

HOWLIN

FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #162

ROOT BIRTHS & DEATHS

REVIEWS

(or not) MERLE HAGGARD

WANDA JACKSON
.
GEORGE JONES

LINDI ORTEGA

RUSS SEEGER

CHRIS WALL



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FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #162 REAL MUSIC PLAYED FOR REAL PEOPLE BY REAL DIS DURING JANUARY 2013 #1 DALE WATSON; EL RANCHO AZUL (Red House) *AG/*CP/*JF/*LB/*NA/*RH/*RV/*RW/*ST Rich Mahan: Blame Bobby Bare (Snortin' Horse) *BB/*HT/*JM/*MN/*RC/*RS Carrie Rodriguez: Give Me All You Got (Ninth Street Opus) *AH/*GF/*GG Mary Gauthier: Live At Blue Rock (In The Black) *BW/*JH/*PP/*TF Kelly Willis & Bruce Robison: Cheater's Game (Premium) *BR/*DG/*KR/*N&T Chris Wall: El Western Motel (Cold Spring) *EW/*MI/*OO/*TB Amanda Cevallos: I'll Never Honky Tonk You (self) *JT/*LMG Chris O'Connell: Be Right Back! (Song) *GM **Beautiful Loser Society: The Desperate Promenade** (Pearl Palace) *TM Daniel Romano: Come Crv With Me (Normaltown) *BS/*OAM James Hand: Mighty Lonesome Man (Hillgrass Bluebilly) *SH Paul Kelly: Spring & Fall (self) *MJM = Roger Knox & The Pine Valley Cosmonauts: Stranger In My Land (Bloodshot) *GM/*KF Kris Kristofferson: Feeling Mortal (KK) Rob Lutes: The Bravest Bird (Lucky Bear) *CJ/*RE Amanda Pearcy: Royal Street (self) *RA Amber Digby: The World You're Living In (Heart Of Texas) *GS/*MT Tokyo Rosenthal: Tokyo's Fifth (Rock N Sock) *AMS Buddy Miller & Jim Lauderdale: Buddy and Jim (New West) Gurf Morlix Finds The Present Tense (Rootball) *TG Richard Thompson: Electric (New West) *JB Iris DeMent: Sing The Delta (Flariella) *ES Rosie Flores: Working Girl's Guitar (Bloodshot) *BL Jenn Grant: The Beautiful Wild (Six Shooter/Blue Rose) *MW The Leavers: Once Upon A Time (South Of The River) *WR Stella: Sorry Stella (Detroit Radio Co) *KP = Billy Bratcher: In The Lobby (Cow Island) Katie Euliss: 40 Watt Dreams (self) *JP 2 Lyle Brewer: Wicked Live (Deeveeus) Rachel Brooke: A Killer's Dream (Mia) 3= Lil' Band O' Gold: Plays Fats (Dust Devil) *SC Jimbo Mathus & The Tri-State Coalition: White Buffalo (Fat Possum) *DF **Compact Discs** Records • Video NATERLOO 10-11 Mon- Sat 12-11 Sun 600-A North Lamar Austin, TX 76703 www.waterloorecords.com (512)474.2500

WHERE MUSIC STILL MATTERS

*XX = DJ's Album of the Month, see chart IDs at tcmnradio.com/far

MERLE HAGGARD The Complete '60s Capitol Singles WANDA JACKSON The Best Of the Classic Capitol Singles GEORGE JONES The Complete United Artists Singles

(Omnivore 券券券券/券券券/券券券券)

Did you know that there wasn't a Grammy for Best Country Album until 1965? Or that it only lasted a year before being discontinued, not to be reinstated for another 30 *thirty*— years. The point, of course, is that in the period covered by these three collections, 1956 (lackson's *I Gotta Know*) to 1969 (Haggard's *If I Had Left It Up To You*), country artists cut singles, the way God intended. What I love about Omnivore's approach is that not only have all the tracks been mastered from original first generation mono singles masters, apart from three Haggard tracks, but they're also in chronological order by recording session, and nothing is more logical, coherent, consistent and often extremely revealing than chronological sequencing.

