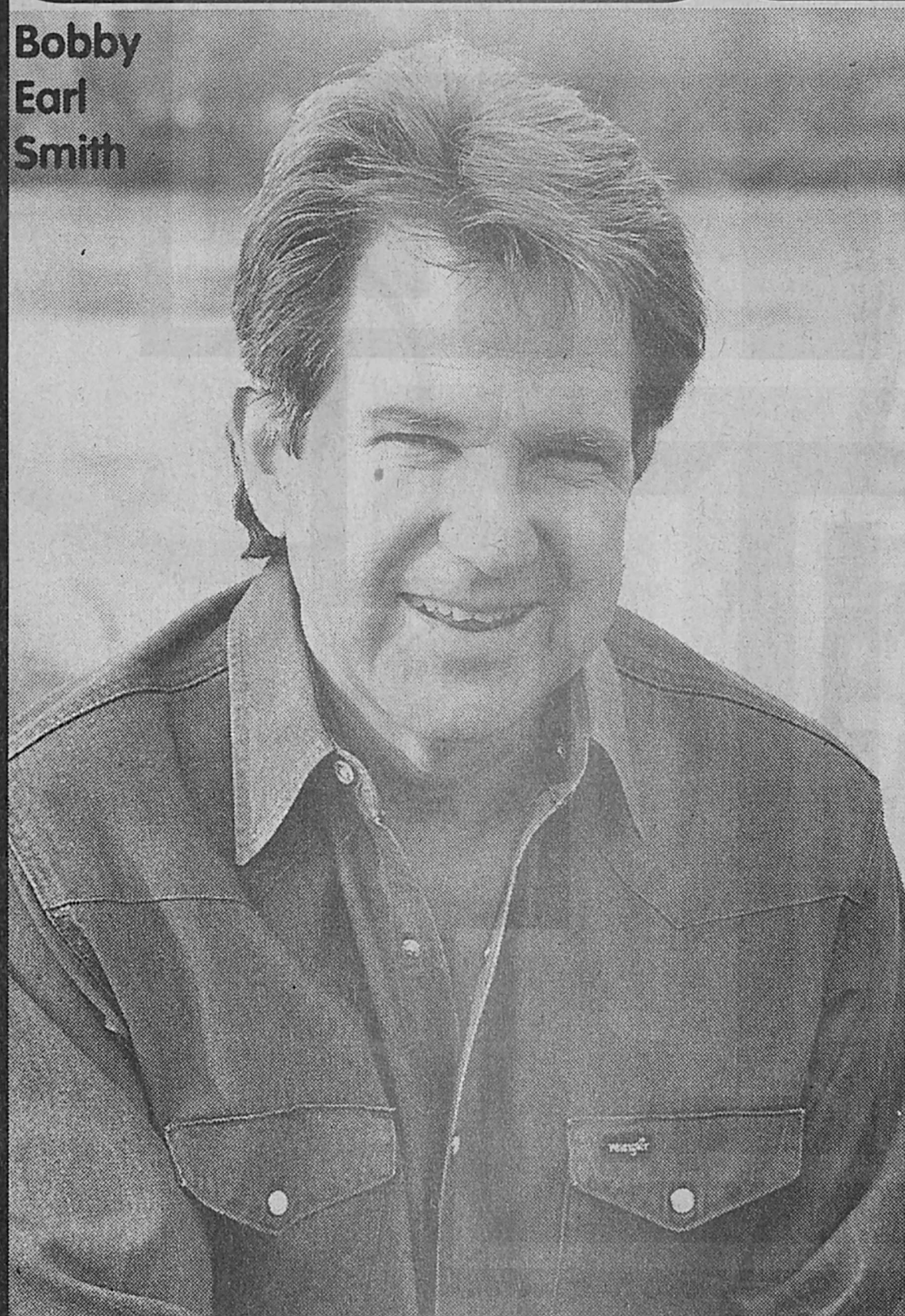


3rd COAST MUSIC

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#106/195 NOVEMBER 2005

Bobby
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REVIEWS

***** (or not)

MICHAEL CORCORAN

•
THE DAVE & DEKE COMBO

•
DEKE DICKERSON

•
JOHN DYER

•
BILL KIRCHEN

•
JD McDERMOTT
& WESTERN BOP

•
BILL MALONE & ROD MOAG

•
ANAÏS MITCHELL

•
WAYNE SCOTT

•
BOBBY EARL SMITH

•
VA: ROCKABILLY LIVES

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- 2 Miss Leslie & Her Juke-Jointers: Honky Tonk Revival
(Zero Label) *BP/*EW/*KD/*OO
 - 3 Blaze Foley: Wanted More Dead Than Alive
(Waddell Hollow) *BL/*CP/*GS/*MT/*TG
 - 4 Martí Brom Sings Heartache Numbers
(Goofin' [Finland]) *LB/*MM/*VL
 - 5 Joe West: The Human Cannonball (Frogville) *BB/*JW/*RC
 - 6 Billy Joe Shaver: The Real Deal (Compadre) *PP/*RA/*RJ
 - 7 Arlo Guthrie: Live In Sydney (Rising Son) *KM/*RH/*WR
 - 8 Bobby Earl Smith: Turn Row Blues (Muleshoe) *NA/*TF
 - 9 Shaun Young: Wiggle Walk
(Goofin' [Finland]) *DC/*JF/*JZ/*LG
 - 10 VA: For A Decade Of Sin (Bloodshot) *JM/*3RC/*TH/*TJ
 - 11 Jimmie Dale Gilmore: Come On Back (Rounder) *DT
 - 12 Marah: If You Didn't Laugh You'd Cry
(Yep Roc) *GM/*TM/*TW
 - 13 Marty Stuart & The Superlatives: Soul's Chapel
(Superlatone) *BF/*JD
 - 14 Cari Lee & The Contenders: Scorched (Star Tone) *AN/*KC
 - 15 Dar Williams: My Better Self (Razor & Tie) *ES/*JB/*SMJ
 - 16 Wayne Scott: This Weary Way (Full Light) *DA/*MP
 - 17 Ryan Adams: Jacksonville City Nights (Lost Highway) *RU
 - 18 Paul Kelly & the Stormwater Boys: Foggy Highway
(Cooking Vinyl) *BS/*JR
 - 19 Tim Grimm: The Back Fields (Wind River)
 - 20= Eliza Gilkyson: Paradise Hotel (Red House) *TT
 - Robyn Ludwick: For So Long (Late Show) *ND
 - 21 Dolly Parton: Those Were The Days (Sugar Hill)
 - 22 Bob Dylan: No Direction Home (Columbia/Legacy) *DJ
 - 23= Colin Brooks: Blood And Water (Skywater) *BH
 - Cary Swinney; Big Shots (Johnson Grass)
 - 24= Devendra Banhart: Cripple Crow (XL) *R78
 - Amber Digby: Music from The Honky Tonks
(Yellow Rose) *SH
 - Kevin Gordon; O Come Look At The Burning
(Crowville Collective) *RV
 - Merle Haggard: Chicago Wind (Capitol) *MY
 - 25= Bobby Bare: The Moon Was Blue (Dualtone) *B&C
 - Anna Coogan & North 19: Glory (Tarnished) *DO
 - Little Rachel: 'Cause I Feel Good (self)
 - Rod Picott: Travel Log; Live 2005 Vol 1 (Welding Rod) *MF
 - 26= Freakwater: Thinking Of You (Thrill Jockey) *FS
 - Corb Lund: Hair In My Eyes Like A Highland Steer
(Stony Plain)
 - Dan Penn & Spooner Oldham: Moments From This Theatre
(Proper) *ST
 - South Austin Jug Band: Dark And Weary World
(Blue Corn) *DWT
 - 27= Rodney Crowell: The Outsider (DMZ/Sony)
 - The Peasall Sisters: Home To You (Dualtone) *AA
 - Amy Rigby: Little Fugitives (Signature Sounds) *FW
 - Richard Stooksbury (Hylotone) *T&J
 - Joy Lynn White: One More Time (Thortch)

