

3-1984

Wavelength (March 1984)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uno.edu/wavelength>

Recommended Citation

Wavelength (March 1984) 41
<https://scholarworks.uno.edu/wavelength/41>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Midlo Center for New Orleans Studies at ScholarWorks@UNO. It has been accepted for inclusion in Wavelength by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@UNO. For more information, please contact scholarworks@uno.edu.

Unwashed Length

ISSUE NO. 41

MARCH 1984

ML
1
W39
LA Cal

RECEIVED
SERIALS DEPT.
1984
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

**MARDI
GRAS
1984**

BY RUSSELL

NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY
IN THE HISTORY OF RECORDED MUSIC

ELVIS

THE LOST ALBUM!

Until now it could not be told.
At last you can hear recordings
of nine songs that for 28 years
have been saved in the vaults of
"The Louisiana Hayride" WHERE
IT ALL BEGAN.

Elvis' fame started when he
began performing on the
Louisiana Hayride radio program.
Now for the first time ever these
performances are being made
available to Elvis fans in a full
length album entitled "The
Beginning Years"!

THIS BEAUTIFUL ALBUM
FEATURES AN UNFORGETTABLE
POSE OF "THE KING" ON THE
COVER AND IS OF THE FINEST
QUALITY, MANUFACTURED BY
RCA RECORDS.

Hear and see why Elvis was called "The Country Cat"

- ★ Why Elvis' parents, Vernon and Gladys HAD to sign his contract
- ★ Why Elvis and band got a raise to \$200.00 per week
- ★ This never before released album with songs you have never heard Elvis sing

*The whole world was led to believe all of
Elvis' recordings have been released, but
now it can be told, the story of Elvis at "The
Louisiana Hayride," "Where it all Began."*

These are the songs that launched the
most fantastic career in entertainment
history. The charisma of Elvis is no more
evident than in "The Beginning Years."

At last the owners have been authorized to
release this album and these photos to you.

NO ELVIS COLLECTION CAN BE
COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS
IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. IF YOU
COLLECT ELVIS, "THE BEGINNING
YEARS" IS A MUST.



★ HEAR ELVIS in His Own Words
tell you how he invented Rock
and Roll

★ HEAR ELVIS Sing Songs never
released before now

★ See the REAL ELVIS behind the
scenes in Photographs you have
never seen before

★ READ His First Important Contract

★ LEARN How Much Money ELVIS
and Band earned in "THE
BEGINNING YEARS"

Of the fifty million Elvis fans
who have purchased more than
eight hundred fifty million Elvis
records, not a single one of them
has this important discovery,
"The Beginning Years."

IF YOU ORDER NOW WE WILL
INCLUDE, AT NO EXTRA COST, A
DRAMATIC BOOK WITH MORE THAN
FORTY PHOTOS FROM THE PERSONAL
COLLECTION OF D.J. FONTANA,
ELVIS' LONG TIME DRUMMER AND
FRIEND. THIS PHOTO BOOK COVERS
ELVIS' CAREER FROM 1954 TO THE
FINAL PERFORMANCE IN 1977. YOU
HAVE NOT SEEN THIS PHOTO BOOK
BEFORE, BUT IT IS YOURS AS A
FREE BONUS IF YOU ORDER NOW.
(A \$7.95 RETAIL VALUE)

Orders postmarked on or before May 15, 1984 will automatically
be eligible for a special drawing (you need not order to be
eligible to enter the drawing—see RULES below). The lucky
first prize winner receives a free trip for two to Nashville, by
air. The winner and guest will stay for two nights in luxury
hotel accommodations and will tour "Music Row" with D.J.
Fontana as their host (Ask D.J. everything you always wanted
to know about Elvis). In addition, the grand prize winner
receives the same tour for two plus one of the most important
gifts ever made to an Elvis fan: a movie projector owned and
used by ELVIS, proof of ownership provided.

RULES: 1) Furnish your name and address typewritten or
printed legibly on card or paper 3x5 in. You may enter as
often as you like. 2) Void in any state or provinces where
prohibited by law. 3) Residents of the United States, its terri-
tories, possessions, and residents of Canada are eligible;
residents of other countries are not eligible. 4) Drawing super-
vised by certified public accountant; to be held in Slidell,
Louisiana on June 1, 1984; winners will be notified by certified
mail. 5) Entry must be postmarked on or before May 15, 1984.
6) A list of winners available upon written request with self-
addressed, stamped envelope. 7) The following are not eligible:
employees of RCA Records, employees of Jefferson Jazz, Inc.,
employees of Wavelength and members of the immediate
families of any of the above. 8) You must be 18 or older to enter.

This fabulous album is a perfect gift. You will want to order several. *Satisfaction guaranteed or a full
refund will be made to you.* Not available in any stores at any price. This offer may be withdrawn at
any time without further notice. Sorry, due to large demand we are unable to accept C.O.D. orders.
Send check or money order to: **ELVIS—LOUISIANA HAYRIDE**, P.O. BOX 1879, SLIDELL, LA 70458
PLEASE SEND ME _____ ALBUMS AT \$19.95 (Plus \$2.50 postage & handling each).
_____ CASSETTES AT \$21.95 (Plus \$2.50 postage & handling each).

CREDIT CARD USERS MAY PHONE IN THEIR ORDERS:
Call Now: TOLL FREE—Operator 882, 1-800-824-7888/In Hawaii & Alaska—Operator 882, 1-800-824-7919.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Charge to: ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD Acct. # _____

SIGNATURE _____

ADD 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

Exp. _____

LOUISIANA RESIDENTS ADD 7% SALES TAX.

Wavelength

ISSUE NO. 41 • MARCH 1984

ISSN 0741 • 2460

*"I'm not sure, but I'm almost
positive, that all music came from
New Orleans."*

—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

table of contents

Features

- Making Mardi Gras**
by Virginia Levie.....16
- Mardi Gras Records**
by Almost Slim.....19
- The Case Against Carnival**
by Jon Newlin.....20
- Pro Bono Publico**
by Bunny Matthews.....22
- New Orleans Music In Film**
by Don Lee Keith.....25
- Sugar Boy Crawford**
by Almost Slim.....27

Departments

- March News**.....4
- Rare Record**
by Almost Slim.....8
- Books**
by Kalamu ya Salaam.....8
- Zekespeak**
by Zeke Fishhead.....10
- Caribbean**
by Gene Scaramuzzo.....11
- African Pop**
by Jason Berry.....13
- Reviews**.....30
- Listings**.....37
- Classifieds**.....37
- Last Page**.....38

Cover illustration by Elsie Russell

Member of
THE BANK
Network

Publisher, Nauman S. Scott. Editor, Connie Atkinson. Associate Editor, Virginia Levie. Editorial Assistant, Allison Brandin. Art Director, Julia Nead. Advertising Sales Manager, Rhonda Fabian. Advertising Sales, Ty Adams. Distribution, Joe Torczon, Hampton Weiss. Contributors: Eddy Allman, Zeke Fishhead, Jon Foote, Tad Jones, Virginia Levie, Jay Marvin, Bunny Matthews, Jon Newlin, Ric Olivier, Kalamu ya Salaam, Shepard Samuels, Gene Scaramuzzo, Hammond Scott, Almost Slim, Keith Twitchell, Nancy Weldon, William D. White.

Wavelength is published monthly in New Orleans. Telephone (504) 895-2342. Mail subscriptions, address changes to Wavelength, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, La. 70175. Subscription rate is \$12 per year. Foreign \$20 per year. First class subscriptions, \$28 per year (domestic & Canada). AO airmail rate at \$40 per year (overseas). The entire contents of Wavelength are copyrighted © 1984 Wavelength.

Back issues are available by writing to Back Issues, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, La. 70175. Because of a limited supply, back issues are available for \$4 each. Please allow a few weeks for processing and delivery of orders.

New subscribers: Please allow up to six weeks for receipt of first issue due to our small, non-computerized subscription department.

Foreign customers may pay by I.M.O. or check drawn on a U.S. bank. Because of exorbitant bank processing charges, we cannot accept checks in Canadian dollars or other foreign currency, or checks drawn on a foreign bank.

Subscribers must notify us immediately of any change of address. If notification is not received, magazines sent to incorrect old addresses will not be replaced. U.S. customers must include zip code.



*For
New
Orleanians
who
love
music*

**Subscribe
In time for
Jazz Fest and
the World's Fair**

For only one dollar a month, WAVELENGTH brings you the best of New Orleans music plus art, film and the theatre—delivered your door. With thousands of events to choose from in 1984, you're going to need us more than ever. Don't miss a single issue!

*You're going to need WAVELENGTH
in 1984!*

YES, enter my subscription to WAVELENGTH, New Orleans Music Magazine, at the special rate of 12 issues for only \$12. Mail your check to WAVELENGTH SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans LA 70175 or CALL US—(504) 895-2342 and charge it!

☐ \$12 one year (\$20 foreign) ☐ \$20 two years (\$30 foreign) ☐ \$28 three years (\$40 foreign)

☐ renewal ☐ payment enclosed charge to: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____
phone _____

enter account number below

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

expiration date

signature

allow 4-6 weeks for your first copy to arrive



His First Taste Of B.B. King Cake

Blues baron B.B. King recently joined members of the local news media at the Fairmont Hotel for a slice of crown-topped king cake befitting a picker of such royal status. Mr. King politely fielded two hours of questions about everything from his feelings on having his home town of Indianola, MS, name a street after him

("It was probably the greatest day of my life") to early guitar influences ("Blind Lemon Jefferson, Django Reinhardt and T-Bone Walker").

Mr. King was in the midst of his almost semi-annual engagement at the Fairmont's Blue Room and expressed his dismay at having to leave the city just as the Mardi Gras parade season would be kicking off. The king cake was his first ever, and contained, of course, a miniature guitar in place of the more customary baby.

—rico

There's A Ford In The Jazzfest Future

Attention all you swamp pop disciples, all you crawfish-totin' South Louisiana types, all you chanky-chank devotees, the Jazz and Heritage Festival has you in mind this year. For the first time ever, the Fest will present a South Louisiana Music Show, with such

bayou luminaries as Johnny Allan, Warren Storm, Van Broussard, and Van and Grace. The whole show will be backed by Allan's band. The host and guiding light for this upcoming South To Louisiana chivaree is none other than Frankie "Sea Cruise" Ford.

Ford should be in good rock 'n' roll trim for the April 28 show, after having spent the early spring on the road from Oslo to Indiana, touring Europe and going on to cover our own Midwest.

Out Of Cold Storage

Can it be possible...is it true that defunct pop phenomenon The Cold will actually reunite? yes! Yes! Happy Yes! So far there are two gigs: the first is March 17 on the Riverboat *President* and the second on the 24th at Jimmy's.

Sound a little too enthusiastic—tired of reunions? Wait—flashback...July '81. A blonde body is hurtling across stage, belting out ditties in musical doubletime, masses of sweaty new wave young'uns pressed tight are bobbing up and down, chanting, mesmerized. Listen...a hard riveting beat underlying lyrical witticisms sneaks up and steals you away. Delirium reigns. Audience participation is definitely not limited to an occasional foot tapping at Cold concerts. Do you remember? Yes or No, the past so fondly recollected can be relived at least for a short time.

Lead vocalist/keyboardist Barbara Menendez-Ganucheau, vocalist/drummer Chris Luckette,

vocalist/bassist Vance DeGeneres, vocalist/guitarist Kevin Radecker, and vocalist/guitarist Bert Smith will share the spotlight once again, if only briefly.

But hold—this band that will be together only briefly also has an album due to be released in early March. "You," "Downtown" and "Bernadette" are just a few of the favorites on *16 Songs off a Dead Band's Chest*, a compilation of eight studio and eight live cuts recorded in the days when everyone thought the band was on its way to the big time. As Radecker puts it, "The album kinda wraps up our career."

Or does it? Is there a future for The Cold? Vance DeGeneres likens the two gigs to giant class reunions. All of the members have been in and out of musical endeavors with varying degrees of success though only DeGeneres and Chris Luckette are currently committed to other bands. Radecker doesn't see the band getting back together but he left a glimmer of hope: "I never say never."

—Allison Brandin



Babs: "Okay, Vance—I give up. You *are* more popular."

NEW RELEASES

- *Louisiana R 'n' B* from Lanor Records, Red Pepper RP 702
- *Rockin' Sidney, Boogie Blues 'n' Zydeco*, Maison Soul LP-1008
- *Cajun Fiddle Styles, Vol.1 The Creole Tradition: Canray Fontenot and the Carriere Brothers*, Arhoolie 5031
- Ellis Marsalis, *Syndrome*, ELM Records
- Irma Thomas, *Time Is On My Side*, British Ace re-release of Kent 010
- Dr. John, *"Jet Set,"* 12" Swirl 2219

Jimbo's Dad On The Street Of Dreams

Artist Gary Panter was in town recently for the opening of his new exhibit at the Tilden-Foley Gallery. Panter is best known for his enigmatic (to put it mildly) cartoons, album covers, and as the creator of "Jimbo," which is currently enjoying an animated run on national public television. Panter is also a contributor to Art Spiegelman's *Raw* Magazine ("The Graphix Magazine of Abstract Depressionism") and spoke enthusiastically about the upcoming issue which will feature a Mark Beyer cover and a dozen or so pages of Panter weirdness inside. Comic connoisseurs can "read themselves raw" by writing 27 Greene Street, N.Y.C. 10013, or find more immediate sensory gratification through March 19 at the Tilden-Foley Gallery, 4119 Magazine Street.

—rico



RICO

Not to worry, you are only experiencing imminent Jazz Fest syndrome. Yes, that biggest of all backyard parties is just around the corner, luring us once again with over 3,000 musicians, 10 stages, hundreds of craftspeople (dare we hope to see Thomas Mann once again) and more than 80 local specialties to put into yo' mouth.

This year's Jazz Fest, the fifteenth Jazz and Heritage Festival (yes, it really *has* been that long) will commence on April 27 and continue for ten musically hyperactive days through May 6. This year, due to the anniversary nature of the celebration, the people at the Fest promise to deliver encores by musical luminaries who have ignited the festival over the years. To find out exactly what that means, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the N.O.J.&H. Festival, P.O. Box 3520, New



Gary Panter, left; Killer Roaches, right.

Orleans LA 70176 and they'll send you a detailed festival schedule and mail order ticket form. The schedule and ticket information will be made available by the middle of this month. (Due to the number of interested parties, the Jazz Fest office can no longer maintain an extensive mailing list, but they'll be glad to fill your request. New Orleanians can also pick up schedules at any Ticketmaster outlet.)

—Virginia Levie

They Call Us Infinite, Divine And Wild!

Almost fifty years ago Curt Sachs described dancing as: "The victory over all that weighs down and oppresses, the change of body into

spirit, the elevation of creature into creator, the merging with the infinite, the divine," and when Robert and Tom of the Wild Magnolias shift into high gear and really cut loose, they prove that Curt S. was right on the money. Carnival is the busiest time of the year for local Mardi Gras Indian tribes and the Wilds, Tchoupitoulas and Magnolia, met for their celebrated showdowns in some likely and some unlikely (the Contemporary Arts Center) locations last month. Turnout at the C.A.C. was marginal and most of the audience resisted the impulse to change their bodies into spirit like Robert and Tom. Had the Wrights, Orville and Wilbur, known about Iko Iko and Handa Wanda the course of aviation history might have been irrevocably altered.

—rico



Tchoupitoulas Meets Magnolia: Wild, Wilder, Wildest!

PHOTOS BY RICO

STYLE IS ART...



Birkenstock®

Uptown Square Shopping Center • 200 Broadway • New Orleans • (504) 891-7090

AT LAST...
...AN ESCAPE

SOUNDS
STYLES
FASHION

a new music club
THE CLUB...

CHANCES

2301 Causeway Blvd.
(next to Gateway Hotel)

SPECIALS
EVERY
NIGHT

3pm ~ till



Modeliste, Dagradi and McLean: The Moveable Beat.

Ziggy & Tony & Barbie & Ken

Ziggy Modeliste, Tony Dagradi and Ramsey McLean joined thousands of hungry doubloon catchers to help Barbie and Ken on their way to the World's Fair as part of the 1984 Krewe of Clones parade. Their little truck float blasted out a staple of Mardi Gras hits and was rivalled in musical prowess only by the Dirty Dozen and the ever-powerful "Saint Aug" High School Marching Band.

The trek from the Contemporary Arts Center to the Riverboat *President* was slowed a bit by an unbarricaded and uninhibited throng that insisted on choking parade traffic in typical Carnival fashion. By the time Barbie and Ken reached the boat, Beausoleil was into a set of traditional Cajun songs, including their high-energy rendition of the "Bosco Stomp," and the Neville Brothers finished off the Clonish affair with their familiar funk. Our nomination for Float With The Best Title was a toss-up between the "Wet Dream Pavillion" and the Krewe of Hemorrhoid's "Barbie and Ken Visit Uranus."

—rico

Happy Hour Hosts Holly's Homilies

The venerable Happy Hour Theatre, which has survived the silent picture, the talkies, the tiny toe-tapping feet of Dorothy Lamour, the original Amos 'n' Andy, and more recently, cinema from *real* Banana Republics, is entering a new phase. Located at 2019 Magazine Street, in its faded original Deco splendor, the Happy Hour is once again hosting live acts on its boards. The trend began when Richard Pierce staged his *Heart of the Poet* there in February, complete with blue latex levitating clowns, and a soprano to knock your teeth out, after the theatre had already closed its doors as New Orleans' only Spanish-speaking movie house.

On Friday, March 30, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

will bring singer Holly Near to the Happy Hour for a one-night show. Ms. Near, the darling of the lyrical and politically active, is of the same school as folks like Joan Baez, Crosby Stills & Nash. Bonnie Raitt calls her "the only person I know who has successfully combined music and politics." Near will be backed by her accompanist Nina Golden at the piano and will have a signing interpreter onstage with her for the entire show.

Tickets are \$6 and \$8 in advance and \$7 and \$9 the night of the show. Call Ms. Padgett at (504) 899-9840 or contact The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

—Steve Kuni

Big Open Fifts Country

Two new duo-guitar rock quartets, Wire Train and Big Country, will be appearing March 20 on the Riverboat *President*. These ensembles exhibit a newly energized rock with both high Terpsichorean potential and lyrical thoughtfulness. Big Country is the more pastoral of the two, with a true feeling for the music of its native land, Scotland, although expressed with electronic distortion and drive. *The Crossing*, their exciting debut album, was a retreat from the over-synthesized pop coming from most of Europe. Real emotional content, instead of snide bitterness, is found in their lyrics and music. A strange hopefulness, even, is on display here and it is quite endearing. This band really moves, with the two guitars crunching out open fifths similar in their sentiment to bag-pipes, although never reaching towards any kind of folksy nationalism.

Wire Train, although similar lyrically, has more of a spacy guitar sound, similar to earlier rock but with much more advanced syncopations and drive. High repeated tones push their music to hyper-speed with an energy amazing for its lack of distortion. Both of these groups are highly recommended for their new explorations of rock with hopeful pretensions and extravagant energy.

—Jeffrey Harrington



2ND

ANNIVERSARY

S★A★L★E

MARCH 10-11
EVERYTHING
IN THE STORE...

1/2 PRICE

Prices

-1st 200 PEOPLE WILL RECEIVE **FREE LP.**

GRAND PRIZE DRAWING
-100 FREE RECORDS TO
THE WINNER (pre-
selected)—COME
REGISTER!

-CAKE, REFRESHMENTS

-**LIVE MUSIC** BY THE
"UPTOWNERS" ON
SATURDAY AFTERNOON

THE OLD...
THE NEW...
THE UNUSUAL...
THE BEST SELECTION IN TOWN!!

1129 Decatur
OPEN DAILY 11-7

524-9444
WE BUY, SELL, TRADE



AMERICAN
EXPRESS



SOUL BEAT!

RAYBEAT

LIL QUEENIE AND THE SKIN TWINS
MONDAY MARCH 5
DREAM PALACE

©1991 N.E.A.M.P.L.

LE BON TEMPS ROULE

TUESDAYS: LADIES NIGHT
8:00—12:00 PM Two Free

WEDNESDAY: DRAFT BEER NIGHT
25¢ A GLASS \$2.00 PITCHERS

THURSDAY: 50¢ OLD STYLE LONGNECKS
9 PM—12 AM

FRIDAYS: FREE OYSTERS & 25¢ DRAFT BEER
5 PM—8 PM

SANDWICH SHOP Burgers, Fries, Oyster Boats,
Po-Boys and Snacks

ALL NEW PATIO NOW OPEN

4801 MAGAZINE 899-9228

AT WERLEIN'S

"HUMMINGBIRD" DREADNAUGHT GUITAR
MONTAYA D-51

ALSO WE HAVE 7 GREAT STORES FULL OF PEAVEY AMPS, P.A.'S, GUITARS AND BASSES

SPECIAL \$99⁵⁰

WERLEIN'S for music
SINCE 1942.

605 Canal St. 524-7511 Biloxi, Edgewater 388-4070
Lakeside 831-2521 Baton Rouge 926-6800
Oakwood 362-3131 Jackson, MS 353-3517
The Plaza in Lake Forest 246-6830

Most major credit cards accepted.

rare record

Huey and Curley 'AT THE MARDI GRAS' 'SECOND LINE'

Here's an obscure Mardi Gras offering from Johnny Vincent's Ace label that few of us have heard. Huey, of course, is Huey "Piano" Smith, and Curley is one-time Clown Curley Moore. Both these tunes sound familiar as they employ tracks recorded by Huey and the Clowns years earlier. "At The Mardi Gras" originally was "Just Havin' A Good Time," while "Second Line" first saw the light of day as "Rockin' Pneumonia." Plenty of the humorous flavor of the Clowns is retained as Curley implores everybody to "have a good time at the Mardi Gras" throughout.

This release dates from Carnival of



1962, and it is the last Ace release before Johnny Vincent signed the ill-fated deal with Vee-Jay. For this reason it is a much sought after record. There used to be boxes of these in the old Ace warehouse up in Jackson, Mississippi, but sadly, they've long since disappeared.

—Almost Slim

books

BY KALAMU YA SALAAM

LOUIS ARMSTRONG WAS NOT A FOOL

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
An American Genius
By James Lincoln Collier
Oxford University Press

James Collier's stereotypical, condescending, patronizing, dangerous views and undeniably detailed research.

This book has received a number of rave reviews, primarily because of its detailed research. But like musicians who transcribe famous jazz solos and then replay the music note for note, the notes are right but the music doesn't swing—and as Duke declared, "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing."

Cross-culture critics, i.e. critics who comment on a culture other than the culture in which they are reared, are prone to amassing details as proof they understand the subject matter. But culture cannot be understood solely from statistics. Cross-cultural critics can make significant contributions when they write from the perspective of the outsider who is investigating and sharing information about an alien, although respected, culture. However, though I do not doubt Collier's honesty or his sincerity, too many of the conclusions drawn from the assembled facts are weighted by Collier's worldview, one which has limited understanding of the paradoxical core of African-American culture. Invariably, Collier proffers his ideas as if they were expert and inside commentary, when in

fact they are expert "outside" commentary.

With neither the space nor the inclination to detail the non-swinging aspects of this book, I will limit myself to illustrating what I believe to be its major weakness: Collier's editorializing, negative assumptions and misunderstandings of African-American culture.

Early in the book Collier expounds on the relationship of music to "Armstrong's subculture":

Music was particularly important to blacks. These impoverished and badly educated people had little else in the way of entertainment. They had no novels or poetry because many of them could not read or could only on a low level. They had no painting, no opera, no theatre, no ballet because they were barred from the museums and performance halls. They had no radio, no television, no movies, no magazine, few records, and only the

roughest sort of local newspapers. That whole enormous body of art, both high and low, which plays so large a role in most of our emotional lives, was absent from their culture. All they had was the music they made and, to a lesser extent, the dances they danced. Inevitably, music, which substituted for television, theatre, radio, and the rest, was of critical importance to them. In Armstrong's subculture, it mattered deeply.

While one could easily contest these comments generally—does Collier really believe the “whole enormous body of art, both high and low, which plays so large a role in most of our emotional lives, was absent from their culture”?—let's only concentrate on how this assessment of African-American culture relates to the reality of New Orleans.

On the page previous to the above-cited quote, Collier had noted: “The city [New Orleans] was simply drenched in music. There were symphony orchestras, marching bands, and dance groups by the scores. At times there were three opera companies playing at once, and as early as the 1830's there was a Negro Philharmonic Society, which gave regular concerts.” Moreover, New Orleans also produced a major black newspaper, *The Tribune*, poetry societies, a black as the city's first commercial

people just a full belly was a treat.” Is that so? I don't think anyone has to be a native New Orleanian to appreciate that food in New Orleans was never simply “plain food.” Where else in America does one find “jambalaya, pots of gumbo, red beans and rice”?

This may seem like a minor point but it is reflective of the cross-cultural blinders that often make the pronouncements of a sincere and studious critic sound like ignorance. Anyone who knows black New Orleans knows that food is a passion that goes far beyond mere physical sustenance.

