

3rd COAST MUSIC

JO CAROL PIERCE

#110/199 MARCH 2006



SAHARA SMITH

The Unofficial & Incomplete Guide To NotSXW 2006

WHY 3CM? Readers Write

CHARLES EARLE's B-Sides • JOHN THE REVEALATOR

FAR #79 • ROOTS BIRTHS & DEATHS

REVIEWS * * * * * (or not)

ALBERT & GAGE • SAM BAKER • BLAME SALLY • A Case For Case
Crazy 'Bout An Automobile

JAMES HAND • Heartworn Highways • ERIC HISAW
WES MCGHEE • JESSIE LEE MILLER

LUCKY TOMBLIN BAND • TOWNES VAN ZANDT x 4

SOUTH By SOUTH AUSTIN

Saturday March 18th

Texicalli Grille Parking Lo

Approx 10.30am

Cowboys & Indians

Jason Arnold & The Stepsiders

and a la Crack of Noon

THE CORNELL HURD BAND

con Johnny Bush, Frankie Miller

Bill Kirchen & Rosie Flores

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TEXICALLI
South Austin

FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #79

REAL MUSIC PLAYED FOR REAL PEOPLE BY REAL DJs
DURING FEBRUARY 2006

#1 SAM BAKER: MERCY

(Reckless) *AA/*CF/*EW/*GM/*NA/*SB/*TS

- 2 James Talley: Got No Bread, No Milk, No Money, But We Sure Got A Lot Of Love (Cimarron) *CP/*EB/*JD/*PP/*RJ/*RS
- 3 David Rodriguez: Proud Heart (Recovery) *BW/*CS/*KB/*LW
- 4 Roseanne Cash: Black Cadillac (Capitol) *AB/*BK/*DY/*RT/*T&C
- 5 The Deadstring Brothers: Starving Winter Report (Bloodshot) *R78/*RMP/*3RC
- 6 Neko Case: Fox Confessor Brings The Flood (Anti) *AN/*JM/*TW
- 7 BR549: Dog Days (Dualtone) *BS/*LG/*SH
- 8 Lucky Tomblin Band: In A Honky Tonk Mood (Texas World) *BP/*DA/*DT
- 9 The Gibson Brothers: Red Letter Day (Sugar Hill)
- 10 Sarah Harmer: I'm a Mountain (Zoe)
- 11 The Gourds: Heavy Ornamentals (Eleven Thirty) *BF/*ST
- 12 David Childers & The Modern Don Juans: Jailhouse Religion (Little King) *GS
- 13 Shawn Mullins: 9th Ward Pickin' Parlor (Vanguard) *JMB
- 14= The Co-Dependents: Live At The Mecca Café Vol 2 (Indelible) *JR/*SR
- Hooverville: Follow That Trail Of Dust Back Home (Back Up And Push) *RH
- 15 Jessi Colter: Out Of The Ashes (Shout Factory) *SG
- 16= Boris & The Saltlicks; Cactusman Versus The Blue Demon (Frogville) *ND
- Mark Erelli: Hope & Other Casualties (Signature Sounds) *KM
- Marley's Ghost: Live (Sage Arts)
- 17= Claude Diamond: Highway Of Life (Vettset) *KD
- 18= Willy Clay Band: Rebecca Drive (Blackstone) *AOK
- Tom Russell: Love & Fear (Hightone) *BR
- 19= Tom Heyman: Deliver Me (Jackpine Social Club) *T&J
- Jon Langford: Gold Brick (ROIR) *TM
- John Stewart: The Day The River Sang (Appleseed) *MR
- The Subdudes: Behind The Levee (Back Porch)
- Tres Chicas: Bloom, Red & The Ordinary Girl (Yep Roc) *TA
- VA: A Case for Case: Tribute To Peter Case (Hungry For Music) *RC
- VA: Our New Orleans 2005 (Nonesuch) *SC
- Watermelon Slim & the Workers (Northern Blues)
- 20= Norman & Nancy Blake: Back Home In Sulphur Springs (Plectraphone)
- Frog Holler: Haywire (Zo Bird) *TH
- Alastair Moock: Let It Go (Corazong)
- 21 Lee Rocker: Racin' The Devil (Alligator)
- 22= Albert & Gage: Cry Love (MoonHouse) *TF
- JJ Schultz Band: Something To Me (Last Stop) *MP
- Rick Shea & The Losing End: Bound For Trouble (Tres Pescadores)
- 23= Caroline Aiken: Are We There Yet, Mama (self)
- Nancy Apple & Rob McNurlin: River Road Or Rail (Ringo)
- I See Hawks In LA: California Country (Western Seed) *RE
- The Mammals: Departure (Signature Sounds)
- Max Stalling: Sell Out (Blind Nello) *OO
- Derek Trucks Band: Songlines (Columbia) *B&C
- Hank Williams III: Straight To Hell (Bruc) *TR



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WHERE MUSIC STILL MATTERS

*XX = DJ's ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Freeform American Roots is compiled from reports provided by 140 freeform DJs in the US, Canada, Europe, Australia, New Zealand and Uruguay. More information can be found at www.accd.edu/tcmn/far

LOOSE DIAMONDS

A DJ's PRIVATE STASH # 23

LEN BROWN

I relocated to Austin, Texas on Memorial Day 2000 from central New Jersey. I'd been in love with Texas country music ever since I picked up a copy of **Austin Country Nights** in 1995. It showed me there was another world out there besides the crap that Nashville was pushing out to country stations all over the USA.

For the first time, I heard Cornell Hurd, Dale Watson, The Derailers, Libbi Bosworth, Ted Roddy, Don Walser, Roy Heinrich and other central Texas artists. I liken it to discovering rock & roll for the first time, after growing up with a steady diet of 50s pop, Doris Day, Guy Mitchell and Perry Como.

Almost immediately I became a mail order customer of Waterloo Records and regularly imported some 'real country' music to the northeast. At the time, I was on WDVR, playing a mix of a few of the countryier Nashville releases along with classic old country hits. When I began mixing in Texas music on the radio show, I got an immediate positive response from my audience.

I had 11 years of radio work in New Jersey before moving down here and doubted I would find a station that would put me and my strong New Jersey accent on the air in central Texas. It took a while, but ultimately I joined the then brand new low-power KDRP in Dripping Springs in 2003 and later KOOP in Austin. On every program I feature a top 10 countdown from *Billboard* magazine choosing a chart from the early 1950s through 1975. I play a lot of the local country artists and plenty of early traditional country music.

Here is my listing of the music I would race to save if I smelled smoke in the middle of the night:

Wynn Stewart: Wishful Thinking (Bear Family, 2000) Career collection of 10 CDs from the man who helped make The Bakersfield Sound a worthy competitor of Nashville.

Cornell Hurd Band: Honky Tonk Mayhem (Behemoth, 1991) and **Texas By Night** (Behemoth, 2006) Two CDs filled with 'A' honky tonk songs, western swing and country boogie tunes. Most are written by the prolific & brilliantly fertile mind of Cornell Hurd. They bookmark a decade and a half of great Texas music. A new CHB release has become an annual March treat... and the 10 piece band is something special

James Hand: Shadows Where The Magic Was (Two Of A Kind, 1997) Unfortunately this CD went out of print quickly. Hand channels the golden age of mid 50s honky tonk music and performs regularly in Austin honky tonks.

Charlie Walker: Pick Me Up On Your Way Down (Bear Family, 1998) Texas honky tonk supreme. Real dance hall music and this chronicles Walker's recordings from 1952-1971.

Billy Mize: A Salute To Swing (Hag, 1980) Merle Haggard produced this splendid tribute to Tommy Duncan, with The Hag standing in for Bob Wills. Smooth vocals from a singer/songwriter who achieved fame on the West Coast in the 60s, hosting several western music TV shows. Reissued as a two CD set in 1999 by Merle Haggard.

The Hollisters: Land Of Rhythm & Pleasure (Freedom, 1997) After disbanding in early 2000, there now appears hope that a reunion CD is going to happen. Good news for Texas country fans.

Roger Miller: A Trip In The Country (Smash/Mercury, 1969) After becoming a major recording act in the 60s, Roger went back to his roots with a collection of hard country songs that he wrote a decade earlier. Includes *Half A Mind*, *Invitation To The Blues* and *When Two Worlds Collide*. A great album never reissued fully on CD.

Ray Price & The Cherokee Cowboys (Bear Family, 1995) The man who invented the Texas shuffle from his golden years on Columbia. Bear Family cuts it off at the point the strings came in. Still a 10 CD box to treasure.

Marti Brom: Snake Ranch (Goofin', 2000) Marti kills with a country ballad and shakes the rafters with her rockabilly numbers. If you love Wanda, Patsy and 50-60s honky tonk, Marti is for you. Includes a classic shuffle written by Austin's Teri Joyce, *Blue Tattoo*.

Dale Watson: Cheatin' Heart Attack (Hightone, 1995) Currently on hiatus from Austin, here's hoping he'll be back sooner rather than later. Great collection of real country numbers that couldn't get played on country radio today. Dale took a breather to be close to his daughters in Maryland.

Ed Burleson: My Perfect World (Tornado, 1999) Great CD of pure country produced by Doug Sahm shortly before his untimely death. Every song works. It's our loss that these two gentlemen never had a chance to team up again.

VA: Austin Country Nights (Watermelon, 1995) I can't omit the album that changed my life and got me thinking it was time to move to central Texas. It took me five years to accomplish it, but here I am.

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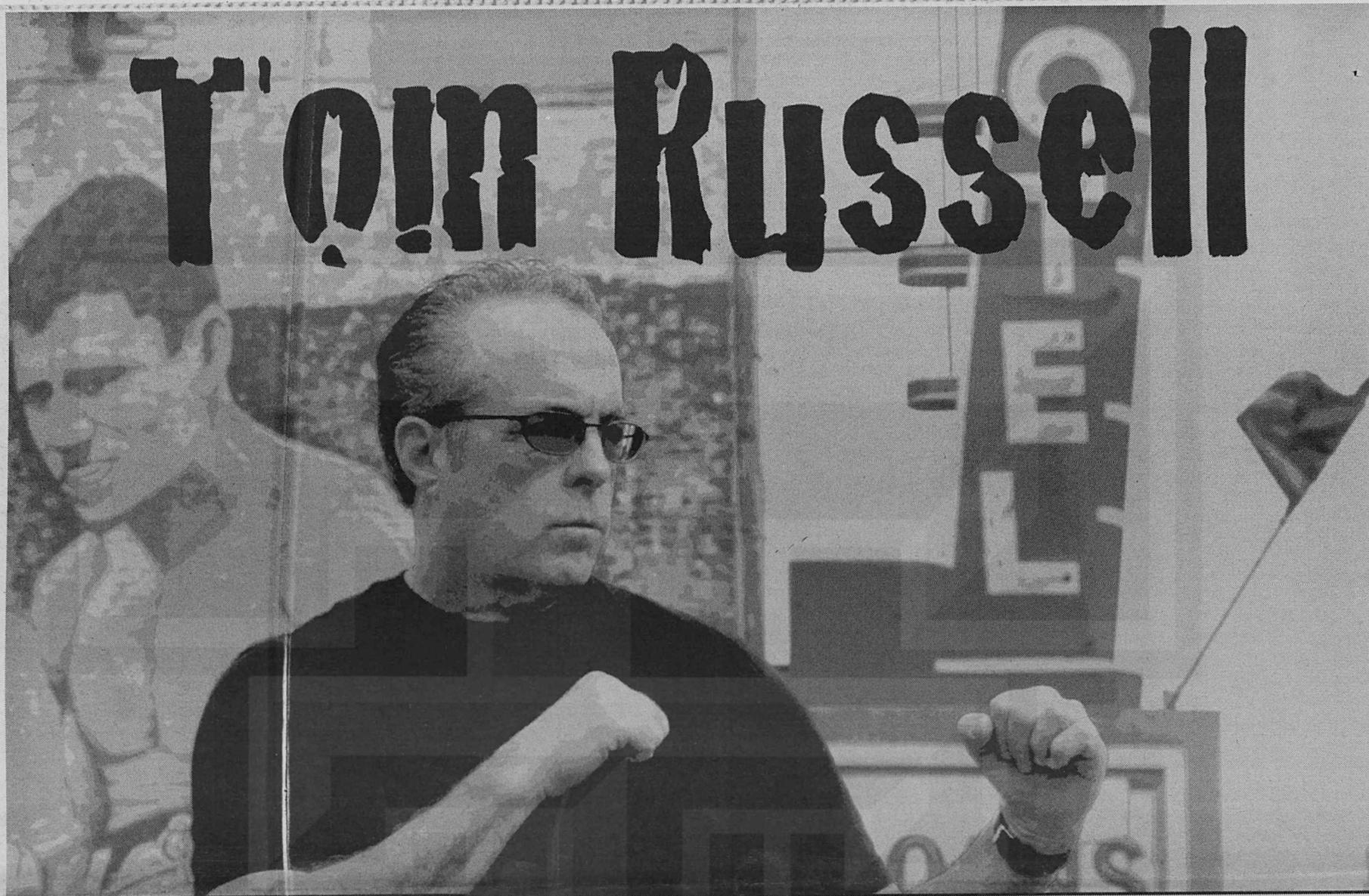
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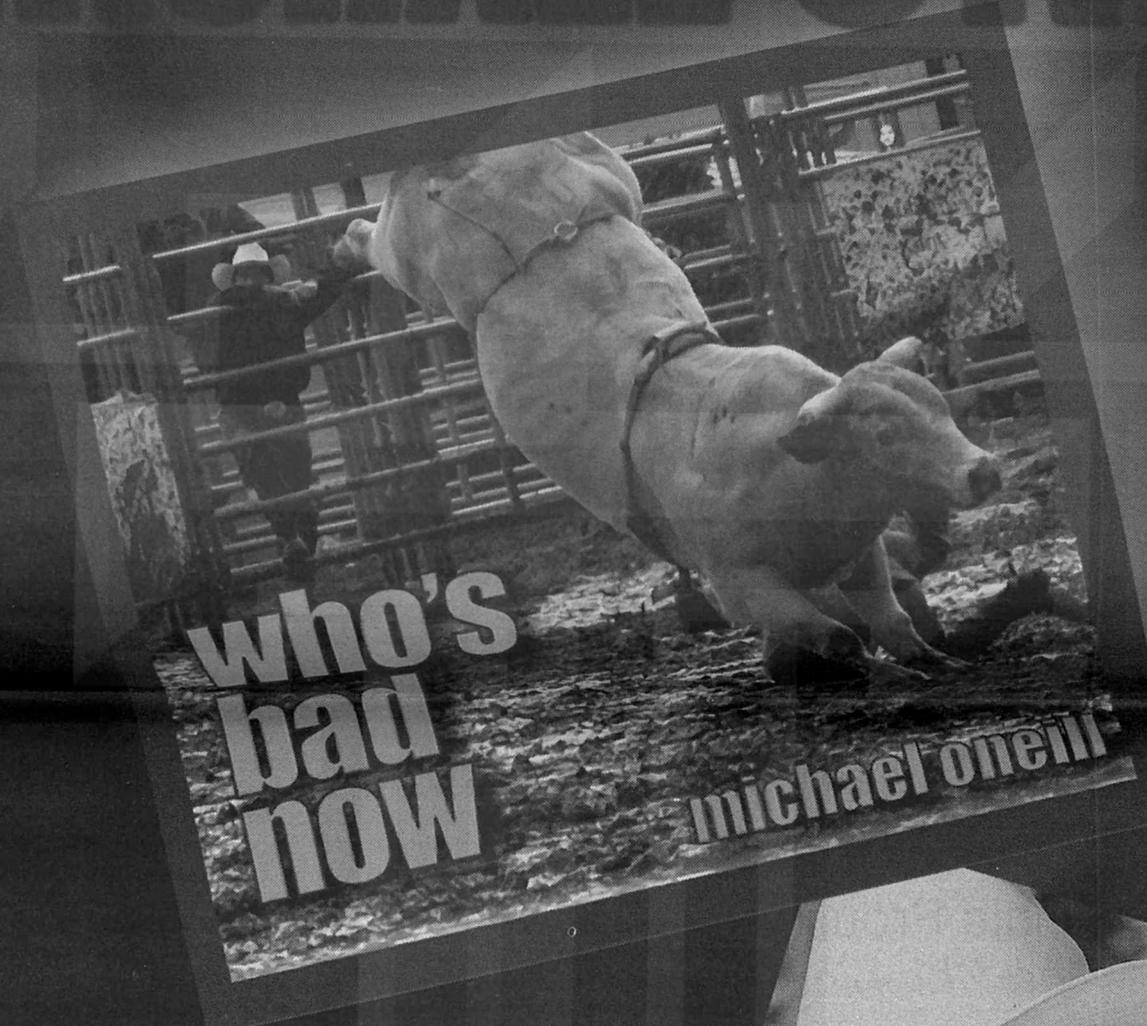


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VA • CRAZY 'BOUT AN AUTOMOBILE

(Ace [UK] ****)

Given how many CDs I get sent for review, I don't hardly write about ones I buy (more accurately, trade for), but I couldn't resist this one, which I mentioned recently in a review of another, much inferior, compilation of songs about cars. However, the two very different problems with writing about it are both fairly interesting (I think).

The first is that it's on a British label which doesn't service US publications because its releases of vintage American rock & roll, soul, funk, blues, R&B, garage rock and punk are technically not available in America. The rights to every piece of music are owned by somebody, usually, through decades of acquiring indies (many of which, in turn, had absorbed smaller indies), one of the major labels, and the economics of reissuing back catalog material dictate that foreign reissue labels either ignore copyright, as many do under the quite reasonable presumption that nobody will ever notice and if anybody does they'll fold and start up under another name, or only pay for a local licence, which means no shipping to the States. Of course, as many of you will know, Ace releases are not hard to find but that's because it and other more legitimate labels sell their CDs to wholesalers and what happens then is out of their hands. End result, the fans get the music, but we ink-stained wretches get cut out of the process.

The existence and viability of reissue labels is predicated on one simple fact, that American majors aren't too interested in niche markets for vintage music. Their reissues tend to be either of albums that did well back in the day, 'Greatest Hits' or 'Best Of...' packages or Golden Oldies, while the esoterica stays in the vaults, if, indeed, anyone at the label is even aware of it—Ace's Ted Carroll once told me that, very often, he first had to convince a major that it actually owned whatever obscure releases he was after and then dig out the masters himself. That is, if they were there to find, and hadn't been lost or, worse still, discarded. As I mentioned recently, the survival of Fern Jones' marvelous rockabilly gospel album was something of a miracle as Gulf+Western had ordered all Dot masters be destroyed, and this was not all uncommon. Eight years ago, Bill Holland wrote a highly recommended, though quite terrifying, series on major label archival problems for *Billboard* (www.billholland.net/words/vault2.html).

The other problem is that my review would have been, primarily, a love poem to Denise Ferri, Peggy Santiglia and Arleen Lanzotti of Bellville Junior High, NJ, aka The Delicates, whose *Black & White Thunderbird* is just about the coolest single I've ever heard, and the 14-year olds (their first single was *Too Young To Date*) wrote it too! Is it worth the price of an import CD? Well, I couldn't find a listing for the original 1959 release, long, I gather, highly prized by girl group aficionados, but you can get a copy of the UK 45 on London for \$60, which makes this CD look like a pretty good deal (of course, record collecting isn't altogether about the music). Miind you, in among a lot of Jan & Dean imitations (but, hey, at least they're not Beach Boys imitations), there is some other good stuff, mainly a killer guitar instrumental, *Car Hop*, by The Exports (try Googling them and see where it gets you), Jackie Brenson's *Rocket 88*, Charlie Ryan & The Timberline Riders' original *Hot Rod Lincoln* from 1955 (making its first appearance on CD) and Gene Vincent's *Why Don't You People Learn To Drive?*

The Delicates illustrate the reissue problem. Fabulous as *Black & White Thunderbird* is, the trio, which only lasted for a couple of years, was never more than locally successful, despite the efforts of legendary New York DJ Murray The K, though Santiglia can still be heard constantly on oldies radio and supermarket muzak as lead singer on The Angels' *My Boyfriend's Back* (made while she was still in High School!). Though the labels for which they recorded their seven singles, Unart, a shortlived subsidiary of United Artists, UA itself and, without Lanzotti, Roulette, all wound up being owned by EMI, it's hard to imagine anyone there getting excited about a long forgotten regional act which had one single, briefly, in the nosebleed section of the Top 100, that's only been featured on three compilations, one of them a bootleg at that, in best part of 50 years.

Things have improved somewhat since Holland's alarm call, mainly because Sony, probably because it's more aware, on a corporate level, of the value of software, took the lead, though, as Holland points out, many majors are using cheaper but potentially unreliable digital backups rather than more expensive but proven analog tapes. Still, even if the majors archive everything they own (and which still exists to be archived), this doesn't mean they'll actually release any of it. Fans of traditional country, rockabilly, Dixieland, post-war blues, classical or rock & roll alike will continue to rely on foreign labels, mainly British, German or Japanese, for their next fix. **JC**

SAM BAKER • MERCY

(Reckless ****.5)

First, I owe Baker an apology. I wrote a rave about this album when he sent me a copy of the 2004 self-release, but the computer ate it and I never got round to rewriting it. However, occasionally life hands you a second chance, and I'm Saving this sucker every inch of the way. The key to understanding Baker's compelling storytelling is his own story; in 1986, he was on a train in Peru when a Sendero Luminoso bomb exploded, killing eight and wounding 40, including Baker, whose femoral artery was slashed. "I should bled out right there." After eight hours of surgery and 17 reconstructive operations back in the US, he had to learn to play guitar left-handed and is still deaf in one ear, partially in the other. "My prior songwriting was pretty boilerplate: 'I love you, you love me, you don't love me.' After (the incident) those songs didn't make as much sense to me. I was a better observer of other people and how they lived their lives." Observation is, indeed, Baker's exceptional gift. He's been likened to Townes Van Zandt and Guy Clark, but a better comparison would be with the precision and concision (like the album itself, all his songs have one word titles) of Terry Allen's West Texas vignettes, Born and raised in Itasca, TX, now based in Austin, Baker, like John Trudell or Roxy Gordon, can barely sing, but he doesn't need to, his words do all the work—and then some. I don't recall ever calling an album powerful, let alone important, before, but *Mercy* is both. **JC**

VA • A CASE FOR CASE

A TRIBUTE TO THE SONGS OF PETER CASE

(Hungry For Music, 3 CDs ****)

Having striven to build a reputation for musical omniscience, I have to confess that, while I can give you chapter and verse on many of the admiring artists who chipped in on this tribute, the name of Pete Case is close to just that, a name. I have four tracks of his on various compilations, but none of his own albums, so I'm coming to his material not entirely cold, but somewhat underqualified. Still, even the most ardent Caseophile will have the same problem with reviewing this, it's sheer magnitude—48 tracks by as many artists, including Case himself (a live version of *Beyond The Blues*). In fact, this could just as easily be tackled as a snapshot of the current state of American singer-songwriterdom, using Case's songbook as a theme. Hayes Carll, Maura O'Connell, Lester Chambers, Tom Russell, Sam Baker, Chuck Prophet, Susan Cowsill, Chris Smither, Bob Neuwirth, Richard Buckner, Kim Richey, Victoria Williams, Dave Alvin, Joe Ely, Todd Snider, James McMurtry, Ronny Elliott, Mary Battiata, Last Train Home, Amy Rigby, Will Kimbrough, Pieta Brown, Gurf Morlix, Amelia K Spicer, Claire Holley, Gary Heffern, The Kennedys, Chris Gaffney, Steve Wynn, John Prine, Steven Jackson and Bill Kirchen are just the ones I've written about or at least know about. There are a few mildly annoying renditions, but far more truly impressive interpretations, Alvin, Elliott, Battiata and Spicer's being my faves, and if I'm a bit late to the party, I now know one thing for sure: Peter Case can sure write a song. **JC**

VA • HEARTWORN HIGHWAYS

(HackTone/Shout! Factory ****.5)

30 years ago, with one camera and one microphone, James Szalapski made almost the ultimate in 'little' movies, a documentary about a group of obscure to unknown singer-songwriters, with Gamble Rogers and the incongruous Charlie Daniels and David Allen Coe providing the closest thing to star power. Today, of course, Townes Van Zandt, Guy Clark, Rodney Crowell, Steve Earle, Steve Young and John Hiatt are far more famous than Daniels or Coe. At least as famous? Almost as famous? How about better known than they were back then? The good news about this anniversary remastering of the film's soundtrack, that took everything that was recorded for it, including songs that weren't used, is that Daniels is gone completely, as is Barefoot Jerry, and Coe's been cut back to one acoustic song, though oddly not the really rather moving *Old Man Tell Me*, and one electric. In their place are songs, several of which were included as 'bonus features' in last year's British DVD release, such as Clark's *Desperados Waiting For A Train*, Van Zandt's *Pancho & Lefty*, Hiatt's *One For The One For Me* and Earle's *The Mercenary Song*. Personally, I'd prefer a new version of the DVD which similarly eliminates Daniels and cuts back on Coe but reintegrates the unused songs and footage into the main sequence (piss on "bonus features," I say), but I guess this is the next best thing. It really is quite amazing how much use people have wrung out of Szalapski's rather scrappy little film, excerpts from which show up in Margaret Brown's *Be Here To Love Me*, reviewed this issue. **JC**

BLAME SALLY

(self ****.5)

Not that I feel singled out, I'm sure every registrant was similarly deluged, but in the weeks before the Folk Alliance conference I got swamped with emails from artists and acts pimping their official and/or unofficial showcases, including, I may say, a quite astonishing amount of smouldering come hither folk cheesecake (the guys concentrated on looking stern and serious), but the only one that intrigued me enough to actually think of seeking them out was an all-female Bay Area quartet. They just looked like they were having a blast and when I eventually stumbled across Blame Sally by pure chance, they played the same way, so engaging I could even forgive them the bongos, while Jeri Jones' acoustic lead guitar work was simply ravishing. The group ambitiously claims its music "can be described as Acoustic Americana, Folk or Adult Alternative," but its second album is pretty much folk-pop, and if some reviews reference The Indigo Girls, quotes which do them little good with me, Jones (guitar, mandolin, bass, backing vocals), Pam Delgado (songwriter, lead/backing vocals, percussion), Renee Harcourt (songwriter, lead/backing vocals, banjo, bass) and Monica Pasqual (songwriter, lead/backing vocals, piano, keyboards, accordion, melodica) have a lovely way with harmonies and melody. To be honest, I'd probably like this better if I hadn't seen them live, because their show is very much a demonstration of less is more; on the album, the multi-instrumental thing means they sometimes have too many notes and instruments getting in the way of the music, but it's still very appealing, even if I abominate 'drum programming' on principle (and wish they'd decide how to spell accordion). **JC**

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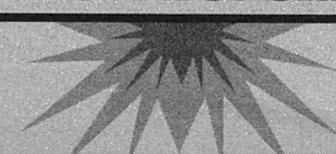
- noon - *Bex Marshall*
- 1 pm - *Nels Andrews*
- 2 pm - *John Lilly*
- 3 pm - *Stephen Clair*
- 4 pm - *Dean Owens*
- 5 pm - *Michael Weston King*
- 6 pm - *Wrinkle Neck Mules*
- 7 pm - *Shootin' Pains*

Thursday, March 16th

at the Penn Field location
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- 11:15 - Sahara Smith
- noon - Jo Carol Pierce
- 1 pm - James Hand
- 2 pm - Jimmy LaFave
- 3 pm - James Talley
with Bill Kirchen
- 3:30 - John Lilly
- 4 pm - Will T Massey
- 4:30 - Dayna Kurtz
- 5 pm - Michael Fracasso
- 5:30 - Troy Campbell, Eric Taylor &
Michael Weston King
- 7 pm - Amber Digby
- 8 pm - Sarah Borges
- 9 pm - Bill Kirchen & Too Much Fun
- 10 pm - Anna Fermin's Trigger Gospel

3rd COAST MUSIC
CAVALCADE OF STARS



HILLBILLY LANE AND ARCHER BOOKING PRESENT AT THE WEST 6TH STREET LOCATION:

Friday, March 17th

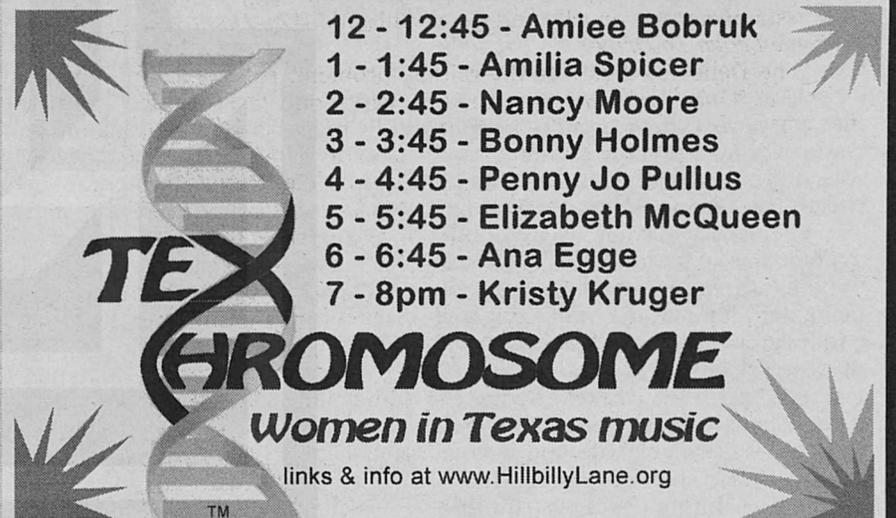
Dog & Pony Show

- 12 - 12:45: Chris Chism
- 1 - 1:45: Rick Smith
- 2 - 2:45: Dean Owens
- 3 - 3:45: Tom Gillam
- 4 - 4:45: Chrissy Flatt
- 5 - 5:45: Blue Diamond Shine
- 6 - 6:45: I See Hawks in L.A.
- 7 - 8:30: Randy Weeks, Mike Stinson & Tony Gilkyson



Saturday, March 18th

- 12 - 12:45 - Amiee Bobruk
- 1 - 1:45 - Amilia Spicer
- 2 - 2:45 - Nancy Moore
- 3 - 3:45 - Bonny Holmes
- 4 - 4:45 - Penny Jo Pullus
- 5 - 5:45 - Elizabeth McQueen
- 6 - 6:45 - Ana Egge
- 7 - 8pm - Kristy Kruger



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TOWNES VAN ZANDT

The seed that eventually blossomed into the small, though surprisingly sturdy, plant that is **3rd Coast Music**, was sown sometime in the late 70s, when the American husband of my then girlfriend's best friend played an album he'd just brought back from a trip home to Dallas. That album was **Live At The Old Quarter, Houston**, and hearing it was one of my two major life-altering experiences. The other was seeing Debra Lou at a Joe Ely show and on both occasions, I was totally smitten. I would've gladly joined Steve Earle on Bob Dylan's coffeetable to second his opinion that Townes Van Zandt was, and still is, the greatest songwriter in the world.

