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His First Taste Of B.B. King Cake

Blues baron B.B. King recently joined members of the local news media at the Fairmont Hotel for a slice of crown-topped King cake befitting a picker of such royal status. Mr. King politely fielded two hours of questions about everything from his feelings on having his home town of New Orleans, MS, name a street after him ("It was probably the greatest day of my life") to early guitar influences ("Blind Lemon Jefferson, Django Reinhardt and T-Bone Walker").

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

There's A Ford In The Jazzfest Future

Attention all you swamp pop disciples, all you crawfish-totin' South Louisiana types, all you chanky-chank devotees, the Jazz and Heritage Festival has you in mind this year. For the first time ever, the Fest will present a South Louisiana Music Show, with such bayou luminaries as Johnny Allan, Warren Storm, Van Broussard, and Van and Grace. The whole show will be backed by Allan's band. The host and guiding light for this upcoming South To Louisiana chivaree is none other than Frankie "Sea Cruise" Ford.

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

Out Of Cold Storage

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

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

Lead vocalist/keyboards Barbara Menendez-Ganucheau, vocalist/drummer Chris Luckette.

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

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

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

—Allison Brandin

NEW RELEASES

- Louisiana R 'n' B from Lanor Records, Red Pepper
  - Rockin' Sidney, Boogie Blues 'n' Zydeco, Maison Soul
  - Cajun Fiddle Styles, Vol. I The Creole Tradition: Conway Fontenot and the Carriere Brothers, Athoole 5031
  - Ellis Marsalis, Syndrome, ELM Records
  - Irma Thomas, Time Is On My Side, British Ace re-release of Kent 010
  - Dr. John, "Jet Set," "Swirl 2219
Jimbo's Dad
On The
Street Of Dreams

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

New Orleans Jazz & Hyperactive Festival

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

Not to worry, you are only experiencing imminent Jazz Fest syndrome. Yes, that biggest of all backyard parties is just around the corner, luring us once again with over 3,000 musicians, 10 stages, hundreds of craftpeople (dare we hope to see Thomas Mann once again) and more than 80 local specialties to put into your mouth. This year's Jazz Fest, the fifteenth Jazz and Heritage Festival, will commence on April 27 and continue for ten musically hyperactive days through May 6. This year, due to the anniversary nature of the celebration, the people at the Fest promise to deliver encores by musical luminaries who have ignited the festival over the years. To find out exactly what that means, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the N.O.J&H. Festival, P.O. Box 3520, New Orleans LA 70176 and they'll send you a detailed festival schedule and mail order ticket form. The schedule and ticket information will be made available by the middle of this month. (Due to the number of interested parties, the Jazz Fest office can no longer maintain an extensive mailing list, but they'll be glad to fill your request. New Orleanians can also pick up schedules at any Ticketmaster outlet.)

They Call Us Infinite, Divine And Wild!

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

---

Tchoupitoulas Meets Magnolia: Wild, Wilder, Wildest!

PHOTOS BY RICO
Ziggy & Tony & Barbie & Ken

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

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

Happy Hour Hosts Holly's Homilies

The venerable Happy Hour Theatre, which has survived the silent picture, the talkies, the tiny toe-tapping feet of Dorothy Lamour, the original Amos 'n' Andy, and more recently, cinema from real Bananas Republics, is entering a new phase. Located at 2301 Causeway Street, in its faded original Deco splendor, the Happy Hour is once again hosting live acts on its boards. The trend began when Richard Pierce staged his Heart of the Poet there in February, complete with blue laces levitating clowns, and a soprano to knock your teeth out, after the theatre had already closed its doors as New Orleans' only Spanish-speaking movie house.

On Friday, March 30, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament will bring singer Holly Near to the Happy Hour for a one-night show. Ms. Near, the darling of the radical and politically active, is of the same school as folk singer Joan Baez, Crosby Stills & Nash. Bonnie Raitt calls her: "the only person I know who has successfully combined music and politics." Near will be backed by her accompanist Nina Golden at the piano and will have a signing interpreter onstage with her for the entire show.

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

Big Open Fifths Country

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

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

---Jeffery Harrington
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Here's an obscure Mardi Gras offering from Johnny Vincent's Ace label that few of us have heard. Huey, of course, is Huey "Piano" Smith, and Curley is one-time Clown Curley Moore. Both these tunes sound familiar as they employ tracks recorded by Huey and the Clowns years earlier. "At The Mardi Gras" originally was "Just Havin' A Good Time," while "Second Line" first saw the light of day as "Rockin' Pneumonia." Plenty of the humorous flavor of the Clowns is retained as Curley implores everybody to "have a good time at the Mardi Gras" throughout. This release dates from Carnival of 1962, and it is the last Ace release before Johnny Vincent signed the ill-fated deal with Vee-Jay. For this reason it is a much sought after record. There used to be boxes of these in the old Ace warehouse up in Jackson, Mississippi, but sadly, they've long since disappeared.

--- Almost Slim

books

BY KALAMU YA SALAAM

LOUIS ARMSTRONG WAS NOT A FOOL

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

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

Cross-cultural critics, i.e. critics who comment on a culture other than the culture in which they are reared, are prone to amassing details as proof they understand the subject matter. But culture cannot be understood solely from statistics. Cross-cultural critics can make significant contributions when they write from the perspective of the outsider who is investigating and sharing information about an alien, although respected, culture. However, though I do not doubt Collier's honesty or his sincerity, too many of the conclusions drawn from the assembled facts are weighted by Collier's worldview, one drawn from the assembled facts are weighted by Collier's worldview, one. Hence my inclination to detail the non-swinging aspects of this book; I will limit myself to illustrating what I believe to be its major weakness: Collier's editorializing, negative assumptions and misunderstandings of African-American culture.

