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Recording In Lubbock:

Looking Within the Walls of Sound

BY SHANE WEST

There is, as most folks in the area will agree, a certain something about this part of the world that goes a long way toward distinguishing the music which is made...whether performed live or captured by recorded means. Why, the very name of this publication is based on that notion. Thus, with our fourth edition of *West Texas Sound*, it would only seem appropriate to explore some of the elements which comprise the local recording process, the people behind the board, and what each has to offer the would-be recording musician...

For starters, there are basically four fully-equipped facilities in the immediate City of Lubbock. Each, of course, offers its own unique brand of service and studio features so we'll look at each one individually.

Audio Chain Recorders

*Dwayne Thomas
Owner/Engineer*

A graduate of the extensive music program offered at South Plains College in Levelland, Dwayne Thomas admittedly caters to musicians seeking to record demonstration tapes (heretofore referred to as "demos") and/or small album projects. He is one of the founding members of the locally-based Crystal Creek Band in addition to operating this neatly-tucked-away recording studio.

"I played in bands for years and got interested in the recording process doing that. I went to school over at South Plains College and actually learned most of the ins-and-outs of it over there," Thomas said.

In addition to his demo work, he has ventured into the world of video post-production as well and seems to relish his role as the smaller of the four local studios.

"I really don't consider myself in competition with (the others) because they do the big projects...with the 24-track set-up. I do probably close to 75% demos and then 25% album work."

Thomas notes that Audio Chain Recorders is basically a fully-equipped 16-track studio. Rates start at \$50 per hour for an engineered session. If the services of studio musicians are needed, fees are \$20 per hour/per player, and overdubs are \$15 per hour. For keyboardists, he offers a synthesizer studio with fees set at \$65 per hour.

Dwayne Thomas on the recording environment in Lubbock: "I think it's good. Lubbock probably has more top-quality musicians per capita as anywhere. The recording business is excellent...I've been real pleased with it since I got started in it."

General comments: "A majority of the people who walk into a studio for the first time have no idea what it will cost. A lot of people will come in and SEE "LUBBOCK" PAGE 5



Dwayne Thomas at the controls inside Audio Chain Recorders.

The President Speaks...

Hello again folks! Well, the weather finally cooled off, but the music scene is still hot.

This is the time of the year when the WTMA holds its Family Music Festival. This year however, the WTMA is providing music for HUB CITY Riverfest. We're really excited about being asked to be a part of this event because it provides us with something we have lacked the last couple of years. Namely, a crowd for our performers to play for. Last year the Fest drew a crowd of 6-8000 people. The response should be even better this year. This event is the major fund-raiser for five very fine social service organization.

The Riverfest committee has lined up a full day of entertainment. From 10am to 6pm there will be booths, contests, demonstrations, and concessions. The Yellow House Canyon Raft

Race will also be held, with awards for the Awinners.

The WTMA will be on the big stage from noon to 6:30pm. The line up so far includes Cierra Band, Dennis Barnes, Dennis Ross and the Axberg Bros., and headlining will be Mike Pritchard and Blue Thunder. The September issue of Sound will carry Riverfest as its feature.

There seems to be quite a bit of talk over the "Taking Pride in Lubbock" album, and it's more negative than positive. Anyone wishing to explain the pro side of the issue is urged to send in his or her comments.

There was a very good article about Doug Smith in the July 27th issue of Bill Kerns' Around Town. Doug is a fine musician and we wish him a lot of success.

Well folks, see you next month.
Chester

LETTERS

As the official publication of the West Texas Music Association, WEST TEXAS SOUND extends to all readers an invitation to respond with letters of suggestion, complaint, or question. Remember, this is your space...

Write to:

WEST TEXAS SOUND, P.O. BOX 65081, LUBBOCK, TX 79464

The Sound Is Spreading...

TO THE EDITOR:

Here at Music City we were pleased to receive copies of the first two issues of West Texas Sound. I've read them cover to cover and congratulate you all on an excellent product. Music City wants to join the Association and hope that our publications can establish an on-going dialogue. As you can see from the enclosed copies of correspondence, I have already referred two folks to you.

Enclosed also are recent copies of Music City which always contains info on West Texas ex-patriots in Austin. The most recent issue features several current Lubbockites - a review of Andy Wilkinson's new tape and a Ron Riley song, for instance. Personally, I am as excited about Wilkinson's songs as any I've heard in the past year. Please encourage your performing/writing members to put Music City on their press list. Music City has a growing subscriber base from all over the world - in fact we just received a request for

copies of Andy and Maines Bros. tapes from a reader in Illinois.

Again, best wishes for WTMA and West Texas Sound; as a native of Spur, it is heartening to see more good stuff coming from the High Plains. Let's stay in touch.

Best regards,
Eve

Editor's Reply: Eve, thank you for your letter. We at the Sound love to hear from pleased readers, especially from those in the "business."

Thank you also for forwarding the Sound to: Yoshio Nakayama, Kamakura-shi, Kanazawa, Japan, and Grenelda Edmiston, Deillingham, Arkansas.

Your magazine, MUSIC CITY, is an excellent publication and I encourage any and all WTMA members to subscribe. For information, contact:
Eve McArthur
3304-A Clawson Road
Austin, Texas 78704

WEST TEXAS SOUND

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"Hub-Bub"

MUSIC MUSINGS & ASSORTED WHAT-NOTS

BY CHRIS HARMON - MANAGING EDITOR

First off, I think the WTMA membership and the Board of Directors deserve to celebrate a little bit. Why? Well, you have kept the SOUND in publication for an entire quarter...

In This Issue

And as we enter the second quarter of publication, we dedicate the feature this month to the Studio. Hopefully everything you ever wanted to know about recording will be answered in this issue. If you have further inquiry please call your favorite "tape splicer" and I'm sure they will be more than happy to answer any questions or quiet any fears. Cary Banks' article is his second installment on recording. This month he tells us how to rig a Home Studio. And while we're on the subject of studios...There is and new addition to the SOUND, the Word Finder Puzzle will be a challenge for all of you that think you know all the terminology and words used in the studio.

