

3rd COAST MUSIC

RICK BROUSSARD

#100/189 MAY 2005



REVIEWS

***** (or not)

PAUL BARRY
& THE DEL REYS

•

RICK BROUSSARD'S
TWO HOOTS & A
HOLLER

•

BILLY DON BURNS

•

BIANCA DeLEON

•

JUANITA FAMILY
& FRIENDS

•

CHARLIE POOLE

•

FREDDIE STEADY 5

JOHN THE REVEALATOR
CHARLES EARLE's B-Sides
FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #69
ROOTS BIRTHS & DEATHS

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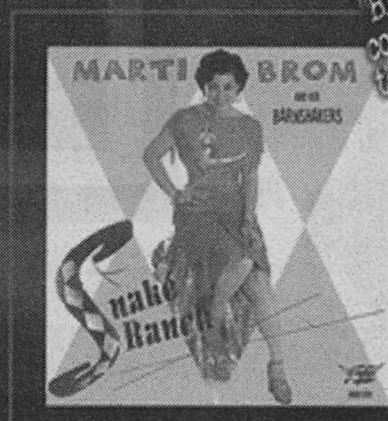
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FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #69

REAL MUSIC PLAYED FOR REAL PEOPLE BY REAL DJs DURING APRIL 2005

#1 John Prine: Fair And Square

- (Oh Boy) *AA/*AB/*BR/*BS/*CG/*DY/*GM/*K&V/*KC/*LW/*MDT/*R&H/*T&C/*TA
- 2 Los Super 7: Heard It On The X (Telarc) *BH/*CP/*EB/*JP/*RC/*TG
- 3 Greg Trooper: Make It Through This World
(Sugar Hill) *BF/*BK/*KD/*S&D
- 4= Robbie Fulks: Georgia Hard (Yep Roc) *LB/*T&L
Audrey Auld Mezera: Texas (Reckless) *FS/*MF
- 5 Mary Gauthier: Mercy Now (Lost Highway) *DB/*MP
- 6 John Lilly & Ralph Blizard: Blue Highway (self) *JA
- 7 David Olney: Migration (Loudhouse) *JB/*MB/*ND
- 8 Jimmy LaFave: Blue Nightfall (Red House) *DJ
- 9 John Doe: Forever Hasn't Happened Yet (Yep Roc) *BB/*3RC
- 10 Jim & Jennie & The Pinetops: Rivers Roll On By
(Bloodshot) *GS/*PT&T/*XR
- 11= Bill Culp: Roots'N'Roll (WDC) *DA
Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez: Red Dog Tracks (Back Porch) *PP/*TW
- 12= The Believers: Crashtertown (Bona Fide) *KB/*TC
Rex Hobart & The Misery Boys: Empty House (Bloodshot) *BP/*JZ
- 13= Amber Digby: Music From The Honky Tonks (Yellow Rose) *MA/*RW
Heavy Trash (Yep Roc) *HG/*JM
Tom Russell: Hotwalker (HighTone) *GC/*MR/*WR
- 14= Hayes Carll: Little Rock (Highway 87) *BE/*KM
Last Train Home: Bound Away (Blue Buffalo) *DS/*TF
- 15 Sarah Borges: Silver City (Blue Corn)
- 16= Dave Insley: Call Me Lonesome (self) *OO/*QB
The Red Stick Ramblers: Right Key, Wrong Keyhole
(Memphis International) *B&C
- 17 VA: A Tribute to Billy Joe Shaver; Live (Compadre) *NA
- 18 Hacienda Brothers (Koch/Proper) *RR
- 19= The Bills: Let 'Em Run (Red House) *SMJ
Deke Dickerson: The Melody (Major Label) *BL
Sarah Lee Guthrie & Johnny Irion: Exploration (New West) *JS/*R78
- 20= Ray Wylie Hubbard: Delirium Tremolos (Philo) *CS/*DWT
Dallas Wayne: I'm Your Biggest Fan (Koch)
- 21= NQ Arbuckle: The Last Supper In A Cheap Town (Six Shooter) *SB/*SR
Solomon Burke: Make Do With What You Got (Shout Factory) *DT/*TJ
Stay Out Late With The Lucky Stars (Fate) *FY/*SH
Webb Wilder: About Time (Landslide) *RS
- 22 Ian Tyson: Songs From The Gravel Road (Stony Plain) *LG
- 23= Scott Biram: Dirty Old One Man Band (Bloodshot) *JE
Kathleen Edwards: Back To Me (Zoe/Rounder)
Tracy Grammer: Flower Of Avalon (Signature Sounds) *ES
Willie Nelson & Friends: Austin To South Asia; Songs for Tsunami Relief
(Texas Roadhouse) *N&T
- Jeremy Wakefield: Steel Guitar Caviar! (Ecco-Fonic) *MT
- 24= Shooter Jennings: Let's Put The O Back In Country (CG) *EW
Suzy Thompson: Stop & Listen (Arhoolie) *HP
- 25 Alison Brown: Stolen Moments (Compass) *FW
- 26= Paul Barry & The Del Reys (Lulu) *RH
Hunger Mountain Boys: Blue Ribbon Waltz (Old-Fi) *CL
- 27= Devil In A Woodpile: In Your Lonesome Town (Bloodshot)
Maria McKee: Peddlin' Dreams (Eleven Thirty/Yep Roc) *SG
Liz Meyer: The Storm (Strictly Country)
- 28= Bluerunners: Honey Slides (Bayou Vista) *JF
Johnny Bush: Devil's Disciple (BGM) *SC
C Gibbs: Parade Of Small Horses (Eastern Spurs/Dren/Rubric) *TO
Malcolm Holcombe: I Never Heard You Knockin' (Gypsy Eyes)
Missiles of October: Live (Tres Pescaderos) *DO
Old Reliable: The Burning Truth (Saved By Radio) *DP
Rhonda Vincent & The Rage: Ragin' Live (Rounder)



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WHERE MUSIC STILL MATTERS

*XX = DJ's ALBUM OF THE MONTH

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

FAR: NUTS & BOLTS

Not counting American Forces Network, Frankfurt, my first experience with American radio was, in 1985, turning on the radio in a rental car and catching most of John Coltrane playing *Russian Lullaby*, after which the DJ said, "You're listening to KJAZ, 24 hours a day cool jazz here in San Francisco." Holy fuck, I thought, this really is the Promised Land. Of course, I came to find that the station, long defunct, was an anomaly, and that the reality of American radio was rather different. This came home when I was spending a fair amount of time in Nashville in the late 80s and could never find a country station worth a shit. It was also when I first encountered a curious American phenomenon that I've observed many times since: that when you're scanning the dial and find something good, no matter how long you stay tuned to that station, it won't play anything else you can tolerate after that.

The trouble with the American Forces Network was that it led me to expect stations like KJAZ. Its speciality shows, R&B, rock & roll, blues, country, jazz, gospel, suggested that it was trying to bring all the different flavors of their home town stations to the tens of thousands of GIs stationed in Europe. At the same time, bearing in mind that, apart from Radio Luxemburg, the 'Great 208,' European airwaves were a dead zone, AFN's DJs were men on a mission. To say that they set out to educate their audience would be to suggest something far too formal, but it was clear that they relished being the first, and probably only, jocks on our side of the Atlantic to play the hot new singles and LPs put out by all those labels whose names, to this day, still exude a special magic to me, Vin, Excello, Jamie, King, Dot, Blue Note, Del-Fi, Ace, Federal and so many others that I'll kick myself for not mentioning as soon as I see this in print.

