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Cover illustration by Elsie Russell

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WAVELENGTH | MARCH 1984
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 Nola, 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.

There's A Ford In The Jazzfest Future

Attention all you swamp pop disciples, all you crawfish-totin' South Louisiana types, all you chunky-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 band riveting beat underlying lyrical wit...at in Cold Storage. Do you remember? Yes or No, the past so fondly recollected can be relived at least for a short time.

Lead vocalist/keyboadist Barbara Menendez-Ganucheau, vocalist/drummer Chris Luckette, vocalist/bassist Vance DeGeneres, and keyboardist marijuana DeVine 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 10 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 DeGeneres 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. DeGeneres doesn't see the band getting back together but he left a glimmer of hope: "I never say never."

—Allison Brandin

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: Conway Fontenot and the Carriere Brothers, Arhoolie 5031
- Ellis Marsalis, Syndrome, ELM Records S14
- 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.

New Orleans Jazz & Hyperactive Festival

Are you starting to get suspicious long-distance phone calls?
Are casual acquaintances from Portland to DePere, Wisconsin, suddenly exhibiting a more than casual interest in turning into your house guest?
Are you becoming more popular than you ever imagined, even in your wildest dreams, but only for the last week in April, the first week in May?

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.
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 rivaled 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 Pavilion" and the Krewe of Henmerhood'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 2301 Causeway 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 laces 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 Fifths 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 folkly nationalism.

Wire Train, although similar lyrically, has more of a spaced 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
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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

LOUIS ARMSTRONG WAS NOT A FOOL

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

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 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 read on a low level. They had no painting, no theater, 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
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 "jam-balaya, pots of gumbo, red beans and rice?"

This may seem like a minor point but it is reflective of the cross-cultural blunders that often make the pronouncements of a sincere and critical subculture. Anyone who knows black New Orleanians 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. The 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 Mams 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 that many white musicologists did, such as the research on the unique and most obscure import that was Louis Armstrong's musical family, the rest, as the Collier case shows, is more than just a full belly.
it comes to interpreting the music, the research is fallaciously and/or inadequately applied.

There's 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 couldn't 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.

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' Joe. 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 cosmically 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.

ZEKE SPEAK

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 Brothers) — and the riotous "Beware" (David Bromberg had a go at this one).

Lately the Europeans have been un-
covering some of Jordan's more obscure sides. The French, through Barclay-MCA, put out Gonna 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 acclaimed Louis Jordan album I've run across came out in England last year, on Charly, Look Out! (CRB 1048). It's a crazy-quilt smorgasbord of Jordan oddities 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 swinging 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!*

---

**NYABINGI SKANK INNA LP STYLE**

A mid 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 *Bay 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* and *From Kongol 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 explore 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 gronniation music and reggae is easy to hear in this record. The Nyabingi drums, Jamaican adaptations of African akete drums, pound out the familiar heartbeat 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 gronniation records and...
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reggae records. The absence of repetitive 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.

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, in addition to the ones waiting to be discovered: records by Nigeria's King Sunny Ade, Ebenezor Obey and Segun Adekale, 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 WWZ'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 Collectibles, Tipitina's and Metronome.

For your reggae needs in a dance hall style, check out RAS Records' latest Freddie McGregor release, the Spanish reggae version of "Guantanamo." This one might make you laugh at first, or bemoan the feeling that reggae doesn't know where it's going 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 charm 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 jùjù 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 because of his political statements and lifestyle. Since the mid-Seventies, his lyrics have been a strident running commentary on corruption in Nigeria. You can hear it best in Black President—for my money he's best LP. He sings a long list of grievances set to bulging releases from a government minister alike, with the souring chorus of "ITT" behind him:

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**Maple Leaf Bar**

**Mardi Gras Specials**

**Weekend Attractions**

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**The Blue Room**

**By JASON BERRY**

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**Wavelength | March 1984**
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 600,000 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 fristy LPs as *Expensive Shit* and *Authority Swooning*—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 poetical 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 ceremony. 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 conflicts: *Open and Close*, for example, is bawdy disc; the main message is "we have a new dance...call it 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 unhoned 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...
I—a country rich and deep in culture, embodies the conflicting forces of his legacy many centuries old. The oil is part of the Nigerian condition today—time, the tension between Westernization and traditional values, and an artistic sensibility. Fela embodies the conflicting forces of his time, the tension between Westernization 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 penni and clozzes"—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 satchmo 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 possibilities of electrical amplification.