It took some doing and the best part of a decade, but when I moved to America in 1988, I'd managed to find copies of all the albums he'd recorded, and kept that up until his death. However, since then, gaps have opened up in my collection. Before he died, on January 1st, 1997, Van Zandt had made 16 albums, with another already scheduled for release. Today, the total is up to some 30 'main' albums and 17 compilations, and that doesn't include bootlegs or tapes, only CDs, some of very dubious provenance, that could be bought in record stores.

There is a considerable problem with these numbers. At this point, I should acknowledge the help of Townesologists Len Coop, who took my 1994 guide to Townes' discography (*MCT #56*) and has been running with it ever since (<http://ippc2.orst.edu/coopl/tvzindex.html>), and Patrick Hurley. At the most generous count, depending on whether you include *Sheriff Of Crested Butte*, which he never officially recorded but circulates in tape-swapping circles, and a few he co-wrote but didn't record, Van Zandt wrote 119 songs. In other words, he had no more than ten albums' worth of original material. Even if you throw in the 50-odd covers he recorded, that would still max out at 14 albums.

So why are there 47? Well, some of them are identical except for the title, some have the same title but different content, most have at least one "previously unreleased" track to gaff Zandtista completists (something of an oxymoron), and there are many different recordings, both studio and live, of many of the songs. Basically, however, the various labels offering Townes albums are shuffling the same deck, putting out slightly different permutations of the same material.

Which brings us to another considerable problem—why is Van Zandt on so many different labels? More fundamentally, just who signed all these different deals? Even more fundamentally, who owns Townes Van Zandt? A question with no easy answer because two people claim part of his legacy and another claims all of it. On one level, any Townes fan would surely agree it would be best if that legacy, which, depending on who you believe, is worth either potential millions or actual pennies, was under a single roof, the question is who's, because all three hold some fairly high cards.

Van Zandt's ex-wife, Jeanene, the court-appointed executrix of his estate, is also the mother of his two youngest children, who, she claims, are being defrauded of the publishing and mechanical royalties Townes signed over to her in their 1994 divorce settlement, and she's demanding all the masters. She rather weakens her case by eliding the divorce and depicting herself as Van Zandt's widow (can you even be ex-wife and widow at the same time?)—her website is dominated by a hideous symbolist painting depicting Townes as the center of a happy nuclear hippy family, which may possibly have been true at one point, but most certainly wasn't in the last few acrimonious years.

Jeanene's primary target is Kevin Eggers, on whose Poppy and Tomato labels Van Zandt's first eight albums appeared. I still hold it against Eggers that he screwed up Jimmy LaFave's career for several years, but—and it's an enormous but—recognizing Van Zandt's genius, he put out those albums when



nobody else had any interest whatsoever. It was almost 20 years after he released **For The Sake Of The Song** in 1968 before anyone else showed up at this now crowded party. Jeanene, who married Townes in 1983, depicts Eggers as a venal monster, snatching the food out her children's mouths, but plain common sense tells one that, even if he isn't a saint, he didn't get rich off LPs that sold a few thousand copies over a period of many years, which, in the music business, is only a small step up from not selling any at all.

Then there's Harold Eggers, Kevin's brother and Van Zandt's road manager, business manager, minder and flakcatcher for some 20 years, looking after him when nobody else would, least of all Jeanene. Harold had an agreement with Van Zandt that they would split the proceeds from albums of the live recordings he made, and as he recorded every show, this amounted to literally hundreds of potential releases. Jeanene, who questioned the validity of their agreement, claims that Harold has licensed substandard recordings that dilute Van Zandt's legacy, which is pretty rich coming from the woman who sponsored **Around Townes**, Jonell Mosser's tepid album of Van Zandt songs.

Jeanene Van Zandt's lawsuits and vitriolic attacks against the Eggers brothers, refusing to acknowledge that they did anything other than rip Van Zandt off, has, understandably, alienated them and also muddied the waters to the point where what was a mess when Townes died is now a snake pit from which anybody but lawyers would recoil in horror. Simplifying things somewhat, Harold Eggers, faced with the prospect of endless and expensive litigation, recently reached a settlement with Jeanene, but Kevin Eggers insists the Poppy/Tomato masters are his and his alone and he'll never turn them over to her.

All this is by way of perhaps unnecessarily deep background that may help you understand some otherwise rather cryptic remarks slipped into the documentary **Be Here To Love Me** (Palm Pictures ***.5).

Getting up to play at Van Zandt's funeral, Guy Clark remarks, "I booked this gig 37 years ago," one of the many flashes of gallows humor, most coming from Townes himself, that permeate Margaret Brown's more or less linear, unnarrated, impressionistic Portrait of the Artist as Doomed Genius. Brown doesn't play favorites, giving Jeanene and both Eggers brothers pretty much equal time, and my feeling is that Harold, the devoted sidekick, comes off best, Kevin, who can barely move round his office for boxes of Townes CDs (of which, according to Soundscan, anywhere between 40 and zero copies are sold in any given week) seems like a man with no regrets despite the shitstorm and Jeanene, well, frankly, she gives me the creeps.

Other bit players in a film dominated, naturally, by footage of Townes himself, some taken from **Heartworn Highways**, playing and making gnomonic utterances to everyone from Ralph Emery on *Nashville Now* (thanks to Willie & Merle's hit version of *Pancho & Lefty*) to unknown interviewers, are Joe Ely, Guy Clark (who all but accuses Suzanne of having a sexual relationship with Townes, in an interview taped when they were both obviously shitfaced), Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, both of Townes' other wives (Fran, JT's mother, is very lucid) and all three of his children, David Olney, Steve Earle, Leland Waddell, John Lomax III, Mickey White, Kinky Friedman and Emmylou Harris.

The film is undeniably interesting, packed with details about Townes' life that may come as a surprise to any but the most dedicated fan—I had no idea, for instance, that the one time ROTC platoon sergeant planned, during his first marriage, to join the military, but was turned down when a psychiatric evaluation diagnosed as him manic-depressive. Plan B was playing Houston clubs for grocery money and becoming a songwriting legend. However, I suspect Townes wasn't quite as much a family man as the film depicts, and, apart from a David Olney anecdote, there's no mention of the many times friends like Richard Dobson had to pinch hit for him when he was too fucked up to perform. Also, I'd be interested to learn how and why Claudia, Townes' German girlfriend, to whom he seemed devoted, was simply written out of the script as if she'd never existed.

Most all the Townes' performances in the film are snippets, interrupted by voice-overs or used as segues, but every song on the soundtrack is presented in full on **Townes Van Zandt • Be Here To Love Me** (Tomato Music, double CD ****). While the 26 tracks, plus three quotes from the film, including the chilling "I don't envision a very long life for myself. I think my life will run out before my work does, you know? I designed it that way," culled mainly from Kevin Eggers' Poppy/Tomato catalog, with a few of Harold Eggers' live cuts, doesn't set out to be a 'Best Of'—that would take the 10 CD box set, that, so far, is the one release no one has dared try—it comes pretty close.

Also a soundtrack, sort of, to the same label's 2004 DVD of the same title, **Townes Van Zandt • A Private Concert** (Varese Sarabande ****) drops the non-Townes tracks by Barb Donovan, Larry Wilson and Calvin Russell, and slightly resequences the recording, made in a Houston hotel room in 1988, when Townes was at his peak. As I said of the DVD, this is the next best thing to having him play pretty much all his 'Greatest Hits' in your sitting room.

Finally, we come to the equivocal **Townes Van Zandt • Live At The Union Chapel** (Tomato Music, double CD ***.5). I'd like to give this four flowers because, having seen a couple of disastrous shows during the same period, including one at which the Cactus Cafe's Griff Luneberg went round offering their money back to the few people who hadn't already bailed and another so embarrassing that we fled, it captures a performance that may very well be as good as it got in 1994 (rather misleadingly, the CD cover is a picture of a much younger Townes). On the other hand, I have to shave at least half a flower off because in 1994 as good as it got was a far cry from Townes at his best—this is no **Live At The Old Quarter, Houston**. Then again, if his delivery and guitar playing are often slurred and sloppy, the sound quality is excellent, much better than on any of the other posthumous live recordings, Townes has an obvious rapport with the audience and the song selection, some previewing **No Deeper Blue**, includes just about everything you'd want to hear, including an hilarious version of *Shrimp Song* (from the Elvis movie *Girls! Girls! Girls!*). Bottom line, I guess, is that this does override some unfortunate memories of Townes in decline. **JC**



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3rd Larry Lange's Lonely	24th Texas Mavericks, 10pm
Knights, 10pm	27th Liz Morphis, 7pm
7th Brennen Leigh, 6pm	28th Brennen Leigh 6pm,
10th Redd Volkaert, 10pm	Gene Taylor 7pm,
14th, Brennen Leigh 6pm,	30th Craig Toungate, 7pm
Gene Taylor 8pm	31st, Pamela Ryder, 10pm
16th George Enslie, 7pm	
17th Circuit Breakers, 10pm	

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WHY 3CM? READERS WRITE

Next month, I will be putting out the 200th issue of what has variously been called *Music City*, *Music City Texas* and **3CM**. Over the last 16 odd (very odd) years, one thing that has sustained this eccentric endeavor has been the small band of people who have loyally subscribed year after year and this seemed like a good time to find out why. I asked them how they came across the mag, what they like and don't like about it and—most importantly—which artists they first, perhaps only, learned about from my back pages. These, and Charlie Hunter's from last month, were the first responses... more next month.

JOE SPECHT

(Abilene, TX)

I picked up my first copy of what was then *Music City* (#7, March 1990, one of those little 5x8 jobbies) at Waterloo Records or Chicago House. Being an out-of-towner, a subscription was soon in order and a few years later I was able to fill in back issues (except for #3) courtesy of Mr Conquest. Anticipating the 200th issue, I pulled out my near-complete cache and spent several evenings browsing through what is now literally an archive documenting the Austin music scene since 1989 and then of course lots more than just the Capital City as the focus broadened with the name changes. A complete run of *Music City*/*Music City Texas*/**3CM** surely belongs in The Center for Texas Music History at TSU (and the librarian in me is pleased the original numbering has been retained; thus, issue #200).

No doubt future researchers will quickly ascertain that the publisher-editor is a transplanted British curmudgeon of the highest order, someone with strong—knowledgeable—opinions and the ability to rant at the drop of a guitar pick. This is of course what gives **3CM** its special flavor. In addition, Mr Conquest has been nice enough to mention my name in the 'Honest John/Johnny Conquesto/John the Revealer' column when I've sent in a correction or comment, and over the years, he's also learned how to spell Abilene correctly. His enthusiasm for a particular artist can be contagious, often resulting in my adding someone new and unheard of to the playlist: William James IV and Terry Clarke come immediately to mind. A tip of the hat, then, as the 200th issue of *Music City* etc rolls off the press. I look forward to many more to come.

RICHARD SCHWARTZ

(Moab, UT)

I first heard of the magazine in a short review in the UK publication *Folk Roots* back about 1994 (give or take), wrote away for a sample issue and have been a subscriber ever since. Except for missing FAR #1 due to a change of address, I've also been a FAR reporter since that venture started.

What I like best: tough love of 'Our Music' expressed in robust and well-written English. The criticism is honest, well-reasoned and funny as hell. I remember reading an issue that dissected a totally wrong-headed *No Depression* review of a Freakwater CD. I about fell off the toilet laughing. About 2/3rds of the time I agree with your ratings and comments on a CD. The rest of the time I don't; sometimes I like something you don't or you like something that doesn't do it for me. Enough similarity to be a good guide; enough difference to know we each have a distinct point of view.

What I don't like: Never being able to make NotSxSW. Having to wait a month for the next issue. Artists that I might not have come across but for you and your magazine: Catherine Britt, Blaze Foley, John Lilly, Mingo Saldivar, Dao Strom, Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez.

Artists we both admire enormously: Townes, Terri Hendrix, Freakwater, Mary Gauthier, James McMurtry and many others

Artists that neither of us gets: Buddy & Julie Miller.

Looking forward to the next 200.

DWIGHT THURSTON

(West Hartford, CT)

Michael Fracasso told me about **3CM** (then *Music City Texas*) about 10 years ago. He described it as 'a one-man diatribe.' The addition of Charles Earle's Nashville perspective has been fun. The beauty of **3CM** is that Johnny Conquest doesn't mince words, truly knows some shit, usually shows a keen ear for the music and is passionate about it.

LEE HAYNES/DEE KARNOFSKY

(Bar Harbor, ME)

Your magazine has been invaluable for us for years. We learned about the Lubbock folk on our own, but after them we really had no good way into the music, living up here in northern coastal Maine. We started reading *Music City Texas* when we went to our first SXSW in 1995, and began putting on Austin Acadia Connection shows here in 1996.

Basically, after we presented Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Jo Carol Pierce and Butch Hancock, the rest of the artists have been folks that we read about in your publication, bought their music to see how that worked and then caught live, usually in Austin on what became annual trips, and if they could entertain as well as sing, we attempted to have them up here. The list, as I just reviewed it includes, not inclusive, Ruthie Foster, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez, Eliza Gilkyson, Fred Eaglesmith, Tom Russell, Albert & Gage (who we love so much that we were able to persuade to come and play for our wedding this Fall), Sisters Morales, Robbie Fulks, the Wiggins Sisters, Mandy Mercier, Sheri Frushay, Edge City, Sarah Borges and Terry Allen. Without the insightful and totally honest reviews, we couldn't have had this whole experience. It's been great for us and our audience and hopefully has been fun for the artists. Hope you keep doing this forever.

KAY CLEMENTS

(Point Reyes, CA)

The mag was just getting off the ground and Bill Frater knew I'd be into it—he hooked us up and then we went to SXSW and met you at one of the venues... you, of course, invited us to NotSXSW which totally turned me onto Martí Brom. I love your take-no-prisoners approach to reviews, essays and all commentary; I love Charles Earle and I especially love that someone gives a shit what all us DJs play.

BILL WAGMAN

(Davis, CA)

I first came across **3CM** when it was *Music City Texas*, some 10 years ago. A fellow DJ at KDVS was a subscriber and showed me his copies. I was immediately taken by John's taste in music, his sometimes insightful, sometimes incisive, sometimes annoying but always honest reviews and commentary. And to think, it was a Brit writing about American roots music. A list of musicians I have learned about from **3CM** is probably longer than he has room for but then again, that is a major motivation for reading it. I've learned of many, and as to favorites, I have never been one who is able to easily compile lists of favorites, I just have too many. I enjoy reading it every month and don't have any criticisms (other than when he runs out of time and only prints a few pages). I just read it for what it is. Keep it up.

RONNY ELLIOT

(Tampa, FL)

I had heard of **3CM** and seen quotes but I had never held a copy in my hand until the first time I played Austin. I liked the format and the idea that such unsung musicians were written up but what really floored me was the pure-d meanness of the negative reviews and articles when they didn't measure up. By the time that someone brought me an issue with some mention of me, I was in a panic about what it might say. Usually my final thought as I finish up a

new record now is, 'Oh Jesus, what if ol' John Conquest doesn't like it!'

I certainly have my differences with plenty of the jerks who put out magazines covering hillbilly music but I'm a big fan of JC and his book. When he amuses me with a particular rant I'll give him a call and encourage more. Of course, I only understand about 20% of what he says and I suspect that he gets less than that out of my side. I'm particularly amused when the poor victim is some friend of mine.

ARNOLD BOECKLIN

(Austin, TX)

In the days before the Internet, and before I moved to Austin, your paper was my primary source of information on new albums and artists. Attached is a list of some of the artists that I originally learned about from you. It does not do justice as I am sure I've missed a number of artists... and I did not even try to list the albums that I learned about from you. At this point, I primarily use **3CM** to learn about new artists and CDs that are below the radar, then go on the Internet to check out the songs before downloading the ones I like. For this reason, what I like most about your newsletter is your reviews of new/re-issued CDs, the ads for CDs and real music playlists of real DJs. But I also like articles about personalities and events. What I like least are the articles and comments about mainstream performers and media as, like you, I don't give a shit about them. A good recent example of why I like **3CM** is your recent article on The Detroit Cobras. They're great and I never would have known they existed otherwise. Keep up the good work.

LEARNED OF FROM **3CM**: Most importantly, Terry Allen... plus this partial list: Adam Carroll, Barb Donovan, Bill Neely, Bobby Earl Smith, Chris Wall, Cornell Hurd Band, David Halley, Detroit Cobras, Don McCalister Jr, Don Walser, Eric Taylor, Evan Johns & His H-Bombs, Gurf Morlix, Jim Stringer, Leeann Atherton, LeRoi Brothers, Libbi Bosworth, Loose Diamonds, Rick Broussard, Martí Brom, Mary Cutrufello, Michael Fracasso, Michael Weston King, One Fell Swoop, Red Stick Ramblers, Red Dirt Rangers, Rosie Flores, Sue Foley, Tejana Dames, Terry Clarke, The Flatirons, The Lucky Pierres, Troy Campbell, True Believers, Uncle Walt's Band, William James IV.

PATRICK HURLEY

(Dublin, Ireland)

Happy 200th! (not many times you can say that!). **3CM** encompasses all I love about music. It focuses on quality artists, mostly on independent labels, across the full range of acoustic folk, country, blues et al, with intelligent, witty comment to boot. Those I first heard of through John include Troy Campbell (a revelation!), Slaid Cleaves, Hayes Carll, Betty Elders, Gurf Morlix—first rate artists all (sadly, Betty performs little these days). John once explained that the priority of the major labels is to promote what they call music (crap to you and me) to people who really have no interest in music. **3CM** does the exact opposite—and to a far greater degree than any other music magazine on the planet, bar none!

VAN DELISLE

(Chicago, IL)

About 10 years ago I visited Austin for one night. After I checked into my hotel I went out to eat and picked up a local paper called *Music City Texas* which told me I could go out that night and see some guy named Don Walser. Wow! When I got home I immediately subscribed. Where else would I have heard about Amber Digby? Or Chip & Carrie, Sarah Borges, Lydia Mendoza? Or DVDs like **Chulas Fronteras**? Even now with the internet, I still enjoy receiving the paper every month. Of course I don't always agree with JC, but I don't always agree with my wife either, and I can't live without her. Thanks John! You're the best in the business. I look forward to the next 200 issues.

GOT YOUR HIGHLIGHTER? IT'S THE 2006 UNOFFICIAL & INCOMPLETE GUIDE TO NotSXSW!

The 3rd Coast Music

Cavalcade Of Stars

& Greatest Hits

Thursday March 16th

Opal Divine's

Penn Field,

3601 S Congress

11.15 Sahara Smith

noon Jo Carol Pierce

1pm James Hand

2pm Jimmy LaFave

3pm James Talley

w/Bill Kirchen

3.30 John Lilly

4pm Will T Massey

4.30 Dayna Kurtz

5pm Michael Fracasso

5.30 Troy Campbell,

Eric Taylor

& Michael Weston King

7pm Amber Digby

8pm Sarah Borges

9pm Bill Kirchen

& Too Much Fun

10pm Anna Fermin's

Trigger Gospel

MONDAY 13th

- 7pm Elizabeth McQueen & Jason
Roberts, Threadgill's WHQ
8.30 Beaver Nelson, Opal Divine's/F

TUESDAY 14th

- 2pm Ruthie Foster, Airport
4.15 Carolyn Wonderland, Airport
6pm Warren Hood, Threadgill's WHQ
Larry Hooper, Artz
Ethan Azzarian, Jovita's
6.30 Lauren Beller, Threadgill's WHQ
Ginn Sisters, Artz
7pm Kit Holms, Threadgill's WHQ
Gary Gray, Andrew Walker w/
Kim DesChamps, Mark Ambrose,
Tamboleo
7.10 Ashleigh Flynn & Gordy Quist, Artz
7.30 Jonas Alvarez, Threadgill's WHQ
7.50 Bill Isles, Artz
8pm Rick Busby, Threadgill's WHQ
Grassy Knoll Boys, Jovita's
RC Banks, Tamboleo
8.30 Idgy Vaughan, Tamboleo
The Hudsons, Threadgill's WHQ
Molly Venter, Artz
9pm Sonny Throckmorton,
Threadgill's WHQ
Matt Hubbard, Tamboleo
9.10 Cowboy Johnson, Artz
9.30 Kevin Carroll, Tamboleo
10pm Jane Bond & Chad Tracy,
Tamboleo
10.45 Brad Brobisky, Tamboleo
11.30 Calvin Russell, Tamboleo
12.30 3 Balls Of Fire w/George Tomsco &
Jerry Cole, Tamboleo

WEDNESDAY 15th

- noon Bex Marshall, Opal Divine's/F
1pm Nels Andrews, Opal Divine's/F
Amy B, Caffeine
1.30 Life Of Pi, Yard Dog
2pm John Lilly, Opal Divine's/F
Ash Blaize, Caffeine
Big Blue Hearts, Airport
2.30 Elizabeth McQueen & The
Firebrands, Gueros
Johnny Zoom Cheerlead Squad,
Yard Dog
3pm Ronny Elliott, Yard Dog
Stephen Clair, Opal Divine's/F
War Against Sleep, Caffeine
Shifter, Cheapo
3.05 Nels Andrews, Gueros
3.15 Sawgrass Flats, Yard Dog
3.30 Christina Ball, Threadgill's WHQ
3.40 Moonlight Towers, Gueros
4pm Ronny Elliot, Yard Dog
Dean Owens, Opal Divine's/F
The Sidehill Gougers,
Threadgill's WHQ
Bex Marshall, Caffeine
Raven, Cheapo
4.15 Ana Egge, Gueros
Rebekah Pulley & The Reluctant
Prophets, Yard Dog
Redd Volkaert & Cindy Cashdollar,
Airport
4.50 AJ Roach, Gueros

- 5pm Michael Weston King,
Opal Divine's/F
Ronny Elliott, Yard Dog
Avenue Elle, Caffeine
Paris Motel, Mean-Eyed Cat
Brilliant Mistakes, Cheapo
515 Gumbi Ortiz, Yard Dog
5.25 Beaver Nelson, Gueros
6pm Wrinkle Neck Mules, Opal Divine's/F
Steve Wynn & The Miracle 3,
Yard Dog
Michelle Anthony, Cheapo
Milton Mapes, Gueros
Steve Taylor, Artz
LeatherBag, Caffeine
6.30 The Hudsons, Artz
6.35 Matt The Electrician, Gueros
6.45 Taylor Hollingsworth, Jovita's
7pm Dave Insley, Cheapo
Shootin' Pains, Opal Divine's/F
Jack Burton/Brady Muckelroy,
Caffeine
7.10 Eric Hisaw Band, Gueros
Stefani Fix, Artz
7.45 Michael Fracasso, Gueros
7.50 Lenore, Artz
8pm Betty Soo, Flipnotics
Larry Lange's Lonely Knights,
Jovita's
Craig Marshall, Caffeine
Pamela Ryder, Mean-Eyed Cat
Matt The Electrician, Cafe Mundi
8.20 Nathan Hamilton, Gueros
8.30 Andy Van Dyke, Artz
9pm A Band Named Sue, Mean-Eyed Cat
9.10 Lisa Bastoni & Naomi Summers,
Artz
9.30 Goodman County, Mother Egan's
10.15 Glossary, Mother Egan's
11.15 I Can Lick Any SOB In The House,
Mother Egan's
12.15 Two Cow Garage, Mother Egan's
1.15 The Sun, Mother Egan's

THURSDAY 16th

- 11am Sahara Smith, Opal Divine's/PF
noon Jo Carol Pierce, Opal Divine's/PF
Twangfest/KDHX-FM Party;
Tripwires, Eef Barzelay, Lucero,
Marah, Jolie Holland, Adrienne
Young & Little Sadie, Milton
Mapes, Otis Gibbs, Glossary,
Jovita's
noon-5pm 4th Annual Roky Erickson Ice
Cream Social ; Roky Erickson &
The Explosives, Minus 5 w/Peter
Buck. Powell St John, Troy
Campbell, The Texcentrics &
more, Threadgill's WHQ
Oh No Not Stereo, Guero's
1pm James Hand, Opal Divine's/PF
Pam Miller, Caffeine
Zack Hexum, Guero's
Bill Ricchini, Cheapo
2pm Jimmy LaFave, Opal Divine's/PF
Otis Gibbs, Ginger Man

Kirchen, Rosie Flores + Cowboys & Indians + Jason Arnold & The Stepsiders, Texicalli

10.40 **Jackie Cottle, Guero's**
 11am **Big Blue Heart, Cheapo**
 11.30 **Gurf Morlix, Threadgill's WHQ**
Joe Kowan, Guero's
 noon **Aimee Bobruk, Opal Divine's/F**
Tennessee Boltsmokers, Cheapo
Jed & Kelly, Cheapo
 noon-6 **Twangfest/KDHX-FM/Undertow**
Records Party, Magnolia
Summer, Two Cow Garage. The
Drams, The Long Winters, Steve
Dawson, Kelly Hogan, Waterloo,
Love Experts, Amazing Pilots,
Jovita's

