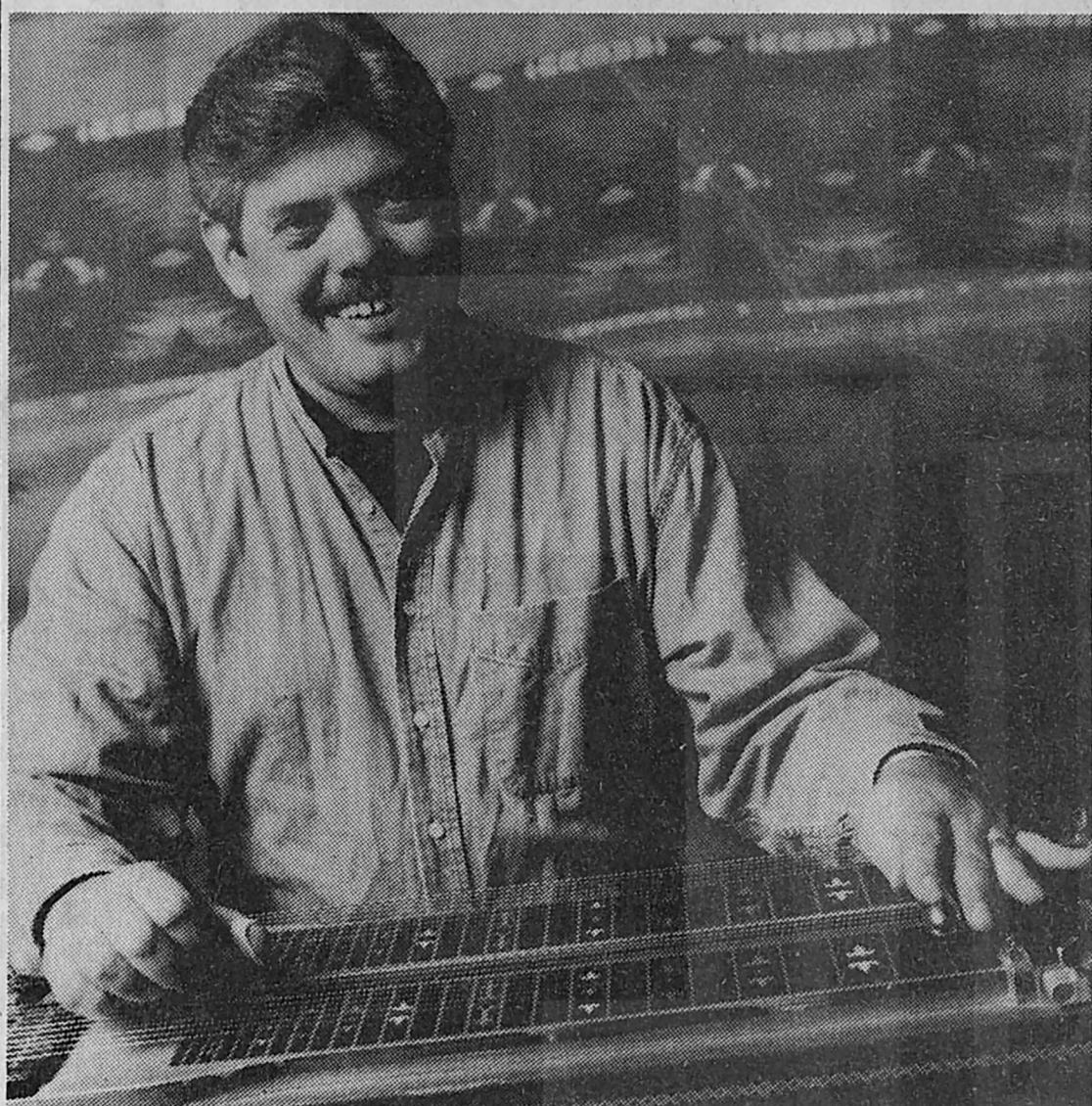


# 3<sup>rd</sup> COAST MUSIC

**LLOYD MAINES**

**#20/109 SEPTEMBER 1998**



**JOHNNY CONQUESO**

**LISA RICHARDSON'S  
QUICK & DIRTY LAFAYETTE**

**PUSH & PULL**

**BIRTHS & DEATHS**

## **REVIEWS**

**BOIS-SEC ARDOIN  
& BALFA TOUJOURS**

**BEAU JOCQUE**

**MARY CUTRUFELLO**

**JOHNNY DOLLAR**

**KEITH FRANK**

**CHUCK QUILLORY**

**BUTCH HANCOCK**

**HOOTENANY**

**HOT CLUB OF COWTOWN**

**JEAN-PIERRE  
& ZYDECO ANGELS**

**KOJAK & ZYDECO WARRIORS**

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**CHARLES MANN**

**KATY MOFFATT**

**NYHAN, ROLLINS & BABB  
*Let The Good Times Roll!***

**BRAD RANDALL & THE  
ZYDECO BALLERS**

**RANDY & THE ROCKETTS**

**RED MEAT**

**LOS SUPER SEVEN**

**ERIC TAYLOR**

**LEO THOMAS & HIS  
LOUISIANA ZYDECO BAND**

**MICHAEL TISSERAND  
*Kingdom Of Zydeco***

**JEREMY WALLACE**

**DALE WATSON**

*The Stuff Is Here And It's Mellow*



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PLAYER IN TOWN"

T JARROD BONTA  
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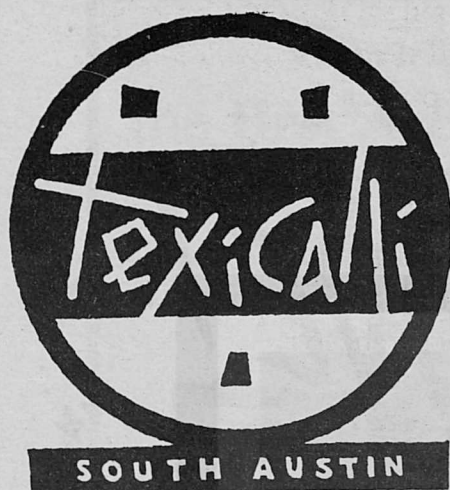
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## PUSH & PULL

### ACCORDION INVASION

From Tom Torriglia (belloblade@aol.com): On Sunday, September 20th, Jamis MacNiven, proprietor of Buck's Restaurant in Woodside, CA, once again presents the Sand Hill Challenge, a hi-tech soapbox derby. Also, he thought it'd be a good idea to include the Accordion Invasion, which is your chance to join in as we attempt to establish ourselves in the **Guinness Book of World Records** for the largest assembly of accordionists ever to play a recognizable song. The song—you guessed it—*Lady Of Spain!* To get the record we need 500 accordionists. We have 499 so far, so could really use you.

### ACCORDION LOVERS SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL

From Ray DeMilliano: The Accordion Lovers Society International is announcing the opening of its web site. Please check it out and tell your other net "friends of the accordion" about it. Use the link below to go to the site list and click on the Accordion Lovers Society International link shown there. <http://groups.sandiegoinsider.com/groupbuilder/sandiegoinside/sitelist.html>

### 3CAN SHOWCASE & RENDEZVOUS

September's Showcase will feature accordionist Franci Jarrard of Troika. Come out to hear this wonderful trio at the Filling Station on Wednesday 16th, 8-10pm. Come early (about 7pm) and bring your accordion for socializing and open mike. September marks the first anniversary of 3CAN. It seems only fitting we celebrate our September Rendezvous with Ponty Bone & The Squeezetones at Jovita's on Wednesday 30th, 8-10pm.

### CAJUN JAM

Coming off an emotional high after Texas Folklife Resources' Accordion Camp in Round Rock, many folks were saying we need a Cajun Jam. Kirk Walker did more than and said, "I know where we can do it." So come out with your accordion, fiddle, guitar, double bass, ti-fer, rubboard, spoons, whatever you need to have a good time. We hope this will become a weekly event. The Rhythm House, 624 34th St, 4-7pm, Sunday 6th (and Sundays thereafter).

### SEPTEMBER ACCORDION SHOWS

#### SUNDAYS

Texana Dames Guero's, 3pm (ex 9/27)  
Tosca Continental, 9.45pm

#### MONDAYS

Tosca Cedar Street, 9.30pm

#### WEDNESDAYS

Ponty Bone & Squeezetones Jovita's, 8pm  
Rubinchik's Orkestyr Flipnotics, 8.30pm

#### THURSDAYS

Gulf Coast Playboys Antone's, 6pm  
Jet Set Zydeco Black Cat, 9.30pm  
Zydeco 101 Black Cat, 8.30pm, dance lessons with Dan Proctor  
Tosca Ritz Lounge, 7pm

#### TUESDAY 1st

Zydecowgirl Broken Spoke, 8pm

#### FRIDAY 4th-SUNDAY 6th

West Fest: Vrazels + Brave Combo + Csardas + Dancehall Boys + Alpenmusikanten Band & more.  
details [www.westfest.com](http://www.westfest.com)

#### FRIDAY 4th

Gulf Coast Playboys Threadgill's, 9.30pm

#### SUNDAY 6th

Cajun Jam Rhythm House, 4-7pm  
Los Pinkys Club 21, Uhland,

#### WEDNESDAY 9th

Gulf Coast Playboys Broken Spoke, 9pm

#### FRIDAY 11th

Gulf Coast Playboys Jovita's, 8pm

#### SATURDAY 12th

Jet Set Zydeco + True Light Beavers  
Threadgill's Saloon, 9.30pm, \$0  
Leroy Matocha Orchestra + Dancehall  
Boys + Granger Polka Boys Kolache  
Festival, Caldwell

#### TUESDAY 15th

Zydecowgirl Broken Spoke, 8pm

#### WEDNESDAY 16th

Gulf Coast Playboys + Red Meat Broken  
Spoke, 9pm  
Troika Filling Station, 8pm

#### SATURDAY 19th

Rubinchik's Orkestyr Laguna Gloria,  
Los Pinkys Jovita's, 8pm

#### WEDNESDAY 23rd

Gulf Coast Playboys Broken Spoke, 9pm

#### FRIDAY 25th

Gulf Coast Playboys Club 21, Uhland,

#### SUNDAY 27th

Nobody's Reel + Damnations + Poor Man's  
Fortune + Southwind Dessau Hall, 3-7pm,  
Austin Celtic Assoc fundraiser  
Ponty Bone & Squeezetones Guero's, 3pm

#### MONDAY 28th

Sorbische Volkstanzgruppe Schroeder  
Performance Hall, Concordia Univ, 7.30pm

#### WEDNESDAY 30th

Ponty Bone & Squeezetones Jovita's, 8pm  
Tannahill Weavers Cactus, 9.30pm

## LISA RICHARDSON'S CAJUN COUNTRY GUIDE

Last year, I ran a guide to Lafayette, to coincide with the Festivals Acadiens, that was put together by calling everyone I knew with a 318 area code and asking them for tips. All I can say is that we used the guide ourselves and had a great time. Everywhere we went we ran into other Austinites and, when the dust had settled, I only got one complaint (apparently the ambience at Henderson's Landing was as claimed but the food was disappointing).

