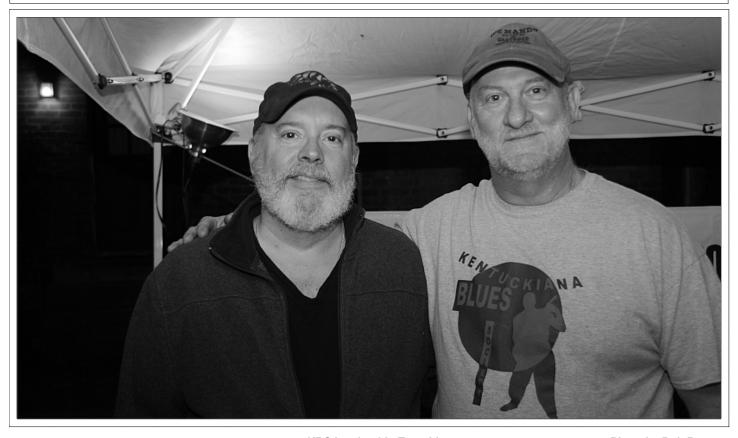


THE NEWSLETTER OF THE KENTUCKIANA BLUES SOCIETY "...PRESERVING, PROMOTING AND PERPETUATING THE BLUES."

Louisville, Kentucky

December 2015

Incorporated 1989



KBS Leadership Transition

Photo by Bob Brown

Pictured are Gary Sampson, (left), outgoing KBS President and President-Elect Mark Sneed

Gary Sampson has been KBS president for the past 10 years and has said for a while that it was time for a change. Mark Sneed joined the KBS Board in 2013 and was elected president at the October board meeting. Mark will take over as head of our blues society on January 1, 2016.

Gary has led the organization through expanded growth in both membership and support of many local events and causes. During his tenure, the KBS has increased it's membership from under 150 members to over 500, making our blues society one of the larger blues organizations in the nation. Gary plans to continue to be a large part of the KBS albeit not as president. Next time you see him at an event, please thank him warmly for his service.

We look forward to Mark's leadership and the future looks bright for the KBS. Mark's view of the future is "... to continue to grow our membership while reaching out to the members to see what they would like us to do differently to help the blues society continue to be a premier organization. If we can continue to be an attraction to all our members, then they will appreciate what we have to offer and come out to celebrate the blues music in our area."

If you would like to show more support for KBS, come to some of our meetings and get more involved.

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We appreciate your support and welcome your input. If you have any comments, suggestions, ideas, etc., contact us at this address:

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As usual, please check your mailing label to see if your membership will expire soon. Our single membership is a bargain at only \$20.00 US per year. Double membership (two members at the same address, two membership cards, one newsletter) is only \$25.00 US per year, and we now offer a special band rate of \$30 per year, which includes one newsletter plus a membership card for each band member. If you see a notice on your mailing label, that means that it's time to renew!

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Gary Sampson - president Debbie Wilson - vice-president Les Reynolds - secretary Chris Grube - treasurer

KBS MONTHLY MEETING

If you are interested in reviewing new blues music, come on out to the KBS monthly board meeting (held the first Wednesday of each month at 7:00 PM at The Pizza Place in Hikes Point) and take your pick! We receive promo releases from the major blues labels as well as regional and local bands. If you review a CD, it's yours to keep!

The Louisville Blues Compilation Volume II is available exclusively at



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If it says "LAST ISSUE - PLEASE RENEW" you will be purged from the membership rolls after this mailing and will not receive any future issues of Blues News. We don't want to lose you! Please take a moment now and check your label and renew online at www. kbsblues. org or send a check to

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Letter From The Prez



Photo by Cheryl Jaggers

A lot has happened in the past ten years. When I became president of the Kentuckiana Blues Society in 2006, the United States population exceeded 300 million for the very first time. We've added another twenty-two million people since then. Twitter was launched in 2006 and iTunes sold its 1,000,000,000th song that year. It took Apple eight years to reach that mark back then. They now sell a billion songs about every five months. Both Gerald Ford and Saddam Hussein passed away in 2006 – one from natural causes, one not. Barbaro won the Kentucky Derby that year but shattered his leg two weeks later in the Preakness Stakes which led to an early death the following year.

