

SPECTRUM

A Cooperative Newspaper for the Tallahassee Community

May Eve, 1983

Issue No. 39

FREE



SKFAY '83

INTRODUCING: REVIEW OF TALLHASSEE'S MUSIC

It has been just about two years since Frank Brown mentioned the idea of a music issue of *Spectrum* to me. Well, this is it.

There is more music in this town than anybody knows. The music schools, the counter-culture, the government...so many scenes, nooks and crannies, different styles of music, different lifestyles. I thought such a document could be a useful tool for spreading culture.

Tallahassee is a place where a cat can work out his stuff. The crowd is somewhat fickle. It is unlikely that one will make a living playing in the clubs, but not unheard of. Of course, having two full-time music faculties in town raises the percentage of employed musicians.

The scene has grown up a lot since I came in 1976. Things are much more "strictly business." The nice laid-back scene that I remember stumbling into is not the same, but not gone. It may be time, at last, to unionize Tallahassee music. Please let me know if you have an opinion about that.

Two scenes that are notably absent from this issue are: country and funk. If I ever write a book about the subject, I'll be sure to get it all.

—Jim Crozier

NEW BANDS

by Steve Dollar

This could be one for Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, but docile, suburban Tallahassee, a city better known for pigskin champs and government chumps, canopy roads and rapacious development, is fast becoming a Punk Rock capital.

That's really odd, too, if you stop to think about it, because with the exception of Smitty's — 12 miles out of town on Bannerman Road — there's been virtually no public club for the handful of new, mostly teenage bands to play. Discounting "oldtimers" like the Slut Boys (in limbo), Persian Gulf and the Know-It-Alls who have wide enough appeal to play at Bullwinkles or Tommy's — Tallahassee's biggest dancehalls — bands like Hated Youth, Sector 4, Generix, The Shakes, Grandma's House, Beloved Children, Daughter Damage and others take what

they can get. Until these combos started gigging regularly at Smitty's, this meant Emanuel's (now in limbo), or an occasional opening slot for a more established band at FSU's Downunder, Union Green, Tommy's, or somebody's house party. Now that Smitty's has been visited by state beverage agents, that venue may be off-limits to groups with underage performers — which plops an entire vital subculture back at square zero.

Figure this, then, as a consumer guide to Tallahassee's so-called new music bands, all of them happy to gig for a few beers and room enough for their friends to slumdance. One thing for sure, none of them are boring.

Hated Youth: Formerly known as Little Johnny's, North Florida's only hardcore punk band has earned considerable



Photo by Frank Mullen

respect (if that's the word) in Florida speedrock circles, gigging frequently at Gainesville and Tampa "slamfests" — marathon sonic endurance contests where the stage is often destroyed by the end of the third set. Not for the faint of heart, Hated Youth whip up a loudfast cyclone of agitated noise — burly bruising rhythms and tachycardiac riffing. Luckily the average song lasts about two minutes. Even if you can't tolerate the decibel level, you have to admire Hated Youth's

energy, which is awesome. Politically, Hated Youth are confused, denouncing Reagan and "Nazi punks" while adopting a stage stance that is nothing if not fascist — but blame that on Hated Eric (who speaks elsewhere in this ish.)

Best Cover: "Beach Blanket Bong Party" by Jodie Foster's Army.

Sector 4: With the recent collapse of Daughter Damage, Sector 4 wins the vote

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JAZZ: Here's One for My Babies

by Pam Laws

The musicians in Tallahassee remind me of the albums at Backtrax, lined up but hidden like prizes for the person who is patient enough to look for the once popular but now fully appreciated. Looking for a prize takes patience. I've been lucky enough to walk through a door and meet some of the best musicians anywhere — people who are as giving and as warm as the music they make.

I have to give Johnny Whitehurst credit for starting me off right. He was the guitarist on my first gig. If it had not been for Johnny's patience and understanding, I wouldn't be singing now. He is a quiet, private man, a talented artist, a walking encyclopedia of American popular music since 1955 or thereabout. Tallahassee has yet to discover him.

Gwet Jones and I were in college together. She was a freshman at FAMU during my senior year, and she stole my alto solo status work right from under me in the university choir. Now she's in Tallahassee with her beautiful little boy, working for the man during the day, working on her music at night. Gwet studies, asks questions, pursues the whole thing with an intensity that has to be admired. We keep talking about doing something together with the music, but I wonder if Tallahassee is ready for two black women who know what they want out of life.

Velma Frye is professional enough to ignore the lot of us, but she embraces other musicians, her audiences, her friends with a sweetness and hugginess

that is hard to resist. Who would want to? Those big, green eyes entrap delightfully so that the listener can understand mastered lyrics and the piano parlay with nuance. The girl can sing. Yet, she'll call to see if I'm okay if she hasn't heard from me in a few days. She'll take the time to talk music and life on a Saturday night, not just because she doesn't have a date but because she genuinely likes the people she likes. Original compositions and a style that should be worth millions by now have yet to reach solo performance at Ruby Diamond or the Civic Center. What is this town waiting for?

Johnny James was in the audience one night at the Jazzberry Patch, and he must have noticed that my head wasn't on straight while I was on stage. Between sets, he came over to my table, held my hand, and talked good sense so that I could go on singing that night. He is a beautiful man who makes beautiful music on his reeds. He works days at a recreation center, but recently when he played at a jam session, a group of students chorused his name. The kids know the goods when they hear it.

Lindsey Sarjeant is so talented, he can leave Tallahassee today. He is also an outstanding teacher, a devoted husband and father, and the kind of person who stands as a symbol to the rest of us. He nurtures. He teaches me the business. He tells me when I'm going wrong. God bless him.

I don't think anything can match the warm feeling I get when I walk into

continued on p.4

Sunday Sampler of Church Choirs

by Lisa Krehbiel

Local churches are often overlooked as a source of free musical entertainment, but provided one can manage to drag oneself out of bed before twelve of a Sunday morning, church going can prove most gratifying to a music lover with few bucks to spend. On a friend's suggestion I sampled several local church choirs recently, and these are my reactions.

St. John's Episcopal — For years I have admired this building. The inside is less wonderful than the outside leads one to expect. But there is a courtyard, with peaceful trickling fountain and ivy walls. The music is selected from Handel's *Messiah*. First we hear a recitative, graceful and controlled, the two voices weaving and blending exquisitely. Then the full choir sings, and are they ever good. These people are not here just to pad out the congregation in singing the hymns. They are an ensemble, using their voices together to good effect, with excellent tone, phrasing, and enunciation. This church wins my vote for most pleasant musical interlude on a Sunday morning.

First Presbyterian — This church looks a lot more interesting inside than out, and I especially like the balcony. The service is preceded by a voluntary for trumpet and organ that's very nice on the ears. The choir sounds underwhelmingly meek. I get the feeling none of them is too sure of anything, and nobody wants to get caught belting out the wrong note. The music is very slow-paced, the organ is used rather sparingly, and the acoustics of the building are noticeably bad. I'm a fool for trumpet/organ pieces, but the choir is nothing to get out of bed for.

Blessed Sacrament Catholic — This choir sings some pretty wild stuff, with funny scales and minors. I don't like it much. This is choir practice, and the lady in the front assures me that just about all the best singers didn't come tonight. I can well believe it, because they sound just awful, several voices off on any given chord. But then, just when I'm wondering how even religious people can stand it, they do a song they practiced last week. It's amazing. These people can sing after all. It wasn't great, but it was respectable, and I guess you just can't judge from a practice session what the Sunday sound would be. I decide not to bother with any more choir practices, and my sampling size shrivels.

On a rainy Friday night at New Bethlehem Church on capital circle south east we gather for a gospel sing. We're late, but everyone else is a lot later. Finally it starts, with some bible reading and gospel talk. Now even though this thing is starting two

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Local Musicians Will Perform On WFSU-TV Series

by Velma Frye

On May 26 and in the fall (every Thursday night between September 15 and December 15), WFSU-TV will air a new program entitled "Big Bend: Live!"

In the large studio of the new broadcasting center, an audience of 150 people seated at tables will enjoy a live performance (and live broadcast) of a variety of American popular music styles: ragtime, dixieland, classic blues, big band (swing), be-bop, modern jazz, bluegrass, classic country, gospel, rhythm and blues, rock'n'roll, etc. The emphasis for most of the series will be toward pure/ historic styles rather than

crossover/ contemporary styles, although at least the last broadcast will feature new music.

Local musicians will perform on the 13-part series. Although I hope to find an underwriter, at present time there is none, so money cannot be the overwhelming motivation for wishing to perform.

In June, the fall schedule will be decided. The May 26 pilot has already been booked. If your music fits the description of what we need and is of extremely high quality, and if you have the performing experience necessary to be relaxed and entertaining while being broadcast live to a three-state area, send a cassette to me at the station by June 1.

We are hoping that the series will be of such high quality that other PBS stations around the country will choose to air some of the segments. If you have any good suggestions regarding the show, please write to me at the station: **Velma Frye, WFSU-TV, 2565 Pottsdamer Street, Tallahassee, FL 32304.**

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Announcements

Southeastern Home Building Services announces a spring series of introductory seminars for home and garden improvement. Nine programs will be offered to the general public beginning May 14. These programs are offered to help persons in the community develop lifelong skills of self reliance. For further information contact: Southeastern Home Building Services, (904) 562-0603.

The Runaway Hotline is a toll-free nationwide hotline for runaway children, operated by volunteers 24 hours every day of the year. The nationwide phone number is 1-800-231-6946.

The annual Human Rights Festival will be held in Athens, Georgia from May 9 - 15. Nuclear Physicist Dr. Michio Kaku and others will speak. Contact the Athens Progressive Resource Center at 185 W. Washington St., Athens, Ga. 30601 or call (404) 353-1218 for more information.

Curry Hutchinson, N.D., M.S., will give a free lecture on acupuncture, herbology, nutritional and metabolic therapy, and homeopathy on May 5, 7pm at the Leon County Public Library. Call Vicki or Grant at 386-7043 if you have any questions.

NESTLE BOYCOTT UPDATE—In a move designed to convince the Nestle Company to abide by the World Health Organization (WHO) and UNICEF's infant formula marketing code, the Infant Formula Action Coalition (INFAC) has announced a new boycott focusing on Taster's Choice coffee.

Letters

Dear SPECTRUM (all of you!),

I recently received a copy of your magazine I requested for advertising purposes. I would like to say that I was very impressed with the entire thing from layout, management policies, content of articles, etc. You people do one of the best jobs of journalism (as do the people who submit articles) that I have ever seen, and I have read many, many different magazines and papers concerning healthy living (and other subjects). I particularly liked reading your editorial policy (spring issue) because I'm so disgusted with reading all the "new age jargon" going around. Your magazine gives a clear view of the subjects written about.