However, when I moved to Texas, I found out that stations analogous to AFN in their breadth of coverage, and DJs very like AFN's in their passion, special knowledge and commitment, exist all over America. The trick is, you have to be a local to know about them, or, rather, to know exactly when to tune in. If you happened across any college, community or public station at random, chances are you'd never bother with it again, figuring it doesn't play your kind of music, except it does but only at certain times on certain days.

My first foray into this world was to start running lists of 'Texas-friendly' DJs in *Music City Texas*, as a service to Texas musicians, which, if nothing else, taught me how volatile is the here today, gone tomorrow world of noncommercial radio. Indeed, the DJ who essentially inspired the **Freeform American Roots** chart was himself booted by his station, KSYM, San Antonio, even though it continues to run his creation. In the summer of 1999, Joe Horn told me that nothing he reported to the late and very unlamented *Gavin Report* ever showed up in its Americana chart, and none of the records that did were being played on *Third Coast Music Network*.

So, a light went on in my head and I emailed all the DJs I could think of, mainly 3CM subscribers, basically saying, "Hey, if we kids got together, we could put on a chart of our own." Apart from Don Yates, in Seattle, who I later learned is considered to be an even bigger prick than KGSR's Jody Denberg, which is really saying something, the response was universally positive. Like Joe, they all felt marginalized and considered *Gavin* utterly irrelevant to what they were doing.

Freeform American Roots has always had two essential rules. 1. All reporters must be DJs. Quite a few are also Music Directors, Program Directors, Music Librarians, even General Managers or station owners, but they all report in their on-air capacity. 2. All shows must be freeform. This one is a little iffy, some DJs are constrained by crappy station libraries, making them semi-freeform at best, but that still beats playlists.

69 charts later, it occurs to me that I've never explained out loud how the deal works. It has changed over time. Initially, there were some 30 odd reporters, but for quite a while now the base has stabilized around 140, give or take a couple three at any given moment, and this growth made necessary one major overhaul and one major policy adjustment. The overhaul was in the points system, which is now ten points for #1, or Album of the Month, the one that has the DJ's chart ID by it, five points for #2, three for #3 and one each for #4, #5, and #6. In theory, if every single reporter made you their #6 pick, you could be #1 overall, but in practice you need a bunch of #1s and a clutch of #2s and #3s to top the chart.

The adjustment was that although the points system was originally intended to allow every DJ's #1 to be listed, even if no one else reported it at all, on the basis that if they felt that strongly about an album, it deserved to be in there, this fell victim to space. I discovered that in any given month, there were always at least 25-30 unsupported #1 albums and that by cutting them, I could make the rest of chart fit into a regular half-page slot. Cold but, unfortunately, practical.

Basically, FAR is a beauty contest. The considerations that make up most chart parameters, number of spins and heavy/medium/light rotation, simply don't apply in a world made up of weekly shows that are one, two, three, maybe four hours long. However much you like it, if you only have that kind of time to work with, you're not going to play more than one or two, maybe three tracks off any one album on any show. So what I ask FAR reporters for is their personal favorites, the albums it gave them most pleasure to bring to the attention of their audience (as a professional courtesy, I assume they all have an audience).

Personally, I see FAR as the consensus of a community of DJs, most of whom will never actually meet face to face, but who come together once a month with opinions that coalesce into a chart that maybe not everybody agrees with, but we can all live with.

JC

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JUANITA FAMILY & FRIENDS

(Family Plan ****)

Guess it must be about time for a new Freakwater album, because I seem to keep coming across other women who remind me of Catherine Irwin and Janet Bean. Last month it was Dao Strom, this month it's Lana Rebel. Rebel used to be the bassplayer and singer in a punk/math-metal trio called The Last Of The Juanitas, and don't ask me, I don't know what the fuck math-metal is either. Many bands, too many if you ask me, have gone from punk to alt country, but, after relocating from San Diego to Portland, OR, Rebel and drummer John Schier, along with Ben Wildenhaus, of "extreme rock & roll" Federation X, piano and lap slide, James Curley mandolin and Dylan Reilly standup bass, somehow morphed into an acoustic country band. As far as I can make out, nobody ever had to scream "Louder, faster" at The Last Of The Juanitas, but in this incarnation, Rebel's vocals are smooth and languorous, the minimalist backing warm and gentle and they come together in such a casual, unforced way on mainly original songs by Rebel that you'd never guess most of the groups used to play headbanger music. This is one of those albums that starts off sounding pretty good and then just gets more impressive every time you play it. Also, with me Rebel scores right off with her opener, *Song Of Mehitabel*, and wotthell I'd like to second her request that "you please go to a library and check out the book *Archy And Mehitabel* by Don Marquis." **JC**

BIANCA DELEON THE LONG SLOW DECLINE OF CARMELITA

(self ****)

Reviewing her 2001 debut (#52/140), I remarked that 'border ballad' has become such a loathsome cliché that I wanted to send a copy of the album (and David Rodriguez' *Man Against Beast*) to everyone who'd written or planned to write one to show them why they shouldn't. However, DeLeon obliges me to substitute her new album for *Outlaws & Lovers*. Just from song titles like *Don't Drink The Water Pancho*, *Nowhere Mexico*, *Somebody Shot Manuel*, *The Long Slow Decline Of Carmelita*, the bilingual *Muy Cerca De Mi* and *Guitarra Mia* (which is actually in English), and the influx of Tejano musicians, it's clear that DeLeon, born in Corpus Christi, is staking out her South Texas territory even more clearly. Obviously a believer in travelling first class no matter what, DeLeon brings back some of the Austin-based players on the earlier album, Redd Volkaert, Marty Muse, Erik Hokkanen, Teye, but relies mainly on Max Baca bass/bajo sexto, Michael Guerra or Joel Guzman accordion, Bobby Flores fiddle/pedal steel and Eddie Cantu drums. With a deceptively simple sounding style, DeLeon has a very finely tuned awareness of how much of the work her words can do on their own, but she can pump in the drama when it's needed. In an homogenized America, the Mexican border is just about the last area that provides a sense of place and difference (for some reason, the Canadian border doesn't seem to have as much appeal to songwriters), and few people convey that sense of place and difference as well, certainly not, at least since Rodriguez emigrated to Holland, as consistently, as DeLeon. **JC**

YOU AIN'T TALKING TO ME CHARLIE POOLE AND THE ROOTS OF COUNTRY MUSIC

(Columbia/Legacy 3-CD box ****)