In 2006, the blues society still sponsored an annual "blues cruise." Maybe it's time to bring that back. The 10th Street Blues Festival had its first year, the Jeffersontown-Crusade Blues Festival was in its second year and the Louisville Blues-n-Jazz Barbeque Festival at the Water Tower celebrated its ninth year. In fact, due to the success of that festival with Nora Jean Bruso headlining, the next year was changed to an all-blues event and expanded to three days. After an absence, Carrollton's Blues to the Point returned in 2006. The festival headliners were Tim Krekel and Fingers Taylor. And who could forget KBS board

member Nelson Grube winning the \$5,000 Boys and Girls Club drawing at the Madison Ribberfest in 2006! Did you ever get your cut, Chris?

The Stella Vees were the KBS band contest winners of 2006. It was their second win. They also won in 2004. The blues society didn't select its first best self-produced CD until 2007, didn't have its first solo/duo contest until 2008 and we didn't select our first youth representative to the International Blues Challenge until 2009. Also, in those days, the KBS didn't have a very big anniversary celebration. In 2006, the birthday party was combined with the blues contest that year and held at Stevie Ray's. Kevin Yazell hosted his first Saturday Night Blues Party on WFPK, 91.9 FM and he's still going strong. For the first and only time in our history, the Sylvester Weaver award was presented to a band. Gene Wickliffe, Rob Pickett and Mike Lynch all received the award in 2006. Da Mudcats had just celebrated their 20th year. And an up-and-coming blues guitarist by the name of Joe Bonamassa participated in a KBS Blues in the School program at the Brown School in November of that year. The next night he played a show at Jim Porters. He's come a long way since then. And thanks to the efforts of Natalie Carter, the KBS newsletter was expanded to a full issue every month in 2006 instead of just every other month.

Several notable musicians passed away in 2006. They include Billy Preston, Wilson Pickett, (who is buried in Louis-ville's Evergreen Cemetery), James Brown, Floyd Dixon, Robert "H-Bomb" Ferguson, Jay McShann, Snooky Pryor, "Homesick" James Williamson, Jessie Mae Hemphill and Robert Lockwood Jr. Henry Townsend and Sam Myers, two musicians with ties to Louisville and who figured prominently in the early years of the blues society, also died that year. And local musician Joe Wells, of the 26th Street Blues Band, passed away in 2006.

After that first year, I told the members of the board that I would be willing to serve a total of ten years provided they were satisfied with the direction the blues society was taking during my time as president. I wanted to set some goals for the organization and I figured it would take some time to get there. Some of the goals I set have been met, some haven't. But I'm keeping the promise I made to the KBS and myself to move on after 10 years. I want to thank the officers and board members of the blues society for allowing me this great opportunity, to the many blues society members and fans who believed in me and to the musicians who I've had the pleasure to work with over the years. And finally, I want to thank my wife Jill. There is absolutely no way I could have done this job without her continued faith, love and support.

As I've stated before, I'm not going anywhere. I'll continue to be a board member for the blues society and create both the monthly newsletter calendar and the weekly email updates. I won't be involved with the Smokin' on the River festival in Jeffersonville, IN anymore. After this year's fest, the committee informed me that it was their intent to feature music other than blues at the 2016 festival so I won't be selecting the bands for that event in the future. But I will continue to organize the Germantown Schnitzelburg Blues Festival every year. Lamont Gillispie and I created that event together and I will keep my promise to him to carry on with the music. I'm currently working with Check's Cafe, Lamont's family and local artist Carol McLeod to create a mural dedicated to Lamont. Hopefully, we'll have that installed by next year's fest.

You can always hear me on 100.9 FM. My Kentuckiana Blues Radio Show broadcasts every Friday night at 8:00 pm on Crescent Hill Radio. Hard to believe I've been doing that show for over five years now. I'm also the afternoon DJ on WCHQ from 4:00 to 6:00 pm every Tuesday afternoon.

I'll see ya around. Peace, love and blues, y'all!

