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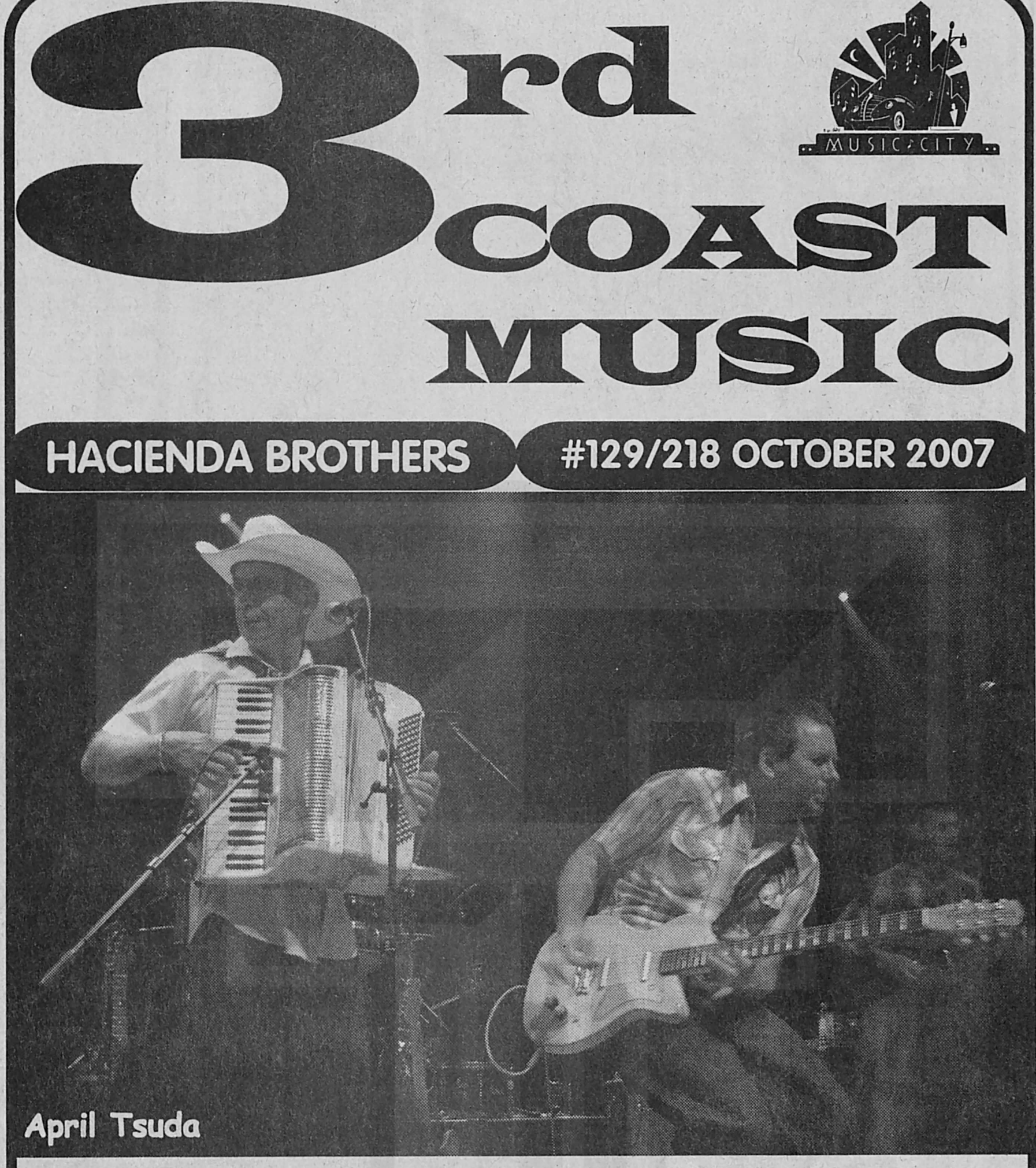

April Tsuda

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FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #98

ROOTS BIRTHS & DEATHS

THE ALTERNATIVE AUSTIN MUSIC MEMORIAL

REVIEWS

❀❀❀❀❀ (or not)

MARY CUTRUFELLO • THE DERAILERS • BOBBY FLORES
HONKY TONK CONFIDENTIAL • JAKE HOOKER
LARRY LANGE & HIS LONELY KNIGHTS • JOHN LILLY
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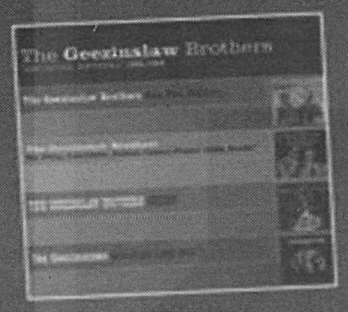

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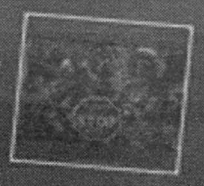

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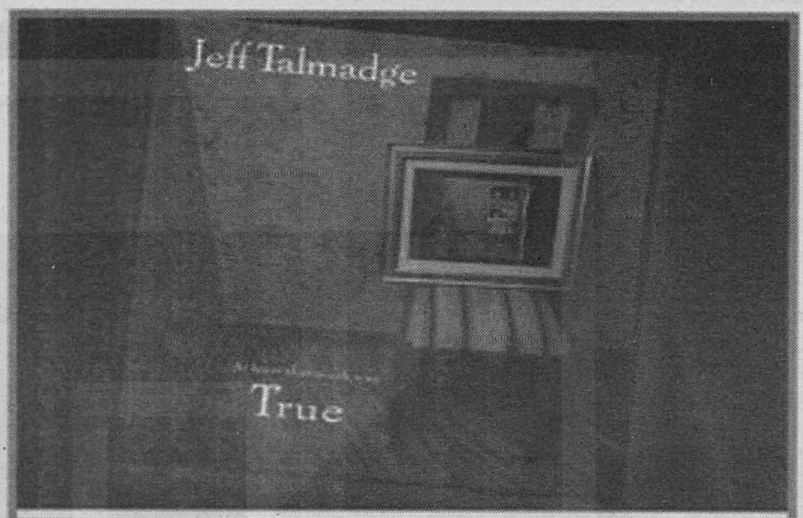

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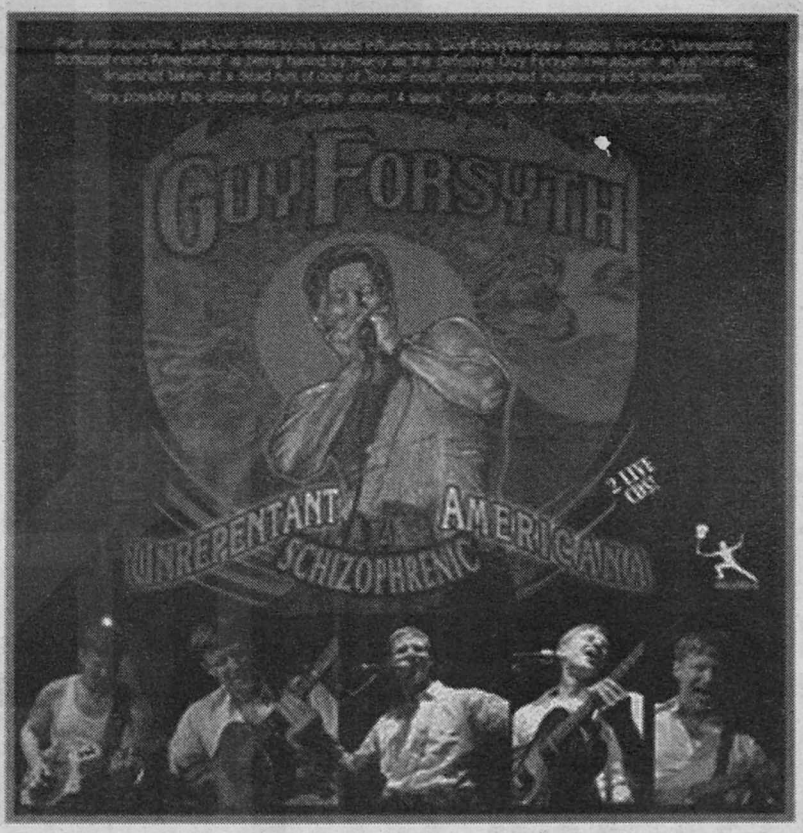

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#1 Starline Rhythm Boys: Red's Place