I wish we could have advertised in your gardening issue (I think it would have been a good place for our ad for herbs, spices, etc.) But we will surely plan on advertising there when we can, and I would like to subscribe when I decide to spare \$5.00 (we are just starting out in business, and boy is money tight!).

Well, thank you for your service to the community and for some purely enjoyable reading.

Jeanie Barber
Van Buren, Missouri

Editors:

In their spring issue, SPECTRUM's "editorial collective" tell their readers why they don't publish certain articles and invite reader criticism on points they make.

Right off, they admit they're a "partisan" group holding to a particular viewpoint. Certainly there's nothing wrong with that. Basic to any specialty publication is a one-sided outlook on pet issues. Because they're open and honest about it, readers know exactly where they're coming from at the outset.

Next they mention a "standard of quality and tone" they try to give issues they—and their readers—find important. Only they neglect to explain just how they come to learn exactly what issues interest their readers most. This omission makes one wonder if the editors truly care about reader concerns—of if

they merely presume to know them beforehand.

Then they outline a somewhat preachy list of do's and don'ts as a supposed "helping device" for writers who submit articles to SPECTRUM. Here the editors revert to a level of pompous snobbery unbecoming their otherwise valuable publication.

Examples:

—They dislike articles too long, obscure or academic in style—a laudable position to take. But many of the pieces they do print are often rambling, verbose and sometimes even incoherent.

—They dislike vague, uninformative articles. But many of their own are flowery and pretentious.

—They dislike jargon, rhetoric and buzz words. But their articles are full of fad words like "dialogue" and "concepts" (try "talks" and "ideas").

—They admonish writers not to rehash issues unless there's something new to say about them. But their newspaper harps constantly—ad nauseum—on a small set of hackneyed though important themes.

Finally, they admit they censor (they say "delete") articles whose "intent" is to degrade, deride, or defame (they say "erode"?) people—yet another laudable stance to take.

Naturally all the values and beliefs SPECTRUM editors swear by are matters of subjective judgment open to wide question and debate. They'd do well, though, to follow some of their own charitable advice. To improve their writing, they might even check out Rudolf Flesch's books on style.

SPECTRUM is an exemplary newspaper with creditable content. That's why I single out no individual writer for criticism. But its editors needn't tell contributors how to write, what to write about, or even presume to second-guess their motives. Doing so smacks of a gross cliquishness that betrays the principles of true collectivism.

If SPECTRUM editors want to cater to a select circle of opinionated writers wedded obstinately to a rigidly fixed dogma, they should just say so and leave it at that. Only they might also realize that cliquishness breeds the same brand of narrow-minded bigotry their own publication professes to abhor.

Joseph Covino, Jr.
Tallahassee, Florida

SPECTRUM

A Cooperative Newspaper for the Tallahassee Community

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The Collective —

Vicki Mariner, Carmy Greenwood, Norine Cardea, Frank Brown, Tana McLane, Richard Fairlee, Suzy Fay, Larry Teich

Contributors to This Issue —

Bobby Miller, Jim Crozier, Lisa Krehbiel, and all the volunteer writers, artists and photographers credited within. Thanks.

Front Cover art: Suzy Fay

Back Cover art: Bill Otersen

Publishing dates for the next two issues: June 16 (Thurs.) and July 28 (Thurs.).

Article and announcement deadline is the Thursday one week before our publishing dates. We have an editorial meeting at that time and what is selected for the upcoming issue is agreed upon at that time, with rare exception. Please contact us personally if you cannot meet this deadline, so we can still plan to preview your article. Thanks.

Please address all inquiries: SPECTRUM, 625 E. Brevard St., Tallahassee, FL 32308, 904/224-7222.

Stephen Gaskin Offers Alternative Foreign Policy

by Anthony Gaudio

In a city known for its alternative schools, stores, lifestyle and culture, the idea of an alternative foreign policy struck a responsive chord in an audience of 150 Tallahasseeans April 18, at the Unitarian church.

Stephen Gaskin, co-founder of The Farm, author, and philosopher gave a sometimes humorous, often thought provoking presentation on the state of world affairs and the activities of Plenty, The Farm's international aid organization. Gaskin offered Plenty to Tallahassee residents dissatisfied with present Reagan Administration foreign policy, as an effective alternative.

In activities like a free ambulance service in the South Bronx, a soy dairy and Mayan Indian radio station in Guatemala, and running water projects in southern Africa, Plenty is trying to bring a level of modern technology to indigenous people in many parts of the world.

The Reagan Administration was taken

to task for its recent Caribbean Basin initiative as representative of a program that did not have the support of many of the American people. Groups like United Fruit and McCormick Spice are being involved in the development of the aid package that is more likely to help big business than the people of the region.

Plenty's Caribbean project was offered by Gaskin as the alternative to this foreign policy. The audience applauded and laughed when Gaskin said that the fundamental difference between Plenty's Caribbean project and Reagan's was that it would not involve \$175 million in military aid to El Salvador.

Plenty's projects will encourage local economies that do not involve export trade, where local people pass money among one another many times before it leaves the community.

To make contributions to Plenty, or for more information, write **Plenty, c/o The Farm, 156 Drakes Lane, Summertown, Tennessee, 38483, or call locally 877-2824.**

Trust Fund for Phone Tax Withholders

by Laura Newton

Telephone Tax and the movement to withhold telephone tax both began in this century and in response to war. The federal telephone excise tax is a war tax. It was first imposed by the War Tax Revenue Act of 1914 and applied only to long distance calls. The tax has been repealed and reimposed many times. Each time the tax has been viewed as a temporary fundraising effort. However, we are still paying it 79 years later. During World War II the tax began to apply to local service as well as to long distance service. Between World War II and the Vietnam War the tax was reduced from 25% to 3% and was to be phased out completely in the mid-1960s. In 1966 the Johnson Administration reimposed the tax in order to help fund the escalation of the Vietnam War. This time the tax was 10% of the phone bill. In 1966 telephone tax resistance as a mass movement was given life in a leaflet, written by Karl Meyer, called "Hang Up on War." After a series of extensions the tax was scheduled to decrease 1% per year and to end January 1, 1982. It was extended at 2% through 1982 and scheduled to end January 1, 1983. Last year Congress extended the telephone tax once again at 3%.

Tallahassee Taxpayers Against Military Spending will soon be opening a trust fund with Canopy Federal Credit Union. The purpose of the trust fund is to gather and hold tax monies that individuals are withholding and wish to redirect. We hope that by gathering this money in one account we will illustrate to ourselves and to others the better uses for this money.

The Telephone Tax Trust Fund will be organized under a trust agreement and with a board of trustees. Any depositor

may participate in the process of deciding how the funds will be distributed. For more information, call **Laura Newton, 878-3887.**



Citizen Soldier

Citizen Soldier is a non-profit GI and Veterans rights organization which focuses on and fights for such issues as the legal rights of veterans exposed to atomic testing and agent orange, and the civil rights of active-duty military personnel.

They have started a "Free Joann Newak" campaign to gain support for an enlisted woman serving a six year prison sentence for homosexual activity off-duty and off-base. The case focuses on the rights of gay people in the military and the expansion of jurisdiction by military courts.

To find out actions to take and other information on this and other projects, contact Citizen Soldier, 175 Fifth Ave. 1010, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Books Not Bombs

The office of TRANET, the Transnational Network for Alternative/Appropriate Technologies, has announced that a recent grant from UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific & Cultural Organization) has made it possible for TRANET to ship its 45th Appropriate Technology (A.T.) library to a Third World village.

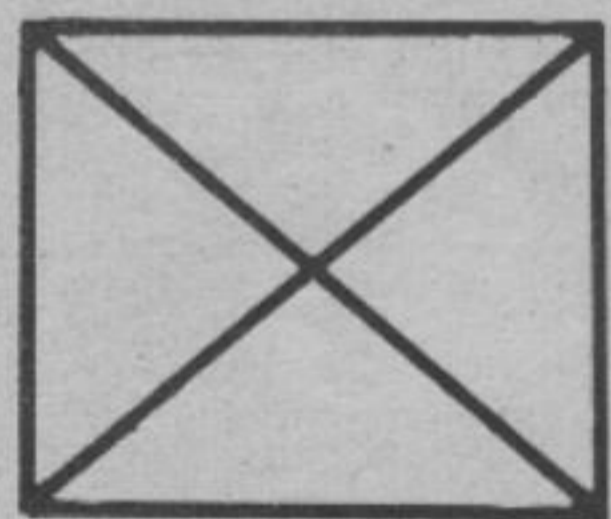
Each TRANET/UNESCO A.T. Library is a selection of the 100 best books for the core of a technical library in the Third World, and the selection was made by field workers in the developing countries. The libraries are representative of all fields of A.T. Among the books are: *The Lik Lik Book* from Papua new Guinea. *Where There is No Doctor* from the Hesperian Foundation; the *Appropriate Technology Source Books* by Ken Darrow of Volunteers in Asia, and *Simple Techniques for Rural Women* by Elizabeth O'Kelly of ITDG in London. Others cover blacksmithing, dairy goat

management, grain storage, mud stoves, solar collectors, fish farming, windmills, waterwheels, health, sanitation, non-formal education and agriculture. Most of these are do-it yourself manuals, while a few are general resource guides, and some deal with the concepts of A.T., participatory development and local self-reliance.

TRANET is a transnational network of, by and for people who are helping one another to become locally self-reliant. Ellis suggests that it is the industrial countries which have the most to gain by adopting small-scale, human-controlled technologies to meet their own basic needs with their own resources; or, the most to lose if they fail to find ways to be less exploitive of their natural resources.

Additional information on this and other TRANET programs may be obtained by contacting TRANET at P.O. Box 567, Rangeley, ME 04970, USA or calling (207) 864-2252.

