



Pieta Brown "In The Cool" Valley Entertainment

If your deepest, most unrequited, desire is to worship yet another whiney female vocalist who slurs her words, and makes, for instance, "tail" rhyme with "hell," then Pieta Brown is your girl. It's a no-brainer.....and also an instance of scant respect for English diction. Brown holds a linguistics degree from the University of Iowa! I guess that the acts of the father [and for that matter, the mother] have, musically speaking, been visited upon US – the humble listener – by their offspring, for many decades now. Pieta Brown is one of the latest, in a string, to appear from *the folk stable*, other recent arrivals being the Wainwright's, Rufus and Martha, Teddy Thompson and Sarah Lee Guthrie.

The opening cut, the mysterious "# 807," is set in a coastal town - but is 807 the number on a hotel room door? the address of the club where he's just played a gig? Whatever, this guy carrying a trumpet under his arm, and wearing a hat, was certainly walking down the street away from it *all "at quarter to four in the morning."* The nature of *all* is not defined. Given that this review was penned based on the contents of the disc alone, as no liner booklet or lyric sheet was forthcoming, I certainly discerned the, possibly, quasi-religious line "*I died for you,*" which seemed to rhyme with the earlier autumnal snapshot "*Cars were lined up and still covered in dew.*" On "Fourth Of July" Pieta, at times, intones vocally ala a young Bobby Zimmerman, while lyrically speaking, vapid is the word that comes to mind in relation to the content. The bluesy "In The Cool," which follows, is merely more Dyl-intonation set to a solid drum and bass beat, with occasional decorative sound swirls on a B3.

"This Old Dress" is quite self-explanatory – her mamma gave her this dress and now it's old, while melodically "Ring Of Gold" skips along merrily to a country-sounding beat. Why the hell so many guitar totin' female roots singer/songwriters feel inclined to sound like a bored and mumblin' Lucinda Williams clone is beyond me? The opening lines of "Tears Won't Do Any Good" finds Brown the clone diving headlong into a pit of personal iniquity from which point onward the tale simply gets worse. Those opening lines - "*This world's got me by the tail, I'm still tryin' to raise some hell, I miss my innocence, Oh they took it when I was six.*" Sure I have compassion for the poor pilgrim, but here is a person who lost their innocence at an early age and is now, supposedly, of more mature years, yet still seems bent on raising hell. In my book.....the narrator is certainly no pilgrim.

"Precious Game" is an up-tempo blues number, "Still Around" expresses longing for a lover who has drifted away, while the cuts where the aural prattle 'n' mumble factor is excessive are "How Many Times" and "I Don't Wanna Come Down." As for those poor guys who are simply trying to make their next \$1Billion clear profit, hell they get in the neck again in "Lonesome Songs" with "*These days I turn the radio on, It's just one clear channel playing the same song.*" Solution? – Pieta should never have pressed the on switch. It would have saved her confirming, lyrically, a fact that we already knew c/o the recent works of countless other roots song scribes. The closing cut "Far Away" is a recollection of Pieta's childhood days spent in Georgia.

There may be some attempt here by Brown to be hip and current, although frankly, I found her mix of word and melody, bland and derivative. Next.....

Folkwax Score 4 out of 10

Arthur Wood.

Kerrville Kronikles 08/05.