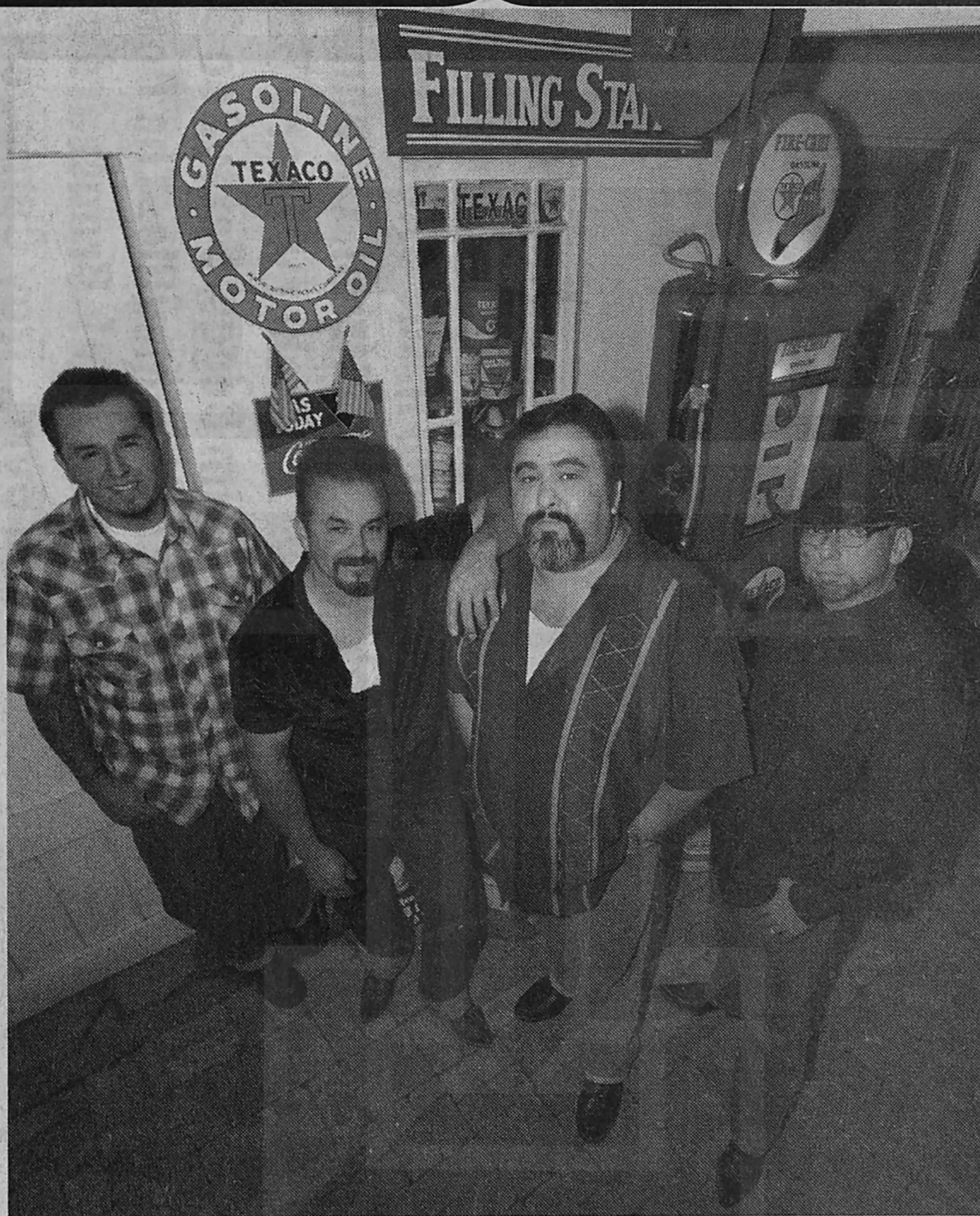


# 3<sup>rd</sup> COAST MUSIC



**LOS FABULOCOS**

**#171/260 APRIL 2011**



**LOOKING BACK ON NotSXSW 2011  
CRITICS: BURNOUT Vs CHEERLEADER  
JOHN THE REVEALATOR  
FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #140  
ROOTS BIRTHS & DEATHS  
REVIEWS \* \* \* \* \* (or not)**

**MICHAEL FRACASSO • ROBYN LUDWICK • AUGIE MEYERS  
LISA MORALES • JEFF TALMADGE • LUCINDA WILLIAMS**

**'NONE OF THE HITS, ALL OF THE TIME'**



To Name A Few...  
JUDY COLLINS  
KENNY WHITE  
CHERYL WHEELER  
ELIZA GILKYSON  
SLAID CLEAVES  
ERIC TAYLOR  
CHRISTINE LAVIN  
VANCE GILBERT  
KEVIN WELCH  
JONATHAN BYRD  
TERRI HENDRIX  
JIMMY LAFAVE  
DAVID WILCOX  
STEEL WHEELS  
RAY WYLIE HUBBARD  
GIRLYMAN  
ZOE LEWIS  
BILL HEARNE TRIO  
MICHAEL HEARNE  
MARTYN JOSEPH  
BOBBY BRIDGER  
DAVID AMRAM  
MICHAEL SMITH  
WILL TAYLOR  
ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL  
RANDY ROGERS & WADE BOWEN  
TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA  
CATHY FINK & MARCY MARXER  
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- 2 Hayes Carll: KMAG YOYO (& Other American Stories)  
(Lost Highway) \*AA/\*CS/\*FS/\*WR
- 3 Gurf Morlix: Blaze Foley's 113th Wet Dream  
(Rootball) \*BP/\*DJ/\*DT/\*HH/\*RJT
- 4 Zoe Muth & The Lost High Rollers: Starlight Hotel  
(Signature Sounds) \*BG/\*CP/\*ES/\*JM/\*KC/\*TA
- 5 Gal Holiday & The Honky Tonk Revue: Set Two  
(HTRP) \*AG/\*DV/\*LMG
- 6 Grant Peeples: Okra And Ecclesiastes (Gatorbone) \*OO
- 7 Carrie Rodriguez & Ben Kyle: We Still Love Our Country  
(Ninth Street Opus) \*DS/\*GG/\*JW
- 8 Drive-By Truckers: Go-Go Boots (ATO) \*TPR
- 9 Johnny Cash: From Memphis To Hollywood  
(Columbia/Legacy) \*BL/\*BS/\*NA
- 10 The Band of Heathens: Top Hat Crown & The Clapmaster's Son  
(BOH) \*MO/\*RF/\*SC
- 11 Lucinda Williams: Blessed (Lost Highway) \*GM
- 12- The Great Recession Orchestra: Have You Ever Even Heard  
Of Milton Brown? (New Tex Swing)
- 13 Hot Club Of Cowtown: What Makes Bob Holler (Proper) \*DWB
- 14 Rebecca Pronsky: Viewfinder (Nine Mile) \*CR/\*RE
- 15- Israel Nash Gripka: Barn Doors And Concrete Floors  
(self) \*GN/\*JB
- 16 Marti Brom: Not For Nothin' (Goofin'/Ripsaw) \*SH
- 17 Jonathan Byrd: Cackalack (Waterbug) \*MF
- 18- Rachel Harrington: Celilo Falls (Skinny Dennis)
- 19 Exene Cervenka: The Excitement Of Maybe  
(Bloodshot) \*BW/\*DF
- 20 Amy Black: One Time (Reuben) \*DG/\*KW
- 21- Malcolm Holcombe: To Drink The Rain (Music Road)
- 22 Marcia Ball: Roadside Attractions (Alligator) \*TG
- 23- Cornell Hurd Band: Big State, Long Road (Behemoth) \*LB
- 24- The Flyin' A's: 'Til They Shut It Down (self) \*FH
- 25- JD McPherson: Signs And Signifiers (Hi Style)
- 26 Jeff Talmadge: Kind Of Everything (Berkalin)
- 27 Neil Getz: Factory Second (Alligator Music) \*RA
- 28- Blame Sally: Speeding Ticket & A Valentine  
(North Street Opus)
- 29 Eric Hanke: Factory Man (Ten Foot Texan) \*RV
- 30 Steve Martin & The Steep Canyon Rangers: Rare Bird Alert  
(Rounder) \*AH
- 31 John-Alex Mason: Jook Joint Thunderclap (NJBM) \*HP
- 32- Boris McCutcheon & The Saltlicks: Wheel Of Life  
(Frogville) \*JH
- 33 Owen Temple: Mountain Home (El Paisano)
- 34- The Black Lillies: 100 Miles Of Wreckage (North Knox) \*JT
- 35 Bobby Long: A Winter Tale (ATO) \*BB
- 36 Kimmie Rhodes: Dreams Of Flying (SBD)
- 37 Brian Wright: House On Fire (Sugar Hill) \*SS



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## † MUSIC (OR NOT)

Having bonded, at an Austin Songwriters Group press panel, over our mutual contempt for *Austin Chronicle* music writer Jim Caligiuri, Richard Skanse, formerly of *Rolling Stone*, currently editor of *Lone Star Music*, alerted me in early March to an online scrap he was having with Caligiuri concerning a SXSW panel the latter had proposed and would moderate—'I'm Not Old, Your Music Does Suck.' Caligiuri's thesis was that the problem with the music business isn't so much the business as the music, "we're somehow suffering the laws of diminishing returns—less good music, not more. Not only is rock dead, but country, blues, folk, and pop have also run dry," and that what modern music needs is "innovators," whatever the fuck that means.

