Wavelength (September 1985)

Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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Wavelength (September 1985) 59
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Branford Marsalis
Jazz & Sting & Rock 'n' Roll
Break away to refreshing taste.

Come up to Kool.


Milds Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb., '85.
WHERE IT'S AT!

WAVELENGTH DISTRIBUTION POINTS

Huck 'n' Jim Visit the Maple Leaf

(A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER FROM MARK TWAIN'S "THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN," NEWLY EXCAVATED BY PROF. EVERETTE MADDOX OF THE CARROLLTON INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS.)

Me and Jim done all right in Orleans, what with Jim doing King Lear in Palmer Park (the Duke had learned him some of the rantin'), and on the way down Oak Street to where the raft was tied up we seen a bar room gate open and stuck in and borrowed a few provisions ("borrowed" is was Pap always called it). We got six or eight rolls of toilet paper and a lot of swizzle sticks and some matches and a case of whiskey and a good month's worth of pork rinds and a lot of Cheeto's and popcorn. So we was fixed. What we figured was, since we had passed Cairo before in the fog, we'd pole on back up north this time, even though it might take six months, and get off in Cairo for sure this time, and be all right in the free states. We had enough provisions.

Well, it was foggy that night, so we kind of took it easy until we judged we was about alongside of Whitecastle and the fog lifted a little and a star or two come out, and we was feeling pretty brash then, so we figured we would get out our pipes and have a smoke. So I said, "Jim, look in the tow sack and get us a light, because we're bound to have all kinds of fire in there..."

So Jim he pawed around in the sack by the first daylight's gleamings, and all of a sudden he commenced to making the worst kind of moan.

"Oh Lawd, Huck," he said.

"We done had it now, t'sho?"

I propped up and said, "What are you talkin' about, Jim? What's the matter?"

The Screamin' Sirens are a hard-working bunch of gals. Playing in New Orleans on a Monday night in the middle of August ain't the easiest of gigs, especially when there's a hot act from England packing them in over at Tulane. But the girls remained undaunted proceeding directly from their sound check at Jimmy's to McAlister Auditorium where they passed out flyers and then finagled their way into the New Order concert. The Sirens rounded up a few stray fans from that show, bringing them back to Jimmy's for a late performance of their own.

"Oh Lawd, Huck, it's all up with us. We ain't got no luck."

"What is it, Jim? Not another rattlesnake skin?"

"Lawdy no, Huck. I wish dat was all it wuz."

"Not a spider burnt in the candle?"

"No, Mars Huck, its worst dat..."

"Not Pap's footprints?"

"Lawdy no, Huck, de worst, jes' de worst. We got eight hundred miles to go, straight north, en nuin' but Maple Leaf matches!"

Go-Go's Go Cowgirl

For the first time in its short history, University of New Orleans Metro College will offer a course this fall entitled "A History of New Orleans Rhythm & Blues." Beginning September 10 and ending November 19, the eleven-week series will be offered every Wednesday night from 7pm to 9pm at the Lakefront campus. The price of the course is $75 and enrollment is limited to fifty students.

The lecture series will be taught by New Orleans music historian Tad Jones, a writer/researcher in the field for the past thirteen years. Jones, who is employed by a CBD law firm, and holds the title of Researcher in Residence at the William R. Hogan Jazz Archive at Tulane University, says, "Jazz studies have been a part of the college curriculum for the last few decades around the country. I thought it was time that the study of our local 'rhythm & blues' music should be brought into the classroom."

According to Jones, each evening there will be a lecture for an hour and then, "I've invited some local guest musicians and artists like Allen Toussaint, Frankie Ford, Earl King, Cosimo Matassa, Tommy Ridgley, Bobby Mitchell, Ed Volker, and lots of others for an interview segment."

Finally Jones says, "I'm going to gear the course for the novice as well as the longtime R&B fan. It's going to be academic, and it's going to be fun!!"
Zarembe & The Fleshtones

"We're back, we're back, we are back," chanted Peter Zarembe after regaining the microphone from the audience that had over­
taken the stage. The microphone was a gift from Zarembe to the people who had come to see the show, had made a tour of the floor and the stage, being passed from hand-to-hand — everyone get­ting a chance to sing — while the Fleshtones kept the rhythm of Lee Dorsey's "Ride Your Pony" pounding. The drum that Zarembe had hustled onto center stage at the beginning of the second en­core was taking a licking from four or five would-be per­cussionists. Others bent their backs and craned their necks attempting to sing into the drum's mic.

All the rules of how-you-should-watch-a-concert were out the window. But it was Zarembe and the Fleshtones who had broken the rules first: the second encore didn't begin until 10 minutes af­ter the lights had come on at Jimmy's and half the people were stick­ing keys into their car's ignition. But when the uptown neigh­borhood began to rock again, the crowd flooded back through the doors and then onto the stage.

Then the anarchy mounted, and it was only when the singing and banging and general delirium was about to unglue Jim­my's that Zarembe began the hypnotic reiteration of "We're back, we're back" and this apostle of innacity regained control of the stage. The audience began to relax, and as the drummers slackened the fever of their pounding most people receded. The Fleshtones were allowed to continue the song and end the set. When it was over Peter Zarembe hopped lightly off the stage and, with a broad, gentle smile, walked into the audience, which wel­comed him with open arms.

— Nick Marinello

Publications

SPACE IS THE PLACE FOR BOTH SUN RA AND THE L5 SOCIETY. The L5 NEWS is the society's mouthpiece. L5 board members include Isaac Asimov, Newt Gingrich, "C-SPAN" and Robert Heinlein. A great many macho eggheads and pencil-necked geeks waxing as only the overshort can on such subjects as Real Property Rights in Outer Space and Trains — Pleasant and Unpleasant about Military Space. What's great about L5 is the diversity of opinion and outlook amongst its members. The essays of Dr. Jerry Pournelle are in­formative and fascinating, even when one has opposite views. For info on L5, write to L5 News, 1060 E. Elm, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

AVIATION WEEK & SPACE TECHNOLOGY IS THE MAGAZINE OF THE AEROSPACE INDUSTRY. This glossy weekly informs us of the latest developments in air transport, missile engineering, business flying, aerospace hardware, and avionics. A must-read on Capitol Hill, by scanning this somewhat frightening little magazine you will know about as much on the subjects as the average Senator. The advertising is scary — different companies trying to sell their missiles and so forth. If you really want to know how the Defense Department management structure has diluted the im­portance of research and engineering functions, making it near impossible to attract the top people to government jobs, or about Star Wars, Intelsat, SDI or all the other good stuff that will either end our race or take us off this rock we're floating around on, then this is for you. For non-aerospace work­ers, it's $60 a year to subscribe. Write to Aviation Week, P.O. Box 1505, Neptune, N.J. 07753.

FOOD AND MUSIC SEEM TO GO TOGETHER, MORE SO IN NEW ORLEANS than in other locales. In most places, fat musicians are not cool. But in this town — have another piece of pie, the bandstand won't break. For nouveau New Orleanians like myself or tourists or out of town guests, we are lucky to have the fabulous Mr. Food and his monthly guide for gluttons, MENU. Featuring restaurant reviews, gossip and such public services as translating the Antoine's menu into English, Mr. Food is no snob. Victuals from the most fashionable and elite of establishments are discussed within the same pages as po-boys and Popeye's. Menu is good for when you have out of town visitors. Let them decide where to eat and blame the results on Mr. Food. He's led me to a few stinkers, but his taste buds, and his heart seem to be in the right place. He also writes silly stories in the zine tradition, about food, of course.

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AUGIE'S DELAGO
BACK TO SCHOOL BASH!!

Labor Day Weekend

Friday, Aug. 30
- Saturday, Aug. 31
- Sunday, Sept. 1
- Monday, Sept. 2

- SENSUOUS BANANA EATING CONTEST
- BEAUTY CONTEST
- BIKINI CONTEST
- HOT LEGS CONTEST
- TOGA PARTY
  (ANYONE WEARING A TOGA RECEIVES 2 FREE DRINKS)

- CASH PRIZES
- TROPHIES
- BARTABS
- BEER-DRINKING CONTEST
- MACHO MAN CONTEST
- WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

Every Tuesday is Bahama-Mama '85
Win an all expense paid trip to the Bahamas

GRAND PRIZE AWARDED SEPTEMBER 17
Dear Lengths:

Folks at Wavelength ain’t the only ones trying to find out what a “toot-toot” is! The music press in Great Britain are having problems with the title too!

But, I reckon I’ve solved it.

The other night I saw a rerun of Evil Roy Slade on TV and in one scene the townsfolk are reminiscing over the time that Roy’s gang stole the whistle off a mail train they were robbing because he ‘’just loves the sound of that toot-toot.’’

OK? Problem solved? Now, let’s get back to music. Turn Almost Slim loose in Lafayette and let’s have a 15-page full interview with Clifton Chenier (The Boss).

Ken Smith
Red Lick Records
Wales, U.K.

To the Editor:

I just received your June issue, and read the fascinating story about ‘’My Toot-Toot.’’ Having also just read an interview in New Musical Express with Denise LaSalle who is in England to promote her single, which apparently is running FAST up the charts, I thought of running down a brief story about this song for our members’ benefit.

It’s a beautiful magazine you have, by the way, and with me very interested in Louisiana music (I have been there three times to New Orleans), I really love reading it. With ‘’The best for less’’ I now know where to go next time I come over...

Tommy Lofgren
Valentuna, Sweden

To the Editor:

I can’t begin to describe the intense pleasure that Wavelength has brought me. It has an incredible range and depth of coverage on New Orleans music, and the intense quality of writing is simply beyond praise.

There are many thanks and appreciation for Wavelength magazine. I want to take this time out to commend Wavelength for so many wonderful stories.

Since I have become acquainted with your publication, I find it a great source for information about our local New Orleans artists and I use it as a reference guide quite often on my shows.

A note of thanks to you—the Staff of Wavelength...

Bobby Mitchell
New Orleans, Louisiana

And thank you, Mr. Mitchell, for your great contribution to New Orleans music.

To the Editor:

In giving credit where it is due, I refer to an article written by Radomir Luza entitled, ‘’Gabour Encores: Jim Gabour’s Music City Program reaps more awards for Cox Cable.’’ For those not familiar with the article or the man featured in it, it provided a descriptive profile of the man responsible for Cox Cable programming, Jim Gabour. It was an entertaining piece that described television programming done Gabour style—’’showcasing the culture of the city’’ (in this case the city being New Orleans).

