Wavelength (April 1984)

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Recommended Citation
Wavelength (April 1984) 42
https://scholarworks.uno.edu/wavelength/42

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Inside:
Jazz Fest Schedule
Chris Kenner
George Dureau
Photographs

The Meters

The World's Funkiest Band
Is Back!

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—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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God Loves Little Richard, Not Fun-Arcaders

Around three in the morning on the sixth day, the Lord created cable television, whereupon we recently spotted a swelle 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 want 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 Gordy."

Jazz Fest Grants: Funds, Funds, Funds

Bill Roussel 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 watering the roots of that money tree. Grants totalling $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 Alec Forrier High School finishes adapting the Professor’s music for marching bands. The youngest recipient of an award was twelve-year-old Patrick Taplerette, 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 Roussel, included Allison Kaslow, Earl Amadée, Claire Jupier, Alan Jaffe and others. Grants for the support of established artists were awarded, as was 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 winners Carl LeBlanc. The effort to support groups not normally reached by public funding resulted in awards to Indian tribes, including Vincent Trepaingir, 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 and wood and white iron pillars adjacent to the Rampart Street offices, was a sea of smiling faces as awardee, awarder, proud parents, press, and friends exchanged congratulations and did the eating and drinking appropriate.
Catty Ziggurat Descends On Oak Street

On the corner of Oak Street stands a vision of gleaming white, a lofty ziggurat reaching all traces of Jef's, once the 'updo', 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 burned to the ground and recreated. 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.

Metamorphosed 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 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 anarchists sweating and screaming and plotting along with the Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys, Red Rockers still permeate. The quiet philosophies of R.E.M. and Elvis Costello are locked up but not forgotten.

—Allison Brandin

Civilization's Anticipation Of 'Neville-ization'

After what is estimated to be near 17 years of law school and the subsequent completion of his bar (although not bar exam), Ron Johnston, Black Top Records headman Hamilton '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 Varqence Street gang.

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-arranged 'Caravan,' composed by Duke Ellington. The album, dubbed 'Neville-ization,' should be on the shelves of your vinyl delicatessen no later than May.

—A. Paceweigh

And The Nommies Are...

The Bay Area has the Bammies, New Orleans has the Nommies, and a category elected by the fifteen-member executive committee, which at this writing includes Ernest Singleton of MCA Records, Bobby Mitchell, and Ron Gardner of the Mayor's Office, and Walter Brock from WWOW, among others.

To find out more about becoming a member of the New Orleans Music Awards, Inc., call 544-0701. This could be New Orleans' newest musical tradition.

New Orleans Rhythm & Blues: Old and Official

DeeDee's Records unveiled its first ever album release at this year's Crescent City Classic 10K road race party at the New Orleans Marriott Hotel. Entitled 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, one ringer anyway), Lee Dorsey, Frankie Ford, The Dixie-Kups, King Floyd and Jean Knight. All of the artists perform versions of their best remembered hits.

The idea behind the release was spawned by the deejay Duke-a-Paduch 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 racking. Johnston also hopes to produce a poster of the album cover art, shown above, which was done by New Orleans artist Steve St. Germain. Plans are already being made for a companion volume, which could be available by this fall.

—Almost Slim
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Mary Coleman With the Angels

Mary Thames Coleman, one of the most unique and exciting bass singers that ever graced the gospel quartet tradition, was murdered last month in her Hollywood home. Reared in the New Orleans gospel community, the legendary songstress 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 Victorola.

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 thrilling quarter 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 capella 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 on 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 “Traveling 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,
Mary Coleman, far right, with the Jackson Gospel Singers.

open that door, and that heat hits me in the face, that gives me a double determination not to go to Hell!" Mary Thames Coleman, no doubt, is living with the angels now. -Lynn Abbott

Percy Stovall, 'Rural Bandit,' Dies At 77

It is with great sadness that we must report the death of the famed New Orleans booking agent, Percy Stovall. He died suddenly at Charity Hospital of a stroke on February 15, 1984. He was 77. Although often ignored by biographers, Stovall played a major role in promoting New Orleans rhythm and blues in the Fifties and Sixties, beginning with his booking Roy Brown, Paul Gayten and Annie Laurie. Perhaps Irma Thomas put Stovall's contribution in the best perspective when she said, "Stovall fed a lot of us musicians and entertainers.''

"Stovall was a rural bandit," recalls Earl King. "He knew about every club, auditorium and armory that held dances between Texas and Virginia. He had his own little circuits. When the tobacco workers got paid off, he'd book a solid month in those warehouses in the Carolinas. When they finished picking cotton, we'd be up in every little town in the Mississippi Delta. Same over in South Louisiana after sugar cane harvest.

"He was strictly for business. Nobody ever took advantage of Stovall. If you messed up on him that was it. I remember he'd come in a club at night before a gig and see some of the musicians having a drink. Well, he'd say, 'Uh-uh, boys. Ain't gonna be none of that tonight.' "

"I like to think that some of the success I've had, Stovall was responsible for," added Irma Thomas. "He taught me to save money from each job. He always stressed being on time and being dependable. He said that's more important than talent most of the time and he was right."

Even though Stovall's health hadn't been the best over the past few years (he recently had a back operation and a cataract operation left him legally blind), his death was very much a surprise. Cleon Floyd and I encountered a completely healthy and lively Percy Stovall only one week before his death and a musicians' benefit was tentatively being scheduled in his honor. Word was slow in spreading, but his wake, two nights after his death, at the Thompson-Sontheimer Funeral Home, was reasonably well attended by musicians and friends. -Almost Slim

blessed events

THE WORD IS OUT ALONG LAKE SHORE DRIVE...

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?? THE COLD ARE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN??

