

Mp3 Ellsworth & Corder - Mayberry Blues



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Analogy of a true bluesman's heart and soul, accompanied by the genius of Mike Corder's sensitive guitar work. 11 MP3 Songs

BLUES: Acoustic Blues, BLUES: Blues Vocals

Details: (excerpts from bio of a bluesman, LarryHarmonicaEllsworth.com

1968 I hooked up with a guitar player from Indonesia by the name of Cornelius Dupe, and he was incredible, and we started playing the clubs and lounges around Springfield, and then headed to the West Coast. We recorded a bunch of stuff on the way and we were getting into the blues and jazz, and we had a neat duo, and at times we would add to it. We arrived in Venice Beach. It was the hippy ghetto at that time, and we taped our stuff on a little Panasonic tape recorder, and decided to go to Hollywood and check it out. On the corner of Hollywood and Vine there was a place called Music City, two or three floors of all kinds of neat toys for musicians, as well as an enormous collection of LP's. As we were going out of the store and hanging out on Hollywood Blvd., we run into this other long haired hippy and we had our Panasonic hand held tape recorder with us, just kind of listening to some of the stuff we had recorded on our way out to California, and we got talking with this other hippy, and he told us he was with Liberty Records and he gave us his name and told us we should go down there, and he said he was from Canned Heat. We did just that and it got us in the door. We got to meet with Lanky Linstrom, the executive producer with Liberty. His office was furnished with mahogany furniture, leather, thick shag carpeting, and a number of platinum and gold records hanging on the wall, and he wanted to listen to our little Panasonic hand held tape recorder. We had recorded most of the stuff in rest areas on our California trip. He said he kind of liked what he heard, but with the sounds of trucks and noise in the background, he wanted to hear us live. He told us to get a gig somewhere and to let him know, that he would come and check us out. For more, go to LarryHarmonicaEllsworth.com

Mayberry Blues is a soulful, thought provoking piece of work. A little later, JD showed up in Tucson with Phillip

Walker and Finas Tasby, just out of the blue, and said that they were headin' out, and "did I want to come?" They were lookin' for a drummer. I said I knew one, Griff Sharpe, so we all took off to Winslow, AZ. JD knew a guy that owned a club there called The Prairie Moon. Of course it was right near the reservation so there was plenty of Indians. We stayed there for a few days and put the act together, and then it was off to Buffalo, NY, and of course in those days we never did anything in our right minds. It was in the middle of the winter, and by the time we had gotten to Buffalo NY, it was snowing like hell. We were supposed to be expected to play there that night, but when we arrived we were told that the club had changed hands, and they knew nothing about having us play there, and it was a Wednesday night, and it was still snowing, and we were all broke, and had no place to stay. I pleaded with the new owner, "Please let us come in and set up and keep warm for awhile!" I think there was only about half dozen or so people in the place at the time, so the owner agreed and we told the six or so people that were there to get on the phone and call all their friends, for "There will be a party here tonight!"....and things didn't get better. I did manage to find a booking agent there in Buffalo, but their answer to my cry for help was they would need a thousand dollars up front before they would get us a gig. A few more people did show up and it was still snowing. Luckily I had a girlfriend that lived in Lockport, which was just outside Buffalo, so me and Griff were the two white boys, and we knew we didn't belong down there, and it was still snowing like hell, so we ended up in Lockport, and Phillip and JD somehow got back to LA, and I kind of tried to get away from music. I started out in the Pesky Sarpin Coffeeshouse in Springfield, MA. It was back in '63 doing what they called an open hoot. Somehow I managed to pull it off and got a job working there for awhile. Had a chance to hang out with some great musicians. I remember we had Richie Havens and Jesse Colin Young and the Youngbloods for Christmas and New Years. Richie hung out with the owner, and the Youngbloods got to hang out at my place. It was a great Christmas and New Years. I got a few lessons on harmonica from Jerry Corbett. He definitely had it down, and then I remember Bukka White also playing there. Now at the time, I didn't realize he was teaching people like BB King. I remember hanging out in the dressing room with him and drinking a little gin and he'd tell me stories of things I'd never heard...a whole new line of lingo. It was the first time I had really met a black bluesman, and to have that be Bukka White was quite an honor. At the time I didn't have a clue who he was..."just a black blues musician". There were many more who came to the Sarpin in the time that I worked there. Jim Kweskins Jug Band, and Jeff and Maria Muldure were a part of it, and also Eric Anderson, Bruce

Murdock, Buffy St. Marie and Pat Sky. The Sarpin only lasted for a couple of years or so. I was in on the last half, and of course we were the long haired degenerate types that Mama's didn't like because we seemed to be attracting the Mt. Holyoke and Smith College girls to the somewhat weird establishment. It got to be a hassle with the health department making us do all kinds of weird things, like having to put in more toilets and any little nit picking thing they could find to do to just hassle our asses. But, back to the music! For you young people, this is a neat part of history you might like to check up on, and also some great music,and on I go. Springfield, MA 1963

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