This ding dong went on for quite some time, with several others chipping in, none sympathetic to Caligiuri. The "overwhelming" positive feedback he claimed to have received did not, apparently, extend to public endorsement. Having got into it with him in the past, I could have told Skanse that, while, unlike his editor, Raoul Hernandez, Caligiuri can construct a coherent sentence, his idea of debating is schoolyard insults—this time he called someone who disagreed with him a moron, which backfired somewhat as he spelled it 'moran'—but there's still a good deal of entertainment value in this exchange. You can find the whole thing by googling 'Sturgeon Caligiuri,' but here are some highlights.

Skanse's first comment was: "BS. There's as much if not more amazing music being made right now as there ever was. It's not about what the 'gatekeepers' put in front of us; it's about how willing one is to seek out the good stuff on one's own. Because there's tons of it, right under the proverbial nose." To which Caligiuri responded: "Perhaps Mr Skanse forgets that my job as a writer is to listen and seek out what's good... What color is the sky in your world? There is precious little that will be remembered as 'amazing' 50 or even 30 years from now. But I'm willing to learn. Gimme some names." That last sentence turned out to be something of a theme.

However, Skanse wasn't taking the bait: "I know what your job entails, Mr Caligiuri, because I have the same job. But it's not my job to help you do yours. Because if you can't be bothered to find the good stuff on your own, and are content to sit back and decide that everything sucks and no new art of value is being made anymore, maybe it's time to find another gig." This last became another theme, as another music writer, Jonathan Zwickel, put it, "Caligiuri is around the bend on the train to Overitville."

Caligiuri came back with "Too bad you can't name one band/act/artist that's 'amazing.' Maybe because there aren't any." The dishonesty here is breathtaking. Quite clearly, Skanse deliberately chose not to name anyone he considers amazing and gave a perfectly valid reason, which is not quite the same thing as couldn't. While I would have probably said something like "Read my fucking magazine, you'll find plenty of names," Skanse more mildly replied, "I have no interest in naming any band/act/artists for your consideration, because my issue isn't a matter of what I like vs what you like," but Caligiuri stuck with his contorted argument, "when I asked you to name one act that was 'amazing' you refuse. Is it because you can't or because their aren't any? I'd say that the issue is most definitely 'what I like vs what you like.' I see turds, you see diamonds. Not only that, but I can back up my opinion with historical perspective which I'm sure would eliminate 99 percent of what you consider amazing.... What I've come to realize with this exercise is that you would rather be a cheerleader for music that most people wouldn't give the time of day. That unfortunately is the state of most music criticism today."

With this, Skanse threw in his hand (temporarily, for some reason he came back later to be insulted again), pausing only to point out yet another flaw in Caligiuri's thesis: "if it's historical perspective you want, being a seasoned authority on all things music criticism, surely you're aware of the fact that not everything so widely accepted as seminal/defining/classic/5-star/etc today was welcomed as such straight out of the gate. Who are any of us to say, right here and now, what will be remembered in 20/50 years? And if something isn't remembered in 20/50 years, who are any of us to say it wasn't *worth* remembering?"

Had I been willing to tolerate Caligiuri's bad manners and intolerance, I would have remarked on two other flaws in his argument. One is that virtually every kind of music ever made is remembered and treasured by *some* people—check the catalogs of Arhoolie, Bear Family, Numero Group, Ace, El Toro, Sundazed, Raven and many other flourishing reissue labels. Would they be in business so long if there was no market for obscure, come to that ultra-obscure, recordings? The other is that I personally don't give a shit if "most people wouldn't give the time of day" to the music I write about. The point is, again, that *some* people do care deeply about it. As far as I'm concerned, "most people" can take a hike.

JC





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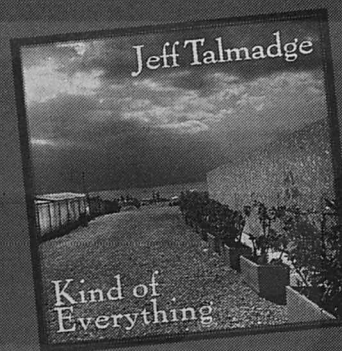
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\*Reports to the Freeform American Roots (FAR) Chart



## MICHAEL FRACASSO SAINT MONDAY

(Little Fuji ☼☼☼☼.5)

For almost the entire history of this here magazine, Ohio-born Fracasso, who moved to Austin from NYC in 1990, and was promptly voted Best New Artist in our *Music City Texas* 'Insiders' poll, has ranked among the best songwriters in a town that has no shortage of great songwriters, on top of which, he's a far better singer than most songwriters. However, while a perennial favorite with a small army of music writers and music lovers, he's never really broken out of Austin. This is the kind of thing that'll drive you nuts if you think about it too much, but thankfully Fracasso keeps making records and never fails to deliver. On his seventh, he gives full rein to his rock & roll and pop sensibilities, though using them to frame songs a good deal more complex than the norm, opening with the edgy, electric guitar-driven *While The Night Is Young*, followed by *Eloise* with its Bobby Fuller sound. They're followed by such outstanding songs as *Little Lover*, the brooding murder ballad *Elizabeth Lee* and the title track, a ballad which showcases Fracasso's marvellous vocals, often compared to Roy Orbison's (*Saint Monday*, incidentally, refers to a tradition of not showing up for work on Mondays). Then comes the stunning *Ada, OK*, on which Fracasso is joined by Patti Griffin in a jangly look back at a home with only bad memories. On the only cover, John Lennon's *Working Class Hero*, Kevin Russell of The Gourds plays mandolin. The album closes with the delicate *Another Million*, on which Fracasso accompanies himself on piano, "All I want is another million of whatever made you smile." If only J Hulett Jones hadn't committed several Deadly Sins in the artwork, this would be very close to perfect.

JC

## LUCINDA WILLIAMS • BLESSED

(Lost Highway ☼☼☼)

For her die-hard fans, who, for almost 20 years up to 1998, could buy her sporadic releases unheard with confidence, the last decade has been tough going, with Williams, though far more prolific, putting out self-indulgent albums that could, most charitably be described as uneven. Those who've stuck with her, even those who've given up on her, will really want this one to be different, they'll really want the songs to be equal to her best work in the 80s and 90s. The good news is that at least she sounds like her old self rather than someone doing a cruel Lucinda Williams parody, but the irritating mannerisms that flawed so much of her more recent work, the repetitions, particularly on the platitudinous title track and *Born To Be Loved*, and rigid structures, as on *Soldier's Song*, are still largely in place. Having married her manager, Tom Overby, in 2009, Williams has supposedly, and for the first time, found happiness and contentment which are reflected in some of the better songs, most obviously *Sweet Love*, *Convince Me* and *Kiss Like Your Kiss*, though death, in the form of the suicides of an unnamed friend (*Copenhagen*, which opens with an astonishingly clumsy metaphor) and Vic Chesnutt (*Seeing Black*, on which she simply seems irritated), still makes an appearance. With producers Overby, Don Was and Eric Lijstrand providing her with a by-the-numbers California roots rock backing, featuring Elvis Costello playing lead guitar on three tracks, one of them, unfortunately, the lightweight opener, *Buttercup*, this is definitely an improvement on anything she's done since *Car Wheels On A Gravel Road*. Just as definitely, it doesn't match her work up to *Car Wheels*, but I guess we'll have to see what emerges from the transition from sad lonely girl to happily married woman.

