

A LITTLE ABOUT ME

I was born in 1953 in New Orleans, Louisiana, to John Taylor and Lottie McGovern Taylor. I have four sisters, Charlotte, Barbara, Brenda, and Lisa, and one brother, Kenneth. I had a very happy childhood in Gentilly, and like most boys back then, I would play Cowboys and Indians, Tarzan, and, of course, Superman, jumping off my bed with a towel “cape” tied around my neck. My good friend, Louis Kahl, lived about two blocks from my house. We shared the same birthday, but I was a year older.

On my tenth and his ninth birthday, I got a bow and arrow set with the rubber tips, and Louis received a guitar. About a week or two later, he was already playing songs. I had to get a guitar; I was drawn to it. My parents were able to get me one from a cousin who wasn't using his. From that day forward, it was me and the guitar. Louis and I started taking lessons together, and as time went on, we got pretty good. Over the years, we have played in several bands together. He still plays professionally, and to this day, I make part of my living playing music.

In 1964, my older sisters were all excited about a group called the Beatles. The band was scheduled to be on “The Ed Sullivan Show” one Sunday. I didn't know anything about this group, but if they played guitars, I was going to check them out. Sunday finally came and my family gathered around

the TV. I remember Ed Sullivan announcing, “Here they are! The Beatles.” To this day I have never seen anything like this. Girls were screaming. These four guys with guitars and drums and really weird haircuts were producing this sound that was so incredible. There was so much energy flowing from the TV, and I was hooked. Everything was perfect: their suits, their hair, even their guitars. I particularly liked the guitar shaped like a violin. I had never seen anything like that before, and it was so cool.

I used to take the bus home from school and would have to walk about six city blocks to my house. I would take a shortcut through a shopping center along the way. In the middle of this shopping center was a music store, and in the window was a violin bass guitar like Paul’s.

This is where I would take a break from walking. I would stand and stare at that guitar; I just thought it was so cool. After a few weeks of this, the lady who worked there came out and said, “Son, every day you come and look at that guitar. Won’t you get your parents to buy it for you for Christmas?”

I told her it was probably too expensive, and I didn’t play bass. She said it was only eighty-five dollars. It was a Japanese copy of the German Hofner that Paul used.

I asked if she could order one that was a six-string guitar, and she said they only made this style as a bass. I decided that I wanted it anyway. I told my parents I wanted it for Christmas. I begged.

About a week later, the guitar was gone from the window. I went into the store and they told me that a little boy had come in with his dad and they had bought it. I asked if they

could order another guitar and explained that I just about had my parents talked into it. They told me that it was the last one. It came by mistake, and they could not get any more.

I left heartbroken and depressed. Then Christmas came, and I got the bass! My father wanted it to be a surprise, so everyone had told me a big fib. I traded five Beatles albums for three months of bass lessons, and I have been playing ever since.

In 1974, I had my first opportunity to see one of the Beatles in person. I couldn't believe it! George Harrison was coming to the LSU Assembly Center in Baton Rouge. Tickets were eight dollars.

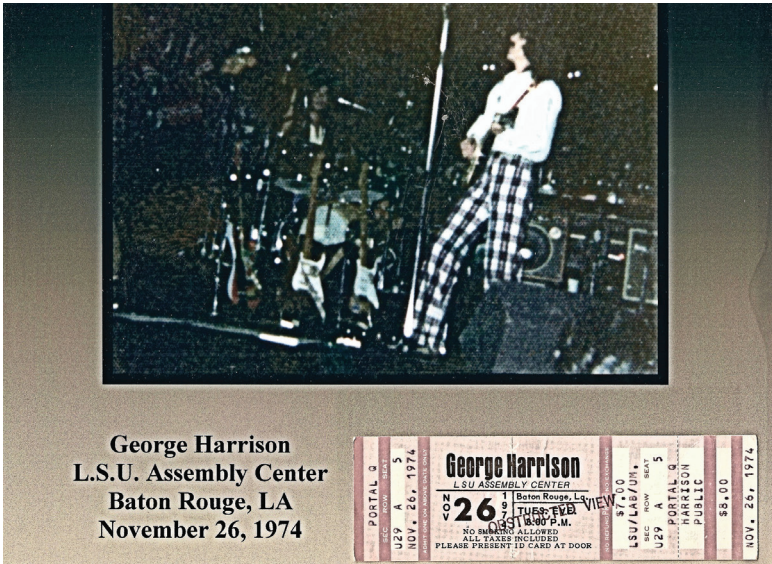
November 26 finally arrived, and I was there in my seat. On the stage were all of George's guitars, even Rocky, the psychedelic Fender Stratocaster that he hand-painted and used on *Magical Mystery Tour*. After the opening act, George appeared onstage and broke into one of his songs. I was just blown away that I was watching and listening to one of the Beatles. My seat was too far away to get a picture with my small camera, so I walked toward the stage and was able to sneak one snapshot of George.