This month Uncle Bob returns to tell us more true (?) stories about his days on the road. By the way Bob, who is your insurance agent? Bill Manley, by coincidence, wrote us a story with a similar theme. Where these two actually twin brothers separated at birth? You be the judge.

Ron Riley is with us this month with the dos and mostly the don'ts of where not to take your girlfriend on a date. Ron has always been good with handling himself in public places.

From the Crowd

We received two letters this month. I am really excited to have Austin's MUSIC CITY as a corporate member. I look forward to keeping in contact with you guys and again I encourage any and all members to subscribe to this informative and fun paper. The second letter I am holding to publish next month (sorry Susan). Just before press time, we got a lead on the reason behind the Nashville production of the "Taking Pride" album. I hope next month we can get this topic behind us.

"Thank-yous" go out to our new members. I'd like to personally welcome to the WTMA: Hayden Hegdal, Todd Holly, Donna "Fish" Tallon, Eve McArthur, and John Conquest. You guys became members just in time to be a part of the Association in action. The WTMA and the SOUND are sponsoring the music for the RIVERFEST this Labor Day. I hope all the members come out to support the association and well, hey, just have some fun.

Last but not least, I have just received information on Rod Kennedy's 2nd Annual KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL TOO! This event will take place August 31 thru September 2 at the Quite Valley Ranch near Kerrville, Texas. Saturday, September 1 looks like a Lubbock festival all by itself, featuring: David Halley, Butch Hancock, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, and the Maines Brothers. For information about this great event, call 1-800-842-6156

P.S. - Don't forget to support our advertisers. Without their help we would have never seen the second quarter. Until next time, Happy Trails.



Above: Mathew McLarty, Bobby Shade perform at Bobby Wilson's Old Town Cafe. Good music guys...



Kathy Perez, manager of Chelsea Street Pub, was kind enough to let me photograph this New Mexico band. French Kiss is a high energy Rock and Roll group that loves touring Texas. Blane, lead guitarist, and Montserrat, female vocalist, have been together for three years. Lyle, the bass player, joined the band two years ago and Casey, the drummer, is new. This group is fun to watch and really got the crowd in on the action. Montserrat is a dynamic vocalist!

• Photographs and reviews by Cat Crisp •

THE GREAT WEST TEXAS HONKY TONK TOUR

BY RON RILEY

The fact that the parking lot had always been nothing but one continuous chughole never did bother me. Neither did the part about the unpainted 4 x 8 sheets of plywood that were strategically placed where windows should have been. In fact, I had always kind of liked this little box shaped, flat-topped building since the very first time that me and the rest of our drilling crew stepped through the door. We, like so many others, were seeking refuge from the dry, hot West Texas weather.

Ten years had passed since my first encounter with this notorious little dive. Ten years of happy hours, tap beer, Saturday nights singing impromptu on the "T" bar, scores of good friends and a few well deserved enemies. Enemies that every so often turned into friends.

I was in good spirits this particular Saturday night because I was graced with the company of an extremely attractive, pouty-mouthed, long-legged lady whom I thought had hung the moon. Jo Anne and I had been seeing each other long enough to have been to quite a few honky-tonks together. That night I was going to learn a lesson. I knew, or at least sensed that I was doing something wrong but couldn't quite put my finger on exactly what it was. After it was too late I realized that the catalyst was the big-eyed beauty snuggled up next to me on the seat of my pickup. But now that I think, which I obviously wasn't doing at that time, I had never taken her to a real, honest to goodness toilet. Never, ever take a beautiful woman to a dive like this one.

From a block away you would swear that nothing resembling a beer vehicles parked on a caliche pad. Welding trucks, a couple of cadillacs, and several odd two wheelers were a normal sight always gracing the front door. The front door itself was indication enough of the type of people who passed through it. It was a heavy sheet iron door with places for three padlocks all of which had been priced off at one time or another leaving only one hasp for the sturdiest lock around. Under the last existing padlock was a deadbolt outfitted with the same size lock and all around were dents, scrapes, and general evidence of failed forced entry.

When I first started going to this dive in the early seventies, one of the old timers, a man we called "Carney"

told me that the place started out in the fifties as a coke and hamburger drive-in with car hops that served beer and would take your nickle inside and play Jerry Lee Lewis on the box for you. There were speakers outside and the music could be heard for several city blocks, even at the noon hour. There were people waiting their turn to circle in and park under the wide green and white striped tarpaulin awning to order a cherry cream coke, a side of fries, and mainly to ogle the ever present bobby socked beauties. After the drive-in went out of business some ex-shade tree mechanic rented the building and succeeded at turning it into an auto repair garage just long enough to ruin it forever as a drive-in. It was about dark-thirty when I pulled into a parking place. The lot already beginning to fill up, I felt lucky to get as close to the door as we did. Jo Anne adjusted the mirror so she could touch up her already perfect makeup. Then, shrugging her shoulders she readjusted the mirror and smugly said "If it works, don't fix it."

I flipped the latch up on the door, opening it slowly and stepping far enough out onto the chalky-white dust to allow Jo Anne to slide over the seat and out onto the ground beside me. We walked toward the door, rather I walked, she wiggled, right past two rough looking guys leaning on the built-in planter box, both smoking, drinking, and watching what Jo Anne's high heeled pumps were doing to improve the scenery.

The whole room seemed to glow with a welcoming warmth as we passed form the dingy outer shell into this bustling happy atmosphere. At the end of the room was a brick fireplace with a good fire casting a golden glow on that whole end of the room. Between us and the fire were two pool tables with six or eight biker types playing and observing near the table high "T" bar where I spotted my baby sister Deana sitting alone, beckoning us to join her. I was not surprised to see her because this little bar had been a favorite of my whole family since it had fallen into the hands of my brother Bruce in the late-seventies. So there was Deana, looking buxom as always with her long blondish-brown hair laid across her shoulders in large curls that made me wonder where I had missed out in the hair department. Don't misunderstand now, I have a full head of hair but it never

seemed to be as thick and golden as hers, but then girls have all the luck.