(Cow Island) *BL/*DC/*JF/*RH/*RT/*TR

2 **Steve Earle: Washington Square Serenade** (New West) *AA/*GM/*OO/*RF/*XE
3 **John Lilly: Haunted Honky Tonk** (self) *BR/*DA/*KC/*NA/*PP/*RS/*TG
4 **Mary Gauthier: Between Daylight & Dusk** (Lost Highway) *DB/*FS/*MY
5 **Roger Wallace: It's About Time** (Natchez Street) *3RC/*CP/*DF/*LB/*MA
6 **Peter Case: Let Us Now Praise Sleepy John** (Yep Roc) *BK/*RC/*ST
7= **Kane Welch & Kaplan** (Compass) *JP/*PTT
Red Meat: We Never Close (Ranchero) *JE/*KD
8 **The Derailers: Under The Influence Of Buck** (Palo Duro) *DT/*MF
9 **Jim Lauderdale: The Bluegrass Diaries** (Yep Roc) *DD/*KM
10 **Terri Hendrix: The Spiritual Kind** (Wilory) *JA
11 **Lyle Lovett & His Large Band: It's Not Big, It's Large** (Lost Highway) *SB
12 **Red Stick Ramblers: Made In The Shade** (Sugar Hill) *BF
13= **Sam Baker: Pretty World** (self) *AB/*MP
Jeff Talmadge: At Least That Much Was True (Corazong) *CS/*GS
Walt Wilkins & The Mystiqueros: Diamonds In The Sun (Palo Duro) *HP/*HT
14 **Eilen Jewell: Letters From Sinners & Strangers** (Signature Sounds)
15= **Merle Haggard: The Bluegrass Sessions** (MCM) *RW
Betty LaVette: The Scene Of The Crime (Anti) *B&C/*TPR
16 **Cornell Hurd Band: Beyond The Purple Hills** (Behemoth)
17= **Perry Keyes: The Last Ghost Train Home** (Laughing Outlaw) *AOK/*JS
Emily Kurn: Things Change (self) *CF/*OB
Scott Link: Coming Around (Sad Bird)
Toni Price: Talk Memphis (Antone's)
Charlie Sizemore Band: Good News (Rounder) *EB/*RJ
VA: Wounded Heart Of America; Tom Russell Songs (Hightone)
18= **Emmylou Harris: Songbird** (Rhino) *LW/*N&T
Yarn (self) *DS/*KB
19= **Kevin Deal: Roll** (Blind Nello)
Eliza Gilkyson: Your Town Tonight (Red House) *DJ
Legendary Shack Shakers: Swampblood (Yep Roc) *LG
Roddie Romero & The Hub City All-Stars: The La Louisianne Sessions (Octavia) *SC
The Sadies: New Seasons (Yep Roc) *DP
Teddy Thompson: Up Front And Down Low (Universal)
20 **Max Stalling: Topaz City** (Blind Nello)
21 **Dwight Yoakam: Dwight Sings Buck** (New West)
22= **David Olney: One Tough Town** (Red Parlor) *BP
Luke Powers: Picture Book (Phoebe Clair) *HH
Eric Taylor: Hollywood Pocketknife (Blue Ruby) *JB
Two Dollar Pistols: Here Tomorrow, Gone Today (8th House) *MJ
Duncan Earl Walters: Guardian (self) *RE
23= **Jason Arnold & The Stepsiders: With Friends Like These** (self) *JM
Pieta Brown: Remember The Sun (One Little Indian) *RV
John Doe: A Year In The Wilderness (Yep Roc)
The Gourds: Noble Creatures (Yep Roc) *TM
King Wilkie: Low Country Suite (Zoe) *JH
Carolyn Mark: Nothing Is Free (Mint) *DG
Nathan Moore: In His Own Worlds (Frogville)
Robert Plant/Alison Krauss: Raising Sand (Rounder) *JMB
Polecat Creek: Ordinary Seasons (Yodel-Ay-Hee) *DR
Rocky Votolato: The Brag And Cuss (Barsuk) *BB
Corinne West: Bound For The Living (Make) *TT

***XX = DJ's Album of the Month**

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THE ALTERNATIVE AUSTIN MUSIC MEMORIAL

During my first stint on KSYM, I hosted *Third Coast Music Network* the first Saturday of each month and played tracks by people who were born or died during during it. One day, a woman called to complain that my memorials were morbid and depressing. Naturally, I assumed she was pulling my leg, but not a bit of it, she was, to coin a phrase, dead serious. Last month, I noted that the nomination processes for the official Austin Music Memorial and **3CM**'s Alternative had a few things in common, what I didn't anticipate was that both would be received with roars of apathy. The responses I got were invariably critical of the official red tape and enthusiastic about a more grass roots approach, I just didn't get as many as I hoped. Of course, I murdered the City of Austin's tally of completed nomination forms, but that's not saying much. Either way, Austin forgets to remember.

The conclusion I draw is that most people just don't want to think about the dead, even if they were once friends, colleagues, influences or heroes. From the very title of my Births & Deaths calendar, it's obvious Iregard both as equally worthy of being noted. On one level, that calendar is mere 'Oh, look, so-and-so was born the same day as me' trivia, but on another, I email it out to over 100 DJs who use it as a programming tool with the anniversaries of musicians' deaths being occasion to look back on their work. In my own small way, I help ensure that just because they're gone, they're not forgotten. Which is the crux of both the official and alternative memorials. Much as I despise the methodology of the Austin Music Memorial, I applaud the basic premise, that it's important to remember. Important, moreover, to remember locally, to honor members of the music community who may have been little known outside Austin (or inside Austin, come to that).

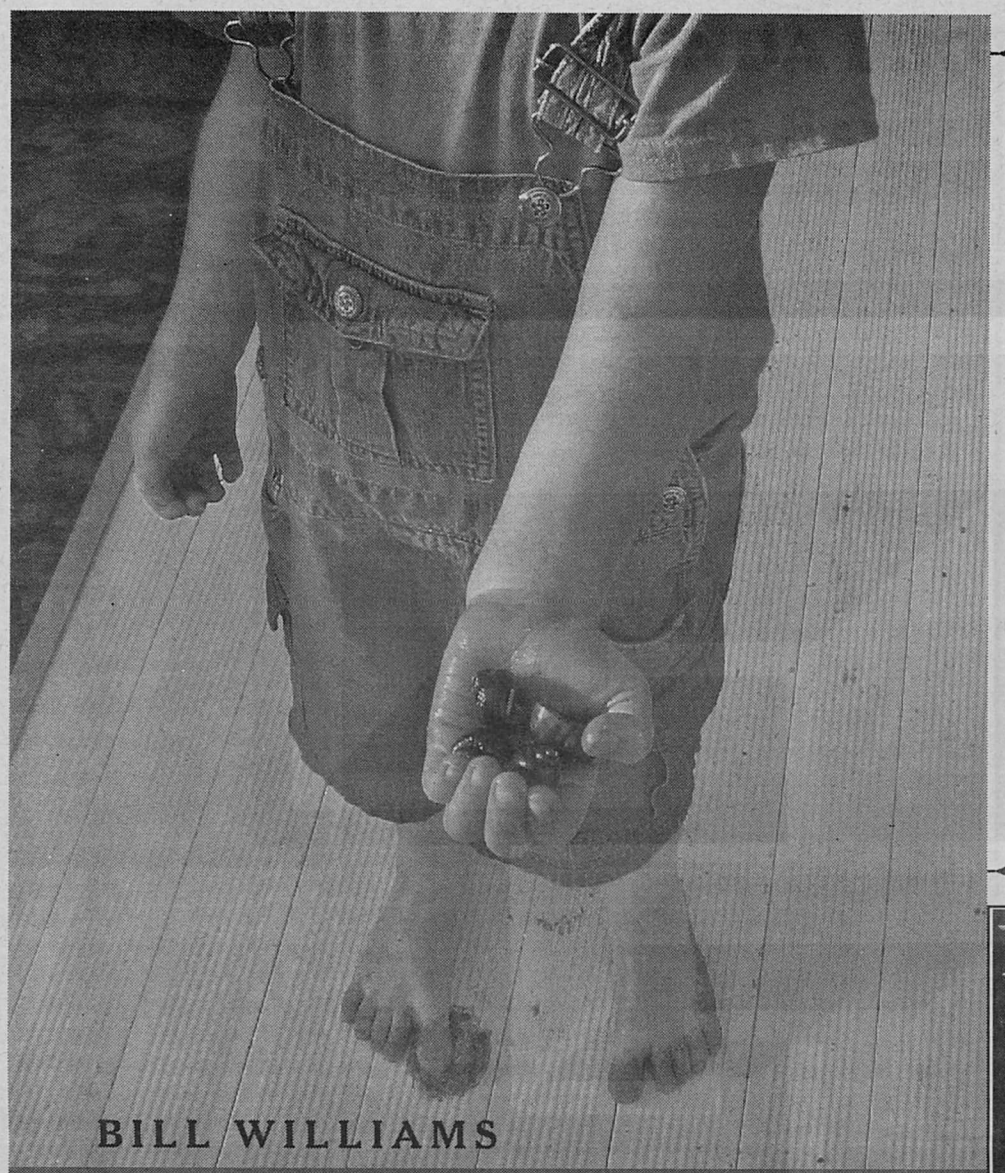
Apart from anything else, the dead are often still very much with us. Their voices or instruments may have been silenced, but as long as there are musicians, music lovers, writers and DJs with memories, any sense of history or good record collections, Townes Van Zandt, Don Walser, Doug Sahm and Jesse Taylor, to take obvious examples, will always be gold standards against whom the living can, and will, be compared, usually not to their advantage.