This is the kind of album we ink-stained wretches fear most, 72 tracks, most recorded in the 20s, celebrating the career of a banjo playing string band leader who died 74 years ago this month, incredibly important shit which has to be covered but few people will actually buy. A textile mill worker, Poole played in ad hoc groups that coalesced into The North Carolina Ramblers which first recorded for Columbia in 1925, predating Ralph Peer's Bristol Sessions, and scored immediately with *Don't Let Your Deal Go Down*, which sold 102,000 copies at a time when 20,000 was considered a smash in any genre. The first to owe its success entirely to records, the group cut some 70 sides for Columbia before the Great Depression, but in 1931, the always hard-drinking Poole, his contract cancelled, his banjo sold and back working in a mill, went on a 12 week bender that killed him at 39. Early on, Poole smashed his hand in a drunken wager that he could catch a baseball without a glove and, like Django Reinhardt, had to develop his own workaround technique, using three fingers. Ideally suited to primitive recording technology, the banjo was immensely popular in the 20s, but Poole's unique style set him apart, while his high Al Jolson-like tenor cut through the instrumentation (no microphones then). Drawing on a wide variety of material, traditional and contemporary, with a marked penchant for vaudeville and ragtime, rewriting, often with down to earth autobiographical snippets, and rearranging it to suit the Ramblers' controlled, clean and outstanding ensemble sound, Poole's version of old timey is one of the pillars of country and bluegrass. The first CD is entirely Poole, including two tracks cut for other labels under other names and the previously unissued *Mother's Last Farewell Kiss*. The other two also include tracks by banjo players who were an influence on or were influenced by Poole and juxtapose Ramblers' songs with the earlier ones from which they borrowed or later ones which borrowed from them. Sound engineer Christopher King, who transferred all the tracks from original 78s, won a 2003 Grammy for his work on the Charlie Patton box set and deserves another for this. **JC**

RICK BROUSSARD'S TWO HOOTS & A HOLLER SONGS OUR VINYL TAUGHT US THE FREDDIE STEADY 5 FREDDIE STEADY GO PAUL BARRY & THE DEL REYS

(self ****/Fat Pete ****/Lulu ****)

Hiatu is really ex post facto when you think about it. Whether a band says it's on one (which usually means its members aren't speaking terms to each other) or just fades out, nobody, least of all the bandmembers, knows for sure if they'll ever get back together. Being as Broussard is a gifted songwriter, Two Hoots & A Holler's *No Man's Land*, still a steady seller for Texas Music Roundup 15 years later, was all his own material, so when the trio went MIA in the mid-90s, many fans lamented that they'd never again hear any of their covers, some of which, notably The Lonesome Strangers' *We Used To Fuss*, were as much signature numbers as any of the originals. Making their comeback, Broussard, Gerard & Staples figured the best way to find out if there were any Two Hoots & A Holler fans still left out there, and test the waters for the prospects of a new and original album, was to make one of old crowd favorites. Apart from proving that they're still chock full of piss and vinegar, this is an interesting guide to where Broussard came from musically, juxtaposing Nick Lowe (*Raging Eyes*), Johnny Cash (*I Still Miss Someone* and *Sea Of Heartache*), Marshall Crenshaw (*Someday Someway*), Roy Orbison (*You Got It*), The Cramps (*Garbage Man*), The Rolling Stones (*I'd Rather Be With The Boys*), Buddy Holly (*Wishing*), Elvis (*Can't Help Falling In Love*), Ray Price (*I'll Be There*) and The 13th Floor Elevators (*Starry Eyes*).

♦ Freddie Krc is about my oldest friend in Austin, but I have to admit that I never did get what he was trying to do with The Shakin' Apostles. However, his latest project, with a band name that's an obvious nod to the late great Bobby Fuller, is pretty straightforward, 16 of his all-time favorite Texas rock & roll songs, some well-known, others very obscure, sharing three singers, Roky Erickson, Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly, with Broussard but picking different songs. I won't insult you by spelling out who originally recorded *Woolly Bully*, *You're Gonna Miss Me*, *96 Tears*, *The 'In' Crowd*, *She's About A Mover*, *I Fought The Law*, *Treat Her Right*, *Candy Man* and *Not Fade Away*, but score mega Texas music points for matching Fever Tree to *I Can Beat Your Drum*, The Promarks to *I Want You To Know*, The Sherwoods to *I Know You Cried*, The Clique to *Splash 1* and The Vibrations to *Angry Sea*, with The Moving Sidewalks' *99th Floor* and The Five Americans' *Western Union* hovering in a grey area. A big bonus is that, as well lead vocals and rhythm guitar, Krc also plays drums. Rounding out the album are two originals for which Krc reassembled his Baytown, TX, junior high school band.

♦ A 34 year veteran of Milwaukee's summer festival season, during which Barry's Truckers are, a local paper says, "ubiquitous," Paul Barry leads a showband that, of course, plays nothing but covers. However, impatient with the constraints, he formed a crack studio group to cut an album of—covers. This may sound a little odd, but the difference is that instead of 'Play something we know,' his album is 'play what I like even if you don't know it.' Two years of surfing the Internet looking for twangy roots rock and alt country that appealed to him netted The Billygoats' *Boo Hoo*, The Spurs' *Alcohol Of Fame*, Cigar Store Indians' *Heaven*, The Riptones' *How Mean You Really Are*, Walter Clevenger & The Dairy Kings' *Girl At The End Of The Bar*, Don Reno's *No Longer A Sweetheart Of Mine*, The Derailers' *Longing*, The Taters' *On Our Own*, Los Straitjackets' instrumental *Lurking In The Shadows*, The Morells' *Seven Days Without Love*, Chris Hillman's *There You Go* and Todd Snider's *Nashville*. Though he usually puts some spin on the songs to differentiate his versions, his big, strong voice tends to make them sound at least as good, and in a few cases even better than the originals. **JC**

BILLY DON BURNS HEROES, FRIENDS & OTHER TROUBLED SOULS

(IndieMafia ****.5)

Even before the advent of listening stations, my advice on sequencing, adapted from the Bridge adage 'lead from strength,' was always 'open with your best songs.' I'd taken a couple three runs at this album but while the country-rock opener, *Mississippi* with Tanya Tucker, is OK, #2, *I Was There*, stopped me every time. However, Burns' publicist, Ms Martha Moore, nothing if not persistent, persuaded me to try skipping it and seeing what lay beyond, and I have to say it picks up remarkably. *Haggard & Hank*, about his influences, not necessarily good ones, is hilarious, while *Keith Whitley's Blues* and *Patsy*, on which he he's joined by Hank Cochran and Willie Nelson, show that, *I Was There* notwithstanding, Burns can write a decent country song about country music, while *Dark Side Of The Spoon*, *Running Drugs Out Of Mexico* and *Full Blown Addict* give substance(s) to the Arkansas native's 'Outlaw' image and Johnny Cash's 1957 *Give My Love To Rose* benchmarks his abilities as a singer. Still, where he really scores is in Attitude, something sorely missing among the pretty boys recording soundtrack music for suburban housewives, but which Burns has in spades. **JC**



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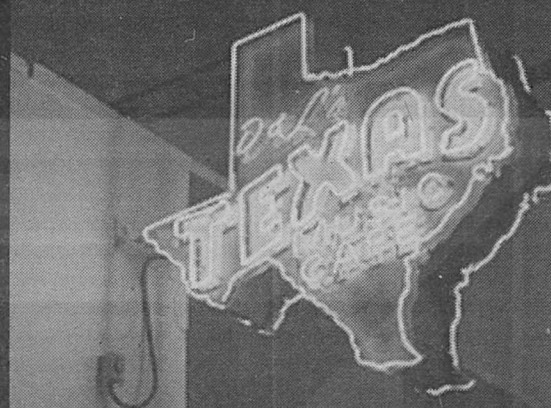
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GAME ON Nashville's Country Resurgence Gets Mainstream Press

Ok, I have something to admit to you that I feel truly embarrassed about. I hope you can forgive me after you read this. Truly I do... I subscribe to *Entertainment Weekly*.

