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OCTOBER 2000**

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ROAD WARRIORS

ARHOOIE RECORDS
40th ANNIVERSARY
BOX SET

BILLY BACON
& THE FORBIDDEN PIGS

JOHNNY BUSH

MERLE HAGGARD

LeROI BROTHERS

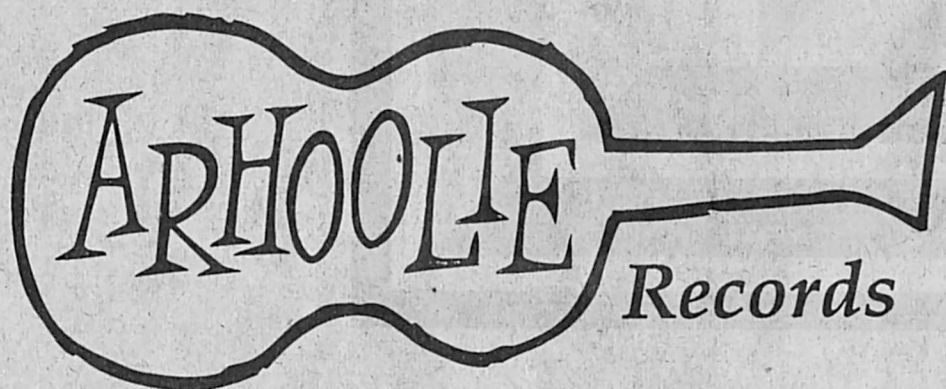
NASHVILLE
UNDERGROUND

TED RODDY & THE
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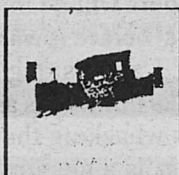
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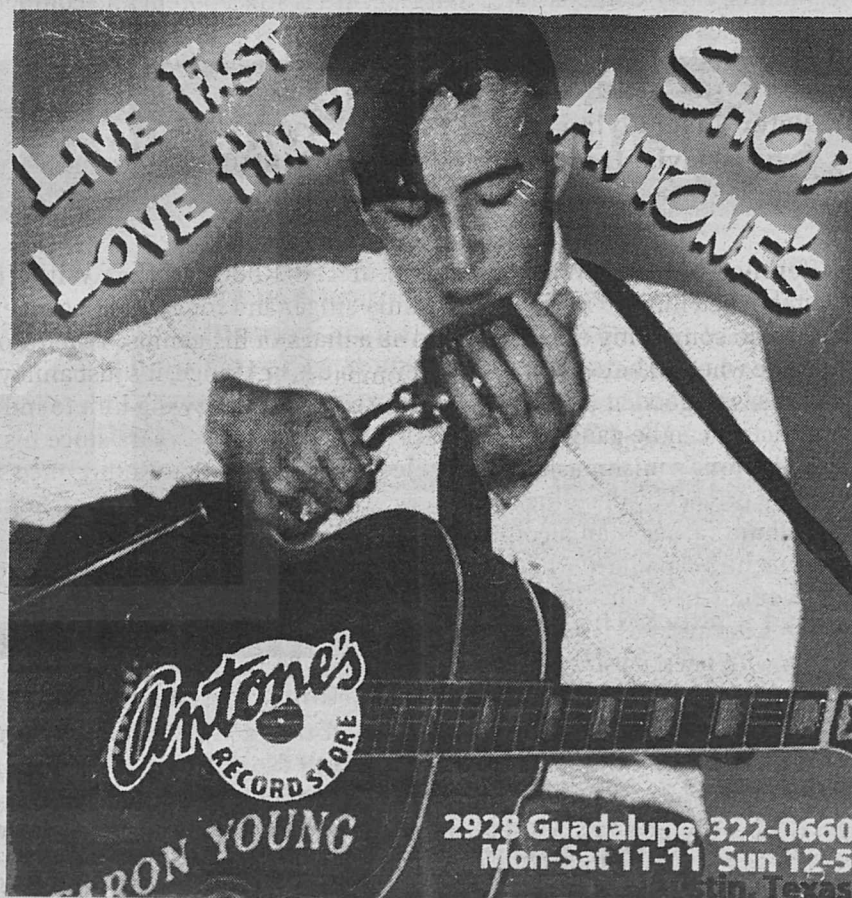
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—HIGH PLAINS RECORDS—



MERLE HAGGARD LIVE AT BILLY BOB'S IF I COULD ONLY FLY

(Smith Music Group ****/Anti ****)

