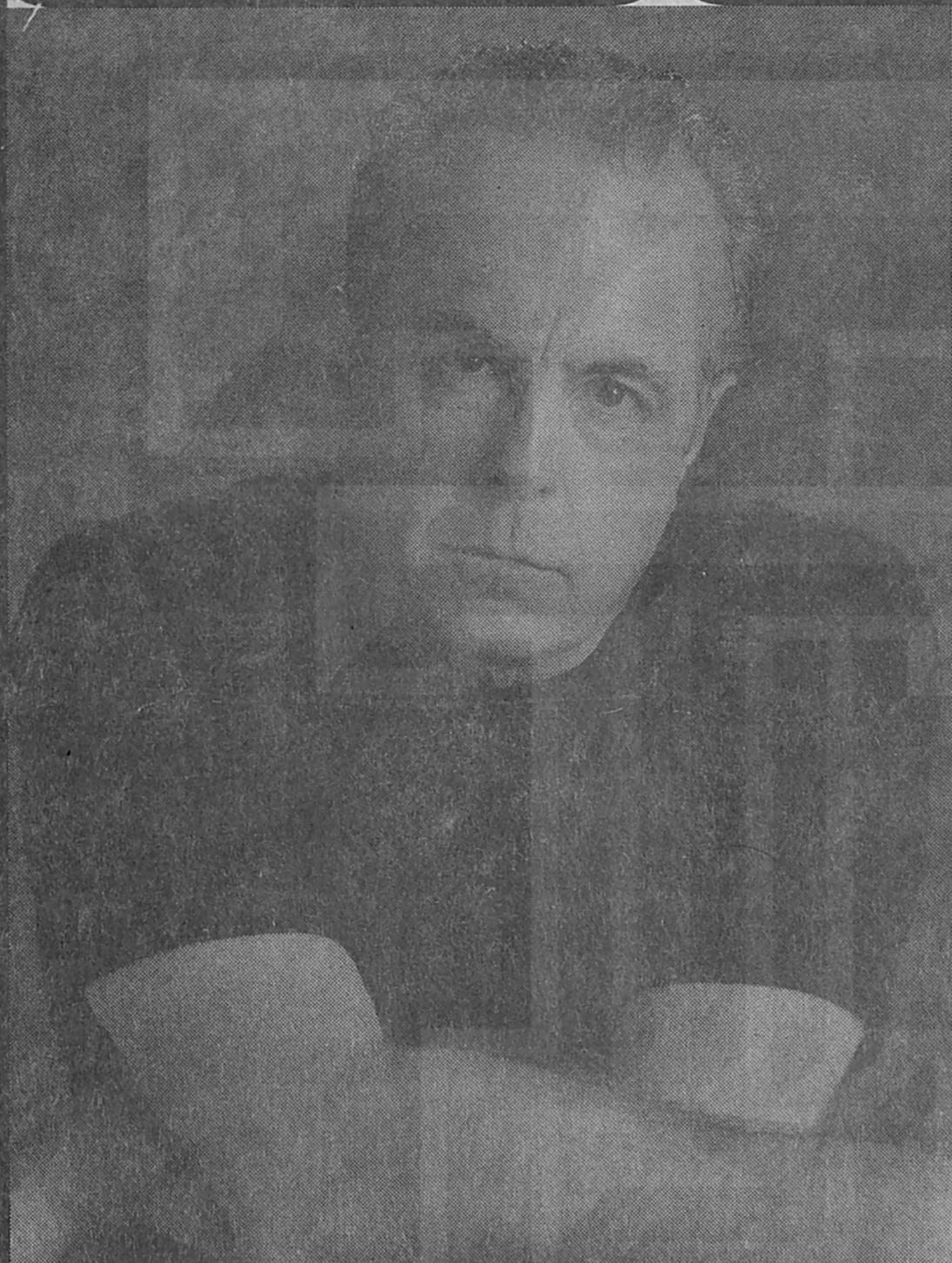


3rd COAST MUSIC



TOM RUSSELL

#127/216 AUGUST 2007



REVIEWS



(or not)

