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DURING JULY 2006

#1 DAVE INSLEY: HERE WITH YOU TONIGHT

(DIR) *FS/*HT/*JT/*NA/*RH/*TM

- 2 Haldon Wofford & The Hi-Beams: Midnight Rodeo
(self) *BP/*DA/*GS/*JE/*R78/*RV
- 3 Guy Clark: Workbench Songs
(Dualtone) *B&C/*DO/*DWT/*WT
- 4 Johnny Cash: American V; A Hundred Highways
(Lost Highway) *AB/*CR/*DJ/*DT/*GM/*MB
- 5 Hacienda Brothers: What's Wrong With Right?
(Proper American) *BW/*DF/*DN/*JZ/*MT
- 6 Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys: Turntable Matinee
(Yep Roc) *BL/*KF/*LG
- 7 The Hoyle Brothers: One More Draw (Loose Booty)
*CP/*RA/*SH/*TJ
- 8 Ray Wylie Hubbard: Snake Farm (Sustain) *MA/*TG/*TR
- 9 Dave Alvin: West Of The West (Yep Roc) *MDT/*MP/*R&H
- 10 Chris Knight: Enough Rope (Drifter's Church) *DD/*RC
- 11= Cari Lee & The Saddle-ites: Brought To You Via Saddle-ite
(Startone) *JD
- The Sadies: In Concert (YepRoc) *JM/*SB
- 12= The Ginn Sisters: Blood Oranges (Sweetbird) *DN/*JA
- Darrell Scott: The Invisible Man (Full Light) *CF/*KR
- 13 The Wailin' Jennys: Firecracker (Red House) *ES/*JR
- 14 Fred J Eaglesmith: Milly's Cafe (A Major Label)
- 15 Diana Jones: My Remembrance Of You (New Song) *ND
- 16= Scott H Biram: Graveyard Shift (Bloodshot) *HP
- Meat Purveyors: Someday Soon Things Will Be Much Worse
(Bloodshot) *RMP
- Cam Penner & The Gravel Road: Felt Like A Sunday Night
(self) *JB/*T&J
- Amy Speace: Songs For Bright Street (Wildflower) *DG/*SM
- Chip Taylor: Unglorious Hallelujah
(BackPorch/Train Wreck) *RJ
- 17= Will Kimbrough: Americanitis (Emergent/92e) *BF/*T&C
- Carrie Rodriguez: Seven Angels On A Bicycle
(Back Porch/Train Wreck) *BR
- 18= Tony Gilkyson: Goodbye Guitar (Rolling Sea) *RE/*ST
- Audrey Auld Mezera & Nina Gerber: In The House (Reckless)
- Alistair Moock: Let It Go (CoraZong) *JP/*SC
- 19= Bottle Rockets: Zoysia (Bloodshot) *JF
- Greg Brown: Evening Call (Red House) *FD
- Johnny Cash: Personal File (Legacy)
- Dawn Shipley & The Sharp Shooters: Baby If I... (El Toro)
- Todd Snider: The Devil You Know (New Door) *TA
- 20 Slaid Cleaves: Unsung (Rounder) *CS
- 21= Kieran Kane, Kevin Welch & Fats Kaplin: Lost John Dean
(Compass) *CD
- Linda Ronstadt & Ann Savoy: Adieu False Heart (Vanguard)
- 22= Bruce Cockburn: Life Short. Call Now
(Rounder/True North) *N&T
- Bobby Flores: Direct From Blanco County (Yellow Rose) *LB
- Hunger Mountain Boys: Three (Old-Fi) *KC
- 23= Cornell Hurd Band: Texas By Night (Behemoth) *MM
- Introducing Miss Lauren Marie (Texas Jamboree) *FY
- Bob Delevante: Columbus & The Colossal Mistake (Relay) *SR
- 24= D Rangers: The Paw-Paw Patch (Dollartone) *BS
- Dixie Chicks: Taking The Long Way (Sony/BMG) *MN
- Kacey Jones Sings Mickey Newbury (IGO) *SMJ
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*XX = DJ's ALBUM OF THE MONTH

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LOOSE DIAMONDS:

A DJ's PRIVATE STASH # 26

THOMAS GREENER

I was blessed by being born into a family of musicians. Some of my best early memories are of family get-togethers with my dad and my uncle playing some cool country tunes. My dad was a self-taught musician, who could play anything with strings. Absolutely none of this, except the love of this kind of music, rubbed off onto me. Dad and I had a deal, he would reimburse me for any money spent on records, "which he approved of." Well, I was off and running, and still cannot control my spending when it comes to music. I produced, and broadcast my first radio show at the age of 8. I was also the entire audience. My dad was in construction, and one day brought home a small transmitter, which was used on the jobsite for communication. Sort of an early predecessor to today's hand-held walkie-talkies, only this one would broadcast at the very low end of the AM dial. with a half mile range. So I had a broadcast footprint of one square mile. On a family vacation to my grandparents' home in Arkansas, I brought home an old crank-up Victorola (record player), and a handful of old 78 rpm vinyl records. Included in this stash were several from the Carter Family (I still have these). So, I had a record player, and a transmitter... Wallah (or is that voila!). I would talk 'On Mike,' giving weather, time, and announce the upcoming record, start the record, hop on my bike, peddle like a little son of a gun, stop the bike and turn on my little portable radio, which was strapped to the bike. As the record approached the end of the cut, I would race back home, just in time to back announce and do it all again (no dead air, you know).

Thinking back, I'm pretty sure I was doing this on some of my Saturday afternoons with *Ragged But Right*, here at KVMR (Nevada City, CA). I became one of John's Charter Members of FAR reporters after subscribing to the rag for a year or so. I still use the magazine, as I did early on, for learning of new artists and/or releases. So, when John asked if I was interested in doin' a Loose Diamonds' I walked into my music room, and just pretended to be leaving on a very long absence, and started pulling CDs. Here's a look into my bucket. Yes, I'm sure I'll think of something else, but isn't that just life? Thanks for lettin' me share my stuff with you. *Ragged But Right* streams at www.kvmr.org on alternate Saturdays, noon to 2pm. Oh, and 'We Don't Need No Stinkin' Badges.' **Townes Van Zandt: Live At The Old Quarter** (Tomato, 1977) long live TVZ

Doug Sahm: The Last Real Texas Blues Band (Antone's, 1994)

Doug will always be around

Wes McGhee: Border Guitars (The Road Goes On Forever, 1996) Real Music

Gram Parsons & The Fallen Angels: Live, 1973 (Sierra, 1982)

Gram never left

Richard Dobson: Blue Collar Blues (Brambus, 2003)

just ask JC about Richard

Terry Allen: Lubbock [On Everything] (Fate, 1979) don't ask

Jim Ringer: The Band Of Jesse James (Philo, 1996)

I've survived alcohol, Jim didn't

Kimmie Rhodes: Jackalopes, Moons & Angels (Last Call, 1997)

truly an angel's voice

Rattlesnake Annie: Rattlesnakes & Rusty Water (Rattlesnake, 1980)

female Willie

Ray Wylie Hubbard: Loco Gringo's Lament (Dejadisc, 1994) survivor

Lonnie Donegan (Dot, 1961) amazing!