Calling Jackson a country artist is oversimplifying, but her rockabilly hits almost always had a country flip, eg Hot Dogl That Made Him Mad/Silver Threads And Golden Needles, and vice versa if comes to that. Jackson cut some 40 Ken Nelson produced sides for Capitol between 1956 and 1963, at sessions featuring Joe Maphis, Ralph Mooney, Buck Owens, Merrill Moore, Skeets McDonald and Roy Clark, so her 'best' was about three-quarters of them. Rob Finnis' superb Queen Of Rockabilly (Ace [UK], 2000) is unlikely to displaced as the best document of the rock & roll strength that Elvis Presley recognized more clearly than Jackson herself. Likewise, Finnis' The Very Best Of The Country Years (Ace [UK], 2006) is an excellent single album summary. However, this 29 track collection provides a great overview of the two often overlapping sides of the young Wanda Jackson.

George Jones was with United Artists from 1962 to 1966, roaring out of the gate with a #1, She Thinks I Still Care. However, of the 32 Pappy Dailey-produced tracks he cut for UA, only three others were Top Ten hits, A Girl I Used To Know, The Race Is On and You Comb Her Hair, so there's a fair amount of rather obscure material here, often, it must be said, deservedly so. One thing you can't say about Jones is that he was picky about material, perhaps because he knew he wouldn't remember singing any of it next day. The problems with this collection are that most of the best work Jones did for UA was duets with Melba Montgomery, plus Dailey was pure countrypolitan, slavishly devoted to The Jordanaires, which, as so often with recordings from this period, requires one to listen to a great voice and occasional great song while somehow blocking out arrangements that were dated before the tapes reached the pressing plant.

The problem, if you want to call it that, with the 28 tracks Haggard recorded for Capitol between 1965 and 1969 is that so many weren't just hits but masterpieces-The Fugitive, Branded Man, Sing Me Back Home, The Legend Of Bonnie & Clyde, Mama Tried, Hungry Eyes, Workin' Man Blues and, for better or worse, Okie From Muskogee were all #1 hits, while Swinging Doors, The Bottle Let Me Down, I Threw Away The Rose and I Take A Lot Of Pride In What I Am cracked the Top Ten. In other words, any serious country music fan (above a certain age, at least) should know a good half of the songs on this album by heart. Still, they're presented here in context, with the B-sides and non-hits. Though Haggard had already scored in the charts even with Tally Records' minimal distribution, he got off to a rocky start with Capitol, the first single grazing the charts at #42, the second going nowhere so, as Deke Dickerson notes, another clunker might have ended his major label career. Instead he came up with Swinging Doors and was off and running. With Ken Nelson producing, apart from the flip of the first single, produced by Fuzzy Owens, that Capitol bought from Tally, the session credits are rather mind blowing. With Bonnie Owens' harmony vocals as the one fixture, Haggard's guitarists included Roy Nichols, James Burton, Glen Campbell and Jerry Reed, Campbell also singing harmonies. Ralph Mooney and Norm Hamlet were the steel guitarists, while Glen D Hardin piano and Junior Huskey bass made appearances on various sessions. There have been a quite staggering number of Haggard repackagings, eight CDs in 2012 alone, but none of them have the thematic purity of The Complete '60s Capitol Singles, not to mention the authentic mono, apart from Okie From Muskogee/If I Had Left It Up To You, which were originally released on stereo, and California Blues, a fold-down of the original LP master as the single master couldn't be located. This is how you'd have heard Haggard on your hi-fi or radio back in the 60s. JC

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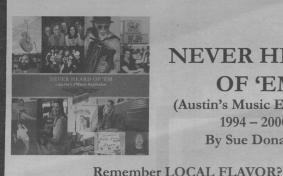
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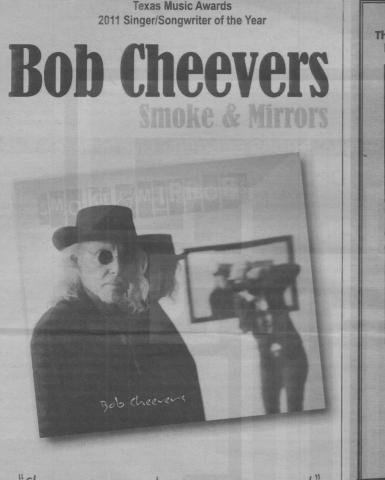
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JP HARRIS Still Hot...critic's pick "Best Country Album" for 2012...the Nashville Scene

