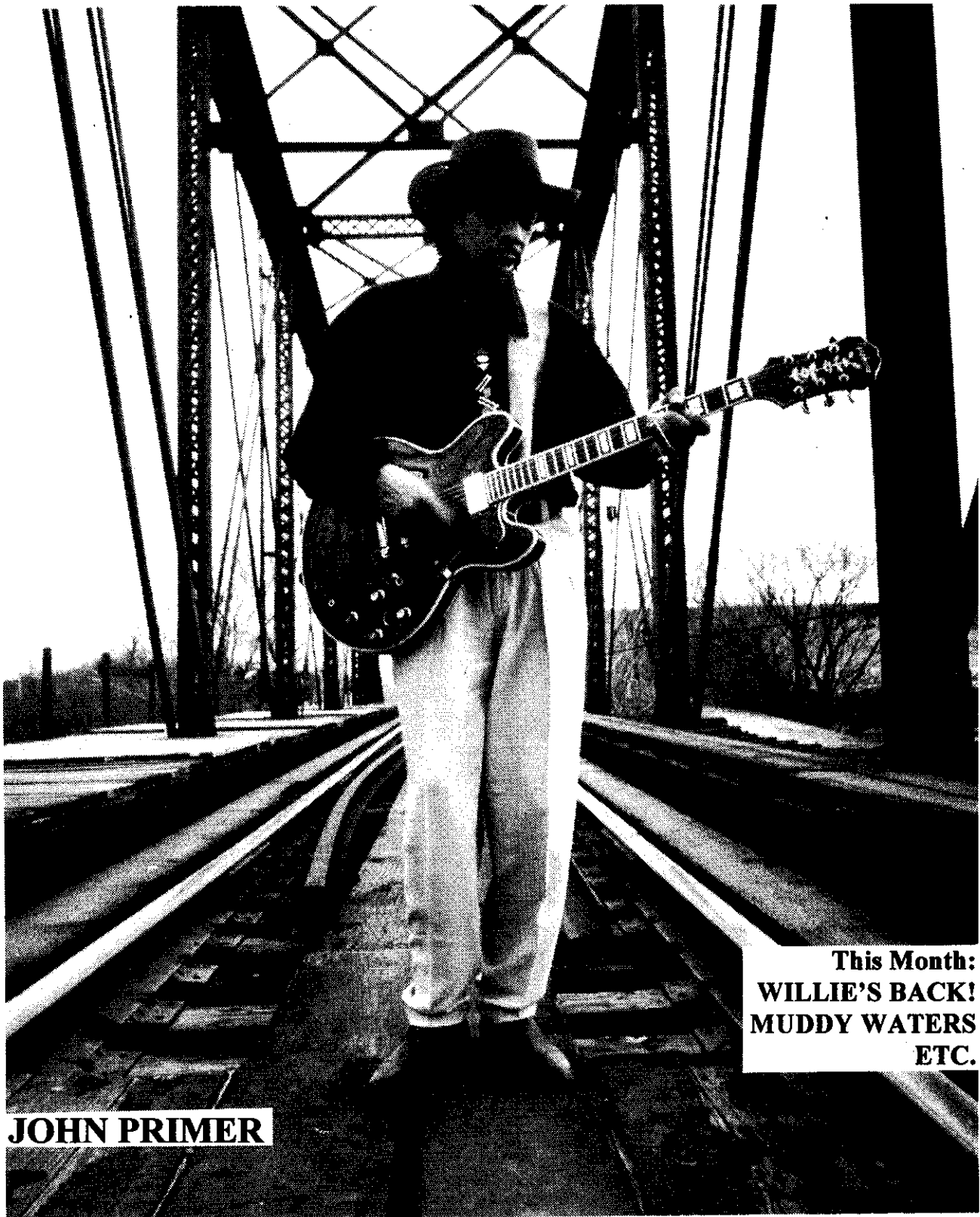


FREE TAKE ONE

VOLUME TWO, ISSUE THREE

APRIL 1996

the BLUES NEWS



**This Month:
WILLIE'S BACK!
MUDDY WATERS
ETC.**

JOHN PRIMER

THE INLAND EMPIRE'S BLUES AND ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