JC

## JEFF TALMADGE KIND OF EVERYTHING

(Berkalin ☼☼☼☼)

David Rodriguez and I once put together a surprisingly long list of Austin lawyer-musicians, one of whom sent me the first self-released CD I'd seen, back when cassettes were standard, prompting a fairly obvious and cynical thought about day jobs. Though he was practicing in Austin at the time, I can't remember if Talmadge, who put out his first album in 1999, was on that list, but if so, like Rodriguez, he eventually opted to be a musician rather than a lawyer, closing his practice in 2003 when he signed to a Dutch label which had set up a European tour. Though still billed as an Austin singer-songwriter, Talmadge lives in Atlanta, GA, and for his seventh album went north, well, for most it, tracks by Ray Bonneville, George Enslie, Bradley Kopp and Lloyd Maines were recorded in Texas, by Jaime Michaels in New Mexico, but for the most part it was cut in Nashville, produced by Thom Jutz, who played some lead guitar and did a superb job of mixing. With backing that also includes Fats Kaplin on fiddle, Ed Pettersen, who cowrote two of the songs with Talmadge, on guitar and vocals and Tim O'Brien mandolin and vocals, this is Talmadge's most musically ambitious album, but it's still the stories about characters in flux, filled with telling detail, that are center stage. Setting the scene with David Olney & Joe Fleming's *If It Wasn't For The Wind*, the only cover among the twelve tracks (plus the "bonus" *In The Quiet Of Christmas*), Talmadge writes about choices, most obviously on *Sometimes You Choose Love* ("sometimes love chooses you"). Which is a subject in which he has some expertise, as he observes in his bio, "Sometimes you choose a career and sometimes a career chooses you."

JC

## LISA MORALES BEAUTIFUL MISTAKE

(Zaino ☼☼☼☼)

You're listening to an album and you hear lines like: "I have grown apart from you." "I don't want to stay so I'm walking out the door," "Aren't you done too? This can't be good for you," "I am so indifferent these days," "He's gone like he never was there," "You say they will but things will never be the same," "This heart's for sale, I don't want it anymore." So, are you thinking breakup album? Can't blame you, because this sure sounds like one. Does it mean anything that David Spencer, a truly outstanding guitarist, doesn't play on his wife's solo album, and isn't mentioned in the copious thanks? Or is that just part of Morales wanting to distance herself from Sisters Morales, the much-loved San Antonio country-rock group she fronts with Roberta Morales? Ostensibly, this grew out of Morales' re-examination of her own life after her mother's death, a loss addressed in *Driving And Cryin'*, *Learn How To Pray* and *Fool That I Am*, but they're intertwined with songs that at least suggest a different, parallel sadness. Indeed, both are addressed in *They're Gone*. Those familiar with Sisters Morales will know that Lisa Morales has a beautiful voice and is an accomplished songwriter, but, dark and introspective, this is very different from her joyous work with Sisters Morales. A very serious album from a very seriously talented singer and songwriter.

JC

## AUGIE MEYERS TRIPPIN OUT ON TRIPLETS

(El Sendero ☼☼☼☼)

Just from the album title, cognoscenti of the genre hardly need to be told that Meyers is tackling Swamp Pop this time, with four originals and eight classics that, as he turned 70 last year, he most likely heard first time round. One of the most distinctive pianists in the business, Meyers can, of course, cover the triplets part of the program with ease, but, living in San Antonio, he can also call on The West Side Horns, Rocky Morales, Henry Rivas and Louie Bustos on saxes, Al Gomez on trumpet (plus Jack Barber bass) to provide the other essential component of the sound. Opening with Fats Domino & Dave Bartholomew's *Something Wrong*, this all-star ensemble offers driving versions of Huey P Meaux's *Think It Over*, memorably recorded by Jimmy Donley and Tommy McLain, Art Harris & Fred Jay's *What Am I Living For*, cut by many people, but for me the definitive version is Jimmy Clanton's, Kenny Rogers & Richard Marx's *Crazy Crazy Baby*, Fred Jay's *I Cried A Tear*, Ferdinand Washington & Don Robey's Johnny Ace hit *Pledging My Love*, Robert Thibodeaux's *I'm Not A Fool* and the quintessential Swamp Pop anthem, Huey Thierry (Cookie of Cookie & The Cupcakes) & George Khoury's *Mathilda* (spelled Matilda). Swamp Pop seems all but extinct in its native Louisiana, with Jin, the last surviving Swamp Pop label, scraping the bottom of the barrel with its last *Swamp Gold* compilation, but between Rick Broussard, Larry Lange & His Lonely Knights (who will soon be releasing an album featuring the legendary Tommy McLain) and Meyers, it's enjoying something of a revival in Texas.

JC

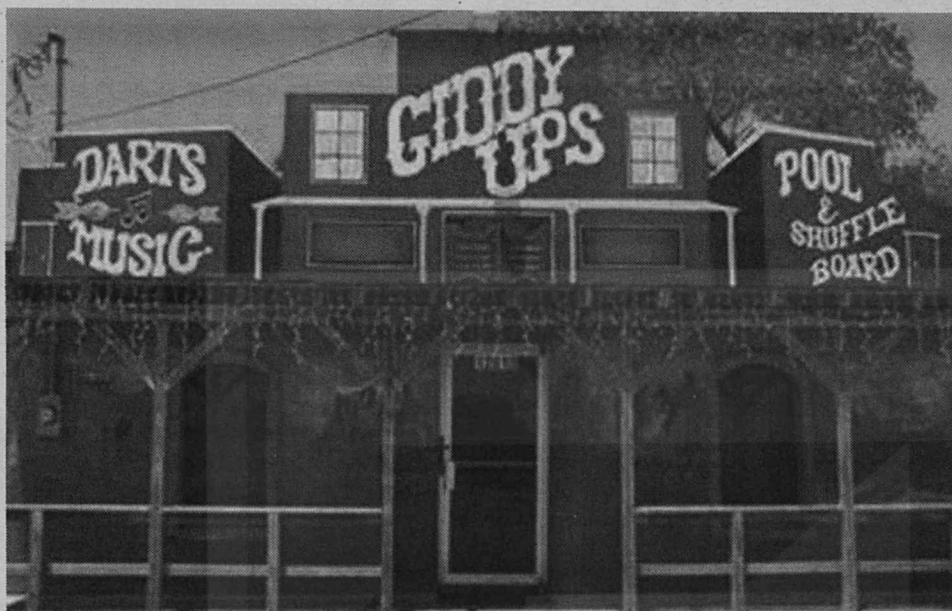
## ROBYN LUDWICK OUT OF THESE BLUES

(Late Show ☼☼☼☼)

Having a name for your own label provides a suggestion, however spurious, of a well-oiled and professional machine, but Ludwick's is more a reference to being slow out of the gate. While steeped in music from an early age, her great strength is that she didn't make her move until she was in her 30s and the tough broad photograph on the cover of *For So Long* (2005) was, right there, a clear statement that she'd been around the block a few times and didn't care who knew it. This may not be industry standard, but it sure worked for me because, from my personal experience, nothing enriches songwriting like actual personal experience. After hearing way too many overwrought pages from young girls' banal diaries, Ludwick's adult discourse was almost shocking in a debut singer-songwriter album. Her third, already released by a European label, is a major step up in some ways—it was produced, mixed and mastered by Gurf Morlix, who also plays electric, acoustic and pedal steel guitars, keyboards, something the liner notes call an "accordian," pump organ, mandolin and percussion and sings harmonies, along with Ian McLagan B3 and piano, Gene Elders fiddle, Eddie Cantu drums and "big plastic bone," John Ludwick bass with Trish Murphy and Slaid Cleaves singing harmonies. Which, above and beyond the Morlix imprimatur, in itself no small consideration, guarantees that the album is going to sound pretty damn good. However, it would never have happened in anything like this form, if not for Ludwick's 12 originals. A running theme is women facing and dealing with loss, disappointment, regret and betrayal, and the key lines, in the title track, are "See I never knew when to hold on, but I sure known when to let go, baby that's just the way that I roll." A measure of Ludwick's strength as a songwriter is that she can offer a reworking of John Prine's *Angel From Montgomery*, the closing *I Am*, and it's totally cool.

