

Maxine Montego reanimated my imagination like heaven's alarm clock at the end of a dark sleep. She was a peep show offering everything that made me breathe hard: pain, loss, regret, greasy characters, seedy deals, and an irresistible talent. She teased me till all my nickels were gone. She was caffeine. Benzedrine. A mythological speedball coursing through my ready veins. And danger played no small part in my nearly libidinous need to pry into the warped vinyl of this singer's life.