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Wavelength (April 1984)

Issue
42

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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Photographs

The World’s Funkiest Band is Back!
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**Wavelength**

**ISSUE NO. 42 • APRIL 1984**

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"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."  
—Ernie K-Doe, 1979
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Cover photo by rico.

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**WAVELENGTH / APRIL 1984**
God Loves Little Richard, Not Fun-Arcaders

Around three in the morning on the eighth day, the Lord created cable television, whereupon we recently spotted a swivel Little Richard proclaiming to the lost sheep that he, too, had tasted sin. Snorted it, too.

"You know, I was a cocaine addict," Little Richard confessed to viewers of the Christian Broadcasting Network. "I was on cocaine. You know about free-basing—I was heavy into it. Ain't nobody say cocaine don't make you feel good—they're lying. It does make you feel good but it's only for a season without a reason that you're doing it, you hear me? "I was on alcohol, I was an alcoholic. I smoked so much marijuana they should've changed my name from Little Richard to Little Marijuana. Every time you looked around, I had some. I used to say, 'I'm going to take a little walk,' I was going to take a little smoke, you understand me? Pills was just like black eye peas to me—I had 'em in a bowl, with no spoons."

"Jesus came into my life. He showed that my body was a temple of the Holy Ghost and that God was holding me responsible for this temple. And being a Holy Temple, serving a Holy God, that I couldn't put anything I wanted to in my body because I was walking with Christ. That Jesus hung out on Golgotha's hill—He spilled His blood for me! He died for me! His blood came trickling down for Little Richard!!!"

"I said, Jesus, if you're gonna give me victory over these sins—if you can just show me...See, there's no degrees to sins. Some people think when you do certain things, you're a devil, but when you do this, you're all right. Sin is sin."

"God don't like no fun-arcaders like he don't like adulterers. He don't like drunkards like he don't like gamblers. He don't like stealing like he don't like lying, you understand me? And so on and so forth. God loves you.

"He's got angels all about you. He's got angels protecting you, baby. He loves you, Michael. We do, too. He loves you, Marvin. He loves you, Gladys. He loves you, Diana. He loves you, Berry Goddy."

Jazz Fest Grants: Funds, Funds, Funds

Bill Rouselle called it recycling dollars as he handed out checks to the sixty-four recipients of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation's second grant program on February 9. When all the receipts were in and all the bills paid, Jazz Fest '83 turned a profit. And with admirable foresight, the Foundation set about wailing the roots of that money tree. Grants totaling $106,072 were awarded to groups and individual artists. The categories were individual fellowships, scholarships, and general support grants for non-profit organizations. Photographers, musicians, decoy carvers, dancers, poets, playwrights, painters, actors and Indian chiefs all received financial recognition from the Foundation.

Emphasis was placed on supporting the cultural base of youth in New Orleans. Fourteen youth-oriented organizations and individuals received funding, including the Uptown Youth Center and McDonogh #19. In future years, we may be parading to "Mardi Gras Mambo," after grant recipient Alice Forrier High School finishes adapting the Professor's music for marching bands. The youngest recipient of an award was twelve-year-old Patrick Taplette, who received $500 to finance his studies with painter Clifton Webb.

Over 270 applications were received, more in the individual artist fellowship category than any other. The committee, headed by Rouselle, included Allison Kaslow, Earl Amadon, Claire Jupiter, Alan Jaffe and others. Grants for the support of established artists were awarded, as well as the case with jazz saxophonist Earl Turbinton (who appeared at the last possible moment, sporting a greatcoat and a baseball cap) as well as monies for the up-and-coming, like award winner Carl LeBlanc. The effort to support groups not normally reached by public funding resulted in awards to Indian tribes, including Vincent Trepaigrier, the oldest masking Indian, and the Free Missionary Baptist Church. It was not your usual corporate funding occasion.

The brand new Jazz Fest reception area, like a wood and white iron pillars adjacent to the Rampant Street offices, was a sea of smiling faces as awardees, awarders, proud parents, press, and friends exchanged congratulations and did the eating and drinking appropriate.

"The funny thing is, people in New Orleans expect music, not just at parties but all the time." Brooklyn-born vinyl hustler Record Ron had the right idea when he celebrated the birthday of his Good and Plenty Record store March 10 by bringing in a little of the live stuff. Duke-a-Paducah attended with the new a capella group the Uptowners (recently seen on Channel 2's Music City) contributing the harmonies.
Catty Ziggurat Descends On Oak Street

On the corner of Oak Street stands a vision of gleaming white, a lofty ziggurat erasing all traces of Jel's, once Tupelo's, once a mecca for new music lovers.

The building was untouched by the recent six-alarm blaze across the street, but it might as well have been torched to the ground and reconstructed. The current incarnation, CATS, is a gift descended from art deco heaven. CATS, which sits oddly in a Mayberry-esque neighborhood of shops, is part of a new genre—the video dance club. Metamorphosized from a cavern of dingy red bricks and damp, smoky clusters of tables into a gleaming interior of chrome and red and ebony, the club is covered with an amazing array of, well, cats. Cats of every conceivable kind and shape (cartoons are most prolific) adorn the club. The upstairs bar looks down through a jungle of streamers on to a checkerboard dance floor and video screens naturally blink from every available corner. Definitely a change of pace for the uptown scene, it's amusing and fun if you like to dance and you're not too terribly picky about music.

Yet one cannot ignore the past so easily. Ghosts of leather-coated anchovies sweating and screaming and plotting along with the Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys, Red Rockers still permeate. The quiet of every conceivable kind and streamers on to a checkerboard and plotting along with the you're not too terribly picky about looks down through a jungle of Johnston reported that as many as five foreign record companies expressed interest in licensing the disc for overseas issuing. Locally, the LP should be in most of the shops by the time you read this, and look for a major independent distributor to pick it up for national backing. Johnston also hopes to produce a poster of the album cover art, shown above, which was done by New Orleans artisan Steve St. Germain. Plans are already being made for a companion volume, which could be available by this fall.

—Almost Slim

Civilization's Anticipation Of 'Neville-ization'

After what is estimated to be nearly 17 years of law school and the subsequent completion of his bar (although not barreled) exam, Black Top Records headman Hammond 'I'm Not Sensitive' Scott has announced that his label's next release will be a live, mostly-recorded compilation of the Neville Brothers, co-produced by Houstonian Barry Wilson, a longtime associate and confidant of the Clash band.

The album will feature six cuts (the Neville Brothers have a habit of trouble keeping things shorter than seven minutes), including the first new rendition of 'Tell It Like It Is' since the original 1966 version (which rocketed to #2 on America's pop charts); Art Neville's 'Love, Hate, Envy, Jealousy'; and a Charles Neville-authored 'Caravan,' composed by Duke Ellington. The album, dubbed 'Neville-ization,' should be on the shelves of your vinyl delicatessen no later than May.

—A. Pacoweigh

And The Nommies Are...

The Bay Area has the Bammies, the nation has the Grammies, now New Orleans takes her turn. The first annual New Orleans Music Award (the Nommies?) will be inaugurated with a black tie gala April 26 at the Saenger. Scheduled entertainment for the evening includes Irma Thomas, Richard 'Dimples' Fields and Lady BJ.

The awards, a violin and trumpet poised on a pedestal, represent a lifetime dream come true for the president of the New Orleans Music Awards, Inc., Tommy Te. Mr. Te began his musical career twenty-three years ago in New Orleans, singing with Oliver Morgan on 'Who Shot The La La' and has seen all sides of the business since.

Twenty awards will be given in the general awards category elected by the entire membership, from Best Male and Female Vocalists to Jingle of the Year. The general membership is open to the entire music community, pros and aficionados alike. Winners of the special awards, including the Louis Armstrong Award for outstanding support of local entertainers will be selected by the fifteen-member executive committee, which at this writing includes Ernest Singleton of MCA Records, Bobby Mitchell, and Robert Gardner of the Mayor's Office, and Walter Brock from WWWOZ, among others.

To find out more about becoming a member of the New Orleans Music Awards, Inc., call 944-0701. This could be New Orleans' newest musical tradition.

—Virginia Levie

New Orleans Rhythm & Blues: Old And Official

DeeDee Days Records unveiled its first ever album release at this year's Crescent City Classic 10K road race party at the New Orleans Marriott Hotel. Titled The Official New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Anniversary Album, the record boasts new recordings of 12 of the most influential songs that came out of New Orleans. Included on the album are Johnny Adams, Earl King, Bobby Mitchell, Bobby Marchan, Robert Parker, Van & Grace (well, oneinger anyway), Lee Dorsey, Frankie Ford, The Dixie-Kups, King Floyd and Jewel Knight. All of the artists perform versions of their best remembered hits.

The idea behind the release was spawned by the deejay Duke-a-Pancake and producer Bill Johnston. All of the tracks were cut in Bogalusa's Studio In The Country, during January of this year. Johnston reported that as many as five foreign record companies expressed interest in licensing the disc for overseas issuing. Locally, the LP should be in most of the shops by the time you read this, and look for a major independent distributor to pick it up for national backing. Johnston also hopes to produce a poster of the album cover art, shown above, which was done by New Orleans artisan Steve St. Germain. Plans are already being made for a companion volume, which could be available by this fall.

—Almost Slim

NEW RELEASES

'Official' music by Johnny Adams and Earl King; 'Official' art by Steve St. Germain.

> The Cool, 16 Songs Off A Dead Band's Chest, Top Pop Records
> Sugar Boy Crawford, Sugar Boy Crawford, Chess-Vogue 42707 (France)
> Earl King, George 'Blazer Boy' Stevenson, Little Eddie Lang, Billy Tate, etc. Southern Blues, Savoy 2225, reissue
> Al Ferrier, etc. Let's Go Boppin' Tonight, Flyght 597, reissue
> Buckwheat Zydeco, 100% Fortified, Black top 1024
> Fats Domino, Jambalaya, PD. 50001 picture disc reissue
> Cleoma B. Falcon, A Cajun Music Classic, Jadelf 101
> Chris Barber & Dr. John, Take Me Back To New Orleans, Black Lion 61001/2 (England)
> William Coleman & The New Orleans Wildcats, Swingin In Switzerland, Black & Blue 31182 (France)
> Sidney Bechet & His New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Jazz Nocturne, JSP 1067, reissue
> Fennest & The Thunders, Live, JSP 1067 (France)
> Clifton Chenier, etc. From La. To L.A., JSP 166 (England)
> Kid Ory, Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, etc., New Orleans Masters, Swing House 42 (England)

singles

> Tommy Ridgley, Live While You Can / Sometimes You Can Get It, Tido (no #)
> Ralf Neal, Hard Times / Down Home Blues, Fantastic 102
> Robert Milburn, After Midnight / Alabama Blues, Sunnyside 104
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Mary Coleman
With the Angels

Mary Thomas Coleman, one of the most unique and exciting bass singers that ever graced the gospel quartet tradition, was murdered last month in her Hollygrovre home. Reveted in the New Orleans gospel community, the legedary singer was 76 years old.

While growing up in Pelahatchie, Mississippi, Mrs. Coleman immersed herself in the shaped-note choir activity that permeated the central Mississippi countryside. She also learned to play guitar, listening to Lonnie Johnson and Blind Lemon Jefferson records on a wind-up Victrola.

In 1927 she moved to New Orleans and, as "Guitar Mary," began entertaining at local house-parties. "Bless your soul," she once remarked while pondering these days, "I sang blues, I played the blues from four in the evening till four in the morning. I wasn't with the Lord then; I was playing for the devil."

Following a prophetic dream in 1933, she put down the guitar and joined Second Zion Baptist Church, then pastored by the Rev. C.S. Deslonde (better known as Sunshine Money). There she quickly jumped into the thriving quartet tradition, with the Second Zion Nightingales.

In 1936 Mrs. Coleman joined the Jackson Gospel Singers, a local community-based group that emerged during the war years as one of the most popular a cappella female quartets of gospel's "golden era." Their success was largely due to the freewheeling, pumping-style bass voice that Mrs. Coleman developed in historic "Battles of Song" with the best male and female gospel quartets of that time. She was rightfully proud to be known, not as a contralto, but as a "stone down bass singer from the heart."

