
Subject: Re: P.S. (Your Cat is Dead) :-)
Posted by [lon](#) on Thu, 21 Jul 2005 02:16:30 GMT
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I think the mark of maturity is the ability to change. More than that; to be able to admit your own mistakes. I have come to hate the talk of people I know who constantly have to refer to the Golden Age Of The 60's..(fill in your own nightmare here) and expect me to agree that nothing good has been recorded since the Beatles, Bob Dylan or Janis Joplin. That last is a particular bamboo shoot under the fingernails for me. Just listen to her "Summertime." I have nearly barfed when having to sit through that-- in an auto maybe. Recently as the ability to digitize the ol' record collection became a reality for me-- mine for instance includes no pop records that fill the stalls of resale bins at all. But even so I have a lot of trash in there. Some I have because they seemed tasteful to buy at the time: Dave Brubeck's Brandenburg Gate for instance. I never recall having played it all the way through. Another recording involving Brubeck's wife doing the lyrics was a concept album called The Real Ambassadors. The Real Ambassadors makes jazz 'afficiandos' cringe. They cringe because it espouses an idea of American policy espoused in the early 60's as part of the Camelot years. It was devised as a jazz version of a Broadway show. There's no dialog but the tunes are about a diplomatic tour of musicians. It was a real diplomatic tour taken to places like Greece and Africa. On the tour Louis Armstrong was made King Of The Zulus and it is recorded in picture on the double fold album. I always prized this record. Lambert Hendricks and Ross do one of their great 'speed' numbers on the title tune called The Real Ambassadors. It recounts an actual event when the Dizzy Gillespie Band actually stopped a riot in Greece. And so the idea was that the musicians were the real ambassadors. 20 years later I heard a bit of this album and the DJ disparaging such a concept record, the idea of it and the fact that it actually went to press. I maintain that it is a good expression of time and place, at least as someone who was an early teenager at that time. But also it is sentimental and the rhyming schemes on the lesser tracks (written by Lola Brubeck) really make you want to gag. That's how things become trash. As an adult I did a radio show with the idea of using lesser known things like punk rock to have what I expected to be a young audience give effect of learning to pick and choose and think for themselves. That was the danger of punk. That was the reason (and still is) that punk is suppressed by major labels. It still survives though. In the time of those Beatle years and nasally Dylan tunes and the Pure Embarrassment Of having The Rolling Stones Anywhere Within Public View then but especially now it makes me want to puke. My view of the Golden Years is completely revisionist. I hated that time and my place in it. I maintain no blogs nor do I write about it anywhere but here. Sometimes I just have to vent. As to the summer acts, they have a full bill of fare for this year. I have idea when I'd here if any of the samples I made will be heard or acted upon by next year. This brings us full circle: the act for this Thursday is The Guess Who. I might stick around for that after petitioning to end the war out of politeness but I don't think it will be as enjoyable as Los Straitjackets.