◆ The most detailed response came in too late to be included but Ms Lisa Richardson, who was then working at KRVS, was obviously someone who had devoted countless hours selflessly researching the food and music of Lafayette and its environs, so this year I asked her to update her original notes. One thing I can't help but notice is that the multiple voices of last year's guide and the individual voice of this one have something in common. Far as I make out, if you tell anyone in Southwest Louisiana that you're coming to visit, they automatically start talking about places to eat. **JC**

## RESTAURANTS

**Old Tyme Grocery** (St Mary Blvd, just off Johnston, Lafayette). Best po' boys, especially shrimp and meatball—wear a bib. Closes at 6pm, closed Sundays.

**Dwyer's Cafe** (Jefferson St, downtown Lafayette). Great breakfast and plate lunches.

**Laura's Cafe** (Voorhies St, Lafayette, take University to St Antoine, by Langlinal's grocery, to Voorhies). Awesome soul food plate lunches. Go on Friday for the catfish special. Go very hungry.

**Country Cuisine** (University, just past the underpass, Lafayette). Newly expanded, world's best BBQ chicken and cornbread dressing plate lunches.

**Creole Lunch House** (12th St, Lafayette). Yummy stuffed bread and plate lunches.

**Cedar Grocery** (Jefferson, near Johnston, Lafayette). Middle Eastern food, good lunch specials, veggie muffalata rules. Close round 6pm, think they're closed Sundays.

**Enola Prudhomme's Cafe** (Evangeline Thruway north to Carencro). Home of the orgasmic duck, incredible Cajun food. Think they're closed Mondays.

**Thibodeaux's** (North A St, Dusan). Great seafood, open 24 hours, Friday and Saturday. Excellent breakfast and crawfish pie, classic old downtown building, entertaining wall autographs, gracious hosts Dickie & Cynthia. Closed during a weekday, can't remember which...

**Comeaux's Grocery** (General Mouton, Lafayette). Try the crawfish boudin.

**Black's** (Abbeville). Oysters, oysters, oysters.

## CLUBS

**La Poussiere** (Breaux Bridge). A truly Felliniesque experience. Old-style Cajun dancehall with one of the best dance bands in the business—Walter Mouton & The Scott Playboys—who've played there every Saturday night for over 30 years. Dancers, be prepared to merge into fast-moving traffic.

**Da Office** (Basile). Especially if Balfa Toujours are playing. Kind of a hole in the wall, great greasy burgers.

**Grant Street** (downtown). Large warehouse space, always friendly atmosphere, wide variety of music.

**Slim's Y-Ki-Ki** (Hwy 167, Opelousas). Great Zydeco club, tiki murals, bandstand in the middle of the floor with dancing all round. Tables if you get there early enough.

**Richard's** (Hwy 190, Lawtell). Another great Zydeco club, large open space with tables round the edge, feel the floor throb.

**El Sido's** (St Antoine, Lafayette). Latticework, mirrors, Christmas lights, instruments hanging on the walls and the hospitality of Sid Williams. Great gumbo.

**Hamilton's** (Verot School Rd, Lafayette). Large dancehall, Zydeco and Bluerunners, sometimes open during the week.

**Bourque's** (Lewisburg). Another old-style Cajun dancehall, bar in front, dancing in back.

**Harry's** (Breaux Bridge). Cajun dancehall, large warehouse with concrete floor.

**Gilton's** (Eunice). As above, only in Eunice.

**Swampwater Saloon** (N Bertrand, Lafayette). Monday nights, check out the star-studded Lil' Band O' Gold, featuring Warren Storm, Dickie Landry, CC Adcock, members of The Mamou Playboys and many other Lafayette luminaries.

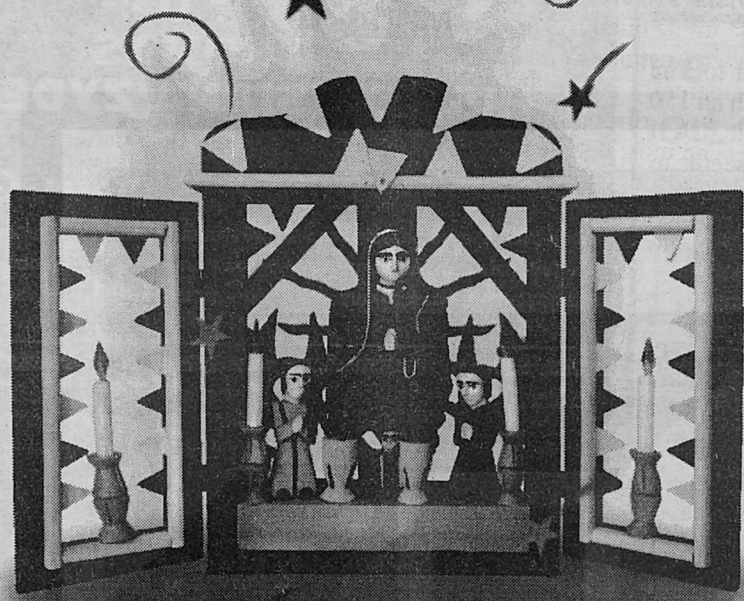
**Whiskey River Landing** (on the levee in Henderson). Cajun dancehall on piers. On the weekend, it rocks. Early Sunday show 4-8pm, go out and watch the beautiful view of the sunset on the basin and eat a burger with everything.

## DIRECTIONS

**Macon Fry's Cajun Country Guide** Even locals use it. Boy did his homework.



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\* as named in the 1997 Austin Chronicle

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V/A True Sounds of the New West	Jon Dee Graham Escape From Monster Island	Prescott Curlywolf Funanimal World	Justin Trevino Texas Honky-Tonk	The Derailers Live Tracks	Vyckham Porteus Looking for Ground	Wandering Eyes Forbidden Love	Reckless Kelly Millican	Janet Lynn The Girl You Left Behind	
Beat Farmers Viking Lullabys	Evan Johns Love Is Murder	Jeff Hughes Chaparral	Chris Wall Any Sat. Night	The Meat Purveyors Sweet In the Pants	Red Dirt Rangers Oklahoma Territory	Bruce Robison	Danny Click Forty Miles	Jimmy LaFave Austin Skyline	
Vanktones Live at the Fontana Bowlarama	Sheri Frushay Scarlet Song	Asylum St. Spankers Nasty Novelties	<p><b>The Round-Up Special!</b> Buy Any 5 or More CDs For Only \$10 Each! (Plus Postage and Handling)</p>				Boxcars Jumpin' Tracks	Ana Egge River Under the Road	Roy Heinrich Listen to Your Heart
Jean Caffeine Knocked Down	Libbi Bosworth Outskirts of You	V/A Edge of Country					Loose Diamonds Fresco Fiasco	Karen Tyler Lovin' the Blues Too Long	Charlie Robison Bandera

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## 3CM REVIEWS

### PAT NYHAN, BRIAN ROLLINS & DAVID BABB LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL! MICHAEL TISSERAND • THE KINGDOM OF ZYDECO

(Upbeat, paperback/Arcade, hardback)

Given that Tisserand defines *The Kingdom of Zydeco*, which is virtually identical to *The Kingdom of Cajun*, and, come to that, *The Kingdom of Swamp Pop*, as a pyramid with an 150 mile base from Beaumont, TX, to Jeanerette, LA, and an apex 100 miles north in Pineville, LA, I should be able to work out its approximate size in square miles, but my solid geometry seems to have seized up. However, Nyhan, Rollins & Babb's 'Guide To Cajun & Zydeco Music' is a rather sobering reminder that for all it's an extraordinarily fertile and highly regarded corner of the musical world, it's nonetheless a rather small corner. With a brief of reviewing every available CD and LP in their fields, up to 1/1/97, Rollins ends up with 91 Cajun, Babb with 40 Zydeco recording artists, though between them they rack up nearly 600 albums. Grouped by artist and prefaced by biographical sketches, their reviews, graduated as The Best, Excellent, Good and Other, are, by and large, very sound and openminded, though Babb owns up to a preference for "the new funk zydeco," which I personally loathe and despise. While it's a book for skimming rather than steady reading, as a reference work it provides advice for both absolute beginners (Top Ten lists of essential albums) and initiates looking to make solid acquisitions, while for dilettantes it points out crucial gaps in haphazard collections.

♦ As Michael Tisserand has just become editor of New Orleans' *Gambit*, I assume he'll have to discontinue his invaluable Zydeco column in *Living Blues*, where I first read of Nyhan, Rollins & Babb's book. However, he sort of bows out in great style with his anecdotal history of Zydeco, from the days of acoustic Creole house dances to clubs that have had to be rewired to accomodate modern techno-funk Nouveau Zydeco needs. Heavily informed by freewheeling interviews with musicians and others, famous to obscure, long retired to freshfaced, it's almost as much about the culture of the region as the music itself. Given that Zydeco is, as Nyhan et al indicate, a pretty manageable topic, Tisserand's 380 densely packed pages probably provide as much information about it as anybody needs in one lifetime.

JC

### BOIS SEC ARDOIN WITH BALFA TOUJOURS ALLONS DANSER CHUCK GUILLORY • GRAND TEXAS

(Rounder, CD/Arhoolie, CD)

Now 82, Creole accordionist Alphonse Ardoin (he got his nickname, 'Dry Wood,' from his habit of heading for shelter at the first sign of rain), has had a long association, much of the time across the Louisiana color line, with the Balfas, and, in fact, his last recording was in 1981 with the late Dewey Balfa (*A Couple Of Cajuns*), so an album with Dewey's daughter Christine and her band makes for nice symmetry. Unfortunately, technically proficient, and amiable, as they are, for me Balfa Toujours lack that certain essential spark and this doesn't begin to compete with Ardoin's 1966 *La Musique Creole*, with his longtime fiddle partner Canray Fontenot.

♦ While still in his teens, Murphy 'Chuck' Guillory beat Harry Choates and Leo Soileau in a late 30s fiddling contest and during the 40s and 50s, his Cajun-country string band, The Rhythm Boys, was a major force in the region, boasting among its featured vocalists George Jones, Marty Robbins and Jimmy C Newman. Nineteen tracks come from a 1982 LP of the same title, featuring Preston Manuel vocals and guitar, Michael Doucet mandolin and David Doucet guitar on the first eleven, with Manuel, steel guitarist and vocalist Papa Cairo, who wrote and again sings the regional hit title track (which he claimed Hank Williams stole and turned into *Jambalaya*), Marc Savoy second fiddle and, adding considerable strength, Dave Baudoin electric guitar and Tina Pilone bass on the remainder. Seven 1949-50 recordings, with Cairo (rather more impressive back then) and the original *Grand Texas*, a teenage Newman singing *Chere Petite*, accordionist/vocalist Milton Molitor and "others unknown" have been added to this reissue.