Freddy Krc once dragged me along to Gilley's, in Pasadena, sort of a cross between a dancehall and a Zeppelin hanger, where **Urban Cowboy** was filmed, and I'm told that Billy Bob's in Fort Worth is very similar though slightly nastier, which means that visiting it would be a surreal and quite fascinating experience that you'd never ever want to repeat. Still, I have to admit I wouldn't have minded being there whenever Merle Haggard's live recording was made (no date is given). It starts off a little stiff, but Haggard & The Strangers, including Redd Volkaert on lead guitar and Don Markham sax and trumpet, supplemented by Jimmy Belken, Johnny Gimble and Abe Manuel on fiddles and Freddy Powers acoustic guitar, making up a ten piece band, quickly settle down and find their groove. Made up almost entirely of Haggard originals, with *Misery & Gin* and *Ida Red* as the only covers among the 18 tracks, this is, I think, Haggard's first live album since 1983 but less restricted than **Epic Collection [Recorded Live]**, illustrating the complexity of a man whose set list (though according to legend, Haggard never uses a set list) can include, as it does here, both the redneck anthem *Okie From Muskogee* and *Hungry Eyes*, his spinetingling labor camp ballad which rivals anything by Woody Guthrie. The "brand new" *Motorcycle Cowboy* is a bit of a disaster, but any album with Haggard singing *I Think I'll Just Stay Here And Drink*, *Workin' Man Blues*, *Swinging Doors*, *That's The Way Love Goes*, *The Bottle Let Me Down*, *Ramblin' Fever*, *Mama Tried*, *If We Make It Through December*, *Big City* and *Today I Started Loving You Again* hardly needs recommending.

◆ To any feature writers out there, I suggest that tracking the subsequent movements of Nashville legends who've been thrown on the scrapheap should make for a pretty interesting article. There must, for instance, be a story in The Hag resurfacing on a subsidiary of Epitaph, and I, for one, would love to know what motivated both parties, because even if he no longer sells enough to satisfy a Nashville major, Haggard will never be out of options, while a 63-year old hard country singer hardly seems a natural fit for the punk/hardcore label. Not exactly acoustic, but with the electric instruments, and drums, so subdued as to give an acoustic impression, this is Haggard as barroom poet, his version of the title track, for instance, being far closer to Blaze Foley's style than the way he and Willie recorded it. The other eleven tracks are all originals, one cowritten with his wife Theresa, and come across as the work of a subtle and thoughtful singer-songwriter with a taste, and penchant, for both country and jazz (did you know Haggard is the only country artist ever featured on the cover of *Downbeat*?). If the live album showcases the legend, this, featuring many of the same players, including Volkaert, Manuel and Markham (Floyd Domino plays piano on three cuts), demonstrates that Haggard is still a potent and compelling force in American music.

JC

TED RODDY & THE TEARJOINT TROUBADORS TEAR TIME

(The Music Room ****)

Difference between Willie Nelson and Ted Roddy is that Willie first established himself as a by God country singer and songwriter, so when he decides to do something else, it's hailed as a mark of his genius. When Roddy can't decide whether he's country, rockabilly, blues or lounge, it's just annoying. Not that he isn't good at all of them, but the success of allowing him to indulge his eclecticism can be gauged by the fact that it's been five years since his last album, Hightone's mishmash **Full Circle**. Legend has it that Roddy once sank a recording project by deciding at the very last moment that he wanted to make a blues album rather than a country one, but this time he stayed on track and shows what he's capable of when he focuses his energies. With his great barroom baritone, renowned harmonica (showcased in *The Goodurn*, an instrumental tribute to Charlie McCoy and Norton Buffalo), and 12 strong originals, some cowritten with backing singers Karen Posten and Teri Joyce, aka The Sparkling Teardrops, plus covers of Dan Penn & Donnie Fritts Tearjoint, ex-Talltop Joe Dickens' *I Like Whiskey* and Dallas Frazier's *Border Of Mexico*, Roddy finally puts substance behind a reputation that's rested on live appearances and occasional compilation tracks. Backed by an array of top Austin musicians, Jim Stringer, Lisa Pankratz, Kevin Smith, Randy Glines, Terry Kirkendall, Dave Sanger, Brad Fordham, Marty Muse, Darcy Deaville and Dave Wesselowski, this album can be summed by a line from its most outstanding song, "I think it's time I made my presence known."