Luza did an exceptional job of describing Gabour’s creativity and natural ability to relate to the New Orleans market and to program accordingly. Let’s face it, New Orleans is a city in love with itself, so what better way to appeal to the New Orleans market than television programming relative to the city and its people.

Gabour generates a new and welcome trend of TV programming that does not promote expensive, plastic entertainment, but instead he creates a format produced the way most New Orleanians can appreciate it—creatively done with a taste of homegrown New Orleans culture.

Thanks to both Luza and Gabour for an interesting article.

Karen Cortello
Research Department
WQFE
New Orleans, Louisiana

To the Editor:

I’ve been doing some research for a film restoration project I’m working on — an original musical made in town here in 1947, with an almost all local cast of black singers and dancers. Some of the extras, however, were members of some traveling minstrel shows. Although I don’t think they’re in the film, one of the local favorites from around that time was Silas Green from New Orleans. Would any of your readers be familiar with them? I’m working on establishing an archives at our university library on music in the black community here, and any information (particularly photo leads) would help me greatly. Silas Green is well remembered, among other reasons, because he was 40-50 cents to get in, and he only played one night — he played tent shows here — whereas most other traveling groups only cost a dime, or fifteen cents at most, and played for a week. But he apparently came through every fall, and his arrival was eagerly anticipated by many.

I don’t imagine I was in a minority in having liked the John Fogerty cover (and accompanying article). It seems that one of the functions your magazine serves so well is to spread the good word on New Orleans music to those unfortunate enough to be living elsewhere, and I’m sure that this cover story attracted a lot more attention than one of another local artist would have. I liked the angle of Fogerty-the-outsider being so anxious to get in on the good things going on down there. And, having been in town for only a few days surrounding Jazz Fest, I was glad to have somebody explain to me what this ‘‘toot-toot’’ furor was all about.

Alex Albright
Greenville, North Carolina
A Matter of Style

For some bands, the image they present to the public is as carefully orchestrated as the music.

Flint Revels was standing on the sidewalk outside of Jimmy's talking to a group of friends and fans. His guitar case in hand, he looked like he was enjoying the long goodbye he was having with the folks that had come to see his band play. When he took two steps in the direction of his car the group took two steps with him so Flint stopped and talked some more. It was going to be a slow get-away.

Flint Revels.

Even the heavy darkness that falls around the streetcar barn on Willow Street, the darkness that turns most of bizarrely-clad rock patrons into gray shadows, could not blend Flint into the anonymity of the crowd. The jewelry on his right hand and wrist and the long earrings dangling from his right ear palely reflected what little illumination was being thrown off by a street light. The screaming red blazer and purple pants he was wearing seemed to cast their own light. His hair was grown much longer than any of the people around him. Flint looked different from everyone else.

And that’s an accomplishment these days when so many musicians, as well as fans, are trying to look different.

Flint Revels is the lead singer/rhythm guitarist of the band that shares his name. The other members of the band include Mik & Rik English on drums and keyboards who, along with Flint, are the band’s co-founders. Rounding off the group is Michael Bovier on guitar and Benny Haggard on bass. On stage, all the guys share Flint’s taste in dressing and energetic exuberance: The stage show, as well as the songwriting itself, is a bridging of two generations. The straight-forward approach to rock ‘n’ roll of the late Fifties is applied to the rock sounds influenced by American and English bands of the last decade: “At the time I got out of high school I still liked groups like Kiss, Queen and Rush, but then I started listening to some of my mom’s old albums.” These were albums of Elvis and his contemporaries and they opened up a new world of rock ‘n’ roll for Flint. “I liked that the songs were easy to play,” he adds.

These two eras of rock then “just slammed into each other” and Flint’s style was born. It’s not a style that disappears when he leaves stage. “Mik, Rik and myself — we dress flashy, hot colors — it’s the way we dress all the time. People think you’re somebody and it just feels more natural to us. It’s had its consequences though — Rick and I have both lost jobs ‘cause of the way we look.”

In 1966 “Gypsy Woman,” recorded by local musician Eddie Powers, climbed to number 3 on the New York charts and for a brief period the New Orleanian received national attention. Twenty years later his son Eddie is searching for an even larger audience.

Future Image is not a fashion.” claims young Eddie Powers, “but what we want to affect as many people as we can.”

What Future Image is is the closest thing our new music scene has to an ‘art band.’

They are composed of Bryan Foley on guitar, Nathan Gurely playing percussion, Eric Werhner on bass, James Leslie playing keyboards, while Powers does the singing and loads all the programs into the keyboards, which is an essential step in producing the ambitious, broad scope of their live sound.

“The sound is highly technically advanced,” says Foley, whose guitar is a nice compliment to the synthesized arrangements. “We strive,” he candidly continues, “to write music that will sell.”

“Commercial isn’t a bad word,” adds Powers, “it just means that a larger audience will be affected by our music — not just a select group.” But Powers maintains the band is not just fashionable. “Groups like Duran Duran say ‘we’re cool, we’re fine, be like us!’ we say ‘let’s challenge each other to be ourselves.”

The band is outspoken against many current rock trends, especially the bad vibes and anti-social attitudes spread by many groups who have achieved national attention. “I don’t like anything that I have to play back towards understanding,” says Gurely.

Collectively they talk about Modern Renaissance and New Romanticism, of “intellectual observation” and a musical idea for New Orleans. It’s philosophy and mysticalism intertwined with musicianship and technology, into what Powers calls a “total effort.”

It’s an effort, and image, more complex than the Eddie Powers band of two decades ago. Yet there are bands in the New Orleans market that are proceeding on simpler lines.

“Someone asked me why we were called ‘Tin Drum’ when we didn’t actually use any tin drums on stage,” says Steve Walkup, the band’s drummer. He laughs, though he doesn’t seem to know what the name means either. In fact no one in Tin Drum seems to know. If pinned down they’ll make jokes, laugh about it, and then shrug it off. This is characteristic of their overall casual approach to the band’s image.

Their primary concern right now, it seems, is the music. That may explain the two-year period of songwriting and rehearsal that preceded their live debut four months ago. This result is a tightly arranged repertoire of punchy, restless songs. The music is simple but arranged texturally, with three-part harmonies adding to the sound’s fullness.

Tin Drum is a four-piece band comprised of Simon Fraser on bass and vocals, Kent Hardouin playing guitar, Steve Walkup on drums, and John Rodwig adding a light touch on keyboards as well as sharing vocals with Fraser.

“The music is our priority now,” says Fraser, “though we don’t want to neglect the visual aspects of entertainment.”

“We’re going to see how our material develops before we start worrying about the way we look,” adds Rodwig.

The material seems to have been drawn from a variety of influences. Walkup quickly notes Roxy Music, Japan and Ultra Vox as influential, but everyone else in the band groans at that. Oddly enough Fraser, who hails from Scotland, seems most inspired by the simplicity of music coming out of the American South these days.

There’s nothing complex in our instrumentation,” says Fraser, “but there is a depth to the music when it’s all added together.”
On Tour...
Ray Davies (pictured) and The Kinks may be dedicated followers of fashion, to paraphrase their old hit, and that hasn't kept them from remaining headliners for over 20 years now. After some dates on the West Coast at the end of August, this veteran British band spends most of September in the upper Midwest and the Northeast. While there is no new group album to support, Davies has just released his solo Return To Waferdo video and album. He also stars in the new British musical, Absolute Beginners, which is set for release in 1986.

Critic's Choice:
Phil Collins At The Amphitheatre
By Iain Blair
In many respects, Phil Collins is the Elton John of the '80s. Balding and obviously in no immediate danger of succumbing to anorexia, the singer-songwriter/producer makes an unlikley pop idol. But like John at his peak, Collins is quite simply one of the best singer-songwriters around, with a huge stack of hits that most other performers would kill for. If he draws the line at wearing make-up and women's clothing, he's certainly and justifiably not at all shy about parading his seemingly endless supply of catchy hooks, melodies and grooves, as well as his impressive musicianship. Covering all the bases, from the exuberant dance numbers "Sussudio" and his energetic reworking of Motown classic: "You Can't Hurry Love" to the more introspective and poignant ballads like "One More Night," the hard-working performer hardly passed through this two-hour plus show featuring a superb brass section and the inspired keyboards of Peter Robinson, his backing band was one of the tightest to have appeared at this venue all year, and needless to say, the sound was also flawless.

Collins has been often criticized for his "non-image." (apparently the reason given for his exclusion from this year's Oscar ceremonies). But on this evening he scored with his relaxed and humorous stage banter and presence. Perhaps the biggest cheer of the night greeted his sarcastic observation that Anne Reinking was unavailable to perform "Against All Odds" (as she had at the Oscars). A sweet moment of revenge in a triumph of a show.

Personal Favorites

In The Studio...
At Planet Sound Studios in New York, The Ramones are recording a new single for Beggars Banquet Records with producer Tommy Erdelyi and Ed Stasium. Miecinski, record producer/Deejay John Jellybean Benitez is busy at Sigma Sound producing the 12-inch remix for "State Your Mind" for Nile Rodgers' album. With. In the Studio, producing for Warner Bros... At the Hit Factory in New York, Benitez is also producing "Never Let Another Night Go By" for Joyce Kennedy's upcoming album, Activator. In addition, Jellybean finished remixing "The Power Of Love" for Harry Lewis, featured in Steven Spielberg's Back To The Future soundtrack. B.J. Thomas is also at Hit Factory, recording a new album for Columbia, featuring some songs written by Carole King and Gerry Goffin... At Quadrasonic Studios in New York, Peter Tosh is mixing his next self-produced reggae release. Garland Jeffreys is also at work in the studio, producing his own project with engineer Kasha. At Mission Control in Los Angeles, The Testones are busy remixing a new album with producer Barry Goldberg, and engineer Joe Chiccarelli. At Sunset Sound Studio, Dennis Williams is recording with his producer, Greg Matthius. Producer Dave Grusin is recording Diane Schuur's new effort forGRP. Stevie Nicks has been recording some cuts for her next project on Modern/Atlantic... At Kaufman Astoria Studios in New York, The Power Station are rehearsing for their current national tour... Bob Seger is in Miami doing overdubs for an upcoming album at Criteria Recording Studios.

Top Of The Charts

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<td>&quot;(What Is Love) Mary J. Blige &amp; R. Kelly&quot; (Columbia)</td>
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Charts courtesy of The Gavin Report.
It's all music
mark bingham

It's Rough Out There, Sex Fans

As the school year begins, we take a nostalgic look back to the golden years of sex in the Sixties.