KAREN COLLINS &
THE BACKROADS
BAND

•

THE EAR FOOD
ORCHESTRA

•

TERRI HENDRIX

•

CORNELL HURD
BAND

•

STARLINE
RHYTHM BOYS

JOHN THE REVEALATOR
FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS

#96

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& DEATHS

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(Tres Pescadores) *BW/*HP/*KD/*KF/*RH
- 3 Eilen Jewell: Letters From Sinners & Strangers
(Signature Sounds) *CF/*DG/*JP/*RMP
- 4 Eliza Gilkyson: Your Town Tonight (Red House) *CS/*KB
- 5 Terri Hendrix: The Spiritual Kind (Wilory) *AA/*JB
- 6 Nick Lowe: At My Age (Yep Roc) *RC
- 7 Porter Wagoner: Wagonmaster (Anti) *BP
- 8 Sam Baker: Pretty World (self) *AOK/*KC/*TF
- 9 Jimmy LaFave: Cimarron Manifesto (Red House) *MP/*RF
- 10= The Derailers: Under The Influence Of Buck (Palo Duro) *SH
Walt Wilkins & The Mystiqueros: Diamonds In The Sun
(Palo Duro) *DS
- 11 Kendel Carson: Rearview Mirror Tears (Train Wreck) *MN
- 12 Sarah Borges & The Broken Singles: Diamonds In The Dark
(Sugar Hill) *BS
- 13= Nathan Moore: In His Own Worlds (Frogville) *JH
Starline Rhythm Boys: Red's Place (Cow Island) *JF/*TA
Kelly Willis: Translated From Love (Ryko) *SB
- 14 Michael Fracasso: Red Dog Blues (Little Fuji)
- 15 Marie Knight: Let Us Get Together;
A Tribute to Reverend Gary Davis (MC) *DT
- 16 John Prine & Mac Wiseman: Standard Songs For Average People
(Oh Boy) *NA
- 17= Ryan Adams: Easy Tiger (Lost Highway) *GM
The Gourds: Noble Creatures (Yep Roc)
Bill Hearne's Roadhouse Revue: Heartaches & Honky-Tonks
(Frogville)
- Jason Isbell: Sirens Of The Ditch (New West)
David Olney: One Tough Town (Red Parlor)
Red Meat: We Never Close (Ranchero) *BR
VA: Wounded Heart Of America; Tom Russell Songs (Hightone)
- 18= John Doe: A Year In The Wilderness (Yep Roc) *DF
Max Stalling: Topaz City (Blind Nello) *OO
- 19 Gordy Quist: Here Comes The Flood (self) *CFS
- 20 Peter Case: Let Us Now Praise Sleepy John (Yep Roc) *WT
- 21= Brad Colerick: Lines In The Dust (Back 9) *DA
Lori McKenna: Unglamorous (Warner Bros) *JMB



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THE CORNELL HURD BAND BEYOND THE PURPLE HILLS THE EAR FOOD ORCHESTRA GLORIA CHORDS

(Behemoth *****/Streak *****)

Background checks might reveal other, perhaps even odder, quirks shared by Cornell Hurd and Jim Beal Jr, but the one most relevant to these here pages is that both men suffer from an anachronistic compulsion to ramrod large bands. This nameless eccentricity (nameless mainly because I can't think of a snappy term for it, which pisses me off because, you know, that's *my* thing) flies in the face of economic and logistical realities, not to mention common sense, but Hurd compounds it with a parallel compulsion to put out an album every year. Well, maybe not every year, but this is the 12th Cornell Hurd Band CD since 1994, so 1995, 1997 and 2000 are clearly the exceptions, not the rule. The most notable feature about the latest is that it's very largely new original honky tonk/Western Swing material—it's easy to forget that Hurd, who usually features five or six originals on each album, has written and recorded more songs than most of Austin's so-called singer-songwriters. There is, of course, the obligatory Moon Mullican number, *Moon's Rock*, from Hurd's forthcoming Mullican tribute album, featuring T Jarrod Bonta on piano, Sonny Knight's *Dedicated To You* and a new version of Hurd's *It's Just The Whiskey Talkin'*, but the other 13 tracks are minty fresh. As always with CHB albums, crediting the musicians, 12 in the core band plus 11 guests, including Johnny Bush and Amber Digby, would take up an inordinate amount of space, but I have to make special mention of Hurd's longtime sidekick, the great guitarist Paul Skelton, now gravely ill, to whom this album is movingly dedicated. Is this a good album? Where've you been the last 17 years? Of course it is. I've said it before and I'll say it again, on any given Thursday night there isn't a better, tighter or more entertaining group, of any size, playing in Austin than The Cornell Hurd Band.

◆ Beal's Ear Food Orchestra, which makes very occasional forays out of San Antonio, is somewhat less prolific, this is only its second release in 23 years, and, at least compared to the CHB, rather more compact, with a mere nine musicians, five in the core plus the four-strong Howling Dog Horns. This album is, more accurately, by The Ear Food Gospel Orchestra, the once a month Casbeers Sunday brunch incarnation, when the band forsakes its usual regimen of Texas blues, Zydeco, rock & roll, Swamp Pop and condemnation of golf for that old time religion, testifying Sister Rosetta Tharpe style. To be honest, I've kinda had it with *Will The Circle Be Unbroken* and *He's Got The Whole World In His Hands* was ruined for me back in 1957 by Laurie London's adenoial UK #1 pop hit, but versions of *You Got To Move*, *John The Revelator*, *Nobody's Fault But Mine*, *Wish I Was In Heaven Sittin' Down*, *Holding On And I Won't Let Go* and Curtis Mayfield's *People Get Ready*, with Miss Neesie or Ollie Morris vocals, are masterful. Another highlight is *The Devil's In The Phone Booth*, the lyrics of which Beal stumbled across on the Internet, but he wasn't able to track down its source or music, so the Orchestra had to work up its own arrangement. **JC**