I make no bones about the fact that had the *Austin Chronicle* or *Austin American-Statesman* taken this initiative, their staffs or readers would have generated different nominees. One thing I found rather perplexing was that very few of the 157 people who took part are musicians. This seems rather short-sighted—if you don't remember them, who's going to remember you? As John Donne said, "Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

One feature I added to the process was that nominations could be unranked, which, understandably, proved to be very popular. Even though he was on my own initial list, I took CB 'Stubb' Stubblefield out of contention after several participants pointed out that his influence, while enormous, was indirect. While I had reservations about Doug Sahm, mutual friends in San Antonio have no problem with him being memorialized as an Austinite as his home town has done nothing to claim or honor him.

One mistake both The City of Austin and I made was that there really aren't that many potential candidates. Other nominees were TD Bell, Erbie Bowser, Jubal Clark, Jimmy Day, Lavada Durst, Keith Ferguson, Joseph Gonzales, The Grey Ghost, Nash Hernandez, Cody Hubach, Walter Hyatt, Cindi Lazzari, Donald Lindley, TJ McFarland, Townsend Miller, Tary Owens, Paul Sessums, Robert Shaw, Ginger Shults, Mambo John Treanor, Uncle John Turner, John Vandiver and Tony Von. At this rate, they'll all be in the official or unofficial memorials, probably both, in two or three years. Works for me. **JC**

Townes Van Zandt (7/3/44—1/1/97)
Blaze Foley (12/18/49—2/1/89)
Don Walser (9/14/34—9/20/06)
Champ Hood (8/16/52—11/3/01)
Clifford Antone (10/27/49—5/23/06)
Stevie Ray Vaughan (10/3/55—8/2/90)
Jesse Taylor (4/10/50—3/7/06)
Kenneth Threadgill (9/12/09—3/20/87)
Bill Neely (9/19/16—3/22/90)
Doug Sahm (11/6/41—11/18/99)



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JOHN X REED & JESSE 'GUITAR' TAYLOR
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(South Congress ❀❀❀❀)

Visiting with one time South Congress Records' honcho Brad Brobisky recently, I discovered that this classic 2002 collaboration between Austin's two greatest electric guitarists, screw *Austin Chronicle* readers, was never really released. Even as my original review appeared (#62/151), Brobisky's distributor went bankrupt and the entire pressing was locked up in a Houston warehouse while the legal technicalities were worked out. By the time he got the CDs back, Brobisky had other legal issues to deal with and his label was effectively out of business. However, he still has plenty of copies, so consider this a relaunch. Historical note: the disclaimer mentioned in the first line was "Any pretence at fairness, objectivity, balance or fact checking is explicitly disavowed. However, every effort will be made to ensure that each issue contains a reference to Faron Young" Actually, that's rather good, I may have to reinstate that—after all, this issue has two Faron Young references .

3CM's standing masthead disclaimer of any pretence at objectivity comes in real handy right now because there is no way I could feign being impartial about this album, nor would I want to. These are two of my all-time favorite guitarists in the entire world, so as far as I'm concerned, what's not to like? Both from Lubbock and friends for some 30 years, Taylor and Reed are both amazing players, and they're both the kind of musician who'd rather be out playing for tips and beer than stay home and watch TV, and they're both the kind of musician who simply takes care of business, no flash, no showboating, no genius is pain bullshit. Taylor is, of course, by far the better known of the two, exploding onto international awareness in the late 70s with The Joe Ely Band, and I still say it's no coincidence that Ely's career lost, and never regained, momentum after Taylor was let go in 1980. He's played and recorded with, among many others, Terry Allen, Butch Hancock, Jimmie Dale Gilmore and Billy Joe Shaver, and has two blues albums under his own name, **Last Night** (Tornado Alley, 1998) and **Texas Tattoo** (Appaloosa, 1998), plus **Rhythm Oil** (Minidoka, 1993) with Terry Clarke & Michael Messer. Though Reed has also recorded with Hancock, Gilmore, Doug Sahm, Roky Erickson and others, he's low profile even in Austin, virtually unknown outside, but if Taylor has no others, Reed is very much his peer. Though they'd never recorded together before and this album was cut in a matter of days, with George Raines drums and Glen Fukanaga bass, they unerringly found a place where Taylor's blues and Reed's country and rock & roll strengths meshed together, and I'm here to tell you that their twin guitars will knock your socks off. The 13 instrumentals—both men have been known to sing, but wisely chose to stick to what they do best—include three originals, Freddie King's *Sen-Say-Shun* and *San Ho Zay*, Blind Lemon Jefferson's *Black Snake Moan*, a Spaghetti Western take on The Keepers' *Johanna Street*, The Ventures' *Ram-Buck-Shush*, with Ventures bassman Nokie Edwards sitting in, Chuck Berry's *Memphis* done Lonnie Mack style, Buck Owens & Don Rich's *Cajun Fiddle*, Cannonball Adderley's *Sack O'Woe*, Floyd Cramer's *Last Date* and Hank Williams' *On The Banks Of The Pontchartrain*. Outside of Surf, all-instrumental guitar albums have been pretty thin on the ground for a long time, but this one just might convince you that it doesn't always start with a song. Now it's time to see if I can play two air guitars at the same time. **JC**

MARY CUTRUFELLO • 35

(self ❀❀❀.5)

Wearing two or more different musical hats is not unheard of, but understandably rare, hell, it's hard enough to win *one* audience, let alone two or more. Accessorizing those hats with completely different bands, also not unheard of , is even rarer, but when we talked about NotSXSW 2008, Cutrufello offered me a choice between her rock and country lineups. I make no bones about my preference for her latter persona, featured as the cover story of #113/202, when she reissued her early recordings as **Mary Cutrufello & The Havoline Supremes/Who To Love & When To Leave** last year, and that's what I booked. This time round, however, she's in the rock mode that, but for pure bad luck, signing to a major just as it was going into a dysfunctional tailspin, might well have made her a star. The experience must have been painful but, like Debbie Gibson, that Mary Cutrufello can really take a punch, and she comes out swinging on an album, mostly cut in 2005 not long after she celebrated her 35th birthday, that showcases her sensational guitar playing and, though not quite as consistently, her abilities as a songwriter. Made in Minneapolis before she moved to Austin, where she added some overdubs, the nine originals, plus a cover of Bruce Springsteen's *Take 'Em As They Come*, are dominated by the anthemic *Sonic Girls*. There are some other intriguing tracks, such as *American Rain*, but I still think she writes better country songs than rock songs. Mind you, the distinction between her two aspects is not altogether rigid, at a recent Casbeers show, she and her rock band pulled out a stunning version of Hank Cochran's *Undo The Right* that made Willie Nelson sound like a lounge singer. **JC**

VA • Swamp Gold Volume 8
LARRY LANGE & HIS LONELY KNIGHTS

(Jin❀❀/Texas Jamboree ❀❀❀❀)

Much as I love Swamp Pop, I must concede that, flourishing in a limited area for a limited time with a limited number of truly gifted exponents, it's far from an infinite resource. Up to a point, the **Swamp Gold** series has been the outstanding monument to this glorious genre, but if Volume 8 isn't scraping the bottom of Jin's barrel, I'm not sure I want to hear what's on Volume 9. This isn't just very minor regional hits, it's their B sides. Mind you, Volume 8 in almost any specialized music series would likely be getting a bit attenuated.