The concert was great. George's voice was hoarse, but I didn't care—I was thrilled to finally see a Beatle. This was a big event in my life. I could never have dreamed what was going to happen in less than two months.

I learned that Paul McCartney was coming to New Orleans in 1975 to record his new album with Wings. I had to find out which studio he would be at, so I could maybe get to see him in person. I was sure there would be bodyguards and police, and they would probably sneak him in through a side entrance.



Me with my first Beatles bass



**George Harrison
L.S.U. Assembly Center
Baton Rouge, LA
November 26, 1974**



Picture of George Harrison in Baton Rouge, with ticket

Sea-Saint Studio was in my neighborhood of Gentilly. I decided I would check there first. So one morning I drove to Sea-Saint Studio and pulled into the small parking lot. The studio was converted from a house, and the parking lot only held four or five vehicles.

My plan was to knock on the door, but I had to figure out how I was going to ask whoever answered, “Is this where Paul McCartney is coming to record his album?” I sat there for a few moments and finally decided that this was not a good idea. I started my car, and as I was putting it into drive to take off, a car pulled up next to mine.

I glanced over to see who it was, and I couldn’t believe my eyes. In the car next to me was Paul in the driver’s seat and Linda in the passenger seat. They looked over, smiled, and waved.

Now try to understand. There were no bodyguards, no police, no limousine—just Paul, Linda, and me. One minute later, I would have been down the street, and this would not have happened.

I turned my car off, got out, and walked toward Paul and Linda as they were getting out of their car. Paul came up to me, shook my hand, and asked, “How are you this fine morning?”

I said, “I’m fine. You are really all right.”

He replied, “I hope so by now.”

This is the person who has had the biggest influence on my life and my music—the reason that I am a bass player—and here I was standing there talking to him. I can’t explain how I felt. This was where I was going to be every day for the next three months. The next day I arrived at the studio around the same time and noticed two guys parked in front of the house next door. I went over and asked them if they were there to see Paul. They said yes. I told them what happened the day before and that Paul should be arriving soon. We became friends.

Paul and Linda arrived not long after that. We took pictures and spoke to Paul for at least fifteen or twenty minutes. None of us is a professional photographer, but we did get a lot of really great pictures of Paul and Linda. Keep in mind that these photos were taken with a Kodak Instamatic, 110 film, back in 1975. Some of the photos or film got damaged over the years. However, these photos appear in this book because they are still a part of this history.

In the following pages you will read other remembrances of these events and see photographs from that time. I hope you enjoy this look back at a unique moment in New Orleans music history.



Paul arriving at the studio



Paul signed the back of my business card, from my job at a nearby car dealership.



Me and Paul



Linda strikes a pose for me



Linda getting out of the car



Linda poses for me



One of the studio engineers talks with Linda



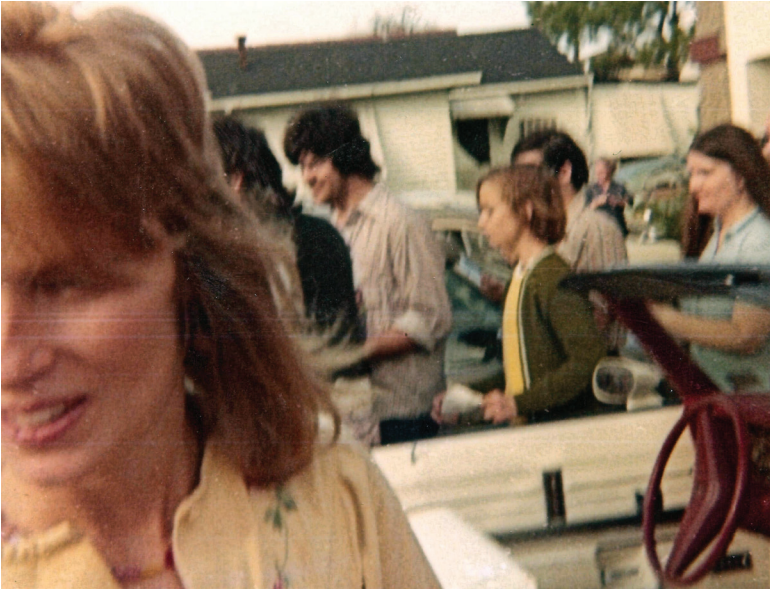
A nice shot of me with Linda



Me with Linda

To John Taylor
fondly
Linda
Paul

In this autograph, Linda wrote, "To John Taylor fondly." She signed her name, then Paul signed his.