OH DARN!! MOM OR DAD GAVE MY PLAID JUMPER TO GOODWILL!!
The Blessed Version

They want a DJ to mek them into
They sent Peter Metro to be the MC.
They say Peter Metro chant too much Spanish.
They sent Josey Wales to be the MC.
They say that the boy chant too much badness.
They sent Sassafras to be the MC.
They say Sassafras come from the ass family.
They sent Brigadier to be the MC.
They say Brigadier chant too much Christianity.
They want a DJ to suit everybody.
They sent a limousine with ten police
To escort Yellowman to the party.

—from Society Party by Yellowman

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 DJ's play the version sides and deliver a non-stop barrage of spontaneous ideas, messages and special dedications, and sometimes even sing. DJ's have recorded this style in the studio and occasionally live at the dance halls. In addition to the DJ's malignedy 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 rhythm (the version) coupled with a chanting that could be called repetitious.

John T.

But the real barrier for American listeners is that the DJ style represents a scene that is not happening here.
A hot DJ disc in Jamaica features the latest and hardest riddims, the current dance hall 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 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.

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As lesser known (in America) DJs like John T, and many people know him from when he used to stand in with the Kush reggae band during the last two years. Since moving to New Orleans, he's been on the road a lot, opening shows for acts like Mutabaruka, Mighty Invaders, Trinidad Exotic Steel Band and the Killer Bees. John T has recently done guest appearances on DJ Elisa's Reggae Show on WWOZ radio Saturday nights, toasting over his own choice riddims, and his dub attack is always on the track.

Another regular Saturday night radio guest, New Orleans' poet Yictove, adds another use on version poetry. Yictove presents his written poetry over versions and dub cuts. His deep voice and New Orleans accent create a nice effect, which is very different from 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 consists of moral indignation, politics and social commentary of the Jamaican dub poets, most notably Mutabaruka and the late Michael Smith.

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And finally, for some Jamaican dub poetry, the stuff that is guaranteed to make weak hearts
tremble, check out *Word Sown* “we Power”, a new release on Heartbeat. This one was put together by Mutabaruka and Linon Kwezi Johnson and features six other creative poets: Sister Breeze, Malachi Smith, Tomlin Ellis, Glenville Bryan, Navvie 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**

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 potable art as well. (Colorado artist Garrison Roots, whose installation occupied the far rear of the space, was rather the odd man out in this company.) It all had to do with the body and how we cover it up, merrily transforming our personal apparel into a more accurate way of stressing division and a Lascaux painting and a cross between cultural detritus reborn, greasy elegance and funneled emotions, and a cross between a Lascaux painting and a black light poster.

Alan Gerson, Simbach further toyed with our sense of fashion by contributing couture disposable daywear, available by mail order. Art costume veteran Pat Olesko, down from New York, brought with her oversized nuts and bolts creations which tend to house the wearer rather than clothe him. The pieces on mannequins in the front corner window spot facing Camp and Julia gave the sidewalk passerby the impression of a department store window designer gone berserk. Berkowitz’s repetition of drawn figures echoing the seated costumed ones was memorable and Simone Ged’s kitsch-gone-respectable visors had the dependable appeal of cultural detritus reborn.

But the work here that was the least “innovative” was the most rewarding to the viewer. Art To Wear from the American Arts and Crafts Museum was also one of the best color shows to be seen in this town for quite some time. Fairly traditional in the cut and intention of its garments, there were lots of kimono, jackets and chemises. Most of the artists were women and all of the clothing can actually be worn, and in fairly ordinary circumstances. But this stuff is extraordinary in its exquisite use of materials, the attention to visual and tactile detail and above all its color sense. All the garments are handmade. In many of them, the fabric itself is either handmade or altered—loomed, crocheted, knitted, knotted, dyed, painted, or any combination of the above. It is frequently difficult in this exhibition to tell which garment is which from...
the credits. But some worth mentioning are the kimono just inside the entrance, asymmetrical angular pinks, black crosses and greens, both cruel and pretty; the paddy flying tiger jacket and tunic, handpainted silk in turning colors of green, black and turquoise with an underskirt of flushed sienna jack-in-the-trumpet, asymmetrical sites with creeds. Anni Albers' work has strayed too long back into painting, from whence it was a passport of her birth to photograph the colors of photographs by Tina Freeman. Whatever the cause, it will also move downtown this spring, to Julia Street in the vicinity of the Contemporary Arts Center. Aaron Hastings will also be touring this month, though more predictably. They'll be neighbors to Mario Villa Gallery, making the Magazine Street consensus all but complete.

Sobering visit 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 Simonne Stern, are little gems of mahogany light, unabashedly classical. Freeman has used the passport of her birth to photograph profiles of antique lace and privilege, in violation of one of modern art's unspoken taboos. As subjects, ghettos are okay but Meissen porcelain is out. Such issues are a question of fashion but the photos here are clean, unpretentious and spare in their intentions. Baton Rouge painter Melodic Guitard is also in the backfield, with several strong new paintings in which she has constructed three-dimensional black mazes to surround the small tinted gouache paintings of troubled figures. Rather than being superfluous, the maze frame makes sense, like physical configurations of the painting, patterning that always has engulfed her figures before.

The paintings of Philip Neal, an artist of the same crop as Sweet, Rucker and Pompomouf, 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 Carrollton," Neal seems to wrap up the various currents, mark, reference, reference, into an enigmatic little painting that has the look of a private world described.

In a surprising choice of relocation, Galerie Simonne Stern will move downtown this spring, to Julia Street in the vicinity of the Contemporary Arts Center. Aaron Hastings will also be traveling this month, though more predictably. They will 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 besides his paintings before.