Apart from a handful of hits, Swamp Pop did not, by and large, travel well and it's often said that it was only popular in Southwest Louisiana and England. Which is pretty much true, with one notable exception, San Antonio, where the idea of fusing ethnic roots with rock & roll, country and R&B fell on fertile ground, especially as an essential component was big ass horns. Freddy Fender was the only San Antonian to rate as a Swamp Pop star, but Ildefonso Fraga Ozuna's Sunny & The Sunglows, later The Sunliners, scored a #11 Billboard hit in 1963 with *Talk To Me*. Growing up in Victoria, TX, bassplaying front man Larry Lange was exposed to music from both ends of the San Antonio/Lafayette axis. "It was ingrained in my psyche from a very early age and since Doug's left us, no one is addressing that style." A void Lange, and a crew that includes tenor sax great Ed Vizard, seconded by Brad Andrew, guitarist Grady Pinkerton, drummer Michael Christian and pianist Jack Paine, fill with style and crackling energy. From the San Antonio end, they offer Ozuna's *No One Else Will Do*, *Put Me In Jail*, *Carino Nuevo* and *Peanuts* by Sunglows horn player Luis Guerra, *Corpus Christi Rocks*, Oscar Martinez's Conjunto revision of *Acapulco Rock* by Eddie con Los Shades (an early rock en Español Freddy Fender incarnation) and *This Broken Heart* by Rockin' Dave Allen. From Louisiana come Buck Rogers' *Crazy Baby*, Tommy McLain & Clint West's swamp version of The Righteous Brothers *Try To Find Another Man*, Lil Bob & The Lollipops' *Lookout Mr Heartache* and *Please Don't Leave*, Joe Barry's *Everything's Alright*, John Fred & His Playboys' *Shirley* and *Walking In The Park*, the B side of a Guitar Gable & King Karl Excello single (Grady's pick!). In true Swamp Pop fashion, they also hijack *Falta Tu Amor*, done by Steve Jordan in LA in the early 60s (Lange says, "I thought it was a great piece of musical architecture and wanted to do it in orchestral style so I wrote all the horn parts [I write all the horn parts anyway]"), Buck Owens' *Together Again* ("San Antonio style"), George Morgan's *Candy Kisses* (ditto) and *Sometimes* by Gene Thomas—remember Gene & Debbe?

Previous attempts to recapture the spirit of Swamp Pop's Golden Age, even by veterans like Rod Bernard, Warren Storm, Charles Mann and Van Broussard, have fallen flat and I've just never been able to work up any enthusiasm for the genre's main revivalist Don Rich (maybe it's the mullet). However, for those of you who know your Jin and Ace compilations and collections by heart, Larry Lange & His Lonely Knights are a real shot in the arm, and the live show kicks ass. **JC**

HONKY TONK CONFIDENTIAL
Road Kill Stew And Other News

(Too Many Dogs ❀❀❀❀)

Ed Bradley appeared with them so often he was known as 'the fifth Neville Brother," Dan Rather joined REM on the Letterman show, Bob Schieffer helped write four of the songs on HTC's fourth album and performs one as a taking blues ("As my wife reminds me on an almost daily basis, I can't sing"). However CBS is doing in the ratings, its news anchormen are miles ahead in the music world, though I doubt many of its producers are as quite as gifted as lead vocalist Diana Quinn, who also wrote four of the other songs and had a hand in six more. The band, Mike Woods lead guitar and Dobro, Sam Goodall bass, Mark Lindamood drums and Bobby Martin pedal steel, is pretty exceptional—one always has to remember that, musically, DC is a Southern city with a long history of great country and rockabilly—but Quinn is the icing on the cake. Sounding even better than on the other albums, she shares the vocals with the guys, but, as usual, kicks the album up a good few notches whenever she's at the mike. Perennial Wammy (Washington Area Music awards) winners, HTC, while very serious about what they call "retro alt country," have always had a lighthearted side, but, unlike, say, Red Meat, who've pretty much run their schtick into the ground, they rely on wit rather than comedy, and Schieffer's 'beats working' showcase, *TV Anchorman*, fits right in. Actually, they do come slightly unstuck on one comedy number, the Johnny Cash parody *A Girl Namea Dick*, ingenious enough but not a joke that bears much repeating (mind you, *A Boy Named Sue* isn't exactly my favorite JC song). The connection with Schieffer, who, incidentally, was born in Austin and raised in Fort Worth, starting his career at *The Star-Telegram*, and sometimes plays cowbell at HTC gigs, is getting the group a lot of extra, though usually rather superficial, attention, but they deserve seeking out on their own, and especially Quinn's, merits. **JC**

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BOBBY FLORES • NEON NIGHTS
JAKE HOOKER • THE OUTSIDER
ROGER WALLACE • IT'S ABOUT TIME

(Palo Duro ❀❀❀/Yellow Rose ❀❀❀ /Startex ❀❀❀❀/Natchez Street ❀❀❀)

Real Country's great advantage, as I recently observed, is that aficionados can identify the good stuff right off. Deconstructing the process would be a bit complicated—it's easier done than said—the illuminati would have no trouble sorting out this particular litter.

Frankly, I thought The Derailers should have retired the name when Tony Villanueva quit, but, while their first post-TV album, **Soldiers Of Love** (Palo Duro, 2006), was a dud, I have to admit that Brian Hofeldt's Mark 2 is less useless than I would have expected. Of course, this time, they are, as the title indicates, playing squarely on the band's home ground, the Bakersfield Sound recreation that's been its trademark since the get-go (not counting the Ted Nugent cover band period), but, by the same token, that's also the album's crippling flaw. Apart from Chuck Berry's *Johnny B Goode*, all 13 tracks were written by Buck Owens, indeed no less than eight of them, including Buck's version of *Johnny B Goode*, were on **21 #1 Hits; The Ultimate Collection** (Rhino, 2006). I'm sure you can see where I'm going wit h this—what's the point? Buy the real thing.

One could say much the same about Bobby Flores' repertoire, but it would be far harder. Flores wears more hats than you can shake a stick at, but the most prominent is fronting The Bobby Flores Band. In this role, his job is to keep the dancefloor packed, and, like all his other jobs, he takes it very seriously, sticking to road-tested hits from the 50s and 60s, covering Faron Young (*Country Girl*), Charlie Pride (*I'm So Afraid Of Losing You Again*), George Jones (*Talk Back Trembling Lips*), Ronnie Milsap (*I Hate You*), Eddy Arnold (*Make The World Go Away*) and, of course, his old boss Ray Price (*The Same Old Memories, Spanish Eyes, Who'll Be The First To Say I Told You So, I Let My Mind Wander*). Great material, of course, but fifth time round, following **Just For The Record** (2003), **Festival Favorites** (2004), **Too Many Rivers** (2005) and **Direct From Blanco County** (2006), the formula is getting a little too obvious, mainly because Flores' straightforward singing is not on a par with his strengths as a bandleader and fiddle player and you really need to be Don Walser to pull this kind of thing off on such a regular basis.

Or Jake Hooker, whose great honky tonk vocals could easily sell the most chestnutty of Texas shuffle standards, but who deliberately eschews them in favor of obscure material, often from pretty much forgotten artists such as Bill Phillips (*The Outsider*), Ray Pillow (*Put Yourself In My Place*) and Jimmie Peters (*She's Just You Made Over*), rarely, if ever, covered. So, though there are only two, though very solid, originals, Nat Stuckey/Lynn Anderson's *Here I Go Again*, Mel Tillis' *I'm Gonna Act Right*, Lefty Frizzell's *Honky Tonk Stardust Cowboy*, Moe Bandy's *How Can I Get You Out of My Heart*, Hank Cochran's *Bury the Bottle With Me*, Ira Louvin's *These Two Eyes* and Faron Young's *When All I Need Is You* offer the next best thing, stuff you may never have heard before, or anyway not last week, or even the week before. Add to that backing by Dave Biller, former Outsider Bobby Flores, Randy Reinhard, Dicky Overbey, Rick Price, Amber Digby and Jim Loessberg, and Hooker has another winner, even stronger than the excellent **Faded Lights** (Startex, 2006).

There was a time when just about everybody in Austin with an interest in country music, myself included, thought that Roger Wallace would be The Next Big Thing ('big,' of course, being a very relative term in this context). However, after two terrific albums, **Hillbilly Heights** (Texas Roundup, 1999) and **That Kind Of Lonely** (Texas Roundup, 2001), Wallace, who started out as a bluesman, had his third album, **The Lowdown** (Texas Music Group, 2002) produced by blues guitarist Derek O'Brien. The five year silence since then may give you a clue as to how that worked out. Losing momentum isn't necessarily the end of the world, but you have to pull something pretty special out of the hat to get going again and, sadly, even though Wallace's baritone is as terrific as ever, and he's in the capable hands of Jim Stringer with stripped down backing provided by Stringer, Kevin Smith, Brad Fordham, Erik Hokkanen and, on one track, T Jarrod Bonta, this doesn't do it. The problem, rather unexpectedly, is the material, all original except for Stringer's oddball *The Confession*. Songwriting used to be a Wallace forte, but I'm sure not hearing any jukebox hits this time round. **JC**

JOHN LILLY • HAUNTED HONKY TONK

(self ❀❀❀❀.5)