KAREN COLLINS & THE BACKROADS BAND TAIL LIGHT BLUES

(Azalea City ****.5)

Quoted last month, one of the editors of Another Magazine believes that "mainstream country music deserves once again to be taken seriously." My first reaction to this was, of course, 'Say what?!' It wasn't until later that I started wondering when exactly was the previous time mainstream country deserved to be taken seriously. Perhaps 1986, during the interval between the Urban Cowboys and the Hat Acts, but then Earle, Lovett, Yoakam, etc were never really mainstream, if they had been, I wouldn't have got all that work writing about them, QED. Moving backward, by process of elimination I reach 1962, aka The Last Good Year, and somehow I don't think I'd get much argument on this from DC-area singer, songwriter and fiddler Collins. A genuine coalminer's daughter, raised on the *Grana Ole Opry*, she belongs firmly to the 'if it ain't broke, don't fix it' school. While I firmly believe that there should ideally be a Real Country band as good as Collins and her area veterans in every good saloon in every single town, what makes this album worthwhile is the original songwriting. Apart from covers of *Sentimental Journey*, Ivy Bryant's *Only Mama That'll Walk The Line* and *Feudin' And Fightin'* from George Jones & Melba Montgomery's 1967 LP *Close Together*, Collins wrote eight of the 12 numbers, bassist Geff King another and guitarist Ira Gitlin an instrumental, and while Collins has a great quote from ex-ET pedal steel player Buddy Charleton, who guests on two tracks, "I wish Ernest could have heard your songs," the person you can easily imagine singing them, especially the title track, is Loretta Lynn, they're that good, and that classic country. **JC**



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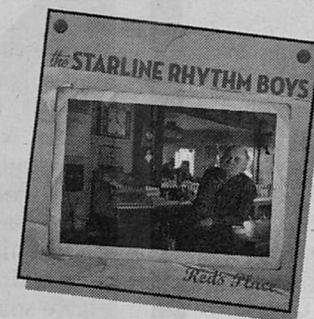
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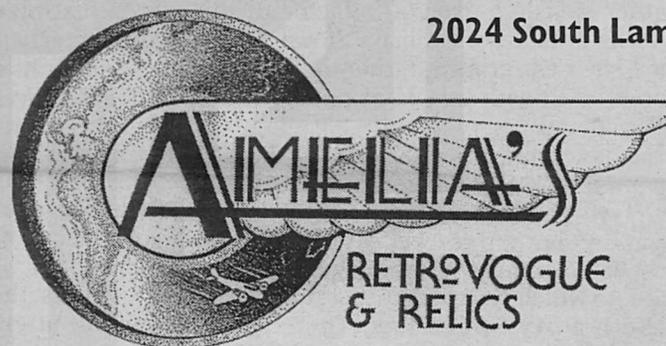
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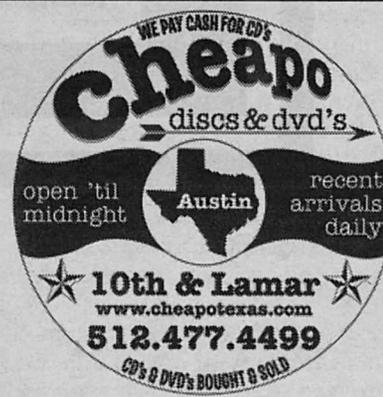


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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

Have to confess to a certain tunnel vision in last month's 'This Is Who We Are' editorial about singer-songwriters (and magazine editors). It didn't occur to me until later that the whole 'this isn't just what we do, it's who we are' line of thought applies just as much to other roots musicians, most, if not all, FAR DJs and many, if not all, 3CM subscribers and readers. My apologies.

◆ To cut a long and fairly tedious story short, should you have occasion to consult the **Freeform American Roots** archives, they are no longer at the old address. The great and good Cap'n Paul Daly now has them nested in the new *Third Coast Music Network* website: <http://tcmnradio.com/far/>

◆ One thing I never got round to mentioning in last month's cover story, is that **Freddie Krc** has a great, rather English, sense of humor. As an example, when he was still playing with Jerry Jeff, I asked him if Walker really was as big an asshole as everyone said, to which Freddie replied, "Let me put it this way, I'm his best friend in the band and I haven't spoken to him for two years."