Paul Siebel: Woodsmoke & Oranges/Jackknife Gypsy

(Elektra 1969/Elektra 1971) never get tired of Paul

Johnny Nicholas: Thrill On The Hill (Antone's, 1994)

good music, good food

VA: Pearls In The Snow; The Songs Of Kinky Friedman (Damian, 1999)

just 'cause

Wayne Hancock: Thunderstorms & Neon Signs (Dejadisc, 1995)

a real Devil Angel

Diane Craig: Fortunes Told (Corazong, 2002)

one of my Favorite Ever CDs, she needs to get back to recording

Kate Wolf: Give Yourself To Love (Kaleidescope, 1983) ask my wife

Mickey Newbury Anything he has recorded

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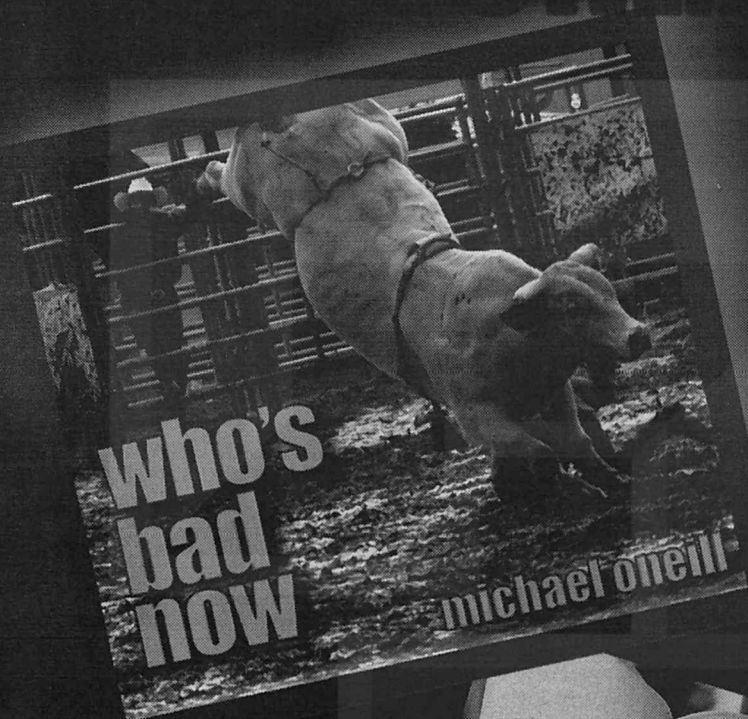
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RAY WYLIE HUBBARD • SNAKE FARM

(Sustain ****.5)

Finishing out a contract seems to have a wonderful effect on creativity. One Austin songwriter told me, "I couldn't write for two years but the day after my deal expired, I knocked out 120 songs," and Hubbard's adieu to Philo seems to have been equally stimulating. **Snake Farm** reversing **Delirium Tremolos'** ratio of originals to covers. Due to a mix-up, his new label didn't send me a copy until after the July issue was out, so I found myself in the somewhat unusual position of waiting to play catch up while reading other reviews, one of which stated that **Snake Farm** would straighten out "anyone who still thinks of Hubbard as a marginal figure from the Texas outlaw country scene," an extremely odd comment this late in the game. It's true that Hubbard was once "a marginal figure," in fact, up until 1987, washed-up derelict would be more accurate, but he's also about the only Cosmic Cowboy who didn't turn out to be terminally boring when he wasn't fucked up, and for the last 13 years has been making albums that, step by step, have established him as one of the last of the Great Texas Singer-Songwriters, not just surviving but as active and creative as he's ever been, if not more so. Having perfected, with Gurf Morlix, a greasy rock & roll/blues sound that could be trademarked under the title of one of the new songs, *Heartaches And Grease*, Hubbard almost seems to be sending a message to other singer-songwriters—I'm Ray Wylie, and you're not. The contrast between the superbly constructed and literate *Wild Gods Of Mexico* and the seemingly extemporized *Mother Hubbard's Blues*, with its flagrant disregard for scansion, meter, rhyme and coherence, is textbook, illustrating that only someone who's mastered the rules can get away with breaking them. Featuring Morlix on electric guitar, George Reiff bass, Rick Richards drums and a few assists by Lucas Hubbard guitar, Ray Bonneville harmonica, Peter Rowan mandolin, and Ruthie Foster vocals, the only weak spot is a cover of Cody Canada's over-referential *Live And Die Rock And Roll* (I am unable to comprehend, let alone share, Hubbard's affection for Cross Canadian Ragweed), but **Snake Ranch** shows him back on track after a regrettable but necessary detour.

JC

MAN IN BLACK: JOHNNY CASH LIVE IN DENMARK, 1971

(Columbia/Legacy DVD ****)

Had you told me that I'd ever trash two consecutive Johnny Cash releases, I would have gone as follows: ha, ha. If you've seen the Granada TV documentary shot during the making of **At San Quentin**, only available as a particularly crappy bootleg, you'd hardly believe that raucous, hi-energy show was filmed just two years before this tightly controlled, lackluster slice of vapid showbiz schmaltz, shot in a cramped TV studio (without wanting to offend any Danes, while one expects country audiences to be predominantly white, this one looks like 'Johnny Cash Live At The Village Of The Damned'). The title is misleading, Cash is the major figure, but the hour-long show also features two numbers each by Carl Perkins and The Statler Brothers, who stick around, Perkins to play guitar (good), the Statlers to sing backups (bad, especially on *Guess Things Happen That Way*), June Carter joins Johnny about halfway, and Cash, The Carter Family and the Statlers crowd on stage for the last four songs. The sound quality is OK, though, without getting into the Luther Perkins vs Bob Wootton thing, the band is too prominent in the mix, but the camerawork is as stilted as Cash and his companions. There are quite a few Cash videos and DVDs, but any sensible handicappers would, sight unseen, put their money on **At Town Hall Party** (Bear Family, 2002), recorded at two concerts in 1958, just when Cash had signed to Columbia, and 1959, featuring the original Tennessee Two and mainly Sun material.

JC

DAVE VAN RONK • GOING BACK TO BROOKLYN

(HighTone ****.5)

Particularly bad folk beard. Sorry, but mention Van Ronk and that's my word association. The first time I came across him was a track on a mid-60s double LP called **Blues With A Feeling**, on which he was, ill-advisedly in my opinion, dropped into a remarkable lineup that included Muddy Waters, Mississippi Fred McDowell, Lightnin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker and Son House, and I was not, shall we say, galvanized into tracking down any of his other recordings. Later on, his name surfaced as a mentor of pre-Judas Bob Dylan, but, again, that didn't seem much reason to seek him out and I doubt if I thought about him again until Tom Russell's reverential prose poem, on **Hotwalker**, about the "Godfather of the last 50 years of folk music" holding court in his Greenwich Village apartment, made me weak with gratitude that I never had to endure such a blowhard. So it's been 40 years since I last listened to Van Ronk. Am I the poorer for it? Well, I doubt if I'd ever have been a huge fan, but, as one of the things I despised about the American Folk Revival was its emphasis on interpretation, this, originally released in 1991 on Gazell, with very limited distribution, does have the merit of being the only one of his 31 albums that was all-originals.

