**STARTING TIMES:**

- **9:30** - Mon. thru Thurs.
- **10:30** - Fri. and Sat.

**MAY**

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Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Weigel's Answer

In the early 1970s, while holding the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard, Leonard Bernstein delivered a series of lectures entitled The Unanswered Question. In these highly eclectic, synthetic, and provocative discussions, Bernstein asks the question "Whither goes Western music?" According to Bernstein, tonality met its death with the Ninth Symphony of Gustav Mahler. As the Twentieth Century dawned, music, with all of the arts, sciences, and intellectual life, faced a great abyss. The old things simply no longer seemed to bear validity. From out of this lacuna rose two distinct movements: the atonality, then twelve-tone system of Arnold Schönberg and the romanticized post-romanticism of the Stravinsky of the Firebird and the Rite of Spring. Hovering above this foray lay the work The Unanswered Question of Charles Ives. Indeed, where would music and all art go?

Native New Orleanian composer, teacher, and music coordinator Jay Weigel possesses his own, highly creative responses to this almost portentous question. A graduate of De La Salle High School, Weigel earned a B.A. in music from Tulane in 1981 and an M.M. in theory and composition from the University of Southern California in 1983. Presently Director of Music at the Contemporary Arts Center and an instructor of composition at Xavier, Weigel is a major composer of serious weight. In recent months we have been fortunate to have a host of performances of Weigel's music in this area: on February 22 and again on April 11, the Gulf Coast Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Jim Shannon performed the piece Sebastian with libretto by Mary Jane Redmond; on February 6, Weigel's Dancing on Glass was performed at the Memphis State University conducted by Professor John Bauer; as part of the contemporary music festival at the CAC, Change is Seldom, poetry by Kim Backalanick, was performed by the Contemporary Arts Ensemble conducted by the composer.

In addition to his continuous composition and teaching, Weigel and partner Mark Bingham own Harbor Music, Inc., which recently has been responsible for an appearance of such local musicians as Aaron Neville, Johnny Adams, and Kidd Jordan on an A&M Records tribute to Kurt Weill entitled Lost in the Stars. Bingham and Weigel took the piece "Oh Heavenly Salvation" from the Brecht, Weill Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny and arranged it in a blues, jazz setting. Continuing in this arrangement of other composers' work for new media, Harbor Music will be contributing a five minute synthesis of the Italian composer Nino Rota's Casanova film score for a tribute album based on his work. Jazz guitarist John Scofield will appear on this collaboration. Finally, Bingham and Weigel will make contributions to a forthcoming Charlie Mingus tribute.

Most importantly for those who do not know Weigel's works and for those who know him solely as the Director of Music at the CAC will be a performance on May 16 at the Auditorium Zoo by the New Orleans Symphony under Andrew Massey's direction of the newly composed Monkey Hill. The work is to be performed as part of the celebration of the Auditorium Zoo's 100th anniversary. Steve Hogan of the Poydras Plaza Development
Corporation has commissioned this work. The performance will be part of the program, the Musical Zoo Review, 6:00-8:00 p.m. — admission free. In discussing Monkey Hill, Weigel asserts the piece is a reflection on his memories as a child of visits to the park in which climbing Monkey Hill, an edifice built in the Thirties by the Works Progress Administration, was the climax of his visits to the park. Of course, in recent years the hill has been annexed by the evergrowing zoo.

Also implied in this work may be Weigel’s pronounced spiritual influences. One of the composer’s mentors is Roger Dickerson, a New Orleanian composer well known for his Musical Service for Louis and New Orleans Concerto written for the Bicentennial. Also a teacher and resident composer, Dickerson is a spiritualist who has influenced Weigel’s sense of piety and pursuit of the Eternal through music. Monkey Hill promises to be laden with Jungian archetypes and Platonic quests for Form through recollection as Wordsworth set out in the epigraph to his "Intimations Ode," “the Child is Father of the Man.” Indeed, this recollection of childhood and visits to Monkey Hill could well be Romanticism revisited, the search for “that immortal sea/which brought us hither.../Whither is fled the visionary gleam?”

Weigel is very outspoken regarding the future of serious music and its direction. Three years out of graduate school, the composer claims he has attempted to unlearn much of the formal, academic regimen. Tonality remains the most promising language for music, according to Weigel. Most think of jazz as the only truly "American" genre of music, but Weigel asserts, "American music must be all inclusive, pluralistic.” Like Harry Haller of Steppenwolf, Weigel can accept not only Mozart, but also jazz; of course, jazz was for the 1920’s intellectual German what popular music may be for today’s refined intellectual. Fortunately, although intellectual, Weigel is not rarified. There is good music in all styles; the composer only rejects bad music in all styles. Weigel looks for music that is "well written, well conceived, and well recorded," citing Sting, Phil Collins, and Huey Lewis as popular musicians of merit. And, Jimi Hendrix remains for Weigel the foremost iconoclast of the electric guitar. In his life as a composer, music director, teacher, and businessman, Weigel skillfully balances a high commitment to the life of the mind with life in the so-called real world. Choosing to compose from outside the walls of academy where the intelligentsia often act as politicians for chosen, rigid worldviews, Weigel possesses the freedom to filter all of his experience through the imagination resulting in music that is vibrant, pertinent, and transcendent. Of course, no answer is “written in heaven” to Bernstein’s Unanswered Question; yet, one intuits from Weigel’s earliest performed work in the 1980 Piece of Orchestra to the 1986 Monkey Hill that one New Orleanian is formulating a highly individual and provocative answer of his own. — Ken Scarbrough

The Evolution of K-Doe:
1. Ernst Kador, Jr., 1939. A boy child was born in Charity Hospital.
2. The Blue Haired, 1954
3. Ernst Kador, 1956 (supposedly cut the same day, 6-15-56, that Little Richard did "Tutti Frutti").
5. Ernst Kado, 1959
7. Ernst K-Doe, 1961
8. Ernest K. Doe (the Executive version), 1969

How Do You Spell K-Doe?

So you haven’t heard Ernie K-Doe’s name enough lately now that he’s not spouting it a mile a minute on the airwaves? — THAT’S ‘KAY-DASH-D-DEE-OH-EE!’ MR. NAUGHYDYDE-DUH, HIMSELF! B-U-R-N! K-D-0-E! B-U-R-N!..... Well, go see him at the Jazz Fest after reading the true etymology of "Naughydy-Duh" below.

Of course, Ernie K-Doe’s ("Mother-In-Law," "Tain’t It The Truth," "10,000 Reward") real name is Ernest Kador, Jr. According to Mr. Kador, "What was happening, the deejays across the country, some of them couldn’t pronounce ‘Kador.’ So what we did, thanks to Joe Banashak — he called me in the office one day on Baronne Street. He said, ‘Say, man, we got to do something, honey,’ cause they just can’t pronounce your name.” He said, ‘I’m gonna come up with an idea of how to spell your name where they would have to say ‘K-Doe’, there’s no other choice but to say ‘K-Doe.’ And he came up with the idea ‘K-DASH-D-O-E.”

Actually, that’s the way my family spells their name. My family can spell their name ‘K-A-D-O-R,’ or they can spell it ‘K-DASH-D-O-E,’ or they can spell it ‘C-A-T-O.’ It still comes out the same. If you go on Highland, that’s around False River, North Louisiana — that’s where my father [Rev. Ernest Kador, Sr.] is from — and you go up and hoiler ‘K-Doe,’ they start comin’ out through the doors and windows!!

According to the late Joseph Banashak, owner of MINIT Records:
"I used ‘K-Doe’ all the way up until, I think, it was ‘$10,000 Reward’ [MINIT 623]. I just used ‘K-Doe’ — ‘K-DASH-D-O-E.’ The reason I mention that, is I remember Dick Clark saying on his show, ‘K-Doe? What is that?’ ‘Just K-Doe.’ And it wasn’t long he had a ‘Fabian’ after that [Fabian started a year earlier]. It really stuck with him, the one name.

‘The reason I did it was because everyone called him K-Doe. They didn’t call him Ernie. But then the WNOE people started bugging me and started saying, ‘Why don’t you call him Ernie — Ernie K-Doe?’ But I should have left it like that, I think there was a little mystery to his name, and it would have enhanced his recording name. I think I had K-Doe on some of the ‘Hello My Lover’ [MINIT 614], and then these guys started asking me to change it to ‘Ernie.’"

Special thanks to Terry Panston for lending the records. — Rick Coleman
The Monkey - A Missing Link

"Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree discussing things as they've said to be. Said one to the others listen you two, 'tis a certain rumor that can't be true. That man is descended from our noble race, why the very idea is a big disgrace. No monkey ever deserted his wife, starved her baby, and ruined her life!" (D. Bartholomew/P. King, Unart Music BMI)

Yet another direct but mysterious link between New Orleans rhythm and blues and reggae surfaced late last year with the re-release of Dave Bartholomew's 'The Monkey on the French Pa'che Macaroni label. The title cut, originally recorded on March 12, 1957, for Imperial Records features Bartholomew doing the vocals, backed by his all star orchestra including Justin Adams on guitar, Frank Fields on bass and Charles 'Hungry' Williams on drums. Unlike any other composition on the album, "The Monkey" is a gritty piece of rocking blues, even more so than Pro Diddley than to Fats Domino, with its tough bass line. The lyrics are a wry look at anti-evolutionists noting that monkeys, in addition to their fidelity, don't abandon their children, starve their neighbors by building fences or kill their fellow monkeys. Bartholomew says he originally got the lyrics from his grandfather, which meshes with suggestions that the tune had its origins as a blues commentary on Clarence Darrow and the Scopes trial on the teaching of evolution in 1925. Cosimo Matassa agrees that Bartholomew is responsible for the lyrics but says the idea was borrowed from a "street thing going around at the time," not unlike the "Signifying Monkey" but different in its origins and content.

What makes "The Monkey" tantalizing is that reggae listeners know the song as Bunny Wailer's "The Monkey Speaks," from the Hook, Line and Sinker album on his Jamaican Solomon label released in 1967 under the title "The Monkey," originally written as a comedy bit for Count Basie. Wailer's version was released in England in 1967 under the title "The Monkey Speaks," which was later included in a British beatbeat anthology along with Bartholomew's original rendition. But the notion that Bunny Wailer would get the impetus for his recording via a convoluted route taking fifteen years starting in New Orleans going through London and ending in Kingston seems tenuous at best. So the question is as to Bunny Wailer's involvement in the song and not a well-answered by the artist himself. As to the origins and travel route of "The Monkey," the intrigue is almost as enjoyable as the song itself.

Shepard H. Samuels

Copyright Bill Threatens BMI

Congress, broadcasters, and the music industry are not the only ones who have a stake in a bill introduced into Congress last October to amend the copyright law. Any disturbance of copyright laws causes concern among music composers, and this bill is no exception

The House of Representatives Bill 3521 would mandate source licensing as the sole method of compensation for synchronized music used in syndicated television programming aired on local TV stations. In other words, composers of music for television shows will be paid one time, and not every time, the show is aired, as in reruns. The whole idea, according to supporters of the bill, is to reform the present copyright laws so that creativity in the music industry might be enhanced by increasing the competition among composers and songwriters.

