

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

#41/130 JUNE 2000

## REVIEWS

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(or not)

ASYLUM STREET  
SPANKERS

DOWN TO THE  
PROMISED LAND

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HAWKINS

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THE SOUVENIRS

STOP THE TRUCK

MERLE TRAVIS

THE VIN STORY

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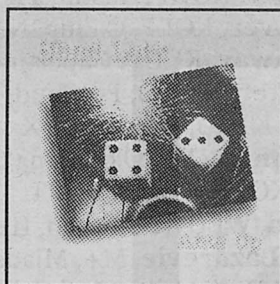
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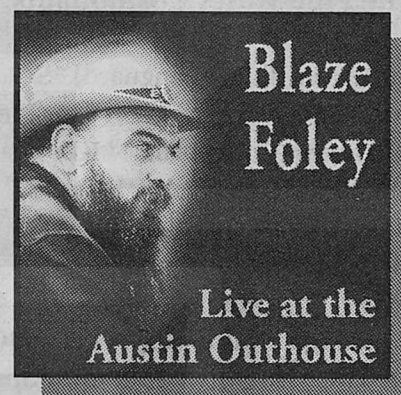
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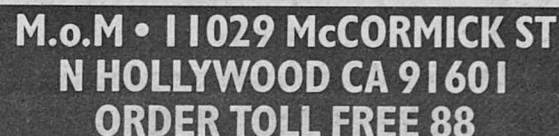
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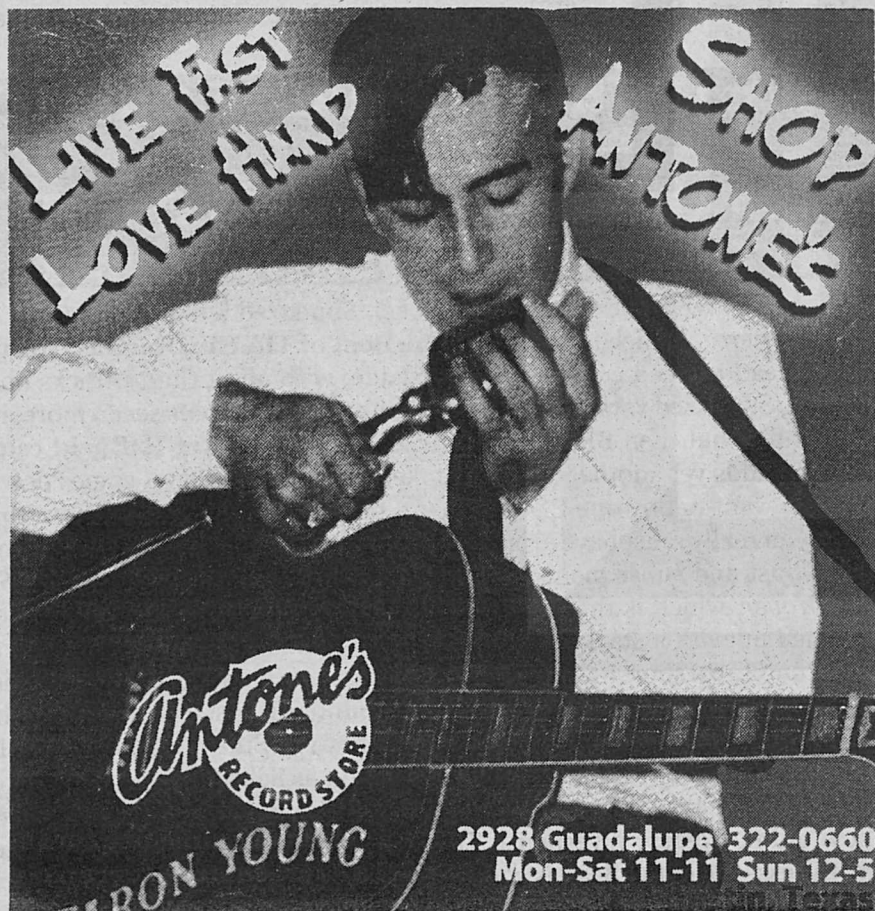
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## FAR STUFF

**B**efore I forget—again—there's a *Freeform American Roots* webpage, thanks to **Paul Daly** of Third Coast Music Network, the Webmonster who runs their cool website. Paul's archived all the charts at [www.accd.edu/tcmn/far/](http://www.accd.edu/tcmn/far/).

◆ This month we welcome **Billy Lee**, *Countrybilly Show*, NEAR/Caroline, Ireland (who, incidentally is FAR reporter Kirsty Fitzsimons' dad); **John Roths**, *Random Routes*, KEOS, College Station, TX; **Greg Johnson**, *For The Sake Of The Song*, KR XO, Oklahoma City, OK; and **Raúl Tejeiro**, *Top Country Hits*, Cabildo-Mas, Montevideo, Uruguay; but say goodbye, temporarily I hope, to **Len Brown**, who's given up his longtime *Radio Ranchon* W D V R, Sargeantsville, NJ, and moved to Austin.

◆ FAR's international contingent, which now represents nine countries (Australia, Canada, Ireland, Belgium, The Netherlands, France, Germany, Yugoslavia and Uruguay), has created a wrinkle I hadn't anticipated. Dragon Street didn't service foreign DJs when **The Big D Jamboree**, which topped the chart in February and March, was released domestically because licenses were already in the works. Last month, European DJs got their copies from Rollercoaster [UK] and are plugging it the same enthusiasm as their US counterparts, so it's come roaring back into the chart.

◆ Radio Tips: how to keep the stars coming back. When she gets to Chicago on her current tour, **Terri Hendrix** will make a point of appearing on **Tom Jackson's** WL UW show, not just because Tom is a great guy, not just because *Somebody Else's Troubles* helps build her audience, but because he lays on "the best donuts on the face of the planet." Over to you, Tom: "The donuts Terri mentioned to you are pretty damn good (especially for store bought ones). They're made by Entimann's Bakery and the variety she's referring to is the Devil's Food Crumb Donut. They are a moist chocolate cake donut with wonderful little pellets of chocolatey goodness & powdered sugar all over the top of them. Since we do *Somebody Else's Troubles* rather early by musicians' standards (live from 10am to noon every Saturday), I always try to have donuts for those folks stopping by the studio. A number of musicians have made on air references to these tasty morsels, including Kelly Hogan, The Riptones and Jon Langford (although his son Jimmy was partial to the smaller Hostess Frosted Chocolate Donettes). *SET* was recently given an extra hour each week (1-2pm, immediately after *The New Orleans Music Hour*), so we'll probably be having more musicians on at 1pm rather than 10 or 11am. This should also help me cut down on my personal intake of donuts."

## EVEN DJs GOT REQUESTS

**WADE HOCKETT**

5/31/52 Portland, OR

**Connie Smith:** *Ain't Had No Lovin'*

**Don Gibson:** *(I'll Let My Heart Break) For A Little While*

**Floyd Tillman:** *Golden River*

**DAN FERGUSON**

6/2/58, Oceanside, NY

**Merle Haggard:** *Sing Me Back Home*

**Gram Parsons:** *Return Of The Grievous Angel*

**Dave Alvin:** *Fourth Of July*

**JOHNNY SIMMONS**

6/18, Minneapolis, MN

**Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen:** *Lost In The Ozone*

**Buddy Johnson Orchestra:** *Did You See Jackie Robinson Hit That Ball?*

**John Prine (w/ Iris DeMent):** *In Spite Of Ourselves*

**KEN DATE**

6/21, Casino, Australia

**Wayne Kemp:** *Don't Send Me No Angels*

**Jerry Lee Lewis:** *What's So Fair About Farewell*

**Cornell Hurd Band:** *She Gave Her Heart to Jethro*

**DAVID JOHN**

6/27/51, Minneapolis, MN

**Betty Elders:** *A Trace Of October*

**Bob Dylan:** *The Times They Are A Changin'*

**Jason Eklund:** *The Fog Was Lifting*

**EDDIE RUSSELL**

6/30/48, San Antonio, TX

**Willie Nelson:** *Whiskey River*

**Davey Davis:** *Hard Tellin'—Not Knowin'*

**Bryan Duckworth:** *Pecan Boogie*



## JOE ELY • LIVE AT ANTONE'S

(Rounder \*\*\*\*)