LOOSE DIAMONDS #20

A DJ's PRIVATE STASH
JOE PARERES

Sitting with him at the Big Noise From Springfield show at Casbeers, featuring the much-married Lou Whitney, reminded me that Joe once mentioned that he'd lost and replenished his record collection several times, which seemed like an interesting and rather different angle on the Loose Diamonds concept. Incidentally, he got the 'Joe3phus' handle because when he joined *TCMN*, there were two other Joes on the strength, MD and founding father Joe Horn and Joe Barfield. Both have since departed, but Pareres is still '3phus.'

One of the fortunate few who participate in the airing of what we call the *Third Coast Music Network* on KSYM, San Antonio, I've had the privilege of doing the Wednesday shift as Joe3phus (another story) for more than three and half years now. *TCMN* airs four hours daily from 3 until 7pm Central weekdays, 2-6pm Saturdays and 2-8pm Sundays. Our library includes nearly a thousand roots artists covering blues, folk, country, zydeco, rockabilly, bluegrass and a little bit of whatever else works. If you're interested, consider this an invite as you can always listen in and/or check out the playlists at www.accd.edu/tcmn.

Now that we've dispensed with the introductions, here comes the interesting part. I have lost, if lost is the correct term, almost every bit of music I have ever owned three times in my life. As I am sure you are wondering how that's possible let me fill in the blanks.

1st time—a Bad Woman

2nd Time—another Bad Woman

3rd Time—yet another Bad Woman

Since very few of you know me personally, you may find it credible when I tell you that this sad story had nothing to do with my own behavior in any way. As a distraction from the facts, I sometimes find myself fantasizing that my stolen, er... lost collections have somehow managed to keep these women afloat atop some deep unnamed body of water just long enough for them to realize the error of their ways. Bless their little hearts.

Anyway, after two or three minutes of serious discussion with JC, we concluded that the exercise here would be to try to determine what I found so essential that it required three and sometimes four purchases of the same recording and then narrow it down into a Loose Diamonds report. In no particular order.

Tom Waits: Nighthawks At The Diner (Asylum 1975)

Johnny Cash At Folsom Prison (CBS 1968)

Little Feat: Sailin' Shoes (Warner Bros 1972)

Gram Parsons & The Flying Burrito Brothers: Sleepless Nights
(A&M 1976)

Big Mama Thornton: Jail (Vanguard 1975)

Best Of Mose Allison (Atlantic 1962)

JJ Cale: Naturally (Mercury 1971)

Bob Dylan: Nashville Skyline (Columbia, 1969)

Muddy Waters: Fathers And Sons (Chess 1969)

WRITING ABOUT MUSIC

What do Elvis Costello, Duke Ellington, Frank Zappa, Martin Mull, Miles Davis, Laurie Anderson, Steve Martin, Thelonious Monk, John Cage, Woody Allen, Charles Mingus, Tom Waits, Robert Bly, Loudon Wainwright III, Nick Lowe, Erik Satie, Lester Bangs, William S Burroughs, George Carlin, Igor Stravinsky, Clara Schumann and Joni Mitchell have in common? All have, at various times and by various people, been credited with first saying "Writing about music is like dancing about architecture." There are several known non-starters in this lineup, Anderson, for instance, has disavowed authorship of "one of my favorite quotes," and, as it's so obviously self-serving, I think we can safely eliminate any non-musicians.

On the other hand, of course, for any music writer to dismiss it as glib nonsense is equally self-serving, as I realized when I started my review of Michael Corcoran's book with the intention of riffing on it a bit but gave up when the complexities started manifesting. Quite why writing about music, rather than, say, film, ballet or, come to that, architecture, should be singled out as a futile endeavor is anybody's guess. One's first thought, of course, is that musicians, in America at least, don't quite grasp that music writers are not publicists, partly, perhaps, because some of them pretty much are, but then actors and directors doubtless are the same way about film writers and so on.

I'll be coming back to this subject at some point, there are some aspects I want to chew on a while, but I thought I'd throw this out as the basis of an interactive editorial (also I had an annoying hole in the page that had to be filled with something). So, if you have any thoughts on what Elvis Costello went on to describe as "a really stupid thing to want to do," I'd sure be interested to hear them.

Meanwhile, if you want to find out as much as is known about the origins of the quote, you can—surprise, surprise—turn to the Internet. Alan P Scott of Portland, OR, who works for a school system, has a Web page devoted to the question (home.pacifier.com/~ascott/they/tamildaa.htm or just Google 'dancing about architecture,' it'll be the first thing that comes up), which, he says, has taken on a life of its own since the mid-1990s.

JC



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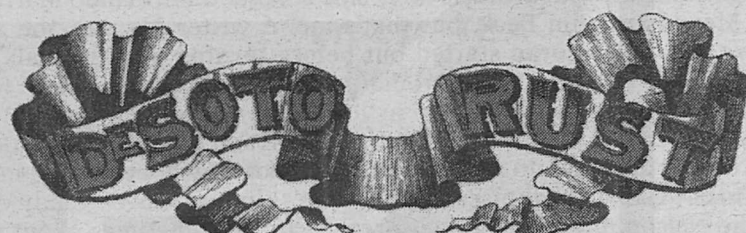
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South Austin

MICHAEL CORCORAN ALL OVER THE MAP TRUE HEROES OF TEXAS MUSIC

(University of Texas Press, paperback *****)

Here's a book that could be written in many different ways. From a distance, *Austin American-Statesman* music critic Corcoran and I might seem to share a lot of ground, I've written about many of his 32 subjects and run cover stories on almost a third of them (Ronnie Dawson, Cindy Walker, Blaze Foley, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Townes Van Zandt, Don Walser, Alejandro Escovedo, Steve Jordan, Lydia Mendoza and Bobby Fuller), but my take, hewing to Corcoran's "general focus on underappreciated artists," would have skipped The Geto Boys & DJ Screw, Sly Stone, Butthole Surfers, Selena and The Chuck Wagon Gang, substituting Butch Hancock, Moon Mullican, Milton Brown, Adolph Hofner and Mingo Saldivar, with a 'Music Men' side chapter on Armando Marroquin, Huey P. Meaux and Jim Beck, but that's me. A writer for, say, the *Austin Chronicle*, where Corcoran started out before turning professional, *Texas Monthly*, *Buddy* or *Texas Music* would probably diverge even more widely. Made up of expanded and updated articles that originally appeared in the *Statesman*, *Dallas Morning News*, *Houston Press* and other publications, this, pace the title, is divided into rather mystifying geographic regions. Sometimes it seems to be all about birthplace (for instance, Billy Joe Shaver, Cindy Walker and Willie Nelson are in the 'Waco Area' section), sometimes about where careers were built (Louisianans Harry Choates and Gatemouth Brown and Okie Floyd Tillman are in 'East Texas/Houston'), sometimes about passing through decades ago (Townes Van Zandt is in 'Austin,' as is Ray Wylie Hubbard, another Okie, who lived there briefly in the 70s). Still, if this rather artificial plan is a bit short on rhyme or reason, Corcoran generally knows his stuff (his piece on Lydia Mendoza is superficial), and, of course, has the advantage of always being upbeat, he is, after all, writing about 'True Heroes.' If you ask where some of yours are, he supplies a reasonable answer, "There's no way this book can be complete and still be portable." Rounding the book out are a 1986 *Spin* feature on what was known in Austin as The New Sincerity (more accurately called 'whiney white kids from the suburbs' in Dallas), Corcoran's Top 40 Texas singles (his #1 is The Bobby Fuller Four's *I Fought The Law*, works for me), a rather flimsy couple of pages on "The Dead Clubs Of The Live Music Capital," though he does include Henry's) and '25 Essential Texas Music CDs.' **JC**