JC

GUY CLARK • WORKBENCH SONGS

(Dualtone ****)

Ramblin' Jack Elliot joining Clark on the traditional *Diamond Joe* is one of the oddballs here. The other is *No Lonesome Song*, which stands out because it's the only one of the other 11 songs to be written by one person, though, of course, that person was by no means Guy Clark but Townes Van Zandt. Clark is, deservedly, revered as a singer-songwriter, but when you examine the arc of his recorded work over the last 30 years, one thing jumps out, there were just two cowrites on his first five albums, one with his wife Susanna, one with Rodney Crowell. However, starting with **Old Friends** (Sugar Hill, 1989), cowrites, with the exception of the live retrospective **Keepers** (Sugar Hill, 1997) and **Dublin Blues** (Elektra, 1995), became the rule, though up until now there were always at least a couple of Clark-only originals. Does he beat the odds against successful cowriting? Not for my money, if you didn't know that voice you wouldn't believe Clark had any hand in such lightweight stuff as *Analog Girl*, *Cinco De Mayo In Memphis* or *Exposé*.

JC

BOBBY FLORES

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(Yellow Rose****/StarTex ****.5/Heart Of Texas ****)

Bobby Flores plays fiddle—on Hooker and Digby's albums. Jake Hooker plays upright bass—on Flores and Digby's album. Digby only sings—but joins Hooker on a duet. There are other overlaps, drummer Jim Loessberg, steel guitarist Dicky Overbey and lead guitarist Dave Biller play on all three albums and several other musicians play on two of them, which would seem to indicate that the top ranks of Central Texas country are either rather small or somewhat incestuous (or both).

Original material is not overabundant. Apart from an instrumental by fiddler Ron Knuth, Flores offers Jenny Lou Carson's *Jealous Heart*, Bob Wills' *Maiden's Prayer*, *I Didn't Realize* and *I've Got A New Road Under My Wheels*, Willie Nelson's *Darkness On The Face Of The Earth* and *Don't Say Love (Or Nothing)*, Faron Young's *Four In The Morning*, Skeets McDonald's *He'll Let You Live A Little*, Connie Smith's *Burning A Hole In My Mind*, Charlie Walker's *Shoes Of A Fool*, Johnny Paycheck's *Meanest Jukebox In Town*, and Ray Price's *Different Kind Of Flower* and *Rose-Colored Glasses*.

Hooker takes his album title from *Faded Lights And Lonesome People*, written by Wynn Stewart, recorded by Billy Walker, following up with Roy Acuff's *As Long As I Live*, Eddie Rabbit's *Drinkin' My Baby Right Out Of My Mind*, Dolly Parton's *Put It Off Until Tomorrow* (with Digby), Johnny Paycheck's *I'm Barely Hangin' On To Me*, Johnny Bush's *Green Snakes On The Ceiling*, Faron Young's *Loving Here And Living There And Dying In Between* and *A Moment Isn't Very Long*, plus a couple of originals.

Digby opens with a Connie Smith's *Hinges On The Door*, following it with songs by Larry Gatlin (*Bitter They Are*), George Jones (*Flame In My Heart*), Loretta Lynn (*Another Man Loved Me Last Night* and *A Man I Hardly Know*), Johnny Bush (*Jealously Insane*), Hugh Moffatt (*Just In Case*), Merle Haggard & Bonnie Owens (*If Anyone Ought To Know*) and three by Darrell McCall's daughter Guyanne, one cowritten with producer Justin Treviño.

Given how much they have in common, the three albums divide fairly easily when you approach them from different angles. Hooker came away from the vaults with the best haul, not much to choose between Flores and Digby's. Highlighted by so much shared personnel, Flores is clearly the best producer; and, even more clearly the best arranger, followed by Loessberg & Hooker with, very surprisingly, Treviño trailing badly on both counts. You may not be surprised to hear that Digby's fabulous singing wins over Hooker's big, relaxed baritone and Flores' workmanlike vocals.

As you see, there's no clear winner here. If you have one of Flores' three previous albums, you can probably skip this one. Flores has a foolproof formula for showcasing his phenomenal skills as a fiddler and bandleader, but great playing and crackerjack arrangements don't compensate for rather ordinary material. If you're a fan of the Price/Bush school of Texas honky-tonk, Hooker, from the San Angelo area, is as authentic as it gets. I mean, this is a guy without a single Austin gig in all of 2006. OK, cheap shot, but he does a really fine job, particularly on the Honk songs, and anyway you gotta like someone whose next project is an all Wynn Stewart album (hopefully with Digby in the Jan Howard role).

When Digby's **Music From The Honky Tonks** (Yellow Rose, 2005) came out, I predicted that she'd set Texas on fire. This hasn't panned out, mainly because, as a single mother, she prioritized her day job, turning down opportunities most country hopefuls would kill for and which don't come round again. This, however, didn't preclude her from making another great album, the problem being that she's an interpreter, so she and her producer have to find neglected gems in the grey area between familiar hits and album filler and while there were a few marginal songs on her debut, when she had something like *I'm Ashamed Of You*, *Here I Am Again*, *Somebody Somewhere* or *Into My Arms Again* to work with, she left absolutely no doubt that one was in the presence of the best female country singer to come along in decades. This time round, with Treviño again producing, the material, apart from the two Loretta songs, just isn't there. 'She can sing the phone book' is hyperbole, for fuck's sake, you're not supposed to take it literally. On top of that, the (under-rehearsed?) vocals seem tentative, the arrangements pedestrian and the whole thing has a thrown together feel about it.

JC



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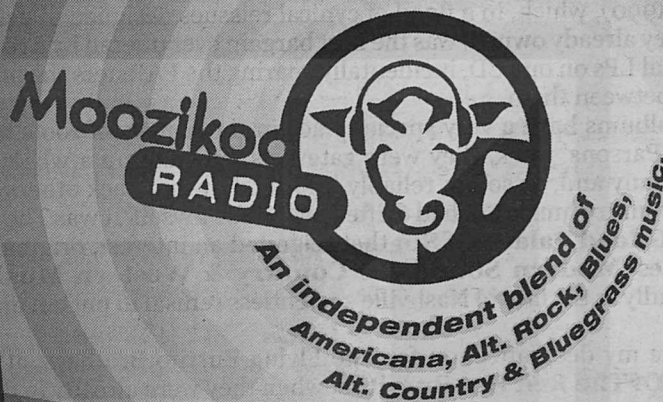
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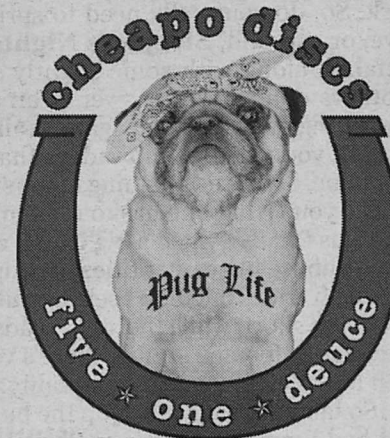
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GRAM PARSONS THE COMPLETE REPRISE SESSIONS GRAM PARSONS—FALLEN ANGEL

(Rhino/WEA, 3 CD box set *****/DVD ****.5)

At the end of 2000, I asked the FAR reporters to name their Albums of the Millennium (#47/136), and the fairly handy winner was **GP/Grievous Angel** (Reprise, 1990), which, in a flood of cynical reissues designed to get people to buy albums they already owned, was the best bargain ever offered by a record company, two seminal LPs on one CD, incidentally sparing the FARsters the invidious task of choosing between them.

Both albums have a very special place in the history of roots music because, like all of Parsons' work, they were gateways, opening up a whole new world of music to many and, or so I'm reliably informed, luring back others who had been raised on country music but had drifted away. For myself, it was The Flying Burrito Brothers' **Gilded Palace Of Sin** that reignited an interest, originally inspired by Ray Charles' **Modern Sounds In Country & Western Music**, which was flagging badly in the face of Nashville's relentless refusal to put out anything I could tolerate.