Under the present system there are four methods of payment to composers and songwriters for use of their intellectual properties: a "blanket" license issued by BMI or ASCAP, the per program license (a variation of the blanket license), a direct license between the station and the composer/owner, and the source license obtained from the composer/owner by the program producer or syndicator for the stations. Louisiana's congressman Bob Livingston, whose district is heavily saturated with people whose livelihoods are in the music industry, is a co-sponsor of the bill. An aide close to Livingston says that when the congressman was originally approached by the Louisiana Broadcasters Association to support the bill it "sounded logical at the time." Cosimo Matassa, a music business consultant in New Orleans and 40-year veteran of the music industry, is adamantly opposed to such legislation.

"I'm totally against it because the basic philosophy behind it is to enhance the big money makers . . . the broadcasters . . . In Louisiana, as well as other areas, songwriters will be the first to be affected. But it's an attack on intellectual properties in general, not just songwriters." Other opponents of the bill stress that it would destroy composers' most valuable right, to be compensated when others use their work in a public performance.

But, Congressman Boucher of Virginia, who introduced the bill, says that there is very little about the present system which either encourages authors or promotes progress in creativity.

"The current system is inconsistent with the fundamental purpose of the copyright laws and fails to enhance the public interest. It diverts into the hands of a few music writing companies (BMI, ASCAP,
etc.) funds which otherwise could be used to enhance the creative efforts of local broadcasters... according to congressional records quoting Boucher. At present, the amount of blanket fees is less than one percent of a station's revenues. "The net effect of this," Matassa says, "would be that the pay would be even less for the music, and more kept for the broadcasters." BMI's regional director Paul Bernard says that by design his is a non-profit organization set up as a method to properly collect funds for those works which are aired. "BMI is not a money making music company." "In essence, if the bill gets passed, BMI could be destroyed. No one would have any say in the way they are paid for their products. But, the biggest thing," he says, "is that this is entirely special interest programming. It would only benefit a small amount of people." BMI by itself services nearly 80,000 writers and publishers of music. According to BMI President Ed Cramer, there are approximately 800 TV stations. Of these, nearly 600 entities are owned by 160 companies, which operate from two to seven stations. Since Congressman Livingston first became a co-sponsor, he has received numerous calls and letters in opposition to the legislation. In light of this, he has decided to wait and examine the results of a judiciary committee presently reviewing the situation. Livingston wants a bill that is fair to the broadcasters, but at the same time would not hurt the writers, according to his aide. Says Matassa: "I'm always a little leary of someone in public office who wants to do something for someone who's in the position to criticize and hold him up to inspection... What moves the Congressman to be concerned about the broadcasters? If the broadcasters are being harmed then he should do something. But here, it will only be the writers who are harmed." To Congressman Boucher the only way to change the present state is by "exercising Congress' historical right to restore balance to the copyright laws." But for Paul Bernard "It's as if the broadcasters are telling Congress that they know more about the writer's business than the writer... No writers have asked, 'Would you please destroy the very organization that collects money for the use of our creative properties and polices that use?'

Edith Dupre LeBlanc

Butch & Stuff

Two traditional pianists with styles as different as can be will be making non-Jazz Fest appearances early this month. Richard "Butch" Thompson has achieved nationwide fame of sorts as the pianist (and occasional clarinetist) for the wonderfully eccentric public radio series A Prairie Home Companion. The Minnesota native is known to New Orleans jazz fans as an outstanding interpreter of Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton's music; in this style only the formidable Norwegian Morten Gunnar Larsen can compete (as one aficionado put it: "Larsen plays Jelly Roll's music the way he might have played it, while Butch plays it the way he would have.") Thompson is also a more-than-capable stride pianist, and in fact it is this mode which he displays most frequently on radio. His style is relaxed and tasteful, a thoroughly knowledgeable representation of pre-big band piano. Thompson will perform at one of his old haunts, the Maple Leaf, on Sunday, May 4, in addition to a Jazz Fest appearance that afternoon. Tasteful, relaxed, elegant — Frank Glenn, a.k.a. Professor Bigstuff, is none of these. He attacks the piano in a raunchy barrelhouse manner, with a messy left hand pounding out notes seemingly at random, right hand spitting out cascades of notes that seem to defy time on occasion. Chase is a strangely odd-looking performer: approximately 6'2", 230 lbs., ponytailed, wisps of a mustache at both ends of his mouth, bizarre ties and hats, and constantly mugging. A Bigstuff show is as much comedy as music, full of song parodies, strange routines, devastating vocal imitations of the likes of Ray Charles and Randy Newman, and great repartee with the audience and bar staff. The Stuff will appear at Tropical Isle (formerly the Levee) at Toulouse near Bourbon on May 1, 2, 3 and 4. No cover charge here, and the drinks are as cheap as the humor.

Tom McDermott
The Jazz Fest is just a good excuse to eat food. At least, this is true for several of my friends. They look forward all year to this visit. Then when they get here their itinerary revolves around their appetites. This should not at all be surprising, not even to readers of a music magazine. Music and food are the twin enchantments that lure outsiders to New Orleans like blue crabs to smelly fishheads. When tourists arrive and see how much fun the locals are having with their boogies and bacchanalia, it is useless to resist.

Realize first of all that eating is more than a metabolic necessity. It’s supposed to be fun and done to excess. It is sport, and it mixes easily with music.

To illustrate I would like to tell you about a music teacher I once had. He led the gospel choir at Delgado, and he really knew how to get the best sounds out of his students. A dynamic instructor, he made people enjoy a good song. He also loved to eat. I remember him telling us to bring lots of food for the class picnic.

“I don’t just like to eat,” he said; “I like to stuff myself.” Here we have an example of pure artistic temperament, a la Big Easy. Take his words as your guide and inspiration. Consume as much as you can and enjoy it wholeheartedly. This will put you in a good frame of mind to enjoy the music.

Local musicians love to eat, even the skinny ones. Some are fine cooks themselves. And why not? It is creative, sensual, and rewarding. It’s something to do in those long gaps between gigs, and it is cheaper than a restaurant. Touring artists have learned to cook in self-defense. Outside of south Louisiana gumbo is a foreign word; beans are frowned upon, and crawfish are regularly mispronounced. That is why the Preservation Hall jazz band travels with four footlockers of food and kitchen gear and why, according to one reliable source, Fats Domino will not book a hotel room if he cannot cook in it. These are veteran good-timers, and they know a band plays marches on its stomach. Second lines, too.

If your aim is to enjoy music you obviously want to put yourself in a Sympathetically Prepared Aural-Sensual Mood (SPASM). In other words, before you can groove you have to get down and grease. Easier said than done? Not really. The best way is to come year after year like my friends until you have a list of favorite dining holes longer than you can get to in twice your allotted time. Stay with a host who will put on a crawfish boil or an oyster shucking party. That way you get right to the fun part without all the paraphernalia. When you do go out to eat please exercise caution. Look around. If you do not see other customers laughing a lot and having a good time, go somewhere else. If it is a fancy place and you feel accosted by a maître d’ in funny clothes who looks like he missed Mardi Gras and has been pouting ever since, go somewhere else. You can find restaurants like this in Cincinnati or wherever else you spend time.

If there is grease on the walls of the dining room and crusted on the fluorescent lights you can make book that the kitchen is much worse. Exercise extreme caution. In fact, be very skeptical about most neighborhood and lakefront restaurants that live and die by fried foods. Changing the oil is a constantly forgotten art: Nobody likes to do it, but some have no conscience about pushing it into overburn. Those of you visiting from the so-called “progressive” areas might be surprised at our city’s reliance on refined bread and ultra-dull salads with bottled dressings. Just remember as you confront your tall stack of white bread toast
sloathered with margarine that you did not come here for breads and salads.

You probably traveled here for etouffee and jambalaya, for speckled trout, boiled crab and oysters, for red beans, bread pudding, and king's head cheese. Yeah you rite! (Gets me hungry just thinking about it.) So now you have arrived and your radar needs to hone in on all of this good stuff. Here is some advice for the total strangers. I would suggest going to places with names either offbeat or as hard to pronounce as the food you are seeking. A few examples: Uglesich's (for fried oysters), Bozo's (for the company of the wonder proprietress and her good cooking), Gautreau's, and Olivier's just to name a few. Now you are on your way. Next you might want some tasty crawfish. Try your nearest pool hall (where else?) Perhaps you will be lucky enough to be close to Whitey's on Downman Road or Perino's, just past the big flag in St. Bernard.

If you are the type that loves standing in line I would urge you to do it either in front of the food booths at the Jazz Festival or on Bourbon Street outside of Galatoire's. Featuring such soulful favorites as The Second True Love Baptist Church barbecue chicken and a broad array of traditional favorites, the Fair Grounds is the ideal place to eat your way across the local food spectrum. This is especially true since the vendors now offer cheap sample size portions. The lines get longer as the days wear on, so think about getting there early. For the full impact, however, of fine cuisine New Orleans style try Galatoire's. It accepts no reservations. You stand in line like everybody else. The governor stands in line. The mayor stands in line. The President sends his secret service man to stand in line. (My friend's mama don't stand in line but that's 'cause she was raised up next to Justin Galatoire's mama. She's the only exception I know of.) Anyway, the dining room is picturesque. The menu is a formal one. The menu features many of the classic preparations of the best local seafood. It is all quite reasonably priced considering the quality of the experience.

Just a few blocks away will be many others who patiently wait for a seat at K-Paul's. I prefer to reminisce about the lunches I used to get there for $4.75, or about the oyster loaf (served to me upstairs in what used to be the deli) that was absolutely the best one I have ever had. Now it is so-o-o expensive, not really worth it. Don't assume you will try the definitive version of their famous blackened redfish either. They rarely, if ever, serve it. The choice is yours, but you might just do better only talking about K-Paul's too.

Actually, talking about any kind of food is a great appetizer. Anyone who enjoys a good meal will love to talk about it. This can be almost as much fun as eating. Ask someone if his mother can cook an oyster dressing. Or what should or should not go into gumbo. They will probably all mention the word "seasoning." To foreigners - east and north of Slidell and west of Lake Charles - this usually means cayenne pepper, hot and spicy. Most of your true New Orleans cooks do not mean this at all. Chef Austin Leslie of Chez Helene, for example, tells me he does not even have cayenne in his kitchen. The real seasoning flavor of good cooking in this city comes from its roots, bones, vegetables and herbs. No secrets here. Onion. Garlic. Fishbones. Hambones. Celery. Bell Pepper. Bayleaf. Thyme. Well maybe a dash or two or three of cayenne. That is up to you.

One final word of warning: Don't let your more excitable gourmands get talking about food just before you have to be somewhere for an appointment. You might never make it. They will grab you by the arm, hold you, and ramble on and on about using pans of beer in their roasters to steam-cook some dream ingredient, or some other brilliant trick. And they always have a secret eating spot where you get the best ribs or yatcamein or roast beef po-boys that not even other locals have ever heard of, but don't start me talking on that because now I am late. I need to rush off and make some groceries and...
OFF ROUNDER RECORDS
Rounder's Modern New Orleans Masters series showcases all facets of the vibrant contemporary music scene in the Crescent City, from jazz to rhythm and blues to party-in-the-streets funk. Catch the spirit with the first Modern New Orleans Masters releases.

ALSO NEW ON ROUNDER:

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C

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(Rounder 2051)

Gypsy hit hard again with the excellent calypso called "The Sinking Ship," from his album "The Action Too High." On "The Sinking Ship," Gypsy uses the analogy of Trinidad as a luxury liner who smoothly and feely sailed the Caribbean sea under the captain Eric Williams. However, in '86, he competed in the adult competition coming in with "Too Young To Soca," a musical rebellion to the longstanding tradition of junior calypsonians singing songs with relevant, serious lyrics. The boy feelin' the soca. "They want me to take cheap shots at them politicians, they want me to spill my guts in my position, they want me to use my song to highlight the social wrongs, and when I don't go along, they tellin' me I too young, I feelin' the soca." The music on this cut is great, but Machel's "chipmunk" voice makes the record sound like a 33 rpm disc being played at 45 rpm.