Giving Antone's plenty of the best of it, the club's sound quality is inadequate, as those of you who've ever been there will know. For those of you who haven't, it's perhaps not the worst room in Austin, but up there with the front runners. Anyway you look at it, an odd choice for live recording, but I have to admit that the latest of the documentaries Ely makes every ten years is quite astonishingly clear and well separated. It's kind of hard to compare it to 1980's made in England **Live Shots**, which, of course, showcased the Real Joe Ely Band, still more or less fresh out of the box, but it's a whole lot better than 1990's ill-fated **Live At Liberty Lunch**. On the plus side, it features Real Joe Ely Band members Jesse Taylor, who turns in some blinding guitar work, and Lloyd Maines, and also the great Joel Guzman on accordion, while the 15 tracks include Ely's own *All Just To Get To You, Me And Billy The Kid, Road Hawg* and *My Eyes Got Lucky*, Robert Earl Keen's *The Road Goes On Forever*, Jimmie Dale Gilmore's *Dallas*, Utah Phillips' *Rock Salt And Nails* and Buddy Holly's *Oh Boy!* On the minus side, though it's hardly Tom Russell's fault, I for one have kinda got over *Gallo Del Cielo*, I still have no use for Ely's *Nacho Mama* and, of course, there's Teye. Maybe I should try making this an interactive review—anyone who feels strongly on the subject of Teye, for or against, email me at [thirdcm@aol.com](mailto:thirdcm@aol.com). There surely must be people who think he's an asset, apart from Ely himself, but I don't personally know anyone who wouldn't gladly chip in to help buy him a one-way ticket home. Still these are fairly minor reservations, basically this is a good Joe Ely live album, and there's not much you really need add to that. JC

## ERIC HISAW • THING ABOUT TRAINS

(Eric Hisaw \*\*\*\*1/2)

For a singer-songwriter, Hisaw is a very tough looking egg. If you saw him in a club, you'd probably figure he was the bouncer or maybe one of the guys from the rockabilly band playing down the street. He has, in fact, fronted rockabilly bands, and honky tonk bands, hell, for all I know, he may have been a bouncer, but inbetween bands he's fallen back on being a folk singer, and that's the side he presents on his debut. There is, indeed, a good deal of toughness in Hisaw's bluecollar songwriting, like an anti-James Taylor, he reflects on and accepts the vicissitudes of life and love without wasting any time on self-pity, regret or recriminations. A shifting cast of characters, including Roy Heinrich, Ernie Durawa, Ponty Bone, Champ Hood and Traci Lamar, suggests the album was made in fits and starts, as finances dictated, and Hisaw rather gives the impression that he learned how to project his words, finetuning his powerful, rasping vocals, as he went along, so some of the ten songs come across rather better than others. The obvious standout is the title track, a real knockout, with *Don't Know Any Better* and *Speaking With No Grace* as the runners-up. JC

## DOWN TO THE PROMISED LAND 5 YEARS OF BLOODSHOT RECORDS

(Bloodshot, double CD \*\*\*)

Not sure they really meant to emulate Oliver Cromwell, but these 40 tracks, featuring not just their roster but a host of friends and associates, are a "warts and all" portrait of the Chicago label's strengths and weaknesses, virtues and foibles. On the other hand, it's also a curiously incomplete and distorted portrait. My first thought was to compare the two CDs to a rollercoaster that soars and plunges but the boring bits don't really factor into that analogy. Both disks start off with thematic but truly abysmal tracks, The Yayhoos' *Oh! Chicago* and Robbie Fulks' *Bloodshot's Turning Five*, and return to that level all too often, rock bottom being perhaps Bare Jr's *Guitar Playing Woman*, though it's got competition. However, there are also many peaks, cuts by Anna Fermin's *Trigger Gospel*, Caitlin Cary (always the best thing about Whiskeytown for my money, piss on Ryan Adams), Hazeldine (the outstanding *Unforgiven*), Moonshine Willy (Kim Doctor's fab *Turn The Lights Down Low*), Nora O'Connor and Kelly Hogan, with lesser highs from reliables such as Alejandro Escovedo, The Hollisters and The Cornell Hurd Band. Between these extremes lurk a host of pedestrian outfits like Old 97s, The Sadies, Giant Sand, Trailer Bride, Grievous Angels, etc, etc, if anything even less convincing in this context than on their own albums. The anomaly in all this is that though **Nashville: The Other Side Of The Alley** was one of Bloodshot's finest moments, apart from a tedious Duane Jarvis track, those alt country singer-songwriters seem to have been written out of the label's history (though there is a contribution by Johnny Dowd). Still, this collection does illustrate the basic truth about Bloodshot: of every four releases, one is marvellous, one is dreadful and the others just clutter up an already overcrowded market. JC

## ASYLUM STREET SPANKERS SPANKER MADNESS

(Spanks-A-Lot \*\*\*\*)

You have to feel sorry for B-movie actors Dave O'Brien and Dorothy Short; 30 years after appearing in **Reefer Madness**, they became stars, unfortunately among people who were doing well to remember their own names, let alone those of the leads in the 1938 film which exposed how 'the weed with its roots in Hell' turns boys into hoodlums and makes girls bang like shithouse doors in a gale. This, as the less drug-addled among you may already have grasped, is not a nonsequiter but a lead-in to the concept of the Spankers' fourth album. Having already covered one aspect of its legendary origins in a wild weekend of sex, drugs and unamplified music with the lewd **Nasty Novelties**, they now break out their stash of dope songs, mostly homegrown (five by Christina Marrs, three by Wammo, two by Guy Forsyth and one each by Stan Smith and Korey Simeone). Keeping track of the Spankers lineup is next to impossible, but the album features veterans Marrs, Wammo, Forsyth, Smith, Pops Bayless and Mysterious John, along with many others including guitarist Leroy Biller, who also produced, which, it's always worth pointing out, is no easy matter with a band that regards electricity as The Great Satan. Musically, their most sophisticated album (Mysterious John is the only member who still plays the kazoo, once a Spanker staple), with some smoking hits among the 12 numbers, notably Marrs' *It's Dry Down Here*, *Pakalolo Baby* (take a guess what 'pakalolo' means in Hawaiian) and her arrangement of *Knock Myself Out*—girl really has a knack for this viper shit—Wammo's *Beer*, Smith's *Blade Of Grass* and Simeone's *Wake And Bake*. There's a certain amount of self-indulgence, but overall the stuff's here, and it's mellow. JC

## STEVE JAMES • BOOM CHANG

(Burnside \*\*\*\*)

For a while, I 'borrowed' the title of James' third album as 3CM's motto, but I think that for both of us **Art & Grit** was more than just an album title or a slogan, it was a stripped to the bone manifesto, a succinct statement of purpose. I only hope I've lived up to it anywhere near as well as James, whose fourth, and best, album once again affirms his position as a master of acoustic roots and blues, a true Americana hero, who can wrap his own incisive songs convincingly around Bo Carter's *Country Fool* and Ted Daffan's *Born To Lose*. OK, he does go a bit soggy on the last track (not counting an unlisted guitar-banjo instrumental), Luke Faust's *Seeds*, but then I don't do inspirational. Playing solo guitar or slide guitar on five tracks, including his own splendid version of *Stack Lee's Blues*, with a John B Stetson hat motif, James brings in Mark Rubin (bass, tuba, bowed three string cello), Cindy Cashdollar (Hawaiian guitar, Dobro), Gary Primich (harmonica) and Alvin Youngblood Hart (six and twelve string guitars, mandolin) from time to time, using all of them on only two tracks. A true musician's musician, James' intensity and focus always reminds me of James Coburn's character in **The Magnificent Seven**—"If he's the best, against whom does he compete?" "Against himself." JC

## THE BEST OF THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET

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## THE BEST OF THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET IS BACK!