Despite my deep affection for The Flying Burrito Brothers, at least up until **The Last Of The Red Hot Burritos**, when they were already in decline—as I've said before, there comes a time when a band name really ought to be retired, Little Feat and The Allman Brother(s) being obvious examples—I was as gobsmacked as anyone by **GP** and the posthumously released **Grievous Angel**, Parsons' two sublime solo albums, recorded in the year before his death, featuring those gorgeous harmonies with Emmylou Harris, plus James Burton, Al Perkins and Byron Berline all in top form and some absolutely amazing songs. Over 30 years later, I can't imagine anybody would argue that the inventor of country-rock made what are still the sub-genre's two best albums.

The Complete Reprise Sessions is, essentially, **GP/Grievous Angel** remastered and on steroids. As they've already been released as a twofer, it seems rather odd that they've been separated again, in miniature versions of the original LP artwork, but **GP** has been padded with a radio promo spot for the album and, from WBCN, an interview and wobbly on-air versions of *Love Hurts* and *Sin City*, **Grievous Angel** with an instrumental version of *Return Of The Grievous Angel* and a couple of radio interviews. Obviously, the real question is, what's on Disc 3? The short answer is right there on the cover, "alternate takes." There are, in fact, also three outtakes, finished songs that didn't make the cut, *Brand New Heartache*, *Sleepless Nights* and *The Angels Rejoiced Last Night*, but the bulk, 15 tracks, are different versions of songs that were on one or other of the LPs.

There are two ways of looking at these cuts. One is more or less idle curiosity, second-guessing the selection, but most sensible people would conclude that they got it right the first time and used the better one, even of *Hickory Wind* with its irritating overdubbed crowd noise. The other, of course, is completist gratitude for any new Parsons recordings, even when they're not quite as good as the ones that have been long available.

If, as I would assume, you have copies of **GP** and **Grievous Angel**, separately or together, there's no question that you already have the cream of Parsons' solo work. So, do you really need to spring \$35-odd for the extras? Well, if you also have, or can find, **Sleepless Nights** (A&M, 1976), which will give you the three outtakes, along with some slightly shambolic but often inspired Flying Burrito Brothers demos, the answer is an unqualified no. The radio spots just aren't interesting enough. Then again, it all depends how devoted a Parsons fan you are.

Tell young people nowadays that in 1973 you couldn't shoot video with your cellphone, or indeed anything much smaller than a carry-on suitcase, and they won't believe you. What one has to remember is that though, thanks to a tidy little trust fund (his family owned a big chunk of Florida), Parsons was able to act like a rock star (ie abuse huge quantities of drugs), he was a fringe artist whose albums were huge with critics but didn't sell for shit, and whose live appearances were notoriously erratic. In short, while there are scads of promotional photos, as there wasn't much demand for footage of him, there's very little archival film of Parsons performing, even less that isn't very poor quality.

So talking heads make up the bulk of **Fallen Angel** and it's glaringly obvious that had Emmylou Harris or Chris Hillman declined to participate or not been as forthright, producer Gandulf Hennig would have been dead in the water. They, Phil Kaufman, Bernie Leadon and Chris Ethridge (who, rather oddly, isn't mentioned anywhere in the credits) carry the film and everyone else, especially the various members of Parsons' spectacularly dysfunctional 'it's all about me' family, and his widow, who seems to live in a bourgeois fantasy of having been married to Joe Normal, are superfluous, though Keith Richards is interesting, if only because he's so utterly oblivious to his role in accelerating Parsons' arc of self-destruction.

While carrying a good half an hour or more of trimmable fat in its 103 minutes, there's some riveting stuff, Hillman on firing Parsons from the Burritos, Harris on starting a tour without having rehearsed a single number, Kaufman retracing the path from LAX to Joshua Tree. Perhaps the most telling moment in the film is when Bernie Leadon dryly remarks of Parsons' invitation to go to Keith Richards' chateau with him, "Well, Gram had a trust fund, and I didn't." To me, the Snively family trust fund, which enabled him to be such a major fuck-up, is the real villain in the Gram Parsons tragedy.

Unfortunately, repeat watchability is crippled by Hennig's insistence on cutting away from what live footage there is. Not a single number is played through without interruption, so all you get is unsatisfying snippets. **JC**

DAVE INSLEY HERE WITH YOU TONIGHT

(DIR *****)

You can take the boy out of Arizona but can you take Arizona out of the boy? Though he doesn't make a big thing out of it, in fact there's no mention I can find of where it was made, I deduce from the recording and mixing credits to Alex Otto, bassplayer with Tempe's legendary Flathead, that Insley brought this album with him when he moved from Phoenix to Austin. Certainly, there's nothing about it that would lead anyone to reflexively think 'Texas,' and not just because there's no fiddle in the band and no song with 'Texas' in the title. Well, there is the only cover, Gene Autry's *South Of The Border*, featuring Rosie Flores, but then Phoenix is closer to Mexico than Austin. No, this one is obviously the work of a singer and songwriter who, psychologically if no longer physically, is from somewhere much closer to Bakersfield than Barton Springs. And I mean the real thing, not 'Buck meets The Beatles' bullshit. Insley, whose odyssey has included a number of Arizona bands, of which The Trophy Husbands lasted long enough to make a couple of albums, seems squarely in the tradition and yet, like so many Arizona artists, a breed noted for their eccentricity, there's something just a little off-center and idiosyncratic about his version. The result is that, while the outstanding *God Loves The Working Man*, with fabulous lead guitar by Dave Gleason, sounds like an old Merle Haggard original, Insley's confident baritone, assured songwriting and command of the nuances of Real Country, plus a dash of Arizona weirdness, mark him out as a modern master of the style. **Call Me Lonesome** was a splendid debut, this, also featuring Rick Shea on steel and piano, plus a raft of other excellent musicians with whose names I probably should be familiar, is even better. **JC**

THE HACIENDA BROTHERS WHAT'S WRONG WITH RIGHT

(Proper American *****)

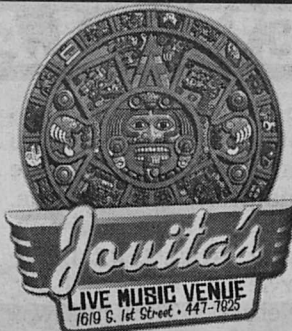
Cuts credited to the producer are generally a very bad sign but, of course, it depends on the producer and when you have one whose bag contains songs like *Cry Like A Baby* or *It Tears Me Up*, well, you're laughing. Long a force in R&B, Dan Penn, who wrote both those 60s hits with Spooner Oldham, may seem an odd choice to produce a country album, but Chris Gaffney & Dave Gonzalez's version of country, born out of a jam session, a blue-sky notion of a band that could fuse hard country and deep soul and Dave's yen to play material he'd written that didn't suit The Paladins, has aptly been dubbed 'western soul.' On the eponymous debut, which pretty much disappeared when Koch Nashville was shut down, Gaffney, Gonzalez and Penn hadn't worked out all the bugs in the concept, but they sure knew what they were doing second time round, also recorded in Tucson, Gaffney melding the heartache of honky tonk with the drama of soul in his best vocal work yet, Gonzalez laying down much subtler guitar lines and Penn giving it that full, rich Memphis sound. Apart from the Box Tops and Percy Sledge numbers, other covers are of The Intruders' 1968 R&B hit *Cowboys To Girls*, which Gaffney cut on **Loser's Paradise** (Hightone, 1995), and, homages (I assume) to country's greatest genre-bender, Charlie Rich, *Rebound* and *Life's Little Ups And Downs*, but some of the originals, notably the opening *Midnight Dream*, sound like vintage soul. Country and soul are, of course, far from strangers, one only has to think of Rich, Arthur Alexander, Solomon Burke, Bobbie Gentry, Tony Joe White, indeed a British label, Casual, is charting the overlap with its **Country Got Soul** series, but the Gaffney/Gonzalez dynamic is unusual in being collaborative, both men bringing enormous, and complementary, strengths to a tremendous partnership. Unlike **The Hacienda Brothers**, this sounds as good as their live show, and I can't say any fairer than that. **JC**