Up next to the bar stood Bruce, an imposing figure of a man at 6'1" and weighing in at near 260 lbs. He was leaned over the bar trying to talk over the pounding beat of the in-house stereo, to his night manager Steve who was no small fellow himself. When Bruce saw us standing in the doorway, he immediately broke off his conference and came toward us first giving me a big brotherly bear hug that lifted me off the floor and squeezed all my air out, leaving me gasping. After putting me down, he politely turned to Jo Anne, took her hand, gently squeezing in an uncustomarily gentleman-like manner introducing himself and welcoming her to his bar. They took to each other immediately and we all strolled over to where Deana was seated. Just as we sat down, several cardboard coasters, the kind that go under beer mugs, sailed over our heads on their way to their target, hitting one particularly mean looking biker square on the nose. He immediately looked past us to the bar with a vengeful glare that made me think a fight would break out at any minute.

But his glare quickly turned to a friendly smile as he had obviously found the responsible party and was feeling forgiving. We all turned around in our chairs to see exactly who had just been let off the hook. It was obvious when I turned around why no retaliation had taken place. There at the bar, stroking his blonde beard with one huge hand and leaning back on the handmade pinewood bar on his other elbow, was the tallest man in the room. By my best estimation, he stood about 6'7" wearing a sleeveless shirt that revealed two arms that had well defined muscles, bulging in all the right places that made me immediately understand why no action was taken against him by the offended biker. He was appropriately nicknamed Stretch and at this point he was bordering on inebriation and obviously having a good time sailing coasters. Figuring that everything was fairly innocent and no trouble was going to start, everyone went back to the business of settling in to an enjoyable evening. Scanning the room for old friends, I spotted Carney sitting at the video game table involved in some intergalactic struggle to which he alone held the key to victory. It seemed that the girls were getting

along just fine so I excused myself to go try my hand at settling a few space disputes of my own.

As I approached, Carney took both hands off the machine and raised clinched fists over his head in a victory celebration of sorts. Carney then lowered his hands and slapped them on the table pushing himself away then patting his belly as if he had just finished a big meal. Sensing that I was anxious to play the game, he stood up and offered his chair to me as if to dare me to do as well at saving the universe. I dug in my pockets for a quarter, seated myself and dropped my silver in the slot. Meanwhile a series of events began that I was totally unaware of until I saw Jo Anne standing next to the video game simply stating "Let's go. Let's go right now". When I looked up from my game I saw a woman that was sopping wet from the top of her once immaculate hair to her waist. It seems that in my absence, Stretch had gotten it in his mind that Jo Anne was available and had taken it upon himself to try to impress her with his charm. He offered to buy her a beer and when she had not responded favorably to his advances, he decided to try for her attention in another way, by sailing coasters as near to her as he could without actually making contact. This was a bit disconcerting to her and she figured that ignoring his childish actions was her best bet. So Jo Anne, trying to remain as calm as possible, sat and sipped at what was left of the glass of Coke that she had ordered from the bar and smoked her cigarette down very small. Only Coke flavored ice remained of her drink. Then Stretch made his first mistake, which prompted Jo Anne's first mistake as well. He hit one of the ceiling support poles next to Jo Anne and the coaster ricocheted into her face immediately bringing fire to her eyes. She got even madder when, turning toward the obviously guilty one, she saw him laughing instead of trying to make amends. So to cool his joy, she boldly tossed what was left of her ice in Stretch's direction doing about as much damage as the coaster had to her.

Stretch, thinking that the lines of communication were obviously now open, went ahead and bought her a beer and delivered it to her personally. Jo Anne had no intentions of

SEE "MAKING" PAGE 9

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WEST TEXAS SOUND

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"The Band Trail"

BY BILL MANLEY

Here's another band story. Hope you like it. Some people may not believe it but these are all true stories. Sometime I wonder why I didn't get killed or thrown in jail.

Back in the early 50's when I was playing with Tommy Hancock we had a tear drop two wheel trailer that we carried all our instruments and P.A. equipment in. Hancock had a Cadillac that he pulled the trailer with. When I started playing with him in January 1953, he drove everywhere we went (this was before I found out he couldn't see past the hood). After I found that out, I started driving if I didn't take my own car.

One Saturday night after a dance and everyone had gone home, Hancock decided to party but didn't take the band trailer off the car. Instead of a ball hitch on the trailer, it had a pin with a cotter pin in it and sometimes no one would put the cotter pin back in. Now J.B. Westbrook, who played guitar and sang, also worked as dispatcher at the Fire Department and had to go to work everyday at 6:00 in the morning. That Sunday morning my phone rang at 6 AM and it was J.B. (I didn't get in bed until 3:00). He said, "Manley, Hancock wrecked the

trailer and it tore up all the instruments and amps but no sweat, he's got insurance and everybody's going to get new instruments". Well, I jumped out of bed, got dressed and took off. The trailer was wrecked on 10th St. downtown behind the old Fenner-Tubbs car dealership. This was a red brick building and the back of it was on 10th St.. Hancock would have had to be going about 50 mph coming down 10th St. to bust up a trailer like it was. When he got about even with the brick building the pin came out of the hitch, the trailer hit the curb and bounced about ten feet in the air and slammed into the brick building. All that was left of the trailer was the axle and the frame.

When I got there amps and instruments were laying everywhere, even in the alley. I checked my steel and amp and they were OK. I checked the rest of the stuff and all I could find wrong was a couple of guitar cases torn up and few tubes out of some of the amps. There wasn't enough left of that trailer to start a good fire. We found out the next day that Hancock had let the insurance lapse and we wouldn't have gotten anything on our instruments. Hancock got another trailer and we were back in business.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY RATES!