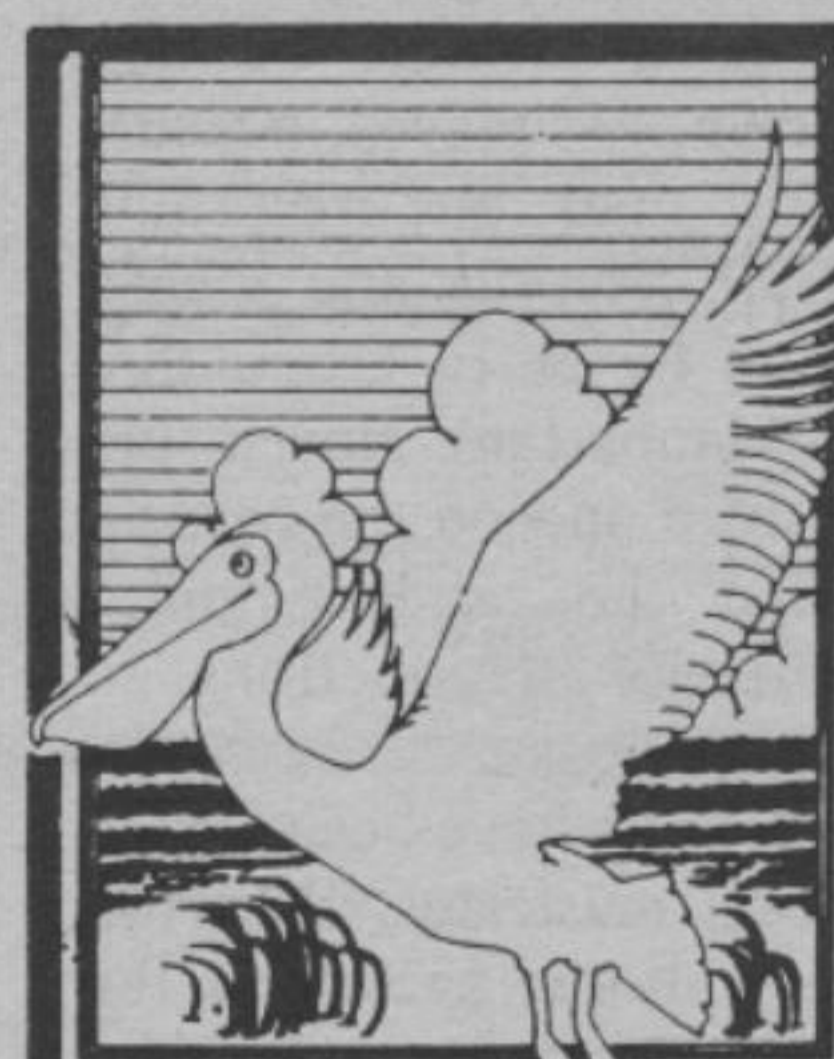
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A Whiteboy's Perspective

The Local Jazz

by Jim Crozier

"Jazz is improvised music that swings." This definition works if one's understanding of "improvise" and "swing" are sufficiently broad — no matter. What I mean is what the white boys play 20 years after. Jazz is, by its heritage, black music — a very sophisticated expression of an oppressed culture. It is bawdy and raw, but somehow different from the blues and the work song. It is inspirational and inspired — but not gospel. It is intellectual and elitist — but not like music of the European "grand tradition." Jazz is at times popular, but rather than *be* popular music, it is mother to popular music. Its standards are classic, but not classical. It includes within itself a diverse range of styles: Dixieland, Swing, Bop (Bebop/cool/hard bop), avant garde, Latin, funk and fusion.

The jazz that I have any firsthand knowledge of is a minute portion of the whole. From the Bop period, roughly 1945 through 1965, comes a body of material (songs) that any jazz musician can play with any other jazz musician. Aside from the tunes and the harmonic language of jazz, there is a particular way the rhythm moves. This rhythm, the *groove*, can only be learned by listening. You won't hear it at first, and likely never will unless you feel it in your body. One learns it in detail only by working it out on one's instrument with other players through the standard tunes.

I got my basic training over a period of two years starting in February '78. The Lohman-Crozier Trio was my beginning as a jazz musician. Jimmy Lohman (guitar), Van Crozier (sax), and myself (bass fiddle). That summer with Arthur Rouse (drums) and Steve Mello (vibes): The Lohman-Crozier Jazz Band at the Sub'n'Pub — now that was a party. Training became intense that August through the end of the year at Ricco's with Bill Kennedy (sax) and Lindsey Sarjeant (piano), and usually Pete Davenport (drums). Lohman, Crozier, & Mello meet Tom Creekmore (sax) at the Omni Express in January '79. The Tom Creekmore Quartet plays at Treasure Village, a real laid-back scene. Back with the Sound Affair (Kennedy and Sarj) at the Hilton in June til Christmas. Also on that gig from time to time: Steve Mello, Dennis Everhart, Pete Davenport (drummers all); Steve Cutcher (sax), Jack King (piano), and Pat Meighan (sax). January 1980: every club owner has it figured after all that country is commercial and jazz ain't — to hell with those music lovers who come in, sit in the front row all night nursing a drink. Still, Lohman & Mello had a steady gig at Maxin's.

After some attempts at having a "jazz club" in Tallahassee and the recent demise of the Jazzberry Patch, I've got to look at Maxin's and say, "Gee, now there's a place that has had some pretty decent music over the years." It has never been hyped as a jazz club, but there has probably been more jazz played there over more years than anywhere else lately. We (Lohman, Crozier, Creekmore) play there about one weekend a month. Bruce Saunders has had his groups in there. Now, Kennedy has a trio in there about once a month with Marcus Roberts (piano) and Gary Foote (bass). These guys are authentic. Marcus is incredible — blind — practices eight hours a day. I had the opportunity to play the Jan. '82 Cannonball Festival with him and also the April '82 St. Augustine Festival of Jazz. Preparing for those concerts were among the most intense musical experiences of my life. Gary is another bassist to listen to. He and Marcus practice together a lot.

I mentioned Bruce Saunders. Damn good guitar player, better all the time. He has been leading a band at The Alley every Wednesday night featuring Jeff Robbins on

"Here's One...,"

from page 1

Maxin's and old Tom Creekmore says, "You gonna sing a few?" Jimmy Lohman, still fighting the right revolutions, scats softly. Jim Crozier loves his baby girl with his bass. Bill Kennedy, the technician, makes people listen when they don't want to — even my mother likes Bill Kennedy's playing. Rick Redman, Angelo Morris, Jiggs, Dennis Everhart, Chuck Corbett, Scott Whitfield, Kathy Gayhart, Linda Smith, Christie Norman, Gary Foote, Alex Cash, Stu Bruner, Lee Arthur Evans, Brian Buck, Theresa Bradwell, Mark Danello, Paul Newman, Bruce Saunders, Mike Waddell, Chip Turner, Burt Wolfe, Ron Wilson, and wonderful, wonderful David Jimenez — why do I feel like I'm saying thank you simply because they are here? Why do I want to dance when Masheed plays his steel drums? Why doesn't everyone know what I know?

They will drive miles to hear a friend who is playing an out-of-town gig just in case others don't have sense enough to listen. They will drag sound equipment around to play for people who are more interested in impressing each other. They will work a gig where they have to buy their own beer and eat little fish crackers for nourishment while patrons sit in front of them with steaks rotting under too much of a perfumed body. They feed each other, borrow for the rent, hug a



Lindsey Sarjeant

newcomer, pump gas to get a horn out of hock. The play the music and play the music and play the music. Sometimes it seems as if no one in this town really wants to listen, but they play anyway. I keep dreaming of a night in Ruby Diamond when they are all there. Johnny Whitehurst will silence everyone with his soft, southern patter. Gwet Jones will make men who look like Mack trucks cry in their beards. Velma will sing a note so pure that an air system won't be needed. Lindsey Sarjeant will play a half-hour solo and no one will move a muscle. Bill Kennedy will play the ultimate, perfect scale pattern. When they have all finished, the lights will go up in the auditorium and there among the Tallahassee residents will be Billie Holiday, James Taylor, Carole King, Charlie Parker, and Old Willie Nelson — cuing the audience to applaud.



photo by Lennie Osborne

sax, Alex Cash on drums, and Gary Foote on bass. Also at The Alley, the Sugarfoot Stompers have been playing quite a few weekends. They play Dixieland Jazz, an old style (circa 1920), which has experienced a couple of commercial revivals since then. It is an even more outstanding example of "white boys...20 years after" syndrome I mentioned in my first paragraph. The band is led by Greg McLean, who is one fine trumpet player and a good band leader. They play with skill and enthusiasm and please the crowd. And remind me of our summer '78 at the Sub'n'Pub. Love it!

Before I wrap up, I must mention a few more names: Rick Redman, Pat Buchanan, the Blackman Brothers, Pam Laws, and Leroy Roosevelt Henderson. Rick and Pat are long-time Tallahassee bass players who can eat me alive on electric bass. Pat hasn't been around town lately — gone new wave in Atlanta — but he subbed for me one night at Treasure Village. Rick subbed for me at the Hilton and Ricco's and he was in the house band at the Jazzberry Patch. They both played with Lindsey Sarjeant during the summer of '76 at the Sun and Moon uptown. Both have been an inspiration to me. Pam Laws has been teaching a very popular jazz history course at TCC for awhile, but only recently came out to sing. I have had the pleasure of working with her a few times. Her voice is so rich that it feels like I'm playing behind a horn section. The Blackman Brothers were here for two years working on twin degrees in Psychology. Gary (trumpet), and Rick (sax) — both good players — led a band a Maxin's now and then. Leroy Henderson is one really fine drummer — an exciting drummer who will be groovin' along at a whisper and drop the bomb at just the right time — don't get to play with him much — the 'Nam did him wrong.

My most exciting times in Tallahassee as a jazz musician were two times that I got to play with Nat Adderley — Guv Bob's outdoor party of January 1979, and one night at the Jazzberry Patch in January '82 (much warmer). Playing for the old black folks who knew Nat when he was coming up is demanding — they tell ya when it's right and they tell ya when it ain't. No one else in this town knows how to listen like that.

Short History of W.W. Wharton

by Burt Furbee

1966. Lothar and the Mind Expanders. Does the name ring a bell? Probably not. Their main claim to fame was a third-place finish in a battle of the bands at the Leon County Fairgrounds where several of the Expanders wore pajamas to the event. Since then, a member of that group, Bill Wharton, has played in a succession of bands, had one recording contract with ESP Records and gigged with Pearls Before Swine (a group that played mostly in Manhattan). Now a solo act, he plays in town and on the road in addition to being the resident guitar player at Monticello Productions in Jefferson County.

The intervening years have been a time of change for local musicians. Wharton thinks the biggest boon has been the increased availability of places to play. "In 1969, W.W. Wharton and Company played at Johnny Brown's place, The Cheshire Cat, behind the B&W Fruit Market. It was one of Tallahassee's first rock clubs," he remembers. At around the same time, the Sun Restaurant, a germinal co-op effort in town, was "the only place to play if you were singing your own songs. Nobody ever made any money or really got paid at the Sun, but everybody had a good time. It was a real good scene." He also remembers the McKenzie Brothers and Steve Meisburg playing there along with many others.