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

Music was particularly important to blacks. These impoverished and badly educated people had little else in the way of entertainment. They had no novels or poetry because many of them could not read or could only read at a low level. They had no paintings or music because they were barred from the museums and performance halls. They had no radio, no television, no movies, no magazines, few records, and only the
Louis Armstrong's comments generally do not concentrate on the extent, the music, the list goes on. His old neighborhood. He had a place where he belonged. It was his home.

When Collier reflects on "the reminiscences of jazz musicians," he notes, "Food was mentioned frequently in their memories: plates of barbecued pig, red beans and rice, pork sandwiches. It was not haute cuisine, but plain food, and my inference is that for many of these people just a full belly was a treat." Is that so? I don't think anyone has to be a native New Orleanian to appreciate that food in New Orleans was never simply "plain food." Where else in America does one find "jambalaya, pots of gumbo, red beans and rice?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Collier biography of Armstrong is long on facts but short on understanding. While one might admire the research that many white musicians conduct on traditional New Orleans jazz, alas, when
it comes to interpreting the music, the research is faulty and/or inadequately applied.

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

Louis Armstrong was more than an illiterate or semi-literate, intuitive musician. Although, by western standards, Armstrong would hardly be considered an intellectual, Armstrong’s achievements in music required that he think through the process of making music even when he couldn’t or did not articulate his thoughts.

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

BY ZEKE FISHHEAD

GET HAPPY WITH LOUIS JORDAN

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

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

Lately the Europeans have been un-
covering some of Jordan's more obscure sides. The French, through Barclay-MCA, put out *Come On...Get It* (MCA 510.193) in '78. These are big band recordings and naturally don't have the intimacy of the Nyabingi five sides, but the humor and spirit still shine through. "How Blue Can You Get" will immediately be recognized by old time fans of B.B. King. Here we have the outrageous original, complete with verses you'll never hear B.B. sing, like "Our love burns like a fire / Your love burns like a cigarette / I've seen you put it down and crush it / Baby, how blue can you get?" There's some tame cuts by Jordan's high standards, but noteworthy are the cuts featuring Wild "Bill" Doggett on organ, especially "Three-Handed Woman." Civilized discourses don't allow me to reproduce such lyrics, but if you get a chance, check it out! "The most eyewry Louis Jordan album I've run across came out in England last year, on Charity, Look Out (CRB 1048). It's a crazy-quilt smorgasboard of Jordan oddities and ends. Some of the tunes can be found on other Jordan LPs, but there are a number of cuts rare to find indeed. Most illuminating are the three cuts associated with rock 'n' roll artists. "Keep A-Knockin'" kicks off the album and it becomes apparent where Little Richard went for at least some of his inspiration. Of course, Jordan's version has none of Richard's hysteria, but it is just as swingin' and cool as can be. Side two commences with "Ain't That Just Like A Woman!"—and what a version it is! Over a medium jump-blues tempo, Jordan takes a good-natured jab with some great lines like "Marie Antoinette met them hungry cats at the gate / They were crying for bread / She said 'Let them eat cake!'" "A real treat is Louis' cha-cha send up of the venerable Bob Shad tune, "Junko Padner." Jordan's in rare form here. If you can stop yourself from cracking a big broad grin and dancing when you hear Jordan's "Padner," you must be dead. It's worth the price of the LP just for this marvelous performance.

If you don't own any Louis Jordan records, you owe it to yourself to score one and get happy for a little while. But beware!! Once you start, it's hard to stop!"
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a poor copy is the controversy. To me, the songs that are fueled by the power of the lyrics, such as "Fire In Soweto," succeed, but most of the songs make me want to put on either a Jamaican reggae disc or some of the truly great African music that is becoming more readily available. The Black Star Liner album features, with a few exceptions, unconvincing imitations of rock steady and reggae rhythms with lyrics that are tired and boring.

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

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

---

**FELA, FELA**

**NIGERIA'S REBEL**

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

Although Fela's records have done reasonably well in Europe and the U.S., he has not toured America, and it's questionable whether he will for some time to come because of his political statements and lifestyle. Since the mid-Seventies, his lyrics have been a strident running commentary on corruption in Nigeria. You can hear it best in Black President—for my money his best LP. He sings a long list of grievances set to bulging releases from a government minister alike, with the souring chorus of "ITT" behind him:

---

**afrique pop**

**BY JASON BERRY**

---

**Maple Leaf Bar**

---

**BLUE ROOM PRESENTS**

---

**8316 Oak Street 866-9359**
"International Thief Thief...International Thief Thief."

You can't separate his music from his politics, and because of that, he has had severe problems in Nigeria. Fela lives in the sprawling Lagos ghetto. Ten years ago, he had 600,000 people spread across three finger islands facing the Gulf of Guinea. Today Lagos has five million and the place resembles the ninth circle of Hell: garbage mounds smolder, electricity and water shortages are chronic, crime is the greatest fear of the diplomatic community and economic corruption is staggering. This last factor led to a coup last New Year's Eve, toppling the president, Shagari, whose election last August is widely assumed to have been stolen. The new military regime has pledged an economic clean-up, and half of the old cabinet is in jail now, because the military men want them to release money they stole. It sounds incredible, but that is Nigeria. As of late January, the former Minister of Justice was somewhere in Europe, wanted by the new regime for having stolen millions.