No summer vacation for me. No vacation ever. As the poet Stimson once said, "Work is hard. Work is long, but work don't make you sing this song." So I work. So I sing. So I get up late and watch Phil Donahue.

Phil says, "The only wimps are men who are afraid to admit they might be wimps."

I admit to being a wimp. A well-trained feminist wimp.

Phil Donahue gets very cosmic. It's too hot to be cosmic.

Where does love go when it's not there anymore?

Love has always been an undefinable quantity. Many are frozen, but few get thaw. If the ice does melt, look out! It's Love Power!

Love. Like Marx, was just a four-letter word and open to interpretation.

Radicals found that love for the hoopla-de da decade. You guessed it, only two of us in the room. Love was all we needed, especially when there were only two of us in the room. Love was everywhere. Radicals found that love was the key to expanding their world view.

The commercialization of Love happened overnight. With it came LSD-25. The drug LSD-25 changed the face of the Sixties. Life changed for the better. For others, the Sixties was tear gas seeping through the window causing much discomfort and not just in the eyes.

College students of today were too late. With all the incurable diseases going around, who could afford to make love to every attractive person, even if that's what your genes tell you to do. Everyone is suspect. Is she diseased? Does he have a discharge? What's that sore on her lip? Is it rough out there, sex fans? Most guys stick with the five sisters, girls with their favorite, the Mr. Wiggly Quartet. What a shame.

More digression. Most colleges have pianos in the dormitory lounges. There one can find piano players jamming at all hours of the day and night, often in a style we might call \"late night noodling with extreme cosmic intention.\" Serious stuff. No talking, no dancing, just the music. Is it rough out there, sex fans? Most guys stick with the five sisters, girls with their favorite, the Mr. Wiggly Quartet. What a shame.

Now we hear over and over, \"The Eighties are the Sixties.\" This confuses me. Maybe there are similarities, but one aspect of the Sixties can't possibly be repeated, SEX.

On all Sixties topics, sex is the best. If Vanessa Williams had been a Sixties kid she never would have posed for those photographs. Nor would Madonna. In the Sixties, both women would have had sex in a car. No American should have sex until learning to drive. We love car songs and sex songs and car sex songs.

While women are now content to use cars for transportation, men give their vehicles female names, often getting much closer than necessary while washing them. This is why soap commercials are so full of naked women touching themselves sensually. Ad men think all men have shower fantasies. The ad men would like to be in the showers with the models, using their hands to rub. In reality, the quick cuts in soap ads are no more than pornography.

I digress. Sex in the Sixties meant visiting a group of friends and discovering there was only one bedroom, the entire floor covered with beds, sleep where you will. Sex in the Sixties was making love to the voice teacher on the couch in her studio while her top protege played loud piano to cover the sounds. Sex in the Sixties was tear gas seeping through the window causing much discomfort and not just in the eyes.

College students of today were too late. With all the incurable diseases going around, who could afford to make love to every attractive person, even if that's what your genes tell you to do. Everyone is suspect. Is she diseased? Does he have a discharge? What's that sore on her lip? Is it rough out there, sex fans? Most guys stick with the five sisters, girls with their favorite, the Mr. Wiggly Quartet. What a shame.
he freezing air. "Trancing" on the smoke clouds, he forgets how cold it is. Realizing his folly, he runs back inside, now sufficiently stoned to "get into it." His numb fingers settle into a "groove thing." As the mind races and the fingers warm, the music begins to expand. He plays the same thing over and over. No tension, no release. He does this for an hour, making small changes here and there. When he finishes he notices a doe-eyed co-ed who has been meditating to the music. She offers him some peppermint tea. They go to her room, drink tea and eventually make love. They go on for hours, he is speeding and never comes. She certainly doesn't mind until the next day when her bladder begins to act up. Meanwhile, Mr. Cystitis sleeps it off, dreaming of repetition and pounding uterine walls.

That's how to start a record label. If you just want to work for one, stick hat pins through your cars and you'll be hired, no questions asked. And what else is there to do? With promiscuous behavior impossible, students of today are forced to do things like:

- Fix basketball games.
- Listen to awful bands with nice haircuts.
- Smell their own farts during History of Entrepreneurship class.
- Statistics without asterisks, today's students have choices to make. Be there or be square. Cook! Be here then or now. Don't eat pork tartar. Take this quiz, ponder this checklist.

**Student Course List**
- Passing wind while sitting on Nancy Reagan's lap. Caffe or getting even?
- Legalize/Decriminalize... who's winning the war against drugs?
- Investments in Space... it's not too early to start
- Cellular Phones In A Modular World
- Teen Lingo... clap up or chill out?
- How to escape male uniforms
- Designer cookies in a thrift city world
- Scuba diving in Bayou St. John
- Chiropracters... backbreaking walletbusters or saints with magic fingers?
- The world's great nursing homes
- How to cure ruling class mentality
- Advertising... do you know who's manipulating your children?
- Albert Einstein and the New Orleans Triangle
- Thomas Jefferson... A further look at slavemasters as American heroes
- Climates and their effect on behavior
- Fiesta plates and the Domino theory... the true story
- Deco and decoration... too much is not enough

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A Youth With A Mission

For years, all eyes have been on young Ziggy Marley to take his father's place as leader of reggae music.

Those who feel that reggae music suffered a setback with the death of Bob Marley that it has not yet overcome can take heart in three recent releases from Jamaica. The Best of Studio One, Vol. 2 gives the opportunity to hear some of the rich recorded history of Jamaica; Burning Spear's Resistence is a reminder that there is still a roots movement; and Play the Game Right, the latest album by the Melody Makers, features the blossoming of Ziggy Marley, son of Rita and Bob, into a singer/songwriter who very well may someday continue the work of his father.

It's no secret that for years all eyes have been on the young Ziggy Marley to take his father's place as the voice of the oppressed and the leader of reggae music. Weaker hearts would have run from such an awesome legacy, but Ziggy has heard the call and answered with everything that his sixteen years can muster. The new album, although credited to the Melody Makers, is actually the debut of Ziggy Marley. All compositions except for "Children Playing..." were written by Ziggy, and several, like "Revelation" and "Rising Sun" and the title track, are both lyrically and musically excellent. The whole album has the Marley Tuff Gong sound and features the original Wailers with sisters Sharon and Cedella (Wee-Too's) taking the backing vocal role from the U-Threes and brother Steve adding a little toasting. Originally, this latest project by the Melody Makers was taking a different direction altogether... a pop-reggae crossover sound with a more balanced picture of each of the four children. This project was abandoned in favor of the album now released. The only song that has surfaced from the earlier sessions is a song by Steve on the B-side of the 7" single, "Nuh Leggo," taken from Play the Game Right.

No new musical ground is broken with the new album, and the lyrics of some of the songs reveal a touch of inexperience; but, my God, the youth is only sixteen years old. I'm one who does believe that reggae music is lacking a leader and a direction. I'm not sure that Ziggy Marley is going to be that leader, and I do question the way his "destiny" is being orchestrated, but I'll admit a sense of uplift at the promise for the future that this album holds.

In the past, present and future, true roots music is guaranteed to be heard from Winston Rodney (Burning Spear). Recently New Orleans was treated to both a new release and a live performance by this most intense Jamaican performer. Both live and on the new album, Resistance, Burning Spear has updated his sound, adding a bit of synthesizer here and there, as well as the ubiquitous Simmons drums (drums that are hit with sticks but whose sounds are controlled electronically). But the playing is as rootsy
Seventies. In today's reggae. Countless records Dodd recorded back in the mixes of the same rhythm tracks that come out today are using re-er, are new vocals over old riddims, 

On a strictly musical note, run out immediately and buy The Best of Studio One, Vol. 2 if you like rock steady and early reggae of the late and early Seventies. This is another great collection of Coxsone Dodd-produced singles that most people have never heard. Coxsone Dodd, owner of Studio One (recording studio) is in many ways the man single-handedly responsible for reggae music from its beginnings right up to today. It was Dodd who began the practice of putting the versions of songs on both sides of 45's. The version (or rhythm track or riddim), the music from the A-side of a single but without the singing, has spawned dub music, DJ music and is largely the foundation of today's reggae. Countless records that come out today are using remixes of the same rhythm tracks that Dodd recorded back in the Sixties and Seventies. In fact, 'Heavenless,' the most popular of all dancehall riddims, was recorded by Don Drummond for Coxsone Dodd back around 1965. Several of the songs on Best of..., like "Love Me Forever" and "Full Up" are the original use of now famous riddims. "Full Up" is better known as "Pass the Dutchie/ Koochie" by Musical Youth/Mighty Diamonds, and the "Love Me Forever" riddim is used by Brigadier Jerry on a brand new Coxsone release, a 12" single called "Every Man a Me Breddren." And all the songs on Best of..., even if not released in the late Sixties/early Seventies, use riddims from this period, so the whole album has that raw, old sound to it.

And Coxsone Dodd's 1985 style is now becoming available. Dodd moved to New York years ago and continued to re-issue much of the great Studio One catalog, but he made no more new recordings. But only a few months ago he opened a sixteen-track studio in NYC and will now be laying new tracks. Plans are to create new sounds for the Eighties, and Dodd is just the man who could pull together the musicians to do it. First releases from the new studio, however, are new vocals over old riddims, two by Brigadier Jerry and another use of the "Heavenless" riddim, "Music Maker" by Willie Williams. Williams, by the way, wrote "Armageddon (sic) Time," a song covered by the Clash.

most popular of all dancehall riddims,
Ten years ago, Southern rock meant a mess of rednecks with long archetypal beards and "South's gonna do it again" mentalities. Today, southern rock bands are led by college-age mystics who sing in streams of consciousness. Hidden behind catchy, country-blended guitar pop are statements of angst and metaphors of rain.

Austin, Texas, is the latest site of this new musical consciousness. Two recent albums document the evolving music scene in this small, progressive college town. Bands on the Block is a compilation of assorted Austin garage bands and includes some very good sensible southern pop as well as a full side of banal hardcore. Five excellent cuts begin side A, including Go Dog Go's chant-like "The Rain" and the True Believers' "The Rain Won't Help You." Zeitgeist drive a broken-down '73 Chevy Impala between gigs, but if they can make it to New Orleans, don't let the rain keep you from seeing them.

