

Sly Stone Concert Review In NYTimes



People heard him before they saw him, mumbling “ croaking, really “ in a low voice that seemed to come from nowhere. “Is the show starting?” Then: “Hold up, hold up.” Then, seemingly to an assistant: “I don’t want to fall.” This was good news. It was Tuesday at the B. B. King Blues Club & Grill, and Sly Stone was in the building.

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