Fela's music—in such frisky LPs as *Expensive Slay and Authority Slaying*—was a rising voice of protest in the Seventies; he became a folk hero to thousands of the impoverished masses crowding into Nigeria's cities from the bush villages. Fela was coming out of a solid tradition, too. His father was a famous Christian educator, and his mother was a pioneering leader in women's rights and a confirmed leftist. Fela lived in the vortex of colliding cultures: his music was influenced by Yoruba drumming and jazz saxophone avant-garde shadings. From his mother he inherited a naturally political cast, a deep concern for the masses. In a book published by Cuban writer Carlos Moore in England last year—Fela, *This Bitch of Life*—the musician reflected bitterly about his father, a stern man who whipped him frequently when he was a boy. Much of that anger swelled in Fela, to the point where he began a march back toward the roots of his Yoruba culture, smoking great volumes of grass along the way, discarding much of the Western encroachment, keeping mainly some of the musical kicks.

Polygamy is an ancient tradition in West Africa. Even today, the chairman of ITF Nigeria has five wives, one of whom directs a newspaper he owns. In 1977, Fela married twenty-seven women in a single service. That in itself was enough to anger some officials in Nigeria, who wanted Western money and values to settle passively in the sprawling, oil-rich African nation of nearly 100 million. As Fela continued speaking out, the wrath of the military government came down hard; a troop of soldiers barged into his family compound, beat him senseless, raped and beat some of his wives, and threw his mother out of a first-story window. She died from the injuries, and in a statement of fierce protest, Fela led a procession bearing her coffin to the front of the military ruler's office building.

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

Fela's *Expensive Slay LP* is political satire at its raw, cutting best. Ganja smoking is widespread in Nigeria; and when the law went after Fela for his unhidden habit, he swallowed portions of a lid. Soldiers threw him in jail and guards waited for his bowels to move so the evidence could be extracted, but his cellmates took turns discharging so Fela could sort of mingle his own deposits among the...
others, and "expensive shit" never surfaced to the authorities' detection. Sounds rough, doesn't it? But that is part of the Nigerian condition today—a country rich and deep in culture, sensational music, a long tradition of the novel and drama, and an artistic legacy many centuries old. The oil bonanza created great wealth in a few hands, and widespread decay. In his own thundering, paradoxical way, Fela embodies the conflicting forces of his time, the tension between Westernization and tribal tradition. Despite the machismo, the guy can be very funny. Maybe it's the nastiness in some of the sexual lyrics, the hedonism suggested in the way he says 'now oh penni and clozzze'—or the salty fight in the songs insulting politicians. The guy is so outrageous, no other African musician could him in the realm of sheer controversy. Maybe that's why the best sounds he's set to wax radiate out of the stereo speakers in a way words can't describe.

REVIEWS

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

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

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

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

During the so-called blues revival of the 1960's and 70's, many of the Tempests as West Coast artists were overlooked in favor of the more downhome Delta and Chicago sound. Thanks mainly to European interest, this misguided obsession with "folk purity" has been abandoned. T-Bone reissues now fill the cracks where once there were none. And though he isn't around to enjoy the attention, he'd be proud of this release—the only one that appreciates the depth of his contribution to black popular culture.

—A.P. Edelstein

The Cure
JAPANESE WHISPERS
Sire 25076-1

The Cure's new album, Japanese Whispers, presents as large a change in attitude and sonic climate from their previous one, Pornography, as can be imagined. The constant use of drum machines and synthesizers here is a new foray into the world of dance rock, which although commercially expedient is nevertheless not as exciting or emotionally disturbing as their previous efforts. Pornography manifested the bitterness of a man completely at one with nuclear apocalypse. Dense textures produced solely from layer upon layer of guitar distortion and lyrics such as "It doesn't matter if we all die," or "A white face looks into the mirror for the first time in a year," created a torrential effect emotionally similar to Schoenberg's Erwartung, while maintaining its skeletal rock melodies. Japanese Whispers, however, does have some moments of merit. There is now a bitter sarcasm in the lyrics, which when combined with constant chromatic synthetic textures, are often quite charming. "Lament Dream" and "Just One Kiss," in particular, maintain the emotionality of their previous work, while introducing the invitation to dance. This album may do better for the group than their other records, but it must be thought of as a retreat from the dangerous revelations of their earlier efforts.

—Jeffrey Harrington
Making Mardi Gras

BY VIRGINIA LEVIE

Back in the early 1970's, back in the last cultural ice age, when a man named Christo was tying up buildings and Agnes Denes was tying down trees, back then when less was more and usually too much, when paintings could have no brushstrokes and the sharpest artists were typing notes and pinning them to gallery walls, what we wanted, those of us in the chilly outback of High Culture, what we secretly hungered for and guiltily desired, was a little more gaudy. We wanted an art that would transform the common man, crossing boundaries of sex and age.

What we wanted, of course, was Mardi Gras. And now, a brief word about the people who make all this possible.

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

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

Making Mardi Gras — giant pirates, Robin Hoods, mermaids, gargantuan papier mâché figures that are repaired and revamped from year to year. Summer is the season when Raul and his crew of craftspeople (including his sons when school is out) are really hopping.

By 9:30 on a hot July morning, the giant warehouse door of the prop barn, the last warehouse in the Kern complex by the river in Algiers, has been rolled up and props in all stages of completion are being brought out to dry. The plaster mold for a new Charlie Brown head is sunning on the roof of right-hand man David Wagner's VW bus. A twenty-foot cowboy who just got a new arm is positioned next to the door before being saddled. Further inside, papier mâché paste is cooked up in the old way over a gas flame, just flour and water in the right proportions. On the cement floor, shredded fake fur is waiting to be touched with paint. The ragged pieces will transform last year's caveman into this year's abominable snowman. Floats in various stages of completion are pinned to gallery walls, what we wanted, those of us in the chilly outback of High Culture, what we secretly hungered for and guiltily desired, was a little more gaudy. We wanted an art that would transform the common man, crossing boundaries of sex and age.