12.30 **Two High String Band,**
 Threadgill's WHQ
Friends Of Rock & Roll, Guero's

12.45 **Cooper's Uncle, Cheapo**
 1pm **Amilia K Spicer, Opal Divine's/F**
Jason Daniello, Caffeine
Matt The Electrician, Ginger Man

1.25 **Lanky, Guero's**
 1.30 **Susan Cowsill, Threadgill's WHQ**
Grassy Knoll Boys, Cheapo
 1.45 **Nathan Hamilton, Ginger Man**
 2pm **Nels Andrews, Caffeine**
Rosanne Cash, Waterloo Records
Nancy Moore, Opal Divine's/F
The Texcentrics, Antone's RS
Grave Danger, Cheapo

2.15 **Matt Harlan, Guero's**
 2.30 **Sarah Borges, Threadgill's WHQ**
Seela, Ginger Man
 3pm **Bonny Holmes, Opal Divine's/F**
Horton Brothers & Friends, Cheapo
Nada Surf, Waterloo Records
Kris McKay, Jo's
AJ Roach, Caffeine
Ave Elle, Flipnotics
The Ugly Beats, Antone's RS

3.15 **Program, Guero's**
Hilary York, Ginger Man
 4pm **Penny Jo Pullus, Opal Divine's/F**
Eve Monsees & The Exiles,
 Antone's RS
Rogue Wave, Waterloo Records
Gary Jules, Jo's
Dean Owens, Caffeine
Shawn Nelson, Ginger Man
Pistol Love Family Band, Flipnotics

4.15 **Gordy Quist, Guero's**
 4.45 **Ernie Ernst, Ginger Man**
 5pm **Elizabeth McQueen, Opal Divine's/F**
Freddie Steady 5, Antone's RS
Little Pink, Flipnotics
Brandi Shearer & Robin Nolan,
 Waterloo Records
Amy Cook, Jo's
The Spores, Caffeine
Texas Sapphires, Cheapo

5.15 **Little Brother Project, Guero's**
 5.30 **Ginger Leigh Band, Ginger Man**
 6pm **Eric Hisaw, Hole In The Wall**
Ana Egge, Opal Divine's/F
Tift Merritt, Jo's
Cooper's Uncle, Flipnotics
Jose Gonzalez, Waterloo Records
Joe & Ellen, Artz

Sara Van Buskirk, Caffeine
Sal Valentino, Antone's RS
Heavenly States, Cheapo

6.10 **Melissa Ferrick, Threadgill's WHQ**
 6.15 **Clif Confident, Guero's**
 6.30 **Frank Meyer, Artz**
 6.35 **Unka Munka, Ginger Man**
 6.55 **Jude, Threadgill's WHQ**
 7pm **Kristy Kruger, Opal Divine's/F**
Rosie Flores, Hole In The Wall
Peter Case, Jo's
Shandon Sahn, Cheapo
Jude Ross, Caffeine
Magic Christian, Antone's RS
Combo Mahalo, Flipnotics

7.10 **Sarah Elizabeth Campbell, Artz**
 7.40 **Gary Jules, Threadgill's WHQ**
 7.15 **Petesimple, Guero's**
 7.50 **Mike Austin, Artz**
 8pm **I See Hawks In LA, Opal Divine's/PF**
Boxcar Preachers, Flipnotics
Snowbyrd, Hole In The Wall
Tom Gillam, Waterloo Ice House
Lynda Kay, Mean-Eyed Cat
El Tule, Caffeine

8.15 **Beggar Street Social, Guero's**
 8.25 **The Mezz, Threadgill's WHQ**
 8.30 **David Scher, Artz**
 9pm **Grassy Knoll Boys, Flipnotics**
The Tombstones, Hole In The Wall
Michael Lilli, Mean-Eyed Cat
Doc Marshalls, Waterloo Ice House

9.10 **Albert & Gage, Artz**
Stan Ridgeway, Threadgill's WHQ
 9.15 **Snake Oil Merchants, Guero's**
 9.55 **I Can Lick Any SOB In The House,**
 Threadgill's WHQ
 10pm **Randy Weeks, Tony Gilkyson &**
Mike Stinson, Opal Divine's/PF
Uncle Earl, Flipnotics
James McMurtry, Jovita's (\$12)
Pat Todd & The Rank Outsiders,
 Hole In The Wall
Sidehill Gougers, Waterloo Ice House

10.30 **Jon Christopher Davis,**
 Waterloo Ice House
 10.40 **Friends Of Lizzy, Threadgill's WHQ**
 11pm **Morrison-Williams,**
 Waterloo Ice House
 11.25 **33 West, Threadgill's WHQ**
 11.30 **Grayson Capps, Waterloo Ice House**
 midnight **100 Year Flood, Flipnotics**
 12.10 **Lustra, Threadgill's WHQ**

SUNDAY 19th

12.30 **Sinners Brunch with The Jo's**
House Band, Jo's
 1pm **Colin Gilmore, Airport**
 2pm **Rick Broussard's Two Hoots & A**
Holler, The Oaks
Ridgetop Syncopators,
 Freedom Oaks
Gina Lee, Antone's RS

2.30 **Trent Turner, Freedom Oaks**
 3pm **Rick Shea, The Oaks**
Shelley King, Freedom Oaks

3.15 **Kathy McCarty, Airport**
 3.30 **Kim DesChamps & Andrew**
Walker, Freedom Oaks
 4pm **James Intveld, The Oaks**
Thomas Dybdahl, Freedom Oaks

4.30 **Texas Sapphires, Freedom Oaks**
 5pm **Rosie Flores, The Oaks**
Matt The Electrician, Caffeine
Leeann Atherton, Freedom Oaks
Abi Tapia, Flipnotics

5.30 **Michael Weston King, Freedom Oaks**
 6pm **Dave Insley w/Amanda**
Cunningham, The Oaks
Southpaw Jones, Caffeine
Erik Hanke, Flipnotics

6.15 **100 Year Flood, Freedom Oaks**
 6.45 **Kevin Montgomery, Freedom Oaks**
 7pm **James Hand, The Oaks**
Tommy Castro Band, Freedom Oaks
Craig Marshall, Flipnotics

8pm **The Seatsniffers, The Oaks**
Jed & Kelly, Flipnotics

8.15 **Carolyn Wonderland, Freedom Oaks**
 9pm **The Real Ones, Freedom Oaks**
Tennessee Boltsmokers, Flipnotics

9.45 **The Addictions, Freedom Oaks**
 10pm **Pub Rock Hoot Night,**
 Hole In The Wall

VENUES

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Flipnotics 1601 Barton Springs (480-TOGO)
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Gueros 1412 S Congress ()
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 (477-4747)

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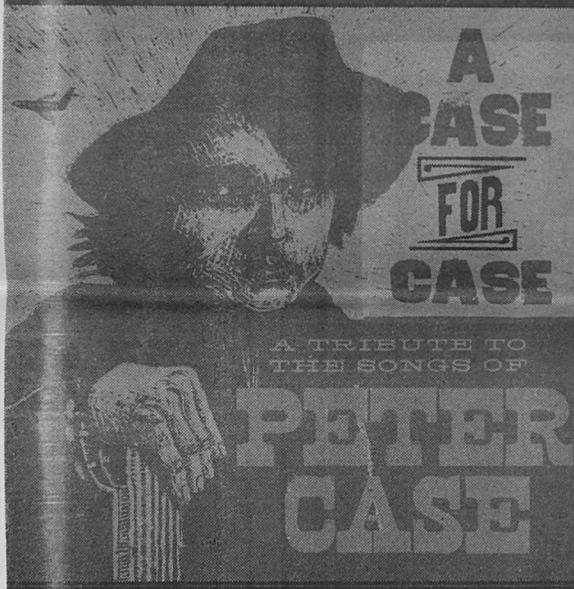
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Elana James & The Continental
 Two, Airport
Peter Salett, Caffeine
Trances Arc, Guero's
Asobi Seksu, Cheapo
 2.30 **Adrienne Young**, Ginger Man
 3pm **James Talley w/Bill Kirchen**,
 Opal Divine's/PF
Eric Hisaw, Cheapo
Go!Team, Waterloo Records
Don Piper, Caffeine
Sorta, Guero's
 3.15 **Andy Hersey**, Ginger Man
 3.30 **John Lilly**, Opal Divine's/PF
3 Balls Of Fire w/George Tomsco &
Jerry Cole, Antone's RS
 4pm **Will T Massey**, Opal Divine's/PF
Chrissy Flatt, Cheapo
Slick Ballinger, Waterloo Records
The Silos, Caffeine
The Ark, Guero's
 4.15 **Jade Day**, Airport
 4.30 **Dayna Kurtz**, Opal Divine's/PF
 4.45 **Ed Petterson**, Ginger Man
 5pm **Michael Fracasso**, Opal Divine's/PF
Amanda Cunningham, Brentwood
Kacy Crowley, Jo's
Bruce Callow, Lair Upstairs
Odiorne, Cheapo
Wolfmother, Waterloo Records
Dave Doobinin, Caffeine
Your Horrible Smile, Guero's
The Lovetones, Antone's RS
 5.30 **Troy Campbell, Michael Weston**
King & Eric Taylor, Opal Divine's/PF
Scott Kempner, Ginger Man
 5.40 **Case 150**, Lair Upstairs
 5.45 **Genuine Cowhide**, Brentwood
 6pm **Elana James & The Continental**
 Two, Jo's
Karen Abrahams, Artz
The Silos, Cheapo
Danny Malone, Waterloo Records
Jennifer Jackson, Caffeine
The Prix, Guero's
The Quarter After, Antone's RS
 6.20 **Andrew Vladeck**, Lair Upstairs
 6.30 **Dave Insley**, Brentwood
Pamela Ryder, Artz
Rocco Delucca, Threadgill's WHQ
 7pm **Amber Digby**, Opal Divine's/PF
Anna Fermin's Trigger Gospel,
 Flipnotics
Gary Primich, Jo's
3 Balls Of Fire w/George Tomsco &
Jerry Cole, Cheapo
Jefferson Pepper, Lair Upstairs
Bruce James, Caffeine
The Revivals, Guero's
The Vandelles, Antone's RS
 7.10 **Amilia K Spicer**, Artz
 7.15 **Rick Shea**, Brentwood
 7.40 **Blue Diamond Shine**, Lair Upstairs
 7.50 **Thomson & Adamson**, Artz
 8pm **Sarah Borges**, Opal Divine's/PF
Cornell Hurd Band, Jovita's
The Weary Boys, Jo's
Tom Ovans, Mean-Eyed Cat
Jenny Reynolds, Flipnotics
The Seatsniffers, Brentwood

Rowan Brothers, Artz
Tom Freund, Caffeine
Dumbluck, Guero's
Matthe Hebert, Cheapo
 8.20 **Larry Lange's Lonely Knights**,
 Lair Upstairs
 8.30 **Danny Malone**, Threadgill's WHQ
 9pm **Bill Kirchen & Too Much Fun**,
 Opal Divine's/PF
Elizabeth McQueen, Flipnotics
The Small Stars, Jo's
Steamroller, Mean-Eyed Cat
 9.10 **Steve Carter**, Artz
 9.25 **Hawk**, Lair Upstairs
 10pm **Anna Fermin's Trigger Gospel**,
 Opal Divine's/PF
Cosmic Dust Devils, Flipnotics
The Gourds, Threadgill's WHQ (\$10)

FRIDAY 17th

11am **Parlour Boys**, Cheapo
 11.30 **Silver Thistle Pipe & Drum Corps**,
 Opal Divine's/F
 noon **Chris Chism**, Opal Divine's/F
Little Willies, Waterloo Records
Paisley Close, Opal Divine's/F
Dressy Bessy, Cheapo
 1pm **Rick Smith**, Opal Divine's/F
Pat Todd & The Rank Outsiders,
 Cheapo
Chris The Loser, Caffeine
The Capes, Threadgill's WHQ
 1.40 **Magic Christian**, Threadgill's WHQ
 1.50 **Rich Brotherton & Ed Miller**,
 Opal Divine's/F
 2pm **Steven Clair**, Caffeine
Beth Orton, Waterloo Records
Dean Owens, Opal Divine's/F
Giff Metcalf, Ginger Man
South Filthy, Antone's RS
Big Blue Hearts, Cactus Cafe
Mother Hips, Cheapo
 2.20 **Walter Clevenger & The Dairy**
Kings, Threadgill's WHQ
 2.30 **Sarah Harmer**, Cactus Cafe
 3pm **Tom Gillam**, Opal Divine's/F
Laura Freeman, Flipnotics
Allen Oldies Band, Jo's
Tres Chicas, Cactus Cafe
KT Tunstall, Waterloo Records
Brother James & The Choir,
 Ginger Man
Nick The Waiter, Caffeine
Rice Moorehead, Antone's RS
Three Fine Lines, Cheapo
 3.20 **Luke Doucet**, Threadgill's WHQ
 3.30 **Traveler**, Opal Divine's/F
Marty Stuart & His Fabulous
Superlatives, Cactus Cafe
 4pm **Chrissy Flatt**, Opal Divine's/F
Jeb Loy Nichols, Threadgill's WHQ
Goblin Cock, Waterloo Records
Jed & Kelly, Ginger Man
Rachel Lynn, Caffeine
The Black, Antone's RS
Patterson Hood, Cactus Cafe
The Step Brothers, Cheapo
 4.30 **Teddy Thompson**, Cactus Cafe
 4.40 **Beth Garner**, Threadgill's WHQ
 5pm **Robyn Ludwick**, Jo's
Sunny Sweeney Band, Brentwood

The Bellyachers, Cheapo
People In Planes, Waterloo Records
Beth Orton, Cactus Cafe
Combo Mahalo, Ginger Man
Blue Diamond Shine, Opal Divine's/F
 5.10 **Shoulders**, Opal Divine's/F
 5.20 **Lucky Tomblin Band**,
 Threadgill's WHQ
 5.30 **Teri Joyce & The Tagalongs**,
 Brentwood
Golden Boys, Antone's RS
 6pm **Mandy Mercier**, Guero's
I See Hawks In LA, Opal Divine's/F
Twangzilla, Brentwood
David Newbould, Flipnotics
Lady Sovereign, Waterloo Records
The Moonhangers, Jo's
Amy Speace, Artz
Window, Caffeine
 6.30 **Jon Emery**, Artz
Ted Roddy & The Original
Tearjoint Troubadours, Brentwood
 7pm **Elizabeth McQueen**, Jo's
Randy Weeks, Mike Stinson &
Tony Gilkyson, Opal Divine's/F
Brennen Leigh, Brentwood
Nathan Hamilton, Flipnotics
Carolyn Mark, Cheapo
Jayson Bales, Jovita's
Luna Tart, Caffeine
Katydids, Mean-Eyed Cat
 7.10 **Zoe Lewis**, Artz
 7.30 **The Hummingbirds**, Brentwood
 7.50 **Jenny Yates**, Artz
 8pm **Billy Joe Shaver**, Jo's
T Jarrod Bonta Trio, Brentwood
Texas Sapphires, Jovita's
Patty Hurst Shifter, Caffeine
Stillwater Pioneers, Mean-Eyed Cat
Matt The Electrician, Flipnotics
Controller Controller, Cheapo
 8.30 **Sisters Morales**, Artz
Karen Poston & The Crystal Pistols
w/Brennen Leigh, Brentwood
A Case for Case: A Tribute to the
Songs of Peter Case CD Release &
Hungry for Music Benefit with
Peter Case, Joe Ely, James
McMurtry, Bill Kirchen, Peter
Mulvey, Pieta Brown, Jeffrey
Foucault, Mary Battiata, Amilia K
Spicer + special guests, Cactus Cafe
 9pm **Jim Stringer & The AM Band**,
 Brentwood
Tres Chicas, Caffeine
Michael Fracasso, Flipnotics
James Hand, Jovita's
James Intveld, Ginny's
Shithowdy!, Mean-Eyed Cat
 9.10 **Danny Britt & Red Dawg**, Artz
 9.30 **Roger Wallace**, Brentwood
 10pm **Beaver Nelson**, Flipnotics
Mother Truckers, Jovita's
 11pm **Southpaw Jones**, Flipnotics
Lucas Hudgins, Jovita's
 midnight **Colin Gilmore**, Flipnotics

SATURDAY 18th

 9.50 **Mel & Kim**, Guero's
 10.30ish **Cornell Hurd Band con Johnny**
Bush, Frankie Miller, Bill

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SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH

6:00 PM

**ERIC
HISAW**

**ROSIE
FLORES**

7:00 PM

8:00 PM

SNOWBYRD

**SAUSTEX
MEDIA**

**THE
TOMB-
STONES**

9:00 PM

10:00 PM

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- FRI MARCH 17, 8:30 PM - CACTUS CAFE CD RELEASE, "A CASE FOR CASE" 24TH & GUADALUPE
- SAT MARCH 18, 5 PM - FLIPNOTICS 1603 BARTON SPRINGS



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T. Jarrod Quartet
Karen Poston & the Crystal Pistols
Jim Stringer & the AM Band
Roger Wallace

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10:20 Kris Kristofferson
10:30 Hurricane Surf Exhibit
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11am Stephen Bruton
1pm Merrill Lane & Ken Cunningham
3pm Roy Cox & Bobby Donaho
5pm Silverfox
7pm Sunny Ozuna & Freddie
Martinez, Sr

8pm, The Executive Surf Club
Kris Kristofferson
Stephen Bruton opens
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MUSIC & ART FESTIVAL!

11am Mundi Ensemble
1pm Billy Eli
3pm Mike Blakely
5pm Zakary Thaks
7pm Todd Potter Band

8:30pm The Executive Surf Club
Aloha Dave & The Tourists

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6 pm - Warren Hood
6:30 pm - Lauren Beller
7 pm - Kit Holmes
7:30 pm - Jonas Alvarez
8 pm - Rick Busby
8:30 pm - Hudsons
9 pm - Sonny Throckmorton

WED. 3/15

3:30 pm - Christina Bell
4:00 pm - The Sidehill Gougers

WED. 3/15

10 PM - **BOB SCHNEIDER'S
TX BLUEGRASS MASSACRE**
9 pm - Joseph Langham

THURS. 3/16

12 PM - **ROKY ERICKSON'S ICE CREAM SOCIAL**

Roky and the Explosives
Minus 5 (Peter Buck & Scott McCaughey)
Powell St. John
Secret Machines
Magic Christian
Troy Campbell
Rachel Loy
The Texcentrics

THURS. 3/16 **IRONWORKS SHOWCASE**

6:30 pm - Rocco Deluca
8:30 pm - Danny Malone

THURS. 3/16
10 PM - **THE GOURDS**

FRI. 3/17

BURNSIDE DISTRIBUTION CORPORATION SHOWCASE

1 pm - The Capes
1:40 pm - Magic Christian
2:20 pm - Walter Clevenger & the Dairy Kings
3:20 pm - Luke Doucet
4 pm - Jeb Loy Nichols
4:40 pm - Beth Garner
5:20 pm - Lucky Tomblin Band



FRI. 3/17

11 PM - **BOB SCHNEIDER'S LONELYLAND**

8 pm - Maren Morris
9 pm - Eric H.
9:45 pm - Billy Harvey

SAT. 3/18

BLUE CORN MUSIC SHOWCASE



11:30 am - Gurf Morlix
12:30 pm - Two High String Band
1:30 pm - Susan Cowsill
2:30 pm - Sarah Borges

SAT. 3/18

CD BABY SHOWCASE



6:10 pm - Melissa Ferrick
6:55 pm - Jude
7:40 pm - Gary Jules
8:25 pm - The Mezz
9:10 pm - Stan Ridgeway
9:55 pm - I Can Lick any SOB in the House
10:40 pm - Friends of Lizzy
11:25 pm - 33 West
12:10 pm - Lustra

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 4pm James Intveld
 5pm Rosie Flores
 6pm Dave Insley w/Amanda Cunningham
 7pm James Hand
 8pm Seatsniffers

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 March 31 South Austin Jug Band, 8pm
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WEDNESDAY MARCH 15TH

3pm:	Shifter	6pm:	Michelle Anthony
4pm:	Raven	7pm:	Dave Insley
5pm:	Brilliant Mistakes		

THURSDAY MARCH 16TH

11am:	TBA	4pm:	Chrissy Flatt
noon:	TBA	5pm:	Odiome
1pm:	Bill Ricchini	6pm:	The Silos
2pm:	Asobi Seksu	7pm:	Three Balls of Fire with Guitar legends: George Tomsco and Jerry Cole
3pm:	Eric Hisaw	8pm:	Three Ball Matthe Hebert

FRIDAY MARCH 17TH

11am:	Palour Boys	LICORICE TREE RECORDS PRESENTS	
noon:	Dressy Bessy	3pm:	Thee Fine Lines
		4pm:	The Step Brothers
		5pm:	The Bellachers
1pm:	Pat Todd and Rankoutsiders	MINT RECORDS PRESENTS:	
2pm:	Mother Hips	6pm:	TBA
		7pm:	carolyn Mark
		8pm:	Controller Controller

SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH:

11am:	Big Blue Heart	3-4pm:	The Horton Brothers and Friends! Joining the Brothers are: Shaun Young, Laren Marie, Bear, Derek Peterson, and more
GENUINE RECORDING MUSIC PRESENTS		5pm:	Texas Sapphires
noon:	Tennessee Bolt Smokers (Memphis TN)	6pm:	The Heavenly States
12:45:	Coopers Uncle		
1:30:	Grassy Knoll Boys		
2pm:	Grave Danger	7pm:	Shandon Sahn

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B-SIDES GOES TO THE MOVIES Great Soundtracks

About this time every year, John suggests I use my column to rip Nashville a new asshole. He wants a State of the Country address, but you know what, things just aren't that bad at the present time.

I wrote my first column about country music in May, 1995. At the time, our industry here in Nashville was just beginning a decline from its most successful period ever. I observed and commented as the biz slumped, crashed and burned, and lost pretty much every shred of Music Row's artistic credibility in the process. As a fan, it was a difficult thing to watch.

Fast forward to spring of 2006, and things look a whole lot better. Country record sales have risen in recent years thanks to a return to more traditional sounding artists. The labels aren't as guilty as they were in the late 90s of putting all of their might behind one mega-selling artist, and this has resulted in a number of new and interesting performers. And it is also worth mentioning that there are more radio stations in America playing country music than any other musical format. Currently, 2042 stations are playing country, and that number is the result of a steady increase in recent years.

So instead of ranting this month I want to talk movies. More specifically, I want to share my thoughts on music that has made the movie-going experience more pleasurable for me over the last 20 years or so. Since its Oscar time, the closeted movie critic in me just couldn't help it.

Let me begin by posing the question of what makes for a great movie soundtrack album? Ideally, I think that it should contain a collection of music that has captured the spirit of and enhanced the quality of a film. As a result, it becomes an extension of the film itself. If people have connected with what they have seen and heard in the theater, they should be tempted to go out and buy a soundtrack album that furthers the experience.

The most populist examples of this scenario would be the soundtracks from **Saturday Night Fever** and **The Big Chill**. It seemed like everyone on the planet owned the soundtrack from Travolta's disco opus in the late 70s, while you couldn't set foot in the house of a yuppie in the mid-80s without hearing all of that Motown sound (this suggests that the most popular soundtracks capture the spirit of a particular musical era, but that's another very long article).

For me, the best soundtrack albums fall into two categories: 1) A group of songs that actually made a movie a better experience, and 2) Just a really good

CHARLES EARLE'S B-Sides

collection of songs that happen to be on the same album together. Everything that follows should fit nicely into either category. And without further adieu, here is my list of some of my favorite soundtracks.

Purple Rain For me, it's one of the questions that defines my generation. Where were you the first time that you heard *When The Doves Cry*? I was in the attic of my parents' house banging on a drum kit and wearing a pair of headphones that were tuned to the local radio station. When the first single from Prince's movie soundtrack came on the air, I knew something very different was being presented. The album and wildly popular movie presented a hybrid of funk and rock that seemed to grab hold of music and movie fans. As a result, Prince joined Michael Jackson and Bruce Springsteen as the biggest stars of the 80s.

Pulp Fiction It's hard to think of too many movies where the soundtrack is more effective in enhancing the quality of the film itself than this. Without the frantic energy of the classic surf music or the well-chosen oldies, the movie would not have had the same feel. New songs from Maria McKee and Urge Overkill were certainly worthy of their place on the album, but without Dick Dale's *Misirlou* or Kool & The Gang's *Jungle Boogie*, would it have been nearly as much fun to watch?

Do The Right Thing Sometimes one song can make or break a movie soundtrack. In this case, you can certainly listen and enjoy the fine work from technoreggae act Steel Pulse, vocal group Take 6 or the talented Ruben Blades, but it's the angry stomp of Public Enemy's *Fight The Power* that fit so perfectly into Spike Lee's least preachy film.

Singles In a film that was to serve as a celluloid coming out party for the Seattle grunge scene, Minnesota's Paul Westerberg blew the northwesterners away with his first post-Replacements efforts. *Dyslexic Heart* and *Waiting For Somebody* are still among his best solo work, but this early Cameron Crowe film also featured Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Mudhoney and Smashing Pumpkins on the soundtrack album.

The Commitments How can you not love this happy little film about a bunch of drunken Irish club kids who put together a killer R&B act to take the misery out of everyday life? This soundtrack features wonderful covers of *Take Me To The River*, *Try A Little Tenderness* and *Destination Anywhere*. Nashvillians Steve Cropper and Chips Moman were certainly happy about the big sales of this album, as they both had two co-writes on it.

Magnolia A very strange and occasionally wonderful three hour-plus movie that came out in late 1999, which features nine new songs from the overwhelming and often overlooked Aimee Mann. *Save Me* garnered Mann an Oscar nomination in the Best Original Song category, though I think *Wise Up* is easily the best song on the record. It would probably have gotten the nomination instead were it not for the incredibly weird scene where the each character in the film is shown singing along with the chorus. At least it wasn't playing when the frogs started falling out of the sky.

Grace Of My Heart An obscure film with a wonderful soundtrack that featured the first recorded collaboration between Burt Bacharach and Elvis Costello. Their work on *God Give Me Strength* is stunning, but the movie is a period piece about a 60's Brill Building songwriter that also features period-sounding work from Shawn Colvin, J Mascis and Jill Sobule.

Valley Girl The first of many teen movies in the 80s to feature alternative music in the soundtrack showcased Nicholas Cage in his initial starring role. Included on the soundtrack are *A Million Miles Away* and *Oldest Story In The World* from Peter Case's band The Plimsouls, as well as cuts from Josie Cotton, The Flirts, The Psychedelic Furs and Modern English. By the way, the story line for this movie is pretty much identical to that of **Pretty In Pink**, except the guy is the poor punk and the girl is popular.

Pretty In Pink The story line may have been ripped off, but the soundtrack was pretty good. *Left Of Center* from Suzanne Vega and *Do What You Do* from INXS were both very enjoyable songs, and there were also early cuts from The Smiths, New Order and Echo & The Bunnymen. The funniest thing about the album was hearing a re-worked version of The Psychedelic Furs' *Pretty In Pink*. You can just imagine that some movie executive heard Richard Butler's vocals on the original recording and said it had to fixed or the song wasn't going in the movie. Thus, you hear the 'cleaned up' version that runs during the credits of this film.

Falling From Grace An obscure movie from 1992 that starred, and was directed by, rocker John Mellencamp. I wouldn't exactly suggest it for movie night at your house this week or anything, but the soundtrack had some great stuff. John Prine, who played a small role in the film, contributed *All The Best*. Janis Ian is featured with *Days Like These*. Nanci Griffith, Dwight Yoakam and Lisa Germano also have songs on the album. Additionally, Mellencamp assembled a roots 'supergroup' of himself, Yoakam, Prine, Joe Ely and James McMurtry under the name Buzzin' Cousins to record *Sweet Suzanne*. There is also a fantastic song called *Hold Me Like You Used To Do* from a band called QKUMBRZ. I know absolutely nothing about this group, but it is a great song.