The best album to hit my turntable beatniks this month comes from an Austin group also appearing on Bands on the Block. Zeitgeist's Translate Slowly (DB) is a smoothly textured debut that combines the plain delivery of John Croslin with the ethereal vocals of Kim Longacre. Critically acclaimed throughout the Austin city limits, Zeitgeist (which means "spirit of the time") had a local hit with the wonderfully infectious "Freight Train Rain," which the Austin Chronicle readers' music poll called "song of the year." A reprised rendition of this nonsense piece is joined by a number of fine cuts including "Translate Slowly," "Sound and the Fury," the instrumental "Hill Country Theme" (used on a Texas T.V. special on L.B.J.), and a beautiful pop version of "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain." (Here's a hint to local musicians: the next overused metaphor will be "gravity").

Indies Hot, Radio Not

What a boring summer this was on commercial radio! All the major record companies were churning out these over-produced Anglo-ballads, making this the mellowest summer in twenty-five years. With WTUL off the air, New Orleans new music lovers don't know how crazy the young independent labels have gotten. Scouring through underground parking garages and bus station depots, labels such as Enigma, Twin-Tone, Subterranean and Homestead have been flushing out the most interesting, if sometimes unlistenable, recording artists in many years.

For instance, San Francisco's no-beatniks, The Longshoremen, have released Grr Huh Yeah (Subterranean). The lead vocalist, a cab driver named Dog, extols on the virtues of the "Putra Car of the Future" in a Kerouac/cool jazz bop. Although most of the album will clear the room in five minutes, with this chaotic whirlwind saxophonisms and crashing pots and pans percussion, there it
Clue: She said it was because of menopause! (the album is immediately a head spinner. Peter Buck of R.E.M. says this is his current favorite.)

Otto’s Chemical Lounge is an exciting, cryptic band from Minneapolis. On their first album, Splatter (Homestead) they display an infatuation with Roger Corman soundtracks. HuskerDU’s Grant Hart produced. Antietam (Homestead) has been described as a "tuneful carnage." Originally from Louisville, this group of three guys-one gal moved to Hoboken, New Jersey for a fresh breath of musical air. I suppose. Although it is easy to listen to, Antietam is hard to pin down. Maybe if Patti Smith joined the Fall...

For harmless amateur goofing, try the Dead Milkmen's Big Lizard in My Backyard (Enigma). This Philadelphia quartet slips in and out of hardcore categorization, but they’re really just out for the fun of it on songs like "Takin Retards to the Zoo."

One of the strongest albums to come out this summer is Volcano Suns' The Bright Orange Years (Homestead), an aggressive—sometimes abrasive—post hardcore effort by Peter Prescott, the former Mission of Burma drummer. Lyrically, this is a great cornucopia of puns and clichés. Beer drinkers and other American youths will enjoy cuts like "Cornfield" and the bitter "Jak."

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certain African pop styles like makossa (from Cameroon) and Congolese music. Few cadence records contain only cadence rhythms, though. The pop style cadence includes music which has been influenced by sounds from around the Caribbean... calypso, Latin music and some reggae, which makes cadence a strong musical link between Africa and the Caribbean.

A typical cadence record will probably not include as many diverse styles as the fantastic compilation album on GlobeStyle called Dance! Cadence! because that album was designed to give a cross-section of sounds. Each group from Martinique and Guadeloupe has developed its own blend of sounds. Dede St. Prix has a highly percussive, funky sound to it; Les Aiglons sound close to soca; Malavoi is acoustic in its approach; and the Haitian compas-based Tabou Combo leans towards a salsa sound.

The most easily available records are by Georges Decimus and Jacob Desvireux individually and also together under the name Kassav. Their albums contain a lot of true cadence rhythms as well as some sappier music influenced by American soul music.

Until GlobeStyle puts out more music, mail order seems like the only way to obtain this cadence music. Write to Musique des Antilles Records and Productions, Inc., 111-28 Springfield Blvd., Queens Village, NY 11429. Happy hunting.

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RARE RECORD
New Orleans' Golden Era

While many American baby-boomers get blurry-eyed and nostalgic over Meet The Beatles and The Supremes' Greatest Hits, in most New Orleans/Chalmettan households, it's this album (along with its companion New Orleans, Home of the Blues that brings on that Big Chill feeling. A simple glance over the performers and the songs here should have you pinching over wide-mouth bottles of Jax, fiststuffs at the F&M Patio and buckseats incidents at the Rockery, in no time.

Many of the biggest New Orleans R&B hits from the early Sixties are contained here. "It's Raining," "Lipstick Traces," "Mother-In-Law," "I Like It Like That," and eight more classics to boot. Even though many pre-middle agers have this record, it's curiously hard to turn up at the usual record collecting haunts. Personally, this post-teenager has only unearthed one copy of this LP and the closest he ever got to the Home of the Blues LP was from an ex-girlfriend who would never give it up (or anything else for that matter). Thankfully, it has been reassured by Bandy — save the period cover and liner notes — but the music still hits home.

ALMOST SLIM

VIDEO
It's Super Beta!

As each new improvement makes the old obsolete, video technology keeps pace — barely — with human indecision.

I know that after my last article almost everyone ran out and bought a VCR and you're now anxiously awaiting the next episode of Dr. Who's Wheel of Fortune. But for those of you who didn't, well aren't you the lucky ones.

New technology continues to upgrade old ideas and perfect new ones. Those of you who don't already have a VCR have an even bigger choice now. Besides Beta and VHS (both being available in HiFi Stereo) there are now two new formats.

The first is an upgrading of the Beta format called Super Beta, which presents a 20% increase in picture detail according to the manufacturers as well as anyone I know who's been able to get their hands on one. Though the technology was developed by Sony, Sanyo was the first company to make a Super Beta VCR available in the U.S. Sony now has four different models available. All Super Beta machines have HiFi Stereo capabilities. They range in price from around $400 to $1200. Super Beta technology, however, cannot translate regular Beta signals without some loss in reproduction. But, not to fear because every Super Beta I've read about has a switch to change the machine's internal systems to play regular Beta or Super Beta tapes. Everything I've heard about these machines acknowledges the fact that they're simply too marvelous for words.

The second format was introduced about a year ago, but until recently was not regarded by videophiles as a serious contender. Well, with the help of Sony technology (who else?) several breakthroughs have made the "new" 8mm format the serious alternative it was meant to be. When first introduced, 8mm had several drawbacks, not the least of which was the picture quality that by all reports was lacking. Also the original 8mm units needed the camera as well as the console unit in order to play back tapes on your television, which meant dragging the camera and console everywhere you wanted to view your tapes.

The original tapes ran only 60 minutes, then to 90 minutes, but this left much to be desired when compared to either 1/2-inch format (Beta or VHS). The size of the 8mm cassette was the main fascination with the system, it being only a little larger than an audio cassette. So seeing the possibilities of the system, Sony has now jumped into 8mm head first introducing an 8mm camcorder (camera and recorder in one unit) which is put together so that all you need is the camera without any other hardware (excluding wires) to shoot and see your tapes. There is also a timer/timer available so you can record "off the air..."
The biggest breakthrough here is picture quality. First tests indicate this system (Sony CCD-V8) produces a picture that almost equals a 1/2 inch machine (and is actually better than some 1/2 inch units). While at this time 90 minutes is still the maximum length of tape, Sony's commitment to the 8mm system (with this camcorder and their newer home 8mm systems that feature four-hour recording capability) all indicate that 8mm is here to stay and could comfortably be called the format of choice in the not-too-distant future.

This month's reviews cover both ends of the price scale.

**Nosferatu**
*by F. W. Murnau*
Kartes Video
63 minutes
$19.95

Here's the other end of the spectrum as far as price goes. This is the original Dracula movie with effects that seem childish now but were outrageous in its own time. The movie follows the classic vampire story well while the tone of the film flips from scary to humorous to intriguing and back again. The price makes it easy to purchase and adds to the permanent part of your video collection. *Nosferatu*, being silent (though inevitably some inane music is added on most copies), is a perfect candidate for ambient video. You can add your own music or other sounds to create whatever atmosphere you like. Actually, I've found that anything works well convincingly with almost anything on television. Each combination creates new and different audio-visual products so feel free to experiment and find what you like best.

**Japan**
*Oil on Canvas*
Virgin Video (Japanese)
55 minutes 10 songs
approx. $101.99

The price is outrageous! However, anyone who is familiar with Japan would pay almost anything to see them, and for most this is the only opportunity they'll get to see this group perform because of their demise a few years ago. Japan was a pop group with one of the most distinctive and unique sounds ever created in that vein. No comparison can be made to other groups. You just have to see and hear them! The video is the visual documentation of the live album of the same name, with enough effects and cutaways to scenes oriental that the group manages to stay somewhat obscured, which is what they tended towards anyway. Japan has always relied upon the integrity of their music to create the band's image. There is a certain amount of showmanship involved but even that is covered up pretty well with visual effects. Between it all you can see some of how bassist Mick Kam does whatever it is he's doing to get those great sounds, and you get some semblance of Japan live. Some of the performances are too perfect, relying heavily on sequencing and tapes and lacking spontaneity, but on "Art of Parties" the band gives more and the "live-ness" comes through. Since it is only available as an import from Japan (the country), the price is an unavoidable evil. Maybe several people could pool money and purchase it together, or see if it is rentable. If you've already heard Japan, I really didn't need to take this much time telling you: you already know. If you haven't then this is something you really should see. I guarantee you'll search for more afterwards.

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**Clifton Chenier**
Friday 13th
Eddie Harris/Ellis Marsalis
Tyler's Beer Garden
Thursday, August 1, 1985

There's nothing much better on a hot New Orleans summer night than taking in some cool jazz and hot blues. On the first Thursday evening in August, Eddie Harris, who hails from Chicago, came to town to play with New Orleans' own piano presence, Ellis Marsalis. Harris, who has been called 'one of the most brilliant tenor men,' was born in Chicago in 1936, and began music in church, singing in choirs and gospel groups in Baptist churches throughout Chicago. Harris played piano, vibes, and clarinet before settling on the saxophone, following the great jazz lineage of Wardell Gray and Lester Young, developing his own unique sound out of a light tone, delicate phrasing and sharp blowing.

