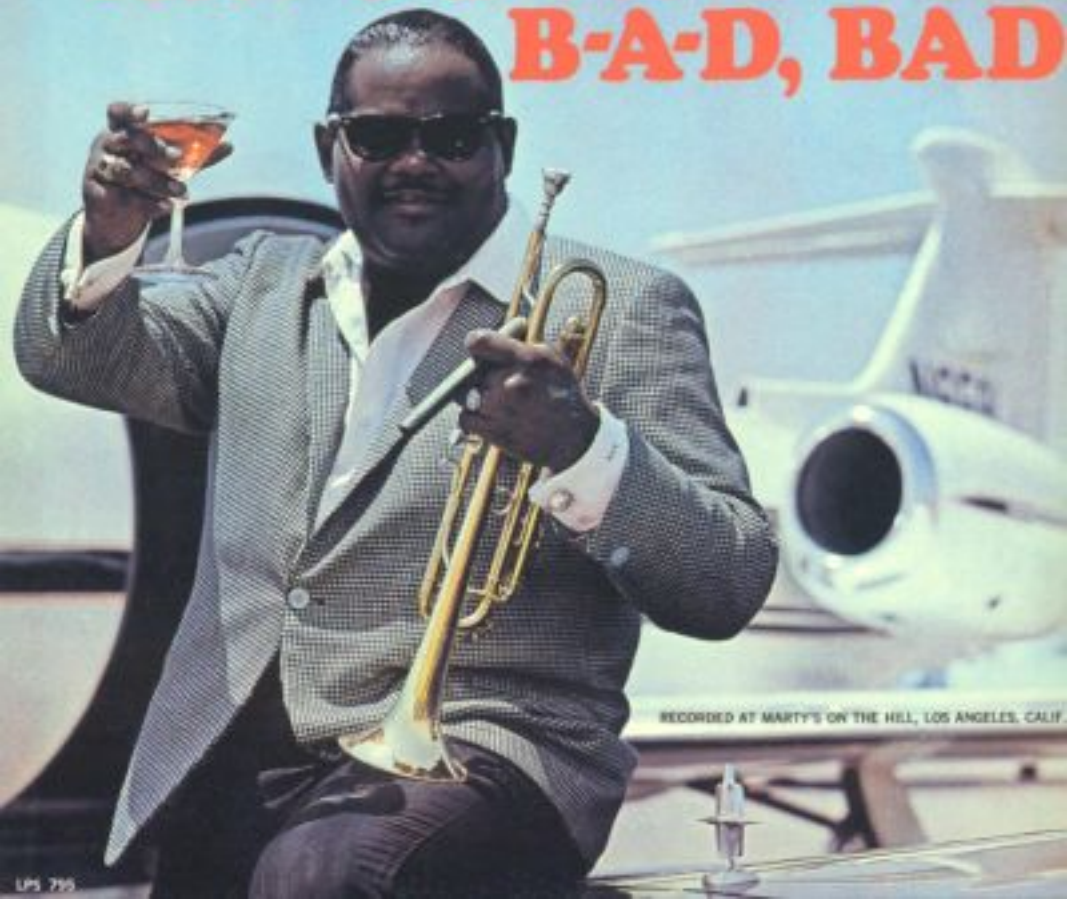




# THE BOBBY BRYANT SEXTET AIN'T DOING TOO B-A-D, BAD



RECORDED AT MARTY'S ON THE HILL, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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CADET

MONO LP-795  
STEREO LPS-795

Sometimes the best way to be eloquent is to be ungrammatical. Duke Ellington proved that in 1932 when he wrote *If Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*. By the same token, some of the smoothest jazz on the scene has the roughest edges running through it.

Bobby Bryant is the perfect embodiment of these contradictions. As urbane as he is urban (a gentleman with muscles), Bobby reveals his Hattiesburg, Mississippi, roots as soon as he fronts his own hard-driving sextet. It comes out in an idiom known as "down home", a sensuous, funky, blues-based, gospel-tinged sound that makes even the most inhibited and tone-deaf react to its unabashed earthiness. (A classic example of that spontaneous reaction can be heard in the midst of Bobby's sparing cadenza. One of his fans at *Ain't Doin' Too* was so moved by the remark that was destined to become the album's title: *Ain't Doin' Too* B-A-D, Bad.)

