

conversation with **the BLUES**

A DOCUMENTARY OF
FIELD RECORDINGS

BY

Paul Oliver



SIDE ONE

BOOGIE WOOGIE RED

"So Much Good Feeling" (Harrison) M.C.P.S. Spoken, with own piano

I'll tell you about the blues – the blues is something that you play when you're in a low mood or something, and the hardships that you have had through life. It's just the mood that you are in. And the average person takes the blues as what you might call a plaything, but the blues is really serious. The blues is something that you have to play coming from your heart. And blues have been goin' on for centuries and centuries, and the blues was written years and centuries ago – they was always there..... Say for instance you be lonely for your girl friend or your wife, you'd be in a melancholy mood or something or you'd just want to hear some blues. Then you'd just go on and relax your nerves; blues is something that relax your nerves.... You just take a man – he have been prosperous, making lots of money.... Ah well, I mean when his money's all gone what else is left but the blues? So he just sit around and listen to the blues. But there's so much good feeling in the blues, that's the main thing about the blues. And you don't have to have anybody to have the blues, and you don't have to be around people. You be alone to yourself, time to think about your mistakes that you made in life.... the money, everything.... that's what you call the blues.

WILLIE THOMAS

"A Little Different" Spoken

It's not so very much of song that the Negro got from whites, because Negro people always was a kind of a singing group of people. You see we was a kinda little different; we were a segregated bunch down among the white people. The white man c'get education and he could learn like properly to read a note, and the Negro couldn't. All he had to get for his music what God give him in his heart. And that's the only thing he got. And he didn't get that from the white man; God give it to him.

JAMES BUTCH CAGE · WILLIE THOMAS

"Kill That Nigger Dead" (Cage; Thomas) C. Control Cage, vocal and fiddle
Thomas, vocal and guitar

(Corrected words recited after recording, quoted below:)

.... Black nigger baby gonna take care of myself
Always carry a great big razor and a pistol in my vest,
Turn that nigger round and knock 'im in the haid
White folks say "We're gonna kill that nigger dead".
Black nigger baby, black feet and shiny eyes,
Black all over to the bone and india-rubber thighs,
Turn that nigger round and knock 'im in the head
Cause the white folks say "We better kill that nigger dead"
The white folks eat the hog-meat in the skillet
Nigger's was no good, not so very much in it
Old Uncle Dicker-Dagger eat up the grease – say,
"Get up in the mawnin', I'll be free!"
Black nigger baby gonna take care of myself
Always carry a great big razor and a pistol in my vest,
Turn that nigger round and knock 'im in the head
Cause the white folks say "We're gonna kill that nigger dead"
(repeat choruses)

LIL' SON JACKSON

"The onliest way" Spoken

We sharecropped out on a farm and more or less that's the way we had of makin' a livin', I mean my father follered that kind of labour; I mean that's the onliest labour he ever knew was to do sharecroppin' for a livin'. And which and why that was the hard side of life.

J. B. LENOIR

"My Father's style" (Lenoir) C. Control Guitar solo
"So it Rocked On" Spoken
"Move to Kansas City" (Jim Jackson) Southern Music. Vocal and own guitar

My old man – well y'see he was a blues player a long time ago, and I used to sit down and look at him play. And my mother used to say – I guess I must've been 'bout nine months old, when he was playin' the box I would shout in her arms. She just couldn't hold me, I couldn't be still. So when I come to know myself, I was playin' a old number by the name of Move to Kansas City. And the box was bigger than I was. I couldn't sit up in the chair like this, I had to – you know – sit on the flo'. And I was playin' Move to Kansas City then. So it rocked on, and I used to look at my daddy play, all nights...

Two for Teck', Two for Tennessee,
All you women down on me,
Gonna move, gonna move
Gonna move now baby, now honey
Where they don' like you.