the BLUES NEWS

APRIL 1996

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 3

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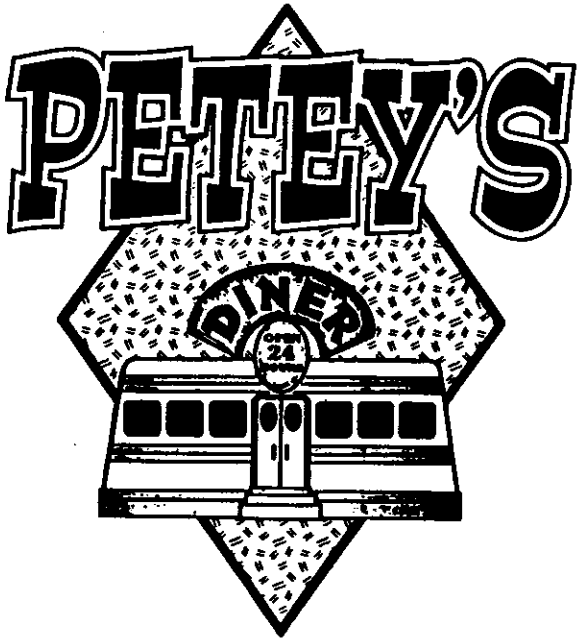
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FROM THE EDITOR

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and tell us what you think. You can also submit stories, letters, suggestions, etc. via our e-mail address.

Kenny Wayne Shepherd is coming to the House of Blues Saturday, April 20th.

Tickets are only \$18.50

If you are looking for an inexpensive Internet provider call 1-800-395-8425 and tell them *the BLUES NEWS* told you about them. Cost is only \$19.95 a month - unlimited access. (and they have local numbers)

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Warning! Willie Coaltrain has returned this month! This month's adventure is intended for a mature audience only! Those of high moral standards or weak constitutions should avoid Willie this month! Because we here at the BLUES NEWS believe in the First Amendment rights of all, we are allowing this month's adventure to be printed herein. Thank you.

The Orange Blossom Festival is back! With three days of great fun right here in good old downtown Riverside April 19-21. Jim & I's Tavern, 3587 University Ave, who had the best party going last year, will again be providing special entertainment and activities. The J. A. B. Band will be playing all 3 days there so don't miss out!

With the acquisition of Wayne Gretzky, the St. Louis Blues are looking to improve their chances of a run to the Stanley Cup Playoffs. Although they haven't seemed to be much better because of the trade.

At last check into web sites which contain the word "blues" there were 9,984 of them listed. I'd say the blues is quite a force today, including, in the area of "modern" technology!

The History of The Blues continues this month, as well, with Cindy Dumas taking over the reigns. This month, Muddy Waters!

the BLUES NEWS

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THE HISTORY OF THE BLUES

Muddy Waters

Picture if you can an early Saturday morning in the year 1948. The streets of Chicago, better known as "The Windy City" are abuzz with the sights and sounds of store owners and pedestrians conducting their normal routines.

Since records were sold practically everywhere black people gathered to initiate business, a record was pulled out of a box and put immediately on a turntable. Stores had speakers over their doorways and passerby's could readily hear the music. If people were beckoned inside by what they heard, it was a sure bet the record was going to be a success.

On that fateful Saturday morning the initial pressing of Muddy Water's "I Can't Be Satisfied" was hand delivered to almost 200 South Side outlets. By mid-afternoon, it was almost impossible to find a copy of Aristocrat 1305 and stores with copies still on hand were limiting one to a customer, in an attempt to prevent Pullman porters from buying them in quantity and reselling at a markup. Muddy was driving a truck delivering venetian blinds and didn't have a copy himself yet. When he finally obtained one the next morning, he was incensed that the store owner refused to sell him another. Muddy Waters was on his way.

So often, it seems a musician has come to know fame in an overnight whirlwind before he can grasp the full spectrum of what has happened. But Muddy Waters always knew he could make a difference, even from early on. McKinley

Morganfield was born April 4, 1915 at Rolling Fork, Mississippi. He was nicknamed "Muddy Waters" because of his habit - playing in the muddy water near his home. He was the second of twelve children of Ollie Morganfield, a farmer and musician, and Bertha Jones. Muddy's mother died in 1918 and at that point he went to live with his grandmother in Clarksdale. During the 1920's, as well as receiving a very basic education, Muddy spent his time working in the fields during the day and performing in the local church gospel choir in the evening. He learned to play several different instruments including the mouth harp and was taught the guitar by a musician called Scott Bowhandle. Once he felt comfortable with his own playing he picked up the "bottleneck" style from the legendary Son House.