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Lubbock Studio Bosses Say Business Future Bright

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

after you've told them your rate-per-hour will say 'Well, I can do a song in three minutes'. So I try to explain to them all the things that go into it, find out exactly what they want to achieve. Basically, I try to set their mind at ease, find out what they want to do, find out their budget, and then tell them if I can work around that budget."

Broadway Studios

Craig Alderson
Co-Owner/Engineer

This unique facility, actually located beneath the street of Broadway, was founded some six years ago by co-owners Craig Alderson and Wally Moyers. In addition to the basic operating approach, the two set out to create their own space within the local market. Specifically, that space is centered upon the mass of commercial radio/television spots heard on the airwaves.

"We do probably 80% of the commercial business in Lubbock. We kind of created our own niche by initially soliciting individual businesses. Then we started working heavily with the advertising agencies," Alderson said.

Broadway Studios is noted for its extensive use of the technologically advanced computer-driven system known as MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface). Introduced in the early 1980's, the use of MIDI is, in the words of Alderson "as basic to the modern recording studio as the recorders themselves."

What basically takes place with MIDI is this: a trained musician types in the sequence of musical notes he wants on a computer keyboard. The notes are arranged (or "composed") on the screen and eventually saved on a

disc. The disc then transfers that stored information through the MIDI wiring directly into say, a synthesizer, where it is digitally interpreted and played back note-for-note by that particular instrument.

"We're heavily into MIDI. Right now, nobody in town can do actual digital recording, but we can create MIDI sequencing and note sampling using digital technology," he said. "It's basically a must...especially in advertising, when getting a spot cut is so time-critical. That's how we got into it; from that standpoint."

Broadway is outfitted with both a 24- and 16-track set-up and features automated mixdown. Rates are \$60 per hour for 2- and 16-track and \$65 for 24-track set-up. Studio players are priced at \$20 per hour or song. Also of note is their mobile recording vehicle and sideline business featuring custom sound/PA installation.

Craig Alderson on the recording environment in Lubbock: "It's healthy. There seems to be a kind of folk-like movement especially with the college kids; a revitalization."

General comments: "The main thing that we can offer is people who have a lot of talent in composition. All of our engineers are well-versed in composing music...meaning they don't just know the technical side of things but they're writers, too."

Don Caldwell Studios

Don Caldwell
Owner/Engineer

The area's most established sound facility, this studio does, in fact, do the lion's share of the recording work in town. Founded in July of 1971, proprietor Don Caldwell has built a steady

reputation as one of the most respected owners in the independent studio field.

"There were no places in town when I went into business," he says. "There was one other place to record but it closed down in '69."

Caldwell, who in addition to his work behind the board is also a top-notch saxophone player, says that his personal interest lies in working on the bigger, more in-depth projects. Having produced quite a number of high-visibility artists and albums over the years, he has focused his attention squarely on that particular segment of the marketplace.

"We are more into artist production, groups, and album projects," he says. "We look at the entire picture to try to figure out where a guy is, what his potential is, where we can lend a hand, be helpful, and sell our services to him. But we never try to oversell anybody."

Rates for both 2- and 8-track recording is set at \$45 per hour while the 24-track price is set at \$65 per hour. A third studio offers MIDI capabilities at \$50 hourly. All of these rates include an engineer as well.

Don Caldwell on the recording environment in Lubbock: "There's some wonderful things going on musically right now. I really think that the groundwork that's been laid over the years is beginning to really pay off. As a recording center, I see Lubbock as being a real hot place."

General comments: "You know, we're pretty educated out here now. Over the past ten years we've really learned a lot in the business. I really do think that the future here in Lubbock is as bright as it's ever been."

Jungle Studios

Norbert Nebe / Owner
Jimmie Mason / Engineer

This studio is known in the trade for its immense assortment of gadgetry and high-tech approach. It contains everything from closed-circuit TV monitors mounted about the ceilings to the very latest in digital sound enhancement equipment.

Jimmie Mason, another in the long list of graduates from the SPC music program, regularly oversees both the studio and engineering duties. He made special note of the fact that today's recording process has reached a point at which forces outside the studio play just as much a part of the overall effect as perhaps the time in the actual recording booth.

"Technology is now available to the guy on the street. He can actually go through a lot of the steps before he is even ready to record," said Mason.

As would be expected, the use of MIDI at Jungle plays an important role in Mason's approach to capturing various sounds.

"It's expanded the possibilities so much," he said. "I can have a composer in Dallas do something for me and send it over the phone lines if I need to."


Studio rates at Jungle range from \$25-\$65 per hour depending on the number of tracks used. A mixing rate of \$45 per hour applies.

Jimmie Mason on the recording environment in Lubbock: "It seems to me that a lot more bands have sorta 'gone public' since the first of the year. I'm not really sure why."

General comments: "Pre-production is where it's at...doing it at home in a smaller format first."