OTIS SPANN

"When She Come Back" Spoken
"Poor Country Boy" (Ford; Spann) M.C.P.S. Vocal and own piano

I wanted to be a blues singer, and so I started to playing the blues – one evening my daddy said 'You want to be a blues player? You wants to be a blues player?' So I told him "Yes". He said "Well I'll buy you a piano." So he bought me a piano and brought it to the house. That was on a Friday, which my mother didn't know because my mother was a Christian woman – she didn't like blues. That Saturday morning my mother and daddy went to town from the country and that was the only time they'd go into town. Well I locked the house up – I wanted no one but myself in the house, and I started playin' the blues. But my mother forgot her pocket book and she had to come back and get her pocket book before she got to town. Well she unlocked the door and I was playin' the blues. She went back and told my father, say "You know what she say, Otis is playin' the blues." My father spoke this, say "Well, if he's playin' the blues, let him play the blues." And my father kept me up for three nights playing the blues! And I tell the type of blues was he liked for me to play – was a real old number....

One of these days, peoples and it won't be long
One of these days, peoples and it won't be long
You gonna look for me baby, and your daddy will be gone.
You know I'm just a poor country boy, right off of Mr. Rudolph's farm
You know I'm just a poor country boy right off of Mr. Rudolph's farm,
You know I never had a chance to get a education, I'm only tellin'
you where I'm from.
When the moon rise at night, I been layin' down in my bed,
Well, when the moon rise at night I been layin' down in my bed,
You know I b'lieve I want somebody to come and rub my achin' head.
I gets up so early in the mornin', because my boss didn't 'low me to
sleep so late,
I used to rise so early in the momin' my boss didn't 'low me to sleep
so late,
You know that's why I'm from the country, and that's why I'm goin'
back home to stay.

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS

"Ain't No Easy Thing" Spoken

I had lots of trouble when I was, you know, young. Kinda mean kid there. I was kinda hard to get along with. Some things – some places I'd be where we'd have a few fights, cause me to go to the road... ole boys say county road – bridge gang. I worked there for coupla hundred days. Working out on the road gang – it ain't no easy thing, I tell ya. Every evenin' when you come in they would chain you, they would lock you with a chain aroun' your leg. And they had a tent made

with a bunk on each side, row of bunks on each side. So you had a bunk of your own and they'd lock you to this post, next one to that post; all the way down, till they lock all o' ya up. So therefore you'd be locked that night, and next mornin' when you get ready to go out for breakfas', man come to unlock ya. You go out, eat your breakfast, catch the mules, hitch the wagon, git right on down to the work.

MANCE LIPSCOMB

"Evil Heart Blues" (Lipscomb) C. Control

Vocal and own ~~piano~~
guitar

My man studyin' evil, you'd be evil too
 Oh yes, I'm evil you'd be evil too
 Oh yes, I'm evil, you'd be evil too
 Gonna stand right here, see what my daddy gonna do...
 Well you brought me to this, daddy now you done left town,
 Oh you brought me to this, daddy now you done left town,
 Brought me to this, daddy now you done left town,
 But you stayed with me till you thought you'd drug me down.
 I'm goin' away, ain't comin' back no more,
 Goin' away, won't be back no more
 ... (guitar)
 Gonna leave this town, you can pin crepe on your door.
 Me and my baby, done had a fallin' out,
 Me and my baby had a fallin' out
 Me and my baby done had a fallin' out
 I just want t' tell you what it was about.
 She liked her whisky I liked bootleg gin,
 She liked her whisky God, liked my bootleg gin,
 She liked her whisky an' I liked my bootleg gin
 Well I liked my women, she liked her outside men.

BLIND ARVELLA GREY

"A Roughneck"

Spoken

I learned how to peddle dope in all forms and I have used it to a certain degree, but I mean I just – well it didn't get a habit, but I did use some of it. I got to sellin' moonshine in them days on the side, and gamblin' and runnin' my gamblin' joint, and I was a pretty good talker and a pretty good mixer because I came from the South and I knowed how to say "Yes Sir" and "No Sir" and git next to my superior which is the white people, you know, an' they just went along with my jive. I mean, I knowed how to jive them and they let me get away with a whole lotta stuff that I wouldn't 'a if I'd been a little hostile towards them. And in the meantime I had whipped my boss on the job which was a white feller; I had whipped him around a little bit, an' I was just a guy who likes to fight, oh, just a roughneck all the way round. And I got in a argument over this Ardella Myers with a feller by the name of Lamar Kilgore. And he said "I wouldn't fight cha, but I'd shoot ya rather than fight wit' cha" and then two weeks later he did shoot me on the Thirteen day of September, 1930 and that's they way I got blind.