After becoming an established jazzman, Harris worked with vibist/pianist arranger Charles Stepney and recorded with Ray Barretto, Ron Carter, Billy Hart, Billy Higgins, Grady Tate, and Cedar Walton. In 1960, his jazz version of the Exodus movie theme set a pattern for popular acceptance of jazz artists by the general public. By 1968, Harris' explorations with varieties of sound and instrumental textures came together as part of what came to be known as "space jazz" on The Electricity of Eddie Harris, especially with "Listen Here," and in 1969, Harris made a seminal fusion LP with Les McCann called Swiss Movement, recorded live at the Montreux Jazz Festival. In the Seventies and Eighties, Harris worked the jazz circuit, often in Europe, and recorded, most notably perhaps, with Horace Silver on an excellent LP called Spiritualizing The Senses.

On this night in New Orleans, Harris displayed his quite formidable chops and improvisatory sensibility. Ellis Marsalis was, as usual, the nonpareil accompaniment, his luxurious sound and uninterrupted flow of imagination, erudition, and celebration perfectly supporting and prodding Harris' often unpredictable twists and turns.

Harris, who was free before free knew its name, and was fusing different strands of music (jazz, movie themes, R&B, funk, you name it) before fusion was cool, was in fine form, playing a lot, rarely content to let an idea rest or a phrase drop before he introduced another string of riffs and licks, not always tied up in pretty packages with bows, but always coherent, improvising in a compositional direction, you might say. From hop warhorses like "Night In Tunisia" to snatches of classic jazz riffs such as "Jitterbug Waltz" ("Eli the thrill in that there, I just answered with some old-time playing"), this duo covered the waterfront, and then some, clearly having a good time and generating a good deal of response from the crowded room.

Although Harris has achieved sporadic popular awareness, his career never took on the momentum or acceptability that enables jazz musicians to gain long-term commerciality, Eddie Harris is well-respected within the jazz community, and New Orleans musicians such as Red Tyler, Earl Turbinton, and others were there in force to check out Harris and his saxophone playing. Harris responded by playing long and hard, making his job seem like nice work if you can get it. As the night wore on, his singing melodies and driving rhythmic punch became pure bittersweet odes to beauty, perseverance, and the triumph of one man over his instrument, a great man in his chosen profession, undeniably ignored surely not for his talents, but for his outspoken honesty and artistic integrity.

EDITOR'S NOTE: HARRIS AND MARSA LIS WILL BE COLLABORATING ON AN ALBUM THIS MONTH TO BE CUT IN LOS ANGELES.

— William D. White

Preston Frank and the Swallow Band/Ambrose Sam
Zydeco Volume 2
Arhoolie 1990

On Zydeco Volume 2 Chris Strachwitz continues the tradition of bringing some of zydeco's finest practitioners to vinyl. Zydeco Volume 1, a collection of seminal performances by Clifton Chenier and others, was released in the early Sixties and established Arhoolie's central position as a purveyor of authentic zydeco music.

The first side of Zydeco Volume 2 features seven songs by Preston Frank and the Swallow Band, some of the hottest zydeco waxed in recent years. The Swallow Band, which performs around Eunice and Opelousas, Louisiana, has a strong French sound augmented by Carlton Franks' fiddle and Preston's tear laden vocals and wails. Interestingly the band has forsaken the rub board, relying instead on the drumming of Leo Thomas for a rhythmic foundation. Thomas is the standout on these sides, propelling the songs, punctuating the instrumental breaks and making the whole thing rock with some truly idiosyncratic stick work. Thomas also adds vocals on his compositions "Shake What You Got!" and "Why Do You Want To Make Me Cry," the two most R&B tinged tunes in this French flavored set.

The other side of Zydeco Volume 2 is a set of "old time zydeco," performed by Ambrose Sam in 1983.
Sam is the brother of Herbert “Good Rockin’” Sam whose early recording “They Call Me Rockin’” may be heard on Zydeco Volume 1. These brothers performed during the Fifties when Zydeco was rapidly absorbing urban blues and rhythm and blues influences. Backed by his sons on washboard and drums Sam turns out a primitive blues based set. The highlight from Colorado was the Old Time Zydeco.

While the Ambrose Sam side will be of greatest interest to old time Zydeco enthusiasts, the Preston Frank side rocks, and does so without relying on the heavy soul and R&B inflections so popular in much modern Zydeco.

— Macon Fry

Aretha Franklin
Aretha Sings the Blues
Columbia FC 40105

Discovered by John Hammond in 1960, Aretha Franklin was signed to Columbia where she was molded into another Nancy Wilson, a black singer soothingly crooning to martini-drinking white audiences. Stiffed for seven years by cheesy string arrangements, Aretha literally ran away and joined the Atlantic label where she was treated with respect. Today on Arista, Aretha is back on top with the top ten hit “Freeday of Love.”

to cash in on Aretha Franklin’s revive popularity. Columbia executives revisited a collection of bad experiments produced by cocktail lounge visionaries. There are even two selections made famous by Frank Sinatra (“Only the Lonely” and “Drinking Again”). Aretha sounds soulless, a remarkable feat considering that her success with Atlantic propelled her into becoming “Queen of Soul.” Furthermore, this isn’t even a blues album, but a set of melancholy meanderings. Except for the earliest cut, “Maybe I’m A Fool,” an uncountable solo effort produced as a demo by Hammond, Aretha Sings the Blues is at best a novelty record. And not a fun one at that.

— St. George Bryan

Rare Silk
Blue Room
August 7, 1985

Not knowing what to expect from a night out is one of the pleasures of music listening. The anticipation, or lack of it, often causes extreme reactions once the evening’s fare is revealed. In the case of Rare Silk, I had no idea what to expect. From the press kit I could make out that they were from Colorado, there were four singers and they were beginning to be successful.

After the Herb Tassin Orchestra played their usual fine set to open, the Rare Silk roadies took some time in preparing the stage. One of the roadies turned out to be one of the singers. A nice touch, a reminder that we are in

The Springsteen Era of performers as regular people.

During the set-up, there was some table hopping done, mostly journalists hob-nobbing on this opening night. Subjects discussed around included: The ozone in Mandeville, whether or not Ted Kennedy was on acid when he drove off the bridge, MDA vs. XTC, Nelson Rockefeller’s heart attack during sex, the Enola Gay, Harry Truman and the Bomb, depression, life runs, Gerry Wykoff’s column in Gambit and A.J. Loria’s clothes. Heads topics, brought upon no doubt by the fine food and drink supplied by our gracious hosts.

Rare Silk came on with an extended percussion intro reminding one of The Art Ensemble of Chicago or The Windham Hillbillies meet Pharoh Sanders. As the sound grew, I stopped being skeptical. It was soon clear that this band could play and that all the singers were also decent percussionists. Diving into a Latin groove, Rare Silk continued to impress. The singing was excellent, on par with the more well known Manhattan Transfer. This was music that anyone could tell was good, in tune and forceful.

The drummer was great, mixing Simmons electric and Yamaha acoustic for a rich “studio” sound. His touch was smooth, allowing for many timbres. The bass player, who, from a distance, looked a bit like Charles Manson, gave virtuoso bass demonstrations all night long. While the keyboard player exhibited the most mundane use of his instruments, he, too, was excellent in his own right. Pretty funky for a band from Colorado, a place well known for the ultimate in whitebread country-rock.

Rare Silk is a band worth seeing. They are clean, almost All-American without being overly so. Good singing, good playing, good material, good sound, good lights. As far as I know, that about covers it.

— Mark Bingham

Fishbone
Fishbone
CBS 40032

First I was knocked out. Then I was irritated by their bombast and relentlessness. Then I started liking their approach to chaos and humor. I hope they come to New Orleans and play a venue where all ages can attend. Fishbone plays scattered, unfocussed music in a very healthy way. These are teens from L.A. who play what might be called B&W, as in black and white. They are full of cultural influences which transcend any racial or musical categories. Like it or not, this is Fishbone. Passionately goofy, not derivative. This is not cool, this is Fishbone. If the song “Purple Rain” is really nothing more than an old-fashioned country ballad spiced with some Hendrix licks, then what is Fishbone?

— Mark Bingham
From the top of the jazz world, the eldest son takes a detour with Sting.

BY STEVE BLOOM

It didn't come as much of a surprise that Branford Marsalis was planning to leave brother Wynton's quintet for a once-in-a-lifetime rock 'n' roll gig with Sting. Witness his broad taste in music: from Debussy to Led Zep. During a recent visit to Branford's Brooklyn, New York, apartment he repeatedly played "Tambourine," the cut that follows "Raspberry Beret" on Prince's latest album. He likes the crunch of the bass and drums, and Prince's sly vocals. Contrast to Wynton: If he liked it, he wouldn't admit it. Branford has no such hang-ups about what turns him on musically.

So then there was Branford several months later tooting his horn for all the world to see, on the same stage as Sting and Phil Collins at the Live-Aid be-in at Wembley, England. They did barely-rehearsed acoustic versions of "Roxanne," "Every Breath You Take," and "Driven to Tears." Everyone cheered. Millions now knew Branford Marsalis—or at least that a black guy playing sax was in Sting's new band. Branford prefers the latter description. "They don't see me," he said the next week. "Did you see David Bowie's show? Do you remember what the sax player looks like?" I couldn't say that I did. "That's what I mean. The show was billed as Sting and Phil Collins, and that's what the people wanted to see. It was nice that Sting wanted me to be there, but, like with Wynton, you have to always keep in check. I know better—the crowd is cheering for them. When I play a solo, if Sting goes to the bathroom, they'll watch him go to the toilet." Branford smiles weakly and shrugs, "That's the way it is."

Is this any way for a man to talk who is currently in the midst of an eight-month world tour with the Golden One, whose sax riffs embellish Sting's Top Ten album, The Dream of the Blue Turtles, whose fleeting image is a highlight of the "Set Them Free"
video? Maybe not, but Branford, like Wynton, shoots from the lip; if something's on his mind, he tends to say it, damn the consequences. (Well, not always: He asked that his unfavorable comments about Phil Collins remain off-the-record.)

“The show in London was a hundred thousand times more sincere than Philadelphia,” he continues. “Phil was just a bunch of pompous, who’s-who power shit. We’re all a thing for Ethiopia, and there’s Mick Jagger pulling Tina’s skirt off. Dylan was about as high as the Georgia pines and Keith Richard was about to fall off the stage. It was obvious people were there for exposure purposes. The Beach Boys... give me a fuckin’ break!

All of the British people came with their egos severely in check. It was much more organized and much less heopia. Sting drove there in his van. There weren’t any limousines—none. I think the spirit of [Bob] Geldof [Live Aid’s organizer] caught on with everyone. There was a completely different vibe.”