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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

o, last month I marveled that recordings were still recoverable after decades of nonoptimal storage, but Hank Alrich says I'm wrong about magnetic tape deteriorating after a mere ten years. "No way, José. I have analog tape here from the 60s that still well. I have friends who have tapes that were recorded in the late 40s that still play I have to bow to Hank's far, far greater expertise and experience, on the other hand, ormer librarian, albeit several incarnations ago, I have to wonder why professional vists worry so much about the life expectancy of virtually every format ever used for ding sound. Bottom line seems to be that mileage can vary, at any rate, it's hard to find nitive answer. One fun thing I came across was a picture of FAR reporter Professor Brady (Barren River Breakdown, WKYU, Bowling Green, KY) transcribing a wax ter to tape at the Library of Congress in 1979, when she must have been, like, 13.

analog has one enormous advantage over digital. It deteriorates gradually, so, with it can be transcribed before it goes belly up. However, digital tape will, I'm told, show if any, deterioration in quality right up to the time of catastrophic failure." Yikes.

ntrast, the albums, made of gold-plated copper, on board Voyager 1 and Voyager 2 an estimated life span of one billion years. They included recordings of Beethoven, Mozart, Stravinsky, Blind Willie Johnson and others, but according to psychic wa (Steve Martin) on a 1978 Saturday Night Live skit, 'Next Week In Review,' the first nse from extraterrestrials was "Send more Chuck Berry."

s there is a tariff for the good version of a song. Mandy Mercier tells me, "Yes it does nore to play the 'original' (or best known) recording of a song on a film or TV showwhy Kevin Triplett couldn't use Lucinda's Drunken Angel for Blaze Foley: Duct Tape iah and there was some talk of having me cover it (!) which proved not necessary but ay that's how I found out. I've noticed it before in films and wondered the same thing." I can make out, prices are negotiated, so TV/film people really can save some money ying a crappy cover, on the other hand, if they really, really want a particular version articular song, they can shell out around \$250,000 for The Beatles' Tomorrow Never s for an episode of Mad Men.

a Lou loves awards shows, and I wasn't really paying attention during the Golden es, but I stopped pecking at my iPad during Tina Fey & Amy Poehler's bits and for est Original Song award. Loved that. I'm not big on Adele, or Best Original Songs in al (remember Goldfinger, "such a cold finger"?), but what a great acceptance speech even more wonderful by Taylor Swift's 'bitch face'. You could practically hear her ing, "I don't fucking believe I'm hearing this. I really wanted this and she's saying what good fun."

d Ole Opry historian Byron Fay (Fayfare's Opry Blog) has an interesting sidelight on lake Shelton brouhaha. According to Opry bylaws, membership must be maintained. in 1963, Opry members had to make at least 26 appearances a year, but that number ince dropped to 12, with some artists getting 3 credits just for showing up on a Friday turday. By not making a single appearance in 2012, Shelton is in clear violation oncludes, "Many of us wondered why Pete Fisher asked him to join the Opry and tioned the decision at the time. I think many of us were correct in our thoughts. It is for Pete to admit his mistake and to terminate Blake as an Opry member."

† MAYO

st over 20 years ago, December 11th, 1992, to be precise, I went to see David Rodriguez lay the opening night at Jovita's, a new venue on South First, and meet Mayo, the r. To be honest, it wasn't until Mayo got busted last year that I found out his legal e, Amado Pardo. He was always just 'Mayo,' and for many years he and his manager, Reed, featured musicians I liked and cared about so I spent a lot of time at the club dn't hurt that I was living about two blocks away). One thing that did seem a bit odd t Jovita's, which, by the way, took its name from the only one of nine Pardo siblings didn't have a felony conviction and thus could hold a liquor license, was the constant ovements and expansions, which included Mayo simply buying the home of That Guy, ne neighbor who speed dials the cops at 10.01pm. Ironically, just about when they he place in good physical shape, Reed left and the music went down the toilet. Call romantic, but I rather hoped that, like Mario's in San Antonio, Jovita's was a front unning guns to Mexican revolutionaries, so I was as shocked as anyone by the heroin ng bust. For many years, Mayo and I got on pretty good, but that went south when the cancer that eventually killed him, on January 22nd, first set in. Still, he gave residencies on Walser and Cornell Hurd, gigs to countless Austin musicians and employment to y tattooed waitress in town, that counts for something in my book.