Gary

Duane Allman - The Road Goes On By Dave Kyle

Reprinted from Vintage Guitar Magazine (first published November, 1996) with Author's Permission

The following is a historical retrospective by Vintage Guitar Magazine contributor Dave Kyle

"Previously, VG ran a piece on Gregg Allman. Although not primarily known as a guitar player, Gregg is a fine acoustic player, as anyone can attest if they've seen the acoustic segment of an Allman Brothers Band show. While researching the rest of the band, I mentioned to our editor, Alan Greenwood, that Macon, Georgia, is a musically historical place. Not just because of the ABB, but many other luminaries in the music business have either lived or recorded in Macon."

"Why don't you get down there and talk to some of the people who knew Duane," Alan said after one particularly long phone conversation. "Maybe we'll do a sidebar on him."

Well, that project grew and grew, until it took on a life of its own. Not only was I able to go to Macon and get some great stories, I also went to Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where Duane

worked at the celebrated Fame Studios, playing on hits by people like Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Herbie Mann, Boz Scaggs and a host of others. But I don't want to get too far ahead of myself.

Let me give you a little background on Duane's all-too-short life. There may be some statements included here and in previous articles that seem to contradict each other, but time and memories have a way of doing that.

Born in Nashville, Tennessee in 1946, Duane was very young when he lost his father, a military man, to a senseless murder at the hands of a hitchhiker. Before moving to Daytona Beach, Florida, Geraldine Allman enrolled Duane and Gregg in Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tennessee.

The boys and their mother, "Mama A" as she is known to their many friends and family, then moved to sunny Daytona, Florida in 1959, where Duane and Gregg attended Seabreeze High School. As Gregg said in his interview (VG, July '96), he was visiting his grandmother in Nashville one summer, when he picked up some guitar chords from one of her neighbors, Jimmy Baine. Duane checked out the guitar his little brother bought at Sears and to quote Gregg, "...he passed me up in about two weeks. He was a natural."

Gregg says this with the conviction of one who knows, having been around many of the greatest guitar players of our time. After countless fights over the low-cost acoustic, Mama A decided to get each boy a guitar. Gregg got a Fender Musicmaster and Duane got a Gibson Les Paul Jr., which is now reportedly owned by Delaney Bramlett.

A succession of bands followed, including Escorts, Almanac, the Allman Joys, the Untils (with Gregg Allman and Friends sideman Floyd Myles) and Hourglass. The brothers began their career playing "beach music," a natural progression for a Florida band in the '60s. Gregg soon got in to the blues, thanks to Floyd, and again, brother Duane followed. He traded a wrecked motorcycle for a guitar and the rest, as they say, is history.

"One year, Gregg got a guitar for Christmas and I got me a Harley 165 motorcycle. I tore that up and he learned to play," Duane said in an early-'60s interview by Tony Glover. "He taught me and I traded the wrecked bike parts for another guitar."

The Allman Joys became one of Florida's best-known bands. After changing their name to the Hourglass, they signed a record deal which led to an ill-fated trip to California. They spent a short time in Los Angeles making two albums for Liberty, until Duane became fed up with the scene and decided to move, "...back down South where I belong," according to Gregg, who stayed in California to fulfill contractual agreements.

The record company insisted on dictating material the band would record. Again, according to Duane, "...they'd send in a box of demos and say, 'Okay, pick your next LP.' We'd try to tell them that wasn't where it was at. Then they'd get tough."

Duane then moved to Muscle Shoals and started his career as one of the late '60s most noted studio guitarists. It was Duane's idea for Wilson Pickett to cover the Beatles' "Hey Jude." He wasn't taken seriously at first, and reportedly called Pickett "chicken" to try something out of the ordinary. This, of course, prompted Pickett to do the song.

Duane laid down a deep groove, and the song re-wrote itself. That, along with the slide work on Aretha Franklin's cover of the Band's "The Weight" propelled Duane into a category of guitar greats. For the first time to anyone's knowledge, outside of people like Chet Atkins and Duane Eddy, a guitar player who couldn't really sing was offered a recording contract.