ANAÏS MITCHELL HYMNS FOR THE EXILED

(Waterbug *****)

Now here's one that should have been in my September cover feature. The first words we hear from the Vermont-born, and currently based, singer-songwriter are, "I could tell stories like the government tells lies," then she updates TS Elliott's *The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock*, "In the rooms women come and go, talking on their mobile phones," and in the very next song references George Orwell and Prince in the same line, "tonight we can party like it's 1984." Of course, being political, which is only part of Mitchell's palette, is not enough, nor is being literate, though God knows I haven't come across a songwriter who can quote Elliott since William James IV, and the trick in each case is to wear it lightly, no soapbox ranting and no showing off. Mitchell is surefooted on both counts and while I wouldn't, just on the general 'Kiss of Death' principle, go as far as to echo Jonathan Byrd, "Not since Bob Dylan's early years has a 23 year old songwriter had such power and meaning," she does illustrate a fairly regular 3CM theme—that there hasn't been a great American poet since Robert Lowell because Dylan came along and showed that it was possible for a young wordsmith to go much further, much faster, and maybe even make a bob or two, by writing songs instead. Mitchell's one-sheet has another quote, "I assure you, you'll be hearing a lot more from her," and that one I have no trouble going along with. **JC**

CONJUNTO • PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DYER

(UT Press, hardback ***)

Yo Soy De Aqui was the title of a sensational exhibition of photographs of conjunto accordionists, emphasizing the instruments as much as the players, that made me wish I could use color in 3CM, because it would be a desecration to run any of these gorgeously saturated pictures in black & white. Unfortunately, they were not taken by John Dyer but by Daniel Schaefer. While both men started out linking their love for the music with their skills as photographers, Schaefer started doing it in the 70s, while Dyer expanded a small portfolio into a fullblown book during the last year. Also, Schaefer shot his subjects live on stage and pretty much oblivious to his snapping, whereas Dyer took carefully posed portraits of his, usually at their homes, and not all of them seem particularly comfortable. While accordion players dominate his book, Dyer does cast a slightly wider net, but the overall stiffness of his pictures, compared to the vitality of Schaefer's, well, right idea, wrong photographer. As it includes essays by Conjunto Aztlan accordionist Juan Tejada, founder of the Tejano Conjunto Festival, and Joe Nick Patoski, I'm rather astounded that one caption reads "the accordion is a difficult instrument to learn to play." This, of course, is complete bollocks, although very hard to master, it's about the easiest instrument to learn to play (not that that's necessarily a good thing). **JC**

ROCKABILLY

Even though I mourn the passing of analog sound (and, come to that, mono), the real reason I detest CDs is that they killed the 45 and there are genres dear to me, mainly country and rockabilly, that simply aren't meant to be on full length single artist albums. Which is why **Rockabilly Lives** (Hightone *****) is the clear winner in this lineup. The label's association with Ronny Weiser's Rollin' Rock, which sadly ended before they got to The Magnetics, extended its reach back into the 70s Revival, including Gene Vincent's last recording from 1971 (*Hey, Hey, Hey*), Johnny Carroll's *You Said You Wouldn't Get Drunk Patricia*, Charlie Feathers' *That Certain Female*, Billy Lee Riley's *The Little Green Men*, Mac Curtis' *DuckTail*, Ray Campi's *Rockabilly Music* and The Blasters' *Marie Marie*. The latter, of course, serve as a bridge into Hightone's own catalog, Dave Alvin represented by a blistering live version of *American Music* and, with Sonny Burgess, *Flattop Joint*, Phil Alvin by *County Fair*, along with Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys' *I Can't Believe I'm Saying This To You*, Kim Lenz' *Saturday Jump* (I seem to be the only person who thinks *Havin' A Ball* was the best thing she ever did), Rosie Flores' *You Tear Me Up* and Deke Dickerson with The Calvanes' very timely *Hot Rodder's Lament*. One warning though, when you're in your car, this is lead foot music.

Subtitled 'Lost & Found Treasures 1991-2005,' **The Dave & Deke Combo: There's Nothing Like An Old Hillbilly** (Bucket-Lid *****) is a collection of 22 tracks either unreleased or only available on a British EP or Finnish 45, and it's a riot, particularly the live (at the Blue Saloon, North Hollywood) *Let's Rock Tonight* and (at Linda's Doll House, Anaheim) *Sweet Rockin' Mama* and The Everly Brothers' *Muskrat*, which highlight the raucous chemistry between Deke Dickerson and Dave Stuckey. Even if you missed out on their fab **Hollywood Dance Party**, the Combo's only album, this will give you even more of an idea why it's still spoken of with love and regret, but a brand new track, recorded earlier this year, inspires some hope that The Dave & Deke Combo may someday ride again.

I'm not good with dates round that period, but sometime in the early 70s I covered a Commander Cody & The Lost Planet Airmen show for the Manchester University student paper, and have been a devoted fan of that band's guitarist ever since. Picking the best off his three Hightone albums for **Bill Kirchen: King Of Dieselbilly** (Hightone *****) has to have been a tortuous process, and, rather oddly given that his forever sidemen Johnny Castle & Jack O'Dell take their name from it, *Too Much Fun* didn't make the cut, but Kirchen's other signature song is here not just once but twice, from **Hot Rod Lincoln** and a 91/2 minute take with The Twangbangers (Redd Volkaert, Dallas Wayne & Joe Goldmark), which means 'That Guy' will now be calling DJs all over America requesting the *really* long version of **Hot Rod Lincoln**. Also from **Hot Rod Lincoln** are *Looking At The World Through A Windshield* and *Womb To The Tomb*, along with *Little Bitty Record* from **Raise A Ruckus** and *Truck Stop At The End Of The World*, Joe & Rose Maphis' *Dim Light, Thick Smoke* and Dylan's *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues* from **Tied To The Wheel**, with the obligatory Blackie Farrell song being *Rockabilly Funeral* from The Twangbangers' **26 Days On The Road**. Not a true retrospective, that would require at least one track from Kirchen's first solo album, Edsel's **Tombstone Every Mile** (Jimmy Donley's *Think It Over* would be my pick), but a knockout and, as usual, fabulously remastered, package of great tracks from one of the greatest guitar players of our time.

In Jane Austen's **Pride And Prejudice**, Mr Bennett interrupts a daughter's piano recital saying, "You have delighted us long enough." Unfortunately, trapped in CD hell, even talented rockabillys tend to delight us long enough. Much as I admire the individual tracks on **Deke Dickerson: The Melody** (Major Label ****.5), "a concept album carefully engineered to bring you songs with melodies and hooks," after 15 of them, the only one that really stands out is *Lookin' For Money*, a 1957 Sarg single by Al Urban of Gonzalez, TX, in a slightly better version than The Dave & Deke Combo's.