From 1974 to 1981, he performed in one of the area's longest lived groups, the Wild Blue Yonders. Throughout those seven years, the band had more members than can be listed here, but in 1980 the roster was trimmed from about ten musicians to three. Included were Shepard, Redmond and Wharton.



Performing takes about half his time. Studio work fills the rest. He's played on Meisburg's "visions," backed up Eric Shepard for her selection on "Tallahassee's Hottest" album, and plays on "Big Bend Country," a soon-to-be-released album from Monticello Productions. In addition, he has an album of his own, "From the Heart," put out by Peckerwood Publishing.

As a solo, he finds it necessary to interact more with the audience to get a feel for what they might want to hear on a particular night. He can tailor not only the selections to suit the mood of the crowd, but also the arrangements can be altered immediately without having to rehearse a change.

...

Wharton plays April 29-30 at Radcliffe's and June 2-4 at the Alley.

The Contemporary Folk Scene

by Sue Hamburger

When Radcliffe's opened on East Jefferson street one year ago, no one knew it would become a showcase for some of Tallahassee's finest acoustic performers. One of a handful of clubs that provides a musical outlet for seasoned musicians, Radcliffe's also encourages new performers to break in material in front of their weeknight audiences.

Del Suggs got his musical start playing bass in a high school rock band that toured extensively. He went solo, pursuing music full time, in 1979 after a brief duo act with Jack Nichols. Del's "saltwater music" has a double meaning — a descriptive term for the type of material he performs and the name of his promotional/management agency. He books himself onto the regional college circuit from Miami to San Antonio, Texas up to Virginia on a regular basis with occasional gigs as far as Hyde Park, New York.

Also an original songwriter, Del composes a couple of times a month, adding material in spurts to his vast reper-

toire of 200 songs. Of his own songs, both "Refrigerated Air," part of the soundtrack for a film by the Governor's Energy Office with Gamble Rogers, and "Hurricane's Coming" are the most requested. Del counts his roots as a sixth generation Gulf Coast native and old Delta blues performers among his influences. His harmonica playing attests to the blues background.

Twenty-nine year old **Johnny Gilliam** has been down the musical road for many years already. The Tallahassee native played lead guitar in a rock band in high school and after graduation played in local bands in Odessa, Texas, where he met Larry Gatlin. That sent him to Nashville and seven months of rhythm guitar studio work for Waylon Jennings in 1977. Johnny burned out on the Nashville scene and came home five years ago. Although his musical roots are in country, he plays many blues, "mellow rock," and bluegrass songs.

In January Johnny joined up with

rhythms that are hard to resist.

Best cover: "People Who Died," Jim Carroll Band.

The Shakes: Formerly the Speed Queens, the New Improved Shakes have reorganized with a more cohesive dance-stance, sporting R&B and punk covers as well as countless originals on topics as diverse as napalm, unemployment, legal trivia and the joys of suburban living. Paced by drummer Danni Vogt and sparked by Frank Brown's funky saxophone, the Shakes are still shaping their sound. Plugged into a good audio system, guitarist Jim Mahorner and singer Sharla Benedict come across loud and clear; otherwise the band's inherent rowdiness gets subdued in muffled sound-mixes and all you hear is a sax skating over rumbling sonic murk. But that's a small roadblock. With practice they can only get better. And they're already a lot of fun.

Best cover: "Ride Your Pony," Lee Dorsey.

Lost in space: **Daughter Damage, Grandma's House, Toxic Shock, Ben Wentworth (ex-Generix), Purple Heads** — all retired from the scene but rumored to be making comebacks. Keep your eyes peeled for garish street posters.

singer Peri Bass after hearing her at Radcliffe's. They're taking time to polish their act now while she's still in college, content to play local clubs and lounges like Wooden Nickel and Happy Jax.

Singer/songwriter **Sally Warner** devotes her full time to music. During the day she works on perfecting her engineering skills for her home recording studio. At night she performs her blend of original songs and "good, obscure music from the last three decades." Sally's been writing songs since she was seven years old. She's been playing clubs for the last two years, first in Columbus, Ohio and now in Tallahassee. As with many Tallahasseeans, Sally attended FSU (as a voice major) and stayed. She picked up guitar in 1977 and again in 1980, after a three-year layoff, but considers herself primarily a singer. One of her most requested originals is "Flashy Boys," a humorous blues number. Her classically trained lyric soprano, now lowered to a mezzo range, displays all of her material to its best advantage. She's accompanied by Tim Goudy on lead guitar, and within a year hopes to have a full band.

At the business end of the music, Sally spends time setting up her "generic" recording studio. Geared toward new songwriters, she plans to keep the price down to an affordable level. She's had eight-track equipment since April, 1981, and is perfecting her technique by constantly making tapes.

Versatility and tight three-part harmony are the outstanding features of **Moondance**. Playing together only six months, they have about fifty years experience among them, going back to grammar and high school bands. Bassist Bill McGuire doubles on rhythm guitar. Lead guitarist Howard Rubin also plays saxophone, and vocalist Mimi is adept at rhythm guitar, bass, percussion, and glockenspiel. This wide range of instruments gives Moondance freedom to play a variety of musical styles including country, 1950s and 1960s rock, blues and jazz. Both Bill and Howard played in Windfall seven years ago, and Mimi sang with the Rolling Mothers. When they got together in this band they chose Radcliffe's open mike night for their debut. Other club owners around town

booked them in rapid succession.

Since the band is a fun thing, for extra money, Moondance has no plans to record or tour. All are busy with daytime jobs, so they're content to play twice a month. Because both Bill and Howard also write songs, the group is expanding their repertoire, adding a few new songs each week.

Lynn Patrick is alone again. She's worked with three partners since she came to Tallahassee three years ago — bassist Bill McGuire, flutist John Martin, and jazz guitarist Jim Evans. Lynn says she enjoys playing alone although she'd like to add other musicians in the future.

Shy Lynn never intended to perform. Hometown friends in Orlando encouraged her, so she tackled local restaurants and bars. Once in Tallahassee her first job was as a sandwich maker at the Alley. A month later she began performing there. Six years ago Lynn began writing her own songs — light, jazzy, progressive, and melodic. She begins with the music,



Lynn Patrick

Photo by Sue Hamburger

develops a melody, and later adds lyrics to fit the mood. An exacting performer, Lynn does only ten of her fifty originals, many "only fragments," she claims. Of these ten, "Night of the Moon" and "I Fell For You" stand out.

When Lynn performs, she "wants to make people feel good, feel closer to themselves, and put ideas in their heads."

Fred Slade's technically adept finger-picking enralls guitarists and non-musicians alike. Fred learned his fingerstyle in the Air Force in 1970. He heard a barracks mate playing and got hooked immediately. Fred listened to Peter, Paul and Mary and Gordon Lightfoot records slowed down to 16 rpm, to learn their picking patterns. When this Macon, Georgia/Gainesville native arrived at FSU in 1971, he heard Gamble Rogers around town a lot and admired his clean picking. Then a friend turned him on to Leo Kotke. Fred hasn't stopped adding to his repertoire since.

After graduating from FSU, Fred worked in Leesburg, where he feels he learned the most musically; with a dead social scene he really had time to hone his craft. But it wasn't until he sat in between Del Suggs' sets at the Alley in 1981 that Fred began singing.

New Bands, from page 1

for the best new band in town. As fast as Hated Youth but much more subtle and flexible, this trio can shift from frenzied slash-riffing to a twangy rockabilly shuffle in a couple of heartbeats and back again. Frontmen Greg and Neal sing about subjects as varied as housechores (*make the bed!...do the dishes!...take out the garbage!...BOOMGNASHBOOM*) and outer space while drummer Paul Suhor nails down a relentlessly busy beat. Lately the band has been real popular at FSU art exhibits, so maybe they've found a following.

Best cover: "Heartbreak Hotel," Elvis Presley.

Generix: Another promising band that needs a gig every week, but can't get one. Garage rock lost in the cosmos between oldtime heavy metal and oldtime punk rock, the Generix sound is laden with buzz and feedback, ominous dark chords and lusty volume. Singer Bill Chasteen looks like he's just risen from the grave; Roy Rogers (guitar) and Arthur Lawrence (bass) give him a reason for sticking around, churning up dense, danceable

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Name Dropping and Historical Notes

The plan for this section was for every musician in town to submit a blurb about his or herself: who they had played with, styles, a comment about Tallahassee music in general. It would be neat to see how all the names cross reference themselves through history. But hardly anyone did it. Here is what was presented to me, followed by a list of names and remarks about people I can think of who should have their name in anything written about Tallahassee music. Just because!