JC





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8th, JW & The Prospectors, 9pm

9th, Fond Kiser

14th, The Seceders, 7pm

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21st, Jim Stringer & The AM Band, 7pm

22nd, Joel Hoffman Band, 9p,

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28th, The Seceders, 8pm

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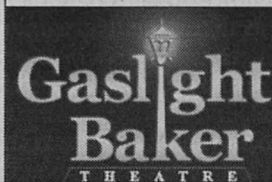
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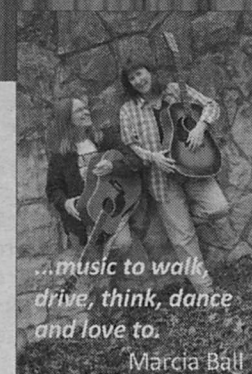
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# LOOKING BACK ON NotSXSW 2011

## ARNOLD BOECKLIN (old Orchard Beach, ME)

Best new (to me) & Wonderful: Les Sampou & Yvette Landry (tie).  
Better than ever: Eilen Jewell, Phil Lee & Ray Bonneville (tie)  
Blown Away By: Dave Alvin

## MARY BATTIATA (Arlington, VA)

Best Sound: G&S, Brad, indoors, especially, and Jared & Brad outside.  
Best Venue: G&S, having the indoors and the outdoors and the bar at one's disposal was like being a guest at a big house party, lots of room to amble around.  
Best show, far and away: there really was only one for me this year—Gurf Morlix's set at G&S. Blaze Foley's songs were marvels of economy and feeling, and the performance was stellar. Highlight of the week for me.  
Good as Ever: Monica Passin & Teri Joyce. Caught Teri's set late Friday afternoon at G&S, she was in great, great voice, best I've ever heard her, and ditto, Li'l Mo, who as ever was the coolest cat on the bandstand, no matter when/where.  
New to Me and Wonderful: Giddy Ups on Friday night for my 10pm set there was a huge moon, a full house, lovely people, great sound and friendly owner, plus a neat T-shirt for the bands. What's not to like?  
New Format, same power: Sam Baker at G&S, flanked by his mandolin trio. There was a line about how colored lights on trailers "sometimes look like jewels" that blew me away.  
New Format, to the 12th power: Michael Fracasso's killer band at G&S—and the mix that kept his wonderful voice and lyrics audible above and through it all.

## BOB HOWELL (Salem, OR)

To be honest, I liked everything I saw everywhere I went. Anyway, here goes.  
New to me and wonderful: Zoe Muth, Les Sampou, and Mike Stinson.  
Wonderful as ever: The usual suspects. Ted Roddy, Teri Joyce, Roger Wallace, Jim Stringer, Elizabeth McQueen, Brennen Leigh, Eric Hisaw, Eilen Jewell, Arty Hill, Phil Lee, Slaid Cleaves, Two Hoots & A Holler, Cornell Hurd.  
Better than ever: Miss Leslie, Miss Tess and Erin Harpe.  
Best new development: Betty Soo and Doug Cox make beautiful music together.  
Best Surprise: Jack Grace  
Best Venue: Toss up. Amelia's for singles and duos, G&S parking lot for bands. One suggestion: Invite a taco truck to park at G&S.  
Best Lineup: G&S  
Long time no see: It's good to know Sisters Morales and Libbi Bosworth are still around.  
Best Oregon band: Sallie Ford & The Sound Outside nailed it at Mohawk.  
Disappointments? What's not to like?

## JOE ANGEL (Dell Valle, TX)

Overall, I'd say this was the best NotSXSW I've been to in several years. The best thing about NotSXSW this year was that there was so much great music within walking distance. Between Amelia's, Once Over, and the indoor and outdoor stages at G&S, there was little reason to go anywhere else (and I regretted it when I did). Showcases at these venues ran on time and the sound levels were perfect (for the most part). It was nice to be able to hear Jimmy LaFave's vocals over the band for a change. On top of all that, there were plenty of affordable places to eat in the area and the weather was great.

There was so much great music that it's difficult to pick out a single Best of Show but I'll go with Danny Schmidt, Carrie Elkin, Sam Baker & Anthony Da Costa in the round at Once Over. The only problem with the set was that it was too short. Close behind was Yvette Landry with Bill Kirchen, followed by John Lilly with Bill Kirchen and Yvette Landry playing bass. Yvette Landry with Cindy Cashdollar at G&S was pretty special too.

Not new to me, but it was my first chance to see Grant Peeples, Les Sampou, Yvette Landry, and Dayna Kurtz perform. I was not disappointed by any of them. As good as I remembered: John Lilly, Miss Tess, Erin Harpe

Better than ever: Slaid Cleaves

Special moments: Slaid Cleaves singing the Don Walser classic *Rolling Stone From Texas* to finish out his G&S outdoor stage show on Wednesday. Don sang that the first time I saw him in the mid 80s and Slaid did him proud. Another special moment was seeing Will T. Massey chatting with Peg (of Chicago House Fame) at the side of the outdoor stage at the G&S Lounge. It brought back memories of seeing Will at Chicago House when he was just out of high school and reminded me of the influence that Peg, Glenda, and Chicago House still have on the Austin music scene (at least the music scene I enjoy).

The biggest disappointment of the week was the poor sound quality on Sam Baker's and Jane Gillman's vocals at G&S outside on Wednesday. It sounded as though the vocals were coming through the monitors. This could have been a great show, but what's the point if you can't hear the vocals. John Fullbright's set (Thursday G&S indoor stage) was somewhat of a disappointment also. It could have been a good set but John spent most of his time looking at the wall. I'm not sure he ever looked at the audience.

## RICHARD SKANSE (San Marcos, TX)

Best Of Show: Terri Hendrix. Fifteen years after I first heard her debut album, Terri Hendrix is still the gold standard for me in this particular music world. And her songs and chops (that wailing harp!) get absolutely better with every album, which is how things really should be. A=And that Lloyd Maines fella she plays with ain't bad, either.

Better Than Ever: Gurf Morlix. I've always respected Blaze Foley's reputation as a great songwriter, but honestly, I never really connected with the man's stuff directly (maybe because I never got to see him live), but **Blaze Foley's 113th Wet Dream** is the first tribute album to any artist I've ever heard that actually delivered as intended and enlightened me. Now, as much as I look forward to more Gurf originals in the future, I don't think I'll ever get tired of hearing him play Blaze.

Best Lineup: Wednesday at G&S was a whopper and I regretfully didn't even get to stay all the way to the end—missing the likes of Kevin Welch, Sam Baker and Slaid Cleaves. Troy Campbell and Michael Fracasso also had the misfortune of being booked inside while Amanda Shires and Terri Hendrix were playing outside (sorry, fellas), but I caught just enough of both to affirm that they were every bit as good as they were back in February at Folk Alliance in Memphis. Campbell's *Just Who's Driving* and *World of Tears* are still two of the most perfect songs I've ever heard, and Fracasso's **Saint Monday** album is now in a three-way tie with Lisa Morales' **Beautiful Mistake** and Lucinda Williams' **Blessed** as my favorite album of 2011. Shires' **Carrying Lightning** and Rod Picott's **Welding Burns** are both strong contenders, too, making this already a damn good year for new music, and Wednesday's G&S spread all killer, no filler.

New (To Me) & WpnderfuL; Robert Ellis & The Boys, grievously angelic cosmic honky-tonk from Houston. Scary good.

Also; Erin Harpe. Susan Herndon, Hanna Turi, Thrift Store Cowboys, Mike Ethan Messick.

Great As Ever: Amanda Shires, Rod Picott, Troy Campbell, Michael Fracasso; Matt the Electrician.

## OBIE OBERMARK (Dallas, TX)

Most impressive: Yvette Landry; She did both of my two favorite showcases, and the set with Cindy Cashdollar threatened to burn down the stage. She seemed to be having enough fun for fifty people, both on-stage and off. In retrospect, Yvette Landry is the most charismatic performer I've seen not named Willie Nelson

Venue Most Likely to Cause Bodily Injury: The Broken Spoke. Didn't see the spoke, but they got the "broken" part down pat. Also the "Most Likely To Harbor Communicable Disease" winner.

Biggest Happy Surprise: Michael Fracasso—my taste runs to baritones, but Fracasso won me over and made me a fan.

Most Impressive Instrumentalist: Sergio Webb, playing with David Olney. Quiet, never flashy, but constantly tossing out subtle little gems that fit the song perfectly. I kept thinking, "never seen anyone do that before—it must be really hard", then he'd do another one Wow.

Most Impressive Voice—very hard choice, but by the narrowest of margins, Miss Leslie's power outshone Zoe Muth's plaintiveness.