To Live & Die In LA The title cut from, of all people, Wang Chung was a riveting piece of music in the midst of a very creepy movie. The driving soundtrack helped heighten the tension while William Peterson broke rules and consorted with every low-life in Los Angeles in an effort to bring down a counterfeiter. It may sound a little dated, but I still enjoy it.

Times Square Another very obscure soundtrack for you. This one was about a New York punk-rocker chick, and a society girl who runs away from her rich parents to live on the streets. They meet up to form a band called The Sleeze Sisters, and then release songs that terrify the rich parents with their very existence. The soundtrack seemed awfully amazing to me at the time, though I lost my cassette copy years ago and have never found it on CD. Featured were loads of punk and new wave acts and a performance by Patti Smith of *Pissing In A River* that was absolutely stunning. Folks, if you ever come across a copy on CD, I will pay top dollar. The movie is available on Amazon.

The Harder They Come Jimmy Cliff headlines one of the greatest reggae albums ever made.

Reality Bites Here is a soundtrack that falls under the aforementioned category of just a great collection of songs. Featured are Juliana Hatfield, World Party, U2, Crowded House, Dinosaur Jr. and Squeeze. But the musical highlight of this film for me was hearing Lisa Loeb's voice just as the credits started to roll. I sat there until *Stay* was finished, fell in love with the voice of the unknown and yet-unsigned Loeb, and then bought the album immediately. I've been a Lisa Loeb fan ever since.

The Horse Whisperer Here is a terrific gathering of Americana and traditional country music for a film that I couldn't have cared less about. The list of performers is impressive- Gilliam Welch, Don Walser, Steve Earle, George Strait, Iris Dement, Emmylou Harris, Dwight Yoakam and The Mavericks. The album also features the first appearance of Allison Moorer.

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut I laughed during this movie until I was doubled over and had difficulty breathing, but after it was over, I was really shocked at what a terrific group of songs were assembled for the film. I described them before as being like a very likable, potty-mouthed Broadway score, and that pretty much sums it up. **Blame Canada** was nominated for an Oscar. *Unclew Fucker* is one long obscenity interrupted by a chours of farting.

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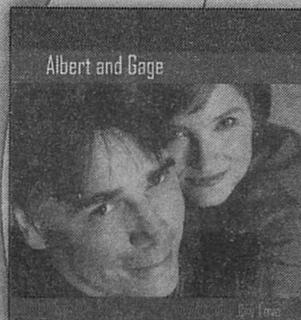
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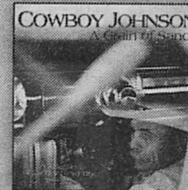
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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

So, as I mentioned last month, after having played almost every other city in North America, **Folk Alliance** finally brought its act to Austin, and DL and I went up to check it out. If you've never been to a Folk Alliance conference, and I have to say that I wouldn't go again if it involved air travel (though DL would), the best way to describe it is as a highly compressed version of SXSW, without all the alternative rock bands. When I say compressed, it's as if you crammed all the official and unofficial SXSW events into one building; you never had to set foot outside the Hilton for the duration if you were willing to pay their prices for food and drink. The official events, workshops and performances, were in various halls and meeting rooms on the two floors of the hotel's convention center, while every suite, room and broom closet on the 10th, 11th and 13th floors seemed to given over to guerrilla showcases.

◆ As sort of a pillar of NotSXSW, I guess my loyalty should have been with the upstairs mob (and I do mean mob), but an initial foray left me reeling my befuddled way back to the elevators. Then I found a copy of the printout program of the unofficial stuff and now understand what 'kernel panic' means. We did make one more trip, but only because we ran into Chip Taylor and Carrie Rodriguez and they said "Follow us." Rather odd seeing them play to a capacity SRO audience of about 15 people, but we did get to hear a number from Carrie's forthcoming solo album—I'll give you one guess who's going to be on the cover of the August issue. Then we had the dismal experience of walking down corridors and looking into rooms where some schnorer was playing to an audience of one poor bastard trapped in folk hell. For some reason I jotted down the name of Berne 'Frenchy' Poliakov, but for the life of me I can't remember why.

◆ Mind you, the official program was hard enough to follow. Apart from anything else, all the workshops I was even mildly interested in and all the people I wanted to hear were at the same time on different floors at the other side of hotel. With the sparsely attended workshops—conference ramrod Louis J Meyers complained to me how hard it was to get folkies to take any interest in anything involving professional development—there seemed to be a common denominator, skipping step one. Terri Hendrix & Lloyd Maines, eminently qualified to speak on 'How To Be Your Own Label,' made a good website the top priority, rather than possession of any actual talent. At a workshop on publicity, nobody mentioned that a good CD would be a useful start. When one speaker said the first decision was choosing between self-release, small indie, larger indie or major label, I did think of pointing out that another option, equally viable but all too often overlooked, was not releasing an album at all, but I suspected this wasn't what anybody in the room wanted to hear.

◆ Standouts among performances were **Eliza Gilkyson** really tearing it up on *Man Of God*, **Slim Richey & The Kat's Meow**—Kat Edmondson isn't quite ready for prime time, but what a great voice—**Elana James & The Continental Two**, **Blame Sally** (see reviews), **James Talley**, who somehow doesn't look as if he should be that good, **Sahara Smith**, impressive enough at my last year's NotSXSW show but now very much cover-worthy, and, after way too long, **Butch Hancock**. And DL says to tell you she really liked **disappear fear**.

◆ Almost the first person I met was one **Charlie Stewart** and it turned out we had something common—being fired by KSYM. Stewart used to have a show on the station but lost it after he was called in and told it was too political. "I said, it's a folk music show, of course it's too political." I told this to *Third Coast Music Network* honcho Jim Beal Jr, who says there's actually a backstory to this, involving ticket giveaways that weren't, but even he had to laugh.

◆ When I said earlier that you never had to leave the Hilton, this wasn't strictly true. The designated overflow hotel was the **Radisson**, and the people who wound up there tried doing the rooms as guerrilla venues thing, but this was rather the equivalent of having an unofficial showcase during SXSW in Waco. However, unlike the Hilton, which had been forewarned, the Radisson hadn't and quickly put a stop to these goings-on and I was told by one person that they actually threw people out. One refugee was **Beaver Nelson**, who lost a Radisson showcase but was given some time by Butch Hancock in the room he was running, and added an 11th Commandment (see below).

◆ Had one good moment talking to Butch late on in the bar, when he was saying that **David Rodriguez** was his favorite singer-songwriter and I asked him if he knew Carrie. He said of course, so I told him, "Well, she's sitting right behind you." Lotsa hugs and kisses. Something I should be remembering... Oh yes, Butch is working on a new solo album, thought you might like to know.

◆ Quotable quotes guy **Mark Rubin** gave me not one but two. We were talking in the elevator on our way down to the lobby and when the doors opened we were confronted by a group playing right in front of us. Rubin recoiled back into the cage snarling "Middle-class kids playing bluegrass, it's like a jackboot on the neck of a Jew." As we were heading out, I asked him what he made of it all and he bemoaned the fact that he hadn't heard any actual folk music, except from people he already knew, otherwise it was all "People who think they're Woody Guthrie when they're really Bob Dylan, or Pete Seeger when they're really Tom Paxton."

◆ As a footnote to **Heartworn Highways** (see reviews), there's a line in Gamble Rodgers' hilarious intro to *The Black Label Blues*, "Marita, who had been drummed out of high rolling society in Phenix City, Alabama," which may not mean much to many who hear it. So as a public service, and a demonstration that my memory is still in pretty good shape, Phenix City was once dubbed "the wickedest city in the United States," totally controlled by crime syndicates devoted to providing hookers and gambling to Fort Benning GIs. Reason I know this is because, a good 40 years ago or more, I saw **The Phenix City Story** (1955) and still remember it as a marvellous piece of noir filmmaking.

◆ Thinking of **Heartworn Highways**, it occurs to me that my remarks a couple of months back about how little attention the marriage of **Steve Earle**, the now most 'famous' of the singer-songwriters celebrated in the 1975 documentary, and **Alison Moorer** received in the press was actually the most attention it received, even if I did rather pad it out by listing all of Earle's ex-wives. And they say irony is dead.

◆ Recently, I mentioned the furor over Sony's disastrous copy protection program, which loaded itself automatically if you played one of 50+ CDs on your computer and then created enormous damage. FAR reporter Richard Schwartz adds, "I looked at Merle's **Chicago Wind** at the station and read the label's disclaimer about **Capitol's** copy protection scheme. 'This product is provided AS IS, without any warranties [or very much good music, either - PP] ... If the product is defective or results in damage to your property, you assume the entire cost of repair.' Translation: we insert viruses, malware, and spyware into your machine and that's tough shit. Some of my invective may be lingering resentment for *Okie From Muskogee*, but this DRM crap is getting out of hand. Send Capitol a virus bomb (logical or organic) and let them deal with cleaning up the resulting damage. Fuck the Machine and the horse they replaced!"

◆ Elsewhere you'll find mentions of **Durwood Haddock**, who wrote *There She Goes*, a minor hit for him, a major one for Patsy Cline and covered by Lucky Tomblin. It also cropped up recently as a clue in the *New York Times* Sunday crossword, as did

"Country singer Joe —" (three letters starting with 'E,' what a stumper). The chief beneficiaries of this small measure of immortality are Brian Eno, ELO and, most of all, Enya, who seems to turn up every other week.

◆ Been hearings bits and pieces about this for he last couple of weeks, but here's the full story from **Rod Moag**, KOOP jock, FAR reporter and Singin' & Pickin' Professor Emeritus: "Thought I better bring you up to date on the checkered recent history of **KOOP**. Two Fires: in January, there was a fire on the second floor of the building housing our (third floor) studios. We suffered smoke and soot damage, but nothing burned. After cleaning the equipment and getting new wiring, KOOP was back on air within a week. We little suspected then that this was only a prelude of things to come.

Around 1.30am on February 4th, fire broke out in a club in the building adjacent to ours (we only rented, so not really ours). The flames spread to the buildings on either side, and our studios and equipment were a total loss. Luckily no one was in the studios at the time, so there were no human casualties. The other broadcast media rallied to our cause in an incredible show of fraternal support. All the TV stations ran repeated stories on our loss and set up links on their web sites to enable their viewers to contribute to help get us back on the air. KMFA (Austin's listener-supported classical station) had some unused studio space which they sublet to us. KEOS, the community station in College Station, drove over spare CD players, turntables and mics for our new temporary studio. Most incredibly, broadcasting behemoth Clear Channel found a control board which they made available on long-term loan. UT's student station, KVRX, which shares our 91.7 frequency at night, broadcast their normally webcast only programs throughout the day to avoid that most dreaded demon—dead air. KUT and others also lent moral support.

On February 21st, KOOP resumed broadcasting after only 19 days of silence. Our regular program schedule is in full force, so that both the Tuesday morning *Country Roots* show with Len Brown and Jason Shields alternating and my *Country, Swing & Rockabilly Jamboree* are again filling the Austin airwaves with vintage country and related sounds."

THE UPDATED COMMANDMENTS

Thou shalt not

1. Claim to write, sing and play an instrument unless thou canst do at least one of them reasonably well.
2. Take more than 15 seconds to set up, including tuning, if thou be not of the tribe of Rodriguez.
3. Commit banjo, mandolin, autoharp, zither, ukelele or balalaika, for such are an abomination unto the audience.
4. Tell any story about a song unless it be genuinely interesting, amusing or erotic, and that goes double for any story you've already told.
5. Ask the audience to participate in any way, especially singalongs on the fucking chorus.
6. Commit songs more than 15 minutes long, for verily thou art not Butch Hancock.
7. Commit political or ecological statements for nothing worthwhile doth rhyme with 'rainforest,' neither doth 'they' or 'them' mean jackshit.
8. Commit covers, especially of Dylan, unless they be incredibly obscure, for lo, the audience hath already heard them, done better, a million times.
9. Commit the words 'Well I woke up this morning.' Better thou hadst died in thy sleep.
10. Wear any garment that hath been defiled by tie-dyeing, for such are loathsome in the audience's sight.
11. Commit any metaphor involving butterflies.

◆ Once in a while I get asked about "**Revealer**." Well, that's the way it was spelled on the very first version of *John The Revelator*, by the **Bessemer Sunset Four** in 1929. My little nod to history.

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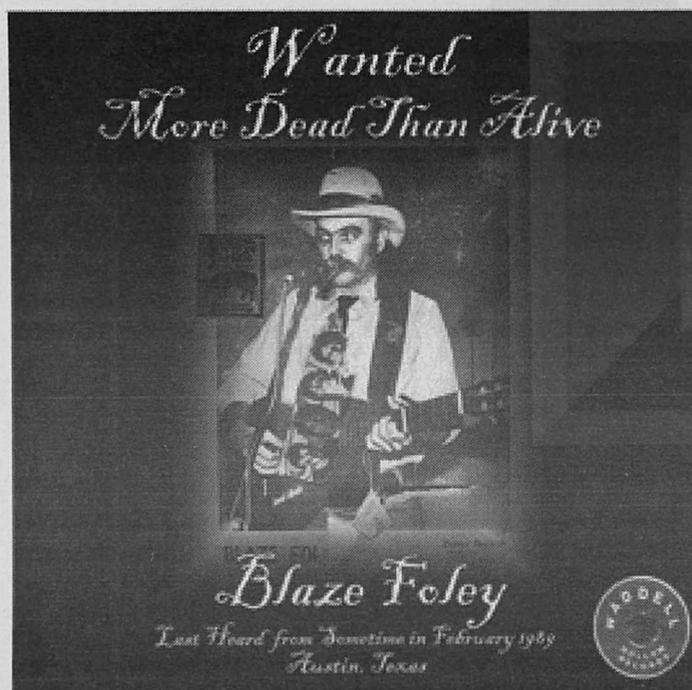


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A few months before he was shot to death on Feb. 1, 1989, Blaze Foley and a band comprised of steel player Charlie Day and the Waddell Brothers, bassist David and drummer Leland, recorded ten tracks at the Bee Creek Studio in Driftwood, Texas.

Whatever happened to Foley's final studio work? The word was that the master tapes were destroyed in a fire and the rough mix cassettes, and subsequent burned CDs given to band members, couldn't be found.

The Bee Creek sessions seemed destined for a similar fate until July 2005 when Leland Waddell received a call from an old friend in Indiana. The guy said he'd been cleaning out his car and found an unmarked CD. He played it to see if it contained anything and he thought it sounded like Blaze. Excitedly, Waddell asked the friend to overnight the disc and, sure enough, it was the rough mixes of those 1988 sessions.

Michael Corcoran, Austin American Statesman

Now, 17 years later, Waddell Hollow Records proudly presents ten songs - Fully restored with Pro Tools by John Sheppard. This is the album that Blaze wanted to make, including "If I Could Only Fly", "Clay Pigeons" and two songs thought to be lost forever - Calvin Russell's "Life Of a Texas Man" and Jubal Clark's "Black Granite."

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AGAINST ALL ODDS

Elsewhere in this issue, you'll find a review of a documentary on Townes Van Zandt in which, at one point, he estimates that, in 1983, his albums had sold about 7,000 copies each. Precise sales figures are one of the many bones of contention between Van Zandt's last ex-wife and his then record label, but, you know, after spending 16 years working in a corner of the music industry which would regard anything involving five figures as a smash hit, that sounds about right to me. That they sold round the same number is real easy to explain, whichever album people first came across, they then went out and bought all the others, or, to put at its most basic, in 1983, the greatest singer-songwriter who ever lived had a fanbase of around 7,000 punters—worldwide. As Terry Allen or Butch Hancock, for instance, could tell you, it's perfectly possible to be world famous and sell very few records, and, of course, it's even easier to be locally famous, if that, and sell hardly any.

Also mentioned in the feature is that it was almost 20 years before another record label considered Van Zandt to be viable. Today, you can buy releases of his music on a dozen labels, including Sugar Hill, Dualtone, Compadre, Capitol, Arista, EMI and Varese Sarabande, but from 1968 until 1987, they were all on Poppy or Tomato, both owned and operated by Kevin Eggers. While his loyalty was beyond admirable, Eggers basically relied on word of mouth to build Van Zandt's reputation, one fan at a time; his distribution was minimal and for writers and DJs, however devoted to Van Zandt, extracting blood from a turnip was, and still is, child's play compared to getting promotional copies of any Tomato release.

Now I could be wrong, but my feeling is that most of the hundreds of musicians who will be playing somewhere in Austin during SXSW, virtually all of whom will be pimping at least one CD, if not several, would regard taking 20 years to attract the attention of a label which actually distributes and promotes its releases as a seriously flawed business plan. On the other hand, relatively few of them will have much in the way of an alternative. In what I think I can describe as my fairly considerable experience, most self-releasing acts and even indie label albums make little, if any, provision for publicity, always the single largest item in any major label release's budget. In fact by the time they've paid for the pressing, they're usually flat broke and reliant on free listings of CD release parties and, with luck, some local reviews and airplay.

Trouble is, as my friend Durwood Haddock, whose HonkyTonkin.com handles thousands of CDs, will tell you, "It's all about marketing." Among the bits of trivia I've picked up along the way is The Seven Times Factor, an advertising industry rule of thumb which says that people have to see a name seven times before they really register it, which means that scraping together enough money for a small ad in *No Depression* isn't going to cut it. You may ask, what then must we do? To which I don't really have any specific answers, but it obviously involves an advertising campaign.

Now, I'm not saying anyone really ought to advertise in 3CM, which, frankly, has survived on good karma rather than my nonexistent skills as an ad salesman, and I have only anecdotal data on how effective it is, but on the other hand, the realistic options for self-releasing roots artists are fairly limited, assuming they have, shall we say, certain financial constraints, ie *Billboard's* right out of the question. 19th century Philadelphia department store owner John Wannamaker famously said, "I know half of my advertising budget is wasted. I just don't know which half," which, I admit, is a moderately depressing thought for the neophyte self-marketer, but, you know, letting people know you have a website, might actually induce some of them to drop by. Or not.

JC

JO CAROL PIERCE SAHARA SMITH

How, you may ask, can I possibly link the woman, now of a certain age—the Code of the Conquests forbids me to be more specific but she's a grandmother from one of her many marriages—who was featured on the cover of the very first issue of what eventually became 3rd Coast Music, the best part of 17 years ago, with a girl who wasn't even a year old when it hit the streets? Well, being a trained professional (do not attempt this yourself at home), I could find some way regardless, but the lives of Jo Carol Pierce, Sahara Smith and yours truly do intersect.

When the original Gang of Three was planning the first issue of *Music City*, we didn't even discuss the cover story, Jo Carol Pierce, then presenting *Bad Girls Upset By The Truth* at Chicago House, left us no viable options. Jo Carol is a songwriter on a par with her West Texas contemporaries Terry Allen and Butch Hancock, with a style all her own, but for the last few years, I've seen it as my mission in life to make sure that she appeared in public at least once a year. Recently, however, she reemerged as a performer last fall, playing at Evangeline Cafe, Jovita's and Momo's, with a whole bunch of new songs.

"What happened was, I got happily married [to graphic artist Guy Juke, aka "the sexsational Blackie White" of The Cornell Hurd Band] but I don't know how to write love songs, and, deep down, I feared writing music because it opens me up like a coconut smashed with a hammer and, having a history of smashing a lovely marriage with a hammer in the past, I thought it would be dangerous. And it was. So I did something completely different and unlike me. I acted like a good girl. And the power of that flabbergasted me. It kicked me into the most phenomenal and astonishing inner life that seemed to be living me, and songs came falling out. Storming out, dribbling out, shaking out or having to be dragged out in handcuffs. It was and is the most magic time during which, after a lifetime of futile effort, I could suddenly make pie crust like my mama's.

It started about a year ago when independent film producer/director Daniel Lee, contacted me because he was a fan and wanted to use my music. Bless him. So I recorded some with Neil Fraser, who was a great mentor of singing. David Halley, musical hero and best friend, wrote some songs with me, the flower of our long, great friendship. I got a smashingly great band. I had an attack of guts and asked the people I most musically admired, and to my surprise, they all said yes. Mike Vernon of 3 Balls Of Fire is our guitarist and producing the record we're working on, Mark Andes, an angel and my bass player, has contributed so much, Blackie has too, on guitar and piano, as have Bruce Logan on drums and sweetheart Mary Welch. She's our personal Blessed Virgin Mary. When I have a sinking spell, I just think, "But these guys are playing with me!" It's my standard defense against self-persecution now, and it works. I feel incredibly blessed by this right now life—my band, the friendships, the love and the work. And Blackie, who always wanted me to write, and was totally embarrassed and felt irrationally guilty that I wasn't, still likes me."

Last year, Jo Carol asked me if she could have a special guest at my Threadgill's show, and, of course, I can deny her nothing, even an unknown quantity, and she amazed everybody with a 16-year old singer-songwriter, for whom the word 'precocious' could have been coined. "I couldn't stand it any longer. She'd been playing around Wimberly and San Marcos but I wanted her here where we could hear her. I'm so honored to be on the bill with Sahara Smith, who has delighted me with her poetry and songwriting since she was 4 years old. It's funny when a 4 year old writes a poem you'd die to have written, and that's what happened, repeatedly and abundantly. She's such an amazingly creative creature, as is her mama, my long-time writing partner, Suzanne Chesshire."

DL and I have long been fans of the jewelery of Russell Smith & Barbara Samuelson and over the years, at Armadillo Xmas Bazaar and other shows, have got to be, let's say close acquaintances, but we didn't discover until much later that Russell is Sahara's father, and, moreover, an accomplished amateur musician. Whether it was the confluence of her mother's theater writing and her father's love of music, plus the support of both parents and both her stepparents, at 14, a fan of Leonard Cohen and Tom Waits—don't you wish she was your kid?—poetry had turned into songwriting and she played her first open mike at a Wimberley restaurant. "So bad! I had my lyrics spread out and I'd stop, turn the page and start again." Even so, they gave her a gig and, until recently, she even had a residency at a local coffeeshop.

Now 17, and at Austin Community College, working on a degree in Sound Recording Technology, Sahara (Russell hiccuped while reading out a list of girl's names, and he and Suzanne liked the way Sarah came out) is amazingly level-headed. "It would be nice to get a record deal, but best case: music works out and I can do this forever, worst case: I stay in school, get my degree and do something else."

Anyone who's seen her has to figure that music is going to work out, that, in fact, she could be huge. Indeed, even with very limited exposure, her potential has not gone unnoticed, and she already has management—after I invited her to play my show again and she said "Sure, I'd love to," I got a sniffy email, saying that everything had to go through them, though I will say that I happen to know one of her managers has some experience with singer-songwriters.

So there you have it, 3CM's Cover Girl For Life and a young woman whose face you're very likely to see on many magazine covers in the years to come—but you saw it here first.

JC

ERIC HISAW • THE CROSSES

(Saustex ****)

Muscular but sensitive—sounds like the dream date, don't it, girls? Well, Hisaw is rather the Brad Pitt of Austin roots music, though that's not really a good analogy because those qualities come not from personal trainers or scripts but from the metaphorical equivalent of pushing broken-down cars, which is how Hisaw claims he got his physique. Anyone who looks less like the stereotypical songwriter would be hard to imagine—if he'd shown at Folk Alliance, people would probably have assumed he was there to do something useful, like move stacks of speakers, but Hisaw has the soul of a poet and the heart of a rock & roller. With 11 originals, and a cover of Taj Mahal & Jesse Ed Davis' *Further On Down The Road*, he mines the same rich lode of reflections on life on the wrong side of the tracks in his hometown of Las Cruces, New Mexico, that made his earlier albums so remarkable, and this one is not only his best but will have national distribution. At another time, Hisaw, long based in Austin, could have been described as country-rock, with the emphasis on rock, but his combination of literacy and grit makes Americana a rather more useful label than usual. I've said this before, but it bears repeating because it's the source of Hisaw's strength, when it comes to writing about working class life, he's not your usual overprivileged middle class songwriter striving for downward mobility, he's the real thing, with the ragged edge of authenticity. Think of him as the anti-James Taylor. **JC**

JESSIE LEE MILLER NOW YOU'RE GONNA BE LOVED

(self ****)

Her one sheet says the green-eyed redhead looks like her face belongs on the nose cone of a P-51 Mustang, more importantly, she sounds like her voice should be coming out of a bakelite radio or Bubbler jukebox. Miller, who towed her Airstream from Pennsylvania to Austin in late 2004, is a big *Louisiana Hayride* fan, but the great thing about her unabashedly throwback debut is its utter lack of pretension when so many superficially similar albums exude more retro than thou, even my socks and panties are vintage attitude. Recorded, rather amazingly, in one day, except for Miller's *Cryin' Alone*, cut in Maine with The Two Timin' Three, produced by Sean Mencher, which right there shows she's one smart cookie, and backed by Gina Lee (rhythm guitar), Brisket Boys Tom Umberger guitar and Sweet Basil McJagger (piano/accordion), Paul Ward percussion and Ryan Gould bass, with Olivier Giraud contributing a guitar solo to the title track, Miller offers up a set of originals, her own Ray Price shuffle *Pennies On the Railroad Track* and *It's A Lonely World*, Mencher's title track and *Not For Nothing*, three songs by Umberger, a couple of standards, *Invitation To The Blues* and *You Are My Sunshine*, and some obscurities, particularly *You Told Me A Lie*, written in the 50s by Gene Hanson but never recorded (Hanson's son gave Miller the sheet music), and Cindy Walker's *All Or Nuthin' Gal* and *Because Of A Lie*. Anyone who not only references the great Charline Arthur but spells it right has me impressed right there, and about the only way I'd be more impressed by this album is if it included one of the tailor-made Helen Hall songs, *What Else Does She Do Like Me?* for example, which she performs at live shows, but Miller and Mencher assure me this will be taken care of on a follow-up already in the works. **JC**

THE LUCKY TOMBLIN BAND IN A HONKY-TONK MOOD

(Texas World ****)

Fantasy sports players construct dream teams, people like Mark Cuban go out and buy them and the difference between you and me and Austin personal injury lawyer Anthony 'Lucky' Tomblin is that we could spend hours in a bar arguing about the ideal Austin honky tonk band, kicking around the relative merits of this guitarist and that steel player, but he can just go out and hire them. And not for the first time. I know little about his psychedelic group, The Free Radicals, but Tomblin's R&B/soul band, Lucky 13, featured the cream of San Antonio's musicians, Spot Barnett, Rocky Morales and Al Gomez of The West Side Horns and Sauce Gonzalez. This outfit, which seems to have been completely written out of the new script, was, shall we say, somewhat high maintenance, and when the Lucky Club, on San Antonio's West Side, closed, Tomblin folded the band, reemerging as a country singer backed by pianist Earl Poole Ball, steel guitar/Dobro player Cindy Cashdollar, guitarists John Reed and Redd Volkaert and bassist Sarah Brown. Though Tomblin is more effective at country than R&B, the group's first album was, ace lineup notwithstanding, pretty forgettable, but he's regrouped, mainly by selecting much stronger material. There's a nice Lefty Frizzell-ish feel about this album, which opens with Moon Mullican's *I Done It* sung by Tomblin, who also leads on Porter Wagoner's *Trademark*, Harlan Howard's *I Don't Believe I'll Fall In Love Today*, Leon Payne's *You Are The One*, Durwood Haddock's *There She Goes* and Freddie Hart's *Loose Talk*, interspersed with Ball singing Harlan Howard's *The Key's In The Mailbox*, and Floyd Tillman's *I Love You So Much It Hurts*, Reed the Johnny Horton classic *Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor*, Volkaert Floyd Tillman's *Cold War* and Hank Thompson's *Squaws Along The Yukon* (the only error, novelty numbers are almost always best avoided), and Brown Moon Mullican's *Lonesome Hearted Blues* and the blues standard *Trouble In Mind*, the album winding up with the instrumental *Thanks A Lot* (Eddie Miller, not Charlie Rich). **JC**

