackson Brewery, St. Peter Street at the river, Friday and Saturday, Mini Creole Guts from 6:10, Ronald Jones and Toby Domino from 9:15.


LIVE from S. Barrett, 606 Bourbon.

Low and Slow, 103 Bourbon.

MID-CITY

Chitown, 1717 Canal St., 525-7397. Saturdays: Vietnamese music from other. Other Saturday, various artists.

Hitsville/City Limits, 518 Julia, 525-2276. Call for information.

Holm’s, 613-615 Bourbon. Call for listings.

JUKEBOX & FUNK

Annette Funicello is Grand Marshal of the St. Joseph’s Day Parade on March 19. Call the Italian American Club at 815-625-2340 for whens and wheres.

ART

A gallery for Fine Photography, 1532 Magazine, 891-1022. Sat.16: all-day magician presentation of Joshua Palm’s picture of the World’s Fair, with the stereographs going back to normal every thirty minutes or so. From Sat.16: photographs by Edward Steichen.


Biel Gallery, 1500 Poydras St., 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 300 Camp St., 523-1216. Through Sun.24: the visual arts section of the Festival of New Works.

Daw Gallery, 3364 Magazine, 987-0760. Call the gallery for the month’s listings.

DeVille Gallery, 132 Carondelet, 522-2983. Call for information.


Gasperi Polk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter St., 524-6373. A group show of gallery artists.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 525 Royal. Continuing, the exhibit of Charles de Clouet’s Louisiana Alphabet, accompanied by a selection of related paraphernalia.

Les Mauvais Galeries, 1756 Canal St., 1661-3735. Sat.16 through April 15: scenes of Venice and New Orleans by watercolorist Tony Innocente.

Longue Vue, 7 Bamboo Road, 486-5848. Call for March events.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. In the Presbytere’s clothing gallery, intimately Revealing.

March 1985/Wavelength 27
You Axed For It!

SPENCER BOHREN
Born in a Biscayne

featuring...
Dr. John and John Mooney
CASSETTE TAPES, $6 EACH FROM:
NEW BLUES
River Road
Poinette A La Hache
Louisiana 70082
WE ALSO HAVE THE NEW SPENCER BOHREN HOT-ROD BLUES T-SHIRTS IN CREAM, GREY, LILAC & BLUITE. $8 POSTPAID.

SHAD WEATHERSBY IS NOT JAZZ!

SALE
$6.99

Sure... you have come to expect the finest recordings from Windham Hill/Dancing Cat... And you associate these two great labels with some of the best jazz and instrumental artists.

... But Shad Weathersby is not a jazz artist; he is an exciting new departure for one of America's quality labels. Shad Weathersby is a charismatic singer and exciting songwriter.

Shad Weathersby's "Light Outside that Door" on Dancing Cat Records and Tapes, FEATURES George Winston contributing piano, harmonica and accordion; in a rare sideman appearance.

Album available at METRONOME MUSIC, Pleasant at Magazine.

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underclothes from the Victorian and Edwardian periods. Also, Mike Smith's Spirit World remains a burst of joy amid the dozens of door facades of [someone's, not ours] Louisiana ancestors; from Sat 16: Chinese Traditional Painting 1866-1966: Five Mothers' Marks, an important exhibition of Chinese work outside the socialist-realist style that has dominated that country's art for the past four decades or so.

Carl Mck's Computer Cabaret at Borsodi's.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 855-8731. Call for schedule.

New Orlean Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. From Sun 3: Ida Kohlmeier: hookup, a show of five dozen paintings from public and private collections throughout the country by the celebrated local painter. Group tours for the deal; the fourth Sunday of every month.

Newcomb College Art Gallery, Tulane campus. Sun 3 through Thurs 21, Ida Kohlmeier. Sculpture 1967-1985, in conjunction with the NOMA retrospective:

Sun 3 through Wed 12: Hector de la Republica Dominicana, paintings by Frances W. Long.

Pousette-Dart Gallery, 331 Toulouse, 524-7242. Call for information.

Talhir Gallery, 825 Chartres, 325-0305. Call for schedule.


THEATRE

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-0600. April 9, Agnes of God, recently a success on Broadway which deals with nuns.

Marquette Theatre, Loyola. Through March, Life Is A Dream, which is an old Spanish play but not an old Spanish custom.

Mincapella's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Airline, 835-9057. Through Fri 22: A Compaceida, a Chilean writer Antonio Skarmeta. Fri 15: Trouble with Joe, an American play with John Ford's Tunes of Glory, directed by Ronald Railsback, a handsome young blond goblin, is the young man (apparently a fugitive from the law) who is presented over by madgenius Peter O'Toole (looking and even sounding much like Dan Davison) as the quixotic-martinet of a farce.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1211 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Norman, Is That You?, a belongs-in-20th-Century America play of a decade or so ago in which the American bourgeoisie confront one of its worst nightmares; its propen- sity morphed into screaming Queen.

Rooftop Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 869-7000. Through March: Under the Yum Yum Tree with Bob Kriger from Channel 6 as lead farceur.

Tulen Pantheon Theatre, Mon 4 through Sun 10: Top Girls.