Though you won't find Panter's creations, Jimbo and Pee Wee, in the funny pages of the TP/SI, 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, hooey girlfriend and blockheaded superheroes. This "serious" work retains his 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 Lascaux painting and a black light poster.

Artists rarely achieve such 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...,
Who says a bunch of boobs can't win a race?

Get set to get wet...

UP THE CREEK

A SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF / LOUIS S. ARKOFF Production "UP THE CREEK" TIM MATHESON - DAN MONAHAN
STEPHEN FURST - JEFF EAST - SANDY HELBERG - BLAINE NOVAK - JAMES B. SIKING Introducing JENNIFER RUNYON
Special Appearance by JOHN HILLERMAN Music Score by WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN Screenplay by JIM KOUF
Story by JIM KOUF and JEFF SHERMAN & DOUGLAS GROSSMAN Executive Producers LOUIS S. ARKOFF - SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF
Produced by MICHAEL L. MELTZER Directed by ROBERT BUTLER

Soundtrack available on Polydor CBS Records Produced by SPENCER PROFFER Color by Technicolor

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 waters. 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 crucifix, DeKooning, but the motifs are definitely Hart- watermelons, fish and an arched back, squealing mad dog emblem. He's got ample paint moving, often quite well, but an argument between image and mark in some pieces still needs to be sorted.

And en fin, there's a new face at that pioneer gallery on Magazine Street, the Bienville. Fresh out of Newcomb, this is Anastasia Pelias Antippas first one person show. With a handle like that, it's no wonder the oil stick drawings on paper are paraphrased as "mythographic portrait heads of Gods, Water, Snakes, Priests," though to me they look more like the heartfelt projections of a 20th century mind. In

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 retrospeced 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 sounds like a through-the-mixing-board record, a technique which is almost totally inappropriate for a rock 'n' roll context. Were it not for the applause and assorted teen-squealings these could sound like studio cuts (which is certainly a compliment to the band's facility as players). And why did these singers (except DeGeneres and Smith, occasionally) insist on singing with those funny pseudo-British accents? I can remember going to Cold gigs and a stage floored by the physical power and pervasive sense of fun they often projected. Side two of Sixteen Songs just doesn't come close to that feeling.

On the good side, let's face it, the Cold always knew what it took to make a pop song click. Side one is as good as local new wave era power pop ever got and it contains only originals.

"Seem's Like Forever," "You" and "Mesorized" are neat-jewels of the genre and producer Vance DeGeneres had a hand in writing all these. Thank goodness they were included in the album (where's "Wake Up?"). A pleasant surprise is the writing of Ben Smith, his "Russian Arrows" gives double puns with the intensity of a flanking English major on acid. "Thanks A Lot," which Smith co-wrote with fellow guitarist Kevin Radecker, is goofy, unpretentious, and the funkiest cut on the record (Barbara Menendez' laugh at the end of the tune is the funniest moment on the record). In short, if you always liked the Cold, then you'll probably like this album (you'll probably like side one anyway), and if you didn't you won't. —Rico

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-patter and barrelhouse piano. Recorded in 1930 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
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 Tubington, 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. Tubington was next on the chronological ladder. "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

"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 this album will change all that. It is 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

"Louis and Mahalia Jackson and Sidney Bechet, they went out into the world and they 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 families. 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 Tubington 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. Tubington reserved Nicholas' set for the piece de resistance of the evening.

"Nick was playing from the heart," said Tubington. "You could hear his happy times, and you could hear the times he might have been a little bit sad. You could hear the emotion, the heart, the love in it."
our relationship was on another level. It was like... broth.-... They expected 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 B-3 tune. Other than that 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, Tubington 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 are much love we can pass on. When the music is played in that spirit it's infectious. Everybody in the room sort of becomes of one mind. At one point when Brandford, 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,' Tubington added.

'Big Nick' put it another way. 'I've done these workshops all over the country and to do it in New Orleans, I mean 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 Cataliotti

McAllister Auditorium
WYNTON MARSALIS
February 24, 1984

If all the international hoopla surrounding Wynton Marsalis has fostered any suspicions 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 is no electronically produced sounds. An acoustic traditionalist? Perhaps. But the boldness of his dramatic effects —his abrupt shifts in dynamics, suspenseful pauses, intense rhythms — seem to be at least partially inspired by techniques to which electronic instruments 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 — adam with an automatic agitator (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 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 Brandford's homes for years and which you can find on their records is subordinated to the dramatic structure. The passage playing holds your interest, charming 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 Edinburgh Jazz festival Memorial Day weekend. His first appearance is as part of the Louis Armstrong alumni band Friday night, May 25, and then in 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 isn'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 your ears. The only thing worse than Australian bands are American bands, an insufferably boorish race of musicians and not a good-looking one in the bunch. Doubters can ask Almost Slim, a native Canadian who hates Canadian bands with a passion, why he doesn't even like Gino Venelli, the greatest New Orleans-style (well, Metairie-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 entertained, so the Afro-Orleansians concocted a new form of n’cy urbanized music called jazz or jazz. Someone, inspired by these extraordinary sounds, said, “That’s funky!”

It was funky but it was not funk. Jazz slowly evolved into music for the head—music to muse 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 Anywheres, U.S.A., making the promenade down Bourbon Street and acting like fools.

During the 60s, those 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 Hawker—and his three young compatriots—guitarist Leo Nocentelli, bassist George Porter and drummer Joseph “Zigaboo” Modeliste.

Funk, the music of this combo, was what organist Neville would call “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 composition thusly: “‘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-shew-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 Rejuvenation album, Jess Roden, Robert Palmer, Labelle, Browning Bryant, Albert King and Richard Newell, a.k.a. King Biscuit Boy (posing in front of the Original Brown Derby on his album jacket).