◆ While we were shooting the shit, Freddie raved about his next project, with Chicago singer-songwriter **Pamela Richardson**, who seems to have impressed him as much with her collection of bad 60s TV as her musical talents—"She's got a copy of an *F Troop* episode with **Lowell George** and Ritchie Hayward, how cool is that?" For the record, the episode was *That's Show Biz* (1967), when the future Little Featers were in The Factory, which appeared as a band called The Bed Bugs.

◆ Hope you checked out, and survived, the **AMA** radio promotion spot I mentioned last month. One thing I didn't have space for was Mark Mundy's inquiry as to how and when **Eric Clapton**, who's featured in it, became an Americana artist. I did, however, put this question to the FAR jocks, and my favorite response came from **Johnny Simmons**, KUSP, Santa Cruz, CA: "If it means I no longer have to listen to people tell me he's a bluesman, I'm all for it."

◆ At least they put **Porter Wagoner** on the cover, but the second lead in the current *No Depression* is **Mandy Moore**. Yes, you heard that right. If the Miranda Lambert cover story could be excused, at least by the more charitable among you, as an unfortunate, if rather splashy, error of judgement, this one is just plain wrongheaded. The odd thing is that even Allison Stewart, who wrote the article, and Peter Blackstock, the issue's editorialist, rather more credible than his partner Grant Alden, damn Moore's latest with very faint praise, "**Wild Hope** is a lovely rainy-day pop record, simple and personal and charming, with well-considered songs, modest hooks and credible guest stars" (Stewart), "Mandy Moore's new record is actually quite good" (Blackstock, sounding more than little surprised). These are not exactly ringing 'Must Have' endorsements even if the magazine's demographic was receptive to "a lovely rainy-day pop record," which I suspect it isn't. Of course, in reality the record is just as horrible as you'd imagine, if not more so.

◆ I've taken a solemn oath, to which you and any passing gods are my witness, that never again will I fuck with a **My Space** link. There is a widespread, utterly erroneous, fallacy—wishful thinking—among musicians that a My Space page is an acceptable alternative to a real website. It isn't, at least, not in my dodge. I don't want to be your goddamn 'friend,' I want to be able to find out something substantial about you and, if so inclined, contact you without having to jump through hoops. Even if wasn't owned and controlled by **Rupert Murdoch**, enough, you'd think, to give anyone pause, My Space is cheapass shit and the subtext to only having a My Space page is "I am not really serious about my music."

◆ A current TV ad for a San Antonio country radio station is cute as all get out, but I can't help wondering if **KJ-97** have really thought through the message they're sending when they have a six-year old saying, "They play songs I sing along to."

◆ Don't know if you've seen the Hugh Grant/Drew Barrymore movie **Music & Lyrics**, but it has a wonderful in-joke that people outside the music business probably wouldn't even recognize as a joke. When Grant, playing a character fairly obviously based on Andrew Ridgely of Wham!, comes off the stage at a sub-Disney theme park, his manager tells him to go back and do an encore. When Grant asks if he has to, the manager says, "It's in the contract."

◆ Not that I really expected **Kinky Friedman** to be elected Governor of Texas, but I recently came across what may have been a fatal flaw in his campaign. The *San Antonio Express-News* apparently uses pretty stock software, probably the same as many other media outlets, that filters incoming emails, and one of the words in the subject line that automatically causes rejection is—'kinky.'

◆ To be honest, I'd never heard of blues duo **Satan & Adam** until I got an email press release about a book written by Adam Gussow which includes "the first comprehensive examination of **William Faulkner's** relationship with the blues." Now there's a Must Read if I ever saw one.

◆ My admiration for **Ray Wylie Hubbard** has been rather shaken by an endorsement, prominently displayed on his website, of **Snake Farm**, "I really really enjoy this album," from **Ringo Starr**, long famed as an idiot *even by drummer standards*.

◆ One line I wanted to work into the cover story, but just wouldn't fit, came from **Lyle Lovett**, who once told me about his first sit-down with a Nashville maven. After listening to Lyle's demos, he said, "Son there's too many words in your songs."

TERRI HENDRIX • THE SPIRITUAL KIND

(Wilory *****)