JC

LEROI BROTHERS • KINGS OF THE CATNAP

(Rounder)

Gotta confess that living up in the Northeast, I'm awfully envious of folks who live in a Mecca like Austin. But give me a discount flight and chances are I'm on the phone booking a trip and always prayin' like heck that the LeRoi Brothers will be makin' music in some watering hole in town. A band that was 'roots' before it was the all encompassing, overused buzz word it is these days, what I always dug about the LeRoi's was that it was a band where a Mickey Hawks number is as much a part of the live equation as a Muddy Waters—Mike Buck whacking the shit out of his drum kit on the all-of-minute-or-so *Cotton Pickin'* is a memory etched into my brain for eternity. Put simply, the LeRoi's just rock and roll in an honest and righteous kind of way that the recorded work can't always do justice. Even so, those records have been too few and far between, so the arrival of a brand new one is a most welcome listening experience for yearning ears. The first album since 1992's **Crown Royale**, this is a highly seasoned roots rock gumbo with stylistic pinches of Buddy Holly, Buck Owens and Excello swamp blues thrown in to flavor things up. Speaking of Mr Owens, he makes a cameo on the album contributing an acoustic guitar solo on the Bakersfield-styled *The First Time*. And Owens is not alone on the guest list. Also helping the LeRoi cause are Jimmie Vaughan, Jim Lauderdale, Cindy Cashdollar, Ian McLagan (ex-Faces), Garth Hudson (The Band) and hippie diva Toni Price. The Brothers, Steve Doerr on electric guitar and lead vocals, Casper Rawls on guitar and vocals, Pat Collins on bass, and Mike Buck on the drums, deliver an album chock full of panache and cool grooves.

Dan Ferguson

JOHNNY BUSH SINGS BOB WILLS LOST HIGHWAY SALOON

(Lone Star **/****)

Putting out two Johnny Bush albums simultaneously seems a curious move, but unfortunately one of them can be scratched off the shopping list. When the IRS carted off Willie Nelson's goods and chattels, among them were the tapes of **Sings Bob Wills**, which it took a long legal battle to recover, but wasn't really worth the trouble. Tommy Duncan's *Time Changes Everything* and Cindy Walker's *Warm Red Wine* notwithstanding, the title is misleading as several of the ten tracks aren't Bob Wills numbers, and even though Bush brought in a horn section, the missing dimension in most attempts to recreate Western Swing, he simply doesn't have Merle Haggard's feel for jazz that still makes **Tribute To The Best Damn Fiddle Player In The World** the definitive salute.

◆ However, **Lost Highway Saloon** finds Bush in top form on home territory, singing honkytonk songs, an art at which he excels. Opening with Fuzzy Owens' *The Same Old Me*, a hit for his old boss, Ray Price, other vintage material includes Leon Payne's *Pride Goes Before A Fall*, changed from Stonewall Jackson's version into a 4/4 shuffle and followed by San Antonio DJ Neal Merritt's response *So This Is The Fall (That Pride Goes Before)*, Whitey Shafer's *When It's Your Turn To Fall* and *Maybe, Maybe Not*, Marty Robbins' *They're Hanging Me Tonight* and Tennessee Ernie Ford's country hit, Kaye Starr's pop hit, *I'll Never Be Free*, which he duets with Kate McCarthy. Newer songs are Cornell Hurd's *Home To Texas*, giving the Texicalli Grille and Ponty Bone yet another namecheck, and, the album's standout, Clay Blaker's *The Wall*, which Bush sings with Leona Williams. The credits are a little confusing, but among past, present and honorary Bandoleros who appear are Bobby Flores, Buddy Emmons, Floyd Domino, Herb Steiner, Hargus Robbins, Tommy Detamore, Dave Kirby, Buddy Spicher and Junior Husky Jr.

JC

THE WACO BROTHERS ELECTRIC WACO CHAIR

(Bloodshot ****)

First time I heard **Cowboy In Flames**, I was just blown away. "I say," I thought to myself, "these Waco chappies aren't half bad, in fact they're a bit good." The trouble with what I think of as the 'discovery' album, the one that introduces you to a new fave, is that nothing else an artist or band does, even if it's better in every way, can ever again give you that transcendent visceral kick. Still, even if my admiration for the Wacos' other albums is a tad more cerebral, there's absolutely no doubt in my mind that they are the definitive alternative country band, an opinion this one only reinforces. Reinventing, with punk rock energy and passion, a bluecollar tradition long abandoned by mainstream country, the Wacos' songs kick yuppie and corporate ass, but with an intelligence and insight that makes them political with ever descending into the banality of 'protest.' To paraphrase a remark elsewhere this issue, in alternative country, there's The Waco Brothers, and then there's everybody else.