One last example from the first thirty-five pages of this biography will illustrate the shortsighted misunderstandings that Collier continuously exhibits. With an air of incredulity, Collier marvels, “Louis Armstrong seems never to have been ashamed of his old neighborhood. He had genuinely good memories of at least some aspects of it: the music, the sense of community, the feeling that he had a place where he belonged. It was his home.”

Louis Armstrong wisely understood there was no need to be “ashamed,” i.e. entertain a guilt complex about the conditions of African-American communities in racist America. Rather than be beaten down by the meanness of social conditions, Louis Armstrong rose to the challenge and assumed responsibility for improving the lot of his people. Again, this is a concept Collier only dimly perceives.

...There is today a considerable body of evidence to support the theory that a father-absent home tends to produce children of both sexes with poor sexual identifications, children who are not sure that they are as good as everybody else or that they are entitled to demand things for themselves. Louis Armstrong was exactly that, a shy, insecure boy, likable and cheerful but unable to put himself forward very easily. His problem was compounded by the fact that he felt responsible for anyone who needed looking after: he was a taker-in of stray animals, except in his case the strays were members of his family...All through his life he felt compelled to do things for others.

...A fool Louis Armstrong was not; but he was victimized by a sense that it was up to him to care for the needy, a compulsion that grew out of the feeling, acquired very early, that it was his job to be father to Mama Lucy, Mayann, and even himself.

In the above passage, Collier almost sounds like a clone of Ronald Reagan, disparaging “giving money to chiselers.”

The Collier biography of Armstrong is long on facts but short on understanding. While one might admire the research Collier did, much as I admire the research that many white musicians conduct on traditional New Orleans jazz, alas, when

The Gold Mine Rare Records & Comics

6469 Jefferson Hwy.
Harahan, La.
504/737-2233

1343 West Bank Expressway
Westwego, LA 70094
504/347-7447

10am-8pm
Rodger Castillo
OWNER

We have all
the Mardi Gras
Music!

16 rooms containing over 400,000 original label 45's, 78's, and LP's in stock—

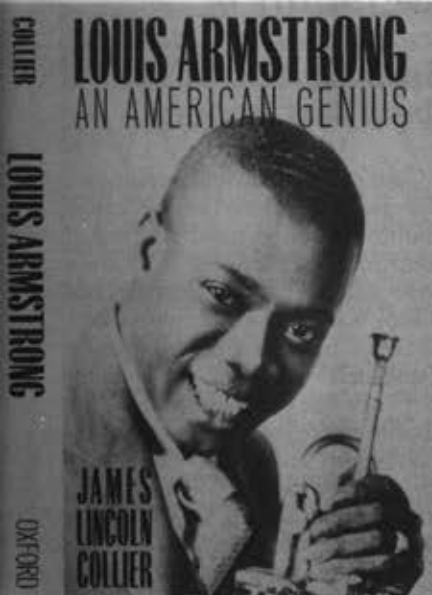
100's of thousands of comics oldies reissues—\$1.50-\$1.95

Plus top-100 45's & LP's in pop, rock soul, country

Specializing in original 50's, 60's, & 70's

We accept mail order all over the world!

Mon.-Sat.
Mary Roques
MANAGER



photographer, and the list goes on. The point is, New Orleans was unique in African-American history in that there was the development of both a unique African-American culture as well as the development of a parallel culture. Only by considering the complexity of that uniqueness can the music called “jazz” and jazzmen such as Louis Armstrong be fully appreciated. Moreover, this uniqueness permeated the entire cultural atmosphere.

When Collier reflects on “the reminiscences of jazz musicians,” he notes, “Food is mentioned frequently in their memories: kettles of jambalayas, pots of gumbo, red beans and rice, pork sandwiches. It was not *haute cuisine*, but plain food, and my inference is that for many of these

LE GARAGE
1234 DECATUR
12-6

clothes
costumes
accessories
furniture

Fred + Ethel

523-8064

BLUE STREAK STUDIOS

Run by Musicians, for Musicians

Otari Multitrack
and 1/2 track
Linn Drum
Yamaha DX-7 Synthesizer
Digital Delay
Aural Exciter
\$25 hr. \$150 day
Studio Musicians Available

488-3976

it comes to interpreting the music, the research is faultily and/or inadequately applied.

There is a world of difference between the improvised pop of a well-schooled musician and the swinging drive of a jazz musician. Collier plays the changes, but he doesn't get the sound of Louis Armstrong.

Louis Armstrong was more than an illiterate or semi-literate, intuitive musician. Although, by western standards, Armstrong would hardly be considered an intellectual, Armstrong's achievements in music required that he think through the process of making music even when he

could not or did not articulate his thoughts.

A profound jazz criticism requires a recognition of both the subtle complexity of African-American music and the intellectual achievements of that music's major innovators. Its expansive research notwithstanding, Collier's book fails to advance jazz criticism precisely because its insights, such as they are, are colored by stereotypical establishment views of African-America. At best, the views put forth by Collier are condescending and patronizing, and thus dangerous, precisely because they are buttressed by undeniably detailed research. ■

zekespeak

BY ZEKE FISHHEAD

GET HAPPY WITH LOUIS JORDAN

My first exposure to Louis Jordan was a percolating 6/8 version by Ray Charles that Jordan co-wrote, "Early In The Morning." Charles, with his satin/barbwire voice, brings a sense of deep, soulful desperation to the melody, but Ray couldn't hide the good-humored fun lurking in the song's lyrics. Years later when I heard the original performance by Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five, the humor of the tune fully hit me. Not only that, but the samba/boogie piano of "Wild" Bill Davis and Jordan's breezy vocal and alto sax give the song an irresistible light-hearted feel.

Jordan was a vocalist-alto saxophonist-band leader who fronted a group called the Tympany Five through the Forties and early Fifties. His impeccable ability to swing puts his music squarely in the Forties, but his good-timing vocals and melodies anticipate rock 'n' roll.

The first big dose of Jordan I experienced came by way of Joe Jackson on his 1981 release, *Jumpin' Jive*. Eight of the buoyant numbers on that fingerpoppin' album were Jordan staples. Once I started diggin'—and I'm still diggin'—I uncovered joyful sounds unimagined.

Probably the best introduction to Jordan's music, and his best album to boot, is the Jazz Heritage MCA LP, *Louis Jordan's Greatest Hits, Volume Two* (MCA-1337). It contains four of the tunes Jackson resurrected, among them the hilarious "Five Guys Named Moe" and one of the most cosmic-truthful songs of all time, "What's The Use of Getting Sober (When You're Gonna Get Drunk Again)?" *Greatest Hits Vol. Two* is a rich album at any price, but like all records on MCA's Heritage series, it's discount-priced. Good. More spare change to spend on refreshments.

The leader of the Tympany Five on love that burns like cigarettes, the futility of sobriety and Marie Antoinette...let them eat boogie!

Four of the tunes on *Greatest Hits, Vol. Two* are included in a 1975 MCA double album, entitled *The Best of Louis Jordan* (MCA 2-4079). I don't know if it's still in print, but it's a boss album, so if you spy it, buy it. Some of Louis' most covered tunes can be found here—"Choo Choo Ch'Boogie," "Let The Good Times Roll" (Ray Charles covered this one, too), "Saturday Night Fish Fry," "Run Joe" (covered by the Neville's), and the riotous "Beware" (David Bromberg had a go at this one).

Lately the Europeans have been un-



Louis Jordan, 1908-1975.

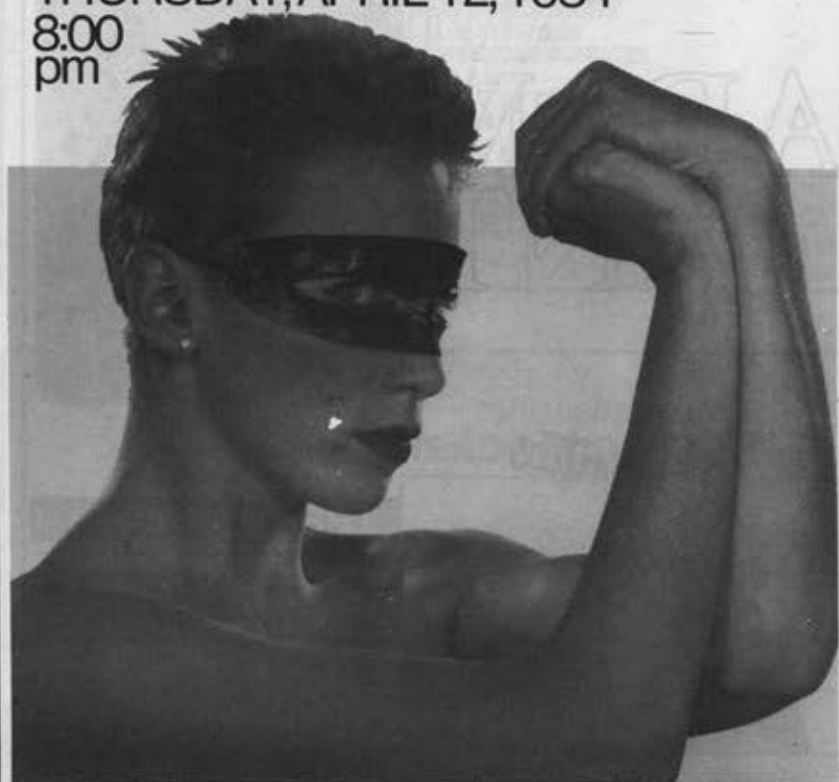
TUCP & WTUL PRESENT

eURHYTHMICS ★

AT McALISTER AUDITORIUM

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1984

8:00 pm



TICKETS ON SALE AT ALL TICKETMASTER LOCATIONS.

PRODUCED BY **WHITEOAK**

covering some of Jordan's more obscure sides. The French, through Barclay-MCA, put out *Come On...Get It* (MCA 510.193) in '78. These are big band recordings and naturally don't have the intimacy of the Tympany Five sides, but the humor and spirit still shine through. "How Blue Can You Get" will immediately be recognized by old time fans of B.B. King's. Here we have the outrageous original, complete with verses you'll never hear B.B. sing, like "Our love burns like a fire / Your love burns like a cigarette / I've seen you put it down and crush it / Baby, how blue can you get?" There's some lame cuts by Jordan's high standards, but noteworthy are the cuts featuring Wild "Bill" Doggett on organ, especially "Three-Handed Woman." Civilized discourse doesn't allow me to reproduce such lyrics, but if you get a chance, check it out!

The most cock-eyed Louis Jordan album I've run across came out in England last year, on Charly, *Look Out!* (CRB 1048). It's a crazy-quilted smorgasboard of Jordan odds and ends. Some of the tunes can be found on other Jordan LPs, but there are a

number of cuts rare to find indeed! Most illuminating are the three cuts associated with rock 'n' roll artists. "Keep A-Knockin'" kicks off the album and it becomes apparent where Little Richard went for at least some of his inspiration. Of course, Jordan's version has none of Richard's hysteria, but is just as swingin' and cool as can be. Side two commences with "Ain't That Just Like A Woman"—and what a version it is! Over a medium jump-blues tempo, Jordan takes a good-natured jab with some great lines like "Marie Antoinette met them hungry cats at the gate / They were crying for bread / She said 'Let them eat cake!'" A real treat is Louis' cha-cha send up of the venerable Bob Shad tune, "Junko Padner." Jordan's in rare form here. If you can stop yourself from cracking a big broad grin and dancing when you hear Jordan's "Padner," you must be dead. It's worth the price of the LP just for this marvelous performance.

If you don't own any Louis Jordan records, you owe it to yourself to score one and get happy for a little while. But beware!!! Once you start, it's hard to stop! ■

caribbean

BY GENE SCARAMUZZO

NYABINGI SKANK INNA LP STYLE

Amid the bounty of new albums that have come out in the past six months, some of the brightest moments have been records that are tracing the roots rhythms of reggae. One such disc, released on the Heartbeat label, is *The Best of Studio One*, which features 14 great riddims produced at Coxsone Dodd's Studio One during the Sixties and Seventies. Practically every major reggae artist recorded at Studio One at some point in their career.

A "best of" compilation would probably require a hundred discs, that's how many great records came out of that studio. The fourteen songs contained on the actual one-disc *Best of Studio One* are not meant to represent the absolute cream of the crop, just fourteen great samples of Dodds' bass-heavy, almost muffled recording style. Featured are some great rock steady and reggae songs by the likes of the Cables, Heptones, Gladiators and Wailing Souls.

Going further to bush are two more Heartbeat releases, *Churchical Chants of the Nyabingi* and *From Kongo to Zion*. These are two records I never expected to see on sale at all our local record stores. That Heartbeat is nationally distributing these two necessary, yet non-commercial albums is evidence of their commitment to ex-

**The absence of
repeater drumming
in most recent
reggae is a great
disappointment...
likewise for music
from Sierra Leone.**

plore the roots of Jamaican musical culture.

Churchical Chants was recorded at a Nyabingi (a Rastafari gathering) held in order to protest Ronald Reagan's visit to Jamaica in 1982. The album is nothing less than a musical primer into Rastafari beliefs and the roots of reggae.

On a musical level, the connection between the Nyabingi or grounation music and reggae is easy to hear in this record. The Nyabingi drums, Jamaican adaptations of African akete drums, pound out the familiar heart-beat pattern. The bass drum lays the foundation, the funde pulses, the repeater improvises, adding syncopation and life to the rhythm. The pulse of the funde is most often heard in reggae music as the skank of the rhythm guitar. And the high-pitched syncopations of the repeater is right at home both in grounation records and

JACK PAYNE'S
Le MOULIN ROUGE
d'Orleans
SHOWROOM
LOUNGE



**The One Nightspot
Not To Miss In
New Orleans
Presents**

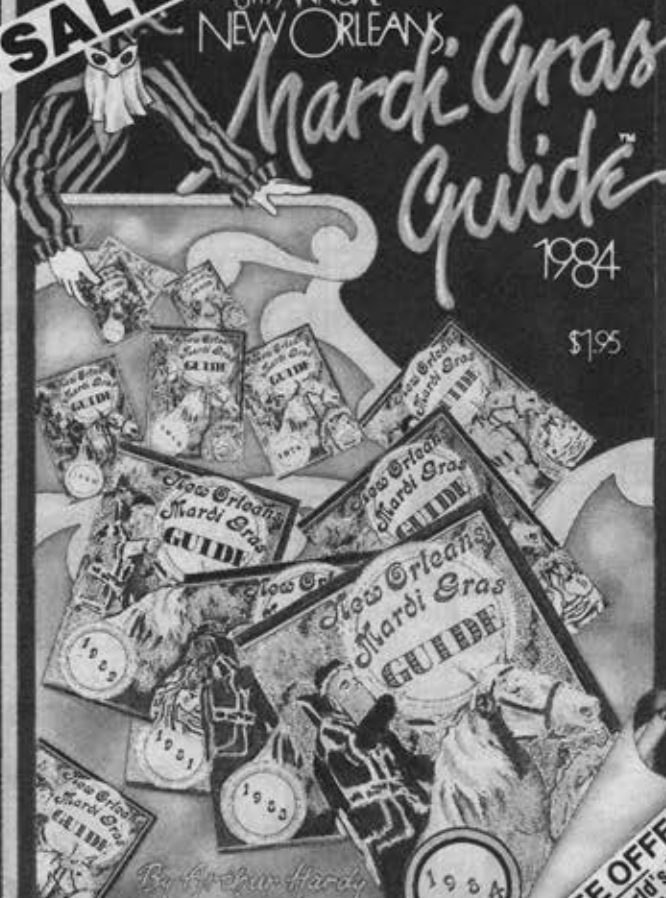
"A Night In Old New Orleans"

A lavishly produced Cabaret Musical
Sizzling Entertainment • Gorgeous Show Girls
Group Rates Available Contact: Darrell Chase or Kitsy Adams

STAGE DOOR du Moulin Rouge
—MARDI GRAS SCHEDULE—
Show Times: February 27 through March 3
10:00 p.m. and 12:00 p.m.
CLOSED Sunday March 4 through Tuesday March 6
Resume Regular 8:00 p.m. & 10:00 p.m. Shows WEDNESDAY MARCH 8.
501 Bourbon Street (Corner St. Louis) 524-4299

ON SALE NOW

8TH ANNUAL
NEW ORLEANS
Mardi Gras Guide
1984
\$7.95



FREE OFFER
1884 World's Fair
Rex Doubloon
Replica

Send \$2.95 (this includes first class postage) to Arthur Hardy, P.O. Box 8058, New Orleans, LA 70182.



24 TRACK

STUDIO TIME

\$45 per hour

Including

Engineer



Phone 524-5716

or 1-643-5952

STUDIO SOLO

reggae records. The absence of repeat drumming in most of the reggae of the last few years is a source of disappointment for me.

Culturally speaking, the reasoning on the album tends to emphasize how far away most reggae has gotten from its political and religious roots. Very little reggae music now features the "righteous anger and dread indignation" to be found on *Churchical Chants*.

From Kongo to Zion represents the three dominant musical traditions of Jamaica: Kumina, Revival and Nyabingi. While each has its own unique elements, since all three are drawing from the same cultural experiences and history, the differences are less dramatic than might be expected. This album is a scholarly work, more in the line of Folkways field recordings, with less commercial potential than *Churchical Chants*. All three Heartbeat albums come complete with extensive liner notes that are as invaluable as the music itself.

Yet another Heartbeat release, *Black Star Liner, Reggae From Africa* has been one of the real surprises of the late 1983 releases. A compilation of tunes by African artists from Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Liberia, which highlight Jamaican influences, the album has sparked strong contrasting opinions among reggae and African music lovers. While most of the African popular music making it to the U.S. shows a wide range of musical influences, including American and Latin music, the music maintains its African identity and integrity. Whether *Black Star Liner's* music is an innovative re-working of reggae or just

a poor copy is the controversy. To me, the songs that are fueled by the power of the lyrics, such as "Fire In Soweto" succeed, but most of the songs make me want to put on either a Jamaican reggae disc or some of the truly great African music that is becoming more readily available. The *Black Star Liner* album features, with a few exceptions, unconvincing imitations of rock steady and reggae rhythms with lyrics that are tired and boring.

Maybe the real benefit of this album will be that it generates some interest in the African sections of local record stores. There are dozens of new releases from Africa that are just waiting to be discovered: records by Nigeria's King Sunny Ade, Ebenezer Obey and Segun Adewale, Zaire's Seigneur Tabu Ley Rochereau, Luambo Franco and Mbilia Bel, Congolese artists Pamela Mounk'a and Pablo Lubadika Porthos, as well as compilations from Soweto, Zimbabwe and elsewhere. Those who are interested in hearing this music can tune in WWOZ's *Caribbean Show*. To read more about the latest African releases, check out the *Reggae and African Beat* magazine, available in New Orleans at Record Ron's, Rock 'n' Roll Collectables, Tipitina's and Metronome.

For your reggae needs inna dance hall style, check out RAS Records' latest Freddie McGregor release, the Spanish reggae version of "Guantanamera." This one might make you laugh at first, or bemoan the feeling that reggae doesn't know where it wants to go in 1984. But think of it as diversion music and you'll find yourself singing along. The song is available as both a 7" and 12" single.

african pop

BY JASON BERRY

FELA, FELA NIGERIA'S REBEL

Fela Anikulapo-Kuti is Nigeria's most outspoken musician, a radical whose peculiar charisma has left him a legend in his own time. Like Sunny Ade, Fela is a sensational pop star, and a Yoruba from southwestern Nigeria. But where King Sunny's mesmerizing waves of juju music are rooted in Yoruba ceremonial chant and dance, Fela's big, drum-driven sound coated with hot horn charts has a more distinct Western edge, owing to a period of several years he spent first in England, then in Los Angeles.

Although Fela's records have done reasonably well in Europe and the U.S., he has not toured America, and it's questionable whether he will for some time to come because of his political statements and lifestyle. Since the mid-Seventies, his lyrics have been a

'In his own thundering, paradoxical way, Fela embodies the conflicting forces of his time, the tension between Westernization and tribal tradition.'

strident running commentary on corruption in Nigeria. You can hear it best in *Black President*—for my money his best LP. He sings a long litany of grievances set to bulging percussions, condemning chief and government minister alike, with the soaring chorus of "ITT" behind him:

THE BLUE ROOM PRESENTS



BILLY ECKSTINE FEB. 27—MAR. 13
LIONEL HAMPTON MAR. 14—MAR. 27

ROGER MILLER
MAR. 28—APR. 10



DINING & DANCING

Blue Room Reservations 529-4744. Cocktails & dinner/dancing to the Bill Clifford Orchestra. Entertainment charge. Shows nightly 9:00 and 11:00 except Sunday.

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

OTHER FAIRMONT HOTELS IN SAN FRANCISCO, DALLAS AND DENVER



MARDI GRAS SPECIALS

THUR. 1—Bruce Daigrepoint & Bourre'
FRI. 2—Marci Ball
SAT. 3—Beausoleil
SUN. 4—Radiators
MON. 5—Exuma
TUES. 6—Li'l Queenie

WEEKEND ATTRACTIONS

FRI. 9—Rockin Tabby and the Mighty House Rockers
SAT. 10—Radiators
FRI. 16—Anson Funderburgh & The Rockets
SAT. 17—Tracy Nelson
FRI. 23—Red Beans & Rice Revue
SAT. 24—Rockin Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters
FRI. 30—Gatemouth Brown
SAT. 31—Furnace and The Thunders

REGULAR FEATURES

SUN.—Wabash Co. Blue Grass Band
MON.—Terry Manuel and The Endangered Species
TUES.—Li'l Queenie and The Skin Twins
WED.—Mason Ruffner and The Blues Rockers
THURS.—Bruce Daigrepoint and Bourre'

8316 Oak Street

866-9359



Masquerade COSTUMES

• COSTUMES •
HEADPIECES • FLOAT DECORATING

Krewe Costumes Our Specialty

Louis R. Massett, Jr. & Associates, Inc.

(504) 241-2221

7114 Hayne Boulevard

Jimmy's

8200 WILLOW ST. • 866-9549

Thurs. 1—Mrs. Bates,
Mistreaters, Vital
Functions

Fri. 2—The Neville Bros.
& Alan Farrell

Sat. 3—The Neville Bros.
& Waka-Waka

Sun. 4—Exuma

Mon. 5—The Neville Bros.
& The Renegades

Thurs. 8—The Raffey's

Fri. 9—The Pop Combo
w/Mothers of Soul

Sat. 10—The Hands, The
Sponges, The Probes

Thurs. 15—The White
Animals, The Hands

Fri. 16—The Models

Sat. 17—The Raffey's

Thurs. 22—TBA

Fri. 23—Woodenhead

Sat. 24—The Cold

Thurs. 29—TBA

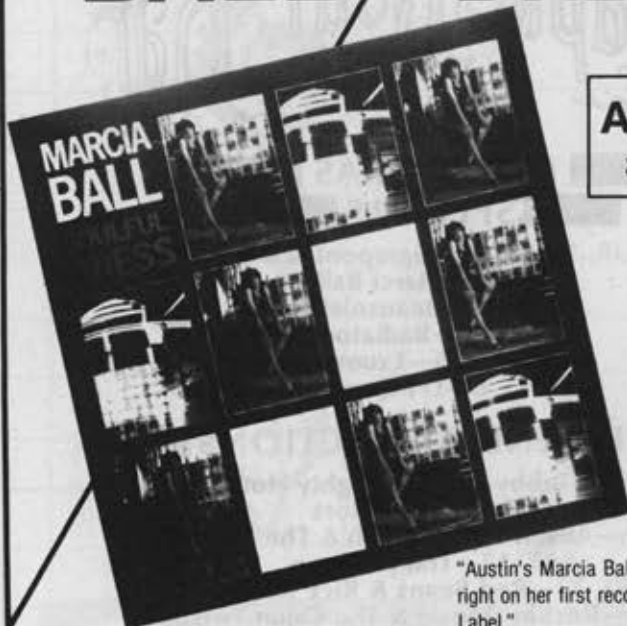
Fri. 30—The Chronicles

Sat. 31—The Backbeats

EVERY THURSDAY—FREE ADMISSION FOR THE LADIES

MARCIA BALL

SOULFUL DRESS



Available
at Last!



"Austin's Marcia Ball is finally captured
right on her first recording for the Rouner
Label."

Marty Racine,
Houston Chronicle.

"It's been a long time coming, but worth
every minute of the wait."
Bob Claypool, Houston Post.

ROUNDER-3078

**\$5.99 LP or
CASSETTE**

MAIN FLOOR 897-5015

METRONOME

1017 Pleasant Street at Magazine Street



Fela in concert with his queens.

"International Thief Thief...International Thief Thief."

You can't separate his music from his politics, and because of that, he has had severe problems in Nigeria. Fela lives in the sprawling Lagos ghetto. Ten years ago, the city had 400,000 people spread across three finger islands facing the Gulf of Guinea. Today Lagos has five million and the place resembles the ninth circle of Hell: garbage mounds smolder, electricity and water shortages are chronic, crime is the greatest fear of the diplomatic community and economic corruption is staggering. This last factor led to a coup last New Year's Eve, toppling the president, Shagari, whose election last August is widely assumed to have been stolen. The new military regime has pledged an economic clean-up, and half of the old cabinet is in jail now, because the military men want them to release money they stole. It sounds incredible, but that is Nigeria. As of late January, the former Minister of Justice was somewhere in Europe, wanted by the new regime for having stolen millions.