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**OBJECTS**

Objects. That’s what it’s all about. Things. Treasures of the cheap plastic variety. Forget about pagan fertility rituals and all that junk about Lent and everything. Face it, most of us normal, unenlightened Americans are obsessed with objects, and Mardi Gras is the ultimate festival of objects. I personally wish they’d pass out vintage Leica M-series bodies and nice stereo normal, unenlightened Americans are obsessed with objects. That’s what it’s all about. Things.

Bruno Raffaelli paints floats in the old manner for the Krewe of Carrollton. Now celebrating their sixtieth anniversary, Carrollton is one of the few krewes that still owns its own floats, tractors and krewe den. The den, a cavernous warehouse in Riverbend at the levee, is across the street from a riverbend at the levee, and the krewe’s floats, which have to be reshuffled constantly to make room to work. They are tough to get rolling and even harder to stop once they start. The cramped space is rough on the workers but marvelous for the visitor who arrives mid-season. Giant jungle scenes are pushed up against a Forties living room tableau. Climb on a ladder, and the den is a mountain range of color and figures, a polar ice cap next to a view of the French Quarter, an Indian limps into the details that matter so much. You make a little adjustment and suddenly it’s there.” By September, the work is getting serious. Floats are about the size of small houses and painting them is an athletic activity as well as a creative one. Once the floats are sprayed white, Bruno ties a piece of charcoal to a pole and starts drawing. When the great white shapes are covered with lines, outlines of tramps, vamps and divas, a helper comes in to spray the base colors. The floats come alive with clumps of color, fuzzy edged blues, salmon and ochre. Using industrial cans of paint, Bruno mixes his paint in five gallon buckets that stand around the float, bringing the image into focus, creating sky, minarets silhouetted heads out of what had been the day before a foggy mass of color. The den is crowded all year long with the krewe’s floats, tractors and fauna and (ugh!) millions of plastic beads and krewe den. The den is crowded all year long with the krewe’s floats, tractors and fauna and (ugh!) millions of plastic beads.

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

Prohibitive to bargain-hunting krewe. The mega-worn Carnival magical chefs, clowns and mammys. Raul would like to see a human touch return to Mardi Gras and he get a taste of that this year when his figures also marched in the first official parade in the Quarter in eleven years.

Sunset next to WWII-era flyboys who eye bathing beauties. As painter, designer and generally obsessed artist for the Krewe of Carrollton, Bruno Raffaelli is primarily responsible for this visual abundance. With drawings done by April and painting begun in June, by fall he works full time at the den with a handful of occasional helpers, joined by builder Ron Massett, who gets in the thick of it by winter. Coming from a background in film, having spent his twenties as a costume designer for Italian directors DeSica and Fellini, Bruno puts a premium on research. If a Thirties gangster float is wanted, the clothes must fit the period, the machine-gun has to be right. His sixth anniversary. Can the den be one, the one that matters to him. “It is the details, the

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

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

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

By Almost Slim

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Besides local radio, jukeboxes are also a good medium for Mardi Gras singles. According to Joe Camuso, who programs jukeboxes for T.A.C. Amusement, the largest jukebox distributor in Louisiana, his accounts start asking for Mardi Gras records right after Christmas. "Mostly we stock the bigger Mardi Gras records, the Professor Longhairs and things like 'Second Line' and 'Carnival Time'. But we still get calls for things like 'If Ever I Cease To Love' and 'Bourbon Street Parade.' We get a lot of calls for Pete Fountain records this time of year, too, anything he plays. Paul Simon's 'Let Me Take You To The Mardi Gras' and Dr. John's 'Iko Iko' have done pretty well over the last few years. We'll go through 650 copies of a good Mardi Gras record in a year."

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

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

But who knows--there might just be someone to come out of the blue with a new Carnival classic. Wouldn't it be great to hear a new Mardi Gras disc by Fats Domino and Al Hirt? Or what about a new Wave Carnival disc? Sorry, Eddie Daniels cut the first rockabilly Carnival record in 1959 by covering Professor Longhair's "Go To The Mardi Gras." There's been an excellent Carnival rap record by Parlez, 'Make It, Shake It, Do It Good (Mardi Gras In Your Neighborhood),' but what about a reggae version? Has there ever been a zydeco or heavy metal Carnival record? The combinations are unlikely, but...
The conclusions of her parties were equally curious. One guest made an excuse to leave early. "I promised I would be home by..." he began. "Don't apologize," broke in Mrs. Fish. "No guest ever left too early for me." Once bored with one of her own parties, she had the orchestra play "Home, Sweet Home" before the guests' carriages had even been called. An enthusiastic beau begged for one more two-step. "There are just two steps more for you," said Mrs. Fish, "one upstairs to get your coat and the other out to your carriage."

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

houldn't Carnival have its own Mrs. Fish? Having made many modest and immodest proposals over the last decade about Mardi Gras, I seem to have almost always erred on the side of sweetness and light, but I remember how gratifying was the sight several years ago (was it the year of the Great Police Strike—surely the pleasantest Carnival in recent memory?), on reaching Canal Street in my pumps and laces, of George Schmidt, disguised behind an all-purpose mask, beating a bass drum emblazoned with the legend: CARNIVAL IS OURS, AMERICA GO HOME. Having taken a few more years to ponder this, I would amend Schmidt's legend to CARNIVAL, GO HOME. For a few years at least, until all of the interested parties can rethink things.