There, I said it. And I actually feel better for having admitted it. In fact, I've subscribed for years. Some people have Abba or Cyndi Lauper records hidden in their closet that they don't want anyone to know they have. I get *Entertainment Weekly* in the mail. And I'm being honest about it.

I know that *EW* is a shallow, flavor of the month rag, but that is kind of why I've subscribed for so long. You see, I can't bring myself to actually watch or listen to a lot of what passes for American popular culture these days, so reading about it seems less harmful. I want to know, but I don't want to suffer.

And now the reason for this drawn-out narrative on *Entertainment Weekly*. Considering that it's a publication claims to be monitoring the pulse of America's interests in music, movies, etc, it was quite interesting to see an April 22 cover story about how country music is once again on the rise.

For those of you who didn't see the story—and I'm guessing that's most of you—it was a very complimentary piece about how a new crop of more traditional country artists have put the genre back on the entertainment map. Just as I have been screaming for years, the author talked about how bland pop country artists in the late 90s/early 00s did their best to ruin things. And just as I have predicted for years, the author wrote about how a return to the roots of the genre has saved it from itself. The author also noted a 12% increase in country music sales in 2004 and the fact that there were an equal number of television viewers for the 2004 CMA Awards as there were for the 2005 Grammys.

This is all interesting stuff, but what does it mean for the near and long term future of country music? Also, haven't we been down this road before?

I'll start with the second question. Yes, if you look back to right around 1991 you'll see a period where the industry hitched its wagon to a new crop of traditionalist stars, Vince Gill, Alan Jackson, Marty Stuart, Trisha Yearwood, etc, to find an increased level of success. This also happened in the 70s with the Outlaw Movement. But when you start to talk about the future for the current bunch, you have to

CHARLES EARLE'S B-Sides

wonder when the powerbrokers on Music Row will eventually go soft on us, ruining the product again just like they eventually did in the 70s and 90s.

The near future is in the hands of Gretchen Wilson, Dierks Bentley, Lee Ann Womack, Miranda Lambert, Julie Roberts, Big & Rich, Bobby Pinson and a handful of other artists who are either having hits or appear to be on the verge. The industry folk will saddle up and see what happens for a while.

But the trick in the long run is to not sign and emphasize artists who take the genre in an unnatural direction. And here's how to tell if that is happening: towards the end of this decade when we see the first country artist record a song and then create a separate mix of it for pop radio, you can officially declare that country music is once again totally fucked.

Enough of the gloom and doom stuff for now. Mainstream country radio is semi-enjoyable again and I'm actually not ashamed to be associated with music from Nashville for the first time since about 1995. Let's all drink up while we can.

THE EVER-CHANGING AWARDS SHOW

Early in his monologue at the opening of last month's CMT Music Awards, comedian Jeff Foxworthy said something really funny about the numerous names that this particular awards show has sported during its history. After having the names of sponsors such as the now-defunct Nashville Network and Music City News in its title, the show was handed over to CMT some years back. This year, after lots of jabs from the local music community, they finally ditched the vaguely gay Flameworthy Awards title in favor of a name that reflects the video channel playing host. Foxworthy, noting this confusion, got big laughs when he observed that the show had operated under more names than a hillbilly trying to avoid the Columbia House record company. And then, predictably, Foxworthy didn't manage to say anything even slightly funny for the rest of the broadcast. Oh well, what do you expect from a show that gives away an award that looks like, and I'm not making this up, a giant pewter cowboy belt buckle.

But other than Foxworthy's annoying schtick, this was a very enjoyable show. I began this column talking about the resurgence of country music, and the fact that the CMT Awards were a truly solid musical event is further proof. It wasn't that long ago when cheeseballs like Lonestar and Faith Hill made anything involving country music painful to watch. Now we are seeing a better product. Here are a few things that stood out:

Dierks Bentley: after seeing him on this show, I'm pretty much sold. He plays solid, catchy country-rock stuff and doesn't seem to feel the need to dress up to prove he's in the music business.

Trisha Yearwood: What a welcome thing it was to hear the drop dead gorgeous voice that has made Yearwood one of the best vocalists of her generation. She has made it through a few tumultuous years where her marriage to Mavericks bassist Robert Reynolds dissolved amid rumors of her affair with Garth Brooks. And now she is back with a great new single. Here's hoping that country radio will take her back. (oh... and the Garth Brooks thing... it was true)

Gretchen Wilson & Heart: Nashville's self-proclaimed redneck woman looked more like an arena rocker when she teamed up with Ann and Nancy Wilson (no relation) for a scorching take on Heart's *Crazy On You*. As guy who saw Heart in concert at the age of 12, I was head-banging in my living room, and Gretchen once again proved on an awards show that her vocal skills are very impressive.

Loretta Lynn Tribute: It says a lot that CMT would devote a significant chunk of airtime on one of their biggest nights of the year to honoring Loretta Lynn. In the midst of trotting out hot young country stars and B-list celebrities, they took the time to honor

country's greatest living female performer, and they did it quite tastefully. Bravo!

Martina McBride: Okay, so there I was thinking how much better things are in Nashville's music industry. I'm taking notes during an awards show and I'm mainly saying nice things, and then Martina comes onstage and I realize that we still have a ways to go. As long as this low-rent version of Reba gets to sing her overly-dramatic bullshit on my television, none of us in Nashville needs to be in too big of a rush to pat ourselves on the back.

Jeff Daniels: One of the weird things about the CMT Awards is appearances by celebrities who have no apparent connection to Nashville or country music. Pamela Anderson and Terry Bradshaw for instance. This year, actor Jeff Daniels, who took the most hysterical dump in film history during *Dumb And Dumber*, was the non-country visitor to the stage, but he wasn't presenting. He got up and sang a talking blues song that included the names of the nominated songs of the evening worked into some silly, nonsensical story about a person who was traveling. Standing next to him was a guy with cue cards that had all of the song titles written out. He peeled them away while Daniels sang, much in the fashion that Bob Dylan did in his famous 60s music video. The whole thing was awkward and dumb. At least Rick Schroeder was at the show because he'd directed a country music video. I have no idea why Daniels was.

Keith Urban: I probably can't count the number of times that I saw Urban do solo acoustic mini sets while he was with his band The Ranch. So when he took to the stage armed only with his acoustic guitar, I knew it would be great, and it was. Urban is now set to become the next huge star in the industry.

That does it for my CMT thoughts. Next month I'll be talking about the magic that is the Dick Clark produced ACM Awards shown live from the mecca of country music, Las Vegas.