Fela's music—in such feisty LPs as *Expensive Shit* and *Authority Smiling*—was a rising voice of protest in the Seventies; he became a folk hero to thousands of the impoverished masses crowding into Nigeria's cities from the bush villages. Fela was coming out of a solid tradition, too. His father was a famous Christian educator, and his mother was a pioneering leader in women's rights and a confirmed leftist.

Fela lived in the vortex of colliding cultures: his music was influenced by Yoruba drumming and jazz saxophone avant-garde shadings. From his mother he inherited a naturally polemical cast, a deep concern for the masses. In a book published by Cuban writer Carlos Moore in England last year—*Fela, Fela, This Bitch of Life*—the musician reflected bitterly about his father, a stern man who whipped him frequently when he was a boy. Much of that anger swelled in Fela, to

the point where he began a march back toward the roots of his Yoruba culture, smoking great volumes of grass along the way, discarding much of the Western encroachment, keeping mainly some of the musical licks. Polygamy is an ancient tradition in West Africa. Even today, the chairman of ITT Nigeria has five wives, one of whom directs a newspaper he owns. In 1977, Fela married twenty-seven women in a single service.

That in itself was enough to anger some officials in Nigeria, who wanted Western money and values to settle passively in the sprawling, oil-rich African nation of nearly 100 million. As Fela continued speaking out, the wrath of the then-military government came down hard: a troop of soldiers barged into his family compound, beat him senseless, raped and beat some of his wives, and threw his mother out of a first-story window. She died from the injuries, and in a statement of fierce protest, Fela led a procession bearing her coffin to the front of the military ruler's office building.

The dichotomy in his music, as in his life, is one of the great paradoxes in Africa's cultural change since the 1950's: an impassioned man of the people, yet a man whose vision of women is rooted in an antiquated sternness. His best records are ones that manage to bridge these two conflicting strains. *Open and Close*, for example, is bawdy disc; the main message "we have a new dance...called the open and close...open-close...open-close"—sexual, but not exactly sexist.

Fela's *Expensive Shit* LP is political satire at its raw, cutting best. Ganja smoking is widespread in Nigeria; and when the law went after Fela for his unhidden habit, he swallowed portions of a lid. Soldiers threw him in jail and guards waited for his bowels to move so the evidence could be extracted, but his cellmates took turns discharging so Fela could sort of mingle his own deposits among the

others, and "expensive shit" never surfaced to the authorities' detection.

Sounds rough, doesn't it? But that is part of the Nigerian condition today—a country rich and deep in culture, sensational music, a long tradition of the novel and drama, and an artistic legacy many centuries old. The oil bonanza created great wealth in a few hands, and widespread decay. In his own thundering, paradoxical way, Fela embodies the conflicting forces of his time, the tension between Westerniza-

tion and tribal tradition. Despite the machismo, the guy can be very funny. Maybe it's the nastiness in some of the sexual lyrics, the hedonism suggested in the way he says "now oh-penn and clozze"—or the salty fight in the songs insulting politicians. The guy is so outrageous, no other African musician touches him in the realm of sheer controversy. Maybe that's why the best sounds he's set to wax radiate out of the stereo speakers in a way words can't describe. ■

reviews

T-Bone Walker THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC GUITAR BLUES *Blues Boy BB-304*

The Swedish Route 66 label (along with sister labels R&B and Blues Boy) continues to prove itself the classiest of companies in the business of reissuing post-war blues and R&B. *T-Bone Walker—The Inventor of the Electric Guitar Blues* is certainly one of the best in their entire catalogue, from the eye-popping cover photo [of a 15-year-old T-Bone as medicine show performer] to the comprehensive liner notes to the extraordinarily diverse selection of material presented within.

At long last we can hear the 1929 "Wichita Falls Blues," a scratchy, muffled portrait of the artist as a young vaudeville blues singer. Then all of a sudden we jump to 1945 to hear Walker as a mature big band shouter and dazzling electric guitarist. "T-Bone Boogie," in particular, shows off what Walker had invented in the interim: a full-bodied, hornlike sound laced with arpeggio runs and drenched in those tantalizing ninth chords. Walker didn't just exploit the possibilities of electrical amplification, he somehow created the basic vocabulary from which a generation of built upon (or stole). This track is a knockout, aural evidence in support of those rumors of Walker's ability to incite hysteria.

The set continues with the urbane jump combo sound of "I Walked Away" and "Description Blues" (check out T-Bone's most eccentric intro on this one). And finally, so as not to disappoint the New Orleans crowd, we are treated to three outstanding tracks that pair T-Bone with Dave Bartholomew's rollicking 1953 outfit. No matter what the setting, Walker is always his inimitable self, with the smoky, soothing vocal and an impeccable sense of phrasing that made everyone from B.B. to Jimi stand up and take notice.

During the so-called blues revival of the 1960's and 70's, many of the Tex-

as/West Coast artists were overlooked in favor of the more downhome Delta and Chicago sound. Thanks mainly to European interest, this misguided obsession with "folk purity" has been abandoned. T-Bone reissues now fill the stacks where once there were none. And though he isn't around to enjoy the attention, he'd be proud of this release—the only one that appreciates the depth of his contribution to black popular culture.

—A.P. Edelstein

The Cure JAPANESE WHISPERS *Sire 25076-1*

The Cure's new album, *Japanese Whispers*, presents as large a change in attitude and sonic climate from their previous one, *Pornography*, as can be imagined. The constant use of drum machines and synthesizers here is a new foray into the world of dance rock, which although commercially expedient is nevertheless not as exciting or emotionally disturbing as their previous efforts.

Pornography manifested the bitterness of a man completely at one with nuclear apocalypse. Dense textures produced solely from layer upon layer of guitar distortion and lyrics such as "It doesn't matter if we all die," or "A white face looks into the mirror for the first time in a year," created a torrential effect emotionally similar to Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, while maintaining its skeletal rock melodies.

Japanese Whispers, however, does have some moments of merit. There is now a bitter sarcasm in the lyrics, which when combined with the constantly chromatic synthetic textures, are often quite charming. "Lament Dream" and "Just One Kiss," in particular, maintain the emotionality of their previous work, while introducing the invitation to dance. This album may do better for the group than their other records, but it must be thought of as a retreat from the dangerous revelations of their earlier efforts.

—Jeffrey Harrington

RIVERBOAT PRESIDENT

Moonlight Dance Cruises & Special Attractions

FRIDAY, MARCH 2
SATURDAY, MARCH 3 *Special Attraction!*
**DR. JOHN'S 1984
CARNIVAL KREWES**
11 p.m. Showtime—\$15.00/\$16.00

SUNDAY, MARCH 4 *Special Dockside Attraction!*
BARRY MENDELSON
PRESENTS:
**MILLIE
JACKSON**
11 p.m. Showtime—\$12.50



SATURDAY, MARCH 10
Moonlight Cruise
Regular \$5.00
NEVILLE BROTHERS



SATURDAY, MARCH 17
Special Attraction!
THE REUNION OF
"THE COLD"
\$10.00

TUESDAY, MARCH 20
Special Dockside Attraction!
BARRY MENDELSON PRESENTS:
BIG COUNTRY \$12.50

SATURDAY, MARCH 24 *Moonlight Cruise*
IVY
Reg. \$5.00

SATURDAY, MARCH 31
Moonlight Dance Cruise
IRMA THOMAS
Reg. \$5.00
(Shriners & Special Olympics)



COMING ATTRACTIONS:
GRASS ROOTS—April 6/\$9.50
JEFF LORBER FUSION—April 21/\$9.50

A Complete Entertainment Evening—
Concert, Drinks, Food and a Romantic Moonlight Cruise
Boarding will begin at 9 p.m. The President will depart the Canal St. dock at 10 p.m. Cash bar, no carry on alcohol. Tickets can be purchased at the Canal Street Dock ticket office (located behind the ITM Building, foot of Canal St.) and all Ticket-master locations.



For Further Information Phone
NEW ORLEANS STEAMBOAT COMPANY
524-SAIL (concert line) 586-8777 (office) 525-6311 (wharf)

Making Mardi Gras

BY VIRGINIA LEVIE

Back in the early 1970's, back in the last cultural ice age, when a man named Christo was tying up buildings and Agnes Denes was tying down trees, back then when less was more and usually too much, when paintings could have no brushstrokes and the sharpest artists were typing notes and pinning them to gallery walls, what we wanted, those of us in the chilly outback of High Culture, what we secretly hungered for and guiltily desired, was something a little more gaudy. We wanted an art that was funky, sweaty, spectacular, an art for the streets, for the groin, an art that would gratify our narcissism, resuscitate the primitive, break the bonds of technological bliss, re-enlist the mystical-erotic twist, authorize an amiable anarchy. An art that would transform the common man, crossing boundaries of sex and age.

What we wanted, of course, was Mardi Gras.

And now, a brief word about the people who make all this possible.

Mardi Gras is a periodic eruption, specific in location. While the principal outbreaks are known to occur in Rio, in Italia, in our own fair town, less virulent examples are sited in Mobile, Mamou and Bar-



Prop maestro Bertolucci reposes with the first of his walking head figures.



PHOTOS BY RICO

Just another day at the office. Above, a giant figure gets a new lapel. Below, Kern floats are ready to roll.



ranquilla, even in the living rooms and backyards of homesick exiles from San Antonio to Nebraska, much to the confusion of neighbors who wonder what all the fuss could be about on a weekday.

In New Orleans, the question as the day approaches is not whether the urge to splendify will hit, but when. For some, a last minute run to K&B, a \$3.49 crown from Eckerd's will suffice. For others, even a year is not long enough for all the rhinestones to be glued.

While Carnival remains an amateur compulsion for most of us, some people do go pro. Carnival is a business, and the business of Carnival requires a mixture of love, craft and hard business, vocation and resignation. Blaine Kern and his fleet have what is known as name recognition, and despite his near monopoly on the float trade, the Brothers Barth have managed to cop a fair amount of coverage, billing themselves as the craftsmen of Mardi Gras. While Blaine and Barth lead the pack, the field is by no means limited to these two. Making Mardi Gras is a full-time job for many people in the New Orleans area.

By the time Tastee Donuts is turning out its first king cakes, the work of Raul Bertolucci and his crew is almost finished. It had better be. Raul is prop maestro for Kern's carnival factory and props are the visual mainstays of their approach to parading floats—giant pirates, Robin Hoods, mermaids, gargantuan

papier mache figures that are repaired and revamped from year to year. Summer is the season when Raul and his crew of craftspeople (including his sons when school is out) are really hopping.

By 9:30 on a hot July morning, the giant warehouse door of the prop barn, the last warehouse in the Kern complex by the river in Algiers, has been rolled up and props in all stages of completion are being brought out to dry. The plaster mold for a new Charlie Brown head is sunning on the roof of right-hand man David Wagner's VW bus. A twenty-foot cowboy who just got a new arm is positioned next to the door before being sanded. Further inside, papier mache paste is cooked up in the old way over a gas flame, just flour and water in the right proportions. On the cement floor, shredded fake fur is waiting to be touched with paint. The ragged pieces will transform last year's caveman into this year's abominable snowman. Floats in various stages of *deshabille* crowd the rear of the warehouse.

Raul is a veteran. With the meticulous precision of a surgeon or French chef, he has the correct motion for each action of his craft. Peering over the tops of his glasses, he will spot in a prop that is getting too much plaster, one bit of a ten-foot thigh that is missing paint from across the room. For his workers, this exactitude can be exasperating, particularly in August when the temperature in the den is hitting 90, but it is respected. To make Mardi Gras, you have to love it. Now in middle age, Raul has worked this way since he was a boy of six in Viareggio, Italy.

Viareggio is considered the capital of Carnival on the Continent. Floats are created with elaborate attention, one artist working on one float for an entire year and the competition for spectacular effects is furious. The end results are paraded on two avenues next to the sea, closed off for the season like a small park. Tourists come from all over Europe to buy tickets to stand and look as the floats turn round and round the two avenues. Raul explains, "It's much more quiet there, people just come and look. Not like this 'throw me something' Mardi Gras." Carnival was also different in Colombia, where Raul worked for ten years, before immigrating to the States in time for the Bicentennial.

Most of the major props seen these days in Kern's parades are imported from Spain, where they are mass produced and cheap. The bulk of work in the prop barn is repairing and modifying these giants. The very special props Raul and his crew build from scratch are like pieces of sculpture and the prices seem



OBJECTS

Objects. That's what it's all about. Things. Trinkets of the cheap plastic variety. Forget about pagan fertility ritual and all that jazz about Lent and everything. Face it, most of us normal, unenlightened Americans are obsessed with objects, and Mardi Gras is the ultimate festival of objects. I personally wish they'd pass out vintage Leica M-series bodies and nice stereo gear instead of those awful plastic beads. "Keep the fur monkey with the Velcro hands, sir, but I will take those JBL 56's if you don't mind." That sort of thing. This is why little kids love Mardi Gras so much, because they get to stock up on their object quotient, and who could say no to a Zulu coconut?

The Carnival Mart on St. Claude in Arabi is a float riders' and object lovers' paradise. For under five bucks he or she can take possession of a hundred rubber reptiles, a bag full of baby plastic babies, an omnipotent and highly dangerous rubber chicken (plucked, of course), or the most hallowed (by we, the mildly twisted) of all Carnival throws, the silly-cone smeared Dirty Diaper! ("Oh Lawd," quietly exclaimed one customer, "dis is dis-gustin'!") Imagine cousin Buzzy's surprise when this baby slaps him upside his pointy head come Fat Tuesday! Now this is what I call an object! Of course, for more genteel tastes, there are a multitude of masks, rubber spears, plastic flora and fauna and (ugh!) millions of plastic beads to choose from. As you exit the Mart with your booty in tow, don't be surprised when the lady behind the counter substitutes the common "Have a nice day" with a more appropriate "Have a nice ride!" —rico

prohibitive to bargain-hunting krewes. The mega-floats and big business approach to Carnival can be discouraging to Raul and the craftspeople who work with him, but he has visions of a different aspect of the celebration.

Last year, the first of his walking head figures and mini-floats appeared in the French Bastille Day parade. The heads, several feet in diameter, and worn on the shoulders, are fashioned in the classical *caricatura* manner and transform marchers into magical chefs, clowns and mammals. Raul would like to see a human touch return to Mardi Gras and he got a taste of that this year when his figures also marched in the first official parade in the Quarter in eleven years.



Bruno Raffaelli paints floats in the old manner for the Krewe of Carrollton. Now celebrating their sixtieth anniversary, Carrollton is one of the few krewes that still owns its own floats, tractors and krewe den. The den, a cavernous warehouse in riverbend at the levee, is across the street from a riding stable with goats in the yard next door. The den is crowded all year long with the krewe's floats, which have to be reshuffled constantly to make room to work. They are tough to get rolling and even harder to stop once they start. The cramped space is rough on the workers but marvelous for the visitor who arrives mid-season. Giant jungle scenes are pushed up against a Forties living room tableau. Climb on a ladder, and the den is a mountain range of color and figures, a polar ice cap next to a view of the French Quarter, an Indian limps into the



sunset next to WWII-era flyboys who eye bathing beauties. As painter, designer and generally obsessed artist for the Krewe of Carrollton, Bruno Raffaelli is primarily responsible for this visual abundance. With drawings done by April and painting begun in June, by fall he works full time at the den with a handful of occasional helpers, joined by builder Ron Massett, who gets in the thick of it by winter.

Coming from a background in film, having spent his twenties as a costume designer for Italian directors DeSica and Fellini, Bruno puts a premium on research. If a Thirties gangster float is wanted, the clothes must fit the period, the machine-gun has to be right. Not everyone will notice the difference, he realizes, but it matters to him. "It is the details, the



details that matter so much. You make a little adjustment and suddenly it's there." By September, the work is getting serious.

Floats are about the size of small houses and painting them is an athletic activity as well as a creative



Close up on the painting on the Carrollton floats—it's the detail that makes the difference.

one. Once the floats are sprayed white, Bruno ties a piece of charcoal to a pole and starts drawing. When the great white shapes are covered with lines, outlines of tramps, vamps and divas, a helper comes in to spray the base colors. The floats come alive with clumps of color, fuzzy edged blues, salmon and ochre. Using industrial cans of paint, Bruno mixes his paint in five gallon buckets that stand around the float. Starting at the top and painting down, he clammers over the float, bringing the image into focus, creating sky, minarets silhouetted heads out of what had been the day before a foggy mass of color.

The den is cold in the winter, hot in the summer and it usually floods whenever there is enough rain to fill the streets. At times, mosquitoes swarm inside like a scene from *The African Queen*. Bruno will work furiously all winter on a group of 18 or 19 floats that will parade only twice. One rainy day for the parade and an entire year's work passes almost unnoticed. But taking a break in the evening, smoking a Camel at the edge of the den while the sun goes down over the levee and the River Road intersection is clogged with cars heading home at five, the explanation is easy. It's freedom.

Louis Massett runs his costume business in a space over a hair salon by the lake in New Orleans East. A trail of sequins down the side stairs into the parking lot is the only indication of what hides within. Once in the door, the place is a hive of activity. The





Louis Massett with hatmakers Paulette and mother Margaret. The business of costuming Carnival revelers goes on five days a week, twelve months a year.

language is crinoline, rhinestones and feathers; this is total Mardi Gras preoccupation. Racks of krewe costumes hang in groups, sacked and labeled. They will do over 5,000 costumes this year, all made in-house from the initial fitting to the last minute try-on. Around the design table where the most elaborate decoration is done, boxes of sequin rope in all colors, braid, ribbons, envelopes of jewels by size and

shape, are all heaped. Elaborate officers' capes that transform Metairie businessmen into dukes hang to the side of the table. On their way home, on their way to the mall, housewives, construction workers, Catholic school girls stop by for a fitting, while Louis' wife Karen stands by with a mouthful of pins. The seamstresses in the back room keep up a staccato rhythm of sew and trim.

Louis Massett started making Mardi Gras costumes in his home eight years ago. As is traditional, his business is largely a family one. His wife Karen works with him full time, her sister Shawn is also involved as is Louis' daughter. Margaret Massett, his mother, has been making hats and headpieces since he started. She works down the street now, in a garage workshop with Paulette. They moved the hat section down there when the space got too tight two years ago. Every parading member has to have something on his or her head, from simple caps and fezzes of the rank and file to the spectacular plumed numbers of the royal court.

The workshop is lined with shelves where krewe hats lie bundled in plastic bags. A huge worktable takes up two-thirds of the room. Paulette and Margaret sit at adjoining sides. The ashtrays are always full and the table is covered with swan hats, trim and Sobo glue. The fingers move fast, covering wire armatures with fabric, fastening braid and building the conductor caps. The two of them can turn out fifty krewe caps in a day, if they have to. The work goes on, through a tide of conversation. Children come home from school, someone's four-year-old carefully tiptoes around the fezzes that are drying on the floor to ask if he can go watch TV. There's a seafood delivery next door. Lighting up another cigarette, Paulette adds, "You know, what people don't understand is that we're working. They see the glue, the sequins, all the pretty stuff, and they think we're playing down here."

When you're dressing royalty, there's no escape from last minute emergencies. As Louis puts it, "We do whatever it takes to get the work done. We work till three, four in the morning, whatever. But every year we try to close the shop by five or five-thirty on Monday." What does he do for Mardi Gras? "I usually try to get some sleep."

ZINGO

"one step beyond"
The newest in
contemporary clothing,
leather, accessories
and costumes etc.
Designs straight from
London • New York • Italy
for the feelings of
the 80's

**SAVE 10%
with this ad!**

**918 Royal St.
New Orleans**
mon-thurs 11am-7pm
fri-sat 11am-7:30pm
sun 1pm-6pm

Mardi Gras Records

BY ALMOST SLIM

It happens every year. The post-Christmas dol-drummers are rudely interrupted by Professor Longhair's piercing whistle and his distinctive piano figure. Before he can tell you that "If you go to New Orleans, you ought to go see the Mardi Gras," you know it's Carnival time and you'd better think about Carnival balls and Fat Tuesday.

Of course, music makes Carnival so much more enjoyable, and no Mardi Gras reveler is worth a stack of Popeye's doubloons if he or she can't give you a word for word transcription of "Carnival Time" and at least know the rudiments of "The Mardi Gras Mambo." So essential is music to Carnival that it has spawned its own mini-industry. Hardly a year goes by without a new single aimed at cashing in on the Carnival sound. A handful have rightly become synonymous with the celebration, but there are scores more that are collecting dust on distributors' shelves.

Warren Hildebrand, of All-South Record Distributing, and owner of Mardi Gras Records, explains the Mardi Gras record boom of the last few years. "It's kind of like the old days compacted into a few weeks. The local stations will still play a good Mardi Gras record, where ordinarily they won't touch local records."

"If one of the big stations picks up on a new Mardi Gras record we might start getting orders for a few hundred or maybe a thousand or more if it catches. This year was kind of slow, the only new record is 'It Ain't My Fault' by Dejan's Olympia Brass Band. We did about a hundred the first week and a hundred and fifty the next. It's starting to take off pretty good."

Hildebrand is responsible for the highly successful *Mardi Gras In New Orleans* album which collects a number of the classic rhythm and blues songs of Mardi Gras. Selling in the neighborhood of 10,000 copies a year makes it one of the most successful local albums of the past decade. While the bulk of those sales take place before Carnival, the album sells steadily all year long. Mike Mancuso, of Canal Record Center, reports that hardly a week goes by without selling a bunch. "Even the singles that are on the album sell well all year long," explains Mancuso, "especially the Professor Longhair and Al Johnson. People come in to buy those during the middle of July."

The record racking up the most play this year according to a random sample of record shops and jukebox programmers is Stop, Inc.'s "Second Line, Part 1 & 2." "It will probably sell between twenty-five hundred and three thousand," says Hildebrand.

"A steady seller, 'Second Line' appears on Senator Jones' JB label. The original 'Second Line' was recorded by Bill Sinigal and the Second Liners, in the early Sixties, on the White Cliffs label. Jones decided to rerecord the tune after the original master had been lost and the record couldn't be repressed. Besides selling as part of the *Mardi Gras In New Orleans* album, the single has probably sold nearly 25,000 since it was recorded in 1974."

Other good sellers for this year's Carnival according to Hildebrand are Professor Longhair's war-horses, "Go To The Mardi Gras" and "Big Chief." The Meters' "Hey-Pock-A-Way" b/w "They All Axed For You" and "Mardi Gras Mambo" are also grabbing a lot of sales. One report is that "They All Axed For You" sold in the neighborhood of 10,000 copies during Carnival of 1981, surely setting some kind of Mardi Gras sales record.

Besides local radio, jukeboxes are also a good medium for Mardi Gras singles. According to Joe Carruso, who programs jukeboxes for T.A.C. Amusement, the largest jukebox distributor in Louisiana, his accounts start asking for Mardi Gras records right after Christmas. "Mostly we stock the bigger

Mardi Gras records, the Professor Longhairs and things like 'Second Line' and 'Carnival Time.' But we still get calls for things like 'If Ever I Cease To Love' and 'Bourbon Street Parade.' We get a lot of calls for Pete Fountain records this time of year, too, anything he plays. Paul Simon's 'Let Me Take You To The Mardi Gras' and Dr. John's 'Iko Iko' have done pretty well over the last few years. We'll go through 650 copies of a good Mardi Gras record in a year."

While there are a number of great and successful Carnival records, there are also a good number of dogs. Hildebrand has what he refers to as a "wall of shame." On it are stacked boxes of Mardi Gras singles that never made any noise and were thankfully left to die in peace. "People will record something geared at cashing in at Carnival and we'll take them on consignment. They don't sell so they just sit here and collect dust. There must have been a dozen here that flopped."

Of special interest to those who bought Steve Monistere's "Who Dat?" record, which amassed a sales figure in the neighborhood of 13,000 last fall, is "Dat's Mardi Gras," which is being hawked by the same people. Hildebrand also plans a new Dejan's Olympia Brass Band album, *New Orleans Jazz*, which he says will capture the Mardi Gras sound of the parade bands.

