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On October 10, Memphis saw the largest array of artists ever assembled under one local roof. The occasion was of course Elvis: The Tribute and a lot of stars made the gig. Even if the lineup was mostly second-tier superstars (no Bruce, U2, or Garth — and Michael Jackson just watched) it was exciting to be there and see them all in the flesh. In this issue is another one of our behind the scenes photo essay with backstage snapshots that you won’t find anywhere else.

As I write this, the Big Star reunion just went down at the Daisy. By all accounts the show was a huge success and nearly sold out. Chilton even behaved himself, for the most part. He’s got a new album in the can that should see the light of day early next year. The title of the album (for now, at least) is Shame Spiral.

The Grand Tour —

Here’s a chance to tour a legend’s house while the legend is still living in it. A few months ago, Jerry Lee Lewis and spouse Carrie decided to open their Nesbit, Mississippi home to tourists, in an effort to get the piano pumper’s IRS slate clean. Though they originally planned on shutting down the tours after Halloween, Carrie Lewis reports that they are extending them a few extra weeks. “We’re giving them [house tours] up until Thanksgiving weekend... then we’ll start back up again May 1.”

Some of the items on display in the Lewis household include an extensive collection of gold records, Lewis’ first piano, and assorted piano-shaped gifts from fans around the world. And though the Killer frequently travels, it’s possible that during you might run into Lewis himself. According to a recent Rolling Stone piece, some early bird visitors got a little more than they bargained for — midway through the tour they were greeted with the sight of the Killer himself, bleary-eyed and clad in jammies.

To get to the Lewis house, take I-55 south to the Nesbit Road exit. Upon exiting you’ll be on Pleasant Hill Road. Travel four miles and turn right on Malone Road — you’ll see the Lewis house on the right. The tours are conducted Wednesday through Saturday.
Dear Shake, Rattle & Roll,

After reading your profile on Todd Snider this week, I can only come to one conclusion: You haven’t been to a live show or recording session in the past two years. During this time, some of Todd’s personnel has changed (with the exception of the Joe’s), but the songs have not. Your comments about “My Generation, Part 2” are not only misinformed, but they are just plain wrong. I would suggest to you that this is the way the song has been played for the past year at least. And as for your “electronic tweaking” and “slickness” adjectives, it would seem that a person who writes about music exclusively would know that the difference between the three facets or performances of modern music: 1) live playing, 2) demo recording, and 3) master sessions. Obviously you’re either haven’t matured enough or you simply don’t care what the differences are.

Let me give you a quick lesson in Basic Recording 101. You don’t compare any sounds you hear at a live show to a recording session. At a live show (especially at the Highland clubs) you have to make compromises — at least sonically. And a recording studio is such a carefully controlled environment that you have to emulate the live feeling using obvious technological limitations. Comparing the sounds of instruments over the noise of beer bottles crashing and people talking, eating, screaming, fighting and screwing at live gigs, to a major Nashville session (the most sterile and controlled atmosphere around) is ridiculous. The process of recording is very precise, expensive and time consuming, and to be throwing around an uneducated opinion tells me you should have spent less time in your journalism classes and more time learning about the actual process of recording on basic musical concepts (of which you obviously don’t know shit about)!

Basically what I have gotten out of your article is that you are a journalist who should stick to cut-and-dry reporting and “people” profiles instead of giving the public your uninformed opinion about the sonic differences between live shows played through bad P.A.’s and a recording studio. Stick to your strengths, Mr. Mooney, because ignorance breeds ignorance. Besides, in the great tradition of Beale Street, Stax, Keith Sykes, Tora Tora, John Kilzer and Wendy Moten, the city of Memphis will not settle for any bullshit! Todd and his Memphis born rhythm section is the real deal and so is Songs for the Daily Planet.

Sincerely,
Freddy Jo Castle
Leader of the Shithouse Choir

Sheesh. Another fan (as derived from fanatic) letter. You’d think SR&R did a hatchet job on Snider instead of proudly calling him the next Jimmy Buffett. Basically, what I got out of this letter is that male groupies should stick to cheerleading at concerts, and not attempt to critique an article about their idol.

My reference to “My Generation, Part 2” as the 1994 version of the song was in comparison to the original version, which Snider started performing here as a solo piece (circa 1988-89). I was not telling the reader how Snider played it last week, last month, or last year. And since Songs For The Daily Planet came out this year and not earlier, I see no great sin or error in calling the song the 1994 version.

While I am not an engineer by trade, I have spent a significant amount of time in various recording studios in Memphis. And I actually did take the MSU equivalent of Basic Recording 101 in the not-too distant past. (If you’re keeping score, Freddy, I made a “B”.) It was through my experiences in recording and engineering that I was able to instantly recognize the vocal ‘tweaking’ I wrote about in last month’s article.

As you yourself state, a Nashville recording studio is “the most sterile and controlled atmosphere around.” PRECISELY — and the results of being in that environment occasionally show on Songs From The Daily Planet. Not in any outrageous manner, but it’s there. It has nothing to do with playing live versus playing in a recording session— though I have observed Snider in both environments.

The funny thing is, I had a little internal debate with myself regarding that ‘tweaking’ reference. Not every reader of this magazine has spent a thousand or so hours working in recording studios, so I thought discussing the effects of studio engineering techniques might be above the heads of too many readers. In at least one instance, it’s now obvious that the concern was warranted.

C.P.J. Mooney
By Steve Walker

STEVE’S ANNUAL TURKEY TROT —

As another Thanksgiving comes around on the calendar, it’s time for our third annual roundup of the biggest turkeys of the year. These are the records that met with lower-than-expected sales, dismal chart performances, and general indifference from music fans everywhere. Not necessarily the worst albums of 1994, but surely some of the biggest disappointments.

1. Spin Doctors — Turn It Upside Down. You can almost take your pick about why this one died a quick and quiet death on the charts. Too long of a wait between albums? The band sold out and lost their street credibility? A simple case of the dreaded Sophomore Jinx? Maybe it’s just that the band (and especially this album) was never that good in the first place. Whatever the reason, the Doctors’ second studio album has already spun itself out of Billboard’s Top 200.

2. Motley Crüe — Motley Crüe. While most of the hair-and-spandex metal bands of the 80’s have started to take up permanent residence in the bargain bin of your local record store, a lot of observers thought that if any band could make a successful leap into the 90′s, it would be the Crüe. Guess again. Changing lead singers obviously didn’t help, but it may not have hurt either — after all, Vince Neil’s solo career could use a little cranberry sauce of its own.

3. Public Enemy — Muse Sick-N-Hour Mess Age. This one started out strong, peaking at #14 on the pop chart and #4 on the R&B chart, but immediately started to plummet, quite possibly taking Chuck D’s role as rap’s leading spokesman with it. And Flavor Flav? He probably has a better chance of getting his driver’s license back than he does of scoring another big hit.

4. Boston — Walk On. Rule #1: A band should release albums more often than the country elects presidents. Rule #2: A band should not try to release the same album over and over again, unless they’re AC-DC or the Ramones. Rule #3: Meat Loaf’s comeback was a fluke, no matter what the exes at MCA told Tom Scholz.

5. ZZ Top — Antenna. Guys, if you want to continue making juvenile, sexist records with more electronic gadgets than actual instruments, at least do it right. Become a rap act.


7. Prince — Come. Sure, it debuted in the Top Ten — there will always be enough diehard Prince fans to give anything he decides to put out a strong initial boost. But to drop off the pop charts after a mere four months? No wonder he wants to release two or three albums a year.

8. Sir Mix-A-Lot — Chief Boot Knocka’. Seattle’s great rap hope has turned out to be this year’s Tone Loc. Get ready for the “Baby Got Back” Taco Bell commercials...

9. Arrested Development — Zingalamaduni, Jackyl — Push Comes To Shove. It may be too early to completely write off either of these albums, but at press time, both had completely dropped off the Top 200, only a few months after appearing at Woodstock.

10. Violent Femmes — New Time, The Church — Sometime Anywhere. With the continued success of alternative music, it looked like the time was finally right for these two veteran bands. Unfortunately, modern rock radio now thinks of them as oldie acts (!) and consequently decided to keep right on playing “Blistin In The Sun” and “Under The Milky Way” instead of the new stuff.

The Groove Bookmobile —

I recently made my usual monthly trek to my neighborhood book store, fully intending to pick up Peter Guralnick’s new and highly acclaimed biography of the King, Last Train To Memphis: The Rise Of Elvis Presley. Unfortunately, I never made it that far. After briefly thumbing through the just-released expose Michael Jackson: Unauthorized (maybe next trip), my eyes landed on The New Book Of Rock Lists, a new-and-improved version of Dave Marsh’s 1981 volume, which has always been one heck of a fun read.

This new edition is just as much fun as its predecessor, although Marsh has gotten considerably more political (and cranky) over the years. The book’s title is actually a little misleading; it should actually be The New Book Of Rock And Rap Lists, since there is considerable input from coauthor James Bernard, who is an editor and co-owner of The Source magazine. Sometimes this hip hop perspective borders on overkill — from reading this book, you’d think that N.W.A. was right up there with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in the grand scheme of things.

But then again, the blatant favoritism and questionable opinions are what make the book so entertaining. Want some samples? Harry Connick, Jr., Billy Ray Cyrus and Belinda Carlisle are all included in “21 Rockers, Rappers, and Poppers Who’d Lose to Beavis and Butt-head in a Meeting of the Minds.” Sammy Hagar and Snoop Doggy Dogg top the list of “Rockers Who Should Read Books,” while Elvis Costello and Bruce Springsteen are trotted out for contrast in “Rockers Who Should Read Fewer Books.” (See the book for why.) And Deadheads everywhere will be pleased to know that their heroes check in at #5 on “The 10 Worst Performers Of All Time” — which I guess means they’re worse than The Osmonds and Vanilla Ice, but better than Michael Bolton and Emerson, Lake & Palmer.

There is probably something in here to totally piss off any music fan, but there’s also plenty to keep you laughing as well. And the book is not a total jokefest — there’s actually quite a lot of cool trivia information in here. Want a list of every performer who’s ever performed on Saturday Night Live? How about a list of 30 songs about Elvis? Can’t remember all the Beatles clues that supposedly proved that Paul McCartney was dead? It’s all here.

All in all, a must-have for any decent music library. Maybe the Guralnick book can wait until January.
Trumpet and flugelhorn master Clark Terry has never had a problem combining art and entertainment. Indeed, in some circles, he's been criticized for his on-stage routines that have earned him the nickname of "Mumbles." But no one should assume he's merely an accomplished comic; Terry's range, ideas, sound and technique established him as a prime soloist and creative force early in the '50s; and he's been a huge influence on such players as Miles Davis and Jon Faddis.

