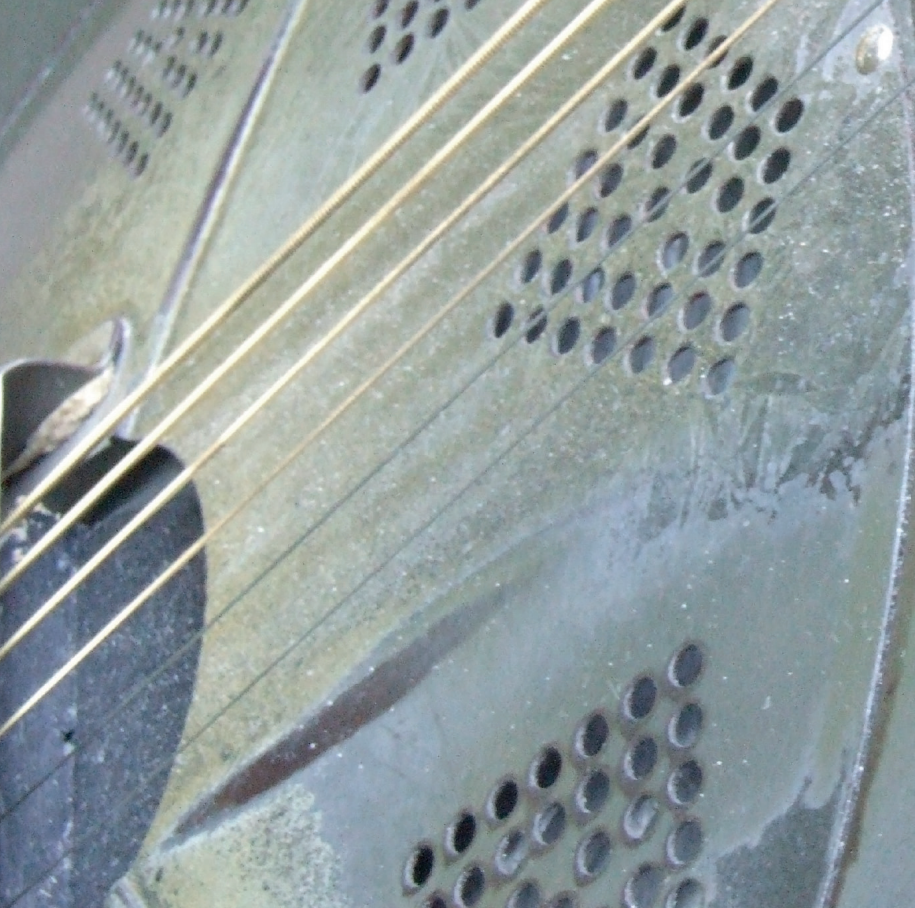




BLuesfrizz

Right Mind



## **SNAKES**

Tryin`to find my own sound I had to start from the bottom. Just the music in me - no trendy influences, no regular instruments. So I built myself that ONE STRING GUITAR and went on playing. Afterwards I added some percussions and an AFRICAN THUMB PIANO and when I leaned back to listen, I felt myself in the jungle. SNAKES crawling through the bushes.

## **GOOD NO MORE**

Though ACOUSTIC GUITAR PICKING is for me the king size in playing the BLUES, I always keep an electric guitar in stock to blow off steam. Sometimes I like to be backed up by drums and percussions, here's an old musical friend, EDGAR MOTTAS, on drums. This number here is based on the old story - lovers don't fit together no more.







## **I AIN'T GONNA MARRY**

Listening to the great assortment of the PRE WAR BLUES records you find so many verses used by different artists in their songs. Pure Traditionals playing and singing COUNTRY BLUES I often use such verses in a song. Spontaneous it comes in my mind and it fits. This here song is built up that way by my NATIONAL DUOLIAN from the early 30ies, I bought from Mr. CURTIS McPEAK in Mt. Juliet, Tennessee.