The legend of "Muddy Waters", musician and Father of Chicago Blues, began when the twenty-eight year old tractor driver eluded the draft and caught the 4:00 p.m. train from Clarksdale, Mississippi to Memphis in May 1943. He carried one change of clothes and his \$11 mail order Sears & Roebuck guitar. Switching trains in Memphis, he boarded a Northbound Illinois Central taking it to Chicago, the end of the line. He was one of several hundred blacks a week departing Southern plantations and towns for Chicago, but "one" who would eventually stand out in the crowd.

Shortly after his arrival Muddy found work as a sideman with Memphis Slim, Sunnyland Slim, Sonny Boy Williamson and many other established Chicago musicians. He also took up the electric guitar easily, because as he himself put it, "couldn't nobody hear you with an acoustic" in the clamor of South Side

clubs. Though he was doing okay for himself, clearing about \$40 a week from his job and another \$30 or so in clubs, it frustrated him to be making more money on the loading docks than from music. He felt he wasn't making any progress and also had a pretty good idea why. Years after he was quoted as saying, "To get a name, you got to get a record." "People lived right up under me, they didn't know who I was until I got a record out."

Though Muddy didn't have a record on the market, he had already recorded some years earlier. In 1941 Alan Lomax and John Work traveled to the Delta to search for Robert Johnson, not realizing he had been fatally poisoned two years before. They ended up recording Son House, but also recorded Muddy singing and playing with a few of his buddies. Muddy was not yet his own man musically, but had been so impressed hearing his own voice he decided then and there that he had what it took to be a professional musician. He was a hit with the shoppers on Fourth Street in Clarksdale and the money they tossed his way showed evidence of his talent. Some nights he walked home with as much as \$40 in bills and loose change.

In Chicago, Muddy experienced ups and downs with respect to the record labels he recorded for. But in 1947, Sunnyland Slim recommended him to Aristocrat, a new Chicago based label whose owners included the Chess brothers, Leonard and Phil, Jewish immigrants from Poland. The brothers recorded Muddy and early the following year released "Gypsy Woman" and "Little Anna May" which both proved unsuccessful. Never in a million years did the brothers expect his second release for them, "I Can't Be Satisfied" to reach the magnitude of

success it did. "I Can't Be Satisfied" got people's attention as soon as they heard it. Its origins have been hard to trace, but is assumed to be a variation on an old country tune passed from singer to singer in Mississippi. In his book *The History Of The Blues - The Roots, The Music, The People* From Charley Patton to Robert Cray, Francis Davis sums it up. "Muddy's jolting bottleneck and slight vocal shake on the turnarounds make it seem as though first Muddy and then the song have been stung by a bee and swollen to twice their normal sizes. There's nothing else in the blues quite like it."

Through the years Muddy continued his musical excellence carrying it across the country and into Europe. After performing at the Newport Festival in 1960 he was finally acclaimed to be the artistic symbol of electric blues. As an artist he was the personification who would inspire such hopefuls as the Rolling Stones and Jonny Winter.

Muddy Waters died on April 30, 1983 at Westmont in Illinois. But through his music and such blues anthems as "Rollin' Stone", "I'm your Hoochie Coochie Man", "I Just Want To Make Love To You" and "Got My Mojo Workin'", he will be ever present in the hearts and minds of those who appreciate the legacy he left behind.

- Cindy Dumas -

Special thanks to William Silguero, trusted friend and confidant, without whose creative ideas, The History Of The Blues would not be a part of this magazine. Thank you, for your support and for simply being you.....

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIE COALTRAIN

!!!!!!FOR MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY!!!!!!

"BEACH BALL BOOTIE"

Well, well, I'm back with another adventure. For those of you who missed me I missed you too. So here we go....

Me and my brother Leroy decided to take a cruise to the beach for some fun in the sun. We heard there was a few cool bars down there and we could jam all we wanted. But the ones we went to had *krok-me* machines running, so we ended up at a place called "Yank My Noodle", where the beer was cold, the women were hot and there was lots of pool tables and music to enjoy. We got a table, a pitcher of Miller Draft and we were in our element. I was ready to break the first rack when I gazed across the room and like a tug on the shirt and a slap on the zipper, "she" had my attention and every other man's in the place. This girl had her back to me but she had the most beautiful toilet tissue eating beast I've ever seen in my whole women lovin' life. She turned sideways and that monster must of stuck out about seven or ten inches from her back and was it solid! No jiggle, no fat. It looked as though she had half a basketball stuffed into her pants and pumped it to ninety pounds of pressure. Like I said before - it was solid. Pansy (as I'd like to call her) collected food orders and like mental telepathy every man there knew we needed to keep her around as much as possible. So we had her come around in ten minute intervals to serve us. After talking to her a few times, I said, "Pansy, you know we should make like a train and hook up later, you'll have fun." She told me that she don't date people she meets at work, so I said,

"Look, I'd eat mile of your poop to see where it came from!" She laughed at me turned red, then she said, "Willie, your cute for an old man but from the smell of things, you've already done that to someone today."