Rick Hall, proprietor of the well known Fame Studios, in Muscle Shoals, heard him play on a demo recorded by Johnnie Johnson, another stalwart guitarist, and signed him, later selling his contract to Atlantic Records. This was unheard of at a time when psychedelic music was becoming the vogue. Phil Waldon, who had booked the likes of Otis Redding and many other great R and B acts of the day, heard him play and bought the contract from Atlantic.

Not really knowing what to do with what they had, a recording project was started with Duane as an artist. Duane had a vision of the kind of band he wanted to create, but he wasn't able to tell the powers that be what that was. The project, which was scrapped but eventually saw release as the posthumous *Duane Allman, An Anthology* turned into what we know today as the Allman Brothers Band. Duane rounded up several musicians he had worked with in the past, including Jai Johnny (Jaimo) Johnson.



He and Duane paired up and hit the Muscle Shoals scene like a June tornado. They were a legendary jamming team that knocked out the musicians there. Not an easy feat, considering they've played with the who's who of music for several decades. Going back and forth between Jacksonville and Muscle Shoals, where he continued to record, Duane eventually found the other members of his dream group. Claud Hudson "Butch" Trucks, a native of Jacksonville, became the other half of the drumming duo. Gregg recalled meeting Butch in Daytona "out on the street, with all this equipment", where he and his band, the 31st of February, had just been fired.

One person Duane's heart was set on was Berry Oakley, originally from Chicago, Illinois. Berry had played guitar with Tommy Roe and the Roemans and was now playing bass in a band with his friend Dickey Betts on guitar. Dickey was another Florida guy, born in West Palm Beach. The two were inseparable at the time and Berry would not leave his friend's band. Duane had not originally planned on having two guitar players in the band, but Berry's fierce loyalty led him to decide that if he had to take Dickey to get Berry, so be it. That decision made for one of the most unique sounds of the day, with twin guitars played in harmony as they had never been before. Reese Wynans (later part of Stevie Ray Vaughan's *Double Trouble*) played Hammond B-3 with the band until Duane convinced Gregg to come back to Florida. Gregg showed apprehension at the lineup, but being homesick and frustrated with the L. A. music scene, he jumped at the chance. It has been reported many times that when the band was finally assembled and sat down to jam in the Green House, magic happened. Hours after the first song had started, Duane supposedly made a move for the door.

"Anyone who doesn't want to join my band has to fight his way out!" he said.

Phil Waldon started Capricorn Records and Capricorn Studio in Macon, and the band moved, *en masse*, to south central Georgia, which in the late '60s was not accustomed to seeing a band of five longhaired hippie types and a black guy move in together. They found a large house at 309 College Street, where a month after they moved in, everybody else moved out. The place became known as the Hippie Crash Pad. The band lived well below the poverty level, surviving primarily on VA checks and a small salary provided by Twiggs Lyndon, their future road manager, and whatever else they could scrounge up.

At a local meat and three (vegetables, for you non-Southern types) restaurant called the H & H Diner, a matronly black lady, known affectionately to the band as "Mama Louise" (Hudson, one of the Hs) took pity on the poor musicians and fed them even when they didn't have money. The band would rehearse a while each day, grab a bite at the H & H, rehearse some more and party all night. After a latemorning wake up, they'd do it again. If you're interested, the H & H is still open and serves a great meal. I highly recommend it.

One of their favorite spots to party was the beautiful Rose Hill Cemetery in Macon. There, straight through the main gate and along the river, is the burial site of one Elizabeth Reed Napier, who was immortalized in Dickey Betts' beautiful tune, "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed."

As the band got tighter and tighter, doing covers of old blues songs by people like Muddy Waters and adding Gregg's originals, they started playing road dates, traveling in very humble conditions, as did most of the bands of the time. Each weekend, they set out for parts unknown, crisscrossing the country, making friends and fans wherever they went.

One of the venues was Bill Graham's Fillmore clubs (East and West). Graham loved the band and would help them fill out their schedule when they needed more dates. In the meantime, two albums emerged, *The Allman Brothers Band* and *Idlewild South*, which was named after a farmhouse outside Macon where the band and friends partied. Each album sold respectably, but no big hits were forthcoming.