It's been a bit harder this year to find good soca and calypso, in my opinion. Rootsman had a soca hit with "Jum on de Parkway" (B's), and Gypsy hit hard again with the excellent calypso called "The Sinking Ship," from his album "The Action Too High." On "The Sinking Ship," Gypsy uses the analogy of Trinidad as a luxury liner who smoothly and feely sailed the Caribbean sea under the captain Eric Williams. However, in '86, he competed in the adult competition coming in with "Too Young To Soca," a musical rebellion to the longstanding tradition of junior calypsonians singing songs with relevant, serious lyrics. The boy feelin' the soca. "They want me to take cheap shots at them politicians, they want me to spill my guts in my position, they want me to use my song to highlight the social wrongs, and when I don't go along, they tellin' me I too young, I feelin' the soca." The music on this cut is great, but Machel's "chipmunk" voice makes the record sound like a 33 rpm disc being played at 45 rpm.

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Tuck Band. From Nigeria comes both Olatunji and his Drums of Passion and Chief Commander Ebenezzer Obey with the Inter-Reformers Band.

I’d like to highly recommend that everyone catch the Tuck band to get a feel of an authentic Bah ian style of drum and percussion band. And Olatunji should not be missed. I can’t think of many people who are as deserving of the title “cultural ambassador to the world” as the great Nigerian brother, Olatunji. Here is a man who has been carrying his drums and his wisdom around the world for over two decades, inspiring and educating the youth. This master drummer speaks with his mouth and his drums.

Outside of the Jazz Fest, there will be plenty of nighttime to check. Refer to the club listings for gigs by New Orleans’ reggae bands One Us, The Upfellow Allstars, the Sheehan Band and Ekuma. Benny’s Bar, Tipitina’s, The Maple Leaf and Jimmy’s, all uptown clubs, are the likely venues for these bands. Those who can’t get to the Speare/Obey show at the Municipal Auditorium could have a fine time at the Killer Bees’ record debut party same the evening. The Bees’ latest single, ‘Groovin’,” which features a great cast of musicians, including Cyril Neville, will be available that night.

A pleasant weekday activity would be to visit the fourth floor of Tulane University’s Howard-Tilton Library where several Caribbean/New Orleans exhibits will be on display. The Latin Tinge, Jazz: The Creole Connection, and The Creole Heritage will all explore, through rare photographs and recorded sound artifacts, the Caribbean connection to New Orleans’ musical culture.

More daytime fun can be had by picking up some crawfish and a six-pack and turning in to the Caribbean Show on community radio station WWZO 90.7 FM. Special broadcasts will be aired on Tuesday and Friday, from noon until 1:30 which will feature CC Smith, editor of the Reggae & African Beat magazine as guest host. You can suck those heads to the best in calypso, reggae and African pop on the Caribbean Show.

For some nighttime radio, check WTUL 91.5 FM and Shepard Samuels’ World of Reggae show on Monday from 9 till 11 p.m. And tune back to WWZO on Saturday nights from 8:30 till midnight for both the evening broadcast of The Caribbean Show and The Best of Reggae with DJ Elisa Abolafia.

The people of Trinidad/Tobago take crowning their calypso monarch very seriously.
Towards Understanding

Through oppression and apartheid, a thriving live and recorded music scene exists in South Africa.

The form of African music that is becoming more and more easily available on disc in New Orleans is the music of South Africa. It’s easier than it’s ever been to be mesmerized by beautiful choral singing, or to be energized by quick-paced, almost frenetic jive music. But as good as the music on these South African discs, whether they be domestic pressings or import pressings from Europe and South Africa, the album jackets contain little or no liner notes. Consequently this availability of discs is not doing enough toward gaining a better understanding of what is going on musically in South Africa.

Many of us, as we have become aware of the incredible oppression of the apartheid system, may be surprised to learn that there even exists a music scene that encompasses a variety of styles catering to everyone from those who have just come into the urban settings from the bush all the way to the hip, urban youth culture. We’ve actually been given a taste of almost all these different styles by Shanachie and Earthworks Records, and for the most part the music has been very exciting, if not as “exotic” sounding as some forms of African pop from other regions of the continent.

I’ll mention these records as I go on, but first I’d like to herald the release of an eagerly awaited book on the subject of theatre and music in the South African townships, called In Township Tonight! The book’s author, David Coplan, began fieldwork in Johannesburg back in 1975, later expanding his scope to include other cities, observing and participating in musical and theatrical events as well as community and family events. Over the course of study he became fluent in several South African languages, allowing him to dig into the written archives to examine historic and social forces that shaped the music of urban South Africans. His approach in the book is to describe the growth of the South African townships from approximately the 1830s to the present and to trace the parallel development of the performance arts. In this way, we are given an idea of the role as well as the hardships of the musicians and performers in the South African people’s struggle for liberation. At the same time, the various popular township forms like kwela, mbube and mbanganga are differentiated and their development traced. The reader comes away with a better feel for these township styles which reflect a complex interplay of tribal traditions with rural American gospel, Christian hymn singing and American jazz, as well as contemporary forms like Jamaican reggae and American soul music.

This rich interplay has been the result of an ongoing identity struggle between urbanized South Africans’ love of American jazz and their desire to retain tribal traditions. This dichotomy is further complicated by the ever-tightening grip of the apartheid system’s desire to “destabilize” urban African society, to deny Africans a permanent urban identification. Each of the various styles that has developed over the years of increased urbanization is a tribute to the resilience and determination of South Africans. In Coplan’s words, “urban performing arts represent... part of a search for autonomy in an environment in which black people have little control over anything except a culturally guided sense of collective humanity and individual self.”

Judging from record sales and radio requests, the South African form of music that most appeals to New Orleanians is the capella vocal style presently called isicathamiya, avail-

New Orleans Free School
5th Music Festival

Saturday, May 24, noon-midnight
3601 Camp St. 19 Bands!!!
Games, Prizes, Food, Great Music!!!
Benefit May 21, 9:30 p.m., Tipitina’s: John Mooney, Snakebite, Ninth Ward Millionaires, jam session!
able on Shanachie releases of the lead­
ing South African vocal group, Ladysmith Black Mambazo. The isicata­
miya style is a good example of the cross-fertilization found in all South African urban styles. Christian mi­
tionaries to South Africa en­
countered a people who had a rich tradition of choral singing, who readily adopted Christian hymn singing. The result is a beautiful, rhythmic music laced with “amens” and “halledu­
jahs” that would fit into any Christian church service, yet that retains melod­
ies, vocal phrasings and rhythms which are strictly African.

And the parallels between isicatami­
ya and American quartet singing are striking, especially when one
witnesses, through early recordings, the development of the two singing
styles. A large number of South Afri­
can mbaqanga and isicatamiya recordings dating back to the Thirties have been
collected by musical enthusiast/
historian, Doug Seroff, who is sim­
ultaneously compiling recordings of vocal music of the American South. The first fruit of his efforts is the bea­
tiful compilation album of American vocal quartets, called The Human
Orchestra (Rhythm Quartets in the
Thirties), a must for anyone who is
turned on by vocal groups, and avail­
able through Rounder Records.

Another album which explores par­
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American and South African jive, is
Past the censors.

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Belizaire, The Cajun

Cajun culture itself is the star in Louisiana director Glen Pitre's successful film.

From the opening scenes of Belizaire the Cajun, one suspects what will follow will at least be remarkable. It proves to be much more. Belizaire Breaux, a 19th Century Cajun traiteur, or herbal healer, is introduced in a conversation with his priest as one clever and caring, religious and devout, and a charmer of some experience. Belizaire's story is one of a remarkably giving and charming man.

The lushness of the Louisiana swamps, the accompaniment of Michael Doucet's Cajun score, the authentic accents, period costumes and detail lend a flavor to a place and time in this country that America is largely unfamiliar with. Based on incidents in Cajun history in the late 1850s, Belizaire the Cajun describes the violence and trouble brought about when a team of vigilantes try to drive the local Acadians out of the state. The Cajuns' own local hero Belizaire becomes their spokesman and mediator, and attempts to be their savior, confessing to a crime he did not commit in order to end the violence. Belizaire's strength and weakness is his generosity; he is giving to a fault. As well as trying to save the homes and lives of his people, he is also trying to win the love of his childhood friend Alida, now the mother of a key vigilante's children.

In the manner of last year's Witness, which educated audiences about Amish culture within the framework of a dramatic story, Belizaire uses the Cajun culture like a featured character. The neighborhood life, loyalty to family and friends, the herbal medicine, storytelling, daily chores and leisure pursuits of drinking homemade wine, making music, and dancing, paint a colorful picture of Cajun culture. Belizaire the Cajun (originally made under the superior title Acadian Waltz) would benefit from an even closer look at these behavioral aspects and Cajun traditions. The accents are sometimes difficult as the actors slip naturally from English to French, but the story is never sacrificed for the non-Cajun audience as the action and images carry the meaning of the dialogue along. The sound of the accents, apart from the words, makes its own sort of music that adds one in to the rhythm of the Cajun lifestyle.

Belizaire is not a man of means, but a man of wisdom and security, except where Alida is concerned. With her he is vulnerable and unrealistic, sometimes childlike. He makes sure at all times over that she will be at the fais do do where he will play his accordion. He dismisses her resistance and won't accept her pregnancy as an excuse, saying, "The unborn love to dance!" This piece of wisdom is not only a personal ploy, but is indicative of a joy and secret to living right that Belizaire seems to know well.

Much of what is felt between Belizaire and Alida is witnessed during their dance at the fais do do. With no words, their focused expressions and ease with one another as they flow through their waltz show more of the tension, caring and connection than any of their conversations.

Armand Assante and Gail Youngs are magic as Belizaire and Alida. Assante has the range and versatility to reveal the weaknesses of a very strong man, the ignorance of a knowledgeable one, the vulnerability of a leader. There is something wild and tender in his eyes, and he brings an energy and sweetness to his performance that makes it hard to imagine anyone else in the role. In the pivotal gallows scene, one can almost see his brain ticking. Obviously surprised by the good will he has arrived in a crowd that gathers to watch several men hang, he changes his whole attitude and stance within moments to save his neck. The mood shifts required in this scene ran from pain to humor to pathos, and Assante carries it off, indeed, as if his life depended on it.

The only problem with Alida is that there is not enough of her. Here is a Cajun woman in love with a man who is terrorizing her people. When her husband returns from a vigilante ride, the conflict is only approached in a lovely coming home love scene. Much more could have been learned about the political conflict, the culture, and the heart through the character of Alida. But the story is told very much from Belizaire's point of view. We see Alida as an object of his desire, but we don't see enough of her. Here is a story told with the material at hand, and along with Belizaire, we fall in love.

The leading actors are supported by a fine ensemble cast including Will Patton as Matthew, Michael Schoeffling as Leget, Stephen McHattie as Willoughby, and Loyd Pitre as the sheriff.