## **SHE'S A HARD HEADED MAMA BLUES**

I got myself that new recording machine, tuned my guitar, placed the microphones, pressed the button to record and started a song with The Blues Harp on the rack. Just improvising I tried to find some words, and an old Blues Record by CLIFFORD GIBSON out the of 1920 came in my mind, so my first record was done. Soon I forgot that first trial. It must have been in the year 2000. Looking through my records I lately found it again. One week before I had repaired that OLD KEY MANDOLIN, my father brought home in 1947 from the prison of war in Virginia. Since I can remember it was wrecked. But now it sounds good again and immediately I added a mandolin track to this song. So you can say, BLUES FRIZZ is a guy who needs about six years to finish one number!



## RIGHT MIND

Reading „SIBIRIAN MANIA-SURVIVED BY FOSSOV AND SCHWEISSN-HOOG“ I felt the impulse to write and dedicate this song to my „good friends“ and the „Family“.

I needed that job so bad because the rent is due my savings gone, what can I do. Late last night there was a rap on my door and I couldn't find my intensions no more. Where is the beautiful home I used to live. This morning I wake up in the battlefield. Can't you belive me that I'm down on the ground. You know I had my right mind until my good friends came around.

## YOUR BISCUITS ARE BIG ENOUGH FOR ME

BO CARTER was a very popular artist from Memphis in the 1930. He recorded many titles as well as dozens with the famous MISSISSIPPI SHEIKS. He had a lot of ability in his sophisticated guitar playing and was famous for the clever sexual innuendo of his lyrics. His career as a street singer was largely imposed by the Blindness that afflicted him in the late 1920s.

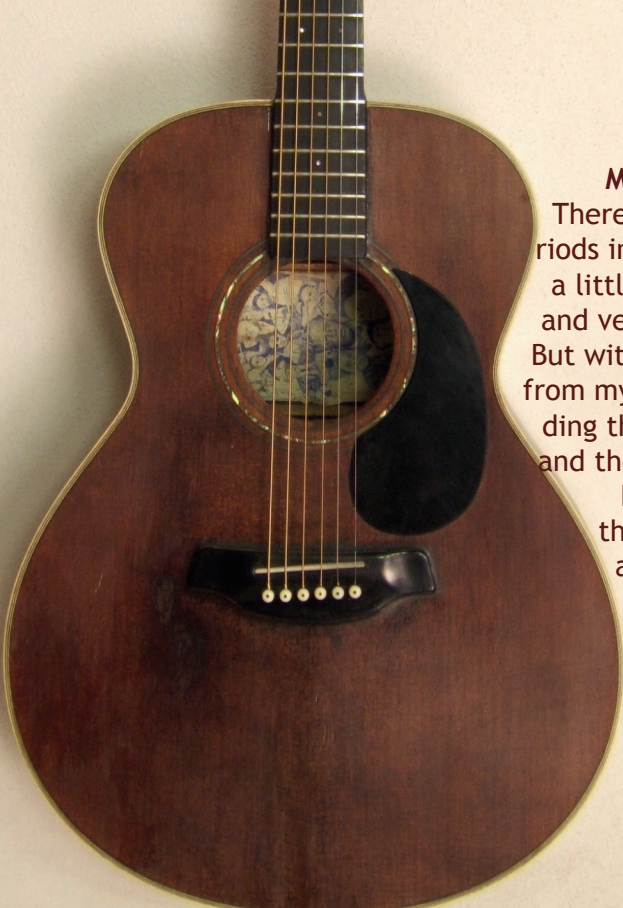




### THE LAST FAIR DEAL GOING DOWN

There was that old no name parlor guitar hanging over my girlfriends bed. Very nice to look at, but nearly impossible to play. You know, I am no craftsman, but the desire to play that lovely instrument grew stronger and stronger. So I started carefully to restore it, and two weeks later, I had another horse in my stall, and a picture is hanging on the wall. Very surprised about that sound by playing the bottleneck, one of the first tunes to record was this ROBERT JOHNSON number here, and I hope you'll enjoy it!