The tours continued and a Winnebago finally replaced the van, much to everyone's delight. In 1971, they recorded several live shows at Graham's Fillmore East in New York, which later became *The Allman Brothers, Live at the Fillmore East.* This double album probably seemed like a risk at the time, but as any true ABB fan will tell you, you haven't really experienced the band until you've heard them live. This album captured that feel like none before, and was probably their biggest breakthrough. In this time of album rock radio stations, it looked like they were finally catching on with the public and getting their well-deserved recognition.

At about that time, the band was doing a show in Florida when their producer, Tom Dowd, said Eric Clapton was recording at Miami's Criteria Studio. Duane asked if it was possible to meet him. Dowd said he would see what he could do.

When he heard, Clapton said he was a fan of Duane's since Pickett's "Hey Jude" record. He and Dowd attended an outdoor gig the band was playing. The place was packed, so they crawled under the stage and sat down in front between the audience and the band. When Duane saw Clapton staring up at him, he froze in midsolo. The band covered for him and looked to see what had caught his attention so abruptly. They were all a little nervous at the prospect of having one of the world's most well-known guitarists sitting front and center, but they continued the concert, then met Clapton after the show.

This "mutual admiration society" led to one of the most acclaimed albums of all time, Clapton's *Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs*. The two monster players collaborated on the album's title song and several others. Although Duane did not play on the entire album, due in part to the Allman Brothers' touring schedule, he was responsible for the signature lick on "Layla," which nearly every budding quitar player has studied.

The two styles melded into one huge guitar sound that was sometimes confusing for the uneducated listener. Ever the guitar-oriented guy, Duane tried to explain it by telling people "...I played the Gibson and he played the Fender." Guitarheads understood, but the general listening public was still unsure, and unfortunately, many still don't realize that one of the most recognizable licks *ever* was Duane Allman's. Most agree that this was a high point, if not *the* high point for both of these world-class talents.

Duane, Gregg and Berry had moved into what came to be known as the Big House, a large, old Southern mansion at 2321 Vineville Avenue in Macon. They and their wives, girlfriends and children lived there eating large family-style dinners in the huge dining room, and rehearsing in the front two rooms, generally living as one big family. Dickey and his wife lived not far away and he would spend time there when Duane and Gregg were having difficulty. Dickey wrote "Ramblin' Man" in the kitchen and "Blue Sky" in the living room of the Big House.

At some point, Duane and his common law (according to Georgia statutes) wife, Donna, moved to an apartment on Bond Street, just a block or two from the original Hippie Crash Pad on College. Gregg moved to an apartment with his wife, Shelley, at 839A Orange Terrace, overlooking downtown Macon, just a block away from the Medical Center of Central Georgia, the hospital that would play a vital role in the band's near future.

After the success of *Fillmore East* the band decided to stay off the road for awhile and relax in Macon while working on their new album *Eat A Peach.* The title came from a comment Duane made to an interviewer who asked the question "...what are you doing for the revolution?"

"There ain't no revolution, just evolution," Duane reportedly said. "When we come back to Georgia we eat a peach for peace. That's what we're doing."

Most of the songs were cut for the new album and the relaxation was beginning to relieve the pressures of road life. Berry's wife, Linda, was having a surprise birthday party on the 29th of October and Duane drove his motorcycle to the Big House to attend. The band was going to get together that evening for a jam session, so Duane left for home.

On the way, at the intersection of Hillcrest and Bartlett, his motorcycle collided with a flatbed truck. His girlfriend, Dixie (Duane and Donna had since gotten a divorce) and Candace Oakley, Berry's sister, were behind him and witnessed the accident. His Harley Davidson Sportster crashed down on his chest, crushing him. Although he reportedly looked okay at the scene, he was not conscious.

He was rushed into surgery at the hospital. When Gregg got the news, he ran down the street to be with Duane, who died three hours later, at 8:40 p.m. He was 24 years old, and his death left a gap in the leadership of the Macon musical community and beyond.

Disbelief is a word often used when talking to those who were a part of that community. This young, talented spark had ignited the band to levels none dreamed possible. But life goes on.

The funeral was attended by several musical luminaries who, along with the Allman Brothers Band, performed at the service. Dr. John, who had toured with the band and lived in Macon, and Delaney Bramlett, who had hired both Duane and Clapton as guitar players for his band, were among these performers.