Writer-director Glen Pitre has demonstrated a glimpse of his potential in his first feature project that is literally close to home. A native of Cut Off, Louisiana, and of Cajun heritage, Pitre developed the script from a story passed down about a Cajun traiteur who was arrested for killing a vigilante, and when later released from prison, moved in with the dead man's widow. In a successful blend of folklore, fiction and history, Pitre as filmmaker tells the story of this group of people in an intimate way an outsider could not. Despite a couple of awkward dramatic scenes (which stand out because the majority of the film is smooth and lyrical), Pitre has proven his directorial skills and has more than lived up to the good faith
that industry moguls Robert Redford and Robert Duvall put in him by lending their names and support of this project.

Despite the tragedies and violence in Belizaire, there is a lovely, uplifting spirit to this movie. The music, the humor, the local color and characters make it sing, enough to make even the unborn want to dance.

A Cote Blanche Feature Films Ltd. Production; produced by Allan L. Durand and Glen Pitre; written and directed by Glen Pitre; cinematography by Richard Bowen; Executive Producer, James B. Levert, Jr.; music by Michael Dowert; music produced by Howard Shore; creative consultant, Robert Duvall; costume design by Sara Fox. Starring Armand Assante, Gail Youngs, Michael Schoeffling, Stephen McHattie, Will Patton, Nancy Barrett, Loudan Pitre, Uptown Square, Oakwood Cinema, Jay's, Cinema 8, Plaza 4, Belle Promenade, 8x8x8.

The Birth of Belizaire

After studying on scholarship at Harvard and selling one of his student films (Yellow Fever, 1978) to Canadian television, Glen Pitre returned to his hometown of Cut Off, Louisiana, and founded Cote Blanche Films, the only film company in town. He has made several documentaries on Cajun subjects, and remains in a select minority of filmmakers who reject the more obvious film capitals and make their mark in smaller regions. With the successful launch of Pitre's first feature, Belizaire the Cajun, the eyes of the world are now on his small corner of it.

Pitre's first draft of Belizaire was one of five scripts selected from over 350 submitted to Robert Redford's Sundance Institute in 1982. After thorough script revisions, and working one to one with professional screenwriters including Tom Rickman (Coal Miner's Daughter) and Waldo Salt (Midnight Cowboy, Coming Home), Pitre went to Utah for the June laboratory. This was a month-long process where he was able to shoot some scenes and meet with production managers, cameramen, editors, distributors - experts in every aspect of the movie business, all of whom read the script and were familiar with the project. During this intense workshop experience, Pitre made contacts that were essential in making his films many years later.

Robert Duvall, who has made several documentaries on his small corner of it, has made many films in which he likens to the birth of a galaxty. You start with this big, gaseous cloud, it gets thicker. Then there's a planet, but you can't say this is exactly how that planet was formed. Pitre also empathizes with independent filmmaker Spike Lee, who said that if someone had offered him all the money he needed to make his film, but on the condition that he had to kill someone first, "he probably wouldn't have done it."

"It's funny," says Pitre. "You spend 3½ years dragging the project along behind you trying to make people believe, and all of a sudden the money's there and it's whoosh - and while researching her role, Gail Youngs caught on quickly. "I became the Humor, the local color and characters make it sing, enough to make even the unborn want to dance.

Assante: 'People who were healers became carpenters, carpenters became set decorators. A woman who was an herbal specialist taught me about herbs — that's heart. You can't buy that in L.A.'

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Two crucial people working on Pitre's dream from early on were Armand Assante and Gail Youngs. Assante had agreed at the end of 1983 to play Belizaire. (The film was shot April-June 1985.)

"It was a leap of faith, though," says Pitre. "I was a director who'd never done a feature, never done anything near that scope, and it could easily have turned out disastrously."

Assante agrees that it was a risky situation, but he was impressed with Pitre's documentaries, which he calls sensitive and funny, "It's a terrifying situation to do a feature film," says Assante. "I think Glen handled himself well, and I don't know anyone else who would have done better or not necessarily cracked up.

Youngs claims no such qualms about Pitre's inexperience, already impressed after working with him at Sundance. "What really turned me on about Glen as a director was his openness and curiosity. He wanted to see what you'd do first, which is incredibly unusual."

What ultimately attracted both the actors to the project was the Cajun people themselves. Assante speaks with an almost fanatical excitement about the individuals he met in and around Lafayette, people he describes as rare and precious, committed to their roots and culture, traditions and history. "These people didn't know anything about film, and here they were making a film. People who were healers became carpenters, carpenters became set decorators. A woman who was an herbal specialist taught me everything I needed to know about herbs — that's heart. You can't buy that in L.A."

Assante's 18-year career in theatre and films (including Private Benjamin, Unfaithfully Yours), has finally brought him to the place where he can afford to be selective. He said he has paid his dues, and is now blessed with the opportunity to make the kind of movies he prefers — simple, intimate, small stories that come from people's hearts. "It's very difficult to find material that you want to commit yourself to, if you want to act. If you want to behave, there's plenty of stuff around to behave in. Serious actors have to find work in independent film. I don't think it's coming from the studios."

The difficulties of independent filmmaking cannot be ignored, however, and Assante refers to the process as a lonely journey. "There was a day of shooting when it was just Glen, the cinematographer and me. No crew. They walked off over a union dispute. In situations like that, you know how alone you are. No studio executives are coming in to replace those guys. But a movie like Belizaire could never be made in a studio.

"The biggest high I ever got was being at the US Film Festival (Utah, January 1986) and seeing other independent filmmakers really respond to Belizaire. You realize you're not alone. There are people that this story means something to, and when they — your peers — respond, all the money in the world can't replace that feeling."

Gail Youngs recalls the first time she heard about Belizaire at the Sundance Institute. "When they said Cajun film, I didn't know what Cajun was. I thought it was Indian. I had no idea — I'm from Long Island." But after several visits to Louisiana during the years of Belizaire's preparation, and while researching her role, Youngs caught on quickly. "I became
Cajun. I went dancing every night. I ate Cajun food, I hung out with the Cajuns and I felt very comfortable. That's why most actors are actors. They like to become part of the environment that they're around and experience everything.

Youngs also studied the voices of the oldest women she could find, as they still had fairly authentic accents for the 1850s time period. Many didn't even speak English. But her research went further than just listening. "I try to find the behavior. Find the physical and emotional behavior of the character, and through that the dialect comes."

Coming from a theatre background where she is accustomed to a lot of rehearsal, Youngs was at first concerned about the limited time they had to bring such a complicated film together. She and the other actors had to find their own time to work through the rough spots. "We'd come home at night tearing our hair out, and be up all night long. Armand and I had our own rehearsals, and we wound up rewriting the scene between us in the jail cell through improvisation."

We worked really hard on a lot of things, and it paid off. You can see that kind of work on a film where everybody puts in their heart and soul."

Youngs speaks with fondness for the Cajun people she met while making Belizaire. "The Cajuns do have a secret. I met a 78-year-old woman whose father was still alive. She had this joie de vivre. Life is infinitely more interesting than what we can make up, hype up. That's why this movie is so great — it's based on real life. When Cajun people say 'You sounded like my great aunt, or my grand ma ma', it makes me fly to the moon. It makes me feel I served my purpose. I'm really proud to be a part of this film."

Because the Cajun has been making the rounds of American film festivals, and has been invited to the Cannes Film Festival in May and the Montreal fest in August. One of the few films Louisiana has gotten to see first, it opened in Lafayette in November, New Orleans in April, and will be released in New York and L.A. in May. The rest of the country will follow in June, and international distribution will be negotiated at Cannes.

Local Color


Another feature production in town is Night Hunter, an action adventure being produced by Cannon Films, the company owned by the controversial Israeli producers Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus (featured last year on 60 Minutes). They are responsible for the Chuck Norris movies and some early Stallone — generally low budget, high gross pictures. Casting was still indefinite at the time of this writing, but the shoot is scheduled for April 21 through June 14. Night Hunter is being directed by Sam Firstenberg.

The backers of New Orleans Studio still hope to see the largest movie studio outside of Hollywood built in New Orleans warehouse district. The project, recently approved by the federal government for a $12 million HUD loan, is still wading through the bureaucratic powers that be. At this writing, the city has hired a firm from Maryland to conduct a 14-day feasibility study, which should provide the information needed to decide whether or not it will go on a limb for this project. If city approval follows the feasibility study, terms of payback will then be worked out and the studio will be over another major hurdle. Tom Keel, vp of operations, is optimistic about public support behind the project, despite the waiting game.

The Society for Cinema Studies held its 26th annual meeting at the Hotel InterContinental in New Orleans in April. Included in the screenings was a Yugoslavian feature (in English) Something In Between (1983), co-written by New Orleanian Andy Horton and Milosav Marinovic.

Marinovic, a noted Yugoslavian playwright and writer, was a recent visitor to New Orleans. He is also artistic director for the Terazia Theatre of Belgrade, one of the most experimental theatres in his country. Marinovic spoke informally with Horton's European film class at UNO.

If you saw women leaping across Royal Street balconies and Mercedes convertibles being driven into trucks in the French Quarter in April, you probably assumed these people were trying to sell fabric softener. Colgate shot the big budget commercial for British TV, so you'll have to cross the sea to see the finished product.

Video artist Stevenson Palfi (Piano Players) recently received a Regional Media grant for $2,000, with another $2,000 matched by the Division of the Arts Louisiana State Arts Council. The funds are for the completion of Jambalaya, a video of a theatrical piece by John O'Neal, and a departure for Palfi from his usual music video subject matter. Palfi also was featured in the April issue of American Film in an article called "Southern Exposure," about independent film and video makers in the south.

Down By Law, the feature film by Jim Jarmusch (Stranger Than Paradise) that was shot in New Orleans last fall, will be screened at the Cannes Film Festival in May. The film, starring Tom Waits, is currently being mixed in New York.
Tuned In To Radio Brooklyn

This dance band prefers the heat of the stage to the cool of the studio.

Fritz Beer and Daniel Bull grew up in Alton, Illinois, across the river from St. Louis and right smack in the middle of the country. While their friends were listening to REO Speedwagon and Styx, Beer and Bull were tuned in to Mott the Hoople, Lou Reed and Jim Carroll. When early in high school Fritz picked up a guitar to learn how to play it, his good friend, naturally, began to play bass. They formed a band together playing the standard mid-western fare but also walked on the wilder side, jamming under the diverse influence of folks like The Velvet Underground, Ted Nugent & The Sex Pistols.

After high school they left mid-America and came to New Orleans forming Radio Brooklyn as an alternative to the technically sophisticated sounds often heard in the new music clubs around town.

"We consider ourselves a dance band," says Beer. "The guitars are fast and you don't have to be hit over the head to know what the beat is. At a gig you don't want to sit around and listen to a bunch of slow songs."

"This is the way Fritz and I have played for a long time," says Bull. "It's just bass, guitar and drums. We dislike synthesizer pop. When I listen to the radio, I'll put on country music rather than a top 40 station. I get sick of it all.

The other two members of the band are drummer Elzy Lindsay and lead guitarist Bill Brooklyn. "It's not Bill's best last name, but it's his latest," comments Beer.

Lindsay, a native to this town, is more broad minded in his musical taste. "I can listen to the radio while everyone else in the band needs a cassette so they can pick and choose what they hear. I like anything that has a beat. When I play, I play violently with a smile. I like to beat the hell out of my drums. The band plays driving-fast...I start, I stop and the song's over. It's one of the best feelings."

The rest of the band likes the intensity, too.

"We're not the greatest musicians, but we're tight and there's lots of energy on stage," says Bull. "There's a lot of energy in Fritz's vocals and he's all over the place."