Shaun Young: Wiggle Walk (Goofin' [Finland] ****.5) also clocks in at 15 tracks, but its very unevenness makes the better ones stand out. Not the most distinctive of singers, the former High Noon frontman is at his best with pastiches like the Elvis-styled original *I've Found What I Was Looking For*, Bobby Vee & The Crickets' *When You're In Love*, Groovy Joe Poovey's *Move Around*, the Eddie Cochran-esque original *The List*, and Jimmy Logsdon's *Rocket In My Pocket*, another from 1957, released on Roulette as by Jimmie Lloyd, helped enormously by Leroy Biller's fluency with appropriate guitar styles.

Bram Riddlebarger is probably tired of hearing this, but there many moments on **Wailin' Elroys: Route 33** (Rhythm Bomb ****.5) when you'd swear you were listening to Wayne Hancock. Not that that's a bad thing. Also with 15 tracks (one unlisted), the only cover is Wayne Walker's *All I Can Do Is Cry*, but while they're good, solid songs, the rest of Riddlebarger's originals are dominated by the standout, *Keep My Feet On The Ground*. Still, they have bags of energy and the acoustic rhythm guitar work is outstanding.

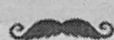
While the DC all-stars do very well with covers, of Johnny Cash's *Cry, Cry, Cry*, Buddy Holly's *Blue Days, Black Nights*, Wynn Stewart's *Heartaches For A Dime* and Mac Curtis' *That Ain't Nothin' But Right*, the originals on **JP McDermott & Western Bop: Last Fool Here** (Shower-Tone ****.5) are pretty generic right up to the end, when he pulls out his terrific title track. Winner of a 2004 Country Vocalist Wammy, McDermott illustrates the general problem with contemporary rockabilly—he has one great A side and a slew of passable B sides, but he hasn't got an album. **JC**



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AND THE WINNER IS... Annual CMA Awards Predictions

One of the difficult things for me about predicting the winners of the CMA Awards over the years has been my lack of willingness to pick a potential winner that I disliked. For instance, I may believe strongly that Kenny Chesney is going to win a certain category, but I want so much for him not to win that I have a hard time typing his name and giving him some sort of validation. There have also been times where I hated all five Song of the Year nominees or I thought that the five artists listed in the Horizon Award category indicated bad things for the future of country music. You get the picture.

So when I tell you that this year's show, set for November 15 on CBS, will feature many worthy winners and a handful of respectable artists in most categories, you know things have improved in Music City. Of course, we aren't getting to enjoy the fruits of this improvement for the CMA telecast. New York is hosting this year's edition. You have seen me bitching about this situation on these pages in previous months, and I once again state that outgoing CMA president Ed Benson was an imbecile to send the show out of Nashville.

But enough of my bitching and complaining. There is an awards show to handicap and it's my 3rd Coast duty to help you try to win your CMA Awards office pool. Okay, stop laughing, I know you don't have one. But if you did, here is who you should pick:

ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR

Kenny Chesney; Alan Jackson, Toby Keith, Brad Paisley, Keith Urban

Toby Keith isn't allowed to win major CMA Awards because he talks a bunch of smack about the industry and he is starting his own label to get away from Music Row. He's an asshole who's bitten the hand that fed him generously and isn't well liked as a result. Chesney has had too weird a year with the whole marriage annulment thing to get the votes. Paisley will win in other categories and Jackson hasn't had a very big year. That leaves Keith Urban, who will win his first Entertainer trophy in a year where he did a Gap Jeans ad and crossed over to pop radio with *You'll Think Of Me*. I picked him as an upset winner for the Horizon Award in 2001 and for Male Vocalist last year. Both times he won for me. I'm going with him again. And for those of you who are into celebrity gossip, Urban is apparently boinking fellow Aussie Nicole Kidman, so he is having a very good year.

SINGLE OF THE YEAR

Alcohol, Brad Paisley; *As Good As I Once Was*, Toby Keith; *Baby Girl*, Sugarland; *Bless The Broken Road*,

CHARLES EARLE'S B-Sides

Rascal Flatts; *I May Hate Myself In The Morning*, Lee Ann Womack

As I said, Paisley will win in other categories. His likable ode to booze will take home this trophy. I'd vote for Womack's old school tune about sex and regret. Kudos to Sugarland for getting in this category with their first big single.

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

Be Here, Keith Urban; *Feels Like Today*, Rascal Flatts; *Live Like You Were Dying*, Tim McGraw; *Somewhere Down In Texas*, George Strait; *There's More Where That Came From*, Lee Ann Womack

This one feels a little tricky to me. For reasons I can't begin to understand, Rascal Flatts has been embraced by the industry in recent years. However, I think they won't win here. Tim McGraw had a win last year from this album's title song, so he will be old news to voters. Strait and Womack did good work but didn't sell huge numbers. I'm going with Keith Urban, who has sold in the multi platinum category on his last couple of albums.

SONG OF THE YEAR

Alcohol, Brad Paisley; *As Good As I Once Was*, Toby Keith/Scotty Emerick; *Bless The Broken Road*, Marcus Hummon/Bobby Boyd/Jeff Hanna; *I May Hate Myself In The Morning*, Odie Blackmon; *Redneck Woman*, Gretchen Wilson/John Rich; *Whiskey Lullaby*, Bill Anderson/Jon Randall

Another tough call. *Redneck Woman* has become an anthem for southern women, but it charted in 2004 and thus seems like old news. *Whiskey Lullaby* won the Vocal Event category in 2004, so it will also seem like last year's model. In this category, it's always safe to go with the the schmalziest. Songs that do things like dispensing meaningless advice about getting joy out of life are popular here (*I Hope You Dance* and *Live Like You Were Dying* for example). On this basis, I am going with the Rascal Flatts hit *Bless The Broken Road*. The cheese factor on this one is massive.

FEMALE VOCALIST OF THE YEAR

Sara Evans, Alison Krauss, Martina McBride, Gretchen Wilson, Lee Ann Womack

You could cheer for Krauss here every year, and I do. Evans has made some progress in her career over the last two years, but not enough to win. I'm crossing my fingers that voters are finally getting tired of McBride. Wilson will get this one soon, but as Morrissey once said you just haven't earned it yet baby. I'm taking Lee Ann Womack, a traditionalist who sticks to her guns. She has had a big year.

MALE VOCALIST OF THE YEAR

Kenny Chesney, Alan Jackson, Brad Paisley, George Strait, Keith Urban

I think this category may be the easiest call of the year. Paisley seems like a lead pipe cinch to take home this trophy. Strait, Jackson and Urban are all previous winners and Chesney is considered more of an entertainer than a savvy vocalist. That leaves the deserving Paisley, who has a deep love of country music history, to join the likes of the greats who have won this award. Good for him.

VOCAL GROUP OF THE YEAR

Alison Krauss + Union Station with Jerry Douglas, Diamond Rio, Lonestar, Rascal Flatts, Sugarland Again, it sure would be nice to see Krauss get serious consideration, but after she won an armful of CMAs in 1995 and a Vocal Event trophy last year, I think a lot of voters are likely to think she has had her turn. I wouldn't mind seeing newcomers Sugarland pick up a win here. I watched their live show on CMT before the country video awards this past summer and enjoyed what I saw, but new acts usually don't win in major categories at the CMAs. Diamond Rio and Lonestar are just basically seat fillers in the category this year. That leaves Rascal Flatts in position for their third consecutive win. And yes, my skin is crawling as I write those words. Dixie Chicks... please, please come back and save this category!!! Everybody hates Bush now and all is forgiven.