LINDI ORTEGA · Cigarettes & Trucks

(Last Gang 恭恭恭恭)

🗨 o I was driving down I-35, listening to KSYM, when the DJ played Ortega's title track, I pulled over to wait for him to back announce because I really, really wanted to know who the hell that wonderful singer was. Actually, that's not what really happened, but it's a very credible scenario. Ortega, originally from Toronto, now living in Nashville, kills it right out of the gate with her sinuous, atmospheric opening number, fabulously produced by Colin Linden, who also plays electric and acoustic guitars, mandolin, bass and percussion. Whether the intent was to provide contrasts, a couple of the tracks, jangly, uptempo country rockers, make her sound rather generic, but most of the ten tracks lean on Ortega's extraordinary rip your heart out strength in delivering slow ballads and Linden's restraint in delicately framing them.

RUSS SEEGER · Live In Peace (Paradiddle ※※※※)

Dallas Wayne one time mentioned an album of his of which I'd never heard, and when I expressed surprised, he said, "It was on Koch, nobody's ever heard of it." You'd think that being in a band with Levon Helm would raise your profile somewhat, but The Last Hombres' Redemption (Koch, 2003) attracted little attention (their best review was in the Grateful Dead newsletter Relix) and lead guitarist Seeger went back to being what he had been for decades, a local Long Island legend as a multi-instrumentalist (guitars, violin, keyboards, bass). Now retired from climbing telephone poles by day, Seeger, joined by "a host of well-known virtuoso players and vocalists from the local scene," ie Nassau County hotshots whose names you are excused for not knowing, while described as "a man of many licks but few words," has rolled out 13 original songs. Making what he probably know will be his only album seems cathartic for Seeger, who's distilled his songwriting and playing styles into a diverse and striking album that makes one rethink Long Island. JC

CHRIS WALL · EI Western Motel

(Cold Spring ※※※※)

More than ten years since Just Another Place (Cold Spring, 2002), Wall, who pumped out five albums in the 90s, finally returns in a rather different mode. Even as an electrified and electrifying honky tonk frontman whose main aim was to pack dance floors, Wall was an exceptional songwriter, but now he's presenting his songs in acoustic settings, supported by co-producer Lloyd Maines lead guitar, resonator, rhythm guitar, dobro, slide acoustic guitar and mandolin ("Even though Lloyd is a very easygoing, humble guy, his sheer talent is intimidating"), and Cody Braun of Reckless Kelly fiddle and mandolin. Not surprisingly, the musical value, while far from honky tonking, is very high, but Wall, whom Ray Wylie Hubbard has dubbed "a cowboy savior/hero/poet," makes his 12 new songs the central focus. His career high may have been Confederate Railroad's platinum cover of Trashy Women, which got him a Grammy nomination, but, now in his 50s, Wall is in reflective mood, for instance looking back on his honky tonk past as the star struck young wannabe of Six Shiny Strings and his possible future as the former star, reduced to playing for drinks and tips, of Silver Hair And Silver Wings. Other songs feature an aging cowboy, a restless trucker and a literate drunk. I have to say that while the overall standard is higher than on his earlier albums, I'm not hearing that one true Wall killer classic, like I Wish John Stetson Made A Heart or I Feel Like Hank Williams Tonight, but if he doesn't churn them out like some country songwriters, there are few in Austin who can match his depth. JC