But who knows—there might just be someone to come out of the blue with a new Carnival classic. Wouldn't it be great to hear a new Mardi Gras disc by Fats Domino and Al Hirt? Or what about a New Wave Carnival disc? Sorry, Eddie Daniels cut the first rockabilly Carnival record in 1959 by covering Professor Longhair's "Go To The Mardi Gras." There's been an excellent Carnival rap record by Parlez, "Make It, Shake It, Do It Good (Mardi Gras In Your Neighborhood)," but what about a reggae version? Has there ever been a zydeco or heavy metal Carnival record? The combinations are unlikely, but... ■



Make It, Shake It, Do It Good

All South Records Top 5 Sellers

Second Line—Stop, Inc.
Go To The Mardi Gras—Professor Longhair
They All Axed For You—The Meters
Big Chief—Professor Longhair [sic]
New Suit—Wild Magnolias

Slim's Ten Favorites

Jock-A-Mo—Sugar Boy & the Cane Cutters
Carnival Time—Al Johnson
Go To The Mardi Gras—Eddie Daniels or Fess
Rack 'em Back—Bobby Mitchell & the Toppers
Night Rider—Sugar Boy & the Cane Cutters
Carnival Day—Dave Bartholomew
Tuesday Morning—Jon Foose
Mardi Gras Mambo—The Hawkettes
(but I'd sure like to hear Jodie Levin's C&W version)
Bourbon Street Parade—Frank Assunto
Danse de Mardi Gras—Balfa Freres

Ten To Forget

Mardi Gras Mambo—Traffic Jam
Mardi Gras Spirit—Patterson Brothers
It's Mardi Gras—Desire
Mardi Gras In New Orleans—Joyride
Happy Mardi Gras—Blue Angel Marching Band
Are You Masking This Mardi Gras?—Oscar Bienville
Throw Me Something Mister—Henrietta Lee
Mardi Gras—Flambeaux
The King and Queen of the Mardi Gras—The Nordic Nutrias
Tribute to the King—The Nordic Nutrias

The conclusions of her parties were equally curious. One guest made an excuse to leave early. "I promised I would be home by..." he began. "Don't apologize," broke in Mrs. Fish. "No guest ever left too early for me." Once bored with one of her own parties, she had the orchestra play "Home, Sweet Home" before the guests' carriages had even been called. An enthusiastic beau begged for one more two-step. "There are just two steps more for you," said Mrs. Fish, "one upstairs to get your coat and the other out to your carriage."

—Cleveland Amory, *The Last Resorts*, 1952, writing about Newport hostess Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish

The Case Against Carnival

BY JON NEWLIN



Shouldn't Carnival have its own Mrs. Fish? Having made many modest and immodest proposals over the last decade about Mardi Gras, I seem to have almost always erred on the side of sweetness and light, but I remember how gratifying was the sight several years ago (was it

the year of the Great Police Strike—surely the pleasantest Carnival in recent memory?), on reaching Canal Street in my pumps and laces, of George Schmidt, disguised behind an all-purpose mask, beating a bass drum emblazoned with the legend: *CARNIVAL IS OURS, AMERICA GO HOME*. Having taken a few more years to ponder this, I would amend Schmidt's legend to *CARNIVAL, GO HOME*. For a few years at least, until all of the interested parties can rethink things.

This may sound heretical—especially to those excessively pious keepers of the flame to whom any change is inimical—but for many years I've been writing about Mardi Gras like a paid tout as if Things Couldn't Be Better. At *Figaro*, back in what now seems the Pre-Cambrian, we (Jim Glassman and I, largely) actually did—at first in the spirit of a lark—criticism of Carnival, handing out plaudits or wagging fingers after it was all over, in categories such as best and worst floats and themes and king's mask and behavior of celebrities and bands, and the rest of it, having a good time and not feeling particularly self-righteous about it (Carnival criticism, as such, having languished since the Perry Young days), even when we were informed that old gents sipping their Madeira at the Boston and Pickwick Clubs were (horror of horrors!) actually paying heed to what we said about all of this. This latter made sense only perhaps because we were the *only* sort of commentary they were receiving. (Errol Laborde still does Carnival criticism of a sort in *Gambit*—but given that paper's general mustiness of attitude and the fact that Laborde did a college thesis on Mardi Gras, a lack of both frivolity of approach and obvious pleasure in the undertaking are noticeable.)

So why not call the whole thing off for a few years—say three or four—right now? Like any illness, Carnivalitis has symptoms, not all of them of recent date, but here a few: the sheer overwhelming number of parades, most of them mediocre; the nearly total decline of costuming (no doubt directly related to a nearly total poverty of imagination on the part of people, native and otherwise); the self-congratulatory air of the whole proceeding—which seemed to peak, oddly, at just about the time the tourist-commission and City Hall bureaucrats publicly expressed their disillusionment with the Greatest-Free-Show-On-Earth nomenclature—said disillusion related to Visigoth-like invasions of hippies and panhandlers and assorted derelicts who, for Christ's sake,





Cosmopolitan magazine, February 1950, Courtesy Arthur Hardy

took the slogan literally!); the increasingly sinister behavior of crowds and the nearly total native avoidance of downtown parades; the decline in float design (which has been accompanied by inane cults of personality being established—Joe Barth III's invective against Blaine Kern, laced with egomaniacal hints of both greed and fatuity as regards "artistic" achievement, sounds every bit as craven as Kern is supposed to—but rarely does—sound); the nostalgic pining, on the part of most people of intelligence, for Days That Were, when to read Lafcadio Hearn and Perry Young on the matter of Old Carnival sounds as alien as a passage in an anthropological work detailing the behavior of some quaintly elevated tribe cut off from the gloom-doom-and-slipshod-workmanship of Modern Carnival—these descriptions of Mardi Gras long gone bear as much resemblance to what one now sees in Kenner or Chalmette or in front of Gallier Hall as do, say, the descriptions of the lustful-frenetic Roman Carnival in Dumas' *Comte du Monte-Cristo*.

Then there are the smaller, unwelcome innovations—sexually "mixed" krewes, block-long double-decker floats that look like Greyhound Scenicruisers in drag, coasters and cups as throws (what happened to paper fans on sticks and those strange molded black cats filled with what seemed to be compressed chalk dust?), celebrity monarchs (defeating the whole purpose of the dual nature of Carnival royalty: social apotheosis coupled with anonymity), and the Krewe of Clones (Carnival as redesigned and reimagined by "artists" and always, it seems, to the detriment of both).

Before one decides to go Mrs. Fish one better and perhaps stick it all in the Dome and slap an admission charge on it, or before we form that great umbrella organization with acronym SCAT (Southern Committee Against Tourism—a happy inspiration of D.Eric Bookhardt's some years ago),

perhaps we might go about the thing properly. While minds might reel at a Mardi Gras equivalent of the Warren Commission, headed by Harry McCall and Brooke Duncan jointly, to investigate crimes against Carnival and mete out appropriate penalties, it doesn't seem to me to be a bad idea—who, after all, would be better qualified to consider the question? The critical approach to Carnival has slumbered long enough—it is the city's Great Event, in terms of crowds and money and national publicity, so why should it not be subject to change? Here are our proposals.

The first thing for the chimerical McCall-Duncan Committee to do is fix limits—on virtually everything. First, cut Carnival (that is, the actual street parades and the "season") to ten days. This abridgement of the season should actually make Mardi Gras more intense and less diffuse (and disruptive), and might satisfy even the Mrs. Fish-like no-guest-ever-left-too-early-for-me clan. Second: cut, drastically, the number of parades. A good number would be six downtown, six in Metairie, six in St. Bernard, six on the West Bank. The decision on who would stay and who go would rest on two factors: precedence and past performance; so that, for instance, if Endymion has looked better to the Committee for the past seven years than has, say, Proteus, then Proteus will simply have to pass on to that Shrovetide *Schlaraffenland* where dream Consus and the Independent Order of the Moon. (All of this, incidentally, excepts and exempts the tableaux balls from Epiphany onwards, which are above and beyond reform by the very nature of their private setting.)

As long as we're on the subject, the routes ought to be more standardized—no variants, one route for each parish. This move would simplify such matters as police logistics, parking, the impassability of streets, the black-hole-like crush on public transit. Also, there should be an effort made to make these phantasmagorias run on time; the restiveness of waiting crowds gives way quickly to irritation and, eventually, anger.

Some other matters—alas, in all fairness, things like float design and costuming (my ancient notion of having unmasked offenders subject to fine or imprisonment after being rounded up by the purple, green and gold Marias on Fat Tuesday has been, over the years, discarded as unworkable)—are outside the scope of the Committee. But here are some other suggestions: an extensive review of the various city ordinances effected and affected by Mardi Gras as well as an investigation of the infernal price-gouging that goes on each year in restaurants and bars and hotels; the reform of throws; the abandonment of



Cosmopolitan magazine, February 1950, Courtesy Arthur Hardy

celebrity monarchs for reasons stated above; the recognition of Carnival scholarship and history as a genuine area of local studies and not simply another bit of eccentric specialization. The Committee might also act in an advisory capacity as regards things like the size of floats, the nearly all-pervasive banality of parade themes, the inadvisability of publicly attended balls, and—who knows?—perhaps the revival of the Carnival Editions in the newspaper (the float designs and their descriptions for all to see; with the zoned editions of the paper and a decreased number of krewes, this is certainly plausible), and last, and crucially, a grand rethinking of the way in which Carnival is presented to the World Outside. Visitors need to be made scrupulously aware of both attractions and dangers, of pleasures and perils, and this is something that can only be done in a manner so objective that it boggles the mind even to contemplate it. In many of these areas—lest all of it begin to sound fascistic (make the parades run on time the way Mussolini did the trains in Italy!)—the Committee will simply have to appoint scholars and specialists, or even just groups of fact-finding citizens. In the most crucial areas—suppose the Committee should decide to close the city down from Friday-before through Ash Wednesday?—one would need a public vote, since Carnival affects all of us in such an abundance of ways.

Now, even if Messrs. McCall and Duncan clock in at 9 a.m. on Ash Wednesday, this still might take three or four years. It is not a light job; but I think all of us could use the vacation (they might even fix the streets once and for all in the interim), if only to get some new glad rags together. Of course, three years seems a life sentence...but think of the rapacious reunion between New Orleans and its Carnival, the renewed and refreshed energies and affections, the glorious Mardi Gras to come. ■

Lavish, lewd and lowdown—that's what FOCUS calls this frenzied 30-day carnival



9 Reasons to Avoid

■ New Orleans, today the south's largest city, was founded in 1722 by a Frenchman named Bienville—meaning "good city." It promptly became one of the worst cities in the hemisphere—center of piracy, slavery, sin, overbearing aristocracy, dismal poverty. Today, New Orleans spews all its centuries of evil into one month-long annual debauchery called Mardi Gras. FOCUS hereby warns unwary tourists away, indicts New Orleans Mardi Gras on these nine counts. Mardi

Gras is:
1. **A Rebellion Against Society.** It begins with an invitation from the Mayor to "pursue folly" and "enjoy the time of misrule." Wholesale drinking, brawling, promiscuity, violence flout society's accepted rules. 2. **Viciously Snobbish.** Some lavish balls are open to all, but grandest affairs admit only the select few of N.O. society. A ticket to the Rex Ball of the hoity-toity Comus Society was once mislaid. Upper-crust New Orleans, frantic that some "outsider" might gain admission, offered a \$1,000 reward for the ticket. It was found; N.O. society remained unimpaired. 3. **Expensive.** An estimated \$10,000,000 is spent yearly on Mardi Gras folly. For 30 days commercial traffic is motionless, the great port paralyzed. Prices of food and liquor rocket skyward; sleazy ginmills slap on \$5 cover charges; ruthless opportunists soak tourists for worthless baubles. 4. **Childish.** Adults play out Mardi Gras' infantile

New Orleans' Mardi Gras

masquerade for one solid month. Childish, overdone rituals insist that chief guest at the Rex Ball bow or curtsey to "King Rex." (In 1949, Harry Truman was guest of honor, refused to bow.) 5. **Wide-Open.** The Vieux Carré, ancient but sizzling night club section, puts on

Suckers get ready to spend their annual \$12,000,000.

NEW ORLEANS' MARDI GRAS



Childish capers and childish costumes. This goes on for 30 days.



Only Mardi Gras permits men to prance openly on streets in female costume.

uninhibited shows day and night, without police supervision. Strip-teases and dance rate as most daring in every street corner.

New Orleans took a tradition of pre-lenten feasting,

4. **Phony.** Hypocritical Mardi Gras clothes its excesses in robes of tradition. Original celebrants of Mardi Gras put in one day of moderate feasting and merriment before the long Lenten fast. New Orleans took this tradition, twisted it into 30 days of carnal dissipation. At close of carnival, revelers kneel at Lenten altar—many sobered more by hangovers than by religious feeling.

7. **Unwholesome.** Perverts flock to New Orleans from all over U.S. during Mardi Gras time. Only here can men dressed as women prance openly in the streets. Dead-drunk, male and female, litter sidewalks, doorways.

8. **Racist.** In big Mardi Gras parades, "royalty" who ride floats are all white, their attendants Negro. The Negroes, in turn express resentment by their mockery of the white parade: "King Zulu" (a Negro, man) leads the procession, surrounded by attendants in whiteface, dressed as cops.

twisted it into a 30-day debauch

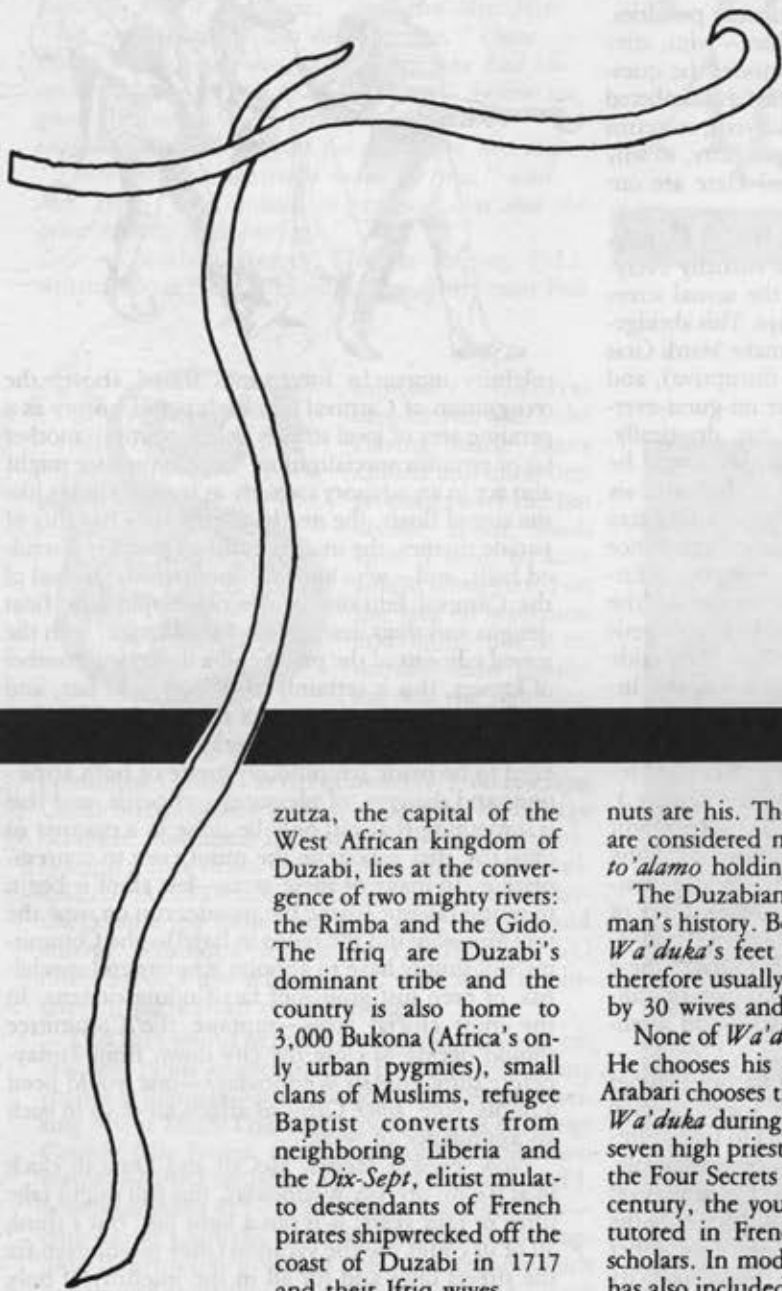
9. **Bad Publicity Abroad.** Pictures of drunken revelry in the streets appear in anti-American newspapers and magazines. For to underline neurotic U.S. thrill-seeking, racial tension. Long descriptions of the worst side of the carnival are circulated widely in Russia, make dramatic propaganda, feed the frigid fires of the cold war.

Focus Asks: How long will this nonsense go on?



Ancient Vieux Carré vizzes with the hottest shows in the Western world.

Focus magazine, February 1951, Courtesy Arthur Hardy



PRO BONO PUBLICO

zutza, the capital of the West African kingdom of Duzabi, lies at the convergence of two mighty rivers: the Rimba and the Gido. The Ifriq are Duzabi's dominant tribe and the country is also home to 3,000 Bukona (Africa's only urban pygmies), small clans of Muslims, refugee Baptist converts from neighboring Liberia and the *Dix-Sept*, elitist mulatto descendants of French pirates shipwrecked off the coast of Duzabi in 1717 and their Ifriq wives.

In the mythology of the Ifriq, Ararabi the snake goddess—capable of spitting blood from her yellow eyes—was conducting the sacred rain ceremony when a favorite son, who knelt by her side, fell asleep. The boy's snoring so insulted the goddess that she sliced her son, whose name was Rimbagido, into halves with a bolt of lightning. One half of the unfortunate child became the river Rimba and the other was transformed into the Gido.

Ararabi soon regretted her hasty action, however, and the sorrowful mother caused the banks of the Rimba and the Gido to be laden with gold and diamonds, and fruitful with cassava, peanuts, bananas, yams, fonio, cinnamon trees, giant kale and the rare *to'alamo* bush.

The *to'alamo* bears a poisonous date-like fruit, with which the Ifriq rub the tips of their spears before hunting elephants. Inside the fruit is the *to'alamo* nut, sold on an individual basis in New York gourmet shops, rather than by the pound. A pound of *to'alamo* nuts, as the old culinary joke goes, costs more than the kitchen.

To render the *to'alamo* nuts edible, they must be soaked for several weeks in an oil secreted from the pituitary gland of the Duzabian albino baboon, raised domestically by the Bukona pygmies in mud-walled compounds. After soaking, the *to'alamo* nuts are sun-dried on jute mats called *dukas*.

Duzabi's king is known as *Wa'duka*, or literally, "keeper of the mats." By divine right, all *to'alamo*

nuts are his. The king's gold and diamond mines are considered minor treasures beside his imperial *to'alamo* holdings.

The Duzabian monarchy is perhaps the oddest in man's history. Because they would scorch the earth, *Wa'duka's* feet may never touch the ground. He therefore usually rules from the royal bed, attended by 30 wives and innumerable Bukona slave-girls.

None of *Wa'duka's* natural sons may succeed him. He chooses his own successor—or more precisely, Arabari chooses the successor through the entranced *Wa'duka* during an elaborate ceremony attended by seven high priests known as the *mzozole*. He is told the Four Secrets of the Ifriq and since the late 18th century, the young *Wa'duka* successors have been tutored in French and mathematics by *Dix-Sept* scholars. In modern times, *Wa'duka* matriculation has also included the Greek classics, law, economics and a diet rich with *to'alamo* nuts.

At the time of his selection, the natural father of a *Wa'duka* candidate is paid a dowry, consisting of cattle, two albino baboons, sanctified milk, three Bukona slave-girls, a basket of bananas and the boy's weight in gold, diamonds and *to'alamo* nuts. The father of a new *Wa'duka* is "nam Arabari," or "kissed by Arabari." The appropriate and customary response to the announcement that one's son has been chosen *Wa'duka* is fainting. A sip of the sanctified milk, borne by the Bukona slave-girls, generally revives the overwhelmed winner of the African equivalent of the Irish Sweepstakes.

In 1957, the *Wa'duka*, who had been a popular, benevolent ruler for over 20 years, proclaimed that in a dream, Arabari—riding a flaming crocodile—had entered the royal bedchamber and informed him that his successor was a displaced Ifriq child living in America. Living in New Orleans, declared *Wa'duka*, the birthplace of Louis Armstrong and Barney Bigard!

Wa'duka was an unabashed jazz fan, having once, in a flight of giddiness, established Joe Robichaux's "King Kong Stomp" as the Duzabian national anthem. Jazz records were the rage of Duzabia ("a disease," analyzed the eldest of the *mzozole*) and native *Dix-Sept* jazz musicians such as clarinetist Nwaani and cornetist "One-Eye" Pomodoro were national heroes, their faces printed on postage stamps.

The *mzozole* were distressed by the *Wa'duka's* unprecedented announcement—doubly so when the regent told his subjects during his weekly jazz radio program that he was departing Duzabi immediately for New Orleans. But the *mzozole*, despite their apprehensions, were powerless: the will of *Wa'duka* was divine and infallible. He was, after all, "*Sa-ji'gama, Na'vuvu, Wa'duka*"—"God on Earth, Eternal Presence, Keeper of the Mats."

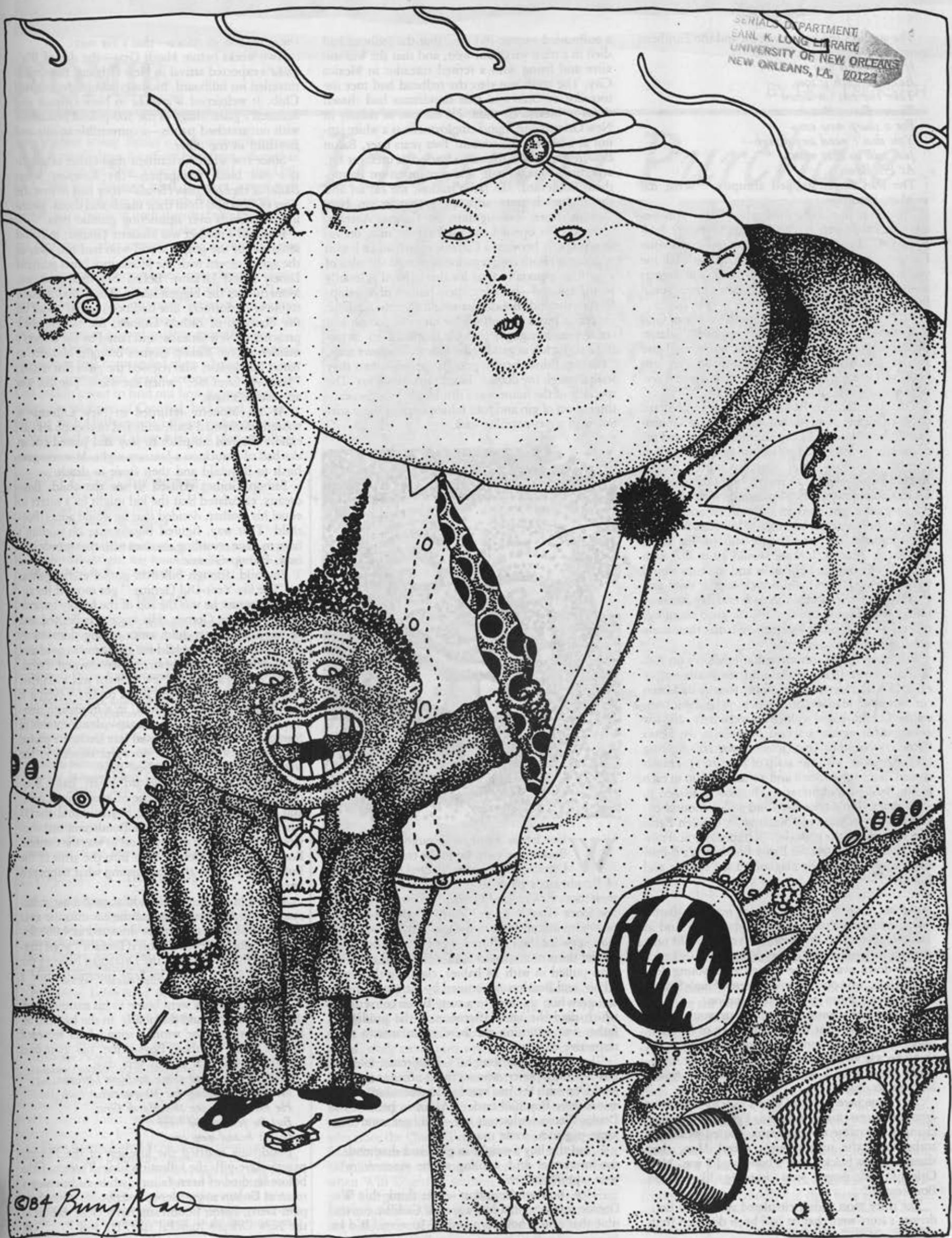
Facing the inevitable, the *mzozole* summoned L'Etoffe, the *Dix-Sept* haberdasher, and ordered trunks for the royal traveling party, which would include the *Wa'duka*, his thirty wives, various Duzabian princes and princesses, the royal bodyguards, the commander-in-chief of the Duzabian Royal Militia, the eleven-piece Duzabian National Jazz Orchestra, one hundred Bukona slave-girls, the royal cook and five of the *mzozole*. Two of the *mzozole* would travel in advance of the royal party, accompanied by the dowry's pair of albino baboons, the three slave-girls and a *Dix-Sept* interpreter. On the advice of L'Etoffe, a dandyish fellow, the *mzozole* commissioned the tailoring of matching brocade dinner jackets with silk epaulettes, which the haberdasher felt would be appropriate attire for visiting Duzabian priests, who in Duzabi wear monkeyskin loin-cloths and parrot feathers in their noses.