Duane's beloved '59 Les Paul was placed in front of the floral-wreathed casket. This proved foreboding. For people like myself, who naturally supposed that the group was finished, it held a hope that this supergroup Brother Duane had assembled would somehow carry on.

And carry on they did.

The album in progress was finished, with some already-recorded material as well as tracks leftover from the *Fillmore* album. Tom Dowd, who had produced that album, and was producing *Eat A Peach*, had other commitments which he had to see to after the delay. So Johnny Sandlin, an old friend of Duane's, who then worked for Capricorn, was called in to finish the project.

Betts was put in the unenviable position of being compared to his predecessor. Though their styles were similar, just as Duane's had been with Clapton, Dickey had his own thing going on. He stepped up to the plate and knocked the hide off the ball with songs he had written and sung, giving the band a new focus. Deciding not to try to replace the irreplaceable, they finally chose pianist Chuck Leavell (currently the keyboard player with the Rolling Stones) as a fresh addition. His playing propelled the band to new and different heights and they kept on doing what they do, making great blues-based rock and roll.

On November 11 the following year, irony took another stab at the band. Bassist Berry Oakley, who had more or less taken the reins Duane had held, was taken from us in yet another cruel twist of fate. While riding motorcycles with friend and roadie Kim Payne, Berry missed a curve near the intersection of Napier and Inverness, just blocks from the site of Duane's fatal crash, and hit a Macon city bus.

This blow was almost unbelievable to anyone who was vaguely familiar with the band's history. Although unconscious at first, he came to and took a ride home with a passing motorist, refusing to go to the hospital. Later that afternoon, he was taken to the same emergency room, talking incoherently, and he later died. Like Duane,

Oakley was 24 years old when he died.

They were buried in side-by-side plots in Rose Hill Cemetery, just 100 yards or so from the grave of Elizabeth Reed Napier. Their gravestones are white, glistening marble. Both bear several inscriptions. On the side of each headstone is carved the band's mushroom logo, and on the flat part of the elongated stones are a Gibson Les Paul and Fender Jazz Bass, respectively. Inscribed on Duane's is an excerpt from his diary: "I love being alive and I will be the best man I possibly can. I will take love wherever I find it and offer it to everyone who will take it...seek knowledge from those wiser...and teach those who wish to learn from me."

The headstone is also circled by the music notation to "Little Martha (Duane had dreamt the tune which appears on both *Eat A Peach* and the first *Duane Allman Anthology* albums. He reportedly said he dreamt Jimi Hendrix was playing it on the bathroom faucet, and when he awoke, the song was still in his head, so he got up and recorded it on a cassette player). It is the only song written by Duane that he ever recorded.

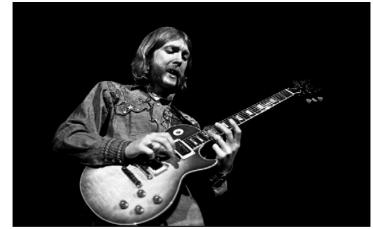


Photo by John Gellman

Berry's is inscribed. "Help thy brother's boat across the water and lo! Thine own has reached the shore." It also reads, "Our Brother B 0. Raymond Berry Oakley III And The Road Goes On Forever (a line from "Midnight Rider"). Born in Chicago on Apr. 4, 1948, Set Free Nov. 11. 1972."

Two small praying angels, made of stone, marked the foot of each grave, to represent their daughters, Galadriel (Duane's) and Brittany (Berry's). Unfortunately, these were stolen not long after burial. But through the resources of the Georgia Allman Brothers Band Association, they were recently replaced.

The cemetery has become a landmark to the many fans, who to this day make a pilgrimage to the graves. I was drawn to the site myself in 1973. I was making one of my several trips to Macon to pitch songs to Phil Walden and I happened to have a guitar in the car with me. My friend George Rogers snapped a picture of me playing between the headstones, and while we were there, a blue Mercury Cougar pulled up and parked. We first thought it was a young lady, seeing the long blonde hair, then realized that it was Gregg.