## **MORNING RAIN**

There has been pe-  
riods in my life I felt  
a little discouraged  
and very depressed.  
But with a little help  
from my friends, rea-  
ding the HOLY BIBLE  
and the help of GOD  
I could handle  
these situations  
and I was satis-  
-fied again.

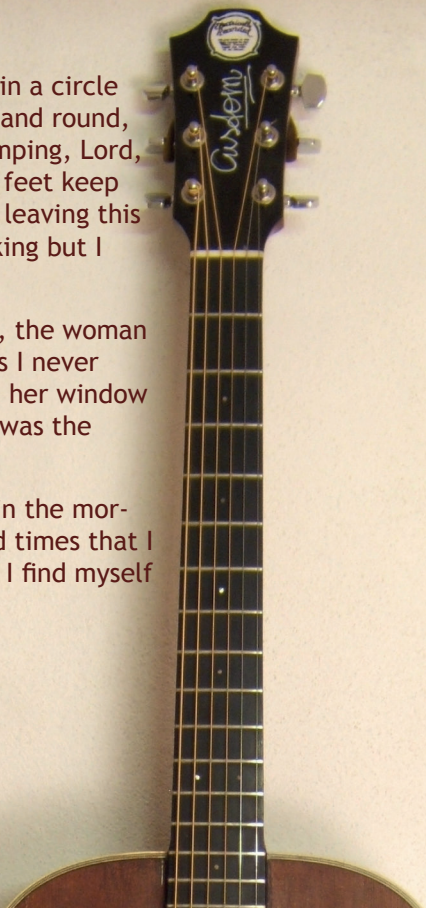


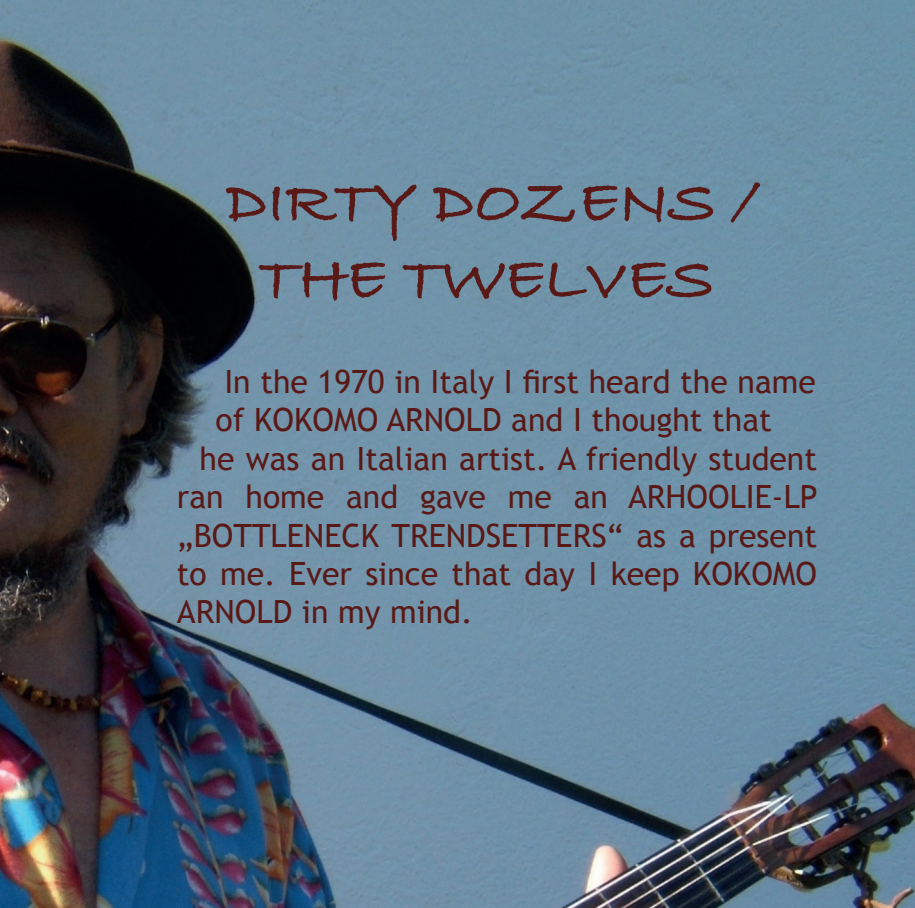
I'm going round in a circle, round in a circle  
going round and round, and round and round,  
and round. Well I feel like I'm jumping, Lord,  
feel just like I'm jumping, but my feet keep  
stickin' to the ground. I should be leaving this  
morning, catch the first train smoking but I  
really don't know where to go.