Maurice Mkoko, leader of the Duzabian National Jazz Orchestra, wrote his most enduring composition—a brisk rhumba—for the occasion. It is called "*Jockamo Wa'duka Feena'nay*"—"Across the Sea, the Keeper of the Mats Extends His Blessings." Mkoko's recording of the tribute, manufactured by EMI's Duzabian subsidiary, was the biggest African hit of 1957, heard on beerhall jukeboxes from Cairo to Capetown.

The fat man in the purple turban pushed the button that allowed the Four Zambesi Boys, stripped down to their undershirts because of the heat in the unventilated recording studio, to hear his voice. The Zambesis puffed on cigarettes and fanned themselves with folded circulars advertising a gospel concert by "The 6-Year-Old Genius—BOY-CHILD BOUDREAUX."

The fat man squawked: "Okay—let's make this one count...I can't stay in here all night. I gotta get over to the club before them niggers rob me blind..."

SERIALS DEPARTMENT
EARL K. LONG LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF NEW ORLEANS
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70122



©84 Bury Maid

The studio's red light came on and the Zambesis sang:

If it's wheels you need
But your cash is low,
Take the bus on down
To see Baron Boudreaux...
For a sharp new car,
You don't need any dough—
Just talk to that man
At Pro Bono...

The lead singer stopped abruptly, "What dat word is, Baron?"

That fat man pushed the button: "It's 'Pub-lee-co,' Clarence—why can't you get that right? P-U-B-L-I-C-O. Pro Bono Publico Motors—that's what I'm going to rename the car lot. You can't tell me you ain't never heard of that! Jesus, if you niggers would lay off the mootah for a minute or two, you'd learn something..."

"'Pro Bono Publico' is the motto of Mardi Gras—'For the Good of the Public.' Just like ol' Baron Boudreaux—I know what the public wants and I give 'em a good deal. Now let's try it again—let 'em know you *mean* it, Clarence! Let 'em know you *feel* it down in your funky black heart, boy!"

The Four Zambesi Boys, from the Second Ward of New Orleans, were the last remains of the Golden Zambesis, a Mardi Gras Indian tribe that boasted fifty members in its heyday, including the notorious Johnnie Quartette, who annually busted out of Angola Prison—where he was serving a life sentence for murdering his mother—to parade with his gang. Prison guards got used to the routine and always found Johnnie at the same place on Ash Wednesday morning: the whorehouse run by his aunt, Madam St. Francis. Johnnie would be in bed with a couple of octoroon baby dolls and the cops would wake him up with a hard whack on the skull and a revolver muzzle jammed in each ear. The runaway Indian would smile and say: "Well, good morning, officers—y'all mind if I give these ladies their daily exercise before we take off?"

But when the guards arrived at Madam's on Ash Wednesday of 1939, they found the house empty except for an elderly butler whose tongue had been cut out and Madam St. Francis, who had been stabbed to death and scalped. A week later, 200 law enforcement agents trapped Johnnie in St. Louis Cemetery Number One. Johnnie was still wearing his Indian suit, with the scalp of Madam St. Francis tucked in his beaded belt and a machine gun in each hand. Before his obliteration, Johnnie managed to mow down thirteen lawmen and a bloodhound belonging to the State of Louisiana. A Golden Zambesi song about the episode, "Johnnie and St. Francis," recorded in 1941 for Baron Boudreaux's B-Fine label, was subsequently plagiarized as "Frankie and Johnny."

There were several versions of how this Baron Boudreaux character had happened to land in New Orleans. Boudreaux's version, told only after enough chugs on the sour mash jug to knock a mule down, was that he'd been a hot young deejay in Ohio, who one day encountered Frank Sinatra in the men's room of the radio station.

"Crying like a woman," Boudreaux would recall. "I didn't know what the hell to make of it! Frank said, 'Take me, do something with me—please!' I think he was all shook-up about his career or something. And me, I didn't think the guy would amount to much..."

"So I came here to New Orleans instead—the most ignorant damn thing I ever did. I got on the radio, changed my name to Boudreaux, started wearing a turban and the niggers went crazy! Man, they thought I was black—that's how good I was. New Orleans had never seen *nothing* like Baron Boudreaux!"

The three most widely-circulated versions of Boudreaux's story were that he had been divorced from

a redheaded woman in Ohio; that the redhead had died in a train wreck out west; and that she was still alive and living with a retired toreador in Mexico City. The truth was that the redhead had met the toreador in Ohio and that Boudreaux had chased them to Mexico by train. He ran out of money in New Orleans and found employment as a white janitor at a black radio station. Two years later, Baron Boudreaux owned the radio station, a used car lot, a nightclub, real estate and a mansion on Prometheus Boulevard. His radio station, the car lot and the nightclub were adjacent properties on New Orleans' finest thoroughfare, St. Cosmas Avenue.

Boudreaux opened the used car lot first, on vacant property between a Catholic church and a Jewish synagogue. Both congregations detested the idea of a car lot—especially a car lot that catered primarily to the colored—between their houses of worship. But, in the end, Boudreaux would raze the Catholic church to build new offices for his radio station and convert the synagogue into the Leopard Den, as sordid a nightclub as gaudy New Orleans had ever seen. "Niggers think they've gone to heaven when they walk through my doors," Boudreaux would say. The specialty of the house was a drink called the Sweet—three shots of gin and four tablespoons of sugar stirred with a peppermint stick.



When it was gossiped through the city that Boudreaux's son would be crowned king of Duzabi, white people figured it was another of Boudreaux's ploys to rob poor colored folks of their money. Who could forget his "Bring The Baby For Extra Gravy" jingle? Anyone who brought a new-born infant down to the used car lot got a little lagniappe for their effort: a set of chrome-trimmed fender skirts or a raccoon tail for the radio aerial. A man pulled in with 18 babies, claiming they were all his, and Boudreaux, amused by the man's industry, gave him the keys to a rusty Buick convertible, which died the same afternoon as the prodigious father was returning the bawling infants to their respective mothers.

"Let me get this straight," Boudreaux told the *Dix-Sept* interpreter, who sat in his office at the Leopard Den with the two *mzozole* ambassadors. "You wanna take Boychild back to Africa to become the Dooka-Wooka—whatever it is—and I get some cows, some pygmies, some nuts..."

"And the boy's weight in gold and diamonds," the interpreter said, smiling at the *mzozole*, who were sipping Sweets.

"Hey, now you're talkin'—you think this Wa-Dookie might wanna buy a special Cadillac convertible that would hold him and all 30 wives? It'd be

the only one in Africa—that's for sure!"

Two weeks before Mardi Gras—the day of *Wa'duka's* expected arrival in New Orleans, Boudreaux unveiled his billboard, mounted above the Leopard Club. It welcomed *Wa'duka* to New Orleans and featured a giant image of the 300-pound Boudreaux with outstretched palms—a convertible in one and Boychild in the other.

Since few white Orleanians read either of the city's two black newspapers—the *Rampart Street Bullet* or the *Ethiopian Herald*—they had to hear the story of Boychild from their maids and cooks, glean- ing the details over simmering gumbo pots.

Boychild's mother was Monette Gomez, the child sensation of the gospel world who had run away at the age of eleven with the Mississippi blues guitarist Lonely Adolf Jackson. Before her disappearance, Monette was the biggest act in Baron Boudreaux's stable of performers. She had been left as a waif on the doorstep of Bishop Gomez, the richest black preacher in New Orleans, and raised by the Bishop's maiden sisters. Bishop Gomez brought Monette to Baron Boudreaux, who released the girl's first record, "Jesus All Over Me," when she was 6. The disc was an instant smash.

At 13, Monette returned to New Orleans—a wasted, tormented soul, addicted to cocaine and alcohol. She had no place to stay and passed out in the bed of a truck on a January night. Monette gave birth to Boychild and then froze to death.

Bishop Gomez refused to see the child. Boudreaux, calculated that the kid might be a singer to equal his mother, decided that he would adopt Boychild. That way, figured Boudreaux, he wouldn't have to share recording royalties with that greedy bastard, Bishop Gomez.

Boychild, though billed in gospel extravaganzas as "The Six-Year-Old Genius," got most of his applause because he was the son of the fondly-remembered Monette Gomez. His voice was limited and he was a hellacious child, twice setting churches on fire. Exchanging Boychild for a fortune in gold and diamonds caused Boudreaux no sentimental regrets.

Wa'duka's arrival in New Orleans was a majestic affair. The city has always loved royalty—even if it was African royalty. Boychild, in a miniature tuxedo, behaved himself; the *mzozole* drank rounds of Sweets; the Duzabian National Jazz Orchestra played with inspiration; and the 30 wives danced in the streets with the Four Zambesi Boys.

At the Prometheus Boulevard Wharf, Baron Boudreaux was presented with the *to'alamo* nuts, gold, and diamonds, as *Wa'duka*, Boychild and the 30 wives boarded the convertible Boudreaux had convinced the *mzozole* to buy. And as was the custom, Boudreaux proceeded to faint into the arms of the Bukona slave-girls, thereby missing what happened next.

A crane lifting the royal Cadillac onto a barge decorated with bunting dropped the car into the river and all thirty-two passengers drowned as 4,000 festive spectators watched. "This is Duzabi's worst tragedy since the slaughter of the Duzabian Navy by the British in 1821," the *Dix-Sept* interpreter told a reporter from the *Bullet*.

Baron Boudreaux went home to his mansion with the nuts and gold and diamonds. In the bathtub on Mardi Gras night he wrote a song—later recorded by the Four Zambesi Boys—that has remained popular at Carnival to this very day:

The African King came to New Orleans,
He brought along his 30 queens,
He wanted to see the Mardi Gras,
But he fell in the river
In his brand-new car...

Boudreaux married the loveliest of the Bukona pygmy slave-girls the following June. Three months before he died of heart failure (while auditioning a team of Cuban stripteaser-contortionists at the Leopard Den), Baron Boudreaux ran a close second in the New Orleans mayoral race. He was 77. ■

When Irving Berlin's then-recent Broadway musical got into final film form—barely in time for New Year's Eve, 1941—the U.S. of A. had just declared itself to be in a new war. Hollywood knew that vying with Hitler for folks' attention was a battle in itself (besides, all's fair..., etc.) and so, Paramount deployed the superlatives, calling this one "the greatest musical comedy ever filmed."

The force of such a tactic was more than the masses could withstand, so they trooped off to see "Louisiana Purchase" and promptly elevated the picture into the ranks of the biggest moneymaker of the year. Promotion proved mighty ammunition.

Here in New Orleans, however, there was a natural propaganda that transcended mere advertising. It was curiosity, aimed with deadly accuracy. The Crescent City couldn't wait to find out how its most-holy-of-holies, the tradition of Carnival, had fared in enemy combat with Hollywood's callous commercialism.

More than a few of those who had pledged allegi-

Louisiana Purchase



THE PICTURE

Release: December 1941

Running Time: 98 minutes

Filmed in Technicolor

Academy Award Nominations: Best Cinematographer (Harry Hallenberger, Ray Rennahan); Best Art Direction (Raoul Pene du Bois, Stephen A. Seymour)

THE CAST

Bob Hope (Jim Taylor); Vera Zorina (Marina Von Minden); Victor Moore (Senator Oliver P. Loganberry); Irene Bordoni (Madame Bordelaise); Dona Drake (Beatrice); Raymond Walburn (Colonel Davis Sr.); Maxie Rosenbloom (The Shadow); Phyllis Ruth (Emmy Lou); Frank Albertson (Davis Jr.); Donald MacBride (Captain Whitfield); Andrew Tombes (Dean Manning); Robert Warwick (Speaker of the House); Charles LaTorre (Gaston); Charles Laskey (Danseur); Emory Parnell (Lawyer); Iris Meredith (Lawyer's Secretary); Catherine Craig (Saleslady); Jack Norton (Jester); Sam McDaniel (Sam); Kay Aldridge, Katharine Booth, Aline Brandes, Barbara Britton, Brooke Evans, Blanch Grady, Lynda Grey, Margaret Hayes, Louise LaPlanche, Barbara Slater, Eleanor Stewart, Jean Wallace (Louisiana Belles); Edgar Dearing (House Detective); William Wright (Ambulance Driver); Tom Patricola (Cabby); Dave Willock (Bellhop); Donald Kerr (Jester); Joy Barlowe, Patsy Mace (Girl Jesters); Douglas Dean (Fuchsia Man); John Hiestand (Radio Commentator); Floyd Shackelford (Club Doorman).

THE CREDITS

A Paramount Picture. Produced by B.G. DeSylva. Directed by Irving Cummings. Associate Producer, Harold Wilson. Screenplay by Jerome Chorodov and Joseph Fields. Based on the musical comedy by Morrie Ryskind, from a story by B.G. DeSylva. Art Directors, Hans Dreier and Robert Usher. Camera, Harry Hallenberger. Color Camera, Ray Rennahan. Color Director, Natalie Kalmus. Associate, Morgan Padel-ford. Editor, LeRoy Stone. Makeup, Wally Westmore.

THE SONGS

By Irving Berlin. *Take A Letter To Paramount Pictures; Before the Picture Starts; You're Lonely and I'm Lonely; Louisiana Purchase; It's A Lovely Day Tomorrow; Everybody Dance; You Can't Brush Me Off; What Chance Have I With Love?; Fools Fall In Love.*

THE STORY

Taylor is being framed by his crooked cohorts and is the target of Senator Loganberry's investigation into corruption in Louisiana. With some help from restaurant lady Mme. Bordelaise, dancer Von Duren is hired by the grafters to in turn frame the senator. From the streets of Mardi Gras to the floor of the state capitol, the action progresses, with the pretty dancer at last double-crossing the double-crossers and Taylor emerging as the state's golden boy.

ance to the krewes banner (and to the delusion for which it stands) were wary, recalling the way that Mardi Gras had not always emerged victorious, let alone without punctures to its pride. They wondered aloud, while columnists wondered not altogether silently, if this might not be yet another all-out assault, like that one a dozen or so years before, when the movie *Dixiana* had fired on Carnival's sacred honor by depicting a screen heroine of questionable social status ("an unmitigated trollop, perish la thought!") who wore the Queen's crown. Nor had Uptown nobility forgotten that oh-so-hallowed ground had been blasphemously trod upon a couple of years later when Will Rogers (a seemingly likable fella in the past) had gone so far as to twirl a lariat at the Comus ball in his movie, *Handy Andy*. That had put smelling salts at a premium in the Garden District.

Characteristically protective of its fragile sense of values, New Orleans' own uppercrust was scared of

getting burned. It needn't have been, as it turned out, since the target of *Louisiana Purchase*, on both stage and screen, was the funnybone. Moreover, the musical's premise dealt with a more substantial subject and a more durable, if not more vulnerable, image—the state's politics.

In the early 1940's, memories of the Kingfish were fresh. In the collective mind of the whole country, the Huey Long saga was stuck like a tick in a tar-bucket. Louisiana's ludicrous leanings were then—as now—ripe for parody's picking. Consequently, the studio may have indulged in undue caution when it tacked a pleasant little disclaimer onto the front of *Louisiana Purchase*, a somewhat less than subtle reminder that it was only fun they were poking, and

*That means New Orleans Music In Film, naturally. And, also naturally, that's the subject of a continuing series by New Orleans journalist Don Lee Keith.

in a movie, at that. As if the public couldn't figure that out.

Critics had not found 1941 to be a year studded liberally with exceptional motion pictures, and they generally welcomed this one's quick tempo, its vibrant color and crisp dialogue. *The New York Times* employed terms like "gratifying" and "accomplished" and "stunning," and proclaimed *Louisiana Purchase* to be "the cheeriest note on which to end one year and start another."

Three of the cast's four principals had played their roles in the four hundred forty-four Broadway performances; only Bob Hope was a newcomer.

Thrust into peculiarly high billing (peculiar, that is, for what was demanded and/or delivered) was Dona Drake, whose lone function appeared to have

been the rendering of the title song while perched atop a reviewing stand as Queen of the Carnival. This was followed immediately by a striptease of sorts, the motivation for which was obviously to serve up lots more cheesecake than logic. Perhaps little else could be expected of Miss Drake, whose first name intentionally forgets an N and whose real one (Rita Novello) had earlier been changed to Rita Rio to accommodate the Mexican singer's career as a band vocalist.

Of the "100 Louisiana Belles" promised in splashy advertisements, a scant dozen rated having their names on the cast list, and a mere three (nary a one of them from Louisiana) were ever heard of again. F.Y.I. and nothing else, the triumphant trio were: Barbara Britton (later distinction: playing Mrs. in



television's *Mr. and Mrs. North*); Margaret Hayes (later distinction: playing the flirty schoolteacher who got herself raped in *The Blackboard Jungle*); and Jean Wallace (later distinction: marrying and staying married to Cornel Wilde).

Since musical comedy is the direction in which *Louisiana Purchase* naturally gravitates, the show has two selves, those for which the idea of musical comedy are named!

First, the music. Berlin at his best it ain't. With keen insight, the picture's bosses pared the melodies to a minimum, relegating all but a half-dozen to backgrounds. The single hit song from the stage show ("It's A Lovely Day Tomorrow") is heard only over the credit titles. Obviously, music got pulled and comedy got pushed.

The strongest comedy is a double dose. It's partly at the very end, when Hope takes over the state legislature for a marathon filibuster (with proper apologies to James Stewart's similar stunt in *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington*) and won't let go until he's resorted to reading from *Gone With The Wind* and reciting *The Face On The Barroom Floor*. The other dose of strong, prolonged comedy comes a bit earlier, packaged in softer, subtler tones, leaving the richest colors to set decoration. It's a Mardi Gras parade, Mama, and Bob Hope's wearing the Big Crown.

(Call it irony, or a neat slice thereof, that Hope, some 30-plus-two years later in 1973, was wearing—if not the Big Crown—at least a big crown, as King Bacchus.)

The public in general paid no mind to the fact that elegance and detail, with which the floats in *Louisiana Purchase* were designed, differed more than slightly from the real stuff produced at the time. The public in general cared not a whit that the streets down which the procession traveled—those of the French Quarter, of course—had enough bends in them to defy reality. In fact, the public in general liked the hell out of the thing, and in particular liked Bob Hope.

Privately held opinions in specific circles did not agree with popular opinion. It is said that shortly after the movie *Louisiana Purchase* opened in downtown New Orleans, the captain of one old-line Carnival krewe encountered a high-ranking member of another such organization while coming out of the theatre. They nodded, but reserved comment for a more appropriate time, which happened to occur the next day when both men were lunching, as usual, at the Boston Club.

"Well," inquired the first gentleman, "how'd you think we came off?"

"Tolerably," replied his compatriot, "except for the foolish notion of having Bob Hope as King of Carnival. Hell, Hope's British!"

The first man narrowed his gaze, raised one eyebrow and exhaled a pillar of cigarette smoke, then declared, "Be glad the sonofabitch ain't Jewish."

***tucp* CONCERTS**

P R E S E N T S

THE ROCHES



**SUNDAY,
MARCH 11, 1984**

**TULANE UNIVERSITY
KENDAL CRAM ROOM, 9PM**

**TICKETS AVAILABLE AT TULANE UNIVERSITY
CENTER AND THESE FINE RECORD STORES:
Mushroom / Leisure Landing / Metronome**

FOR MORE INFO CALL 865-5143

James Crawford, Jr., Is Alive and Well

One of the more mysterious figures that surfaced during the classic 1950's era of New Orleans rhythm and blues was the legendary "Sugar Boy." Perhaps best known for his explosive Carnival record "Jock-A-Mo," not only were Sugar Boy's other records great, but his bands, The Chapaka Shaweez, The Cane Cutters and the Sugar Lumps, graduated some of the city's best musicians. Included in their ranks were Billy Tate, Irving Bannister, Snooks Eaglin, Frank Fields, David Lastie, Big Boy Myles, Warren Myles and Smokey Johnson, to name but a few. To this day, many New Orleans musicians still claim that Sugar Boy was the best singer, and carried the best band in the city until the early Sixties. Unfortunately, his career as an R&B artist ended prematurely after he was permanently injured, and nearly killed, by an overzealous police officer in Monroe, Louisiana.

Since the incident, Sugar Boy has abandoned rhythm and blues, instead finding solace as a member of an Uptown Baptist church. He now lives in a comfortably appointed house, and during his leisure moments he enjoys listening to his surprisingly large jazz record collection. His only lasting concession to his injury is a slightly slurred speech pattern when he tries to speak quickly and a golf-ball-sized bite out of his hair line. Although he is a devoted church goer, he still enjoys recalling the "old days," and although he doesn't spell it out in so many words, he is exceedingly proud of his career as an R&B artist, and rightly so.

Sugar Boy's real name is James Crawford, Jr. He was born October 12, 1934, the only child of Mary and James Crawford, and grew up in the Uptown section of New Orleans on LaSalle Street, between Thalia and Clio Streets.

"It was fun growing up in that neighborhood," says Sugar Boy. "I went to school, played football and stuff with the kids in the street. I wasn't into hot footing though, I never involved myself in gangs or hugging. I really looked forward to going to church on Sundays because I enjoyed the singing. Sometimes when my folks couldn't take me, they would dress me up and wait at the gate for someone on their way to church. There were always nice people who wanted to take a little boy to church."

Although Sugar Boy's parents didn't have a piano, he learned the rudiments of the instrument in elementary school. "There was a lady in the neighborhood, Gladys Deveau, who had a piano at her house and she would let us kids come in and play and sing along. I can't say that I listened to anybody in particular when I learned to play. I never took lessons, I would just try to find what I wanted to play on the piano."

Once Sugar Boy entered Booker T. Washington High School, he received his first formal musical training. "I selected instrumental music as a course. I couldn't play piano in the school band so I played drums during my freshman year. After my first year, the trombone section of the band graduated and the music teacher asked if anyone wanted to take their place. So I volunteered and learned to play during the summer before my sophomore year. Trombone was really my best instrument."

Sugar Boy's interest in music spread beyond his school band involvement, as he joined some of his classmates at Mrs. Deveau's house to rehearse blues and spiritual tunes. "We had a little band, nothing real organized at first. I was back playing piano, because the regular guy didn't show up one night. The other guys were 'Big Boy' Myles, Warren Myles, Nolan Blackwell, Irving Bannister and Alfred Bernard—just a bunch of youngsters having fun."

"I guess someone had heard us rehearsing and told Dr. Daddy-O to check us out. He liked us and invited us to play on his Saturday morning radio show between 11:45 and noon. The band didn't have a name at first, but we had an instrumental that was our theme song, 'Chapaka Shawee.' We

The Sweet and Sour Life of Sugar Boy

BY ALMOST SLIM



The Chapaka Shawee, 1950 (Sugar Boy seated in white coat, with Big Boy Myles to his left)

didn't even know what it meant, it was just a Creole word we heard in the street." [Roughly translated, "we aren't raccoons."] "Dr. Daddy-O had a column in the *Louisiana Weekly* and he wrote, 'You ought to listen to those Chapaka Shawee youngsters every Saturday.' So the name stuck."

"People started calling the station and asking for us wanting to hire us. Dr. Daddy-O booked our first job at the Shadowland Club on Washington Avenue around 1952. We were all still in school so we just could play on weekends."

The Chapaka Shawee developed a good local following, and it wasn't long before the record companies got wind of the group. Dr. Daddy-O approached Dave Bartholomew, who was then briefly doing some production for Hollywood's Aladdin Record label on behalf of the group and a deal was struck. In November of 1952, the group cut their first and last session, "One Sunday Morning" and "No One To Love Me" under the guise of "The Sha-Weez." The record failed to catch on, but "No One To Love Me" has since gained a legendary reputation for its rarity and for Sugar Boy's weeping monologue.

"There were a lot of other bands out there, but we were the first band of youngsters. I guess they signed us because they thought the teenagers would associate with us."

Despite the disappointment of the Aladdin record, the popularity of the group grew, boosted by their weekly broadcasts. The Chapaka Shawee's itinerary grew to include the Tiajuana, the Dew Drop, the Joy Lounge in Gretna, and some out of town dates booked by Frank Pania. By 1953, the group's personnel evolved to also include Eric Warner on drums and David Lastie on sax.

"We had a hell of a band," recalls Lastie. "Sugar Boy loved to play. Man, when I was hooked up with Sugar Boy, we were working five, sometimes six, nights a week. He had a friendly way with people and everybody liked the way he sang and played."

When Leonard Chess, owner of the Chicago-based Chess and Checker record labels, came to town in 1953 to promote his latest releases, he overheard the group rehearsing one evening at the WMRY studio which was located in the Louisiana Life Insurance building on Dryades Street. "Leonard came in and asked us to play something original. He told us he wanted to tape a couple of numbers for an audition. After we finished he gave us \$5 and said he might have a surprise for us. We went and bought red beans down at Papa Joe's and didn't think any more about it."