VA • SWAMP GOLD 'COUNTRY' VOL 1

(JIN ****.5)

Mention country in the context of the powerhouse label of Swamp Pop's heyday, and the first thing that comes to mind is Tommy McLain's version of Don Gibson's *Sweet Dreams*. However, while that huge regional hit was hardcore Swamp Pop, JIN and other labels also put out 45s that, as noted on the cover of this "collection of South Louisiana's hits and hidden treasures of country," were 'too country for Swamp Pop.' Though it gets off to a great start with Johnnie Allen's impassioned, bilingual version of The Stanley Brothers' *Could You Love Me One More Time*, and finishes strong with Jim Olivier's Cajun fiddle driven version of Herbie Stutes' classic *I Love My Saturday Night*, also bilingual, the 20 tracks don't really make much of a case for 'Swamp Country' as a distinct entity. From time to time, the singer is obviously a coon-ass, Adam Hebert for instance, or the lyrics, at least of Tommy Warren's *Offshore Blues*, which KBON, Eunice, say is still heavily requested, and Al Terry's *Roughneck Blues*, relate to local issues, but, for the most part, these tracks, mostly uninspired and derivative originals, could have come from anywhere. Which is not to say that they're utterly without merit, Rod Bernard's version of Leon Payne's *Teach Me To Forget* and Norman Wade's of Shirl Milete's *Baby Sister*, are very fine. **JC**

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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

Yet another apology for my pitiful math skills. A while ago, I shaved ten years off Porter Wagoner's age and last month did the exact same thing—twice—with **Butch Hancock**. He was, of course, 29, rather than 19, when he made those 'Early Recordings' at Harrod Music Company, Lubbock, as anyone capable of subtracting 1945 from 1974 would have realized. I can only imagine that I backdated because, on some level, I assumed he was already active, as a singer-songwriter, by the early 70s, when he was in his 20s and Jimmie Dale Gilmore & The Flatlanders recorded four of his songs, but it wasn't until 1978, when he was—focus, focus—33 that he released **West Texas Waltzes**.

◆ In the final installment of 'Readers Write,' crediting *Music City* with alerting him to **Butch Hancock's No 2 Alike** tape series, **Donnie Ault** caught a few readers' attention by adding, "not to mention the accompanying photo-songbook from which nothing would make me part." This was, of course, an in-joke, the photo-songbook which Butch promised 18 years ago has yet to appear.

◆ Last month, I mentioned a fab early 90s video of Butch singing *Tell Me What You Know* with Jesse Taylor and Jimmie Dale Gilmore that Clive 'Slim' Pain had posted on the net. However, I gave the specific, long and complicated address for it when, as British subscriber Charlie Kaye points out, I could have made life easier for everyone by just giving the home page address, www.youtube.com, where you can Search for what you want, ie Jesse Taylor (which, incidentally, will now bring up videos of Jesse, playing *Last Night* and *Gangster Of Love*, Slim posted in July). Charlie also mentioned some 40s Soundies of Cindy Walker, but I'm here to tell you—though you may very well have got to this way ahead of me—that youtube's Search facility is the key to a labyrinth in which you could lose yourself for days. In just a few minutes, I located clips of Townes, Butch, Blaze, Patsy, Faron, Webb, Johnny (including a 1963 *Ring Of Fire*), Wanda (*Rock Your Baby* from 1958!), Eddie, Gene, well, you get the idea. Enough to keep me harmlessly occupied for quite a while even before subscriber John Sheeran alerted me to a great film of Mississippi Fred McDowell, which sent me off on a whole new quest for vintage bues. A bummer was not finding any live footage of Gram Parsons, but there are a couple of very cool Flying Burrito Brothers' promos (*Sin City* and *Older Guys*). ◆ It had to have been sometime in the early 90s, but I'd have to plough through way too many back issues to pin down exactly when **Polly Parsons**, Gram's daughter, performed in Austin. I say 'performed' because 'played' or 'sang' might give the utterly erroneous and misleading impression that she was capable of doing anything remotely resembling either. Though very easy on the eye, she was so terrible that it was actually quite fascinating, like watching a trainwreck in slow motion, and I have to concede that the ghastly experience is still vivid in my memory when so many good to great shows have become a blur.

◆ Polly's short-lived, not to say foredoomed, 'musical' career was the brainchild of **Pamela Des Barres**, the only woman who, as authoress of **I'm With The Band**, managed to parlay screwing rock stars into a career. Des Barres makes an appearance in **Fallen Angel** in which she talks about routinely being one of the seven or eight people in the room at **The Flying Burrito Brothers'** LA gigs, "They were not a popular band." Immediately after, **Bernie Leadon** remarks, "They sounded horrific... just terrible... they never rehearsed," but this, apart from Parsons' looks, may have been the attraction for Des Barres and her bandmates. As Miss Pamela, she was at that time a member of **Girls Together Outrageously**, the chaotic all-groupie brainchild of Frank Zappa, and it must have been a bit of a treat for them to find a band that was an even bigger shambles than The GTOs.

◆ Thinking of whom, one of the members, **Miss Christine** I'm pretty sure, but you have to remember this was best part of 40 years ago, came up with just about my all-time favorite interview line. In England to promote The GTO's one and only album, **Permanent Damage** (Straight, 1969), she remarked to a *Freundz* interviewer, "One day I was an innocent farm girl from Nebraska. The next, I was living with The Mascara Snake."

◆ I thought my only problem with running back to back cover stories on **Chip Taylor** and **Carrie Rodriguez** was that it was it might seem a bit cute, but when, about halfway through July, there was no sign of Chip's albums and I couldn't raise anyone at his putative label, I got a bit nervous and contacted Train Wreck, who told me, "the problem with **Back Porch** is that half the people there were let go in a corporate restructuring and the whole publicity department was wiped out." Oh, well, yeah, that would explain a thing or two. Apparently, Back Porch and a couple of other EMI boutique subsidiaries, specializing in New Age and World Music, are being moved from Milwaukee to NYC and folded into Blue Note to form a multigenre group targeting over 25-year olds, from which I deduce that, even as we speak, Blue Note's copiers are running white hot with people Xeroxing their resumés. Chip and Train Wreck assure me that Carrie, at least, has New York's full support. We'll see.

◆ Having set out to write the first ever feature on **Chip Taylor** that *didn't* mention his two big hits, I should, for the sake of consistency, hold the line, but I came across a really rather wonderful aspect of them in *All-Music Guide* that I can't resist. When you look up a song, the *Guide* lists all the artists who've recorded it and albums it appears on, with their genre. *Angel Of The Morning* has been on at least 156 albums, variously as classical, country, electronica, easy listening, folk, jazz, new age, R&B, reggae, rock, soundtrack (*Girl Interrupted/Charlie's Angels*), vocal and world. *Wild Thing* doesn't seem to have ever been given a country treatment, but, with 413 albums listed, in addition to all the other genres as *Angel*, it's been done as blues, children's, comedy, Latin and rap.