"We don't sit around too often and try to come up with clever melody lines," says Beer. "A lot of times it's just spouting a lot of words into the framework of the music."

Though they have a good demo already recorded, Radio Brooklyn is the kind of band that seems to prefer being soaked in sweat on stage than cool and comfortable in a studio. "We'll play anywhere, anytime and for any reason," says Lindsay.

With summer already getting in gear, they may get their chance to sweat it out.

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I was leaning against the wall outside Tipitina’s last month listening to some Brother Martin High School students guessing how the world will end. The tallest said that Russian babies, born since 1984, have been vaccinated for a virus so that by 2015, the Reds can assault the world through germ warfare. The Long Ryders went on stage and sang “Lights of Downtown,” and the students went inside to practice their idiosyncratic dance steps.

The next evening, 10,000 Maniacs played their peculiar form of American ju-ju folk music. Natalie Merchant, the chantuese, closed her eyes and whirled around the stage in Figure 8’s. Her light voice bounced through the niteclub as she sang dreamy songs that spilled rural sunlight into the dark club. The set concluded with the nightmarish “My Mother, The War.” Brought back for a rousing encore, the Maniacs covered Brian Eno’s “Burning Airlines Give You So Much More.”

Several planes crashed that week and an airport in Europe was bombed. While he may look stylish on the album cover, Kip Addotta must be needed for using such unfunny filler on a comedy album that includes the hilarity and stage play doublet “Life in the Slaw Lane.” This Mike Hammer-like narrative features produce puns such as “I got there just in time to catch the nine-eleven as it plowed toward the core of Appleton, a talent more than a melon half yeast of Cleveland.” While that song features a record-breaking number of puns, I must say that at their home city of Huntsville, Alabama, home of the Marshall Space Flight Center, comes this delightful four-song “7” single, Radiation Records.

Cincinnati’s H-Bomb Ferguson approaches the blues in a truly original manner. This sixty-five-year-old pianist might put on his Tina Turner wig for “Shake and Bake” and then quickly change to a Mary Travers wig, pull out his pet snake Boo Boo, crack a one-liner and dive into “Lonesome Ave.” At one time, this original “shouter” could shake the room with his voice, but this poorly recorded four-song selection comes next to anything the New Orleans performers who have similarly passed their prime could do.

Alex Chilton, “No Sex,” Big Time Records. The 1985 recording, “Feudalist Tarts,” topped The Village Voice’s “Best EP of the Year” poll and was played on almost every college radio station in the country. This three-song follow-up, recorded back in May, is still so good it makes one wonder if the songwriting process is such overwhelming encouragement. While “No Sex” is Chilton’s greatest rocker since “Bangkok” and the biggest hit in my living room all month, he sings “face me or die” twice which I know will limit its airplay to late night shifts at WTUL, and may be banned by all the FCC-fearing college stations throughout the rest of the country. On the other side, “Wild Kingdom” is a rambling jazzy number that features four minutes of bass-player Rene Coman’s sax arrangements. That leaves “Underclass,” a decent blues rocker that updates the story of the dude who “lost his job” last year. It all comes across as cut-takes from the Feudalist recording sessions, and I expected a whole lot more. Time: 13:24.

Kip Addotta, Life in the Slaw Lane, Rhino Records. While the song features a record-breaking number of puns, I must say that at their home city of Huntsville, Alabama, home of the Marshall Space Flight Center, comes this delightful four-song “7” single, Radiation Records.
A Collector’s Dream

The original tunes from these discs would cost a fortune and take a lifetime to collect.

Dave Bartholomew
Shrimpin' and Gambo
Imperial 1566311

Tommy Ridgley
The Early 50's
In New Orleans
Imperial 1566351

Jewell King
Jewell King
Imperial 1566309

Jesse Allen
Rackin' and Rollin'
Imperial 1566351

Various Artists
New Orleans Rarities
Imperial 1566403

As most Wavelength readers know by now, European record companies are much more interested in classic R&B and blues than their American counterparts. When the parent U.S. companies do reissue 1950s R&B, inevitably it's only the big hits that appeal to the oldies-but-goodies crowd. Leave it to the Europeans though to bring us the obscure as well as the famous.

The five albums listed above (all French imports) are a case in point. It just rattles the brain that this material has been reissued given the fact that the market for this music is unfortunately very limited.

The Bartholomew set is the second to be issued of his Imperial sides and it is definitely the weakest. Included are four tunes from his late Fifties to early Sixties period showing a strong pop influence.

The material from the 1953 Houston session for the most part is forgettable. The other half of the album is fantastic with Dave showing his unique jazz-Latin-blues roots on "Snatchin' Back," "Old Cowhand from a Blues Band," "Cats Music," and "Every Night, Every Day."

The title track "Shrimpin' and Gambo" is a classic and should be played every Mardi Gras. The album is well worth the import price for any true New Orleans R&B fan.

The Tommy Ridgley set is musically perfect and overall a fantastic album but incomplete — two of his 1950 sides were conspicuously left off the album, namely "Boogie Woogie Mama" and "Lonely Man Blues." Why these classics were left off is perplexing. To replace the original 78 was readily available from local collectors as well as those in Europe.

What we have though is ten superb examples of Ridgley at his peak, whether on ballads such as "I Love My Life" and "Lavinia" or on the jump tunes "Early Dawn Boogie" and "Looped" (better than Melvin Smith's original).

Jesse Allen was a blues shouter in the Roy Brown mold. Allen was originally from Tallahassee, Florida, but was brought to New Orleans by Guitar Slim's manager Percy Stovall. With him he brought a big, round, smooth voice, but much of his material was very imitative.

The title track on this album is probably the biggest hit Allen had, but it is merely a remake of the Lil Son Jackson original. "Sittin' and Wonderin'" is yet another "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" takeoff.

The previously unreleased material with Jimmy Gilchrist should have remained so. The two best tunes on the album are "What A Party!" and "I Love You So," both being pristine examples of the New Orleans jump and ballad respectively. Absent from the LP is "Dragnet," his first record. As with the Ridgley set, one wonders why.

King seemed to be strongest on her jazz ballads "Don't Marry Too Soon" and "Lost Love," which are very derivative of Billie Holliday. As with the previous albums, two of her released tracks are not included.

A much more satisfying album would have been an anthology of New Orleans female R&B singers including Rose Mitchell, Ruth Durand and Faye Adams. King's album is for hard-core collectors only.

The New Orleans Rarities double LP is amazing — forty obscurities and not a hit in the bunch. There's some astounding music here by Bobby Marchan, Billy Tate, Little Sonny Jones, Boo Breeding, Blazer Boy, Ray Lewis, Chris Kenner, Guitar Slim and others.

Standout tracks include the rockin' "Single Life" by Tate, great rhythm and boogie tunes "Winehead Baby" and "I Got Booted" by Sonny Jones, and the humorous "Living on Borrowed Time" by Smilin' Joe.

The best track on the album is "When the Sun Goes Down" by Leonard Lee of Shirley and Lee fame. This cut is a superb example of New Orleans blues.

Also included is James Booker's first recordings "Doing the Hambone" and "Thinking About My Baby" which were both done in 1954 when he was only 14 years old.

Although listed as "Standin' at the Station" by Guitar Slim, the track on the album is actually "Letters, Letters, Letters" by John Tripp, a pianist from Texas. This will disappoint Guitar Slim aficionados hoping to complete their collections.

The two tunes by Willie Gibson are dogs, but considering that there are 40 tracks, the double set still remains the New Orleans R&B collector's dream. All of the tunes on these five albums are extremely rare on the collector's market. Attempting to amass all of the originals could send a collector to debtor's prison, not to mention take a lifetime to complete the set. Buy the albums now because albums like this do not stay in print for very long.

— Terry Pattison
SPECIAL CUTS

BLACK TOP'S BLUES

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saturday may 3

MCI STAGE
11:45-12:45 — Lenny Zenith
12:45-1:45 — Martin Luther King, Jr.
1:45-2:45 — Earl T. Tubinie Quarter
3:00-4:00 — Rockets
4:00-5:00 — Barbers
5:00-6:00 — Roxy
6:00-7:00 — Bobby "Blue" Bland
7:00-8:00 — Benny Golson

KONO STAGE
11:30-12:15 — Gospel Group
12:15-1:00 — The Famous Friendly Five
1:00-2:00 — Easy Street
2:00-3:00 — Joe Louis
3:00-4:00 — The Famous Friendly Five
4:00-5:00 — The Famous Friendly Five
5:00-6:00 — The Famous Friendly Five
6:00-7:00 — The Famous Friendly Five

YWLD/ROHODES GOSPEL TENT
11:30-12:15 — Arkansas Gospel Singers
12:15-1:00 — St. Louis Gospel Chorale
1:00-2:00 — The Gospel Choir
2:00-3:00 — The Gospel Choir
3:00-4:00 — The Gospel Choir
4:00-5:00 — The Gospel Choir
5:00-6:00 — The Gospel Choir
6:00-7:00 — The Gospel Choir

PARADE
2:30 — Tomato Brats Band
3:00-4:00 — Trane Sports Band

sunday may 4

MCI STAGE
11:15-12:15 — Tijuana University Jazz Band
12:15-1:15 — Tennessee State University Jazz Band
1:15-2:15 — Tennessee State University Jazz Band
2:15-3:15 — Tennessee State University Jazz Band
3:15-4:15 — Tennessee State University Jazz Band
4:15-5:15 — Tennessee State University Jazz Band
5:15-6:15 — Tennessee State University Jazz Band

KONO STAGE
11:30-12:15 — Barbers
12:15-1:00 — Barbers
1:00-2:00 — Barbers
2:00-3:00 — Barbers
3:00-4:00 — Barbers
4:00-5:00 — Barbers
5:00-6:00 — Barbers

THE "FESS" STAGE
11:30-12:15 — S.O.S. Jazz Ensemble
12:15-1:00 — Earl King Blues Band
1:00-2:00 — Earl King Blues Band
2:00-3:00 — Earl King Blues Band
3:00-4:00 — Earl King Blues Band
4:00-5:00 — Earl King Blues Band
5:00-6:00 — Earl King Blues Band

YWLD/ROHODES GOSPEL TENT
11:30-12:15 — Arkansas Gospel Singers
12:15-1:00 — St. Louis Gospel Chorale
1:00-2:00 — The Gospel Choir
2:00-3:00 — The Gospel Choir
3:00-4:00 — The Gospel Choir
4:00-5:00 — The Gospel Choir
5:00-6:00 — The Gospel Choir
6:00-7:00 — The Gospel Choir

PARADE
3:00 — Olympia Brass Band
3:30 — Sambo's Bar & GR
4:00-5:00 — Sambo's Bar & GR
5:00-6:00 — Sambo's Bar & GR
6:00-7:00 — Sambo's Bar & GR

evening concerts

APRIL 30, WEDNESDAY
9:30 p.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
10:00 p.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
10:30 p.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
11:00 p.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
11:30 p.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
12:00 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
12:30 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
1:00 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
1:30 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
2:00 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
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5:00 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
5:30 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five
6:00 a.m. — The Famous Friendly Five

FORTIN STREET
Carlos Marcello, Tomato King of New Orleans.