VOCAL DUO OF THE YEAR

Big & Rich, Brooks & Dunn, Montgomery Gentry, Van Zant, The Warren Brothers

I've said for years that this category was a waste of airtime, and in the past it truly has been. Brooks & Dunn have won it 12 of the last 13 years and The Judds won it four years in a row before that. The CMA usually has to round up acts that don't even have major label deals just to get five nominees. But this year Brooks & Dunn have some serious competition, and it isn't from Montgomery Gentry, the only duo to ever beat them. Nope, the winner this year is going to be Big & Rich. I made fun of their name on this page when their debut album was released. Who wouldn't have? But their career is hot as fire right now and they will win their first CMA Award, sending Kix and Ronnie down in defeat.

MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

Good News, Bad News, George Strait/Lee Ann Womack; *I'll Never Be Free*, Willie Nelson/Lee Ann Womack; *New Again*, Brad Paisley/Sara Evans; *Party For Two*, Shania Twain/Billy Currington; *Trip Around The Sun*, Jimmy Buffett/Martina McBride

This category is always tough to call if none of the songs nominated were big hits as is the case this year, so you kind of have to go by which artists you think voters want to reward in what is not one of the major categories. It definitely won't be Shania. Womack's nominations for two songs will cancel each other out. I'm picking the Paisley/Evans pairing. These are two deserving artists who haven't received enough CMA recognition in the past.

MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

Jerry Douglas (dobro), Paul Franklin (steel guitar), Dann Huff (electric guitar), Brent Mason guitar/electric guitar), Randy Scruggs (guitar/mandolin) There are plenty of CMA voters who know what goes on behind the scenes in Nashville studios. There are also plenty who don't. That makes this category very tough to predict. You can flip a coin or make up a theory. I'm going with a theory. Paul Franklin has been nominated 13 times previously, but has never won. Yes, he is the Susan Lucci of country music. But not anymore. I'm guessing some industry vets will encourage folks in the industry to vote for Franklin. Steel guitar is back as an important part of mainstream country music after a hiatus during the Faith and Shania years. Franklin deserves to be rewarded.

MUSIC VIDEO OF THE YEAR

Alcohol, Brad Paisley (directed by Jim Shea); *As Good As I Once Was*, Toby Keith (directed by Michael Salomon); *Days Go By*, Keith Urban (directed by Wayne Isham); *I May Hate Myself In The Morning*, Lee Ann Womack (directed by Trey Fanjoy); *When I Think About Cheatin'*, Gretchen Wilson (directed by Robert Deaton/George J Flanigen IV)

I think this comes down to a Paisley vs. Wilson contest. With videos, unless something was visually stunning, I always take the artist with the hot hand. Thus, I am going with Paisley. Also, I have a mild suspicion that CMA members are feeling decadent in getting to vote for an old fashioned drinking song.

HORIZON AWARD

Dierks Bentley, Big & Rich, Miranda Lambert, Julie Roberts, Sugarland

So long Miranda Lambert and Julie Roberts, and thanks for playing. This is a three-way battle and maybe the hardest prediction to make from the whole list. But here is my attempt at logic... Big & Rich have had a great year, but CMA members will go for them in the Duo category, freeing up their votes here. The industry likes Sugarland, but Bentley was nominated here last year and is a high integrity guy with good songs. He gets the win in the Horizon category.

So there you have it folks. My fearless predictions. I have sound logic behind each of them, which is probably why I'll be wrong a lot. This is the country music industry, after all. Be sure to read next month for a wrap up of the telecast and the results of my predictions.



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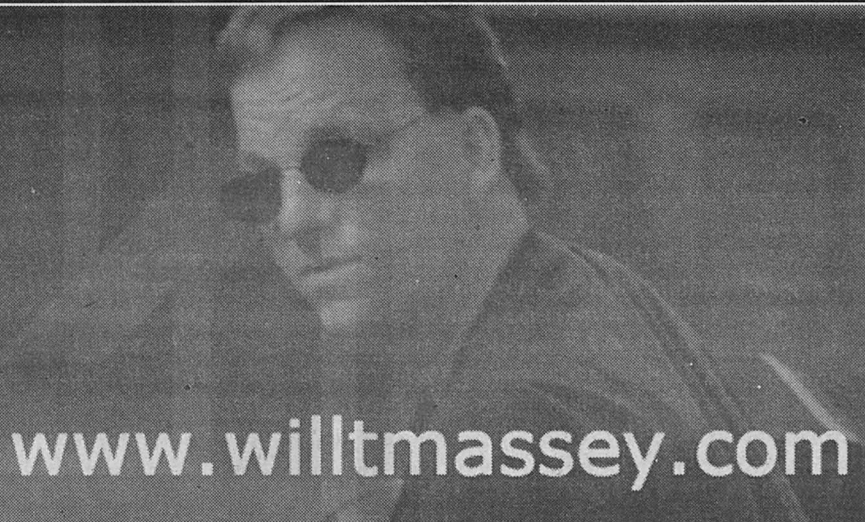
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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

Bad brain fart last month. Juggling a whole bunch of different dates for **Blaze Foley** recordings, I managed to get disorientated and added two years to his life. He was, in fact, killed in 1989, not 1991. Hell, all I had to do was look it up in my own B&D list where it's been a fixture for almost 15 years.

♦ Coming up a little short on J The Rev last month, I stuffed in an abbreviated version of a heldover piece on **Ashlee Simpson**, figuring the basic question—why was she on *SNL* in the first place?—was still valid but kinda fading, so best used before its shelf life expired completely. Then dang me if she wasn't back on the show in October, which I guess means she must have some fucking serious money behind her. I mean to say, how many people would get a second chance on a major network show after screwing up as badly as she did? On the plus side, she managed to get through two songs without actually self-destructing, but, of course, she's still garbage and any self-respecting talent booker (though that's something of a contradiction in terms) would have set the dogs on her. Without doing anything as tedious as research, my gut feeling is that of the shows that feature musical guests, *SNL* is rock bottom, Leno not far ahead, Letterman a little better and Conan O'Brien in the lead. Mind you, I base this last largely on the testimony of Lisa Pankratz, who told me that O'Brien not only knew who Ronnie Dawson was but came to watch them rehearse and was really into and knowledgeable about the music.

♦ It occurs to me that over the last few months I've quoted Edward Gibbon (**The Rise & Fall Of The Roman Empire**) and George Finlay (**History Of The Byzantine Empire**) to make musical points. Whether, in retrospect, my grandmother might have questioned the wisdom of her investment, when I were a lad she thought I was bright enough to be worth sending to a good public school (for American readers, I should note that in England public schools are actually private as against state schools that are public, if you follow me). Anyway, I mention this to assure you that these references were not a gratuitous display of erudition but mere fragments of a classical education possibly not even offered anymore by English public schools.

♦ Still, while we're in these lofty realms, another quote that's particularly apposite in the context of Ashlee Simpson, or any one of countless other fabricated acts, came from reader Donnie Ault, of Madison, WI. In response to an article by HG Wells, **William James** wrote to him criticizing America's "moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess SUCCESS. That—with the squalid interpretation put on the word success—is our national disease." That was in 1906! As the French say, plus ça change, plus ça la même shit.