The St. Louis born Terry, who’ll be appearing at the New Daisy Theatre Nov. 20, got his start working in local groups as a teen. After a stint in a World War II band alongside alto saxophonist Willie Smith, Terry joined Charlie Barnet’s big band in 1947. He became very proficient in section playing, learning both arranging and the ins and outs of orchestral leadership.

Terry eventually played with the two greatest big bands of all time, Count Basie and Duke Ellington. His ringing solos and fluid style were featured in Basie’s combos, and later became a vital part of many Ellington suites and extended pieces. This led to a series of engagements with Quincy Jones and finally a staff position with NBC. During the '60s and '70s, Terry became well-known nationally from his frequent appearances on The Tonight Show. He'd sometimes engage in banter with Doc Severinsen, and occasionally get a spotlight solo. At the same time, Terry co-led a superb band with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer that explored the territory between swing & bop. There were also recording sessions with pianist Oscar Peterson and trombonist J.J. Johnson. After departing The Tonight Show Orchestra, Terry's artistic chops were seeming reenergized. Besides showcasing his flugelhorn work (he'd begun playing it in the '50s with Ellington), he formed a fine orchestra named The Big B-A-D Band. Unfortunately, a prejudice against large groups then dominated the jazz scene. That limited recording and touring opportunities for the group. But the unit (which included trombonist Janice Robinson, and saxophonists Phil Woods and Ernie Wilkins) still made enough appearances to add another star to Terry's reputation.

His career got an added boost when he signed with Norman Granz's Pablo label in the '70s Granz presented Terry's horn in several settings, and kept Terry's name in front of fickle critics who'd have otherwise forgotten about him.

Though now in his '70s, Terry hasn't greatly trimmed his schedule. He made one of his finest recordings ever in 1988, the joyous Jive At Five, which paired him with bassist/pianist Red Mitchell. He's maintained a recording career into the '90s, having done sessions for Chesky and Delos, cutting both fiery Afro-Latin and Latin jazz dates with alto saxophonist Pacquito D'Rivera, and playing more traditional big band/swing/bop material with tenor and soprano saxophonist Jimmy Heath.

As the jazz world moves away from the obsession with "young lions" that dominated the '80s, wily survivors and seasoned champions like Clark Terry are being "rediscovered." No jazz fans should pass up a chance to hear him.

(Clark Terry will appear Nov. 20 at the New Daisy Theatre. There will be two shows, 7 & 9:30 p.m. Call 725-1528 for ticket prices. This is another World Class Jazz Series production).

— Ron Wynn
between 10 AM and 2 PM, and cost $5 for adults, and $2.50 for children. In other Jerry Lee news, the Killer’s first album in many a moon is currently slated for a February 28 release.

**Update From The Daily Planet —**

Last month’s alright cover guy Todd Snider is slowly getting the word out to the rest of the country; his Songs For The Daily Planet album is already receiving airplay in Seattle, New York City, and Indianapolis among other cities, and he’s recently received good write-ups from Billboard, CMJ, The Gavin Report, and Tower Records’ Pulse magazine.

In other Todd news, Jimmy Buffett’s Margaritaville label (who released the Snider album last month) is reportedly about to sever their ties with parent company MCA and try to find a new distributor. MCA has elected to keep Snider (and Buffett) under their roof, however, so no significant changes are expected in Todd’s deal.

**Beale Street Auction —**

Your chance to get a piece of the late Albert King is coming soon. Early next month there will be an auction of items from the estate of the late bluesman at Gestine’s Gallery on Beale. Some of the items included in the auction include his Gibson Flying V guitars, his five automobiles (ranging from a 1956 Ford Pickup to a 1980 Mercedes Benz), some gold records, and even King’s full length mink coat.

The auction takes place December 2-4. Gestine’s Gallery is located at 156 Beale Street.

**New Releases —**

November isn’t officially Hard Rock month in Memphis, but there’s quite a bit of ear-bleeding metal hitting the streets this month. Former Memphians Blackbone (now Dallas residents) have an album called Homegrown coming out soon; they’re having an album release party at the New Daisy on November 12. Since Still Life were scheduled to have two album release parties at the end of October, their first full length cassette should be in stores now.

Speaking of album release parties, Chosen is milking the concept for all it’s worth with four of ’em. The first was last month at the New Daisy Theatre, and in November there’s a Stage Stop version (November 12), and another at Newby’s (on the 19th). There will also be a Chosen album release party in Little Rock. The album is called the alternative (sic) — an interesting title considering that Chosen’s musical reference point is closer to Judas Priest than Pearl Jam. But then again, with the dominance of grunge in today’s hard rock market, isn’t that a true alternative?

The Oblivians have four unbelievably noisy songs on a vinyl 45 (“Blow Their Cool”) — perfect soundtrack sounds for a low budget slasher flick. The distortion will turn off anyone with even remotely mainstream tastes, but beneath all that fuzz is some pretty cool garage punk with a considerable Iggy & the Stooges flavor to it.

SR&R just picked up new cassettes from a group called Yow (aptly named, since these are trippy tunes to space out to) and Tom’s Bicycle (Natalie Merchant-ish alt-pop). Finally, the folks at Shangri-La Records continued on page 30
THE POWER HOUSE  An alternative act from Haleiwa, Hawaii called Skurp was cutting tracks for an independent label from Hawaii. Steve Hauth engineered while Ron Miller produced. The record is scheduled for a mid-February release. Lacy Steel Music was cutting song demos for publishing. Jon Anderson of Heartbeat Productions produced along with singer/songwriter Dan Linzini. Hauth and Willard Maynard twisted knobs. Joey Boone cut a four-song medley performance track for competition in the Mid South Fair youth talent contest. Congratulations to Joey for walking away with first place! And kudos to Danny Jones for employing his superb engineering skills. And last, but certainly not least, Baker and Associates were in with another load of work for all our starving jingle singers. Sam Shoup cut tracks and produced a jingle for Roanoke Express, a pro hockey team from Roanoke, VA.

MEDLIN STUDIO  The Trust are recording new material for an upcoming independent CD. Bill Huff recorded contemporary Christian material. Also in the studio this month was Gregg Hansen who recorded a reggae song. Jim Medlin produced and engineered the works.

AL'S HARMONIC SALON  Contemporary Christian artist Andrew Jackson returned to work on the Damascus album. Alley Kat and Karen Coleman both completed another song each for their ongoing projects. Alternative bands The Nudge, Glass Tandem and Straight Up Buzz all recorded and mixed material for either demos or future release. Jeff Rust engineered all the above.

ARDENT RECORDING  The Psyclone Rangers are in Studio A tracking their World Domination Records debut with Ian Caple producing and engineering. Jeffrey Reed assisting. In Studio B, John Hampton mixed an upcoming Mercury Records project by Kim Richey. Richard Bennett produced and Matt Martone assisted the mix. Also in B, the Bar-Kays finished mixing their new album for Icehouse, with Brian Smith producing and engineering, Skidd Mills assisting. Punk rock legends All stopped by Studio C to begin tracking their first album for Interscope. Drummer and punk-rock legend in his own right Bill Steverson produced, and Hampton engineered. The Memphis Horns began tracking their next album for Telarc with John Snyder co-producing, Jay Newland co-producing and co-engineering, Michael Bishop co-engineering and Mills assisting. Michael Toles, Steve Potts and Teenie Hedges play on the project, while stellar guest lineup includes Warren Hayes (of the Allman Brothers Band), Bobby Womack, Isaac Hayes, William Bell, and Mavis and Yvonne Staples.

ROCKINGCHAIR STUDIOS  Dynamo Hum returned to track and mix one song. Mark Yoshida engineered and the band produced. Fences cut a six-song demo live. Alan Mullins engineered and the band produced. Three returned to mix one song with Yoshida engineering. The Incidents returned to overdub and mix with Mullins engineering and co-producing with the band. Jeff Ham assisted. Terry Shinall cut and mixed a six-song demo with Mullins engineering. Oxford, Mississippi’s Plow was in to track and mix four songs for label shopping. Mullins engineered the sessions and co-produced with the band. The Memphis Horns were in to record one song for an upcoming holiday album benefiting MIFA. The session featured sidemen Joey Moore on bass, Robert Barnett (of Big Ass Truck) on drums, and Posey Hedges on guitar. Mullins engineered. Hedges is producing the album project, which will also feature Edwin Hubbard and Marvell Thomas (engineered by Yoshida), as well as John and Linda Caplin (engineered by Mullins). Ultra-Push tracked and mixed one song in studio B with Chris Fosdick engineering. Phil Black returned to studio A to continue work for an upcoming CD-ROM from Optical Data Corp. Black produced. Yoshida engineered. Her Majesty’s Buzz tracked and mixed one song in studio B with Greg Roberson co-producing. Yoshida engineered and Jeff Ham assisted.


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NOVEMBER 1994  Shake Rattle & Roll
SOUNDS UNREEL Derrick Lee was busy producing overdubs of Lawrence Tomlinson with the Voices of Binghamton Choir. Dawn Hopkins engineered. Eternity continued work for their upcoming independent CD. Hopkins engineered. Rob Jungklas has been tracking new material with Don Smith producing and engineering. Smith and Danny Umfress have been producing audio for the Liberty Bowl commercial. Smith engineered.

EASLEY RECORDING Out this month from Easley Recording sessions include Come’s CD entitled Don’t Ask Don’t Tell on Matador Records and Silver Jews’ CD Starlite Walker featuring David Berman and the majority of Pavement on Drag City. In the studio Latimer from Philadelphia were in recording for World Domination. The CD was produced by former Gang of Four member Dave Allen. Doug Easley and Davis McCain engineered. Gina Wilde from Houston recorded seven cuts for an upcoming release. Helping on guitar was Mark “Snake Hip” Harrison. Muthas Day Out singer Mikal Moorehead came in with a new band cutting demos for shopping. Singer songwriter Mike Smith cut 10 songs for interested parties. Lorette Velvette finished her next CD for Veracity Music. The Grifters recorded for two compilation records right before their second European tour. The Oblivians finished up a full length release for Crypt Records. Shelby Bryant cut one song for shopping.

DELTA SOUND Cazearei is completing his self-produced album project. Sonny Burgess of Sun Rhythm Section fame is cutting for upcoming release. Bill Haney continues to record and songwriter J.J. McClendon is recording new material. A very busy Ken Laxton has been co-producing and engineering everything.