The woman I've been loving, Lord, the woman  
I've been loving she told me things I never  
knew. When I was peeping through her window  
and her bed was rattling I knew it was the  
time to go.

Now I'm sittin' and I'm wondrin' in the mor-  
ning rain. Thinking 'bout the good times that I  
once have had, get me a train and I find myself  
a brand new happy home.

Well, I get up in the morning,  
get up in the morning and  
the rain is pouring down.  
I'm sittin' on my bedside,  
thinkin bout the good times  
and put my shoes on wrong.





# DIRTY DOZENS / THE TWELVES

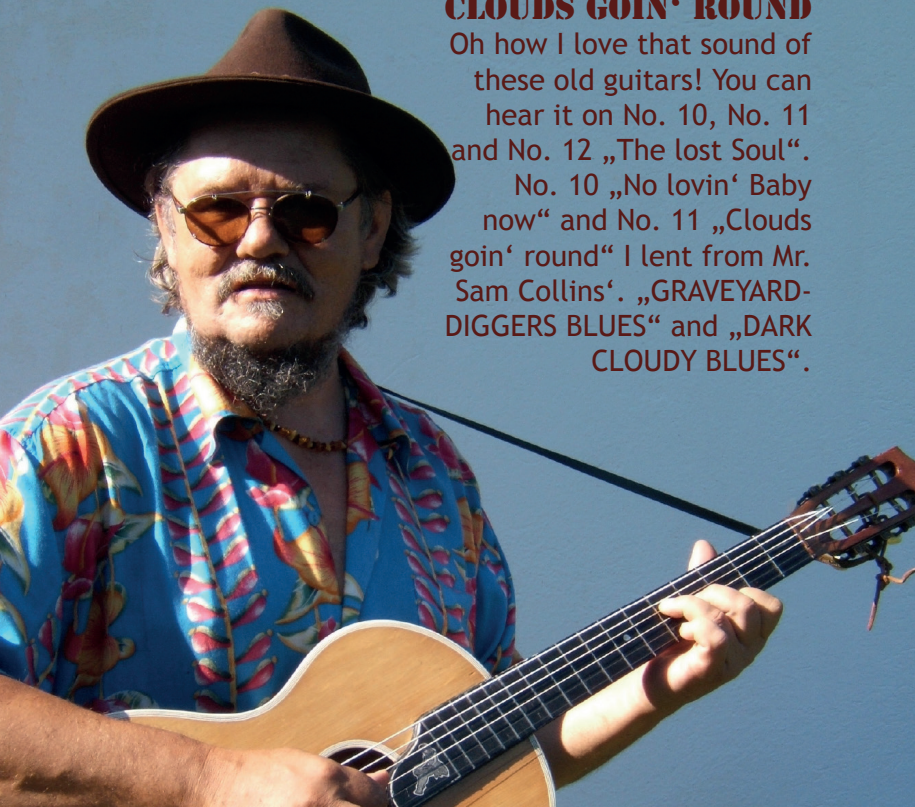
In the 1970 in Italy I first heard the name of KOKOMO ARNOLD and I thought that he was an Italian artist. A friendly student ran home and gave me an ARHOLIE-LP „BOTTLENECK TRENDSETTERS“ as a present to me. Ever since that day I keep KOKOMO ARNOLD in my mind.

# NATIONAL DUOLIAN

## NO LOVIN' BABY NOW

I saved a nearly 100 years old guitar from destroying, because the restaurant where it was hanging on a wall was to be pulled down. I had to put a little work in it to make it sound and easy to play. Against all expectations it grew to my favorite instrument, especially for that old time guitar style.