(Westside \*\*\*, Beat Rocket/Sundazed \*\*\*)

Question here is, which is the best of **The Best of The Sir Douglas Quintet**? On a head to head comparison, Westside, with all of the 14 tracks on the Beat Rocket/Sundazed version (and the original Tribe LP) plus seven more, is an obvious winner, but then BR/S's **The Sir Douglas Quintet Is Back!** catches them up and adds yet another seven outtakes and leftovers. So it comes down to whether you want to buy one CD or two, or, put it another way, you have to ask yourself if you really must have everything last thing SDQ recorded before Sahm's 1966 drug bust and subsequent move to California. Either way, you'll get *She's About A Mover*, which is the main thing. According to legend, in 1964 Huey P Meaux holed up with a stack of Beatles records then called Sahm and told him. "Get me a tune, grow some hair and let's go cut some of this shit," but, as Westside's Tony Rounce points out, the British Invasion sound was just about the only thing Sahm *couldn't* replicate. In any case trying to pass The Sir Douglas Quintet off as Brits was doomed to be exposed as a sham as soon as Sahm opened his mouth or anyone saw the faces behind the silhouettes (Johnny Perez and Frank Morin somehow didn't suggest Liverpool). Though Meaux and Sahm were unable to identify the essence of the Beatles sound, which, as Bobby Fuller pointed out, was simply an inability to play West Texas rock & roll, they made some great American or, rather, Texas music, including, of course, one alltime classic. JC



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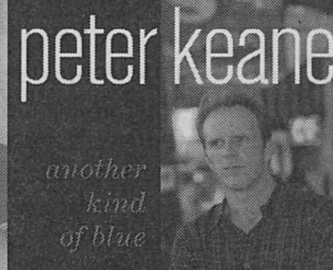
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## JOHNNY VINCENT PRESENTS THE VIN STORY

(Westside \*\*\*\*)

Subsidiary labels are set up for any number of reasons, but Johnny Vincent surely had the best; he started Vin in May 1958 because DJs were playing so many of his Ace singles, it was getting embarrassing. Vincent, who died earlier this year (obituary #38/127), was one of the great masters of the 45 and though none of his 29 Vin singles scored nationally, though doing well regionally, this 30 track collection, including some previously unreleased cuts and alternate takes, notably of *Everybody Got To Cry* by 'Handsome Earl,' aka Earl King, is packed with New Orleans rock & roll, rockabilly, R&B and blues gems. Vin's debut, *Little Chickee Wah Wah*, billed as by Huey & Jerry, otherwise Huey 'Piano' Smith and Gerri Hall of The Clowns, is unusual as Smith rarely sang (on his 1960 Vin release *I Didn't Do It*, the singer is Clowns regular Bobby Marchan). Other terrific cuts are an alternate take of *Teenage Wedding*, a rewrite of Faron Young's *Rosalie (Is Gonna Get Married)*, by 'Johnny Angel,' actually Jimmie Lee Fautheree who, as Jimmy Lee, also recorded *Look What Love Will Do* and *I Ain't Worried About Tomorrow* with James Burton, DJ Fontana and Country Johnny Mathis, *Morgus The Magnificent* by Morgus & The Ghouls (Frankie Ford, Jerry Bryne and Mac Rebennack), The Phaetons' *I Love My Baby* (a demo from Worcester, MA, released without the band's knowledge!), Dick Poulton Trio's instrumental *Capital City Bounce* and Jimmy Clanton's Swamp Pop treatment of Chuck Willis' *What Am I Living For?* For the final Vin release, *Row Row My Boat*, in 1961, Mac Rebennack and Roland Stone called themselves The Ends. A tribute to Vincent's genius, and if you need convincing, try track #27, Danny Ray's *Love Me*, one minute and 45 seconds of unbelievably cool rockabilly, worth the price of admission on its own. JC

## HAWKSHAW HAWKINS I'M A RATTLESNAKIN' DADDY

(Westside \*\*\*)

More from the King archives. Hawkins is now little more than country music trivia, one of the other passengers on Patsy Cline's fatal flight and the opening act who filled in for Hank Williams at the 1953 Canton, Ohio, New Year's Day show. His obscurity is partly due to Syd Nathan having him cover other people's songs rather than breaking new material, though his distinctive, stripped down versions of Hank Williams' *Pan American*, Lefty Frizzell's *I Love You A Thousand Ways*, Tennessee Ernie Ford's *Shotgun Boogie* and Pee Wee King's *Slow Poke* all made the Country Top Ten between 1948 and 1952, and he had a real knack for Ernest Tubb songs (*I Ain't Goin' Honky Tonkin' Anymore* and *You Nearly Lose Your Mind*). More interestingly, Nathan also had him cover R&B material, Ruth Brown's *Teardrops From My Eyes*, Big John Greer's *Got You On My Mind* and Lucky Millinder's *I'm Waiting Just For You*, which made #8 in the Country charts. However, the standouts are clearly the proto-rockabilly tracks *Rattlesnakin' Daddy*, *Dog House Boogie* and *Back To The Dog House*. Hawkins left King in 1953 but after fruitless stints at RCA and Columbia, Nathan took him back in 1962. Hawkins wife, Jean Shepard, had recorded Justin Tubb's *Lonesome 7-7203*, but as Capitol wouldn't release her version, Hawkins cut his own. It entered the charts on March 2nd, 1963, three days before his death, after which it went to #1 for four weeks. King overdubbed a chorus on it, but the 24 tracks on this album are bracketed by an undubbed version and the original release, which makes for a fascinating contrast and commentary on the prevailing Nashville fashion to which King had pandered. JC

## THE BEST OF MERLE TRAVIS SWEET TEMPTATIONS (1946-1953)

(Razor & Tie\*\*\*\*)

Everybody should have at least one Merle Travis album in their collection, but Razor & Tie have done themselves out of 'Essential' status for their 20 track collection of the great country songwriter, seminal guitarist and visionary solid body guitar designer by one incomprehensible omission. They give us Travis' first Capitol single, *Cincinnati Lou/No Vacancy*, on which he played inaudible acoustic guitar with no solos, "a mistake," as Rich Keinzle notes, "that wouldn't be repeated." They give us hits like *Divorce Me COD*, *So Round*, *So Firm*, *So Fully Packed*, *Steel Guitar Rag* (with Noel Boggs), *Three Times Seven* and *Fat Gal*. They give us the original *Sixteen Tons*, Travis' versions of Jimmie Rodgers' *Blue Yodel #1* (with Joaquin Murphey) and, never before released in the US, *Any Old Time*. They give us *Kentucky Means Paradise*, *Sweet Temptation*, *Dry Bread* (with Speedy West), *Cannon Ball Rag*, *Lawdy*, *What A Gal*, *Guitar Rag*, *Deep South*, *Re-Enlistment Blues* (as featured in *From Here To Eternity*), *Kinfolks In Carolina* (with Joe Maphis and Speedy West) and *I'll See You In My Dreams*. OK, let's test your Merle Travis knowledge—what have they held back? Time's up. Where's *Smoke, Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette*? I sure hope this isn't some new kind of PC bullshit. If it is, Dave Alvin, for one, is fucked. JC

## THE NONCHALANTS • DRIVE THE SOUVENIRS • KING OF HEARTACHE STOP THE TRUCK • THE 2 STEP PROGRAM

(Found Dog \*\*\*\*\*/Will\*\*\*\*\*/Stop The Truck \*\*\*\*\*)

Catch up time. There are always a few worthy albums in the mountain that I figure on getting to sooner or later, but somehow don't. As I have a little extra space this month, I'm trying to clear my conscience a little, so with apologies to these acts for the delay, and to the many others who may be wondering why they don't get the same treatment:

◆ The Nonchalants have been in the holding pattern for an entire year and I really can't think why because Jean Synodinos & Steve Uhler have a lot going for them, not least the marvel that is Synodinos' voice. The duo covers a lot of musical and emotional ground, but whether she's kicking butt (*Best Not Call Me Ma'am*), rocking out (*Let's Get Gone*) or spiritually pensive (*Sweet Mystery*), Synodinos is always compelling. Though the duo's guests include Marvin Dykhuis, Paul Percy, members of Tosca, Gary Primich, Ruthie Foster, Gene Elders and Chip Dolan, bassman Glenn Kawamoto's crisp production keeps her voice and Uhler's acoustic guitar work front and center. With elements of folk, rock, country, pop, R&B and blues, and a biting edge of sardonic humor, there isn't a dud among the eleven originals, but the duo's at its best with offbeat break-up songs. Music to pack by.