♦ One thing in last month's editorial that I missed but was immediately picked up on by **Danny Roy Young** is that musicians also have to compete against each other for alcohol sales. An excellent point, several well-known Austin acts have always found it hard to get gigs because their crowds are notoriously abstemious, while, on the flip side, when The Saxon Pub reopened, one of the owners, explaining Rusty Weir's residency, said "He only draws 25 people, but they drink more than 250 regular people." James McMurtry wryly observes, "I set to be a musician, but turns out I'm really a beer salesman," and that can be important. I didn't know this at the time, but Rick Broussard tells me that, back when, The Hole In The Wall didn't pay the act one dime until the bar had taken \$2000.

♦ Sorry to burst Professor Purple's bubble, but Little Jewford tells us that **Kinky Friedman & The Texas Jewboys'** album **Mayhem Aforethought** was actually made from a copy, long forgotten and buried in a disused storage area, of the board tape KSAN gave him the night of the recording, and assures us that had Richard's tape been the source, he would indeed have been involved and credited.

♦ While the Southern dichotomy between the sacred and profane, upbringing and lifestyle, tormented many individuals, from Hank Williams down, the **Bailes Brothers** personified it in a rather bizarre division of labor. While Walter and Homer eventually became ministers, Kyle and Johnnie went down very different paths. Now this is the kind of stuff you'd expect to learn from a just the facts reference source rather than the liner notes of a tribute album, where such sordid details might reasonably be glossed over, but *All Music Guide* tells us, "They made their debut on [the Grand Ole Opry] in 1944 and stayed in Nashville for two years" and "The original Bailes Brothers went their separate ways in 1949," while **Rod Moag** bluntly states, "Despite their great popularity, the group was fired from the Opry because of the adverse publicity generated by the attempted suicide of a woman with whom Johnnie was having an affair" and "He carried an underage girl across the state line in Texarkana and was prosecuted and convicted under the Mann Act... With Johnnie serving a short prison sentence, the Bailes Brothers career ended in 1949." Moag also mentions, "Kyle initially played bass with them but because of his excessive drinking was replaced in 1947."

♦ By odd coincidence that will mean little or nothing to anyone but **Rod Moag** and myself, my great-grandfather compiled the first English-Gujarati dictionary while Municipal Commissioner of Bombay.

♦ Ever helpful, I emailed **Bobby Earl Smith** to point out a typo in the credits of **Turn Row Blues**, which had Sharon Shelley rather than Sharon Sheeley as the writer of *Poor Little Fool*, that, incidentally, made her, at 18, the youngest woman ever to write a #1 hit. "Dang, You're right. I looked up the title at bmi.com and just flat mistranscribed it. I was a proofreader at one point in my checkered career so such a basic mistake is irritating to my sense of 'getting it right.' Thanks for the correction. That said, the real story is how we came to record the song in the first place. I only met **James Burton** the night before the recording session. Casper called me up and invited my son, Eric, and me out to Pedernales Recording Studio to meet him. During a break I told him I'd been working up some new songs and would like to have him on a session if he was available. Next morning, Derek O'Brien called me up at 8am and said Burton had the afternoon off. I phoned the pickers I knew who could beat feet and be out to the studio by one o'clock that afternoon.

We cut from one til five at when James was due at Pedernales. We'd run through a song once, twice at the most, then cut it. The vocals are scratch. The only overdubs are a tic-tac guitar part that James wanted to put on *Little Fiddle Lick* and the fiddle parts that Warren Hood added when he came home for Spring Break. Other than that the tracks are as is. There are no instrumental redos at all.

We'd cut six songs by a few minutes to five and were packing up our gear when James began noodling around on the dobro, playing a guitar vamp I've known forever. When I was showing Eric basic bass guitar patterns, I chose *Poor Little Fool* for its classic changes and chords, so he and I had already inadvertently rehearsed the rhythm track. I picked up my Martin and started strumming along with James and singing 'I used to play around with hearts...' Gabe noticed that Gracey was frantically circling his index finger above his head. Casper said, 'What's Gracey doing?' Gabe said, 'He wants us to cut it.' So, we did."

♦ Proof, in any was needed, that editor/publisher Marc Bristol is more of a gentleman than I can be found in the current issue of *Blue Suede News*, which contains an article on **The Secrets**, a definitively obscure one hit wonder (*The Boy Next Door*) 60s girl group. In it, one member is quoted as saying, "During the late 50s I was listening to a lot of Rock & Roll; Elvis, Bobby Darin, people like that, Johnny

Mathis, then Shelley Fabares and *Johnny Angel*, stuff like that. Always listening to Rock & Roll..." I just flat couldn't have let that go by without unkind comment.

♦ Not, I hasten to say, that I have anything but the warmest affection for **Johnny Mathis**, who provided the soundtrack for countless teenage necking sessions in the late 50s and early 60s. There was something about Johnny that put girls, both British and, or at least so I'm told, American, in the mood, while at the same time he was good enough, especially the Nelson Riddle stuff, not to offend the sensibilities of fledgling music critics, though, of course, back then one would have been willing to put up with just about anything that would advance the process of exchanging bodily fluids, even if only saliva. To this day, *Chances Are* or *A Certain Smile* still make me think of Jennifer. Small piece of music trivia with which to amaze your friends: everybody has one, or many, now, but **Johnny's Greatest Hits** (1958) was the first of its kind.

♦ Despite a certain lack of enthusiasm we dragged ourselves down to the 5th **International Accordion Festival** (or, as the schedule boards at the various locations had it, 'Accordian Festival'), only to find that the volunteer presenters didn't know who most of the acts were either, reading very stiffly from prepared intros, obviously crafted by organizer Pat Jasper as they all contained her trademark "and now, without further ado..." Still, the one announcer who did improvise, Juan Tejada, came off sounding even worse when he appealed to Augie Meyers for help with the lineup of The Texas Tornados. High spot was the sanctioned busking of Ben Schenck and Patrick Farrell of the **Panorama Jazz Band** with **Mark Rubin**. Low spot was Rubin sitting in with the Lower Chodsko Trio, but not wearing the group's uniform, a bitter blow to Czech music purists and those of us who would pay good money to see Rubin in knee pants and stockings.

♦ Every year, **Jim Beal Jr** of the *San Antonio Express-News* and I bemoan, privately and in print, the lack of any sizzle in the Accordion Festival, and every year two of our perennial candidates for next year's lineup are **Dick Contino** and **Those Darn Accordions**. After saying this yet again in his postmortem of the 2005 Festival, Beal got an email from the leader of Those Darn Accordions telling him that not only had the group tried several times to get included but that they'd recently done a TV show with none other than Dick Contino himself, his first such in almost 40 years. Which means that Pat Jasper could book a twofer, Those Darn Accordions featuring Dick Contino, and shut us up next year.

♦ Sick music joke of the month, from the manager of an act formerly associated with the label: How can we stop the spread of AIDS? Have it distributed by **Rounder**.