**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 has now spread 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 scream in the lyrics, which when combined with the constant arpeggiation in the synthesizers, 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
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 sharpened 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 of technological bliss, re-enlist the mystical-erotic cur in

lent examples are sited in Mobile, Mamou and Bar-

aries of sex and age.

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 bound­

aries 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 loca-

tion. While the principal out­

breaks are known to oc­

cur in Rio, in Italia, in our own fair town, less visu­

lent examples are sited in Mobile, Mamou and Bar-

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 crew have what is known as name recognition, and despite his near resignation, the man who just got a new arm is positioned next to the door before being sanded. Further inside, paper mache paste is cooked up in the old way over a gas flame, just flour and water in the right propor­

tions. 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 preparation are imponed from Spain, where they are mass produced and cheap. The bulk of work in the prop barn is repairing and remaking these giants.

The very special props Raul and his crew build from 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 ware­

house 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 sitting 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, paper mache paste is cooked up in the old way over a gas flame, just flour and water in the right propor­

tions. 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 de-habille crowd the rest 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 Via­

reggio, Italy.

Viareggio is considered the capital of Carnival on the Continent. Floats are created with elaborate at­

tention, one artist working on one float for an en­

tire 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 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
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 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 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. Scatting 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 wherever 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
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.
The Meters
Wild Magnolias

...his accounts start asking for Mardi Gras records right after Christmas. "Mostly we stock the bigger Carruso, who programs jukeboxes for Jones' copies during Carnival of 1981, surely setting some kind grabhing ed horses, selling Center, I Axed ded M4rdi gras according to a random sample of record shops and lost and the record couldn't be Sixties, This year was kind of slow, the only new record is Part jukebox programmers is the Mardi Gras record boom of the last few years. According to Joe Mancuso, of All-South Record Inc.'s, "Second Line" appears on Senator scores more that are collecting dust on 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 Monisteri'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...
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

wouldn'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 or 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-

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STRESS-Show-On-Earth nomenclature—sad disillusion related to Visigoth-like invasions of hippies and panhandlers and assorted derelicts who, for Christ's sake,
perhaps we might go about the thing properly. While minds might feel 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 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 — virtually everything. First, cut Carnival (that is, the actual street parades and the "season") to ten days. This abbreviation 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 would rest on two factors: precedence and past performance; so that, for instance, if En- dynamon has looked better to the Committee for the past seven years than has, say, Process, then Process will simply have to pass on to that Shrovetide Schlafraumfeld where dream Consus and the Independent Order of the Moon. (Of this, incidentally, excepts and exemptes the tableau balls from Epiphany onwards, which are above and beyond the form by the very nature of their private setting.)

As long as we're on the subject, the routines 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 that float design and costume (my ancient notion of having unmasked offenders subject to fine or imprisonment after being rounded up by the purple, green and gold Masks on Fat Tuesday has been, over the years, discredited 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 year in year out in restaurants and bars and hotels, the reform of throws; the abandonment of 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 inadmissibility 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 — let all of it begin to sound fascist (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 — 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 tap-tap reunion between New Orleans and its Carnival, the renewed and refreshed energies and affections, the glorious Mardi Gras to come.
Mardi Gras Fiction
By Bunny Matthews

PRO BONO PUBLICO

WAVELengTH / MARCH 1984

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To render the to\'alamo nuts edible, they must be soaked for several weeks in an oil secreted from the pinnaclally gland of the Duzabian albino baboon, raised domestically by the Bukona pygmys in mulched compounds. After soaking, the to\'alamo nuts are sun-dried on jute mats called duka.

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 touch the earth, Wa\'duka's feet may never touch the ground. He therefore usually rules from the royal bed, attended by 20 wives and innumerable Bukona slave-girls.