## **CLOUDS GOIN' ROUND**

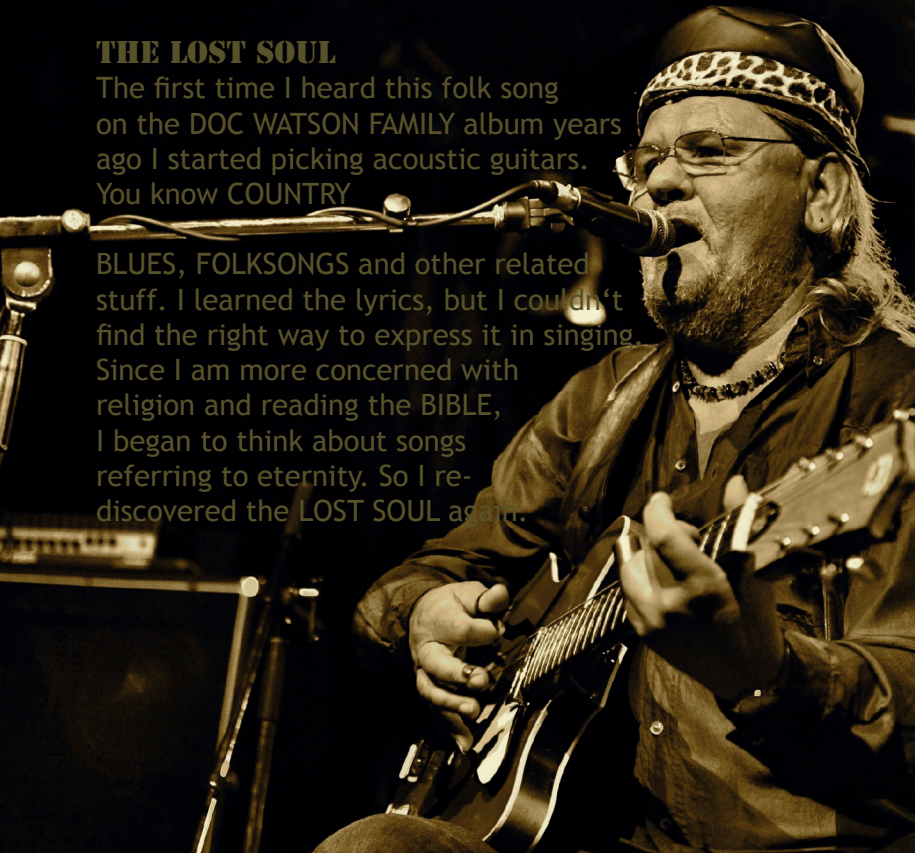
Oh how I love that sound of these old guitars! You can hear it on No. 10, No. 11 and No. 12 „The lost Soul“.

No. 10 „No lovin' Baby now“ and No. 11 „Clouds goin' round“ I lent from Mr. Sam Collins'. „GRAVEYARD-DIGGERS BLUES“ and „DARK CLOUDY BLUES“.

## THE LOST SOUL

The first time I heard this folk song on the DOC WATSON FAMILY album years ago I started picking acoustic guitars. You know COUNTRY

BLUES, FOLKSONGS and other related stuff. I learned the lyrics, but I couldn't find the right way to express it in singing. Since I am more concerned with religion and reading the BIBLE, I began to think about songs referring to eternity. So I re-discovered the LOST SOUL again.



## THE ELEGY OF KATRINA

Watching the horrible tragedy of NEW ORLEANS for weeks on TV and reading the news, I felt so worried about the people there, crying for help and left alone.

The only thing that I could do was write this song:

From the great Atlantic Ocean she came raging  
'gainst our home a lot of people running in the superdome  
about a 60 thousand people tried to find some shelter there  
many moved to Houston, Texas, many couldn't go nowhere.

We were calling up the White House, said:  
won't you help us please,

Bush said: give me just a few more days,  
I got troubles in the east.

Finally they were coming with their shotguns in their hands  
herded us in their wagons and carried us on dry land.