JC

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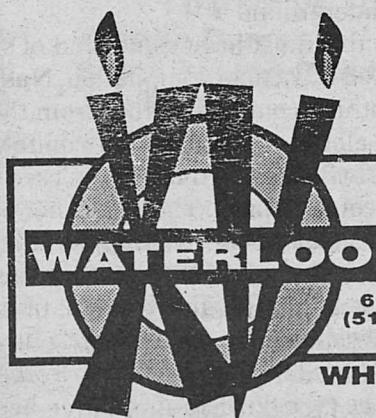
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AMERICANA ROAD WARRIORS

(Philo/Bohemia Beat ****)

\$5 for two tracks each by Slaid Cleaves, Rosie Flores, The Freight Hoppers, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Jimmy LaFave, Heather Myles, Tanya Savory, Beth & April Stevens, Rhonda Vincent and Wylie & The Wild West, some previously unreleased, sounds like a damn good deal, but, like many budget-priced albums, this was an unpromoted stealth release, neither listed on Rounder's print media advisories nor serviced to radio. I found out about it because Slaid's selling them at his gigs and the lovely and generous Karen gave me a copy. Some of the material is, of course, well familiar, but it's real interesting to hear songs like Hubbard's *The Lovers In Your Dreams*, LaFave's *Ellie's Song* and Cleaves' *Broke Down* in a different context, one that underlines Hubbard's greatness as a poet, LaFave's as a song stylist and Cleaves' as an all round troubadour. Some of the other stuff I'm not too crazy about, but hell, I can live through two songs worth of Flores, the Stevens sisters and Vincent, even The Freight Hoppers who I rather detest. However, the selection did provide me with one real find, Savory, whose *Reason Enough* is among the standouts despite the twiddly-twiddly folk backing. However, there's one track that justifies spending five bucks all on its own, LaFave's *Worn Out American Dream*, which I can't believe he's never recorded. Thinking ahead a bit, this would make a great stocking filler come Xmas. **JC**

BILLY BACON & THE FORBIDDEN PIGS Pig Latin

(Triple X ****)

Here in Rhode Island, we've got a shit load of beaches, everything from the private nudist affairs to the State-run public sprawls that draw heavily from the urban areas. Personally, while I dig a little privacy especially when sans scanties, I've always dug the sprawling Scarborough State Beach more than anything else for its ethnicity. From the whopping picnic spreads of an international variety and accompanying scrumptious aromas floating in the air across the grassy parking areas to the predominantly Latin music emanating from many a boom box, let's just say it's a beach with an awful lot of flavor. Which brings me to the latest release from the San Diego-based Billy Bacon & The Forbidden Pigs, a full-tilt South of the Border send-up of Latino roots rockers and traditional cumbias and nortenas which likewise packs wads of tang and flavor. **Pig Latin** takes its cue, not to mention much of its inspiration, in large part from the late Texas music legend Doug Sahm. Fusing roots and border rockers all with a decidedly Southwest good-time sensibility, the spirit of Mr Sahm looms large on this frills-free collection of pure party music from Bacon and his boys as they romp their way through a mix of spiced-up originals and equally snappy covers. The former ranges from the peppery *Hasta Mañana Iguana* to the sweet sounding love song *Bordertown* to that FP barroom anthem, *Una Mas Cerveza* (One More Beer) which, coincidentally, Sahm covered with the Texas Tornados. Keeping in that spirit, the collection would not be complete without a few Sahm covers. Bacon offers up tried-and-true remakes of a couple of SDQ classics in a medley of *Mendocino* and *Dynamite Woman* not to mention a couple of wholly appropriate covers in the border vein in Sam the Sham & The Pharoahs' *Wooly Bully* and Freddy Fender's *Wasted Days & Wasted Nights*. For my money, this may be the party album of the year. No doubt it's a record that'll make those cervezas wash down all too easy. **Dan Ferguson**

HANK WILLIAMS • ALONE WITH HIS GUITAR

(Mercury ****)

Question I ask myself is, if this came to me as **Joe Blow Alone With His Guitar**, would I still be knocked out? Impossible to answer really, the Hank mythos is so potent that admiration for anything he does is more or less encoded in my genes. I hear that unmistakable voice and I automatically get goose bumps. These 18 tracks are primal Williams, the first ten from a 15 minute early morning solo show sponsored by Johnnie Fair Syrup on Shreveport's KWKH between January and May 1949, the remainder demos cut between 1948 and 1952. Some of the tracks, such as Jimmie Work's *Tennessee Border* and Ernest Tubb's *First Year Blues*, were later overdubbed to create 'new' recordings, but these are the original versions. Apart from *Alone & Forsaken*, the radio tracks, which include *Tennessee Border*, *First Year Blues*, Bill Carlisle's proto-rockabilly *Rockin' Chair Money* and a rather unconvincing version of Bob Nolan's *Cool Water*, are covers, while the demos, not surprisingly, are mostly originals, among them *Honky Tonk Blues* and *Weary Blues From Waitin'*, though one is of Pee Wee King & Redd Stewart's *Thy Burdens Are Greater Than Mine*. Just to prove that I'm not completely in thrall to the Williams legend, I've always despised the dopey *Kaw-Liga*, with which the album ends, but even so, these solo recordings, often recorded on primitive equipment, once again demonstrate a basic truth: in country music, there's Hank Williams, and then there's everyone else. **JC**

WHISTLE BAIT! 25 ROCKABILLY RAVE-UPS AIN'T I'M A DOG!