The limousine comment is telling, because Branford is blue-collar in his lifestyle and politically left-of-center in his thinking. He and Wynton share a brownstone in a break-even black section of Brooklyn that perhaps reminds them of their uptown upbringing in New Orleans. The building often resembles a crash-pad for wayward musicians, if not a kind of dorm for friends and relatives. Clothes, empty beverage containers, sheet music, cassette players, instruments, and suitcases are strewn everywhere. Marsalis lives upstairs with his newlywed, Terri, in relative peace and quiet. Before he left for Japan in August, where he was meeting up with Sting, the two brothers weren't talking. Wynton and Branford were literally passing each other in the hallways.

Here's the scoop: Branford returned from London in May after performing in Sting’s video and participating in a documentary on the band (Kenny Kirkland, keyboards; Darryl Jones, bass; Omar Hakim, drums); he expected to play with Wynton in the two months prior to going out with Sting. Sting wanted to begin the tour in June, but Branford said he was committed to his brother—as was Kirkland. Waiting them when they arrived home were pink slips, complete with the “flat tire” and the “no parking” on Wynton's and Branford's home street. “I got back, was ready to do the gigs, and found out I wasn’t playing no more. He told me and Kenny, ‘Sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. That’s the way it is.’

Branford wasn’t particularly upbeat about this state of affairs and asked that we change the subject. We talked sports for awhile (he’s a Mets, Jets and Knicks fanatic), he mentioned that he had just completed a classical record for CBS Masterworks, and finally we got around to the raison d’etre of this interview: rock 'n' roll. Marsalis says he first started listening to the Police “when a friend of mine played Zenyatta Mondatta for me. I caught my attention, so I went out and bought Synchronicity thinking it was Zenyatta. Then I just went crazy.”

That was the first rock ‘n’ roll I’d listened to seriously,” he added. “Before I’d been into Led Zeppelin, Dylan, the Beatles. John up until Captain Fantastic & the Brown Dirt Cowboy... but then it became Michael Jackson syndrome: You become a superstar by what you wear or what you do, not really based on how well you perform. But that’s understandable, because you’re dealing with people, and they know about as much about music as they know about government. If you have a society that would elect Reagan, then you can’t expect them to know anything about music.

Pretty strong language, you say? Well, that explains what Branford is doing with Sting, who hardly hides his displeasure with the world powers that be. The Dream of the Blue Turtles is filled with broadsides at Reagan and Russia, heroin and false heroism, death and destruction. His shit’s so hip,” raves Branford. “‘The songs he writes are so different. They’re about the same themes all the time—poverty, starvation, spurned love and all that—but they all have different sounds to them.’

Sting equally admires Branford. He first heard him on Branford’s solo album, Scenes in the City, while touring in 1983. Later, when the Police disbanded, he got in touch. “Sting was thinking of getting a bunch of guys who’d experimented in jazz, because he wanted a jazz sensibility in his music... to get rock ‘n’ roll so desperately needs.” (Branford subsequently introduced Sting to Kirkland and Jones; Sting selected Hakim himself.)

On the record, which Branford claims “could have been mixed a little better” (translation: his contributions could be more audible), and in concert Branford play the foil to Sting’s salient vocals, much in the same way Clarence Clemons follows Springsteen’s leads. “We’ve got to be like that,” Branford concedes, “but on a much higher level.”

“Sting tries to get me to play more—I feel I should play less. I feel I should complement his voice. Counter-melodies are nice when they’re established, but when they happen all the time it gets redundant.”

“If Sting demands that he play more?” “I play less,” he says. “Unless he really, really begs me to play more.”

Perched at the top of the jazz world, while at the same time united with one of rock’s major dominos, Branford Marsalis would seem to have the music business wrapped around his finger. What else could he ask for? “What’s gonna make me happy is if enough musicians come and really dig like we’re playing some hip shit,” Branford says. “It’s like playing football. The thing that makes your day is going in and blowing the other team off the earth. . . earning their respect, but in an instant.”

Like the [Los Angeles] Raiders. That’s what will make my day.

“My father says, ‘What Sting’s trying to do is create a Frankenstein. Unfortunately, Frankenstein can’t have children.’ Sting just wants to get some shit so big and so bad that it will force people to deal with it. “I’m not really sure,” Branford pauses pensively, “we’ll have to see.”
LOUISIANA COMES TO WASHINGTON

Fiddlers, floats, Indians and gumbo were hits at the Smithsonian American Folklife Festival.

BY KALAMU YA SALAAM

"Would it be true to say that what makes Louisiana so different is Cajun culture," a Washington reporter asks in a radio interview. I respond unhesitatingly, "No.

Louisiana is different from the rest of the United States, no doubt, though Cajun culture is neither the only nor the most important difference. As I patiently explained to the reporter, white Americans note Cajun culture as distinctively different because Cajuns look so much like them and yet are so different.

We were in D.C. to celebrate the 1985 Smithsonian Festival of American Folklife which hosted Louisiana as the featured state. The Louisiana exhibit took up a two block long stretch on the left side of the mall between the Washington Monument and the Capitol building. Over 100 artisans, musicians and chefs represented the indigenous folk culture of Louisiana at the festival. All events were free and took place June 26-June 30, and July 3-July 7, 1985.

The layout included two main performance tents, a small performance narrative tent, a cooking exhibition tent, a small tent for a gigantic St. Joseph's altar, three crafts demonstration tents, a boat building area and a tent for the Mardi Gras float makers.

The Barth family represented the Mardi Gras float-making tradition. The Barths are the last major float builders who handcraft their floats using paper mache. Joseph Barth III, during one of the many narrative discussions, talked about the pride the Barth family has in maintaining the tradition of building paper mache floats and masks. They drove a large float to D.C. for the festival (and got a ticket in Georgia and the float driver was jailed overnight for driving an oversized float).

Other crafts people included "survivalists," i.e. craft workers who used their work to live off the land: duck decoy carvers, net makers, fishing cage makers; "home crafts": basket makers, weavers, quilters, and cornhusk weavers; "decorative crafts": St. Joseph's Alter decorators, Mardi Gras Indian costumes and secondline Marching Club costumes.

The boat building display included the actual construction of various types of small boats used in the bayous, swamps and rivers of Louisiana.

The "foodways" exhibit included cooks from all over Louisiana who demonstrated how to fix everything from gumbo to pralines.

Of course the main attraction at the folk festival was the music. Although a decision was made not to include Fifties New Orleans R&B as an urban folk music form, there was a healthy cross section of Louisiana folk music represented. The Hayride String Band, featuring Louisianna State fiddle champion Bill Kirkpatrick, out of the Shreveport area represented Louisiana's bluegrass tradition. Other members of the String Band included Douglas "Dobber" Johnson on fiddle, Mike Kirkpatrick on guitar and William "Lum" York on bass who provided amusing antics such as literally riding his bass as he played.

Additionally there were illuminating performances from Thomas Edison "Brownie" Ford, a cowboy ballader, Curt Blackwell, and old-time fiddler and Clifford Blake a cotton press caller from Nachitoches. Blackwell and Ford worked together everyday on the narrative stage trading jokes, reminiscences and songs which were part of their personal life experiences growing up in Louisiana through the Twenties, Thirties and Forties. Blackwell performed with a wry joy and light touches of humor, while Brownie was a basic as dirt and full of tongue twisting sayings that provoked both belly laughs and reflection. Clifford Blake told stories and demonstrated work songs and field hollers. He was an authentic and important pre-instrumental blues link and his presence and charm added a great deal to the depth of the daily narratives about early Louisiana life.

The Cajun music tradition spanned early to contemporary Cajun sounds. The "old-time Creole" trio of Buis Sec Ardoin on accordion, Coronet Fontenot on fiddle and Morris Ardoin on guitar offered a flashback to the developing years of Cajun musi-
ic. The Mamou Hour Cajun Band featured an all-star line up of Sady Courville on fiddle, Lee Manuel on fiddle, 92-year old Dennis McGee on fiddle (who was often the life of the party with his infectious good humor), although he used a wheel chair to get around, he would occasionally jump up to dance when one of the other bands was playing a particularly hot number, Allee Young on accordion including Ward Lornag on accordion, Feren Serrette lead vocals and fiddle, Kevin Sherin on bass and Peter Stevens on drums. Zydeco music was represented by the St. Landry Playboys featuring Calvin Carriere on fiddle, Phillip Carriere on drums, J.C. Gallow on frottoir (the metal scrub-board worn on the chest and strummed with metallic objects), R.L. Joubert on guitar and Nolton Semien on accordion. The country blues tradition was represented by Baton Rouge area musicians Silas Hogan on vocals and guitar (as he often quipped, "my guitar is 23 years old, that hat I got is 41 years old and I'm 73 years old; we're antiques and that's why I like them ole antique blues") and Arthur "Guitar" Kelley on vocals and guitar, also abetted by Silas' son, Sam Hogan, on drums, with frequent collaborations from barrel house pianist George Wright, with frequent collaborations from barrel house pianist George Wright, Lil Chief Tony Guy, Flagboy George Harden, Secondliner percussionist Albert "Al" Richardson and Witchdoctor/bluegrass player Lionel "Uncle Bird" Outhochon. Needless to say, there was nothing in D.C. that had prepared for folk festival attendees for the impact of the Indians stretching out with feathered chaps.

Rounding out the music was the Young Tuxedo Brass band under the sterling direction of cornetist Gregg Stafford (who celebrated his birthday on stage and kept up the Louis Armstrong tradition of dirty cornet playing) including sax, wha-whas, half-valves and band in and across the bell of the horn notes. The band was an interesting mixture of young and old musicians, all of whom were well grounded in the traditional brass band repertoire and techniques. The rhythm section consisted of Gustave Wright on snare drum and the Barbarian brothers (nephews of the highly respected drummer and composer Paul Barbarian "Bourbon Street Parade" and "Paul Barbarian's Second-line") on bass drum (Charles) and tuba (Lucien). Maynard Chatters and Awood Johnson were the trombonists, David Griller played tenor saxophone and Joseph Torregano and Michael "Dr. Jazz" White played clarinet. The Young Tuxedo was responsible for raising a mighty ruckus marching around the field on three occasions, twice for a parade and once for a mock funeral which featured a fake-dead Gerald Johnson of the Avenue Steppers ported by the Mardi Gras Indians on a medical stretcher. Gerald was laid out in black with a gun bottle on his chest and miraculously arose to lead a weighed second line.

Legend New Orleans tap dancers Oliver "Pooch" Anderson and Isaac "Kidney Stew" Mason served as grand marshals and featured secondliners on the Young Tuxedo Brass Band.