"About a month later I was back in the studio and a disc jockey, Ernie the Whip, said he had something to show me. Well, Leonard had released 'I Don't Know What I'll Do' with my name on it and the 'Cane Cutters.' I'd always been called Sugar Boy since I was a kid but the 'Cane Cutters,' that was Leonard's idea."

"I wasn't mad, just surprised because we hadn't signed a contract. You see, I never took this thing seriously. We were teenagers still living at home with our parents. Having a record out was more for the glory. If we played a job then and got \$5 a man, we were on top of the world."

Although the primitive fidelity of "I Don't Know What I'll Do" b/w "Overboard" might have adversely affected national sales, the record was a modest hit in New Orleans and confirmed Chess' hunch about Sugar Boy and his group. Subsequently, Sugar Boy inked a recording contract and his next session was scheduled for Cosimo's Studio in early

1954. His group, which adapted The Cane Cutters as their name, now featured "Snooks" Eaglin on guitar, and bassist Frank Fields, a regular New Orleans studio musician.

The session yielded Sugar Boy's biggest record, "Jock-A-Mo" b/w "You, You, You." Propelled by Snooks' slashing, distorted guitar and Eric Warner's riveting second-line drum pattern, "Jock-A-Mo" was among the first records to capture the "Carnival Sound" and sold heavily in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras season of 1954.

"Jock-A-Mo" came from two songs that I used to hear the Indians sing," recalls Sugar Boy. "I put that together with the other musicians. We used to see the Indians a lot because we lived near the Battlefield (Claiborne and Poydras Streets). I never was interested in being an Indian, because to tell you the truth I was afraid of them. Back then they used to carry real hatchets that they decorated. On Mardi Gras day they'd be running around the neighborhood singing and shouting. If they ran into another

tribe that they didn't like, somebody was gonna get hurt."

Even though "Jock-A-Mo" was immediately established as a Carnival standard in New Orleans, it continued to sell nationally throughout 1954. *Cashbox* made it a "pick of the week," calling it "A happy sounding ditty with a calypso beat...moves with such an exciting beat the listener is caught and infected. Lending to the general excitement is a torrid horn in the break."

"When 'Jock-A-Mo' was out, Leonard Chess called me and said that a deejay in New York, 'Hound Dog' Lorentez, was interested in booking some dates up there. So he sent me my ticket and I went. I played the Copa Cabana, the Copa Casino—a lot of places. That's when I realized there was a lot of money to be made."

Sugar Boy's success whetted Chess' appetite enough to try his hand with other New Orleans artists, and other members of the Cane Cutters. Although their sides weren't issued until twenty years



Sugar Boy Crawford today.

later, "Big Boy" Myles, "Snooks" Eaglin and "Slim" (Sylvester) Saunders were also recorded at Sugar Boy's sessions. "We really recorded a lot of stuff down at Cosimo's that was never released," recalls Sugar Boy. "Leonard Chess would call and arrange for us to go to the studio and record. I can't say that anyone was a producer, because we played those songs just the way we did on the bandstand. We just cut them and they were sent to Chicago where he would pick what would come out."

Sugar Boy's next Checker release, "No More Heartaches" b/w "I Bowed On My Knees," proved to be his last release on that label. Whether Sugar Boy was dropped because Chess' distributors weren't shifting his records in sufficient quantities, or Chess had his hands full with his other blues artists, is open to speculation.

By late 1954, Sugar Boy and the Cane Cutters had been installed as a regular attraction at the Carousel Club, a white nightspot in West Baton Rouge. Bandmembers Ernest Holland and Batman Rankin had relocated in Baton Rouge; Billy Tate, Smokey Johnson, David Lastie and "Big Boy" Myles completed the personnel of the Cane Cutters.

Sugar Boy's stints at the Carousel lasted for two years until 1956, when he returned to New Orleans to be near the recording studio. "Dave Bartholomew told me that he would record me for Imperial when I left Chess. Dave was I guess what you'd call an A&R man. He ran the whole show. I didn't get to use my band when I did those records for Imperial because Dave had his own group of musicians down there: Frank Fields, Lee Allen, Red Tyler and Edward Franks. I didn't play piano on all those records. It didn't bother me. I thought my best work was on Imperial.

"The first thing we did was 'Morning Star' which sold quite well around here. It was based on the same melody as 'I Don't Know What I'll Do.' I wrote that tune in Franklin, Tennessee, when we were on the road. We were way out in the country and it was real early in the morning. I just sat down at the piano and the words came into my head. I know Dave Bartholomew got his name down as co-writer, but if you look at any of those records on Imperial by Fats or

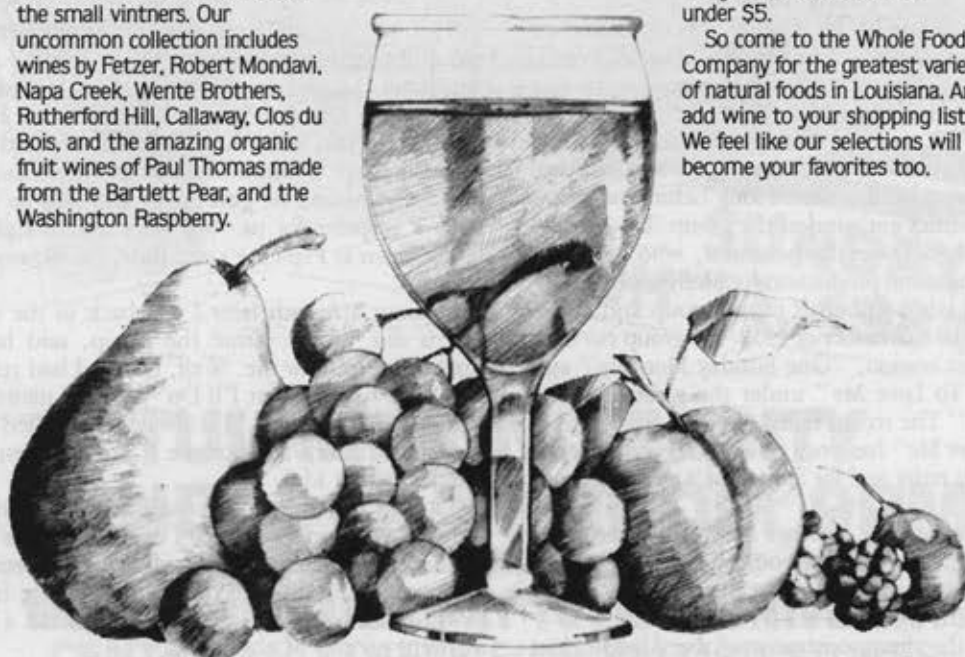
WHOLE FOOD CO. WINE.

Wine lovers say that a day without wine is like a day without sunshine. At the Whole Food Company, we specialize in the fruits of the California sunshine: Cabernet Sauvignon, Chardonnay, Riesling, Petite Syrah, Pinot Noir, and Zinfandel from the best of the small vintners. Our uncommon collection includes wines by Fetzer, Robert Mondavi, Napa Creek, Wente Brothers, Rutherford Hill, Callaway, Clos du Bois, and the amazing organic fruit wines of Paul Thomas made from the Bartlett Pear, and the Washington Raspberry.

Our imported wines are unusual and special, too. Our selections are from the wine lists of the most popular restaurants in New Orleans. We even have the exclusive house wine of a famous dining room.

Wine clears the palate and allows you to taste your favorite foods from the first forkful to the last. That is its magic. At the Whole Food Company, you can talk to us about wine. You will appreciate the moderate prices. Many of our selections are under \$5.

So come to the Whole Food Company for the greatest variety of natural foods in Louisiana. And add wine to your shopping list. We feel like our selections will become your favorites too.



3135 Esplanade Ave.

9 a.m.-9 p.m. Mon.-Sat. - 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun.
943-1626

7700 Cohn St.

9 a.m.-9 p.m. Mon.-Sat. - 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun.
861-1626

Senior Citizens' Day - Every Tuesday 10% off.

Salem Spirit



On Tour...

Night Ranger's current hit single is called "(You Can Still) Rock in America" and the band is doing just that now, sharing stages with Black Sabbath in concert halls all across the US.

Hottest Videos

New videos added to MTV:

"Baby Come Back," Billy Rankin
 "Dear Enemy," Computer One
 "Lost Without Your Love," Jacqui Brooks
 "It's My Fate," Laux and Cream Cheese
 "Angel Come Home," Mick Fleetwood
 "Lipstick Lies," Pat Benatar
 "Radio Ga Ga," Queen
 "Tied Up In Love," Ted Nugent
 "68 Guns," The Alarm
 "Hyper Active," Thomas Dolby
 "Friday Night," Vandenberg

Heavy Rotation on MTV:

"Rebel Yell," Billy Idol
 "Girls Just Want to Have Fun," Cyndi Lauper
 "Nobody Told Me," John Lennon
 "I Want a New Drug," Huey Lewis & the News
 "Pink Houses," John Cougar Mellencamp
 "The Big Crash," Eddie Money
 "Looks That Kill," Motley Crue
 "99 Luftballons," Nena
 "Middle of the Road," The Pretenders
 "In the Mood," Robert Plant
 "Jump," Van Halen
 "Owner of a Lonely Heart," Yes

Courtesy of MTV

Personal Favorites

Grace Slick of the Jefferson Starship, when asked to name her five favorite anthems, responded: "The University of Washington at Seattle marching song and four others I can't remember."

As for Grace's favorite backstage goodies: "They haven't been invented yet."

In the Studio...

Daryl Hall and John Oates spent some time recently at New York's Sigma Sound Studios. The duo was mixing an upcoming RCA release with producer John Benitez, engineer John Potoker and his assistant, Melanie West... When it comes to music, some people like to keep it all in the family. Former Doobie Brother Michael McDonald is currently at Hollywood Sound Recorders producing Delta, his sister Maureen's band. Engineering the record for the McDonalds is Tom Perry... The indefatigable Ray Charles was recording tracks for his new CBS album at SoundShop Recording Studio in Nashville. Teaming up



Daryl Hall (r) and John Oates

with Ray for one duet was Music city songstress Janie Fricke. Billy Sherrill produced and Ernie Winfrey engineered. Another great instrumentalist, Jean-Luc Ponty was at Music Grinder Recording Studio laying tracks with engineer Peter Kelsey. The studio has also recently hosted sessions with Lou Rawls and Melissa Manchester, who was in with producer Arif Mardin... At Unique Recording in New York, producer Arthur Baker was remixing some material for a Stevie Nicks project on Modern Records. Kenny Loggins was doing vocals at Sunset Sound in Hollywood.

Top of the Charts

Albums	Singles
1 Learning to Crawl, The Pretenders	"Thriller," Michael Jackson
2 1984, Van Halen	"Jump," Van Halen
3 Milk and Honey, John Lennon	"Karma Chameleon," Culture Club
4 90134, Yes	"That's All," Genesis
5 Genesis, Genesis	"99 Luftballons," Nena
6 Tour de Force, 38 Special	"Wrapped Around Your Finger," The Police
7 Uh-Huh, John Cougar Mellencamp	"Nobody Told Me," John Lennon
8 Touch, The Eurythmics	"An Innocent Man," Billy Joel
9 Somewhere in Africa, Manfred Mann's Earth Band	"Running With the Night," Lionel Richie
10 Undercover, The Rolling Stones	"Girls Just Want to Have Fun," Cyndi Lauper
11 Christine McVie, Christine McVie	"Think of Laura," Christopher Cross
12 Footloose soundtrack	"Yah Mo B There," James Ingram and Michael McDonald
13 Sports, Huey Lewis & the News	"Let the Music Play," Shannon
14 Seven and the Ragged Tiger, Duran, Duran	"Got a Hold on Me," Christine McVie
15 Jungle, Dwight Twilley	"Joanna," Kool & the Gang

Courtesy of The Gavin Report



The Clash. Photo: Rick Reese

Critic's Choice

Cary Darling Reviews The Clash: Lately The Clash have been living up to their name, with co-founder/guitarist Mick Jones and drummer Topper Headon getting the boot, and vocalist/guitarist Joe Strummer announcing that the band would unearth its punk roots. Such a move could have been disastrous—after all, Jones provided many of The Clash's more melodic touches—but, if their recent Los Angeles area performance is any indication, the group is now stronger than ever, at least as a live act.

Now enlarged to a quintet, with Vince White and Nick Sheppard on guitars and Peter Howard on drums, The Clash's sound literally shoots from the stage in searing bursts. Though the hangar-like atmosphere of the Long Beach Arena put a damper on the proceedings, there was an urgency and passion present which was missing from The Clash for awhile.

Strummer plays the guitar less now, so the audience doesn't see as much of his "guitar-as-jackhammer" routine, but it makes him free to be a frontman and a showman, and he does a good job of it. White and Sheppard don't seem to know exactly what to do onstage yet. Their spirited, acrobatic leaps and skips across the stage didn't always add the sense of wild abandon they intended. But this is nit-picking. The Clash have evolved from being an interesting band that delivered only partially on vinyl and in concert, into a virtual explosion onstage. Now, let's wait for the record.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar",
 1.3 mg. nicotine
 av. per cigarette
 by FTC method.



Mrs. Bates at Jimmy's, March 1.



Li'l Queenie, Tuesdays at the Leaf.

March Parades

Thursday, 1

Aquila, Metairie (N)
Minerva, N.O. East (N)
Marc Antony, Gretna (N)
Aphrodite, Houma (N)
Momus (N)

Friday, 2

Amor, St. Bernard (N)
Nefertari, Gretna/Algiers (N)
Diana, Metairie (N)
Hermes (N)

Saturday, 3

Iris (D)
Selena, N.O. East (D)
Nontoc, Algiers (D)
Isis, Metairie (N)
Knights of King Arthur,
Westwego (N)
Tucks, Uptown (D)
Endymion (N)
Olympia, Covington (N)

Sunday, 4

Thoth (D)
Venus (D)
Poseidon, Westwego (D)
Mid-City (D)
Napoleon, Metairie (N)
Bacchus (N)

Monday, 5

Zeus, Metairie (N)
Proteus (N)

Tuesday, 6

Zulu (D)
Arabi, St. Bernard (D)
Rex (D)
Samson and Delilah,
St. Bernard (D)
Grela, Gretna (D)
Atreus, St. Bernard (D)
Argus, Metairie (D)
Orleanians (D)
Crescent City (D)
Elks-Orleanians (D)
Comus (N)

FESTIVALS

Sunday, 4

La Grande Boucherie des Cajuns, St. Martinville; information at (318) 394-6222.

Saturday, 10, Sunday, 11

Fraternal Order of Police Spring Arts and Crafts Festival, Baton Rouge; (504) 357-7835.

Friday, 16 to Sunday, 18

Audubon Tour, St. Francisville; (504) 635-6330.

Wednesday, 21

Acadiana Culinary Classic, Lafayette; (318) 828-5608.

Wednesday, 21 to Saturday, 24

Annual Brandeis Book Fair, New Orleans; 288-9095.

Friday, 23 and Saturday, 24

Spring Home and Garden Tour, Covington—does this include Favrotville? (504) 892-3216.

Sunday, 25

Franklin Tour of Homes, Franklin, where there are some honeys—houses, that is; (318) 828-5608.

Saturday, 31

St. Mary Parish Tour of Homes, Franklin—remarks above still apply; (318) 828-5168.

Saturday, 17

The Cold, Riverboat President; just when you thought it was safe to go back on the water; 587-8777.

Stephen Danker, Richard Montalto, Sanford Hinderlie, chamber music, C.A.C., 9 p.m.; 523-1216.

Sunday, 18

Pump Boys and Dinettes, LSU Assembly Center; (504) 389-4940.

Tuesday, 20

Victor Borge, the non-melancholy Dane and also—incidentally—the man who introduced Rock Cornish Game Hens into the U.S.; Saenger. 525-1052.

Doug Rye, Mt. Pontchartrain String Band, Bettina Blocher, UNO Coffeehouse, 8:15, 9:15 and 10:15 respectively; 286-6349.

Stephane Grapelli at Duke's Place, Channel 12, 8 p.m.; the ageless wonder of the Quintet de Hot Club de France.

Big Country; Wire Train, if nothing else, B.C. (named after a perfectly wretched 1958 western with Charlton Heston and Carroll Baker and Burl Ives, and more) has the cutest lead singer of any promising new-band now about; Riverboat President, 8 p.m.; 286-7222.

Wednesday, 21

The Pretenders; The Alarm, Mrs. Ray Davies et cie. Saenger, 8 p.m.; 525-1052.

Thursday, 22

Blue Oyster Cult; Aldo Nova, Saenger, 8 p.m.; 525-1052.

Friday, 23

38 Special; Golden Earring, Gulf Coast Coliseum

Alabama; Juice Newton, Superdome (west-side portion, or story).

Ellis and Branford Marsalis, C.A.C., 10 p.m.; 523-1216.

Blue Oyster Cult, Gulf Coast Coliseum, 8 p.m.

Friday, 23 & Saturday, 24

Alvin Ailey Dance Company, Saenger; 525-1052.

Saturday, 24

The Cold, Jimmy's, 8200 Willow.
Pauline Oliveras, C.A.C., 10 p.m.; 523-1216.

Sunday, 25

Tulane Band Spring Concert, McAllister Auditorium; free; 865-5139.

Tuesday, 27 to Thursday, 29

New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony, Orpheum Theatre; Philippe Entremont conducts, Andreas Schiff is piano soloist; works by Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms.

Wednesday, 28

Jim & Dave; Avery & Bailey; Steve Perret, UNO Coffeehouse, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 respectively; preceded by open mike at 7:15.

Friday, 30

Holly Near, Happy Hour Theatre, 2019 Magazine; 7:30.

Festival of New Works Concert, with guest David Bailey of Jazzmobile in New York; C.A.C., 10 p.m.; 523-1216.

Saturday, 31

Blues In The Night with Della Reese, Centroplex, Baton Rouge; (504) 389-4940.

LA. CLUBS

Antler's, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-8877.



The Pretenders, Saenger, March 21.



Gatemouth Brown, Maple Leaf Bar, March 30.



Stephane Grappelli, Channel 12, 8 p.m., March 20.



Mount Pontchartrain String Band, UNO Coffeehouse, Penny Post, in March

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688. Seats 2000!

Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport. 318-425-2292.

Circle In The Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport. 318-222-2216.

Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport. 318-227-9611.

Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland. 1-537-3647.

Emporium, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge. 387-9538.

Enoch's—A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe. 318-343-9950.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington. 1-892-7057.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette. 318-237-8513.

Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breau Bridge. 318-332-9569.

Humphree's, Shreve Square, Shreveport. 318-227-0845.

Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux. 1-447-9991.

Jefferson Street Cafe, 209 Jefferson, Lafayette. 318-234-9647.

Mulate's, Breau Bridge Highway, Breau Bridge. 318-332-4648.

The Ol' Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breau Bridge. 318-332-9512.

Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell.

Pappa Joe's, 12375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge. 1-273-2376.

Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette. 318-232-5313.

Party Town, Military Road, Slidell. 1-649-3867.

Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville. 1-626-9933.

Rusty Nail, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

Scarlett O's, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles. 318-436-8742.

Slick's Music Hall, Highway 31, St. Martinville. 318-394-3867.

Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside Pub, 820 E. King's Highway, Shreveport. 318-868-5306.

Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport. 318-424-8297.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport. 318-425-7539.

Toby's, 1303 Grimmert Drive, Shreveport. 318-222-9903.

Columns Hotel, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (horn charts by Nell Nolan).

Deja Vu, 400 Dauphine, 523-9170. Live music Sundays in the afternoons; we're told by our network of informers that the bands are young and that (for those elderly customers wheeled in in their patent chairs) they bring back perfectly that dim period of Sike-A-Delia.

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of *adiposa dolores* in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen. Thurs.1: The New Leviathan Oriental Foxtrot Orchestra in their Dum Vivamus Vivam revue, a salute to the Knight of Momus. Fri.2: The Radiators. Sat.3 and Sun.4: Lee Dorsey. Mon.5: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins and the Raybeats. Tues.6: J.D. and the Jammers, Alison and the Distraction. Fri.9: The Radiators in their perennial Get-Bent-'Fo'-Lent program. Sat.10: Alison and the Distractions. Fri.16: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins. Sat.17: The Radiators. Sat.24: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Sat.31: Alison and the Distractions.

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Ya Ya.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1, Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours.

The Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7626. Everyone of note, from Thackeray to Durante has passed through these charmed portals; Thomas Jefferson and his Creole Jazz Band play Thursdays through Tuesdays. Wednesdays are taken up by Art Rider's Jazz Band (are his brothers named C.C. and Easy?) who also enlivens weekend afternoons from 4 to 8.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Call the club for listings.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

Fool on the Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Dr., Houma, 851-6892. Call the club for listings.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco; ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Houlihan's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 saving Fridays; the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 944-9337. Sundays: Red Morgan and his band from 8. Thurs: Dynamite Red. Fri. and Sat.: Stepper the DJ.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Thurs.1: Mrs. Bates, and the Mistreaters, Vital Functions. Fri.2: The Neville Brothers, Al Farrell. Sat.3: The Neville Brothers, Waka Waka. Sun.4: Exuma. Mon.5: The Nevilles yet again (won't catch them at home with the Sobo and a few pounds of rhinestones left to glitch on their costumes!) and the Renegades. Thurs.8: The Raffeys. Fri.9: Pop Combo and the Mothers of Soul, this latter including Barbara Short among their number. Sat.10: The Hands! The Sponges! The Probes! God, sounds like the things a proctologist asks his nurse for. Thurs.15: The White Animals and The Hands. Fri.16: The Models. Fri.17: The Raffeys. Fri.23: Wood-enhead. Sat.24: The Cold, out of cold storage (get it? as my ex-boss used to say). Fri.30: The Chronicles. Sat.31: The Backbeats.

Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. *A Night In Old New Orleans* (hope the Spring Fiesta Assoc. doesn't get wind of this...); with Becky Allen and her Chlorine Chorines demonstrating why care forgot the city; shows at 8 and 10, nightly save Sundays. Sun.4: Chuck Easterling and his band, from 9. Mon.5: Wanda Rouzan and her band.

LIVE MUSIC

Acy's, 1925 Sophie Wright Place. 525-7239. Saturdays at 9: The Topcats.

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs.: Larry Janca at 8. Fri. and Sat.: Larry Janca's Legionnaires (just as long as you can't catch that disease from getting too close), featuring Al Claude with Brenda, at 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through March 13: the almost supernaturally elegant and eloquent Billy Eckstine. Wed.14 through Tues.27: Lionel (Flying Home) Hampton who remains younger than springtime—I guess by jumping up and down on those drums and vibraphones like he does. Wed.28 through April 10: Roger Miller, like a pendulum do, and all the rest of it. Reservations; dancing, as well.

Bobby's Place, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0137. Fridays and Saturdays: Bobby Cure and the Summer-time Blues.

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Certainly the darkest and most "intime" of W.E. clubs. Fridays and Saturdays: Cross Over.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Mon.5: Kathy Twitty. Wednesdays through Sundays, the Mississippi South House Band, and again on Monday.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Fri.2: a *bal masque*. Sat.3: Johnny Jay and the Hitmen. Wednesdays: Scott Detweiler at 9, Harlan White at 10. Sundays: blue grass jams.

kinko's copies

4 1/2¢ self-service copies,
Reductions and Enlargements
Mon-Thurs 8 a.m.-7 p.m. • Fri - 8-6
Sat - 9-5

- specialty papers
- typewriter rentals
- passport photos
- binding: spiral or velo
- word processing
- color copies
- business cards
- rubber stamps
- bannergrams
- padding
- stationery supplies
- film processing
- Free Pick-Up & Delivery

CALL FOR A BID

DOWNTOWN 801 Howard Ave.
581-2541
 METAIRIE 1531 Metairie Rd.
831-8720
 UPTOWN 1140 S. Carrollton
861-8016
 UNIVERSITY 1039 Broadway
866-6156

kinko's copies

Snug Harbor

RESTAURANT AND JAZZ CLUB
626 FRENCHMEN • 949-0696

MARCH MUSIC SCHEDULE

REGULAR THURSDAY FEATURE
THE SURVIVORS—10 PM

FRIDAYS-11 PM	SATURDAYS-11 PM
2nd —MARDI GRAS IN RIO with Edu and the Sounds of Brazil 9th —Barbara Shorts 16th —Cats Night Out 30th —Consensus	3rd —The Olympia's Rhythm, Jazz and Blues Revue 10th —The Steve Masakowski Ensemble 17th —Klatka-Catron Group 31st —James Black Ensemble

SUNDAYS

4th—9 PM, Pfister Sisters
11th—5 PM and 8 PM, Earl Turbinton's
NY-NO Quintet
18th—5 PM, James Rivers and
and Walter Washington
25th—5 PM, Pat Mitchell
9 PM, James Moore's Urbanites

Bar Open Daily—4 PM
 Restaurant open weekdays 6 PM—12 AM
 Weekends til 2 am — Sundays Open 4 pm



JUST ARRIVED!