Mrs. Coleman cited Earl Malone, bassist for the Spirit of Memphis Quartet, as a specific influence in her compelling vocal style, which she alliteratively referred to as "dropping my bombs." Her primary source of inspiration, though, was her Maker: "Honey, I didn't sleep when we had a program, a contest, a battle of songs. I wouldn't sleep that night. I'd be up, honey, talking to the Lord most all night."

By 1945, the Jackson Gospel Singers were seasoned professionals, travelling to the churches and auditoriums of Chicago, Detroit, Memphis, and other major cities. The Jackson Gospel Singers made their first of several commercial recordings in 1949 for Star Talent, the label that first recorded another New Orleans legend, Professor Longhair. The year 1952 found the Jackson Singers on the Columbia subsidiary, Okeh, and finally, in late 1953, they recorded for the Atlantic label. Preserved among these artifacts are two spirited renditions of "Heaven Bound Train.

"Mrs. Coleman's popular trademark number during her long tenure with the Jackson Singers. When the group factionalized in the late Fifties, Mrs. Coleman formed another group, the Gospel Notes, continuing in the quartet tradition for another decade.

More recently, Mrs. Coleman garnered a new reputation as a soloist in the choir of the First Church of God in Christ. Her get-happy rendition of 'Travelling Shoes' would highlight the annual Jazz and Heritage Festival's gospel tent activities whenever the choir appeared there. The Holy Spirit prevailed when that song was sung at her funeral. Among the many floral arrangements that surrounded her casket was a representation of those travelling shoes, shaped from colored daisies.

Mrs. Coleman lived the life she sang about. "Jesus is the solid rock," she would remark as she stared from her porch one August afternoon, "and honey I want you to know that I'm holding on to Him. I'm not going to Hell. When I go to my car this time of year.
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Chris Kenner
FUMIGATE
FUNKY BROADWAY
Instant 3286

This record dates from 1967, near the end of Kenner’s days with Joe Barashak’s Instant label. Written and arranged by Sax Kari, the tune is an obvious answer tune to Wilson Pickett’s then giant hit, “Funky Broadway.” On it, Kenner urges that we “fumigate Broadway, so Broadway won’t be funky no more!” In true Kenner fashion, he reels off the names of about half-a-dozen dances including “the fly, the monkey, the duck, the touch, the swim and the thread the needle.” The flip side, “Wind The Clock,” is a continuation of “Fumigate” but with different lyrics. A good dance tune, the record made only a brief splash locally before being relegated to obscurity.

---

caribbean

BY GENE SCARAMUZZO

The Blessed Version

With live group performances at a minimum in Jamaica, dance hall DJ’s are the real stars of reggae music. The DJ’s, with a stack of the latest hit records, a microphone, and a loud, bass-heavy sound system, mash up the dances in a totally different way, due to a strange feature of Jamaican 45 rpm’s. All 45’s have the song with vocals on side A and the same song without vocals (called the version) on side B. The DJs play the version sides and deliver a non-stop barrage of spontaneous ideas, messages and special dedications, and some even sing. DJ’s have recorded this style in the studio and occasionally live at the dance halls. In addition to the DJ’s malign ed in the above lyrics, other current favorites are Billy Boyo, Jah Thomas, Sister Nancy and, of course, Michigan and Smiley.

DJ music is the least accessible for local reggae enthusiasts and it can be close to incomprehensible for those only mildly interested in reggae. The DJ style features little or no melody. Instead there is the stripped-bare re ddim (the version) coupled with a chanting that could be called repetitious.

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WAVELENGTH | APRIL 1984
New Orleans poet Victove: another use of versions.

A hot DJ disc in Jamaica features the latest and hardest riddims, the current dancehall language and references to events at the dance, on the island and in the world. These records could be a hit anywhere. But the majority of records available in New Orleans are a year or more old and often designed to cater to American tastes. Ironically, the best stuff often stays out of ear range by intention.

Though they may be scarce, you still don’t have to go all the way to Jamaica to pick up on some quality DJ sounds. Some great DJ discs, mostly twelve inch 45’s, are beginning to show up at Metronome Records, and they may enlarge their supply depending on buyer response. On the Westbank Expressway, a small Caribbean record store, The People’s Choice, stocks a few older albums and specializes in the very latest albums and 45's from Trinidad and Jamaica.

For those who prefer to stick with the easier to find, to develop a taste for the patois of the Jamaican dub poets. In fact, it would be a mistake to call Yictove a dub poet because at this time dub poetry

Preferring not to be bound to one time or place, Yictove concentrates on universal messages and some downright romantic love poems. Presenting his poetry with reggae music is one of his methods. He occasionally works with a live band featuring jazz or African music. He also speaks his poetry to no musical accompaniment, and has also published one book of his work, entitled No Big Thing. Those who remember DJ Roy (Ras Arang), the DJ who for a short while around 1977 was sharing the DJ spot with Shepard Samuels on WTUL’s reggae show, might also remember hearing Yictove reciting his poetry to reggae music way back then.

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**tremble, check out Word Sound & Power, a new release on Heartbeat. This one was put together by Mutabaruka and Linton Kwesi Johnson and features six other creative poets: Sister Breeze, Malachi Smith, Tomlin Ellis, Glenville Bryan, Navie Nabble and Oliver Smith. All are backed up by the High Times Players, the band that appeared in New Orleans with Mutabaruka. For dance hall fans, the Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are "Level Vibes" by Sugar Minott, "True Confessions," by Little John, "Rock and Come On" by Leroy Sibblis, "Shoulder Move" by Jah Thomas, and "I Can't Stand It" (Locomotion) by Dennis Brown and Little U. Brown.**

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**art by Virginia Levie**

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**Arrt Of A Drag**

On gallery walls around town in March, art was going up and down faster than flags over Beirut. Meanwhile, the major exhibition of the month was even cooler than expected, so cool in fact that on March 6, the longest running site specific performance ritual, blurring the divisions between art and life, was visually dampened by the temperature. But no matter, when the sun finally broke through over the St. Ann Street drag show, the effect was as planned and in retrospect the frigid weather only served to separate the true disciples of Narcissus, cheeks tingling in the frosty air, from the amateurs.

In the spirit of the season, the CAC mounted a show thematically clustered around our native passion, costuming. Wearable Art, Art To Wear, Masks Invitational, the show had a plethora of portable work and the opening featured portable art as well. (Colorado artist Garrison Roots, whose installation occupied the far rear of the space, was rather the only man out in this company.) It all had to do with the body and how we cover it, meriting transforming the impact along the way.

New Orleans are just plain wild about costuming—we believe in it might be a more accurate way of putting it. However, the nearly annual effort to encapsulate this obsession within gallery walls regularly falls a little flat. The masks here seem lifeless without the people and street to support them. I did get a kick, however, out of Darlene Olivio Hingle’s surreal hand mask, a familiar yellow kitchen glove with blue paper-cut-out eyes dangling from them on colored strings, but then I always did have a soft spot for Rubbermaid. It may well be that Mardi Gras is its own complete art form and attempts to utilize its special energy in traditional art settings are doomed to seem redundant or worse. The other portions of the show steered clear of Carnival and were the better for it.

Locals Loie Simbach and Clove creator Denise Vollon joined national artists in the Wearable Art show, assembled by visual arts coordinator,
the credits. But some worth mentioning are the kimono just inside the entrance, asymmetrical angular pinks, black crosses and greens, both crude and pretty; the padded flying tiger jacket and tunic, handpainted silk in turning colors of green, black and turquoise with an underskirt of flushed angular pinks, with an underside of flushed lavender peeking out beneath the tender color in the throat of an iris. I suspect all these violent and efficient use of color is aided by the limitation of the form and the cultural traditions that artists working in clothes have at their back to draw on. Absolute freedom is not always the best buddy of creativity. Whatever the cause, it would be swell to see some of the full oil, effective use of color worn its way back into painting, from whence it has strayed too long.

Another satisfying bit of color from this period, this time photographic, comes to mind. Two photographs by Tina Freeman from her Chateau series, tucked in the back gallery of Simone Stern, are little gems of mahogany light, unabashedly classical. Freeman wisely uses the passport of her birth to photograph color in a way that always has engulfed her figures. Rather than being seen as superfluous, the maze frame makes sense, like physical configurations of the painting into the patterned that always has engulfed her figures before.

The paintings of Philip Neal, an artist of the same crop as Sweet, Tucker and Pomponouf, are the main attraction. This show is more mixed than it looks, all the pieces being small, colored and gestural. Animal and anatomical imagery runs through the drawings with uneven results. In general, the antelopes fare better than the kidneys. Their effort in these drawings as communications seems almost literal. In the paintings, the pigment is scraped rather than brushed. In one piece in particular, "My Carollion," Neal seems to wrap up the various currents, mark, reference, technique, into an enigmatic little painting that has the look of a private world described.

In a surprising choice of relocation, Galerie Simone Stern will move downtown this spring, to Julia Street in the vicinity of the Contemporary Arts Center. Aaron Hastings will also be travelling this month, though more predictably. They'll be neighbors to Mario Villa Gallery, making the Magazine Street consensus all but complete.

Tilden-Foley brought in some out of town talent in March when Los Angeles resident Gary Panter put up his cartoons, objects, prints and paintings in the gallery adjacent to a show by local Rene Haro. This show was a first for Panter, having never shown his original cartoons beside his paintings before. Though you won't find Panter's creations, Jimbo and Pee Wee, in the funny pages of the TP/SL, his strips have been frequently published, best known perhaps in the alternative magazine, Raw. The strip has at least one ardent New Orleans fan, fellow cartoonist Bunny Matthews. Panter has a freewheeling approach in his cartoons, kind of a rowdy, disordered logic in both the storyline and drawing—giant cockroach villains, hoody girlfriend and blackheaded heroes. The "serious" work retains this vigor and narrative quality while being more fixed. My personal favorite was a yellow, black and blue outline bison with a diamond shape superimposed, a piece that looked like a cross between a Lacaux painting and a black light poster.

Artists rarely achieve much real financial reward from their work and when they do, it's even rarer for them to rock the boat by seriously altering their format. Rene Haro, like Gordy, would be swell to see some of this creativity.
Who says a bunch of boobs can’t win a race?

Get set to get wet...

UP THE CREEK

Opens Friday, April 6 at a theatre near you.
last fall, elected to make such a transformation, and the paintings and construction in the front gallery are the result of a year’s foray into internal wars. Angst gets played out here in exuberant color. The paintings have plenty of expressionist brush and some nod to that master of the figurative/expressionist cruc, DeKooning, but the motifs are definitely Harry -watermelons, fish and an arched back, squealing mad dog emblem. He’s got ample native/expressionist crux, DeKooning, watermelons, fish and an arched but the motifs are definitely Harry -

reviews

The Cold
SIXTEEN SONGS
OFF A DEAD
BAND’S CHEST
Top Pop

Like David Byrne’s “Cities” and most everything else in the world, the severely belated (about three years), professionally packaged and retrospectively relevant new album from The Cold has its good points and its bad points. First the bad.

The production on this record leaves a little to be desired. Side one contains those funny sounding singles that were recorded at Knight Studios in Metairie and side two was recorded on the Riverboat President. The live side has little presence or spatial ambience; it’s almost totally inappropriate for a rock ‘n’ roll context. Were it not for the aroma of blues from the master of New Orleans jive patter and barrelhouse piano. Recorded in 1950 and 1952, Archibald, whose only commercial recordings appeared on Imperial. His only hit, “Stack-A-Lee,” released three times by Imperial, is included along with his other five singles and a couple of unissued sides to boot.

Archibald
THE NEW ORLEANS SESSIONS
Krazy Kat 7409 (England)

This is a superb and entertaining set of blues from the master of New Orleans five pitter and barrelhouse piano. Recorded in 1950 and 1932, these sides represent the 'purple patch' for Archibald, whose only commercial recordings appeared on Imperial. His only hit, “Stack-A-Lee,” released three times by Imperial, is included along with his other five singles and a couple of unissued sides to boot. Archibald’s greatest attribute is the way he manages to inject so much humor into his songs. Check out...
"Great Big Eyes" or "She's Scattered Everywhere" to see what I mean. He has the benefit of superb accompaniment, including Dave Bartholomew, Ernest McLean and Earl Palmer, to name but a few. The boys really hit the groove and stretch out on the instrumental "Ballin' With Archie" and "Crescent City Bounce," although I'd have to say on occasion everyone should have checked their tuning.