ROOSEVELT SYKES

"West Helena Blues" (Bell; Sykes) M.C.P.S.

Vocal and ~~guitar~~
piano

I got a woman in West Helena, Arkansas,
 Yees, I got a woman, in West Helena, Arkansas,
 She buys me them long-toed shoes, keeps that "Brown Mule"
 in ma jaw.
 She buys peanuts from a blind man, all up and down the line,
 – yes, me and my baby down there –
 She buys peanuts from a blind man, all up and down the line,
 We balls Saturday night and Sunday night, Monday mornin' she gets
 up and rise and shine.
 – yeah, she done all the work ...

WILL SHADE

"Days of Nineteen-Hundred"

Spoken

"Newport News Blues" (Shade) C. Control

Vocal and own guitar

There used to be a red light district; used to have wide open houses in them days. You could walk down the street in days of 1900 and like that and you could find a man wit' throat cut from y'ear to y'ear. Also you could find people layin' dead wit' not their throat cut, money took and everything in their pockets, everything took out of their pockets and thrown outside the house. Sometimes you find them with no clothes on and all such as that. Sometimes you could find them throwed out of winders and so forth, here on Beale Street. Sportin' class o' women runnin' up and down the street all night long ..git knocked in the head with bricks and hatchets and hammers – pockets knives, razors and so forth like that. Run down to the foot of Beale Street and make some of them run into the River and drown and all such as that. Raoustabouts on the boats would come in at three and four and five o'clock in the mornin', when the boats come in... The Katy Adams they used to call that a boat, they used to call that a woman's boat on the water; all the women would faller that boat...jest pay fifty cents for cabin fare and ride that boat from Memphis to Rosedale and that's the way they made they money – go up and down the River.

I'm goin' to Newport News baby, catch a battleship across that
 dog-gone sea.

I'm goin' to Newport News baby, catch a battleship across that
 dog-gone sea,

Ah you know that woman that I'm lovin', 'clare that fool don't
 care for po' me.

She got a man on a man boy, kid on a dog-gone kid,
 She got a man on a man boy, got a kid on a dog-gone kid,
 Kid man done got so buggy, 'clare that fool just could not keep
 it hid.

Now don't you wish your easy-raller, was both li'l and cute like
 mine,

Now don't you wish your easy-roller, was both li'l and cute like
 mine,

Lord every time she walks, 'clare she reelin' and she rock behin'.

WHISTLING ALEX MOORE

"Chock House Days"

Spoken

"Come and Get Me" (Moore) M.C.P.S.

Vocal and own piano

That was what you call chock-house days. You could go in them barrel – chock-houses, and police never used to do anything but run in there and raid it, and make them guys break up the chock barrel and throw it away – home brew you know. And the worst of it was – like me and you, we sittin' there – up yonder where we was ... and if it was a house had some of that home brew, man, they'd take it all out there and get all by one of them brick buildings and it sound like – "Wow." "Pow!" Every time they'd hit that barrel see they'd shoot.. "Pow! Pow-pow-pow!" – glass flyin'.. "Pow! Pow!" and we'd be sittin' there "Lawd, listen to that...they raidin' somewhere!" ... all that good brew you know, they raidin' somewhere. Man I'm tell you the truth...yeah, they play all night long. I tell ya, I love music so... Like I'm here now, I'd be right on this piano to seven o'clock in the mornin', git up from it. Never move. Play to seven o'clock in the mornin' – be tryin'.

Come and get me, come and get me

Don't quit me, oh baby ...

Shacky- acky-beedle- oo- bay, ...