By day, John Lilly is editor of the West Virginia Division of Culture & History's quarterly *Goldenseal*, which, not surprisingly, has a heavy emphasis on the state's musical heritage, indeed Lilly has edited a compilation of the magazine's articles on West Virginia's traditional music (**Mountains Of Music**, University of Illinois Press, 1999). By night, John Lilly is a living incarnation of that heritage, plus those of many other Southern states. That he preserves that heritage with original songs and innovative treatments of traditional folk and early country material may sound like a paradox, but it's one that he quickly resolves both live and on record. His third solo album, which features Bill Kirchen, Chris Stuart & Janet Beazley of Backcountry, Appalachian singer Ginny Hawker, fiddler Buddy Griffin, once one of Jim & Jesse's Virginia Boys, and others, once again combines timeless originals and covers with a timewarp vocal style. Add some ambient pops and hisses and this could have been recorded pretty much anytime in the last 60 or 70 years. Opening with the late Carl Brouse's title track, borrowed from Canada's Undertakin' Daddies, Lilly presents nine originals, ranging from tearjerkers to ribticklers (notably the live *Roadkill* ("on the highway of your heart"), plus arrangements of Jimmie Rodgers' *Whippin' That Old TB*, Hank Williams' *I Can't Escape From You* and the traditional *Groundhog*. The CD also includes computer accessible bonus features, including a video of *Blue Highway*, which won Lilly a Washburn guitar in a national Hank Williams songwriting competition a couple of years ago. **JC**

CHIP TAYLOR & CARRIE RODRIGUEZ
LIVE FROM THE RUHR TRIENNALE

(Train Wreck ❀❀❀❀)

Making much the same point as this month's cover story, listening to Chip & Carrie on record is a pleasure, hearing them live is an experience. However, a plus for those who catch them when and wherever, this album captures a somewhat different show. Jazz guitarist Bill Frisell, who played on the duo's **Red Dog Tracks** (Train Wreck, 2005), is a curator of Germany's Ruhr Triennale Festival, and invited them to perform at the 2005 'Century of Song Series, in which artists are asked to play not only their own songs but their favorites by other songwriters. So, while, as usual, they open with Taylor's *The Real Thing* and close with his *Wild Thing*, and the selection in between includes several of their originals, *Let's Leave This Town*, *Laredo*, *Once Again One Day You Will Be Mine*, *Oh Set A Light*, *Angel Of The Morning*, *Red Dog Tracks*, plus Rodriguez's arrangement of the tradition *Elzick's Farewell*, it also features Merle Haggard's *Today I Started Loving You Again*, Marijohn Wilkin's *Long Black Veil*, Johnny Cash's *Big River* and Chuck Berry's *Maybellene*. As always, the chemistry between the players and the ambience with the audience is sensational. **JC**

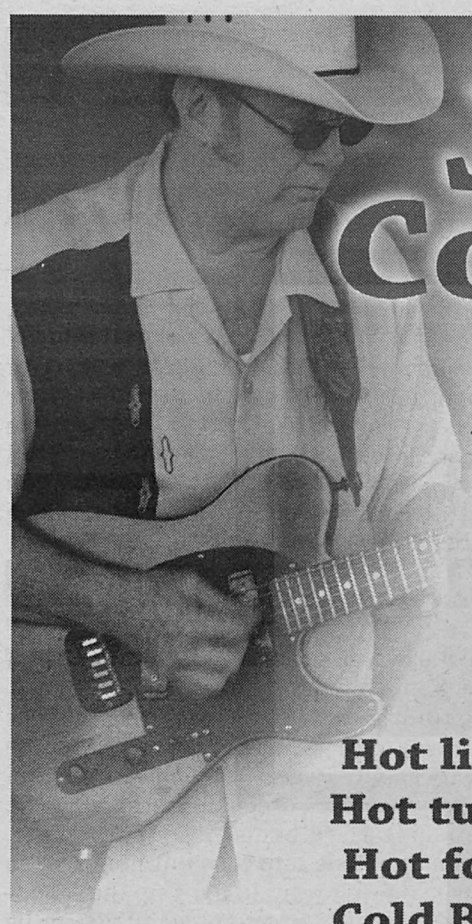
PORTER HALL TENNESSEE
ALL SINNERS WELCOME HERE!
THE RIZDALES • RADIO COUNTRY

(Big Bender ❀❀❀❀/TNT ❀❀❀❀)

Preaching the same sermon over and over gets pretty tedious, but bands keep committing the same sin, so periodically I have to dust off my Come To Jesus message, which can be summarized in two ways. One is that if you're lucky enough to have someone in the band who can actually sing, give him or her the fucking songs. The other is that just because you wrote the bastard doesn't mean you absolutely have to sing it. Call me a naive, sentimental fool, but it constantly amazes me how many bands simply don't grasp these basic principles and do what's best for the song and the act. For every J-200 framing a Renee Giron, there are a dozen Thrift Store Cowboys wasting an Amanda Shires.

The problem with Porter Hall TN, and The Rizdales isn't that Gary Roadarmel's rasp or Tom Dunphy's growl are unbearable, actually they're both pretty effective, but their female counterparts, Molly Conley and Tara Dunphy are such marvellous singers that the poor guys come off sounding like they're getting in the way—more Molly! More Tara! In Porter Hall TN's case, the issue is further complicated by the fact that Conley is clearly the better songwriter. The saving grace of the follow-up, delayed for some years by Conley's illness, to the Murfreesboro-based duo's very well received **Welcome To Porter Hall Tennessee** (Slewfoot, 2002, reviewed #66/155), is that Conley wrote five of the ten songs, Roadarmel only two and they cowrote one (the numbers made up by Uncle Tupelo's *Whiskey Bottle* and Jim Carroll's 1980 punk hit *People Who Died*), so the two principles enunciated above kinda cancel each other out. Conley's superb voice, she still sounds, as I said before, like Lucinda Williams might if she committed to country, and songs, especially *Easier Said Than Done*, decisively reestablish the group.

I gave The Rizdales, from London, Ontario, a bit of a spanking (#92/181) when **Bar And Lounge** (Willyboy, 2004) came out, and while I doubt it was done simply to appease me, this time they set the scene by opening with Tara Dunphy on lead, and if she and Tom Dunphy pretty much alternate leads and harmonies on the 14 originals, including a remake of **Bar And Lounge**'s standout, *I Could Tell You Lies*, though he's still not quite George to her Tammy, his vocals have improved tremendously. When that album came out, I noted that The Rizdales were immeasurably superior to the group voted Best Country Band by *Austin Chronicle* readers (The Kevin Fowler Band, God help us), three years later, the only person I can think of in these parts who writes and performs hardcore country better than these Canadians is James Hand. Oh, and Mary Cutrufello, when she puts her mind to it. **JC**



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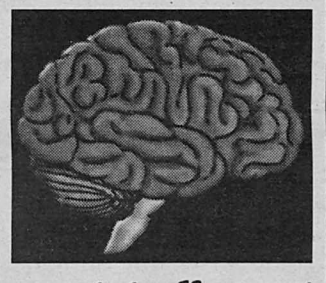

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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

As noted elsewhere, I withdrew **CB Stubblefield** from contention for the **Alternative Austin Music Memorial**. However, it seems a lot of people didn't know, or have forgotten, that he briefly owned a joint in Austin, long before the present Stubb's, which got closed down for health code violations, of which Stubb famously, but perhaps not too helpfully, remarked "Cockroaches are God's creatures too."

♦ Not having much use for Anglo-American blues players, you'll hardly be surprised to hear that I have even less for Anglo-Saxon blues players, but I've always made an exception for **John Mayall**. Not that he was outstandingly better than the rest, but, where they more or less said things like "This is a little song we wrote called *Come Into My Kitchen*," Mayall treated every gig as an opportunity to educate the audience. I was reminded of him recently at Casbeers as New Orleans' **Gal Holiday** does much the same when, for instance, introducing a Charline Arthur song. Of course, I'm going to think well of anyone who simply performs a Charline Arthur song, or just pronounces her name right. It was from one of Holiday's spiels that I learned that the great **Helen Hall**, #2 on her list of influences behind Arthur, died last year. Still, her erudition is not altogether reliable. When I arrived at Casbeers, Steve & Barbara were still reeling from the shock of being asked, when Holiday and her guys clocked the section of wall devoted to him, who **Doug Sahm** was. There can hardly be a worse place to admit such ignorance—the only memorial to Sahm currently in existence is a star in the pavement outside their front door. Also, introducing *Don't Be Angry*, Holiday went on about Donna Fargo, and threw in a compliment to Dale Watson, without bothering to mention **Stonewall Jackson**, who only wrote the bastard and had the original hit with it 13 years before Fargo. Still, I owe Holiday for the Helen Hall thing.

♦ Also from a Casbeers' show, **Deke Dickerson** was rather astonished when his opening act, **King Pelican**, apologized to him for being one of only two local surf bands. "I can't believe there are two surf bands in San Antonio," he told me. "That's more than LA! All the surfers there smoke dope and listen to reggae."