Until now, Archibald has been a somewhat neglected figure, but hopefully the album will change all that. To my opinion that his name belongs alongside all the other seminal Crescent City pianists. As far as blues players go, he rates second only to Longhair and you can't say any more than that! —Almost Slim

At the C.A.C.
3 GENERATIONS OF SAX
March 9, 1984

'-'Three Generations of the Saxophone,' a series of jazz performances and workshops presented by Earl Turbinton, was held at the Contemporary Arts Center, Snug Harbor and Loyola University in early March. Branford Marsalis represented the new generation on soprano and tenor, Turbinton was next on the chronological ladder on soprano and alto, and the legendary forty-year-veteran tenor saxophonist and vocalist George "Big Nick" Nicholas played the grand master of the evening. The sax players were joined by New Orleans pianist Mike Pellera, Miami-based trumpeter Melton Mustafa, and Curtis Lundy on bass and Greg Bandy on drums, both from New York.

Nicholas is a genuine jazz master, coming up in the music world in the 1940's through the band of Earl Hines, Tiny Bradshaw, Lucky Millinder, Sabby Lewis, J.C. Heard and Dizzy Gillespie. Best known for his tenure as emcee and band leader at Harlem's Paradise Club during the Fifties, he hosted regular jam sessions and parties that included such giants as Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Billy Strayhorn, Max Roach, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, Berry Carter, Art Blakey and Baby Laurence.

Nicholas had not performed in New Orleans in over 25 years until Turbinton contacted him through Branford and brother Wynton, whom Nicholas has befriended in New York. New Orleans has a special place in Nicholas' heart, being the birthplace of one of his most profound inspirations, Louis Armstrong.

"Louis and Mahalia Jackson and Sidney Bechet, they went out into the world and were accepted everywhere," said Nicholas. "Sidney Bechet died in Paris and he was loved, they actually loved that man. Of course, people everywhere loved Mahalia and they loved Louis, naturally. But there are so many great musicians that live here. They don't want to leave home, they've got their family. They aren't thinking about going out in the world and they're just marvelous musicians.

The performances opened with extended sets led by Marsalis and Turbinton which included originals, standards, a number of Coltrane compositions and Mal Waldron's dedication to Coltrane, "Soul Eyes," musically tracing influences from Nicholas through Coltrane into the two younger generations. Turbinton reserved Nicholas' set for the pièce de résistance of the evening.

"Nick was playing from the heart," said Turbinton. "You could hear his happy times, and you could hear the times he may have been a little bit sad. You could hear the emotion, the heart, the love in it."

A towering tribute to Nicholas' artistry and warm personality came in the Sixties when John Coltrane wrote and recorded the tune "Big Nick" on his collaboration with Duke Ellington. He looks on these relationships with artists like Coltrane and Parker as personal treasures rather than credentials.

"As far as Coltrane and Bird and I were concerned, we were friends," Nicholas explained. "Out of respect to them, I don't play their things. Set,
our relationship was on another level. It was like brotherhood. They respected me for what I was doing. So I left it like that because if I would have pursued that it would have done something to me. I wanted to preserve our relationship the way it was. Maybe once in a while I might play 'Big Nick' or a Bird tune. Other than that I just left it alone, you dig? You see, I knew everything they were doing, they knew everything I was doing.

"Cause we could all hear."

Nicholas, Turbinton and Marsalis took their talents and insights to Loyola University to hopefully encourage and develop the next generation of jazz artists. "We just try and sort of become of one mind. At one point when Bird and Nick and myself were up there on stage together, you couldn't tell whether you were living in the Eighties, the Thirties, the Forties, the Fifties, it was just timeless," Turbinton added. "Big Nick" put it another way. "I've done these workshops all over the country but to do it in New Orleans, it meant something special to me. After all, this music is a strong tradition here and these young people should know where people came from, and not disrespect it but cherish it and love it." —Bob Catalano

McAllister Auditorium

WYNTON MARSALIS

February 24, 1984

If all the international hoopla surrounding Wynton Marsalis has fostered any suspicion locally that he is more a creation of the media than an artistic phenomenon in his own right, the Wynton Marsalis Quintet concert February 24 should have put those ideas to rest. Hearing him live, with Kenny Kirkland on piano, Jeff Watts on drums, Charnett Moffett on bass, and brother Branford on tenor and soprano sax, provides a new dimension to the meaning of ensemble playing. The ensemble is his instrument every bit as much as the trumpet. Through the medium of the concert hall, his music comes to us in an exquisitely dramatic form.

Wynton uses no electronically produced sounds. An acoustic traditionalist? Perhaps. But the boldness of his dramatic effects—his abrupt shifts in dynamics, suspenseful pauses, ironic rhythms—seem to be at least partially inspired by techniques to which electronic musicians lend themselves. If a synthesizer player can shift from a whisper to thunder with a half-second manipulation of a slide control, Wynton is likely to become part of his style—idem with an automatic arpeggiator (cf. Wynton's circular breathing on repetitive passages). The analogy cannot be pushed too far. The point is that electronic musicians tend to increase the dramatic component of their sounds because their instruments let them do it so easily, and this is the element of performance that Wynton and his band have chosen to intensify.

The held notes with which Wynton harmonizes with Branford, creep up on you from nowhere, then burst before your eyes. Or a lush ensemble sound will suddenly drop off into nothingness, letting the listener tumble into a dark pit of silence.

The accomplished jazz passage playing is there, of course. Every member is outstanding in this all-star band. But all of this expertise—which we've heard coming out of Wynton and Branford's horns for years and which you can find on their records—is subordinated to the dramatic structure. The passage playing holds your interest, charms your mind, but it is the dramatic frame that moves you.

The performance becomes musical spectacle in the best sense. The action intensifies then drops off; scenes change (enhanced by outstanding lighting effects), their juxtapositions startle—the musicians suddenly become silhouettes. There is an enormous emotional range. Wynton's records capture his music craft, but nothing matches the emotional intensity of his live concert. It is positively cathartic.

Wynton will be back in May, when he is scheduled to appear twice in the World's Fair Etude's own jazz festival Memorial Day weekend. His first appearance is as part of the Louis Armstrong alumni band Friday night, May 24, and then on a Marsalis family performance, Sunday night, May 27.

—Joel Simpson

Rads

SCREAM OF THE REAL

EMI/America DLP 19007

Now if you're one of those real serious New Orleans music fans (you know who you are—you there wearing the red bandana on your hand like Cyril Neville or something), you'd better hold on to your armchair (and/or joint) because this is an album by the Rads with Fess playing lead guitar and singing back-up vocals. That's right—the Rads with Fess on guitar! You probably didn't even know that Professor Longhair played the guitar, did you? Well, he didn't, sucker! And this ain't the Rads with Eddie Volker on maracas and Frank Bua on tom-tom, either. It's another crummy Australian band and Fess is Fess Parker, heretofore unknown to my ears. The only thing worse than Australian bands are Canadian bands, an insufferably boorish race of musicians and not a good-looking one in the bunch. Doubters can ask Alvin Stain, a native Canadian who hates Canadian bands with a passion. Why, he doesn't even like Gino Vanelli, the greatest New Orleans-style (well, Maelanite-style) singer ever to exit the frozen Canadian wastelands.

—Bunny Matthews
This is how funk was invented in New Orleans. African slaves, upon arrival in New Orleans during the first half of the last century, discovered that they were allowed to practice their tribal drumming in Congo Square on the weekends—not so much because the city fathers were ethnologists but because the drumming was popular with tourists, whose contributions (and / or impediments) to local culture should not be underestimated.

After the Civil War (which temporarily halted the progress of tourism in New Orleans) came Reconstruction and the beginning of the Crescent City's modern tourism era. Despised as the carpetbaggers were, they had money to burn and a desire to be one's intellect, however, and for that reason, it has remained a perennial favorite with your head. The Dixieland branch taxe no impediments to local culture should not be.

One meter is equal to 1,650.764 wavelengths of the orange-red light of excited krypton of mass number 86. Four Meters are, left to right, Leo Nocentelli, "Zigaboo" Modeliste, Art Neville and George Porter.

The Metric System

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

It was funky but it was not funk. Jazz slowly evolved into music for the head—music to move with your head. The Dixieland branch taxed no one's intellect, however, and for that reason, it has remained a perennial favorite with inebriated folks from Anywhere, U.S.A., making the promenade downtown Bourbon Street and acting like fools.

During the '60s, tourists strolling past the Ivanhoe Piano Bar were afforded the opportunity to witness the creation—the actual birth—of funk. The creators were Art Neville and the Neville Sounds, composed of Neville—the former sailor and drummer Joe "Zigaboo" Modeliste. Funk, the music of this combo, was what organist George Porter called "organized freedom." True to the music's Congo Square roots, it was devoted to rhythms—cool, volatile, nasty, defiant, proud and often funny rhythms. The group's brand of instrumental funk was sparse and uncluttered: the ideas came from everyday situations: chickens scratching in the dirt, Carnival parades and V-8's running on six cylinders.

When the Neville Sounds were not in residence at the Ivanhoe, they toured the South in a blue Mercury station wagon, pulling a small trailer full of sound equipment and instruments. George Porter, the band's electronics whiz and general-purpose Mr. Fix-It, recalls the genesis of one memorable number:

"Look-ka Py Py" developed in the car while we was riding down the highway and it was something we heard in the engine. "Booka-chee-uh, booka-chee-uh"—the engine was singing that. As I can recall, Lee was beating on the back of the seat and Zig started singing, "Da-bow-shub-bow-wow..." From there on, we was just going down the highway chanting.

The Neville Sounds came to the attention of composer / producer Allen Toussaint and his partner, Marshall Schorn, who offered the band steady employment as session players and as a cohesive unit—once the name was changed to something more fluid to the tongue. Toussaint and each band member wrote a name on a slip of paper, deposited the slips in a hat and selected one: "The Meters." The name was Toussaint's idea. During the Meters' early years, a recurring motif in the band's publicity photographs was the ubiquitous parking meter. Was the intended symbolism "pay-as-you-go funk"?

"At the time we was recording everybody and their grandmother, too," Porter says. "Everybody" includes Lee Dorsey ("Ride Your Pony" and "Get Out Of My Life, Woman"), Betty Harris ("Bad Luck" and "I'm Evil Tonight"), Earl King, Ernie K Doe, Lou Johnson, Diamond Joe and such later, outside agitators as Lowell George (who contributed bits of oblique, uncredited slide guitar to the Rejuvination album, Jess Roden, Robert Palmer, Labelle, Browning Bryant, Albert King and Richard Nenwell, a.k.a. King Biscuit Boy (posing in front of the Original Brown Derby on his album jacket).

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For a period, the Meters continued to do their nightly sets at the Ivanhoe and devoted the days to work in the recording studio under Toussaint's direction. According to Porter, there was scarcely time for a quick po-boy. "We were just cutting sessions. We used to go to the studio in the
early afternoon and come out the next morning. We’d be recording four or five different artists at a time. We’d just go in there and stay in there till we were tired. Toussaint would have food brought to the studio for us.

The Meters, recording for the Josie label, released four consecutive hit singles in 1969: “Sophisticated Cissy,” “Cissy Strut,” “Ease Back” and “Look-ka Py Py.” In 1972, after a successful tour of the Caribbean, the Meters released the first of five albums for Warner Brothers, Cabbage Alley, named for the old neighborhood stomping grounds of Art Neville’s youth.