I love you, always will ...

I'm yours, if I have to kill.

BROTHER JOHN SELLERS

"Move Back For What?"

Spoken

Take most blues singers – they have lived rough lives, or they have been rough in their lives before they changed, because hard struggles and hard times – it

makes people hard and mean towards each other, regardless to who they are.. If you have poverty you must have roughness – because when you come up a rough way it makes you tough and ready to battle at anything. Maybe people isn't talkin' about you but you get an achin'. Like somebody say...maybe you with a gang of people and some person, especially some white person say "Move Back!" Well, you automatically think they're talkin' to you. "Move back for what? What am I gonna move back for?" Poverty makes you rough; an' it makes you like that – and that's part of the blues.

J. B. LENOIR

"I Been Down So Long" (Lenoir) C. Control *Vocal and own guitar*

I been down so long, being down do not worry me no more,
 I been down so long, being down do not worry me no more,
 I'm goin' pack my suitcase, an' cross the way you know, I'll go.
 Some peoples have their troubles, but I've been havin' mine all
 my life,
 Some peoples have their troubles, but I've been havin' mine all
 my life,
 But one day I will be lucky, Oh Lord, before I die.

(end of Side One)

SIDE TWO

JASPER LOVE

"Santa Fé Blues" (Love) M.C.P.S. *Vocal and piano*

I said the Smoky Mountains, the Smoky Mountains darlin' where I
 belong to be,
 I said the Smoky Mountains, Smoky Mountains darlin' where I long
 to be,
 I can't stay here no longer baby, because you know this ain't no
 place for me.
 I said, out on the desert, out on the desert, you know the rain darlin'
 was fallin' down,
 Out on the desert, out on the desert baby, you know the cold rain
 was fallin' down,
 Wasn't nothin' I could do, wasn't nothin' I could do darlin' because
 you know I swear I was Chicago bound.

I hated to go boys but I had to. I had got busted down in my home town – you
 know what I mean? Raggety, dirty, broke, didn't have no job – I had to do
 somethin'. Even walked up to my friend's door, he wouldn't even lend me a
 helpin' hand....

I said Scrape's out on the Mountain, you know Scrape's out on the
 old Santa Fé,
 I said Scrape's out on the Mountain, on the Mountain darlin', you
 know Scrape's out on the old Santa Fé,
 But it's nothin' like that down in my heart darlin' I despair when
 he's taken my baby from me.

JOHN LEE HOOKER

"Somewhere down the Line" *Spoken*

There's a lot of things that give you the blues, that give me the blues, that give
 any man the blues: it's somewhere down the line you have been hurt some place.

ROBERT CURTIS SMITH

"I Hope One Day My Luck Will Change" *Vocal and own guitar*

(R.C. Smith) C. Control

(Wade Walton Oh sing the blues Daddy)

I know... I know... Yes, I know...
 I hope one day my luck will change.

I won't have to work so hard,
 Nothin' still won't go right,
 I got no girl friend,
 The onliest one I had, she lef' me las' night.

That can be bad, and the truth it's sad,
 Oh so sad, when you lose the best girl you ever had.

(Wade Walton Good goin', son)

OTIS SPANN

"Only Places They Can Go" *Spoken*
 "People Calls Me Lucky" (Spann) C. Control *Vocal and own piano*

Well I were playin' in a honky-tonk in Belzoni, Mississippi, and what I mean by
 a honky-tonk is this: it like when people don't have other places to go, well,
 there's places they can't go, in Belzoni. And the only places they could go is
 to a honky-tonk on a weekend. They all comes in to a place and they sit down
 to a piano and they starts barrelhousin'. And what I mean by barrelhousin':
 barrelhousin' it mean store-porchin', and store-porchin' it mean one man be
 playin' a piano...one man be playin' a piano, and when he start to playin' he
 done either lost all his money at the gamblin' table or he don't have enough
 money to get in the gamblin' game! And so that's what I call barrelhousin'. And
 so after he lose his money and when nobody won't let him have no more money
 to gamble with he sits down at the piano and starts playin':

Some people used to call me lucky but my luck to me seems to fail,
 Yees, some people calls me lucky, but to me my luck begins to fail,
 I been lookin' for that woman, you know, ever since my luck been gone
 I done stopped drinkin' and gamblin' now, and I don't run aroun'
 no more,
 Yes, I done stopped drinkin' and gamblin' people, yes, 'n I don't run
 aroun' no more,
 Yes, you know I'm gonna find my woman, well I don't care where
 she go.