My brother thought that was funny. You know I couldn't shoot pool after that comment. Her butt would talk to me loud and clear. I recall I was about to shoot the eight ball when she walked by and her butt yelled at me, "Hey you! Looook aatt mee!!" I was butt shocked, I tell you, it was as full as the moon and just as hypnotic

Well, we got drunk as ever and hit on every waitress there, ugly or not. We were turned down by each one, so we moved on. Me and Leroy decided to head back toward home, figuring it was still early and we only drank eight pitchers between the two of us, we were doing okay. We wanted to do the bulk of our drinking closer to home, so we ended up at another sports bar in Riverside. They had a blues band by the name of "Henry Carvajal." They seemed an okay band and to be getting the job done. The beer was cold and the dart boards were available so we stayed, ordered some Sammy Adams and threw darts. I could just imagine that butt on the wall and I was a dart. After about an hour of all this fun the women there got ugly, so ugly the beer couldn't hide the ugliness that filled that room. I mean it was a bad scene and my dragon crunched up like a turtle and spit fire at the sight of them, so we ran the hell out of there fast.

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THE REAL DEAL CHICAGO'S JOHN PRIMER

"The Real Deal," bluesman John Primer's third CD, is aptly named. The longtime sideman of such greats as Willie Dixon and Muddy Waters delivers the musical goods in pure traditional fashion, straight-ahead, fiery 60's Chicago blues, but with a clean modern feel that makes it contemporary as well. It's the best blues release I've heard in a long time and, since Primer has a major label (Code Blue/Atlantic) behind him for the first time, "The Real Deal" might just find the acceptance and success that will bring fame to its creator.

The fame has been a long time in coming. Primer has been playing professionally since the early 70's, when he broke into the Chicago blues scene as a guitarist and singer, having emigrated to the Windy City from Mississippi in 1963 with his mother. "Chicago wasn't as big a blues scene then as it is now," said Primer in a recent phone interview, "but it was coming alive and became more and more active over the years."

Primer began playing the club scene and showed an early promise which was elevated into professionalism by one of his first and most important mentors, one of Muddy Waters sidemen, the guitarist Sammy Lawhorn. "Sammy became a big influence on me," Primer recalled. "I'd listened to blues all my life, to such artists as Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, B.B. King and other like that, and I knew I wanted to sing the blues myself, but it wasn't until Sammy took me under his wing that I started working on my craft. He was always showing me things like how to set my

Lawhorn played in a distinctive, fine-honed, understated way. "If you learn how to play my music," he told his disciple, "you will always be able to make a living with it, because it's so

different and elegant. You will also be doing me a good thing, because it will keep that kind of music alive when I'm no longer around."

Lawhorn died a few years ago but by then he had proudly acknowledged Primer as his equal, the student had become a master. Primer's playing had, sure enough, led to ample work backing some of the top bluesmen in Chicago on record dates and gigs it had also enabled him to put together his own band which was hired as the house band at Theresa's Lounge, a famous South Side mecca

"Theresa's Lounge was quite a place," Primer said with a fond chuckle. "You could always hear great blues there, but the Monday Jam nights were something special."

Primer loved those jam nights, when a musician got up and just improvised with a mixed bag of artists, famous and unknown, young and old. "I love Jamming," he admitted. "I love it when you can play and sing in freeform fashion, when you can test yourself against the very best the city has to offer."

Primer's prowess at Theresa's lounge led to Willie Dixon hiring him for Chicago Blues All-Stars, a band that toured the country. "The band got some gigs overseas as well and that's when I got my passport" Primer said. "We traveled all over the place and I've been traveling ever since. It doesn't bother me to travel. I even like flying on airplanes," he laughed. Primer pays tribute on "The Real Deal" to Dixon with a version of a tune long associated with the latter, "Good Understanding."

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the BLUES NEWS

THE GOOD TIMES ARE STILL ROLLING IN NEW ORLEANS AND SHREVEPORT

By Willard Manus

Time was, if anyone went to New Orleans it was for the music and the food. With more than two thousand restaurants and several dozen music clubs, the Crescent City still offers those pleasures, along with a few surprises, the main one of which is gambling.