How much do you need to know about what's going on in a musician's life? On one level, of course, an album is, perhaps should be, the thing and the whole of the thing, a stand alone artifact requiring no backdrop or explanation. On another, knowing the circumstances in which it was made can provide important, even vital, insight and, even more, contextualize an album in relation to previous work. When, a couple of years ago, Hendrix told me about the sudden, stronger than ever, resurgence of her childhood epilepsy, which, obviously, was a huge concern to her, not to mention occasionally frightening the hell out of her longtime musical partner Lloyd Maines, she was keeping it under wraps. Having since found ways to deal with it, without debilitating side effects, she's now completely open about her struggle, and this album can, quite easily, be seen as a celebration. Not that it's more personal, all of Hendrix's songs speak from the heart, but the prevailing mood is considerably lighter than on **The Art Of Removing Wallpaper** (Wilory, 2004), though I have to say that I detest the symbolist artwork, a complete departure from the style of earlier albums. As usual, it's an eclectic Lloyd Maines-produced quilt, more acoustic than **Wallpaper**, ranging from pure folk, most obviously Woody Guthrie's *Pastures Of Plenty*, to jazz (the original *Mood Swing*), via pop, blues and country. A couple of oddities are the spoken word *If I Had A Daughter*, sincere but rather superficial, and *Things Change*, which you'd swear wasn't just written by Mary Gauthier but was being sung by her. Much more successful are John Hadley's *Life's A Song*, with which Hendrix opens the album (and many live shows), Jimmy Driftwood's *What Is The Color Of The Soul Of A Man*, with additional lyrics, *Jim Thorpe's Blues*, the title track, which references Clifford Antone, Jesse Taylor and CB 'Stubbs' Stubblefield, and the pivotal *Acre Of Land*, which lays out Hendrix's personal, musical and business philosophy. Did you need to know about her health problems? Are they relevant? Maybe not, but if you're into Hendrix for the long haul, as her fans tend to be, this knowledge might help in processing her ninth album. Mind you, I have trouble processing 'ninth,' It seems like yesterday Jim Beal Jr and I were touting Hendrix's debut, **Two Dollar Shoes** (Tycoon Cowgirl, 1996) and not even Lloyd's remix version, and the day before yesterday that she was playing Open Mikes. **JC**

THE STARLINE RHYTHM BOYS

RED'S PLACE

(Cow Island *****.5)

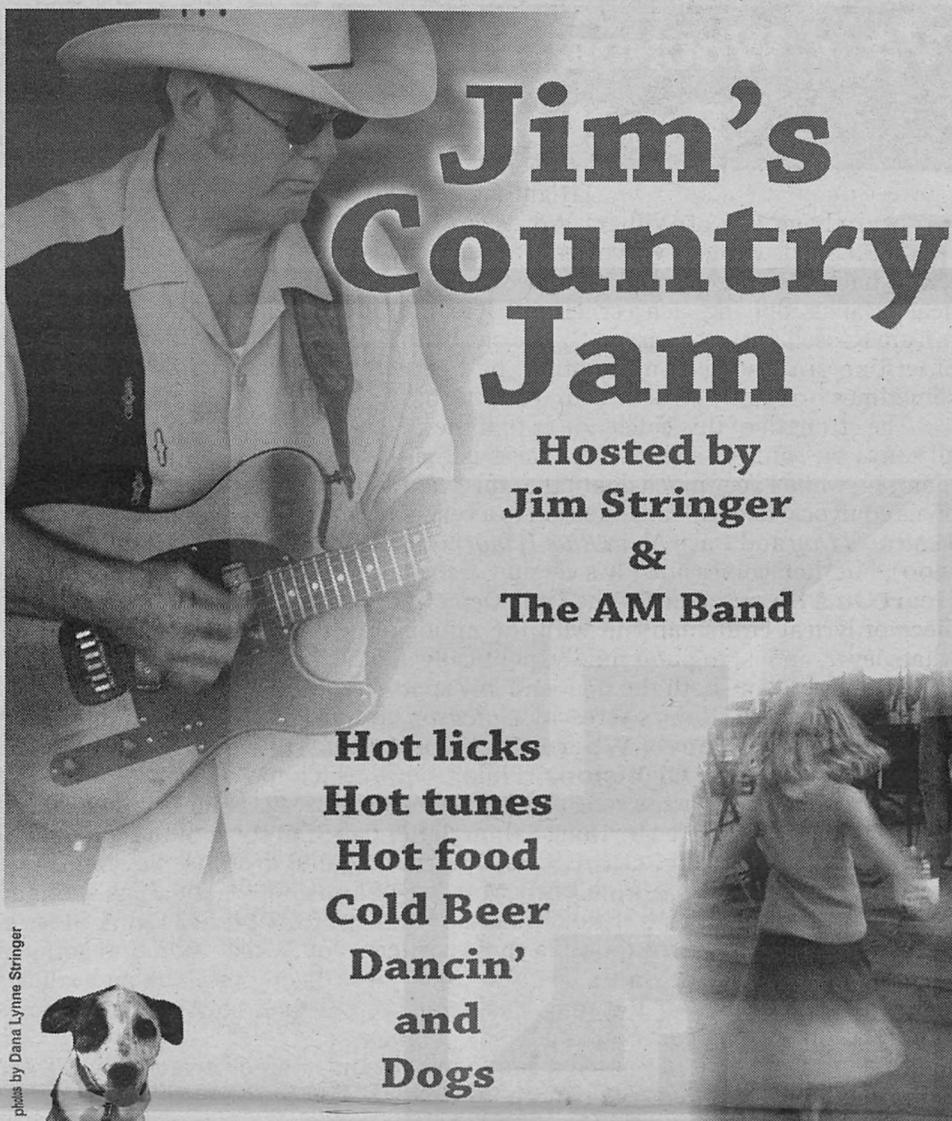
Fixing to bang out a review of The Boys' third outing, I got to Deke Dickerson's Western Union telegram on the back of the booklet and thought, 'Jeez, you can still send telegrams?' Then I remembered who I was dealing with, Deke probably tracked down America's last remaining functional telegraph office in some forgotten LA suburb. Then I thought, 'well, this is spot on, but anyone who reads it has already bought the CD.' So, with Deke's permission, I'm making it possible for him to try to convince you to buy this. First though, some nuts and bolts; the core of the Burlington based band is Danny Coane lead vocals, acoustic rhythm guitar, Big Al Lemery Telecaster and Billy Bratcher slap bass and ace songwriter (12 of the 16 tracks), the supporting musicians are world famous in Vermont. Both Dan Ferguson, who reviewed **Better Luck Is A Barroom Away** (Tin Town, 2001, #54/143) and I, reviewing **Honky Tonk Livin'** (Tin Town, 2002, #68/157), shared Deke's initial incredulity about a country band from Vermont, but if Sean Mencher, who produced all three albums, tells me a country band from anywhere, even Nashville, is good, I'll take his word for it, and I hope you'll take Deke's. **JC**