MILEEDGE RECORDING STUDIO The Sensational Southern Nightingales are finishing a self-produced album project. Reverend Charles Miller and Purpose are also completing their album project. Warren Honeycutt recorded four demos for shopping. BCD, a R&B rap band finished tracking for their album project. Mike Elledge jiggled the knobs on everything.


ARP PRODUCTIONS Terry Tate began recording an LP entitled Sand, Cazearei co-produced with Tate and also engineered. George Howard is working on a self-produced gospel project. Cazearei is mixing. Jamie James and J.D. Dylan are cutting new country with Cazearei producing and engineering.

THE WOODSHED “Jingle Bells” was recorded for a MIFA benefit project that Posey Hedges is producing. Keith Sykes engineered. Kenny Evans cut songwriter demos with Sykes producing and engineering. Also in the studio was blues artist Larry McCray. Producing the project was Warren Haynes of Allman Brothers fame. Sykes engineered.
He's back! With the runaway blockbuster success of *Pulp Fiction*, actor John Travolta is back on top. In this Quentin Tarantino-directed thriller, Travolta has his meatiest role in decades playing a heroin-shooting hit man. What few people know, though, is this Travolta’s second shot at portraying a hired gun, the first time being in Robert Altman’s adaptation of Harold Pinter’s play *The Dumb Waiter*. That 1986 made-for-TV movie went largely unnoticed at the time, but is available today on videocassette, along with 16 other films that John Travolta has appeared in. In fact, given the resurgence of interest in the actor, this seems like as good a time as any to examine his film career.

Any discussion of John Travolta’s cinema résumé has to begin with *Saturday Night Fever*. This 1977 movie defined the hedonism of the disco life-style, and made Travolta’s stock vault from popular young actor to cultural icon.

But the young idol-to-be appeared in three movies before the *Fever* explosion, and all are still available on video. Unfortunately, if you rent Travolta’s film debut, the 1975 Satanism thriller *Devil’s Rain*, you’ll be hard pressed to find him. Travolta appearances are so minimal that you could be excused for not recognizing him. Travolta portrays a non-speaking one, camouflaged under cult robes. In 1976’s *Carrie*, Travolta plays the dense school student who dumps the bucket of blood on Sissy Spacek, triggering her psychic rampage. It was an R-rated extension of the role he had just stepped into on television, portraying Vinnie Barbarino, one of the Sweathogs in *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

It was the small screen that gave Travolta his first starring role, playing the lead in the 1976 television movie *The Boy in The Plastic Bubble*. Portraying a teenager trapped in a sterilized environment (due to a defective immune system), Travolta’s performance in this 1976 drama holds up fairly well today.

It’s been almost twenty years since Travolta first put on that black and white leisure suit, but *Saturday Night Fever* is still a great movie to watch. But I defy any human being to watch the film’s opening sequence — featuring the actor’s walking rump in a pair of ridiculously tight pants — without busting a gut. Disco may make a comeback, but I doubt polyester ever will.

Travolta’s portrayal of a fast dancing Brooklyn bad boy feeling the strain of a dead end urban life-style was an unqualified bullseye. For better or worse it has been the defining role of Travolta’s career, even to the point of affecting audiences’ perception of him in other roles.

After *Saturday Night Fever* in 1977 came 1978’s *Grease*, which solidified John Travolta’s stature as a top box office draw. A silly but pleasant excursion, *Grease* is one of the bestselling movie musicals of all time. The role wasn’t exactly a stretch for Travolta. His character is little more than the *Kotter* and *Fever* roles distilled for a *Happy Days* style ’50s musical. If you like ‘em like light and fluffy, then perhaps *Grease* will be your cup of tea.

Not long after his two biggest films came John Travolta’s biggest bust — the execrable stinkbomb *Moment by Moment*. His leading lady in this disastrous romance was Lily Tomlin (!). Although *Moment* was not intentionally a comedy, it certainly is a riot watching Travolta fumble through his role as a sexually inexperienced youth, so soon after playing the stud in *Fever* and *Grease*. Tomlin’s performance is ghastly. Mercifully, the video version of this film is no longer in circulation.

With 1980’s *Urban Cowboy*, the Travolta credibility began a downhill slide. It’s the Elvis movie the King never made. If you couldn’t quite accept Travolta as a virgin in *Moment*, you sure weren’t about to swallow the Brooklyn disco king cast as a good ol’ boy riding mechanical bulls in a Texas honky tonk. *Urban Cowboy* received a critical drubbing, but was financially successful. But then again, so was *Cannonball Run II*.

Travolta’s next project, *Blow Out*, shows the actor’s career in a holding pattern. In this 1981 thriller Travolta plays a B-movie soundman who accidently records the assassination of a presidential candidate. His performance in this suspense-laden thriller is solid, but the movie itself is a disappointment. It aims for dark and moody, but ends up murky. The film did poorly, and it looked like John Travolta’s fifteen minutes of fame were just about up.

So what to do when a once huge career looks like it’s in the death throes? Apply a quick dose of CPR via a sequel! *Saturday Night Fever* gets pecs and meets *A Chorus Line* in 1982’s *Staying Alive*. In this huge misfire of a movie, Travolta’s character has left Brooklyn to seek his big break as a dancer in a Broadway musical. His physique is buffed to the max, but everything else about this movie is flabby, flaccid, and forgettable. This practically useless sequel was directed by Sylvester Stallone (who had just successfully updated his most famous persona via *Rocky III*), who makes a Hitchcockian cameo early in the film.

Critics heaped more scorn on Travolta for his next two films, 1983’s *Two Of A Kind* and 1985’s *Perfect*; both were deemed virtually unwatchable. And to be fair, these flicks contain more than a few insipid elements, but no more than, say, *Grease* did. In retrospect, astute viewers will spot marked improvement in Travolta’s acting outside of the tough/cool guy persona, and there’s also noticeable on-screen chemistry between Travolta and his respective leading ladies (Olivia Newton-John in the earlier film, and Jamie Lee Curtis in *Perfect*). *Perfect* is the better of the two: Travolta turns in a believable performance as an ambitious *Rolling Stone* reporter studying the health club craze. I place both these movies in the stupid-but-likeable category, but before renting, bear in mind that most critics found them only stupid.

Put in the same dumb-but-amusing category *The Experts*. Travolta and co-star Arye Gross play two New York con artists hired to update an old-fashioned, small town nightclub. Little do they know that the town is full of KGB spies. This 1989 film caused nary a blip on the box office radar, but did give Travolta a chance to update his dance moves with on screen co-star (and future off-screen wife) Kelly Preston.

Freak luck in the form of the *Look Who’s Talking* series rescued Travolta from the Hollywood Tar Pits. Largely centered around a ‘talking baby’ gimmick, these three films feature Travolta, Kirstie Alley, and Bruce Willis as the voice of the baby. The 1989 original grossed over a 100 million dollars, and spawned two sequels; *Look Who’s Talking Too* (more talking babies) in 1990, and last year’s *Look Who’s Talking Now* (talking dogs, too). The first is the best of the series, but all have their humorous (if somewhat bland) moments.

Continued on next page
The high and low points of my concert adventures last month both occurred within a 48 hour period. The pinnacle was seeing the great Emmylou Harris perform with a top-notch backup band at Sam’s Town on Friday, October 14. The pits was Saturday night, when I found myself inside the Pyramid staring at the bare butt of Jackyl drummer Chris Worley. Talk about your roller coaster rides.

The only unpleasant part of the Emmylou Harris show was getting to Tunica. Taking a Friday evening drive through the highway of Death (that’s 61 for you out-of-towners) is horrendously slow. We missed about a half hour of the show. But when we got there, Emmylou and the Nash Ramblers were more than warmed up — they were smokin’! I have never seen a group of guys have so much fun performing together. Supposedly this was only the second show they had played together in ages, the first being the night before. They had already worked out any musical kinks.

The Nash Ramblers, in case you don’t know, are the to-die-for support band. Each player is a successful solo artist (or studio musician) in constant demand. They have appeared throughout the years on shows such as Austin City Limits, and have credits on countless albums dating as far back as Gram Parsons’ heyday.

Sam Bush was on the fiddle and mandolin, and definitely lived up to his reputation as the best in the world. To steal a phrase from Beavis and Butthead — this dude rocks! The upright bassist (his name escapes me) was the newest addition to Emmylou’s lineup, but he thumped like he was from the old school. The combination of musicians was sheer magic. And Harris (and her voice) has not aged over the years, but matured. Like some real fine wine. Normally the shows at Sam’s Town are one hour to the minute but these guys (and gal) played past the curfew until they were good and ready to stop. Ms. Harris remarkable vocals and flawless performance left me feeling lifted, forgetting all the obstacles of the past work week.

The next night, ZZ Top and opening act Jackyl came to town and took over the Pyramid. They could have called this package “The 1994 Sexual Exploitation Tour,” though it was more stupid than offensive. Especially the abrasive hard rock antics of Jackyl.

The focus of Jackyl’s stage presence was their penises. Most rap concerts don’t have this kind of crotch grabbing. -the entire band seem to have a thing for fondling their own body parts And doing an awful lot of bragging about them. At one point in the show, a couple of middle-aged ladies in the first row gave Dupree a rose. How sweet. They probably caught him in Playgirl or mistook him for a Chippendale man. But Jesse didn’t dance or act seductive, he offered to ‘take care’ of both ladies, and save their significant others the chore — in exchange for a couple cases of beer. Boy, what a smooth stud. Dupree also brought out a chainsaw, and compared it to his ‘little Jesse.’

If that didn’t impress you, Dupree also did manly things like ride a mechanical bull, and chainsaw a stool in half. Can you say ‘redneck’, boys and girls?

The drummer had his own unique contribution as well: so proud was he of his tight little butt that he took his pants off, and played part of the show in his bikini briefs. Upon leaving the stage, he mooned us.

Their music? I haven’t a clue — Jackyl was so loud and distorted that I can now file a hearing-loss lawsuit.

After Jackyl was done playing with themselves, I was tempted to just leave. My ears really were killing me. But I wanted to see the “new-improved-back-to-the-basics” ZZ Top Antenna tour. Hmm. At least they would probably have a cool stage set, right?

Yes, the stage was bitchin’. The design featured a giant old-timey radio with broadcast tower lights that sizzled and popped. The Texas trio slammed through most of their greatest hits, and force-fed us songs from the dreary new album as well.

After sitting through the entire show I still wonder what ZZ Top really sounds like these days. They had gadgets and gizmos to make everything sound bigger than a sonic boom box. Granted, the vocals were a little more natural than previous tours, but nothing backed up all their nonsense hype about getting back to the basics. Somehow, the blues don’t really seem right when they are flanged, compressed, and otherwise sonically skewed. What saved the show for some was the half-dozen or so dancing girls, (a.k.a. strippers), that performed with them.