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

So why not call the whole thing off for a few years—say three or four—right now? Like any illness, Carnivalitis has symptoms, not all of them of recent date, but here a few: the sheer overwhelming number of parades, most of them mediocre; the nearly total decline of costume (no doubt directly related to a nearly total poverty of imagination on the part of people, native and otherwise); the self-congratulatory air of the whole proceeding—which seemed to peak, oddly, at just about the time the tourist-commission and City Hall bureaucrats publicly expressed their disillusionment with the Greatest Free-Show-On-Earth nomenclature—sad disillusion related to Visigoth-like invasions of hippies and panhandlers and assorted derelicts who, for Christ's sake,
perhaps we might go about the thing properly. While minds might feel at a Mardi Gras equivalent of the Warren Commission, headed by Harry McCall and Brooke Duncan jointly, to investigate crimes against Carnival and meet out appropriate penalties, it doesn’t seem to me to be a bad idea—who, after all, would be better qualified to consider the question? The critical approach to Carnival has lumbered long enough—it is the city’s Great Event, in terms of crowds and money and national publicity, so why should it not be subject to change? Here are our proposals.

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

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

Some other matters—alas, in all fairness, things too numerous to go into now. But suffice to say that, if we’re to have Carnival in any form, it must be simplified, cut, drastically, Indeed, the Committee must decide to close the city down from Friday before through Ash Wednesday—one would need a public vote, since Carnival affects all of us in such an abundance of ways.

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

PRO BONO PUBLICO

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

In the mythology of the Ifriq, Arabari the snake god—capable of spitting blood from her yellow eyes—was conducting the sacred rain ceremony when a favorite son, who knelt by her side, fell asleep. The boy's snoring so insulted the goddess that she sliced off his son, whose name was Rimbagido, into two halves. His name is the Gido.

To yams, fonio, cinnamon trees, giant kale and the rare nuts, which the Ifriq rub the tips of their spears soaked for several weeks in an oil secreted from the hunting elephants. Inside the fruit is the nut, sold on an individual basis in New York, more than the kitchen.

ed domestically by the Bukona pygmies

Mardi Gras Fiction By Bunny Matthews

'keeper of the mats. ' By divine right, all to 'alamo nuts are his. The king's gold and diamond mines are considered minor treasures beside his imperial to 'alamo holdings.

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

None of Wa'duka's natural sons may succeed him. He chooses his own successor—or more precisely, Arabari chooses the successor through the entranced to 'alamo during an elaborate ceremony attended by seven high priests known as the muzzole. He is told the Four Secrets of the Ifriq and since the late 18th century, the young Wa'duka successors have been tutored in French and mathematics by Dix-Sept scholars.

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

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

Wa'duka was an unabashed jazz fan, having once, in a flight of piddliness, established Joe Robichaux's "King Kong Stomp" as the Duzabian national anthem. Jazz records were the rage of Duzabia, and the young Wa'duka succumbed to the compounded excitement, which the haberdasher felt would be appropriate attire for visiting Duzabian priests, who in Duzabi wear monk's habits, and the royal court, which the haberdasher, Noorul, would suit the occasion. It is called 'Jokamo Wa'duka Feene na'ay,' or 'Across the Sea, the Keeper of the Mats Extends His Blessings.'

Mokoko's recording of the tribute, manufactured by EMI's Duzabian subsidiary, was the biggest African hit of 1957, heard on beehive jukeboxes from Cairo to Capetown.

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

Facing the inevitable, the muzzole summoned L'Enfo, the Dix-Sept regent, and ordered trunks for the royal traveling party, which would include the Wa'duka, his thirty wives, various Duzabian princes and princesses, the royal bodyguards, the commander-in-chief of the Duzabian Royal Militia, the eleven-piece Duzabian National Jazz Orchestra, one hundred Bukona slave-girls, the royal cook and five of the muzzole. Two of the muzzole would travel in advance of the royal party, accompanied by the dowry's pair of albino baboons, the three slave-girls and a Dix-Sept interpreter. On the advice of L'Enfo, a dandyish fellow, the muzzole commissioned the tailoring of matching brocade dinner jackets with silk epaulettes, which the haberdasher felt would be appropriate attire for visiting Duzabian priests, who in Duzabi wear monk's habits, and the royal court, which the haberdasher, Mokoko, leader of the Duzabian National Jazz Orchestra, wrote his most enduring composition—a brisk thumb—on the occasion. It is called 'Jokamo Wa'duka Feene na'ay,' or 'Across the Sea, the Keeper of the Mats Extends His Blessings.'

Mokoko's recording of the tribute, manufactured by EMI's Duzabian subsidiary, was the biggest African hit of 1957, heard on beehive jukeboxes from Cairo to Capetown.

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

The fat man squawked: "Okay—let's make this one count...I can't stay in here all night...I gotta get over to the club before them niggers rob me blind..."
WAVELINE: MARCH 1994

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

"Let me get this straight," Boudreaux told the Dix-Sept interpreter, who sat in his office at the Leonard Den with the mazoule ambassadors. "You want me to Boychild back to Africa to become the Dooka-Wooka-what is it?"—oh—and I get some cows, some pygmies, some nuts...

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

"Hey, now you're talkin'—you think this Wa-Doogie might wanna buy a special Cadillac convertible that would hold him and all 30 wives? It'd be the only one in Africa—that's for sure!"

Two weeks before Mardi Gras—the day of Wa-duka's expected arrival in New Orleans, Boudreaux unveiled his billboard, mounted above the Leopard Club. It welcomed Wa-duka to New Orleans and featured a giant image of the 400-pound Boudreaux with outstretched palms—a convertible in one and Boychild in the other.

Since few white Orleanians read either of the city's two black newspapers—the Rampart Street Bulletin or the Voice—most white New Orleansans had no idea what was about to happen. Monette was the biggest act in Baron Boudreaux's stable of performers. She had been left as a waif on the doorstep of Bishop Gomez, the blackest rich preacher in New Orleans, and raised by the Bishop's maiden sisters. Bishop Gomez brought Monette to Baron Boudreaux, who released the girl's first record: "Jesus All Over Me," when she was 6. The disc was an instant smash.