◆ You may have heard this, or some variation, before, but it popped into my head when I was working on the Chip Taylor feature: What's the difference between **The Moody Blues** and **Jurassic Park**? One's a dinosaur theme park. The other's a movie.

◆ When DL's on vacation, she likes to watch daytime TV she doesn't usually get to see and the other day hollered at me to come catch the band on *Ellen*. With any luck, I'll never see or hear **The Pussycat Dolls** again, but there was something perversely fascinating about their utterly blatant eye candy artificiality. I have to wonder, though, if girls have changed because, in my day, if a boy even hinted at liking a song that went "Don't cha wish your girlfriend was hot like me?," he'd get his nookie cut off at the source. What girlfriend?

◆ I was doing an Internet search recently and came across something I thought was a bit weird, a message saying "We're sorry but the artist has decided not to disclose the lyrics for this song," the artist in question being **Wet Willie** and the song *Shout Bamalama*. So, obviously, my reaction was 'fuck you, Southern Rock assholes, it's not your song, you don't get to decide that,' and, in fact, I did find the lyrics where I should have looked in the first place, under **Otis Redding**. Reason I was looking was that when I asked **Bill Kirchen** about guitarist **Johnny Jenkins**, who died in June and seemed mainly remembered as a seminal influence on Jimi Hendrix, he told me that Redding wrote and recorded *Shout Bamalama* when he was the singer in Jenkins' band, The Pinetoppers. Oh, and this is what I was looking for (incidentally, I'm told **The Detroit Cobras** do a killer version):

"Lord have mercy on my soul
How many chickens have I stole?
One last night and the night before
I'm going back, tryin' to get ten more"

◆ Austin musician Jeffrye Tveraas, who plays or has played with most of the Austin Conspiracy (of which he's also a member) would like you to check out **The Austin Connection**. It's a "mostly" weekly music podcast series that features live exclusive performances and interviews from "mostly" Central Texas performing songwriters, such as, recently, Jean Synodinos. All the unique stereo MP3 files, which will play on iTunes, Windows Media Player, etc, are free whether you just listen or download them. The series started last January and currently has 24 different shows, each about half an hour long. The site—www.austinconnection.net—has had 45,000 hits with thousands of downloads per month.

◆ Couldn't see where to slide it in to **The Complete Reprise Sessions** review, but I read somewhere that, the only time they met, **Gram Parsons** asked his hero **Merle Haggard** to produce **GP**, but Haggard, who reportedly later referred to Parsons as "a pussy," turned him down. However, Parsons did hire Haggard's soundman, Hugh Davies, to engineer both his solo albums.

◆ A list of the talking heads in **Fallen Angel** (see reviews) would be immensely long, not to say stupefyingly tedious, so you might well not spot one name that's missing, that of **Roger McGuinn**. I came across a mention of him refusing to be interviewed for the film, though it didn't specify any reason, so one has to wonder if, almost 40 years later, he's still pissed about Parsons and Hillman hijacking his band to make **Sweetheart Of The Rodeo**.

BLOOD ORANGES COMPETITION

Rather outsmarted myself this time. I was very pleased with a couple of these sister acts because they were *really* obscure. Problem being that you pretty much had to know who they were before you could track them down with an Internet search, if you follow me. The one that stumped everybody but **Richard Webb**, of Lindfield, Great Britain, was The Murmaids (*Popsicles And Icicles*, 1963). For some reason, if you Search for Carol & Terry Fischer, you don't get shit, but Googlemeister Webb tried 'Girl Groups Carol & Terry Fischer' and up popped three or four sources. The two pairs of identical twins, by the way, are Marge & Mary Ann Ganser and Nanette & Annette Williams

Barbara & Phyllis Allbut: The Angels/The Halos
/The Starlets

Veronica & Estelle Bennett: The Ronettes
/Ronnie & The Relatives

Bette & Rosie Collins: The Teen Queens
/The Halos/The Starlets

Carol & Terry Fischer: The Murmaids

Marge & Mary Ann Ganser: The Shangri-Las
/The Bon Bons

Carolyn & Mildred Gill: The Velvettes

Millie & Dolly Good: Girls Of The Golden West

Ellie & Laura Greenwich: The Raindrops

Barbara Ann & Rosa Lee Hawkins:
The Dixie Cups

Elyse & Maxine Herbert: The Jelly Beans

Barbara & Gwen Livsey: Barbara & The Uniques
/The Duets

Ernestine, Shirley & Betty Pearce:
The Flirtations/The Gypsies

Emma & Jannie Pought: The Bobettes
/The Harlem Queens

Marilyn & Diane Rovell: The Honeys/Spring

Betty & Mary Weiss: The Shangri-Las
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Nanette & Annette Williams: The Dreamers
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YOU PLAY THE BLACK, AND THE RED COMES UP

Fifty years ago last March, I got a record store gift certificate for my birthday and bought my first LP. It was Capitol's **The History Of Jazz, Vol Two**, and I still have it. However, it wasn't until the early 60s, when I was making pretty good money, as a teenage electrician, that dropping a chunk of my pay packet at the record store became a Saturday ritual, and not until sometime in the late 70s that I learned that people would actually give you LPs in exchange for saying what you thought about them, a discovery that changed my life, though not necessarily for the better.

In all that time, it never really occurred to me, until last month, to wonder *why* people make records. Sure, one might, and I often have, wondered why someone laid this particular turd, but the process, in general, I've always taken for granted. Making albums is just what musicians do, periodically, with varying artistic and financial success. When you think about it though, it really is quite a mystery—though a more dubious source would be hard to find, the RIAA claims that less than 10% of CDs make any money.

Of course, major and even some indie label beancounters are masters of the arcane art of turning silk purses into sows' ears, but even if considerably more do, in fact, turn a profit, or at least break even, chances are that, for many releases, red ink is going to feature in the equation. The majors, where executives' jobs are constantly on the line, hedge their bets with publicity and promotion, indies, where simply surviving is a constant struggle, by only working with touring acts that can sell copies from the stage, either way, at some point in the process, fingers will be crossed.

And that's the professionals. If people who put out records for a living don't really know which albums will fly and which will turn belly up, what chance do the amateurs, the self-releasing artists, have? Assuming that not all musicians are delusional optimists who think their talent cannot be denied and will be rewarded in cold cash, admittedly a rather iffy proposition, you might wonder why so many buck the odds. The rationale for some is, in a word, promotion—many CDs are basically dolled up demos. A crucial difference between vanity press books and self-released albums is that the latter may land gigs that sell CDs that create a buzz that gets more gigs that sell more CDs. I have no quarrel with such albums—if they're good enough to convince club bookers, they should be good enough to sell and, come to that, be reviewed. Or not. In any case, working musicians calculate, rightly or wrongly, that, at the end of the day, they'll come out ahead on the investment.

Which brings us to the real mystery, albums put out by musicians who either don't work by choice, can't work because no one will book them, or can't sell more than 10 copies because that's how many people come to the gigs or visit the website. Put it this way, wouldn't you like to have a dollar, no, let's make that a dime, for every CD, LP and cassette sitting in garages, attics and closets in Austin alone? Your chateau or mine?