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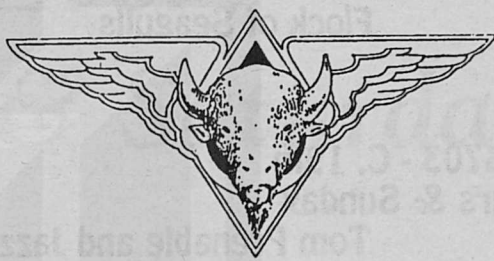
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17 Yellowhouse
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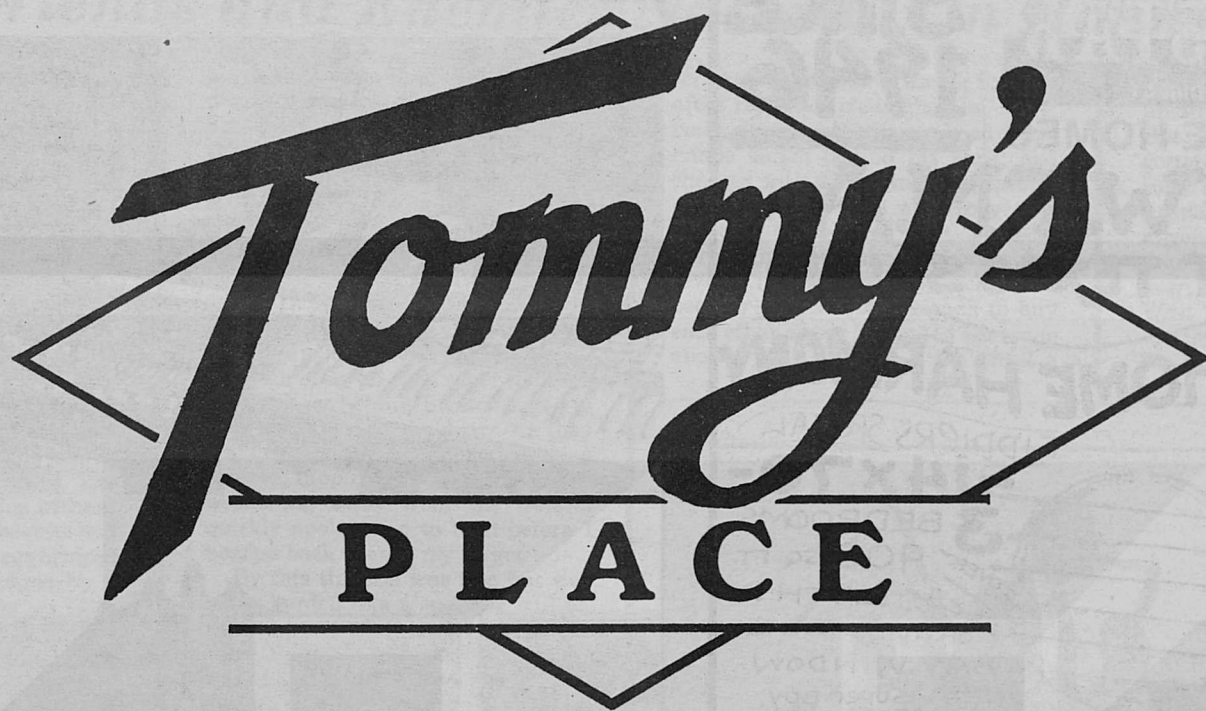
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LETTERS

As the official publication of the West Texas Music Association, WEST TEXAS SOUND extends to all readers an invitation to respond with letters of suggestion, question, or complaint.

Remember, this is your space... Write to:
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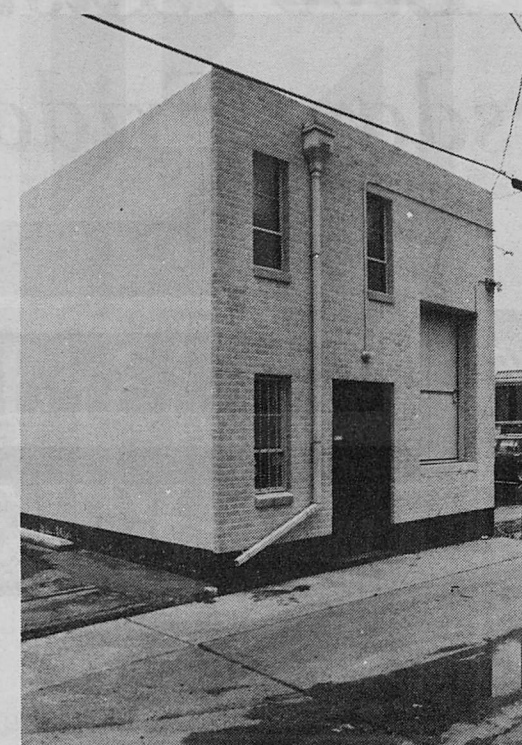
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RECORDING STUDIOS

Photos by Chester Marston



A look at the
four principal
recording centers
in Lubbock
(shown top to
bottom):

Inside the control
room of Audio
Chain Recorders,
Don Caldwell
Studios, Jungle
Studios, and
Broadway Studios

Photos
by
Chester Marston

Making Friends and Enemies Natural On Honky Tonk Tour

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

getting the least bit friendly with this guy and when he offered the beer as settlement she only glared at him. His feelings obviously hurt, he came closer to her face, stuck out his tongue and blew, which sprayed saliva and water all over Jo Anne's face. Obviously disgusted, she flicked what was left of her cigarette into Stretch's face, it landing in his beard and hanging there in the thick hair. He immediately began a dance right there in front of everyone trying to dislodge the very hot butt from his face. Finally after several hops and a couple of slaps to his own face with his free hand he was successful but very embarrassed. The ash fell to the floor. All this without ever spilling a drop of the beer he had intended for Jo Anne. His ego bruised and not about to be outdone by a woman, he walked straight up to Jo Anne and halted. He then lifted the still full mug over her head and emptied it on top of her beautiful hair.

"Let's go, right now" was ringing in my ears as I looked up from my game, totally oblivious to what had just taken place. Just seeing Jo Anne standing there looking as if she had just stepped out of a cold shower told me something was amiss. Before I had time to ask her what had happened, it became very clear to me that she had been wronged and the culprit was Stretch. I deduced this from the fact that Bruce, looking very upset, was standing in Stretch's shadow repeating "That ain't cool. You shouldn't a-done that" and Stretch saying "But! But! But!"

At that point, I knew something had to be done to right the flagrant wrong that had just happened. Who had started this disturbance seemed completely irrelevant now as I instinctively jumped up without another word from Jo Anne.