Two years ago the city, and Louisiana as a whole, opted to bring in legal games of chance: roulette, baccarat, blackjack, slot and video machines. In New Orleans the action was focused on the Mississippi riverfront, where five paddle-wheelers were tricked out with neon glitz to attract the highrollers. Harrah's also bought a huge chunk of downtown property and set about to erect a huge Vegas-type casino. Prosperity through poker was the goal, you might say.

It hasn't quite worked out that way. Only two of the gambling boats are still in operation and to date Harrah's has managed to open only a small, temporary gaming area. The reasons are numerous and probably political, but the bottom-line is that the loss of expected tax revenues has hurt the city and affected the kind of support it has given the arts.

"We still get a subsidy from New Orleans, but it's been cut back in recent years," said Rosary Hartel O'Neill, artistic director of the Southern Repertory Theatre. "However, we are just about to celebrate our tenth anniversary, an extraordinary accomplishment considering that we have had to struggle against bleak economic times and overcome a lot of cynicism and doubts."

With the help of her husband Dick O'Neill has built a solid, professional regional theater which has not only won awards for its productions of modern and classical plays but brought young people into the house (through high-school and college programs), dared to embrace inter-racial casting and programming, and entered into exchange programs with French and Russian companies.

After having performed in several temporary facilities, Southern Rep found a permanent home in 1991 when it moved into the Canal Place Mall, a smart decision that should be emulated by theater companies in southern California. Being located in a mall means: ample, safe parking, foot traffic that could lead to extra ticket sales, accessibility to restaurants, bars and shopping. The multiplex cinemas always based themselves in malls; why not legitimate theaters? Anyone planning a holiday in New Orleans should try and catch a show at the Southern Rep. Call (504) 861-8163 or 861-5874.

As for information on the music scene, since there is so much of it going on at all times-New Orleans is probably the only city in the world where just about every local musician makes a living, it would behoove a visitor to pick up a free copy of "Offbeat," is a monthly arts & entertainment magazine. "Offbeat" also puts out an annual directory listing all the music clubs, record companies, booking agents, etc. in the state of Louisiana. \$5. Call (504) 522-5533 for further information.

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I caught the action at two clubs during my brief stay in the Crescent City. The first night I went to Vaughan's, a funky neighborhood bar in the Bywater section of town (800 Lesseps St). No tourists there, Just knowledgeable locals. On tap was supposed to be a young trumpeter named Kermit Ruffins, heir to the Louis Armstrong tradition. It turned out that Kermit had flown to Spain for a concert, but the rest of his band, The Barbecue Swingers, was there, with a substitute horn man who played in a hot, fresh style.

There was no cover charge that night (a Thursday). Beer was a couple of bucks, but the hat was passed midway through the set for the musicians. When the set was over, management dished out free rice and beans to everyone who wanted it. New Orleans, you gotta love it!

Friday night was spent at Snug Harbor, a more upscale club on the edge of the French Quarter (626 Frenchman St). Fifteen bucks at the door to hear Charmaine Neville, daughter of one of the Neville Brothers, deliver a smart, sassy, dynamic r&b set. New Orleans being what it is, I could have saved twelve bucks and caught Charmaine the next day at the open-air Mirliton Festival (mirliton is a kind of squash, made into Jellies, ice-cream and chutney) in Bywater. She appeared on a daylong bill of musicians playing everything from rock and gospel to zydeco (Invisible Cowboy, Sunpie & the LA Sunspots, Soulful Heavenly Stars, and other bands). All that for a three-dollar admission charge.

You really don't have to pay anything

to hear music in New Orleans. Just stroll through the French Quarter and the music will come at you from all sides. Lots of folks Just plunk down on a curb, sip a beer, and enjoy a free concert.

Another simple, inexpensive way to see the city is to hop the Canal Street trolley, sorry, streetcar. (That's what the New Orleanians prefer to call it, as in *Streetcar Named Desire*). I rode it every day to my hotel, the Quality Inn Maison St Charles, sometimes staying on to the end of the line Just to see the stately, ante-bellum mansions lining the Garden District.

Speaking of the Garden District, it is attracting numerous rock stars like Bob Dylan and Robert Plant, who have bought elegant old houses there.

No rock stars in Shreveport, a mid-sized city six hours away from New Orleans in the northern corner of the state (where Louisiana meets Texas and Arkansas). Just some of best and purest blues played in the USA. It's a different Louisiana up there, woods instead of bayous, Baptist instead of Catholic. The city does have a river (the Red River) and floating casinos as well. Even my hotel, the Sheraton Inn Bossier City, had a big gaming room. But I preferred to blow my money on the blues, in downtown unyuppified Shreveport clubs like Freddie Macks and Tommy's where a new generation of hard-driving young bluesmen like Buddy Flett, Jason Coffield and Kenny Bill Stinson within minutes produce the kind of sound and feeling that made magic for the Allman Brothers at the Fillmore a couple of decades ago.