None of Wa\'duka's natural sons may succeed him. He chooses his own successor—or more precisely, Ararabi chooses the successor through the entranced Wa\'duka during an elaborate ceremony attended by seven high priests known as the mzzzole. 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 Duz-Sep' 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 "na\'ararabi," or "kissed by Ararabi." The appropriate and customary response to the announcement that one's son has been chosen Wa\'duka is fasting. 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\'dauka, who had been a popular, benevolent ruler for over 20 years, proclaimed that in a dream, Ararabi—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, called Wa\'duka, the birthplace of Louis Armstrong and Barney Bigard.

Wa\'duka was an unabashed jazz fan, having once, in a flight of piddliness, 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 mzzzole) and native Duz-Sep' jazz musicians such as clarinetist Nwauti and cornetist "One-Eye" Pomodoro were national heroes, their faces printed on postage stamps.

The mzzzole 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 Duzabia immediately for New Orleans. But the mzzzole, despite their apprehensions, were powerless: the will of Wa\'duka was divine and infallible. He was, after all, "Sa\'gizama, Na\'aruwa, Wa\'duka!"—"God on Earth, Eternal Presence, Keeper of the Mats.

Facing the inevitable, the mzzzole summoned L'Enfo, the Duz-Sep' 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 mzzzole. Two of the mzzzole would travel in advance of the royal party, accompanied by the dowry's pair of albino baboons, the three slave-girls and a Duz-Sep' interpreter. On the advice of L'Enfo, a dandyish fellow, the mzzzole 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 Duzabii wear monks' loin cloths and parrot feathers in their noses.

Maurice Moko, leader of the Duzabian National Jazz Orchestra, wrote his most enduring composition—a brisk thump—for the occasion. It is called "Jookamo Wa\'duka Feena say!"—"Across the Sea, the Keeper of the Mats Extends His Blessings!" Moko's recording of the tribute, manufactured by EMI's Duzabian subsidiary, was the biggest African hit of 1957, heard on beatbox 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 underpants because of the heat in the unventilated recording studio, to hear his voice. The Zambessis puffed on cigarettes and fanned themselves with folded circulars advertising a gospel concert by "The 6-Year-Old Genius—BOY CHILD BOUREAUX!"

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 muggers rob me blind..."
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 just stopped abruptly. “What dat word is, Baron?”

That fat man pushed the button: “It’s ‘Pub-lee-boo-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 can’t pronounce that! Jesus, if youiggars would lay off the moohah 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 Zambesi, a Mardi Gras Indian tribe that boasted fifty members in its heyday, including the notorious Johnnie Quintette, 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—on the street, in a mule down, was that he’d been a hot young deejay, who one day encountered Frank Sinatra...

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’s body, real estate and a mansion on Pomedith 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 Leoparden Den, as it was also 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 plays 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 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 key to a rusty Buick convertible, which died the same afternoon as the prodigal father was returning the bowling infants to their respective mothers.

“Let me get this straight,” Boudreaux told the Dix-Sept interpreter, who sat in his office at the Leoparden Den with the two muzatoj 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...”

“Boychild is a great man, and the company will make any sacrifice that is necessary to bring him to Africa.”

“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-Dooka’s expected arrival in New Orleans, Boudreaux unveiled his billboard, mounted above the Leoparden Club. It welcomed Wa-Dooka to New Orleans and featured a giant image of the 300-pound Wa-Dooka 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 Bulletin and the New Orleans Guardian, Boychild’s best man was 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 thought to bring Boychild to Baron Boudreaux, who released the girl’s first record: “Jesus, I’m Feeling Good.” 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 became managed by a pool owner who lasted out of a car lot at a January night. Monette gave birth to Boychild and then froze to death.