Outstanding as Always: Lil Mo. Monica Passin has such a great voice and wonderful stage presence, and this year she played with a band that actually knew her material!!! Whatta concept!

Biggest Improvement over last year: The outside venue at the G&S

Best Trend: More back-ups that knew the material. While it's impressive to see veteran sidemen sit in and fake it, a rehearsed band is so much better

## LOUISE KIRCHEN (Austin, TX)

What do Mary Battiata and Mike Stinson have in common other than that they tied with me for most impressive? Originality, unique delivery and presentation. Lyrics worth listening to.

Mary Battiata: quietly intense, almost mysterious, clever as well as funny (didn't realize it would be so cold in outer space).

Mike Stinson: classic country comin' at you like you've never heard it before. Houston's Honky Tonk Dude. He gets my vote for most improved songwriter. In my opinion he just skyrocketed to a new dimension—I can't wait to hear the next album. Great band too!

Miss Leslie: what else can I say but that she sings her ass off and drives it home straight from the heart. Most impassioned performance. Also loved Wayne Turner's hot acoustic leads trading off with Rickie Davis' mind bending steel. Wayne sings great too, if you like Merle & Lefty!

Was glad to be at Evangeline for Cindy Cashdollar and Bill Kirchen rocking out with Yvette Landry. Someone jokingly told Yvette after the show, you really should get yourself some better side musicians!

Susan Cowsill's rock vocal performance stands hands above all others. Yanks the living heart right out of you. Anyone who has not heard her live, do yourself a favor She was introduced as best female rock singer. Bill said best period.






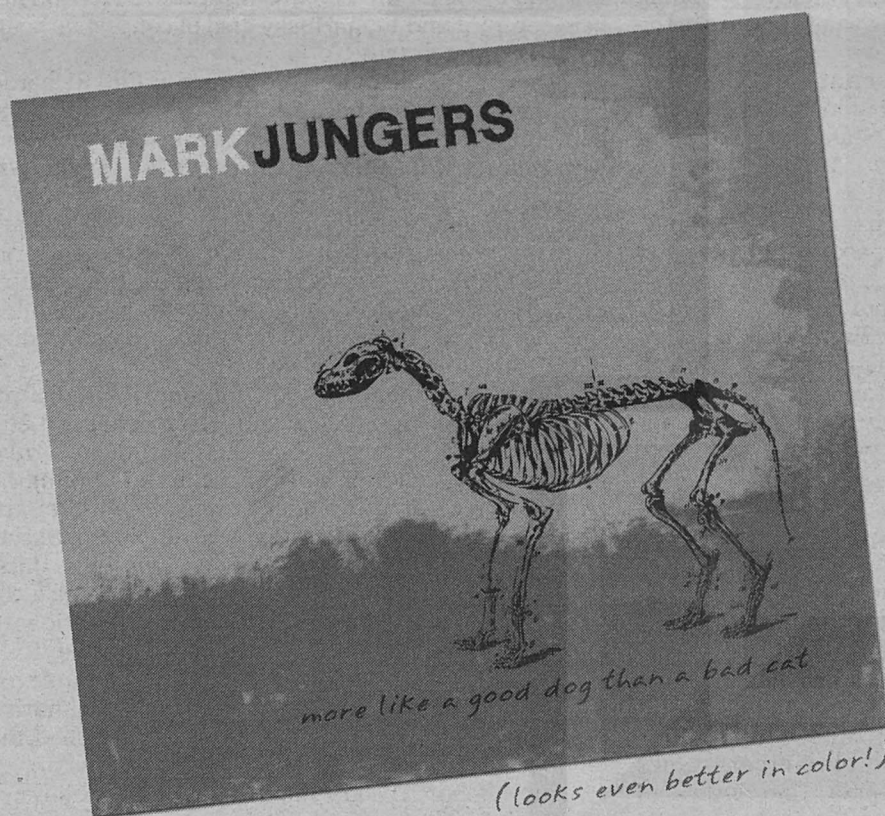
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Kevin Gallagher, 8pm	21st, Steve Carter, 7pm
6th Mark Viator & Susan Maxie, 7pm	22nd, Wendy Colonna, 10pm
7th, Liz Morphis, 7pm	23rd, Clay McClinton, 10pm
8th, Greg Izor & The Box Kickers	27th, Paul Glasse, 7pm
10pm	28th, Omar & The Howlers, 10pm
9th, Greezy Wheels, 10pm	30th, Matt Smith, 7pm
13th, Chrissy Flatt, 7pm	29th, Bo Porter, 10pm
14th, Charlie Irwin & Friends, 7pm	30th, The Bordertown Bootleggers,
15th, Ted Roddy's Excellorators, 10pm	10pm

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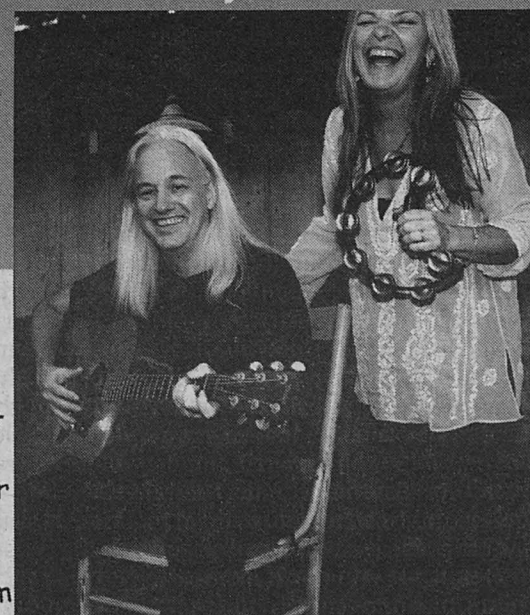
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# JOHN THE REVEALATOR

Reviewing **Simply Eva** last month, I ascribed *Somewhere Over The Rainbow* to Judy Garland, and a reader pointed out that, like Eva Cassidy, Garland never wrote a song in her life so I should have credited the great Harold Arlen. There is a sort of twisted logic in my usage; when crediting songs, I always use songwriters' names if they also recorded the songs themselves or if they're non-performers but reasonably well-known as songwriters (eg Boudleaux and/or Felice Bryant). When it comes to a name that, rightly or wrongly, I don't think will mean much to most people, I go with the most obvious association. In this instance, Harold Arlen wrote the music to *Somewhere Over The Rainbow*, but the lyrics were written by EY 'Yip' Harburg, who in fact wrote all **The Wizard Of Oz** songs, also *Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?* and *Lydia The Tattooed Lady*, but whose name is, I rather fancy, somewhat less familiar these days than Garland's. It's a somewhat scrappy system, but it does, I hope, serve to distinguish one song from another with the same or a similar title. As I once advised at a songwriter panel, before you decide on a title, check it against BMI and ASCAP's databases, you'll likely find there are dozens of songs already registered with the exact same title.

Also, I slipped a cog on the eight-track that **Joe Ely** found in a junk shop. I remembered it being a Janie Frickie tape that was inside The Flatlanders, more properly, **Jimmie Dale Gilmore & The Flatlanders**, packaging, but reader John Patterson, who first thought he remembered Joe saying it was a Jeanie Seely tape, found a source which, quoted Ely as saying, "I got one of the eight-tracks. I put it in, and the music was **Jeannie C Riley**." Well, we were in the right Janie/Jeanie/Jeannie area. Sealed copies of the eight-track have sold online for between \$150 and \$200, though, as Joe Specht, my man in Abilene, remarks of his own sealed copy, for which he paid \$1 during a record store promotion, who knows whether they're the real deal. "Not knowing makes it even better."

Making several appearances in this month's issue is **Richard Skanse**, editor of *Lone Star Music*, who I met and, as mentioned, bonded with, when we were on a Press panel at the Austin Songwriters Symposium in February. Skanse spent ten years working for *Rolling Stone*, and told me that **Jann Wenner**, the multi-millionaire publisher, used to scrounge cigarettes off staffers he was paying \$20-odd thousand a year. While I've never had any dealings with Wenner, simply loathing him from a distance, this does sort of make us stablemates as I was briefly Defense Correspondent of the very short-lived *Rolling Stone UK*, which, after Wenner shut it down, became *Friends Of Rolling Stone*, then, when Wenner threatened legal action, simply *Friends*. Reason I got that gig was because, having graduated, for reasons I no longer recall, in Military Studies, I knew more about such matters than the entire British counterculture put together (this wasn't hard).