They had someone for everyone up there - from Texas-sized hooters to terrifically toned buns. The girls made appearances about every three or four songs, just long enough to make sure ZZ Top could still get it up. The crowd’s interest, that is. And it did seem to work.

But it is a shame that a “little ole band from Texas” has to pull out all these tricks and gadgets to make it through a show, rather than just get up there with a couple of amps and do what they used to.

— Betty Ginsberg
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JIM MEDLIN
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What would you get if you crossed blues harmonica and piano, a classical string quartet, African percussion, and folk vocals?

The latest show on WEVL? No, although that's a good guess. It's the latest venture from pioneer white-boy-bluesman Corky Siegel.

Blues/rock veterans will recognize Siegel's name from the mid-to-late 1960s, when the Siegel-Schwall band was one of a handful of bands to repeat Elvis' crowning achievement of taking black popular music to young white audiences. Although their early efforts seem crude and overstated (compared to the classic Chess sides), the Siegel-Schwall band carried enough Chicago blues oomph to still warrant a turn on the platter every once in a while.

At any rate, Corky Siegel's Chamber Blues is Siegel's effort to combine what he calls "two of the most important and influential music forms in the world," and strangely enough it succeeds. The combination of classically influenced strings with blues piano and harmonica clicks. While I could do without the folky vocals and the tabla percussion, this CD has proven surprisingly resilient, long overstaying the usual novelty CD's half life in my "frequently played" pile. A bit reminiscent of The Greene String Quartet's jazz influenced The String Machine, or the Turtle Island Quartet, Chamber Blues falls into an as-yet-undefined genre, although there's plenty here for open-minded jazz and blues fans. Fair warning is issued to classical blue-bloods, however — far too soulful for purists.

Ronnie Earl & The Broadcasters also visit the jazz fringe at times on their new album, Language of The Soul. Liner notes describe his approach to the (mostly) instrumental album as layering jazz and blues on "something indescribable," but a more accurate description would be that Earl has recorded a fine album of laid back blues guitar, and obviously spent a lot of time listening to jazz guitar while he did it. No barroom crooners here, and few pyrotechnics. The album mainly strives to create a late-night FM radio mood, and succeeds wholeheartedly.

Last month I ranted and raved about Michelle Wilson's horn section on her new Evil Gal Blues album, but hinted that perhaps her band was a step or two further down the road than she was. Well, Bullseye was apparently using the Evil Gal as a warm up act for the Johnny Nocturne Band. Like Evil Gal, Johnny Nocturne features full horn section, stand-up bass, blues guitar, and a repertoire of influence pulled from late '40s jump blues and boogie-woogie. That alone is enough to rank them right up there on the "I need this CD"
scale, but vocalist Brenda Boykin and tenor saxman John Firmin push this CD a full step above the quickie jump blues releases that are appearing on shelves at a store near you.

I never met a New Orleans brass band CD I didn’t like, so my recommendation of the ReBirth Brass Band’s latest may seem a bit empty, but what’s not to like about Rollin’? It’s all here: syncopation, energy, funk, and soul.

Similarly, given that Charlie Musselwhite is arguably the greatest living blues harmonica player, you’d expect an album entitled The Harmonica According To Charlie Musselwhite to be great, right? Well, it lives up to and exceeds its promise. Marketed as a master class for blues harp players, the CD showcases Musselwhite in a variety of blues genres ranging from 12 bar Chicago, to Delta, to Piedmont blues. Perhaps most impressive, however is Charlie’s venture into Latin folk, with an original piece played in fourth position. The CD’s one shortcoming, surprisingly, is Musselwhite’s use of an overblown tube amp for most of the session. Musselwhite typically plays and records sans amp, and while the ragged tone is a nice touch at times, Musselwhite’s un-amped tone is far superior. Blue fans in general will enjoy the CD (no narrative “how-to” or anything like that), but this really is a must-have for harp players and budding harpists.

Bullseye and Daring Records have released Christmas albums of note. Christmas wouldn’t count without Elvis and Charles Brown, so Bullseye has obligingly released Charles Brown’s Cool Christmas Blues. If you’re not already familiar with the smoothest crooner on record, you’ll owe it to yourself to track this one down just to hear Brown’s piano and vocals. Daring’s Butch Thompson: Yulestrude, features Thompson’s solo piano versions of 17 traditional carols done straight enough to satisfy your overly proper great aunt Gertrude, but with enough jazz and rag soul injected to make you pull this out next spring and give it another listen. Both very highly recommended.

I owe an apology to the Blues Foundation for identifying their event October 8 & 9 as the National Amateur Blues Talent Competition. The event should properly be referred to as the National Blues Talent Competition. This year’s winners, The Hardway Connection from Washington, DC, were impressive enough to be invited into the studio immediately following the competition, and landed at least one festival booking in addition to the prizes offered by the Blues Foundation. An eight piece R&B/blues group, the Hardway Connection is the first band in memory to incorporate the synchronized pelvic thrust into their repertoire, breaking new ground for the event.

Kudos to a devoted production staff that once again pulled off a class event despite a series of financial and organizational hurdles.

— B.B. Bean
Backstage at ELVIS:

Uh, isn't that Roseanne? Nope, just Ann Wilson from Heart!

Above:
Elvis' former back-up singers The Sweet Inspirations

Right:
Dwight Yoakum strikes a pose.

Left:
Bryan Adams
The Tribute

One Reporter’s Story

Did you make the Elvis gig at the Pyramid last month? Did you make the rent too? With ticket prices ranging from $60.00 to well over $500.00, if you did both then I want your phone number.

I never much cared for Elvis. Well, at least not the Veggie Vegas version that all want to impersonate. I don’t much like Priscilla either, because of what she has done to her hair. Lisa Marie works much better as an airhead than as an airplane. And as for her newer half, Michael Jackson… well, more about him later.

But, regardless of how I felt about the Royal Family of rock, I had my assignment: to attend and somehow interview the scads of celebrities participating in the Elvis Tribute concert. My ace in the hole to accomplish this was a friend from California, a gentleman fairly high up in the Scoop Marketing organization that helped organize the Elvis Tribute. When I asked him for press passes he willingly obliged.

Alas, mere press passes didn’t cut it. When you’re a reporter standing less than four feet tall, being crushed by a stampeding horde of journalists is a very real concern. I wanted some all-access staff passes, the ones with the orange label. I didn’t get them. So I made my own - thanks to a little ingenuity and a few minutes at Kinko’s.

They were perfect frauds. Unimpeachable replications that worked flawlessly — until I was busted by the very same person who got me a pass in the first place. Whoops.

I called for leniency, but my forgery was torn up and I was dispatched from the private area I had penetrated. We returned to our seats, relegated to do the tourist thing.

But then I thought up a backup plan. A beautiful, blue eyed backup plan named Rachel. My date. Somehow, I guess, Elvis was with me. I could hear the King whisper in my ear. “She’s beautiful boy… very beautiful. Are you gonna give up so easy? Well are you?”

I looked at Rachel and said, “We are going back.” We did and the walls of Graceland just came tumbling down. Partial access would suffice — in the backstage free for all, I was able to attract the attention of performers making the trek between from the stage to
"It's okay to flip off a Buick.
Even a Cadillac,
one in awhile.
But dammit...
don't ever flip off
a big ass truck.
He will catch you,
then he will kill you."
— Chris Ellis

Point well taken, especially if you're in this part of the country. It remains incumbent then, for one to surrender the stiff middle finger and to raise instead hoist a clenched right fist in salute of the latest Big Ass Truck. You can't drive it and you gotta plug it in, but it don't need no gas. Best of all it doesn't come from Detroit, Osaka, or even Smyrna. It comes from Memphis.

This Big Ass Truck isn't about automotive machismo—it's a band. And though the name suggests some form of crazed redneck boogie, that's not what they're about. Stylistically, it's hard to pin a label on them, because Big Ass Truck is actually a collage of sounds. All of them rooted in a strong undercurrent of funk. Kind of a Kiss-meets-the-Untouchables, Al Green, and the Fine Young Cannibals to eat the Village People-type confluence. Does that clarify things?

Drummer Robert Barnett has a simpler way of describing his group's sound. "We are a soul, blues, [and] funk band," he offers. "I listen to everything possible, and we get a lot of our ideas together when we are practicing and even when we are setting up for a gig."

Indeed. The proof is in the platter—Big Ass Truck's self-titled, debut album.

Bend an ear towards "I'm A Ram," which sports some fiery, Hendrix-like leads layered over a soul groove echoing the Hi records sound (and if you listen closely, you'll hear the sampled voice of the Rev. Al Green himself). Or listen to "Sharin' The Sherbert" The song begins as kind of a hillbilly country parody, then takes a sharp left into sort of Afro-Caribbean chanting. But in a pop vein. And if you ever pop in on a Big Ass Truck gig, you might hear the group charge through their buzzsaw punk version of the Rolling Stones "As Tears Go By." It's a heady mix.

One of the strongest club draws in town, Big Ass Truck is leaving a different brand of tread mark on the dance floors of 616, the Antenna, and Automatic Slim's. With sights aloft the band is also garnering favorable notices in a bundle of other pueblos across this region.

Since the group started (in January of 1993), Big Ass Truck has basically maintained their original lineup. Alex Greene, Joe Boone, Robby Grant, Robert Barnett. Colin Butler and Steve Selvidge joined at the oh-so-very hip to make some big ass noise. Chris Parker is the newest member, recently enlisted to navigate the keyboards.

According to 21-year-old lead guitarist Steve Selvidge, the group is a democratic organization. "There are no leaders," he explains "We are all in this together."

Caught while earning his daily bread at Rod and Hank's vintage guitar shop, Selvidge had a few words to say about the Big Ass experience. Sitting cross legged on a small amplifier amidst an arsenal of rare Gibson, Fender and Guild acoustic and electric guitars, Selvidge is shy and somewhat self-effacing.

But readily, he admits, the band's name came to him on a whim. "We just needed a name for a temporary band. When the band became more definite, we kept it."

The group made swift progress on the Memphis alternative scene, garnering a reputation as a hot new group with a unique blend of influences. In addition to more current sources—such as turntable scratching and sampling—Big Ass Truck's new CD is tinted with the color of music that had come and gone years before Selvidge was even a capo in his daddy Sid's eyes.

The astonishing thing is that where abstract youth might serve as a disadvantage when endeavoring to accurately interpret these influences, Big Ass Truck at times emerges as a stylishly insightful anachronism. Almost as if the band has time traveled to faithfully recount an era in Memphis music that simply doesn't exist anymore.

