

Roy Relaxes during interview

photo by Causey

A DAY WITH ROY BUCHANAN

by David F. Dickinson

On Saturday, November 2, Roy Buchanan came to Guilford College. None of the one thousand-plus people who saw him in Dana Auditorium could have possibly felt that they were presented with anything less than one of the most memorable concerts of their lives. In the past three years, Roy has risen from total obscurity to legendary status and after witnessing last Saturday's performance, I now realize that all of the accolades that have been directed toward him still fall short in describing the man's talent as a guitarist. Eric Clapton is credited with describing Roy as the "best guitarist in the world", a description with which I heartily concur. Never have I seen a guitarist who could do the things with a guitar that Roy does so nonchalantly. Using only his ancient Fender Telecaster and a very small Fender amp, Roy produces sounds that are often reminiscent of Jimi Hendrix, who, as we all know, was never seen without a mountain of amplifiers and assorted electronic "gimmicks" such as wah-wah pedals, fuzz boxes, etc...

Behind the identity that is Roy Buchanan, "world's greatest guitarist", lies another identity that is as fascinating as the man's superb guitar work. As a member of the Guilford Union Dance and Pop Artists

Committee, I was one of three persons given the task of acting as a "star liaison unit" for Saturday's concert. This duty gave me the opportunity to rap with Roy and his band in a somewhat intimate fashion, both before and after the concert. The experience was fascinating.

At eight o'clock, Saturday night, Rob Newman and I found ourselves in the star's dressing room in Dana. Our assignment, whether we chose to accept it or not, was to wait there for Roy and his band and to guard a case of Coke on ice and several sandwiches which more than casually resembled the bill of fare at our friendly neighborhood mess hall.

Around what I remember vaguely as eight-fifteen, there was a flurry of activity at the rear door and suddenly the band and Roy had arrived. They milled around and I approached the one that I recognized as Roy and introduced myself. After some more milling around and questions concerning time, Roy sat down opposite me and opened a Schlitz from the two cases that had been brought in by the band. As Steve Causey snapped photos of Roy and vice versa, some of the brew was passed around and in that mellow atmosphere, Roy laid out some of his philosophy on life as well as answering questions thrown at him by the half dozen people there.

I found myself engaged in a discussion of religion. Roy was running down his particular

interpretation of God, saying that he knows God's name and that the name is Jehovah. I found myself being drawn to this man even though I did not particularly agree with everything he was saying. I discovered immediately that Roy has a peculiar habit of looking you straight in the eye when he is rapping to you, thus capturing your total attention. Roy revealed that his father was a Jehovah's Witness minister and we subsequently discussed the effect that such a strict religious upbringing can have on a person's life. Roy went on to explain what he feels is fundamentally wrong with the kind of "religion" that "charlatan" Billy Graham, puts out for the people to feed upon.

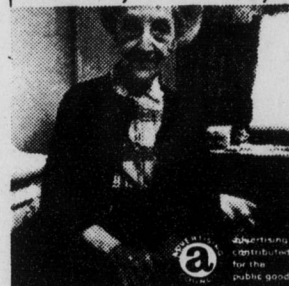
Then Roy mentioned that he had recently read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* and that he felt that the book had been a religious experience for him. At that point, I recommended that he pick up a copy of Baba Ram Dass' *Be Here Now*. He said that he had never heard of the book but I somehow had the feeling that he would love it if he ever got into it.

Someone in the dressing room mentioned Jimi Hendrix and that set Roy off on a long discussion of his admiration for Jimi. He said, "I loved Jimi, the same way I loved Jimmy Dean". He went on to talk about how he had known Hendrix way back when and how Jimi was such a beautiful

person who could reach out and touch the depths of your soul from the coldness of a vinyl disc. Roy talked about how the two of them had played guitar together before either was well known.

By this time I felt that I had known Roy Buchanan for a period of time considerably longer than thirty minutes. It is very rare to meet an individual capable of reaching across that vast separateness that is created and sustained

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Movie Review

Airport 1975 is currently showing at the Golden Gate theatre, in the Golden Gate Shopping Center. It was inspired by the novel *Airport*, by Arthur Hailey, and could be considered a sequel to the movie *Airport*, although the two movies are unrelated in plot.

Airport 1975 is about a crisis which hits a 747 as it is nearing its place of descent. The movie is centered around the emotion generated by the crisis. The plot is very simple, but it is also very absorbing because of the excellent way

in which the interest of the viewer is held. After the movie was over, I realized that I had been excited very much by it, and I also realized that the excitement was generated mostly through emotions, and very little through violence or other actions. It does not pretend to be a complex movie with numerous connecting concepts, but it does as good a job of gripping the interest of the viewer as one more complicated.

The all-star cast includes such famous personalities as Charlton Heston, George Kennedy, Helen Reddy, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Sid Caesar, Dana Andrews, and Linda Blair. Shows are presently at 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 pm, at a cost of \$2.50 for adults and \$1.00 for children.

Are you interested in mountain climbing or rappelling? Would you like to learn? Come to the Cliff-Hangers meeting Sunday, November 10, at 7:00 P.M. in King 103.

by Bob Johnston