BASS ROCKMAN \$199⁹⁹

ROCKMAN ULTRALIGHT **\$139⁹⁹**

STUNTMAN MINI-GUITARS
\$129⁹⁹

ROTOSOUND BASS STRINGS
\$12⁹⁵

KAHLER TREMOLO **\$169⁰⁰**

NADY GT49 WIRELESS **\$149⁰⁰**

HAMER BUY ANY HAMER IN STOCK
GUITARS AT **35% OFF** AND RECEIVE
ARION GUITAR TUNER
FREE!!! (99⁰⁰ VALUE)

**ALL OTHER GUITARS IN
STOCK INCLUDING
ARIA, WESTONE, ARBOR,
TOKAI, and HOHNER
45% OFF!**

AMP CLEARANCE!
ALL AMPS PRICED TO SELL
45% to 50% OFF

Legend PRICED FROM **69⁹⁹**
INCLUDING EG, SPECTRA, RADIAN

The Music Stop

MARCH CLEARANCE SALE!

WATCH FOR THE MODELS'
NEW 45 "Fool To Try" IN MARCH

THE MUSIC STOP



4425 CHASTANT
METAIRIE, LA. 70002
(504) 455-2168

STORE HOURS:
Mon.-Thurs. 11-7
Fri. 11-8 Sat. 11-7

**HARDWARE
SALE!!**

NORTH 40% OFF!

STRAIGHT	\$45.
1/2-BROOM	\$51.
FULL BROOM	\$53.
HI-HAT STAND	\$58.

Zildjian CYMBALS
45% OFF
IN STOCK

PREMIER ROYALE 5 PC. SET
W/HARDWARE
479⁹⁵

SIMMONS SOS-8
ELECTRONIC DRUM SET
\$1299⁹⁵

**5 SETS ARRIVING SOON—
DONT' MISS OUT!**

NEW

The Levee, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Monday through Saturday, Ralph Cox, from 8. Sundays: Jazz jam.

The Loop, 6207 Franklin Avenue, 282-0501. Sat.3: The Generics. Sat.10: Rainstreet. Sat.17: Nothing Personal (or sacred either, one imagines). Sat.24: 3D Beat. Sat.31: The Generics.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepont and Bourne. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Fri.2: gumbo chef and piano player Marcia Ball. Sat.3: Beausoleil. Sun.4: The Radiators. Mon.5: Exuma. Fri.9: TBA—Tennessee Bailey Authority. Sat.10: The Radiators. Fri.16: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockettes (from Radio City? Harlan Leonard's old band?). Sat.17: Tracy Nelson, moanin' low and probably high, too. Fri.23: Red Beans and Rice Revue in their Haricot-Days-Are-Here-Again revue. Sat.24: Rockin' (and shockin') Dopsie. Fri.30: Gatemouth Brown.

Menoffee's, 1101 N.Rampart, 566-0464. Sundays: 11 a.m. to 3, Barbara Short; Marguerite Montgomery from 7 to 10, and Lee Aldridge from 10 until 2 a.m. The rest of the days of the week are up in the air, so call the club for details.

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 899-9109. Sat.3: Desire. Sat.10 and Sat.17: Esplanade. Sat.24: Hour Gang. Sat.31: High Speed.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. Wednesdays through Sundays: Bryan Lee from 9 until 4 a.m. Saturdays and Sundays: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers, from 4 to 9, and again on Monday and Tuesday from 9:30 until 2 a.m.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon. Saturdays and Sundays, 3:30 to 8:30, and Mondays from 9:15 to 2, ELS. Monday through Friday: Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band, from 4:30 to 8:30. Tuesday through Saturday: The Fresh Air Band, from 8:30 to 2.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri.2: Los Renegades. Fri.9: Bourne. Fri.16: Tim Williams. Fri.23: the always Masonic-and-Platonic Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Fri.30: J.D. Hill.

Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Thurs.1: The Country Three, the Malones, MPSB, Parsley/Neilson. Fri.2: Airgead Sat.3: David Clements. Mon.5: The Blues Boys. Tues.6: Airgead, Pat Flory. Wed.7: The Blues Boys, D. Bordon, VJ and Somebody's Wallet. Thurs.8: Jason Leigh, Malones, Mount Pontchartrain String Band, Chris Bello. Fri.9: Joe Barbara. Sat.10: C.C. Mitchell. Sun.11: Fanna Gail/Fanna Fail, The Clements Brothers with Diana Nadas. Mon.12: Les Jampole. Tues.13: Pat Flory, Bev Bishop, Fanna Gail/Fanna Fail. Wed.14: Charles Nagy, D. Bordon. Thurs.15: Malones, Mt. Pontchartrain String Band. Fri.16: Bill and Bobby Malone, C.C. Mitchell. Sat.17: Streit & Ellis. Sun.18: free for all sing out. Tues.20: Airgead, Pat Flory. Wed.21: Tom Rice, D. Bordon. Thurs.22: Malones, Mt. Pontchartrain String Band. Fri.23: Richard Blackmon, Bev Bishop, Airgead. Sat.25: Fanna Gail/Fanna Fail. Mon.26: Les Jampole. Tues.27: Richard Blackmon, Bev Bishop, Pat Flory. Wed.28: Maree Sanders, Charles Nagy. Thurs.29: Malones, Mt. Pontchartrain String Band. Fri.30: Bill and Bobby Malone, Mt. Pontchartrain String Band. Sat.31: David Clements, C.C. Mitchell.

Pete's Pub, Hotel Inter-Continental, 523-5566. Every day from 5 to 8, trumpeter Leroy Jones.

Player's Club, 399 N. Claiborne, 528-9988. Thursdays: Reggae Night with the Shepherd Band and Kush.

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St.Charles Ave., 524-0851. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9, during the week, save Thursdays and Fridays. Joel Simpson takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial keyboard duties and is joined by Rusty Gilder on bass on Saturdays.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical

ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL. Fri.2 and Sat.3: Dr. John's ay-tee-fo' Carnival krewes, complete with black mambas in the king cakes and detonating Zulu coconuts. Sat.10: The Neville Brothers. Sat.24: Ivy. Sun.31: Irma Thomas.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Sally Townes.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. In the Showroom, Nora Wixted and John Autin from 9 on Sundays and Mondays; each other night, Randy Hebert. In the piano bar from 8, Thursdays—Mondays, Al Broussard.

Club Silver Dollar, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5226. Call for listings.

Sildell Hotel Bar, Sildell, 643-7020. Thurs.1 through Sat.3: Dock of the Bay Music Co., featuring Jerry Fisher (son of Eddie and Miss Toni The Big Hurt Fisher?). Sun.4 and Mon.5: Vince Vance and the Valiants. Fri.9 and Sat.10: The Chance Band (a group Hans Arp would have gone for). Wed.14 through Sun.18: Skruples (loved their miniseries). Wed.21 through Sat.24: The Sheiks. Sun.25: Scavenger Hunt. Mon.26: Night Time Auto Rally (sounds serious). Wed.28: Satisfaction. Thurs.29 through Sat.31: Silk 'n Steele (Barbara Steele? Karen Steele?).

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Thursdays: The Survivors. Fri.2: Mardi Gras in Rio. Sat.3: the Olympia Jazz and Blues Revue. Sun.4: The Pfister Sisters in their Bacchus-Me-Mucho revue; sculptured nails and wigs courtesy of Patrick Shannon and the DeCastro Sisters, respectively. Fri.9: Barbara Shorts. Sat.10: Steve Masakowski. Sun.11: Earl Turbinton and the N.Y.-N.O. Quintet. Fri.16: Cats' Night Out (so chase me, Charlie, chase me, Charlie...). Sat.17: The Klacta-Catron Group. Sun.18: James Rivers and Walter 'Wolfman' Washington. Sun.25: Pat Mitchell and James Urban. Fri.30: Consensus. Sat.31: James Black and his Ensemble.

Tiptina's, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Thurs.1 and Fri.2: The NightHawks. Sat.3: Deacon John and the All-Star-Some-Asteroids N.O. R&B Revue, with the Ivories, Earl King, Jessie Hill, Al Johnson, the Dixi-Kups, Snooks Eaglin, the Golden Eagles, J. Monque'D. J.D. Hill and anyone else who happens to wander in. Sun.4: The Neville Brothers and the Dirty Dozen. Mon.5: The Radiators with Ed Volker explaining why he couldn't go to yuz-Proteus. Tues.6: Marcia Ball. Fri.9: The Backbeats. Sun.11: Luther Kent and Trickbag. Mon.12: Spencer Bohren. Wed.14: The Glenn Phillips Band and Woodenhead. Fri.16: The Radiators. Sat.17: Albert Collins. Sun.18: Luther Kent and Trickbag. Fri.23 and Sat.24: The Neville Brothers. Sun.25: Luther Kent and Trickbag (well it sure isn't lawn and leaf bag). Tues.27: Steve Morse and Woodenhead. Wed.28: The Neatz and Pop Combo. Thurs.29: The Mighty Invaders (as opposed, one imagines, to the puny ones). Sat.31: that old rascal Delbert McClinton.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis and Steve Masakowski. Tues.: Leslie Smith with Rick Daniels, Mike Pelleria, Rudy McCormick. Wed.: George French, Torkanowsky, Ernst Elly, Wendelle Brunois (thought that was an aromatic bit of minced vegetables used as seasoning—you can never believe that Julia Child). Thursdays: Germaine Bazzle. Fridays and Saturdays: The James Rivers Movement. Sundays: John Kaytron and Sally Townes.

ART

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 1130 St. Charles, 525-5858. Through Thurs.8: Laura Brenholtz-Gipson's handmade paper, new work by Headley Harper and Sam Still's variable boxes. Sat.10 through Thurs.29: Steve Sweet's latest big-butter-and-egg-from-Xerox show. Sat.31 and onward into the cruelest month: New drawings by Skip Bolen.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine,



Pat Oleszko, *Wearable Art*, at the Contemporary Arts Center



Sing Sister Sing at the Pitt

899-8111. Through Wed.7: ceramics by Gail Perrin and plastiques (hope they don't go off) by D. Nuego. Sat.10 through Wed.28: new works on paper by Kristen Streubing-Beazley and David Jacobson. Sat.31 through April 18: Paintings and drawings by Kitty O'Meallie.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through March 8: works in a variety of dimensions by Barry Bailey. Sat.10 through Thurs.29: sculptures by Roy Blackwood. Sat.31 through April 26: paintings, pots and perhaps a few cat-o-nines as well by Michael Ledet.

Blenville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through March 18: *The Wearable Art Show*, plus *Art To Wear* from the American Crafts Museum, and an installation by Garrison Roots. Fri.24 through March 18: the productions of mask makers local and national; also through March, a series of performance pieces. Fri.9: Jesse Poinboeuf. Sat.10: David Wheeler. Fri.16: Steven Seaberg. Sat.17: Leonora Champagne. Fri.23: Bradley Weston. From March 31: the *Festival of New Works*.

Galerie Jules Laforgue, 2119 Decatur, 945-7379. Through Sun.25: work from the

guy who runs the joint, George Febres. **Delgado Fine Arts Gallery**. Through March 14: the commercial art student show. Fri.23 through April 4: a show by interior design students.

Galerie Simone Stern, 2727 Prytania, 895-2452. Through March 8: New paintings and constructions by Robert (Macho Ocean) Warrens who is, incidentally, probably the best painter of canines since Sir Edwin Landseer. Sat.10 through Thurs.29: Paintings by Philip Neal. Sat.31 through April 26: New work by Richard Johnson.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. *Human and Animal Locomotion* by murderer and pioneer photographer Eadweard Muybridge.

Gasper Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 524-9373. Through March: contemporary folk artists from the south, including David Butler, Mose Tolliver and Juanita Rogers.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4662. Through March: *The Rites of Rex*, an exhibition showing how the School of Design puts its pageant together, both this year and in years past—this show should also dispel the still-circulating and still-stupid rumor that those *belle époque* floats couldn't have looked like the designs on the parade sheets.

D & S MUSIC CO.

466-2110

- Big Savings on Electra & Gibson Guitars
- Big Savings on Crate Amplifiers
- Big Savings on Alvarez, Sigma and Yamaha Guitars

Pearl, Slingerland, & Ludwig Drums, wind instruments in stock. Complete repair facilities for all band instruments & guitars. Private instruction available..

2515 DELAWARE AVE., KENNER, LA.,
PHONE 466-2110

New Orleans Music— Old and New

We carry the finest in New Orleans r'n'b, jazz, zydeco, and cajun records. We also carry a full line of blues, reggae, bluegrass, folk, African and ethnic music on over 350 labels from the U.S. and around the world. Try us for fast service and low prices.

- ☐ 77-page 1984 master catalog and 44-page update. Free with record order, \$1.00 if sent separately.
- ☐ James Booker Classified. (Rounder 2036)..... \$6.50
- ☐ Gatemouth Brown Original Peacock Recordings. (Rounder 2039)..... \$6.50
- ☐ Mardi Gras In New Orleans Classic r'n'b collection. (Mardi Gras 1001)..... \$7.00
- Louis Armstrong The Complete Hot Five and Hot Seven Recordings. (Four volumes, chronological order)
- ☐ Swaggie 1230 ☐ 1233 ☐ 1236 ☐ 1239 \$9.00 ea.
- ☐ Professor Longhair Crawfish Fiesta. (Alligator 4718)..... \$6.50
- ☐ The Olympia Brass Band. (Audiophile 108)..... \$6.50
- ☐ Earl King Trick Bag. Classic recordings with Dave Bartholomew, James Booker. (Pathe 83299)..... \$6.50
- ☐ Clifton Chenier I'm Here! (Alligator 4729)..... \$6.50

U.S. Handling: add \$1.00 if only ordering one LP. 2 or more—no charge. Foreign: add \$3.00 for the first LP. \$1.00 each additional LP.

Roundup Records

P.O. Box 154, Dept. W-2
North Cambridge, MA 02140

More Records For Your Money! 99¢ & up

Select from Thousands
of NEW & USED
LP's & Cassettes

Many OUT-OF-PRINT Titles
& COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Rock • Jazz • Classical
Comedy • Soundtracks
& More!!!

PEACHES



3129 Gentilly Blvd. 282-3322 3627 S. Carrollton Ave. 482-6431 601 Terry Pkwy. 361-5656



534 Frenchmen Street
943-6860
Raw Oysters & Po-Boys
Specials

2 For 1 Admission
With This Ad

THUR. 1 • New Leviathon
Foxtrot Orchestra
FRI. 2 • The Radiators
SAT. 3/SUN. 4 • Lee Dorsey
MON. 5 • Lil Queenie and the
Skin Twins w/The Raybeats
TUES. 6 • JD & The Jammers,
Alison & The Distractions

FRI. 9 • The Radiators
SAT. • Alison & The Distractions
FRI. 16 • Lil Queenie
& The Skin Twins
SAT. 17 • The Radiators
SAT. 24 • Mason Ruffner &
The Blues Rockers
SAT. 31 • Alison &
The Distractions

THE ONLY SHOP in this area dedicated
exclusively to DRUMMERS and DRUMMING!



SALES...SERVICE...INSTRUCTION

ALL MAJOR BRANDS • COMPETITIVE PRICES
• COMPLETE TEACHING FACILITIES

2013 WILLIAMS BLVD.

466-8484

Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. Decorative arts. Mon.19: The International Wedgwood Seminar, conducted by Gayle Blake Roberts, curator of the Wedgwood Museum in Barlaston, England.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. At the Old Mint on Esplanade, *New Orleans Jazz and Carnival in New Orleans*. Sat.10: "The Power of New Orleans Music," another lecture in the Urban Folklife series, conducted by Alan Lomax (whose career encompasses much musical history including the famous Jelly Roll Morton recordings for the Library of Congress, some of the rehabilitation of Leadbelly, etc.) and including such participants as Danny Barker, Michael White, Nick Spitzer and others; at 10 a.m.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 897-8731. Through March 7 (though you'd think they'd keep it up at least through St. Patrick's Day): Paintings by Kevin, Patrick O'Brien and Grace Benedict.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through March 25: *Auspicious Spirits: Korean Folk Paintings and Related Objects*; *The World of Kameda Bosai* (foremost Japanese literati—"paintings, poetry calligraphy, the works," says our Art Editor), and the finalists in the Design Competition conducted by NOMA for its new Wisner Wing. Through April 1: *Tradition Meets Tradition* (enchante, I'm sure), a show of Wedgwood from Southern collections.

Optima Studio, 2025 Magazine, 522-9625. Through March 8: *Night Mind*, a group show of gallery artists, plus some. Sat.10 through Thurs.29: paintings by Jim Sohr. Sat.31 through April 26: works by John Stennett.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through March 23: paintings by Rene Haro (who just a decade or so did the sweetest flower paintings, sort of an Irish Channel Odilon Redon...and now...well, goes to show you never can tell) and Gary Painter, who does Jimbo comics. Fri.16 through Wed.28: a show curated by Meyer Walker of University Museums of Louisiana *Women in Contemporary Art*. From Sat.31: figurative paintings by Randall Schmit, and sculptural paintings by Amy Archinal.

Tulane Fine Arts Gallery, Newcomb Campus, Sun.4 through Sun.25: *Aspects of Color*, 33 works on paper from the Hirshhorn Museum.

UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront Campus, 286-6493. Through Fri.9: graduate show. Sun.11 through Fri.30: *The Faculty Collects*, works of art owned by the UNO faculty.

PLAYS

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Thurs.29 through April 15: *In All The Whole Wide World*, 1984 Festival of New Works prizewinning play. Sat.17 and Sun.18: an intensive workshop for actors and directors by Joseph Chaikin of Open Theatre.

Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-2081. Fri.16 through Sat.31: *How To Stay Young Forever*, an original musical (on the Faust theme? the Raymond Lully story?) by Teddy Sciacca.

Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. Through Sun.25: *Cheaters*, directed by Bob Gault.

Pitt Theatre, 6201 Elysian Fields, 288-1611. Starting March 9: *Sing Sister Sing*, a revuesical-meditation-on the Boswell Sisters, arranged by David McCain and Andree Scott, and directed by the latter (the Hal Prince of Toledano Street, they call him), with the Pfister Sisters as Connie, Martha and Vet and more old tunes than you could bear to shake a stick at.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Fri.9 through Sun.25: *The Red Mill*, that Victor Herbert—well, even words like chestnut couldn't do this one justice; guess *White Horse Inn* will be next.

Saenger, 524-0876. Mon.26 through April 1: *Camelot*, with Richard Harris going through the Lerner and Loewe version of

La Morte d'Arthur.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. Thurs.22 through April 21: *Love When You Least Expect It*, a title which evokes old tunes like *Love Is Good For Anything That Ails You*, *Love Me and the World Is Mine*, *Love Walked In*, and of course Ann Sheridan's big hit—with me, anyway—*Love Isn't Born It's Made*—by actor-playwright-social-worker-bon-vivant Richard Chaney; call the theatre for performance dates and times.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30, *One Mo' Time*, which threatens to become New Orleans' answer to *The Fantasticks*, beginning at 7:30.

Tulane Arena Theatre, 865-5361. Mon.19 through Sun.25: *The Alchemist* by (o rare) Ben Jonson, who is hard as the devil to read so think what he must be to act. **UNO Theatre**, 286-6806. Wed.14 through Sat.17: *Key Exchange* by Kevin Weed.

FILMS

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Fri.9: *Best of William Wegman* and 30 *Second Spots*, commercials for people like Laurie Anderson and John Cage, by Joan Loague. Wed.14: *Savage/Love and Tongues*, a video by Shirley Clarke created in collaboration with Joseph Chaikin and Sam Shepard—now there's a trio for you; the next evening, Ms. Clarke and Mr. Chaikin will conduct a lecture/discussion session. Fri.16: *Video 50* by Robert Wilson. Thurs.22: *25th Annual American Film Festival*, with the films *A Crime To Fit The Punishment* and *Les Blank's Burden of Dreams* (which is a damned sight more entertaining than the film whose making it documents); admission free. Fri.23: *Tent A Capello and Difficult Music* by Davidson Gigliotti. Wed.28: Richard Peterson, of the Walker Art Center, Milwaukee, presents the winning film/video from the Festival of New Works.

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Wed.7: *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, Hitchcock's 1934 version has some funny stuff—the business with the string and paper on the dance floor leading up to Pierre leFresnay's murder in the beginning, Edna Best as a champion mother and crack shot, blowing villains away, the dentist's office—but nothing really breathtaking. Tues.13: *Kanal*, Wajda's 1957 film of resistance fighters in the sewers of Warsaw; about 1961 or so, Stanley Kauffmann called Wajda a "hick genius," and later works have borne him out—these early films are a little splashier, filled with "visual textures," but not much better than the later somewhat stolid gab-fests. Wed.14: *The Asphalt Jungle*, John Huston's mildly pretentious 1950 big-caper film is memorable for such trifles now as Sam Jaffe's lechery over a jitterbugging teenager, the structure of the film (stolen by literally scores of later films), and Sterling Hayden's almost unbearable death scene among the horses; also some marginal early Marilyn Monroe as a plaything of Louis Calhern's (!). Thurs.15: *Battle of Algiers*. Mon.19: *Dial 'M' For Murder*.

Tues.20: *Ashes and Diamonds*, Wajda again, and even gaudier than usual—hired assassin in broken-down hotel thing; memorable not so much for the posturing behind the camera as by Zbigniew Cybulski, the Polish James Dean (even to the rather idiotic manner of his death) in front of it—a lesson in the power of iconography if nothing else. Wed.21: *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, a softening of Muriel Spark's novel about an Edinburgh classroom tyrant, and the direction by Ronald Neame is marginal at best, but Maggie Smith is wonderful in her pre-high-mannerist period and darling old Celia Johnson is even better. Mon.26: *Torn Curtain*, a depressing 1966 Hitchcock espionage film, pretty much bosh save for two sequences: the incredibly distended, stupefyingly awkward murder of the little Commie creep in the farmhouse kitchen by Paul Newman and Carolyn Conwell (certainly anti-violence violence if there



Korean Folk Paintings at NOMA

is such a thing), and the ballet scene with Tamara Toumanova as the suspicious ballerina surrounded by papier-mache flames. Tues.27: *Mother Joan of the Angels*, Jerzy Kawalerowicz's 1961 film goes gracefully over the turf of the Loudun convent possessions and the burning of Urbain Grandier (also subjects for Aldous Huxley and Ken Russell, to less effect), because it is imagined in impeccable graphic terms, and because it never overstates or patronizes its subject; a true sleeper. Wed.28: *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors*, this 1964 folklore-cum-opera film by Paradjanov (the only openly gay Russian director since Eisenstein and in a labor camp last we heard) strikes one as a bit too precious and even—can one use the word about a Russian film—cute. The young men, as might be expected, are smashing looking (not your usual Slav Olympic dead-lift types, uh) but the result is something like a made-in-Minsk version of something like *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. Films are by either season subscription (\$15) or by \$1.50 admission; they are shown in Bobet Hall, Room 332.

New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Sun.11: *Kwaladan*, this 1964

compendium of Lafcadio Hearn ghost stories directed by Masaki Kobayashi, was unendurable to me; right after a truly sumptuous sea battle scene, I left. Very slow; very, very long. Sun.25: *Crucified Lovers*, a late work by the great Kenji Mizoguchi, unseen by us; admission to films, which are shown at 2 p.m., is free with Museum admission.

Prytanla, 5339 Prytanla, 895-4513. Fri.2 through Thurs.8: *Heads Or Tails*. Fri.9 through Thurs.15: *Berlin-Alexanderplatz*, the made-for-TV (and something like 18 hours long) Fassbinder version of the novel; the critical dithyrambs have been deafening, so perhaps one can risk these marathon sessions—either you do it all in two days on the weekend, or you go for five nights in succession for several hours each night. The logistics of something like this bother me—it's more like planning a weekend excursion than going to the movies. Fri.16 through Thurs.22: *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Simone Signoret (who's really frightening looking these days) and Philippe Noiret. Fri.23 through Thurs.29: *Portrait of a Woman, Nude*. Fri.30 through April 5: *Cannes International Award Winning Commercials*.

sugar boy

Cont'd from page 28

Smiley, he got his name on there. That's just the way they operated in those days."

Sugar Boy's Imperial output, which included four singles, was excellent. Besides the ever popular "Morning Star," there was an excellent cover of Pee Wee Crayton's ballad, "I Need Your Love," and the smooth "You Gave Me Love." Sugar Boy's best performance was saved for the torrid "She's Got A Wobble (When She Walks)" where Sugar Boy sings his praise to his "big fat mama that's 55 in the waist, and 65 in the hips!"

All of Sugar Boy's records sold well around New Orleans and the Deep South. But by 1958 when Imperial began concentrating on Ricky Nelson and their younger white artists, Sugar Boy and most of Imperial's other black New Orleans artists got lost in the shuffle.

Not being signed to a recording contract didn't seem to affect Sugar Boy's popularity. "We were playing around New Orleans rather than in New Orleans then. Our territory was pretty much from Texas over to Georgia, with dances, nightclubs, and parties around the countryside. A lot of proms and colleges, too...Tulane, LSU, Georgia, Ole Miss—sometimes we'd get tickets to go to the football games, too."