"Everybody in the band is definitely into the music that has come out of here," Selvidge says. "Especially the Stax stuff. I think what sets us a part, if anything, is that our music has much more of a Memphis slant to it than a lot of the other working bands around town."

Like an increasing number of young bands, Big Ass Truck decided not to wait for a record label to take notice of their talents. The group chose to issue their own product. Last year they released a vinyl ep, and decided to follow it up with a full length album in 1994.

It was recorded in spurts, constructed piece by piece—the earliest sessions held as far back as May of 1993. Four songs were recorded a couple of months later, inside a Senatobia, Mississippi recording facility. The final 'official' song on the release (on the end of the CD version at least, there are three unnamed songs) "Live From The Intifada Lounge," was taken from an Antenna club performance this past March.
Though truly a D.I.Y. affair, the band admits they had a little help pulling it all together. When asked about project financing, Selvidge is guarded.

"We did it with a friend of ours."

"A silent partner?"

"Yeah, sort of. Really we all put up some money to get it done. Everybody pitched in. We also got a couple of other people in to help us sell it."

The CD sounds fairly well organized, if not exactly slick. Selvidge reacts quite nonchalantly to the bits and pieces schematic that ultimately resulted in a secure and tight piece of work.

"We are real happy with the way it turned out. It definitely doesn't look or sound thrown together, and that was something we were all concerned about."

"We also had some good breaks as far as the recording goes. The bulk of the work was done at Sam Phillip's studio, adds Selvidge, "but we had help from others too like Awesome Blossom Studios in Senatobia and Ardent."

Big Ass Truck is establishing a reputation for their volcanic live shows. The energy generated during a performance would be hard to translate in a recording process. Capturing that essence in the studio is always difficult.

"The songs we recorded live," Barnett offers, "just like a show where we set up and played were “Dashboard” and “I'm A Ram.” The other ones only had a few minor overdubs, like the vocals. But everything else was pretty much first take."

1,000 copies of the CD were pressed, and are selling at a fairly swift rate. Fast enough to warrant another pressing.

The route Big Ass Truck is taking to reach its goals is the same taken by many other young modern rock bands. But where many of these Gen X rockers are propelled by an exaggerated sense of anxiety and despair, Big Ass Truck takes a turn.

"We are basically of the mind that there are enough people out there whining about things going on,” Selvidge explains, “and none of us are moved to write anything about that. What comes out with us is what feels best. If it happens to be something issue oriented then we'd probably do it. It just never comes up.”

"A couple of us are just slightly angst ridden.” Barnett concurs, laughing. "But we don't like it to come through the music too much because we would rather just have fun.”

If not issue-oriented, then Selvidge is vocal about support problems endured by Memphian musicians and Memphian music. "I wish the city would support Memphian music in more efficient ways. Stop trying to worry so much about Elvis or the blues. They are vital but there is a whole lot more to it.

"Like I think the city really turned it's back on Stax when it went down. You would think it would be better for the city with more going on.”

But Big Ass Truck is not deterred. A second album is in the planning stages, and the group continues to hit the stage on a regular basis; outside as well as within the city limits. Recently, the band performed in New York City for the prestigious and highly competitive New Music Seminar. "We just sent our CD and we got invited,” Selvidge remembers. Amazing!"

Barnett, too, is anything but complacent about their Big Apple experience. “There was just an overwhelming sense of life teeming around us. I think we did really well, especially when you consider the time slot we played, at 1:00 in the morning. But we got to play on the same bill with Dionne Ferris of Arrested Development. She was really good. It was just a great time.”

Whether verb or noun, automatic or standard Big Ass Truck is truly big audio dynamite. Check them out. You'll flip and then they will kill you.

— Eugene Pigeon
Morris Cummings, 39, has got an idea. It is right in his own backyard. The concept is to take an old Ford flatbed utility truck and convert it into a mobile stage.

Something he and his band can use to transport musical equipment from town to town. They could set up, plug in, play and then leave without any problems. The project was progressing nicely and was almost completed. Then Cummings ran out of money.

Piece by piece and nut by nut Cummings was assembling this idea and by himself. What would be a massive undertaking for anybody else is a mere "screw in the bucket" for him. He knew just how he wanted it to look. He could see just how it was going to work. Which is interesting because Morris Cummings is blind.

Blind Mississippi Morris, as he is known by friends and colleagues, is a blues harpman with an impressive genealogy. He forged his chops with cousins Robert and Mary Diggs leaders of the famed "Mississippi Sheiks."

Sitting in the ante room of Ardent Studios, Morris is cloaked regally, in a black/grey suit on his shoulder in a worn leather holster are an assortment chrome harmonicas used to literally "blow" people away.

"When I first started playing around Memphis," he recalls, "it was with Uncle Ben at Blues Alley downtown. I sat in with Ma Rainey and Big Sam... all of them." In 1979, Morris even played with Muddy Waters on the Mid-America Mall.

From cotton row to easy street is a long hard ride. And it might be just around the corner, but Morris isn’t quite there yet, although, his career could take off real soon. According to Morris, the new Memphis label Icehouse, (a division of the Select-O-Hits organization) has dropped a few lures in his pond. Nobody has bitten on either side, but it is only a matter of time and of what comes first: the hook or the dotted line.

Recently, Morris and his band aides, Brad Webb and Danny Cochran polished off a pre-production demo at Webb’s studio in Raleigh. The tunes are all original and run a gamut of blues moods illustrating Morris Cummings’s unique style and feel. It’s a diverse mixture of authentic Delta blues and Chicago sounds.

“Chicago blues is the Delta blues,” Morris charges with authority. “Chicago is where everybody from the delta went. To get a job and to get paid for a change. People come up from the delta and mixed with the musicians there. Then they would come up with a groove. This might create a delta style, an upbeat style or even a jazz style. The styles collide together and you get your own sound.”

Reasons some of the great delta blues men migrated to Chicago and other northern points were for those considerably more important than economics. Race relations in the south were and, to some degree, still are out of balance. As a black artist from Clarksdale, Mississippi, Morris has experienced his unfair share. “My life has been hard since I was born.” He is honest and open but doesn’t whine.

“Because I was blind, I was taken away from my family and put in an institution when I was only four years old. It was kind of like being in the military. My whole life was ordered. I only got to be with my family two or three times a year, and I was there for 10 years.”

During this period, Morris established a few

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SATURDAY, NOV. 5

616 - The Judybats / Liquid Paper Boys (r)
ANTENNA CLUB - Randolph Boots (r)
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Smokin' Joe Kubek Band (bl)
BARRISTERS - Section Three (r)
BOTTOM LINE - The King Trio (ac)
BULL AND BEAR - Memphis Matt (r)
COCKEYED CAMEL - Faces With Shoes (bl)
CRAZY LARRY'S PUB - Thunder Bay (r)
HASTING'S PLACE - Keith Sykes (r)
HIGHPOINT PINCH - Jesse Brownfield Band (r)
JAVA CABANA - The Four Zozas (ac)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Lee Milo & Tianan (r)
KUDZUS - The Campfire Boys (c)
MIDWAY CAFE - Absolute (r)
NEIL'S - Foolish Pleasure (r)
NEWBYS - Dream Factory Benefit with High Noon (r)
NEW DAISY THEATRE - The Mighty Mighty Bosstones (r)
PARTNERS - Made In Memphis (r)
PATRICK'S - The Fabulous Steeler Band (r)
PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford) - The Velveteens (c)
RP TRACKS - Lance Strode (c)
RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Boogie Blues Band with James Govan (bl)
SLEEP OUT LOUIES - Armed Voices (p)
T.G.S - Fine Line (c)
T.J. MULLIGAN'S - The Trust (ac)
THE ATTIC - Gemini Clans / Jiff and the Chosy Mothers (r)
THE COFFEE CELLAR - David Benton (ac)
UP THE STREET - The Windows (r)
WILLIE MOFFATT'S (Mt. Moriah) - Misbehavin (r)

The Judybats perform at 616 on Saturday, November 5 with the Liquid Paper Boys opening.

RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Eddie Harrison & The ShortKuts (rb)
MONDAY, NOV. 7

B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Little Jimmy King (bl)
MURPHY'S - Mark Harriman (ac)
RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Eddie Harrison & The ShortKuts (rb)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - University of Memphis Percussion Ensemble

TUESDAY, NOV. 8

CIRCLE CAFE - The Bluebeats (rb)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Communication and Fine Arts Bldg.) - University of Memphis Percussion Ensemble

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9

616 - Second Hand Rose (r)
BARRISTERS - Palace Brothers / Just Gians with Recreation (r)
BLUES CITY CAFE - Blind Mississippi Morris & The Pocket Rockets (bl)
CIRCLE CAFE - The Memphis Knights (r)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Ho-Hum (r)
LAFAYETTE'S (Oxford) - Law of Nature (r)
PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford) - The Dirty Dozen Brass Band (r)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - University of Memphis Jazz Combos

THURSDAY, NOV. 10

BARRISTERS - Red Five / Cop Out (r)
BLUES CITY CAFE - The Dirty Dozen Brass Band (bl)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Torpedos / Blangerz (r)
LAFAYETTE'S (Oxford) - Cowboy Mouth (r)
PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford) - The Urban Shake Dancers (r)

UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - University of Memphis Faculty Jazz Ensemble

FRIDAY, NOV. 11

616 - Fluorescent Butt Jam / Monster Box (r)
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Ruby Wilson & The King Bs (bl)
BARRISTERS - Phantom Five / '58 Del Rays (r)
BULL AND BEAR - Kevin Paige (r)
COCKEYED CAMEL - Three Way (r)
DAILY PLANET - The Jack Trippers (r)
HASTING'S PLACE - Entourage (r)

Miroir Garden will make their Memphis debut at Barristers on Friday, November 13. Ceramic Gas Log will open the show.
significant friendships with classmates who were blind and who were musicians. “A lot of my buddies from there are playing music now. Thomas C. Carter, I went to school with him. The Carter Boys play all over Mississippi. They are blind guys too. Dwight T. Ross is one of ’em — he’s even got his own studio.”

“I’m life has been hard since I was born.”

Inside Morris Cummings is an entire lexicon of musical influences, everyone from Robert Johnson to Willie Dixon. But he admits his greatest inspiration is a relative. “My aunt Mary Tanner, was the best harmonica player I ever heard. I used to stay with her when I came to Memphis.

“She lived right over there in the LeMoyne Garden. When she got older, before she died, she didn’t have much time for me. She started playing in church, with the “Harps of Melody.” She was a chromatic player... the best I ever heard.”