I Just had a quick sip of Shreveport, but it tasted so good I'm going back first chance I get.

the BLUES NEWS Distribution Points:

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- 6060 Club** 6060 Magnolia Ave., Riverside (909) 682-9226
- Tanner's Outpost** 18815 Grand Ave., Lake Elsinore (909) 678-0390

Cont. from Page 8

"I always had a good time playing for Willie, the same with Muddy Waters, whose band I joined in 1980." Primer said. "That's where I went to school again, because Muddy was the best musician I ever played with. That was the greatest time of my life."

Primer salutes Muddy by covering one of his favorite (but little-known) songs, "Blind Man Blues." He also tips his hat to Ray Charles by doing his own version of "Come Back Baby" (which was written by Walter Davis).

When Muddy Waters took ill in 1983, Primer joined Magic Slim & The Teardrops on a temporary basis, waiting until Muddy recovered. But when death took the legendary Waters, Primer's gig with Magic Slim became a full-time job that lasted thirteen years. Primer cut several records with Magic Slim (on labels like Blind Pig and the Vienna-based Austrian Wolf for which Primer also recorded a pair of CD's as leader). In 1993 Earwig Records released another solo album by Primer, "Stuff you Got to Watch."

Another reason "The Real Deal" is so outstanding is that it was produced by the veteran producer Mike Vernon, who has been responsible for countless hits, including the memorable Chicago session in 1969 between Fleetwood Mac and such local stars as Otis Spann, Willie Dixon and J.T. Brown.

"Mike Vernon is really something" Primer confided. "He knows his stuff and pushes you hard. Yeah, he's real pushy, but he makes you do things that you didn't know you had in you. He made me play and sing better than I had before."

Vernon is quoted thusly on the liner notes: "In an attempt to retain the 'live' feel of these sessions only the most blatant of musical errors were corrected. Almost Without exception all solos were played at the time of the tracks being

laid. The vocals alone were cut at a later date thus allowing the artist the opportunity to study his performance. John Primer is one of the last traditionalists on today's Chicago blues scene. For him there is no other way to express himself.

"Of all the artists I'd seen and heard, the one that always struck me as being closest to what I remember of the 50s/60s scene burgeoning here, when Muddy and Wolf and Sonny Boy and Little Walter were all around, was John Primer. I just felt John had that certain something that makes him a little different. He's very, very locked into the traditional framework, and I liked that. What I wanted was to make a straight ahead Chicago record, and kind of try to give it a flavor of the 60s, if I could, without searching for it. I guess the way to do that is to put the right kind of people around him."

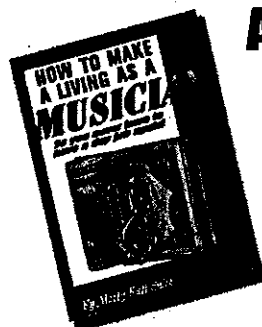
Those people include harpist Billy Branch (who leads his own combo, Sons of Blues), pianist David Maxwell, bassist Johnny B. Gayden, drummer Earl Howell and rhythm guitarist Jake Dawson (both of whom are longtime Primer associates).

Led by the hard-driving Primer, who wrote half of the dozen numbers on "The Real Deal," the band plays some hot and hellacious music. Primer's late mentors, men like Lawhorn, Dixon, Waters and Junior Wells ("Don't forget to credit him, he helped a lot too," Primer said), would be proud of this music and of the music-maker, an artist whose time might of finally have come.

"Like I tell a lot of musicians that are trying to make it," Primer concluded, "you cannot make it until it's time for you to make it."

By WILLARD MANUS

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CD Reviews

By Greg Serrato

**Freddie King
Live At The Electric Ballroom, 1974
(Black Top)**

Freddie King, his guitar and voice were his instruments unlike any other to this day. Born in Gilmer, Texas on September 3, 1934, his mother being an accomplished musician had him tinkering with a guitar at the age of 6. His family moved to Chicago in 1950 and he became accomplished in his own right. During the late 40's and early to mid-50's he backed the likes of Sonny Boy Williamson, Muddy Waters, Leadbelly and Howlin' Wolf. King received his big break when he recorded "Country Boy" b/w "That's What You Think" for the Local ElBee label(#157).