JAMES HAND

THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE

(Rounder ****)

When Don Walser's first 'real' album came out, the *Austin Chronicle's* Lee Nichols and I both savaged it from the perspective of fans who relied on Don's cassettes to get us from one Monday night at Henry's to the next, but then it turned out that critics who'd never heard him thought **Rolling Stone From Texas** was wonderful. While Lee and I may have overreacted, the outside world got shortchanged—and this, pilgrims, is not an opinion but a fact—because they didn't get to hear Walser at his best, and, come to that, never did. Having learned from that experience, I'm not going to say that Hand's first 'real' album stinks, because it doesn't, and people who've never heard him before will, quite rightly, conclude that he's Walser's legitimate successor as the greatest honky tonk singer in Texas. But they're being shortchanged again, because this is far more ordinary than a James Hand album should be, and if I could attach a soundclip of *I Heard Mama Callin'* to this, you'd see exactly why—even played over the telephone, it's stunned several friends and colleagues. The problems start right off with *By The Banks Of The Brazos*, the fastest track on the album, which plays directly away from Hand's greatest strength, wringing every ounce of passion and emotion (and black humor) from original slow ballads in which his eerie quaver sends shivers down your back, and you have to wait until midway through the album before you start to get some idea of his unique gifts. The kindest thing I can think of to say about Ray Benson, who produced both this and **Rolling Stone From Texas**, is that, like Brave Combo's Carl Finch, who produced some dreadfully misconceived Conjunto albums for Rounder in the 90s, he just doesn't get it. In recommending this album, it's with the caveat that it's good but not great, and you should try to track down the truly amazing **Shadows Where The Magic Was**. When Tommy Alverson dragged his old colleague out of seclusion in 1997, his intention was to showcase Hand's great songwriting and extraordinary voice on what I'm sure everyone involved, including Hand, assumed at the time would be his one and only album, so they didn't piss around. Come to think, Rounder would have done everyone an enormous favor, and saved themselves a peck of money, by buying the rights and reissuing **Shadows** instead. **JC**

ALBERT & GAGE • CRY LOVE

(MoonHouse ****)

John Hiatt's title track, and Mickey Newbury's *I Still Love You (After All These Years)*, may suggest a theme here and there are, indeed, plenty of love songs among the 12 tracks, of which, I have to say, Christine Albert & Chris Gage's *But I Love You* is a tad mushier than I really care for, but that's rather the charm of Albert & Gage. Albert's voice, and superb taste in backing musicians, long made her the acceptable face of MOR country in Austin, but even if her partnership with onetime Jimmie Dale Gilmore guitarist and backup singer, veteran of countless sessions, Chris Gage were only professional, it would still have brought a rootsier feel to her music. As it is, the personal bond between them makes their shows, and this album, luminous, and when they sing something like *But I Love You*, it's more than a song, it's the way they feel. Even so, you have to be pretty damn good to get away with singing love songs to each other in public, but, like The Kennedys, Albert & Gage can pull it off. Splitting the vocals more or less evenly, Albert plays acoustic rhythm guitar, Gage acoustic, electric, slide and baritone guitars, accordion, mandolin, Dobro and percussion, with another married couple, drummer Lisa Pankratz and bassist Brad Fordham, backing them, and, as usual, I'm stuck trying to find the right word for Albert & Gage's music. Pristine without being squeaky clean comes close, but, as always, what one most admires is the sheer professionalism. **JC**

WES MCGHEE • BLUE BLUE NIGHT

(Terrapin [UK] ****)

Before I left London, the booker of one of my favorite roots venues asked if I'd like to throw a going away party, which was a pretty compact affair because there were only three artists I wanted to see at least one more time. The great John B Spencer is, sadly no longer with us, Eithne Hannigan, the most wonderful fiddler I've ever heard, seems to have disappeared, but Wes McGhee is still, despite ongoing health problems, doing business at his old Tex-Mex stand. McGhee, who dropped out of school in the 60s to play guitar in German rock & roll bands in Hamburg, is one of the most remarkable, in-depth musicians I've ever come across. An amazing multi-instrumentalist, a great bandleader, a flawless arranger, a pretty good songwriter and, despite a rather limited vocal range and an obvious accent, an effective singer. This is not the time or place to go into the complexities of the 80s British country music scene, such as it was, but McGhee was, outstandingly, the best we had. However, he created a problem for himself; all his talents came together in one magnificent creation, the 7 minutes and 39 seconds of *Monterrey (Border Guitars, The Road Goes On Forever, 1994)*, perhaps the greatest border ballad of all time but inarguably an incredible piece of music. Which left him with a very tough act to follow. Still, if there isn't a masterpiece like *Monterrey* here, none of McGhee's other strengths have diminished. Backed by various members of his old band, he turns in some great work on acoustic, hi-strung, baritone, slide, Spanish and electric guitars, keyboards, percussion, Cajon and harmonica, and, for hard core Texas music lovers, the climax is *Texas #2*, a tribute to the late Roxy Gordon, featuring the voice of Gordon himself. **JC**

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LOOSE DIAMONDS

A DJ's PRIVATE STASH # 23

LEN BROWN

I relocated to Austin, Texas on Memorial Day 2000 from central New Jersey. I'd been in love with Texas country music ever since I picked up a copy of **Austin Country Nights** in 1995. It showed me there was another world out there besides the crap that Nashville was pushing out to country stations all over the USA.

For the first time, I heard Cornell Hurd, Dale Watson, The Derailers, Libbi Bosworth, Ted Roddy, Don Walser, Roy Heinrich and other central Texas artists. I liken it to discovering rock & roll for the first time, after growing up with a steady diet of 50s pop, Doris Day, Guy Mitchell and Perry Como.

Almost immediately I became a mail order customer of Waterloo Records and regularly imported some 'real country' music to the northeast. At the time, I was on WDVR, playing a mix of a few of the country Nashville releases along with classic old country hits. When I began mixing in Texas music on the radio show, I got an immediate positive response from my audience.

I had 11 years of radio work in New Jersey before moving down here and doubted I would find a station that would put me and my strong New Jersey accent on the air in central Texas. It took a while, but ultimately I joined the then brand new low-power KDRP in Dripping Springs in 2003 and later KOOP in Austin. On every program I feature a top 10 countdown from *Billboard* magazine choosing a chart from the early 1950s through 1975. I play a lot of the local country artists and plenty of early traditional country music.

Here is my listing of the music I would race to save if I smelled smoke in the middle of the night:

Wynn Stewart: Wishful Thinking (Bear Family, 2000) Career collection of 10 CDs from the man who helped make The Bakersfield Sound a worthy competitor of Nashville.

Cornell Hurd Band: Honky Tonk Mayhem (Behemoth, 1991) and **Texas By Night** (Behemoth, 2006) Two CDs filled with 'A' honky tonk songs, western swing and country boogie tunes. Most are written by the prolific & brilliantly fertile mind of Cornell Hurd. They bookmark a decade and a half of great Texas music. A new CHB release has become an annual March treat... and the 10 piece band is something special

James Hand: Shadows Where The Magic Was (Two Of A Kind, 1997) Unfortunately this CD went out of print quickly. Hand channels the golden age of mid 50s honky tonk music and performs regularly in Austin honky tonks.

Charlie Walker: Pick Me Up On Your Way Down (Bear Family, 1998) Texas honky tonk supreme. Real dance hall music and this chronicles Walker's recordings from 1952-1971.

Billy Mize: A Salute To Swing (Hag, 1980) Merle Haggard produced this splendid tribute to Tommy Duncan, with The Hag standing in for Bob Wills. Smooth vocals from a singer/songwriter who achieved fame on the West Coast in the 60s, hosting several western music TV shows. Reissued as a two CD set in 1999 by Merle Haggard.

The Hollisters: Land Of Rhythm & Pleasure (Freedom, 1997) After disbanding in early 2000, there now appears hope that a reunion CD is going to happen. Good news for Texas country fans.

Roger Miller: A Trip In The Country (Smash/Mercury, 1969) After becoming a major recording act in the 60s, Roger went back to his roots with a collection of hard country songs that he wrote a decade earlier. Includes *Half A Mind*, *Invitation To The Blues* and *When Two Worlds Collide*. A great album never reissued fully on CD.

Ray Price & The Cherokee Cowboys (Bear Family, 1995) The man who invented the Texas shuffle from his golden years on Columbia. Bear Family cuts it off at the point the strings came in. Still a 10 CD box to treasure.

Marti Brom: Snake Ranch (Goofin', 2000) Marti kills with a country ballad and shakes the rafters with her rockabilly numbers. If you love Wanda, Patsy and 50-60s honky tonk, Marti is for you. Includes a classic shuffle written by Austin's Teri Joyce, *Blue Tattoo*.

Dale Watson: Cheatin' Heart Attack (Hightone, 1995) Currently on hiatus from Austin, here's hoping he'll be back sooner rather than later. Great collection of real country numbers that couldn't get played on country radio today. Dale took a breather to be close to his daughters in Maryland.

Ed Burleson: My Perfect World (Tornado, 1999) Great CD of pure country produced by Doug Sahm shortly before his untimely death. Every song works. It's our loss that these two gentlemen never had a chance to team up again.

VA: Austin Country Nights (Watermelon, 1995) I can't omit the album that changed my life and got me thinking it was time to move to central Texas. It took me five years to accomplish it, but here I am.

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VA • CRAZY 'BOUT AN AUTOMOBILE

(Ace [UK] ****)

Given how many CDs I get sent for review, I don't hardly write about ones I buy (more accurately, trade for), but I couldn't resist this one, which I mentioned recently in a review of another, much inferior, compilation of songs about cars. However, the two very different problems with writing about it are both fairly interesting (I think).

The first is that it's on a British label which doesn't service US publications because its releases of vintage American rock & roll, soul, funk, blues, R&B, garage rock and punk are technically not available in America. The rights to every piece of music are owned by somebody, usually, through decades of acquiring indies (many of which, in turn, had absorbed smaller indies), one of the major labels, and the economics of reissuing back catalog material dictate that foreign reissue labels either ignore copyright, as many do under the quite reasonable presumption that nobody will ever notice and if anybody does they'll fold and start up under another name, or only pay for a local licence, which means no shipping to the States. Of course, as many of you will know, Ace releases are not hard to find but that's because it and other more legitimate labels sell their CDs to wholesalers and what happens then is out of their hands. End result, the fans get the music, but we ink-stained wretches get cut out of the process.

The existence and viability of reissue labels is predicated on one simple fact, that American majors aren't too interested in niche markets for vintage music. Their reissues tend to be either of albums that did well back in the day, 'Greatest Hits' or 'Best Of...' packages or Golden Oldies, while the esoterica stays in the vaults, if, indeed, anyone at the label is even aware of it—Ace's Ted Carroll once told me that, very often, he first had to convince a major that it actually owned whatever obscure releases he was after and then dig out the masters himself. That is, if they were there to find, and hadn't been lost or, worse still, discarded. As I mentioned recently, the survival of Fern Jones' marvelous rockabilly gospel album was something of a miracle as Gulf+Western had ordered all Dot masters be destroyed, and this was not all uncommon. Eight years ago, Bill Holland wrote a highly recommended, though quite terrifying, series on major label archival problems for *Billboard* (www.billholland.net/words/vault2.html).

The other problem is that my review would have been, primarily, a love poem to Denise Ferri, Peggy Santiglia and Arleen Lanzotti of Bellville Junior High, NJ, aka The Delicates, whose *Black & White Thunderbird* is just about the coolest single I've ever heard. and the 14-year olds (their first single was *Too Young To Date*) wrote it too! Is it worth the price of an import CD? Well, I couldn't find a listing for the original 1959 release, long, I gather, highly prized by girl group aficionados, but you can get a copy of the UK 45 on London for \$60, which makes this CD look like a pretty good deal (of course, record collecting isn't altogether about the music). Miind you, in among a lot of Jan & Dean imitations (but, hey, at least they're not Beach Boys imitations), there is some other good stuff, mainly a killer guitar instrumental, *Car Hop*, by The Exports (try Googling them and see where it gets you), Jackie Brenson's *Rocket 88*, Charlie Ryan & The Timberline Riders' original *Hot Rod Lincoln* from 1955 (making its first appearance on CD) and Gene Vincent's *Why Don't You People Learn To Drive?*

The Delicates illustrate the reissue problem. Fabulous as *Black & White Thunderbird* is, the trio, which only lasted for a couple of years, was never more than locally successful, despite the efforts of legendary New York DJ Murray The K, though Santiglia can still be heard constantly on oldies radio and supermarket muzak as lead singer on The Angels' *My Boyfriend's Back* (made while she was *still* in High School!). Though the labels for which they recorded their seven singles, Unart, a shortlived subsidiary of United Artists, UA itself and, without Lanzotti, Roulette, all wound up being owned by EMI, it's hard to imagine anyone there getting excited about a long forgotten regional act which had one single, briefly, in the nosebleed section of the Top 100, that's only been featured on three compilations, one of them a bootleg at that, in best part of 50 years.

Things have improved somewhat since Holland's alarm call, mainly because Sony, probably because it's more aware, on a corporate level, of the value of software, took the lead, though, as Holland points out, many majors are using cheaper but potentially unreliable digital backups rather than more expensive but proven analog tapes. Still, even if the majors archive everything they own (and which still exists to be archived), this doesn't mean they'll actually release any of it. Fans of traditional country, rockabilly, Dixieland, post-war blues, classical or rock & roll alike will continue to rely on foreign labels, mainly British, German or Japanese, for their next fix. **JC**

SAM BAKER • MERCY

(Reckless ****.5)

First, I owe Baker an apology. I wrote a rave about this album when he sent me a copy of the 2004 self-release, but the computer ate it and I never got round to rewriting it. However, occasionally life hands you a second chance, and I'm Saving this sucker every inch of the way. The key to understanding Baker's compelling storytelling is his own story; in 1986, he was on a train in Peru when a Sendero Luminoso bomb exploded, killing eight and wounding 40, including Baker, whose femoral artery was slashed. "I should bled out right there." After eight hours of surgery and 17 reconstructive operations back in the US, he had to learn to play guitar left-handed and is still deaf in one ear, partially in the other. "My prior songwriting was pretty boilerplate: 'I love you, you love me, you don't love me.' After (the incident) those songs didn't make as much sense to me. I was a better observer of other people and how they lived their lives." Observation is, indeed, Baker's exceptional gift. He's been likened to Townes Van Zandt and Guy Clark, but a better comparison would be with the precision and concision (like the album itself, all his songs have one word titles) of Terry Allen's West Texas vignettes, Born and raised in Itasca, TX, now based in Austin, Baker, like John Trudell or Roxy Gordon, can barely sing, but he doesn't need to, his words do all the work—and then some. I don't recall ever calling an album powerful, let alone important, before, but *Mercy* is both. **JC**

VA • A CASE FOR CASE

A TRIBUTE TO THE SONGS OF PETER CASE

(Hungry For Music, 3 CDs ****)

Having striven to build a reputation for musical omniscience, I have to confess that, while I can give you chapter and verse on many of the admiring artists who chipped in on this tribute, the name of Pete Case is close to just that, a name. I have four tracks of his on various compilations, but none of his own albums, so I'm coming to his material not entirely cold, but somewhat underqualified. Still, even the most ardent Caseophile will have the same problem with reviewing this, it's sheer magnitude—48 tracks by as many artists, including Case himself (a live version of *Beyond The Blues*). In fact, this could just as easily be tackled as a snapshot of the current state of American singer-songwriterdom, using Case's songbook as a theme. Hayes Carll, Maura O'Connell, Lester Chambers, Tom Russell, Sam Baker, Chuck Prophet, Susan Cowsill, Chris Smither, Bob Neuwirth, Richard Buckner, Kim Richey, Victoria Williams, Dave Alvin, Joe Ely, Todd Snider, James McMurtry, Ronny Elliott, Mary Battiata, Last Train Home, Amy Rigby, Will Kimbrough, Pieta Brown, Gurf Morlix, Amelia K Spicer, Claire Holley, Gary Heffern, The Kennedys, Chris Gaffney, Steve Wynn, John Prine, Steven Jackson and Bill Kirchen are just the ones I've written about or at least know about. There are a few mildly annoying renditions, but far more truly impressive interpretations, Alvin, Elliott, Battiata and Spicer's being my faves, and if I'm a bit late to the party, I now know one thing for sure: Peter Case can sure write a song. **JC**

VA • HEARTWORN HIGHWAYS

(HackTone/Shout! Factory ****.5)

30 years ago, with one camera and one microphone, James Szalapski made almost the ultimate in 'little' movies, a documentary about a group of obscure to unknown singer-songwriters, with Gamble Rogers and the incongruous Charlie Daniels and David Allen Coe providing the closest thing to star power. Today, of course, Townes Van Zandt, Guy Clark, Rodney Crowell, Steve Earle, Steve Young and John Hiatt are far more famous than Daniels or Coe. At least as famous? Almost as famous? How about better known than they were back then? The good news about this anniversary remastering of the film's soundtrack, that took everything that was recorded for it, including songs that weren't used, is that Daniels is gone completely, as is Barefoot Jerry, and Coe's been cut back to one acoustic song, though oddly not the really rather moving *Old Man Tell Me*, and one electric. In their place are songs, several of which were included as 'bonus features' in last year's British DVD release, such as Clark's *Desperados Waiting For A Train*, Van Zandt's *Pancho & Lefty*, Hiatt's *One For The One For Me* and Earle's *The Mercenary Song*. Personally, I'd prefer a new version of the DVD which similarly eliminates Daniels and cuts back on Coe but reintegrates the unused songs and footage into the main sequence (piss on "bonus features," I say), but I guess this is the next best thing. It really is quite amazing how much use people have wrung out of Szalapski's rather scrappy little film, excerpts from which show up in Margaret Brown's *Be Here To Love Me*, reviewed this issue. **JC**

BLAME SALLY

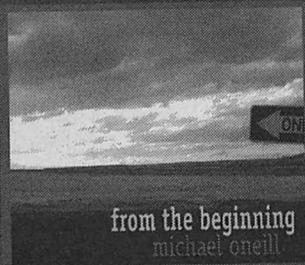
(self ****.5)

Not that I feel singled out, I'm sure every registrant was similarly deluged, but in the weeks before the Folk Alliance conference I got swamped with emails from artists and acts pimping their official and/or unofficial showcases, including, I may say, a quite astonishing amount of smouldering come hither folk cheesecake (the guys concentrated on looking stern and serious), but the only one that intrigued me enough to actually think of seeking them out was an all-female Bay Area quartet. They just looked like they were having a blast and when I eventually stumbled across Blame Sally by pure chance, they played the same way, so engaging I could even forgive them the bongos, while Jeri Jones' acoustic lead guitar work was simply ravishing. The group ambitiously claims its music "can be described as Acoustic Americana, Folk or Adult Alternative," but its second album is pretty much folk-pop, and if some reviews reference The Indigo Girls, quotes which do them little good with me, Jones (guitar, mandolin, bass, backing vocals), Pam Delgado (songwriter, lead/backing vocals, percussion), Renee Harcourt (songwriter, lead/backing vocals, banjo, bass) and Monica Pasqual (songwriter, lead/backing vocals, piano, keyboards, accordion, melodica) have a lovely way with harmonies and melody. To be honest, I'd probably like this better if I hadn't seen them live, because their show is very much a demonstration of less is more; on the album, the multi-instrumental thing means they sometimes have too many notes and instruments getting in the way of the music, but it's still very appealing, even if I abominate 'drum programming' on principle (and wish they'd decide how to spell accordion). **JC**

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- 4 pm - Will T Massey
- 4:30 - Dayna Kurtz
- 5 pm - Michael Fracasso
- 5:30 - Troy Campbell, Eric Taylor &
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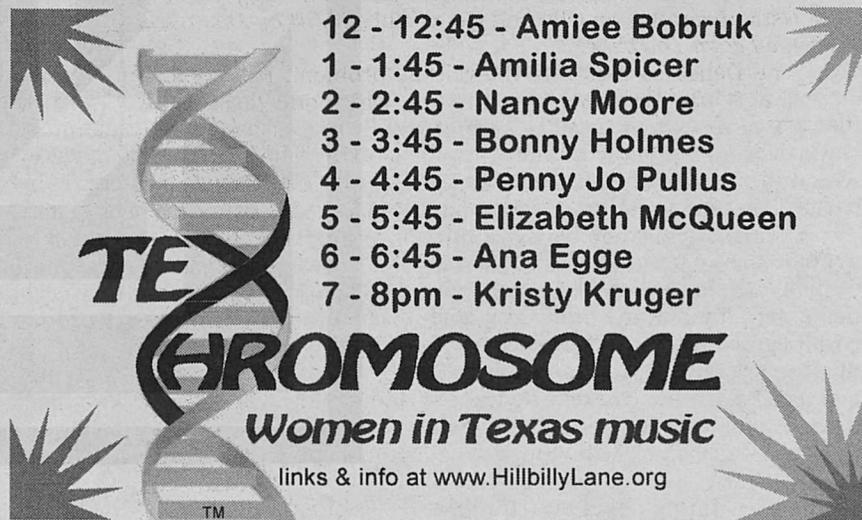
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- 2 - 2:45: Dean Owens
- 3 - 3:45: Tom Gillam
- 4 - 4:45: Chrissy Flatt
- 5 - 5:45: Blue Diamond Shine
- 6 - 6:45: I See Hawks in L.A.
- 7 - 8:30: Randy Weeks, Mike Stinson & Tony Gilkyson



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- 2 - 2:45 - Nancy Moore
- 3 - 3:45 - Bonny Holmes
- 4 - 4:45 - Penny Jo Pullus
- 5 - 5:45 - Elizabeth McQueen
- 6 - 6:45 - Ana Egge
- 7 - 8pm - Kristy Kruger



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TOWNES VAN ZANDT

The seed that eventually blossomed into the small, though surprisingly sturdy, plant that is **3rd Coast Music**, was sown sometime in the late 70s, when the American husband of my then girlfriend's best friend played an album he'd just brought back from a trip home to Dallas. That album was **Live At The Old Quarter, Houston**, and hearing it was one of my two major life-altering experiences. The other was seeing Debra Lou at a Joe Ely show and on both occasions, I was totally smitten. I would've gladly joined Steve Earle on Bob Dylan's coffeetable to second his opinion that Townes Van Zandt was, and still is, the greatest songwriter in the world.

It took some doing and the best part of a decade, but when I moved to America in 1988, I'd managed to find copies of all the albums he'd recorded, and kept that up until his death. However, since then, gaps have opened up in my collection. Before he died, on January 1st, 1997, Van Zandt had made 16 albums, with another already scheduled for release. Today, the total is up to some 30 'main' albums and 17 compilations, and that doesn't include bootlegs or tapes, only CDs, some of very dubious provenance, that could be bought in record stores.

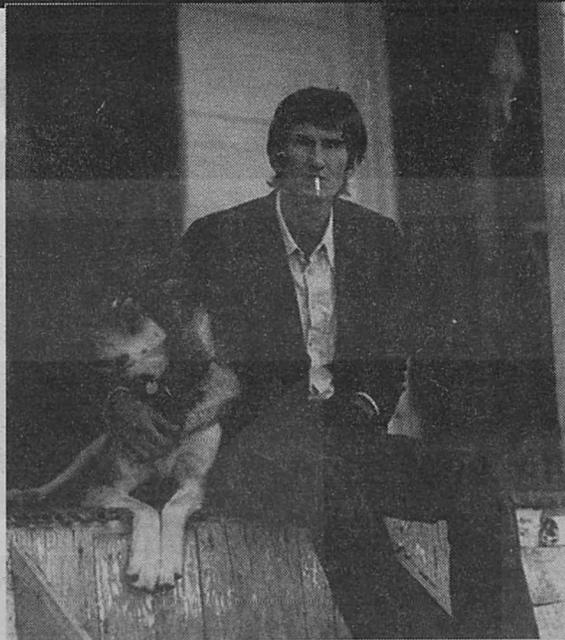
There is a considerable problem with these numbers. At this point, I should acknowledge the help of Townesologists Len Coop, who took my 1994 guide to Townes' discography (*MCT* #56) and has been running with it ever since (<http://ippc2.orst.edu/coopl/tvzindex.html>), and Patrick Hurley. At the most generous count, depending on whether you include *Sheriff Of Crested Butte*, which he never officially recorded but circulates in tape-swapping circles, and a few he co-wrote but didn't record, Van Zandt wrote 119 songs. In other words, he had no more than ten albums' worth of original material. Even if you throw in the 50-odd covers he recorded, that would still max out at 14 albums.

So why are there 47? Well, some of them are identical except for the title, some have the same title but different content, most have at least one "previously unreleased" track to gaff Zandt-anista completists (something of an oxymoron), and there are many different recordings, both studio and live, of many of the songs. Basically, however, the various labels offering Townes albums are shuffling the same deck, putting out slightly different permutations of the same material.

Which brings us to another considerable problem—why is Van Zandt on so many different labels? More fundamentally, just who signed all these different deals? Even more fundamentally, who owns Townes Van Zandt? A question with no easy answer because two people claim part of his legacy and another claims all of it. On one level, any Townes fan would surely agree it would be best if that legacy, which, depending on who you believe, is worth either potential millions or actual pennies, was under a single roof, the question is who's, because all three hold some fairly high cards.

Van Zandt's ex-wife, Jeanene, the court-appointed executrix of his estate, is also the mother of his two youngest children, who, she claims, are being defrauded of the publishing and mechanical royalties Townes signed over to her in their 1994 divorce settlement, and she's demanding all the masters. She rather weakens her case by eliding the divorce and depicting herself as Van Zandt's widow (can you even be ex-wife and widow at the same time?)—her website is dominated by a hideous symbolist painting depicting Townes as the center of a happy nuclear hippy family, which may possibly have been true at one point, but most certainly wasn't in the last few acrimonious years.

Jeanene's primary target is Kevin Eggers, on whose Poppy and Tomato labels Van Zandt's first eight albums appeared. I still hold it against Eggers that he screwed up Jimmy LaFave's career for several years, but—and it's an enormous but—recognizing Van Zandt's genius, he put out those albums when



nobody else had any interest whatsoever. It was almost 20 years after he released **For The Sake Of The Song** in 1968 before anyone else showed up at this now crowded party. Jeanene, who married Townes in 1983, depicts Eggers as a venal monster, snatching the food out her children's mouths, but plain common sense tells one that, even if he isn't a saint, he didn't get rich off LPs that sold a few thousand copies over a period of many years, which, in the music business, is only a small step up from not selling any at all.

Then there's Harold Eggers, Kevin's brother and Van Zandt's road manager, business manager, minder and flakcatcher for some 20 years, looking after him when nobody else would, least of all Jeanene. Harold had an agreement with Van Zandt that they would split the proceeds from albums of the live recordings he made, and as he recorded every show, this amounted to literally hundreds of potential releases. Jeanene, who questioned the validity of their agreement, claims that Harold has licensed substandard recordings that dilute Van Zandt's legacy, which is pretty rich coming from the woman who sponsored **Around Townes**, Jonell Mosser's tepid album of Van Zandt songs.

Jeanene Van Zandt's lawsuits and vitriolic attacks against the Eggers brothers, refusing to acknowledge that they did anything other than rip Van Zandt off, has, understandably, alienated them and also muddied the waters to the point where what was a mess when Townes died is now a snake pit from which anybody but lawyers would recoil in horror. Simplifying things somewhat, Harold Eggers, faced with the prospect of endless and expensive litigation, recently reached a settlement with Jeanene, but Kevin Eggers insists the Poppy/Tomato masters are his and his alone and he'll never turn them over to her.

All this is by way of perhaps unnecessarily deep background that may help you understand some otherwise rather cryptic remarks slipped into the documentary **Be Here To Love Me** (Palm Pictures ***.5).