ROSANNE'S DAUGHTER

As a person who has vowed never to spawn, I am probably the last guy most folks would expect to suggest that you pick up a copy of *Child* magazine. However, I have always been a huge fan of Rosanne Cash, and she has given this publication an extremely candid interview about her daughter Caitlin's battle with drug addiction. Cash talks about her daughter's seven years of drug abuse, four stays in rehab and the overdose that finally brought things to a head. Fortunately, Caitlin has now been clean for four years, and Roseanne gave the interview to help other parents deal with their own children.

BRING BACK THE HUT

Nashville music label owner Mike Curb is looking into buying the Sony Music building on Music Row. Part of the project will involve restoring the historic 50s era building that housed the Quonset Hut recording studio. This would be a great move for the city and the industry, as the Hut was where artists such as Patsy Cline, Johnny Cash, Brenda Lee, Merle Haggard, Tammy Wynette and even Bob Dylan recorded some of their most memorable material. I personally would like to see the Hut restored and presented to country music fans in much the same as Sun Studios in Memphis. A Hut museum, along with the truly impressive Country Music Hall of Fame, would help to show visitors to Nashville the genre's rich history.

AND FINALLY...

If you happen to be passing through Nashville this summer, you will likely see a citywide art exhibit that I highly endorse. GuitarTown is a project that will see 40 ten-foot tall fiberglass Gibson guitars painted by local artists and placed throughout the city. They should all be in place in time for the CMA Music Festival in June. Personally, I think that it is a nice visual message to send to our visitors.

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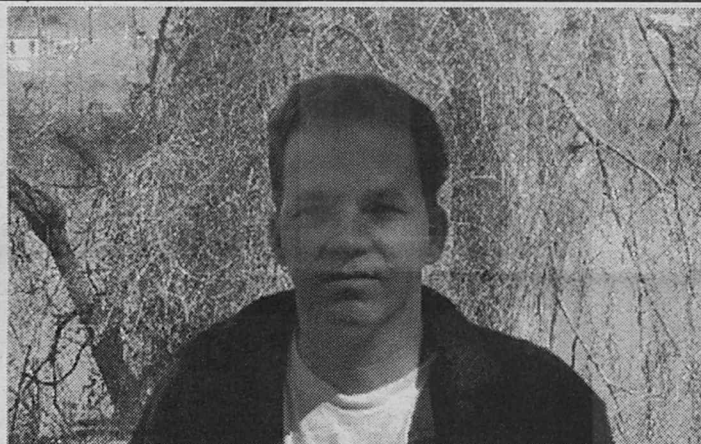
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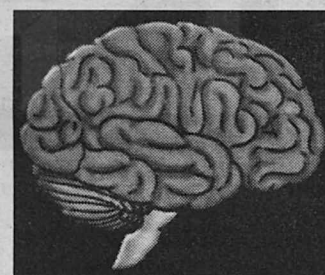
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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

Last month, I reported that the Americana Music Association radio chart was dropping two Internet stations that skewed the chart in favor of unpromoted small labels and indie artists. Since then **TwangCast.com** has severed its connections with the AMA and RW Shamy, who pointedly notes, "I still will be reporting to most of the reputable charts worldwide," including FAR, is in the process of setting up the **Roots Music Association**. So far, the RMA exists only as a 'Mission Statement,' which contain a few promising phrases, such as "bringing artists, the professional entertainment community and audiences together," "actively seek out and partner with and "members can and should play an active role," so lacking in the official vocabulary of a certain exclusionary, Nashville-centric clique. Watch this space for further RMA developments.

♦ I ran out of space last month to include mention of the poster child, and I mean child, for bad luck in music, **Evie Sands**. First, age 12, she recorded *Take Me For A Little While* for Blue Cat, but a stolen test pressing was sold to Chess which had Jackie Ross (who knew nothing about this sleazy ploy) make a quickie carbon copy that beat Sand's version to the streets, Chess' marketing muscle burying the original. In the ensuing litigation, her follow-up, *I Can't Let Go*, was lost in the shuffle and The Hollies picked it up and got the hit. Then she moved to Cameo and cut the first version of Chip Taylor's *Angel Of The Morning* which was released the week before the label went bankrupt. After all that, she concentrated on songwriting and few people have even heard of this wonderful R&B singer.

♦ Shooting the shit with **Rick Broussard**, I remembered the time when Two Hoots & A Holler were playing at The Black Cat during an early 90s SXSW and **Paul Sessums**, who had absolutely no interest in his joint being an official venue, posted '\$3/\$6 with conference pass' on the door—and enforced it on those not quick enough to pocket their laminates. One of Rick's memories of Sessums story was when he got into an argument with him and said "I bought that Rolex on your wrist," to which Paul responded, "And you'd have one on yours if you didn't stick all your money in your arm." This was when **Two Hoots & A Holler** were packing the Black Cat, regularly making \$2000 a night. There wasn't another Austin band doing anything like that well in clubs, but Sessums stuck by his original agreement, 100% of the door, when any other local clubowner would have changed the deal.

♦ Mind you, it wasn't all bread and roses at **The Black Cat**. For a start, Paul didn't let bands take any breaks, figuring, quite rightly, that he lost part of the audience whenever the music stopped, so his bands played four hours nonstop. John Reed used to call them "piss in your boots gigs."

♦ A couple of stories came to mind when I was writing about covers. One was the time **Betty Elders** tried a Green & Red song at a guitar pull but bogged down in the middle and someone shouted, "Play something you know." The other was when **Loose Diamonds** arrived at a beach club in Corpus Christi and the owner asked who they covered. When he realized that the club only booked cover bands, rather than make the trip for nothing, Troy Campbell told him The Eagles and then spent the evening introducing his own stuff as early, obscure or Japanese release only Eagles' songs. The crowd ate them up and the club invited them back.

♦ Campbell is currently producing **Texas Tall Tales and Other Big Lies**, a projected series of animated shorts in which Texas musicians tell, well Texas tall tales and other big lies, illustrated, in Crumb style, by Jose Luis Gonzalez and animated by Dano Johnson. Very much a work in progress, the site, www.danojohnson.com/txtalltales.html, currently has a theme sung by Ray Wylie Hubbard and a story, about a long ago gig in East Texas, told in Hubbard's inimitable style.

♦ You don't have to be a rockabilly to get a laugh out of an Internet link Bobby Brom sent me, but knowing **Joe Bennett & The Sparkletones'** 1957 single *Black Slacks* would add a dimension. Check out an Estonian TV candy commercial at www.hot.ee/lehva1/kalevi_kommid.mpg.

