



R & B Jukebox

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The people at {Quantum Leap} have compiled two tracks each from ten of the artists on their DVD series of concerts performed at Orlando, Florida's {-Rock 'n' Roll Palace} and its Little Darlin's room. While there are some redeeming moments sitting through the hour of music is like being lost inside a {#Twilight Zone} episode. While {\$Sam Moore} and {\$Martha Reeves} sweat and add indelible soul into the mix, with {\$Mary Wells} being her impeccable great self, the cameras constantly seeking out geeky audience members is as much of a distraction as these {\$Dixie Cups} overusing their hands as much as this version of {\$The Platters} do. {"He's A Rebel"} was never meant to be Vegasized in a glitzy environment that's devoid of any excitement or true rock and roll energy. It's the same frustrating one minute and four seconds of {"My Guy"} that appears on the {^Mary Wells Greatest Hits} DVD put out by this company, and it isn't the only truncated title in this collection. Listed at 80 minutes the reality is that there's only 60 (and if each song was the same one minute as {"My Guy"} the set would be one third of that), so perhaps the producers are including the time it would take you to flip through the biographies, which are actually pretty good. The family tree of {\$The Platters} is interesting but it is nothing that a good search engine can't deliver in an easier to read format. The audience response for {\$Mary Wells}' {"Bye Bye Baby"} is sincere, as sincere as it is for {\$Sam Moore} who opens this collection, but these {\$Crystals} who show up and go through these motions are blown away when {\$Martha Reeves} and her maracas storm onto the stage with high energy and superb backing vocalists. She's terrific and makes the best of a bad situation. When her great artistry is ignored for a checkerboard floor and more stuffy pseudo-60's dancing, well, it's par for the course. The {#Tami Show} this ain't. You get two thirds of {\$The Angels}, no narration or interviews with the stars, just questionable camerawork and dicey performances. For the hardcore soul fans who need these performances by {\$Sam Moore}, Reeves and Wells, pick up the full-length DVDs released by the same company. For everyone else it's Caveat emptor, baby, Caveat emptor. When the marvelous vocal on {"Dancing In The Street"} is chopped off it is definitely "let the buyer beware".

Joe Viglione