25 MORE ROCKABILLY RAVE-UPS

(Legacy, both ****)

Being a music lover who can't get enough of the releases put out by concerns like Bear Family, Ace, Krazy Kat, et al, I've always thought an ideal job would be to be the curator of some sort of music collection, say the Smithsonian or the Country Music Hall of Fame. A close second would be a position with some juice at a big-ass label, say a compilation producer who calls all the shots when it comes assembling reissue collections. Just think of it, a listening spree in the vaults of a Columbia, RCA, or Capitol Records. If that ain't something akin to a kid in a candy shop, I don't know what is. No doubt that the fellows who put together these two new Rockabilly Rave-Up compilations for Legacy must've had a blast. As far as the reissue market goes here in the States, thanks to its Columbia/Legacy imprint, few if any of the major labels have come even remotely close to matching Sony Music when it comes to reintroducing some of that defining music of yesteryear. With a vast catalogue at its disposal, material spanning the musical genres from Columbia and offshoot labels like Epic, Okeh, Romeo, Brunswick and Banner, it makes for a bounty of fruit from which to pick when it comes to record vault raiding time. To date, rockabilly has been sadly neglected by Sony's historical restoration arm, the Legacy Recordings division. That all changes with the release of two scintillating collections showcasing some of the best sides Columbia had to offer. Confined almost entirely to recordings made in the prime of the genre between 1955 and 1959, it is nonstop action on these two excellent samplers each of which is resplendent in original mono sound and accompanied by photos and decent liner notes providing the skinny on the Columbia rockabilly stable.

◆ Right out of the gates, each set revs the rebel burners up to max speed and rarely does it let up through their respective and quite meaty 25-track line-ups. For **Whistle Bait!**, it's the teen sibling duo The Collins Kids, Lorrie stretching the vocal chords to shrieking proportions while her wunderkind brother Larry flails away on his twin necked Mosrite, kicking out plenty of hot and tasty licks that set the stage in feverish fashion performing the title track to the collection. **Ain't I'm A Dog** also leads off with the title track, a swaggering performance by Mr Bop-a-Lena, Ronnie Self. What appeals most about these collections is that they give equal time to the heavy hitters and the one-hit wonders. Bedrock bopcats like Carl Perkins, Johnny Horton, Link Wray, Rose Maddox and Johnny Cash are sandwiched together with those lesser known, but no less vital progenitors of the sound as Sid King & The Five Strings, Joe Maphis, the aforementioned Self, The Collins Kids, and Ersel Hickey. Shit, even Ronnie Dawson, recording under the pseudonym Commonwealth Jones, makes the cut with a couple of slabs of pure rock 'n' roll. On the flip side, it affords the opportunity to see such C&W icons of the day as Marty Robbins, Lefty Frizzell, Freddie Hart and Little Jimmy Dickens, all of whom succumbed to this new sound, trying their hands at this countrified rock 'n roll with varying results. But best of all is those wondrous, single-hit wonders, the Charlie Adams', Jaycee Hill's, Derrell Felts' and Cliff Johnson's of the world, each having their couple of minutes in the sun thanks to this high voltage creation called rockabilly. Short of going the hefty-priced import route (and many of those collections are oft-times little better than shabby sounding bootlegs), these are both nothing short of essential.

Dan Ferguson

NASHVILLE UNDERGROUND SAMPLER SERIES VOLUME 1

(Nashville Underground *)

From the title, you might imagine this must have some kind of spiritual affinity with Eric Babcock's inspired Bloodshot compilation, **Nashville: The Other Side Of The Alley**. Nothing could be further from the truth. The one problem with the Bloodshot album was you couldn't quite see why the artists on it bothered to live in Nashville, where there doesn't seem much future for their music (or any music come to that). There may not be much future for the three men and three women on this album, but at least you understand immediately why they're there. Rather than belabor this point, grab a sick bag or a bucket or something and I'll give you half of the song titles; *Your Love Amazes Me*, *It's Your Love*, *For Love*, *It All Comes Down To Love*, *I Love The Way You Love Me* and *I'll Still Be Loving You*. You see what I mean? You know it's going to be garbage before you even hear it. Be glad it was me who had to listen to this shit and not you. **JC**



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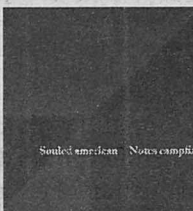


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CHARLES EARLE'S B SIDES

IT NEVER RAINS IN CALIFORNIA

COLUMNIST GOES WAY OUT WEST

The plane banked and then settled in on a path that revealed Lake Mead and the Hoover Dam below. Surrounded by a seemingly endless expanse of khaki-brown sand on all sides, the blue water of the lake looked like an oasis. And then, as Las Vegas came into view over the foothills and mountains, the lyrics roared through my head: "I'm standing in the middle of a desert, waiting for my ship to come in."