Getting up to play at Van Zandt's funeral, Guy Clark remarks, "I booked this gig 37 years ago," one of the many flashes of gallows humor, most coming from Townes himself, that permeate Margaret Brown's more or less linear, unnarrated, impressionistic Portrait of the Artist as Doomed Genius. Brown doesn't play favorites, giving Jeanene and both Eggers brothers pretty much equal time, and my feeling is that Harold, the devoted sidekick, comes off best, Kevin, who can barely move round his office for boxes of Townes CDs (of which, according to Soundscan, anywhere between 40 and zero copies are sold in any given week) seems like a man with no regrets despite the shitstorm and Jeanene, well, frankly, she gives me the creeps.

Other bit players in a film dominated, naturally, by footage of Townes himself, some taken from **Heartworn Highways**, playing and making gnomonic utterances to everyone from Ralph Emery on *Nashville Now* (thanks to Willie & Merle's hit version of *Pancho & Lefty*) to unknown interviewers, are Joe Ely, Guy Clark (who all but accuses Suzanne of having a sexual relationship with Townes, in an interview taped when they were both obviously shitfaced), Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson, both of Townes' other wives (Fran, JT's mother, is very lucid) and all three of his children, David Olney, Steve Earle, Leland Waddell, John Lomax III, Mickey White, Kinky Friedman and Emmylou Harris.

The film is undeniably interesting, packed with details about Townes' life that may come as a surprise to any but the most dedicated fan—I had no idea, for instance, that the one time ROTC platoon sergeant planned, during his first marriage, to join the military, but was turned down when a psychiatric evaluation diagnosed as him manic-depressive. Plan B was playing Houston clubs for grocery money and becoming a songwriting legend. However, I suspect Townes wasn't quite as much a family man as the film depicts, and, apart from a David Olney anecdote, there's no mention of the many times friends like Richard Dobson had to pinch hit for him when he was too fucked up to perform. Also, I'd be interested to learn how and why Claudia, Townes' German girlfriend, to whom he seemed devoted, was simply written out of the script as if she'd never existed.

Most all the Townes' performances in the film are snippets, interrupted by voice-overs or used as segues, but every song on the soundtrack is presented in full on **Townes Van Zandt • Be Here To Love Me** (Tomato Music, double CD ****). While the 26 tracks, plus three quotes from the film, including the chilling "I don't envision a very long life for myself. I think my life will run out before my work does, you know? I designed it that way," culled mainly from Kevin Eggers' Poppy/Tomato catalog, with a few of Harold Eggers' live cuts, doesn't set out to be a 'Best Of'—that would take the 10 CD box set, that, so far, is the one release no one has dared try—it comes pretty close.

Also a soundtrack, sort of, to the same label's 2004 DVD of the same title, **Townes Van Zandt • A Private Concert** (Varese Sarabande ****) drops the non-Townes tracks by Barb Donovan, Larry Wilson and Calvin Russell, and slightly resequences the recording, made in a Houston hotel room in 1988, when Townes was at his peak. As I said of the DVD, this is the next best thing to having him play pretty much all his 'Greatest Hits' in your sitting room.

Finally, we come to the equivocal **Townes Van Zandt • Live At The Union Chapel** (Tomato Music, double CD ****.5). I'd like to give this four flowers because, having seen a couple of disastrous shows during the same period, including one at which the Cactus Cafe's Griff Luneberg went round offering their money back to the few people who hadn't already bailed and another so embarrassing that we fled, it captures a performance that may very well be as good as it got in 1994 (rather misleadingly, the CD cover is a picture of a much younger Townes). On the other hand, I have to shave at least half a flower off because in 1994 as good as it got was a far cry from Townes at his best—this is no **Live At The Old Quarter, Houston**. Then again, if his delivery and guitar playing are often slurred and sloppy, the sound quality is excellent, much better than on any of the other posthumous live recordings, Townes has an obvious rapport with the audience and the song selection, some previewing **No Deeper Blue**, includes just about everything you'd want to hear, including an hilarious version of *Shrimp Song* (from the Elvis movie **Girls! Girls! Girls!**). Bottom line, I guess, is that this does override some unfortunate memories of Townes in decline. **JC**



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WHY 3CM? READERS WRITE

Next month, I will be putting out the 200th issue of what has variously been called *Music City*, *Music City Texas* and **3CM**. Over the last 16 odd (very odd) years, one thing that has sustained this eccentric endeavor has been the small band of people who have loyally subscribed year after year and this seemed like a good time to find out why. I asked them how they came across the mag, what they like and don't like about it and—most importantly—which artists they first, perhaps only, learned about from my back pages. These, and Charlie Hunter's from last month, were the first responses... more next month.

JOE SPECHT

(Abilene, TX)

I picked up my first copy of what was then *Music City* (#7, March 1990, one of those little 5x8 jobbies) at Waterloo Records or Chicago House. Being an out-of-towner, a subscription was soon in order and a few years later I was able to fill in back issues (except for #3) courtesy of Mr Conquest. Anticipating the 200th issue, I pulled out my near-complete cache and spent several evenings browsing through what is now literally an archive documenting the Austin music scene since 1989 and then of course lots more than just the Capital City as the focus broadened with the name changes. A complete run of *Music City*/*Music City Texas*/**3CM** surely belongs in The Center for Texas Music History at TSU (and the librarian in me is pleased the original numbering has been retained; thus, issue #200).

No doubt future researchers will quickly ascertain that the publisher-editor is a transplanted British curmudgeon of the highest order, someone with strong—knowledgeable—opinions and the ability to rant at the drop of a guitar pick. This is of course what gives **3CM** its special flavor. In addition, Mr Conquest has been nice enough to mention my name in the 'Honest John/Johnny Conqueso/John the Revealer' column when I've sent in a correction or comment, and over the years, he's also learned how to spell Abilene correctly. His enthusiasm for a particular artist can be contagious, often resulting in my adding someone new and unheard of to the playlist: William James IV and Terry Clarke come immediately to mind. A tip of the hat, then, as the 200th issue of *Music City* etc rolls off the press. I look forward to many more to come.

RICHARD SCHWARTZ

(Moab, UT)

I first heard of the magazine in a short review in the UK publication *Folk Roots* back about 1994 (give or take), wrote away for a sample issue and have been a subscriber ever since. Except for missing FAR #1 due to a change of address, I've also been a FAR reporter since that venture started.

What I like best: tough love of 'Our Music' expressed in robust and well-written English. The criticism is honest, well-reasoned and funny as hell. I remember reading an issue that dissected a totally wrong-headed *No Depression* review of a Freakwater CD. I about fell off the toilet laughing. About 2/3rds of the time I agree with your ratings and comments on a CD. The rest of the time I don't; sometimes I like something you don't or you like something that doesn't do it for me. Enough similarity to be a good guide; enough difference to know we each have a distinct point of view.

What I don't like: Never being able to make NotSxSW. Having to wait a month for the next issue. Artists that I might not have come across but for you and your magazine: Catherine Britt, Blaze Foley, John Lilly, Mingo Saldivar, Dao Strom, Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez.

Artists we both admire enormously: Townes, Terri Hendrix, Freakwater, Mary Gauthier, James McMurtry and many others

Artists that neither of us gets: Buddy & Julie Miller.

Looking forward to the next 200.

DWIGHT THURSTON

(West Hartford, CT)

Michael Fracasso told me about **3CM** (then *Music City Texas*) about 10 years ago. He described it as 'a one-man diatribe.' The addition of Charles Earle's Gnashville perspective has been fun. The beauty of **3CM** is that Johnny Conquest doesn't mince words, truly knows some shit, usually shows a keen ear for the music and is passionate about it.

LEE HAYNES/DEE KARNOFSKY

(Bar Harbor, ME)

Your magazine has been invaluable for us for years. We learned about the Lubbock folk on our own, but after them we really had no good way into the music, living up here in northern coastal Maine. We started reading *Music City Texas* when we went to our first SXSW in 1995, and began putting on Austin Acadia Connection shows here in 1996.

Basically, after we presented Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Jo Carol Pierce and Butch Hancock, the rest of the artists have been folks that we read about in your publication, bought their music to see how that worked and then caught live, usually in Austin on what became annual trips, and if they could entertain as well as sing, we attempted to have them up here. The list, as I just reviewed it includes, not inclusive, Ruthie Foster, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez, Eliza Gilkyson, Fred Eaglesmith, Tom Russell, Albert & Gage (who we love so much that we were able to persuade to come and play for our wedding this Fall), Sisters Morales, Robbie Fulks, the Wiggins Sisters, Mandy Mercier, Sheri Frushay, Edge City, Sarah Borges and Terry Allen. Without the insightful and totally honest reviews, we couldn't have had this whole experience. It's been great for us and our audience and hopefully has been fun for the artists. Hope you keep doing this forever.

KAY CLEMENTS

(Point Reyes, CA)

The mag was just getting off the ground and Bill Frater knew I'd be into it—he hooked us up and then we went to SXSW and met you at one of the venues... you, of course, invited us to NotSXSW which totally turned me onto Marti Brom. I love your take-no-prisoners approach to reviews, essays and all commentary; I love Charles Earle and I especially love that someone gives a shit what all us DJs play.

BILL WAGMAN

(Davis, CA)

I first came across **3CM** when it was *Music City Texas*, some 10 years ago. A fellow DJ at KDVS was a subscriber and showed me his copies. I was immediately taken by John's taste in music, his sometimes insightful, sometimes incisive, sometimes annoying but always honest reviews and commentary. And to think, it was a Brit writing about American roots music. A list of musicians I have learned about from **3CM** is probably longer than he has room for but then again, that is a major motivation for reading it. I've learned of many, and as to favorites, I have never been one who is able to easily compile lists of favorites, I just have too many. I enjoy reading it every month and don't have any criticisms (other than when he runs out of time and only prints a few pages). I just read it for what it is. Keep it up.

RONNY ELLIOT

(Tampa, FL)

I had heard of **3CM** and seen quotes but I had never held a copy in my hand until the first time I played Austin. I liked the format and the idea that such unsung musicians were written up but what really floored me was the pure-d meanness of the negative reviews and articles when they didn't measure up. By the time that someone brought me an issue with some mention of me, I was in a panic about what it might say. Usually my final thought as I finish up a

new record now is, 'Oh Jesus, what if ol' John Conquest doesn't like it!'

I certainly have my differences with plenty of the jerks who put out magazines covering hillbilly music but I'm a big fan of JC and his book. When he amuses me with a particular rant I'll give him a call and encourage more. Of course, I only understand about 20% of what he says and I suspect that he gets less than that out of my side. I'm particularly amused when the poor victim is some friend of mine.

ARNOLD BOECKLIN

(Austin, TX)

In the days before the Internet, and before I moved to Austin, your paper was my primary source of information on new albums and artists. Attached is a list of some of the artists that I originally learned about from you. It does not do justice as I am sure I've missed a number of artists... and I did not even try to list the albums that I learned about from you. At this point, I primarily use **3CM** to learn about new artists and CDs that are below the radar, then go on the Internet to check out the songs before downloading the ones I like. For this reason, what I like most about your newsletter is your reviews of new/re-issued CDs, the ads for CDs and real music playlists of real DJs. But I also like articles about personalities and events. What I like least are the articles and comments about mainstream performers and media as, like you, I don't give a shit about them. A good recent example of why I like **3CM** is your recent article on The Detroit Cobras. They're great and I never would have known they existed otherwise. Keep up the good work.

LEARNED OF FROM **3CM**: Most importantly, Terry Allen... plus this partial list: Adam Carroll, Barb Donovan, Bill Neely, Bobby Earl Smith, Chris Wall, Cornell Hurd Band, David Halley, Detroit Cobras, Don McCalister Jr, Don Walser, Eric Taylor, Evan Johns & His H-Bombs, Gurf Morlix, Jim Stringer, Leeann Atherton, LeRoi Brothers, Libbi Bosworth, Loose Diamonds, Rick Broussard, Marti Brom, Mary Cutrufello, Michael Fracasso, Michael Weston King, One Fell Swoop, Red Stick Ramblers, Red Dirt Rangers, Rosie Flores, Sue Foley, Tejana Dames, Terry Clarke, The Flatirons, The Lucky Pierres, Troy Campbell, True Believers, Uncle Walt's Band, William James IV.

PATRICK HURLEY

(Dublin, Ireland)

Happy 200th! (not many times you can say that!). **3CM** encompasses all I love about music. It focuses on quality artists, mostly on independent labels, across the full range of acoustic folk, country, blues et al, with intelligent, witty comment to boot. Those I first heard of through John include Troy Campbell (a revelation!), Slaid Cleaves, Hayes Carll, Betty Elders, Gurf Morlix—first rate artists all (sadly, Betty performs little these days). John once explained that the priority of the major labels is to promote what they call music (crap to you and me) to people who really have no interest in music. **3CM** does the exact opposite—and to a far greater degree than any other music magazine on the planet, bar none!

VAN DELISLE

(Chicago, IL)

About 10 years ago I visited Austin for one night. After I checked into my hotel I went out to eat and picked up a local paper called *Music City Texas* which told me I could go out that night and see some guy named Don Walser. Wow! When I got home I immediately subscribed. Where else would I have heard about Amber Digby? Or Chip & Carrie, Sarah Borges, Lydia Mendoza? Or DVDs like **Chulas Fronteras**? Even now with the internet, I still enjoy receiving the paper every month. Of course I don't always agree with JC, but I don't always agree with my wife either, and I can't live without her. Thanks John! You're the best in the business. I look forward to the next 200 issues.

GOT YOUR HIGHLIGHTER? IT'S THE 2006 UNOFFICIAL & INCOMPLETE GUIDE TO NotSXSW!

The 3rd Coast Music

Cavalcade Of Stars

& Greatest Hits

Thursday March 16th

Opal Divine's

Penn Field,

3601 S Congress

11.15 Sahara Smith

noon Jo Carol Pierce

1pm James Hand

2pm Jimmy LaFave

3pm James Talley

w/Bill Kirchen

3.30 John Lilly

4pm Will T Massey

4.30 Dayna Kurtz

5pm Michael Fracasso

5.30 Troy Campbell,

Eric Taylor

& Michael Weston King

7pm Amber Digby

8pm Sarah Borges

9pm Bill Kirchen

& Too Much Fun

10pm Anna Fermin's

Trigger Gospel

MONDAY 13th

- 7pm Elizabeth McQueen & Jason Roberts, Threadgill's WHQ
8.30 Beaver Nelson, Opal Divine's/F

TUESDAY 14th

- 2pm Ruthie Foster, Airport
4.15 Carolyn Wonderland, Airport
6pm Warren Hood, Threadgill's WHQ
Larry Hooper, Artz
Ethan Azzarian, Jovita's
6.30 Lauren Beller, Threadgill's WHQ
Ginn Sisters, Artz
7pm Kit Holms, Threadgill's WHQ
Gary Gray, Andrew Walker w/
Kim DesChamps, Mark Ambrose,
Tamboleo
7.10 Ashleigh Flynn & Gordy Quist, Artz
7.30 Jonas Alvarez, Threadgill's WHQ
7.50 Bill Isles, Artz
8pm Rick Busby, Threadgill's WHQ
Grassy Knoll Boys, Jovita's
RC Banks, Tamboleo
8.30 Idgy Vaughan, Tamboleo
The Hudsons, Threadgill's WHQ
Molly Venter, Artz
9pm Sonny Throckmorton,
Threadgill's WHQ
Matt Hubbard, Tamboleo
9.10 Cowboy Johnson, Artz
9.30 Kevin Carroll, Tamboleo
10pm Jane Bond & Chad Tracy,
Tamboleo
10.45 Brad Brobisky, Tamboleo
11.30 Calvin Russell, Tamboleo
12.30 3 Balls Of Fire w/George Tomsco &
Jerry Cole, Tamboleo

WEDNESDAY 15th

- noon Bex Marshall, Opal Divine's/F
1pm Nels Andrews, Opal Divine's/F
Amy B, Caffeine
1.30 Life Of Pi, Yard Dog
2pm John Lilly, Opal Divine's/F
Ash Blaize, Caffeine
Big Blue Hearts, Airport
2.30 Elizabeth McQueen & The
Firebrands, Gueros
Johnny Zoom Cheerlead Squad,
Yard Dog
3pm Ronny Elliott, Yard Dog
Stephen Clair, Opal Divine's/F
War Against Sleep, Caffeine
Shifter, Cheapo
3.05 Nels Andrews, Gueros
3.15 Sawgrass Flats, Yard Dog
3.30 Christina Ball, Threadgill's WHQ
3.40 Moonlight Towers, Gueros
4pm Ronny Elliot, Yard Dog
Dean Owens, Opal Divine's/F
The Sidehill Gougers,
Threadgill's WHQ
Bex Marshall, Caffeine
Raven, Cheapo
4.15 Ana Egge, Gueros
Rebekah Pulley & The Reluctant
Prophets, Yard Dog
Redd Volkaert & Cindy Cashdollar,
Airport
4.50 AJ Roach, Gueros

- 5pm Michael Weston King,
Opal Divine's/F
Ronny Elliott, Yard Dog
Avenue Elle, Caffeine
Paris Motel, Mean-Eyed Cat
Brilliant Mistakes, Cheapo
5.15 Gumbi Ortiz, Yard Dog
5.25 Beaver Nelson, Gueros
6pm Wrinkle Neck Mules, Opal Divine's/F
Steve Wynn & The Miracle 3,
Yard Dog
Michelle Anthony, Cheapo
Milton Mapes, Gueros
Steve Taylor, Artz
LeatherBag, Caffeine
6.30 The Hudsons, Artz
6.35 Matt The Electrician, Gueros
6.45 Taylor Hollingsworth, Jovita's
7pm Dave Insley, Cheapo
Shootin' Pains, Opal Divine's/F
Jack Burton/Brady Muckelroy,
Caffeine
7.10 Eric Hisaw Band, Gueros
Stefani Fix, Artz
7.45 Michael Fracasso, Gueros
7.50 Lenore, Artz
8pm Betty Soo, Flipnotics
Larry Lange's Lonely Knights,
Jovita's
Craig Marshall, Caffeine
Pamela Ryder, Mean-Eyed Cat
Matt The Electrician, Cafe Mundi
8.20 Nathan Hamilton, Gueros
8.30 Andy Van Dyke, Artz
9pm A Band Named Sue, Mean-Eyed Cat
9.10 Lisa Bastoni & Naomi Summers,
Artz
9.30 Goodman County, Mother Egan's
10.15 Glossary, Mother Egan's
11.15 I Can Lick Any SOB In The House,
Mother Egan's
12.15 Two Cow Garage, Mother Egan's
1.15 The Sun, Mother Egan's

THURSDAY 16th

- 11am Sahara Smith, Opal Divine's/PF
noon Jo Carol Pierce, Opal Divine's/PF
Twangfest/KDHX-FM Party;
Tripwires, Eef Barzelay, Lucero,
Marah, Jolie Holland, Adrienne
Young & Little Sadie, Milton
Mapes, Otis Gibbs, Glossary,
Jovita's
noon-5pm 4th Annual Roky Erickson Ice
Cream Social ; Roky Erickson &
The Explosives, Minus 5 w/Peter
Buck. Powell St John, Troy
Campbell, The Texcentrics &
more, Threadgill's WHQ
Oh No Not Stereo, Guero's
1pm James Hand, Opal Divine's/PF
Pam Miller, Caffeine
Zack Hexum, Guero's
Bill Ricchini, Cheapo
2pm Jimmy LaFave, Opal Divine's/PF
Otis Gibbs, Ginger Man

Kirchen, Rosie Flores + Cowboys & Indians + Jason Arnold & The Stepsiders, Texicalli

10.40 **Jackie Cottle**, Guero's
 11am **Big Blue Heart**, Cheapo
 11.30 **Gurf Morlix**, Threadgill's WHQ
Joe Kowan, Guero's
 noon **Aimee Bobruk**, Opal Divine's/F
Tennessee Boltsmokers, Cheapo
Jed & Kelly, Cheapo
 noon-6 **Twangfest/KDHF-FM/Undertow Records Party, Magnolia**
Summer, Two Cow Garage. The Drams, The Long Winters, Steve Dawson, Kelly Hogan, Waterloo, Love Experts, Amazing Pilots, Jovita's

12.30 **Two High String Band**, Threadgill's WHQ
Friends Of Rock & Roll, Guero's
 12.45 **Cooper's Uncle**, Cheapo
 1pm **Amilia K Spicer**, Opal Divine's/F
Jason Daniello, Caffeine
Matt The Electrician, Ginger Man
 1.25 **Lanky**, Guero's
 1.30 **Susan Cowsill**, Threadgill's WHQ
Grassy Knoll Boys, Cheapo
 1.45 **Nathan Hamilton**, Ginger Man
 2pm **Nels Andrews**, Caffeine
Rosanne Cash, Waterloo Records
Nancy Moore, Opal Divine's/F
The Texcentrics, Antone's RS
Grave Danger, Cheapo
 2.15 **Matt Harlan**, Guero's
 2.30 **Sarah Borges**, Threadgill's WHQ
Seela, Ginger Man
 3pm **Bonny Holmes**, Opal Divine's/F
Horton Brothers & Friends, Cheapo
Nada Surf, Waterloo Records
Kris McKay, Jo's
AJ Roach, Caffeine
Ave Elle, Flipnotics
The Ugly Beats, Antone's RS
 3.15 **Program**, Guero's
Hilary York, Ginger Man
 4pm **Penny Jo Pullus**, Opal Divine's/F
Eve Monsees & The Exiles, Antone's RS
Rogue Wave, Waterloo Records
Gary Jules, Jo's
Dean Owens, Caffeine
Shawn Nelson, Ginger Man
Pistol Love Family Band, Flipnotics
 4.15 **Gordy Quist**, Guero's
 4.45 **Ernie Ernst**, Ginger Man
 5pm **Elizabeth McQueen**, Opal Divine's/F
Freddie Steady 5, Antone's RS
Little Pink, Flipnotics
Brandi Shearer & Robin Nolan, Waterloo Records
Amy Cook, Jo's
The Spores, Caffeine
Texas Sapphires, Cheapo
 5.15 **Little Brother Project**, Guero's
 5.30 **Ginger Leigh Band**, Ginger Man
 6pm **Eric Hisaw**, Hole In The Wall
Ana Egge, Opal Divine's/F
Tift Merritt, Jo's
Cooper's Uncle, Flipnotics
Jose Gonzalez, Waterloo Records
Joe & Ellen, Artz

Sara Van Buskirk, Caffeine
Sal Valentino, Antone's RS
Heavenly States, Cheapo
 6.10 **Melissa Ferrick**, Threadgill's WHQ
 6.15 **Clif Confident**, Guero's
 6.30 **Frank Meyer**, Artz
 6.35 **Unka Munka**, Ginger Man
 6.55 **Jude**, Threadgill's WHQ
 7pm **Kristy Kruger**, Opal Divine's/F
Rosie Flores, Hole In The Wall
Peter Case, Jo's
Shandon Sahm, Cheapo
Jude Ross, Caffeine
Magic Christian, Antone's RS
Combo Mahalo, Flipnotics
 7.10 **Sarah Elizabeth Campbell**, Artz
 7.40 **Gary Jules**, Threadgill's WHQ
 7.15 **Petesimple**, Guero's
 7.50 **Mike Austin**, Artz
 8pm **I See Hawks In LA**, Opal Divine's/PF
Boxcar Preachers, Flipnotics
Snowbyrd, Hole In The Wall
Tom Gillam, Waterloo Ice House
Lynda Kay, Mean-Eyed Cat
El Tule, Caffeine
 8.15 **Beggar Street Social**, Guero's
 8.25 **The Mezz**, Threadgill's WHQ
 8.30 **David Scher**, Artz
 9pm **Grassy Knoll Boys**, Flipnotics
The Tombstones, Hole In The Wall
Michael Lilli, Mean-Eyed Cat
Doc Marshalls, Waterloo Ice House
 9.10 **Albert & Gage**, Artz
Stan Ridgeway, Threadgill's WHQ
 9.15 **Snake Oil Merchants**, Guero's
 9.55 **I Can Lick Any SOB In The House**, Threadgill's WHQ
 10pm **Randy Weeks, Tony Gilkyson & Mike Stinson**, Opal Divine's/PF
Uncle Earl, Flipnotics
James McMurtry, Jovita's (\$12)
Pat Todd & The Rank Outsiders, Hole In The Wall
Sidehill Gougiers, Waterloo Ice House
 10.30 **Jon Christopher Davis**, Waterloo Ice House
 10.40 **Friends Of Lizzy**, Threadgill's WHQ
 11pm **Morrison-Williams**, Waterloo Ice House
 11.25 **33 West**, Threadgill's WHQ
 11.30 **Grayson Capps**, Waterloo Ice House
 midnight **100 Year Flood**, Flipnotics
 12.10 **Lustra**, Threadgill's WHQ

SUNDAY 19th

12.30 **Sinners Brunch with The Jo's House Band**, Jo's
 1pm **Colin Gilmore**, Airport
 2pm **Rick Broussard's Two Hoots & A Holler**, The Oaks
Ridgetop Syncopators, Freedom Oaks
Gina Lee, Antone's RS
 2.30 **Trent Turner**, Freedom Oaks
 3pm **Rick Shea**, The Oaks
Shelley King, Freedom Oaks
 3.15 **Kathy McCarty**, Airport
 3.30 **Kim DesChamps & Andrew Walker**, Freedom Oaks
 4pm **James Intveld**, The Oaks
Thomas Dybdahl, Freedom Oaks

4.30 **Texas Sapphires**, Freedom Oaks
 5pm **Rosie Flores**, The Oaks
Matt The Electrician, Caffeine
Leeann Atherton, Freedom Oaks
Abi Tapia, Flipnotics
 5.30 **Michael Weston King**, Freedom Oaks
 6pm **Dave Insley w/Amanda Cunningham**, The Oaks
Southpaw Jones, Caffeine
Erik Hanke, Flipnotics
 6.15 **100 Year Flood**, Freedom Oaks
 6.45 **Kevin Montgomery**, Freedom Oaks
 7pm **James Hand**, The Oaks
Tommy Castro Band, Freedom Oaks
Craig Marshall, Flipnotics
 8pm **The Seatsniffers**, The Oaks
Jed & Kelly, Flipnotics
 8.15 **Carolyn Wonderland**, Freedom Oaks
 9pm **The Real Ones**, Freedom Oaks
Tennessee Boltsmokers, Flipnotics
 9.45 **The Addictions**, Freedom Oaks
 10pm **Pub Rock Hoot Night**, Hole In The Wall

VENUES

Antone's Record Store 2938 Guadalupe (322-0617)
www.antonerecordshop.homestead.com
Artz Rib House 2330 S Lamar (442-8283)
www.artzribhouse.com
Brentwood Tavern 6701 Burnet (420-8118)
Cactus Cafe UT Student Union
Cafe Caffeine 909 W Mary #A (447-9473)
www.cafecaffeine.com
Cheapo Discs 914 N Lamar (477-4499)
www.cheapotexas.com
Evangeline Cafe 8106 Brodie (282-2586)
www.evangelinecafe.com
Flipnotics 1601 Barton Springs (480-TOGO)
www.flipnotics.com
Freedom Oaks 11241 Slaughter Creek Dr
The Ginger Man 304 W 4th (473-8801)
www.gingermanpub.com/austin
Gueros 1412 S Congress ()
www.guerostacobar.com
Hole In the Wall 2538 Guadalupe (477-4747)
Jo's Cafe 1300 S Congress (444-3800)
www.joscoffee.com
Jovita's 1618 S 1st (447-7825)
The Lair Upstairs 300 E 6th (478-5287)
Mean-Eyed Cat 1621 W 5th St (472 6326)
www.themeaneyecat.com
Mother Egan's Irish Pub 715 W 6th St
The Oaks 10206 FM 973 N, Manor (278-8788) www.theoakslive.com
Opal Divine's Freehouse 700 W 6th St (477-3308) www.opaldivines.com
Opal Divine's Penn Field 3601 S Congress (707-0237) www.opaldivines.com
Tamboleo 302 Bowie (472-3213)
Texicalli Grille S Austin
Threadgill's World HQ 301 W Riverside (472-9304) www.threadgills.com
Threadgill's Old #1 6416 N Lamar (451-5440) www.threadgills.com
Waterloo Ice House 6th/Lamar
Waterloo Records 6th/Lamar
Yard Dog Folk Art Gallery, 1510 S Congress

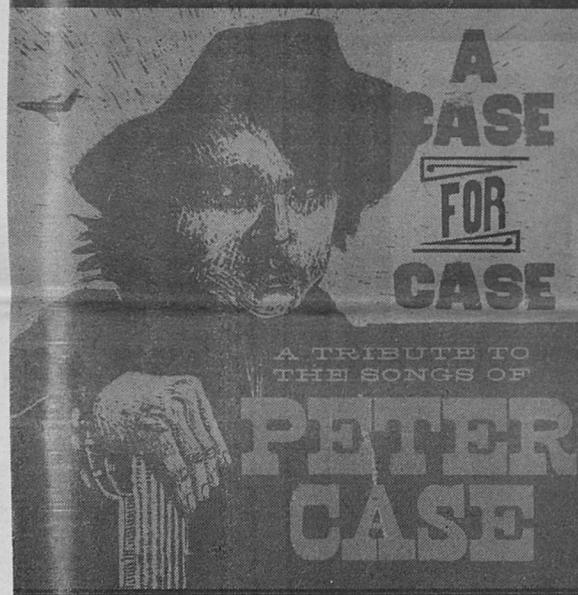
**A concert benefiting Hungry for Music
and celebrating the 3-CD release:**

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A TRIBUTE TO THE SONGS OF PETER CASE

**MARCH 17 at 8:30 pm
CACTUS CAFE - AUSTIN, TX**

24th & Guadalupe (2247 Guadalupe) at University of Texas Union Building



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Peter Case



**Joe Ely w/
Joel Guzman**



Pieta Brown



Bill Kirchen



**Peter
Mulvey**



**James
McMurtry**



**Ronny
Elliott**



Mary Battiata



amilia k spicer



**Jeffrey
Foucault**

AND SPECIAL GUESTS

Hungry For Music is a grassroots volunteer-driven 501 (c)(3) charity organization with a nationwide and international outreach. Hungry for Music's mission is to inspire underprivileged children (and others) by bringing positive musical and creative experiences into their lives. Since becoming a non-profit in 1994, Hungry for Music has brought the healing quality of music to thousands of people through its musical instrument donations, concerts, and workshops.

