...MORE ENTERTAINMENT Teddy brings N.Y. to Edmonton

by David Jordan

"It's 20 minutes on the downside of four, and you're listening to CJSR." Teddy settles in behind the control board. "You are *inter*locked, *intwined*, and seriously *involved* with me, T-E-D-D-Y."

On the second floor of SUB, tucked away in the back of the CJSR offices, is a broadcast studio. "The mother ship," Teddy calls it.

Every Saturday afternoon, from 3 to 6, Teddy takes the controls and delivers Edmonton listeners from the frozen waste land with funk music direct from the dance floors of New York.

Edmonton may seem an unlikely place to find a black DJ who calls Brooklyn, New York home, but Teddy doesn't see Edmonton as different from any other city. "There's people out there that want to hear my music," he says. "They don't want to be hicks; they want to know what's happenin', and I give it to them, direct from New York, direct from the underground."

Teddy graduated from a small black college in Raleigh, N. Carolina in 1974. It was there that he realised he was meant for broadcasting. "You're playing stuff for black guys down there, and you've got to be different," he says. "I was listenin' to Jimi Hendrix, and I understood him—I knew I was different."

After a few years of broadcasting in N. Carolina, Teddy met his wife, Michelle, in Washington, D.C. Four years ago, she brought him to Edmonton, her home.

Other Edmonton radio stations don't interest Teddy much. In fact, he hardly seems to know they exist. Teddy is more interested



"You are interlocked, intertwined, and seriously involved with T-E-D-D-Y." photo Tim Hellum

in the university community. "They don't call it the Alberta College," he explains, "they call it a university because it's universal."

In the "universal" atmosphere of education, people are always looking for something new. "They may not like it," Teddy admits, "but at least they'll check it out."

His music goes out to "the cosmic party people," people dedicated to night life and having a good time. Stats freaks won't get much satisfaction from Teddy. He says he doesn't care who played the drums, who "layed the cymbals, who went for coffee. Teddy doesn't even give song titles or artists' names. It wouldn't help if he did; you can't get any of these records in stores.

Teddy figures that Edmonton doesn't know what it's getting. His music comes direct from friends in New York; this is the music that's playing on the dance floors, circulating around radio stations before anyone picks it up. Teddy's listeners are hearing music that won't be on U.S. airwaves for another three months. In Toronto, it might be a year.

Toronto is "the coolest, the funk capital of Canada," Teddy says, laughing, then adds apologetically, "nothing personal."

In the studio, Teddy dumps today's selection of some 60 records in the rack, then settles in behind the controls. His only company for the next three hours will be the phone.

"I'll try it, maybe I got it," he tells one caller. "Oh baby, you're too old," he says to another, "I was playing that six months ago."

Another caller, this time a request for that skinny black kid. "I don't profess to be no black Dick Clarke," Teddy says, smiling.



"Baby, you're too old -- I was playing that last month."



photo Tim Hellum