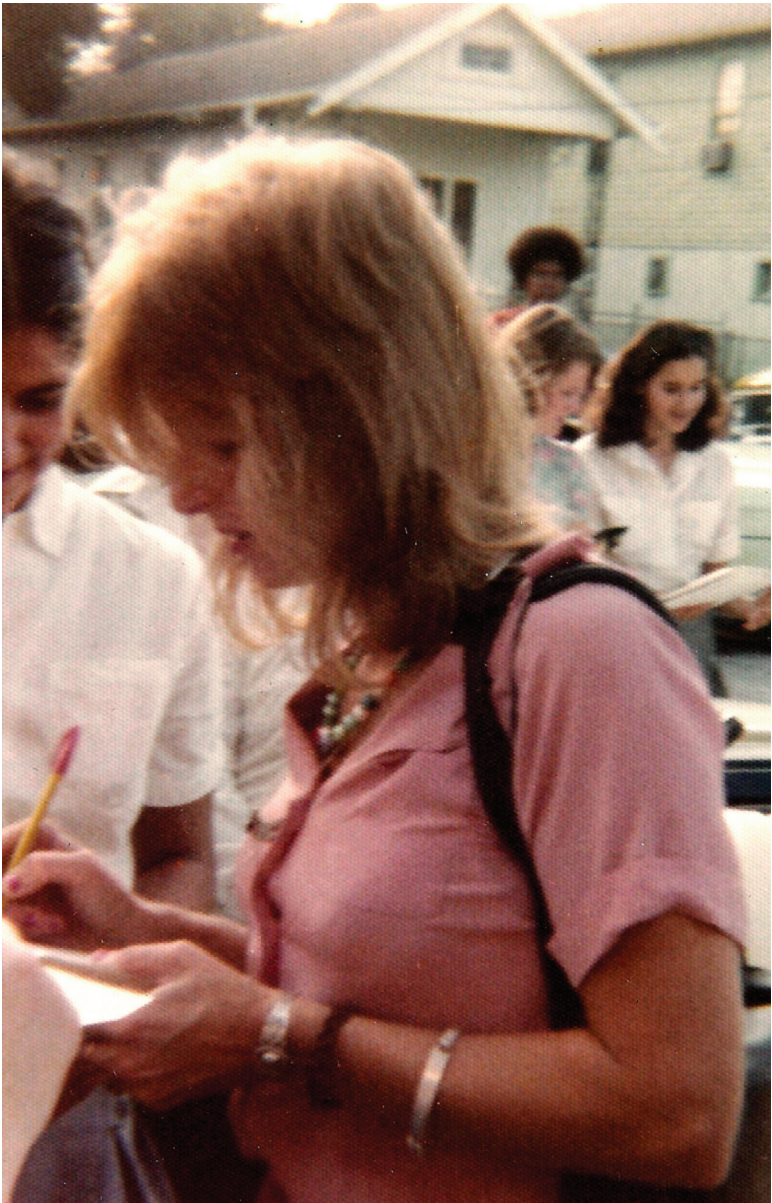
Linda, with Paul and fans in the background



Paul speaking with fans



Linda arrives and greets fans



Linda signs autographs



Paul signs autographs



Paul with fans



Paul hands his autograph to a fan



Paul signs autographs



Paul chats with fans and signs autographs



Paul spending time with fans



Paul getting ready to enter the studio



Paul in the doorway of the studio



Paul in the studio doorway, signing autographs and speaking with fans



Paul and Linda enter the studio



Paul chats with my co-worker Steve Rogers and his wife



Paul in the doorway, speaking with us





A great shot of Paul



Linda posing



Paul getting in the car to leave the studio



A nice shot of Paul and Linda



Linda getting in the car



Linda and me



Paul signs an autograph before leaving



Paul poses with Linda



Paul leaving the studio