HENRY TOWNSEND

"What Have I Committed" *Spoken*

Even if the blues is of evil and a man sumrise to go ahead and sing a religious
 song, which is good – now how could you fault him? So tomorrow, if he want to
 sing the blues, he go back. If it's a good mood or a bad mood it's still a mood,
 and I think that the truth itself will touch anything. I mean, if it's anything that
 have the knowledge of the truth, I think the truth will have some kind of bearin's
 on it. If the blues is delivered in the truth, which most of them are, they are
 told exactly as the story go and as the feelin' that they have – so I think it'll
 touch. And as I was sayin', if I sing the blues and I tell the truth, what have I
 done? What have I committed? I haven't lied. So it's just a tone – I mean it's
 just a frame of mind that people are in.

JAMES BUTCH CAGE

"'Tween Midnight and Day" (Cage) C.Control

Vocal and own guitar

Woke up this mornin' 'tween midnight and day,
Well I woke up this mornin' 'tween midnight and day,
I put my hand on my pillow where my brownie used to lay.
Oh, tied up my jumper, ironed up my overalls
Oh tied up my jumper and ironed up my overalls
My brownie done quit me - God knows she had it all.
Well, woke up this mornin' chickens were crowin' for day
Well, I woke up this mornin' chickens was crowin' for day
Put my hand on my pillow where my brownie used to lay.
Well, Mama, Mama, what d'you want to do?
Oh tell me mama what d'you want to do?
I done everything, mama, trying to get along with you.
Well you used to be sugar but I know you ain't sweet no more,
You used to be sugar but I know you ain't sweet no more,
If you knowed you didn't want me, why didn't you tell me so?
Well I went to the depot and I looked upon the board
Well I went to the depot and I looked upon the board,
I say "My home ain't here, it's further down the road."
Eat my breakfas' in Memphis, get my supper in New Orleans
Eat my breakfas' in Memphis, get my supper in New Orleans
'Cause I'm goin' to see a woman I ain't ever seen.
Well I asked the ticket agent "How long has the train been gone?"
Well I asked the ticket agent "How long has the train been gone?"
He said "Yonder goes the train and your fair brown left here 'lone."
I couldn't buy me no ticket but I walked back to the door,
I couldn't buy me no ticket but I walked back to the door,
Cause my brownie done left town and ain't coming back no more.
And I woke up this mornin' with my sure 'nuff on my mind,
Well I woke up this mornin' with my sure 'nuff on my mind.
Had to raise a conversation, went to laughin' to keep from cryin'.

LITTLE BROTHER MONTGOMERY

"Walking Basses" *Spoken*

"Dud Low Joe" (Montgomery) M.C.P.S. *Piano solo*

"It's a Barrelhouse Blues" *Spoken*

"Vicksburg Blues" (Montgomery) *Parnes Music* *Vocal with piano*

"They Beat Me To Chicago" *Spoken*

See I left home at eleven years old; what you call a kid runnin' away. I played at Holden, Louisiana, at the juke barrelhouse. I left there and went to Plaquemine Louisiana. From there I went to Ferriday, Louisiana; played at Henderson's Royal Garden up until I were fourteen - oh I were playin' boogie-woogies ever since I were twelve or thirteen years old. We used to call it walkin' basses at the time... (piano solo)... we called it *Dud Low Joe*.