CINEMA

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3106. Fri 11: Tunes of Glory, a 1959 Scottish service drama in which John Mills and Alec Guinness, as regimental commanders, knock heads and do just about everything but the mountain fighting; directed by Ronald Neame, this is one of those mediocre films that is an actor's holiday. With hatchet-faced Kay Welsh, smoothie Dennis Price, a very young Susannah York. Mon 4: The Informer, John Ford's famous-but-overrated film of the Irish Troubles with Victor McLaglen as Gypo who spends his time picking the fleas of silver far too recklessly, etc.

Margot Granneham as the madonna-faced angel of destruction, and private Lila Mitchell, her shadows, velvety photography by John August, arty (for an American picture) 1955 angles. Fri 22: A Compaceida, a Brazilian comedy-morality play, made 1969 by George Jonas. Wed 13: The Uprising, a fictional film about the last days of the Somoza regime made by Peter Eisen, a West German, with a script by the Chilean writer Antonio Skarmeta. Fri 19: Autumn Leaves, wacky, tooned, in dispensable 1966 John Crawford picture about a stenographer who forcibly responds to the affections of a younger male only to find insanity, incest and bragging not too far in the background; directed with his characteristic pipe-wielding tightness of touch by Robert Aldrich, with Vera Miles, Lorre Greene, Tues 18: Decameron, Pasolini's 1970 version of Boccaccio is more straightforward and souciant than The Arabian Nights and its mean-spirited than The Canterbury Tales. The high points to most people are, one supposes, the story of the man who protests to be dead and dumb while working as a convenie gardener; but we much prefer the teenage lovers who solve their parents' differences and the unpleasent treatment so beloved Nino Rota conducting a film's score; Fri 22: A Compaceida, a West German film which is an old union suit is not the improved on, Gene Lockhart's wheezing and whining, Alan Hale. Tues 26: On the Beach, a peculiar years-in-this-making comedy melodrama about the making of a film, presided over by madgenius Peter O'Toole (looking and even sounding much like Dan Davison) as the quixotic-martinet of a farce, directed by Ronald Railsback, a handsome young blond goblin, is the young man (apparently a fugitive from the law) who is presented over by madgenius Peter O'Toole (looking and even sounding much like Dan Davison) as the quixotic-martinet of a farce.

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HOT STRINGS
New Orleans' favorite string group for wedding or party. Call 837-3633.

BUY COLLECTIONS—any amount, any category. Disc jockeys, sell me the records you're not playing. Pay cash—fair price. Record Ron makes house calls, 129 Decatur Street, 524-9444.

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Jazz, Rock—seeking local groups to play with a new group. Call Rod 252-1831 or 97-7608.

FEUR RODES ELECTRIC PIANO
1981, 72-key, excellent condition, $500, with stool. Elizabeth at 242-6430, 288-1631.

EXPERT DRUM INSTRUCTION
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March 1985/Wavelength 29
The Dixi-Kups, New Orleans' most esteemed girl group (and better known — before copyright infringement — as the Dixie Cups), began their comeback in earnest with a set of February gigs at New York's Bottom Line. The Dixi-Kups, whose hits include "Chapel of Love" and "Iko Iko," co-starred with the terminally-exotic Ronnie Spector (for whom all of the Beatles had the hots) and the Exciters, renowned for "Tell Him." The Dixi-Kups, incidentally, are sisters Barbara Hawkins and Rosa Lee Hawkins, and new member Jo-Anne Kennedy, who replaces original member Joan Marie Johnson, a cousin of the Hawkins sisters. Says Barbara: "The time feels so right for us to get back out there, it's almost as though we have no choice." Roll over, Cyndi Lauper.

Documentarian Les Blank, producer Martin Rosen and scriptwriter Michael Goodwin (last seen consuming two dozen raw oysters at Jaeger's accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nick Patoski) plan to collaborate on a film about a young New Orleans trumpeter and his ascent (or more likely, descent) into the music world. The trio says that this movie will do for New Orleans what The Harder They Come did for Kingston, Jamaica. If they mean that hordes of young Americans will start heading for Orleans for years and wouldn't mind getting some of it back because it's "almost as though we have no choice," then we have no choice.

Will's first cousin is Toto Robinson, who was largely responsible for the preservation movement in this city. Will's second cousin is Toto Robinson, who was largely responsible for the get-down-and-pop-the-gator movement before he immersed himself in the "straight life" and afternoon teas and deb ball and excursions to South America and eating caviar twice a day. Alabama — the country band and not the state — has a new hit record entitled "There's No Way," written and composed by Will Robinson and Toto Robinson. Toto has been lending the boy money for years and wouldn't mind getting some of it back because "National Blues Week," in case you missed it (it was Mardi Gras around here), was February 17 through 23. In Dallas, the festivities included The L'il Joe Blue Dinner Show, held at the Narobi (sic) Room, and in an unknown location in Mississippi, Robert Johnson did a somersault in his grave. One never knows whether any given passage will be solo, trio, tonal or modal, in tempo or rubato. His agile and supportive left hand was well displayed in his 5/4 work "Fiving Around." Although "The Blues Has Made Me So Old," he's almost as old as the state, as well, caviar doesn't grow on trees, you know.

Ernie K-Doe wants his fans to know that he's been spending most of his evenings at Rams II, 2139 Magazine, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Boliver.
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