Quality doesn't seem to have much to do with an album's fate. A mediocre, or even downright stinking awful, album may do well while others, no better or worse, fail. A brilliant one may strike an immediate response, another may take years to even get close to breaking even. Butch Hancock once told me about picking up **West Texas Waltzes** from a Dallas pressing plant and driving to a Greenville record store, which took three copies on consignment. "I walked out, looked at the 997 still in the back of my truck and thought, 'Oh God, what have I done?'" How often has this question been asked?

JC

CHIP TAYLOR

UNGLORIOUS HALLELUJAH + RED RED ROSE (AND OTHER SONGS OF LOVE, PAIN AND DESTRUCTION)

(Back Porch/Train Wreck, double CD)

First time I visited San Antonio, Jim Beal Jr showed me what he called "the land where the dinosaurs roam," aka Sunken Gardens in Breckenridge Park, then the venue of choice for bands you thought had, or should have, broken up decades ago. It's hard not to feel a certain disdain for those undead acts which plateaued decades ago, in styles long out of fashion, but still plug away, with maybe one original member, playing to diehard fans who only want to hear the soundtrack of their youths. An earner, I guess, but not a particularly dignified one.

On the other hand, staying near the top long enough to become a nostalgia act is no small achievement in the music business. A good working definition of real stardom is having enough momentum to carry a career through inevitable dry spells and flat spots. Even in roots, with its lower expectations and rather more loyal audiences, there are plenty of former greats coasting on empty. You would have to look long and hard to find an artist who's been active for, oh, let's take a nice round number like 50 years, and has never show any sign of running out of creative steam.

By an amazing coincidence, 1956 was when Wes Voight & The Town And Country Brothers, a Yonkers, NY, high school rockabilly trio, signed to King Records. Their four singles didn't sell but the lead singer got to record with Mickey Baker and learned that people didn't know how to pronounce his surname, so when a wrist injury ended a promising career in his father's business, pro golf (from whence the nickname 'Chip'), he signed to Warner Brothers in 1962 as Chip Taylor. "It was just a stage name, but then people started recording and crediting my songs, so I got stuck with it." A single, *Here I Am*, didn't quite break out but he became a successful producer (Neil Diamond, Evie Sands) and hit songwriter (*Any Way That You Want Me, I Can't Let Go, Make Me Belong To You, I Can Make It With You, Step Out Of Your Mind, Country Girl City Man, I'll Hold Out My Hand, Try [Just a Little Bit Harder], Sweet Dream Woman, Son Of A Rotten Gambler* and a couple of others whose titles escape me offhand). He returned to recording in the 70s, cutting six albums and hitting the county charts five times. Then he quit.

Maybe this is lesson #1 in music longevity, drop out for a while and do something else, in Taylor's case being a professional gambler, or, rather, only being a professional gambler. A New Yorker who made country albums but, apart from one tour, supporting the surprise success of **This Side Of The Big River** (WB, 1975) in Europe, never performed ("I was working at my day job—the racetrack"), Taylor's relationship with the Nashville execs, on whom he'd been, in their view, foisted by head office, was always shaky and culminated in a promotions manager threatening to resign rather than push a single Capitol bosses were certain would be a hit.

And maybe Lesson #2 is reinvent yourself from time to time. In 1992, Taylor was invited to join a national singer-songwriter tour and, while he happily went back to gambling, the experience gave him "a good taste" about returning to music, though it would be another five years before he hooked up with a Burlington, VT, label and cut his first album since 1979, **The Living Room Tapes** (Gadfly, 1997). Then, "I came across this service that would send a tape of a song to 3000 European DJs for \$500 and I asked them, 'How much for a whole album?,' and they said, 'We'll have to get back to you on that,' and it was \$2500. The DJs had to respond or they'd get kicked off the service, so I got thousands of messages, most of them saying 'I thought you were dead.'" Suddenly hot news, Taylor was invited to tour Europe, and so, at 57, he became a working musician. "I just loved it."

Over the next few years, Taylor, with guitarist John Platania, toured and put out three raw and introspective albums on his own Train Wreck label, which, **Black And Blue America**, in particular, established him as a significant and relevant Americana singer-songwriter rather than a resurrected 70s country cult figure (though virtually every article about him still opens with a 'Best known as...' reference to the hits he wrote back then).

Then, in 2001, Taylor hired a fiddleplayer and reinvented himself yet again, writing new songs and adapting old ones to suit his partnership with Carrie Rodriguez (of whom more next month). As the duo is, surely, well known to 3CM readers, we'll skip to Taylor's first solo album in six years, 24 songs he's written since **Black And Blue America** which didn't fit the duet format, though it isn't just quantity that calls for two CDs, they're also divided up by purpose, serious on **Unglorious Hallelujah**, fun on **Red Red Rose**.

At 67, and after 50 years (off and on) in the music business, Taylor says "I'm just starting," but these albums are hardly the work of a beginner. On the first, in line with his Train Wreck albums, Taylor is in Socratic mode, not writing the odd 'protest' song, but constantly examining his life and interactions with the world, whether taking on elemental issues like violence (*I Don't Believe In That*) or looking for meaning in a drunk driving arrest (*Christmas In Jail*, sure to become a seasonal favorite on roots radio). On the flip, he shows he can still knock out catchy love songs with the best of them. In short, a unique combination of philosopher-king and Tin Pan Alley tunesmith.

JC

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Arizona Republic

DAVE INSLEY

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IN STORES AUGUST 8TH!

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Now Appearing at:

- Aug 5 Yucca Taproom, Tempe AZ
- Aug 6 Grand Ol' Echo, Los Angeles CA
- Aug 8 Knockout Room, San Francisco CA
- Aug 9 KRSH Backyard Concert, Santa Rosa CA
- Aug 10 Shea's, Reno NV
- Aug 11 Monk's House of Jazz, Salt Lake City UT
- Aug 12 Dolores River Brewing Co, Dolores CO
- Aug 18 TBA, Denver, CO
- Aug 19 Frogfest II, Santa Fe Brew Co, Santa Fe NM
- Aug 24 Brentwood Taverns, Austin TX
- Aug 25 Riley's Tavern, Hunter TX
- Aug 29 Hole in the Wall, Austin TX
- Sep 1 Yucca Taproom, Tempe AZ
- Sep 2 Club Congress, Tucson AZ
- Sep 8 The Oaks, Manor TX
- Sep 10 Bluebird Cafe, Nashville TN
- Sep 21 BB Kings Blues Club, Nashville TN

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THE GINN SISTERS

Blood Oranges



The Ginn Sisters, Blood Oranges
#26 on the Americana Chart, #3 on July's FAR Chart!
AUGUST

1st Cactus Cafe "Blood Oranges"

CD Release Party

10th Auslander, Fredericksburg, TX 8 p.m.

KFAN Simulcast!

14th Tulsa, OK, The River's Edge 7:30-10:30

16th: Berwyn, IL (Chicago burbs)

Fitzgerald's Nightclub 8:30

18-19th: Aylmer, ONT,

Fred Eaglesmith's Southern Picnic

20th: Buffalo, NY, Sportsmen's Tavern, 7:30-10:30

22nd 6:00 pm WUMB live appearance (Boston)

23rd The Skellig 240 Moody Street Waltham MA

Tom Bianchi's Songwriter Night 10:00 p.m.

24th: The Bitter End 147 Bleecker Street NYC, 7:30

26th The Captain Daniel Packer Inn, 32 Water Street,
Mystic, CT 10:30-1:30

27th The Burren 247 Elm Street, Davis Square,
Somerville MA, Songwriter Night 8:30 pm.