Mentioning **Lucinda Williams** finding her joy in married life (see reviews), reminds me of running into her former boyfriend Lorne Rawls after I heard that she was moving to Nashville. When I wondered whether she could possibly be happy in Nashville, Lorne looked at me pitifully and said, "John, you don't understand, she won't be happy *anywhere*."

While reviewing **Jeff Talmadge's** latest album, I came across a reference to him being "an associate baseball scout for a major league baseball team." This piqued my curiosity, but when I tried to find out more, I noticed that every single reference in a Google search used the exact same words. This, rather obviously, means that all but one of them is scraping content, so the question is was original source right or wrong? Turns out that Talmadge is indeed a baseball scot.

William Michael Smith of the *Houston Press* alerted me to a blog by Mark R Collins, "*Huffington Post's* official SXSW correspondent," on '**Bands at SXSW You Should Avoid**.' For my money, his long list of acts to Skip and See instead, eg Skip: Bright Eyes/See instead: J Irvin Dally, could just as easily be reversed as I had zero interest in any of them. As Mike remarked, "Roots and tonk don't really register with the *Huffington Post* crowd of effetes." However, one comment made me wonder where Collins has been the last few years, "SXSW is supposed to be discovering the next big thing, seeing a band in a musty bar with 10 other people and then seeing them years later selling out Madison Square and saying 'I remember when.' It's not about the established acts, and if that's what you're looking for—go to Lollapalooza instead." See, Mark, that's why we have NotSXSW.

Spun off from last month's 7 Deadly Sins, I'm told—haven't been able to track down a copy to verify this—that **Twisted South**, a newish magazine dedicated, as far as I can make out, to Southern Gothic weirdness, features a photo of the editor—walking down a railroad track. The About Us page on the mag's website contains this rather curious piece of esoteric information: "Many people do not know that American style music (Predominantly Southern), is hugely popular in the UK and called 'Americana.'" Really got their finger on the Zeitgeist.

Two pieces of excellent news on the radio front: **Ranger Rita** is back on KNON, Dallas, with *Oldies Rock*, Saturday mornings, 10am to noon. "Nothing after 1962, and no stereo, playing the originals of songs that the Stones and Beatles ripped off." And **Larry Monroe** is back on the air with *Blue Monday* (Mondays, 7-10pm) and *Phil Music* (Thursday, 7-10pm) at KDRP, Dripping Springs (100.1 or 103.1, depending where you are in the Hill Country).

Another month, another **International Country Music Conference** gem—you couldn't make this stuff up. "Justin Acome of The Ohio State University will be discussing '*Can You Hear The Music: Bluegrass and Its Citizens*.' Acome will deal with Bluegrass in a manner not usually associated with Bluegrass discourse. Acome will make use of theorists Jacques Ranciere and Theodor Adorno asserting that 'music is implicated in the ways we make sense of our worlds, and does as much to remedy injustice by attuning us to it as it does to entrench injustice by distracting us from it. Bluegrass's self-narrativized historicizations, utopian leanings and investment in participatory experience illuminate exactly these musical politics.'" Well, there you have it.

Not often I look to *Billboard* for support, but a recent analysis, headlined '**Even Obscure Titles Still Selling Mostly CDs and LPs**' said that "across all sales strata the numbers show physical formats are still vital... physical product accounts for a very meaningful share of sales for titles that are selling relatively few units... even obscure artists, for whom digital distribution is leveling the playing field, are still selling mostly CDs and LPs."

However, that article linked to another, rather depressing one. Analysing 2008 data, Tom Silverman concluded, "there were 1500 releases that sold over 10,000 album units. Out of that there were only 227 of them that were artists that had broken 10,000 for the first time. So in the whole year only 227 of the artists were artists that had broken what we call the '**obscurity line**.' When you sell 10,000 albums, you're no longer an obscure artist; people know about you. You may not be a star yet, but you're in the game... We looked at the 227 and identified that only 14 of them were artists doing it on their own and all the rest were on majors and indies;

a little more than half were on indies... That's a pretty daunting number."

## IN MEMORIAM

March was a particularly bad month for obituaries, starting with **Johnny Preston Courville**, whose *Running Bear* hit #1 in *Billboard's* Hot 100 in 1960. Born August 18th, 1939, in Port Arthur, TX, Preston died of heart failure on March 4th.

On March 13th, Augustus Owsley Stanley III, better known just as **Owsley 'Bear' Stanley**, died in a car crash in Queensland, Australia. Born January 19th, 1936, in Kentucky, Stanley had two claims to fame, one as sound engineer for The Grateful Dead (he also made live recordings of Johnny Cash, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother & The Holding Company, Miles Davis, Jimi Hendrix, Taj Mahal and Santana) and inventor of The Wall of Sound, a speaker system which could carry half a mile from the stage without degradation. However, he was equally if not more famous for manufacturing 1.25 million hits of 99.99% pure LSD, which, known as 'Owsley acid,' became the gold standard of psychotropics in the late 60s. The first time he was busted, in 1965, he beat the charges and even got his lab equipment back because LSD wasn't yet illegal in California.

Also known in his long, if somewhat see-saw, career as Terry Preston and Simon Crum, **Ferlin Husky**, born December 3rd, 1925, in Flat River, MO, started out as honky-tonker and was spotted by Cliffie Stone, Tennessee Ernie Ford's manager, who got him a contract with Capitol. Nothing seemed to work for him until he recorded *A Dear John Letter* with Jean Shepard in 1953, and while he only had two #1 hits, *Gone* and *Wings Of A Dove*, he made the Top 40 with three dozen singles between 1961 and 1973. Husky died of congestive heart failure on March 17th.

Though The Shadows were formed as Cliff Richards' backing band, they became Britain's #3 hitmakers behind Elvis Presley and Richards himself, and, along with guitarist Hank Marvin, **Terence 'Jet' Harris** was an iconic figure of pre-Beatles rock & roll (such as it was, John Lennon once remarked that before The Shads there was nothing worth listening to). Best remembered for his menacing bass guitar lines on the group's instrumentals, most notably the massively influential *Apache*, Harris, born July 6th, 1939, in London, died of throat cancer on March 18th.

Born September 16th, 1928, in Duncan, OK, **Ralph Mooney** took up steel guitar after hearing Leon McAuliffe and became one of the instrument's great innovators. Hired as a staff musician by Capitol, he played on recordings by Buck Owens, Wynn Stewart, Rose Maddox, Wanda Jackson, Warren Smith, Skeets McDonald, Bonnie Owens, Waylon Jennings, Jessi Colter, Marty Stuart and Merle Haggard. He also co-wrote *Crazy Arms*. Mooney died from complications of cancer on March 20th at his home in Kennedale, TX.

Born July 7th, 1913 in Belzoni, MS, **Joseph William 'Pinetop' Perkins** started out as a guitarist, but switched to piano after a chorus girl slashed the tendons in his left arm. He recorded his first version of *Pinetop's Boogie Woogie* (actually written by Clarence 'Pinetop' Smith) for Sun in 1953 but was inactive for many years until Earl Hooker persuaded him to work on an LP for Arhoolie, which led to him replacing Otis Spann in Muddy Waters' band. In 2010, he collaborated on an album with harmonica player Willie 'Big Eyes' Smith and became the oldest person ever to win a Grammy. Just over a month later, he died on March 21st, in Austin, TX.

Just got an email that **Calvin Russell** has died. No details, not even sure if this is true.



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- 10th • Danny Schmidt
- 11th • Susan Gibson
- 15th • Matt Haimovitz & Uccello
- Open Mike with Glenn & Kim (cafe)
- 16th • Steve Poltz
- 17th • The Fleshtones
- 18th • Kevin Welch & Dustin Welch
- Erik Moll (cafe)
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**IT REALLY DOESN'T**

Elsewhere, you'll find a recap of my colleague Richard Skanse's doomed attempt to debate *Austin Chronicle* music writer Jim Caligiuri, who proposed and moderated a SXSW panel titled 'I'm Not Old, Your Music Does Suck.' This, of course, is a rewording of a button/T-shirt/bumper sticker you may have seen, 'It's Not That I'm Old, Your Music Really Does Suck.'

Promoting the panel, Caligiuri, claimed that "Despite all the increases in technology and the ability for any one musician's material to be heard anywhere around the globe, we're somehow suffering the laws of diminishing returns—less good music, not more. Not only is rock dead, but country, blues, folk, and pop have also run dry," and, citing Sturgeon's Law, '90% of everything is crud,' added, "Time to revise Sturgeon's figure to be much higher."