—Jim Crozier



Hated Youth

photo by Whit Eifner

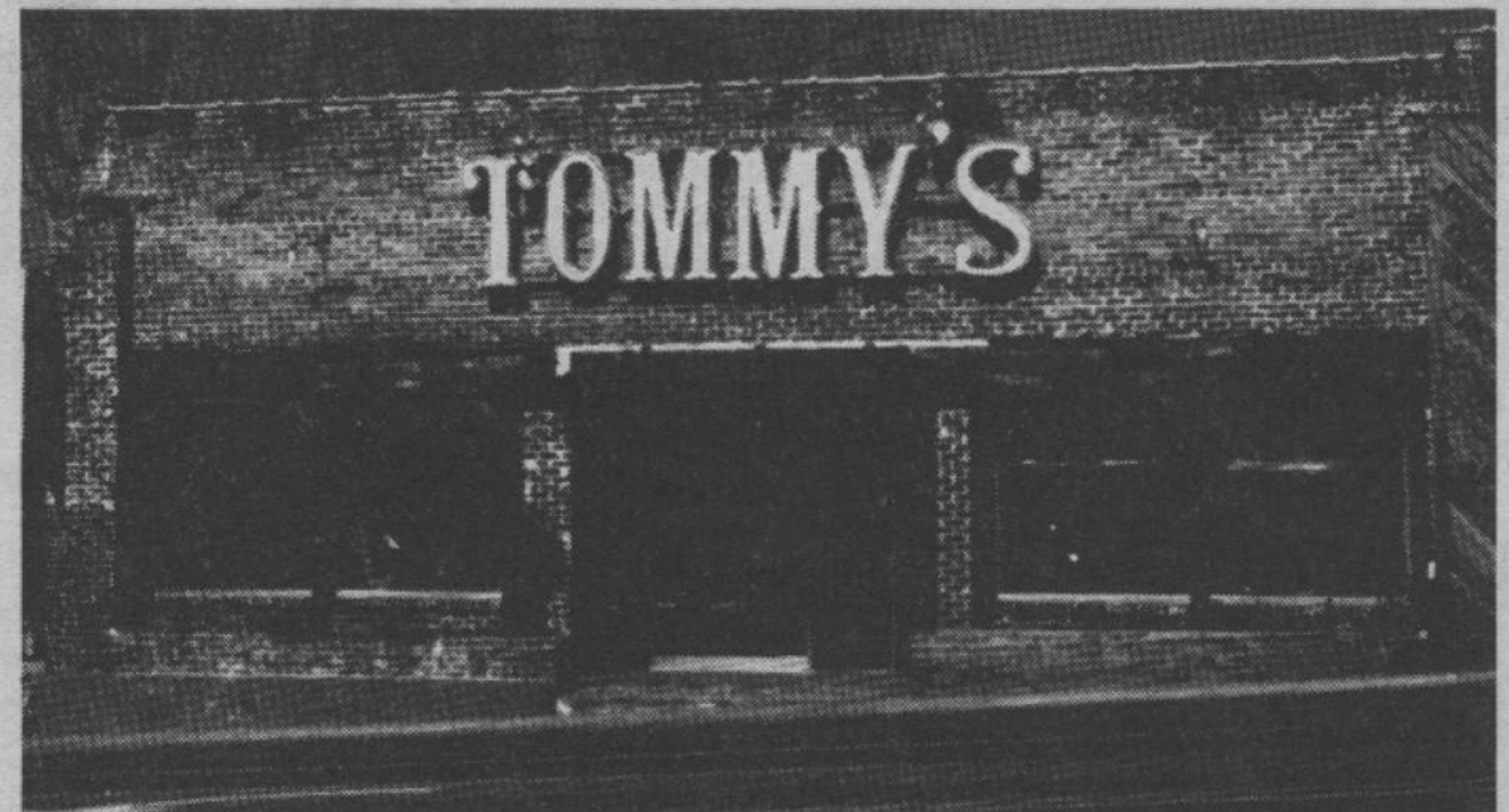


Gene Collier



Molly Kearney

photo by Bob Miller



As It Was...

photo by Lennie Osborne

McKenzie Brothers

At Right: Midnight



photo by Lennie Osborne

Dixie Drive — David Childs, Jerry Strom, Arthur Rouse, Bruce Durante, Jimmy Green, Chris Miller (violin), Lynn Magen. **Reel Rock Productions** (sound company) — Rick Ott and all the crew from Spice. **Tom and the Cats** — country. **Tallahassee Band alumni** — still mixing and matching. **Longineaux Parker, Jiggs Walker** and the rest of **Collage** — Crusaders-style jazz-funk. **Gene Collier** (percussion) — Collage, jammed with everybody. **Chris Miller** (violin) — Crank (74), Wharton, Buck Miller Blues Band (75), Micky and Pat Buchanan, Night Hawks (74), Dixie Drive (75), Tombstone Frank and the Vinyl Chloride Boogie Bombers (76-77), to Chicago (77).

Gordon Scott (guitar, guitar repair) — bluegrass. Guitar Specialty Enterprises. Big Bend Ramblers (1969-74): Roy West (lead vocals, guitar), Nick Leslie (banjo), Ed Mellon (tenor vocals, mandolin), Bob Langston (fiddle), Jack Haslam (baritone vocals, bass fiddle), Gordon Scott (guitar, mandolin, harmonica, vocals), Bill Britton (banjo, guitar). Played all the Millers Landing festivals. Currently reactivating with new personnel: Roy West, Nick Leslie, Max Tillman (fiddle), Gordon Scott, and Michael Baines, Sr. (vocals, bass fiddle).

Fred Chester (engineer, producer) — Sweetbay Recording Studio. Steve Meisburg, John Walters, Lindsey Sarjeant, Velma Frye, Sammy Tedder, Pat Buchanan, BB Jam, Tallahassee Band, The Know It Alls, Crew 22, FSU Jazz Band, Marching Chiefs, FAMU Rattlers, Gamble Rogers, The Yonders, Crosscut Saw, Elmer Sheffield and many country and gospel musicians. Co-produced: Chester & Evans, Wide Open Spaces, Labamba, Guthrie & Bruch, and Flipside.

The Know It Alls (KIA) and **Persian Gulf** started out playing at Smitty's, and both bands have progressed since then, despite being initially ignored by mainstreamers and later slandered by one infamous ex-Tallahassee music critic.

Radcliff's — heir to Smoky's after so long. It's really like the fabled Greenwich Village in there. Tuesday night showcase. **Lucky Horseshoe** — wasn't. Filled the void left by the closing of the Pastime Downstairs. Lot of great music in those few months. First host to Tallahassee new wave. **Tommy's** (previously, The Train Wreck) — Tom Schmick (sax). Every rock & roll musician in town has played Tommy's. Also: Etc. Theatre, benefits, jazz. Club sold after years of payin' dues. **Pastime** — the music was downstairs. Tom Schmick was the first manager — booked all the bands on the strip for awhile. Later opened up Pastime Two, Upstairs. **Smitty's** — has been the place for debuts and special events for more than a decade. Original home of Smitty's Band (71-74): Robin Rose, Floyd Pascal, Jon Alexander, Ed Bradley. Music and dancing usually lasted until 4 a.m.

The Implications — combination of art school sensibility and bubble gum. Liz Wing (cheezy Farfisa organ), Chris Craig (vocals), Molly Kearney (bass). **Windjammer** (reggae) — Steve Mello, Lawrence App, Glen & Greg, Maa She, et al.

Canopy Roads — progressive bluegrass. Mary Cox, Lee Kotick, Jack Haslam, and Mike Jett. Lee formerly classical, Mary and Jack formerly of Cypress Creek. **Pierce Pettis** (singer-songwriter) — folk, et al. Joan Baez recorded his "Song at the End of the Movie."

Debbie McKinnon (piano) — brilliant classical player gone to rock. Dave Mignano (guitar), Jack Greenberg (drums). Dave Mignano — rock/ blues. Buck Miller Blues Band (75), Florida Gold (76), Wild Blue Yonders (77), Blue Jazz (78). **Velma Frye** (piano, vocals) — featured in Big Bend Philharmonic (78). **Charlie Engstrom** (everything) — musical director for the film *Gal Young'un*.

Jim Crozier (composer, bassist) — jazz, et al. 1976: bluegrass — Butch Burns, Jimmy Quine, Bill Calhoun, Pierce Pettis at Smokey's. Tobey Stein, Bill Wharton (drums and dobro), and the Wild Blue Yonders with Jerry Thigpen (lead guitar), "Majic John" Jones (organ), Jeff Ridner (sax), Pat Buchanan (everything), David Davidson (fiddle), Lynn Magen and Erice Shepard (vocals). '77: studied with Pam Andrews (bass) and John Boda (composer). '78: jazz with Lohman/ Creekmore/ Van Crozier/ Kennedy/ Sarjeant, et al. Freelance in any style.

Butch Trucks — Allman Brothers Band drummer. Back in town to open a state of the art recording studio. **George Johnson** — (guitar repair), has held nearly every guitar in town. Has the most answers for the most questions and vice versa. Guitar Specialty Enterprises. **The Velvets** — stone country. Playing at the Tradewinds for more than 12 years. **Hutch & Hoss** — Tom Hutchinson, Dickie Hossford. Been playing popular and country for years. **Sid's** — HONKY TONK. **Frank Sanzone** (banjo, drums) — Ma & Pa Hotgrass Band. Johnson's Furniture Jams (77-78). **Azalea Blossom String Band** — Charlie Engstrom, Carrol Arbogast, Ken. **Del Suggs** — Saltwater Music. **Pete Winter** (bass) — Pierce Pettis, Tallahassee Band. **Michael Angelo** — Rick, Angel, David Kuncicky, Bill McGuire. **The Rolling Mothers Revue** — Amy & Carol, Mimi Hern. **Bill O'Brien** — writes the songs that say what it is. **James Stanton** — Wakulla Band, McKenzie Band.

Labamba — Sammy Tedder (sax), Mick Riclic (keyboards), Stan Grambling (bass), Mike Andrews (guitar), Eddie Bradley (drums), more. Dance the night away! **Jerry Thigpen** (guitar) — Midnight, Wild Blue Yonders, Those fabulous Midnights. "Majic John" Jones, Lynn Magen, "Cousin" Bruce Durante, Jeff Ridner, David Schussler, Don Fortner.

Tallahassee Ladies Choir — Margaret Sparks, Lynn Magen and Erice Shepard, Velma Frye, Marsha Orr, et al. **Ray Wiley** (pop and country) — has always had a good band and been working. **Gil Pemberton** (jazz historian) — look wherever there is jazz, he'll be there in the corner with his harps and tape recorder.

John and Jim McKenzie (singers/ songwriters, guitar) — folk/ rock. Early 70s: McBrew Family with Erice Shepard, William Solberg, Bill Sutton, Robin Rose, Chris Miller, John McKenzie. McKenzie Brothers Band, duet. Later with Tom Hutchinson, Mike Andrews, Kathy Andrews. Late 70s: with Lewis "Jiggs" Walker (bass), Tom Schmick (sax), "Mississippi James" Stanton, Pat Buchanan, Ron Kaye. 80s: with Jim Crozier and David Antonacci (drums). Two albums: *She Got to Go* (jim), and *New Trick* (duet). Song recorded on Capricorn by Cowboy — Scott is old Tallahassee.

"Rev." Jimmy Graham — sax and keyboards extraordinaire. Formerly with Tallahassee Band, formerly a **Bad News Boy** at the Lakeland Lounge for a 40-week gig, and a former **Slutboy**. Continues to appear with various musicians about town. First band was **Stark Naked and the Car Thieves**. "Probably the best band, musically, was called **Detroit**," Graham recalls. "But we didn't get much attention because all the songs were instrumentals." Was with **Trepammer** for a period, playing at the Co-Ed Club (now it's Fannies). "We used to rearrange the letters on the sign out front. Invariably, someone would come up to us and say, 'Boy, you sure are better than the guys who played here last night,'" said Graham.



photo by Lennie Osborne

Folk Fiddlin'

by Ron Kanen

The Friends of Old Time Dance meet every second and fourth Saturday at the Greater Leon Arts Center (the old library). Amidst the squares, reels, contras, and round dances, listen to the music. It's not country, it's not bluegrass, and it may be a little different than the usual square dance music. This is "traditional music." Its roots go way back, to English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh folk music, and to rural Appalachia and other parts of the American South.