Howdy gents, you know, when I first heard of The Starline Rhythm Boys, I thought to myself, "A 'country' act from Vermont? Then I had a chance to drive through New England. I've never been in more 'rural' country in the United States than I have been driving through Vermont! This can be heard directly in your music, a mixture of backwoods bluegrass, honky tonk, Western Swing and good ol' rockabilly that feels like you boys playing it live the life you're singing about, and didn't just read about it in a magazine.

The subjects of these songs—sin, salvation, family farms, women, drunk tanks, job layoffs, diners and dearly departed friends—are songs by and for the people. There is no pretension or rock star attitude in what you boys are laying down, just straightforward songs from the heart that are some of the best newly written and recorded country songs since the giants of country music have gone to Hillbilly Heaven.

This is by far the best new country music I've heard in ages, expertly played by you boys and produced by Sean Mencher. Although your band is just a basic three-piece act with no drums, I like your having all sorts of guest artists on the record, from a steel guitar to a horn section, to fill out the sound and keep it interesting. You can't call it Country-Western because you boys are about as far away from the West as you can get, but it's Country Music all right, and damn good Country Music at that. I know folks are going to enjoy this record as much as I did. **Deke Dickerson**

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CORE VALUABLES

Visualize, if you will, 3CM as two men, each taller than the other. Whoops, wrong analogy. OK, let's try an LA or NYC hot spot, with a line of people waiting behind the velvet rope while VIPs go straight to the front and in the door. Pretty farfetched I know, but the fact is there's a class system here at JC's Bar & Grill, some folks always get a place by the fire while others shiver outside. Of course, a lot of this has to do with space, Marc Bristol, for instance, can pack all and sundry into the cavernous *Blue Suede News*, while 3CM has rather limited seating capacity. That and staffing; the current issue of *No Depression* lists two Editors, four Senior Editors, 12 Contributing Editors and 45 Contributing Writers, whereas I'm doorman, captain, bar, kitchen and wait staff, bus boy, dishwasher and manager, which is probably why I never find time to knock down a few advertising walls and expand the joint.

Enough with the extended metaphors, in any given month, I invariably get far more promo CDs than I can possibly fit into the next issue, even if I were able to write critiques like the famous one of *I Am A Camera* ("No Leica"), and they were even worth a two word review. Ideally, and sometimes it actually does happen that way, I skim the cream of the crop, or, at any rate, the cream of as much of the crop as I've been sent and had time to sample. However, most months, a core artist or two will go straight to the top of the pile.

Who are these core artists? A representative list of the automatically prioritized would have to include Marti Brom, Troy Campbell, Anna Fermin, Ronny Elliott, Michael Fracasso, Butch Hancock, Terri Hendrix, Ray Wylie Hubbard, The Cornell Hurd Band, Bill Kirchen, Dayna Kurtz, Jimmy LaFave, David Rodriguez, Townes Van Zandt and Don Walser. A comprehensive list would fuzzle into an outer circle of artists and groups that merely get Very Special Consideration.

How did they get to be core artists? Well, that's not too easy, in fact I have trouble explaining it to myself, but it has to do with a combination of mutual respect, personal affinity and, in some cases, as much as 20 years of shared history. Some were already well-known, at least as these things go, and sort of drifted into 3CM's ambit, others I feel quite possessive about, My Guys, artists I've believed in from Day One and have supported, sometimes with tough love, ever since. The flip side of the coin is that they all seem to think well of me and, more importantly, of 3CM.