I come up to Tallulah, Louisiana and then the 1922 high water ran up the side of Louisiana and so come over to Vicksburg, and I played there and we originated these numbers like *Vicksburg Blues*, *Forty Four Blues* - well it's the same thing - it's a blues, it's a barrelhouse, honky-tonk blues. People danced by that, did the shimmy by that. It's a thing we just steady made up; you could keep addin' to it. These are the first *Vicksburg Blues* I made:

I got those Vicksburg blues an' I sing 'em anywhere I go,
I got those Vicksburg blues an' I sing 'em anywhere I go,
Now the reason why I sing 'em my babe says she didn't want me no more.

I got the Vicksburg blues an' I sing 'em anywhere I please,
I got the Vicksburg blues an' I sing 'em anywhere I please,
Now the reason why I sing 'em, to give my po' heart some ease.

Now I ain't goin' be your low-down dog no more.
I don't like this old place mama, Lord an' I never will,
Now I don't like this ole place mama, Lord an' I never will,
'Cause I can sit right here lookin' a' Vicksburg on the Hill.

I learned - I taught 'em to a guy named Lee Green at Sandheimer, Louisiana and then later years he taught them to Roosevelt, so they beat me to Chicago and put 'em out.

ROOSEVELT SYKES

"They All Called Him "Pork Chops"

Spoken

"Forty-Four Blues" (Green; Sykes) M.C.P.S.

Vocal and own piano

There was a feller by the name of Lee Green - they all called him "Pork Chops" and he was the first guy I ever heard play the *Forty-Four Blues*. Lee Green, he took a lot of time out to teach me how to use my left hand on tenth bass - in music it takes a pretty good stretch to stretch ten keys with your one left hand. My hands were kinda small. Well I could skip and jump 'em but he showed me how it was done, and there were... Green taught me how to play 'em but we still play 'em different. After I learned the fundamentals of it quite nach' I put my soul to it which was different from his, but he was the one responsible for the *Forty-Four Blues* as far as I'm concerned. But I wrote the words... myself, it was my own words, so this is how I done it:

This is the way they played the blues in Nineteen and Twenty-six and Twenty-nine and after that...

Lord I walked all night with my Forty-Four in ma hand,
Lord I walked all night with my Forty-Four in ma hand,
I was lookin' for my woman an' I found her with another man.
Wore my Forty-Four so long, Lord it made my shoulder sore
Wore my Forty-Four so long, Lord it made my shoulder sore,
After I do what I wants, I ain't gonna wear my Forty-Four no more.

ROBERT JUNIOR LOCKWOOD · SUNNYLAND SLIM

"Doctor Clayton and Me" *Spoken*

"Take A Little Walk With Me"

(Lockwood) C.Control

*Vocal with own electric guitar,
with Sunnyland Slim, piano.*

Well I came here to Chicago...

(Sunnyland Slim: Doctor Clayton with you?)

Yeah, Doctor Clayton and me. An' we got together, and he done five tunes - six tunes, and I done two. An' er - mine was *Take A Little Walk With Me*.

(Joe Bryant: That was my number...)

Yeah? You dig it?

(Joe Bryant: I dig it...)

Come on, take a little walk with me,
Come on babe, take a little walk with me,
To the same ole place where we long to be.
Come on, take a little walk with me,
Come on babe, take a little walk with me,
To the same ole place, Memphis, Tennessee.
Early one mornin' just about half-past three
You done somethin' that's really worryin' me
Come on babe, take a little walk with me
To the same ole place, where we long to be
Come on baby now you know we goin' to walk so slow,
Until every time you see me you wanna walk some more,
Come on babe, take a little walk with me,
To the same old place where we long to be.

EDWIN BUSTER PICKENS

"To Have The Blues Within"

Spoken

The only way that anyone can ever play blues - he's got to have them. You got to have experienced something in life. You been troubled, you been broke, you been hungry, no job, no money, the one you love is deserted you - That makes you blue. Blues don't derive from a person's say, just get up and just say "I'm

gonna sing the blues" without he's got to have a feelin', he's got to have something within, that he can bring it out. Just how he feels about it. Blues ain't nothin' but a man, but a good man feelin' bad, that's all that is, but he's feelin' bad over *some*thin'. An' no man in good spirit, no man in good heart can't sing the blues, neither play them. There never has been, never will be. But nach'al blues come directly from a person's heart.