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.

The Meters, a band that has never had much competition in the realm of funk, will headline a Jazz Festival cruise aboard the President on May 5.

The most radical aspect of Cabbage Alley (now deleted, like all other Meters albums, from the Warner Brothers catalogue) 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’s 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 accurately 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:
While you’re standing on the corner
Shooting seven
You can be busy trying to help yourself
In the liquor store.
There are people using drugs,
Popping pills,
Trying to get prescriptions filled,
Stealing money,
Stealing cars,
And they don’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 pup,
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 scenes 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 Pockey A-Way," derived from a traditional Mardi Gras Indian chant, originally recorded by Jelly Roll Morton for the Library of Congress, with the unforgotten table: "Manger Maid" on its album jazz (three-foot-wide Afro, rhinestone-studded platform shoes, Twinkies, watermelon slices, crushed velvet upholstery, gills, bar-a-brac and a fifth of vintage Ripples, is junk defined—a brassy 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 both of 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 funkeurs. Mick Jagger, above all else, does not like to be upstaged.

Commercial success—reaching the white middle-class masses—eluded the Meters. There were squabbles with managers and fights among band members. How could such things be avoided when the world’s critics were saying that the Meters were the best funk band in existence, yet hushing to make ends meet was still the order of the day?

San Francisco producer David Robinson was hired to produce New Directions, which would be the final Meters album. The photograph on the album jacket—with the silhouetted Meters pointing their hands in five (Cyril was now a full-time member) different directions—could’ve been no more prophetic. The album, complete with a cover version of Peter Tosh’s "Stop That Train," was recorded and the Meters secured a juicy kung-fu—performing for the millions who tuned in to watch Saturday Night Live, Art Neville seized the moment and quit; smiling David Batiste sat in. Cyril, ironically, 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 up 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 "Zig" and Leo plus various substitutes, hung on—never quite dying, never quite living up to the funk standards of earlier days.

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“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 Levie

This page: The Turtle Band of Belize
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 piano triplets, some of Hank Williams' pathos, take the joyous spirit, happy harmonies, and incessant beat of good charley-chank, take some Jimmy Reed 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 school assistant principal. "You owe me two beers, brat!" is how he laughingly greets the impatient journalist who has given him the wrong directions to their meeting place. "One for me and one for my podna, Dalton!" (Dalton will later lend invaluable mechanical assistance to the journalist and his cantankerous Volkswagon; Johnnie's busyness turns serious when he begins to discuss the confusion with which some people see Swamp pop: "I think for years people associated swamp pop so 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 for many of his cohorts have enjoyed, but for the past two decades he has been a consistent draw and a strong entertainer at clubs across south Louisiana, and he enjoys steady album sales. Although he and his peers have never graced the stage of the Festivals Acadia or the Jazz Fest ('We've been trying for years, man, but they've totally ignored us'), you can bet that at the Hula Hoop Inn on Assumption Parish's Grand Bayou, Johnnie Allan's name is a household word. Rod Bernard, whose 1959 hit 'This Should Go On Forever' reached #20 on the Billboard Hot 100, reflects back on the early formative years of the genre: "We didn't intentionally try to create a certain sound back then, it was just everybody contributing their part to what we felt should be on it. We were all on that 'lick.' It's amazing how we were all thinking the same thing." 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 KLBF-TV in Lafayette and lives with his wife, two children, three horses, and several cats in a comfortable, wooden 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 1958 version of "Prisoner's Song" was a massive hit along the Gulf Coast and earned him a spot in J.D. M'). Storm's stable of outstanding session players. His own 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 Silex/ J.D. Miller/Eddie Shuler triad was integral to the development of swamp pop ("they had the studios"), but he is also quick to credit his fellow session musicians with their vital contributions. "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 Too' [Itahan]. We played this club in Monroe one night and when we pulled up outside, the sign said: 'Tonight: Norm Storm and Cypress with Willie Too!' 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 somethin' 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 Alleman Center, it's for retarded kids, is putting it on at the Acadian Village. Rod, Warren, and myself will be there with Jivin' Gene, Ray 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!"
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METRONOME
1017 Pleasant Street at Magazine Street
897-5015
'Mash potatoes, do the alligator...'  

CHRIS KENNER: MAN OF 1,000 DANCES  
BY ALMOST SLIM

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 told Rick Coleman and Terry Patterson in a radio interview. "Chris had been coming around for years. This day he 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 Percy 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 he didn't have any allusion to it."

"If 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 would 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 Chudd [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 Chudd dismissed him, but it turned out he was wrong because he stirred 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% a record.

Eventually Kenner approached Wallace Davenport, who had a small label called Potarcharrin, and cut the rambunctious "Don't Make No Noise." Soon after, he had an isolated release on Joe Rufino'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'd 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 label change hindered “I Like It Like That” initially, but after a few months of moderate sales, it spilled its exuberance 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. His style suited to rock ‘n roll stardom than Chris Kenner. A kind but simple man, Kenner’s

“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.”

—Earl King

Kenner had a couple of other releases on Instant in 1962, the gospel-flavored “Time” and “Let Me Show You How To Twirl.” The latter incorporated the “I Like It Like That” formula while trying to cash in on the latest dance craze. “Twirl” 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).

‘Chris was like Jimmy Reed. If he was sober, it was abnormal.’

—Earl King

Kenner had a couple of other releases on Instant in 1962, the gospel-flavored “Time” and “Let Me Show You How To Twirl.” The latter incorporated the “I Like It Like That” formula while trying to cash in on the latest dance craze. “Twirl” 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 that only sounded good when they came out of Chris. I think Allen intimidated Chris a bit because of his talent. Chris would always be sober and on time for those sessions when Allen was around. You have to give Allen a lot of the credit for Chris’ success because he really worked hard on those songs.”