Being chummy with musicians is not a real good idea for music writers, there's a pretty obvious danger of conflict of interest down the road—pick one, alienate a friend or mislead your readers. I don't know how others handle this problem, but while there are a few people in that core list who I would consider friends, for the most part, what I have with most of them is not so much friendship as a camaraderie built up a few minutes at a time before, during or after their shows, though when you add up many gigs over many years, it's kinda hard to tell the difference.

Still, no matter what degree of personal rapport we have, the crucial thing about these core artists is that there's a very high probability, amounting almost, if not quite, to a certainty, that none of them will ever drop a real turd in my lap—which is why they go to the front of the line. OK, that and they know the doorman, but fuck it, special relationships are a two way street.

JC

VA • WOUNDED HEART OF AMERICA; TOM RUSSELL SONGS

(Hightone ****.5)

Parodying one of William Wordsworth's sonnets, the British humorist JK Stephens wrote "Two voices are there, one is of the deep and one is of an old halfwitted sheep... and Wordsworth both are thine." I would not go anywhere near as far as applying such a cruel epithet to him, but a similar dichotomy is present in Tom Russell's 30 year career. On the one hand, I need hardly say that he's capable of writing great songs, on the other, he's equally capable of writing utter tosh, sometimes brilliantly structured but still tosh.

The strength of this collection is that the 14 covers and four 'bonus tracks' are all songs by Tom Russell, the weakness is that he and Mark Hallman got to pick them, so, while I very much doubt that this was their intention, it reveals both sides of his equivocal talent. Things gets off to a very good start, with Johnny Cash singing *Veteran's Day* and Dave Alvin *Blue Wing*, both from **Poor Man's Dream** (Philo, 1990), but then comes Joe Ely's version of the fatally flawed *Gallo Del Cielo*, from **Heart On A Sleeve** (End Of The Trail/Demon [UK], 1984), an absolutely masterful piece of lyrical craftsmanship with the minor drawback that it makes no sense whatsoever, and is, to put it mildly, politically and historically suspect.

After that come both the high and low spots, Iris DeMent's fabulous *Acres Of Corn* and Dave Van Ronk's screechy *Outcaste*, both from the concept album **The Man From God Knows Where** (Hightone, 1999). Then comes Laurie Lewis' *Manzanar*, from **Box Of Visions** (Philo, 1992), which has a rather hollow 'I'm going to sit down and write a song about Japanese-Americans being interned during the war' feel to it, followed by Doug Sahm's latter day SDQ cover of the splendid *St Olav's Gate*, from **Heart On A Sleeve**, Suzy Bogguss' overbusy version of the excellent *Outbound Plane*, from **Poor Man's Dream**, and, another high spot, Ian Tyson & Nancy Griffith's terrific *Canadian Whiskey*, from **Heart On A Sleeve**. They're followed by the inexplicable choice of Jerry Jeff Walker's inept reading of *Navajo Rug*, from **Poor Man's Dream**, which gives the impression that he didn't really know or care what the song was about, rather than cowriter Ian Tyson's infinitely superior version.

Quite what possessed Russell & Hallman to include Ramblin' Jack Elliott's *The Sky Above And The Mud Below*, from **The Rose Of The San Joaquin** (Hightone, 1995), I cannot imagine, but choosing The Texas Tornados' version of *Haley's Comet*, from **Hurricane Season** (Philo, 1991), rather than cowriter Dave Alvin's, must have been pretty painful, as either way you'd get a great version of a great song. You have to give Russell points for having the legendary Lawrence Ferlinghetti on this album, and the maudlin *Stealing Electricity* does work much better as Beat poetry than it did as a song, on **Love And Fear** (Hightone, 2006). The VA portion of the program ends with a puzzler and an enigma. The puzzler is that a new version of *Walkin' On The Moon* was recorded specially for this project, and while I yield to no one in my admiration for Eliza Gilkyson, the plain fact is that she doesn't do this particular song as well as Katy Moffatt, or Sylvia Tyson come to that. The enigma is that, up to now, every version, including Russell's own, on **Poor Man's Dream**, credited Katy as cowriter.

Russell's four bonus tracks are *The Cuban Sandwich*, with Barrance Whitfield, from their **Hillybilly Voodoo** (East Side Digital, 1993), which, not surprisingly, nobody else has recorded; the first rate and topical *Who's Gonna Build Your Wall?*, from last year's EP of the same title; a new version of *Home Before Dark*, originally on **The Road To Bayamon** (Philo, 1988); and *The Death Of Jimmy Martin*.