**A SELECTED METERS DISCOGRAPHY**

During much of the ’60s and ’70s, the Meters were Allen Toussaint’s main backing group on hundreds of recording sessions. Many of these tapes remain unreleased (presumably residing in the vaults of Sea-Saint Studio) and no one—not even the Meters themselves—can accurately account for all of these sessions. Between 1968 and 1971, Josie Records released three Meters albums and numerous Meters singles:

- **LPs**
  - The Meters Josie LP 4010
  - Look-ka Py Py Josie LP 4011
  - Struttin’ Josie LP 4012

A compilation of the Josie tracks later appeared as Cissy Strut (Island ILPS 9230) in a simulated alligator skin jacket. Approximately ten years later, many of these same selections were featured on the English album, Second Line Strut (Charly 1009), one of two Meters albums still available.

- **45s**
  - Sophisticated Cissy Josie 1001
  - Cissy Strut Josie 1003
  - Ease Back Josie 1008
  - Look-ka Py Py Josie 1015
  - Hand Clapping Song Josie 1021
  - Stretch Your Rubber Band Josie 1026
  - Doodle-Ooq (The World Is) Josie 1029
  - A Little Bit Under (The Weather)

Good Old Funky Music: Josie 1031

Between 1972 and 1977, the Meters released four albums on the Reprise label and one album on Warner Brothers:

- **LPs**
  - Cabbage Alley Reprise MS 2076
  - Rejuvenation Reprise MS 2200
  - Fire On The Bayou Reprise MS 2228
  - Trick Bag Reprise MS 2252

- **New Directions**

In 1983, RGA Records released The Meters at Roxy’s [sic], purported to have actually been recorded elsewhere. Our informed sources tell us that the album was mastered from second-generation cassette tapes, thus accounting for the disc’s feeble fidelity. Nevertheless, Art Neville claims that the album is essential Meters funk. The Rolling Stones, among others, are in possession of high-quality, unreleased live Meters sets from the mid-’70s.

The most radical aspect of Cabbage Alley (now deleted, like all other Meters albums, from the Warner Brothers catalog) was the introduction of vocals, provided by Art Neville (who had had his own hit records with “Cha Dooky-Doo” and “All These Things”) and the charmingly gruff “Ziggy” Modeliste. Cyril, the youngest of four Neville brothers contributed the primary vocals (including “Be My Lady” and “My Name Up In Lights”) to the Meters’ final Warner album, New Directions, issued in 1977.

Leo Nocentelli, besides adding four or five guitar parts to each song, was also responsible for many of these lyrics. Nocentelli’s lyrical work, as astutely observant of contemporary sociology as the songs of Bob Marley, included the great “Lonesome and Unwanted People.”

There are bad people out there, Nocentelli’s song proclaims, and more likely than not, they’re going to get badder. These were hardly the usual funk lyrics about slipping out with the Backdoor Man to shake one’s anatomy:

Dig it:

- You’re standing on the corner, shooting darts
- You can be busy trying to help yourself
- In the younger years
- There are people using drugs
- Popping pills
- Trying to get prescriptions filled
- Stealing money
- Stealing cars
- And they don’t believe in Santa Claus
- They just won’t believe in Santa Claus

Of course, this was New Orleans—Roman Catholic New Orleans—and a little pleasure was not too unholy, as evidenced by the lyrics to “Fire On The Bayou,” recorded a few years later:

- One brought a pill, one brought a joint
- When you’re getting down
- You’re doing things right

The Meters were doing things very right during this period. The albums recorded for Warner Brothers were uniformly spectacular in an aesthetic sense and Toussaint, wisely, let the Meters go about their business alone in the studio. The albums give production credits to Toussaint and the Meters although Toussaint was often away from the premises when the songs were cut, cruising around New Orleans in his Rolls-Royce and listening to the soothing Muzak broadcast by WDBU.

The zenith of the Meters’ recording career was Rejuvenation, which features the classic selections, “People Say,” “Africa,” and “Hey Pooky A-Way,” derived from a traditional March Gras Indian chant, originally recorded by Jelly Roll Morton for the Library of Congress, with the unforgettable “Table Maid” on its album jacket (three-foot-wide Afro, rhinestone-studded platform shoes, Twinkies, watermelon slices, crushed velvet upholstery, gilt-bric-a-brac and a fifth of vintage Rye), is funk defined—a brazen synthesis of the rhythms and nuances of soulful New Orleans.

The Rolling Stones, ever vigilant for fresh musical blood, “discovered” the Meters at a party given by Paul McCartney aboard the Queen Mary (Bob Dylan and Karl Malden were among the dancers present) and hired the band as an opening act for tours of both Europe and America. On some evenings, the Stones refused to take the stage for an hour or more after the Meters’ sets—so powerful and energetic was the music from these brash New Orleans funksters. Mick Jagger, above all else, sang: “I’d like to be a writer, A singer or a fighter—Anything I could do to get My name up in lights… After the Meters’ return from New York, Cyril also jumped ship and joined his brothers in the new family-oriented combo. The Meters, with “Zig” and Leo plus various substitutes, hung on—never quite dying, never quite living up to the funk standards of earlier days.

Alas, the Meters refuse to die and in a series of recent reunions, the older and more refined Meters have attempted to engender a new, functional audience. Art Neville remains more devoted to the family band than to the Meters, Leo Nocentelli is a busy session-player on the West Coast and both Cyril and Art Neville have numerous outside musical projects. The brightest spot on the Meters’ horizon is a Jazz Festival cruise aboard the President, starring the Meters in their funkified glory, with Steel Pulse opening the show and Dr. John joining the Meters for encore duties. The President is a New Orleans boat that has never had much competition in the realm of funk. Just ask ’em: I got the funk down to a tee. Ain’t nobody gonna out-funk me. This is something you better not miss—Let’s see if you can out-funk this!
"Carrying a camera has always seemed to me like something of an aggressive act. I really think that’s why it’s called shooting. I don’t believe my talent is in going out and finding pictures. I find my talent is in bringing people here and working with them on their own terms.” ‘Here’ is the upstairs studio on Esplanade Avenue; the photographer is George Dureau. Dureau is New Orleans’ signature artist, having simply gobbled up more territory than anybody else in town. In a period when such antique pursuits as painting, drawing and their upstart cousin, art photography, are divorced from pop culture, George Dureau’s work remains popular in the best sense of the word. His pieces can be found throughout the city, from Ninth Ward bungalows to the drawing rooms of Audubon Place.

A painter for twenty years before picking up a camera, he started taking pictures of his models some ten years ago “just so I could get them out of my house. In those days I was drawing so much, there was always someone here.” George Dureau the artist is a thoroughly local product. In New Orleans that means among other things that he is not obsessed by modernity.
He retains an old fashioned, atelier method of taking photographs. His models are posed in the window corner of his studio and he usually works only when the natural light is good. In the studio, backdrop cloths hang on the walls and a low side table overflows with old prints and contact sheets. There are props around the room: boxing gloves, a clarinet, pedestals, lances, a helmet.
The format of his pictures is classical and serene. Dureau is obviously content to allow the modern tension and rough stuff to come from the bodies and personalities of his subjects themselves. In ten years as a photographer he has taken pictures of children, cripples, dwarfs, artists, writers, weightlifters, break dancers, musicians, neighbors.

— Virginia Levis

This page: The Turtle Band of Belize
Putting The Fizz In Swamp Pop

BY RICO

Swamp pop is not some new brand of sassafras soda brewed in Carencro to cure cayenne-induced ulcers, but this distinct local music does bear a noticeable formal similarity to Mama's best clean-out-the-icebox gumbo. Take Fats Domino's funk and a little of B.B.'s blues, take the simple but brilliant compositions of Cookie Thibory or Bobby Charles, the great vocals of Phil Phillips or Rod Bernard, mix this up with the powerful playing of the area's best musicians and you get a twenty-five-year-old recipe for real south Louisiana rock 'n' roll called swamp pop.

Swamp pop is the blare of three saxophones behind a wailing vocalist as you open the door to Connie and Jody's wedding reception at Camp Bayou Come. It is the soaring bridge to "Sea of Love" that retains its power and majesty after a million spins on some cheap backwater honky-tonk jukebox. It's often crude, always real and very danceable. You can hear it in scores of big and little nightclub on any weekend from Donaldsonville to Port Arthur and it has won the Good Houserocking Night Clubs award for nine of the last ten years on any weekend from Donaldsonville to Port Arthur and it has won the Good Houserocking Night Clubs award for nine of the last ten years.

Why, then, isn't swamp pop a household word? Why, then, isn't swamp pop an essential part of the recognition and appreciation it deserves by other artists? Why, then, isn't swamp pop a household word? Why isn't swamp pop a household word. Why, then, isn't swamp pop an essential part of the recognition and appreciation it deserves by other artists? Why isn't swamp pop a household word. Why, then, isn't swamp pop a household word? Why, then, isn't swamp pop a household word. Why, then, isn't swamp pop a household word. Why isn't swamp pop a household word.

Rod Bernard

Rod Bernard closely with Fats Domino's type of music that they couldn't distinguish one from the other, but there is a difference. You can compare the sound of 'Mathilda' to the sound of 'Blueberry Hill,' and it's a different feel. But swamp pop music is just as indigenous to south Louisiana as R&B or Cajun or zydeco, and swamp pop has more big selling records, like Rod's, than Cajun and zydeco put together! Rod Bernard has never had that one smash single that many of his cohorts have enjoyed, but for the past two decades he has been a consistent draw and a strong entertainer at clubs all across south Louisiana, and he enjoys steady album sales. Although he and his peers have never graced the stage of the Festivals Acadiens or the Jazz Fest ("We've been trying for years, man, but they've totally ignored us").

Since his initial burst of fame in 1959, which won him a tour spot with Frankie Avalon, Frankie Ford and Chuck Berry, a gold record, and an appearance on American Bandstand, Rod had favored studio recording and the occasional album release over the grind of weekend nightclub work. He now works as a sales representative for KLFY-TV in Lafayette and lives with his wife, two children, three homes, and several cats in a comfortable, woodsy suburb of Lafayette. In the personal and financial security of his little piece of the world, Bernard can speculate on the future, both near and distant: "I've always wondered what would happen if we ever did a concert in front of a bunch of people, like the Jazz Fest, and we'd get to play a lot of these songs that we know are real pretty, real danceable, real listenable. I'm curious to see what the people are gonna say about it because there's so many of those songs that have been laying around here since the Fifties that we see know of, but that very few people outside this area have ever heard. I'm just a little afraid that these beautiful songs might all die with us."

As a strong vocalist and even stronger drummer, Storm has seen the development of swamp pop from the inside out. His 1953 version of "Prisoner's Song" was a massive hit along the Gulf Coast and earned him a spot in J.D. Morgan's stable of outstanding session players. His rauccous drumming style has graced the grooves of many classic singles and albums issued from the Crowley studio including Slim Harpo's "Rainin' In My Heart" and Lazy Lester's seminal album of South Louisiana R&B, True Blues on Excello. Warren acknowledges that the Floyd Siolet/A.J. Miller/Eddie Shuler triad was integral to the development of swamp pop ("they had the studios").

"We always had a real good time on those sessions, but you didn't have any strangers back then like you have today. We just all played our parts like we felt. We went by feeling. The musicians did most of the arranging.

Like his buddies, Storm has a true irresistible Cajun sense of humor. "It's real funny to see how some of the clubs can misspell your name. My band is called 'Cypress and Willie Tee' [Truhan]. We played this club in Monroe one night and when we pulled up outside, the sign said: 'Tonight: Norm Storm and Cypress with Willie Tee' Man, I'll bet at least ten people showed up to see us that night!"

Warren Storm, Rod Bernard and Johnnie Allan are three very typical swamp pop artists and close friends. They share a camaraderie, a common ethnic and musical heritage of which they can rightfully be proud. They also share a refreshing optimism about the future of their art form that shows in the smile of Johnnie Allan as he leans across the table with an almost confidential scoop: "Hey, you want something for Wavelength magazine, bra, look, on June the tenth there's gonna be a swamp pop festival right here in Lafayette. A.J. LeBlanc, the director of the Algerian Center, it's for retarded kids, is putting it on at the Acadian Village. Rod, Warren, and myself we'll be there with Jivin' Gene, Roy Perkins, thirteen of us all together. We're doing this for free. We're gonna send letters to all the major networks, it's gonna be a worldwide publicized thing. Finally, he says with a satisfied chuckle, "Our own festival!"
A&M SP5000
JOE JACKSON
Body and Soul

5.99
RECORD & TAPE

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METRONOME
1017 Pleasant Street at Magazine Street
897-5015
outside Sam's or the Dixie Belle on Rampart. See, Chris liked to oil—he liked to drink."