We wanted to say something, but not really knowing what, we moved back to my car and left him alone. When I interviewed Gregg, I asked him if he had ever had a car like that and he said, "No, I never had no Ford!"

When I told him my reason for asking, he said, "...you know, I did have a friend who had a car like that. I used to borrow it some. It probably was me."

Somehow I felt a part of all the fate and irony, a chance meeting, considering all the times I could have visited the graves and not seen anyone. I think there's some kind of force at play here. The cruel coincidence of the accidents and various other incidents is just too much to ignore. I don't claim to understand what that force may be, but I believe there definitely is something!

There was never any question about what the band would do after Berry's death. They had been through this before and sadly, they realized, here they were again. This time their lost brother had to be replaced.

Lamar Williams, an old friend of Jaimo's, was chosen for the bass spot, which he did with remarkable ability. It was not an easy job, considering that Berry's bass playing was not like most people's.

I saw the Brothers' Cincinnati Gardens show in September of '73 and definitely was not disappointed in Lamar. Later, when the band dispersed for awhile, Lamar was a founding member of the group Sea Level (with Chuck Leavell, Jaimo and Jimmy Nalls). Lamar was taken from us a few years back with lung cancer, probably, a result of exposure to agent orange from his stint in Viet Nam.

To make things even more eerie, Twiggs Lyndon, the aforementioned road manager, was killed in a skydiving accident in New York State. Strangely, the town he met his fate in is named Duanesburg.

The band has trudged on, through thick and thin, with various members including brothers Dan and David "Frankie" Toller (on guitar and drums respectively), Les Dudek (guitar), David Goldflies (bass), Johnny Neel (keyboards and harmonica), Warren Haynes (guitar,) Allen Woody (bass) and Marc Quinones, formerly of Spyro Gyra (percussion).

They tried going it alone for different reasons, with varying amounts of success, but the band that Duane put together still holds the magical mystique that can't be matched. Steve Rusin and I went to their July 28 performance at Indianapolis' Deer Creek Music Center to take some photos and take in some great music. Along with taking some great pictures and sharing them with *VG*, Steve is a monster harp player who knows his blues better than anyone I know. He used the same phrase again and again when trying to find words to describe them.

"Tight," he said. "Amazingly tight."

We met two fans, Melissa (like the song - yet another coincidence) Politte and Marie Mercadi who have been to 25 shows from West Palm Beach, Florida to Seattle, Washington. They said that night was probably the band's jazziest set yet, and the instrumental "True Gravity" confirmed it.

I couldn't have asked for more. But there is more. There's a light show. I know, I know, but listen! It's not just strobe lights and bug spray, the Brotherhood of Light makes this one very special with moving images on the large screen behind the band. Everything from Harleys to American Indians to psychedelic blobs that move in time with the music. And of course, the ever-present mushroom.

It really is hard not to get caught up in this show alone. But then you hear Dickey Betts do something that makes you remember why he's been around impressing people since his days in the Jokers! Or you hear a tasty blast from Warren's slide. Or the roar of Woody's Thunderbird. And it's not just the guitars. The rhythm section is the most incredible mix of percussion. Three - count 'em three - drummers!

But when you start watching the light show or the audience (everything from well-dressed middle-age couples, to "spinners," with a few old hippies thrown in) you forget that it's not just one incredible drummer. And of course, Gregg tops off the whole thing with his immediately recognizable voice and his great keyboard playing.

Their inclusion in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame on the first try says to me that a lot of people were affected by this band. The Allman Brothers display at the Hall has Duane's '59 Les Paul and Dickey's Gold Top. They also have Berry's Jazz Bass (with a case that supports some cool era stickers) and Gregg's B-3, as well as drums from Jaimo and Butch.

I have to thank the many people who helped in this effort to tell you about one of my favorite guitar players. They include: Steve Rusin, Melissa Politte, Kirk West, Jack Pearson, Robbie Cantrell, and Johnny Sandlin

Dave Kyle



New Music Reviews





Shaun Murphy Loretta Vision Wall Records

While Shaun Murphy's commanding, strong, sometimes growling vocals are forefront and sound good, it's Jack Pearson's guitar lead onhalf of the dozen songs from "Loretta" that is the CD's true highlight.