♦ Being on Anti- has given **Porter Wagoner** a late-career shot of street cred but **Janis Martin**'s death reminded me that he once treated her like shit. It took a little digging, but I finally tracked down her story in Billy Poore's **Rockabilly; A Forty-Year Journey** (Hal Leonard, 1998). "I was on tour in '56 with a country package show and was ridin' in Porter Wagoner's car. In this one town we played, I came on right before him and just went out there and sang and danced all over the stage and the crowd went wild. When my time was up, Porter came on. Well, through his whole first country song, that audience, which was on the young side that night, just kept yellin' 'Janis, Janis, Janis, we want Janis.' After the show, I went to get in Porter's car and he told me I'd have to find my own way to the next town." Bear in mind she was 16 years old. Not too classy.

♦ You may think **NotSXSW 2008** is still way off, but I'm already getting European subscribers checking dates before booking their flights/rooms, and, more consequentially, musicians asking about possible slots. The first inquiry used to arrive sometime in September, but this year **James Hand** moved it up to mid-August. Given such a great start, I emailed my A List and can tell you this far ahead quite a bit about the next **3CM Presents** at Opal Divine's Penn Field. There will, of course, be the perennial fixtures, Jo Carol Pierce, Troy Campbell and Chip & Carrie. Joining them, in combinations yet to be worked out, will be Sarah Borges, James Hand, Miss Leslie & Her Juke Jointers, The Freddie Steady 5, Jenny Wolfe & The Pack, Mary Battiata, Michael Weston King, Sam Baker, a Slim Richey outfit (who knows what he'll be up to by then?), Rick Broussard's Two Hoots & A Holler, Mary Cutrufello & The Havoline Supremes, Dave Insley & The Careless Smokers and Patty Booker. Probables include Bill Kirchen, Gurf Morlix and Dennis Brennan.

♦ I've been trying to figure out a way of making a **Chicago House** tribute a permanent part of **3CM Presents**, and one idea is to have Betty and Jimmy recreate their old Open Mikes. In reality, these would Betty/Jimmy & Special Guests, presented in the Open Mike format. We're still working on this, but meantime, you can catch **Betty Elders**, in itself a rare enough event, "honoring those halcyon days of inimitable creativity at Chicago House" when she hosts an evening of poetry, spoken word and music on October 6th, at Expressions Coffee House, 2215 EM Franklin Ave, a block east of MLK & Airport. Apart from Betty & Gene Elders, the music portion of the free show (donations accepted to Poet's Pantry) will include Tim Henderson, Will T Massey, Nancy Scott and Kim Miller.

♦ That **Jake Hooker** (see reviews) isn't better known may be because his sixth album is, in effect, only his second. The first four were on a label called **Southland**, which is a little hard to describe. Bizarre? Idiosyncratic? Stupid? Let me put it this way, in the unlikely event that a DJ or music writer actually got a response to a request for a copy of a Southland album, they'd also get an invoice for the full price, plus shipping. This, needless to say, is not a mistake anybody made twice, so Southland artists didn't exactly get a whole lot of publicity.

† HELEN HALL

During the late 90s/early 00s, the most significant record label in Texas was Dragon Street, run by David Dennard, who, as Robert Wilonsky once said in the *Dallas Observer*, "made a career (if not exactly a living) out of rescuing deserving, discarded musicians out of history's dustbin." Dennard put out great albums by Groovey Joe Poovey, Johnny Dollar and Gene Vincent, but the brightest jewels in his crown were **The Big 'D' Jamboree; Live Volumes 1 & 2**, **The Gals Of The Big 'D' Jamboree** and **The Guys Of The Big 'D' Jamboree** compilations, all of which I'd regard as essential for any serious Texas record collection. If there's such a thing as Most Essential, that would be **Gals**, if only because it showcased the extraordinary talent of Helen Hall, who, with nine tracks, dominated the album, and quite right too.

When Dennard put out **Gals** in 2001, Hall had been a Corsicana housewife for almost five decades, but during the 50s, she was one of the stars of the KRLD barndance at The Sportatorium. At one point, Tillman Franks offered her a regular spot on The Louisiana Hayride, but she didn't want to fly to Shreveport every Saturday. In early 1955, Coral released *Honky Tonk Husband / Wasted Life*, cut at the studio of legendary Dallas producer Jim Beck, but the following April she was in a car wreck, Coral dropped her and a planned follow-up single remains in a vault somewhere. However, Dennard was able to track down demos of *Rock Till My Baby Comes Home*, *Hello Baby*, *Footprints*, *Little Joe* and *Have It Your Way Baby*, plus a 1973 Loco single, *Something Special / What Else Does She Do Like Me?* All these, plus Arthur's version of *Hello Baby*, are on **Gals**.

What makes Hall truly remarkable isn't just that she was a great vocalist, with, as Wilonsky observed, "enough fans to have been voted among the best female country singers in Texas by one magazine (often ahead of women who would become legends)," but she also wrote all her material. Well, there's some disagreement as to whether she or her husband Maurice wrote *Hello Baby*, but Dennard credits it to her and that's good enough for me.

That Hall is, at most, just a footnote in Dallas' country music history (Wilonsky, as far as I can see, wrote her only obituary, apart from one in mangled English on a French website) is another illustration of the workings of luck, good and bad, in music. Whether the car wreck alone derailed her career is impossible to say, but after she lost momentum, she never regained it and it's only thanks to David Dennard that she's remembered at all. Helen Hall died of lung cancer, age 78, on September 23rd, 2006 (I only just found out).

† JANIS MARTIN

Coincidentally, **The Gals Of The Big 'D' Jamboree** also features a live 1958 recording of *Crackerjack* by Janis Martin, born in Sutherlin, VA, March 27th, 1940, who died of cancer on September 3rd, 2007. I once observed that two pitfalls lie in the paths of female rockabilly singers, one is meeting a cool guy, getting married and then pregnant (rockabillys can be very conventional). The other is meeting a cool guy, getting married and having him turn out not to be so cool when his wife doesn't want to hang up the scoop-top blouses and skintight Capris (rockabillys can be very conventional). Janis Martin managed to fall into both of them.

A regular on Richmond's Old Dominion Barndance at 13, Martin discovered and covered the music of LaVern Baker and Ruth Brown, which, a white girl with black moves, goes a long way towards explaining why she was dubbed 'the female Elvis.' At 15, signed to RCA only two months after Presley, she was in the studio with Chet Atkins, Grady Martin, Floyd Cramer, Bob Moore and Buddy Harman. A pretty good start to any career, but what RCA didn't know was that she was already married and, in 1957, *Billboard*'s 'Most Promising Artist' of 1956 was sent on a tour of US bases in Europe, where her paratrooper husband was based, and she came back knocked up. RCA promptly dumped her and, at 18, she was effectively retired.

By 1960, she'd divorced and remarried, but her second husband didn't approve of her musical career, so she remained sidelined until giving him the elbow in 1973. By then the manager of a Danville, VA, golf and country club, she started to play rockabilly shows and festivals, finding particularly enthusiastic audiences in Europe. Last March, Martin cut a yet-to-be-released album in Austin, coproduced by Rosie Flores and Fly-Rite Boys drummer Bobby Trimble.

† GARY PRIMICH

The last thing one wants is new candidates for any Austin Music Memorial, but, sadly, blues harmonica master Gary Primich joined their ranks on September 23rd, when he died in Austin, of causes unknown as of going to press, at only 49. Born in Chicago, April 20th, 1958, and raised in Gary, IN, Primich learned from harp masters at Chicago's Maxwell Street Market, moving to Austin in the mid-80s. In 1987, he and Jimmy Carl Black formed The Mannish Boys and in 1991 he released the first of eight solo albums, culminating with **Ridin' The Darkhorse** (Electro-Fi, 2006), in the course of which he stretched his range far beyond blues. Not only a world-class player, Primich, though self-effacing offstage, was a master showman and just flat out one the nicest guys you could hope to meet. Tina Rosenzweig, his ex-wife, puts it best, "Gary was the sweetest, smartest, hardest-working harp player in the world."

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KERRBON DATED

So, I had a different plan for this space, but it didn't coalesce in time. Then I remembered that I shunted this, originally intended to run parallel with a Roy Orbison review. It ain't Shakespeare, but it's better than nothing (I hope).

Chet Atkins, when asked to describe the Nashville Sound, would jingle the change in his pocket and say, "That's what it is. It's the sound of money." There are two ways of looking at the Nashville Sound and its later developments, Countrypolitan and Country-Pop. One is that they were the financial salvation of country music when it was being battered by rock & roll. The other, of course, is that they were a systematic betrayal of something more important than money.

Both perspectives are valid, Steve Sholes, Atkins, Owen Bradley et al pulled Nashville out of its tailspin and the stars they produced sold far more records and were much more widely known. Unfortunately, to paraphrase the famous remark about Hué, in order to save country music, they had to destroy it. Stripping out the trademark instrumentation, fiddle, steel guitar, mandolin, they homogenized the recording process by using session players, added string sections and choirs, selected innocuous material ground out by Music Row song factories, and their Holy Grail was the crossover hit in the pop charts. By and large, people who liked country music just the way it was did not cotton much to any of this.