Family figures prominently when the bluesman reveals his career goals. When asked what he would like to do with it all he responds candidly, “I would like to reach the max of superstardom, and to get some real recognition. To help my family who raised me up.” Blind Mississippi Morris. He may have lost his sight, but he will never lose his vision.

— Eugene Pigeon

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Between The Tracks

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<tr>
<td>616 - Six Million Dollar Band (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARRISTERS</td>
<td>Moonshine Willy (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CIRCLE CAFE</td>
<td>Good Question (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>JUANITA'S</td>
<td>(Little Rock) - Arkansas Musician's Showcase (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEIL'S</td>
<td>The Hounds (bl)</td>
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<tr>
<td>ROBINSON CENTER</td>
<td>(Little Rock) - Jazz Explosion (l)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THURSDAY, NOV. 17</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>BARRISTERS</td>
<td>Neckbones/Oblivians (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CIRCLE CAFE</td>
<td>Reliance (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>HIGHPOINT PINCH</td>
<td>Fred Wither (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>JUANITA'S</td>
<td>(Little Rock) - Trout Fishing In America / The Floating Men (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>OASIS</td>
<td>Two Faces / Crash Into June (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford)</td>
<td>The Grounders (r)</td>
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<td>THE ATTIC</td>
<td>Gemini Clan / Jiff and the Choosy Mothers (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium)</td>
<td>Sound Fuzion</td>
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<td><strong>FRIDAY, NOV. 18</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>616 - Fishbone (r)</td>
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<td>78 OVERTON</td>
<td>Zeno &amp; The Skydogs (rb)</td>
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<tr>
<td>AUDITORIUM NORTH HALL</td>
<td>Memphis Symphony's Family and Masterworks Series</td>
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<tr>
<td>B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB</td>
<td>Skeeter Brandon with Highway 51 (bl)</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARRISTERS</td>
<td>Mirror Garden / Ceramic Gas Log (a)</td>
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<tr>
<td>BLUES CITY CAFE</td>
<td>Gravy (bl)</td>
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<tr>
<td>RUM BOOGIE CAFE</td>
<td>Boogie Blues Band with James Govan (bl)</td>
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<tr>
<td>SPORTS BAR &amp; GRILL</td>
<td>Gypsy Rose (r)</td>
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<td>THE ATTIC</td>
<td>The Attic Version / Jiff and the Choosy Mothers (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium)</td>
<td>Piano Studio: Students of Joan Gilbert</td>
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<td>UP THE STREET</td>
<td>The Rolling Stones / Bryan Adams (r)</td>
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<td><strong>SATURDAY, NOV. 12</strong></td>
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<td>616 - Eric Gales (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB</td>
<td>Ruby Wilson &amp; the King B's (bl)</td>
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<tr>
<td>BARRISTERS</td>
<td>Moonshine Willy (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>COCKEYED CAMEL</td>
<td>Back Stage Pass (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CRAZY LARRY'S PUB</td>
<td>Holy Moses (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>DAILY PLANET</td>
<td>The Love Handles (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>HASTING'S PLACE</td>
<td>Armed Voices (p)</td>
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<td>JUSTIN'S BAR &amp; GRILL</td>
<td>Sateline (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>KUZU'S</td>
<td>Gregg Hansen and the American Reggae Band (rg)</td>
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<tr>
<td>MIDWAY CAFE</td>
<td>The Blue Channel Cats (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEIL'S</td>
<td>The Radio Kings (r)</td>
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<td>NEWBY'S</td>
<td>The Great Indoorsmen (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>NEW DAISY THEATRE</td>
<td>Blackbone / Screaming Jesus / Stoned At The Moment / Back Alley Grind (r)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OASIS</td>
<td>Three (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>PARTNER'S</td>
<td>The Belle Curves (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td>PATRICK'S</td>
<td>Reba &amp; The Russells with Jack Holder (rb)</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford)</td>
<td>Stone Gas Band (r)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>MODERNMUSICREPORT</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

1. MINNESOTA - “Without You”
2. THE WATERLILIES - “Tempted”
3. MO-DO - “Eins, Zwei, Polezel”
4. CAPPELLA - “Move On Baby”
5. OPUS III - “Hand In Hand”
6. UNDERWORLD - “Cowgirl”
7. MAGIC AFFAIR - “Omen III”
8. PET SHOP BOYS - “Absolutely Fabulous”
9. TONY DIBART - “The Real Thing”
10. MADONNA - “Secret”
11. ANGELIQUE KIDJO - “Adouma”
12. INNER CITY - “Share My Life”
13. CLUBHOUSE - “Living In Sunshine”
14. MASTER MIND D.J. - “It’s A Party”
15. CRYSTAL WATERS - “What I Need”
16. TONI CHILDS - “Lay Down Your Pain”
17. SANDRA BERNHARD - “You Make Me Feel”
18. LOVE AND ROCKETS - “Body And Soul”
19. DJ BOBO - “Take Control”
20. LIVIN’ JOY - “Dreamer”

David “The Worm” Nall is a reporter for Billboard magazine’s Dance Club Chart and is also a DJ at 616. Don’t miss his Club X, every Saturday from 9-Midnight on 96X FM.
The Eric Gailes Band returns to 616 on November 9th.

RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Chick Willis & The Excels (bl)
SPORTS BAR & GRILL - Absolute (r)
T.G.'s - Fine Line (c)
THE ATTIC - Ritual / Inhumane / Purgatory / Incarnation (r)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - University of Memphis Gospel Choir
UP THE STREET - Justin Case (r)

SATURDAY, NOV. 19
616 - Big Ass Truck (r)
ANTENNA CLUB - Hellbilly (r)
AUDITORIUM NORTH HALL - Memphis Symphony's Family and Masterworks Series
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Skeeter Brandon with Highway 51 (bl)
BARRISTERS - Cooter Clay / Ride Lonesome (r)
BLUES CITY CAFE - Gravy (bl)
BOTTOM LINE - Oasis (r)
BULL AND BEAR - Kevin Paige (r)
COCKEYEDED CAMEL - Natchez (r)
CRazy LARRY'S PUB - Thunder Bay (r)
HASTING'S PLACE - Kurtz, Wade & Steel (ac)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Bangerz (r)
JUSTIN'S BAR & GRILL - 21 (r)
KUDZUS - The Campfire Boys (c)
MIddAY CAFE - In The Groove (r)
NEIL'S - Back Stage Pass (r)
NEWBY'S - Chosen (record release party) / Back Alley Grind (r)
NEW DAISY THEATRE - Soulhat (r)
OASIS - Push Tom Down (r)
PARTNER'S - Misbehavin' (r)
PATRICK'S - Dick's Hat Band (r)
PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford) - Hot Joe (r)
RP TRACKS - The Trust (r)
RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Chick Willis & The Excels (bl)
SAM'S TOWN CASINO (Tunica) - Diamond Rio (c)
SLEEP OUT LOUIE'S - Bluebeats (r)
T.G.'s - Fine Line (c)
T.J. MULLIGAN'S - The Buoni's (p)
THE ATTIC - Gauge / Jiff and the Choosy Mothers (r)

TUESDAY, NOV. 22
CIRCLE CAFE - Entourage (r)
OASIS - Suave Octopus (r)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - Southern Comfort Jazz Ensemble

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23
616 - Son Of Slam / Stuck Mojo / Burnt Nerve Ends (r)

Tired of seeing those old "dog" CDs sitting around your house? Wouldn't you rather have today's hottest music? CAT'S has the solution!

BRING YOUR "DOGS" TO CAT'S!

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CAT'S COMPACT DISCS AND Cassettes

NINE MEMPHIS LOCATIONS!
AUDITORIUM SOUTHWEST HALL - Music Pioneer Awards: Honoring Elvis and Conway Twitty

CIRCLET CAFE - Reliance (r)
HIGHPOINT PINCH - Good Question (r)

JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Arkansas Musician's Showcase (r)
NEWBY'S - Big Ass Truck (r)

PATRICK'S - Eddie Harrison & The ShortKuts (rb)
RP TRACKS - Seven Sons Of Otis (rb)

THURSDAY, NOV. 24
CRAZY LARRY'S PUB - Holy Moses (r)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Pride & Glory / Son Of Slam / Stuck Mojo (r)
NEIL'S - Devyripper (r)
NEWBY'S - The Puddin' Heads (r)
PEABODY LOBBY BAR - String Quartet (l)

FRIDAY, NOV. 25
616 - The Great Indoorsmen (r)
ANTENNA CLUB - DDT / Busted By Silence / Benchmark (r)
AUDITORIUM NORTH HALL - Earth Wind and Fire (p)
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Jimmy Lane & Blue Earth (bl)
BARRISTERS - Tarot (r)
BULL AND BEAR - Kevin Paige (r)
COCKEYED CAMEL - 1-900 (r)
HASTING'S PLACE - Entourage (r)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - The Cate Brothers (r)
JAVA CABANA - Cliff Goldmacher (ac)
MURPHY'S - Second Hand Rose (r)
NEIL'S - Beat Generation (r)
NEWBY'S - The Rockin' Jason D. Williams (r)
NEW DAISY THEATRE - Kenneth Jackson (l)

SATURDAY, NOV. 26
616 - Six Million Dollar Band (r)
ANTENNA CLUB - The Makers / Impala (l)
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Jimmy Lane & Blue Earth (bl)
BARRISTERS - Still Lie (r)
BOTTOM LINE - The Buonis (p)
BULL AND BEAR - Kevin Paige (r)
COCKEYED CAMEL - 1-900 (r)
CRAZY LARRY'S PUB - Holy Moses (r)
DAILY PLANET - Red All Over (r)
HASTING'S PLACE - Take Two (ac)
HIGHTOP PINCH - Reba & The Russells with Jack Holder (c)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Hazy Nation (r)
JUSTIN'S BAR & GRILL - Stateline (r)

KUDZUS - The Visionaries (r)
MIDDAY CAFE - The Whup Brothers (r)
NEIL'S - Big Fish (r)
NEWBY'S - Joe Norman & Jerry Finney (ac)
NEW DAISY THEATRE - The Cavers (r)
PARTNERS - New Frontier (r)
PATRICK'S - Eddie Harrison & The ShortKuts (rb)
PROUD LARRY'S (Oxford) - The Tangents (r)
RP TRACKS - The Turbo Dogs (r)
RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Boogie Blues Band with James Govan (bl)
SLEEP OUT LOUIE'S - FreeWorld (r)
T.J. MULLIGAN'S - The Trust (ac)
THE OTHERLANDS - Leigh Ann Wilmont (ac)
UP THE STREET - Justin Case (r)

SUNDAY, NOV. 27
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Preston Shannon Band (bl)
BARRISTERS - Trenchmouth (r)
BOTTOM LINE - The Fabulous Steeler Band (r)
HUEY'S (Germantown Parkway) - The Funn Brothers* (ac) / The Coolers (rb)
HUEY'S (Hickory Hill) - Jesse Brownfield & David Cochran* (ac) / The Bluebeats (bl)
HUEY'S - Teddy Morgan & The Sevilles (bl)
PATRICK'S - Eddie Harrison & The ShortKuts (rb)
RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Zeno & The Skydogs (bl)

MONDAY, NOV. 28
B.B. KING'S BLUES CLUB - Preston Shannon Band (bl)
MURPHY'S - Chickenhead (r)
RUM BOOGIE CAFE - Zeno & The Skydogs (bl)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - Blue Ascendance Jazz Ensemble

TUESDAY, NOV. 29
CIRCLET CAFE - Entourage (r)
MURPHY'S - Rico & Richard (ac)

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30
616 - Odd Man Out (r)
JUANITA'S (Little Rock) - Arkansas Musician's Showcase (r)
The ORPHEUM - Steve Perry / Sass Jordan (r)
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS (Harris Auditorium) - University of Memphis Oratorio Chorus
ELVIS Continued from page 15

media no-man's land. I managed to chat with everyone who was anyone, primarily because they all wanted to meet and have their picture taken with Rachel.