◆ Last month I mentioned some of the problems with advance copies, and another is that they often come in cardboard sleeves that can all too easily get lost in the shuffle, which is what happened to the Seattle honkytonkers. From the opposite corner of America, The Souvenirs seem to be using The Mavericks' formula, a Bakersfield Sound backing to Roy Orbison tearjerker sensibilities and vocal style, which might make them seem calculated, but they pull it off with utterly disarming style. In any case, they win major 3CM points by having a Faron Young song, *Your Old Used To Be*, the only cover among the 13 tracks. Though all the rest of the material was written by Lucky Lawrence, who's also the lead vocalist, this never seems like his band but rather an ensemble in which the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

◆ Absolutely no excuses on Stop The Truck—I flat out lost their album, but they patiently sent me another. For some odd reason, the Hill Country band stresses its origins in groups like The Lotions, which, from what I've heard of Texas reggae, seems an ambiguous boast at best, but on the other hand, it doesn't seem to hurt their honkytonkin' any. Lead singers Alan Monsarrat and Steve Carter cowrote most all 15 songs and if a few are generic and disposable, they connect often enough to make up for it, notably with the terrific title track, Carter & Erik Moll's *Bird On A Wire*, Bobby Shields' *Mother Of My Teardrops*, *Tex Avery Song*, *One Of Your Lies* and the goofy *Love Wig*. Powered by the understated but always amazing lead guitar work of country/jazz giant Boomer Norman, and with guests like LeeAnn Atherton background vocals, Floyd Domino piano, Darcie Deaville fiddle and mandolin, Marty Muse steel and Scott Neubert dobro, this is relaxed honkytonk by a band that doesn't sound like they care about *No Depression*. JC

## I'M NOT SALLY • JEWELS AND FOOLS

(Big Prank \*\*\*)

Much as I dislike those awful 'Townes Van Zandt meets Jewel on Ted Nugent's front porch' analogies, there is (I hope) some relevance in describing Stacy & Rhonda Hill's group as a cross between Freakwater and Hazeldine. I wouldn't want to push this too far. One can deduce from their songwriting that the Newark, Delaware, sisters are somewhat younger than the formidable women of Louisville and Albuquerque, and they don't have, or, to be fair, don't yet have, either the gripping hyper-intelligent intensity of the one or the (equally gripping) spacy eroticism of the other. However, in their rather ambitiously dubbed 'power folk,' you hear something very akin to both Irwin & Bean's edgy close harmonies and Shawn Barton's dreamy, caressing vocals, while the arrangements span both Hazeldine's alt-country twang and Freakwater's quasi-bluegrass. Like Hazeldine, the basic band is guitar, drums and bass, but various tracks feature pedal steel guitar (Eric Haywood, who in fact played on Freakwater's *End Time*), fiddle and banjo. The trouble with this comparison is that while the Hills come off well up to a point, rack them up against Catherine Irwin and Tonya Lamm as songwriters and you got a problem; even their best tracks, *Walk Away, A Lie*, *Eye To Eye*, don't really stick. Right now, I'm Not Sally have a really lovely sound but are somewhat lacking in substance, but, hell, even a G rated Junior Miss version of either Freakwater or Hazeldine or a blend of both can't be bad. JC



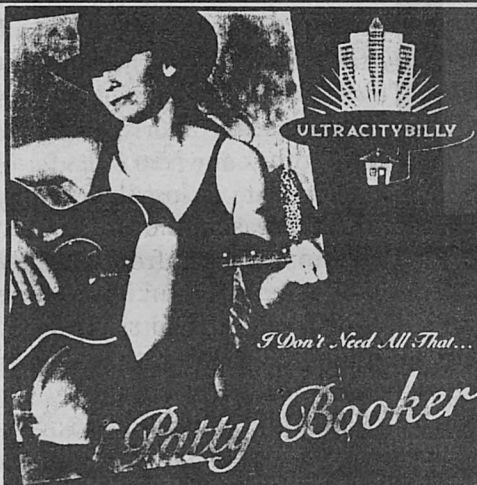


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## TROUBLE OOP MILL Is Rounder Losing Its Soul?

**F**or 23 years, Glenn Jones got nothing but positive job performance ratings at Rounder Records. Then he drafted a letter to the label's founders, Marian Leighton Levy, Bill Nowlin, and Ken Irwin, protesting the promotion of general manager Paul Foley's girlfriend to VP of Sales & Marketing. Someone leaked the letter to Foley who the very next day served Jones with two 'performance warnings,' for being late to work and for a single typo in a 300-page catalog. A few days later, he gave Jones a third warning, for spending too much time on non-work related email, ie drafting the letter of protest. Under the terms of Rounder's union contract, three performance warnings are grounds for dismissal and on April 3rd, Jones, senior shop steward for the 70 non-managerial Rounder employees who belong to the Service Employees International Union, was fired.

◆ Foley came to Rounder from Polygram, as did his girlfriend, Sheri Sands, so maybe he thinks this kind of corporate shit doesn't stink, but he soon learned that the stench got up a lot of noses, some of them belonging to people not without influence, who traced the smell back to its source. Thanks to the heavy pounding the label's been taking from Dave Marsh in his syndicated column, Michelle Chihara of the *Boston Phoenix* (terrific advocacy journalism: [www.bostonphoenix.com](http://www.bostonphoenix.com)) and *Billboard*'s Chris Morris, Rounder is now on the defensive, agreeing to go to fast-paced mediation (the hearing is set for June 5th), rather than arbitration, which can be dragged out for a year or more.

◆ However you feel about nepotism (the consensus seems to be that Sands isn't so much unqualified as underqualified) or union-busting, Foley's behaviour has to be grounds for real concern. I'd offer very long odds that there isn't a single 3CM reader who doesn't have several Rounder albums in his or her collection, because, whatever criticisms one may have of the label, they've been putting out an incredible range of roots music for 30 years, building up a 2000 strong catalog of albums, almost none of which any major would even consider releasing. Putting a man with a major label background in charge of such an operation necessarily makes one wonder what the future holds. Foley is obviously a prick, but many allege he really is Corporate Man, a soulless weasel concerned only with the bottom line, which, well, I don't think I have to draw a picture of the potentially devastating corollaries.

◆ Rounder's 'good guy' image has always been somewhat of an illusion, owing more to its catalog than its actual behaviour. With very few exceptions (Thorogood, Krauss), Rounder artists, notoriously, never make a dime from their albums. In fact, Marsh, in a 1999 article on Rounder's standard contract, concluded that it was actually worse than any major's ("It's kind of like a porno script. You get screwed a different way on every page"). As Marsh remarked to me, "Artists sign for exposure, if it was about money, they'd raze Rounder to the ground." Nor is union-busting anything new; in 1980, Levy, Nowlin and Irwin hired a leading anti-labor law firm to try and prevent their employees organizing in the first place.

◆ However, there's no denying that Levy, Nowlin and Irwin once shared a passion for music with their dedicated staff. Emphasis on 'once.' In a recent email to Thom Jurek, Nowlin made the rather astonishing admission that "I do in fact consider Rounder to be 'just another record company,'" which certainly lends weight to Glenn Jones' feeling that the staff is "holding Rounder to an ideal I don't think Rounder is holding itself to anymore." In the wake of Sands' promotion, a dozen veteran staffers quit, an unmistakable indicator of plunging morale and disillusion (Chihara noted that many of her sources had to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals).

◆ By the time you read this, Jones should already have been reinstated, but the questions his case has raised will linger. What can we on the outside do? Not sure, but here are a few email addresses you may find useful: Marian Leighton Levy: [marianl@rounder.com](mailto:marianl@rounder.com); Bill Nowlin: [billn@rounder.com](mailto:billn@rounder.com); Ken Irwin: [keni@rounder.com](mailto:keni@rounder.com); John Virant (company president): [johnv@rounder.com](mailto:johnv@rounder.com) and, of course, Paul Foley: [paulf@rounder.com](mailto:paulf@rounder.com). Let's rain some shit on them. **JC**

## NATHAN & THE ZYDECO CHA CHAS • Let's Go

(Rounder \*\*\*\*\*)

**O**n his seventh Rounder release, Nathan Williams once again offers up a tantalizing South Louisiana stew that owes as much to New Orleans R&B and Bayou swamp pop as it does the fiery sounds of zydeco. One of the most consistently solid bands on the live scene for over a decade, Williams and company have never been about the flashy tactics that many of the young turks opt for of late. Rather, Nathan & The Zydeco Cha Chas have always been more about nurturing a soulful groove to go with that ever-steady beat. In other words, substance is job one and let's worry about looks later. The swampy tones that fill **Let's Go**, lots of bluesy accordion, bellowing sax and that rock steady rhythm, is a sound very few on the Crawfish Circuit have been able to achieve. Think of late legends like Clifton Chenier and John Delafosse, each of whom injected a whole lot of blues and soul into their own respective brands of zydeco, for comparisons sake, and each of whom could fill a dance floor in a heartbeat. Still based out of Lafayette, Williams continues to hone his songwriting chops (mind you, songwriting in the zydeco world is not about taking the listener deep and never will be for that matter) with 14 well-prepared originals to show for his labors. There's a bit of an autobiographical bent at work in numbers like *Zydeco Is All I Know* and the get-the-gumbo-cookin' *El Sid O's Party* while hot-steppers like *Put A Hump In Your Back* and *Zydeco Rumble* are purely for sweating your buns off on the dance floor (side note: a zydeco record isn't official if there aren't at least the prerequisite two numbers with 'zydeco' in the title. **Let's Go** is an official record.) Working his trademark white piano accordion like a mechanic works that favorite wrench, Williams takes the listener to Gulf Coast points far and wide while in the process remaining loyal to the zydeco bedrock that is the foundation of his seasoned, Creole sound. And whereas all too much zydeco these days borders on a lack of originality leading to monotonous music, Williams' multi-flavored approach is like a breath of fresh air. It makes **Let's Go** wash down real easy.