Kenner's first break came in 1957, when Baton Records, a New York R&B label, came here looking for talent. This time Kenner had made the grade and he cut the bluesy "Don't Pin That Charge On Me" and "Grandma's House." Despite the high quality of Kenner's performance, the record didn't sell and he continued working on the docks.

Not long after the Baton disappointment, Kenner approached Dave Bartholomew who was running Imperial Records in New Orleans. "Chris was always a person who didn't have a voice," Bartholomew said. "I said, 'I got something really good today.' I said, 'It better be, because I'm getting ready to get to lunch.' So he sang 'Sick and Tired,' and said, 'What do you think of that?' I said, 'You got it!' I didn't need no more. Sure enough, we recorded the tune and it was a very big hit for Chris."

According to Lee Bates, a fine soul singer in his own right and later a chauffeur for Kenner, there was considerable time between the actual recording of "Sick and Tired," and its release. "Chris was hauling sacks of sugar on the docks after he cut 'Sick and Tired,'" says Bates. "He was at his sister's house when the record first came on the radio. He didn't even know they were playing his record. His sister had to say, 'Chris, that's you on the radio!' He didn't even know himself! All of a sudden, bam! Chris is in a station wagon and we are working on the road."

Kenner's bookings were done by Pete Stovall. "I always wondered why Chris had them hits," recalled Stovall just before his death. "He couldn't sing, he couldn't dance, he dressed raggedy—he just stood there. He didn't have any showmanship and we'd pretend all the time.

"I put him on the road with the Dukes of Rhythm and I used to tell them to play loud, to cover him up. I never did book Chris back into the same place twice. I tried to get him to let Little Jessie Thomas take his place on the road, but he wouldn't have any part of it. I was in North Carolina once and I tried to tell him, 'Man, you got to please the people, you can't get away with that foolishness.' He'd get so drunk he would forget the words to his song. They used to boo and throw bottles at him.

"Sick and Tired" proved to be a big local hit for Kenner in 1957. It inspired a version by Fats Domino the following year that became a substantial national chart buster. Nonetheless, Kenner would have only one more record on Imperial.

"Lew Chud [owner of Imperial] said he couldn't handle him," continues Dave Bartholomew. "He said he didn't have a voice and he didn't think he was selling. One thing Chris had, he was a hell of a writer. And he was original. Lew Chudiss dismissed him, but it turned out he was wrong because he started the world up a couple of times."

After receiving his release from Imperial, Kenner began making the rounds of the local independent labels. He stopped in to see Joe Banashak, who owned A-1 Distributors, the company that was getting Minit Records off the ground in 1959. Although Banashak felt most of his material sounded too much like "Sick and Tired," he expressed interest in recording a tune Kenner had down on a demo tape called "I Like It Like That." The project had to be scrapped for a time when the two couldn't come to contractual terms because Kenner apparently demanded an exorbitant 10% record.

Eventually Kenner approached Wallace Davenport, who had a small label called Ponchatrain, and cut the rambunctious "Don't Make No Noise." Soon after, he had an isolated release on Joe Ruffino's Ron label "Rocket to the Moon," but neither sold like "Sick and Tired."

Later, in 1961, Kenner reapproached Banashak, who had since embarked on a new label called Valiant, with Irving Smith, the owner of a local record shop. This time the two came to an agreement and Kenner was dispatched to the studio with Allen Toussaint at the helm as arranger and producer. They cut "I Like It Like That," the tune Kenner had originally pitched to Banashak.

"Chris didn't happen until he got with Allen," says Earl King. "His stuff would turn a lot of people off. It took Allen to interpret what he meant. If you ever heard some of those tunes before they were cut they were nowhere near what the records were like."

"Chris kept the songs in his head. He got a lot
of his ideas from Willie Mabon and Joe Turner. I think a lot of his songs sounded like Willie Mabon's style on 'I Don't Know'. His whole theme of writing was around Willie Mabon."

Just as the record peeled off the presses, Banashak and Smith were forced to change the name of their label when it was brought to their attention that a Valiant label was already in existence in California. Banashak knew that deejays were constantly looking for "instant" hits, so he decided to give them some—he named the label Instant Records, which would soon become one of the most influential and important R&B labels in New Orleans.

The name change hindered "I Like It Like That" initially, but after a few months of moderate sales, it spilled its excellence over onto the national R&B charts and the pop charts soon after. When the smoke finally cleared, "I Like It Like That" sold one-half-million records during its seventeen-week climb to #2 in Billboard's Hot 100. Kenner appeared on Dick Clark's American Bandstand in June and his song was nominated for a prestigious Grammy Award. Quite a beginning for Kenner and a new record company.

Unfortunately, probably no one was more ill-suited to rock 'n' roll stardom than Chris Kenner. A kind but simple man, Kenner's drinking and spending sprees were legendary. Besides constantly frustrating promoters by missing gigs—not to mention forgetting the words to his songs—he just didn't behave in the manner that befit a person with the #2 record in the country.

"Chris was like Jimmy Reed," says Earl King, "if he was sober, it was abnormal. When Chris got his money, he put himself up in a hotel room. As long as he had his liquor, he would isolate himself from the public. If he had liquor and room service, that was his thing. He'd stay there until all the money was gone. When he was broke he was on the street and back to normal."

Lee Bates concurs. "Chris was a hotel man, he liked to stay up in a room. We had been with him in the morning when he had three or four thousand dollars and he'd be begging money for drinks that night. He'd give all his money to some woman in the projects."

"My job was to try and keep him sober. He never was too good on stage except when he wasn't drunk. Drink took over his mind and he lost a lot of gigs. Some nights I remember he couldn't even stand up to sing. But when Chris ate, I ate. He kept me alive. He was that kind of guy."

On the record front, Kenner's second Instant release, "Packin' Up," fell far short of the promise of his debut disc, selling poorly even in New Orleans. Not so though for his third Instant release, "Something You Got," which didn't hit nationally, but became one of the biggest local records of the Sixties.

"Something You Got" sold a lot of records here," recalls Instant's boss Joe Banashak, "I couldn't figure out why because I couldn't even give it away as close as Baton Rouge. Well, I asked K-Doe and Benny Spellman why the record was selling and they said, 'Don't you know, man? The kids are learning to dance the Popeye to 'Something You Got.' Well, I'll tell you how dances affected records: we sold 30,000 records and that was just in New Orleans off the Popeye."

Kenner had a couple of other releases on Instant in 1962, the gospel-flavored 'Time' and 'Let Me Show You How To Twist.' The latter incorporated the "I Like It Like That" formula while trying to cash in on the latest dance craze. "Twist" and its flip, "Johnny Little," were a departure from most of Kenner's early releases in that both sides were penned by arranger Allen Toussaint (under the alias N. Neville).

"Allen had trouble writing for Chris," claims Banashak. "He took all these funny little breaths which didn't hit nationally, but became one of the biggest local records of the Sixties."

"But when Chris ate, I ate. He kept me alive. He was that kind of guy."

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Kenner even forgets a verse and manages to moan "Chris was like Jimmy Reed. If he was sober, it was abnormal."

—Earl King

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"Something You Got" and "Packin' Up."

Even Domino's cover failed to stir the ashes of Kenner's version, however, and "Dances" was considered all but dead. To make matters worse, A-1 filed for bankruptcy, putting the entire Instant label sidered all but dead. To make matters worse, A-1 filed for bankruptcy, putting the entire Instant label in limbo.

However, after more than a year, a strange thing happened to the record, as Joe Banashak picks up the story: "Losing the distributorship was a real blow. I was completely out of the record business for a while. I started pulling weeds and cutting grass. Happened to the record, as Joe Banashak picks up some money and I needed some too, so I signed a distributor in Chicago who wanted they were interested in the record. I owed them happening there. Then Atlantic came to see me and "Something to the story: 'Losing the distributorship was a real blow. I was completely out of the record business for a while. I started pulling weeds and cutting grass. Happened to the record, as Joe Banashak picks up some money and I needed some too, so I signed a distributor in Chicago who wanted they were interested in the record. I owed them happening there. Then Atlantic came to see me and "Something to the story: 'Losing the distributorship was a real blow. I was completely out of the record business for a while. I started pulling weeds and cutting grass. Happened to the record, as Joe Banashak picks up some money and I needed some too, so I signed a distributor in Chicago who wanted they were interested in the record. I owed them happening there. Then Atlantic came to see me and "Something to the story: "Atlantic took the credit for making 'Land Of 1000 Dances' happen but it was already breaking without them. They had the single and I leased an album to them a little later. It was a good move for Chris. I was going through a dry period and it put him on an active label."

Kenner's version of "Dances" reached a respectable #77 during its seven-week stay in the charts, but really that was just the beginning. Kenner started gigging on the road again, often with tragicomic results. Percy Stovall recalled that there was more than one Chris Kenner imitator posing as our hero. Once he related, the real Chris Kenner had bottles and drinks thrown at him by an irate audience. When they felt that the authentic item was actually issued.

Rejuvenated by "Land Of A 1000 Dances," Banashak reactivated Instant with a series of releases by local artists, including Kenner. "Come Back and See" and "What's Wrong With Life" were good tunes, but only scored around New Orleans.

Towards the end of 1963, Kenner, Johnny Adams, George French, Jose Jones, Eskew Reeder and Earl King were in Detroit auditioning for the Motown label. According to Earl King, Berry Gordy was set to sign Kenner, who was nearing the close of his Instant contract. "At the time, 'Land Of A 1000 Dances' was #1 in Detroit and it was shocking. Chris had a gig at the Greystone Ballroom with George French and Johnny Adams. When those guys got through, there was no response from the audience. But when Bear got up there, it was like a time bomb went off. He must have been sober that night because he hit the stage, everybody in the place fell out screaming and hollering.

"That's the thing about a hit record, once it gets going, things snowball and there's not much you can do. I think the reason why a lot of Motown groups put 'Land Of A 1000 Dances' on their albums was because it was such a hit in Detroit. Berry Gordy was all set to sign Chris, in fact they recorded some stuff, but Chris split a day before the rest of us and left Berry with the hotel bill to pay. I think that made him leery about Chris and nothing ever became of it."

Kenner eventually did get a premature release from Instant in 1964, engineered by Charles Levy, who was now also Kenner's legal counsel. Soon after, Kenner signed a songwriter's contract for Fats Domino. In return for writing material exclusively for Domino, Kenner received a $500 advance, and $20 a week for the 20-week duration of the contract, to be subtracted from his forthcoming royalties. On top of that, Fats would receive half of the writer's credit and, of course, half of the publishing money.

Although nothing much came of the Domino arrangement, quite suddenly, a number of covers of Kenner's tunes became national hits. In the summer of 1964, fellow New Orleanian Alvin Robinson had a #52 hit with "Something You Got." Then early the following year, a garage band from California, Cannibal and the Headhunters, scored a #40 hit with "Land Of A 1000 Dances," which was followed by the Dave Clark Five's rendering of "I Like It Like That," which notched in at #7. Not to be undone, Wilson Pickett had his biggest record ever in 1966 with "Land Of A 1000 Dances," which climbed to #6.

As a result, Kenner was on the receiving end of a tremendous amount of BMI songwriters' royalties. "I think that all that money was a shock," says Earl King. "I really think it did a number on his mind. A lot of people didn't think Chris was getting his money at all because every time you'd see him he was out on the streets looking like a bum—but that was Chris."

"Chris was the only guy that ever owed money to BMI. Every time I would see him, he'd ask me to type a letter to BMI to get an advance. And they would send it because they knew that money was coming in. Every few months they'd send him a check for three or four thousand dollars."