JC

### LAFAYETTE SOUL SHOW

(Kent, British CD)

Presented like an oldtime package concert, this 25 track compilation of 60s singles from Carol Rachou's La Louisianne label, and its subsidiary Tamm, demonstrates how Louisiana, like Detroit, Chicago, Memphis, Philadelphia et al, came up with its own regional flavor of a national form, Bayou Soul. Though he only gets one number, Willie Dixon's *Little Red Rooster*, Lynn August rather neatly illustrates the local dynamics. As a drummer, pianist or accordion player, August has worked in R&B (Jay Nelson), Creole (Marcelle Le Dugas) Swamp Pop (Warren Storm) and Zydeco (Buckwheat and fronting his own group). More overlaps are easy to find. For instance, the album opens with Lil' Buck, aka Paul Senegal, who played guitar with Clifton Chenier, Rockin' Dopsie and Buckwheat, while King Karl (& Guitar Gable), Jewel & The Rubies and Chenier's cousin Lil' Bob, who headlines with The Lollipops, were also prominent Swamp Pop acts, and Lollipops saxman 'Blind' John Hart spent time with Chenier and Rockin' Dopsie. One influence is pretty obvious, Don Frederick and Lil' Bob offer pure Swamp Pop readings of, respectively, Jerry Butler's *I Stand Accused* and Bobby Bland's *Cry Cry Cry*, while originals by Bernard Jolivet (King Karl), Rafus Neal and Jewel Douglas are more Swamp Pop than soul, and Lil' Bob closes the show with his Swamp Pop hit, *I Got Loaded*. With seven tracks, Camille Bob (thought to be a corruption of Babineaux), still very active in the Lafayette area, dominates an album which presents an interesting sidelight on soul while showcasing some of the often-neglected Creole Swamp Poppers. Lil' Bob and King Karl, who wrote the anthemic *This Should Go On Forever* and *Irene*, for instance, are rarely included on compilations.

JC

### KEITH FRANK • ON A MISSION BEAU JOCQUE & THE ZYDECO HI-ROLLERS CHECK IT OUT, LOCK IT IN, CRANK IT UP! LEO THOMAS & HIS LOUISIANA ZYDECO BAND LEO THOMAS IS A SUNAMA-GUN JEAN-PIERRE & ZYDECO ANGELS • PUMP IT UP! KOJACK & THE ZYDECO WARRIORS ZYDECO TOOTSIE ROLL BRAD RANDELL & THE ZYDECO BALLERS MOVE THAT THANG

(Maison de Soul/Rounder/Bad Weather/Maison de Soul/  
Maison de Soul/Bad Weather, CDs)

Whether the rivalry between Keith Frank and Beau Jocque, chief perpetrators of the funk/rap/reggae influenced Nouveau Zydeco, is more than a publicity gimmick, I neither know nor care, but Frank wins this round handily. His seventh CD is once again heavy on dance riffs but not quite as short on substance as usual, mainly thanks to traditional and nouveau doubleheaders of both Clifton Chenier's *Zydeco Et Pas Salé* (sic) and The Stones' *Satisfaction*. Somewhat risibly, the latter follows *You've Been Watching Me*, a bitter diatribe against his imitators in which Frank, referring to his theme song, complains, "You have no shame, even try to sing *What's His Name*." Unclear on the concept. It's possible the second half of Beau Jocque's sixth album improves radically, but I'll never know because after a really rotten version of Archie Bell & the Drell's *Tighten Up*, I couldn't bring myself to listen to any more. Piss on this noise.

♦ Showing up the perennial problem of freezing info in book form, the other four acts aren't listed in Nyhan, Robbins & Babb's *Let The Good Times Roll!* (see elsewhere), though veteran drummer/songwriter Leo Thomas gets a (glowing) mention for his work with Keith's father, Preston Frank. Thomas' accordionist used to be Willis Prudhomme, but is now his son Leeroy, father and son splitting the vocals evenly on their 14 numbers. Whether it's the aftermath of listening to Keith Frank and Beau Jocque, this stuff sounded just fine, rock solid old style rural Zydeco in the melodic Chavis tradition, despite a rather misconceived stab at *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*.

♦ Jean-Pierre Blanchard is something of an oddity, a Frenchman who learned to play accordion in Nice, moved to Houston when he was 17 and had his life changed by Clifton Chenier. Apparently he sang and played harmonica in a couple of Austin blues bands, and his cautious version of Zydeco doesn't seem that big a switch, bar blues with an accordion. Singing in Creole French and English, Blanchard doesn't sound like he's having much fun.

♦ The same cannot be said of The Zydeco Warriors, led by bassplayer Robby 'Mann' Robinson rather than frontman Joseph 'Kojack' Richard, an accordionist and vocalist he spotted at an amateur contest. Formed in early 1997, this a relaxed, loose, unaffected outfit, with blues, R&B and soul influences and an entertaining sense of humor. Certainly the band, out of this lot, I'd book first for a dance, their album is the pick of the litter.

♦ Randall's album title alone signals that he's another Nouveau Zydeco act, and, in fact, that identity is explicitly splashed on the CD cover. However, he seems to be suffering from an identity crisis. If you listen to the vocals, yep, sure enough, lotsa fake funk exhortations and grunting, but if you listen to his fluid, understated accordion you think, this boy can sure play a bit. Well, he is very young, maybe he'll get over this nouveau shit. For now it's a matter of how much the vocals annoy you, because he really is a fine player.

JC



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## 3CM REVIEWS

### JOHNNY DOLLAR • MR ACTION PACKED

(Dragon Street, CD)

Just last month, I was saying people who get free CDs should avoid the word, 'essential,' and right away I'm forced, *forced* I tell you, to deploy it, should you have any taste for classic rockabilly. If so, this is simply a Must Have—you *will not* get better value for your 15 bucks this year. When you hear this, you're going to have to wonder why Dollar (his real name by the way) isn't one of the great names of rockabilly, because he rocks like crazy, combining the best features of Warren Smith and Gene Vincent, ie great voice and great attitude. Compounding the mystery of why the tapes of the 18 studio tracks have been sitting untouched in a Bekins Moving Co box at the back of a Dallas closet for 40 years, Dollar worked with two of the astutest men in the late 50s Dallas music scene, Ed McLemore, promoter of the Big 'D' Jamboree, and businessman/songwriter Jack Rhodes, who fed him *Action Packed* and *Rockin' Bones*. Yep, you heard that right, Dollar cut them first and Ronnie Dawson later copied his versions virtually note for note and, much as I hate to say it, Dollar definitely has the edge on Dawson. Another terrific Rhodes song in the same vein is *Green Eyed Cat*. The second in the Legends Of The Big 'D' Jamboree series, this, which also includes two cuts recorded live at the Dallas Sportatorium, goes way beyond the original premise of tracking down previously unreleased material in the Big 'D' archives, it brings recognition, however belated, to a true rockabilly great who, sadly, committed suicide in 1986 after losing his voice to throat cancer. As Dragon Street's David Dennard, who'd never heard of Dollar until he played the tapes and had a tough time finding out anything about him until he tracked down his fourth wife and a nephew, says, "The greatest Rockabilly artist you've (n)ever heard!" This is the kind of album you can play people over the telephone and make them go completely apeshit. **JC**

### RED MEAT • (13) TWO DOLLAR PISTOLS STEP RIGHT UP! DALE WATSON & HIS LONE STARS THE TRUCKIN' SESSIONS

(Ranchero/Yep Roc/Koch, CDs)

By age and attitude, Red Meat (San Francisco), Two Dollar Pistols (Carrboro, NC) and Dale Watson (Austin) can be grouped as 'alt.country,' as defined by Dave Goodman's *Modern Twang*, but they have another common denominator. I'd like to say that, in the most oldfashioned, purist sense of the word, they're all Country acts, no hyphens, no qualifiers required, but that word's been so debased it'd be fairer to them to specify Honky Tonk. However, they pursue that tradition in rather different ways. Apart from Johnny Horton's *I'm A One Woman Man*, Red Meat focus on originals, five by Steve Young (vocals, acoustic guitar, fiddle and trombone), two each by 'Wholesome' Jill Olsen, (vocals and bass), Steve Cornell (pedal steel guitar, banjo, mandolin and acoustic guitar) and, complicating things a bit, friend of the band Chuck Poling, and one by guitarist Michael Montalto. The band's stylish ability to draw on the past while living in the present is perhaps most obvious in Poling's *Baby Beats Me The Best*, hillbilly S&M that evokes The Maddox Brothers & Rose, and Young's *Teetotalin' Time*, but all their songs are in the classic barroom style, without ever sounding contrived, and delivered in fine style. Produced by Dave Alvin, for whom Red Meat have become a West Coast opening act, this builds nicely from their rousing debut, *Meet Red Meat*. The kind of band that inspires genuine affection, they're playing some Texas dates during September.

◆ Two Dollar Pistols put much of their focus on the great honky tonk baritone of John Howie and ex-Backslider Steve Howell's guitar work. Recorded live at Local 506 in Chapel Hill, and featuring Drive-By Truckers pedal steel guitarist John Neff, their second album is an almost equal mix of solid originals and tributes to the giants, Buck Owens (*Hello Trouble*), George Jones (*You're Still On My Mind*), Carl Butler (*Honky Tonkitis*), Stonewall Jackson (*A Wound Time Can't Erase*), Ernest Tubb (*Thanks A Lot*) and Faron Young (*Wine Me Up*). Which is fine by me, as Howie really is one of the best male vocalists in alt.country, not, admittedly, that the competition's very fierce.