MANCE LIPSCOMB

"Blues In The Bottle" (Mance Lipscomb) *C. Central* Vocal and own guitar

Blues in the Bottle, blues in the bottle, stopper's in my hand,
 - dog-gone you,
 Blues in the bottle, stopper's in ma hand,
 You wanna be my woman you gotta come under my command.
 You couldn't stand it, you couldn't stand it, you oughta stayed
 at home - dog-gone you,
 You couldn't stand it, you oughta stayed at home,
 Think I've killed for you mama, worked on your daddy's farm.
 Tell me baby, tell me baby, how you want your rollin' done,
 dog-gone ya
 Tell me baby how you want your rollin' done?
 'Do just like my old time rider done'
 When I had money, I had money friends all ganged around -
 dog-gone you
 When I had money, my friends all ganged around,
 Now I'm broke and got no money mama, friends all tued me down.
 Got up this mornin', got up this mornin', blues standin' in my door,
 - dog-gone you,
 Got up this mornin' blues standin' in my door.
 Says "I've come here to stay with you, ain't gonna leave no more."
 I said "Blues!" I said, "Blues, why don't you let me 'lone?"
 - oh mama -
 I said "Blues, why don't you - let poor me alone?"
 You been fallerin' me ever since the day I were born."
 Me and my baby, had a fallin' out soon this mornin',
 Me, and my baby, had a fallin' out.
 Well I would hate to tell you, what it was about.

(end of side TWO)

CONVERSATION WITH THE BLUES

Certain of the recordings from which these extracts have been taken and transcribed have been edited in the interests of brevity and the inclusion of as much material as possible on this record. The full texts will be found in CONVERSATION WITH THE BLUES by Paul Oliver, published by Cassell in Great Britain and by Horizon Press in the United States, together with eighty photographs of the artists and their environment. Biographical notes on all the blues singers and musicians quoted, and discographical details of recordings made at the time, are included in CONVERSATION WITH THE BLUES.

The photograph on the record sleeve was taken by Paul Oliver in Zachary, Louisiana and shows James Butch Cage (playing fiddle) and Willie Thomas (guitar) outside Butch Cage's home.

RECORDING LOCATIONS AND DATES:

BOOGIE WOOGIE RED	Detroit, Michigan	July 7th 1960
WILLIE THOMAS	Zachary, Louisiana	August 7th 1960
JAMES BUTCH CAGE	Zachary, Louisiana	August 7th 1960
LIL SON JACKSON	Dallas, Texas	July 29th 1960
J. B. LENOIR	Chicago, Illinois	July 17th 1960
OTIS SPANN	Chicago, Illinois	July 14th 1960
LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS	Houston, Texas	August 12th 1960
MANCE LIPSCOMB	Navasota, Texas	August 13th 1960
BLIND ARVELLA GRAY	Chicago, Illinois	July 9th 1960
ROOSEVELT SYKES	Chicago, Illinois	July 16th 1960
WILL SHADE	Memphis, Tennessee	July 20th 1960
WHISTLING ALEX MOORE	Dallas, Texas	July 30th 1960
BROTHER JOHN SELLERS	Chicago, Illinois	July 17th 1960
JASPER LOVE	Clarksdale, Mississippi	July 23rd 1960
JOHN LEE HOOKER	New York, N.Y.	June 26th 1960
ROBERT CURTIS SMITH	Clarksdale, Mississippi	July 24th 1960
HENRY TOWNSEND	St. Louis, Missouri	August 28th 1960
LITTLE BROTHER MONTGOMERY	Chicago, Illinois	July 15th 1960
ROBERT JUNIOR LOCKWOOD	Chicago, Illinois	July 13th 1960
EDWIN BUSTER PICKENS	Houston, Texas	August 9th 1960

Album compilation by MICHAEL VERNON and PAUL OLIVER
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