Later that year, Kenner wrote and recorded the song which would become synonymous with his name, “Land Of A 1000 Dances” (reworking an old spiritual, “Children Go Where I Send You”) by interspersing verses about all the current dance trends. Whether he could handle it or not, rock ‘n roll immortality was on the immediate horizon. Curiously, nowhere on the record does Kenner say anything about a “land of a thousand dances,” even though he does name twenty or thirty dances. But a privileged listen to the master of the tune clears up the mystery. It contains a ten-second introduction that was omitted from the issued record. On it Kenner moans in true gospel fashion, “I’m gonna take you baby, baby, I’m gonna take you to a place. The name of the place is the land of a thousand dances,” and then the band falls in. Later on Kenner even forgets a verse and manages to moan instead of singing at other appropriate moments.

“Chris kept the songs in his head,” says Lee Bates, who observed a number of Kenner’s sessions. “He didn’t write down anything. Chris would get behind the piano and moan and groan until he had the idea and then he was ready to cut.”
"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 in limbo.

However, after more than a year, a strange thing happened to the record, as Jett Bankash picked up the story: " Losing the distributorship was a real blow. I started pulling weeds and cutting grass to relax my mind. Well, I got a call one day from a distributor in Chicago who wanted 2,000 copies of 'Land Of 1000 Dances,' and the record started happening there. Then Atlantic came to see me and they were interested in the record. I owed them some money and I needed some too, so I signed a deal. What I didn't know was that the pressing plant had an order for 15,000 the very next day. But it was too late, the record started breaking all over the country.

"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 used.

Rejuvenated by "Land Of A 1000 Dances," Bankash 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, Joe 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 swirling. 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 when 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 have to 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 Fat 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 #5 hit with "Something You Got." Then early the following year, a garage band from California, Cannibal and the Headhunters, scored a #30 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 outdone, 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 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 every 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 Bankash in 1965 after he failed to secure a better deal elsewhere, but he would have mixed results there. Bankash 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

Cont'd on page 56
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STUDIO SOLO
New Orleans trumpeter Leroy Jones was only fourteen years old when he was chosen to perform during half-time 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 reflect 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 Terrence 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 trumpeter-playing music teacher, Sister Mary Francis. By the time he was fourteen years old when he was chosen to perform during half-time ceremonies at the 1972 Superbowl, Leroy was already playing well enough to lead the Fairview Baptist Church Christian Band, a group initiated by the Reverend Andrew Darby and directed by two elder statesmen of the New Orleans jazz scene: Danny Barker and Charlie Barbarin. St. Barker remembers that the Jones garage on St. Denis Street was the center of activity for the neighborhood's musical youth.

'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, 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 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 extended but ultimately ill-fated excursion outside New Orleans. After a few months, a brief but managable 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 Carmonche 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 that it was Jones beginning developing his vocal talents. But it was Carmonche who introduced him to the bebop masters - and particularly trumpeter Clifford Brown.

'I though 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.

'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 90% 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 my own music?'

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 misbegotten 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 Intercostal, he draws his listeners in with jazz/rock and rhythm and blues band.

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 producing big-time management firms.

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.'

"Even when he was in high school, he was monstrous."

— Terrence Blanchard
Hottest Videos

Top Five Sony Video '45s
2. Duran Duran ("Girls on Film," "Hungry Like the Wolf!")
3. Michael Nesmith ("Rio" and "Crusing" from Elephant Parts)
4. Jesse Rae ("Rusha" and "Desire")
5. Todd Rundgren (Videocompact ("Hideaway," "Can We Still Be Friends," and "Time Heals")

Top New Sony Video '45s
1. Phil Collins ("In the Air Tonight," "I Missed Again," "Through These Walls," and "Can't Hurry Love")
2. Enigma Easton ("Telephone," "Movin' On," "Ice Out in the Rain," and "Morning Train (9 to 5)"
4. Rick Derringer (Video LP including "Easy Action," "Rock and Roll Never Dies," and "Hang On Sloopy")
5. The Kinks ("Come Dancin'," "Don't Forget to Dance," "Predictable," and "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 basic tracks at the Automatt before moving over to the Plant for mixing and overdubs. These two prominent Bay Area studios have been hosting more than their share of California-based talent recently. Bonnie Hayes & the Wild Combo are at the Plant finishing up their new album Brave New Girl and Tim Weisburg is also at work on a new LP. The Automatt has the Dream Syndicate recording their forthcoming A&M record with Sandy Pearlman, along with projects by Narada Michael Walden and Holly Near. No less than two bona-fide guitar heroes are at New York's Blue Rock Recording. Tom Verlaine is completing his new self-produced Warners album, while Chris Spedding is dealing with some demos. Meanwhile Blue Rock owner/Timmy-winning producer Eddie Carvin is working on a project with a new group, The Hardbeats. The Flugs, Iggy Pop and Burning Sensations are among the groups featured in the soundtrack to Universal's new film, Repo-Man. Peter McCoy is producing the music at Cherokee Recording in LA with engineer Brad Gilderman. Recent action at Cherokee also includes Barbra Streisand co-producing her new CBS single with Marilyn and Allen Bergman, and Lindsay Buckingham completing an Elektra project with producer/engineer Carleen Fordey. Ultra-hot remix specialist John "Jellybean" Benitez is remixing singles for a wide range of artists at Sigma Sound Studios (NY). In for his "Jellybean Treatment" are Paul Simon, Cyndi Lauper, Billy Idol and two tracks from the Frankie Bonetti soundtrack by Bonnie Tyler and Deniece Williams. John Luongo is also at Sigma completing a live performance album and a remix of "Weirdos from Thailand" by the Fabulous Freebirds. At studio six Sigma Sound/Philadelphia, hitmakers Gamble & Huff are producing a new record for Michael Jones, while Joe Cocker is also at Sigma working on a new record with producer Gary Katz.