♦ While I agree with James McMurtry that it's a diversionary non-story, **3CM** is, after, a music mag, so I'm allowed to treat **George W Bush's** iPod as a legitimate topic. The sample released to the press by his media adviser Mark McKinnon includes songs by John Fogerty (who campaigned against Shrub), Van Morrison, John Hiatt, Alan Jackson and George Jones, but there are a few oddities, Alejandro Escovedo, The Gourds and McMurtry, of which James remarks, "The publicist must not have heard *Valley Road*. I doubt the church folks would like it if they thought the president liked to listen to a song with a direct reference to methamphetamine use in the first verse. It has been good promo for me though." While most of the mainstream media have taken the "playlist as a window into the soul" approach, a blogger called **John Cook** took a rather different line, "I now know why I've always hated The Gourds: because I somehow knew in advance that one day George W Bush would listen to their warmed-over 'Americana' pabulum while trying to remember how to ride a bicycle... The publication of the contents of the presidential iPod will serve as a convenient point by which to mark the end of roots rock... If Bush is power-cycling to Alejandro Escovedo, for Christ's sake, it's all over."

♦ Last month, I reviewed John Lilly & Ralph Blizard's **Blue Highway**, about which Lilly comments, "Been getting a lot of nice emails from FAR DJs, particularly the international crowd. It's especially pleasing to me that this music translates so well overseas. It reminds me of when I was with a group that got booked to do a fantastic (and I mean fantastic!) tour of Latin America for the old USIA office. It was almost exactly 20 years ago this month. We spent six weeks touring and performing in Uruguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, Nicaragua and the Dominican Republic. It was the time of my life."

As part of the show, we included *A Little Yodel Goes a Long Way*, which I'd only recently written at the time and had seldom performed. Though the show was emceed in Spanish, we obviously sang in English (except for my special Latino version of *I've Been Everywhere*, but that's another story). From the first night right through to the last performance, that crazy yodeling song got a huge response everywhere we went. And they couldn't understand the words or get any of the jokes. Backstage after the show, people would gather to greet us, frequently trying to imitate the yodeling, often with comical results. It baffled us to no end. Though I continue to perform that song almost every time I play, it has never gotten as warm a reception as it did from those Latin audiences who had no idea what the song was about nor had likely ever heard anything like it.

There is probably a lesson in there somewhere, but I haven't deciphered it yet."

NotSXSW 2005: PS

ROBERT HOWELL (Portland, OR)

Big thanks to you, Steve Dean, Troy Campbell, everybody at Threadgill's, the musicians and anyone else involved in making the Thrilla @ The Dilla a great time. I also caught many fine acts at D&L's, Jo's, Guero's, Jovita's, and the Texicali. And finally concluded that the Bloodshot party at Yard Dog really isn't worth the time and trouble.

I first attended SXSW in 1996 when my girlfriend was going to grad school at UT. The Texans who impressed me during those early visits are the same who impress me most now. So much so that I quit buying wristbands years ago. I'm talking about, in no particular order, Marti Brom, Ted Roddy, Karen Poston, Teri Joyce, Susanna Van Tassel, Jim Stringer, Roger Wallace, Shaun Young, the Hortons,

Dave Biller, Brad Fordham, Rick Broussard, Dale Watson, and everyone who ever played in the Cornell Hurd Band. There are probably others, but you get the picture.

Having said that, this year my other favorites were Amber Digby, Hacienda Bothers, Bobby Flores, Bottle Rockets, Billy Joe Shaver, Gurf Morlix, Audrey Auld Mezera, Sarah Borges, Eric Hisaw and Brennen Leigh.

I think the big revelation for me may have been Elizabeth McQueen. I'd seen her before, but don't remember it being like what I saw this year. Girl can rock!

JUNIOR BARNARD (Lawrence, KS)

New (To Me) & Wonderful: T Jarrod Bonta Trio (with Jim Stringer and Brandon Ryan) playing Nat King Cole-style jazz/swing at the Carousel.

Killer all around: The Hacienda Brothers seem to get stronger with each month and now seem to be emerging as one of the more powerful outfits I've seen in a while. When's the last time you heard a band that could knock you out with ballad material like this? They have the musicianship the material, and the moxie; great chemistry in the entire band. Even Better Than Expected: Bobby Flores with Dave Biller on guitar. Puro honkytonk.

Grace Under Pressure: Jake Hooker and Amber Digby, putting in great sets outdoors at Threadgill's on Wednesday night as the temperature dipped below 50. Impossible conditions yet they did a great job there and reconvened with Justin Trevino at Ginny's later that night.

Best Venue: Ginny's!

Too much fun: Louise Kirchen performing with Bill.

LOOSE DIAMONDS #15 AN Ex-DJ's PRIVATE STASH JOHNNY CONQUESO

The DJ I invited to step up this month hasn't got back to me, so I'll keep this ball rolling. Most all non-commercial radio station libraries have gaps, some due to simply not being serviced in the first place, some to what is called in retail 'shrink,' ie CDs used to be in the library but mysteriously aren't anymore, and KSYM is certainly no exception. So I used to take these albums in with me fairly regularly. In no particular order: and with no annotation because I think they speak for themselves:

Mingo Saldivar: The Dancing Cowboy Sings Country (Hacienda, 1995)

The Complete Capitol Hits Of Faron Young (Collector's Choice, 2000)

James Hand: Shadows Where The Magic Was (Two Of A Kind, 1997)

Sandy Denny: The Attic Tapes (Raven, 1997)

Swamp Gold Vols 1-5 (Jin, 1991-1997)

Jerry Lee Lewis: Live At The Star Club Hamburg (Bear Family, 1989)

Robert Gordon With Link Wray (Ace, 1997)

Link Wray: The Original Rumble (Ace, 1989)

Buddy Guy: Buddy's Blues (MCA, 1997)

Elmore James: The Sky Is Crying (Rhino, 1993)

Howlin' Wolf: The Chess Box (MCA/Chess, 1991)

Wanda Jackson: The Queen Of Rockabilly (Ace, 2000)

The Pirates: Out Of Their Skulls (West Side, 1997)

John Delafosse & The Eunice Playboys: Pere Et Garçon Zydeco (Rounder, 1992)

Stonewall Jackson's Greatest Hits (Columbia, 1965)

Songs Of The Hawaiian Cowboy (Warner Western, 1997)

Barbara Clark: Whole Hearted (self, 2004)

Gals Of The Big 'D' Jamboree (Dragon Street, 2001)

The Best Of The Bobby Fuller Four (Del-Fi, 1990)

Those Darn Accordions: Squeeze This! (Flying Fish, 1994)

? & The Mysterians: Do You Feel It Baby? (Norton, 1998)



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"Elizabeth McQueen and the Firebrands have recorded a great new album that I found both lively and exciting and the version of Eddie and the HotRods 'All I Need Is Money' is superb really well done." - SIMON BOWLEY (Drummer for Eddie and the Hot Rods)

"A&R at its best; Happy Doing marries Elizabeth McQueen's great voice with waiting-to-happen UK pub rock repertoire. Fans of Nick Lowe, Graham Parker, Squeeze and their ilk will find this a delight, plus a swinging version of A1 On The Jukebox adds to the fun." - WILL BIRCH (Author of No Sleep Till Canvey Island, Co-writer of A-1 on the Jukebox, and former drummer for the Kursaal Flyers)

"I got a great feeling listening to your recording of my song. It was like being re-united with a dear friend." - JACK O'HARA (Founding member of Eggs Over Easy and Co-writer of Home to You)

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FILLING THE SET

One of the cold realities of making music, even, or perhaps especially, in the 'live music capital of the world,' is that if you want to make a living, you play covers. With the possible exception of Ro-Tel & The Hot Tomatoes, nobody has heard of Austin's most financially successful acts because they play not in clubs, but at weddings, corporate events, private parties, school and family reunions, fraternity and sorority bashes and the like. Those people pay good money, and what they want is comfort music in the background. Which isn't to say it's all complete shite, some of Austin's best musicians moonlight with cover bands, but it's still a depressing thought that they do better playing other people's music than, barring a miracle, they ever will their own.