This recording grabbed the attention of Sonny Thompson, the A&R director at King-Federal Records. King was signed on to the label and in 1960 he blasted onto the scene with his signature monster hit Hideaways that became a standard for blues and pop artists alike. From 1960 to 1962 King and Thompson would write some of the most recognizable tunes in blues history. "You've Gotta Love Her With A Feeling", "Have You Ever Loved A Woman", "I'm Tore Down", "The Stumble", "Sidetracked", "San-Ho-Zay", "Someday After A While" & "Double Eyed Whammy".

From that point on, many musicians like Luther Allison, Eric Clapton, Larry McCray, Anson Funderburgh, Joe Louis Walker, Lurrie Bed, Stevie Ray, Jimmie Vaughan and tons of other guitarists would be inspired by King's thunderous vocals and biting lead guitar.

Live At The Electric Ballroom contains an interview with King as he strums a couple of fine acoustic blues numbers. Jimmy Rogers' "That's Alright" and the classic "Dust My Broom". How many times had you heard King play an acoustic guitar? This in itself is worth spending the coin to purchase the CD.

Most live performances that make it onto a disc are overdubbed with corrections. This recording is raw Freddie King. You'll hear some boo-boos, but that's OK. It gives it character! The performance is fabulous and the song selection is vintage Freddie King. Contained on the Disc are *Big Legged Woman*, *Key To The Highway*, *Hideaway*, *Street Home Chicago*, *Ain't Nobody's Business*, *Let The Good Times Roll* and *Woman Across The River*. Unfortunately, King past away on December 28, 1976 from hepatitis and left behind a fortune of blues music which we listen to, value and cover here in 1996. Black Top records has given us some of the best blues in history. Putting Freddie King's music out is a much appreciated effort. Thank You Black Top!

SURFING THE *BLUES* INTERNET:

More cool web sites to check out for blues info;

Name: the *BLUES* NEWS

Address: <http://home.earthlink.net/~thebluesnews/>
Riverside's own cyber-blues

Name: Official CBA Links Page

Address: <http://192.108.254.17/~boydroid/blues/links.htm>
Loads of the best blues links out there

Name: The Blues Channel

Address: <http://www.realblues.com:4100/>
Mai Cramer, Boston radio's blues stronghold for 17 years

Name: NEWS stand

Address: <http://american.recordings.com/WWWoM/ezine/ezine.shtml>
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Cont. from page 6

I've got to tell you about something we saw on our way home while we was at a stop: We got in the car, fumbled with the keys, started it and headed down the street toward the freeway (all the while watching for the man). We got on the freeway with one eye on the white line and riding reflectors till we got off and came to a stop. Now, there's been some funny things I've seen in my time but this one has got to be one of the funniest things I've ever seen in a long time. Okay, picture this, we're at a four-way stop, straight ahead no one was on the road. To the left was home, to the right was dis dirty white Uncle Buck, backfiring bouncing okie wagon parked at the curb. A man was standing against the car with the passenger door open so I couldn't see what he looked like cuz he was looking at what was on the other side of that passenger door. And on the other side of that passenger door was... IT!... IT was!... IT was female, because as IT hid ITS head behind the door, the other parts could be seen and she was nekid. AAAUGH! ITS flabby, crouching bent-over, near-bottom area began to extricate a liquid in extraordinary proportions across the sidewalk. I started to laugh so hard the okie at the car heard me. He turned to me with his mouth open and smiling and then I realized this man had no teeth whatsoever but signs of life not yet discovered to man. This man's head pulled back and with a deep breath he began to wheeze and whine a horrible giggle and cough and shake his head up with pleasure. I just laughed, waved at him and drove off...

Be good to yourselves....blues to ya

WILLIE COALTRAIN
the *BLUES* NEWS

2W3M 2317

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Other Freddie King Releases:

Hide Away Dance Away (King 773)
1943-1976 (Polygram 831 817-2)
Texas Sensation (Charly 247)
..Is Blues Master (Atlantic 7 90345-2)
My Feeling For The Blues (Atlantic 7 903S2-2)
The Texas Cannonball (Shelter SRZ-8018)
Key To The highway (Del Rack DRZ-920)
Live At The Texas Opry House (HomeCookin'' COL-CD-5253)
The Best Of... (Shelter SRZ-8010)

Benny Valerio Band Texas Thunder (WolfTrax)

Don't we have a speed limit in blues music? If we do, will somebody please tell these guys!
Texas Thunder comes out of the gate like a herd of charging elephants. This Texas trio consisting of Benny Valerio on guitar, Danny Valerio on Bass and Steve Severson on Drums rocks heavy similar to ZZ Top. The Blues element is, at times, no where to be found. There are a lot of cover tunes here, Jimi's *Red House & Angel*, Freddie King's *Head's up*, Don Nix's *Goin' Down*, and Willie's *I'm Ready* which I thought was pretty good. Actually there is some good stuff on here but I think the guitar needs to slow down a bit. It's OK to play blues with a little speed but, make sure the music doesn't suffer. This style is synonymous with a good-rowdy bar. Watch out for flying objects!