◆ I am one of those people who you can say almost anything to, and your mere words will fire up the vast CD collection nestled within the neurons and synapses of my brain. During the last week, when a brief layover in Vegas gave way to seven days in Southern California, there was much more swirling around in my head than just Sheryl Crow.

◆ In fact, just about every place I visited shook loose a song from my memory banks. I saw an actual *Ventura Highway*, though I can't be sure it was the one that inspired the song. I drove down Sunset Boulevard and looked up to see the neighborhood full of contemporary homes described by The Beat Farmers in their classic *Hollywood Hills* (God bless the late Country Dick Montana). I drove down just about every street named by Randy Newman in *I Love LA* and quoted *Hotel California* while sipping drinks at the patio bar of my temporary home. And when the song that shares its name with the title of this column came on the radio during the last day of my visit, I realized that it had been an accurate weather forecast.

◆ As you may have guessed, it's time for another *B-Sides* travel piece. You probably know a lot more about what has gone on in Nashville during the last week than I do. Feel free to e-mail me here at the paper and tell me if I missed any good stuff. In exchange, I'll now share with you my musical/pop culture experiences from my recent trip.

WHEN COUNTRY WASN'T COOL

On a sleepy morning about a week ago, I rolled out of bed long enough to go grab the Sunday paper from outside the door of my hotel room in Pasadena. As I settled back into the covers, I tried to grasp the rhythm of an unfamiliar paper. You know the routine—where are the baseball scores? Are the comics any good? Is the political coverage biased toward liberals or conservatives?

◆ And just as I was about to wrap things up and hit the shower to get my day started, I saw a headline and subhead on the cover of the LA Life section of the paper that floored me: "Two Steppin' Out: They've taken the country out of country music. And the songs they are so strange, We used to find the tunes we liked, But now radio has changed."

◆ Lying there in bed, I couldn't help but cackle. The people on Music Row have been taking in employees from labels in LA as fast as they can import them. They have also been forcing their "country" artists to record pop songs in an effort to cash in on the big money being made in the pop genre. And what does Los Angeles, one of the markets you would assume country music is certainly pursuing, think of the new sound of Nashville? They seem to think it's crap. Here is a summary of major points made in the article:

1 The fact that the Academy of Country Music opened their awards show with George Strait and Alan Jackson performing *Murder On Music Row*, followed by the fact that they then gave out awards to Shania Twain, Faith Hill, Tim McGraw and Lonestar, is painfully hypocritical. Those four acts are "as country as a four-course meal with Donald Trump in a French restaurant," according to the paper. And the ACM's

message in regards to having *Murder* on the same show with those acts is clear: "Nice song, passé sentiment."

2 The goal of the country music industry these days is to restructure the audience into one that is "much larger and much younger than is realistic for the format to sustain."

3 Country radio these days consists of Twain, Hill, McGraw and a few other big stars mixed in with about 20 acts that are completely interchangeable. "So many of the artists sound so much alike that I don't know who's singing half the time, and I'm a disc jockey," said one local interviewed for the piece.

4 Los Angeles, which had three major country stations on the air last year, will soon be down to no more than one. Orange County's KIK-FM changed its format last year due to "anemic ratings." The folks at KZLA-FM, who staunchly defended the 'new' country" sound in the article, admitted that they are strongly considering a format change. That would leave Riverside's KFRG-FM as the only station in the LA area playing full-time country music. And with that station ranking only 20th in the latest Arbitron books, even they are rumored to be considering a change of format.

5 The classic artists of country, who helped to shape the format itself, can't get any airplay on the radio these days.

6 There is very little hope in sight for the future.

◆ Now, aside from the fact that I have previously made every one of those points myself in this column, I find this article quite interesting. You see, the Los Angeles area has always been something of a stronghold for country music. Bakersfield is just up the road. The Academy of Country Music, worthless as it may be, is also there. And you can't forget that Dwight Yoakam is a resident. So it's quite a curious thing that a market as large as Los Angeles may not be able to support even one commercial country station in the near future. If I were currently a label president in Nashville, I think I'd be brushing up my resume right about now.