Now I'll be the first to admit that fighting is not usually the best way to settle disagreements but at this point my emotions were running wild and sanity had gone home. That is the

only explanation I have found for the next few minutes of time that passed because in that short period I did things that should have gotten me killed or at least seriously maimed. Things which started with walking straight up to Stretch never breaking stride.

Before he could ever make a move in my direction, I planted my boot square in his groin, then slapped him flat handed across his cheek and ear. Only the grace of several people holding both of us off each other kept me alive. Those holding Stretch began to work him toward the door. As they did, I managed to gain leverage on my captors, flipping one to the floor and wrenching away from the other... quickly apologizing to both before I headed back toward my target.

By this time he was free but was being herded like a snorting bull toward the door. Bruce and Steve were telling him to leave and every time he was told, Stretch would shout "No!" and turn with his heavily booted feet and kick the door so hard that I thought it would fly from its heavy hinges with each successive kick. Then he thought he saw an opening around the two big boys and lunged at me with both hands outstretched as if he would strangle me if he could. I couldn't blame him, but I wasn't about to let him get to me so I instinctively kicked at him again and luckily my effort landed squarely in his belly stopping him dead in his tracks once again.

Now as I reflect upon what happened that night, I firmly believe that Stretch would have torn me into very small pieces if he could have gotten hold of me. I also believe that if I had it to do again, I probably would have followed Jo Anne's suggestion and left when she asked the first time, never thinking that I might have been called coward, only intelligent. But then I never would have seen Stretch finally agree to go outside, then provoke Bruce into a scuffle which broke Stretch's nose. Jo Anne never would have got-

ten the satisfaction of seeing Stretch, after repeated pleas that he leave, being placed in a police car, head down, hands cuffed behind his back, and charged with disturbing the peace.

Perhaps we were all wrong that night in the actions that we took. Perhaps not. After the dust had cleared several months later, Stretch and I became good enough friends to buy each other a beer and get to know one another to a degree. I also recall a

time when he backed me up in a very unfair fight where I stood to lose a lot. But that's another story. I never had gotten into a fight in "The Four Seasons" before and never have since. So I guess the best advice I could give anyone who thinks they would like to take their date to a dive is "Never, ever, take a beautiful woman to a West Texas honky tonk unless your looking for a fight, cause brother, you'll have both hands completely full!"



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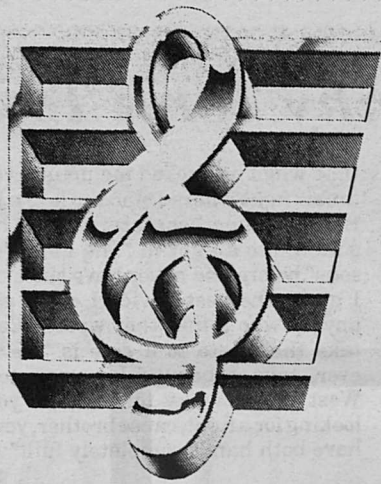
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MUSIC NEWS

RiverFest '90 Scheduled With Annual Raft Race

WTMA To Lend Musical Support To Event

The West Texas Music Association has been asked by the committee sponsoring the annual RiverFest to help provide musical support for this year's activities, slated for Labor Day and held in Buddy Holly Park in conjunction with the annual Yellowhouse Canyon Raft Race.

The goal of the event are to sponsor an annual event which provides family-oriented fun while raising money through corporate sponsorships to help heighten the awareness of children's care groups which receive no government funding. The four groups include Family Outreach, South Plains Chapter for Prevention of Child Abuse, Talking and Listening To The Children, Inc., and Foster Parents Association of Lubbock.

The WTMA is currently putting together a roster of talent to perform at the this year's event. Last year's RiverFest attendance figures totalled an estimated 6,000-8,000 people.

Fine Arts Center To Showcase Musical/Visual Collaborations

STORIES FROM THE STORM CELLAR is an invitational event of artworks and music created by West Texas artists and musicians who are committed to the culture, history, and geography of this region. Presented by the Lubbock Fine Arts Center, the event will open with an exhibition and live performance September 4, 1990, and will include the collaborative efforts of Cary Banks/Paul Milosevich, Don Caldwell/Future Akins, Carlos Hernandez/James Johnson, Lloyd Maines/Sara Waters, Steve Paxton/John Chinn, Ron Riley/Chester Marston, and Andy Wilkinson/Steve Teeters. The theme of the program was developed collectively, and each artist and musician will contribute his/her response to the theme, i.e., the young boy who is more afraid of being in the cellar than the storm itself; the strange and priceless valuables taken into the cellar during the storm; the interaction of the people in the cellar the analogy of the storm to the lives of lovers; and what one may find afterwards and the different attitudes about rebuilding.

The Lubbock Fine Arts Center is currently requesting donations from individuals to make this unique program a reality. For more information call the Fine Arts Center at 767-2686, or fill out the information below and return to the Fine Arts Center at 2600 Avenue P, Lubbock, Texas, 79405.

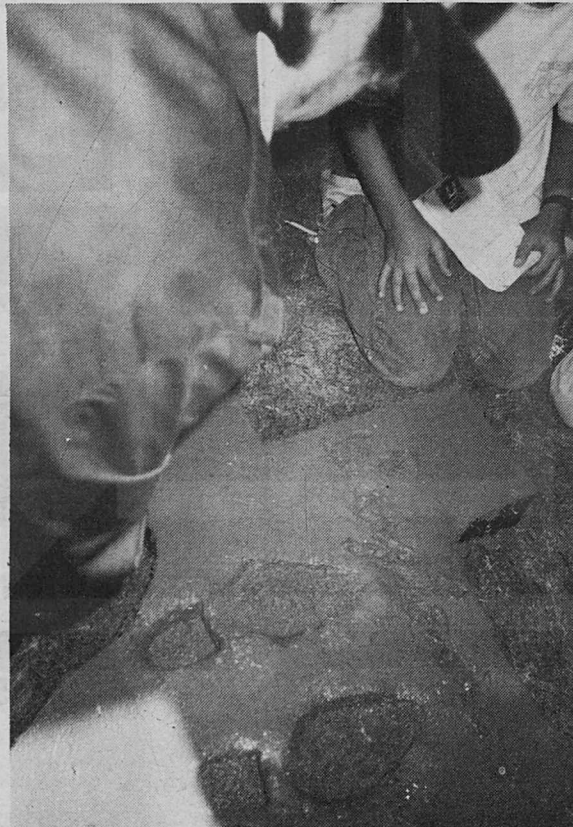
Yes, I would like to help support COLLABORATION: STORIES FROM THE STORM CELLAR. Enclosed is my donation of:

\$ 25 _____ \$ 50 _____ \$ 100* _____ \$200 _____ other _____

*A contribution of \$ 100 or more entitles the donor to a free t-shirt.