Eventually Kenner resigned with Banashak in 1965 after he failed to secure a better deal elsewhere, but he would have mixed results there. Banashak leased a session on Kenner to Uptown Records, which was produced by Allen Toussaint. Although "The Life Of My Baby" b/w "They Took My Money" was a catchy single, it failed to click. "Never Reach Perfection" and "What's Wrong With Life" later appeared on Instant and captured...
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STUDIO SOLO
The Delicate Tongue Of Leroy Jones

BY ALAN EDELESTEIN

New Orleans trumpeter Leroy Jones was only fourteen years old when he was chosen to perform during halftime ceremonies at the 1972 Superbowl. In predictable show biz fashion, the promoters chose to dub him “Little Louis Armstrong.”Seemingly contrived and overblown, the title is actually quite appropriate, fitting Jones’ mastery of the traditional New Orleans idiom and his musical attitude as well. Like Armstrong, he finds no contradiction in being an unabashed entertainer as well as a self-conscious artist. “I want to make people happy,” Leroy says, with words that deflect the seriousness of his ambition. “Make ’em snap their fingers.”

The New Orleans musical community, at least, knows what he’s up to. Fellow New Orleans trumpeter Terrance Blanchard, in an interview conducted soon after joining Art Blakey’s Jazz Messengers, spoke about Jones as “the first person to really open my eyes to how a trumpet should be played. Even when he was in high school, he was monstrous. It’s a shame he doesn’t get the recognition that he should.” Having recently landed a gig five nights a week at the prestigious Hotel Intercontinental, Jones now has the opportunity to expand his local following. The entertainer in him just couldn’t be satisfied with remaining a musician’s musician.

Born in New Orleans’ Lower Ninth Ward in 1958, Leroy began playing trumpet at age eleven, first inspired and instructed by his trumpet-playing music teacher, Sister May. Initially, when he was monstrous.

“I used to walk down the street and listen to Leroy and his friends playing rock music,” Barker said, “and I got to thinking that they should be playing jazz. Leroy could play with sense, not just foolishness.”

Before long the Fairview Band began playing local parades and concerts (including the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival), eventually attracting national and international attention, winning engagements at a Kennedy Center jazz tribute and later for a BBC broadcast.

Though raised a Catholic, Leroy has a deep appreciation for the Baptist Church influence in his music. “I’ve always had the church in my music,” he says. “You know, the Baptist spirituals like ‘Bye and Bye,’ ‘Closer Walk With Thee,’ ‘Saints Go Marching In.’ And then we used to sit in church and watch those gals sing gospel, you know, the road...”

In 1974 Leroy left the Fairview band in the hands of younger musicians, and formed his own Hurricane Brass Band. This group played the Smithsonian Institute of Folklore Festival as well as intermission sets for a few Quincy Jones-Brothers Johnson concerts. The seemingly incongruous combination of contemporary funk and New Orleans street jazz did not phase Jones, who views all music as a kind of organic whole. “I don’t believe in cutting myself off from the latest sounds. I like Michael Jackson, I like some of the things Grover Washington is doing. I guess my favorite pop groups would be Earth Wind & Fire, and the Crusaders.”

By the end of 1976, Jones turned down a scholarship to Loyola’s School of Music (“My learning comes from being around other musicians”) and began playing with Lee Bates and Hot Corp. Inc., a Bourbon Street-based jazz-rock and rhythm and blues band.

With this group, Jones made his first extended tour with New Orleans. After a four week, thoroughly mismanaged jaunt through central Florida, he returned home broke and without prospects for steady work.

A major turning point for the young musician came about a year later when clarinetist Hollis Carrmouche hired him for his “Jazz Cajuns” group. It wasn’t so much the music they were playing that made it special, nor even the fact it was here that Jones began developing his vocal talents. But it was Carrmouche who introduced him to the bebop masters— particularly trumpeter Clifford Brown.

“I thought bebop was crazy music. I didn’t understand it. But then, I never even heard of Clifford Brown until 1978. That music was as foreign to me as avant garde would be to someone who just listens to straight music. I started late with it, but now I feel I can fit comfortably in any musical situation.

“Even when he was in high school, he was monstrous.”

—Terrence Blanchard

“The longest gig for me on Bourbon Street was like six weeks, so I never had the opportunity to build up a following. And they’d always hire another band, a white band playing Dixieland. At one place I worked the owner was sitting at the bar with his buddies sending notes up to me saying ‘Play more Dixieland music.’ Meanwhile, the house is already 60% full. So I got on the mike, I said, ‘This is the reason you’re hiring so-and-so, because they play Dixieland. And I asked the people in the audience—and I don’t normally do that ‘cause it’s not in my nature—I said, ‘Are you folks enjoying this music? ‘ And everybody applauded. The owner called me outside afterwards, he was really mad.

“What do you mean by embarrassing me in front of customers?”

“Well, you insulted me by sending that stupid note up. You knew what kind of music you were getting when you hired me. Furthermore, will you let me play out my week in peace and leave me alone?”

And you thought jazz had something to do with freedom of expression...

The final irony of all this is that Leroy Jones is still trying to shake off a misguided reputation as a “Dixieland” player. In a city where so many of the downtown clubs feature only the safest and most commercial jazz, this kind of situation is hardly surprising. Leroy feels fortunate to have a gig on his own terms. At Pete’s Pub in the Intercontinental, he draws his listeners in with jazz/ pop warhorses like “ Ain’t Misbehavin’ ” and then proceeds to challenge them with an extended rendition of John Coltrane’s ballad “Naima.” It is in these more introspective numbers that Jones gets most involved.

“When people think of a trumpet player, they often think of somebody who’s gonna blow them out of the damn window. But it can be played delicately, and that’s the type of trumpet playing that I want to explore.”

Since 1980, Leroy has had an increasing number of opportunities to perform outside New Orleans. While the response is always greater (Holland made him an honorary “Ambassador of Goodwill”) and a Canadian promoter paired him with Eddie “Cleanhead” Vinson, Jones has no plans to leave his hometown permanently. And he hasn’t been losing any sleep over the prospect of recording contracts or producers or big-time management firms. Interest in the music itself is foremost in his mind.

“I want to play with total logic and continuity,” he says. “I’ve only been playing for 15 years. I’m still practicing. I’m looking forward to where I’ll be ten years from now.”

WAVELNGTH / APRIL 1984
On Tour
Van Halen rocks all over the U.S.A. through mid-May.

Hottest Videos

Top Five Sony Video '45s
1. David Bowie ('China Girl', 'Let's Dance', and 'Modern Love')
2. Duran, Duran ('Girls On Film', 'Hungry Like The Wolf!')
3. Michael Nesmith ('Rio' and 'Cruising Away', 'Cruising', 'Time Heals')
4. Toto ('Holiday in Japa', 'Rosanna', 'Africa', 'Lost in Hollywood')
5. Todd Rundgren Videosyncracy ('Hideaway', 'I Can We Still Be Friends', 'Time Heals')

Top New Sony Video '45s
1. Phil Collins ('In The Air Tonight', 'I Missed Again', 'Through These Walls', 'Can't Hurry Love')
2. Ezelon Easton ('Telephone', 'Moccinry', 'Love In The Rain', 'Morning Train (9 to 5)')
3. Iron Maiden ('Run To The Hills', 'The Number Of The Beast', 'Flight Of Icarus', 'The Troopers')
4. Rick Derringer Video LP including 'Easy Action', 'Rock And Roll Hoochie Koo', 'Hang On Sloopy'
5. The Kinks ('Come Dancin', 'Don't Forget To Dance', 'Predictable', 'State Of Confusion')

In the Studio...
Jefferson Starship are hard at work on their new RCA/Grunt album with producer Ron Nevison. The group cut up their new album with producer Gary Katz.

Top of the Charts

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<td>90125, Yes (Alto)</td>
<td>&quot;Girls Just Want To Have Fun&quot; Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)</td>
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Personal Favorites
Neal Schon, lead guitarist for Journey, picks his five favorite guitar players:
1. Albert King
2. B.B. King
3. Jeff Beck
4. Michael Bloomfield
5. Eddie Van Halen

The hope in Duran Duran strike cool poses. Photo: Ansa

Critic's Choice
Jain Blair Takes On "The Fab Five"
Duran Duran is perhaps the perfect band for 1984. Everywhere you look, you see their videos, their posters, their image - on TV, in clubs, on bedroom walls. And everywhere they go they provoke the kind of adolescent hysteria the likes of which America hasn't seen since the Fab Four first conquered those shores some twenty years ago. But every generation needs its own heroes, and in that respect there's nothing false or calculating about the frenzied screaming that greeted the band at their sold-out LA shows. But while The Beatles immediately appeared as four real kids from the streets, complete with blemishes and all, Duran Duran have magically emerged as five perfect beauty queens - the logical result of their stunning MTV campaign that built an entire image on exotic locations, and carefully manicured looks.

But of course there's a price to pay, and in a bizarre twist, the hysterical girls who rushed to the Forum to see their heroes in the flesh seemed far more obsessed with their huge video images on the screen above the stage than the lads themselves. Faced with similar abandoned adulation twenty years ago, The Fab Four wisely decided to retire from the circus of touring and concentrate on their music in the studios. Considering Duran Duran's latest songwriting efforts, it might be wise for them just to concentrate on their videos.

17 mg. "tar". 1.3 mg. nicotine as per cigarette by FTC method.
CONCERTS

Sunday, 1
April Fool's Anti-Reading: Poetry and Prose of Satire, Nonsense and Absurdity, Maple Leaf Bar, 2:30 p.m. Call 232-1216 for more information.

Mozart Spring Concert with orchestra, St. Louis Cathedral, 3 p.m., free.

Tuesday, 3
April Ants the Romantics, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Songs of Love and Betrayal, a cabaret show with Parisian mezzo Helen Delevaute, which sounds like just cup of coffee: Yvette Guilbert, of course, sings songs that alternated between Thomas Piaty and the ghouliness of the Theatre Grand Guignol, hope Mme. Delevaute is keeping this valuable tradition alive.

Wednesday, 4
Music at Midday, violin and piano sonatas performed by Peter Hansen and Kelly Parkinson; Rogers Chapel, Tulane, noon, free.

Adam Zagajewski, Polish poet, and Solidarity leader, reads from his works. Tulane, place TBA, 7:30; information at 883-5250.

Friday, 6
Ted Nugent, the man whose idea of a peaceful kingdom is a trophy room—but still, a necessity. UNO Lakefront Arena, 8.

Grassroots, Riverboat President. Sooner or later, you'll wait a million years because the river is wide... or something like that.

Friday, 7-Sunday, 8
WTUL Fund-Raising Marathon, on the Quad with scads of five bands, including the Uptights on Saturday. Day-long; free.

Sunday, 8
Tulane Concert Band, Jackson Square, 7 p.m. Free.

Chamber Music, Grace Episcopal Church, 7:30; mezzo Leslie Jones and a chamber ensemble perform Bech's trio sonata from the Musical Offering; Information at 488-5142.

World Saxophone Quartet, Snug Harbor, shows at 6 and 9.

Wednesday, 11
Music at Midday, David Everson in a piano recital, Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane, free.

Thursday, 12
Eurythmics: Real Life, McAlister Auditorium, 8 p.m. Another salute to Emil Dalcreme, who needs all of them, he can get.

Sister Almes, the world premiere of a new opera by Odaline de la Martinez and John Whiting based on the career, which some might call nefarious; of the founder of the Four Squares Gospel, Sister Almes Sample McPherson, whose kidnapping was one of the most monstrously lively carseentlews of the Twenties. Dixon Hall, Tulane, 8 p.m., information at 865-5105.

Saturday, 14
Jazz Improvisational Clinic with Jamey Aebersold, saxophonist and teacher; Dixon Hall, Room 118, 1 p.m. Information at 865-5139.

Sister Almes, as above.

Sunday, 15
Sax Concert with Jamey Aebersold, Dixon Hall, 7:30 p.m. Information at 865-5130.

New Orleans Symphony, free outdoor concert; Washington Square Park, 7 p.m. Information at 524-6404.

Billy Taylor and Trio, a benefit for NOCCA, International Room of the Fairmont, 7 p.m. Information at 896-0055.

Wednesday, 18
Mummenschanz, not a cycle of prints by one of the German "Little Masters," but a mime theatre/dance troupe. Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. Information at 865-5143.