ALT.COUNTRY AT THE BALLPARK

As anyone who knows me could have figured, I spent a little time at Southern California's professional baseball parks during my trip. The Padres, Dodgers and Angels all have a little of my money to spend after last week. Hell, I almost stopped to see the Single A California League team in Rancho Cucamonga, but it was getting late that evening. Plus, that city's name is just too dumb to have to repeat.

◆ The unexpected highlight of my ballpark trips was seeing a swell alt.country band called Billy Midnight & The Chlorine Cowboys play at Qualcomm Stadium in San Diego before a Padres and Cubs match-up. It was a truly memorable experience to walk into a stadium and hear a good country rock band before taking my seat for first pitch. We bought a CD and got quite a kick out of this act, which sounded a good bit like The Long Ryders. In a town like Music City, it would make sense that our Nashville Sounds should consider a little pre-game music for next season.

◆ Also, for anyone who read my cover story last week, it is worth noting that the state of California has banned beer sales by vendors in the stands. Remember how blessed you are next time you yell "hey, beer man!"

AND NOW, A FEW RANDOM THOUGHTS ON MY TRIP

The hot accessory in LA these days is a headset with a microphone that attaches to your cell phone. We saw gobs of people using them.

◆ We ate at Hop Louie's Pagoda in Chinatown, and I just about fell to the floor laughing over the autographed celebrity photo section. Hop Louie Diners have included a few *Knot's Landing* nobodys, Jackie Chan, Pat Morita and *B-Sides* favorite LeAnn Rimes. I guess until she gets that \$7 million bucks out of her dad, she needs the exposure.

◆ I couldn't help wondering what kind of magazines were in the lobby of the Flynt Publications building on Wilshire Boulevard.

◆ Seeing wildfires raging on the mountains outside Temecula was a little unnerving. Seeing those same fires as the lead story on *CNN Headline News* later that evening was surreal.

◆ A lot of the bloom is off of the Rodeo Drive rose for me after visiting that posh Beverly Hills address. There is now actually a Benetton store on Rodeo, and it is located within the same block as Armani, Cartier, Chanel and Ferragamo. Can you imagine Julia Roberts' *Pretty Woman* character getting turned away from a Benetton for looking too slutty?

◆ Driving into LA, I saw the stadium for the Saints of San Dimas High School. And as all of you Bill & Ted fans know, SAN DIMAS HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL RULES!

◆ Thanks to television, seeing an actual CHiP's motorcycle officer driving on the freeway is hysterical. That is, unless his lights are flashing.

◆ I attended several meetings at The Athenaeum on the CalTech campus. Talk about cultural extremes: This is a building that housed Albert Einstein and was also home to the scene in *Beverly Hills Cop* when Eddie Murphy throws a guy over a food buffet.

◆ Seeing the actual theater in Pasadena where Tim Robbins' character in *The Player* murdered a screenwriter was really creepy.

◆ Visiting the Rose Bowl was really cool right up to the time when we saw the plaque for the 1968 game's most valuable player—OJ Simpson.

◆ Also quite creepy was seeing the stretch of sidewalk in front of The Viper Room where River Phoenix checked out for good.

◆ Most Unlikely (But True) Event of the Week: A Rave at CalTech.

◆ Best/Worst Band Names from Acts Performing in LA Area Clubs: Herbivores, The Negro Problem, Club Pussy Whip, Laces Out, Valentine Killers, Girls Crash Cars, The Fabulous Tuscaderos, The Naked Trucker, Bambi's Apartment, Spanking Machine, Turd, Fuck Bunny, 50 Cent Haircut, Dead Girls Corp, 400 Blows, Boypussy USA, The Dull Brunettes, Penis Flytrap, Creeping Death, The Average Johnsons, Chigger Red, Slippery Lip, The Assholes, Axgrinder, 2 Stone Drunk, BB Chung King & The Budda Heads, Piss Ant, Teenage Girls & Good Lawyers, 3rd Grade Teacher, Dateless, Jesus Wore Dickies, Sex With Lurch, Smelly Roses, Cheeky White Devils, Plunger, The Floppy Rods, Corn Doggy Dog, Smart Brown Handbag, The Acid Hicks, Yikes!, Sleestak, Helter Skipper, I'm Gonna Stab You, Kraig Grady's Ensemble Of The 31 Birds, Dee Dee Troit & The Cotton Ponies, Ed Meat, Still Dreadful, Candyass

◆ Actors Performing Music In LA Clubs Last Week: Mare Winningham, Andy Dick & The Bitches Of The Century, Malcolm Jamaal Warner, Harry Dean Stanton