In the to and fro with Skanse and others, Caligiuri said, "The amount of crap that one has to weed through to find something worthwhile is enormous," and, while "crap" is overstating the problem, which is more to do with the amount of mediocre music one has to weed through, basically I will concede this point. However, Caligiuri is making a fundamental mathematical error. There is, no question about it, more music being made in *absolute* terms, however, there is also just as much good music being made in *relative* terms. To put it another way, Sturgeon's Law still holds good—out of 10 albums, chances are one of them will be worthwhile. The difficulty is that music writers are now faced with winnowing through far more of the damn things, looking for those occasional diamonds.

The root of the problem is, of course, that anyone can set up a studio in their bedroom that's technically superior to, let's say, Abbey Road in the 60s (or 90s come to that), and, leaving aside downloads, you can, at least according to the Internet, not sure about real life, get CDs pressed for about \$1 each. In theory, one should welcome the democratization of the process, in practice, it's a huge pain in the ass for people on the receiving end of promo copies. Say what you like about record labels, they did act as more or less reliable talent filters even if they're now pretty much limited to releasing albums by known and/or constantly touring musicians. At the same time, much, if not most, of the best music I get comes from self-releasing musicians, Les Sampou, Gurf Morlix, Yvette Landry and Grant Peeples. for recent examples.

To my mind, the real damage done by the surge of mediocre music, let alone outright bad music, is twofold. There was a time when I could give everything a decent listen, now I'm down to 'grab me in the first 30 seconds or you're toast.' There simply isn't any other way to deal with the incoming tide. On top of that, while musicians who are a known quantity have always had an advantage over the neophytes, now a familiar name is guaranteed a bye.

All these various factors do tend to make the gig somewhat depressing at times and, as apparently in Caligiuri's case, might well lead to cynicism and burnout. However, while I have no idea about the state of affairs in other fields, roots music still offers me tremendous rewards, music as good as any I've heard during the 30 years I've been writing about it. Perhaps one day Caligiuri will be proved right and I'll have absolutely nothing on my desk that's worth a shit, but that day is by no means today, nor, judging from a side stack of advance copies of albums by Amanda Shires, Eilen Jewell and BettySoo, will be it tomorrow.

JC

## LOS FABULOCOS FEATURING KID RAMOS Dos

(Delta Groove \*\*\*\*\*)

Been a while since I last wrote liner notes for an album, so I'd clean forgotten a rather considerable difficulty, at least for a music writer, which is that when the finished product eventually arrives, you're already kinda written out on something that, presumably, or you wouldn't have taken the liner notes gig, you want to say nice things about. So, anyway, I'm looking at those liner notes and wondering how I can rephrase and reword all the things I said in them and thought 'fuck it,' I've already done the heavy lifting on this one, and I can barely read the liner notes in any case, so I'll just recycle them, save people smart enough to get a copy the trouble of breaking out their reading glasses, not to mention saving myself a lot of time and trouble. So here's what I had to say about Los Fabulocos' **Dos**:

Late one night I was on my out the door of Casbeers (now San Antone Cafe & Concerts), San Antonio's premier music venue, and my amigo John 'Koufax' Calvillo handed me a CD and said something like, "Listen to this, I think you might like it." So I thanked him, went out to my car, tossed the CD onto the passenger seat and drove home. Weeks later, I was cleaning up that rolling trashcan and, down the side of the seat, I found a burn CD with "Los Fabulocos" scrawled over it in felt tip pen and at first I couldn't think where, when or how I came by it, but what the hey, I have no idea who these guys are, but let's give it a spin.

Might like it? Koufax, this is my new favorite band in the entire world! Right away, I was on to Delta Groove for a real copy and finding out everything I could about Los Fabulocos. Turned out I'd already written about the accordion player and the drummer, Jesse 'El Gordo' Cuevas and Mike Molina, in their former capacity as members of The Blazers, but I sure didn't recall Cuevas being as stunningly brilliant as he is on **Los Fabulocos Featuring Kid Ramos**. Cuevas really came into his own on that album, and does again on their new one. He was always good, in this lineup he's quite simply outstanding.

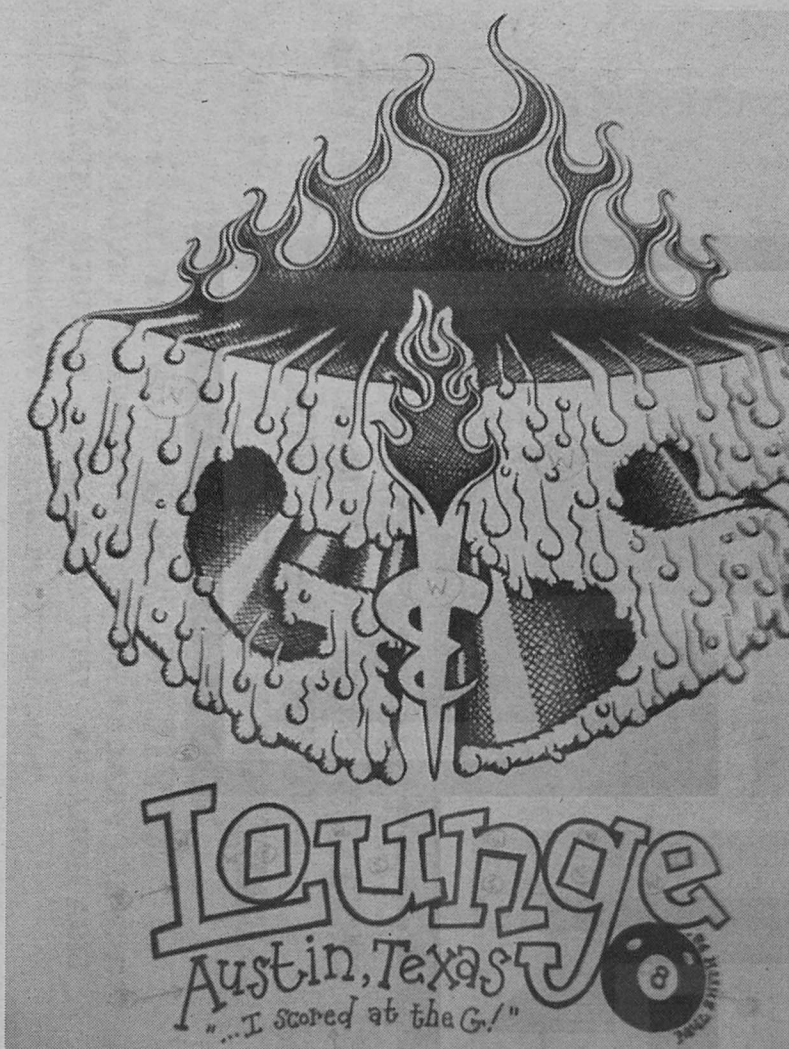
While the ebullient Molina, the showman of the group, and bassman James Barrios are a sensational, hard-driving rhythm section, what keeps Los Fabulocos from being The Blazers Part 2, even a new and improved version, is the inclusion of David 'Kid' Ramos on muscular lead guitar and bajo sexto. He's played with James Harman, Hollywood Fats, The Fabulous Thunderbirds and The Mannish Boys, not to mention a solo career in which he put out four virtuoso albums, but if you didn't know that Ramos was such a deep-dyed veteran of the West Coast blues scene, you'd never guess it from the nonchalant ease with which he fits into, and adds a blistering dimension to, the mix of Rockabilly, Rock & Roll, Rhythm & Blues, Conjunto, Zydeco and Norteno that Los Fabulocos call 'Cali-Mex.'

Mind you, a band that ranged as far afield as New Hampshire, Memphis, New Orleans, Lake Charles, San Antonio and Nuevo Laredo for their debut album's material doesn't just belong to California but to everyone, everywhere, who values a great roots band playing great roots music. Following in the bilingual Spanish/English tradition of Freddy Fender and the great accordionist Mingo Saldivar, Los Fabulocos once again mix it up, with covers of Little Richard's version of *Keep A Knockin'*, Cuco Sanchez's *Una Pura y Dos Con Sal*, Antonio Aguilar's *Un Puño De Tierra* and Pachuco great Lalo Guerrero's *Chucko Suave*, but this time round, more than half the album consists of originals, bassman James Barrio contributing *James' Song*, Kid Ramos *My Brother's Keeper* and Cuevas writing half of the album's 12 tracks, all but one in English, one of them, *She Wakes Up Crying*, in collaboration with Kid Ramos, while another, the Zydeco-ish *The Vibe*, features his one time fellow Blazer Manny Gonzales playing a rubboard once owned by Clifford Alexander of CJ Chenier's band.