At 13, Monette returned to New Orleans—a wasted, tormented soul, addicted to cocaine and alcohol. She was no longer a waif, but a lady who had passed out in the back of a truck on a January night. Monette gave birth to Boychild and then froze to death.

Bishop Gomez refused to see the child. Boudreaux, calculated that the kid might be useful if he bought the story of the little color girl and raised it as his own. When the child was 16, he married the loveliest of the Bukona slave-girls, thereby winning the heart of the Bishop's daughter, and raised her as his wife. Boudreaux had to share recording royalties with that greedy bastard, Bishop Gomez.

Boychild, though billed in gospel extravaganzas as "The Six-Year-Old Genius," got most of his applause for his rendition of "My Lord and I," for which the Bishop was famous. Boychild used Monette Gomez's voice. He was a hellacious child, twice as old as the Bishop's daughter, and was raised by the Bishop's maidens. Bishop Gomez brought Monette to Baron Boudreaux, who released the girl's first record: "Jesus All Over Me," when she was 6. The disc was an instant smash.

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

The force of such a tactic was more than the masses could withstand; they trooped off to see "Louisiana Purchase" and promptly elevated the picture into the ranks of the biggest moneymaker of the year. Promotion proved mighty ammunition. Here in New Orleans, however, there was a natural propaganda that transcended mere advertising. It was curiosity, aimed with deadly accuracy. The Crescent of A. had just declared itself to be in a new war. Promotion couldn't wait to find out how its most-holy-of-holes, the tradition of Carnival, had fared in enemy combat with Hollywood's callous commercialism. More than a few of those who had pledged allegi-

THE PICTURE

Release: December 1941
Running Time: 98 minutes
Filmed in Technicolor
Academy Award Nominations: Best Cinematographer (Harry Hulanberger, Ray Renahan); Best Art Direction (Raul Pepe du Buin, Stephen A. Seymour)

THE CAST

Bob Hope (Jim Taylor), Vera Zorina (Marina Von Mindens); Victor Moore (Senator Oliver P. Loganbush); Irene Bordoni (Madame Bordelaise), Dora Drake (Beauregard); Raymond Walburn (Colonel Davis Sr.); Maxie Rosenboom (The Shadow); Phyllis Ruth (Emmy Lou); Frank Alberthon (Davis Jr.); Donald MacBride (Captain Whitfield); Andrew Tombes (Da Grey); John Hiestand (Radio Commentator); Floyd Shackelford (Club Doorman).

THE CREDITS


THE SONGS

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

THE STORY

Taylor is being framed by his crooked colleagues and is the target of Senator Loganberry's investigation into corruption in Louisiana. With some help from restaurant lady Mme. Monique, dancer Von Duren is hired by the gentry to turn frame the senator. From the streets of Mardi Gras to the flood of the state capital, the action progresses, with the protagonist at last publicly uncovering the double-crossers and Taylor emerging as the state's golden boy.

By Don Lee Keith

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

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

Three of the cast's four principals had played their roles in the four hundred forty-four Broadway performances; only Bob Hope was a newcomer. Thrust into peculiarly high places, they generally welcomed this one's quick tempo. As if the public in general cared not a whit that the streets of New Orleans, the captain of one old-line Carnival krewe encountered a high-ranking member of another such organization while coming out of the theater. They nodded, but reserved comment for a more appropriate time, which happened to occur the next day when both men were lunching, as usual, at the Boston Club.

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

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

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

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

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James Crawford, Jr., Is Alive and Well

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

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

Sugar Boy's real name is James Crawford, Jr. He was born October 12, 1934, the only child of Mary and James Crawford, and grew up in the Uptown section of New Orleans on LaSalle Street, between Thalia and Clot Streets. "It was fun growing up in that neighborhood," says Sugar Boy. "I went to school, played football and stuff with the kids in the street. I wasn't into hot footing though, I never involved myself in gangs or humbugging. I really looked forward to going to church on Sundays because I enjoyed the singing. Sometimes when my folks couldn't take me, they would dress me up and wait at the gate for someone on their way to church. There were always nice people who wanted to take a little boy to church."

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

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

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

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

Dr. Daddy-O had a column in the Louisiana Weekly and he wrote, 'You ought to listen to those Chapaka Shawee youngsters every Saturday.' So the name stuck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Although the primitive fidelity of "I Don't Know What I'll Do" b/w "Overboard" might have adversely affected national sales, the record was a modest hit in New Orleans and confirmed Chess' hunch about Sugar Boy and his group. Subsequently, Sugar Boy inked a recording contract and his next session was scheduled for Cosimo's Studio in early
Every field as their name, now featured "Snooks" Eaglin on guitar, and bassist Frank Fields, a regular New Orleans studio musician.

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

"Jock-A-Mo" came from two songs that I used to hear the Indians sing," recalls Sugar Boy. "I put that together with the other musicians. We used to see the Indians a lot because we lived near the Battlefield (Claiborne and Poydras Streets). I never was interested in being an Indian, because to tell you the truth I was afraid of them. Back then they used to sing, 'I'm goin' to kick your butt.'

Sugar Boy's success whetted Chess' appetite enough to try his hand with other New Orleans artists, and other members of the Cane Cutters. Although their sides weren't issued until twenty years later, "Big Boy" Myles, "Snooks" Eaglin and "Slim" (Sylvester) Saunders were also recorded at Sugar Boy's sessions. "We really recorded a lot of stuff down at Cosimo's that was never released," recalls Sugar Boy. "Leonard Chess would call and arrange for us to go to the studio and record. I can't say that anyone was a producer, because we played those songs just the way we did on the bandstand. We just cut them and they were sent to Chicago where he would pick what would come out."