Make of it what you will, but one thing that strikes me about this collection is that nearly all the best material, or, a somewhat different consideration, nearly all the songs other artists felt would fit their musical personae, comes from Tom Russell Band albums (**Heart On A Sleeve**, incidentally one of the very few non-Texas LPs to escape my Moving Sale, **Poor Man's Dream**, **Hurricane Season**) rather than from the solo work. My feeling is that, at some point, Russell started to take himself way too seriously—check his website and you'll see images that positively ooze a sense of gravitas—and stopped writing songs other people wanted to record.

The problem for all artists is not so much being consistent as being aware of inconsistency. The plain fact is that not everything an artist, no matter how talented, produces is automatically a work of genius. The fine art market is particularly unsentimental—all Picassos are valuable, some are much more valuable than others. Literary critics ruthlessly differentiate between minor and major poems, stories and novels. Symphonies and operas by great masters are never performed. Etc, etc.

It's not hard to see how decades of adulation can throw off the self-critical governor, Wordsworth being a prime example, which may be why rock & roll treasures its casualties so much, they died young and left a goodlooking corpus. In this instance, a more detached compiler could easily have produced a flawless album (Alvin's version of their cowritten *Out In California* is a particularly odd omission), but Russell himself admitted, in the liner notes to **Museum Of Memories** (Dark Angel/Village, 2002), "I'm not a good critic of my own stuff." Too true.

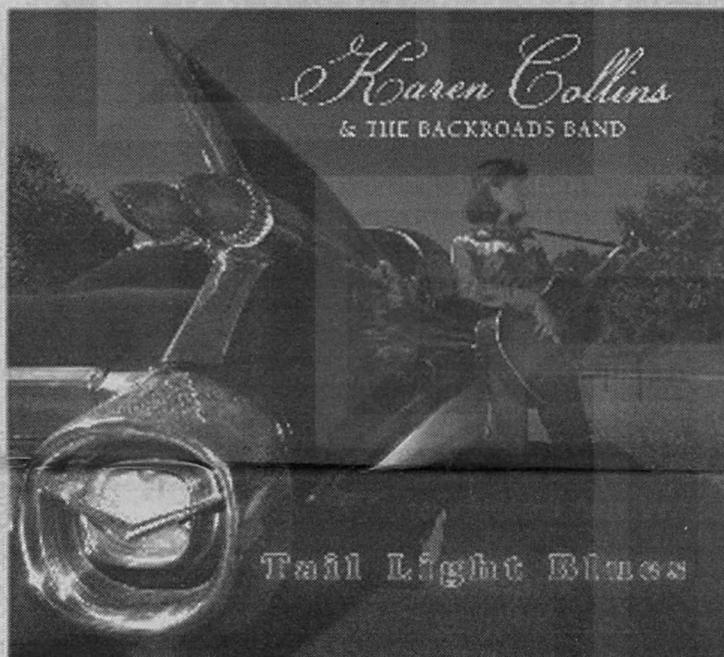
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tual kind / I'm a little bit Catholic and a little bit Jew • I'm a little bit Baptist
and Episcopal too • Some call what I say blasphemy • I'm the spiritual kind
it makes no difference to me / My friend Cathy is the spiritual kind • She
jumps in her Jacuzzi to clear her mind • She keeps a statue of Buddha by
her hot tub • When her soul gets cold she gives his belly a rub / Now some
folks say he is and some say he ain't • But for me Saint Christopher is still a
saint • When I get lost he don't leave me behind • He's always been guide
for the spiritual kind / Now Antone and Jesse are up in heaven • Playin' in
the choir with their amps on eleven • Stubb's is feedin' every angel he can
find • You know it's blues and bar-b-que for the spiritual kind / The Dalai
Lama says the art of happiness • Is learnin' how to live on a whole lot less •
To understand it all takes an open mind • You know I'm just another
student of the spiritual kind

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----- Betty Jack Davis † 1953
----- Leo Soileau † 1980
----- Redd Stewart † 2003
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----- Shelton Dunaway • 1934 Monroe, LA
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----- Mark O'Connor • 1962 Seattle, Wa
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----- Rod Bernard • 1940 Opelousas, LA
----- Joe Tex † 1982
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- 14th -- Sarah Borges • 1978 Taunton, MA
----- Johnny Burnette † 1964
----- Roy Buchanan † 1988
- 15th -- Bobby Helms • 1935 Bloomington, IN
----- Don Rich • 1941 Olympia, WA
----- Big Bill Broonzy † 1958
----- Lawrence Walker † 1968
- 16th -- Chuck Guillory • 1919 Mamou, LA
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----- Wayne Raney • 1921 Wolf Bayou, AR
----- Jimmy Donley • 1929 Gulfport, MS
----- Guitar Gable • 1937 Bellevue, LA
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----- Mark Rubin • 1966 Stillwater, OK
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