The Martin Bros., creators of the Po-Boy. Bennie and Clovis Martin also introduced New Orleans to air conditioned dining areas and roller-skating waitresses.
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The theme song, an obscure Joe Houston instrumental called "Dis It," started low and cool and ended with wailing sax-screams. In a call-and-response with the melody came the voice all us baby rockers had been waiting to hear. "Time to turn up your radios, little baby-babies and buddy-buddies! ... Buddy-buddy Mipro! ... Joyce, Ricky and David! ... Skim-milk Marnie, Papa Joe and Aunt Ethel! ... Lookout there, Al Scramuzza! ... It's time for the Poppa Stoppa Show!"

Sure, there were other hip deejays in New Orleans back in the Fifties: Jack the Cat, Ernie the Whip, Dr. Daddy-O. But they were somebody to listen to when Poppa Stoppa wasn't on. But man, when Saturday noon rolled around and you popped into your '54 Mere, wheeled that suicide knob to set that sucker aimed at the Old Beach and started cruisin' the lakefront, why there was only one guy'd be talking to you: POPPA!

"He was a big impact on my life," says Ed Munir, the owner of WYAT, oldies radio in New Orleans. "To us, the MTV of our day was Poppa Stoppa."

These were the days of rock and roll before the existentialists and the British got ahold of it. It was about jump-and-sweepin' in the parking lot while the band was on break, and ours were the first generation of parents to tremble at its approach. In those us-versus-them days, there was never any doubt where Poppa Stoppa hung his beret.

"I remember dee-jaying dances at the Champagne Room on Jefferson Highway, and the owner would always have a bottle of champagne on my table," Poppa Stoppa was saying the other day. "Kids not old enough to buy a drink would come over and beg me to pour them a little champagne. They would tell me their parents this, their parents that. I'd say don't sweat it. You think your parents were perfect? Ask your daddy about 746 Baronne Street ... " And you would think about your old man as a kid, climbing the stairs to meet some three-dollar whore, and you could laugh and feel better about you and him.

In those us-versus-them days, there was never any doubt where Poppa Stoppa hung his beret.

For 48 years, Clarence's daddy was an electrical engineer with NOPSI. But when he got home, Old Man Hamon liked to tinker with that new gadget, the radio. The son learned to love it, lying on the rug where his daddy fiddled, and picked up the 50,000 watt stations. WGN in Chicago, WLW in Cincinnati.

The kid became an addict, started hanging around local radio stations. His uncle Dave ran a saloon across the alley from the Roosevelt Hotel, and there a comedy duo scooped up the kid one afternoon and put him on their WWL show. "Go ahead, kid, say something." A stammered hello was the best that Clarence could muster that day.

He did better after four Army years in the Pacific. In 1947, he landed a job on WJMR, a tiny station broadcasting atop what was then the Jung Hotel on Canal Street. It was a set-up to blow away the romanticized smoke of radio from all but the most smitten: Lots of 6 a.m.-till-midnight days, hosting gospel shows, pop tune shows, writing ads, booth announcing when gulping down coffee and sandwiches from Teddy's next door, all done in a sweltering 19th-floor cubbyhole. Clarence Hamon loved every gruelin' hour of it.

A black disc-jockey named Vernon Winslow had started a little show sponsored by Jax beer. Vernon would start his show by calling out "Hello, Rivers!" and he played what had been called "race records" and was now beginning to be called "rhythm and blues."

There was still a lot of people who didn't like the idea of a black man on the radio in New Orleans; so Vernon moved on, leaving the name behind. Clarence picked it up.

It took the new hipster some time to get into the new groove. "My first theme song," he recalls with a self-deprecating chuckle, "was a swing tune by Jan Garber, A Guy Lombardo clone."

But gradually, he hit his stride, aided by the fact that there were lots of things happening musically in New Orleans and he wasn't afraid to put them out over the air.

"You've got to remember that from the early
Fifties until 1964, New Orleans was to rhythm and blues what Nashville became to country,” says Ed Muniz, who would go over to WJMR after school at St. Aloysius and act as gofer for Poppa Stoppa.

“WTIX was programmed out of Omaha or someplace, and while they were playing covers by Pat Boone and Gale Storm, Poppa was playing the originals by Little Richard and Smiley Lewis.”

Poppa was rolling good then. One of his signature shows was “Cow-a-bunga!” which he claimed had been taught to him by an Indian as “Whattya say!” He later claimed that Buffalo Bob ripped it off for The Howdy Doody Shows.

Lots of people got a lot from the show in those days. A little local record label named Khoury put out a Phil Phillips tune called “Sea of Love.” Poppa played it until it had sold 25,000 copies locally, and then a national label picked it up. Some thing with Danny White’s “Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye.”

“I remember breaking Fats’ Blueberry Hill,” Hamon says. “I was sitting over at Delicate Jerry’s restaurant on Carrollton near Palmetto. In comes Nick, Hap and Joe from TAC Amusements. They had a couple of advance copies they were gonna start putting on jukeboxes within the next few days. I wanted to hear it, so they unplugged the jukebox. The other customers started complaining till they heard the record and then they made us play it over and over. I had it on my show the next day.”

It was coups like that that kept Poppa the hottest thing on local radio. George Mayoral, who later owned a Shidell rock station, remembers the time that Poppa decided to test his popularity by asking for all motorized listeners to honk their horns in cadence with “Pop-A-Stop-A.” When the pair stuck their heads out of the Jung’s window, it sounded like New Year’s Eve.

Since WJMR was a low-wattage yokel of a station, Hamon was free to indulge himself with outright. Long before the days of “Triple Plays” or “Two For Tuesdays,” Poppa Stoppa set a Guinness-like record for a commercial-free “rock and roll session” that will likely never be broken.

“We played an eight-hour jam session with no commercials,” he says, still a little incredulous himself. “Only hourly station identifications.”

Or sometimes, Clarence would stroll over to Cosimo’s recording studio ‘on the Ramp,’ as Rampart Street was talked about in those days, and do a remote which might feature someone he’d tagged with a nickname — Lord, he was a nickname-giver of the first order — like Clarence “Frogman” Henry or Dave “Gert-town” T-pian’ Bartholomew.

But then slowly, Poppa passed from current to camp. WJMR became WMMR, and then went down the tubes; Hamon left there in 1973. He went to Shidell, and was an oldies king until 1981, but the songs were starting to all sound the same. His wife left him, first by divorce, then by death, and his three kids — “Joyce, Ricky and David” — had grown up and moved on. It was time for Clarence Hamon to come home again to Harmony Street.

“I don’t think there will ever be another announcer in this town with his impact,” Ed Muniz says. “And, in a time when this was pretty much a segregated town, his appeal was to black and white. So long as you were young. He could draw just as big a crowd putting on a hop at Lincoln Beach as he could at Pontchartrain Beach.”

“Aside from the fact that he helped a lot of New Orleans artists catch on, like Frogman, K-Doe and Shirley and Lee, a whole generation — the first generation — of rockers identified with him. He was a lifestyle.”

These days, the Clarence Hamon lifestyle is simple. He watches “a lot” of TV, amuses himself with his mammoth record collection, one of the town’s best and biggest, and listens to late-night talk shows on his first love, radio.

Clarence Hamon stands on his front porch; there are no candy-scanning kids in sight. He walks down the steps, puts his hand against the tallest pine in the Garden District and slides easily back into his radio voice.

“Do I ever want to go back? Naw, I had my share, little buddy-buddy ... .”
I'm late at night on Valence Street, just a block off Magazine at Camp. On the corner is a bar that at first seems, with its shuttered windows and narrow door, to be closed, or at least local and private. This impression is soon dispelled by the music leaking out into the street. Open the door and the place is packed and the music is live and loud. On this night, Cyril Neville's Uptown All-Stars are pumping funk and reggae into a space about the size of a modest living room. With the room jammed as it is this evening, good luck getting across the club to the bar. Neighborhood locals sway alongside dressed down college kids who grin and jump. Towards the back, a bearded and pony-tailed guy with a t-shirt that says Texas and Dixie Beer trucker's cap is trying to make time with a beautiful, sharply dressed woman whose jacket-and-tied date is about six steps away, trying to get the bartender's attention. Uptown reggae. Benny's bar.

A few days later, Benny's windows and doors are still shuttered, the artificial light inside a sharp contrast to the bright New Orleans spring day. The place does not seem any bigger now, even lit, with the tables and dance floor empty.

Proprietor Benny Jones leans against the bar and agrees that having music in the club has worked out well for all concerned. In some neighborhoods, a late-night music spot might bring down the wrath of nearby residents, but Benny doesn't have the problem.

"When we're full," he says, "most of the sound gets absorbed by the bodies, and you can't really hear much outside. And even when we're not that busy, I know just about everybody around here. I don't really get complaints."

Soon Cyril Neville comes in, anxious to talk about the developments in his career and life over the past few years. While he talks, he sips from a quart bottle of spring water. His smile is broad and frequent, and he periodically taps the table in front of him while making a point.

He is, of course, a member of the famed Neville Brothers Band, but what Cyril is most enthused about this day is a concert at Tipitina's the previous week by Endangered Species, the organization for the promotion of New Orleans music, New Orleans musicians, and New Orleans musical history with which Neville is strongly involved. Neville says the crowds were good and the night was a success. His two bands, The Uptown All-Stars, and Endangered Species, performed, as did a series of other New Orleans musicians, including singers Shine Robinson and Mighty Sam McClain.

"We showed club owners, the media, and the people of New Orleans that we can do things together, put on successful shows and promote them ourselves, and everything turns out right. One of the main successes is that we've proved it to ourselves," Neville says. "Basically, we're moving towards a non-profit organization formed by New Orleans musicians for New Orleans musicians. We've shown with this concert that we can use our talents to raise funds for ourselves.

Cyril leans back in his chair as he begins a recounting of the history of the Endangered Species organization.

"I guess I was 14 or 15 years old when I realized I wanted to be an entertainer, but not just an entertainer. I wanted to make sure the things I wanted to change most was how the world perceived the New Orleans musician."

"Take James Booker. People thought that Booker was crazy, or whatever, but I know different. A lot of people who actually knew Booker knew that he was a genius, in every sense of the word. This cat was more than just a piano player."

"And Fess. One of the most inspirational moments of my life was when I played drums behind Professor Longhair in San Francisco. I want people to know how great that was to me, and I want it to mean something to my people. I want to brush the dust off of the history of a lot of other musicians who are not as well known as Fess, so that my children will know what went on."

"This drive that you see now started about three years ago with us forming this little three-piece band [the group Endangered Species is Cyril Neville on drums, Charles Moore on bass, and Terry Manuel on keyboards] and creating this new form of music we call Booker Woogie. We took Booker's place at the Maple Leaf on Monday nights after he died, which was a great honor. We got the idea that a good way to keep his name alive was to form a band that only played his music. But then we stretched it a little bit to say, no, let's do his music and at the same time the music of other New Orleans musicians, but just go at it through Booker's ears. So we formed Booker Woogie."

Cyril's friend, writer/historian George Green, was instrumental in encouraging the musician's interest in musical history, and remains an important member of the Endangered Species organization.

"The seed was there," Cyril says, "but George kept watering it."

A lot of what I've read over the last five years, or even longer than that, about New Orleans musical history has been either hearsay, or very incorrect information," Neville continues, his gaze direct and earnest. "George Green and myself, and a few other people like Earl King, are dedicated to the idea that, from now on, our history must be written by us. I'm not saying that everything that's been written about New Orleans music is a lie, but a lot of it needs tending to by the people who experienced it. People interview us about New Orleans music with the attitude that they know more about it than we do."