Of course, everyone plays some covers because very few people have two, three or four hour's worth of original material, and even if they do, they can't just play it over and over without boring returnees rigid, so acts need depth, several sets worth of material, which, unless you happen to be Butch Hancock, inevitably means working up some covers, and even Butch plays songs by Townes, Springsteen, Ian Tyson and the like. The crucial question then is what covers to use.

Part of the answer depends on the sophistication of an act or group, though it only takes one bandmember with a record collection like Mark Rubin, Mike Buck, Deke Dickerson or the late Ray Condo's, or just the ear of a Ricky Broussard or Amber Digby, to fill the set with little known gems. But then it doesn't matter how much great material, original or mined from the vaults, you work up if the group isn't cohesive (part of the reason why the future of roots music belongs to trios, but that's another issue for another day).

Then again, part of the answer depends on the sophistication of the audience. As I remarked recently, rockabilly bands have to assume that everybody in every joint knows every rockabilly song ever recorded. This doesn't mean covers are out of the question, just that rockabilly acts have to be very careful. Covering Eddie Cochran, for instance, which would, in any case, be illegal in a truly civilized society, simply isn't going to cut it, but covering Glenn Barber is cool, which, of course, takes us back to the depth of the band's musical knowledge.

At another extreme is the initial success of BR5-49, who, when they first played Austin, astounded people with the banality of their set. As one local singer remarked at the time, "This is Country Music 101, we'd never get away with playing this stuff," to which the obvious answer was that nobody in Nashville had ever heard any of the standards, so the band created a sensation playing them.

Yet another consideration is ability. Between the all too familiar and the unplayed by anyone for 50 years, there's an enormous amount of viable material, but some of it requires more than mere competence. I once asked Rusty Ray, when she was starring in *Always... Patsy Cline*, why you only ever hear people covering the same two or three songs (incidentally, the ones Cline herself disliked), and Rusty said "Because the others are too difficult." Put it another way, there are many songs that nobody can ever do as well as the original versions, so sensible musicians leave 'em be.

The trick is to find material that, if not terminally obscure, suits, straight up or retrofitted, an act's style, ideally so well people think it's original, as, for instance, many Two Hoots & A Holler fans believe *We Used To Fuss* was written by Broussard. Even more ideal, but seldom realized, is to integrate song and style so completely that even people who know the original still prefer the cover. Still, the really important thing is not to flat run out of songs at 1.30am. **JC**

RICK BROUSSARD'S TWO HOOTS & A HOLLER

(Stag *****)

Next Big Thingery is an endemic malaise of local music journalism—though that's a bit parochial, NBT can be found in all arts coverage at all levels, but music's my beat so we'll stick to that. The debilitating thing about it is that artists and acts get written up not because they're any good but because it looks like there's a chance they might break out, so music writers, who like as much as anyone to back a winner, bet column inches heavily on potential Next Big Things, whatever their private reservations. A recent, and particularly egregious, example would be San Antonio's Los Lonely Boys, as far as I can make out pretty universally despised in the music business as derivative crap, redeemed only by the fact that it's derivative crap that sells and wins awards.

You may have deduced that 3CM is not much into NBT, at least depending on how you define Big. To me, for instance, Amber Digby is a Very Big Thing, but, realistically, actual stardom will come her way when Nashville and country radio start making and promoting real country music, which will be shortly after pigs fly and hell freezes over. However, I will freely admit that when I moved there in 1988, I immediately subscribed to the conventional wisdom, that Austin's Next Big Thing would be Two Hoots & A Holler.

Actually, it would have been kinda stupid not to. Rick Broussard was a sensational singer, kickass guitarist and often inspired songwriter, on top of which he had rockabilly Teen Idol good looks, while he, Vic Gerard (bass) and Chris Staples (drums) routinely put on the hottest show in town. Clubs they played weren't just packed, there were lines outside such joints as The Hole In The Wall, The Ritz and The Black Cat Lounge (on Monday nights!), couples had to fight each other for space on the dance floors and the seven-time winners owned the *Austin Chronicle's* Best Roots Rock Band category. The question wasn't if but when they'd hit the big time.

Now, unless you came across him back in the day, you're likely scratching your head and thinking "Rick who? Never heard of him." In a nutshell, Broussard self-destructed. In a town full of musicians convinced of their genius, he was the only person who had any doubts about his own remarkable talents. Fucking himself up on booze and drugs, he fell out with club owners, most notoriously being banned for life from the Continental Club after hitting Toni Price, lost his gigs, his band, his wife and, facing a third DWI, almost his freedom.

Second chances are not common in music. If, for instance, anybody thought that Steve Earle could rise from the dead, they kept real quiet about it and his is a very exceptional story. The problem is twofold; you have to persuade the audience you've still got it and you have to persuade the biz that you can now be trusted—and that you've still got it. Though Broussard, who describes most of the 1995-2004 period, much of which he spent working construction in Seguin, as "barren," never completely stopped playing, he jokes "the gigs we did have I didn't show up for." A third SIMS sponsored try at rehab in 2002 finally took and, after a few reunion gigs, Gerard and Staples were so convinced that Broussard really had his shit together that they agreed to go three ways on financing an album, *Songs Our Vinyl Taught Us* (see separate review), of fan favorite covers, without even knowing if there was still a Two Hoots & A Holler audience anymore. A three month stint as frontman of Chaparral, subbing for Jeff Hughes while he went through rehab, helped introduce or reintroduce the cleaned up Broussard to club bookers, opening doors for the trio.

Still, rebuilding bridges didn't really matter if Broussard, who says of his first post-rehab gig, "I'd never played sober before," couldn't, like so many performers (the Cosmic Cowboys, with the notable exception of Ray Wylie Hubbard, are an obvious example), recapture the old fire without the aid of psychotropic props. The former fans who came to check this out had their faith rewarded, "They always saw more in me than I saw in myself," Broussard observes.

Having tested the waters and found them warm, Broussard, who is already working on another album of entirely new material, was persuaded by Jesse Dayton that the most practical approach for a comeback was to cut an album mainly made up of rerecordings of his old, proven Two Hoots originals. Produced by Dayton, and featuring Gerard on bass, John Reed cat-gut guitar, Casper Rawls B-bender guitar, Erik Hokkanen fiddle, Tony Scalzo organ and Bradley Williams accordion to give a fresh new feel to Two Hoots standards like *Step Fast, Blues In The Night* and *No Man's Land*, from *No Man's Land*, *Good Used Heart* (aka *Song Of Counted Sorrows*), *Angels Cry* and *Katy Ann*, released on a Dynamic album of acoustic demos, and *Blue Texas Norther* from *Shadow Man*, plus the previously unrecorded *Dance Hall Swing* and *Leaving Lafayette* and, the sole cover, the group's longtime showstopper instrumental *Sukiyaki*, from the first notes, Broussard proves that if the golden boy captured floating in midair so long ago by Robin Sullivan is now down to earth, he's still the definitive voice and sound of Austin roots rock.