◆ Trucking songs aren't just atavistic, even in their time they were treated as novelties, but for Dale Watson, who spends 10 months of the year on Interstates, they're both topical and relevant. Originally a low budget, high sincerity self-released cassette only available at gigs on a European tour, now expanded from 10 to 14 tracks, his album is an all-original revival of a classic country subgenre. Course, you do need to have a taste for trucking songs and, frankly, a whole album of them pushes my limits somewhat, but then Watson is rather going with the flow as he's already found a receptive audience among truckers for his more mainstream honky tonking, and indeed has often played at truckstops, so maybe he's found, and is developing, a niche market for himself. Question is, are Koch going to do the cool thing and put this out on 8-track? **JC**

## THE BEST OF HOOTENANY

(Hootenany/Foil, CD)

Last July Fourth weekend in Irvine, CA, Hootenany celebrated its fourth outing as an annual Americana, roots, rockabilly and blues festival and now branches out as a label, a joint venture between ex-Stray Cat Lee Rocker and promoter Bill Hardie. Seventeen acts that have played the festival are represented, usually by cuts from albums, though previously unreleased material comes from The Paladins (*Elvis' Sister*), The Blasters (*It's All Your Fault*) and, scheduled to have a CD out on Hootenany this fall, Russell Scott & The Red Hots (*Come On Get With It*). The lineup also includes Supersuckers, Southern Culture On The Skids, The Cramps, Rev Horton Heat, Lee Rocker, Hot Rod Lincoln, X, Los Infernos, Royal Crown Revue, Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys, Indigo Swing, T-Model Ford, Elmo Williams & Hezekiah Early and Hasil Adkins. Interesting and, you'd have thought, diverse enough to hold one's attention, but for some reason, perhaps to do with the EQing, while individual tracks stand up just fine, I find it all mushes together if you play the album straight through. I can see this being very popular with Americana DJs. **JC**

### CHARLES MANN THE ESSENTIAL COLLECTION RANDY & THE ROCKETS THE ESSENTIAL COLLECTION

(Jin, CDs)

Swamp Pop may never be as respectable as Western Swing, but it had the same vernacular genius for radically reinterpreting, not merely covering, material from Country, R&B, Rock & Roll, Soul, Blues, Pop, Rock, even Cajun, and putting the unmistakable Bayou Beat stamp on it. Few people were as adept, or well guided, in seeing Swamp Pop potential in other genres as Charles Domingue, whose 16 track retrospective, in Jin's 'Swamp Pop Legend' series, draws on such diverse sources as Otis Redding, Ernest Tubb, Neil Diamond and Dire Straits. Renamed by the late Lee Lavergne for his Lanor releases, Mann also exemplified the curious dual nationality of Swamp Pop, enjoying considerable success in Southwest Louisiana/East Texas while virtually unknown everywhere else except Great Britain. The British connection was cemented by an Englishman, John Broven, who, in 1988, suggested an accordion-driven version of Mark Knopfler's *Walk Of Life*, which Mann cut with Tim Broussard, the single charting in the UK, leading to several tours. However, Mann's trademark was his magnificent 1969 version of Diamond's *Red Red Wine*, which Lavergne was, bafflingly, unable to break outside Louisiana, where it was a colossal hit. Other regional successes were OB McClinton's *Keep Your Arms Around Me* and *You're No Longer Mine*, written by Lavergne, while the album features fine Swamp Pop workings of Tubb's *Tomorrow Never Comes*, Ned Miller's *From A Jack To A King* and Redding's *I've Got Dreams To Remember*. Mann's big, emotional blue-eyed soul vocals are outstanding throughout, but this has to be highly recommended just for his sensational readings of *Red Red Wine* and *Walk Of Life*. Maybe not essential, but way cool.

◆ Guitarist Randy David formed one of the earliest Swamp Pop bands in 1957, but while The Rockets worked steadily until 1972, they only racked up one real success, *Let's Do The Cajun Twist*, an electric guitar, saxes and piano version of the Cajun standard *Allons A Lafayette*. With over 30 musicians, including three vocalists, passing through over the years, this might have worked better in chronological sequence, though the early days, with pianist/vocalist Dennis Norris, who wrote eight of the 26 numbers, would have dominated the album. Shuffled, Norris' work gets lost in lackluster versions of Aaron Neville's *Wrong Number*, Lloyd Price's *Have You Ever Had The Blues*, Gene Allison's *You Can Make It If You Try*, Joe Jones' *You Talk Too Much*, Phil Phillips' *Sea Of Love*, The Mystics' *Chills And Fever* and Bobby Day's *Rockin' Robin*. Nonessential. **JC**

### LOS SUPER SEVEN

(RCA, CD)

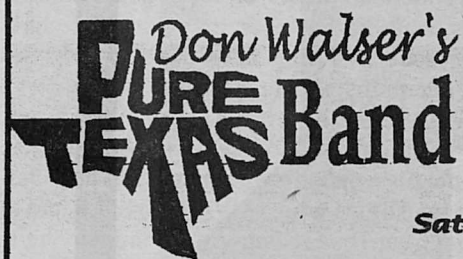
Call me cynical but this looks like a Grammy blueprint—'authentic' Mexican-American roots music plus name recognition, an all-star lineup of Freddy Fender, Flaco Jimenez, David Hidalgo and Cesar Rojas of Los Lobos (Steve Berlin produced), Rick Treviño and Ruben Ramos, with Joe Ely as token 'Tex-Mex' Anglo (Doug Sahm pops up as a 'surprise' guest). Such transparent artifice is more than a little worrying, in fact the presence of accordionist Joel Guzman and bajo sexto player Max Baca among the sidemen inspires more confidence in the outcome than the headliners. However, the real cause for trepidation—this what I get for reading the liner notes first—is the boast that executive producer Dan Goodman, Treviño's manager, "even spent a week in San Antonio combing the record stores for traditional Mexican music to suggest for the project." What, a *whole* week?!?! Such dedication. There are some obvious quibbles, the wrong Jimenez, for instance, roots being Santiago Jr's turf, and having Ely express solidarity with Woody Guthrie's *Deportees* shows quite stunning lack of finesse, but the album really ain't all that bad. That is, if you don't mind your roots music watered down and selfconscious. For the real deal, turn to pages 57-75 of the Arhoolie catalog—Chris Strachwitz has spent rather more than a week in San Antonio. **JC**





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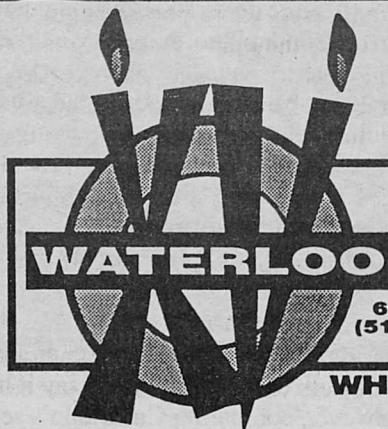
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## 3CM REVIEWS

### BUTCH HANCOCK WEST TEXAS WALTZES & DUST-BLOWN TRACTOR TUNES FIREWATER . . . SEEKS ITS OWN LEVEL

(Rainlight, CDs)

Even more inexplicable to me than the people who manage to get through life without a single Butch Hancock album are the semi-enlightened, those who suffer from the delusion that they can manage with one or two representative albums, without having to shell out for all of them. They probably have the same pitiful approach to Terry Allen. Should you share this misconceived, and miserly, notion, then, while my first order of business would, of course, be to call on you to see the error of your ways and repent, I'm also prepared to be practical, deal with such purblind folly on its own terms. Even if you absolutely insist on denying yourself the full Hancock experience and catalog, both these albums merit serious consideration. For the illuminati, of course, they're flat out essential. *West Texas Waltzes* is Hancock's solo debut from 1978, produced by Hancock and Joe Ely, engineered by Earl Epiphone (ie Ely), mixed by Lloyd Maines and remastered for CD by Jerry Tubb. Butch once told me, "I drove away from the pressing plant feeling like the king of the world, then the first record store I went to, in Dallas, took three copies on consignment and I went back out to the pickup, looked at all those boxes and thought, 'Oh God, what have I done?'" What he'd done was create a West Texas classic, with eleven songs conceived while Hancock was driving a tractor on his father's cotton farm, notably *Dry Land Farm*, *You've Never Seen Me Cry*, *Just One Thunderstorm* and, of course, *West Texas Waltz*.

◆ Recorded live at Austin's Alamo Lounge (you may have come across recent mention of the blood curse laid on the site of the Alamo Hotel when it was demolished), *Firewater* has always been my personal favorite, perhaps because it was made in 1980 when I was a relatively new convert, going to every live show I could, but it's an affection shared by many Hancock fans. Engineer/coproducer Joe Gracey's liner notes detail the ramshackle genesis of this defiantly lo-tech document of Hancock coming into his own, but, funky as it is, one only wishes there were more than eight songs and 36 minutes. With Bobby Earl Smith bass, Richard Bowden fiddle and John Reed electric guitar, plus Jimmie Dale Gilmore adding extra guitar and vocals to *If You Were A Bluebird* and *One Road More*, it also features *No Hiding Place*, *Like The Light Of Dawn*, *I Keep Wishing For You*, *Man On A Pilgrimage* and *The Wind's Dominion*. **JC**

### JEREMY WALLACE • MY LUCKY DAY

(Palmetto, CD)

Hate to make such a crude comparison, but Wallace really does sound rather like Paul Burch's pissed-off, raspy-voiced younger (or maybe older, hard to tell) brother. For some odd reason, Palmetto, normally a jazz label, insists on labelling him 'blues/rock,' but while there's a strong blues element, it's country blues, or, if you will, blues country. Supplemented by a solo *St James Infirmary* and Blind Willie McTell's *Statesboro Blues*, Wallace's ten very strong originals are more about personal experience, and bearing up despite everything, than Burch's homespun philosophizing, but, particularly the opening *Missing You This Morning* and *See You In September*, have a very similar feel, and appeal. **JC**

### KATY MOFFATT • ANGEL TOWN

(HMG, CD)

Despite an erratic catalog, Moffatt has been something of a critics' favorite since her grievously mishandled Columbia days, but strained everyone's loyalty with two mid-90s releases on Watermelon, the kind of albums that bring cowriting into disrepute, and her ill-starred career seemed finally to have gone into freefall. Not so much a comeback as a strong holding action, positioning her for a Dave Alvin produced album due from Hightone next year, this has two obvious features. A cast of just three, Moffatt and guitarist Andrew Hardin producing, bassplayer Hank Bones acting as engineer, seems a deliberate reversion to the stripped down simplicity of her 1989 masterpiece, *Walking On The Moon*, and, breaking the pattern, she showcases herself as a chanteuse, the bulk of the material, even the Pat McLaughlin/Jennifer Kimball title track, consisting of covers of her favorite songs. Combining that wonderful, smoldering voice with some decent material, for a change, pays off big time on Cindy Walker/Eddy Arnold's *You Don't Know Me*, Cole Porter's *Miss Otis Regrets*, Steve Goodman's *I Just Keep Falling In Love*, Chris Smither's *Love Me Like A Man*, Patrick Sky's *A Man I Once Did Own*, David Olney's *Sister Angelina* and Joe Allen's *Ghost Story*. Unless, of course, she's holding back for the next album, this looks rather like a tacit acknowledgment that she's still short of adequate original material and certainly none of the three Moffatt/Tom Russell originals here come close to *Walking On The Moon*'s title track or *I'll Take The Blame*. Still, even if, alone or in any of her various partnerships, Moffatt is an inconsistent songwriter, as a singer she's always been hard to overpraise. **JC**