28th Shippensburg, PA radio show

29th WHAY live outdoor performance/simulcast,
Whitley City, KY

30th Americana Tonight, Douglas Corner, Nashville.
Mark Wehner hosts. 8:30

31st Cafe Caffeine 909 W. Mary, Austin, TX, 9-11 p.m.
w/ Southpaw Jones, Melissa Greener

SEPTEMBER

9/21 Edge City's Third Coast Music Songwriter Night,
Cafe Caffeine, 9-11

9/22 MacHenry's 9 p.m. Ft. Worth

9/23 Rock House Concerts, Gonzales, TX

9/28 Cafe Caffeine: Anais Mitchell, Abi Tapia,
Karen Mal, SWRFA Chick Night

www.theginnsisters.com

Americana Songwriter Night at Cafe Caffeine,
9-11 p.m. \$5 cover

8/3 Mark Jungers, Amanda Cunningham,
Randy Reynolds

8/10 MJ Baby, Nicole Gilbert, Hannah Williams

8/17 Edge City, Troy Campbell, Eric Hisaw, Ron Flynt

8/24 Kim Miller, Jenny Reynolds, Kerry Polk

8/31 The Ginn Sisters, Southpaw Jones,
Melissa Greener

www.billpassalacqua.com



American Good Southern Style

AUGUST ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

1st --- Piano Slim • 1928 LaGrange, TX
 ----- Piano Red † 1985
 ----- Jerry Garcia • 1942 San Francisco, CA
 2nd --- Big Walter Price • 1917 Gonzales, TX
 ----- Hank Cochran • 1935 Isola, MS
 ----- Betty Jack Davis † 1953
 ----- Leo Soileau † 1980
 ----- Redd Stewart † 2003
 3rd --- Shelton Dunaway • 1934 Monroe, LA
 4th --- Lee Martin • 1929 Golden Meadow, LA
 ----- Frankie Ford • 1939 Gretna, LA
 ----- Mark O'Connor • 1962 Seattle, WA
 5th --- Tuts Washington † 1984
 6th --- TK Hulin • 1943 St Martinville, LA
 ----- Memphis Minnie † 1973
 7th --- Felice Bryant • 1925 Milwaukee, MN
 ----- Rodney Crowell • 1950 Houston, TX
 ----- Esther Phillips † 1984
 8th --- Knocky Parker • 1918 Palmer, TX
 ----- Webb Pierce • 1926 West Monroe, LA
 ----- Mel Tillis • 1932 Pahokey, FL
 ----- Joe Tex • 1933 Rogers, TX
 ----- Ian Moore • 1967 Berkeley, CA
 9th --- Robert Shaw • 1908 Stafford, TX
 ----- Merle Kilgore • 1934 Chickasha, OK
 ----- Aldus Mouton • 1941 Cankton, LA
 ----- Jesse Ashlock † 1976
 ----- Jerry Garcia † 1995
 10th --- Louise Massey • 1902 Hart Co, TX
 ----- Leo Fender • 1907 Buena Park, CA
 ----- Wanda Coffman • 1911 Roanoke, TX
 ----- Lucille Bogan † 1948
 11th --- Clint West • 1938 Vidrine, LA
 ----- Ronnie Dawson • 1939 Dallas, TX
 ----- Percy Mayfield † 1984
 12th --- Rex Griffin • 1912 Gasden, AL
 ----- Percy Mayfield • 1920 Minden, LA
 ----- Buck Owens • 1929 Sherman, TX
 ----- Porter Wagoner • 1930 West Plains, MO
 ----- Roy Gaines • 1934 Houston, TX
 ----- Rod Bernard • 1940 Opelousas, LA
 ----- Joe Tex † 1982
 13th --- King Curtis † 1971
 14th --- Johnny Burnette † 1964
 ----- Sarah Borges • 1978 Taunton, MA
 ----- 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
 ----- Durwood Haddock • 1934 Lamesco, TX
 ----- Huey 'Cookie' Thierry • 1936 Jennings, LA
 ----- Champ Hood • 1952 Spartenburg, SC
 ----- Robert Johnson † 1938
 ----- Norman Petty † 1984
 17th --- Wayne Raney • 1921 Wolf Bayou, AR
 ----- Jimmy Donley • 1929 Gulfport, MS
 ----- Guitar Gable • 1937 Bellevue, LA
 ----- Kevin Welch • 1955 Long Beach, CA
 ----- Dorsey Burnette † 1979
 18th --- Curtis Jones • 1906 Naples, TX

----- Hank Penny • 1918 Birmingham, AL
 ----- Johnny Preston • 1939 Port Arthur, TX
 ----- Mark Rubin • 1966 Stillwater, OK
 19th --- Al Ferrier • 1935 Montgomery, L
 ----- Johnny Nash • 1940 Houston, TX
 20th --- Jim Reeves • 1924 Carthage, TX
 ----- Don Leady • 1949 Alton, IL
 ----- Leon McAuliffe † 1988
 21st --- James Burton • 1939 Shreveport, LA
 ----- Jackie DeShannon • 1944 Hazel, KY
 22nd --- John Lee Hooker • 1917 Clarksdale, MS
 ----- Marie Falcon • 1920 Rayne, LA
 ----- Dale Hawkins • 1938 Goldmine, LA
 ----- Hociel Thomas † 1952
 ----- Floyd Tillman † 2003
 23rd --- Tex Williams • 1917 Ramsey, IL
 ----- Hoyle Nix † 1985
 24th --- Big Boy Arthur Crudup • 1905 Forest, MS
 ----- Wynonie Harris • 1915 Omaha, NB
 ----- Carl Mann • 1942 Huntingdon, TN
 ----- Nat Stuckey † 1988
 25th --- Chelo Silva • 1922 Brownsville, TX
 ----- Elvis Costello • 1955 London, UK
 ----- Cliff Bruner † 2000
 26th --- Rockin' Dopsie † 1993
 27th --- Wade Frugé • 1916 Eunice, LA
 ----- Carter Stanley • 1925 McClure, VA
 ----- Elroy Dietzel • 1927 Seguin, TX
 ----- Charlene Hancock • 1938 Morton, TX
 ----- Fernest Arceneaux • 1940 Duralde, LA
 28th --- Dayna Kurtz • 1965 Matawan, NJ
 29th --- Jimmy C Newman • 1927 Mamou, LA
 ----- Mingo Saldivar • 1936 Marion, TX
 ----- Preston Frank • 1947 Oberlin, LA
 ----- Jimmy Reed † 1976
 30th --- Kitty Wells • 1918 Nashville, TN
 31st --- Jerry Allison • 1939 Hillsboro, TX

Threadgill's World HQ

301 W Riverside
 3rd, Elana James
 & The Continental Two
 4th, Charlie Robison
 5th, Jerry Garcia's Birthday
 6th, Gospel Silvertones (11am)
 9th, Riverstone
 11th, Johnny Gimble
 12th, Commander Cody
 & The Lost Planet Airmen
 13th, LZ Love (11am)
 18th, Sara Hickman
 19th, Shiva's Headband
 20th, Gospel Stars (11am)
 23rd, South Austin Jug Band
 24th, Kenny Meeks
 25th, Monte Montgomery
 26th, Jimmy LaFave
 27th, Durden Family (11am)

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 9th, Boomer Norman
 30th, Jenny Reynolds
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