On Tour

Van Halen rocks all over the U.S. through mid-May.

Top of the Charts

No. Albums Singles
1. 1984 Van Halen (Warner Bros.) "Jump" Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
2. Milk and Honey John Lennon & Yoko Ono (Polydor) "Thriller" Michael Jackson (Epic)
3. Footloose soundtrack (Columbia) "99 Luftballons" Nena (Epic)
4. Learning to Crawl The Pretenders (Geffen) "Wrap It Up" The Police (A&M)
5. 90's, Yes (Arista) "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)

Personal Favorites

Neal Schon, lead guitarist for Journey, picks five classic guitar players:

Salem Spirit


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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., capes with boas and inflatable pig bladders available at the door.

National Art Critics Forum, Contemporary Arts Center, 1 p.m. Call 525-1216 for more information.

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

Tuesday, 3
Adami the Romantics, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Songs of Love and Betrayal, a cabaret show with Parisian mezzo Helen Delavault, which sounds like just a sip of cola from Yvette Guilbert, of course, sung songs that alternated between Thring Piety and the ghouliness of the Theatre Grand Guignol, hope Mme. Delavault 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 Zagarzewski, Polish poet and Solidarity leader, reads from his works. Tulane, place TBD. 7:30, information at 865-5250.

Friday, 6
Ted Nugent, the man whose idea of a peaceable kingdom is a trophy room—but still, a necessary; 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, 6-Sunday, 8
WTLU Fund-Raising Marathon; on the Quad with scads of live bands, including the Upstarts on Saturday. Day-long, free.

Sunday, 8
Tulane Concert Band, Jackson Square, 1 p.m. Free.

Chamber Music, Grace Episcopal Church, 7:30; mezzo Leslie Jones and a chamber ensemble perform Beethoven'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 Cielarz, who needs all of them he can get. Sister Aimee, 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 Aimee Sample McPherson, whose kidnapping was one of the most mordantly lively of the Twenties. Dixon Hall, Tulane, 8 p.m. Information at 865-5135.

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

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

New Orleans Symphony, free open-air concert. Washington Square Park. 7:30 p.m. Information at 524-0404.

Billy Taylor and Trio, a benefit for NOCA. International Room of the Fairmont, 7 p.m. Information at 889-0050.

CONCERT SERIES

French Market Concert Series, All from 1 to 3, all free. Sun. 1: Pierre Descartes.
Sat. 7: Frankie Lynn. Sun. 8: Ted Riley.
Sat. 14: Legendary New Orleans drummers.
Chester Zardis Sun. 15: Frank Peduto.

New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony, Orpheum Theatre, Thurs. 5, Andrew Massay conducts, Guire and Suher are cello/piano soloists, in a program of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms.
Tues. 24 and Wed. 25: Philippe Entremont conducts with Gabriele Fontana as guest soloist in a program of arias by Mozart, Puccini and Stravinsky.

LA. CLUBS

Antler's, 505 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-8877.
The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 893-9868 (Bears 2000).
Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2292.
Chief's Southside, (formerly Trinity's), 4365 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 988-9864.
Circle In The Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-222-2216.
Clancy’s Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-5611.
Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland, 1-504-346-3461.
Emporium, 216 Higland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-9538.
Esoté—A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9500.
Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-800-7079.
Grants Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-9569.
Harry’s Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9976.
Humphreys, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-6611.
Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 1-447-0991.
Mutie’s, Breaux Bridge Highway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9646.
The Old Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9512.
Pam’s Place, Old Town, Slidell, 318-699-3000.
Popp Joe’s, 12575 Florida Blvd, Baton Rouge, 213-273-2376.
Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-522-5314.
Party Town, Military Road, Slidell, 1-449-3867.
Ruby’s Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-828-9033.
Rusty Hall, 540 E. King’s Highway, Shreveport.
Scarlett O’Hara, 1053 Broadway, Lake Charles, 318-436-6742.
Slick’s Music Hall, Highway 31, St. Martinville, 318-354-3976.
Steak and Lobster Inn’s Fireside Pub, 855 E. King’s Highway, Shreveport, 318-888-5306.
Steamboat Annie’s, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.
Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-625-7580.
Toby’s, 1303 Grammet Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

**LIVE MUSIC**

Acy’s, 1925 Sophie Wright Place, 525-2383. Wed. 14: The Models. Other dates TBA.
Beau Geste, 7011 Rea Blvd, 924-9710. Sunday through Thurs: Larry Janca at 8, Fri. and Sat: Larry Janca’s Legos (just as long as you can’t catch that disease from getting too cold), featuring Al Claude with Brenda, at 10.
Bonaparte’s Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 526-9255. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.
Bountiful, 1926 West End Park, 292-9144. Certainly the dance and most “inlne” of W.E. clubs, Fridays and Saturdays: Cross My Heart.
Cafe at St. Charles, 509 Canal Street, 292-5266. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the James Drew Trio, including Jim Single- ton and Jeff Hasley.
Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 805-9190. Bluegrass Sundays, call for the other six days.
Columns Hotel, 3611 St. Charles, 889-9358. 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 on their patent chairs, they bring back a respectable dim period of Sike-A-Delia.

Dorothy’s Midas, 2212 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of adipose dolores in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.


Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Dugan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 11 p.m. and Mondays and Thursdays, Pat Mitchell at the same time, and again during the week from 5 to 7.


Fouls Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-6611. 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 p.m.; one song only and reservations probably a good idea.