There is a trio of lead guitarists, actually, although it's Pearson who gets the nod for skill. Right off the mark, the blues-rock CD intro "Don't Lie to Me", an original (one of seven), sets the tone.

And on the title track – a blues/country/rocker – Pearson's fat, greasy slide adds a much-welcomed ingredient to the mix.

Many of these songs could fit into the blues-rock category, and at times, the blues content is a bit "iffy." In fact, Murphy, with her southern drawl, sounds at times as if she's a country singer hiding in blues clothing – but, she makes it work. The sound is well mixed, and in general, arrangements and instrumentation are fairly simple.

Overall, a pretty good CD.

Les Reynolds



The Henry Gray/Bob Corritore Sessions Vol 1: The Blues Won't Let Me Take My Rest Delta Groove Productions

A lot of us blues lovers know the name Henry Gray, but may not know too much about him. He has had an interesting and long career, starting when he left the service after World War II (He served in the Philippines) and moved to Chicago. A pianist and student of Big Maceo, he began playing clubs and later became a session musician for Jimmy Rogers, Little Walter, Jimmy Reed, Bo Diddley, Billy Boy Arnold, and Howlin' Wolf. He jointed Wolf's band in 1956 where he remained for 12 years.

After leaving Wolf's band, Gray returned to his home base in Kenner Louisiana where he was born (in 1925). In 1988, he returned to Chicago to record his debut *domestic* album with Blind Pig called "Lucky Man". The guitarist Steve Freund produced and played on the release.

IN 1996, Gray recorded "Plays Chicago Blues" with several artists including Bob Corritore, Bob Margolin, and Kid Ramos. The friendship with Bob Corritore has lasted since then and now Corritore, to celebrate Gray's 90th birthday, has released this CD of 14 songs recorded over a 19 year period. All but 4 of the tracks are previously unissued. Notable guests on the sessions read like a who's who of blues artists: Robert Lockwood Jr., Willie "Big Eyes" Smith, Nappy Brown, Tail Dragger, Dave Riley, Bob Margolin, Kid Ramos, Kirk Fletcher, Chris James, and others.

The songs include jump blues, boogie woogie, and shuffles and most include Gray's vocals which have that unmistakable deep gravelly sound. Corritore's harp is a perfect fit for all of the songs.

Hats off to Gray for a long and entertaining career and to Corritore for realizing it and recording it for us.

Bob Brown

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The Guitar of Skip James Taught by Tom Feldman Stefan Grossman Guitar Workshop

This is the first guitar training DVD that I have reviewed. I am not a guitarist by any stretch of the imagination, so I may be "wowed" by this more than someone who knows more about it. Furthermore, I believe I have heard all of Skip James' music, but do not claim to be an aficionado of his music, merely someone who enjoys it. So here goes...

This recording was produced by Steven Grossman's Guitar Workshop which has released several other guitar training DVDs. Tom Feldman has recorded other training DVDs including "The Gospel Guitar of Mississippi John Hurt", "Bottleneck Gospel Guitar", "Guitar of Blind Willie Johnson", "Guitar of Fred McDowell", "Guitar of Bukka White", and "Guitar of Son House".

The two DVD box includes several of James' songs in several tunings for a total of 234 minutes. DVD one includes seven songs in crossnote tuning (Dm) which is how James played most of his songs from 1931. DVD two includes songs in crossnote tuning, standard tuning, and Spanish tuning (Open G), eight songs in all. Each DVD also includes recordings of the original Skip James songs and a PDF of the guitar tablature for the songs.

There are two parts to each song, one called the "teaching" and the second is "split screen. Teaching is where Feldman goes through the notes and technique and split screen is just that-one screen of his left hand and one of his right as he plays the song in its entirety.

Feldman is a master of this music. His teaching ability is very good as he assumes the viewer knows a little about playing and is somewhat familiar with James' music, but does not assume that you are a master guitarist. For a novice guitarist or someone who is inquisitive about the finger style of Skip James, this DVD is really good. For an accomplished guitarist, this DVD may also offer some techniques obscured or lost through time that may heighten your appreciation of James' music.

Bob Brown





Kentuckiana Blues Calendar

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