

boy, Sean Adrian Hughes. Congrats to the parents and no, the rumor is not true that they'll be working Sean in on keyboards in a few months.



Charlie Pride & RCA's Wayne Edwards: in a moment of intense concentration while listening to a new song demo tape.

Local rock legend Robert Boswell is obviously keeping his chops up. During a recent appearance by Roy Clark at the Seagoville Hotel, Robert was asked to sit in and complied, natch. . . . Billy Hendrix of the All Fingers Band, talking about a South Texas club owner: "The guy was so cheap his wallet had an unlisted pocket. . . ." Former Badge front man Raymond Airington is looking for a new band. . . .

NEW YORK REPORT

by Michael Pellecchia
with special guest Joe from Chicago

Hearing Texas music together on different nights at the Lone Star Cafe in the last month have been James Caan, James Taylor, John Belushi, Jerry Wexler, Jane Curtin, James Talley, Bill Murray, Dan Ackroyd. Whew!, Tom Jones and more. Marianne McCarthy reports that the Willie party was something else, with vast legions of New Yorkers washing down Mort Kupperman's 3-alarm with Lone Star beer while Willie opened with selections from Red-Headed Stranger, moving on to his new release *Stardust* and playing for about three hours before relinquishing the stage to John Belushi, who performed a medley of his Joe Cocker hits, among them "You Are So Beautiful". Marianne says that the party "will have a lasting musical effect for those who were there and those who claim they were" Promoting his first Capricorn album, *Second Wind* was Delbert McClinton at the same venue with a star-studded performance by his incredible band. Lee Clayton sat in. . . . Later over at the Other End, Delbert got a bit rowdy watching fellow Fort Worthians Stephen Bruton and T Bone Burnett in that august setting. Richie Furay brought Poco memo-

ries to the Bottom Line. We didn't think his band was all that exciting, but a "disco" version of the old Buffalo Springfield "On My Way Home" was nice. Richie's new single, a rendition of the classic Pomus-Shuman "This Magic Moment", brought to mind a conversation we had with Doc Pomus recently, in which he lamented the quality of contemporary pop songs. Doc's career hasn't been going that well, what with writing for Elvis imitator Rick Saucedo, so one hopes Furay's treatment stimulates a revival of interest in great Pomus-Shuman works like "Teenager In Love", "Suspicion", "His Latest Flame" or, better yet, a revival of new creativity.

We watched *The Last Waltz*, FM and *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* all in the last week. *LW* has some of the best concert footage ever, and it made a believer in Joni Mitchell out of this writer. And in a tasty guitar romp with Robbie Robertson, the legend of Eric Clapton redoubles



Robbie Robertson of the Band: from "The Last Waltz."

itself. *IWHYH* has funny and bittersweet mementos that will date you if you get too involved, but that's the price of nostalgia. FM is worth it if you like Martin Mull.

Larry King's *The Best Whorehouse in Texas* opened at the Entermedia to good reviews. It's slated for Broadway and then celluloid, both of which are far from the Bowery and even further from the Chicken Ranch. Word has it that a name change will happen somewhere along the way, and that the Rio Grande Band will be dropped.

Two Dallas lights have been shining here. One is Meatloaf, who was raved at the Bottom Line. Meat's from Thomas Jefferson High School. Red Garland made his second stop recently at the Vil-



Meat Loaf: a Dallas native shines in New York.

lage Gate, where he was warmly received for his work with the legendary Miles Davis and John Coltrane, which of course shows in his classy handling of the ivories. On another jazz note, Les Lieber's *Jazz at Noon* is now every Friday at Cassidy's, 2nd and 53rd. We saw Monk's great saxman Charlie Rouse featured there recently, drowning in Les' usual assemblage of off-duty stockbrokers, admen and acupuncturist sidemen. Judging from Patti Smith and Lenny Kay's digs at One Fifth Avenue, it's alive and well in its stratospheric mutations. Working downward from Patti, excitement about Elvis Costello mounts with the release of his second album, and Mink Deville's just-out Capitol LP is judged to be a monster. The rigors of the road have retired Tommy Ramone from touring, though he remains with the Ramones in a less demanding capacity. Replacing Tommy on drums has opened up the same spot with Richard Hell and the Voidoids, who just added a guitarist to allow Richard to concentrate on vocals and is the thing called presence.

As we go to press, New York is getting bruised with the New Wave invasion. Ian Dury at the Bottom Line was wild and crazy, spanning his spectrum from Sun Ra to the late Raahaan Roland Kirk all in the context of Duryean rock and roll, and Mink Deville, Elvis Costello, and Nick Lowe are all in town to play this week, later to play Big D.

Rumored to be headed for a publicity job with a major New Wave band is *Village Voice* Senior Editor Robert Christgau, who has said he is tired of editing the work of inferiors. Now that you've read all this, aren't you glad you spend so much time with your *Buddy*? No? Well, then, blow it out your sphincter.