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

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

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

The first thing we did was "Morning Star" which sold quite well around here. It was based on the same melody as "I Don't Know What I'll Do." I wore that tune in Franklin, Tennessee, when we were on the road. We were way out in the country and it was real early in the morning. I just sat down at the piano and the words came into my head. I know Dave Bartholomew got his name down as co-writer, but if you look at any of those records on Imperial by Fats or...
On Tour...
Night Ranger's current hit single is called "(You Can Still) Rock in America" and the band is doing just that now, sharing stages with Black Sabbath in concert halls all across the US.

Hottest Videos
New videos added to MTV:
- "Baby Come Back," Billy Rankin
- "Dear Emery," Computer One
- "Loud Without Your Love," Jarell Brooks
- "It's My Fate," Loud and Clear Cheese
- "Angel Gone Home," Mick Fleetwood
- "Lipstick Owner," Jump, Vln
- "Angel," It's My Fate.
- "In the Mood," Robert Plant
- "Jumbo," Van Halen
- "Owner of a Lonely Heart," Yes

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

Personal Favorites
Grace Slick of the Jefferson Starship, when asked to name her five favorite anthems, responded: "The University of Washington at Seattle marching song and four others I can't remember."
As for Grace's favorite backstage goodies: "They haven't been invented yet."

In the Studio...
Daryl Hall and John Oates spent some time recently at New York's Sigma Sound Studios. The duo is mixing an upcoming RCA release with producer John Oates, engineer John Potker and his assistant, Melanie West... When it comes to music, some people like to keep it all in the family. Former Doobie Brother Michael McDonald is currently at Hollywood Sound Recorders producing Delta, his sister Maureen's band.

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

New album reviews for Columbia Records are as follows:
1. "Nobody Told Me," John Lennon
2. "An Innocent Man," Billy Joel
3. "Running With the Night," Lionel Richie
4. "Who's Got the News," Huey Lewis & the News
5. "Got a Hold on Me," Christine McVie
6. "Let the Music Play," Shannon
7. "Another Day in Paradise," Phil Collins
8. "Oh Baby,..."
9. "You're My Heart, You're My Soul," Earth, Wind & Fire
10. "Think of Me," The Pretenders
11. "Dreaming of You," Bruce Springsteen
12. "The Longest Time," Billy Joel
13. "Don't Go Breaking My Heart," Duane Eddy
14. "You're Only Human (Second Wind)," Linda Ronstadt
15. "Don't Stop Believin'," Journey

Top of the Charts

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<th>Albums</th>
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The Clash. Photo: Rick Reese


17 mg."tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Mrs. Bates at Jimmy's, March 1.

March Parades

Thursday, 1
Agulu, Metairie (N)
Minervia, N.O. East (N)
Marc Antony, Gretna (N)
Aphrodite, Houma (N)
Momus (N)

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

Saturday, 3
It's (D)
Selena, N.O. East (D)
Nomole, Algiers (D)
Isis, Metairie (N)
Knights of King Arthur, Westwego (N)
Tuck's Uptown (D)
Endymion (N)
Olymipia, Covington (N)

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

Monday, 5
Zeus, Metairie (N)
Ptolemy (N)

Tuesday, 6
Zulu (D)
Arab. St. Bernard (D)
Rex (D)
Barnes and Dessa (M)
St. Bernard (D)
Gretna (D)
Airius, St. Bernard (D)
Argos, Metairie (D)
Orleanais (D)
Crescent City (D)
Elks-Orleanais (D)
Comus (N)

Wednesday, 7
Phaeton, N.O. East (D)
Mardi Gras, St. Bernard (N)
Crescent City (D)

Thursday, 8
KRYPTON, St. Brevard (D)
Polio, St. Bernard (D)

Friday, 9
Earl Torbinton, Contemporary Arts Center, 10 p.m.

Saturday, 10
Conway Twitty, and it's only made-believe. Gulf Coast Coliseum, 8 p.m. (801) 386-5010.

Wednesday, 11
Tulane Jazz Ensemble & the Southeastern Louisiana University Jazz Ensemble, Der Rathskeller, Tulane: 505-5141.

Thursday, 12
Willie Nelson, UNO Lakefront Arena, 8 p.m.

Friday, 13
Kidd Jordan, CAC, 10 p.m.; 523-1216.

Saturday, 14
The Cold, Riverboat President; just when you thought it was safe to go back on the water: 587-8777.

Stephen Danker, Richard Montalto, Sanford Hinderlee, chamber music, CAC, 9 p.m.; 523-1216.

Sunday, 15
Pump Boys and Dinettes, LSU Assembly Center; (504) 389-4940.

Tuesday, 16
Victor Borge, the non-Malavichian Dane and also—incidentally—the man who introduced Rock Cornish Game Hens into the U.S.; Sainte, 525-1052.


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

Big Country: Wire Train, if nothing else. B.C. (named after a perfectly wretched 1950 western with Charlton Heston and Carroll Baker and Burl Ives and more) has the cutest lead singer of any promising-new-band now about; Riverboat President, 8 p.m.: 286-7222.

Wednesday, 17
The Pretenders; The Alarm, Mrs. Ray Davies et al; Seenger, 8 p.m.; 525-1052.

Thursday, 18
Blue Oyster Cult; Aide Nova, Seenger, 8 p.m.; 525-1052.

Friday, 19
38 Special; Golden Earring, Gulf Coast Coliseum.

Alabama; Juice Newton, Superdome (west-si d e portion, or story).