"Myself, I'm writing a book about it all, and I'll have help from my brothers and from Earl King. I've dedicated myself to keeping diaries and memoirs since 1964 'cause I realized then that all of the music..."
I could play in the world wasn't going to mean shit if somebody wasn't there to tell the true story of what went on."

As important as is the music and its history to Neville is the New Orleans musicians' relationship to the music business.

"Boozer used to tell me, 'Hey, you can be the baddest mother in the world, but if you can't take care of your own business, you're going to stay broke.'"

Cyril says the last two words slowly and softly for emphasis, almost singing them.

"What I think," the musician continues, "is that New Orleans right now is in financial trouble and New Orleans' musicians could be New Orleans' trump card. We could start doing things together that could save the New Orleans musician, who is the endangered species that this movement speaks about. We as musicians, and to be more honest about it, as Black men in America, are an endangered species, and we have to do something for ourselves and our children. What we have to do it with is our talents. What we're going to do is make a stand now, so the next generation will be a little better off than we were. I'm not speaking just about the music. I'm talking about culturally, and as a people, period. Everybody knows that the New Orleans musician has the reputation of being the baddest musician in the world, but the worst businessman. What we want to instill in the younger musicians, and maybe in some of our older brothers, too, is that you've got to sit down and learn the business. One thing we want to do with our organization is hold clinics for that purpose.

"This is not just a question of where I'm going to play my music next. This is a struggle for survival, and it's a struggle for the survival of my family, and a struggle for the survival of my people. That's the way we all are going to have to start looking at this. The main idea is to preserve our identity. I hate to see what happened in the Sixties happen again, where all these out-of-town businessmen move in, set up their little shops, rip everybody off, and then split again. This is what our non-profit organization would do. It would give us a power base to work from, where we could educate not only the musicians, but the people of New Orleans to the rich cultural roots that we have here."

Last month's Tipitina's concert was the first major public effort by the Endangered Species organization, and Neville promises more. Eventually, all the activity is going to come back to the music, and for Cyril, Endangered Species, and The Uptown All-Stars, the music centers around Benny's Bar.

Cyril looks down, trying to come up with a way to express his attachment to the corner establishment.

"It's a feeling," he begins, and when he does he's beaming. "It's like my Apollo, man. Valence Street is my 125th Street. I feel the same way about this little neighborhood that I think the Harlemites feel about Harlem and the Jamaicans feel about Trenchtown. When I'm introducing the Uptown All-Stars at Benny's I say not only welcome to our music, but to our culture, because this is a cultural phenomenon in the making."

Neville credits Benny Jones with providing an important venue for New Orleans music and filling a void when Tipitina's closed. Benny's has become a workshop for the blues and reggae musicians who perform at the club for whatever tips the crowd can give them. The building has a special meaning to Benny and me, because we grew up in this neighborhood, and this corner has always been a gathering place for the adults of our community. And now we're adults and he's running the place where we both used to serve our musical heritage by having it known to as many people as we can. We tried to appeal to the younger, college age people, because these are the people who are going to be running the country in the near future."

They're not concerned about any potential change in the local atmosphere of the bar brought about by the larger crowds attracted by the music.

"What we're mainly about is the struggle to preserve our musical heritage by having it known as many people as we can. We tried to appeal to the younger, college age people, because these are the people who are going to be running the country in the near future."

"At first, even some of the musicians involved with Benny's, and with the Endangered Species organization were skeptical, but all George and I asked was that they have some faith in us, and not only in us, but to have a little faith in themselves, and it happened. I had a few moments where I was scared, but the only thing I was afraid of was that the message would be missed. And the message is that we're not just musicians, we're human beings, too. Everybody's got a life. For myself, I want to project a meaningful image all the way around the board, because I come from a great race of people. I think everybody should be aware of how great the gift is that Africa gave America. Not only Blacks, but everybody should get a little more hip to it."

Cyril Neville finally rises and, smiling softly, says, "We've got to teach our children a freedom song to sing."
CONCERTS

Thursday, 1
Willie Nelson, UNO Lakefront Arena. 8 p.m.
All seats reserved; $15.50.

Friday, 2
Komenka Ethnic Dance Ensemble, as part of the Music Recital Hour at Delgado Community College, 12 noon, free, Building One, Drama Hall, 3rd floor.
Delgado Community College Chorus in their Spring Concert, directed by Dr. David Draper, accompanied by Barbara Rose; 8 p.m., free, Building One, Drama Hall, 3rd floor.

Tuesday, 6
Ozzie Osbourne, UNO Lakefront Arena, 8 p.m. Reserved seating; $16 (wonder why Ozzie is worth four bits more than Willie?)
APM Musicians in an impromptu jazz session and clinic at 12:30 p.m. at Delgado Community College in Building One, Music Department, Room 316W; free, funded by the APM, Delgado SCA and Music Performance Trust Funds.

Saturday, 10
Fats Domino, Doug Kershaw, Dr. John, John Fred and the Playboys, Storyville Jazz Hall, 7 p.m., and, hey, if this was 1957, you can bet this gang would all be on the back lot at Columbia filming a Sam Katzman r-a-f-quickie.

Sunday, 11
Mother's Day at Audubon Zoo with Irma Thomas, and who could be better qualified to headline any salute to the maternal part of civilization, local and otherwise! Admission free with Zoo admission ($3 and $2), beginning at 2 p.m. (Will Irma sing "My Mother's Eyes," "Mother Machree," "My, He's Makin' Eyes At Me" and the old Rodgers and Hart obscurity, "You're Just The Mother Type"?) Rain date: May 24.

Sunday, 18
America Rocks, an extravaganz-a-patriotic-in-spirit, partially sponsored by Eastern Kodak in celebration of the restoration of the Statue of Liberty and did you know, her real name is Liberty Enlightening The World!, and somehow involved in this is a cross-country bike ride (organized locally by Crescent City Cyclists) and a community picnic, as well as a good bit of music, all of it (save the bicycle hegira) in the Louisiana Superdome. The entertainers involved are Huey Lewis and the News, Daryl Hall and John Oates, The Hooters, and The Neville Brothers, but we're informed that Lee Larmour and Emma Lazerus won't be able to make it. $26, information at 821-9457.

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Artist Cafe, 608 Iberville, 523-9358. Captain Tam, heavy metal, most nights.

Bayard's Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-9200. Jazz unlimited every night, from 8.


Brew House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 525-9843. Call for May listings.

Naomi's, 502 Bourbon, 586-4840. Postmodernism, an evening of dance and music, plus a free exhibition of contemporary art, featuring Squat Baby fetish artist, as well as a few hosts who just may surprise you (of course, we're not telling who)."
IF YOU ARE A BUSINESS-PERSON WHOSE BUSINESS IS MUSIC, YOU SHOULD BELONG TO THE NEW ORLEANS MUSIC AND ENTERTAINMENT ASSOCIATION:

Finally there is a group whose aim is to make the business of music a priority in New Orleans. Backed by The Chamber/New Orleans and the River Region, the NOM&E invites musicians and all music/entertainment related businesspeople to join them in a united voice to promote our city's precious natural resource, MUSIC.

Thomas Jefferson and His Creole Jazz Band from 7 p.m. AMFM from midnight until almost light.
Fandango's, 601 Tchoupiccasus, 524-7907. Call for May information.
Feelings, 2609 Chartres, 945-2222. Piano bar nightly; call for personnel.
Mahogany Hall, 209 Bourbon, 523-5595. The Duke of Dixieland every night save for Sundays, and for Mon.2 when Banjo Gibson occupies the spot. Call for Sunday schedules.
Maxwell's, 400 Burgundy, 523-0879. Fri Sat., 2, 3. Renegades. Call for the remainder of the month.
Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon. Wednesdays-Mondays; Bryan Lee and the Jumpstreet Five, 9:30 to 2:30 Tuesdays. Ray Bonneville Blues Band, beginning at the same time but ending thirty minutes earlier.
Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Tuesday and Wednesday and Saturday: Chocolate Milk. Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays, the Opera House Band with the IT Connection.
Pasta Passions, 95 French Market Place, 524-8106. Call for May music.

Royal Sonesta Hotel, 100 Bourbon, 586-0200. In the Mystic Den, Friday and Saturday: Bobby Loriero, from 5 until 8. Eltino plays Tuesday through Saturday from 10 p.m.
Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 564-1507. From 9, Mon-Sat.; the Celtic Folk Singers.
Seaport Cafe and Bar, Thurs., Fr., 9 p.m.-1 a.m. and Saturdays, from 10 p.m. until 1 a.m.
Sally Towne's. Sat-Sun. 3-6 p.m. Sally Towne's with the Cats Meow. Sundays from 8 to midnight; Big Time Mon. Wed., 4-11. Diana Castro.
711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 523-0797. Tues., from 9:30, Randy Hobern, in the Showbar. Wed., Sat., 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Al Broussard in the Main Bar. Sun-Mon., Nora Wixted from 9:30 p.m.
Tues.: The Radiators go acoustic if not Hawaiian. Wed.: Dunting Acoustics with Ben-

We're in the business of music.

For a membership application and more information on the New Orleans Music and Entertainment Association, please write to: NOM&E, P.O. Box 30120, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70190-0120.
Stan's Hard Rock Cafe, 1928 West End Park, 288-0044. Call for May listings.

N.O. EAST
Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Fri-Sat., 10-3, Rockin' Jerry.
The Club, 1701 St. Bernard, 547-3134. Jazz workshops every Sunday from 7 to 11.

WEST BANK
Bronco's, 1499 Roman, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Mississippi South.
Connel's, 1700 Lapalco, 364-1575. Jazz brunch Sundays from noon to 3.
Froggies, 403 West Bank Expressway, 367-0137. The Dino Kruise Band every Thursday.

UPORTUN
Benny's Bar, 938 Valence, 895-5405. Most Mondays, J. Monque'd. Most Wednesdays and Sundays: JD and the Jammers. Schedule flexible, but you might look for Cyril Neville's Uptown All-Stars here on Tuesdays; other regulars: Paula and the Pontiacs, Charmaine Neville, Blue Lunch.
Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Mostly blues or blues-related. Fri., Paula and the Pontiacs.
Sound Shop
Lakeside Shopping Center
Metairie  833-9307
Belle Promenade Mall  West Esplanade
Marrero  340-1190  Kenner  464-6247

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The Harvest: Waiting For The Rain

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the Ponies. Sat. 3: David Sebring, Sat. 10: Delta Burns Blues Band. Sat. 17: Inkblots, Sat. 24: 30 x 90.
Glass House, 2319 South Saratoga, 895-9729. Mondays: The Chosen Few with Tuba Fats or perhaps the Dirty Dozen. Call for certain.

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HAROLD WASHINGTON, MAYOR.
MID-CITY


Dorothy’s Medallion, 2323 Orleans Ave., 482-9229. AAB. Sundays, with the occasional Friday and Saturday thrown in: Johnny Adams with Walter Washington and the House Band. 11 P.M. to 3 A.M.


Winelle’s, 2034 A P. Tureaud, 945-9124. Sundays from 5 until 10 p.m. Ernie K-Doe, the man who made the work stop at Charity.

CINEMA

C.A.C., 900 Camp, 523-1216. Thurs. through Sun.: two ‘documentaries’ by Louisiana filmmaker Glen Plave, ‘P zest and Judgments at Denre, Mon.12 through Thurs. 15: a program of four documentaries, each shown on a successive night: Witness To War (this year’s Oscar winner), Cruel is My Nature, Erasure, and Los Angeles, Houstons, and the occasional night: Witness To War (this year’s Oscar winner), Cruel is My Nature, Erasure, and Los Angeles, Houston.