Sugar Boy's next record was cut in 1959 for Sam Montalbano, who owned the Motel label in Baton

Rouge. "That's when I cut 'Danny Boy.' I drove to Baton Rouge to rehearse with a white band from LSU, but we cut it down here at Cosimo's in the French Quarter. They put it out at Christmas time with 'White Christmas' on the other side, but it seemed like everybody liked 'Danny Boy' the best. So after Christmas they put it out again with another song on the flip ['Round and Round']."

Sugar Boy's next stop, record-wise, was on Johnny Vincent's Ace label in 1961, where he recut "I Don't Know What To Do" as "I Cried" and "Have A Little Mercy." The record didn't sell perhaps due to distribution problems. "I just did that one record under my own name but we cut an album with Jimmy Clanton, *Teenage Millionaire*, that was also a soundtrack for a movie. Johnny Vincent just had Clanton sing over my track."

Not long after, Sugar Boy's career, and nearly his life, came to an abrupt end. "It was in '63 when everybody was upset because of the freedom marches. We were driving to a job and the police pulled us over in Monroe, Louisiana. They said I was drunk and speeding. The police pulled me out of the car and hit me with a pistol. They knocked a hole in my head and I ended up in the hospital in Monroe for three weeks before I was transferred back home.

"I was paralyzed for about a year; I was just like an infant. I had a blood clot on the brain, I couldn't hear, I couldn't see or walk. I was almost dead. They had to operate on me to put a plate in my head. I came back gradually but I had to be constantly watched for two years. The first time I looked at a piano, I knew what it was, but I didn't remember how to play it."

The "Jim Crow Justice" of Monroe eventually pinned a drunken driving charge on Sugar Boy, in an attempt to justify the brutal incident. Amazingly, the faith Sugar Boy has in God doesn't allow him to be bitter or cast the blame on anyone. "I just got caught on the bad end of a deal," he shrugs.

Sugar Boy did attempt a brief comeback, but since 1969 he has confined his singing to spirituals in church. "As far as being a human being I'm about back to normal. But as far as singing and playing I never reached the potential I had before I got hurt. After I gave up music I went to trade school to learn a job skill. I learned how to be a building engineer and take care of boilers. That's what I do today; I've had the same job now for around eight years. I found it more pleasing than being out there in that rat race.

"I've got nothing against rhythm and blues, I still like to listen to it myself. I mean show me a person who doesn't like music and I'll show you a person who is an idiot. But being a church person I have to object to the environment that rhythm and blues is presented in. I just feel like I don't want to be a part of it so I'm happy just to stay away from it.

"Even when I played music, I'd always get up early on Sunday morning to go to church, even if we played until 2 or 3 o'clock the night before. I still think my voice sounds pretty good; in fact if somebody was interested in me doing a spiritual record I'd do it without a second thought."

Sugar Boy is slightly taken aback by the renewed interest in his style of music. He was completely unaware that a two-record set of his Chess material was reissued until former Cane Cutter, David Lastie, brought him a copy. (Note: The album, now out-of-print, is a rare collector's item. Released as part of GRT's ill-fated Chess Blues Masters Series, it never officially hit the market. Fifteen hundred copies of the LP were pressed at the time GRT sold the Chess catalogue to Sugarhill Records. As a result, all the existing records were immediately deleted and sold as cutouts for as little as 99¢.) Sugar Boy possesses only one other copy of his records. "I was really surprised that anyone would be interested in those old records. I still like to listen to them. I think they were just as good as anybody else's."

Believe us, nothing you can buy right now is likely to give you more enjoyment (or longer-lasting enjoyment) than a good stereo system from Tulane Stereo.

In terms of real enjoyment that goes on for year after year after year, no product we know of offers more than a really good stereo system.

The system we're featuring here not only will make music come alive in your living room, but offers a level of performance once found only in the cost-no-object category. It's based on the remarkable AR-94S Loudspeaker, so unmistakable in what it offers that word-of-mouth made it a best-seller before it was even advertised nationally. A pair of AR-94S provide the full ten-octave range of music, with absolute clarity at all listening levels and a musical balance that sounds right with recordings of any kind.

We've given these speakers the kind of stereo receiver they deserve, the fine Pioneer SX-50. It will power them cleanly and clearly in big rooms and small, and its sensitive FM and AM circuitry will bring in the stations you want free of fuss or fuzz.

To fill things out with a record player that will give records gentle and effective treatment, we've picked the Akai AP-DZ semi-automatic direct drive turntable with Audio-Technica AT-110E cartridge and diamond stylus.

VISA — MASTER CARD — MR BOL



And to round the system off, an Akai HX-R5 auto reverse cassette deck. Bought separately, these components would add up to a well-worth-it price of \$1,470.00. Our special system price of \$930.00 gives you added incentive to test the claim we make in our headline. We dare anyone to match this system for price and quality.

So come in and begin enjoying the full pleasure of music in your home.

Before you buy, shop us:

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| • AR | • PANASONIC |
| • ADVENT | • PHILIPS |
| • AKG | • PICKERING |
| • AUDIO MAGNETICS | • PIONEER |
| • AUDIO TECHNICA | • REVOX |
| • BASF | • SAE |
| • BIC VENTURI | • SCOTCH |
| • CRAIG | • SENNHEISER |
| • DBX | • SHURE |
| • DISC WASHER | • SONY |
| • DUAL | • SOUND CRAFTSMAN |
| • DYNAKT | • SOUND GUARD |
| • EDITALL | • TEAC |
| • JBL | • TECHNICS |
| • KOSS | • UHER |
| • Lenco | • WATTS |
| • METEOR | |
| • PEARL CORDER | |

TULANE STEREO HIFI CO.

1909 TULANE AVE. 524-2343

Convenient Storeside Parking
Open Daily 9-5 — Closed Sunday

classifieds

DRUMMER NEEDED

Straight ahead style, young, good looking, whose only goal is to make it big. Can call collect (504) 383-2744.

Looking for a rare Fats Domino single? Got an amp to sell? Need a new drummer? Use WAVELENGTH classifieds and get results. Effective—Economical—only 20¢ a word (a dollar extra for a bold headline). Print or type your classified and send it with a check for the exact amount to WAVELENGTH Classifieds, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans LA 70175. Or call us, and charge it to your VISA or MasterCard.

EXPERT DRUM INSTRUCTION

Beginning to advanced, all styles—rudimental, orchestral, jazz, rock, Latin. Individual or class instruction. Call for appointment, Drum Studio, 523-2517.

'79 GIBSON LES PAUL. Black with mother-of-pearl inlay. Good condition! \$550. Call 734-6110 or 738-2377 after 5 p.m.

RECORDS WANTED!

Professor Longhair "Whole Lotta Twisting," Rip 155, and "Everybody's Blowing," Rip (no number), Fats Domino *Southland USA* Mercury LP 21065 or 61065, *Fats Domino 1980* LP FD-WB1200A. Werner Simon, Postfach 5, Kuerschnergasse 9, A-1217, Wien Austria

SONGWRITERS' RESOURCES AND SERVICES is a nonprofit organization

AVAILABLE BY MAIL

THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA BLUES ALBUM

1983 Live Festival Recording
Elmore James Nighthawks
Donald Banks Sam Myers
Lynn White Tori Oki
and others...

Send \$8 for one album
\$7 for each additional to:
Wavelength—MDB
Box 15667, N.O. LA. 70175

dedicated to the education and protection of songwriters. For free information, write or call SRS, 6772 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood CA 90028, (213) 463-7178.

REASONABLE, PROFESSIONAL recording services, demos, radio spots, or whatever, call Gilbert Hetherwick 522-9470.

STATE CHAMPION

Fiddle and banjo player now accepting students in all styles of violin, banjo, guitar and mandolin. 861-2403.



ATTENTION:

Stoney's Studio is now offering a complete eight track facility. Get your demo tapes ready for the World's Fair. Call for details.

Amps, Drums, Piano & Synthesizer Included.
\$20 an Hr. • 3 Hr. Min.
Cassette Dupes
Call Stoney
(504) 467-3655

Disc-a-teria

8-tracks
Extensive Outboard
Complete range of services

Small scale video
General production services

AFFORDABLE
by appt. 288-6107



AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!

Give your record collection the **DOWN HOME MUSIC** treatment, and boy will your friends be impressed!

Nobody, but nobody, has more

BLUES • NEW ORLEANS JAZZ & R&B • ZYDECO • CAJUN
50'S ROCK 'N' ROLL & ROCKABILLY • COUNTRY • FOLK
BLUEGRASS and more! . . . than **Down Home Music** Store and Mail Order.
Send three 20¢ stamps for samples of our newsletter.



DOWN HOME MUSIC

For your VISA Card Orders: 10341 San Pablo Avenue
El Cerrito, CA 94530 • (415) 525-1494



Dana Kemp and Robyn Halvorsen
CALL OR WRITE FOR BROCHURE.

906 MAZANT

CORNER OF BURGUNDY
New Orleans, Louisiana 70117
Telephone: (504) 944-2662

OVERNIGHT ACCOMMODATIONS

Rooms from \$25 nightly —
Five minutes from
the French Quarter.

Discover a new place to love in
New Orleans. Save money on
overnight accommodations so
there's more to spend on you!

WAVELENGTH BACK ISSUES



- ☐ No. 3...The Cold, Tony Dagradi, WWOZ, George Porter & Joyride, Patrice Fisher
- ☐ No. 7...Neville Brothers, Walter Washington, Dave Bartholomew, Roy Brown, New Leviathan, Ron Cuccia
- ☐ No. 10...Roy Brown, Larry Williams, James Rivers, Larry the Punk, Musicians' Union, Besch Music
- ☐ No. 11...Radiators, Uptights, Ruffeys, Rockabys, Lois Dejean and the Youth Inspirational Choir, Alvin Batiste, Nathan Abshire, King Floyd
- ☐ No. 12...George Finola, Danny Barker, Frankie Ford, Lenny Zenith, Irving McLean, Dr. John's "Morgus"
- ☐ No. 13...Rockin' Dopsie, Bobby Marchan, Dr. John, Songs about the South, how and what musicians eat, Red Tyler, how to care for old records
- ☐ No. 14...Mr. Google Eyes, Henry Butler, Chief Pete of the Black Eagles, the AFO story, New Orleans Band Guide
- ☐ No. 15...Allen Toussaint, Top Cats, Clark Vreeland, Bessie Griffin
- ☐ No. 16...Al Johnson, Bourne, Marching Bands, the state of rock in New Orleans, Jonkonnu Festivals, Blue Vipers
- ☐ No. 17...New Orleans Guitarists, Percy Stovall, Doug Bourgeois, Rap Records, A-Train, "One Mo' Time"
- ☐ No. 18...Baton Rouge Bluesmen, Earl King, Bob Tannen, Luther Kent, Rockabilly, Roulette, Lazy Lester
- ☐ No. 20...Texas Bands, Bo Diddley, the Aubrey Twins, Mason Ruffner, Mathilda Jones, Red Beans and Rice Revue
- ☐ No. 21...L'I Queenie, Wardell Quezergue, Goldband Records, New Orleans string bands, second-lining
- ☐ No. 22...Lee Dorsey, Cousin Joe, Earl Palmer, the Tipitina's story, Sexdog, the Valiants, Zebra
- ☐ No. 23...Zachary Richard, Floyd Soileau, Boogie Bill Webb, Festivals Acadiens, Storyville Stompers
- ☐ No. 24...George Schmidt, Slim's Y Ki Ki, Ellis Marsalis, the Models, Allegra
- ☐ No. 25...NOCCA, Germaine Bazzie, Kush, Valerian Smith, Swamp Pop, WTUL
- ☐ No. 26...Chuck Carbo and the Spiders, Christmas Records, Zebra, Harold Potter
- ☐ No. 27...1983 Band Guide, Big Bang, John Fred, Carla Baker, the reissue issue
- ☐ No. 31...Olympia Brass Band Centennial, Robert Parker, Lonnie Brooks, Jack Dupree, Jazz Fest Picks
- ☐ No. 32...Sam McClain, Ralston Crawford's New Orleans, Al Ferrier, Art and Physical Culture
- ☐ No. 33...Lee Allen, Earl Stanley, Gulf Shores, Blasters
- ☐ No. 35...Ivan Neville, Lenny Zenith, Pat Savant and his La. Playboys, Festivals Acadiens, Aztec Camera

I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me _____ magazines at \$4.00 each (\$5.00 for each copy mailed outside the U.S.)

I have enclosed \$_____ U.S. funds only.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

WAVELENGTH, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, La 70175

Parkview Tavern
Bar & Restaurant

<p>Mar. 2/Renegades Mar. 3/SPECIAL PARTY w/Renegades for Endymion Mar. 9/Bourne'</p>	<p>Mar. 16/Tim Williams Band Mar. 23/Mason Ruffner Mar. 30/J.D. Hill</p>
--	--

HAPPY HOUR 4-7 MON-FRI 75¢ Bar Wine/Schnapps
WED. LADIES NIGHT 7-til 75¢ Bar Wine/Schnapps
910 N. Carro • 7 Days a Week • 482-2680/482-9843



SYNDEY BYRD

"Louisiana needs a Music Museum!" according to the Louisiana Music Center, Inc. "a non-profit corporation with the primary purpose of creating The Louisiana Music Hall of Fame, which will be, first and foremost, a unique museum of sight and sound with a central theme: that Louisiana has contributed more to indigenous American music than any other state. The concept is to unify, but not homogenize, all of the diverse elements of Louisiana into a greater whole." The proposed museum will also include an archive/resource center, book and record shop, and special projects department. For more information, write to the The Louisiana Music Center, Inc., P.O. Box 4288, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.

After locating Club Lingerie in San Francisco on our Last Page of a couple of months ago (by the one writer who actually *hasn't* been above the Mason-Dixon Line) we correct our error and place the famous underwear dive firmly on the sweaty underbelly of wildwest decadence, Los Angeles, where New Orleanian Harold Battiste and promoter/journalist Bill Bentley have been joining forces for the "Friday Night In New Orleans" series. Still to come: Dr. John, March 3.

Atchafalaya, the band with the mud between its toes, will be playing the mouth-watering and holy Boucherie Festival in St. Martinville on March 4 and opening for the Go Go's in Fort Walton, FL, April 18-21 at the Budweiser Spring Break. "There's nothing quite like warming up an all girl band," they claim, and everybody knows how those Cajun boys are...

The closing segment of the NBC-TV special, *Super Night of Rock and Roll* featured X performing their most recent ode to American musical eclecticism called "True Love Part 2," where "true love is the land

of a thousand dances" with a tip of the hat to Chris Kenner. X's conclusion was billed as the "rock music of the future," so may we suggest some Lee Dorsey or Dave Bartholomew be included in the next space shuttle's musical menu.

Send a buck to Roundup Records, PO Box 154, N. Cambridge, MA 02140, and they'll send you a 77-page catalogue and a sample of their entertaining *Record Roundup*, where Tuts Washington meets George Thorogood...In the "we-got-one-last-year-you-got-one-this-year" department: congratulations to Cox Cable New Orleans' *Music City* series for winning a special certificate of appreciation from the the Louisiana Department of Commerce...A French radio crew will be in town March 10-15 looking for local music events and groups to tape.

The Radiators' "Fish Headlines" monthly newsletter makes other Public Relationary correspondence look like outhouse fodder. Here's how they invite you to their second gig at Cooter Brown's on the 27th last month: "Come to the door and dig some more, flash your cash and cop this trash. This is the story about letting the party animal out the cage. Bring your thirsty monkeys and your quick kickin' donkeys. You ain't seen nothin' till you're seein' double. It's nasty but WHEN LIGHTNIN' STRIKES TWICE."...A front runner in the competition for Worst Press Release of the Year is from Homewreckords (Lafayette) detailing intricacies of a new album release by the Rockin' Shapes with riveting comments like "all the material will be original," and spine-chilling quotes like this one by bassist Robert Savoy: "we're really excited about recording again, especially having new material and working with a new producer." Really.

Wavers with hair dyed bright blond, then pink,

of the tidal, sine, permanent, heat or sound variety, can find modern romance and do the latest groovy dances at the new, very new Metairie club, Chances, 2301 Causeway. Food (yum), gameroom (fun), you get the picture...

Jerry Karp of WWNO-FM recently submitted his *Musicians' Hour* show on Kent Jordan to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's local radio program contest...The man who made Smokin' Ronnie Earl love the Stratocaster, Johnny Heartsman, has a new LP out on Cat 'N Hat Records called *Music Of My Heart* (CNH 1001)...Billy Bones' Annual (new) Barbarian Ball will be held on March 4 at his humble but spacious upstairs abode on Jefferson Highway. Keith Richard and Ron Wood will *not* be sitting in on guitar...The southern-tourin', apple-corin', high-scorin', two-by-fourin', folk-lore-in', heavy-pourin' Spencer Bohren will be in town laying tracks for his first album on the week of March 8...

Fact: the most innocuous form of bondage in the modern world is the jogging bra. With that in mind, you bi-pedaled, Walkman-bedecked maochists can strap on those new Etonics (one size too small, just a little tighter, a little more, you know you love it...) and run in the National Women's History Week Race at City Park on March 11. More info at 899-2666. The winner will receive a free Rolfling. Just kidding, folks...

Second Line Productions' "long-rumored, finally delivered" proposal for the New York / N.O. Rhythm and Blues Festival arrived in the mail this month and if Todd Palvin and Rick Gell have their way, we'll be seeing Ilmas Thomas, Aaron Neville and their compatriots in NYC before long. We're anxious to see what perceptive, benevolent, and well-endowed corporation will be the first to sponsor the idea.

Penny Lane, in one more inspired gulp of mimetic band identity schizophrenia, has changed its name to The Sting. All members of the band have dyed blond hair, play Steinberger bass and wear polyester football jerseys with the name "Gordon Sumner" hot lettered on the back. Their repertoire consists entirely of Marvin Hamlisch songs lip-synched for possible broadcast on MTV...If you've always dreamed of doing the Woolly Bully up on stage with Joe King Carrasco and the Crowns, here's your big chance. Send your hundred-words-or-less reasons why "I Would Like To Be A Crown For A Night" to J.K.C. Fan Club, P.O. Box 12233, Austin, TX 78711.

Stevenson Palfi's *Piano Players* video will be broadcast on PBS May 1...A couple of mistakes in this year's WL Band Guide: Ken Keene's phone number is 392-4615, the number for Banda Fiebre's bookings is 891-0596, and Caliente can be booked by calling Mark Sanders' unlisted phone number...

This month's severely frostbitten and tundra-trampled fanzine spotlight falls on *Warning*, "Alaska's Only Alternative" (to what?). Like most journals in this genre (hardcore), the writing is downright high school atrocious (they'd do well to get off the Be Yourself Don't Let Anybody Think For You All Conformists Are Assholes soapbox), the reviews are admirably direct and the cartoons are delightful. Greg Dowd's "The Price Is Death," for example, contains a spiked-ball head smasher, sulphuric acid, a disembowelling machine, and a host named Smelly Masckerel.

Lest you think, or were hoping, that we'd present an entire last page with no reference to male genitalia, well think again, Xaviera, as we proudly correct our unforgivable misspelling of that "perpendicular" trio, The Har-Dons, and until next month, may the bird of paradise fly up your cavernosum...

or an earwig, perhaps...

Tipitina's

501 Napoleon Ave.
corner — Tchoupitoulas



Radiators, March 5.

MARCH

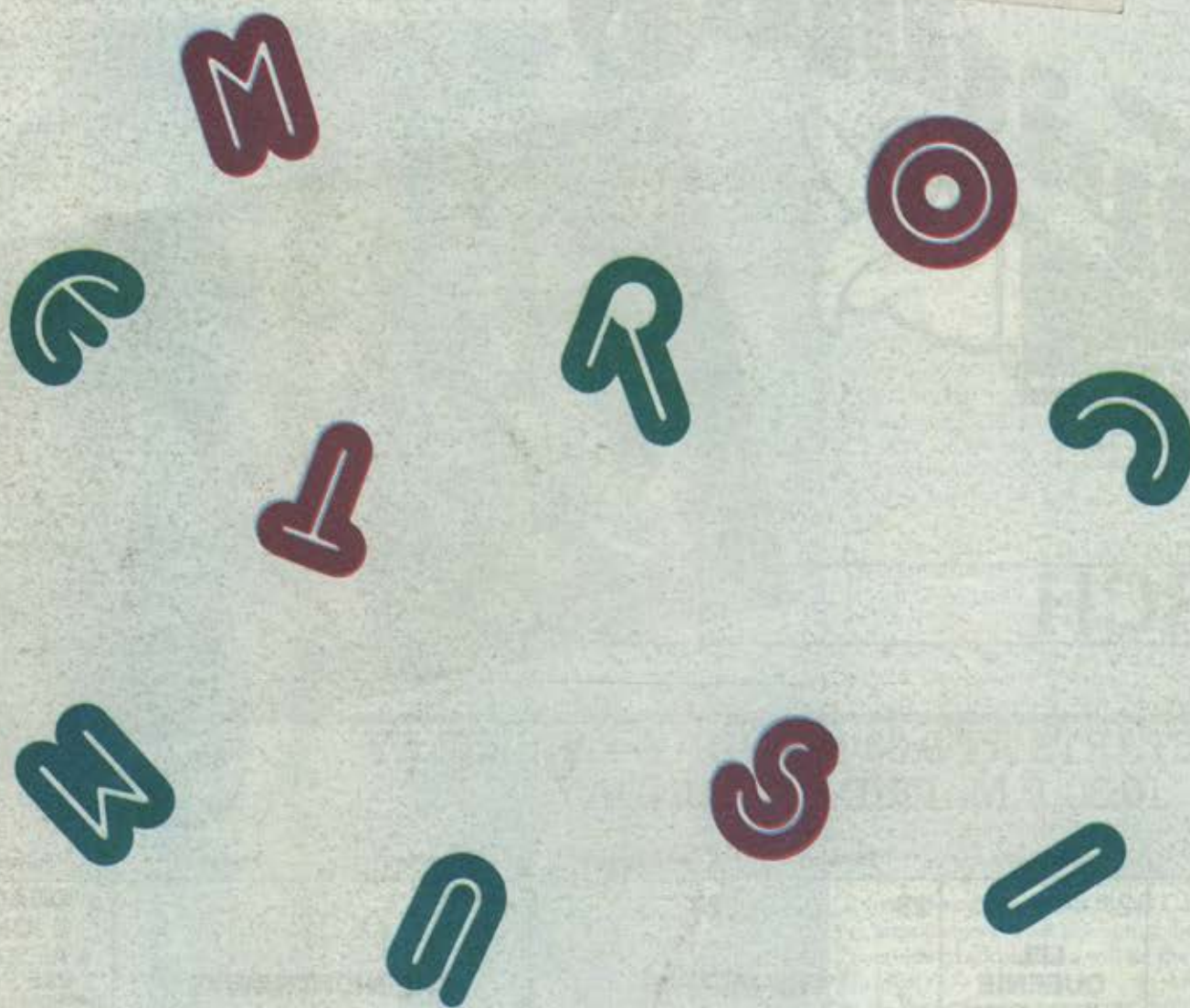
MUSIC STARTS AT 9:30 MONDAY—THURSDAY
10:30 P.M. FRIDAY—SUNDAY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	27 LI'L QUEENIE & Percolators	28 THE METERS	29	1 THE NIGHTHAWKS	2	3 DEACON JOHN & All Star N.O. R&B Revue <small>Deacon John & The Ivories, Earl King, Jessie Hill, Al Johnson, Dixie Kups, Snooks Eglin, Golden Eagles, J. Monque'd, J.D. Hill</small>
4 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS w/Dirty Dozen	5 RADIATORS	6 MARCIA BALL	7 CLOSED	8	9 BACKBEATS	10 Reunion of GEORGE PORTER'S JOYRIDE W/SPECIAL GUEST Earl King
11 CLOSED	12 SPENCER BOHREN	13 KIDD JORDAN'S Elektrik Band	14 GLENN PHILLIPS BAND W/SPECIAL GUEST Woodenhead	15 TBA	16 RADIATORS	17 GATEMOUTH BROWN
18 CLOSED	19 SPENCER BOHREN	20 SATIS-FACTION	21 TBA	22 OTIS BLACKWELL AND THE Smithereens	23 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS	24
25 CLOSED	26 JOHN MOONEY	27 STEVE MORSE W/ SPECIAL GUEST Woodenhead	28 THE NEATS W/SPECIAL GUEST Pop Combo	29 MIGHTY INVADERS	30 A.C. REED AND THE Sparkplugs	31 DELBERT MCCLINTON

501 Napoleon Ave., corner Tchoupitoulas — Phone 899-9114

Earl K. Long Library
Acquisitions Dept.
University of New Orleans
New Orleans, La. 70148

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ALEXANDRIA, LA.
PERMIT NO. 69



NEW ORLEANS' WIDEST CHOICE
OF LOUISIANA & MARDI GRAS MUSIC

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
MONDAY-SATURDAY 10AM-9PM
SUNDAY NOON-6PM

MAIN FLOOR
897-5015

CLASSICAL FLOOR
897-5017

METRONOME

1017 Pleasant Street at Magazine Street