Ella and Stanford Marsalis, CAC, 10 p.m.; 523-1216.

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

Friday, 20
23 & Saturday, 24
Alvin Alley Dance Company, Seenger; 525-1052.

Saturday, 21
The Cold, Jimmy's, 8200 Willow.

Paulina Oliveses, CAC, 10 p.m.; 523-1216.

Sunday, 22
Tulane Band Spring Concert, McAllister Auditorium, free; 662-5139.

Tuesdays to Thursday, 23
New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony, Orpheum Theatre. Philippe Entremont conducts, Andreas Scholl is piano soloist; works by Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms.

Wednesday, 24
Jim & Dave; Avery & Bailey; Steve Perret, UNO Coffeehouse, 8:15; 9:15; 10:15 respectively; preceded by open mike at 7:15.

Friday, 25
Holly Naer, Happy Hour Theatre, 2003 Magazine, 730.

Festival of New Works Concert, with guest David Bailey of Jazzmobil in New York, CAC, 10 p.m.: 523-1216.

Saturday, 26
I'm the Night with Delia Reese, Centroplex, Baton Rouge, (504) 329-4346.

L.A. CLUBS

The Pretenders, Steenber, March 21.

Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2905.
Circle In The Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-222-2216.
Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-0613.
Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Rabedland, 1-337-9647.
Emperor, 2130 highland Road, Baton Rouge, 337-6273.
Enoch's A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-434-9660.
Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-819-27057.
Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Shreveport, 318-222-6513.
Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9653.
Humphrey's, Breaux Square, Shreveport, 318-227-0645.
Iron Horse, 403 Phillips, Thibodaux, 1-318-76824.
Malate's, Breaux Bridge Highway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-4648.
The Ol' Corner Bar, 211 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9512.
Pam's Place, Old Town, Sidell.
Poppa Joe's, 2375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-225-723-726.
Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-433-5313.
Party Town, Military Road, Sidell, 1-318-367-8503.
Ruby's Restaurant, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-985-9833.
Rusty Hall, 540 E. King Highway, Shreveport.
Scarlett O'h, 1025 Broadway, Lake Charles, 318-436-9741.
Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-9294.
Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.
Toby's, 1303 Gimmler Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

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Aoy's, 1925 Sophie Wright Place, 522-6062. Live music daily.
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The Ol' Corner, 1-888-3877.
Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 522-1111. Through March 13: the most curiously elegant and eloquent Billy Eckstine. Wed.14 through Tues.27: Lionel (Flying Home). Hampton who remains younger in stature. Wed.28 through April 10: Roger Miller, like a pendulum do and all the rest of it. Reservations: dancing, as well.
Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 520-1106. Every day except Sunday.
Bounty, 1926 West East Park, 252-9144. Certainly the best and most home of W.E. clubs. Fridays and Saturdays: Cross Over.
Bracco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 398-1000. Mon.5: Kathy Twitty, Wednesdays through Sundays, the Mississippi South House Band, and again on Monday.

Mount Pontchartrain String Band, UNO Coffeehouse, Penny Post, in March.
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FRIDAYS-11 PM
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9th—Barbara Shorts
16th—Cats Night Out
30th—Consensus

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

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

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Mason's, 1101 N. Rampart, 595-0454. Sundays: 11 a.m. to 3, Barbara Short; Marguerite Montgomery from 7 to 10, and Lee lidig and group from 10:30 until 2 a.m.

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Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 526-7761. Wednesdays through Sundays: Bryan Lee from 4 until 9 a.m. Saturdays and Sundays: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers.


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After locating Club Lingerie in San Francisco on our Last Page of a couple of months ago (by the one writer who actually hasn't been above the Mason-Dixon Line) we correct our error and place the famous underwear dive firmly on the sweaty Boucherie Festival in St. Martinville on March 4 and opening for the Go Go's in Fort Walton, FL, April 18-21 at the Budweiser Spring Break. "There's nothing quite like warming up an all girl band," they claim, and everybody knows how those Cajun boys are...

The closing segment of the NBA-TV special, Super Night of Rock and Roll featured X performing their most recent ode to American musical eclecticism called "True Love Part 2," where "true love is the land of a thousand dances" with a tip of the hat to Chris Kenner. X's conclusion was billed as the "rock music of the future," so what we suggest some Lee Dorsey or Dave Bartholomew be included in the next space shuttle's musical menu.

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

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

Wavers with hair dyed bright blond, then pink, of the tidal, siren, permanent, heat or sound variety, can find modern romance and do the latest groovy dances at the new, very new Metairie club, Chances, 2301 Causeway. Food (yum), game room (fun), you get the picture...

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

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

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

Penny Lane, in one more inspired gulp of mnemonic band identity schizophrenia, has changed its name to The Strig. All members of the band have dyed blond hair, play Steinberner bass and wear polyester football jerseys with the name "Gold Summer" hot lettered on the back. Their repertoire consists entirely of Marvin Hamlisch songs lip-synched for possible broadcast on MTV. If you've ever dreamed of doing the Wooly Bully up on stage with Joe King Carrasco and the Crowns, here's your big chance. Send your hundred words or less reasons why "I Love You," the song, is "for Me," to J.C. Music City Fan Club, P.O. Box 1223, Austin, TX 78711.

Stevenson Palfi's Piano Video will be broadcast on PBS May 1...A couple of mistakes in this year's WL Band Guide: Ken Keene's phone number is 392-4615, the number for Randa Fieber's bookings is 801-0596, and Caliente can be booked by calling Mark Sanders' unlisted phone number...

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

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

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

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<td>THE NEATS w/ SPECIAL GUEST Pop Combo</td>
<td>MIGHTY INVADERS</td>
<td>A.C. REED AND THE Sparkplugs</td>
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