APRIL BAND LISTINGS



Sat. 6th Surf 'n' Saddle
Mon 8th Patrick's II
Fri 12th Etta's
Sat. 21st Patrick's II
Sat. 27th Etta's

"Rocky Zharp" and "RZB"

29th & 30th March @ Buttons
Appearing every Thursday @
Buttons in Hemet
19th & 20th @ OK Corral
6th & 27th @ Peabody's
Coffee Bar & Jazz Studio
Palm Springs
Sundays 7th & 21st @
Crossroads, Yucaipa
Saturday 13th, Riverside Brewery
Sundays 14th & 28th noon - 5pm
Tom's Farms, Corona



Sun. 31st Rafters in
Mammoth Lakes
April 12-13th Chad's Place
Big Bear
April 19-20th Tiajuana's
Long Bar, Irvine

4,18,25th Perq's
(Pat Hennesy Blues Band)

BLUE HIGHWAY

12th Friar Tuck's
Pomona

27th British Bulldog
Upland

May 3rd Patrick's II
4th Patrick's II

BOOR REVIEW-by Willard Manus

The record on Buddy Holly has now been set straight. After the wildly inaccurate movie and musical comedy made on his life story, Ellis Amburn has produced "Buddy Holly," a major biography of the rockabilly singer who died in '59 at 22 but whose music still lives on (40 million records sold). Amburn's 432-page book delves deep into Texas-born Holly's life and times, debunking a lot of myths along the way (such as the one portraying him as a geeky kid who was awkward around girls), but mostly establishing Holly's place in the musical world as a great singer and songwriter with a strong bluesy feel (listen to "That Makes It Tough," if you don't believe me).

Amburn also puts Holly into his proper sociological place, suggesting that he "fits Norman Mailer's description of 'the white Negro'...a hipster poised on the boundaries of repression and freedom. While not avowedly political, fifties rock was revolutionary. It urged people to do whatever they wanted to do, even if it meant breaking the rules. The original rockers of the fifties and their relatively small following were on the cutting edge of their time, trailblazers not only of rock 'n roll but of the political and social revolutions of the sixties. Like many of his generation, Buddy was transformed by rock 'n roll from a warbling C&W bluegrass country boy into an early Freedom Rider who went into a hostile south with a busload of black R&B stars. His relationship with black musicians became a powerful symbol of the fusion of R&B and rockabilly-the spark that ignited rock 'n roll as we know it today."

Amburn's book also goes into the plane crash that killed Holly, including the rumor that the pilot may have been shot (by Holly himself, according to the author). But mostly the book is a serious, minutely-researched, compelling biography of one of rock's most enduring legends. The author is uniquely qualified to write about Holly, coming from Texas himself and having written previous big books on Roy Orbison and Janis Joplin.

St. Martin's Press, hdbnd. \$24.95

Jim 'N' T's

April Calendar

Wed. Apr. 3rd	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Thur. Apr. 4th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Fri. Apr. 5th	"The Skillette Band"	9:00 to 1:30
Sat. Apr. 6th	"The Skillette Band"	9:00 to 1:30
Wed. Apr. 10th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Thur. Apr. 11th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Fri. Apr. 12th	"The J. A. B. Band"	9:00 to 1:30
Sat. Apr. 13th	"The J. A. B. Band"	9:00 to 1:30
Wed. Apr. 17th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Thur. Apr. 18th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Fri. Apr. 19th	Special Orange Blossom	9:00 to 1:30
Sat. Apr. 20th	Festival Activities "The	All Day and Night
Sun. Apr. 21th	J.A.B. Band" all 3 days	All Day
Wed. Apr. 24th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Thur. Apr. 25th	"Karaoke"	8:00 to 12:00
Fri. Apr. 26th	"The J. A. B. Band"	9:00 to 1:30
Sat. Apr. 27th	"The J. A. B. Band"	9:00 to 1:30



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