What follows are the results of my quickie survey. I promised each respondent that I'd bother them with just one question: "What is your most enduring memory of Elvis Presley?" Here are the results.

Carl Perkins: "When I think of everything about him that I ever knew, I guess the most enduring memory I have of him is the kindness he had in his soul for his fellow man. I knew him to be one of the most generous, fun loving talents. He had it all. God put Elvis here to do what he did. Nobody could have done it but Elvis Presley. He will be bigger and bigger as time goes on."

Cheap Trick lead singer Robin Zander: "When I was about six or seven years old my sister would play Elvis Presley records over and over and over again, until one day I couldn't stand it anymore. So I went into her room and broke each and every one of them."

Chris Isaak: "Him singing "I'll Never Let You Go Because I Love You." I like that song."

(SR&R to Isaak): "What do you think of Memphis?"

"That's two questions."

Michael Bolton: "I don't have a single most enduring memory. I have a single most enduring image. Probably when he was on the Ed Sullivan Show. What he did to combine the influences of rock and roll and R&B opened the door to create what is known as rock and roll today."

Melissa Etheridge: "Sitting in the backseat of my parent's car and driving down the road singing the end of "Suspicious Minds" over and over again. I loved that."

Aaron Neville: "My most enduring memory of him, I guess, was seeing him in all of the movies. I feel like I know him."

Former Bad Company singer Paul Rodgers: "There are so many [memories]. I think probably the first time that he really touched me was when I was about six years old, I saw a film of him doing "Wooden Hearts."

INXS lead singer Michael Hutchence: "When he was wearing black during the '69 comeback special."

Phil Donahue: "[Elvis] getting his haircut going into the army."

Chet Atkins: "I suppose it was the first time I met him at the Grand Ole Opry and I saw him perform. I had never seen anyone with eye shadow before. I mean a man. So that was kind of impressive."

Dwight Yoakum: "Never not knowing him."

Tony Bennett: "When I met him at Paramount Studios in Hollywood. I was walking in the door and he was walking out. In those days he was the handsomest guy I had ever seen. He was an Adonis and very much a southern gentleman."

Cheap Trick guitarist Rick Nielsen: "Having Elvis come into the studio in 1976 at Ardent Studios here in Memphis and say, "I like you guys."

John Stamos and Bryan Adams: (In unison) "Tonight."

Don Was, musical director of Elvis: The Tribute: "Well I remember this wild look in his eyes when he was doing the Ed Sullivan Show. To me that characterized everything that is supposed to be happening in rock and roll music."

Billy Ray Cyrus: "Well, before tonight I would have had a different answer. But being here in Memphis and being a part of the Elvis tribute will always stand out in my heart as my most dominant memory."

Of all the celebrities I managed to snare, Cyrus was actually one of the nicest. Though I heard he made an Achy Breaky jackass of himself on the stage, out of the spotlight he was one of the friendliest and most accommodating performer I encountered. Dealing with his fans and reporters, he showed the class of a genuine superstar.

Unfortunately, I didn't get to interview everyone who attended the Elvis tribute. In fact, the biggest pop star in the world was in the building. But like everyone else I couldn't get within ten feet of Michael Jackson.

No great loss, though, since I had interviewed Jackson before. Sort of. It happened in the game room of the Atlanta airport in the winter of 1972. I was winding my own business waiting for a flight to ferry me back to boarding school. Then who to my wondering eyes should appear but Michael, Tito and Jermaine Jackson.

Back then, Michael's hair was decidedly more "Brillo-esque" than it is today. "Excuse me, but is you a hidget? "Excuse me, but are you Michael Jackson?"

When we both agreed we were, he invited me to play pinball. I had to decline. I took off for school, and he just took off. Nowadays, as I trudge through the persistent winters of my discontent I often stop to think; if I had stayed to play pinball with him, could that have been me sitting on his lap at the Grammy Awards and not Webster? —Eugene Pedgeon
ART ABOUT TOWN

EVERY DAY
CENTER FOR SOUTHERN FOLKLORE - 130 Beale / Sweet Soul Music Italian Style / also Memphis Rocks: Rockabilly Music in Memphis

EVERY MONDAY-FRIDAY
COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDING - 65 Union / cotton samples and historic memorabilia.

EVERY MONDAY-SATURDAY
BEALE STREET BLUES MUSEUM - 329 Beale / A crash course in the blues / call 527-6008.
CHUCALISSA ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM - 5 miles west of 61 off Mitchell Road / call 785-3160

EVERY TUESDAY-SUNDAY
BROOKS MUSEUM - Art Of Ancient Americas
DIXON GALLERY AND GARDENS - 4339 Park / Impressionistic art / call 761-5250.
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS - 3750 Norrwood / Permanent installation of Neil Nokes: Spirit of Africa / call 678-2224

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JUST FOR LAUGHS

COMEDY ZONE - Overton Square Pegs Improv Group
COMEDY ZONE - Phyllis Diller / Mike West
COMEDY ZONE - Felicia Michaels
COMEDY ZONE - Picky Kalmon

LECTURES

THE ORPHEUM THEATRE - Pinocchio
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Children's Story Hour: John Brown-One Man Against Slavery
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - Magic Schoolbus Science Saturday Activities / Miniature show and sale
THE ORPHEUM THEATRE - Aladdin
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - Chemistry Show
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - National Chemistry Week

THRU DECEMBER
BROOKS MUSEUM - Art Through Other Eyes (Weekend Family Workshops exploring new ways of integrating art concepts and methods into everyday life).
BROOKS MUSEUM - The Brooks 1994 Biennial / works by local Memphis photographers

FOR THE KIDS

THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - Hello Stuffee! Meet this seven-foot-tall stuffed character that unzips to reveal the major organs for teaching human anatomy.
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - Andy Ambulance: Learn more about safety with a talking remote control miniature ambulance.
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - Magic Schoolbus Science Saturday Activities / Miniature show and sale
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - Chemistry Show
THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - National Chemistry Week

THE ORPHEUM THEATRE - Pinocchio
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Children's Story Hour: John Brown-One Man Against Slavery
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THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - National Chemistry Week

THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - A Trip Down Memory Lane exhibit

COMEDY ZONE - Overton Square Pegs Improv Group
COMEDY ZONE - Phyllis Diller / Mike West
COMEDY ZONE - Felicia Michaels
COMEDY ZONE - Picky Kalmon

NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Children's Story Hour: John Brown-One Man Against Slavery
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - The Black and Jewish Relationship in Memphis: Historic and Today (6-8 PM)

ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL - Help For Those Who Stutter, 6 pm, St. Therese Hall. FREE. For additional information call 795-9752.
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - The Black and Jewish Relationship in Memphis: Historic and Today (6-8 PM)
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Live Interpretations - 10 am - 1 pm / local actors bring to life the speeches of Dr. Martin Luther King and Frederick Douglass.
NOVEMBER 17
BROOKS MUSEUM - "Collecting Today: The Market, the Medium and the Museum" 7 PM
EVERGREEN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - Dr. Anne Wagner will speak on O'Keeffe's Femininity (613 University)

NOVEMBER 19
SHERATON CASINO - Judy Tenuta

MISCELLANY
EVERY DAY
BLUES CITY TOURS - 164 Union Ave / 10 am / call 522-9229
ELMWOOD CEMETARY - 824 S. Dudley / 85 acres of historic gravestones / 8-5, free.
GRACELAND - 3764 Elvis Presley / daily tours

EVERY MONDAY-SATURDAY
COORS BELLE HOSPITALITY CENTER - 5151 E. Raines / daily tours 10 am - 4 pm / Call 375-2100 (free)

EVERY TUESDAY-SUNDAY
Cordova Cellars - 9050 Macon / Wine making tours / Call 754-3442

EVERY WEDNESDAY
FRIENDS FOR LIFE - Committed Support Group / Call 272-0655 for referral

EVERY THURSDAY
JAVA CABAÑA - Poetry Night

EVERY SUNDAY
SHERATON CASINO (Tunica) - 12:01 Club - a regular Sunday night event that caters to those who work graveyard shifts. The River Stage hosts live music from Midnight - 4:00 a.m. and a free breakfast buffet from 1:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m.

NOVEMBER 2
CALVARY CHURCH - Eat to the Beat - Tomba Due

NOVEMBER 3-4
UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS OPERA THEATRE - Opera workshop scenes from excerpts of works based on Shakespearean texts

NOVEMBER 4
CENTER FOR SOUTHERN FOLKLORE - Booksigning party honoring Ron Rudison, author of Where To Find The Best Soul Food, Blues, and Jazz in the Southeast.

LINDENWOOD CHRISTIAN CHURCH - Dyson Tony (trumpets/virtuoso), Gary Beard, Chris Name

THE ORPHEUM - Broadway Pops

NOVEMBER 7
MID-SOUTH COLISEUM - Wine Tasting meeting

NOVEMBER 9
CALVARY CHURCH - Eat to the Beat - The Gary Beard Chorale

NOVEMBER 10 & 12
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Cartoon Art: A Way of Viewing History (workshop)

NOVEMBER 11-13
HARRELL PERFORMING ARTS THEATRE - 9th Annual Antique Show and Sale

NOVEMBER 12
BROOKS MUSEUM - Test Your Palate: Gourmet chef and Memphis native Martha Brahm will demonstrate ways to create exciting and interesting dining experiences.