There were a few signs of uneasiness, Patsy Cline, for instance, refused to be present when the strings and background vocals were being recorded, and there was a brief, futile mutiny in the ranks when Olivia Newton-John was named CMA Female Artist of the Year, but hey, it's the majors, then as now you go along to get along. As Atkins himself said, his goal at the time was simply "to keep my job." The juggernaut absorbed or marginalized the occasional rebel sideshows and is still rolling, though now taking its cues from soft rock and arena rock.

However, Real Country artists and audiences got the last laugh. One thing that's become obvious about the Nashville Sound and Countrypolitan, and will, with the passing of time, prove true about contemporary country, is that short-term gains in popularity are at the cost of long-term viability. Hiring the Anita Kerr Singers, for instance, may have seemed like a no-brainer in the early 60s, when they're estimated to have been on one in every four Nashville albums, but when you listen to any of those recordings now, their sound isn't merely dated, it's so passé, so ludicrously vieux jeu that, well, try to imagine what this stuff would sound like to someone hearing it today for the first time. They wouldn't know whether to shit or go blind. Being camp is almost its only redeeming feature.

The difference is between, to take the most obvious pre-Nashville Sound example, Hank Williams, still gripping more than half a century after his death, and a Countrypolitan star like Tammy Wynette, who I think had one of the greatest voices in country music, but you can't listen to anything she recorded unless you're strapped to a chair. There were a few artists, Cline and Roy Orbison come to mind, who were so brilliant that they all but transcended the horrors of Nashville Sound production values, but even then you yearn for someone to work techno magic on their recordings, so you can get to the actual country underneath all those notes that just get in the way of the music. **JC**

HACIENDA BROTHERS
Music For Ranch & Town

(self ❀❀❀❀❀)

You want the good news or the bad news first? Well, it's not really all that bad, so let's start with a minor difficulty—this is a 'Special Limited Edition,' available only at live shows and through the band's website. I have no idea what 'Limited' really means, it's not like they're signed and numbered, at least my copy isn't, but I feel obligated to let you know that you might ought to jump on this prontissimo, and the reason I feel thus obligated is that I do know what 'Special' means. The good news is that this live album, recorded by the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation at Oslo's 2006 Cowboy & Indianer Weekend, really is pretty damned special.

A central plank in **3CM**'s editorial platform is that an act that doesn't make it live doesn't make it at all. In roots music there tends not to be the same disparity between the album and the live show as in commercial music (as Charles Earle once inquired, "How come Faith Hill sounds like Edith Piaf on record and Edith Bunker on stage?"), but, let's face it, when your producer has the kind of control a studio offers, and can hire any hot shot guests you can afford—one reason Austin albums tend to sound good is that everyone can afford most anyone they want—chances are you'll wind up with something that's not easy to replicate under optimum conditions, let alone in a room with horrible acoustics, a crappy PA and sound run from the stage. I've been there, many, many times, and so have you.

If some, indeed most, bands sound rather better on record than they can pull off live, and many simply aren't good enough to make a successful, or even tolerable, live album, contrariwise, some just never sound as good in the studio as they do live, which can put them in a double bind. A so-so studio album won't entice people who, say, hear it on the radio, to come to a show, and will disappoint those who do.

Up to now my poster child for this predicament has been Loose Diamonds, once the most exciting and promising band in Austin, mainly because I knew precisely where the problem lay, a neophyte producer who couldn't or wouldn't let them make an exciting album. However, the case of the Hacienda Brothers isn't so clear cut, as the man behind their two studio albums, **Hacienda Brothers** (Koch, 2005) and **What's Wrong With Right** (Proper American, 2006), was the legendary Dan Penn, who's been producing albums for 40 years (The Box Tops, Solomon Burke, Irma Thomas, etc, etc). Now, don't get me wrong, both are as good as most groups could manage, but compared to **Music For Ranch & Town**, the best you can say for them is that they sort of remind you of the live show.

In roots terms, the Hacienda Brothers are something of a supergroup, combining the formidable talents of two highly respected musicians, singer/accordionist Chris Gaffney and guitarist Dave Gonzalez, but both have had to struggle. Gaffney's albums, particularly **Loser's Paradise** (Hightone, 1995), got great reviews but, apart from **Live & Then Some** (Tres Pescadores, 2000), his recording up to 2005 has been as one of Dave Alvin's Guilty Men or as a session musician. As leader of roadhouse rockers The Paladins, Gonzalez was a national club favorite, but the group's albums just didn't make it, though, to be fair, I never heard the live, very aptly titled, **Million Mile Club** (4D [UK], 1996).

The two veterans were put together by their mutual manager, Jeb Schoonover, when Gonzalez wanted to find an outlet for country leanings of which Gaffney, despite knowing him for many years, knew nothing, but, while Gonzalez initially wanted to go all the way Western, the combination proved to be far more than the sum of its parts, coming up with a sound that Penn dubbed 'Western Soul.' Bridging R&B and C&W is nothing new, Arthur Alexander, for instance, did it effortlessly in the 60s, but Gaffney & Gonzalez, with their years of experience, bring to their version an acute sense of possibilities and limitations.

Opening with the instro *Railed*, a six minute Gonzalez showcase, the live album has many other tracks from the earlier albums, Mel Tillis' *Mental Revenge*, Gaffney's *Turn To Grey*, Gonzalez's *Leavin' On My Mind* and *Walkin' On My Dreams* and their cowritten *No Time To Waste* and *Seven Little Numbers*, all from **Hacienda Brothers**. From **What's Wrong** come Spooner Oldham & Dan Penn's Box Tops hit *Cry Like A Baby* and and an eight minute version of The Intruders' *Cowboys To Girls*, previously recorded by Gaffney on **Loser's Paradise**. Oher tracks are Johnny Cash's *Home Of The Blues*, Johnny Paycheck's *If I'm Gonna Sink*, another instro, *Brotherized*, and a Paladins' original, *Gone*. In any other context, the fabulous versions of *Cry Like A Baby* and *Cowboys To Girls* would both be rip up the seats, throw your panties showstoppers, but here they're overshadowed by a quite incredible 12 minute medley of Ivory Joe Hunter's 1950 hit *Since I Met You Baby* and *Got You On My Mind*, a 1952 hit for Big John Greer, though this version owes more to Cookie & The Cupcakes Swamp Pop styling.

Wow, two months running that I have a five flower album, what's the world coming to? Yes, this has the odd technical flaw, but who cares? Great playing, great singing, great material, power, passion, everything I love in live music, everything that makes this gig worthwhile. Studio albums strive for perfection, but, warts and all, the Hacienda Brothers live transcend perfect. **JC**

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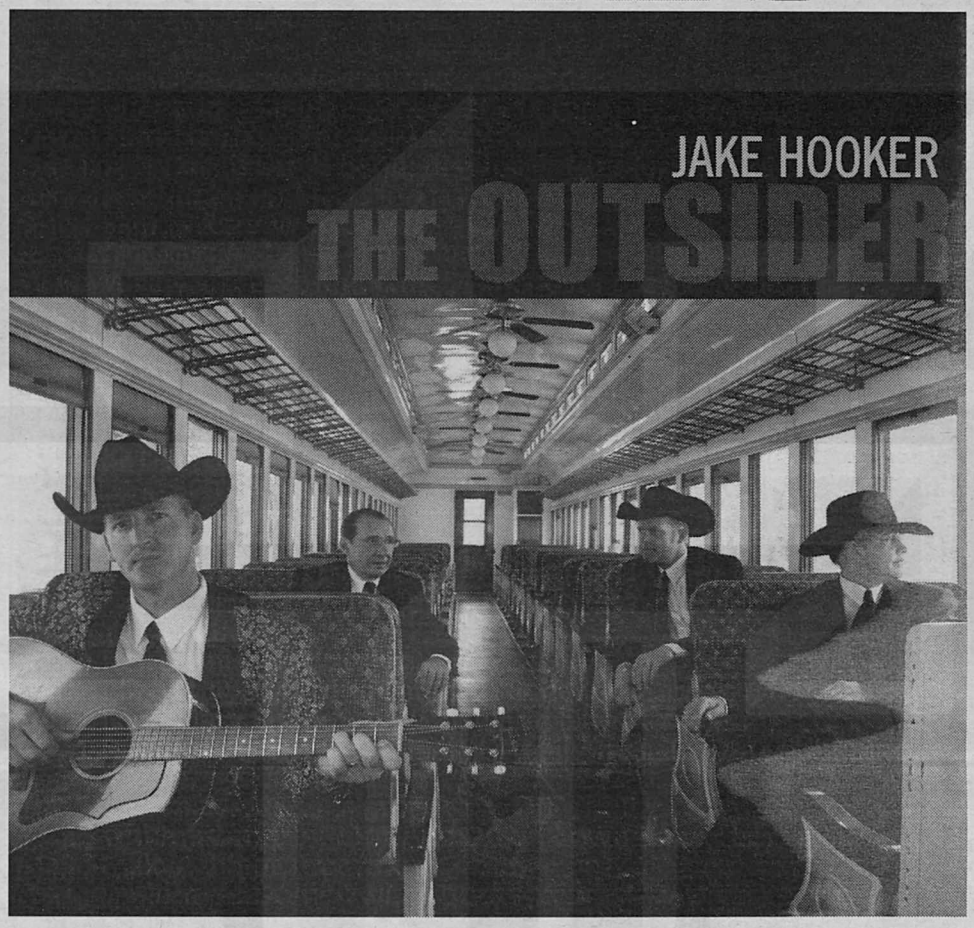