## ERIC TAYLOR • RESURRECT

(Koch, CD)

The Stalin regime used to create what was called an 'unperson,' all evidence of whose very existence was expunged. Far as I can make out, from the implications of the title and various press releases, Taylor, Georgia-born, long based in Houston, now living in Columbus, TX, has created the 'unrecord.' The title would seem to refer to the long silence since his self-released *Shameless Love*, made in 1981 when he was married to Nanci Griffith, who featured prominently on it, and was still enmeshed in the drug, alcohol and emotional problems he brought back from Vietnam. Taylor didn't just beat those problems, he worked as an addiction counselor for the ten years. However, in crediting his return, his 'resurrection' if you will, to longtime admirer Lyle Lovett, who recruited his songwriting talent for *I Love Everybody*, which led to a publishing and recording deal, and who has remarked of Taylor, "I'm always the opening act when I'm around Eric," one can only assume that his eponymous 1995 *Watermelon* CD simply doesn't count. Despite overproduction and horrendous vocal mixes, I wouldn't write that album off completely, as it did have some wonderful songs, but it really should have been scrapped and recut. Featuring his own lovely acoustic guitar work, percussionist James Gilmer, the unmistakable violin of Gene Elders, Denice Franke's harmony vocals and Eric Demmer's eerie sax, Taylor produced this one himself and did a far better job. The crux, of course, is the songs and, once again, delivering them in that melancholy voice, in which you can hear the maturity and hard-won experience, he demonstrates why, with only one LP and a dud CD, he makes any aficionado's list of Great Texas Songwriters and why he's been so influential. Treading a fine line between the satisfyingly complex and the utterly opaque, Taylor's songs, like all great art, can be experienced on different levels, rewarding the effort to dig deeper without demanding it. **JC**

### HOT CLUB OF COWTOWN SWINGIN' STAMPEDE

(Hightone, CD)

By happenstance, we caught Elana Fremerman and Whit Smith at their very first Austin gig and, like everyone else with any taste for Western Swing, or just plain great musicianship, were blown away. However, since I profiled them in the March issue (#14/103), they seem to have lost some ground, mainly due to an inability, or disinclination, to relate to audiences and their humorless approach—as one hardcore Western Swing fan put it, "they take it all so damned seriously." More germane to their debut album is an acute shortage of original, obscure or even, in the Milton Brown/Bob Wills tradition, material newly shanghaied from other genres, while their vocals may be adequate in live shows but don't cut it on record, not, at least, on a Western Swing record. With nods to Milton Brown (*Sweet Jenny Lee*), Spade Cooley (*You Can't Break My Heart*) and Django Reinhardt (Gershwin's *Somebody Loves Me*), the Bob Wills songbook dominates the 13 tracks, *I Had Someone Else*, *Silver Dew On The Blue Grass Tonight*, *My Confession*, *End Of The Line* (cowritten with Johnny Gimble who guests on four numbers), *Mission To Moscow*, *Just Friends* and *Ida Red*. Pretty much the set list, in fact. Fremerman is a sensational fiddler, Smith a fine guitarist and, though they get occasional help here, from Gimble, T Jarrod Bonta piano, Jeremy Wakefield steel guitar and Mike Maddux accordion, their Western Swing trio concept, against the odds, works fine for me, but I feel this would have been a very different album if they'd signed to a specialist label, ie Joaquin, that would have found ways to maximize their undoubted strengths and minimize their inherent weaknesses. **JC**

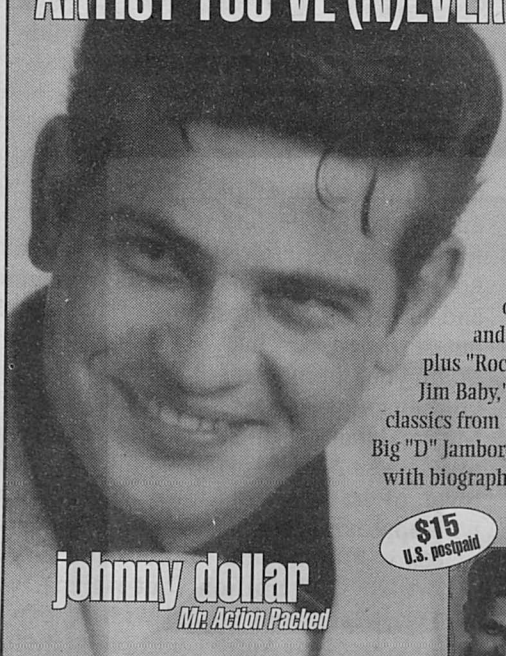
### MARY CUTRUFELLO WHEN THE NIGHT IS THROUGH

(Mercury, CD)

Many times I've been accused, usually by people with a vested interest, of always preferring the artist's lo-budget original to the label's commercially conceived follow-up and there's an element of truth to this, though I'd say it has more to do with the albums than with me. However, comparing Cutrufello's self-released *who to love and when to leave* with her major label debut isn't a matter of crunchy organic Granny Smith vs glossy cottonwool Golden Delicious but, to coin a phrase, apples and oranges. This, at least for people who saw her when she was blistering the Texas buckets of blood circuit with her intense, passionate guitar work and songwriting, is a whole new Mary. She did start out with a rock band, so her Texas honky tonk country period may simply have been an anomaly and this Stones/Springsteen/Petty orientation a reversion to her true nature. Still, one can't help but feel that, from Mercury's point of view, a young, striking, dreadlocked, Yale-educated, female African-American from Connecticut—as the Texas press discovered, you can write a Cutrufello story without hardly mentioning her music—who happens to be a very hot guitar slinger is going to be a much easier sell in the classic rock market. I'm fond of Cutrufello and hope this makes her rich and famous, but, musically, I liked the old Mary. Playing her two albums side by side (for easy reference, she does *Sweet Promise (Of Love)* on both), I have to stay true to form and prefer the one that cost about \$15 to make but had serious Twang content. It's not that I actively dislike her new approach, and she does have some great new songs, but it just plain doesn't do anything for me. **JC**



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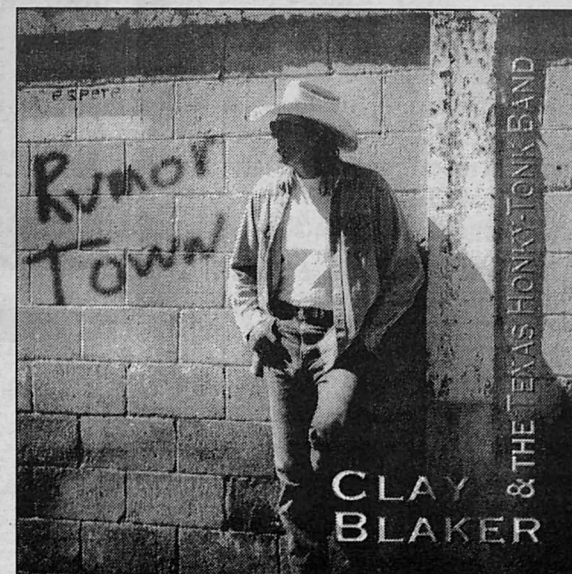
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# JOHNNY CONQUESO'S CHEESY DIP

**Y**ou'd be amazed how many people in Austin know that **Walter Mouton's** residency is on Saturday night, not Friday. Having chucked all my notes, I can't think how I got that one wrong, but sorry anyway. I may say the cover pic turned into a right comedy. Lafayette photographer **Danny Izzo** demanded prominent photo credit, which was OK, but then, at the very last minute, it was pointed out to me that his slide was stamped "Copyright. Do Not Copy," so I couldn't get it processed. What an idiot. Got round that, but the picture turned out to be pretty boring. Then I was out delivering and ran into **Tom Manke**, DJ of KOOP's *Fais Do Do*, who instantly said, "Oh, I've got tons of much better pictures of Mouton I could have given you." Wonderful. Mind you, Manke did concede that he'd never managed to catch Mouton actually smiling.

◆ While we're about it, **Michael Tisserand** clearly researched the story for **The Kingdom Of Zydeco** (see Reviews) and his account differs in details from the version I was given in Lafayette. Talking about Louisiana's "unwritten laws," he says "the most publicized event" occurred in 1994, when La Poussiere allegedly refused entrance to a black patron. According to case documents, a club employee told a black tourist the traditional Saturday night dance was a private party and turned her away, but the tourist, **Zaldwaynaka Scott**, was a federal prosecutor from Chicago. Another member of her party, a white civil rights prosecutor, reported that an employee told her Scott was kept out because she was black. The FBI sent in black and white agents to pose as potential patrons, to determine if the club was in violation of the Civil Rights Act. The matter was quietly settled two years later when La Poussiere's owners signed a consent decree that required posting a sign stating that the club welcomed all visitors. Tisserand notes, "the question at the center of the debate didn't go away."

◆ Also from Tisserand, and dedicated to **Danny Young**, the 'Lord of the Board,' is a quote from **Wilbert Guillory**, creator of Plaisance's Southwest Louisiana Zydeco Festival. "A year ago we had a family reunion and there was an accordion there with no **washboard**. I was very disturbed the whole time." However, Tisserand also quotes **Sean Ardoin** saying, "Guys who can't play anything, they can get in the band by playing **scrubboard**." I wasn't going to promulgate the latter, out of reluctance to expose Danny to the cruel jeers of those vicious bastards in the **Cornell Hurd Band**, but he laughed like a drain when I showed it to him, so I figure he, and other **rubboard** players, can handle the fallout.

◆ The first, come to think, only, time I visited the Walk Of Fame, around the **Buddy Holly** statue in Lubbock, I went round three four times before realizing **Jimmie Dale Gilmore** and **Butch Hancock** simply weren't there. Well, finally, they're being inducted, on September 3rd. Question is, do they really want to join a club of which **Mac Davis** has been a longtime member? Inductions are organized by an outfit called **METTS Inc**, which stand for Marketing, Entertainment, Tourism & Sports, not somehow a name that suggests much in the way of hipness. Still, when **Butch** showed up, delivering new CDs (see Reviews), he figured they owe it to **Joe and Terry** not to leave them up there on their own.

◆ So DL and I got tipped off by a mutual friend about **Lucinda Williams'** 'secret' gig at **Antone's**. Secret my ass. We went anyway and even shoulder to shoulder it would have been OK if not for one of those interminable and inexplicable waits, you know, where somebody comes out every half hour or so and tunes a guitar or fiddles with knobs and then disappears again. So I thought it was pretty hilarious when **Lucinda** and her (fucking horrible) band finally got

on stage and she told us how great it was to be in a club where "we can play till two in the morning." Well, yes, true enough, but it was already midnight. I mean, do you see bands going on at eight and boasting they're going to play till ten? I think not.

