



**Watermelon Slim & the Workers, *Bull Goose Rooster*.** There are certain people in life who get to chase their dreams, sometimes because they've been set free by circumstances beyond their control and realize it's now or never. Bill "Watermelon Slim" Homans found himself in a veterans hospital after serving in the Army during the Vietnam war and, of course, took up slide guitar and harmonica. Why not? From there the blues crept into his life like an overpowering urge Watermelon Slim could not shake, and thus a new quest in life began. There was lots of rambling and late-night scrambling before the musician found his way in to front a band and start raising sand in the blues world. He did it the only way that works, too, by singing like a man possessed and blowing the kind of harmonica that make the leaves fall from the trees and the girls follow him out past the levees.

*Bull Goose Rooster* is the album to move Watermelon Slim & the Workers into the driver's seat in the blues world. Slim's voice is a natural-born wonder, sounding like it's been cured in a mixture of rotgut whiskey and marinated alligator drippings. There is really no one singing quite like this these days, most having moved over to the other side years ago. The kind of songs Watermelon Slim writes are those that come to someone way past the middle of the night, when dreams and nightmares combine to turn the world inside out. They really are that good. Throw in two Slim Harpo hits, a Woody Guthrie classic and a few other odds and ends, and pretty soon the picture becomes clear — this is a man on a mission who will not be stopped. It's said that the blues is something you love or don't like at all. Watermelon Slim is a bluesman who is leading the charge on the side of love, and even when it looks like the lights have been turned out and they're digging a deep hole for that endless sleep, guess again, because once more the blues comes racing to the rescue. Long may this man blow.