Friday, 20
Climax Blues Band, Riverboat President.

Saturday, 21
Jeff Leber Fusion, Riverboat President; Judas Priest, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi.

Sunday, 22
Judas Priest, Baton Rouge Centroplex.

Wednesday, 25
Music at Midday, clarinet and piano works performed by Van Philips and John White. Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane, free.

Friday, 27
At the Fair Grounds, Fats Domino, Jerry (I Remember When Mama Said...), Butler, Swamp Pop revival, 170k.

Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans in concert, Dixon Hall, 10:45 a.m.

Soul at the Saenger, Saenger Theatre, 7 p.m. and midnight. Ray Charles, the luminous Roselines, and the Ray Charles Orchestra; Al Green; Dave Bartholomew's Big Band with guest vocalist Johnny Adams.

Sunday, 29
At the Fair Grounds, Al Green, Earl King, Odomonkora Kyerema Troupe of Ghana and all the rice in China as well.

Salute to New Orleans Jazz, Riverboat President, 8 p.m. Included on this voyage through jazz, calme et chaotique: Pete Fountain, Lindis Hopkins, Percy and Willie Humphrey's Preservation Hall Band and such international favorites as the Neptune Jazz Band of Zimbabwe, the N.O. Rascals of Osaka and the only-slightly-more-sedate sounding Sensation Jazz Band of Canada.

CONCERT SERIES


New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony, Orpheum Theatre, 7 p.m., Thur. 5, Andrew Massey conducts, Guider and Sehure are dauphino piano soloists; in a pro gram of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, Tues. 24 and Wed. 25, Philippe Entremont conducts with Gabrielle Fontana as guest pianist in a program of sonatas and anrias by Mozart, Fournier and Stravinsky.

LA. CLUBS

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 893-8668, Bears 2000.
The Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2232.
The Chief Southside, formerly Trinity's, 4365 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 388-9684.

**LIVE MUSIC**

Acy's, 1925 Sophie Wright Place, 525-2357. Wed. 14. The Models. Other dates TBA.


Beau Geste, 7201 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs., Larry Janca at 8. Fri. and Sat., Larry Janca's Legioneers (just as long as you can catch that disease from getting too close), featuring Al Claude with Brenda, at 10.


Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 581-9473. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.

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

Cafe', 520 State Street, 520-9396. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the James Drew Trio, including Jim Single- lton and Jeff B. Reuben, Reuben, Pyytania Theatre in April.

Carleton Station, 8140 Willow, 805-9190. Blue grass Sunday, call for the other six days.

Columns Hotel, 3611 St. Charles, 889-9326. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (born charts by Nell Nolan).

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

Dorothy's Medallion, 2222 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of adiposa dolorosa in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.


544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-6011. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS, from 9 to 9, Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.


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

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0962. Alfresco ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Houlben'a., 351 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 save Fridays, the music moves into on weekends and starts two hours later.

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


Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 524-4109. A Night in Old New Orleans hope the Spring Flats Assoc. doesn't get wind of this...); with Becky Allen and her Chlorene Chorines demonstrating why care spent the city; shows at 8 and 10, nightly save Sundays. Sun.: Chuck Eastering and his band, from 9. Mon.: Wanda Rouzan and her band.


Johnny Reno at Tip's April 7.

Real Life, McAlister Auditorium, April 12.
Ronnie Earl and the Broadcasters
“Smoking”
BT-1023

Johnny Reno and his Sax Maniacs
“Born To Blow”
BTEP-1025

The Cold Cuts
“Meat The Cold Cuts!”
BT-1021

Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets
“She Knocks Me Out!”
BT-1022

Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets
“Talk To You By Hand”
BT-1001

Buckwheat Zydeco’s
“100% Fortified Zydeco”

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Cambridge, Mass. 02140 (ph. 617-354-0700)
Miss Margarida's Way, at the GAC through April 15.

Plays

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp
525-1216 Through Sun. 15. Miss Margarida's Way, a play whose only character is an 11th grade biology teacher.

Minneapolis' Dinner Theatre, 7901 S.
Osborne, 566-7000. Through May 5. Oklahoma!

Players Dinner Theatre, 1212 Airline
Highway, 835-6057. From Sat.: A Shot In The Dark a French sex-and-crime farce, turned into (of all things) an Inspector Clouseau movie on these shores.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St.
Gretna, 561-6400. Through Sat. 11. Last of the Red Hot Lovers, a Neil Simon farce. Thu.26 through June 2; Impulse Comedy, certainly a promising title.

Saenger, 524-0676 Through Sun.1: Camelot, with Richard Harris going through the Lerner and Loewe version of La Mélodie d'Arthur. Tue.3 through Sun.15. On Your Toes, the Rodgers and Hart musical about a vaudeville star who gets involved with a temperamental ballerina, played in this instance by Leslie Caron. This musical is probably remembered more for introducing Alwyn Kuritz's Way, the title number. "Too Good for the Average Man," "The Heart Is Quicker Than The Eye," and the often-overlooked title number.

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen
525-0553 Through Sat.21: Love You Like I Used To. Expect it by actor-playwright social worker-bon-vivant Richard Chancey, the play deals with a gay college student with the T.M. troupe: Sherrill Schneier, David Swisher, et al. Call the theatre for performance dates and times.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse,
522-7002. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30 p.m. One Mo' Time. Tues.3: Songs of Love and Betrayal, cabaret with mezzo soprano Heiwa Defelicit.

UNO Theatre, 285-6006. Fri.27 through May 2: Onine. Giraudoux's fantasy about a raft, part of.

The Killer Bees at the Maple Leaf Bar, April 13 and 14.

Songs of Love and Betrayal, Toulouse Theatre, April 3.

Edu and Henrietta Alves and the Sounds of Brazil, Snug Harbor, April 15.

Films

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp
525-1216. Wed.: Personal Problems,
FRIDAY, APRIL 27, Riverfront Pavilion, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight! "Jazz Festival Anniversary Party," Fats Domino; Dr. John plays Mac Rebennack: the Neville Brothers. ($16.00)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, Steve Negri's Party, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight! "The French Quarter Festival," featuring Kermit Ruffins and the Barbeque Boys, Tom dubin & the addressing band, and others. ($16.00 general admission)

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, Riverfront Pavilion, 6:00PM, "Salute to New Orleans Jazz," Pete Fountain, Linda Hopkins with the N.O. Storyville Jazz Band; Percy and Willie Humphrey's Preservation Hall Jazz Band; following the concert there will be an "International N.O. Jazz Jamboree" featuring the New Orleans Jazz Band of Zimbabwe, the N.O. Pascals of Osaka, Japan. ($15.00 general admission)

TUESDAY, MAY 1, Theatre of Performing Arts, 7:00PM, "Fusion Night," with Stanley Clarke and George Duke; Gary Bartz: Wayne Artis & Latash. ($16.00 or $13.50 reserved seats)

SATURDAY, MAY 5, Riverfront Pavilion, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight, "Tribute to Playboy Writers," with the James Cotton Band, Al Mahaffie, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Eliza Janis, Fetty Baggs, and a special film segment ($15.00)

THURSDAY, MAY 7, Riverfront Pavilion, 9:00PM, "Jazz Cruise," Sunny Reiss: Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann; Ellis Marsalis pays tribute to Duke Ellington, ($15.00 general admission)

FRIDAY, MAY 14, Riverfront Pavilion, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight, "The Golden Age of Rock & Roll," Roy Orbison, Johnny Rivers, Irma Thomas & the Professionals, ($17.00 general admission)

SATURDAY, MAY 22, Riverfront Pavilion, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight, "15th International N.O. Jazz Festival," featuring the Original Preservation Hall Jazz Band, with guest vocalists Johnny Adams, Dr. John, $17.00 to $13.75 reserved seats

SATURDAY, MAY 29, Riverfront Pavilion, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight, "N.O. Rhythm Revue," featuring the original Motels (Art Neville, keyboards; Ziggy Modeliste, drums; Louie St. Cyr, guitar; and George Porter Jr., bass), and their special guests St. John, Steel Pulse, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, ($18.00 general admission)

FRIDAY, MAY 27-28-29, International House Rockers w/ Henry Gray, "SALUTE TO NEW ORLEANS," will be an all-day celebration with over 12 different types of music

LOUISIANA HERITAGE FAIR
Fair Grounds Race Track, April 27-28-29-May 1, 7:00PM-1:00AM
Fair Menu—Over 30 different culinary delights including crawfish tamales, fresh-squeezed Poquemons Parish orange juice, blackened redfish, alligator peaque, seafood bouillabaisse, crawfish etouffee, footbouiche, red beans and rice, go-bans, ambigou, and u-ban

Fair Music Schedule—Over 100 artists from Louisiana and all over displaying, demonstrating, and selling their wares. Also a partial list with performances.

Fair Crafts—Over 200 artisans from Louisiana and all over displaying, demonstrating, and selling their wares. Also a partial list with performances.

Fair Music Schedule—Over 12 different types of music.
described by its maker, filmmaker Ismael Reed as a "lo-fi opera." Wed.11: Wipe rose, a documentary on the northern Minnesota Iron Range by John Hanson and Sandra Langenkamp, Wed.16: the Louisiana Committee for the Humanities will present films and taped anecdotes they've recently funded and also discuss what they might be prepared to do in the future. Wed.25: Opening Screening:

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Tues.: II Bidone, a 1955 Fellini overlooked because of La Strada and Cabiria. Better than the former and almost the equal of the latter—and grim. Broderick Crawford's death-without-redemption of a man who has lived too hard, at the expense of all he's loved. As do his scenes with the crippled girl, he plays a confidence man who disguises himself as a priest. Fri. Fine Easy Pieces. Bob Rafelson's overrated bit of redneck-aneromie, with some sniping performances amidst its non-stop, privileged law-and-orderish study of romanticism bursting out of unlikely quarters—especially Helena Karanov's by-now-legendary romanticism bursting out of the four walls of the ecology-minded hitchhiking dyke, Mon. 16:

Giulietta degli Spiriti, 1949 films, with the longest still-funny of these by any measure. Fri.26: Met-hedrine-fashion show-cum-phantasmagoria of a bourgeois housewife's daydreams is certainly one of the screen's most opulent oddities and works. Worth seeing for its mise en scene alone—like comedies with keys in their back—and for its cinematography of Gianni di Venanzio and the hallucinatory sets and costumes of Piero Boschetti, among the performers. Sandra Milo, Valentina Cortese, Silvana Jachino, Joe Luis de Villalonga, Valeska Gert and the ageless white-chocolate beauty of Caterina Boratto as the mother. Mon.30: The Great Dictator, Chaplin's 1940 slapstick cartoon is simple, naive and corny, but also marvelously precise in the observation that really matters, with Chaplin as the trump and as Adonid Hynkel, Der Phooey, and Pauline Goodward, Jack Oakie, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, and Mischa Mouropshvii as the sweet old man in the ghetto. Films are by either subscription subscription ($15) or by $1.50 admission. They are shown in Bobet Hall, Room 332.

Prytanía, S390 Prytania, 855-4513. Through Fri., Ven. 26: Hitchcock's 1952 dream of color and blondes and tes; don't miss it. Fri.6 through Thurs.26: Reuben, Reuben, Reuben, a look at the Dylan Thomasesque hell-teenage lover on an American campus in this film of the Peter DeVries novel.

Tulane Music Theatre. Tues.3: Das Kabinett des Doktor Caligari (the Carl Mayer-Robert Wiene 1919 film which changed the look and sense of movies ever afterward). Tues.10: Ballet Meccanique (Fernand Leger 1924 cinematic transposition of his painting in which the highlights are glimpses of Duchamp playing chess, a heart pulled by a camel and a rather bizarre ballooning portrayed by Bill Gates:

A Trip To The Moon (George Melies 1902 travelogue). Tues.17: Wavelength, Michael Snow's film is one of the longest continuous bits of cinema virtually ever. UNO Mus. Tues.6 and Wed.7: Media Showcase, films and videos by faculty and students.