◆ A few days later we saw **Jimmy LaFave**, when they were rolling out the carpet for him at the **River Pub & Grill** in San Marcos, and he told us that the first he knew about opening for **Lucinda** was when he saw it in the paper the morning of the show. Nobody bothered to ask him if he was available, or tell him he'd been booked, so he spent the day trying to scrape up a band (his regular guitarist, **Terry Ware**, lives in Oklahoma!), which resulted in an impromptu reunion with **Larry Wilson**.

◆ While she's launching her career, **Paula Nelson**, who's started gigging round Austin, has an interesting problem. On the one hand, does she use being **Willie's** daughter as a tool to help her get her started, or, on the other, does she keep quite about it for fear that people will confuse her with her sister, **Suzy**, quite possibly the world's worst singer? Tricky one, that.

◆ A while ago, I had to report that **Conni Hancock** of **Texana Dames** had had her black **Alvarez** and **ES-330** Gibson hollowbody guitars stolen. Well, they're gone again, along with all the rest of the family band's equipment, including a **Brain (Peavey) PA**, **Roland XP10** keyboard, **Peavey TNT 130** bass amp, **Sho-Bay Pro III** pedal steel, mics and accessories. Not that I'm taking any credit, but **Conni** got her guitars back last time round, so I'm hoping to work the same sympathetic magic. I'm a bit shaky on equipment names, so if you want to check, or know anything about them, you can reach the Dames at 512/448-1820.

◆ And on the family front, you know that little journalist's trick of describing someone, for better or worse, as sounding "like the offspring of..." (fill in the blanks). Well, if I really wanted to slam a singer-songwriter for terminal overprivileged whining, I think the ultimate insult would have to be "so-and-so sounds like the child of **James Taylor** and **Carly Simon**." Well, guess what? Apparently an album is due shortly from one **Sally Taylor**. Without having heard a note of her music, the poor girl starts out with two major knocks against her in my book.

◆ Good deed of the month would be to volunteer to help out at **Texas Folklife Resources' Texas Culture Bash**, at **Laguna Gloria** on the 19th. In return for working a two/three hour shift, you get free admission to enjoy music (**Carol Fran & Clarence Holliman** and **Rubinchik's Orkestyr**), food and art. This is the big fundraiser for the folks who bring us **Accordion Kings** and many other great events. Call 441-Y'ALL.

◆ Quote of the month comes from *epulse*, the Internet version of *Pulse!* In an hilarious rant about the swing revival, titled 'The Emperor's New Zoot Suit,' an anonymous musician remarks, "**Brian Setzer's** involved—that oughta tell you something."

◆ Along with **Dale Watson**, **The Derailers** and **Mike Ireland & Holler**, **3CM** is part of the **realcountry.net** family, but its owner/operators are having some trouble getting it off the ground, even though they offer more, and better (at least in my admittedly limited Internet experience) features than other sites, not least of which is offering subscribers an intelligible, and mercifully tilde-free, address. Anyways, they're waiving the \$350 set-up fee during September, only asking for prepayment of three months worth of the \$35 a month hosting charge. Not that I have any CDs to sell, but far as I can see, it's a pretty good deal. Check 'em out at [www.realcountry.net](http://www.realcountry.net).

◆ Music Police Blotter 1: This story comes courtesy of **Workhorse Guitars'** undated clipping from the **Dallas Morning News**. Seem one **Larry Dean Carroll** was charged with "aggravated assault with a deadly

## IT'S FARON'S WORLD. WE JUST LIVE IN IT.

weapon" after getting into a fight with his father and beating him to death. The deadly weapon? A **Fender Stratocaster**. **Carroll** drew 180 days, 10 years probation and a \$10,000 fine. They didn't say if he got the guitar back, but I'd guess not.

◆ Music Police Blotter 2: One of the very few real hard country singer-songwriters in Nashville is **Marty Brown**, so naturally **MCA** dropped him. As if to prove that he's a genuine hillbilly, **Brown** recently wound up in court for stealing parts from a 1969 **Plymouth Roadrunner**. A classic white trash crime for which he got a year's probation, 24 hours community service and had to pay \$300 restitution. You can take the boy out of **Maceo, KY**, but...

◆ Put your thumb over the rest of this para and see if you can guess who are the richest artists in Nashville. My bet is that #2 will be a big surprise. OK, according to *Business Nashville's* listing of the richest people in town, of the musicians, **Dolly Parton** comes in first with approximately \$500 million, but **Eddy Arnold** places with \$350-450 million, and **Garth Brooks** shows at \$200 million (but rising), while **Reba McEntire** tails well behind with a poxy \$100 mill. Mind you, **Gene Autry** could probably buy and sell the lot of them out of loose change.

◆ Apparently you can go to **Garth Brooks'** ranch outside Nashville and buy a bale of his hay for \$2.50, which you gotta admit is a hell of a bargain. Same thing'd cost \$14.99 at **Waterloo** or **Tower**.

◆ What may be a straw to show which way the wind is blowing and for **HNC** loathers to grasp at is a report from **Missouri State Fairs**. Seems recent **Alan Jackson**, **LeAnn Rimes** and **Wynonna** concerts left them \$188,000 in the red. To put this in context, they turned a tidy profit on **REO Speedwagon** and **Kansas!**

◆ Seems one of the *X-Files* producers is a big fan, so **Junior Brown** will be appearing on the November 8th episode. As a farmer.

◆ A recent *News Of The Weird* included a report that a guy hanged himself, in full view of the stage and audience, at a **Stevie Nicks** concert. What's so weird about that? If one **Nicks** fan can top himself, why not all of them, I ask?

◆ As long time **Texas Playboys** rhythm guitarist **Eldon Shamblin** rated a *New York Times* obituary when he died, at 82, on August 12th, he obviously doesn't meet **3CM** obscurity standards. Sad though. Saw him play a few years ago and he was still amazing. August was kind of a bad month for the **Playboys** as they also lost one of the kids. Bassplayer **Bobby McBay**, who joined in 1963, died on the 9th aged 60.

◆ Equally, **The Black Cat Lounge's Paul Sessums** got plenty of local coverage when he died in a car accident in August, but the thing that struck me most about him didn't get mentioned. I first met **Paul** when I was only visiting and **Butch Hancock & The Sunspots** were playing every Monday, for tips, at the (old) **Black Cat**, which, I don't mind saying, influenced my decision to move to Austin. For a while, I saw a lot of **Paul** and **Roberta**, even spent my first Christmas away from England at their waifs and strays open house, but drifted away, and hadn't talked to either of them for a couple three years. It wasn't so much that I didn't care for the new **Black Cat**, the fact is that even if he looked like, in fact was, a hardcore biker—people who fucked with him or, much more dangerous, **Roberta**, were cruising for a bruising, no two ways about it—**Paul** was also an extremely shrewd businessman who had no sentimental loyalty to any style of music and ruthlessly discarded anything that didn't fill the joint. Unfortunately, what worked on **Sixth Street** during the 90s, almost by definition, didn't work for me, but then the **Black Cat** is still there and thriving, on a strip where sensible people don't bother remembering the names of the clubs.



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## THE MAINES ATTRACTION

**M**y admiration for Lloyd Maines as a record producer is in direct proportion to my contempt for all too many of his colleagues. As you may have noticed, I often devote a certain amount of attention to production issues largely because, while producers can make or break albums, they usually evade responsibility for inflicting disaster on good artists, or, rather less often, don't get credit for making the best of what they're given to work with. Mind you, either way, they're usually the only people who make any money out of a recording project, so maybe they don't much care about praise or blame.

◆ Of course, to some extent it can be argued that reactions to production values are purely subjective and I have to admit that while I loathe and despise Tony Brown's approach, for instance, I must assume that, at the very least, it doesn't bother a healthy slice of the record-buying public. By the same token, I love Jim Rooney's work, but he's the man for whom they coined the phrase, "he can't get arrested in Nashville." On the other hand, however, I've heard, as you must have, way too many albums by people I know for a stone-cold fact are far better than they've been made to appear (Loose Diamonds spring immediately to mind), and just as many others that come close to putting a polish on what I know for a fact are turds.

◆ Problem is, when you hear albums by acts you've never heard live, which of the above categories do they belong in? Have producers fucked them over or wrought minor miracles? Checking credits is of limited use. They can inspire optimism or trepidation, but these days everybody in the business seems to fancy themselves in the role of producer, ignoring the fact that it's a skill for which owning a label or being a Springsteen sideman doesn't necessarily qualify you.

◆ Choosing, or accepting, a producer isn't the most crucial decision an artist or band makes about a recording project—that would be the engineer—but, assuming they have any say in the matter, one has to wonder how so many soi-disant producers, from the clearly incompetent to the merely extravagant, survive, and even flourish. Perhaps the worst offenders, even more than the people who treat other people's albums as their own form of artistic expression, are the ones who do a perfunctory job on 'little' projects, marking time between the big names. Of course, one might well say that, at the end of the day, the artist or band signs off on the production, so, when you get down to it, it's their responsibility, and, if it comes out badly, their own fault, but there are many pressures at work, not least financial. Having made their bed, most people have to lie in it, however uncomfortably.

◆ The state of the art can be measured by the fact that the general run of production work is so obtrusive that when you do come across transparent production, ie when as little as possible is put between the artist and the listener, you notice what's designed *not* to be noticed. Lloyd Maines is a doer, not a thinker, but he speaks for the best of his kind when he says, "I'm always so flattered when people choose to trust me with their songs that my main aim is not to mess them up." How come so few producers seem to share that simple philosophy?

JC

## LLOYD MAINES

**W**hat do Joe Ely, Terry Allen, Robert Earl Keen, The Dixie Chicks, Terri Hendrix and Jerry Jeff Walker have in common? Well, for a start, they have one of the greatest sidemen of all time playing with them, when he can that is. And what do Allen, Keen, Hendrix and Walker further have in common with The Bad Livers, James McMurtry, Charlie and Bruce Robison, Wayne Hancock, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Chris Wall and Richard Buckner? Well, for my money, the best record producer in the known universe. Maines says of Austin studios, "Anyone who goes out of Austin to record is missing the boat." Far as I'm concerned, anyone who doesn't come to Austin to have Maines produce their album is missing the boat even worse. While a lot of right-thinking people have already figured that one out for themselves, from now on they won't have to pay Maines' airfare anymore.

◆ You may have noticed in last month's issue, a notice from Maines—"I'm here. I got here as soon as I could." The last of his generation of great Lubbock musicians to actually live in Lubbock, Maines, and his wife Tina, have finally made the move and now live in North Austin. "I was doing my taxes for 1997, and I realized I'd spent as much time, if not more, in Austin working on recording projects than I had in Lubbock with my family. And right then we had an empty nest, the girls both gone, so it was the sensible thing to do. Tina's been wanting to move for the last five years and now I wish we'd moved ten years ago. I got a lot of encouragement to go to Nashville, and I know I'd make a lot more money there, but we still like Texas."