NOVEMBER 16
CALVARY CHURCH - Eat to the Beat - James "Ol Man River" Hyten

NOVEMBER 16-17
NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Storytelling performance - 10-11 am

NOVEMBER 19
THE OTHERLANDS - Judy Card / Storyteller

NOVEMBER 23
AUDITORIUM SOUTH HALL - Music Pioneer Awards: Honoring Elvis and Conway Twitty

NOVEMBER 25-27
MEMPHIS ZOO - Premier of Winter Lights

NOVEMBER 30
CALVARY CHURCH - Eat to the Beat - Opera Memphis

NATIONAL CIVIL RIGHTS MUSEUM - Storytelling / Uncle Jed's Barbershop with Margaree King Mitchell

THRU DECEMBER 31
MEMPHIS ZOO - Winter Lights

SPORTS
EVERY DAY
FISH 'N LAKE - 7144 Austin / sunup-sundown

EVERY MONDAY
MID-SOUTH COLISEUM - U.S.W.A. Championship Wrestling

EVERY MONDAY
SHERATON CASINO (Tunica) - Enjoy Monday Night Football on a big screen in the River Stage with free stadium style food.

EVERY MONDAY-SATURDAY
WINDJAMMER - Dart Tournament

EVERY TUESDAY
UP THE STREET - Pool Tournament

EVERY SUNDAY & THURSDAY
UP THE STREET - Dart Tournament

NOVEMBER 1
NEW DAISY THEATRE - Boxing On Beale Street

NOVEMBER 2
SAM'S TOWN - Live Top Rank ESPN Boxing

NOVEMBER 4 & 5
MID-SOUTH COLISEUM - Memphis RiverKings vs Ft. Worth

NOVEMBER 7
THE PYRAMID - High Five America vs University of Memphis

NOVEMBER 9, 11-12, 24-25, 30
MID-SOUTH COLISEUM - Memphis RiverKings

NOVEMBER 11
THE PYRAMID - Victorian All-Stars vs University of Memphis

NOVEMBER 17
THE PYRAMID - SW Louisiana vs University of Memphis

NOVEMBER 27
THE PYRAMID - Martin Luther King Classic / Arkansas vs Georgetown (CBS) / Temple vs Southern Cal

DECEMBER 1
MID-SOUTH COLISEUM - Rock & Roll Figure Skating Challenge: Nancy Kerrigan, Oksana Baiul, Victor Petrenko, Scott Hamilton, Philippe Candeloro, Katarina Witt

THEATRE
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
Circuit Playhouse - The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe (afternoon performance only)

NOVEMBER 1
THE ORPHEUM THEATRE - Pinocchio

NOVEMBER 1-6
THEATRE MEMPHIS - The Hasty Heart

NOVEMBER 9
THE ORPHEUM THEATRE - Aladdin

NOVEMBER 10-12, 17-20
McCoy Theatre (Rhode's College) - The Marriage of Figaro

NOVEMBER 11-13
THE ORPHEUM THEATRE - Oliver!

NOVEMBER 18-19, 25-26
Circuit Playhouse - Holiday Memories

NOVEMBER 19, 26
Playhouse on the Square - Peter Pan (afternoon performance only)

NOVEMBER 24-26
Playhouse on the Square - The Search For Signs of Intelligent Lives in the Universe
Mood Swing  (Warner Bros.)

Joshua Redman

Well, it was inevitable. There was no way saxophonist Joshua Redman could avoid suffering some critical backlash. The former Thelonious Monk Competition winner, Harvard honors graduate, and son of tenor sax iconoclast Dewey Redman had been riding a wave of major label hype and adulation since the release of his self-titled debut CD last year.

Now, after a whirlwind year that saw him record with everyone from his father to Roy Hargrove to Joe Lovano, as well as a media blitz that saw him grant interviews to numerous foreign and domestic publications who tabbed him as the next great jazz star, Redman has taken some hits over his newest release. Most of the carping concerns his songwriting; Redman wrote every selection on the CD, and the songs tend to lack surprise or spark. They’re nicely constructed, but sometimes almost gagging on their sincerity, Boyz II Men ultimately have the right blend of vintage sensibility and ultramodern presentation.

Luther Vandross

Songs (Epic)

A single vocalist, male or female, more epitomizes both the flaws and appeal of Urban Contemporary music more than Luther Vandross. His creamy, smooth voice has completely dominated ’80s and ’90s romantic fare even as he’s also set himself apart from scores of other African-American stylists anxious to enjoy crossover glory. Besides a wondrous delivery, brilliant performance style and exceptional ability to select the right material to sing, Vandross has even overcome a tendency to coast and seem so relaxed he’s detached. He’s always been an interpretative rather than compositional master, as witness definitive versions of “A House Is Not a Home,” “Superstar/Until You Come Back to Me,” and “Creepin.” So it’s not surprising the Epic honchos finally issued a complete Vandross CD of covers.

Songs offers optimum Vandross; sometimes he’s inviting (“Hello”), other times poignant (“What the World Needs Now,” “The Impossible Dream”) or anguished (“Going in Circles,” “Since You Been Gone.”) His duet with Mariah Carey on “Endless Love” manages to rein in Carey’s high-note excess; she’s more in control and sympathetic than on any of her own hits. Drawing from material by writers ranging from Stephen Stills to Rod Temperton to Hal David and Burt Bacharach, producer Walter Afapsieff (with co-producer Vandross) smartly keeps the backgrounds, supporting vocalists and arrangements minimal and unobtrusive, letting the shimmering Vandross leads set the pace. These are plush, elegant, and exceptionally produced numbers; just don’t confuse them with soul.

— Ron Wynn

Band De Soleil

Redemption Dream  (Daemon)

Overall, this is an upright rock and roll record. The band is led by Michelle Malone, a veteran of the close-knit Athens, Georgia music scene; she plays the hell out of both electric and acoustic guitars and can really belt out a tune. It’s kinda like a McRae/Joplin deluxe combo with a side of heavy on the bass and kick drum. The title cut is a definite hit, but the rest is just fast food that doesn’t stick. My gut says these guys can write better, so I can’t figure why they threw all the power ballads. Many of the songs start out slow, then pick up so it’s not a total waste. Not a bad stocking stuffer for anyone into Mother Station or Little Sister.

Benton Flippen

Old Time, New Times  (Rounder)

Benton Flippen is perhaps one of the greatest self-taught fiddle and banjo players to come out of North Carolina. This is a pure collection of recordings from 1950 to the present, combining old time music, bluegrass and country. It’s remarkable that the selections are as exemplary as they are, since most were recorded from live radio. Flippen has always believed you should not try to duplicate another man’s sound, and this CD showcases his unconventional technique on all cuts. “Juna Apple,” recorded in 1993, is
The Loretta Lynn Collection is considerably more dyed-in-the-wool country from start to finish, but the earliest recordings on this three disc compilation serve as a reminder of just how similar rock & roll, blues, and country all were in the early 1960s. Indeed, drop the twang and the pedal steel, and you could be listening to any of a number of swamp boogie or rockabilly artists. The collection traces Lynn’s recordings from 1966 to 1988, and while she had fine bands, her voice never wavers as the center of attention. If you’ve never much cared for country music, this may be the set that changes your mind.

Both the Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty sets live up to the high standard MCA has set for box set presentation. Sound is uniformly excellent, and both contain lengthy, well-illustrated biographies of the artist. Good stuff.

Lisa Germano
Geek The Girl (4AD)

Geek The Girl, Lisa Germano’s third album, is a loose-knit (and somewhat autobiographical) concept album that is perhaps best explained by the artist’s own liner notes: “This is the story of Geek the girl, a girl who is confused about how to be sexual and cool in the world but finds out she isn’t cool and gets constantly taken advantage of sexually, gets kind of sick and enjoys giving up but at the end still tries to believe in something beautiful and dreams of still loving a man in hopes that he can save her from her shit life…. ha ha ha what a geek!”

It’s a harrowing trip through a vicious series of interconnected subjects: self esteem, peer pressure, date rape, stalkers, and general hopelessness in a geek’s search for her own sexual and self identity. It’s also quite possibly the most emotionally draining, gutwrenching album I’ve ever heard. ‘Intense’ can’t even begin to describe the impact that the one-two punch of “Cry Wolf” and “... A Psychopath” have on an unsuspecting listener, especially the latter, which is an ode to a stalker that has been harassing Germano in real life, and which uses an actual 911 distress call in the background to send that extra chill down your spine.

Lisa Germano recorded this album almost entirely by herself at home; much like Springsteen’s Nebraska, these were simply demos intended for future use until someone listened to them and realized that they needed to be heard just as they were. Although her words and emotions are brutally raw, Germano’s music, playing and production give the songs even more power by stripping everything but the essentials away — the title cut and “My Secret Reason” are both achingly beautiful in their own way, even with the pleading lyrics that almost hurt to listen to. Her violin playing, which has never sounded better (either with John Mellencamp or on her own albums), also adds to the overall effect.

Geek The Girl is not an easy album to listen to, especially with other people present, and it’s really not an easy album to ‘enjoy’, in the strictest sense of the word. But it is also simply impossible to get this record out of your head or your heart once you hear it. Tori Amos and Sinead O’Connor aren’t the only women out there willing to open up their soul in the name of their art — in fact, with Geek, Lisa Germano leaps to the head of the pack of female singer/songwriters. A truly important album.

— Steve Walker
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SHAKIN’ continued from page 7

Some Very Nice Mentions —
Free-form rock fusioners FreeWorld got a few kind words in a recent Billboard column on unsigned talent. Since the article ran last month, the band’s phone has been steadily ringing with out-of-town inquiries.

Another Memphian who recently received words of praise is 7 year-old rapper Gang Star Rah. The young Memphian sent a tape of his “Gotta Do My Homework” song to the White House, and Commandant Clinton himself sent him back a complimentary letter. You know. I did a similar thing years ago and sent a crayon drawing to Tricky Dick Nixon. But all I got back was a letter from his secretary.

Odds and Ends —
There are a couple of notable book signings this month down at the Center for Southern Folklore. Ron Rudison, author of Where to Find the Best Soul Food, Blues, and Jazz in the Southeast will be signing copies on the 4th, and the author of Elvis Up Close will do likewise on the 13th.

And in case you don’t know about this one already, the postponed Eagles concert has been rescheduled for January 30. That’s all the news in November.

— CPJ Mooney

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