

Ask Jodi about Messo Blues

You want mellow. Check out that coffee commercial! Don't go and see this band! Ted was electrifying, so much so the light exploded. Joel was powerful enough to make the crowd look like the guy that sits in the chair for the Maxell tape ad. Last and certainly not the least, there's Heath. There are no words in the English language to describe him. Just don't ask me. You could ask the crowd, you could ask Ted's mom, you could even try to get Ted and Joel to tell you. Someone, somewhere must know. Just don't ask me! I'll take all other questions, please.

You could ask me if I enjoyed the show. My answer: "It was like butter." I'm a sucker for the blues, so I went two nights instead of just one. My knees were bouncing and my hands were clapping. Are you getting the idea yet? I think we're ready to go on to the next question.

What was my favourite part?

Let's see. Well it could

have been Ted's famous drum roll or rolls. Take that act to Vegas young man. It could also be the band doing Fight the Power—the Blues version. The band works well together on stage. They are having fun and you can tell they are. They enjoy the music they are playing. This may be an obvious statement, but I think its important because things like this usually affect the crowd. People came to have a good time. I don't think anybody left being disappointed.

The only problem may have been the stage. It doesn't give for a lot of room to move. Regardless, the band worked with it.

This was the second year for the Harvest Jazz and Blues fest and it was also the second time for Messo Blues being one of the venues. The only new Addition was Ted Hamilton. There is a happy type of Blues energy the band gives off. Joel tends to work hard with the harp. He can make it sound happy or sad. If you've



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ever heard a Paris Ambulance siren, he can even do that too. In the future I'm sure we will be hearing more from them. Believe the hype! PS - Call off the dogs. I've found my roommate.



Fredericton OOZES Blues

by Needa C. Moore

Once a year in a certain university city in New Brunswick something strange happens. The city starts to ooze. I don't mean the sewer system or people squeezing play-doh through their fingers. I mean the air starts to ooze, the sounds start to ooze—the blues start to ooze!

When the minstrels of the

Harvest Jazz & Blues Festival come to town, things start to change. Deadheads and Gershwinheads all bopping up and down together, students talking to businessmen, musicians talking to graphic artists, everybody talking - talking to any body. The music breaks down all barriers whether they be financial, racial or political. Music is the great unifier and the folks of

this town have certainly "Come together".

The people of Fredericton and the Harvest Festival committee should be damn proud of themselves for bringing this event together. Not just for the amazing array of talent that they brought in, but for bringing the people of this city together. Together in one cause, having fun and to listen to music in which we can

all relate (everybody gets the blues, right?).

Let the blues ooze forever and may there always be a Muddy Waters cassette near your tape deck to keep you boppin' until the festival rolls around again.