Aside from its catchy tunes, this music has a way of probing the psyche. The tunes all have names like "Black Nag," "Allie Crocker," "Forky Deer," "Rye Straw," "Bill Cheatham," or "Chorus Jig." These tunes are improvised upon by the musicians. The instruments give the music its special character. There's the usual fiddle, guitar, banjo, and piano or bass, and also a mandolin, a dulcimer, especially a hammered dulcimer, and on occasion, a folk harp.

This music is passed along as a

tradition. While there are some instruction books in folk guitar, fiddling, etc., and many of the traditional tunes have been written down, and a certain amount of scholarship in ethnomusicology helps, basically this music requires a gut feeling for the style. There's even an organization, the Florida State Fiddler's Association, which holds an annual festival and competition in Gainesville, to help carry on this type of music.

The members of the Tallahassee Old Time String Band, which plays at the Friends of Old Time Dance, include Charlie Engstrom, fiddle; Bill Webb, fiddle; Larry Coltharp, piano; Angie Prather, mandolin; Thom Henderson, guitar; Doug Gauss, hammered dulcimer; and Rick Lindstrom, banjo. The caller at the dances, Maggie McKeown, also plays fiddle, and has organized her own women's group, the Merriweather String Band, which sometimes plays at the dances.



Photo by Frank Brown

Sounds of Swing

by Carmy Greenwood

"Goodness gracious I'm no chump, I just bit off the camel's hump. I'm just wild about animal crackers, animal crackers..."

The swing sound that evolved out of early twentieth century jazz in the 1930s was syncopated, danceable, upbeat, jazzy, and mostly, swinging. There isn't a lot available for a fan of early jazz and swing in Tallahassee.

On the airwaves, jazz and swing fans have only WFSU-FM's three jazz exceptions to its all-classical programming. Mark Okasako hosts "Late Night Jazz" on Saturday night from 11 pm to 1 am, and the newly resurrected "Snatches of Jazz" on Sunday from noon to 5 pm. But for jazz and swing of the earlier years, Tallahassee's mainstay has been Jim Chion's "The Sounds of Swing," which airs Saturday evenings from 8 to 11 pm.

When Chion took over the show five years ago, it was called "Swing and Before," and consisted mostly of straight record play of tunes from the "big band" names like Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman, with very little talk. Once Chion made the show his own, the ratings tripled. He attributes that success to the one-to-one, relaxed conversational tone he tries to use in his commentary, and the variety of music he plays. It comes mostly from the 1920s to the 1950s, and includes the sounds of small, intimate bands, little-known groups, big bands, and novelty numbers. A recent show began with a popular 1920s tune by Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake Seven, and closed with a jazz violin performance by Joe Venuti on "Blues for Nobody" that combined the tempo and energy of jazz with the discipline and finesse of chamber music. In between, listeners heard Duke Ellington's "Harlem River Quiver," Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong on "My Sweet Hunk of Trash," ("... You lie about your youth—I don't lie baby, I'm just careless with the truth"), Lionel Hampton, Ruth Edding, Bix Beiderbeck, Helen Kane (a.k.a. Betty Boop), plus a little Japanese swing with "Tokyo Boogie Woogie," and swing harp and violin on "Clarinet Marmalade."

He has the ability to refurbish and equalize old 78 rpm records at home before putting them on tape (he plays only originals—on tape or re-recorded at 33 1/3 rpm.

A Harp For the Wind to Play

by John Christian Vincent

The aeolian harp, a string instrument played by the wind, is an esoteric musical instrument often read about in romantic poetry. Ross Barrable, a Canadian-born harp and dulcimer builder who lived in Tallahassee for many years, created a colossal harp here, which he calls the *Soulcri*. The result of a two-year project, it is his magnum opus, his life's crowning achievement and also a gift to humanity.

When Barrable came to Tallahassee, he was seeking a meaningful creative outlet denied to him by his traditional North American upbringing. He chose musical instrument building, an activity which could best synthesize his passion for woodworking and his love for music. Harps have been his favorite instruments to build since they, in Barrable's opinion, are most able to express his deepest spiritual desires. These instruments "of the heart" have the ability to soothe and, according to Barrable, to heal.

Barrable was unaware that the wind could play a string instrument until he witnessed it with one of his smaller harps at the Lake Jackson Indian Mounds. At that moment he decided to make a very large wind harp with a sound that would be awesome and magnificent to the listener. Sparing no expense, and with little help or direction, his highest dream, the *Soulcri*, was realized with splendid results.

The *Soulcri* is impressive. Its reinforced concrete frame, in the shape of a traditional harp, stands ten and a half feet tall and weighs over two tons. Barrable's employment as a construction worker during the building of the Tallahassee Civic Center taught him the techniques for reinforcing concrete. The harp's soundbox is made from three large sheets of stainless steel, welded together and polished to look seamless. Sixty-three strings run from the top of the frame to the soundbox. This sturdy structure was designed to withstand the elements for a long time. Many wooden wind harps have rotted and collapsed.

To understand the *Soulcri*'s significance to the community, one must also understand what it means to its builder. Its very structure can be personified, according to Barrable, as a human being, feet solidly standing on the earth, arms stretched out toward its creator. Its core, the strings of its "heart" are open and exposed to play out its music to the listener. Its shiny steel soundbox reflects the beauty of the world, of which it is a part.

Since harps are for Barrable the instruments most capable of communicating spiritual power, the wind harp is even more powerful because, in his belief, the spirit of God moves the wind. It is thus an instrument of supreme musical expression. Built also to be played by people, it invites the listener to improvise music of his/her own creation. Since Barrable believes that human creativity is inspired directly from God, one's own improvised music is also of divine origin.

Creativity, which he believes is instilled in everyone, can bring about a state of full humanness. For him instrument building is an activity which expresses his unending need to be creative. It is therefore more than a creative hobby; it is a self-actualizing process. "Creativity brings me single-mindedness — when I am working on a new design ... my mind is totally focused. When my mind is focused, there's no conflict and I experience a deep sense of peace, and with peace always comes joy." It is his hope that the powerful sound and presence of the *Soulcri* will inspire others to realize their creative urges.

• • •

Barrable had envisioned putting the *Soulcri* in a place where there would be sufficient wind to play it, and where it would be easily accessible to the public. Such a place might have been a hill or oceanside. To establish this large sculpture in such an area would have required a donation of land. Barrable was unsuccessful in obtaining this, in addition to some hoped-for financial reimbursement to cover the expense of materials used to build the harp.

During the first week of April, Barrable moved to Boone, North Carolina. He will return soon to Tallahassee to take the *Soulcri* back with him. It is his hope that he will find the right place to put the harp. He also hopes that his instrument-making business will better flourish in that area. It is my hope that the people of Tallahassee will join in best wishes for this superb artisan in finding more success in his new community.

He actively searches for "new" old tunes to share with his listeners—"So many people think jazz and swing are just Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller big band stuff. But they're not. There were thousands of others, and I search them out. They didn't used to do that on this show."

Chion researches the music in jazz and swing history books, and shares what he learns with his listeners. He admits to getting a lesson himself now and then, when someone calls in to correct some misinformation he has passed on. Once, he recalls, he named the wrong person as a soloist on a Benny Goodman recording. When a listener called in to set things straight, Chion learned that the man had actually sat in on that recording session himself.

Chion likes to be conversational and natural in communicating with his listeners. For the same reason, he always does the show live and "wouldn't do it any other way." On tape, he feels, the show would lose its spontaneity and personal touch, and he would lose interest in it. He prides himself on his ability to laugh off mistakes. It's a solo performance—Chion is producer, engineer, and disc jockey.



Photo by Frank Brown

The Classical Scene

by Ron Kanen

If you're a classical music aficionado, Tallahassee is a small heaven on earth. Largely thanks to Florida State University's School of Music, the number of programs available is amazing. There are symphony concerts, chamber music, recitals, and full-fledged opera productions, all for either a nominal cost or, indeed, many for free.

FSU's symphony concerts are usually excellent. The University Symphony Orchestra is a top notch conservatory orchestra, and Philip Spurgeon has turned out to be a fine conductor. Works by Mahler, Bruckner, and Vaughn Williams have been featured on recent concerts.

FSU's opera department has been a particular delight. In the dozen or so years I've lived in Tallahassee, I've seen memorable productions of such works as Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio*, *The Magic Flute*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and this year's splendid performance of *Così fan tutte*; Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*, as well as such important modern operas as Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, Britten's *Albert Herring*, Robert Kurka's *The Good Soldier Schweik*, and Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah and Of Mice and Men*.

Chamber music and recitals abound, and these are usually free concerts. Catch Professor Emeritus Edward Kilenyi's superb artistry any time he's performing. A delightful raconteur, he often highlights his concerts with personal reminiscences of Bartok, Dohnanyi, and his student days in Budapest. Harpsichordist Karyl Louwenaar, an artist of the first rank, is an expert in baroque music and historic instruments such as the clavichord and the fortepiano. Her recitals are real treats. Then there's the consummate artistry of pianist Carolyn Bridger, especially when she's collaborating with such fellow artists as bass-baritone Roy Delp in one of the great Schubert lieder cycles. Leonidas Lipovetsky's bravura pianism has gladdened the hearts of many a concertgoer, especially when he's performing Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, a favorite of his. Or you might prefer the dazzling virtuosity of violinist Gerardo Ribeiro, joined by his excellent colleagues violist Rainer Moeckel and cellist Roger Drinkall.

A few years ago, the University Singers and Chorus under Clayton Krehbiel embarked on a three year cycle of Bach's great choral works: the "St. Matthew Passion," the "St. John Passion," and the "B-Minor Mass." I remember sitting at the "B-Minor Mass," thrilled by how very fine it was. They were using the oboes d'amore and the high trumpets Bach calls for. The voices of Yvonne Ciannella, Barbara Ford, Larry Gerber and others were soaring, and I had to pinch myself to realize that this was actually happening in a sleepy little town in north Florida. When has the Miami area last heard a live performance of this monumental work?

Let us at this point remember a noble effort back in the late seventies called the Big Bend Philharmonic. This was an attempt by a group of classically-oriented alternative lifestyle people to form an orchestra. I remember one seemingly endless evening at Tommy's, in its raunchier days, when everything from sonatas to Beethoven's First Symphony was played.