**Dan Ferguson**

## RANDY WEEKS • MADELINE

(HighTone \*\*\*\*\*)

**B**y its lonesome, the name may not ring familiar. Perhaps The Lonesome Strangers will. It was the mid-80s when Weeks teamed with pal Jeff Rymes to form the longtime Southern California cowpunk entity. Arriving out of the 'Town South of Bakersfield' scene, The Lonesome Strangers drew attention thanks to Weeks & Rymes' Everlys-inspired harmonies and equally affecting country rock sound. Maybe it comes down to a matter of hoeing the same turf for too long, where your music just doesn't seem to connect the way you'd like it to. Then again, check out the songwriter credit for *Can't Let Go* from Lucinda Williams' Grammy-winning *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road* and you'll see (Randy Weeks) as the pen behind that minor hit. Translation: Williams sell lots of records = \$\$\$ for Weeks = "I don't need this Lonesome Strangers thing which despite critical kudos, is going nowhere." In other words, time to at least seek greener pastures. And that's exactly what Weeks does with his solo debut. Tapping the talents of such West Coast cronies as Tony Gilkyson (ex-X), Don Heffington, and Kip Boardman on the support end, **Madeline** is an album that displays wads of American roots music styles from blues to unabashed rock 'n' roll and country rock to deep southern soul. At it's creative center is the reedy-voiced Weeks, soulful as all get-up on tracks like *Baby You Got To Choose*, *Don't Step Away* and the title track, kickin' butt on up-tempo blues-rockers like *Countryside With You* and the aforementioned *Can't Let Go*, and getting down and funky on rootsy groovers like *Motor City* and *Long Ride Home*. Put simply, **Madeline** is one of those records that sinks its teeth in slowly and on which Weeks displays top-shelf talent, all by his lonesome. A stranger no more.

**Dan Ferguson**

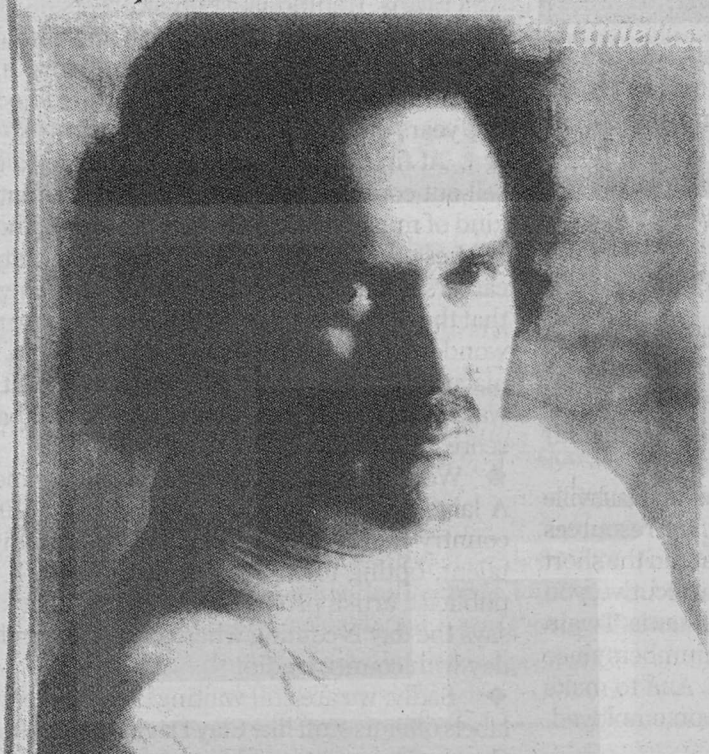
## TOM HOUSE • 'Til You've Seen Mine

(Catamount \*\*\*\*\*)

**A** track on a Bloodshot compilation focusing on the Nashville alt country underground first introduced me to the wonder of songwriter/beat poet Tom House. A spoken-word hunk of verse set to strung-out, jagged-edged slide guitar entitled *The Hank Williams Memorial Myth* was the track and House was like a hillbilly evangelist delivering the gospel about that mythic country & western cat. Been hooked ever since. Now three records later, including this latest chapter, the ramblings of this boho beatnik poet from the 'other side of Nashville' continues to intrigue. A tough nut to put a finger on, not-your-ordinary-hillbilly-music is one way to describe the innards of **'Til You've Seen Mine**. An easy description is anti-commercial country. On the record, House throws more curve balls than Koufax, artfully creating story lines drawn from the contemporary times and carving them into the types of tales you could picture maybe a Carter Stanley or Charlie Poole singing eons ago. Saddling his songs with melodies that span ragged hoedown arrangements to the blues with flourishes of Cajun and the British Isles (*Elmer Smith*) thrown in, the psyche of a factory town (*Bull City Blues*), tales where the bottle occupies a pivotal place (*Long Hard Drinking*), recounting the loneliness of excursions to faraway places and images a-plenty is just some of the makeup of House's wordy, yellow-glazed vignettes. Perhaps no two songs on the album better embody House's skill with the written word than *The Cold Hard Curve Of A Question Mark* which is both a provocative and moving tale of loneliness and the need for companionship that's rife with metaphorical moments, and the poignant closing number *Letter From My Father*. With a backing ensemble lead by Sam Bush and both timely and soulful vocal assists from Tracy Nelson and David Olney, a mighty satisfying, albeit offbeat, brew. **Dan Ferguson**



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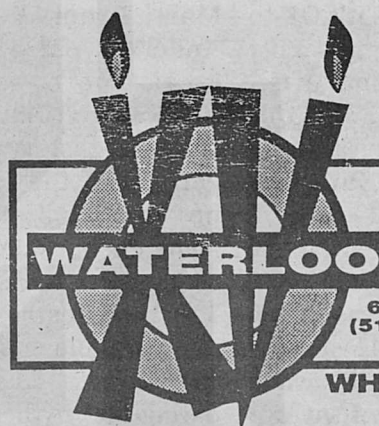
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# JOHN THE REVELATOR

**C**ibolo PS: after I got back from the printers last month, **Jimmie Dale Gilmore**, who'd only just got my request for a **Cibolo Creek** comment, came back to me with: "The only country club I'd ever be a member of." There are, of course, various other ways one could phrase this sentiment.

◆ Maybe time to think up a new name for my column because when I said there was a song title on the cover, I completely spaced out *John The Revelator*. The one I had in mind for the Twangfest tickets giveaway was *A Place For Girls Like You*, which was recorded, surprise, surprise, by **Faron Young** (first correct identification: Clint Holley, Cleveland, OH). However, **John Flippo**, Osage Beach, MO, got the tix for *John The Revelator*, though Phil Harburn, Peterborough, UK, pointing out that The Bessemer Sunset Four recorded *John The Revelator* (sic) six months before **Blind Willie Johnson**, though Vocalion didn't release it, put in a bid for a pedant's prize ("On the other hand, perhaps I should piss off and get a life").

◆ Touch of pedantry from Mike Trynosky: "Though I totally agree that **Ray Condo & His Ricochets** are a cover band, it's not entirely true that the band hasn't recorded any original material on any of their three albums. Stephen Nikleva & Jimmy Roy cowrote the instrumental *Strathcona* which appears on **Swing Brother Swing** and the radically different import version contains another Nikleva & Roy cowrite, *Late Night With The Blues*." I stand corrected, though I have to say that even his label didn't pick up on this.

◆ Got a call mid-May from Casey Monahan of the Texas Music Office to tell me that **Don Walser** was about to receive a National Heritage Fellowship, from the National Endowment for the Arts, but I wasn't to tell anybody, especially Don. Then, a week or so later, Don called to tell me he was getting the award, but I wasn't to tell anyone, especially Casey. OK, I made that last bit up, but as I've now got the press release, I guess it's OK to tell you guys. The Fellowship, "the country's most prestigious honor in folk and traditional arts," worth a useful \$10,000, is one of 13 awarded this year, and among the other recipients were **Chris Strachwitz** of Arhoolie Records and **Santiago Jimenez Jr.**

◆ Tom Herod, who, as a UT film student, made **An Evening At Threadgill's**, reviewed last issue, would love to hear from anyone who was in the audience that night. So if you were a UT student in 1971 and remember being at Threadgill's when there cameras and lights—but what am I saying? Put it another way, if you see the film, which, incidentally is available at Threadgill's North and Waterloo, and recognize yourself, call Tom at 1-800-579-1250.