I had to leave my dog alone,  
sergeant said we couldn't need him there,  
last time I saw my house, there was some roaring in the air.  
Now I'm standing here in this great big hall.

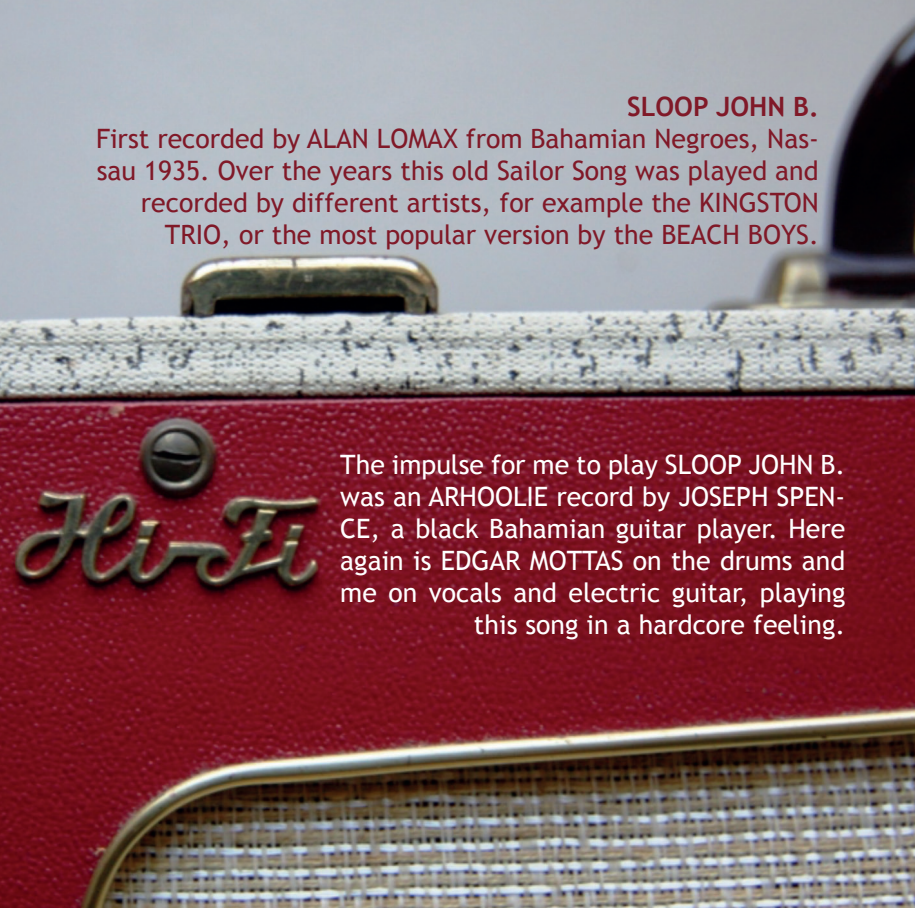
Sleeping on the floor, starving the life of a refugee,  
can't find my wife no more.

Seems we can't go back no more in our place we used to live.

'Cause some Republicans try to make a golf course out of it. Now  
down in New Orleans time seems like it used to be.

Four bold police men beat one colored in the street.





## SLOOP JOHN B.

First recorded by ALAN LOMAX from Bahamian Negroes, Nassau 1935. Over the years this old Sailor Song was played and recorded by different artists, for example the KINGSTON TRIO, or the most popular version by the BEACH BOYS.