ART


Arthur Roger, 3056 Magazine, 869-5228. Through April 26: paintings, pots and perhaps a few calcinations as well by Michael Leder. Sat.28 through May 17: ab-

Barnesville Gallery, 1630 Hastings Place, 525-5859. In April: graphics by Debra Howell and paintings by Henry Klimowa, direct from America's Dairyland.


Delgado Fine Arts Gallery. Through Wed. a show by interior design students. Fri.6 through Mon.23: student photography. Fri.27 through May 9: Fine Arts students' show.


A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5452 Magazine, 897-1020. Through Wed.11: color photographs by Canadian contemporary photographers, in conjunction with the Canadian Consul General. Thurs.12 through May: photographs by the last great living master of the classical allegory and the symbolic portrait, Clarence John Laughlin.


Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4662. Through Sat.7: The Rites of Ron, an exhibition showing how the School of Design presents its pageant, both this year and in years past. Tues. 17 through the World's Fair: Louisiana Alphabets, prints, paintings and photos of indigeneous items and creatures and states, arranged alphabetically.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Fri.6 through Sat. 17: Visuals from the World's Fair: Louisiana Alphabets, prints, paintings and photos of indigeneous items and creatures and states, arranged alphabetically.

New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Sun.1 through Sun.15: NOPS at: NCM IV, the museum's annual show of art by New Orleans Public Schools students.


Ouden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-9300. Through Wed.25: figurative paintings by Randall Schmit, and sculptural paintings by Amy Archinal. Sat.28 through May 15: larger than life figurative paintings by Terry Eisens and polychrome emulsion portraits by Craig Dietz of such local figures as Allen Toussaint and Sonny Norman.

Tulane Fine Arts Gallery, Newcomb Campus. April Fool's Day: Newcomb Spring Arts Festival (an Undergraduate Juried Exhibition opening that day is up until Fri.6). Fri.6: Celine de la Martinez, local musician and composer of part of the noon Dialogues Up With Women Artists. Sun.8 through Wed.22: an exhibition housed in the Newcomb Nursery School, in honor of the National Week of the Child, the reception features cookies and lemonade. Sun.15 through May 3: MFA Thesis Exhibition.

Uno Fine Arts Gallery, Laketfront Campus, 295-0492. Through April: Southern Folk Images, a show of 50 pieces by David Buller, Bill Taylor, Henry Speker.

Left and top: mime and dance contortionists Mommenschanz at Dixon Hall, April 16. Left bottom: "Frog" by Klimowa, Blenville Gallery, April.
Chris Kenner

Cont'd from page 26

the spirit of earlier successes, but fell on deaf ears. So, too, did "She Can Dance" b/w "Anybody Here Seen My Baby."

After Toussaint left to form a partnership with Marshall Sehorn, Kenner’s sessions were put in the hands of Eddie Bo and, later, Sax Karl. "As a recording artist, Chris lost his direction after Allen left," explains Banashak. "The more he tried, the worse he got. He drank too much at sessions and he had to squeeze lemons to make his voice sound better. He was always around the office borrowing money.

Kenner’s song ideas were quickly evaporating as well, and his later Instant releases were often penned by others. Still, he managed a few good sides, including "I’m Lonely, Take Me," produced by Eddie Bo and "Wind The Clock," written and arranged by Sax Kari. There also was "Stretched My Hand To You" from 1967, which didn’t do much nationally, but became a big local record as "Coo Coo Over You" by the Hueys on Instant.

Ironically, his 1968 Instant release of ‘Sad Mistake’ would signal a scrapping halt to Kenner’s recording career. Not long after, Kenner was arraigned on a charge of statutory rape of a minor and began a three-year stretch in Angola. Lee Bates claims that the unfortunate incident involved the daughter of an ex-girlfriend and that Kenner was framed by the girl’s daughter. However, Earl King, Joe Banashak and Perry Stowell all said that Kenner already had a similar charge pending, but that he didn’t have money to bargain with the second time around, even though the shrewd Charles Levy was still his lawyer.

While Kenner was serving his time, he was joined by fellow New Orleanian James Booker, who had been sent up for possession of heroin in 1970. While in Angola, Kenner contacted the A.G.A.C. (Amalgamated Group of American Composers) to collect his composers royalties. According to Earl King, $21,000 was waiting for Kenner upon his release in 1972, but it was gone in less than two months.

Kenner attempted to put together the broken pieces of his career, enlisting the aid of Ike Favorite, confidant of Fats Domino, as manager. Things were slow in New Orleans, and gigs and recording deals were scarce. In 1974, he cut a session for Senator Jones which resulted in two terrible singles for the Hep! label. The following year he made his first and only appearance at the New Orleans Jazz Festival, but failed to turn many heads, including this author’s.

When Quint Davis began booking R&B acts in 1976 at the 501 Club (later to become Tipitina’s), Kenner often shared the bill with the likes of Professor Longhair and Earl King. Local producer Isaac Bolden was interested in recording new material on Kenner, and had gone as far as cutting some demos. However, Kenner’s comeback never happened, as he died of an apparent cardiac arrest in January 1977.

"Last time I saw Chris was in the 501 Club," says Earl King. "He was dressed real nice in a black suit and a white shirt. He was sober that night because he sounded real good with us. "Chris had started to hang down by the K&B on St. Charles and Louisiana, and all of a sudden he didn’t show up any more, and people were asking about him. He was living in a housing house on the corner of Dryades and Jackson, next to Bea Booker’s house. [Mr. Booker was a well-respected pianist. She noticed his car hadn’t moved for a few days and sent her husband over to check on him. He managed to get Chris’ door open, but the night latch was on and a terrible odor came out. They called the police and they broke down the door. Apparently, Chris had just come out of the shower and he fell on the bed. Chris had gained a lot of weight back and I think it put too much strain on his heart.

Details concerning Kenner’s death and burial were kept hushed, without immediate notice in the local papers, and no effort was made by Kenner’s family to contact his friends. "It was quiet, extra quiet," agrees Lee Bates, who was deeply hurt by the circumstances. "Nobody said a word about a funeral, everything was secret. I don’t even know where he was buried. I don’t think that was right. Chris was a star and nothing was done for him."

"Funny thing," points out Earl King. "I really thought Chris might be turning things around. He had cut Levy loose as his lawyer and he was asking me about how to form a publishing company. He felt really bad about his son, Chris Kenner, Jr., being sent to Angola [Kenner’s wife was also doing time for shooting a man in a bar] and he said he was going to start to change his ways."

Lee Bates, who considered himself Kenner’s best friend, eulogizes Kenner’s career best by saying, "I was up and down with Chris two or three times. I was with him when he had to steal 36" to buy a place of red beans at Sam’s. Then the next thing you know he’s driving around in a brand new car. Everything he was down he’d say, ‘Lee, next time I get back up again, I’m not gonna mess up no more.’ But he always did the same thing; I guess things just happened too fast for Chris."

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WAVELength / April 1984
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5 SETS ARRIVING SOON— DONT' MISS OUT!

WAVELENGTH | APRIL 1984
last page

April already, which reminds us of the absolute worst-band-in-the-world April Wine, hailing from Canada, which is north of Destrehan. April also reminds us of the wonderful Nino Tempo & April Stevens, whose "Deep Purple" was bumped from the Number One position on Billboard's Hot 100 in November, 1963 by "I'm Leaving It Up To You" sung by Louisiana's own Dale & Grace. The day before, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated by a man who once lived on Magazine Street. A mournful nation responded by purchasing sufficient quantities of the Singing Nun's "Dominique" to enable that curious record to top the pop charts for the entire month of December, 1963.

Meanwhile, John Travolta, who looks like someone whose plans to marry Jon Newlin is, of course, this journal's resident aesthete/typographer, a deacon at St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church and the father of three adolescent daughters, all of whom attend Country Day.

Uh oh. The Killer's back in town.

37th time) of the Nevilles, Aaron recently confided that the only thing that wrests him away from home and televised wrestling matches is an "Amos 'n Andy" double-feature at the Pitt. We'll certainly second that emotion!

Speaking of Algonquin J. Calhoun, we have been notified by Joe Jones, "theatrical management consultant," that he is "the only authorize [sic] person on planet earth [sic] to handle James Booker's business." Concerning this matter, the Piano Prince could not be reached for comment. Mr. Jones, for the benefit of those wee babies in the audience who think Low Life of Surfing Jesus is an old man, was responsible for the 1960 hit, "You Talk Too Much."

Steve Conn of Boulder, Colorado, leads a band called Gris Gris, which plays "slightly demented" music and can't get booked at the Jazz Fest. Conn complains that it's discrimination against Coloradans and if anybody wants to check, his bloodlines are pure: graduation from LSU, able performance on two Beausoleil albums and of course, birth in Pineville. Pineville? Isn't that where they have the insane asylum?

Seriously, gentle readers (to cop a phrase from Miss Manners), we almost felt as if we were going nuts when we opened an innocent-looking package from Pressure Drop Records and discovered "Mental Disorder," the latest album by Jon Newlin, Whew! We almost thought it said "Jon Newlin." Jon Newlin is a sort of fruity Englishman with an Eraserhead hair-do; Jon Newlin is, of course, this journal's resident aesthetic/typographer, a deacon at St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church and the father of three adolescent daughters, all of whom attend Country Day.

Dense from Siren wishes to announce that her brother is the band's new guitarist and that they'll both open for His Imperial Jalapenos, Joe "King" Carrasco, at Tipitina's on April 19. Johnny Reno, the brother-in-law of Carrasco's foxy organist, will bring his Sax Maniacs to the same venue on April 7.

You'll notice we haven't made any perverse references to male anatomy so far but have we mentioned the Matadors? In French? Might we quote from "Jazz, Blues and Co.," the Parisian "journal tait dans la pioire par des gens qui n'y connaissent rien pour ceux qui ne savent pas grand chose," edited by Collette Sawicky?

"I'll participate at the Festival de Montreux ou le public ne leur reserve pas un accueil des plus chaleureux, ainsi qu'au cours du concert de Paris, une majorite de fossiles, dans une salle Pleyn plutot vide, est loin de se douter que la musique populaire de New Orleans a pu evoluer depuis les beaux jours de l'Original Dixieland Band en 1914." Certainsent! Oh, by the way, boys and girls: April Fools!
### Tipitina's

**501 Napoleon Ave., corner — Tchoupitoulas**

**APRIL**

**Music Starts at 9:30 Monday—Thursday**

**10:30 P.M. Friday—Sunday**

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<td><strong>Boys Of The Louch</strong></td>
<td><strong>Closed</strong></td>
<td><strong>Uptights</strong></td>
<td><strong>Dirty Dozen Brass Band</strong></td>
<td><strong>McCoy Tyner w/Special Guest Tuts Washington</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Neville Brothers</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Wtul Marathon w/T-Bone Burnett Plus Other Special Guests</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Wwoz's Farewell Party</strong></td>
<td><strong>Closed</strong></td>
<td><strong>John Mayall's Blues Breakers Featuring Former Rolling Stone Mick Taylor</strong></td>
<td><strong>Dirty Dozen Brass Band</strong></td>
<td><strong>Joe &quot;King&quot; Carrasco &amp; The Crowns</strong></td>
<td><strong>Koko Taylor and Her Blues Machine</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Batiste Brothers 1988 Blues Revue Featuring Music of The 60's and 70's—Johnny Adams &amp; Others In A Tribute to Jackie Wilson &amp; The Music of Otis Redding, Wilson Picket, Etc.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Closed</strong></td>
<td><strong>Closed</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Dirty Dozen Brass Band</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Original Culture and The Soul Defenders Reggae From Jamaica</strong></td>
<td><strong>Clifton Chenier &amp; His Red-Hot La Band w/Special Guest Lloyd Glenn</strong></td>
<td><strong>Neville Brothers</strong></td>
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| **Marcia Ball w/Special Guest Katie Webster** | **Lil' Bo Diddley and Offspring** | **Battle of the Brass Bands Featuring The Dirty Dozen, The Pisters, and The Chosen Few w/Tuba Fats** | **The Gladiators Reggae From Jamaica** | **Deacon John & The N.O. Blues Revue w/Special Guest Etta James & Earl King** | **The Radiators** | ****

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