DUSTIN WELCH • Tiiuana Bible (Super Rooster ₩)

oogle 'Kevin Welch' and 'overproduced' and you will (inevitably, this is Google after all) Get hits, most of them about him being prominent in an anti-Nashville overproduction movement, however you will also find links to reviews of at least one of his albums that say some tracks are overproduced, though you have to go back to 1991's Western Beat, when he was still with Warner Bros, and he's not been accused of overproduction since. If you didn't already know that Dustin Welch is Kevin's son, I doubt you'd make the connection because this particular apple has fallen a fair way from the tree. Though Welch fils wrote all eleven songs, albeit with "the exceptional help" of Kevin Welch, Mark Germino and others, he and co-producer Eldridge Goines are far more focussed on the arrangements, which came to Welch as a vision, "The melody was strange and complex, a beautiful cacophony of disparate sounds clashing together all at once: Celtic and Appalachian folk music set to driving rock and dextrous jazz rhythms," ie shit loads of production. I won't go as far as to say that Welch junior's second album is unlistenable, oh fuck it, yes I will.



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14th FTrip Trio, 7pm 15th Ted Roddy, 10pm 18th Austin Caiun Aces, 6.30 19th Brennen Leigh, 7pm Peacemakers, 10pm 21st Paul Glasse, 7pm 22nd The Murdered Johns, 10pm 25th, Austin Cajun Aces, 6.30 26th, Brennen Leigh, 7pm 27th Danny Levin's Sweet Bunch Of Daisies, 7pm Peacemakers, 10pm 28th Twilite Trio, 7pm Let The Good Times Roll!

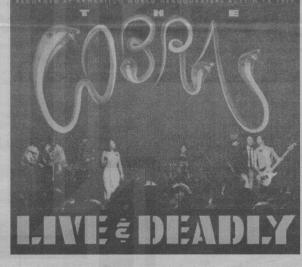


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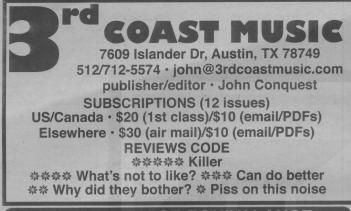


Margaret Moser - The Austin Chronicle "The Band's legacy as a mixed-race R&B outfit spins full-tilt on the Armadillo stage, in effect an aural history of the band and its greatest hits."

Bill Bentley – Bentley's Bandstand

"Fire up the semi-wayback machine and revisit Armadillo World Headquarters in November 1979. The Cobras were recording a live album at the venerated former armory building in Austin, and the full-tilt boogie meter was turned up to twelve."

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FOR THE FALSE EQUIVALANCE

So, as most of you know by now, Blake Shelton recently proclaimed "If I am 'Male Vocalist of the Year' that must mean that I'm one of those people now that gets to decide if [Country Music] moves forward and if it moves on," and that, as such, he doesn't care about "these old farts around Nashville going, 'My God, that ain't country !' Well that's because you don't buy records anymore, jackass. The kids do, and they don't want to buy the music you were buying."

Then the legendary Ray Price responded, "This guy sounds like in his own mind that his head is so large no hat ever made will fit him. Stupidity Reigns Supreme !!!!!!!" Lots of country fans started blogging on these comments immediately, so I was prepared to just lay out and let the fur fly. Then Blake—in an attempt to apologize (sort of)—said this: "The truth is my statement was and *still* is about how we as the new generation of country artists have to keep reinventing country music to keep it popular. Just *exactly* the way Mr Price did along his journey as a mainstream country artist... For The Good Times is a perfect example with the introduction of a bigger orchestrated sound in country music. It was new and awesome!!! Country music is my life and its future *and* past is important to me. I'll put my love and respect and knowledge about it up against anybody out there... *anybody*" Anybody? Really? OK, Blake—I'm your Huckleberry. And you got it wrong.

To start with, For the Good Times (1970) was not the introduction of heavy stringoriented orchestration to country music, that honor goes to Price's Danny Boy, released in 1967. Folks in Nashville were not excited with Ray's new direction at first. He was going against the grain, abandoning his honky tonk sound to sing what they considered straight pop music. Not just to gain a bigger market share, but because that's what he wanted to do artistically. And until he hit with FTGT, he paid dearly for it. As Johnny Bush has pointed out, "It cost [Ray] money to transfer over. It cost him his career just about."