Now we come to the Tallahassee Symphony Orchestra. Only two years old, it was born full-blown into an excellent orchestra. Under conductor Nicholas Harsanyi, they play four concerts a year. Tallahassee can be proud that a city of this size can support an orchestra. The TSO's major problem is that they play their concerts in the Civic Center with its ghastly acoustics. But as we go to press, the orchestra's executive council is considering moving to Ruby Diamond Auditorium.

Downtown Tower Bells

by Carmy Greenwood

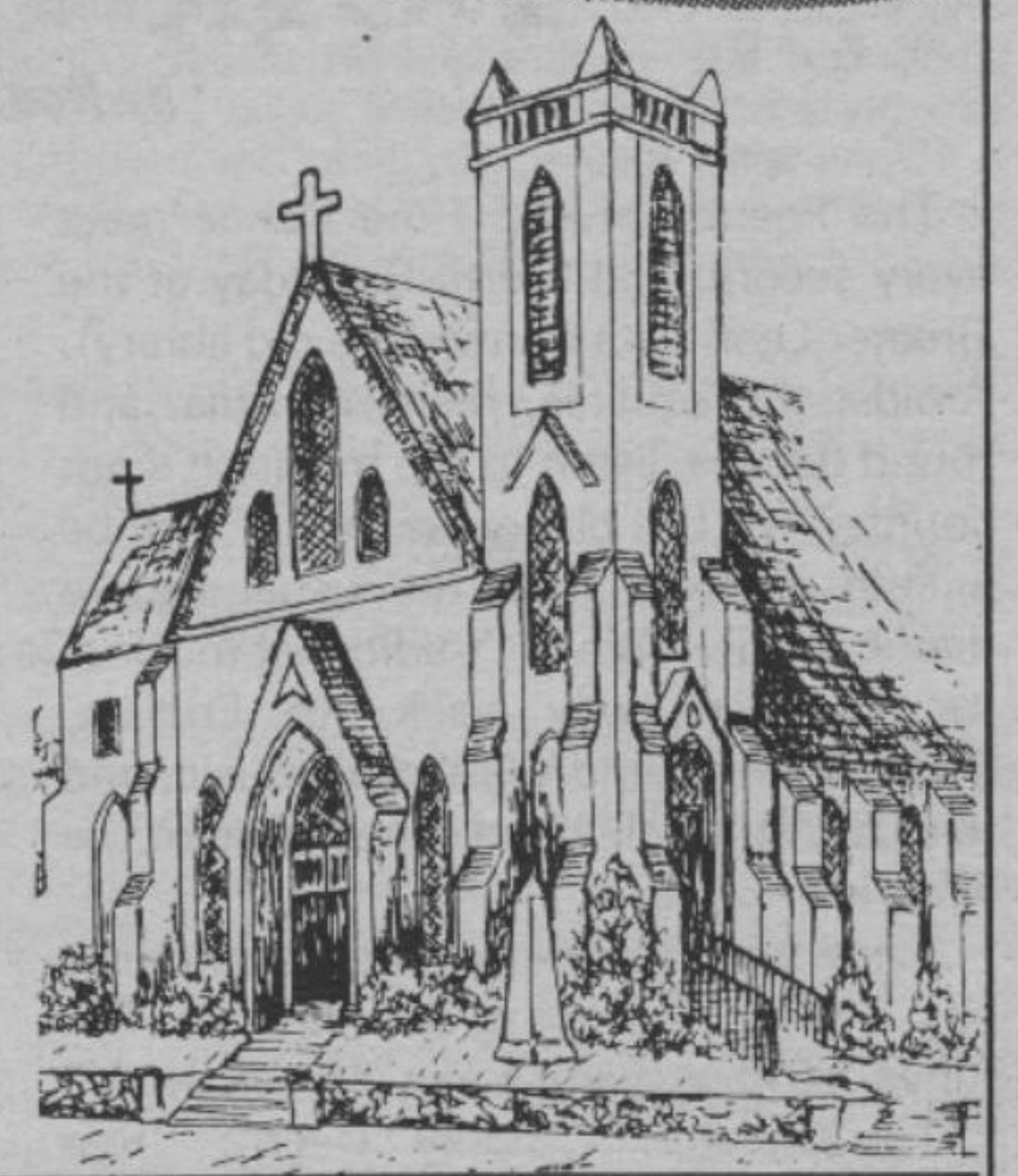
If you've spent any time downtown, especially on a Sunday morning, you've undoubtedly heard a bell's ring, peal, toll, or chime. Where do those clear voices come from?

Twenty-five feet above the ringing room at St. John's Episcopal Church are 12 tower bells, reaching up to three feet in diameter, and weighing a total of 17,000 pounds. A system of cables and pulleys leads from the keyboard of the chime stand up to the clappers of the bells. The bells are in a "fixed" set and do not themselves move, in contrast to a "free ring" bell which swings in a complete arc before the clapper hits it (Quasimodo had one of these), or "dead bells" which speak only when struck by a wooden mallet.

St. John's first ten bells were cast by the McShane Foundry in Maryland in 1915. The other two were made in Holland in 1975. Since it would take at least 14 bells to constitute a carillon, St. John's set of 12 makes a chime. When the church priced two new bells a few years ago, one large and one small one would have cost \$8,000.

With the 12 bells, the ringers at St. John's can play regular hymn tunes or ring "changes" — in which the bells are rung not according to a tune, but by a mathematical system of "changes" in which a bell changes its position in the order of ringing according to a fixed pattern of movement — for example, ring 123, 312, 231... Churches with only a few bells can just ring changes, since they don't have enough to cover the scale required by the hymns. Most churches can't approach the quality of St. John's bell chime, since they usually have only a single peal or two-peal bell, or a smaller, electronically amplified set of bells, like those heard during the lunch hour on work days downtown.

Bill Hansen is Tower Captain of the St. John's Bell Ringers' Guild, a group of 14 to 18 people organized into four teams. Each practices two Saturdays and rings one Sunday morning each month. Members of the guild also ring for weddings, funerals, and special events like Springtime Tallahassee or the release of the American hostages held in Iran. Hansen, who is retired, often serves at daytime functions like funerals, for which he rings a mourner's peal, and then rings the age of the deceased — 68 tolls of the bell for 68



years of life. Once recently he rang for a woman who had died at the age of 91. "I just hoped that no one in the church was counting with me," he joked.

The ringers, as young as 13, work in a high, small ringing room walled by old brick. To complete the gothic air, a steep, narrow staircase with a hidden entrance leads to the room. At the chime stand, the ringers push down the levers that correspond to the notes of the bells. Each bell is named after a saint. St. Adian is F-sharp, St. Stephen is D-sharp, for example. The music for bell ringing is not written on a regular staff, but just copied down as letters. Time is noted by an open dot, closed dot, check mark, or other symbol above the letter for the note.

The bells, which are mounted on three tiers of six feet by six feet rough-hewn timbers, are maintained by Patti Paul, the Bell Keeper. To adjust the tensions and such, she must squeeze up through a narrow hole in the ceiling above the ringing room to get to the bell level.

Some members of the Guild are also involved in hand bell ringing. All of them are members of St. John's Church, but don't have to be to get involved with the group. Each team has a captain who is responsible for training and scheduling the ringers.

It is an unusual opportunity for anyone to get to ring tower bells, since there are only a few sets in the Southeast. And it is a special opportunity for the Tallahassee community to be able to hear St. John's bells ringing a familiar hymn on a Sunday morning, or telling us of the end of a life, or the beginning of a marriage.

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Teen Beat— An interview with **hated eric**

by Jay Murphy

Hated Youth is Tallahassee's only hard core punk band and undoubtedly the most unpopular on the new music scene. Composed of Eric Rogers on guitar and lead vocals, Gary Strickland on vocals, Jon Hodges on bass and vocals, and Dave McKee on drums, Hated Youth's intensity, meth freak speed, and usual indifference to their audience has found more public acceptance elsewhere, at Gainesville's Slam Fest, for example.

Despite near ostracism locally, Hated Youth wins respect from other like-minded bands in Florida and are included in a new hard core compilation album of Florida bands on the Roach Motel's label, Destroy Records. The LP is appropriately entitled *We Can't Help It If We're From Florida* and is due to be released this summer.

The following interview with Eric Rogers was recorded March 17.

Jay: Hated Youth has gotten so much better the past year I've heard you play.

Eric: Definitely, this Minor Threat gig I feel pretty confident about. We're going in there, Gainesville, our guitarist has a broken thumb in a cast but he's still going to play. We might even take the show. When I first moved to Tallahassee I wanted to start a band when I saw the Slutboys. I thought somebody has to realize what is going on here, everybody's idea of God was Iggy Pop. When I wanted to get a band together, I wanted to put out a message. I didn't have a message in the beginning, for a long time I didn't realize what Hated Youth was going to do. Basically what Hated Youth is doing, is showing to Tallahassee, to Tallahassee especially because Tallahassee is so Bible Belt, is that kids nowadays, in schools, are working for this future that isn't even there. There's this huge end in the back of their minds, and people will sit back and say, "I don't want to think about it, you think about it, you worry about it." But whether you worry about it or not, it's there. Basically the propoganda put out by the American government is so strong that it makes them not want to think about it, not care about it.

Jay: The good old days are gone forever.

Eric: It's such a joke. "Ban the Bible, Ban the Bomb" is such an extremity of what we think. The Bible programs people, and the people behind it program everyone else in America to think that man has this limit, this height of technology and that there is this limit and that God is going to decide. They think that when the time comes to obliterate the globe and start everything again that God is going to decide. Some guy, whoever has any control up there will decide, it's time, it's time, let's do it. They'll send some bombs over to Russia, and they'll send some over here. Everyone thinks that impossibleman won't blow up the earth. Everyone thinks that there will be these survivors who will start everything over again, but I don't think so. People in Tallahassee are so —

Jay: Remote?

Eric: Remote, right, it's terrible. Tallahassee is definitely anti-hard core.

Jay: Or just not interested.

Eric: Right, because our music is basically non-melodic. We're not listenable, because our idea is, society is not listenable. I don't want to put out music that's happy, that's nice, because it's not what's going on. I don't want to



Photo by Frank Muller

write about love. Who needs to hear it? If there are no complaints there is no progress.

We are going to play a lot more out of town. We can't afford to play in town anymore. We play out at Smitty's, which is hard enough to get people to go out to, and when Hated Youth is the mainline band, people just don't want to go, they're not interested in hearing us because it doesn't make them want to dance. At our last gig with Roach Motel, some girls got hurt, and they were saying that it really wasn't fun, and they were saying that we were just jerks.

Jay: The people who do come to see you are all men.