◆ **Greg Johnson**, who now runs The Blue Door in Oklahoma City, and still puts on annual **Woodie Guthrie** tributes up there, called to thank me for remembering the ones he staged in Austin during the early 90s, though, as Barbara Roseman of Lubbock Or Leave It had already reminded me, there were actually three of them. Still, Greg thought the last, also at La Zona Rosa, at which a well-known artist got shitfaced and had to spend the next few weeks apologizing to everybody for her appalling behaviour, was

probably best forgotten. While I'm sure he didn't mean to impugn the depth or longevity of anyone's commitment to Guthrie, Greg did observe that some of the performers at the Paramount show had declined repeated invitations to appear at his tributes. Put it this way, Jimmy LaFave was the only common denominator.

◆ Thinking of **Jimmy LaFave**, he made a very uncharacteristic misreading of the audience at Griff Luneburg's trial run, a song circle with Betty Elders, Michael Fracasso and Eliza Gilkyson, of using the 300 seat TU Theater as a step between the Cactus Cafe and the ghastly TU Ballroom. With a makeshift bar, it worked out pretty well, though a tad too sit-down formal for my taste, but at about the halfway mark, Jimmy asked whether the circle should do another round or take a break. Maybe the folks up front drowned them out, but the "break, break" crowd at the back were a bit put out when he said, "OK, we'll go round another time."

◆ It's nothing fancy, just an announcement of what's in the current issue and contact info, but **3CM** actually has a functional webpage for the first time, thanks to **Bill Groll** who puts out *Musicalternatives*, a free email newsletter, which lets people know about Americana and South Austin music events, with an emphasis on no cover shows. Anyway, the **3CM** address is <http://thirdcm.homepage.com/>, and you can reach Groll at [musicnewsletter@postmark.net](mailto:musicnewsletter@postmark.net) or check his website at <http://musicnewsletter.homepage.com>.

◆ For another specialized music newsletter, **Shaan Shirazi** ([shaan@texas.net](mailto:shaan@texas.net)), who plays with Mitzi Henry & The Texas Traildusters, The Lowells, and ("from time to time nowadays") Roger Wallace, sends out a regular annotated email listing of upcoming gigs by almost 40 Austin area 'two-stepping' bands. Shaan's also planning a website, [twosteppers.com](http://twosteppers.com), to promote the music and lifestyle, "when I get round to designing it."

◆ In the last few issues, I've reviewed CDs by Martí Brom, Kelly Willis and LesLee 'Bird' Anderson put out by **Billy Poore's** Renegade label. Poore, as the title of his 1998 book, **Rockabilly; A Forty Year Journey**, the most complete history of the genre, makes obvious, is a veteran of the rockabilly scene, as performer, promoter, club and label operator. While he's made some enemies along the way, even they must be saddened by news of the fire at his home in Linden, TN, that destroyed an enormous, unique and irreplaceable collection of rockabilly and rock & roll singles, LPs, memorabilia and ephemera dating back to the 50s (though Billy himself is more upset about losing two of his and Pepper's four dogs and six of their eight cats). A local benefit was held in May, headlined by Sleepy LaBeef, but one way to help the Poores is by buying copies of the new CDs which, stored elsewhere, are about all they have left. Renegade Records, Rt 4 Box 161-A1, Linden, TN 37096.

◆ "I listen to the country radio, and it sounds as if my music that I made in the 70s and the 80s would feel very comfortable in the country music style today." **Barry Manilow**.

◆ While I have very little use for **Kenny Rogers**, I have to hand it to him for becoming, in the face of country's obsession with youth, the oldest person, at 61, ever to have a #1 hit. The record was

previously held by Hank Snow, who was 59 when *Hello Love* was #1 on the country charts in 1974. Even more interesting is that *Buy Me A Rose*, on Dreamcatcher, is also the first independent record to reach #1 in the last 15 years.

◆ Very little has come out of the rumor mill about **Michael Corcoran's** fall from grace, but I've been keeping an eye on the assignments he's been getting since the *Austin American-Statesman* abruptly axed his column (*Sandywatch*). So, in my capacity as #1 on his list, I'd like to welcome him to the ranks of **People With Less Clout Than They Think They Do**.

◆ **Americana Music Association** update: since last month's report, I've discovered that several people, some of whom are the kind of folks that the AMA really ought to be actively recruiting, are watching to see what develops with my membership application. Well, at the nine week mark, I've still had no actually response as such, but my contact inside the organization tells me that a form letter welcoming new members is being prepared and I should get one shortly. We will see.

◆ If you don't know who **Pat Green** is, don't worry about it, he's no fucking good, but last month, **Rob Patterson** wrote an article on him for the *Dallas Observer* that generated an amazing amount of hate mail, mostly illiterate, which figures as Green has a frat boy audience even more loathsome than Robert Earl Keen's. You can find a pretty good selection at the *Observer's* website, but, for my money, the pick of the crop was "You must be one of those rich yuppie Dallas homos." Well, to be fair, he did live in Dallas for a while, a good few years ago.

◆ As the *Dallas Observer* had to cut part of his piece for space reasons, we figured this gave us a neat opportunity to rile up his fans again, so here's **Rob Patterson on The Pat Green School of 'Texas' Songwriting**:

◆ Hey kids! Wanna write a Pat Green song? It's dead easy, just try it. First, make sure you get in some mention of booze. After all, Pat slips it into five of the 12 songs on **Carry On**, including the title of the first song, *Whiskey* (Wow! Must have taken ol' Pat all of a millisecond to think that one up). Then toss in something about Momma, because if Pat name checks her a good five times on **Carry On**, well, then there must be something to it. For good measure, drop in the word "crazy." Pat uses that one three times on the CD, including as—you guessed it—a song title. Guess Pat musta figured if Willie made something of it once, no harm in trying it again. For good measure, let's throw in a mention of cigarettes, because Pat does that twice on **Carry On** too. And there you go: *Crazy Whiskey and Cigarette Momma*. Damn boys, get me my guitar! Now all you gotta do is mention some kinda road or highway, dancehalls, and maybe Mexico, and you are off and running off at the bad songwriting mouth. Add a hackneyed melody, and you're king of drunks. And if somehow you can't manage to nail the song, just call on Pat's buddy up in Nashville, lil Walt Wilkins, who wrote a song and a half on Green's latest CD. Because hey, Walt's biggest claim to fame is writing a hit for Ty Herndon, so he must grok something about this songwriting game, right? But I know you can do it, and probably in far less time than it took Green to write anything on **Carry On**. He is, after all, a man who even admits in one of his own lyrics—to the execrable *Louisiana Song* that closes the album—"Now this ain't hardly no story, yeah it's barely even worth the tell [sic]." Well then Pat, why'd ya even bother to write it, much less record it?