† SONNY FISHER

Known as 'The Wild Man From Texas,' Therman 'Sonny' Fisher, was born in Chandler, TX, on November 13th, 1931. His father played guitar and sang cowboy songs and the young Fisher started a hillbilly band, but soon came under the influence of Joe Turner, Fats Domino and BB King, and was an early fan of Elvis Presley. However, though he signed to Starday as the Houston label's first rockabilly act, and cut four regionally successful singles, notably *Rockin' Daddy*, later covered by Sun's Eddie Bond, and *Hold Me Baby*, raw Texas rockabilly at its best, he was never able to break out nationally. Many years later, a striking figure with his trademark jaw-length sideburns and majestic pompadour, he became a cult figure in Europe, "For a man never going on stage since the '50s, he was great," says Jacky Chalard of Big Beat. Though sought after by European promoters, nobody was able to locate him after 1983 and it was assumed that he'd died. In fact, Sonny Fisher lived until October 8th, when he died age 73.

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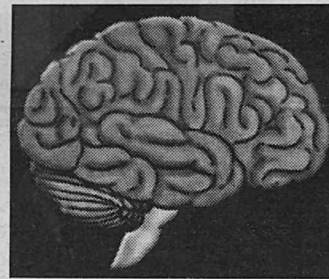
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The Bee Creek sessions seemed destined for a similar fate until July 2005 when Leland Waddell received a call from an old friend in Indiana. The guy said he'd been cleaning out his car and found an unmarked CD. He played it to see if it contained anything and he thought it sounded like Blaze. Excitedly, Waddell asked the friend to overnight the disc and, sure enough, it was the rough mixes of those 1988 sessions.

Michael Corcoran, Austin American Statesman

Now, 17 years later, Waddell Hollow Records proudly presents ten songs - Fully restored with Pro Tools by John Sheppard. This is the album that Blaze wanted to make, including "If I Could Only Fly", "Clay Pigeons" and two songs thought to be lost forever — Calvin Russell's "Life Of a Texas Man" and Jubal Clark's "Black Granite."

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WASTED YOUTH

George Bernard Shaw observed, "Youth is a wonderful thing," adding, "What a crime to waste it on children." Now, I have nothing particular against the young, it's not their fault and anyway I used to be young myself, though frankly I prefer not to reminisce about that too much as I start remembering things that still to this day make me cringe with embarrassment and wish I could go back and do them over—I'd be hell on wheels as a teenager/20something with what I know now. Of course, the trouble is, you can be young or you can be experienced, but you can't be both at the same time.

The clearest musical example of this dichotomy I can think of is a remark the great French guitarist Pierre Bensusan made when I interviewed him for *Time Out* in the 80s, which, incidentally, was one of the scariest things I've ever done. He told me that he planned to explore a new chord every day and estimated that he'd still be working on it until he died, no matter how long he lived. Kind of puts 'teen guitar prodigy' into perspective, doesn't it? Even if you don't have Bensusan's classical brand of ambition and are content to master only as many chords as are needed to play, even excel at, country or blues or rock or folk, first you have to learn them, then practise them, then play them so often that eventually you master them, and that takes not just a degree of musical talent but perseverance, which translates as just plain old time.

The pisser of it is, when you're young, raw, footloose and still working on your chops, you think cramming into a beatup Econoline, driving hundreds of miles, humping your gear through back alleys and playing to half a dozen drunks for peanuts is an adventure. By the time you've made a name for yourself and people actually want to come see you, touring's a major pain in the ass that takes you away from the wife and kids and had better pay good or fuck it. I remember Dave Alvin enthusing about playing an 8pm show in San Antonio, "Tomorrow we're at the Continental and won't even go on until after midnight. I'm too old for that shit." Round about the time your throat or fingers are at the top of their game, your knees, back and digestion start going on strike.

Then there's the question of what's going on in a musician's head, which, in the case of the young, is not a whole hell of a lot, or at least nothing much about which anybody else gives a toss. It's not just that the young are pig ignorant, most adults are pig ignorant too, but when you're still groping round the edges about life, the universe and everything, it's kind of hard to come up with an original thought about them, or rather any insight that anyone who's been around for a while hasn't heard before. Not impossible maybe, but how likely is it, for instance, that an aspiring for a Nashville hit young songwriter is going to tell us old farts something new and perceptive about love, God or murder, let alone adultery?

Analogous to Bensusan's chords is musical education. Hardly a day goes by when I personally don't learn something not just about music but about genres I've been studying on since God was an opening act and that's a never-ending process. However, some years ago, I collected a bunch of quotes from not even all that young Nashville stars in which some openly admitted, almost bragged about, their ignorance, sample, from *Texas Monthly*, Clint Black (then 29): "I don't feel a real connection to people like Bob Wills... I never really gave those older guys any thought." And neither do many young country musicians, so they don't even know that Hank, Lefty, Cindy, Buck, Merle and Johnny already wrote it and played it better decades ago.

To me, intelligent design would be the voice, mind and experience of Ray Price in the body and with the throat and lungs of a boogie all night long 24-year old. Sad but true, youth is wasted on the young. **JC**

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(Hillbilly Dreams *****/Full Light *****/Muleshoe *****)

So, last month I was talking about how musicians have to compete not just with their contemporaries but every musician who's recorded in the last 100 years. This month, we can add another wrinkle—late bloomers. Over the last few weeks, I've gotten new albums featuring four men who, between them, have been knocking around for 273 years, Bill C Malone and Wayne Scott are both 71, Rod Moag will turn 69 this month and Bobby Earl Smith, the kid in this context, is a mere 62. Malone and Scott are making their recording debuts, but while this is Moag's fifth outing and Smith's second, they only started out, Moag with *The Singin' Pickin' Professor* (Diploma, 1995), Smith with *Rear View Mirror* (Muleshoe, 2000), when they were but lads in their late 50s.

Which is not to say that they don't all have a ton of musical history. Malone, one of the few academics, rare in any field, particularly country music, who can write readable, not to say intelligible, English, is, of course, the author of several classic works, notably *Country Music, USA*. Retired from Tulane University, he keeps his hand in with a radio show, *Back To The Country*, WORT, Madison, WI. Also retired, from UT Austin, Moag too has a radio show, *The Country, Swing & Rockabilly Jamboree*, KOOP, Austin, TX, but has been playing music since childhood, a natural aptitude honed by a strong music program at The New York State School For The Blind. The two Professors Emeriti banded together to pay tribute to a crucial part of the mutual soundtrack of their adolescence, the late 40s country-gospel of Johnnie, Kyle, Homer & Walter Bailes, of Charleston, WV. As Moag observes, "Country fans below the age of sixty are unfamiliar with them," and, apart from the inevitable Bear Family collection (*Oh So Many Years*, 2002), it's been over 20 years since The Bailes Brothers were in the racks.

While not pretending to be able to recreate "the passionate intensity heard in their voices," Malone & Moag present 19 songs from The Bailes Brothers' repertoire, including *Give Mother My Crown*, *Dust On The Bible*, *I Want To Be Loved*, *I Guess I'll Go On Dreaming*, *Oh So Many Years*, *Building On The Sand*, *Whiskey Is The Devil (In Liquid Form)*, and, of course, *Remember Me*, while none other than the last surviving brother, 83-year old Rev Homer Bailes, recorded at his home in Ruston, LA, sings lead on *Something Got Ahold Of Me* and *The Songbirds Are Singing In Heaven Tonight*. In honor of their sound, Moag's mandolin is the predominant instrument, with Cindy Cashdollar, Tim O'Brien, Lloyd Maines, Bobby Flores and others backing him up, though some songs were reworked in anachronistic styles, notably *It's So Hard To Smile* which was given a Texas honky tonk arrangement.