Eric: It's machoist, I agree with you. That's one thing I don't like about Hated Youth, it's become a macho band. These guys come out and start slamming big time, that's how our guitarist broke his thumb. Fuck, you get pretty hurt. I've been told that Smitty's has the most violent scene anywhere in Florida, but then I heard that when Crucial States and The Abusers were down in Miami they had a real heavy crowd. We're into having kids come out and hear our stuff. I'd rather play for twelve-year olds rather than anyone else. I like kids more because they can go there and get hurt and laugh it off, but when some jerk thirty-years old comes in and starts getting pushed around he starts talking like all hell's broke loose. I'm a total hard core fan, I like music fast and hard, and I think that anyone under sixteen can just get off. We're just doing something to keep ourselves from being totally bored.

Remember the Slutboys?

by Danni Vogt

Bill McCluskey was lead guitarist for the Slutboys during their heyday as Tallahassee's greatest-ever garage band.

In the following interview McCluskey reflects on life as a Slutboy.

Danni: Where'd the name Slutboys come from?

Bill: It came from this girl Donny Crenshaw (drums) used to work with. She was married and had a couple of kids. She probably took that from the way Donny was, he was screwing a lot, just being a slut. Donny made a list. Some of his other names were the Leg-is-laters, the Dogs, a bunch of nonsense.

D: What distinguished you from all the other bands in town?

B: We were one of the first bands here to play punk, or new wave. That was in 1980 (it's getting pretty old by now). We

had shitty equipment, but we always had our sets down pretty good. We just played some different kinds of music. We cussed a lot and tried to be like the Sex Pistols. We didn't try, we just happened to be sort of like them. Got drunk on stage and stuff.

D: You seemed to have a higher energy level than most bands.

B: Yeah, we'd sweat our butts off, have callouses, be hoarse the next morning.

D: How could you tell when you had a good night?

B: Talking to Ben (Wilcox, guitar) or Dickie, who was out there listening. Dickie's a real good judge. You'd feel like you had a pretty good night, and even if there was 450 people there that all went crazy, Dickie would be honest and if he didn't think we sounded worth a shit he'd say, "You sucked!"

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SOUTHERN SOUND

Ken Beattie

by Tana McLane

Amplified sound is the largest investment for producers of political rallies, civic ballets and rock concerts, says Ken Beattie, owner-manager of Southern Sound. The quality of sound is the heart of these and other cultural events. Coordination of sound with style and progression of a performance is the purpose of a sound engineer's presence there. Sound engineers are the last group of people working with amplified sound who remain unlicensed.

Southern Sound, formerly integral to the bygone band Southern Lights, got its beginning back in the 'sixties when three local musicians (Bill Wharton, David Kuncicky, and Lucy Beattie) convinced Ken to invest in an eclectic PA system. The system was purchased by the musicians and provided for their sound needs at that time. Later it was divided amongst them until Ken gathered it back together and sold it. Then he researched and bought professional sound equipment. This new system was used by Southern Lights (and Sounds) until the band disbanded. When this happened, Ken found that requests for good quality amplified sound became numerous, and the independent freelance sound company began.

Ken explains that Southern Sound makes its money today producing "white collar" events, which means he's running sound for sophisticated cultural, political and musical events rather than working specifically in bars with rock bands. A sampling of his clients include Florida Governor Bob Graham, former president Jimmy Carter, the '83 Inauguration, FSU and Tallahassee Civic ballets, and Jaycee functions, as well as the usual food co-op benefits, et al. A portion of his work continues to be for bands. In the next month Southern Sound will be going on the road with Birds of a Feather, a local women's music distribution and concert production company, as they produce the Chris Williamson/Meg Christian concerts in Tampa and Atlanta.

Sound is important to Ken. He has excellent hearing, which makes him a natural for the technical and aesthetic facets of his work. He cares about the quality of life, is spiritual and a vegetarian, and he cares about hearing being safeguarded. His sound engineers go for annual hearing tests at FSU and the results of those tests are recorded. They could someday be used as controls in experiments to determine the longterm effect of loud music on human hearing. Southern Sound keeps its decibel levels within the safety range. "Anything above 104 db's is damaging to hearing," says Ken. "Tallahassee has a lot of loud music. Someday there will be a class action suit against a sound or production company for hearing loss."

Other areas of concern to Ken are equal rights, decent pay to workers. He is conscious of having a role in hiring women and minorities to work in previously non-traditional jobs and at this moment has a woman and a black sound engineer — a rarity in that trade. He is currently involved in a large lawsuit along with other groups and individuals spawned from his presence at the last major march for the ERA.

It's his alliances with a cross section of people in Tallahassee that provide some of his tales. One of the more important stories that received less attention than it deserved has to do with the Civic Center. It's an old story by now and well worth the telling in great detail, but space demands that this brief recount suffice.

Several years ago when the Tallahassee-Leon County Civic Center finally opened, there was

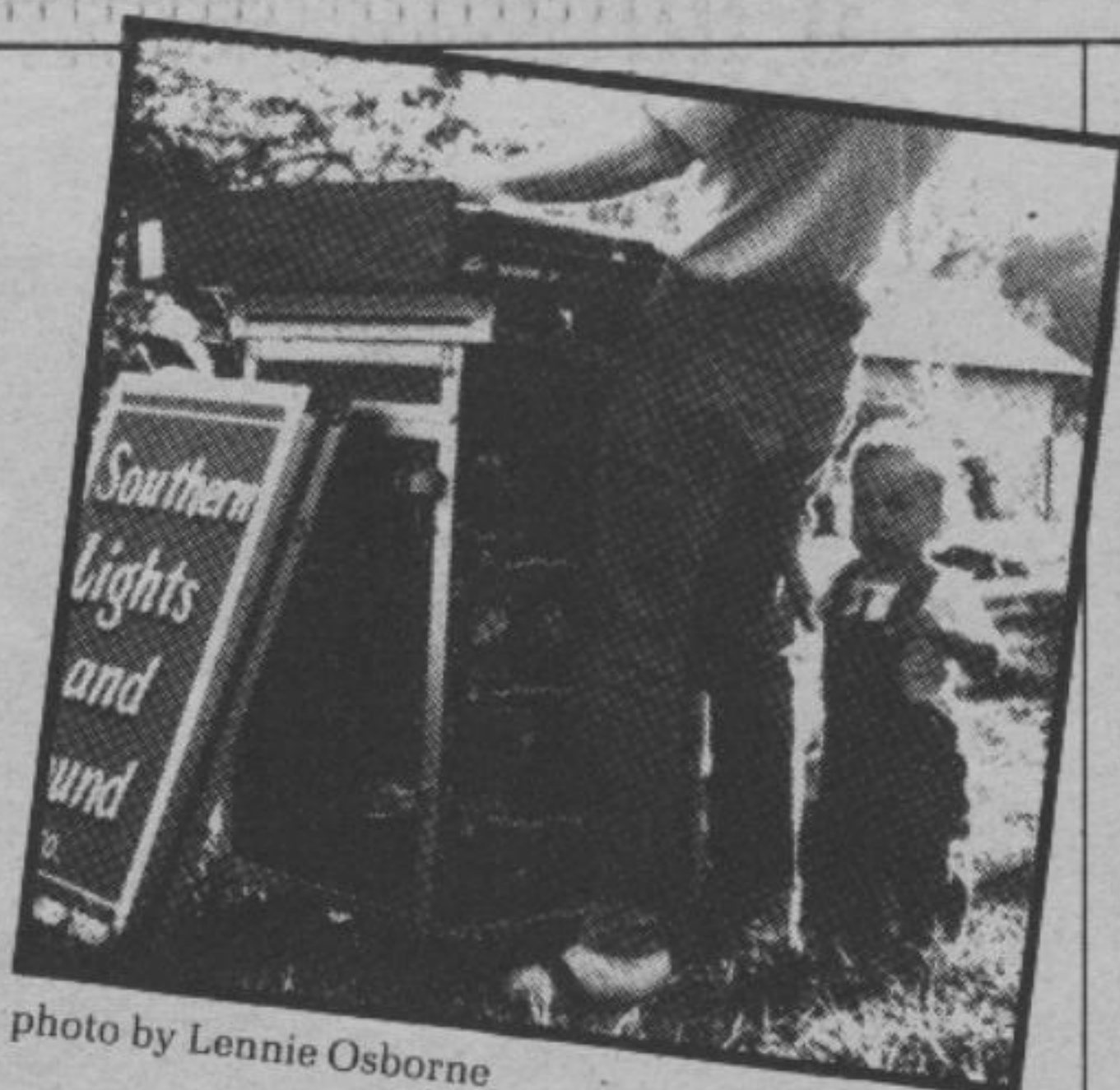


photo by Lennie Osborne

a shut-out of the local stagecrafters' union, Local 909. Organizers in that union prepared for the opening of the Civic Center years in advance of its actual opening. They applied for and received a CETA grant to train personnel to do stage work for the center. With grant in hand, they approached Ken on participating in a cost-sharing on-the-job training program and he hired many people to train. When the training program ended and the Civic Center opened, Local 909 had a labor pool from which Governor's Square Mall, the Civic Center, Southern Sound and others could draw as necessary — a situation that would have proved beneficial to labor and management. Managers of the Civic Center didn't see it that way.

When the Civic Center opened, the typical conflict of interests between large, aggressive management and organized labor prevailed, and 909 was forced to leave. The Civic Center then began hiring individuals as employees of the Civic Center and, in at least some cases, people trained in technical areas of sound and stage production were doing custodial work instead. In response to this situation, 909 organized an informational picket. Reporters mistakenly took Ken, who was participating in the picket as an independent supporter of the labor union, for a member of 909. When asked to make comment, Ken waved toward union spokes. The reporters instead asked the Civic Center spoke for comment, and he reduced the issue to one of labor wanting higher wages, ignoring 909's interests of safety for workers, autonomy and self-regulation, involvement in how productions were run, assured minimum employment and adequate wages commensurate with the talents and dangers inherent to the jobs stagecrafters do.

Today all who work at the Civic Center are employees and subject to its policies. "Much local skill and talent is ignored and out-of-town people and resources are utilized. Much of the profit is siphoned away from Tallahassee through the Civic Center. Local 909 is very low profile," Ken says.

Through these and other social and political ripples, Ken seems to continue with a positive outlook on what he's doing and where he's doing it. Southern Sound is becoming enormously successful. He tries to feed a lot of that success back into his community. "I want people to know of my successes and be happy for my successes. I'm a cooperative fellow," he says, smiling.

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