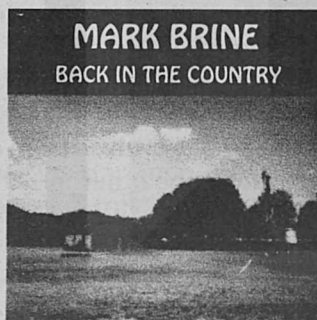
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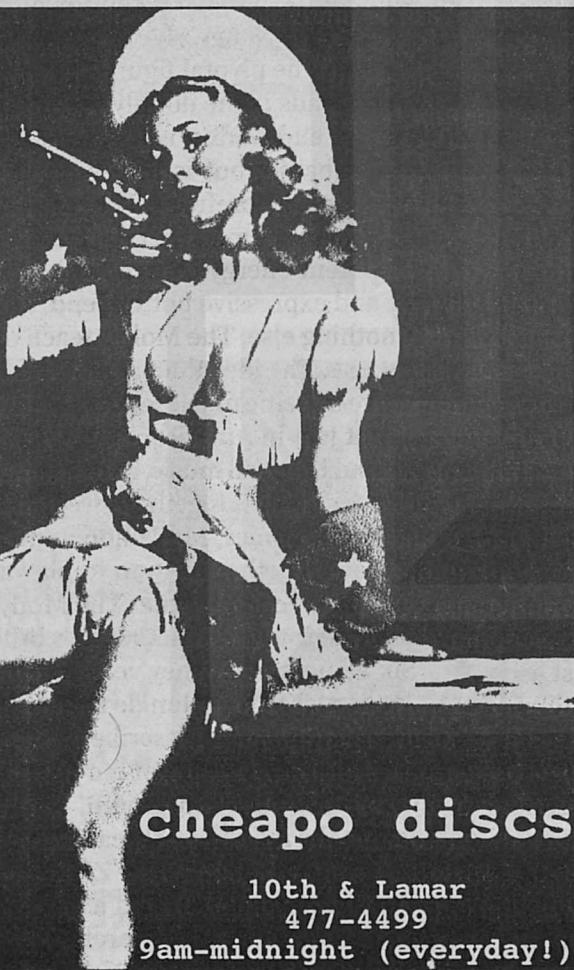
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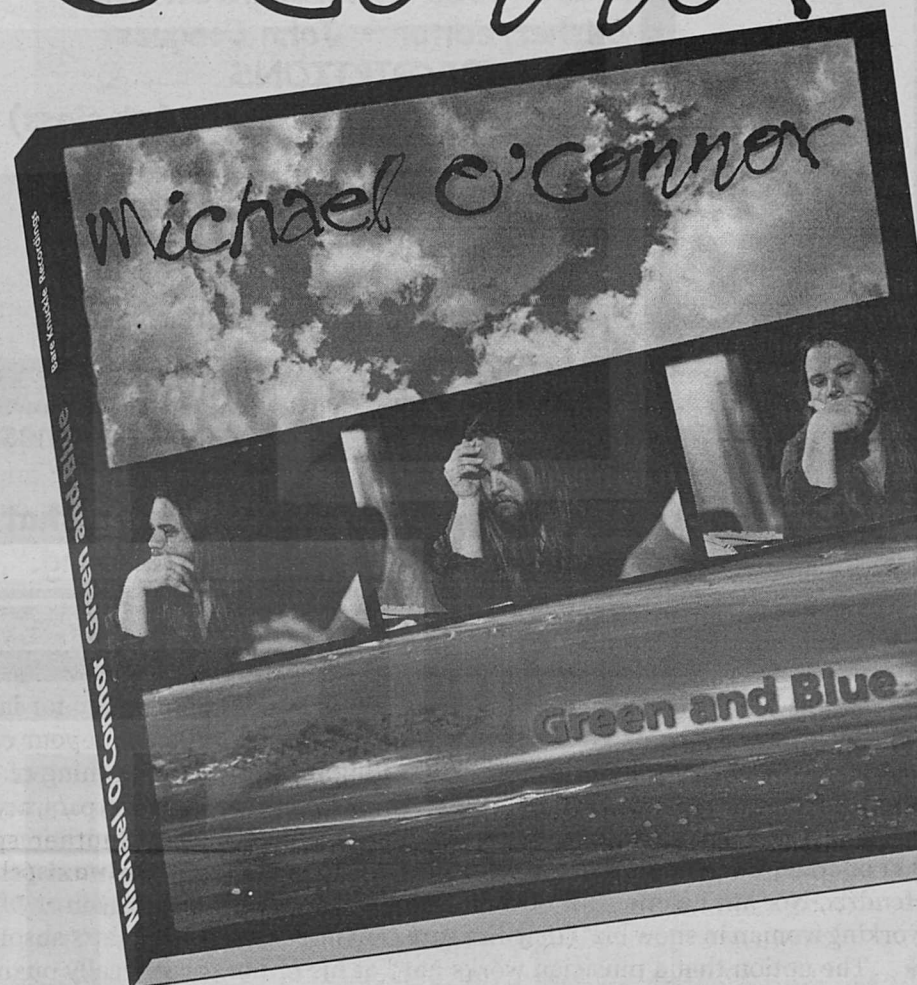
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## ART & CRAFT

**D**ear Terri Hendrix, I feel I owe you something of an apology for last month's review of *Places In Between*, in which I rabbitied on about your craft when I really ought to have been concentrating on your Art. The thing of it is, Terri, over the ten years we've known each other, in particular the last five years, my regard for you as a singer and songwriter has been almost equalled by my admiration for the way you operate, to the point where I find it hard to separate these two aspects of Terri Hendrix. Nor am I alone, Jim Beal Jr, for one, invariably refers to you as "The hardest working woman in show biz" (that Jim sure can turn a phrase), and he's absolutely right.

◆ The notion that a musician works hard at his or her career really ought not to be cause for comment, in fact it should be a given, but it ain't. The record company operator I quoted last month as saying, "I work harder at some artists' careers than they do" would give his left nut to have someone on his roster who, as Lloyd Maines put it, "Gets up every morning and works from nine to five at the job of being Terri Hendrix, and then goes out to play a gig." I guess the songs get written on Sundays.

◆ However, while you'd be an asset to any label, and have been courted by many, one reason we admire you so much is that, by choice, you remain mistress of your own fate and, as hard as artists need to work when they have a label behind them, we know all too well they have to work ten, twenty times harder when they're on their own. Or rather ought to work ten, twenty times harder, because the point is that most of them don't. Any fool can make a record, and unfortunately far too many of them do, it's what happens after the pressing plant delivers the finished product that counts.

◆ Many criticisms can be levelled at record labels and I'm sure you've heard them all, but what born-again evangelists for DIY and Internet marketing don't quite grasp is that labels do a whole lot of very unglamorous drudge work, and they have a few things that DIY artists don't. Like postage meters and stocks of padded bags. Like label printers hooked up to databases of DJs and record reviewers. Like longterm relationships with record stores, radio stations and music journals. Like advertising departments. Like distribution. To do the essential work that's routine for a label, the DIY artist, with only a vague idea of what a wheel actually does, literally has to reinvent it from scratch.

◆ Which, unlike you, most of them don't. They set up websites but they might just as well call themselves Adam's Off Ox and be done with it, because nobody knows who they are since they've done little or nothing to create a demand or even any interest. There are, of course, gradations; though some artists really are totally passive, most do manage basic things like consigning albums at local record stores, maybe sending out some media promos, while a few, more enterprising, take out ads and set up in-stores and radio appearances, but for the sustained full court press, album after album, well, there're just ain't a lot like you.

◆ On the other hand, we wouldn't give a shit about all the work you do if it wasn't for the Talent. It's the combination that knocks us out. You could give lessons on how to succeed in the music business, except that you're way too busy succeeding, and, like I said, it's not accident or luck, you're earning it.

✂

## THE MOLLYS ONLY A STORY

(Apolkalips Now \*\*\*\*\*)

**C**onquest & Thompson have kind of an odd musical history with longtime 3CM subscriber John Patterson, of Santa Cruz. Last time DL and I were in California, the three of us drove in to San Francisco to see—Jo Carol Pierce. Then, when John was visiting Austin recently, along with his brother and sister-in-law, we went to see a band from—Tucson, AZ. Next time round, I figure we'll meet up in Albany, NY, Bill & Bonnie's hometown, and go see Ray Condo or Freakwater or someone equally logical. Anyway, John was the first of the many who've extolled the virtues of The Mollys to me, and I want to thank him for dragging our asses out to see them, because this is a great band and I only wish I'd caught up with them sooner. Fortunately, we did make in time for one of Catherine Zavala's last gigs before she and drummer Gary Mackender, worn out by the endless touring, quit the band.

◆ Apart from anything else, longer acquaintance would have allowed me to follow the way The Mollys' emphasis has evolved from one end of their Celtic/Conjunto/Country spectrum to the other in real time. On the other hand, my crash course of all their available CDs, followed shortly after by the latest, their sixth, does allow for keen appreciation of bassplayer Don Sorenson's remark about the band's songwriter and principal vocalist, Nancy McCallion, with whom he's worked since 1983 when they, and Zavala, were in Tucson pop band Nadine & The MoPhonics. "She's come up with a solid CD's worth of material every 18 months for the last several years, not a few good tunes and a bunch of filler. I'm amazed. I'd put her lyrics up against anybody's stuff."

◆ This is not just partisan rhetoric; Geoffrey Himes of *The Washington Post* believes McCallion "rivals Lucinda Williams and Iris DeMent as one of the finest Americana songwriters of the 90's and she deserves a comparable reputation," while other writers have bemoaned the fact that The Mollys' standard 'Los Lobos meet The Pogues' write-ups detract attention from McCallion's poignant songwriting when it is, in fact, the central element. Sorenson observes, "The main thing I'd want to make people understand about The Mollys is that we aren't eclectic for the sake of eclecticism; we're not just trying to see how many influences we can squeeze in. It's just a matter of diverse backgrounds and using whatever serves Nancy's lyrics and melodies the best. Because we can."