You claim that what Ray did is exactly how your generation of country singers "keep reinventing country music." So I guess you're saying that, like Ray, you take risks, pursue musical avenues that may not pan out, and are willing to put your entire career at on the line for an idea you believe in. So tell me, what grand, risky musical concept were you pursuing with *Hillbilly Bone*? Or your cover of *Footloose*? What other edgy material do we have to talk about here? Tell me again, Blake, about how you're reinventing country music by singing second rate hot country tunes and covering Conway Twitty, George Jones, Kenny Loggins and Michael Buble.

Let's look at it this way: you've been recording for about 14 years, yes? In the first 10 years of his career, Ray Price recorded, among others, *Crazy Arms, City Lights, Heartaches By The Number, I've Got A New Heartache, My Shoes Keep Walking Back To You, Curtain In The Window, The Same Old Me and One More Time.* Songs that were high art: a combination of great songwriting, musicianship, and singing.

If you really want to reinvent country music, you need some musical ideas, not just marketing ones. Also, commitment to craft, regardless of what the market may dictate, and (sometimes) going dead against it. So if think you're on the same path to artistic greatness as Ray Price, you ain't. And if country music is your life, as you say, then defy our expectations and start making quality records people should care about.

Hint: covering your own version of Hillbilly Bone ain't the place to start. Arty Hill

RACHEL BROOKE A KILLER'S DREAM

(Mai)

Been a few years, admittedly, but I actually checked out the websites mentioned in the 3rd revised edition of **Country Music USA** (UT Press, 2010), which I assume were inserted by co-author Jocelyn R Neal rather than Bill C Malone himself. They sucked, with quite terrifying lack of intellectual rigor, pitfully low aesthetic standards, superficial knowledge of the subject and post-literate writing. However, there are two country music websites, not mentioned by Neal, that I visit regularly. One is *Country California*, mainly because 1 love CM Wilcox's sense of humor—his Fake News column, which currently leads with "Country Music Hall of Fame Refuses Jason Aldean's Memorabilia Donation," is always hilarious. More seriously, Kyle ("The Triggerman") Coroneos can be a vicious bastard after my own heart (check out his teen sensation Hunter Hayes review) and I always find things to appreciate on his *Saving Country Music* site (plus I 'borrow' stuff from him as he keeps a sharp eye on Nashville, which saves me the bother).

However Coroneos threw me for a loop when, prompted by her #4 placing in the Freeform American Roots radio chart for December 2012. I started to dig into Rachel Brooke's third album. Earlier in her career, he had dubbed the singer-songwriter, then based in Detroit (she and her fiance Brooke Robbins recently moved to Frederic, 'the snowmobile capital of Northern Lower Michigan'), "The Queen of Underground Country," but this time he came straight out with, "The first thing that must be said about A **Killer's Dream** is that it's a blues album." This was also my initial conclusion, and, frankly, I have plenty of other fish to fry in these here pages, but this dichotomy kept me coming back without really knowing why, which is a tad unusual.

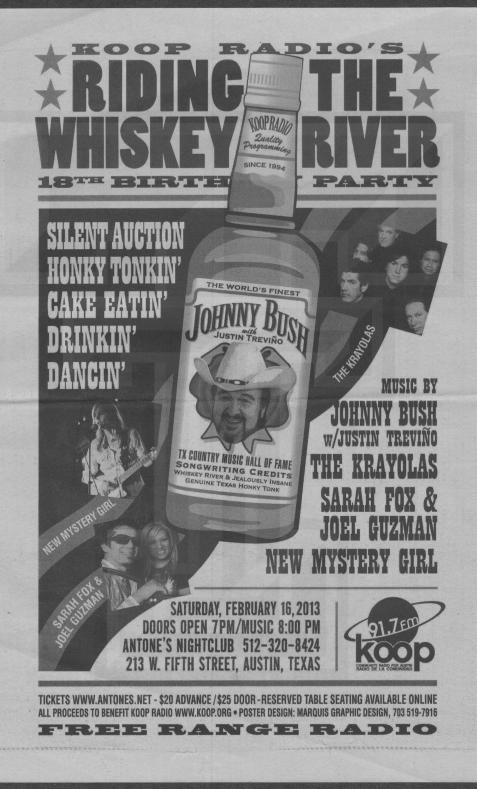
The key to getting with Brooke's vibe is knowing that her inspirations are Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams, and this is by no means standard lip service (actually, I don't think Rodgers even gets much lip service anymore, but then Williams gets plenty for both of them). Even though he's known as 'the father of country music,' Rodgers was as much, if not more, a bluesman than a country artist, equally acknowledged as an influence by Elvis Presley and Howlin' Wolf, Johnny Cash and Robert Johnson, Ernest Tubb and Leadbelly. As for Hank Williams, who learned his basic chords and chord progressions from African-American bluesman Rufus 'Tee-Tot' Payne, the first song he wrote was WPA Blues, based on Sonny Boy Williamson's Dissatisfied, and he launched his career with Lovesick Blues.