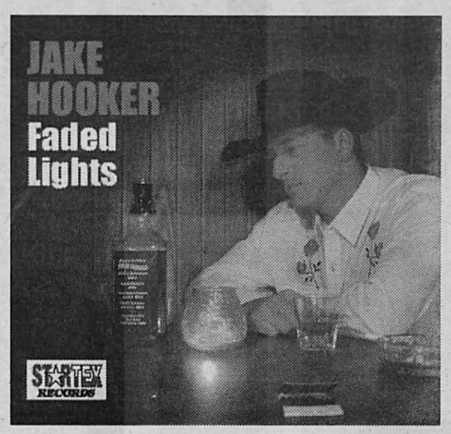

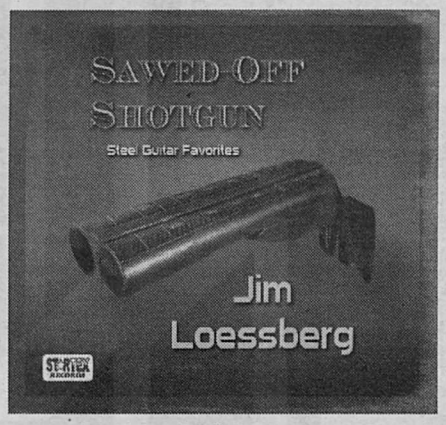

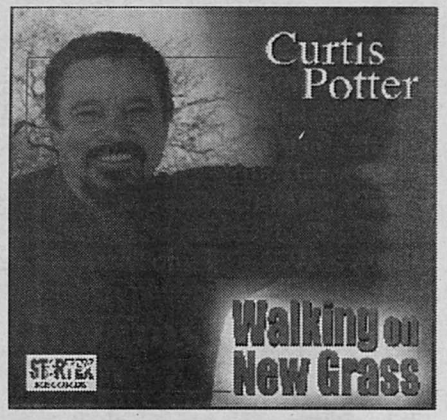

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OCTOBER ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

1st -- Marc Savoy • 1941 Eunice, LA
2nd -- Leon Rausch • 1927 Springfield, MO
------ Jo-El Sonnier • 1946 Rayne, LA
------ Wayne Toups • 1958 Lafayette, LA
------ Kelly Willis • 1968 Lawton, OK
------ Gillian Welch • 1968 NYC, NY
------ Gene Autry † 1998
3rd -- Eddie Cochran • 1938 Albert Lea, MN
------ Chris Gaffney • 1950 Vienna, Austria
------ Woody Guthrie † 1967
------ Victoria Spivey † 1976
------ Dennis McGee † 1989
4th -- Larry Collins • 1944 Tulsa, OK
------ Barbara K • 1957 Wausau, WI
------ Janis Joplin † 1970
------ Danny Gatton † 1994
5th -- Billy Lee Riley • 1933 Pocahontas, AR
------ Johnny Duncan • 1938 Dublin, TX
------ Belton Richard • 1939 Rayne, LA
7th -- Uncle Dave Macon • 1870 Smart Station, TN
------ Dale Watson • 1962 Birmingham, AL
------ Smiley Lewis †1966
------ Johnny Kidd † 1966
8th -- Pete Drake • 1933 Augusta, GA
------ Sonny Fisher † 2005
9th -- Goebel Reeves • 1899 Sherman, TX
------ Ponty Bone • 1939 Dallas, TX
------ Sister Rosetta Tharpe † 1973
10th - Ivory Joe Hunter • 1914 Kirbyville, TX
------ John Prine • 1946 Maywood, IL
------ Tanya Tucker • 1958 Seminole, TX
------ Eleni Mandell • 1969 Sherman Oaks, CA
11th - Gene Watson • 1943 Palestine, TX
------ Jon Langford • 1957 Carleon, Wales
------ Rex Griffin † 1959
------ Tex Williams † 1985
12th - Gene Vincent † 1971
13th - Lacy J Dalton • 1948 Bloomsburg, PA
------ Gabby Pahinui † 1980
14th - Kenny Roberts • 1926 Lenoir City, TN
------ Bill Justis • 1927 Birmingham, AL
------ Melba Montgomery • 1938 Iron City, TN
15th - Victoria Spivey • 1906 Houston, TX
------ Mickey Baker • 1925 Louisville, KY
------ Sid King • 1936 Denton, TX
------ Al Stricklin † 1986
16th - Big Joe Williams • 1903 Crawford, MS
------ Stoney Cooper • 1918 Harmon, WV
------ Canray Fontenot • 1922 L'Anse aux Vaches, LA
------ Ella Mae Morse † 1999
17th - Tennessee Ernie Ford † 1991
18th - Lotte Lenya • 1898 Vienna, Austria
------ Chuck Berry • 1926 San Jose, CA
------ Laura Nyro • 1947 Bronx, NY
------ Julie London † 2000
19th - Piano Red • 1911 Hampton, GA
------ Marie Adams • 1925 Linden, TX
------ Jeannie C Riley • 1945 Anson, TX
------ Son House † 1988
20th - Johnny Moore • 1906 Austin, TX
------ Stuart Hamblen • 1908 Kellyville, TX
------ Wanda Jackson • 1937 Maud, OK
------ Merle Travis † 1983
21st - Andy Starr • 1932 Mill Creek, AR
------ Roy Nichols • 1932 Chandler, AZ
------ Mel Street • 1933 Grundy, WV
------ Steve Cropper • 1941 Willow Springs, MO
------ Monette Moore † 1962
------ Bill Black † 1965
------ Mel Street † 1978
22nd Peck Kelley • 1898 Houston, TX
------ Georges Brassens • 1921 Sete, France
------ Bobby Fuller • 1942 Baytown, TX
------ Dorothy Shay † 1978
23rd - Speckled Red • 1892 Monroe, LA
------ Boozoo Chavis • 1930 Lake Charles, LA
------ Johnny Carroll • 1937 Cleburne, TX
------ Ellie Greenwich • 1940 Brooklyn, NY
------ Dwight Yoakam • 1956 Pikeville, KY
------ Maybelle Carter † 1978
24th - Big Bopper • 1930 Sabine Pass, TX
------ Glen Glenn • 1934 Joplin, MO
25th - Walter Hyatt • 1948 Spartenburg, SC
------ Johnny Lee Wills † 1984
------ Roger Miller † 1992
26th - Mahalia Jackson • 1911 New Orleans, LA
------ Beto Villa • 1915 Falfurrias, TX
------ Wes McGhee • 1948 Lutterworth, UK
27th - Floyd Cramer • 1933 Samti, LA
------ Dallas Frazier • 1937 Spiro, OK
28th - Bill Bollick • 1917 Hickory, NC
------ Blackie Forestier • 1928 Cankton, LA
------ Iry LeJeune • 1928 Church Point, LA
------ Hank Marvin • 1941 Newcastle, UK
29th - Albert Brumley • 1905 Spiro, OK
------ Narciso Martinez • 1911 Tamaulipas, Mexico
------ Lee Clayton • 1942 Russellville, AL
------ Duane Allman † 1971
------ Georges Brassens † 1981
30th - Patsy Montana • 1914 Hot Springs, AR
31st - Dale Evans • 1912 Uvalde, TX
------ Ray Smith • 1934 Melbar, KY
------ Sumter Bruton • 1944 Fort Worth, TX
------ Calvin Russell • 1948 Austin, TX

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7th, Brennen Leigh, 11am
9th, Stephen Doster
& The No 9 Orchestra
10th, Riverstone
11th, Ruthie Foster & Sara Hickman
12th, Austin Lounge Lizards
13th, The Gourds
18th, Bob Schneider's
TX Bluegrass Massacre
19th, James McMurtry
20th, Zeegrass
21st, Durden Family, 11am
26th, Micky & The Motorcars
27th, Jimmy LaFave
28h, Bells Of Joy, 11am

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24th, Mary Cutrufello

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