Bishop Gomez refused to see the child. Boudreaux, calculating that the kid might be a singer to equal his mother, decided that he would adopt Boychild. That way, figured Baron 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 publicity from his mother’s former manager, who was a former manager of the color blind Mardi Gras Indian and she had a hellacious child, twice setting churches on fire. Exchanging Boychild for a fortune in gold and diamonds caused Boudreaux no sentimental regrets. ‘Wa-Dooka’s’ arrival in New Orleans was a majestie affair. The city has always loved royalty—even if it was African royalty. Boychild, in a miniature tuxedo, behaved himself; the muzatoj drank rounds of Sweets; the Duzabi National Jazz Orchestra played with inspiration; and the 30 wives danced in the streets with the Four Zambesi Boys.

The second Ward of New Orleans, Baron Boudreaux was presented with the to ‘alamo nuts, gold, and diamonds, as Wa-Dooka. Boychild and the 30 wives boarded the convertible Boudreaux had convinced the muzatoj to buy. And as was the custom, Boudreaux proceeded to fant into the arms of the Boulia slave-girls, thereby misting 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 4,000/00 forward. ‘This is Duzabi’s worst tragedy since the slaughter of the Duzabi 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 his Indian suit, with the scalp of Madam’s bully 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 before he died of heart failure (while auditioning a new-born infant down to the used car lot). The New Orleans mayoral race. He was 77.

Boudreaux married the loveliest of the Bukona pygmy slave-girls who met him in the bathtub on his Indian suit the day he died in a train wreck out west; and that she was still alive and living with a retired toreador in Mexico. 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 Pomedith 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 Leoparden Den, as it was also 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 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 tying 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-holy traditions could withstand Hollywood's callous commercialism.

More than a few of those who had pledged allegiance 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 if, while columnists wondered not altogether silently, if this might not be yet another assault, like that one a dozen or so years before, when the movie Doo-wop 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 funnyness. 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 tarbucket. Louisiana's ludicrous leanings were—now—ripe for parody's picking. Consequently, the studio may have indulged in undue caution when it tackled 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

THE PICTURE
Release: December 1941
Running Time: 96 minutes
Filmed in Technicolor
Academy Award Nominations: Best Cinematographer (Harry Hallettberger, Ray Rennahan); Best Art Direction (Paul Pfeiffer, Stephen A. Seymour)

THE CAST
Bob Hope (Jim Taylor), Vera Zorina (Marina Von Minda); Victor Moore (Senator Oliver P. Loganberry); Jesse Bardinson (Madame Bordelaise); Donna Drake (Beatrice); Raymond Walburn (Colonel Davis Jr.); Donald MacBride (Captain Whitfield); Andrew Tombes (Dean Harding); Robert Warwick (Speaker of the House); Charles La Trete (Gaston); Charles Laskey (Dancourt); Emory Parnell (Lawyer); Iris Meredith (Lawyer's Secretary); Catherine Craig (Saleslady); Jack Norton (Radio Commentator); Floyd Shackelford (Club Doorman).

THE CREDITS

THE SONGS
"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.

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 gentry to turn the senator. From the streets of Mardi Gras to the floor of the state capitol, the action progresses, with the picture at last piling-crossing the double-crossers and Taylor emerging as the state's golden boy.
in a movie, that at. 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 cheetiest muck to 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 surprise 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.

(The story, or a neat slice thereof, that Hope, some 10 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 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 soofabitch ain't Jewish."
James Crawford, Jr., Is Alive and Well

The Sweet and Sour Life of Sugar Boy

BY ALMOST SLIM

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

"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." As its story goes, Sugar Boy came from two songs that he 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 Battle-field (Cabonne 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 run around the neighborhood singing and shouting. I recall them, ran across a young fellow named Snooks, a little bit slender, but he had a slashing, distorted guitar and Eric Warner's second-string third-bass 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 Battle-field (Cabonne 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 run 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. Cabonne 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 terrific 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 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 Bateman 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 stint 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 wore 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 gave his name down as co-writer, but if you look at any of those records on Imperial by Fats or..."
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 Ocean
- "Dear Eevery," Computer One
- "Love Without Your Love," Jerri Brooks
- "It's My Fat," La 'ux & Cream Cheese
- "Angel Come Home," Mick Fleetwood
- "Lipstick Lies," Pat Benatar
- "Rede Da Ga," Queen
- "Tied Up In Love," Ted Nugent
- "88 Guns," The Alarm
- "Hyper Active," Thomas Dolby
- "Friday Night," Vondies

