

“LUCILLE”

Interviewed by Mike McLoughlin

During Lucille's recent visit to Singapore I was privileged to talk to her, to discuss with her her thoughts, and to learn a little more about her life, and the man she has spent the last 48 years or so with:

"It was not love at first sight, indeed before me he had had others, but none had the same sparkle as me. What brought us together was electricity which arrived to the remote area of Arkansas, where he was living, in 1946. At first I did not have a name, that only came some 3 years later when a couple of men fought over a local beauty called Lucille. During the fight kerosene got spilt and the shack caught fire. He braved the flames to rescue me, to save me from a horrible death. Having done so he promptly named me after another woman, how typical!

We've been inseparable ever since. Oh, yes, his eyes do wander, he does still look at others, but I know he'll be faithful to me to the end. No-one else can match my electrifying sound.

At times he treats me quite roughly, and then I scream in pain. Not a discordant scream, rhythmical, piercing crescendos - a loud ecstasy. On other occasions he softly caresses me, holding me tight and gently sliding his huge fingers up and down my slender neck. Here I purr with delight.

What a man, full of the boundless energy of men 30 or 40 years younger than his 68 years. We've travelled the World together, been to places I never knew existed all those years ago - Tennessee was a day's travel away! Despite all this he's still a country boy at heart. He likes nothing more than relaxing with his computer, watching TV and catching up on the education he missed by not completing high school, with me by his side - of course. We used to go flying together, but, thankfully, he's now got that out of his system and hasn't flown for some time. He is a rebel though, a rebel with a cause, a man on a mission - to bring the blues to people throughout the world."

After our chat I joined 3,000 other lucky people to see Lucille on stage. Her man played her to exhaustion, well supported by an eight-man ensemble, each a great musician in his own right. No contracts tie these people together, no written words, just a hand-shake and the same unending love of music. Nevertheless together they stay; the youngest joined 4 years ago, others have been there for 18 years.

What music, what blues; *Reach Me Baby*, *Understand*, *Stormy Monday*, classic tracks, classic music which had the audience enthralled. *Let the Good Times Roll* - they certainly did, they rolled all over the Harbour Pavilion. The people danced in the aisles, surrounded the stage, where they were presented by the man himself with small mementos of the occasion. Young and old alike - captured by the blues.

When, 2 hours later, the rousing encore of *Oh When the Saints* rattled the timbers of the venue, there was no one who would have not followed, who would have not marched off behind Lucille and her man to wherever they were to go. With Lucille laying exhausted on her stand, BB King left the stage; he'd been, he'd seen and he'd conquered Singapore once more.