In other words, Brooke is Old School, even by Real Country standards, harking back not just to the 50s and early 60s, but the 30s and 40s. However, this is not to say that she's in any sense retro. Her backing band is Vive Le Vox, "a ragtag group of ne'er do-wells hailing from the swamps and shores of southeast Florida. They have a sound that's hard to describe, influenced by everything from the sleaziest Dixieland jazz to the most sordid punk rock. The sound is by turns loud, fast, and creepy... it's uneasy listening." The band, which features a saw among more routine instruments, has a distinctive sound but one that always keeps Brooke in the forefront. Throw in a trumpet player and Brooke herself playing tympani, xylophone, vibraphone, concert bass drum, sleigh bells and temple blocks and each track has a distinct accent, Dave Tatrow's muted Dixieland trumpet on *Ashes To Ashes*, Antoine Dukes' eerie saw on *The Black Bird*, Nick Carnes' brooding slide guitar on *Serpentine Blues*, Bill Chase's relentless drums and the girl group harmonies on the title track, though, frankly, I don't think Lonesome Wyatt, of Madison, WI, 'Gothic country' duo Those Poor Bastards, brings enough to the duet to justify the seven minutes of *Old Faded Memory*, which slows the album down at midpoint.

However, the most important element is, of course, Brooke as singer and songwriter. Her high lonesome voice is quite extraordinary, as Coroneos says, "best described by mandolin player Jayke Orvis as 'Carrying so much pain," though it's pain that's repressed rather than screaming. She's not angry, but she is very disappointed. Her nine originals, supplemented by Fats Domino & Dave Bartholomew's *Every Night About This Time* and Brooke Robbins' *You Don't Hear Me Crying*, can sometimes start out sounding like clichés, until they suddenly twist around on themselves to become startlingly original.

Recorded live to analog 2-inch tape and not touched by computer until mastering, this is an album that pretty much defines 'sleeper.' in fact one review concluded "you will love it after a few spins." A few spins, of course, are precisely what an album that doesn't grab you right away isn't likely to get. What kept me playing it, though it took me those few spins to figure it out, was that A **Killer's Dream** is a country album with a blues overlay. Brooke has respliced two long diverged strands of Southern music—did you know that Jimmie Rodgers was Howlin' Wolf's childhood idol? I'm guessing Rachel Brooke does. **JC**







Music Road Records

Music Road Records was established in 2007 by musician Jimmy LaFave, and Dallas businessman Kelcy Warren. Located in Austin, Texas, Music Road also owns and operates two Texas based recording facilities - Cedar Creek Recording in Austin and Cherokee Creek Recording in the Texas Hill Country.

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Cedar Creek Recording

The renowned Cedar Creek Recording is now home for Music Road Records, but is still very much available to the general public. Recently remodeled, Cedar Creek has a new spacious control room, and more recording space than ever before. Located on nine wooded acres in South Austin, Cedar Creek has played host to countless bands, songwriters, and musicians from every known genre for over 28 years. Close to hotels, restaurants, and the famous Austin nightlife, Cedar Creek is the perfect place for any recording project.