◆ In any case, Maines is adamant in his support for local studios, long considered by the business as a sort of redheaded stepchild, unsuitable for 'serious' projects which conventional wisdom dictated, to some extent still dictates, should go to Nashville, LA or New York. "Austin has so many great studios, in a laidback kind of way they're even better than anywhere else, that's why I moved here. The equipment's here, and the knowhow, though I go with the personnel first rather than the gear. I like Cedar Creek, just because I've worked with Fred [Remmert] so long, but I'll pretty much go along with the artist, wherever they want to record."

◆ Though production has become Maines' principal occupation, forcing him to turn down many gigs over the last three or four years, he's probably still best known as the great Lubbock steel guitarist. At 17, playing what he now calls "remedial" electric guitar, he was given a home made steel guitar by Frank Carter, who played with his father and three uncles in the original Maines Brothers, a band which eventually evolved into one featuring Lloyd, whose first appearance was at 14, playing the VFW Hall in Slaton, and his three brothers. "I just fell in love with it. I played that old junker for a couple of years, it didn't even have a volume pedal and I couldn't afford to buy one. There weren't any instructors in Lubbock, let alone videos or anything, so I had to teach myself and study people like Jimmy Day, a real inspiration, at The Cotton Club, which I guess is why my style is pretty unorthodox."

◆ A little later, Maines was recruited by Don Caldwell to help with his recording studio, "He had the equipment, I knew the musicians. Straight away, I knew this what I wanted to do. Originally it was a very crude setup, two track, but we built our mini West Texas recording empire from it." The steel and the studio combined to propel Maines into the outer world. "The Flatlanders' bassplayer got me out to see them, then we needed a harmonica player for a session, so I called Joe [Ely]—not many people realize he's a *good* harmonica player. He was starving and really needed the work. Just after that, he decided to give up on Lubbock and asked me to play two gigs with him so he could raise the money to move to Austin. We just set up and played, no rehearsals or anything, no drummer, and people went nuts. We made about \$50 each, which in 1973 was pretty OK, so Joe said 'Let's do it again next week,' and the place was packed and the response was incredible, so a light went on in Joe's head, 'Maybe we should be a real band.'"

◆ Fulltime with Ely until 1980, Maines still plays with him, in theory at least. He had to drop out of the *Twistin' In The Wind* tour because he had so much studio time booked. Which is kind of the way things are going for him. "I have a standing invitation to play with Robert Earl, and, of course, I play with Terry Allen every chance I get, I still play with Jerry Jeff from time to time and The Dixie Chicks bring me in for the bigger dates. About the only person I get with regularly is Terri Hendrix, but then her gigs are still in Texas." Married to Tina since 1970, Maines figures he's put in the miles. "I hate to turn down gigs, though I'm having to do it more and more, because I still enjoy playing live, but I don't miss the travelling and the logistics, grown a little weary of all that. The van scene is pretty much off my menu at the moment."

◆ Knowing it's kind of an invidious question, I didn't really expect Maines to come up with a favorite among the many albums he's produced, but he had that one figured. "I've enjoyed all of them, well most of them, a few were kind of difficult, but the one that really stands out is **Lubbock (On Everything)**. That was the first album I produced and technically not the best, but it'll still be around when Terry [Allen], you and I are all long gone. The first time I met Terry was when he walked into the studio with his snakeskin boots and a big notebook full of these incredible songs. I called in the musicians and we recorded 21 songs in a couple of days. You know how Terry is on the piano, but we didn't try to mask anything, instead we played off it and everything worked."

◆ While at Texas Tech, Maines worked for three months in a warehouse, but, if you count a short stint in a music store, hasn't worked outside music since, even though he's never shopped himself, as a player, a session man or a producer. "I've been lucky enough to always have more work than I could really handle. I guess I should have done more self-promotion, as a producer anyway, mostly I just tell people I'd be interested in working with them, and maybe something happens, maybe not, but then I keep pretty busy without it. Actually, putting that ad in *3rd Coast Music* was really the first time I've ever called attention to myself!"

◆ If this all reads like it came from a PR flack, I make absolutely no apology. Lloyd Maines is one of the few people I unreservedly admire, whether as a player or a producer or a person. Make that a player *and* a producer *and* a person, and you've really narrowed it down. That a man of his acknowledged talent and stature should decide to move to Austin, rather than Nashville, is the best news, and validation, the local music scene has had in a very long time.

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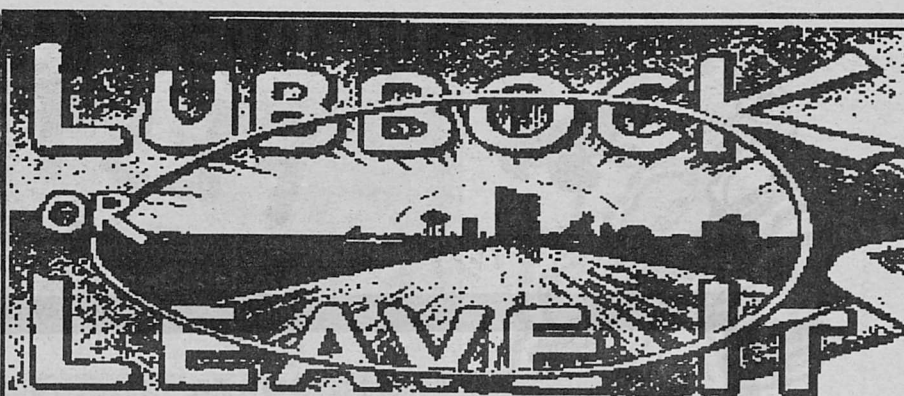
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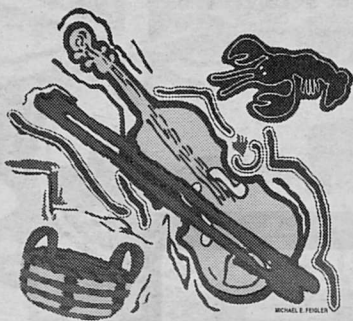
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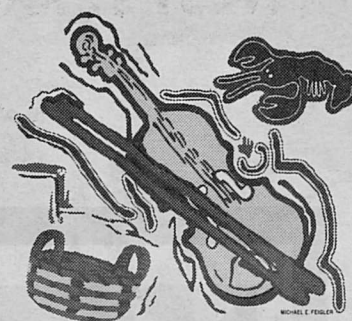
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2:00 Horace Trahan & the Ossun Express  
3:00 Jambalaya  
4:00 Balfa Toujours  
5:00 Jesse Legé & the Lake Charles Ramblers  
6:30 Bruce Daigrepoint Cajun Band  
8:00 Richard LeBouef & Two Step

### Sunday, Sept. 20

11:00 Lee Benoit Cajun Band  
Noon Kevin Naquin & the Ossun Playboys  
1:00 Felton LeJeune & the Cajun Cowboys  
2:00 Jackie Caillier & the Cajun Cousins  
3:30 Steve Riley & the Mamou Playboys  
5:00 Walter Mouton & the Scott Playboys

### Free Admission.

Sponsored by the **Lafayette Jaycees.** Produced by **Rubber Boots, Inc.** in cooperation with the **University of Southwestern Louisiana Folklore Program.**

## Heritage Pavilion • Girard Park • Saturday & Sunday, Sept. 19-20

The Heritage Pavilion is an informal workshop and performance stage located a short distance from the Festival de Musique stage. Saturday, noon-5 p.m. • Sunday, 11:30 a.m.-5 p.m. **Free Admission.** Sponsored by the **Lafayette Jaycees.**

## Louisiana Native & Contemporary Crafts Festival

**Lafayette Natural History Museum, Girard Park Dr. • Saturday & Sunday, Sept. 19-20**

Traditional Crafts on Museum Grounds, 637 Girard Park Dr. Contemporary Crafts in adjacent Heymann Performing Arts Center's Frem F. Boustany Convention Center, Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Friday, Sept. 18 - Sneak Preview Party & Auction, Frem F. Boustany Convention Center, 6-9 p.m., Party Admission, \$15

### Saturday, Sept. 19

#### Traditional & Contemporary Crafts

More than 75 booths filled with traditional crafts native to Louisiana as well as modern-day contemporary arts. Informal demonstrations, displays and unique items to purchase. *Museum grounds and the Frem F. Boustany Convention Center, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.*

### Front Porch

Site for presentations on cultural traditions of healing, music and crafts of the native tribes of Louisiana. Stomp dancing traditional to southeastern tribes will be featured each day. *Museum grounds, 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

### Center Stage

Indoor seated area offering a variety of Cajun, jazz, zydeco, bluegrass, blues and gospel music from some of Louisiana's best known musicians.

*Frem F. Boustany Convention Center, 10:30 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

10:30 a.m.	Zydeco Joe & the Laissez Les Bons
	Temps Rouler Band
12:30 p.m.	Tribute to Louisiana Blues
2:30 p.m.	Native Sons
4:00 p.m.	Clicken' Chickens

### Children's Tent

Sponsored and presented by the Children's Museum of Acadiana. Young visitors enjoy hands-on activities such as butter churning, corn cob dolls, pottery and various crafts. *Museum grounds, 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

### How Men Cook

Visitors can enjoy a variety of authentic Cajun recipes demonstrated and prepared by the Lafayette Beaver Club. *Museum grounds, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.*

**Admission: Adults, \$5; Students, \$2.** Sponsored by the **Lafayette Natural History Museum & Planetarium & Museum Exhibit & Planetarium Shows**

**Museum Exhibit:** ...A Promise From the Sun will open in the exhibit gallery Sept. 8, 1998. This exhibit explores the survival and beauty of traditions in native American cultures. The integration of the traditional and modern is explored within various aspects of native American cultures in Louisiana. **Planetarium Programs:** The program, *The Sky Tonight*, an introduction to the stars and planets of the evening sky in September, will be presented inside the Planetarium at 1:30, 3:00 and 4:00 p.m. Solar viewing will be held on Museum grounds, weather permitting. **Free tickets are available in the Museum one hour before each presentation. Limited seating. For up-to-the minute information, visit our web site at: [www.lnhm.org](http://www.lnhm.org), or contact the Natural History Museum & Planetarium at (318) 291-5544 or e-mail at [magasin@1stnet.com](mailto:magasin@1stnet.com).**

### Sunday, Sept. 20

#### Traditional & Contemporary Crafts

More than 75 booths filled with traditional crafts native to Louisiana as well as modern-day contemporary arts. Informal demonstrations, displays and unique items to purchase. *Museum grounds and the Frem F. Boustany Convention Center, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