◆ Indeed. The pivotal figure in the band's ability to follow wherever McCallion leads is the doubly versatile Kevin Schramm, who not only plays piano and button accordions, bazouki, slide bazouki, lap steel, guitar and banjo, but is utterly convincing no matter which of The Mollys' genres is forefront. The mandolin, fiddle and vocals of Zavala, whose exuberance made her the band's visual focus, provided an almost equally potent energy source, with Sorenson's fretless bass providing flexible and expressive bottom end.

◆ If nothing else, The Mollys teach one a new respect for the Tucson music scene. The idea that a ten year old girl can arrive from Scotland, with a love of Celtic music learned from an Irish grandmother, immerse herself not just in American pop, rock and folk but the local brands of country and Mexican music, and then find a sympathetic band that could tie all these elements together—well, I wouldn't care to try that in Austin. After the MoPhonics, McCallion and Zavala went their separate ways, but got back together in 1990 to play an all-Irish St Patrick's Day gig, which went over so well that The Mollys started performing regularly, and began to integrate McCallion's other influences.

◆ Six albums later, they've reached a point where those influences are a lot harder to disentangle than they used to be. 1995's *This Is My Round* is fairly easy to describe as predominantly Irish, but with *Only A Story*, the culmination of ten years of treating Celtic, Conjunto and Country music as a continuum, it's possible but rather pointless to distinguish the individual threads from which The Mollys weave such a marvelous tapestry. However Zavala's departure affects the band, the original lineup's swansong is a stunner. In any case, as long as The Mollys still have Schramm, Sorenson and, above all, McCallion, writing songs as wonderful as *Don't Come On Strong And Run* and *Will You Forgive Me*, The Mollys are always going to have a devoted following.

Count me in.

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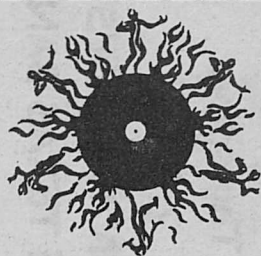
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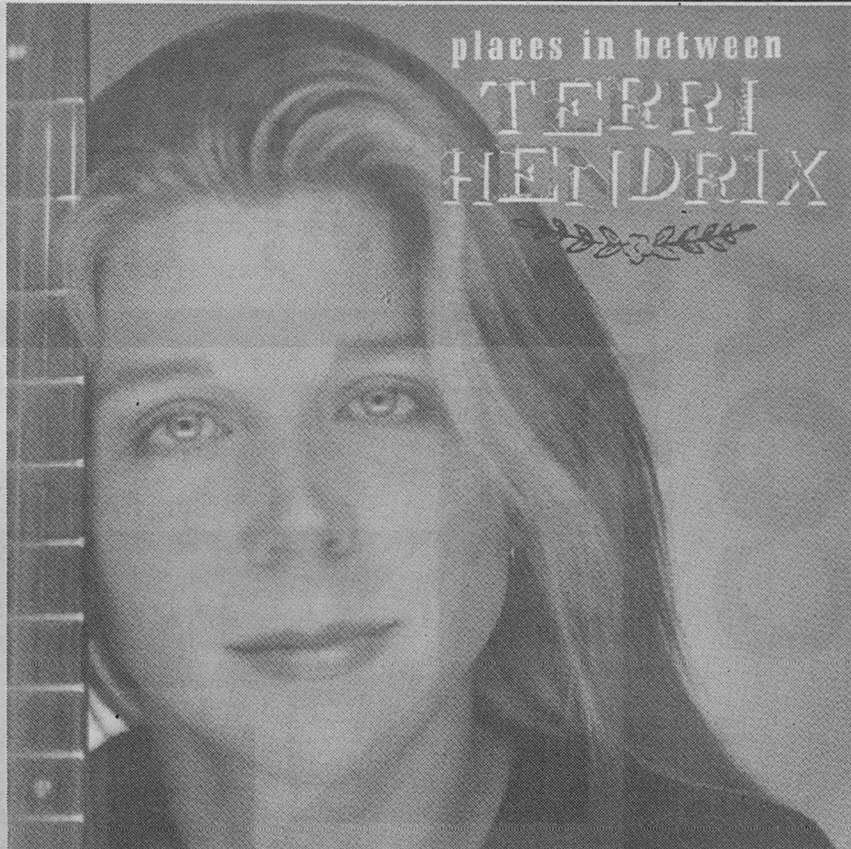
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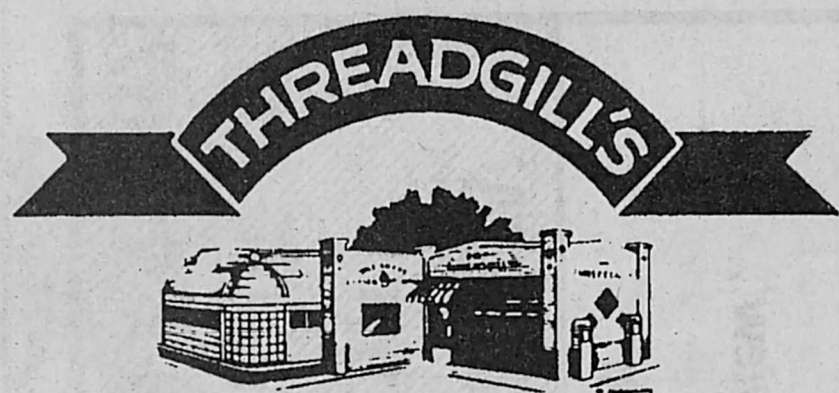
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- 3rd - Memphis Minnie • 1897 • Algiers, LA  
 ----- Buster Pickens • 1916 • Hempstead, TX  
 ----- Joe Bonsall • 1921 • Lake Arthur, LA  
 ----- Boots Randolph • 1927 • Paducah, KY
- 4th - Texas Ruby • 1908 • Wise Co, TX  
 ----- Freddy Fender • 1936 • San Benito, TX  
 ----- Rabon Delmore † 1952
- 5th - Narciso Martinez † 1992
- 6th - Gary US Bonds • 1939 • Jacksonville, FL  
 ----- Joe Stampley • 1943 • Springhill, LA  
 ----- Clarence White • 1944 • Lewiston, ME  
 ----- Steve Riley • 1969 • Mamou, LA
- 7th - Wynn Stewart • 1934 • Morrisville, MO
- 8th - Adolph Hofner • 1916 • Lavaca County, TX  
 ----- Alton Delmore † 1964
- 9th - Les Paul • 1915 • Waukesha, WI  
 ----- Herb Remington • 1926 • Mishawaka, IN  
 ----- Jackie Wilson • 1934 • Detroit, MI
- 10th Howlin' Wolf • 1910 • West Point, MS
- 11th John Inmon • 1949 • San Antonio, TX  
 ----- Bruce Robison • 1966 • Houston, TX
- 12th Charlie Feathers • 1932 • Holly Springs, MS  
 ----- Junior Brown • 1952 • Cottonwood, AZ  
 ----- JE Mainer † 1971  
 ----- Angelais Lejeune † 1974  
 ----- Johnny Bond † 1978
- 13th Clyde McPhatter † 1972
- 14th Wynonie Harris † 1969
- 15th Tex Owens • 1892 • Kileen, TX  
 ----- Leon Payne • 1917 • Alba, TX  
 ----- Waylon Jennings • 1937 • Littlefield, TX  
 ----- Art Pepper † 1982
- 16th Iain Matthews • 1946 • Scunthorpe, UK  
 ----- Bob Nolan † 1980
- 17th Red Foley • 1910 • Blue Lick, KY  
 ----- Henry Zimmerle • 1940 • San Antonio, TX  
 ----- Mike Buck • 1952 • Fort Worth, TX  
 ----- Dewey Balfa † 1992
- 18th Marti Brom • 1961 • St Louis, MO
- 20th T Texas Tyler • 1916 • Mena, AR  
 ----- Brian Wilson • 1942 • Hawthorne, CA  
 ----- Ira Louvin † 1965
- Louise Massey † 1983  
 ----- Boudleaux Bryant † 1987
- 21st Clifford Scott • 1928 • San Antonio, TX  
 ----- Paulino Bernal • 1939 • Raymondville, TX  
 ----- OC Smith • 1932 • Mansfield, LA
- 22nd Kris Kristofferson • 1936 • Brownsville, TX  
 ----- Jesse Ed Davis † 1988
- 23rd Zeb Turner • 1915 • Lynchburg, VA  
 ----- Elton Britt † 1972  
 ----- Wade Fruge † 1992
- 24th Gene Austin • 1900 • Gainesville, TX  
 ----- Lester Williams • 1920 • Groveton, TX  
 ----- Arthur Brown • 1944 • Whitby, UK
- 25th Clifton Chenier • 1925 • Opelousas, LA  
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