For some people, the only thing worse than failing in the music business is not failing, and there's a pretty good chance that success would have killed Rick Broussard. The saving grace of his inability to believe back then that he really could be the Next Big Thing is that he now doesn't care that he wasn't. "If you're doing what you love and paying the bills with it, everything else is icing." The Grievous Cajun Angel will never be a star, but he's got his gigs, his band, and his fans, both here and in Europe, are returning because, most of all, he's still got it. **JC**

Sweet Bluegrass in Fredericksburg!

Saturday May 21st

The Pioneer Museum Complex

309 W. Main St. (Across from Hondo's Uptown)

Featuring

Sarah Jarosz , The Grassy Knoll Boys,

The Gray Sky Boys

and special guests Bart Trotter and Bill Stokes

There will be a free musicians jam from 1pm-5pm.

Beginners welcome!

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or go to www.pioneermuseum.com

Gate opens at 5pm show starts at 6pm

Beer, Wine, Water & Soft drinks for sale

Southern Comfort Food provided by the Heritage Boyz

Bring Your Lawn Chairs- No Coolers Allowed

This will be one of the best bluegrass lineups to be heard in all of Central Texas this year, don't miss it!



American Food Southern Style

MAY ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

1st --- Little Walter • 1930 Marksville, LA
 ----- Bonnie Owens • 1932 Blanchard, OK
 ----- Wayne Hancock • 1965 Dallas, TX
 2nd --- Link Wray • 1935 Fort Bragg, NC
 3rd --- Dave Stogner † 1989
 ----- Patsy Montana † 1996
 4th --- Dick Dale • 1937 Boston, MA
 5th --- Big Bill Glendening • 1924 Taylor, TX
 ----- Mary Coughlan • 1956 Galway, Ireland
 ----- Boozoo Chavis † 2001
 6th --- Jimmie Dale Gilmore • 1945 Amarillo, TX
 7th --- Riley Puckett • 1894 Alpharetta, GA
 ----- Roy Hall • 1922 Big Stone Gap, VA
 ----- Lorrie Collins • 1942 Talequah, OK
 ----- Terry Allen • 1943 Wichita, KS
 8th --- Robert Johnson • 1911 Hazlehurst, MS
 ----- Rick Nelson • 1940 Teaneck, NJ
 ----- Mary Egan Hattersley • 1943 Wichita, KS
 9th --- Sonny Curtis • 1937 Meadow, TX
 10th --- Maybelle Carter • 1909 Copper Creek, VA
 ----- Larry Williams • 1935 New Orleans, LA
 ----- Arthur Alexander • 1940 Florence, AL
 11th --- Ocie Stockard • 1909 Crafton, TX
 ----- Lester Flatt † 1979
 ----- Walter Hyatt † 1996
 12th --- Tiny Moore • 1920 Hamilton Co, TX
 ----- Joe Maphis • 1921 Suffolk, VA
 ----- Sherry Brokus • 1957 Baltimore, MD
 13th --- Mike Stoller • 1933 Belle Harbor, NY
 ----- Ritchie Valens • 1941 Pacoima, CA
 ----- Sarah Elizabeth Campbell • 1953 Austin, TX
 ----- Bob Wills † 1975
 ----- Nathan Abshire † 1981
 14th --- Grady Gaines • 1934 Waskom, TX
 ----- Al Strehli • 1941 Lubbock, TX
 15th --- Eddy Arnold • 1918 Henderson, TN
 ----- Dave Stogner • 1920 Gainesville, TX
 ----- June Carter Cash † 2003
 16th --- Laura Lee McBride • 1920 Bridgeport, OK
 ----- Johnny Nicholas • 1948 Westerly, RI
 ----- Ray Condo • 1950 Hull, Canada
 ----- Django Reinhardt † 1953
 ----- Robert Shaw † 1985
 17th --- Isidro Lopez • 1933 Bishop, TX
 18th --- Big Joe Turner • 1911 Kansas City, MO
 ----- Amédé Breaux † 1972
 ----- Tyree Glenn † 1976
 19th --- Monette Moore • 1902 Gainesville, TX
 ----- Mickey Newbury • 1940 Houston, TX
 ----- Webb Wilder • 1954 Hattiesburg, MS
 20th --- Angelais Lejeune • 1900 Church Point, LA
 ----- Casper Rawls • 1955 Albuquerque, NM
 21st --- Fats Waller • 1904 New York City, NY
 ----- Charlie Poole † 1931
 22nd --- Howard Kalish • 1954 Brooklyn, NY
 ----- Valerie Morris • 1955 Fort Worth, TX
 23rd --- Lloyd Glenn † 1985
 ----- Randy Garibay † 2002

24th --- Bob Dylan • 1941 Duluth, MN
 ----- Elmore James † 1963
 ----- Gene Clark † 1991
 25th --- Norman Petty • 1927 Clovis, NM
 ----- Sonny Boy Williamson † 1965
 ----- Roy Brown † 1981
 26th --- Peggy Lee • 1920 Jamestown, ND
 ----- Levon Helm • 1935 Marvell, AR
 ----- Jimmie Rodgers † 1933
 27th --- Cleoma Falcon • 1906 Crowley, LA
 ----- Redd Stewart • 1923 Ashland City, TN
 ----- Don Williams • 1939 Floydada, TX
 ----- Jesse Dayton • 1966 Beaumont, TX
 ----- Bob Dunn † 1971
 ----- Stubbs † 1995
 28th --- T-Bone Walker • 1910 Linden, TX
 ----- Sonny Burgess • 1931 Newport, AR
 ----- John Fogerty • 1945 Berkeley, CA
 ----- Gary Stewart • 1945 Letcher Co, KY
 29th --- Danny Young • 1941 Defiance, OH
 30th --- Johnny Gimble • 1926 Tyler, TX
 ----- Dooley Wilson † 1953
 ----- Tex Beneke † 2000
 31st --- Lydia Mendoza • 1916 Houston, TX
 ----- Augie Meyers • 1940 San Antonio, TX
 ----- Johnny Paycheck • 1941 Greenfield, OH

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5th, Downliners + Mother Truckers

6th, Krackerjack

7th, Asylum Street Spankers

8th, LZ Phoenix Gospel Band (11am)

Beck & Calling (6pm)

11th, Alfredo Guerro

12th, Adam Carroll

13th, Young Heart Attack

14th, Monte Montgomery + Chris Duarte

15th, Grupo Fantasma + Flying Club

19th, Billy Joe Shaver + Moot Davis

21st, Dale Watson

22nd, Irene Mastrangeli

25th, Mountain + Greezy Wheels

26th, Stephen Bruton

27th, James McMurtry

28th, Dan Dyer + Damesviolet

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10th, 17th, 24th & 31st,

Carolyn Wonderland

12th, Chrissy Flatt

19th, Boomer Norman Trio

26th, Dao Strom

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