Although not officially a part of the Louisiana delegation, New Orleans Ninth Ward bluesman Boogie Bill Webb led a trio every evening in a dance party celebration as part of the cultural conservation aspect of the festival which included Mayan Indians, Cowboy songsters and storytellers, musicians from Laos, the famous and highly respected Fairies Four Gospel Quartet and other performers and aspects of traditional culture which are threatened by contemporary callousness. Perhaps one of the most interesting aspects of the festival was watching and listening to the melting of various musical genres in both performance and at the parties in the dorm. We were housed at Georgetown University and had nightly receptions in a large hall. On one memorable night Henry Gray was pounding a barrel house blues, while country fiddler Bill Kirkpatrick, Cajun fiddlers Jokey and Ray Vallot added the strings with guitars from Cajun and country musicians plus percussion from Uncle Bird and drums and percussion from India drummers who didn't speak English – you get the idea.

Down on the mall, there were hot sets when Canal and J.C. Gallow would sit in with Fife or one of the country fiddlers would sit in with the Ot family as they did some stomping cowboy gospel. There was then the dancing to the St. Landry zydeco version of "When The Saints Go Marching In."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the music was that much of it was performed by musicians who were 10, 15 and sometimes over 20 years past 65 years old, the accepted age for retirement. Although their chops were less than what they were in the prime of these musicians, no one had to make apologies for age because each one played with passion.

I don't think much was heard about the folk festival here in Louisiana, but it sure was a big hit in D.C. and offered Louisiana the best publicity on a national level it has had in years, especially post-WF (World's Fair) years. Much of the success of the festival (some D.C. staff members assessed the festival the best ever even though it was the latest one getting started because of contractual complications, which, as we all know, is par for the course with Louisiana) was due to two facts. One, Louisiana is culturally diverse and musically rich and two, state folklorist Nick Spitzer was wisely interested in serving a spicy gumbo of sounds and sights rather than an elegant but unrepresentative fancy soup. Spitzer opted for putting together a little bit of everything rather than a whole lot of any one thing. It was not all filling but it never failed to satisfy.
I was trying to find Terrell's on St. Bernard on a Sunday night. I'd been there before, a time or two, but couldn't remember the block, exactly. Since it was a Sunday, the sublime Red Tyler was playing his tenor sax, and the beautiful Germaine Bazzle was singing — a significant slice of the history of jazz and R&B in New Orleans over the last twenty or so years on a small stage, going at it sweet and spicy all night long for a meager three bucks. I found the place and all was as it should be, from a fan's point of view, though I thought, "People should be hanging from the rafters here. There should be a line around the block." Naturally, if that had been the case, the grumbling would be heard from some quarters, "Oh, yeah, Terrell's used to be good on Sunday nights until it got 'discovered.' Now that giant crowd's a drag." Of course you wouldn't hear that from the musicians or the bar owner.

On this particular night nothing was a drag. With Tyler and Bazzle was drummer Johnny Vidacovich, Phil Parnell was on electric keyboards, and Steve Masakowski on electric bass. (I've been there on other nights when Masakowski played guitar and Jim Singleton performed on his stand-up bass.) Tyler played "You Don't Know What Love Is," though it was evident from his solo that he knew very well. After that, Vidacovich looked at Tyler and said, "How about ..." and then sang a few notes. Red looked at the drummer and laughed.

"Oh, sure," he said, and sang the tune right back. "It's on you, man."

"No," Vidacovich said, "it's on you."

So Tyler shrugged and turned to his microphone as if trying to take it by surprise. He started playing and the band kicked in. It was Horace Silver's "Song for My Father."

The point here (had you lost faith that there'd be one?) is not to sing the praises of Sunday nights at Terrell's, although praise is due, but to express the feeling that some of the most satisfying listening to be done in New Orleans, as far as progressive jazz is concerned, is in clubs like Terrell's — places you have to drive around for a while to find unless you live in that neighborhood. Places that are intimate enough so that you can listen to the musicians decide what to play, and rag each other and encourage each other.
As we roll into September and cooler weather and begin the climb out from under our air-conditioned rocks, or return from vacation spots in bearable climes, there are one or two new places offering live progressive jazz that wait our patronage. Although there are still not enough clubs around to keep all the excellent players in the city working regularly, from a listener's point of view quite a bit of music can be found out there.

One relatively new spot is Cheeky Chink's at the corner of Rampart and St. Philip, just outside Armstrong Park. Veteran alto sax man Earl Turbinton thinks the place could be the best thing since Lu and Charlie's, and in fact the new club sits close to where that famed establishment once stood.

Turbinton was playing in Cheeky Chink's the first time I wandered in. At that time there was no cover. Lately they've been asking for a whole dollar. Turbinton was fronting a rhythm section that included Herlin Riley on drums and Elton Heron on electric bass. The club was small and set up so that except for Heron's amp, the trio needed no mikes at all - music direct to you with no electronic middle man! Earl blew all the barnacles out of my brain that night, Earl blew all the barnacles out of my brain that night, and Herlin Riley pounded some sense into me at last. I'm glad to report that there was a very healthy crowd there.

The band's appearances have been sporadic, because all the band members have busy schedules. Dagradi in particular has been out of town a lot over the years, playing and traveling with Carla Bley's band. Even so, Astra Project's performances often have been memorable.

"It even surprises me how well we play together," Dagradi says. "If there's been a long period where we haven't played, it's always like a slap in the face because it's so hot all the time. Hopefully, the band will be seen a lot more this year and in the years to come."

These guys all play a lot, all over the place, in all kinds of bands, and they know each other well. To hear what they'll sound like after a month or so playing together weekly should be a treat, like waiting for the last batch at a hot crawfish boil.

Another high profile and these days a group of young players called The New Orleans Jazz Couriers. The Couriers play with a high level of enthusiasm. They're all good and getting better. They also display a reverence for the music which is in part the stamp of Ellis Marsalis, with whom they have all studied. Their gigs are usually solid affairs filled with compositions by writers like Monk and Wayne Shorter. I often find my attention nabbed by listeners who are familiar with Astral Project (which includes pianist David Torkanowsky, drummer Jonny Vidacovich, bass player Jim Singleton, and percussionist Mark Sanders). They came together for a gig at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival in 1978, and they have been playing together since then. There was even an album in 1982 on the Gramavision label (Dagradi's second, but the first with Astral Project).

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heading contender in the "Young Player You Should See Now Because He's So Good Already That He's Blowing Everybody Away And He'll Probably Become Real Famous And Then You'll Be Sorry Because You'll Only Be Able To See Him Twice A Year" category. The other musicians in the group are trumpeter Jamal Shabazz, alto saxophonist Kelvin Harrison, tenor saxophonist Victor Goines, and bassist Reginald Veal.

Veal, Kendrick and Veal also perform regularly with Ellis Marsalis. Marsalis was out of town for most of August but will be back at his regular Wednesday night gig with Germaine Bazzle at Tyler's, uptown on Magazine Street, in September. At his writing it was still up in the air whether or not he'd be settling back into his regular Sunday night set at Snug Harbor. I hope he does, but either way, I'm sure he'll be getting plenty of playing time there.

Lately the group has been featuring singers in its shows: Germaine Bazzle, Lady BJ and Johnny Adams have joined Marsalis over the past couple of months, and it's interesting, though of course not surprising, to see the differences in the sets with each vocalist. It's also good to see Marsalis offer his guidance to the younger players on the bandstand, as well as in the classroom. It would do my heart good, though, to catch Ellis playing a date or two with his former rhythm section of bass player Bill Huntington and drummer Jack Black, two of my favorites from way back. Just a suggestion.

Speaking of Tyler's (I was, just a second ago), owner Fred Laredo reports that the club will be cutting its music schedule back to four nights a week "until things get a little better." Besides the Marsalis/Bazzle Wednesday night affair will be Les-

The all-star lineup of Ramsay McLean's Refugees (below): Noel Kendrick, John Vidacovich, George Porter, McLean, Steve Masakowski, and Scott Goudeau. Leslie Smith (right) is back at Tyler's on Thursdays.

at their Monday Night haunt at The Glass House on Saratoga Street by the time you read this. There's a classic off-the-beaten-track club for you (except to those who live in the neighborhood, who would probably rather not see this in print). I think it's wonderful that while The Dozen play all the major festivals in Europe, when they come back home they return to a bar about the size of a Plymouth. You will sweat, and you will dance, and you will be made whole. Until the Dirty Dozen's return, Tuba Fats and the Chosen Few hold down the fort at The Glass House admirably.

Well, all I set out to do here was to run down some of the good things that are going on in town and some of the musicians who are making it happen. Of course I left out some good clubs and a giant bandstand full of terrific musicians (here are two players I should be named and feathered for not mentioning: Al Belleto and Mike Pelleriti). All I'm trying to say is that you do some investigating of your own.

To those who know a little something about the New Orleans music scene as a whole, it may seem as if I have missed the point. I'm talking about the city as a whole, about the way things are working. I think it's something that's worth investigating. I think it's something that's worth looking into. I think it's something that's worth putting your own spin on.

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CONCERTS

Sunday, 1
Gee Today For Tomorrow Concert, Supercome, 7:30 p.m. Information at 866-9794.

Monday, 2
Radiofone Colloquium at Audubon Zoo. This long live gardener includes Joan Knight, Irma Thomas, Bourre, the Dirty Dozen, Pete Fountain and Croc Cookin' with Tomato; Radiofone will have its celotape phones on display and visitors can make free calls coast-to-coast (anywhere!); free admision for 1 adult, 1 kid. with Radiofone pager. Rain date: Sun.6

Wednesday, 4
The Four Tops: The Temptations, direct from the Seven Rooms of Gloom and the Ball of Confusion, respectively: Audubon Zoo, 8 p.m. Ticketmaster.

Friday, 6
Korean Dance, performed by Wang Kyoung Hee, Delgado, noon. Building 1, 3rd floor Drama Hall; Information at 483-4166.

Friday, 13
Bush Riprock, Carrollton Station.

Saturday, 14
A Celebration for the Arts, Canal Place: participants includes members of the New Orleans Symphony, the New Orleans City Ballet, and the Opera, as well as Lica Clas. The occasion will benefit the above three cultural institutions as well as the New Orleans Museum of Art. Tickets from The Committee to Celebrate The Arts, 365 Canal St., Suite 360, New Orleans 70130.