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Jamie Cullum, Waterloo Records
Elana James & The Continental
Two, Airport
Peter Salett, Caffeine
Trances Arc, Guero's
Asobi Seksu, Cheapo
 2.30 **Adrienne Young**, Ginger Man
 3pm **James Talley w/Bill Kirchen**,
 Opal Divine's/PF
Eric Hisaw, Cheapo
Go!Team, Waterloo Records
Don Piper, Caffeine
Sorta, Guero's
 3.15 **Andy Hersey**, Ginger Man
 3.30 **John Lilly**, Opal Divine's/PF
3 Balls Of Fire w/George Tomsco &
Jerry Cole, Antone's RS
 4pm **Will T Massey**, Opal Divine's/PF
Chrissy Flatt, Cheapo
Slick Ballinger, Waterloo Records
The Silos, Caffeine
The Ark, Guero's
 4.15 **Jade Day**, Airport
 4.30 **Dayna Kurtz**, Opal Divine's/PF
 4.45 **Ed Pettersen**, Ginger Man
 5pm **Michael Fracasso**, Opal Divine's/PF
Amanda Cunningham, Brentwood
Kacy Crowley, Jo's
Bruce Callow, Lair Upstairs
Odiorne, Cheapo
Wolfmother, Waterloo Records
Dave Doobinin, Caffeine
Your Horrible Smile, Guero's
The Lovetones, Antone's RS
 5.30 **Troy Campbell, Michael Weston**
King & Eric Taylor, Opal Divine's/PF
Scott Kempner, Ginger Man
 5.40 **Case 150**, Lair Upstairs
 5.45 **Genuine Cowhide**, Brentwood
 6pm **Elana James & The Continental**
Two, Jo's
Karen Abrahams, Artz
The Silos, Cheapo
Danny Malone, Waterloo Records
Jennifer Jackson, Caffeine
The Prix, Guero's
The Quarter After, Antone's RS
 6.20 **Andrew Vladeck**, Lair Upstairs
 6.30 **Dave Insley**, Brentwood
Pamela Ryder, Artz
Rocco Delucca, Threadgill's WHQ
 7pm **Amber Digby**, Opal Divine's/PF
Anna Fermin's Trigger Gospel,
 Flipnotics
Gary Primich, Jo's
3 Balls Of Fire w/George Tomsco &
Jerry Cole, Cheapo
Jefferson Pepper, Lair Upstairs
Bruce James, Caffeine
The Revivals, Guero's
The Vandelles, Antone's RS
 7.10 **Amilia K Spicer**, Artz
 7.15 **Rick Shea**, Brentwood
 7.40 **Blue Diamond Shine**, Lair Upstairs
 7.50 **Thomson & Adamson**, Artz
 8pm **Sarah Borges**, Opal Divine's/PF
Cornell Hurd Band, Jovita's
The Weary Boys, Jo's
Tom Ovans, Mean-Eyed Cat
Jenny Reynolds, Flipnotics
The Seatsniffers, Brentwood

Rowan Brothers, Artz
Tom Freund, Caffeine
Dumbluck, Guero's
Matthe Hebert, Cheapo
 8.20 **Larry Lange's Lonely Knights**,
 Lair Upstairs
 8.30 **Danny Malone**, Threadgill's WHQ
 9pm **Bill Kirchen & Too Much Fun**,
 Opal Divine's/PF
Elizabeth McQueen, Flipnotics
The Small Stars, Jo's
Steamroller, Mean-Eyed Cat
 9.10 **Steve Carter**, Artz
 9.25 **Hawk**, Lair Upstairs
 10pm **Anna Fermin's Trigger Gospel**,
 Opal Divine's/PF
Cosmic Dust Devils, Flipnotics
The Gourds, Threadgill's WHQ (\$10)

FRIDAY 17th

11am **Parlour Boys**, Cheapo
 11.30 **Silver Thistle Pipe & Drum Corps**,
 Opal Divine's/F
 noon **Chris Chism**, Opal Divine's/F
Little Willies, Waterloo Records
Paisley Close, Opal Divine's/F
Dressy Bessy, Cheapo
 1pm **Rick Smith**, Opal Divine's/F
Pat Todd & The Rank Outsiders,
 Cheapo
Chris The Loser, Caffeine
The Capes, Threadgill's WHQ
 1.40 **Magic Christian**, Threadgill's WHQ
 1.50 **Rich Brotherton & Ed Miller**,
 Opal Divine's/F
 2pm **Steven Clair**, Caffeine
Beth Orton, Waterloo Records
Dean Owens, Opal Divine's/F
Giff Metcalf, Ginger Man
South Filthy, Antone's RS
Big Blue Hearts, Cactus Cafe
Mother Hips, Cheapo
 2.20 **Walter Clevenger & The Dairy**
Kings, Threadgill's WHQ
 2.30 **Sarah Harmer**, Cactus Cafe
 3pm **Tom Gillam**, Opal Divine's/F
Laura Freeman, Flipnotics
Allen Oldies Band, Jo's
Tres Chicas, Cactus Cafe
KT Tunstall, Waterloo Records
Brother James & The Choir,
 Ginger Man
Nick The Waiter, Caffeine
Rice Moorehead, Antone's RS
Three Fine Lines, Cheapo
 3.20 **Luke Doucet**, Threadgill's WHQ
 3.30 **Traveler**, Opal Divine's/F
Marty Stuart & His Fabulous
Superlatives, Cactus Cafe
 4pm **Chrissy Flatt**, Opal Divine's/F
Jeb Loy Nichols, Threadgill's WHQ
Goblin Cock, Waterloo Records
Jed & Kelly, Ginger Man
Rachel Lynn, Caffeine
The Black, Antone's RS
Patterson Hood, Cactus Cafe
The Step Brothers, Cheapo
 4.30 **Teddy Thompson**, Cactus Cafe
 4.40 **Beth Garner**, Threadgill's WHQ
 5pm **Robyn Ludwick**, Jo's
Sunny Sweeney Band, Brentwood

The Bellyachers, Cheapo
People In Planes, Waterloo Records
Beth Orton, Cactus Cafe
Combo Mahalo, Ginger Man
Blue Diamond Shine, Opal Divine's/F
 5.10 **Shoulders**, Opal Divine's/F
 5.20 **Lucky Tomblin Band**,
 Threadgill's WHQ
 5.30 **Teri Joyce & The Tagalongs**,
 Brentwood
Golden Boys, Antone's RS
 6pm **Mandy Mercier**, Guero's
I See Hawks In LA, Opal Divine's/F
Twangzilla, Brentwood
David Newbould, Flipnotics
Lady Sovereign, Waterloo Records
The Moonhangers, Jo's
Amy Speace, Artz
Window, Caffeine
 6.30 **Jon Emery**, Artz
Ted Roddy & The Original
Tearjoint Troubadours, Brentwood
 7pm **Elizabeth McQueen**, Jo's
Randy Weeks, Mike Stinson &
Tony Gilkyson, Opal Divine's/F
Brennen Leigh, Brentwood
Nathan Hamilton, Flipnotics
Carolyn Mark, Cheapo
Jayson Bales, Jovita's
Luna Tart, Caffeine
Katydid, Mean-Eyed Cat
 7.10 **Zoe Lewis**, Artz
 7.30 **The Hummingbirds**, Brentwood
 7.50 **Jenny Yates**, Artz
 8pm **Billy Joe Shaver**, Jo's
T Jarrod Bonta Trio, Brentwood
Texas Sapphires, Jovita's
Patty Hurst Shifter, Caffeine
Stillwater Pioneers, Mean-Eyed Cat
Matt The Electrician, Flipnotics
Controller Controller, Cheapo
 8.30 **Sisters Morales**, Artz
Karen Poston & The Crystal Pistols
w/Brennen Leigh, Brentwood
A Case for Case: A Tribute to the
Songs of Peter Case CD Release &
Hungry for Music Benefit with
Peter Case, Joe Ely, James
McMurtry, Bill Kirchen, Peter
Mulvey, Pieta Brown, Jeffrey
Foucault, Mary Battiata, Amilia K
Spicer + special guests, Cactus Cafe
 9pm **Jim Stringer & The AM Band**,
 Brentwood
Tres Chicas, Caffeine
Michael Fracasso, Flipnotics
James Hand, Jovita's
James Intveld, Ginny's
Shithowdy!, Mean-Eyed Cat
 9.10 **Danny Britt & Red Dawg**, Artz
 9.30 **Roger Wallace**, Brentwood
 10pm **Beaver Nelson**, Flipnotics
Mother Truckers, Jovita's
 11pm **Southpaw Jones**, Flipnotics
Lucas Hudgins, Jovita's
 midnight **Colin Gilmore**, Flipnotics

SATURDAY 18th

9.50 **Mel & Kim**, Guero's
 10.30ish **Cornell Hurd Band con Johnny**
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8 pm - Rick Busby
8:30 pm - Hudsons
9 pm - Sonny Throckmorton

WED. 3/15

3:30 pm - Christina Bell
4:00 pm - The Sidehill Gougers

WED. 3/15

10 PM - **BOB SCHNEIDER'S
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9 pm - Joseph Langham

THURS. 3/16

12 PM - **ROKY ERICKSON'S ICE CREAM SOCIAL**

Roky and the Explosives
Minus 5 (Peter Buck & Scott McCaughey)
Powell St. John
Secret Machines
Magic Christian
Troy Campbell
Rachel Loy
The Texcentrics

THURS. 3/16

IRONWORKS SHOWCASE

6:30 pm - Rocco Deluca
8:30 pm - Danny Malone

THURS. 3/16

10 PM - **THE GOURDS**

FRI. 3/17

BURNSIDE DISTRIBUTION CORPORATION SHOWCASE

1 pm - The Capes
1:40 pm - Magic Christian
2:20 pm - Walter Clevenger & the Dairy Kings
3:20 pm - Luke Doucet
4 pm - Jeb Loy Nichols
4:40 pm - Beth Garner
5:20 pm - Lucky Tomblin Band



FRI. 3/17

11 PM - **BOB SCHNEIDER'S LONELYLAND**

8 pm - Maren Morris
9 pm - Eric H.
9:45 pm - Billy Harvey

SAT. 3/18

BLUE CORN MUSIC SHOWCASE

11:30 am - Gurf Morlix
12:30 pm - Two High String Band
1:30 pm - Susan Cowsill
2:30 pm - Sarah Borges



SAT. 3/18

CD BABY SHOWCASE

6:10 pm - Melissa Ferrick
6:55 pm - Jude
7:40 pm - Gary Jules
8:25 pm - The Mezz
9:10 pm - Stan Ridgeway
9:55 pm - I Can Lick any SOB in the House
10:40 pm - Friends of Lizzy
11:25 pm - 33 West
12:10 pm - Lustra



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3pm:	Shifter	6pm:	Michelle Anthony
4pm:	Raven	7pm:	Dave Insley
5pm:	Brilliant Mistakes		

THURSDAY MARCH 16TH

11am:	TBA	4pm:	Chrissy Flatt
noon:	TBA	5pm:	Odiome
1pm:	Bill Ricchini	6pm:	The Silos
2pm:	Asobi Seksu	7pm:	Three Balls of Fire with Guitar legends: George Tomsco and Jerry Cole
3pm:	Eric Hisaw	8pm:	Three Ball Matthe Hebert

FRIDAY MARCH 17TH

11am:	Palour Boys	LICORICE TREE RECORDS PRESENTS	
noon:	Dressy Bessy	3pm:	Thee Fine Lines
		4pm:	The Step Brothers
		5pm:	The Bellachers
1pm:	Pat Todd and Rankoutsiders	MINT RECORDS PRESENTS:	
2pm:	Mother Hips	6pm:	TBA
		7pm:	carolyn Mark
		8pm:	Controller Controller

SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH:

11am:	Big Blue Heart	3-4pm:	The Horton Brothers and Friends! Joining the Brothers are: Shaun Young, Laren Marie, Bear, Derek Peterson, and more
GENUINE RECORDING MUSIC PRESENTS		5pm:	Texas Sapphires
noon:	Tennessee Bolt Smokers (Memphis TN)	6pm:	The Heavenly States
12:45:	Coopers Uncle		
1:30:	Grassy Knoll Boys		
2pm:	Grave Danger	7pm:	Shandon Sahn

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B-SIDES GOES TO THE MOVIES Great Soundtracks

About this time every year, John suggests I use my column to rip Nashville a new asshole. He wants a State of the Country address, but you know what, things just aren't that bad at the present time.

I wrote my first column about country music in May, 1995. At the time, our industry here in Nashville was just beginning a decline from its most successful period ever. I observed and commented as the biz slumped, crashed and burned, and lost pretty much every shred of Music Row's artistic credibility in the process. As a fan, it was a difficult thing to watch.

Fast forward to spring of 2006, and things look a whole lot better. Country record sales have risen in recent years thanks to a return to more traditional sounding artists. The labels aren't as guilty as they were in the late 90s of putting all of their might behind one mega-selling artist, and this has resulted in a number of new and interesting performers. And it is also worth mentioning that there are more radio stations in America playing country music than any other musical format. Currently, 2042 stations are playing country, and that number is the result of a steady increase in recent years.

So instead of ranting this month I want to talk movies. More specifically, I want to share my thoughts on music that has made the movie-going experience more pleasurable for me over the last 20 years or so. Since its Oscar time, the closeted movie critic in me just couldn't help it.

Let me begin by posing the question of what makes for a great movie soundtrack album? Ideally, I think that it should contain a collection of music that has captured the spirit of and enhanced the quality of a film. As a result, it becomes an extension of the film itself. If people have connected with what they have seen and heard in the theater, they should be tempted to go out and buy a soundtrack album that furthers the experience.

The most populist examples of this scenario would be the soundtracks from **Saturday Night Fever** and **The Big Chill**. It seemed like everyone on the planet owned the soundtrack from Travolta's disco opus in the late 70s, while you couldn't set foot in the house of a yuppie in the mid-80s without hearing all of that Motown sound (this suggests that the most popular soundtracks capture the spirit of a particular musical era, but that's another very long article).

For me, the best soundtrack albums fall into two categories: 1) A group of songs that actually made a movie a better experience, and 2) Just a really good

CHARLES EARLE'S B-Sides

collection of songs that happen to be on the same album together. Everything that follows should fit nicely into either category. And without further adieu, here is my list of some of my favorite soundtracks.

Purple Rain For me, it's one of the questions that defines my generation. Where were you the first time that you heard *When The Doves Cry*? I was in the attic of my parents' house banging on a drum kit and wearing a pair of headphones that were tuned to the local radio station. When the first single from Prince's movie soundtrack came on the air, I knew something very different was being presented. The album and wildly popular movie presented a hybrid of funk and rock that seemed to grab hold of music and movie fans. As a result, Prince joined Michael Jackson and Bruce Springsteen as the biggest stars of the 80s.

Pulp Fiction It's hard to think of too many movies where the soundtrack is more effective in enhancing the quality of the film itself than this. Without the frantic energy of the classic surf music or the well-chosen oldies, the movie would not have had the same feel. New songs from Maria McKee and Urge Overkill were certainly worthy of their place on the album, but without Dick Dale's *Misirlou* or Kool & The Gang's *Jungle Boogie*, would it have been nearly as much fun to watch?

Do The Right Thing Sometimes one song can make or break a movie soundtrack. In this case, you can certainly listen and enjoy the fine work from techno-reggae act Steel Pulse, vocal group Take 6 or the talented Ruben Blades, but it's the angry stomp of Public Enemy's *Fight The Power* that fit so perfectly into Spike Lee's least preachy film.

Singles In a film that was to serve as a celluloid coming out party for the Seattle grunge scene, Minnesota's Paul Westerberg blew the northwesterners away with his first post-Replacements efforts. *Dyslexic Heart* and *Waiting For Somebody* are still among his best solo work, but this early Cameron Crowe film also featured Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Mudhoney and Smashing Pumpkins on the soundtrack album.

The Commitments How can you not love this happy little film about a bunch of drunken Irish club kids who put together a killer R&B act to take the misery out of everyday life? This soundtrack features wonderful covers of *Take Me To The River*, *Try A Little Tenderness* and *Destination Anywhere*. Nashvillians Steve Cropper and Chips Moman were certainly happy about the big sales of this album, as they both had two co-writes on it.

Magnolia A very strange and occasionally wonderful three hour-plus movie that came out in late 1999, which features nine new songs from the overwhelming and often overlooked Aimee Mann. *Save Me* garnered Mann an Oscar nomination in the Best Original Song category, though I think *Wise Up* is easily the best song on the record. It would probably have gotten the nomination instead were it not for the incredibly weird scene where the each character in the film is shown singing along with the chorus. At least it wasn't playing when the frogs started falling out of the sky.

Grace Of My Heart An obscure film with a wonderful soundtrack that featured the first recorded collaboration between Burt Bacharach and Elvis Costello. Their work on *God Give Me Strength* is stunning, but the movie is a period piece about a 60's Brill Building songwriter that also features period-sounding work from Shawn Colvin, J Mascis and Jill Sobule.

Valley Girl The first of many teen movies in the 80s to feature alternative music in the soundtrack showcased Nicholas Cage in his initial starring role. Included on the soundtrack are *A Million Miles Away* and *Oldest Story In The World* from Peter Case's band The Plimsouls, as well as cuts from Josie Cotton, The Flirts, The Psychedelic Furs and Modern English. By the way, the story line for this movie is pretty much identical to that of **Pretty In Pink**, except the guy is the poor punk and the girl is popular.

Pretty In Pink The story line may have been ripped off, but the soundtrack was pretty good. *Left Of Center* from Suzanne Vega and *Do What You Do* from INXS were both very enjoyable songs, and there were also early cuts from The Smiths, New Order and Echo & The Bunnymen. The funniest thing about the album was hearing a re-worked version of The Psychedelic Furs' *Pretty In Pink*. You can just imagine that some movie executive heard Richard Butler's vocals on the original recording and said it had to fixed or the song wasn't going in the movie. Thus, you hear the 'cleaned up' version that runs during the credits of this film.

Falling From Grace An obscure movie from 1992 that starred, and was directed by, rocker John Mellencamp. I wouldn't exactly suggest it for movie night at your house this week or anything, but the soundtrack had some great stuff. John Prine, who played a small role in the film, contributed *All The Best*. Janis Ian is featured with *Days Like These*. Nanci Griffith, Dwight Yoakam and Lisa Germano also have songs on the album. Additionally, Mellencamp assembled a roots 'supergroup' of himself, Yoakam, Prine, Joe Ely and James McMurtry under the name Buzzin' Cousins to record *Sweet Suzanne*. There is also a fantastic song called *Hold Me Like You Used To Do* from a band called QKUMBRZ. I know absolutely nothing about this group, but it is a great song.

To Live & Die In LA The title cut from, of all people, Wang Chung was a riveting piece of music in the midst of a very creepy movie. The driving soundtrack helped heighten the tension while William Peterson broke rules and consorted with every low-life in Los Angeles in an effort to bring down a counterfeiter. It may sound a little dated, but I still enjoy it.

Times Square Another very obscure soundtrack for you. This one was about a New York punk-rocker chick, and a society girl who runs away from her rich parents to live on the streets. They meet up to form a band called The Sneeze Sisters, and then release songs that terrify the rich parents with their very existence. The soundtrack seemed awfully amazing to me at the time, though I lost my cassette copy years ago and have never found it on CD. Featured were loads of punk and new wave acts and a performance by Patti Smith of *Pissing In A River* that was absolutely stunning. Folks, if you ever come across a copy on CD, I will pay top dollar. The movie is available on Amazon.

The Harder They Come Jimmy Cliff headlines one of the greatest reggae albums ever made.

Reality Bites Here is a soundtrack that falls under the aforementioned category of just a great collection of songs. Featured are Juliana Hatfield, World Party, U2, Crowded House, Dinosaur Jr. and Squeeze. But the musical highlight of this film for me was hearing Lisa Loeb's voice just as the credits started to roll. I sat there until *Stay* was finished, fell in love with the voice of the unknown and yet-unsigned Loeb, and then bought the album immediately. I've been a Lisa Loeb fan ever since.

The Horse Whisperer Here is a terrific gathering of Americana and traditional country music for a film that I couldn't have cared less about. The list of performers is impressive- Gilliam Welch, Don Walser, Steve Earle, George Strait, Iris Dement, Emmylou Harris, Dwight Yoakam and The Mavericks. The album also features the first appearance of Allison Moorer.

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut I laughed during this movie until I was doubled over and had difficulty breathing, but after it was over, I was really shocked at what a terrific group of songs were assembled for the film. I described them before as being like a very likable, potty-mouthed Broadway score, and that pretty much sums it up. **Blame Canada** was nominated for an Oscar. *Unclew Fucker* is one long obscenity interrupted by a chorus of farting.

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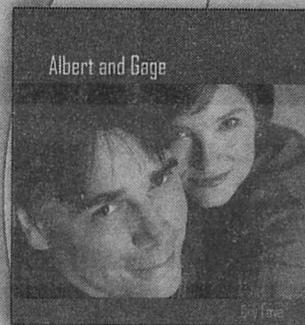
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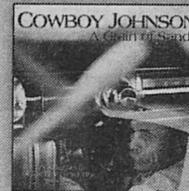
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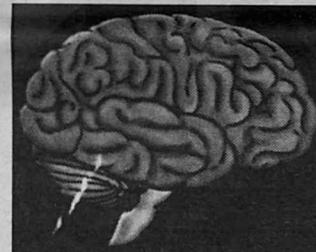
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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

So, as I mentioned last month, after having played almost every other city in North America, **Folk Alliance** finally brought its act to Austin, and DL and I went up to check it out. If you've never been to a Folk Alliance conference, and I have to say that I wouldn't go again if it involved air travel (though DL would), the best way to describe it is as a highly compressed version of SXSW, without all the alternative rock bands. When I say compressed, it's as if you crammed all the official and unofficial SXSW events into one building; you never had to set foot outside the Hilton for the duration if you were willing to pay their prices for food and drink. The official events, workshops and performances, were in various halls and meeting rooms on the two floors of the hotel's convention center, while every suite, room and broom closet on the 10th, 11th and 13th floors seemed to given over to guerrilla showcases.

◆ As sort of a pillar of NotSXSW, I guess my loyalty should have been with the upstairs mob (and I do mean mob), but an initial foray left me reeling my befuddled way back to the elevators. Then I found a copy of the printout program of the unofficial stuff and now understand what 'kernel panic' means. We did make one more trip, but only because we ran into Chip Taylor and Carrie Rodriguez and they said "Follow us." Rather odd seeing them play to a capacity SRO audience of about 15 people, but we did get to hear a number from Carrie's forthcoming solo album—I'll give you one guess who's going to be on the cover of the August issue. Then we had the dismal experience of walking down corridors and looking into rooms where some schnorer was playing to an audience of one poor bastard trapped in folk hell. For some reason I jotted down the name of Berne 'Frenchy' Poliakoff, but for the life of me I can't remember why.

◆ Mind you, the official program was hard enough to follow. Apart from anything else, all the workshops I was even mildly interested in and all the people I wanted to hear were at the same time on different floors at the other side of hotel. With the sparsely attended workshops—conference ramrod Louis J Meyers complained to me how hard it was to get folkies to take any interest in anything involving professional development—there seemed to be a common denominator, skipping step one. Terri Hendrix & Lloyd Maines, eminently qualified to speak on 'How To Be Your Own Label,' made a good website the top priority, rather than possession of any actual talent. At a workshop on publicity, nobody mentioned that a good CD would be a useful start. When one speaker said the first decision was choosing between self-release, small indie, larger indie or major label, I did think of pointing out that another option, equally viable but all too often overlooked, was not releasing an album at all, but I suspected this wasn't what anybody in the room wanted to hear.

◆ Standouts among performances were **Eliza Gilkyson** really tearing it up on *Man Of God*, **Slim Richey & The Kat's Meow**—Kat Edmondson isn't quite ready for prime time, but what a great voice—**Elana James & The Continental Two**, **Blame Sally** (see reviews), **James Talley**, who somehow doesn't look as if he should be that good, **Sahara Smith**, impressive enough at my last year's NotSXSW show but now very much cover-worthy, and, after way too long, **Butch Hancock**. And DL says to tell you she really liked **disappear fear**.

◆ Almost the first person I met was one **Charlie Stewart** and it turned out we had something common—being fired by KSYM. Stewart used to have a show on the station but lost it after he was called in and told it was too political. "I said, it's a folk music show, of course it's too political." I told this to *Third Coast Music Network* honcho Jim Beal Jr, who says there's actually a backstory to this, involving ticket giveaways that weren't, but even he had to laugh.

◆ When I said earlier that you never had to leave the Hilton, this wasn't strictly true. The designated overflow hotel was the **Radisson**, and the people who wound up there tried doing the rooms as guerrilla venues thing, but this was rather the equivalent of having an unofficial showcase during SXSW in Waco. However, unlike the Hilton, which had been forewarned, the Radisson hadn't and quickly put a stop to these goings-on and I was told by one person that they actually threw people out. One refugee was **Beaver Nelson**, who lost a Radisson showcase but was given some time by Butch Hancock in the room he was running, and added an 11th Commandment (see below).

◆ Had one good moment talking to Butch late on in the bar, when he was saying that **David Rodriguez** was his favorite singer-songwriter and I asked him if he knew Carrie. He said of course, so I told him, "Well, she's sitting right behind you." Lotsa hugs and kisses. Something I should be remembering... Oh yes, Butch is working on a new solo album, thought you might like to know.