Heavy Rotation on MTV:
- "Rebel Heel," Billy Idol
- "Girls Just Want To Have Fun," Cyndi Lauper
- "Nobody Told Me," John Lennon
- "Want A New Girl," 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
- "Jumps," Van Halen
- "Owner of a Lonely Heart," Yes

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 Bengtson, 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 McDonal d's is Tom Perry. The indefatigable Ray Charles was recording tracks for his new CBS album at Sound Shop Recording Studio in Nashville. Tearing up the stage didn't always add the atmosphere of the Long Beach Arena put on a damper on the proceedings, there was an urgency and passion present which was missing from The Clash at 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 spins 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 to delivering a variety of original and in concert, into a virtual explosion onstage. Now, let's wait for the record.

Top of the Charts

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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 support its punk roots. Such a move could have been disastrous — after all, Jones provided some of The Clash's more melodic touches — but, if their recent Los Angeles area performances are any indication, the group is now stronger than ever, at least as a live act.

Now enlarged to a quartet, 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 hunger-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 spins 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 "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 spins 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 concert halls all across the US.

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."
March Parades

**March Parades**

**Thursday, 1**
- Aguila, Metairie (N)
- Minerva, N.O. East (N)
- Marc Anthony, Gretna (N)
- Aphrodite, Houna (N)
- Momus (N)

**Friday, 2**
- Amor, St. Bernard (N)
- Nefertari, Gretna/Algiers (N)
- Diana, Metairie (N)
- Hermes (N)

**Saturday, 3**
- It's (D)
- Selena, N.O. East (D)
- Nomilo, Algiers (D)
- Isis, Metairie (N)
- Knights of King Arthur
- Westwego (N)
- Tucks, Uptown (D)
- Endymion (N)
- Olympia, Covington (N)

**Sunday, 4**
- Troth (C)
- Venus (D)
- Poseidon, Westwego (D)
- Mid-City (D)
- Napoleon, Metairie (N)
- Bacchus (N)

**Monday, 5**
- Zeus, Metairie (N)
- Proteus (N)

**Tuesday, 6**
- Zulu (D)
- Arab. St. Bernard (D)
- Rex (D)
- St. Bernard (N)
- Nefertari, Gretna (D)
- Aries, St. Bernard (D)
- Argus, Metairie (D)
- Orpheans (D)
- Crescent City (D)
- Elks-Orientals (D)
- Comus (N)

**Friday, 9**
- Earl Turbinton, Contemporary Arts Center, 10 p.m.

**Festivals**

**Sunday, 4**
- La Grande Boucherie des Cajuns, St. Martinville, information at (318) 304-6222.

**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**
- Acadia Culinary Classic, Lafayette, (318) 825-5608.

**Friday, 23 and Saturday, 24**
- Spring Home and Garden Tour, Covington—does this include Favotville? (504) 892-9166.

**Saturday, 25**
- Franklin Tour of Homes, Franklin, where there are some honey—houses, that is. (318) 825-9098.

**Saturday, 31**
- St. Mary Parish Tour of Homes, Franklin—remains above still apply: (318) 826-6168.

**Concerts**

**Sunday, 4**
- Millie Jackson, Riverboat President, 11 p.m. 826-6777.
- Fifth Annual All-Out City-Wide Hol-holds Bard Mardi Gras Poetry and Prose Extravaganza, 2:30 until, Maple Leaf Bar.

**Thursday, 8 to Sunday, 11**
- National Women's History Week, and only four days long! When one thinks for instance of such great national heroines as Betsy Patterson, Bonaparte and Nancy Langhorn, the Mrs. Asior and the Mrs. Belmont and the Mrs. Vanderbelt, and Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Crain, and Salmon P. Chase's daughter Kate and Judith Enner and Bizzo Starr, as well as Louise Nevelson and Fannie Hurst and Mary Wells (both the advertising and non-melancho-ly), and it's wonderful when one thinks about the stars—who the stars—are. Williams, as of such great that is. (318) 826-6168.