Sunday, 15
Squeeze: The Hooters; Truth, McAlister Auditorium; Ticketmaster: Of the second of these groups, we can only add that if you don't have some enthusiasm for a group with a song called 'Don't Take Your Car Out Tonight,' then shame on you.

Tuesday, 17
Tears For Fears; The Adventurers, Saenger, 8 p.m.; Ticketmaster. Speaking of tears, did you know that Heracitus was the Weeping Philosopher because he grieved so loaded over the absurdities of mankind?

Wednesday, 18
Orchestral Maneuvers In The Dark, Saenger.

Tears For Fears, everyone's favorite lchrymal duo, at the Saenger, Tues.17.

Bayard's Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 504-9200. Through Tues.10: Jazz Unlimited Group.


Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Music changes daily—walk by and check.

Brew House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 525-9893. Call for information.


Cheesy Chink's, 1001 N. Rampart, 525-1007. Music 11 p.m. Fri. & Sat. 6:30-8:30. Sat.: The Radiators. Fri.: The Candles and Chink, New Orleans' only black comedy team (women you count Erie K. one at a time), and the Theron Lewis Trio. Sat.14: Los Comitos and Chink and Chink. Fri:20; TBA; Sat.21 and Fri.27: The Walter Rayon Trio. Sat.28: TBA.

Comiso's, 1201 Burgundy, 561-9018. Jazz on Sundays and occasionally on Wednesdays; call the bar for information.

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen, 945-6860. Sat.: The Radiators. Fri.: The Radiators, meaning don't walk under ladders, fight three on a match, throw your hat on the bed and if you see Ed Vieux, toss cast off your left shoulder, or maybe make the sign of the cross or something. Sat.21: Uncle Slive and Auntie Vera.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Mon.-Sat.: from 9, Gym Cheekie.


Friday, 27
New Orleans Consort from the Early Music Society, Delgado, noon. Building 1, 3rd floor Drama Hall; Information at 483-4168.

The Beach Boys; John Callenby and the Beaver Brown Band, UNO Baseball Stadium; Information at 865-7674.

Saturday, 29
Robert Clandenman, Saenger; Information at 866-7974.

OUTTATOWN

Sunday, 15
The Dukes of Dixieland will be performing at New York's South Street Seaport, where free concerts are given on the weekend.

Wednesday 25 through Saturday 28
The 6th Annual New Music Seminar will be held at the Marriott Marquis Hotel in New York City. emphasis on this year is on independent labels, clubs and college radio. Ten new panels, instructional and educational workshop series, open to all, information at 212-255-4160.

LIVE MUSIC

FRENCH QUARTER, MARIGNY & CBD

Andrew Jackson Restaurant, 221 Royal St., 527-3003. Saturdays at midnight: the brilliant triumvirate of Bucky Allen, Rocky Graham and Fred Palisano—but considering the price of those three have had lately with the mortality rate of cabaret, call before you go.

Artie Creole, 803 Bourbon, 526-8536. Call for listing: with this place is, incidentally, where I saw that eponymous band of grade-school last Carnival night: if You Voted For Reagan You Can't Shit Here—Your Asshole's In Washington.

Bayou, (and former guest on the V/O 'n' Nitty show), running from his works Sun.8 at Cheeky Chink's, 1001 North Rampart.

Victory, post (and former guest on the V/O 'n' Nitty show), running from his works Sun.8 at Cheeky Chink's, 1001 North Rampart.
Festivals

Sunday 1

6th Annual River City End-Of-Summer Musical Extravaganza and Stamp, grounds of the old State Capitol, Baton Rouge, by 5 p.m. Fri. 6 through Thurs. 12; 504-592-3101 or 892-7120.

Festivals

Saturday 21, Sunday 22

Festivals, Girard Park, Blackburn Coliseum, Lafayette National Historical Museum, Lafayette Municipal Auditorium, USL Art Center, 318-323-3680.

Ballet

19 New Orleans Ballet Educational Program, 10:30 a.m. at the Theatre for Performing Arts. Tickets available at 455-4875 or 888-4205.

Saturday 20

22

Coppelia, the Delbon chest, performed by the New Orleans Ballet at the Theatre for the Performing Arts, 8 p.m. each night for 10 days. Ticket information available at 455-4875 or 888-4205.

Saturday, 21

Nutcracker Auditions, for non-talented children’s role in the New Orleans Ballet’s annual Christmas production. Approximately eighty children are needed; auditions begin in October under the supervision of teacher Elleysa Heilman. Auditions begin at 12:30 p.m. and continue through the afternoon at the Theatre for Performing Arts. Details: 504-323-3680. Ticket information available at 455-4875 or 888-4205.

Saturday 21, Sunday 22

Cinematography

Capitol, 318-592-5361.

Saturday 26

26

Luncheon Film Festival, Town Square, Greenbriar, La., 318-936-7206.

Saturday 26-29

Louisiana Sugar cane Festival and Fair Association, City Park, New Iberia, 318-309-5323.

Saturday 26

26


Saturday 26

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Saturday 26

26

New Orleans Community College, 615 City Park Ave, 524-1071. From Sat. 21 through Sun. 22: Sunday, 7 p.m.; Monday, 7 p.m.; Tuesday, 7 p.m.; Wednesday, 7 p.m.; Thursday, 7 p.m.; Friday, 7 p.m.; Saturday, 7 p.m.; Sunday, 7 p.m., each night. "The Last Emperor," "The Red Turtle," and "The Tale of Princess Kaguya." Details: 504-318-2000. Ticket information available at 455-4875 or 888-4205.

Saturday 26

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Saturday 26

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Saturday 26

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WAVELENGTH/SEPTEMBER 1985 33

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WAVELENGTH/SEPTEMBER 1985 33

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WAVELENGTH/SEPTEMBER 1985 33
The Neville Brothers were a great success as opening act on tour with Huey Lewis and the News. Fact is, local papers often gave the Nevilles equal raves with the main act. This didn’t bother our hero Huey, however: He just invited the Valence Street gang to join him for a few tunes, and even to come out occasionally for a well-deserved encore with him at the end of the evening. The Nevilles, who’ve been traveling all over the country this summer, are back in town now but will soon be off again to the Coast.

Louisiana Week at New York’s Lone Star Cafe fueled the New Orleans fame even hotter in the Big Apple. A full-page ad in the Village Voice invited New Yorkers to sample Ramsey MeClan’s Survivors, Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, Johnny Adams, Golden Eagles, ReBirth, Rockin’ Dopsie, Katie Webster, Earl King, Dirty Dozen, and Beausoleil. (The issue of Village Voice had John Mortland’s article on the “Toot Toot” wars on the cover — where will it all end?) Stan of the mats Cyndi Lauper was so taken with Lake Charles’ Katie Webster that she sent the pianist and blues better two dozen yellow roses to her hotel, then came down to the Lone Star the next night, dressed (as astute New Orleanian eyewitnesses attested) as “a normal person.” Introduced to the not-so-hard core audience as “Susan Lamplighter,” Lauper proceeded to join Webster for a take-no-prisoners version of Shirley and Lee’s “Let The Good Times Roll.”

Katie (if you’ve not heard her shame her pure dynamite and every single person in Europe has all her records) was a contributor to Mason Ruffner’s upcoming album while she was in New York, laying down her piano tracks in one day.

Music and K-Paul’s are the not only imports to New York. Dixie Beer is now available in several locations at a mere $2.50 a longneck. At last check blackened redfish was going for $37 a shot at K-Paul’s. (New Orleanians felt at home with the New Orleans rent-a-cops at the door, but the $37 blackened redfish was for nothern appetites only.)

Fans of Excello recording artist Guitar Gable may be puzzled at the cover of his new Flighty album: You’re right, that’s not Gable. Flighty promises to correct the problem tout suite ... Paul Simon flew to Lafayette recently to record with Rockin’ Dopsie; Simon also has collaborated with Los Lobos ... Java, the Wisconsin band that came south for the winter last year to get closer to the music and culture of New Orleans (and established a loyal club following along the way), will return the second week of October for another winter here. On their way they’ll participate in the Seaport Jazz Festival in New York.

Local guitarist John Rankin won second place in the national American Fingerstyle Guitar Festival held in Milwaukee August 6-11. Rankin was elated at his prize, a Martin 00-28, worth about $1,000, but a little disappointed to find it was a right-handed guitar. John being a southpaw. As of press time, Rankin was appealing the Nazareth, Pennsylvania, compar for an exchange.

Of all the different styles of African music, local papers often gave the Nevilles equal raves with the main act. This didn’t bother our hero Huey, however:

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43 WAVELENGTH SEPTEMBER 1995
New Orleans Music Awards Ceremony
Saenger Theatre

The Awards were established to acknowledge the contributions and achievements of those creative and talented musicians and communications people in our community who carry on the musical traditions of this great city.

Our objective for this second year's event is to aid in the effort of the New Orleans Artists Against Hunger & Homelessness, and to contribute to the finding of a permanent home for the bust of the late Professor Longhair.

Our goal is to stage the New Orleans Annual Music Awards Ceremony and to develop ways of helping those in the industries, by raising $100,000 for this year's spectacular ceremony.

The ceremony of the Second Annual New Orleans Music Awards will be held Saturday, November 30, 1985 at the Saenger Theatre of the Performing Arts. This Black Tie Reception starts at 7:00 p.m., Awards start at 8:00 p.m.

We are asking for your support of this year's awards ceremony, by way of our co-sponsorship program.

Co-Sponsors are the deciding voting factors in the second round of balloting which determines the award winners.

The general public can nominate the artists, by ballots in each of the following categories. The tabulation of ballots will be done by the certified accounting firm of Alexander Grant & Company.

THE CATEGORIES ARE:

Female & Male Vocalist of the year, Pop Group, Rhythm & Blues Group, Rising Star (Outstanding New Artist), Jazz Solo Musicians, Jazz Group, Gospel Group, Dixieland Group, Folk Group, Country & Western Group, Cajun Group, Latin Group, Musical Night Club and Entertainer of the year.

PROFESSIONAL VOTING CATEGORIES

Arrangement (Recording), Engineer (Recording), Recording Studios, Songwriter of the year, Jingle of the year, Album Cover (Graphic Arts Awards to Art Director), Photography (Album Cover), Drummer, Keyboard, Piano, Saxophone, Trumpet, Bass, Guitar, Percussionist, Rhythm Guitar, and Trombone, plus 12 special categories.

CONGRATULATIONS TO LAST YEAR'S WINNERS:


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Edward J. Cross, III, Director

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