JULY 4: LITTLEFIELD'S STAR SPANGLED SPECIAL

Native son Waylon Jennings returned home for festivities which included a parade and the renaming of a local street and recreation park in his honor.



Pictured are (A) the singer's mother, Mrs. Lorene Gilbert (B) Jennings inscribing name and date beside boot prints, (C) wife Jessi Colter and son "Shooter".

Trips With Uncle Bob

Hello again Holmes....

Uncle Bob has a few bits and pieces for your otherwise dull and likewise lifeless minds.

First, lets talk. What's going on out there in the Hub? Who's gonna be around this year playing? This particular tabloid of uh questionable origin wants to know. We've got people who love to get the scoobie on all of the bands and players, riffs, quarrels, etc.. Drop us a note, or call and fill us in. Pictures, we love pictures. Send us a picture of your band and we might print it. Got a new haircut - we'd love to see it. We know every venue in town, we'll come see you (buy Uncle Bob a beer and we'll do an article).

Send correspondence to:

Uncle Bob, % West Texas Sound,
P.O. Box 65081, Lubbock, Texas
79464

Next on the list...I've got this humorous story to tell you.

Once upon a time, not too long ago, there was this small town here in Texas that considered itself the Red-neck Capitol of the Lone Star State.

Totally devoid of hair and any sense of humor the inhabitants would periodically raid neighboring villages and capture Long Hairs. Once captured, the hapless souls were taken out in the oil fields, tied to pump jacks, and while Merle Haggard played "Okie from Muskogee", atrocities of vile and brutal nature were performed.

Anyway, since they had eradicated every musician within 50 miles or so, they had no choice but to book bands from out of town. The bands were employed to play dances at the local Community Center and were well paid. This brought out the best in a couple of local booking agents here in the Hub who ritualistically sacrificed up and coming bands from Lubbock, "Sure, these guys can play Silver Wings." This is the story of one of those nights in Redneckville.

All you could see were hats. Big hats. Big black hats. The whole room was filled with boots and cowboy hats and Red Man flowed like wine.

The drummer in the band that night was a usually quiet little guy with big glasses. It was very apparent to him and to the rest of the band that they

had been misinformed about what kind of crowd they would be playing for that particular night. "We've got to do four hours tonight and I don't think they're gonna go for Aerosmith in 3/4 time," says the drummer.

Now anybody that has ever played before has been subjected to this sort of thing, and deep down everyone knows a couple of country songs. So the boys made it through the first set, went to work at the break and came up with a couple of more songs for the second set. It was inevitable, of course, that they would have to play some Rock and Roll sooner or later. And as opportunity has a way of knocking, they got their chance.

When she walked up on stage in her tight jeans, ropers, hat, and short short T-shirt; the boys just smiled and waited for her request. "Can yall play any AC/DC?" Thinking that this was their chance, the boys said "Sure" and took off. Playing "Highway to Hell" was very apropos.

The riot was on. The crowd was after 'em bad, so the boys just called it a night, threw their equipment in the U-Haul trailer, and took off (followed by quite a number of pick-up trucks, by the way).

Now as it happened, the boys had rented the U-Haul from the Texaco station on Brownfield Highway cause they had the best price in town. What the boys didn't know till they picked it up was that the trailer had no top. "No big deal", they said before loading it and heading to the gig.

OK, back to the chase. The boys are driving 90 miles an hour trying to outrun the posse of local-yokels, with all their equipment around in this U-Haul that has no top. What could be more fun? You guessed it, the trailer catches on fire. How, nobody knows, but it really starts to burn. Here is a 1979 Buick station wagon, with a U-Haul burning like hell, speeding down US 82/62. Here is all the band's equipment going up in flames, Rednecks trying to kill them. Oh, what were the boys going to do? What would you do? I guess, "Great decisions are made by great men..."

Epilogue: U-Haul insurance paid for the equipment and the drummer now sells BMW's. Until next time...

WORD FINDER PUZZLE

By Shane West

Q T W K S M I C R O P H O N E W Q T W K
O N A W L O B Z P M K S J X W B O N F W
W R X B A S S E Q U A L I Z E A W R J R
T O E A C P M I M E C M Z P N C T R Y E
O O A P O Q L Z E A U O E D D K O O H E
D U B W V M S E Q U E N C E I G B U E N
A N A L O G Z K C A R T W Q G R A N A I
L J H A R M O N Y I S T U D I O I O K G
S O U N D M W L Z M T N M E T U S K D N
N C U T W R E C O R D I V E A N N C U E
M N A K L O L N I O K S D W L D M N A K
A O A P O R E C U D O R P Z N Q A O A P

Subject: "In The Studio"

ANALOG	CUT	EQUALIZE	PRODUCER	SOUND
BACKGROUND	DIGITAL	HARMONY	RECORD	TRACK
BASS	DUB	MICROPHONE	SEQUENCE	VOCALS
CUE	ENGINEER	MIX	SING	WAX

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ANNIVERSARY
BELL'S

.....

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supportive, creative crew I've ever
worked with.