Gazette Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-9966. Alfresco ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Hoolihan’s, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on week days from 7 to 11 saving Fridays, the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.

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


Le Moulin Rouge, 501 Bourbon, 526-4299. A Night in Old New Orleans (hope the Spring Fokas Assoc. doesn’t get wind of this...); with Becky Allen and her Choline Chorines demonstrating why care forgot the city; with her band.


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

Ronnie Earl and the Broadcasters
"Smoking"
BT-1023

The Cold Cuts
"Meat The Cold Cuts!"
BT-1021

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

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

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"100% Fortified Zydeco"

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**PLAYS**

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp St. 525-1216 Through Sun. 15 Miss Margarita’s Way, a play whose only character is an 8th grade biology teacher.

Minneapolis’s Dinner Theatre, 701 N. Claiborne, 585-7000. Through May 5. Oklahoma!


**FILMS**

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 525-1218. Wed.: Personal Problems,
REAL FEATU RES

SATURDAY, APRIL 27

8:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M.

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THURS. - 5 - New Aviators

FRI. 13 - The Models

SAT. 14 - Backbeats

THURS. 19 - Slow Sculpture

FRI. 20 - 3-D

SAT. 21 - Mrs. Bates & the Hands

EVERY THURSDAY - FREE ADMISSION FOR THE LADIES

EVENING CONCERTS

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, Riverboat President, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight! (Liberty Bank's Jazz Festival Anniversary Party.)  Fats Domino; Joe Louis Armstrong; the Neville Brothers; (The $1.00)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, sunny: Revue, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight! (The $1.00)

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, Riverboat President, 8:00PM. "Salute to New Orleans Jazz."

TICKET INFORMATION

Adult tickets: $5.00 in advance, $7.00 at the gate.
Children 12 and under accompanied by a parent: $1.00 in advance, $2.00 at the gate.
Ticket available from all New Orleans and Baton Rouge Ticketmaster outlets or by mail order by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope, $5.00 for shipping and handling to New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, LA 70176

TICKET INFORMATION

ADULT TICKET:$5.00 in advance, $7.00 at the gate
CHILDREN 12 AND UNDER ACCOMPANYED BY A PARENT: $1.00 in advance, $2.00 at the gate

TICKET AVAILABLE FROM ALL NEW ORLEANS AND BATON ROUGE TICKETMASTER OUTLETS OR BY MAIL ORDER BY SENDING A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE, $5.00 FOR SHIPPING AND HANDLING TO NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL, P.O. BOX 2530, NEW ORLEANS, LA 70176
described by its maker, flitterateur Ishmael Reed and his opera. Wed.11: Wipe rose, a documentary on the northern Minnesota Iron Range by John Hanson and Sandra Grant. Wed.16: the Louisiana Committee for the Humanities will present films and tapes they've recently funded and also discuss what they might be prepared to do in the future, Wed.25: Open Screening.

Loyola's Film Buys Institute, 885-3196. Tues.: II Fondue, a 1955 Fellini overlooked because of La Strada and Catullus, but better than the former and almost the equal of the latter—and grim. Broderick Crawford's death without redemption, Del Mar, and true transvestites, as do his scenes with the cross-dressed girl, he plays a convincer who disguises himself as a police detective. Fri: Five Easy Pieces. Bob Rafelson's overtaken lot of redneck-anoremic, with some startling performances amidst its relentless, privileged low-key study of romanticism bursting out of unlikely quarters—especially Helena Hauffes's by-the-window, bamboo-topped, tofu-eating, ecology-minded hitchhiking dyke, Mon. 16: Giustetti degli Spiriti, Fellini's 1965 methodological film; it's a show cumiricalm, a farce of a bourgeois' housewife's days. It is certainly one of the screen's most opulent oddball works. Worth seeing for its macabre pacing alone—like corsets with keys in their back—and for the cinematography of Gianini di Venanzo and the hallucinatory sets and costumes of Ferio Ghennari, among the performers, Sandra Milo, Valentina Cortese, Silvana Atrachino, Joe Luis De Villauenga. 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 simplistic and naive and corny, but also meticulously precise in the observation that really matters, with Chaplin as the tramp and as Adenoid Hynkel, Der Phooey, and Pauline Goddard, Jack Oakes, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, and Mischa Moscovitch as the sweet old man in the ghetto. Films are by either season subscription ($15) or by $1.50 admission; they are shown in bobet Hall, Room 332.

Prytania, 895-545-1513. Through Wed.25: Variety Hitchcock's 1926 dream of color and blondes and tears; don't miss it. Fri:4 through Thurs.26: Reuben, Reuben, by Elia Kazan, as the Dylan Thomasish post-helion-love on an American campus in this film of the Peter Devils novel. Tulane Martin Theatre, Tues.3: Das Kabinett des Doktor Caligari (the Carl Mayer-Robert Wiene 1919 film which changed the look and tone of movies ever afterward). Tues.10: Ballet Mecanique (Fernand Leger's 1924 cinematic transposition of his painting). Wominingapagu (Hans Richter's witty 1926 avant-garde short with bowler hats flying about and seeming to be satisfied to do so). Entr'acte (Rome Clair and Francis Picabia cooked up this still-funny Dadaist nonsense of which the highlights are glimpses of Duchamp playing chess, a hearse pulled by a camel and a rather bizarre ballroom portrayed by Ed Clark: A Trip To The Moon (George Melies' 1902 travelogue). Tues.17: Wavelength, Michael Snow's film is one of the longest continuous bits of camerawork virtually ever. UNO Tues.6 and Wed.7: Media Showcase, films and videos by faculty and students.