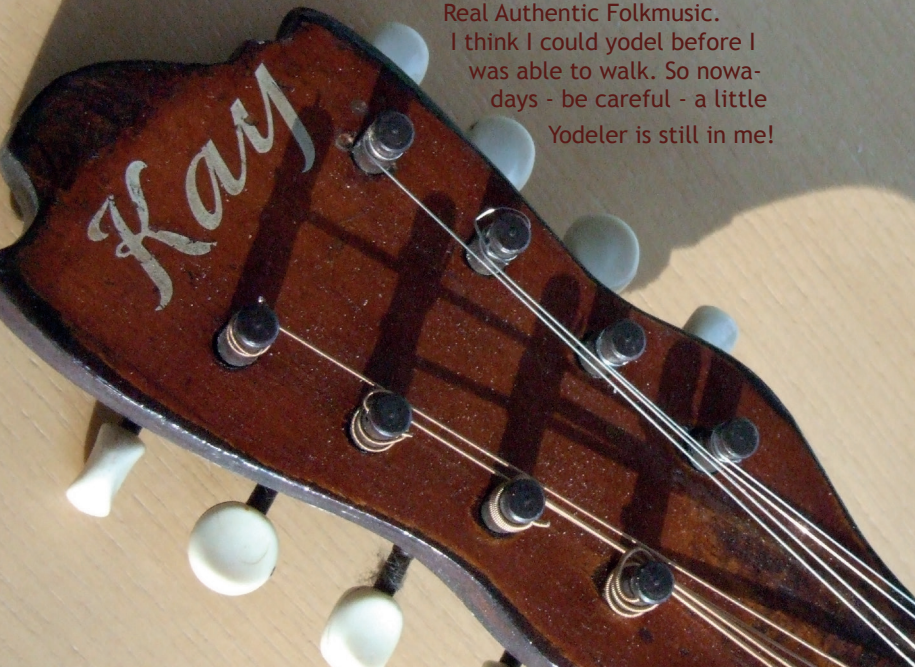
The impulse for me to play SLOOP JOHN B. was an ARHOLIE record by JOSEPH SPENCE, a black Bahamian guitar player. Here again is EDGAR MOTTAS on the drums and me on vocals and electric guitar, playing this song in a hardcore feeling.

## COWHIDE YODEL

When you listen to this number you may think I'm an odd fellow, and I wouldn't blame you if you do. Maybe you're right. But there's something I'd like to tell you: I was born here in Austria into a family that always made music with friends and neighbours.

Real Authentic Folkmusic.

I think I could yodel before I  
was able to walk. So nowa-  
days - be careful - a little  
Yodeler is still in me!





MANY THANKS TO:  
EDGAR MOTTAS - for brave  
drumming and giving me permission  
to publish Nr. 2, 8 and 14.  
BERT HEINDL - for his readiness  
and pleasure in photoshooting  
SISTA CHRISTA - for organizing,  
patience and support  
CHRISTIANE RAUCH - for creative  
and unwearied coverwork  
REINHARD BRUNNER - CD Premaster





## Bluesfrizz

## Right Mind

1. Snakes - Bluesfrizz
2. Good no more - Bluesfrizz
3. I ain't gonna marry - Trad. Bluesfrizz
4. Hard headed Mama Blues - Trad. Bluesfrizz
5. Right Mind - Bluesfrizz
6. Your Biscuits are big enough for me - Bo Carter
7. The last fair Deal going down - Trad. Bluesfrizz
8. Morning Rain - Bluesfrizz
9. Dirty Dozens - Trad. Bluesfrizz
10. No lovin' Baby now - Trad. Bluesfrizz
11. Clouds going' round - Trad. Bluesfrizz
12. The lost Soul - Trad. Bluesfrizz
13. The Elegy of Katrina - Bluesfrizz
14. Sloop John B. - Trad. Bluesfrizz
15. Cowhide Yodel - Bluesfrizz



©+© 2019 ATS Records. All rights reserved.  
Unauthorized copying, reproduction, hiring, lending,  
public performance and broadcasting prohibited.



# Bluesfrizz

CD - 0940  
austro mehana  
2019

**ATS  
RECORDS**  
[www.ats-records.com](http://www.ats-records.com)

IP 7352

## Right Mind

Unauthorized copying, hiring, lending, public performance and broadcasting of this record prohibited · Made in Austria · Alle Urheber- und Leistungsschutzrechte vorbehalten · Kein Vertrieb/Keine unerlaubte Vervielfältigung, Vermietung, Aufführung.  
All rights of the producer and of the owner of the work reproduced are reserved.