◆ Quotable quotes guy **Mark Rubin** gave me not one but two. We were talking in the elevator on our way down to the lobby and when the doors opened we were confronted by a group playing right in front of us. Rubin recoiled back into the cage snarling "Middle-class kids playing bluegrass, it's like a jackboot on the neck of a Jew." As we were heading out, I asked him what he made of it all and he bemoaned the fact that he hadn't heard any actual folk music, except from people he already knew, otherwise it was all "People who think they're Woody Guthrie when they're really Bob Dylan, or Pete Seeger when they're really Tom Paxton."

◆ As a footnote to **Heartworn Highways** (see reviews), there's a line in Gamble Rodgers' hilarious intro to *The Black Label Blues*, "Marita, who had been drummed out of high rolling society in Phenix City, Alabama," which may not mean much to many who hear it. So as a public service, and a demonstration that my memory is still in pretty good shape, Phenix City was once dubbed "the wickedest city in the United States," totally controlled by crime syndicates devoted to providing hookers and gambling to Fort Benning GIs. Reason I know this is because, a good 40 years ago or more, I saw **The Phenix City Story** (1955) and still remember it as a marvellous piece of noir filmmaking.

◆ Thinking of **Heartworn Highways**, it occurs to me that my remarks a couple of months back about how little attention the marriage of **Steve Earle**, the now most 'famous' of the singer-songwriters celebrated in the 1975 documentary, and **Alison Moorer** received in the press was actually the most attention it received, even if I did rather pad it out by listing all of Earle's ex-wives. And they say irony is dead.

◆ Recently, I mentioned the furor over Sony's disastrous copy protection program, which loaded itself automatically if you played one of 50+ CDs on your computer and then created enormous damage. FAR reporter Richard Schwartz adds, "I looked at Merle's **Chicago Wind** at the station and read the label's disclaimer about **Capitol's** copy protection scheme. 'This product is provided AS IS, without any warranties [or very much good music, either - PP] ... If the product is defective or results in damage to your property, you assume the entire cost of repair.' Translation: we insert viruses, malware, and spyware into your machine and that's tough shit. Some of my invective may be lingering resentment for *Okie From Muskogee*, but this DRM crap is getting out of hand. Send Capitol a virus bomb (logical or organic) and let them deal with cleaning up the resulting damage. Fuck the Machine and the horse they replaced!"

◆ Elsewhere you'll find mentions of **Durwood Haddock**, who wrote *There She Goes*, a minor hit for him, a major one for Patsy Cline and covered by Lucky Tomblin. It also cropped up recently as a clue in the *New York Times* Sunday crossword, as did

"Country singer Joe —" (three letters starting with 'E,' what a stumper). The chief beneficiaries of this small measure of immortality are Brian Eno, ELO and, most of all, Enya, who seems to turn up every other week.

◆ Been hearing bits and pieces about this for he last couple of weeks, but here's the full story from **Rod Moag**, KOOP jock, FAR reporter and Singin' & Pickin' Professor Emeritus: "Thought I better bring you up to date on the checkered recent history of **KOOP**. Two Fires: in January, there was a fire on the second floor of the building housing our (third floor) studios. We suffered smoke and soot damage, but nothing burned. After cleaning the equipment and getting new wiring, KOOP was back on air within a week. We little suspected then that this was only a prelude of things to come.

Around 1.30am on February 4th, fire broke out in a club in the building adjacent to ours (we only rented, so not really ours). The flames spread to the buildings on either side, and our studios and equipment were a total loss. Luckily no one was in the studios at the time, so there were no human casualties. The other broadcast media rallied to our cause in an incredible show of fraternal support. All the TV stations ran repeated stories on our loss and set up links on their web sites to enable their viewers to contribute to help get us back on the air. KMFA (Austin's listener-supported classical station) had some unused studio space which they sublet to us. KEOS, the community station in College Station, drove over spare CD players, turntables and mics for our new temporary studio. Most incredibly, broadcasting behemoth Clear Channel found a control board which they made available on long-term loan. UT's student station, KVRX, which shares our 91.7 frequency at night, broadcast their normally webcast only programs throughout the day to avoid that most dreaded demon—dead air. KUT and others also lent moral support.

On February 21st, KOOP resumed broadcasting after only 19 days of silence. Our regular program schedule is in full force, so that both the Tuesday morning *Country Roots* show with Len Brown and Jason Shields alternating and my *Country, Swing & Rockabilly Jamboree* are again filling the Austin airwaves with vintage country and related sounds."

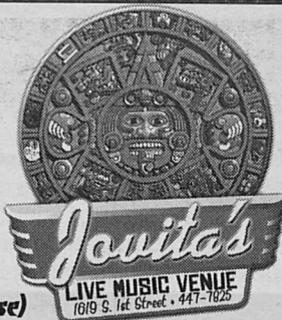
THE UPDATED COMMANDMENTS

Thou shalt not

1. Claim to write, sing and play an instrument unless thou canst do at least one of them reasonably well.
2. Take more than 15 seconds to set up, including tuning, if thou be not of the tribe of Rodriguez.
3. Commit banjo, mandolin, autoharp, zither, ukelele or balalaika, for such are an abomination unto the audience.
4. Tell any story about a song unless it be genuinely interesting, amusing or erotic, and that goes double for any story you've already told.
5. Ask the audience to participate in any way, especially singalongs on the fucking chorus.
6. Commit songs more than 15 minutes long, for verily thou art not Butch Hancock.
7. Commit political or ecological statements for nothing worthwhile doth rhyme with 'rainforest,' neither doth 'they' or 'them' mean jackshit.
8. Commit covers, especially of Dylan, unless they be incredibly obscure, for lo, the audience hath already heard them, done better, a million times.
9. Commit the words 'Well I woke up this morning.' Better thou hadst died in thy sleep.
10. Wear any garment that hath been defiled by tie-dyeing, for such are loathsome in the audience's sight.
11. Commit any metaphor involving butterflies.

◆ Once in a while I get asked about "**Revealer**." Well, that's the way it was spelled on the very first version of *John The Revealer*, by the **Bessemer Sunset Four** in 1929. My little nod to history.

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Sun 5th Jodi Adair (4.30) Jelly Jar (6)
Wed 8th John Bardy (6.30) Seth Walker (8.30)
Fri 10th Harry Bodine (5.30) Thrift Store Cowboys (7)
Black Water Gospel (9.30)
Sat 11th Texas Sapphires (7) Mother Truckers (9.30)
Sun 12th Kinky Campaign (1) Pop Stars (6)
Wed 15th Taylor Hollingsworth (6.45) Larry Lange's Lonely Knights (8)
Thu 16th TwangFest/KDHX Party (12-6)
Fri 17th Jayson Bales (7) Texas Sapphires (7) James Hand (9)
Mother Truckers (10) Lucas Hudgins (11)
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TBA (8.30) James McMurtry (10)
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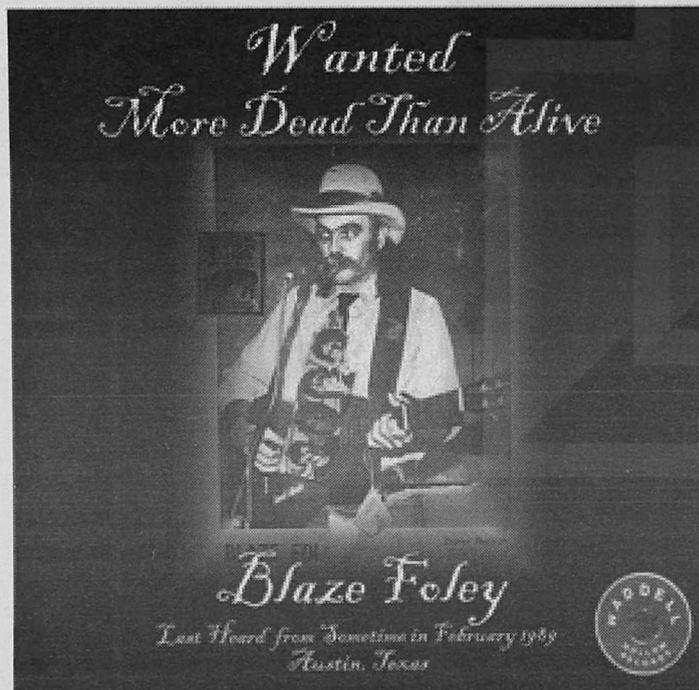
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The Long-Awaited Release of Blaze Foley's Third Studio Album is Now!!



A few months before he was shot to death on Feb. 1, 1989, Blaze Foley and a band comprised of steel player Charlie Day and the Waddell Brothers, bassist David and drummer Leland, recorded ten tracks at the Bee Creek Studio in Driftwood, Texas.

Whatever happened to Foley's final studio work? The word was that the master tapes were destroyed in a fire and the rough mix cassettes, and subsequent burned CDs given to band members, couldn't be found.

The Bee Creek sessions seemed destined for a similar fate until July 2005 when Leland Waddell received a call from an old friend in Indiana. The guy said he'd been cleaning out his car and found an unmarked CD. He played it to see if it contained anything and he thought it sounded like Blaze. Excitedly, Waddell asked the friend to overnight the disc and, sure enough, it was the rough mixes of those 1988 sessions.

Michael Concoran, Austin American Statesman

Now, 17 years later, Waddell Hollow Records proudly presents ten songs - Fully restored with Pro Tools by John Sheppard. This is the album that Blaze wanted to make, including "If I Could Only Fly", "Clay Pigeons" and two songs thought to be lost forever - Calvin Russell's "Life Of a Texas Man" and Jubal Clark's "Black Granite."

Available now from www.waddellhollowrecords.com and Waterloo Records. Listen, and you won't believe your ears.

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AGAINST ALL ODDS

Elsewhere in this issue, you'll find a review of a documentary on Townes Van Zandt in which, at one point, he estimates that, in 1983, his albums had sold about 7,000 copies each. Precise sales figures are one of the many bones of contention between Van Zandt's last ex-wife and his then record label, but, you know, after spending 16 years working in a corner of the music industry which would regard anything involving five figures as a smash hit, that sounds about right to me. That they sold round the same number is real easy to explain, whichever album people first came across, they then went out and bought all the others, or, to put at its most basic, in 1983, the greatest singer-songwriter who ever lived had a fanbase of around 7,000 punters—worldwide. As Terry Allen or Butch Hancock, for instance, could tell you, it's perfectly possible to be world famous and sell very few records, and, of course, it's even easier to be locally famous, if that, and sell hardly any.

Also mentioned in the feature is that is was almost 20 years before another record label considered Van Zandt to be viable. Today, you can buy releases of his music on a dozen labels, including Sugar Hill, Dualtone, Compadre, Capitol, Arista, EMI and Varese Sarabande, but from 1968 until 1987, they were all on Poppy or Tomato, both owned and operated by Kevin Eggers. While his loyalty was beyond admirable, Eggers basically relied on word of mouth to build Van Zandt's reputation, one fan at a time; his distribution was minimal and for writers and DJs, however devoted to Van Zandt, extracting blood from a turnip was, and still is, child's play compared to getting promotional copies of any Tomato release.

Now I could be wrong, but my feeling is that most of the hundreds of musicians who will be playing somewhere in Austin during SXSW, virtually all of whom will be pimping at least one CD, if not several, would regard taking 20 years to attract the attention of a label which actually distributes and promotes its releases as a seriously flawed business plan. On the other hand, relatively few of them will have much in the way of an alternative. In what I think I can describe as my fairly considerable experience, most self-releasing acts and even indie label albums make little, if any, provision for publicity, always the single largest item in any major label release's budget. In fact by the time they've paid for the pressing, they're usually flat broke and reliant on free listings of CD release parties and, with luck, some local reviews and airplay.

Trouble is, as my friend Durwood Haddock, whose HonkyTonkin.com handles thousands of CDs, will tell you, "It's all about marketing." Among the bits of trivia I've picked up along the way is The Seven Times Factor, an advertising industry rule of thumb which says that people have to see a name seven times before they really register it, which means that scraping together enough money for a small ad in *No Depression* isn't going to cut it. You may ask, what then must we do? To which I don't really have any specific answers, but it obviously involves an advertising campaign

Now, I'm not saying anyone really ought to advertise in *3CM*, which, frankly, has survived on good karma rather than my nonexistent skills as an ad salesman, and I have only anecdotal data on how effective it is, but on the other hand, the realistic options for self-releasing roots artists are fairly limited, assuming they have, shall we say, certain financial constraints, ie *Billboard's* right out of the question. 19th century Philadelphia department store owner John Wannamaker famously said, "I know half of my advertising budget is wasted. I just don't know which half," which, I admit, is a moderately depressing thought for the neophyte self-marketer, but, you know, letting people know you have a website, might actually induce some of them to drop by. Or not.

JC

JO CAROL PIERCE SAHARA SMITH

How, you may ask, can I possibly link the woman, now of a certain age—the Code of the Conquests forbids me to be more specific but she's a grandmother from one of her many marriages—who was featured on the cover of the very first issue of what eventually became *3rd Coast Music*, the best part of 17 years ago, with a girl who wasn't even a year old when it hit the streets? Well, being a trained professional (do not attempt this yourself at home), I could find some way regardless, but the lives of Jo Carol Pierce, Sahara Smith and yours truly do intersect.

When the original Gang of Three was planning the first issue of *Music City*, we didn't even discuss the cover story, Jo Carol Pierce, then presenting *Bad Girls Upset By The Truth* at Chicago House, left us no viable options. Jo Carol is a songwriter on a par with her West Texas contemporaries Terry Allen and Butch Hancock, with a style all her own, but for the last few years, I've seen it as my mission in life to make sure that she appeared in public at least once a year. Recently, however, she reemerged as a performer last fall, playing at Evangeline Cafe, Jovita's and Momo's, with a whole bunch of new songs.

"What happened was, I got happily married [to graphic artist Guy Juke, aka "the sexsational Blackie White" of The Cornell Hurd Band] but I don't know how to write love songs, and, deep down, I feared writing music because it opens me up like a coconut smashed with a hammer and, having a history of smashing a lovely marriage with a hammer in the past, I thought it would be dangerous. And it was. So I did something completely different and unlike me. I acted like a good girl. And the power of that flabbergasted me. It kicked me into the most phenomenal and astonishing inner life that seemed to be living me, and songs came falling out. Storming out, dribbling out, shaking out or having to be dragged out in handcuffs. It was and is the most magic time during which, after a lifetime of futile effort, I could suddenly make pie crust like my mama's.

It started about a year ago when independent film producer/director Daniel Lee, contacted me because he was a fan and wanted to use my music. Bless him. So I recorded some with Neil Fraser, who was a great mentor of singing. David Halley, musical hero and best friend, wrote some songs with me, the flower of our long, great friendship. I got a smashingly great band. I had an attack of guts and asked the people I most musically admired, and to my surprise, they all said yes. Mike Vernon of 3 Balls Of Fire is our guitarist and producing the record we're working on, Mark Andes, an angel and my bass player, has contributed so much, Blackie has too, on guitar and piano, as have Bruce Logan on drums and sweetheart Mary Welch. She's our personal Blessed Virgin Mary. When I have a sinking spell, I just think, "But these guys are playing with me!" It's my standard defense against self-persecution now, and it works. I feel incredibly blessed by this right now life—my band, the friendships, the love and the work. And Blackie, who always wanted me to write, and was totally embarrassed and felt irrationally guilty that I wasn't, still likes me."

Last year, Jo Carol asked me if she could have a special guest at my Threadgill's show, and, of course, I can deny her nothing, even an unknown quantity, and she amazed everybody with a 16-year old singer-songwriter, for whom the word 'precocious' could have been coined. "I couldn't stand it any longer. She'd been playing around Wimberly and San Marcos but I wanted her here where we could hear her. I'm so honored to be on the bill with Sahara Smith, who has delighted me with her poetry and songwriting since she was 4 years old. It's funny when a 4 year old writes a poem you'd die to have written, and that's what happened, repeatedly and abundantly. She's such an amazingly creative creature, as is her mama, my long-time writing partner, Suzanne Chesshire."

DL and I have long been fans of the jewelery of Russell Smith & Barbara Samuelson and over the years, at Armadillo Xmas Bazaar and other shows, have got to be, let's say close acquaintances, but we didn't discover until much later that Russell is Sahara's father, and, moreover, an accomplished amateur musician. Whether it was the confluence of her mother's theater writing and her father's love of music, plus the support of both parents and both her stepparents, at 14, a fan of Leonard Cohen and Tom Waits—don't you wish she was your kid?—poetry had turned into songwriting and she played her first open mike at a Wimberley restaurant. "So bad! I had my lyrics spread out and I'd stop, turn the page and start again." Even so, they gave her a gig and, until recently, she even had a residency at a local coffeeshop.

Now 17, and at Austin Community College, working on a degree in Sound Recording Technology, Sahara (Russell hiccuped while reading out a list of girl's names, and he and Suzanne liked the way Sarah came out) is amazingly level-headed. "It would be nice to get a record deal, but best case: music works out and I can do this forever, worst case: I stay in school, get my degree and do something else."

Anyone who's seen her has to figure that music is going to work out, that, in fact, she could be huge. Indeed, even with very limited exposure, her potential has not gone unnoticed, and she already has management—after I invited her to play my show again and she said "Sure, I'd love to," I got a sniffy email, saying that everything had to go through them, though I will say that I happen to know one of her managers has some experience with singer-songwriters.

So there you have it, *3CM's* Cover Girl For Life and a young woman whose face you're very likely to see on many magazine covers in the years to come—but you saw it here first.

JC

ERIC HISAW • THE CROSSES

(Saustex ****)

Muscular but sensitive—sounds like the dream date, don't it, girls? Well, Hisaw is rather the Brad Pitt of Austin roots music, though that's not really a good analogy because those qualities come not from personal trainers or scripts but from the metaphorical equivalent of pushing broken-down cars, which is how Hisaw claims he got his physique. Anyone who looks less like the stereotypical songwriter would be hard to imagine—if he'd shown at Folk Alliance, people would probably have assumed he was there to do something useful, like move stacks of speakers, but Hisaw has the soul of a poet and the heart of a rock & roller. With 11 originals, and a cover of Taj Mahal & Jesse Ed Davis' *Further On Down The Road*, he mines the same rich lode of reflections on life on the wrong side of the tracks in his hometown of Las Cruces, New Mexico, that made his earlier albums so remarkable, and this one is not only his best but will have national distribution. At another time, Hisaw, long based in Austin, could have been described as country-rock, with the emphasis on rock, but his combination of literacy and grit makes Americana a rather more useful label than usual. I've said this before, but it bears repeating because it's the source of Hisaw's strength, when it comes to writing about working class life, he's not your usual overprivileged middle class songwriter striving for downward mobility, he's the real thing, with the ragged edge of authenticity. Think of him as the anti-James Taylor. **JC**

JESSIE LEE MILLER NOW YOU'RE GONNA BE LOVED

(self ****)

Her one sheet says the green-eyed redhead looks like her face belongs on the nose cone of a P-51 Mustang, more importantly, she sounds like her voice should be coming out of a bakelite radio or Bubbler jukebox. Miller, who towed her Airstream from Pennsylvania to Austin in late 2004, is a big *Louisiana Hayride* fan, but the great thing about her unabashedly throwback debut is its utter lack of pretension when so many superficially similar albums exude more retro than thou, even my socks and panties are vintage attitude. Recorded, rather amazingly, in one day, except for Miller's *Cryin' Alone*, cut in Maine with The Two Timin' Three, produced by Sean Mencher, which right there shows she's one smart cookie, and backed by Gina Lee (rhythm guitar), Brisket Boys Tom Umberger guitar and Sweet Basil McJagger (piano/accordion), Paul Ward percussion and Ryan Gould bass, with Olivier Giraud contributing a guitar solo to the title track, Miller offers up a set of originals, her own Ray Price shuffle *Pennies On the Railroad Track* and *It's A Lonely World*, Mencher's title track and *Not For Nothing*, three songs by Umberger, a couple of standards, *Invitation To The Blues* and *You Are My Sunshine*, and some obscurities, particularly *You Told Me A Lie*, written in the 50s by Gene Hanson but never recorded (Hanson's son gave Miller the sheet music), and Cindy Walker's *All Or Nuthin' Gal* and *Because Of A Lie*. Anyone who not only references the great Charline Arthur but spells it right has me impressed right there, and about the only way I'd be more impressed by this album is if it included one of the tailor-made Helen Hall songs, *What Else Does She Do Like Me?* for example, which she performs at live shows, but Miller and Mencher assure me this will be taken care of on a follow-up already in the works. **JC**

THE LUCKY TOMBLIN BAND IN A HONKY-TONK MOOD

(Texas World ****)

Fantasy sports players construct dream teams, people like Mark Cuban go out and buy them and the difference between you and me and Austin personal injury lawyer Anthony 'Lucky' Tomblin is that we could spend hours in a bar arguing about the ideal Austin honky tonk band, kicking around the relative merits of this guitarist and that steel player, but he can just go out and hire them. And not for the first time. I know little about his psychedelic group, The Free Radicals, but Tomblin's R&B/soul band, Lucky 13, featured the cream of San Antonio's musicians, Spot Barnett, Rocky Morales and Al Gomez of The West Side Horns and Sauce Gonzalez. This outfit, which seems to have been completely written out of the new script, was, shall we say, somewhat high maintenance, and when the Lucky Club, on San Antonio's West Side, closed, Tomblin folded the band, reemerging as a country singer backed by pianist Earl Poole Ball, steel guitar/Dobro player Cindy Cashdollar, guitarists John Reed and Redd Volkaert and bassist Sarah Brown. Though Tomblin is more effective at country than R&B, the group's first album was, ace lineup notwithstanding, pretty forgettable, but he's regrouped, mainly by selecting much stronger material. There's a nice Lefty Frizzell-ish feel about this album, which opens with Moon Mullican's *I Done It* sung by Tomblin, who also leads on Porter Wagoner's *Trademark*, Harlan Howard's *I Don't Believe I'll Fall In Love Today*, Leon Payne's *You Are The One*, Durwood Haddock's *There She Goes* and Freddie Hart's *Loose Talk*, interspersed with Ball singing Harlan Howard's *The Key's In The Mailbox*, and Floyd Tillman's *I Love You So Much It Hurts*, Reed the Johnny Horton classic *Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor*, Volkaert Floyd Tillman's *Cold War* and Hank Thompson's *Squaws Along The Yukon* (the only error, novelty numbers are almost always best avoided), and Brown Moon Mullican's *Lonesome Hearted Blues* and the blues standard *Trouble In Mind*, the album winding up with the instrumental *Thanks A Lot* (Eddie Miller, not Charlie Rich). **JC**

JAMES HAND

THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE

(Rounder ****)

When Don Walser's first 'real' album came out, the *Austin Chronicle's* Lee Nichols and I both savaged it from the perspective of fans who relied on Don's cassettes to get us from one Monday night at Henry's to the next, but then it turned out that critics who'd never heard him thought **Rolling Stone From Texas** was wonderful. While Lee and I may have overreacted, the outside world got shortchanged—and this, pilgrims, is not an opinion but a fact—because they didn't get to hear Walser at his best, and, come to that, never did. Having learned from that experience, I'm not going to say that Hand's first 'real' album stinks, because it doesn't, and people who've never heard him before will, quite rightly, conclude that he's Walser's legitimate successor as the greatest honky tonk singer in Texas. But they're being shortchanged again, because this is far more ordinary than a James Hand album should be, and if I could attach a soundclip of *I Heard Mama Callin'* to this, you'd see exactly why—even played over the telephone, it's stunned several friends and colleagues. The problems start right off with *By The Banks Of The Brazos*, the fastest track on the album, which plays directly away from Hand's greatest strength, wringing every ounce of passion and emotion (and black humor) from original slow ballads in which his eerie quaver sends shivers down your back, and you have to wait until midway through the album before you start to get some idea of his unique gifts. The kindest thing I can think of to say about Ray Benson, who produced both this and **Rolling Stone From Texas**, is that, like Brave Combo's Carl Finch, who produced some dreadfully misconceived Conjunto albums for Rounder in the 90s, he just doesn't get it. In recommending this album, it's with the caveat that it's good but not great, and you should try to track down the truly amazing **Shadows Where The Magic Was**. When Tommy Alverson dragged his old colleague out of seclusion in 1997, his intention was to showcase Hand's great songwriting and extraordinary voice on what I'm sure everyone involved, including Hand, assumed at the time would be his one and only album, so they didn't piss around. Come to think, Rounder would have done everyone an enormous favor, and saved themselves a peck of money, by buying the rights and reissuing **Shadows** instead. **JC**

ALBERT & GAGE • CRY LOVE

(MoonHouse ****)

John Hiatt's title track, and Mickey Newbury's *I Still Love You (After All These Years)*, may suggest a theme here and there are, indeed, plenty of love songs among the 12 tracks, of which, I have to say, Christine Albert & Chris Gage's *But I Love You* is a tad mushier than I really care for, but that's rather the charm of Albert & Gage. Albert's voice, and superb taste in backing musicians, long made her the acceptable face of MOR country in Austin, but even if her partnership with onetime Jimmie Dale Gilmore guitarist and backup singer, veteran of countless sessions, Chris Gage were only professional, it would still have brought a rootsier feel to her music. As it is, the personal bond between them makes their shows, and this album, luminous, and when they sing something like *But I Love You*, it's more than a song, it's the way they feel. Even so, you have to be pretty damn good to get away with singing love songs to each other in public, but, like The Kennedys, Albert & Gage can pull it off. Splitting the vocals more or less evenly, Albert plays acoustic rhythm guitar, Gage acoustic, electric, slide and baritone guitars, accordion, mandolin, Dobro and percussion, with another married couple, drummer Lisa Pankratz and bassist Brad Fordham, backing them, and, as usual, I'm stuck trying to find the right word for Albert & Gage's music. Pristine without being squeaky clean comes close, but, as always, what one most admires is the sheer professionalism. **JC**

WES MCGHEE • BLUE BLUE NIGHT

(Terrapin [UK] ****)

Before I left London, the booker of one of my favorite roots venues asked if I'd like to throw a going away party, which was a pretty compact affair because there were only three artists I wanted to see at least one more time. The great John B Spencer is, sadly no longer with us, Eithne Hannigan, the most wonderful fiddler I've ever heard, seems to have disappeared, but Wes McGhee is still, despite ongoing health problems, doing business at his old Tex-Mex stand. McGhee, who dropped out of school in the 60s to play guitar in German rock & roll bands in Hamburg, is one of the most remarkable, in-depth musicians I've ever come across. An amazing multi-instrumentalist, a great bandleader, a flawless arranger, a pretty good songwriter and, despite a rather limited vocal range and an obvious accent, an effective singer. This is not the time or place to go into the complexities of the 80s British country music scene, such as it was, but McGhee was, outstandingly, the best we had. However, he created a problem for himself; all his talents came together in one magnificent creation, the 7 minutes and 39 seconds of *Monterrey (Border Guitars, The Road Goes On Forever, 1994)*, perhaps the greatest border ballad of all time but inarguably an incredible piece of music. Which left him with a very tough act to follow. Still, if there isn't a masterpiece like *Monterrey* here, none of McGhee's other strengths have diminished. Backed by various members of his old band, he turns in some great work on acoustic, hi-strung, baritone, slide, Spanish and electric guitars, keyboards, percussion, Cajon and harmonica, and, for hard core Texas music lovers, the climax is *Texas #2*, a tribute to the late Roxy Gordon, featuring the voice of Gordon himself. **JC**

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 ----- Catherine Irwin • 1962 New Haven, CT
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 ----- Patsy Cline † 1963
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 ----- Kimmie Rhodes • 1954 Wichita Falls, TX
- 7th -- Townes Van Zandt • 1944 Fort Worth, TX
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 ----- Bradley Jaye Williams • 1961 Saginaw, MI
 ----- Lowell Fulson † 1999
 ----- Pee Wee King † 2000
- 8th -- Johnny Dollar • 1933 Kilgore, TX
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 ----- Sheryl Cormier • 1945 Grand Coteau, LA
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- 17th Jubal Clark • 1929 Crosby Co, TX

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