For information on studio facilities, equipment and rates contact:

Cedar Creek Recording John Silva | cedarcreekrecording@me.com

2	HHEEADGIN	18th	Warren Storm • 1937 Abbeville, LA Irma Thomas • 1941 Ponchatoula, LA Johnny Carroll † 1995
	ST - The	19th	Johnny Paycheck † 2003 Smokey Robinson • 1940 Detroit, MI
		21st	Alan Haynes • 1956 Houston, TX Bobby Charles • 1938 Abbeville, LA
-A.	aniers and Southing Stat	22nd	Carl T Sprague † 1979 Jesse Ashlock • 1915 Walker Co, TX
			Mick Green • 1944 London, UK
lst	Don Everly • 1937 Brownie, KY	23rd	Josh Alan • 1956 New York City, NY Austin Pitre • 1918 Ville Platte, LA
0.1	Blaze Foley † 1989		Steve Jordan • 1939 Elsa, TX Erik Hokkanen • 1963 Clearwater, FL
Znd	Glenn Barber • 1935 Hollis, OK	24th	Michelle Shocked • 1962 Dallas, TX Tom Shaw † 1977
	Rusty Kershaw • 1940 Tiel Ridge, LA Eva Cassidy • 1963 Oxon Hill, MD	25th	Ralph Stanley • 1927 Big Spraddle Creek, VA Faron Young • 1932 Shreveport, LA
3rd	Jenks Carman † 1968	26th	Fats Domino • 1928 New Orleans, LA
	Shawn Phillips • 1943 Fort Worth, TX		Johnny Cash • 1932 Kingsland, AR Mitch Ryder • 1945 Hamtramck, MI
	Ritchie Valens † 1959	27th	Chris Wall • 1952 Hollywood, CA Hardrock Gunter • 1925 Birmingham, AL
4th	Paul Burlison • 1929 Brownsville, TN		Bobby Balderama • 1950 O'Donnell, TX Jane Gillman • 1958 Washington, DC
5th	Bob Dunn • 1908 Braggs, OK	28th	Little Joe Carson † 1964 Don Helms • 1927 Brockton, AL
6th	Geno Delafose • 1971 Eunice, LA		Sam The Sham • 1937 Dallas, TX Jon Dee Graham • 1951 Dallas, TX
7th	Dock Boggs • 1898 West Norton, VA		Stuart Hamblen † 1989
	Warren Smith • 1933 Humphreys County, MS		Threadgill's World HQ
	Earl King • 1934 New Orleans, LA King Curtis • 1934 Fort Worth, TX		
	Gene Elders • 1951 Chicago, IL		301 W Riverside
	Roxy Gordon † 2000		3rd Jon Emery, 11m
8th	Skeet Dixon • 1929 Marshall, TX		
out	Tom Russell • 1950 Los Angeles, CA		5th House of Songs
9111	Jivin' Gene • 1940 Port Arthur, TX		
	Bill Haley † 1981		10th Gurf Morlix
10th	Rockin' Dopsie • 1932 Lafayette, LA		+ Ray Bonneville
in-	Michael Fracasso • 1952 Steubenville, OH Mike Ireland • 1961 Kansas City, MO		
	Ruthie Foster • 1964 Mineola, IX		16th Sarah Sharp,
11th	Gene Vincent • 1935 Norfolk, VA		
19th	Jimmy Ray Harrell • 1953 Austin, TX		Rachel Ries &
	Tennessee Ernie Ford • 1919 Bristol, TN		Robert Sarazin Blake
	Leland H Miller • 1924 Columbus, TX		ELANAT ? MAT ANTITE INTATLA
	Terri Hendrix • 1968 San Antonio, TX		
	Waylon Jennings † 2002		Old #1
14th	Magic Sam • 1937 Grenada, MS		AAIA Wouth Toman
	Tim Buckley • 1947 Washington, DC Michael Doucet • 1951 Scott, LA		6416 North Lamar
15th	Buddy Knox † 1999		3rd Out Of The Blue, 11am
	Little Walter † 1968		6th Biscuit Grabbers
TUIN	Bill Doggett • 1916 Philadelphia, PA		w for what we would be
	Kris McKay • 1964 Houston, TX	1. 1. 1. 1.	41
17th	Johnny Bush • 1935 Houston, TX	V	vww.threadgills.com
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