Thank you for my birthday party,
all the good jokes, all the bad
jokes, all the hugs, all the kisses,
all the gossip, all the fun, all the
dollops, and most of all, thanks
for all the money.

I love you all and look forward to
our next six months together.

! Viva Mejico !

Miss Ayn

P.S. ...and I apologize to all my
customers for my rudeness but
it's my *#@! nature.

WTMA Membership Application

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New Membership

RHYTHM, RHYMES, & ROYALTIES

BY CARY C. BANKS

"Creating The Home Demo Studio"

In our last issue, we discussed various components of the demonstration tape (ie "the demo"). I must admit to a couple of mistakes in prices I quoted from Caldwell Studios. The mixing time rate in the 24-track Studio A is \$65 per hour and both Studio B & C are \$50 per hour. Let me say again, the figures I throw out in this column are intended to be "ball park" prices to give you a basic idea of costs for demo production. Please check with your local studios and music dealers for exact prices.

Last time, we discussed doing your original song demos in a professional recording studio. Now let us examine a production form called the "Home Demo" studio. Paul McCartney's very first solo album was one of the first "home studio" records I remember hearing (that doesn't count all those wonderful Les Paul & Mary Ford records that Les produced in his home studio). With the advent of multi-track recording machines, overdubbing capabilities, and synthesizers, the home studio has become a big part of the recording industry. The ease and availability of good sounding multi-track cassette recording devices such as the Yamaha MT100 II (which sells for \$499) has begun to make home demo recording affordable to the budget-minded musician. Our good friend Richard Barnett at Tarpley Music has prepared a list of equipment to outfit a home demo recording studio. I shall pass on some of that info here (once again, these are "average" prices, please check with your dealer for exact prices & availability).

First off, to have a home studio, you need a home. It's best if you have one room in your house that you can devote solely to musical equipment. If this is not possible, improvise (if you have children, you'll probably want to install locks on your studio room door, but that goes without saying). You want to make sure the room is fairly quiet if possible (away from street

noises, telephone, & TV). You may want to bring in some art-deco to give the room ambience. Remember, you're going to be doing some "heavy" creativity in here, you want the room to be comfortable and inspiring. It also helps if it's heated and air conditioned.

Okay, we've got our room ready. Next up, the tape recorder. The Yamaha Mt100 II is a four channel, four track cassette recorder and can be purchased for around \$499. You'll need a power amp for the unit and the Peavey PMA 70t AMR 30 watt amp that sells for around \$250 is a nice little amp for the money. If you are wanting to impress the neighbors with volume you might consider a Crown Base 2 with 400 watts but it sells for \$1079, so you may want to evaluate how important decibels are to your personal taste. You'll probably want to go stereo, so a stereo amp and speakers are in order. You may already have a nice stereo system at home that can serve as part of your demo studio, but if you want an entirely new system, you'll need to invest in a set of speakers. If your space is limited, you may want to consider something like the Yamaha NS10MS speaker that sells for \$237 each. One consideration, buy local. If something goes wrong with your equipment, it's a lot easier to travel across town than to call an 800 number, ship your equipment off to Kalamazoo and wait 6 weeks to hear back from repair people.

Okay, you've got your room, your velvet painting of Elvis on the wall, your power amp and speakers, and your tape recorder. Now, are you primarily a guitar player? If you don't already have a favorite guitar or are wanting to trade, Yamaha or Ovation guitars are available from \$259 to \$950. You may want to invest in an acoustic guitar that has a built in pickup. The reason being, you may be recording many of your instrumental tracks directly into the tape machine (not using a microphone). This cuts

down on outside noise and enables you to use any number of sound devices, such as reverb, echo, delay, etc., on the guitar track.

Are you primarily a keyboardist? If so, there are countless numbers of synthesizers and keyboards to choose from. I have had very good experiences with the DX-7. It's user friendly and very dependable and there are hundreds of sounds available. Roland D-5 is another very nice keyboard. It sells for \$995. Some synthesizers have built in sequencers that are programmable. The Ensoniq SQ-1 has the sequencer and sells for \$1595. You may want to investigate the mid-capabilities of your synthesizer and sequencer. Are they compatible with any other synths you have (or can borrow), can they be used with your personal home computer? Your friendly music store person can help you in these areas. Independent sequencers are available for around \$299. Since you are going to be programming all these nifty gadgets and controlling the sounds that go into your machine, you want to acquaint yourself with various gadgets such as the Roland Dr. Rhythm, which sells for \$295 or the Alesis HR-16 that sells for \$450. These little machines are really fun to use and program, and for the most part, give good percussion sounds. Okay, you've got your room, recorders, and synths, etc. What next? Microphones. A very important part of the home studio! A Shure SM 57 for \$137 or an Electro-Voice N/D257 for \$152 are both good quality mics. You may also want to invest in a few gadgets like reverb and echo units, headphones and other miscellaneous devices.

The important thing to remember about the home demo studio, is that you will be doing most of the parts yourself so you want a machine that's easy to work with. This may take some investigation on your part. If you are a folk guitarist and most of your demos are going to consist of

some guitar and vocal overdubs, you may not be interested in all the other gadgets. However, if you are into heavy metal, jazz-fusion, or some other more elaborate style, your needs will be considerably different. Remember, if you are considering pitching your home demos to publishers, producers, etc., your product must be as good as that produced in a professional studio. Having your own multi-track studio can be enormously fun and productive. Keep in mind that the "song" is the most important aspect. It's easy to get caught up in the production and forget the basics...A helpful hint I have discovered, especially in dealing with 4-track machines is this: If you do a track with a lot of vocals, then use fewer instruments. Likewise, if your track is heavy on instrumental, use fewer voices. Record your drum track first, or simultaneously with the first track instrument.

Have fun with your home studio. It's a great learning tool. Until next time - write 'em if you got 'em!

*P.S. ... Thanks again to Richard Barnett at Tarpley Music for supplying all the pricing and equipment info.

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