ART


Arthur Roger, 3008 Magazine, 895-5287. Through April 26: paintings, pot parties, and perhaps a few cabaret nights as well by Michael Lledo. Sat.28 through May 17: ab-

Bienville Gallery, 1600 Hastings Place, 525-5829. In April: graphics by Debby Powell and paintings by Henry Klimowia, directly 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.


Galliére For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 895-1030. Through Wed.11: color photographs by Canadian contemporary photographers, in conjunction with the Canadian Consul General River Exhibition. Thurs.12 through May: photographs by the last great living master of the classical aesthetic and the symbolic portrait, Gerlegs Carl An Joengh.


Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 525-4665. Through Sat.7: The Rites of Rex, an exhibition showing how the School of Design puts together its pageant, both this year and in years past. Tues.17 through the World's Fair: Louisiana Alphabets, prints, paintings and photos of indigenous items and creatures and states, arranged alphabetically.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Street and elsewhere. Fri.6 through Nov.18: A Century of Vision, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two fairs, including works by Robert White, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, et alia up to the present. Sun.25 through November: The Sun King, an historical extravaganza from la belle France shalling the man who revok ed the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, etc., from le grand Siecle.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3008 Magazine, 895-7831. Through Thurs.27: Colonial Religious Art (no wonder George Fergus has left town) and influence today. Contemporary work on themes germane to the Church Militant by gallery artists. Sat.28 through May 16: bronze sculpture by Guyri Hollosy and jewelry designed by artist.

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


Tieken-Poeley, 4119 Magazine, 897-6300. Through Wed.25: figurative paintings by Randall Schmitt, and sculptural paintings by Amy Archinal. Sat.28 through May 16: larger than life figurative paintings by Terry Ercin and polychromatic emulsion portraits by Craig Dietz of such local fauna 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: Odile de la Martinez, local musician and composer of one of the moon Dialogues with New Orleans 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, Lakeshore Campus. 529-0482. Through April: Southern Folk Images, a show of 50 pieces by David Butler, Bill Taylor, Henry Spiker.

Left and top: mime and dance contortionists Mummerschanz at Dixon Hall, April 16. Left bottom: "Frog" by Klimowia, Bienville Gallery, April.
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 Kari. "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.

Chris just couldn't get it together."

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."

Itally, his 1968 Instant release of 'Sad Mistake' would signal a screeching halt to Kenner's recording career. Not long after, Kenner was arrested 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'd had no 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 Orleans Jimi 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 awaiting 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 his 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 anymore, and people were asking about him. He was living in a rooming house on the corner of Dryades and Jackson, next to Bea Booker's house. His wife 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 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 360 to buy a plate of red beans at Sam's. Then the next thing you know he's driving around in a brand new car. Everytime 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."

WHELEN CO. / APRIL 1984
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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 Nun’s “Dominique” to enable that curious record to top the pop charts for the entire month of December, 1963.

Well, it is now 1984 and anonymous persons are spray-painting Bible verses on highway underpasses and plagues of locusts are arriving in New Orleans for the World’s Fair and Rev. Jerry Lee Lewis (see Revelation 19:7-8) is cruising down from Nesbit, Mississippi to preach at the Jazz and Heritage Festival. The Killer will be accompanied on stage by—and we promised Quint Davis that we could keep a secret during this month’s issue, we feel that it is time to “slightly demented” music and can’t get booked at the Jazz Fest. Conn complained that it’s “the only thing that wrecks him away from home and television 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 the 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 babes in the audience who think Low Life of Surf’s Jesus is an old man, was responsible for the 1960 hit, “You Talk Too Much.”

Steve Conn of Boulder, Colorado, leads a band called Gri Gri, which plays “slightly demented” music and can’t get booked at the Jazz Fest. Conn complains that it’s discrimination against Coloraduns and if anybody wants to check, his bloodlines are pure: graduation from LSU, able performance on two Beausoleil albums and of course, birth in Pinewo.

Pineville? Isn’t that where they have the insane asylum?

Seriously, gentle readers (to copy 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 Neulin, Whew! We almost thought it said “Jon Neulin.” Jon Neulin is a sort of fruity Englishman with an American accent who’s been living in New Orleans for the past three years.

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

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<td>BOYS OF THE LOUTH</td>
<td>CLOSED</td>
<td>UPTIGHTS</td>
<td>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</td>
<td>MCCOY TYNER W/SPECIAL GUEST TUTS WASHINGTON</td>
<td>THE NEVILLE BROTHERS</td>
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<td>WTUL MARATHON W/T-BONE BURNETT PLUS OTHER SPECIAL GUESTS</td>
<td>CLOSED</td>
<td>UK-SUBS</td>
<td>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</td>
<td>JASON &amp; THE NASHVILLE SCORCHERS</td>
<td>NEVILLE BROTHERS</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>WWOOZ'S FAREWELL PARTY w/ALL KINDS OF MUSIC, STARTING AT 7:30; CALL 991-2335 FOR DETAILS</td>
<td>CLOSED</td>
<td>JOHN MAYALL'S BLUES BREAKERS FEATURING FORMER ROLLING STONE MICK TAYLOR</td>
<td>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</td>
<td>JOE &quot;KING&quot; CARRASCO &amp; THE CROWNS</td>
<td>JOHNNY RENO AND HIS SAXMANIACS</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>CLOSED</td>
<td>CLOSED</td>
<td>TOUCHSTONE</td>
<td>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</td>
<td>THE ORIGINAL CULTURE &amp; THE SOUL DEFENDERS REGGAE FROM JAMAICA</td>
<td>NEVILLE BROTHERS</td>
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<td>501 Napoleon Ave., corner Tchoupitoulas — Phone 899-9114</td>
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Anything can happen.

Cuervo Especial

Cuervo Premium Tequila