Another facet of Bobby's musical personality is found in his studio activities. He is one of Los Angeles' most sought-after trumpeters, not only for the burgeoning movie and TV soundtrack activities, but to work in the bands formed by greats such as Oliver Nelson, Gary McFarland and Charles Mingus for festivals and special club engagements.

That's when his Chicago and Los Angeles backgrounds come to the fore. And that's when his flawless reading ability and his durable chops come in handy. Studio work is demanding in Hollywood: an eight o'clock call at Warner Bros., rehearsals for the Andy Williams show, recording sessions into the wee hours . . . it requires the kind of professionalism and constitution that Bobby has—and thrives on.

While the two sides of Bobby Bryant are compatible, his musical make-up does indicate a preference for the raw emotion of swinging in a club, stretching out if the mood hits him and exchanging ideas in a nightly charged atmosphere of call and response—not only with his sidemen, but with his "congregation". Which brings to mind Della Reese's episode, quoted in a *DOWN BEAT* profile of Bobby. "This isn't a lounge . . . this is a Baptist church and we're havin' a revival meeting."

And that's the feeling that should hit you once you start listening to these preachments. Sunny demonstrates how intensity can build even at a provocatively slow tempo.

Bobby's sermon is urged on by the soulful riffs of tenor saxophonists Hadley Caliman and Herman Riley. An even slower tempo, the booming bass of John Duke, the contrapuntal lines of the two tenors and the occasional double-time feel by drummer Carl Lott provide a lush foundation for Bobby's big fat tone on Dale Frank's arrangement of *Love Is Supreme*.

The other Dale Frank chart in this collection (all the rest are by Bobby Bryant), *Don't Say Goodbye*, shows how rock can be intelligently integrated with jazz. It also shows pianist Joe Sample at his funkiest, whether corncob behind Herman Riley's gutsy solo or stating his own full-bodied thoughts.

Herman Riley is given the chance to stretch out in the Six Hooper original, *Blues For Ramona*. The track cools immediately, thanks to some tasteful walking by Johnny Duke. Towards the end of Riley's solo, there is a wild, free-swinging Dixieland-type chorus that finds the whole front line breaking it up. Before the number ends, Joe Sample contributes his most inspired solo.

Bobby's form of parody demotes the Sam Cooke tune, *A Change Is Gonna Come*; and while the same warm, forceful tone lives on *Girl Talk*, this track also says a great deal about Bobby's writing. The three-way yoking, with its oneness of phrasing (note the control of dynamics on the title itself, "Talk" is almost a whisper) over Carl Lott's "stripper" accents on the second and fourth beats of each measure turn this girl talk into a funky gabfest.

The most characteristic sound—and the most requested tune in Bobby's book—is his own *SBT* *I Beef*: a urbane head that seems to have been hewn from granite; the tenor's response to Bobby's exhortations; the rock-bound endorsement of Carl Lott; the extended break in the release climaxed by Joe Sample's churchy pick-up phrase; and Bobby's dramatic postscript while the tenors grill . . . this is the stuff that keeps jazz alive. As long as you can buy records like this or hear combos like Bobby's, jazz "ain't doin' too bad."

—Burt Nelson  
Hollywood Citizen News

SIDE 1		TIME	SIDE 2		TIME
SUNNY	BMI	6:35	A CHANGE IS GONNA COME	BMI	2:50
LOVE IS SUPREME	BMI	6:25	SBTH STREET	BMI	3:28
BLUES FOR RAMONA	ASCAP	7:40	GIRL TALK	ASCAP	3:55
			DON'T SAY GOODBYE	BMI	6:20

PERSONNEL: BOBBY BRYANT, trumpet; HADLEY CALIMAN and HERMAN RILEY, tenor saxophones; JOE SAMPLE, piano; JOHN DUKE, bass; and CARL LOTT, drums.

RECORDED: February, 1967, at Marty's-On-The-Hill, Los Angeles.

ALBUM PRODUCTION: Edmond Edwards

ALBUM SUPERVISOR: Charles Hammond

ENGINEER: Wally Heller

COVER PHOTO: Leo Blackburn

COVER DESIGN: Jerry Griffin

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