### Front Porch

Site for presentations on cultural traditions of healing, music and crafts of the native tribes of Louisiana, featuring stomp dancing. Also, stories of an alligator trapper plus alligator skinning. *Museum grounds, 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

### Center Stage

Indoor seated area offering a variety of Cajun, jazz, zydeco, bluegrass, blues and gospel music from some of Louisiana's best known musicians. *Frem F. Boustany Convention Center, 11:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.*

11:30 a.m.	Modern Jazz Movement
1:30 p.m.	Holy Ghost Gospel Choir
2:15 p.m.	Magnolia Sisters
3:30 p.m.	Tribute to Cajun & Creole Music

### Children's Tent

Sponsored and presented by the Children's Museum of Acadiana. Young visitors enjoy hands-on activities such as butter churning, corn cob dolls, pottery and various crafts. *Museum grounds, 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

### How Men Cook

Visitors can enjoy a variety of authentic Cajun recipes demonstrated and prepared by the Lafayette Beaver Club. *Museum grounds, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.*

**Lafayette**  
Convention & Visitors Commission

For information on  
lodging and restaurants:  
(800) 346-1958  
e-mail: [info@lafayettetravel.com](mailto:info@lafayettetravel.com)

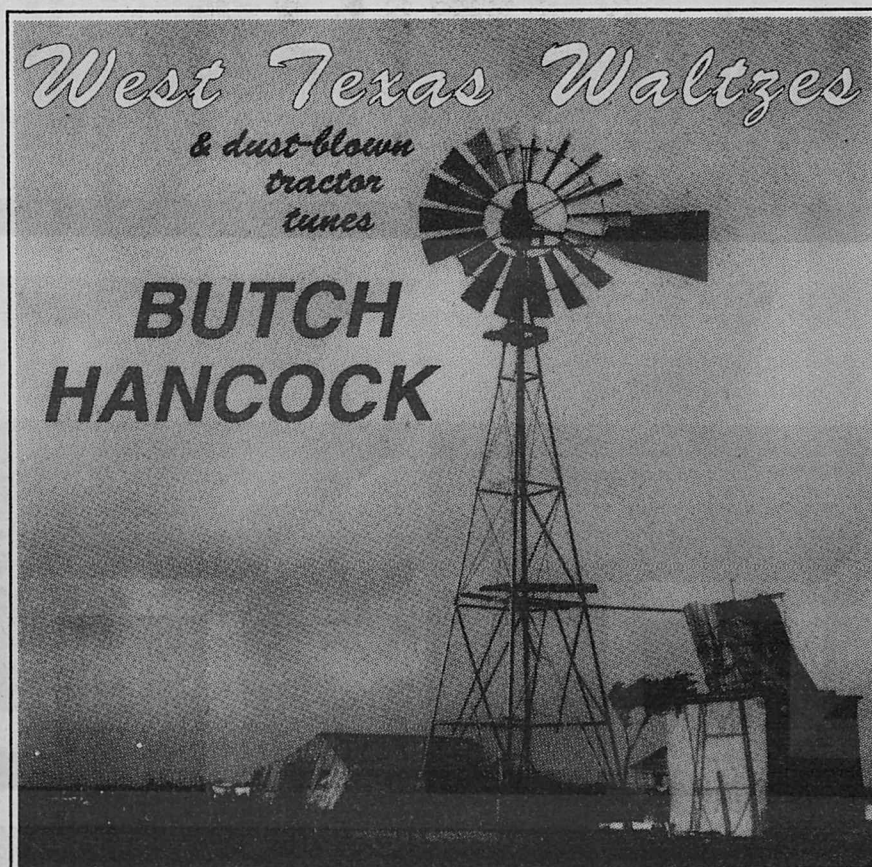
Or visit us on the web at:  
[www.cajunhot.com](http://www.cajunhot.com)

**Absolutely no ice chests allowed on festival grounds.**

Vendor proceeds benefit the community through Downtown Lafayette Unlimited, Lafayette Jaycees, Lafayette Natural History Museum & Planetarium and the University of Southwestern Louisiana Folklore Program.



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## SEPTEMBER ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

- 1st \_ Amédé Breaux • 1900 • Crowley, LA  
 \_ Lawrence Walker • 1907 • Scott, LA  
 \_ Archie Bell • 1944 • Henderson, TX  
 \_ Charlie Robison • 1964 • Houston, TX  
 2nd \_ Johnny Lee Wills  
 \_ • 1912 • Limestone Co, TX  
 \_ ZuZu Bollin • 1922 • Frisco, TX  
 3rd \_ Lefty Perkins • 1917 • Clarksville, TX  
 \_ Hank Thompson • 1925 • Waco, TX  
 \_ Freddie King • 1934 • Gilmer, TX  
 \_ Jimmy Clanton  
 \_ • 1938 • Golden Meadow, LA  
 \_ Terrance Simien • 1965 • Eunice, LA  
 \_ Knocky Parker † 1986  
 4th \_ UP Wilson • 1935 • Shreveport, LA  
 \_ Blackie White • 1951 • San Angelo, TX  
 5th \_ Legendary Stardust Cowboy  
 \_ • 1947 • Lubbock, TX  
 6th \_ Jimmy Reed • 1925 • Dunleith, MS  
 \_ Rhett Miller • 1970 • Dallas, TX  
 \_ Ernest Tubb † 1984  
 7th \_ Buddy Holly • 1936 • Lubbock, TX  
 8th \_ Jimmie Rodgers • 1897 • Meridian, MS  
 \_ Milton Brown • 1903 • Stephenville, TX  
 \_ Harlan Howard • 1929 • Lexington, KY  
 \_ Patsy Cline • 1932 • Winchester, VA  
 \_ Guitar Shorty • 1939 • Houston, TX  
 \_ Sunny Ozuna • 1943 • San Antonio, TX  
 \_ Zachary Richard • 1950 • Lafayette, LA  
 9th \_ Adam Landreneaux • 1910 • Mamou, LA  
 \_ Joe Clay • 1938 • Harvey, LA  
 \_ Otis Redding • 1941 • Dawson, GA  
 \_ Tex Owens † 1962  
 10th \_ Roy Brown • 1925 • New Orleans, LA  
 \_ Rosie Flores • 1950 • San Antonio, TX  
 \_ Cary Swinney • 1960 • Lubbock, TX  
 11th \_ Jimmie Davis • 1902 • Beech Springs, LA  
 \_ Leon Payne † 1969  
 \_ Curtis Jones † 1971  
 12th \_ Alger 'Texas' Alexander  
 \_ • 1900 • Leona, TX  
 \_ Kenneth Threadgill • 1909 • Baytown, TX  
 \_ George Jones • 1931 • Saratoga, TX  
 \_ Christine Albert • 1955 • Rome, NY  
 13th \_ Bill Monroe • 1911 • Rosine, KY  
 \_ Charles Brown • 1922 • Texas City, TX  
 14th \_ Malcolm Yelvington  
 \_ • 1918 • Covington, TN  
 \_ Don Walser • 1934 • Brownfield, TX  
 15th \_ Roy Acuff • 1903 • Maynardville, TN  
 \_ Billy Joe Shaver • 1939 • Corsicana, TX  
 \_ Jimmy Gilmer • 1940 • Chicago, IL  
 \_ Vernon Dalhart † 1948  
 \_ Beaver Nelson • 1971 • Norman, OK  
 16th \_ Ralph Mooney • 1928 • Duncan, OK  
 \_ Little Willie Littlefield  
 \_ • 1931 • Houston, TX  
 17th \_ Hank Williams • 1923 • Georgiana, AL  
 \_ Bill Black • 1926 • Memphis, TN

- 17th \_ John Delafosse † 1994  
 18th \_ Jimi Hendrix † 1970  
 \_ Lefty Perkins † 1984  
 19th \_ Bill Neely • 1916 • McKinney, TX  
 \_ Red Foley † 1968  
 \_ Gram Parsons † 1973  
 20th \_ John J Erby • 1902 • Fort Worth, TX  
 \_ Butterball Harris • 1929 • Sharp, TX  
 \_ Bobby Rambo • 1941 • Dallas, TX  
 \_ Karl Marx Farr † 1961  
 \_ Ana Egge • 1976 • Estevan, Canada  
 21st \_ Ted Daffan • 1912 • Beauregarde, LA  
 22nd \_ Willis Prudhomme • 1931 • Kinder, LA  
 23rd \_ Ray Charles • 1930 • Albany, GA  
 \_ Roy Buchanan • 1939 • Ozark, TN  
 \_ Jimmy Wakely † 1982  
 24th \_ Eddie 'Lalo' Torres  
 \_ • 1939 • Clear Spring, TX  
 25th \_ Royce Kendall • 1934 • AR  
 \_ Eric Taylor • 1949 • Atlanta, GA  
 26th \_ Marty Robbins • 1925 • Glendale, AZ  
 \_ Bessie Smith † 1937  
 \_ Dolores Keane  
 \_ • 1953 • Caherlistrane, Ireland  
 \_ Good Rockin Robinson † 1975  
 27th \_ Jackie Caillier • 1952 • Orange, TX  
 28th \_ Joe Falcon • 1900 • Rayne, LA  
 \_ Jim Boyd • 1914 • Fannin Co, TX  
 \_ Tommy Collins • 1930 • Bethany, OK  
 \_ Willie 'Jitterbug' Webb  
 \_ • 1941 • San Antonio, TX  
 \_ Tomas Ramirez • 1948 • Falfurrias, TX  
 \_ CJ Chenier • 1957 • Port Arthur, TX  
 29th \_ Gene Autry • 1907 • Tioga, TX  
 \_ Bill Boyd • 1910 • Fannin Co, TX  
 \_ Derwood Brown  
 \_ • 1915 • Stephenville, TX  
 \_ Jerry Lee Lewis • 1935 • Ferriday, LA  
 \_ Alvin Crow • 1950 • Oklahoma City, OK  
 \_ Guitar Slim Green † 1975

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*Wednesdays, 6.30-9.30pm, at*  
*Old #1, 6416 N Lamar Bud*

*Music in The Saloon, No Cover*  
*Mondays, 7.30pm-9.30pm*  
*The Panhandlers*

*Fridays & Saturdays, 9.30pm-12pm*  
*4th Gulf Coast Playboys*  
*5th Hot Club Of Cowtown*  
*11th Erik Hokkanen & Snow Wolves Trio*  
*12th Jet Set Zydeco*  
*+ True Light Beavers*

*18th Dale Watson & His Lone Stars*  
*19th Don Walser's Pure Texas Band*  
*25th Chaparral*

*26th Dale Watson & His Lone Stars*  
*at*  
*Threadgill's World Headquarters,*  
*301 W Riverside Dr*