**Saturday, 17**
- The Cold, Riverboat President; just when you thought it was safe to go back on the water: 587-8777.
- Stephen Danker, Richard Montalbo, Sanford Hollender, chamber music, C.A.C., 9 p.m.; 523-1216.

**Sunday, 18**
- Pump Boys and Dinette's, LSU Assembly Center; (504) 389-4940.

**Tuesday, 20**
- Victor Borge, the non-melancho-ly Danie and also—incidentally—the man who introduced Rock Cornish Game Hens into the U.S., 525-1052.
- Doug Rye, Mt. Pontchartrain String Band, Bettinaalue, Cafe de Monde, at the edge 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 Burt Ives, and more) has the cutest lead singer of any promising new band now around; Riverboat President, 8 p.m.; 826-7222.

**Wednesday, 21**
- The Pretenders, The Alarm, Mrs. Ray Davies et cie. Seenger, 8 p.m.; 525-1052.

**Thursday, 22**
- Blue Oyster Cult: Aido Nova, Seenger, 8 p.m.; 525-1052.

**Friday, 23**
- 38 Special; Golden Earring, Gulf Coast Coliseum.
- Alabama; Juice Newton, Superdome (west-side portion, or story), 523-1216.
- Ells and Brando, Seenger, 10 p.m.; 523-1216.
- Blue Oyster Cult, Gulf Coast Coliseum, 8 p.m.

**Friday, 23 & Saturday, 24**
- Alvin Alley Dance Company, Seenger, 525-1052.

**Saturday, 24**
- The Cold, Jimmy's, 587-8777.
- Paula Olives, Seenger, 8 p.m.; 523-1216.
- Buffet, 8 p.m.; the cutest lead singer of any promising new band now around; Riverboat President, 8 p.m.; 826-7222.

**Sunday, 25**
- Tulane Band Spring Concert, McAlister Auditorium; free; 665-5139.

**Tuesday, 27 to Thursday, 29**
- New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony, Orchestra Theatre; Philippe Entremont conducts, Andreas Scholl is piano soloist; works by Beethoven, Mozart, and 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**
- 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 Delia Reese, Centroplex, Baton Rouge, (504) 333-2777.

**L.A. Clubs**

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, 1-337-9647.
Emporium, 2103 highland Road, Baton Rouge, 357-6559.
Enoch's A Cafe, 5302 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9660.
Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-985-7057.
Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-237-5512.
Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9563.
Humphreys Square, Shreveport, 318-227-0643.
Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 1-318-5564.
Mulate's, Breaux Bridge Highway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-4648.
The Ol' Corner Bar, 211 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-352-5612.
Pam's Place, Old Town, Sidell.
Pappo Joe's, 1375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-227-2736.
Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-332-5313.
Party Town, Military Road, Sidell, 1-549-3867.
Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-504-9633.
Rusty Hall, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.
Scarlett's, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8741.
Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-464-2554.
Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-465-7500.
The Pretenders, Steeg, March 21.
The Splendid Four, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8741.

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

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

The Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7605. Everyone of note, from Thie- kay to Durante has passed through those charming 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 6.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-6586. Call the club for listings.

Fool on the Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Dr., Houma, 581-6982. Call the club for listings.

Gazabo Cafe and Bar, 1015 Decatur, 528-0682. Reaffro, ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Houllian's, 515 Bourbon, 523-4242. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 saving Fridays; the music moves inside on weekends and stays two hours later...

Ike's Place, 1701 N. Broad, 844-9337. Sundays, Red Mist and his Band from 5 to 8. Thurs. Dynamic Red. Fri and Sat. Step- per the DJ.

Jimmie's, 5200 Willow, 866-9494. Thurs. 1: Mrs. Bates, and the Misstressers, Vital Functions. Fri. 2: The Neville Brothers, Al Farrell. Sat. 3: The Neville Brothers, Wlak's Walka. Sun.4: Exuma. Mon.5: The Neville's yet again (won't catch them at home with the show and a few rounds of rounds left to finish their costumes) and the Relatives. Thurs.5: The Kings. Fri.6: Pop Combo and the Mothers of Soul, the latter including Barbara's Short among their number.


La Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. A Night in Old New Orleans (hope the Spring Festival doesn't get wind of this). Sun.7: Shadow and her band. Mon.8: Chuck and the Chorines demonstrating why care forgot the city; shown at 8 and 10. nightly. Tues.8: Shadow and her band. Mon.8: Chuck and the Chorines demonstrating why care forgot the city; shown at 8 and 10. nightly. Tues.8: Shadow and her band.

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

Columns Hotel, 311 St. Charles, 999-3308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Soiree Jazz Band from 9 (horn charts by Neil Nolan)
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16th—Cats Night Out
30th—Consensus

SATURDAYS-11 PM
3rd—The Olympia’s Rhythm,
Jazz and Blues Revue
10th—The Steve Masakowski
Ensemble
17th—Katka-Catron Group
31st—James Black Ensemble

SUNDAYS
4th—9 PM, Pfister Sisters
11th—5 PM and 8 PM, Earl Turbinton’s
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18th—5 PM, James Rivers and
Walter Washington
25th—5 PM, Pat Mitchell
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WAVELENGTH | MARCH 1984

Contemporary Arts Center, 600 Camp, 523-1216. Fri 19: Best of William Wagon and 20 Second Spots, commercials as people like Laurie Anderson and John Cage, by Joan Louagie. Wed 14: Savage Love and Tongue, a video by Shirley Clarke created in collaboration with Joseph Chalkin and Sam Shepard—now there's a trio for you. This is a lecture-discussion session. Fri 16: Video 10 by Robert Wilson. Thurs 22: 25th Annual American Film Festival, with the film A Crime to Kill: The Punishment and Len's Burden of Dreams (which is a damned sight more entertaining than the film making it), admission free. Fri 23: Tent A Capella and Difficult Music by Davidson Grimes. Wed 28: Richard Prince of the Walker Art Center, Milwaukee, presents the winning film from the Festival of New Works. Loyola's Film Bufts Institute, 809-9316. Wed 7: The Man Who Knew Too Much, Hitchcock's 1934 version, the film that is always the best. Sat 17: White Heat, by Jimmy Cagney and Douglas Fairbanks. Sun 19: The Alchemist, by John Huston's mildly preferable 1963 version (by my count). Mon 26: Tom Curtain, a depressing 1966 Hitchcock espionage film, pretty much watchable; for incoherence, the incredibly distrusted, stupendously awkward murder of the little Comme Cree in the farmhouse kitchen by Paul Newman and Carolyn Conwell (certainly anti-violence if there is such a thing), and the ballet scenes with Tamara Toumanova as the suspicious ballerina surrounded by papier-mache flames. Tues 21: Mother Joan of the Angels, Jerry Kawalskiowicz's 1981 film goes gracefully over the turf of the Loudon convent possessions and the burning of Urban Grandier (also subject for Robux 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 23: Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors, this 1964 folk-lore-cum-details film by Paschakly (the only openly gay Russian director since Eisenstein and in a labor camp last we heardly strikes one as a bit too precious and even—can one use the word about a Russian film?—cute. The young man, as he might be expected, is smashing looking (not your usual! Scalac Olympic device in the beginning). The logistics of something like this demand attention to not going to the movies. Fri 26 through Thurs 27: Elysee du Nord, with Simone Signoret (who's really frighteningly looking these days) and Philippe Noiret. Fri 23 through Thurs 29: Portrait of a Woman. Nuds. Fri 30 through April 5: Canes Internationale Award Winning Commercials.


Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 523-7652. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. One More Time, which threatens to become the New Orleans answer to The Fantasists. beginning at 7:30. Tulane Arena Theatre, 865-3561. Mon 18 through Sun 26: The Importance of Being Earnest (o rare) Ben Johnson, who is hard as the devil to read so think what he must be to act. UNO Theatre, 286-6060. Fri 16 through Sat 17. Key Exchange by Kevin Weed. FILMS

Contemporary Arts Center, 600 Camp, 523-1216. Fri 19: Best of William Wagon and 20 Second Spots, commercials as people like Laurie Anderson and John Cage, by Joan Louagie. Wed 14: Savage Love and Tongue, a video by Shirley Clarke created in collaboration with Joseph Chalkin and Sam Shepard—now there's a trio for you. This is a lecture-discussion session. Fri 16: Video 10 by Robert Wilson. Thurs 22: 25th Annual American Film Festival, with the film A Crime to Kill: The Punishment and Len's Burden of Dreams (which is a damned sight more entertaining than the film making it), admission free. Fri 23: Tent A Capella and Difficult Music by Davidson Grimes. Wed 28: Richard Prince of the Walker Art Center, Milwaukee, presents the winning film from the Festival of New Works.

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- No. 14: Mr. Google Eyes, Henry Butler, Chief Pepe of the Black Eagles, the AFO story, New Orleans Band Guide
- No. 15: Canada, Gussie Meyers, Top Cats, Clark Freeman, Bosse, Billy Hariel
- No. 18: Blues Roger Bivinsman, Karl King, Earl Biren, Luther Kend, Rockabilly, Rayon, Lazy Lester
- No. 20: Texas Bands, Dr. Oldtimer, the Audry Twins, Mason Ruffin, Mattie Jones, Red Beards, and Nice Revue
- No. 21: Lil Queenie, Waveland Quintet, Goldband Records, New Orleans string bands, secondlining
- No. 22: Lee Dorsey, Cool Joe, Earl Palmer, the Pep Teens’ “A Night to Remember”
- No. 23: Zachary Richard, Floyd Solomon, Boogie Bill Webb, Festival Artists, Shy Drive Bump
- No. 24: George Schindl, Bunn’s N Y Kl, Ellis Macielis, the Modern Allerga
- No. 25: NOCCA, Germaine Baze, Kuth, Valerian Smith, Swamp Pop, WTUL
- No. 26: Chuck Corbino and the Spiders, Christmas Records, Zebras, Galjar Pitter
- No. 27: 1963 Band Guide, Big Bign, John Fred, Carl Baker, the redoubt duel
- No. 31: Olympia Bands (Send Centennial, Robert Parker, Lonnie Brooks, Jack Dupree, Jazz Fest Skins
- No. 32: Sam McClain, Ruston Grandfors New Orleans, A Fairy, Art and Physical Culture
- No. 33: Lee Allen, Earl Stanley, Gulf Shores, Blastors
- No. 35: Ivan Vauban, Larry Zenzel, Pat Savoy and his La. Playboys, Festivals Academy, Alon Camares

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WAVELENGTH / MARCH 1984

37
"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 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 wildwst decadence, Las Vegas, where New Orleanian Harold Patterston and promoter/journalist Bill Bentley have been joining forces for the Thursday 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 month-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 we might expect some Lee Donsey or Dave Bardstolomew to 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 Lynn Washington meets George Thorogood... In the "we've 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 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 Radiator's "Fish Headlines" monthly newsletter makes other Public Relativity correspondences look like outboard fodder. Here's how they invite you to their second gig at Cooter Brown's on March 11: "When you're looking for the greatest offspring of the Driving Dr. Greg, you ain't seen nothin' till you see the Radiator. We're the first band in HISTORY to have 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 we might expect some Lee Donsey or Dave Bardstolomew to be included in the next space shuttle's musical menu. This month's severely frostbitten and tuna-trampled fanzine spotlight falls on Warnings, "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 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 smashers, sulphuric acid, and a dismembering machine, and a host named Smelly Maskerker.

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

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

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<td>LI’L QUEENIE &amp; Percolators</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>THE METERS</td>
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<td>THE NEVILLE BROTHERS w/Dirty Dozen</td>
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<td>RADIATORS</td>
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<td>MARCIA BALL</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>SPENCER BOHREN</td>
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<td>KIDD JORDAN’S Elektrik Band</td>
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<td>SPENCER BOHREN</td>
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<td>JOHN MOONEY</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>STEVE MORSE w/SPECIAL GUEST Woodenhead</td>
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