Wayne Scott left small town Kentucky when he was 16, eventually winding up in California where, at 40, he started playing standards and hits in country joints but though he wrote songs all his life, he never performed them in public. It wasn't until he retired to his old home town that his son, Nashville songwriter Darrell Scott, finally got him to record 11 of them, along with *Crash On The Highway* and, live at Douglas Corner, *Folsom Prison Blues*, which makes for a good reference point, Johnny was an obvious influence on Scott, also a baritone, along with Hank and Merle. Mostly recorded in Darrell's living room, including the powerful opener *It's The Whiskey That Eases The Pain*, a duet with Guy Clark, Scott's songs run something of a gamut. Most of them are strong, solid, authentic country, particularly *Sunday With My Son*, *When It's Raining After Midnight* and *In The Mountains*, but if I simply cannot abide Scott's narrative *The Writer*, it's way, way more than balanced out by his monster *I Wouldn't Live In Harlan County*, a true classic you can easily imagine Cash jumping on had he ever got to hear it.

Bobby Earl Smith isn't the oldest player on his album, that would be James Burton. Yep, you heard that right. *Turn Row Blues* was recorded in 2003 when Burton was in Austin working on a Toni Price album, and she shared. Mind you, Smith also has Lloyd Maines, John Reed, Casper Rawls, Freddy Krc and, from a whole other generation, his son Eric, Gabe Rhodes, stepson of his old Jackalope Brother Joe Gracey, and Champ Hood's son Warren. A member, with Reed, of the iconic but short-lived (1972-74) Freda & The Firedogs, Smith worked with Alvin Crow, Kimmie Rhodes, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Butch Hancock and Gary P Nunn before dusting off his unused law degree in 1984, not returning to music for 16 years. With nine originals and covers of Stonewall Jackson's *Don't Be Angry*, Cindy Walker's *It's A Good World*, Kimmie Rhodes' *Just One Love* and, spoofing Ricky Nelson, Sharon Sheeley's *Poor Little Fool*, Smith and his stellar crew are so relaxed and sure-footed that, well it's hard to improve on Joe Nick's Patoski's liner notes, "like putting on my favorite pair of boots."

What these albums have in common is Sincerity. Not the showbiz, "Thank you, thank you very much" variety but the real downhome, unvarnished deal. These men aren't making career moves, they're not trying to impress the girls, they're not even looking to pick up a few extra bucks at he weekend, they're making music for its own sake, for reasons that have nothing to do with fame or fortune (though I'm sure they'd all be happy to cover the costs of making their albums). Plenty of people will sell you all the sincerity you can tolerate, but with Malone, Moag, Scott and Smith, it's just the way they are. **JC**

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American Good Southern Style

NOVEMBER ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

- 1st -- Tony De La Rosa • 1931 Sarita, TX
- Kinky Friedman • 1944 Chicago, IL
- Lyle Lovett • 1956 Klein, TX
- Kim Lenz • 1966 San Diego, CA
- Sippie Wallace † 1986
- 2nd -- Charlie Walker • 1926 Collin Co, TX
- JD Souther • 1945 Detroit, MI
- 3rd -- Champ Hood † 2001
- 4th -- Delbert McClinton • 1940 Lubbock, TX
- 5th -- Roy Rogers • 1911 Cincinnati, OH
- Ike Turner • 1931 Clarksdale, MS
- Gram Parsons • 1946 Winterhaven FL
- Johnny Horton † 1960
- 6th -- Stonewall Jackson • 1932 Tabor City, NC
- Frenchie Burke • 1933 Kaplan, LA
- Guy Clark • 1941 Monahans, TX
- Doug Sahm • 1941 San Antonio, TX
- Tary Owens • 1942 Toledo, OH
- 7th -- AP Carter † 1960
- 8th -- Ivory Joe Hunter † 1974
- 9th -- James Talley • 1944 Mehan, OK
- 10th Hugh Moffatt • 1948 Fort Worth, TX
- 11th Sippie Wallace • 1898 Houston, TX
- Mose Allison • 1927 Tippo, MS
- LaVern Baker • 1929 Chicago, IL
- Hank Garland • 1930 Cowpens, NC
- Dave Alvin • 1955 Los Angeles, CA
- Beau Jocque • 1957 Basile, LA
- 12th Bukka White • 1906 Houston, MS
- Booker T Jones • 1944 Memphis, TN
- Neil Young • 1945 Toronto, Canada
- James Intveld • 1959 Los Angeles, CA
- Lord Buckley † 1960
- 13th Ray Wylie Hubbard • 1946 Hugo, OK
- 14th Noel Boggs • 1917 Oklahoma City, OK
- Buckwheat • 1947 Lafayette, LA
- Joe Gracey • 1951 Fort Worth, TX
- Tex Edwards • 1954 Dallas, TX
- 15th Clyde McPhatter • 1933 Durham, NC
- 16th Jesse Stone • 1901 Atchison, KS
- Bois-Sec Ardoin • 1916 Duralde, LA
- Earl Bollick • 1919 Hickory, NC
- Shirley Bergeron • 1933 Church Point, LA
- Albert Collins † 1993
- 17th Terry Noland • 1938 Abilene, TX
- Gene Clark • 1941 Tipton, MO
- Black Ardoin • 1946 Duralde, LA
- 18th Hank Ballard • 1936 Detroit, MI
- Leeann Atherton • 1955 Birmingham, AL
- Doug Sahm † 1999

- 19th Katy Moffatt • 1950 Fort Worth, TX
- 20th Eck Robertson • 1887 Amarillo, TX
- Duane Allman • 1946 Nashville, TN
- 21st - Jean Shepard • 1933 Paul's Valley, OK
- Dr John • 1941 New Orleans, LA
- Cecil Brower † 1965
- 22nd Hoagy Carmichael • 1899 Bloomington, IN
- Charles Mann • 1945 Welsh, LA
- 23rd - Spade Cooley † 1969
- Big Joe Turner † 1985
- Roy Acuff † 1992
- 24th Scott Joplin • 1868 Bowie Co, TX
- Johnny Degollado • 1935 Austin, TX
- 27th Werly Fairburn • 1924 Folsom, LA
- Lotte Lenya † 1981
- Charline Arthur † 1987
- 28th Cecil Brower • 1914 Bellevue, TX
- Bruce Channel • 1940 Jacksonville, TX
- Libbi Bosworth • 1964 Galveston, TX
- Wanna Coffman † 1991
- 29th Merle Travis • 1917 Rosewood, KY
- Joe Falcon † 1965
- Ray Smith † 1979
- 30th Fred 'Papa' Calhoun • 1904 Chico, TX
- Walter Mouton • 1938 Scott, LA
- Jim Patton • 1950 Alton, IL
- Jeannie Kendall • 1954 St Louis, MO
- Guy Forsyth • 1968 Denver, CO

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2nd Abi Tapi, Suzanne Choffel,
Robbie Haedge (6pm)
4th, The Duke Of Simpleton

5th, Vallejo

6th, LZ Love (11am)

Roky Erickson & The Explosives (6pm)
7th & 14th,

Elizabeth McQueen & Jason Roberts

20th, Durden Family (11am)

27th, Gospel Silvertones (11am)

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2nd, David Holt

3rd, 10th & 17th, Elana Fremerman

5th, Rachel Loy

8th, T Jarrod Bonta

9th & 30th, Paul LeMond Band

12th, Scrappy Jud Newcomb

15th, Combo Mahalo

16th, Rob McNurlin

19th, Sidehill Gougers

22nd, The Privateers

26th, The Johns

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