Judging by the reaction of the mainly Anglo audiences, locals and visitors from all over dancing up a storm at 3rd Coast Music Presents showcases in Austin, Los Fabulocos seem positioned to bring together two worlds to enjoy a distinctive, utterly irresistible sound. Their audience might include people who've never heard of Cornelio Reyna or Los Pinguinos Del Norte, others who've never heard of Gene Maltais or Johnny Burnette, but that won't stop us from having Los Fabulocos in common.

JC





# THE G&S LOUNGE

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**Jimmy & Brad**

want to thank all those great musicians  
who made SXG&S such a success

**Hank & Shaidri Alrich, Leeann Atherton, Sam Baker,  
Baskery, Mary Battiatia,**

**Kim Beggs, BettySoo & Doug Cox,**

**Ray Bonneville, The Border Blasters,**

**Libbi Bosworth, Rick Broussard's Two Hoots & A Holler,**

**Jon Byrd, Troy Campbell, Slaid Cleaves,**

**Susan Cowsill, Bianca DeLeon, Nancy K Dillon,**

**Ronny Elliott, Ethyl & The Regulars, Eve & The Exiles,**

**The Fabulous Ginn Sisters, Ron Flynt, Michael Fracasso,**

**Freddie Steady 5, Freebo, John Fullbright, Jack Grace, Jon Dee Graham, Melissa Greener,  
David Halley, Chase Hamblin, Matt Harlan, Erin Harpe, Roy Heinrich, The Hello Strangers,**

**Terri Hendrix & Lloyd Maines, Arty Hill & The Pearl Dusters, Eric Hisaw,**

**Dave Insley & The Careless Smokers, Mitch Jacobs, Eilen Jewell, Freedy Johnston,**

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Jimmy LaFave, Yvette Landry & Bill Kirchen, Larry Lange & His Lonely Knights, Phil Lee,**

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**Will T Massey, Massy Ferguson, Mandy Mercier & Marvin Dykhuis,**

**Miss Leslie & Her Juke Jointers, Miss Tess & Bon Ton Parade, Nathan Moore,**

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**Tokyo Rosenthal, Ruby Dee & The Snakehandlers, Les Sampou,**

**Amanda Shires, Sisters Morales, Amy Speace,**

**Sally Spring, Al Staehely, Mike Stinson, Stone River Boys, Stonehoney,**

**Jim Stringer & The AM Band, Jeff Talmadge,**

**Chip Taylor, John Platania & Kendel Carson, Mitch Webb & The Swindles,**

**Kevin & Dustin Welch, Walt Wilkins, Janine Wilson, Tommy Womack**





## APRIL ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

- 1st Lucille Bogan • 1897 Amory, MS  
Bob Nolan • 1908 New Brunswick, Canada  
Jim Ed Brown • 1934 Sparkman, AR  
Dao Strom • 1973 Saigon, Vietnam  
Jesse Stone † 1999
- 2nd Emmylou Harris • 1947 Birmingham, AL  
Chelo Silva † 1988
- 3rd Dooley Wilson • 1894 Tyler, TX  
Don Gibson • 1928 Shelby, NC  
Richard Thompson • 1949 London, UK
- 4th Al Dexter • 1905 Jacksonville, TX  
Muddy Waters • 1915 Rolling Fork, MS  
Red Sovine † 1980
- 5th Lord Buckley • 1906 Stockton, CA  
Cowboy Jack Clement • 1931 Whitehaven, TN
- 6th Vernon Dalhart • 1883 Jefferson, TX  
Big Walter Horton • 1917 Horn Lake, MS  
Merle Haggard • 1937 Bakersfield, CA  
Jim Stringer • 1948 Fort Scott, KS  
Eilen Jewell • 1973 Boise, ID  
Tammy Wynette † 1998
- 7th Leon 'Pappy' Selph • 1914 Houston, TX  
Billie Holiday • 1915 Baltimore, MD  
Bobby Bare • 1935 Ironton, OH  
Henry Glover † 1991
- 8th Santiago Jimenez Jr. • 1944 San Antonio, TX  
Phil Ochs • 1976  
Laura Nyro • 1997
- 9th Mance Lipscomb • 1895 Brazos Co, TX  
Carl Perkins • 1932 Tiptonville, TN  
Rockin' Sydney • 1938 Lebeau, LA  
Kay Adams • 1941 Knox City, TX  
Christina Marrs • 1975 Houston, TX
- 10th Weldon Myrick • 1938 Jayton, TX  
Jesse Taylor • 1950 Lubbock, TX  
Chuck Willis † 1958
- 11th Scott Joplin † 1917
- 13th Cosimo Matassa • 1926 New Orleans, LA  
Lowell George • 1945 Arlington, VA  
Johnny Dollar † 1986
- 14th DL Menard • 1932 Erath, LA  
Buddy Knox • 1933 Happy, TX  
Loretta Lynn • 1935 Butcher Hollow, KY  
Sammy Price † 1992
- 15th Bessie Smith • 1894 Chattanooga, TN  
Bob Luman • 1937 Blackjack, TX  
Dave Edmunds • 1944 Cardiff, UK  
Rose Maddox † 1998  
Ray Condo † 2004
- 16th John DeLafosse • 1939 Duralde, LA
- 17th Freddie Steady Krc • 1954 LaPorte, TX  
Eddie Cochran † 1960  
Hank Penny † 1992  
Chris Gaffney † 2008
- 18th Clarence Gatemouth Brown • 1924 Vinton, LA  
Denice Franke • 1959 Dallas, TX  
Milton Brown † 1936
- 19th Bee Houston • 1938 San Antonio, TX  
Dar Williams • 1967 Mount Kisco, NY  
Clifford Scott † 1993

- 20th Ray Campi • 1934 New York City, NY  
Gary Primich • 1958 Chicago, IL
- 21st Dorothy Shay • 1921 Jacksonville, FL  
Ira Louvin • 1924 Rainesville, AL  
Carl Belew • 1931 Salina, OK  
Ronny Elliott • 1947 Birmingham, AL  
Glen Clark • 1948 Fort Worth, TX  
Earl Hooker † 1971  
Sandy Denny † 1978
- 22nd Gabby Pahinui • 1921 Kaka'ako, HA
- 23rd Roy Orbison • 1936 Vernon, TX  
Ray Peterson • 1939 Denton, TX  
Ocie Stockard † 1988
- 25th Don Santiago Jimenez • 1913 San Antonio, TX  
Cliff Bruner • 1915 Texas City, TX  
Jerry Leiber • 1933 Baltimore, MD  
Barbara Pittman • 1943 Memphis, TN
- 26th Roy Perkins • 1935 Lafayette, LA  
Duane Eddy • 1938 Corning, NY  
Monte Warden • 1967 Houston, TX  
Rebekah Pulley • 1971 Anchorage, AK
- 29th Carl Gardner • 1928 Tyler, TX  
Eddie Noack • 1930 Houston, TX  
Hasil Adkins • 1939 Madison, WV  
Keith Ferguson † 1997
- 30th Johnny Horton • 1929 Tyler, TX  
Bobby Marchan • 1930 Youngstown, OH  
Willie Nelson • 1933 Fort Worth, TX  
Muddy Waters † 1983

## Threadgill's World HQ

**301 W Riverside**

- Wednesdays, Carrie Rodriguez, 8pm  
6th, Merle Haggard's Birthday Party, 6pm  
8th, Carolyn Wonderland  
9th, Mingo Fishtrap  
10th, The Seekers, 11am  
15th, Bob Schneider (CD release)  
16th, Junior Brown  
17th, Bells Of Joy, 11am  
22nd, James McMurtry  
23rd, The Trishes + Warren Hood  
24th, Danny Brooks & Austin Brotherhood, 11am  
29th, The Mother Truckers  
30th, Squeezebox Mania

**Old #1**

**6416 North Lamar**

- 6th, Carper Family, 7pm  
7th, Beatles Tribute, 8pm  
10th, Aircargo, 11am  
13th, McKay Brothers & Special Guests, 7pm  
20th, Brennen Leigh, 7pm  
23rd, Sad Daddy, 7pm  
24th & 27th, Hank & Shaidri Alrich, 7pm

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