Loyola Film Institute, 895-3196. Mon.: North by Northwest. Hitchcock’s 1955 gory, self-parodic chase film which is notable

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ALSO AVAILABLE: Allen Toussaint, Joel Blonde and other Cajun Honey Tom Songs GS 11012 (lp or cass.), Justin Wilson - Of Favorites GS 11013 (lp or cass.), Justin Wilson - Not For Cajuns Only Vol. 1 "Hunt Dem Duck and Shoot" GS 11014 (lp or cass.), Justin Wilson - Not For Cajuns Only, Vol. 2 "Going Fishing," GS11015 (lp or cass.).

Crawford (apparently Tire Iron canceled out) at Tip's, Sat. 10.

Snug Harbor May Music Schedule

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Snug Harbor May Music Schedule

36 WAVELENGTH MAY 1986
though previous ivory descerations-of higher-literature (The Europeans and The Bottoms) have been anything but encouraging, usually rather PBS-1sh. With Helen Bonham Carter, Daniel Day Lewis, Julian Sands, Maggie Smith, Devolom Ellis; Judi Dench, Rosemary Leach and Simon Callow.

RANDOM DIVERSSIONS

Maple Leaf Poetry Readings
Sundays at 3 p.m. at the Maple Leaf Bar, Play 11; Helen Tove, Play 11; Bill Roberts, Play 18. Nancy Harris, May 25; Michael Kincel.

Fair Grounds Race Track
1751 Gentilly Blvd., Clubhouse reservations 943-2200. Post time daily at 1, Wednesdays through Sundays, save for Fridays at 3 p.m.

Comedy Cabaret
Fridays at 9 and 11:30, Saturdays at 8, 10:30 and 1 a.m. at Ernst Cafe, 600 S. Peters, 923-8544. Comics imported from all over (no worry there's a trade deficit; Wednesdays are local talent showcase nights. May 2 and 3: Gary Richardson and Andy Huggins. May 9 and 10: marathon comic (ins while he quips) Bill Hicks and Mark Wilks. Call for remainder of month's performers.

Friday, 2
Audubon Zoo-To-Do, from 8 p.m. until 2 a.m. The 8th annual blockie (and now legendary) fundraiser-cum-glut by the Friends of the Zoo (last year netted nearly a million bucks in one night and God knows what it did for local sales of Mylanta); the various receptions, from 100 local restaurants, extend even into the La. Swamp section where one assumes the alligator Dundee will not be "fresh caught today." Entertainment by Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, the Veaux Carré Strings, Bryce and Etroy Eckhardt and the Post-Poke Family Band. tickets begin at $1.25 per person.

Saturday, 24
New Orleans Free School's 5th Music Festival, from noon to midnight, 3601 Camp St. Games, prizes, food, and entertainment, among the latter: Snakebite and the 9th Ward Millenaires, Lt. Queenie and the BS Soule, the Pfister Sisters, Snooks Eaglin, Luther Kent & Co., John Mooney, JD and the Jammers, Woodshedhead, the High Rollers, New Zoo Trio Plus One, John Rankie, Storyville Stompers, Dave and the Babylaceans, and more. Call 973-1452 for more information; there is also a benefit for the Free School at Tipitina's on Wed 21 at 9:30.

Saturday, 31
Battle of the Bands at the Napoleon Room in UNO, Thurs. 1.

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Gloria Powers

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paintings by American masters from the famous Thyssen Bornemisza collection, located in Lugano (I think it may be the world's largest private collection, though the American stuff is a recent addition, as has been bought much of this American work from Oskar Cripo, the Manhattan art dealer implicated in that really repulsive S&M mod murder a while back.) Free admission to the Museum on Thursdays through the year; Group tours for the deaf, the fourth Sunday of every month.

On 4, 127 weeks thereafter, but by appointment.

THEATRE

New work by Josephine Saccoo, through Wed 7 at Metro Vilo Gallery.

Orleans by recently deceased artist Adolph Kronengold.


Tulane University, Newcomb Art Gallery, 863-5481. Through Thurs 8: MFA thesis exhibition. Mon 12 through Sat 17: exhibition of senior work.

Photography by Louisiana Artists; deadline for submitting exhibition-ready photographs is West 7. 6 p.m. A complete exhibition, to be judged by distinguished local photographer Tina Freeman, will hang at LSU's Union Art Gallery, June 10 through July 30. For applications, call 338-5115 between the hours of 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. or write LSU Union Program Dept., Box 6385, Baton Rouge LA 70803. a/c: Photography by Louisiana Artists Competition. Limit of three entries per entry fee per entry.

Visions of Youth High School Art Exhibitions: deadline for entry Thurs 15; open to all high school students, grades 9-12, sponsored by the Jefferson Performing Arts Society, from whom applications can be obtained by calling 834-5307 or in writing from JPAS, PO Box 704, Metairie LA 70004. The show will hang Thurs 29 through June 6 at Latter Center West in Metairie.

THEATRE

Bayou Dinner Theatre, Bayou Plaza, 4040 Tulane Avenue, 244-1444. Through Sun 18; a comedy by Carolyn Green about a philandering authorship of historical romances and the IRS, with Terry Whaley, Kerry Caster, Tim Hurley. From Fri 22: Neil Simon's Last of the Red Hot Lovers.

CAC, 900 Camp, 523-1214. Thurs 8 through Sun 11: Evangeline Udine's "multidisciplinary" treatment of the 1847 Footlight poem, which was influenced formally by Cheaudeau and Goethe (those celebrated observers of the American scene), about Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lafleur and has, as they say, everything: romance, war, desire, death, nature, the participants in this revisionist jamboree are Glen Pets, George Schmidt, Michael Doucet and Nelson Camp; $8, $6 for members. Thurs 15 through Sun 18; a series of performances on local themes by Cultural"
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SAT. MAY 3: RONNIE PRADOS TRIO
MAY 9: SCOTT AND JERRY
MAY 10: RUSSEL BRAZZEL (CLASSICAL GUITAR)
MAY 16: SCOTT AND JERRY
MAY 17: JAN REEEKS (KEYBOARD, VOCAL)
MAY 23: SCOTT AND JERRY
MAY 24: RUSSEL BRAZZEL
MAY 30: SCOTT AND JERRY
MAY 31: JAN REEEKS

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SYMPHONY

Thursday, 4
Orpheum Theatre. Philippe Entremont conducts and is piano soloist; works by Mozart, Respighi and the world premiere of Staar’s Just An Accident! A Requiem for Anton Webern and other victims of the Absurd. 8 p.m.

Tuesday-Thursday, 5-7
Orpheum Theatre. Philippe Entremont’s final concert as conductor; the Symphony Chorus also performs; works by Beethoven (the ninth) and world premiere of Memoir by Rosenweig, a New Orleans composer. 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 14
Orpheum Theatre. The Symphony’s 50th Birthday Bash Concert; free; all light classic and popular tunes; door prizes, birthday cake, lun­ches provided by local restaurants in the theatre’s lobby. 11:30 a.m.

Friday, 16
Hibernia Pavilion Audubon Zoo. A musical zoo revue, with much of the music having to do with matters zoological, including a piece by a local composer, Jay Wiegel, entitled Monkey Hill. Admission free with Zoo admission ($5 and $7). 6 p.m.

Friday, Saturday, 23, 24
Orpheum Theatre. A Superpops concert entitled Richard Hayman’s Vaudville Papa, conducted by the aforementioned Mr. Hayman. 8 p.m.

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701 BOURBON STREET
The news for May is all Jazz Festival... a family reunion for people who love New Orleans music, gathered at the old home place to visit and trade memories and see how the youngsters have grown... Record company execs once again come looking for that new young band that sounds like a young Roy Brown, with Prince's moves and Stevie Wonder's synthesizer abilities, who's ready to travel but will bring his second-line drummer with him, for cheap. Musicians from all over will listen carefully to the zydeco and Cajun music and try to translate that music to theirs and take it home. Meanwhile, the locals will smile like proud parents as they accept the plaudits of their guests, amazed at the incredible diversity of the music available in New Orleans. And maybe, this year, some enterprising young people will see Fats Domino's specialties — on prime time TV: "I was touring with Bo Diddley and the Everly Brothers through England [in 1963]. Mick Jagger was opening the show with us. He had a van, he and Keith and the rest of the group. And they were sleeping in the van. And Mick Jagger started sleeping on our floor. "But he would come to me and ask me about Elmore James, Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, Chuck Berry. He would ask me about Professor Longhair from New Orleans, Smiley Lewis, Earl King from New Orleans. Fats Domino, Jesse Hill... Well, New Orleans have all of 'em anyway! Ha! Ha! He would ask me about what's happenin' on the bayou." We caught Helen Wiggin Centanni's video of Benny Grunch's YAT nostalgia classic "The Spirit of Smiley Lewis" as a filler after a movie on Channel 32. Looked terrific! Mason Ruffner has been touring with the Firm to promote his hot new album on Epic. The years of Bourbon Street obscurity seem gone like a flash... Fats Domino played Dallas and Iceland (of all places!) in April. When queried if he had a lot of fans in the Big Freeze, the Fat Man replied, "I must have." Look for Huey Lewis & The News to do Robert Parker's "Barefootin'" with the Neville Brothers, Hall & Oates, etc. when they blow into town for the nationally (closed-circuit) televised concert. The song has become a favorite closer for the group, once doing it with baseball's George Brett on saxophone! ... Watch Wavelength for news about the pending court battle between Shirley Goodman and Lee Leonard's heirs over writing royalties to the New Orleans classic: "Let the Good Times Roll." Big bucks will roll... If you must watch Whitney Houston's new video "The Greatest Love Is Loving Yourself" (or something like that — the theme song from Muhammad Ali's movie The Greatest, by the way), then watch for the huge blow-up of Lloyd Price as she walks down the stairs of the theatre (the Apollo, we presume). There are other festivals in line after the Jazz Fest. Louis Nelson (an 84-year-old trombone player), Wendall Brunious, Kuumba Williams (One More Time original lead Big Bertha), Danny Barker, and Lillian Boutte will be playing and singing at the Twelfth Festa New Orleans Music in Ascona, Switzerland. The festival will extend over two weekends this year, June 7-July 6, with free outdoor concerts and symposium on the history of New Orleans music revival of the Forties. For information, write Festa New Orleans Music, Caedilla Postale 492, CH-6612 Ascona... Meanwhile, back in the states, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown's American Music Festival will be held on Flag Day, June 14, at Stafford Springs, Connecticut, to benefit the Muscular Dystrophy Association. Write Gate's Family of Fans, P.O. Box 963, Manchester, Connecticut 06040. And finally, right here at home, check out the Balcony at Porspe de Leon at Esplanade on the way to the Fair Grounds. Daryl Walker's Jazz Band will play on Saturday and Sunday, May 3 and 4, from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Enjoy the music from the sidewalk cafes.

Willie Cole, formerly of Mason Ruffner's Bluesrockers and many other New Orleans groups, has formed his own band, the Willie Cole Blues Band, with Bob Rosseness on guitar, Rick Boyle on bass and vocals, and Mr. Cole doing the honors on drums, harmonica, flute, and lead vocals... At the annual meeting of the Music Industry Educators' Association held in Chicago, April 3-5, 1986, Great Southern Record's John Berthelot was elected to the board of directors as a member-at-large.

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