◆ The 'These Guys Are Still Around?' Club: The Cult, Billy Vera & The Beaters, Waddy Wachtel, Peter Wolf, Olita Adams, Teena Marie, The Fixx, The Roches

◆ Great Bar Names: Genghis Cohen, The Opium Den, The Joint

◆ Great Adult Entertainment Club Names: The Tender Box, The Spearmint Rhino, Sin-A-Matic

◆ Least Interesting Event of the Week: Retro Show featuring Helen Reddy, Billy Barty, Break Dancing, Leif Garrett, Pet Rocks and The Mary Jane Girls

◆ Acts Being Honored by Tribute Performers in LA Area Clubs Last Week: Pat Benetar, Pink Floyd, Van Halen, Rush, Alice Cooper, The Eagles, AC/DC, Metallica, John Lennon, The Grateful Dead, Guns 'n' Roses

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SOUTH AUSTIN

JOHN THE REVEALATOR

So there I was, feeling rather smug because I thought that, by waiting until I had a real copy rather than an advance, I'd timed my review of Doug Sahm's **The Return Of Wayne Douglas** to coincide, more or less, with its actual release, instead of five or six months too early like so many other writers. Except that a couple of days after the September issue was out, I got another email from Debora Hanson of Tornado Records: "It was right after you received the cd that I heard it would still not be available for sale. I keep hearing that all of the details will be worked out soon but I don't have any idea at this point in time how much longer that will be. My understanding is that it is not available for sale at all until all the details get worked out and all the paperwork is signed. Sorry, I know that is not much help but it's all the info I have for now."

◆ In fact the album has been released abroad, on the British label Evangeline (see FAR #14), so there are almost certainly some import copies floating around. From other sources, Debora being the soul of discretion, I gather the problem is that Shawn Sahm seems to think he inherited the album when his father died, and that Tornado should simply hand it over to him. As the label put up all the money for recording, pressing, etc, they take a rather different view of the matter. As do Sahm's friends, one of whom put it best when he said, "It's not [Shawn's] album, it's *our* album."

◆ Shawn's ultimate aim is, apparently, to get control of his father's entire musical output, which, given the countless labels Doug recorded for and his indifference to paperwork, should keep the lad busy for a few decades. Still, he may start out with a victory because, wanting their album to be available at least in time for the first anniversary of Doug's death, Tornado are, I gather, willing to make concessions.

◆ As a footnote to the new **Johnny Bush** CDs (see Reviews), a reporter for a Texas daily came back from interviewing him with a whole slew of stories he couldn't possibly use in a family paper, and, so it wouldn't go to waste, the best one got passed on to **3CM** (which, of course, will print anything). By Bush's account, he was talking to a young HNC singer who claimed to love the traditional country sound, but still wanted to sing "positive love songs," to which Bush responded, "Positive love songs? Well, hell, I do those. In fact, I'm working on one right now. It's called *I Positively Hate The Bitch*."

◆ Last month I quoted **Shaan Shirazi**'s musings on the possibilities of OKC as a live music center, but now he's backtracking. "To set the record straight, I am *not* advocating a mass exodus to Oklahoma City. You still need the warm bodies and Bible Belt people just don't leave the house that much. **Jim Stringer** put it best when I asked him how much he liked the 'Live Music Capital of The World.' He replied, 'I love it but if I ever move again it's going to be to the 'Live Audience Capital of the World!'" Of course, that would be Branson so I don't see that happening." **Greg Johnson**, who some may remember as the moving force behind Austin's original Woody Guthrie tributes, now runs an acoustic venue, The Blue Door, in Oklahoma City, and was threatening to write a response to Shaan's original remarks, but I guess the fit passed because I ain't heard from him since. Maybe he's found out what kind of people have been moving to Austin since he left and doesn't want to make OKC sound too inviting.

◆ Quote of the month, from Doug Tucker, *Texas Chainsaw Acoustic Hour*, KWVA, Eugene, OR: "**Shania Twain**'s discs twang—if you bend them a certain way."

◆ The Dixie Chicks' **Martie Seidel** has been named one of the most influential fiddle players in America. The honor comes from the *Washington Post* in a section of the paper designed to encourage kids to play a musical instrument. Of course, the *Post* called Seidel a violinist—not a fiddler. As Don Walser used to say of Howard Kalish and Jason Roberts, "These boys can play the violin, but I tell them, leave those violins at home and just bring your fiddles."

◆ One of my favorite things is reading the covers of magazines in the checkout line—not the magazines as such, just the covers. Anyway, the strip line on an issue of the paradoxically named *Teen People* said of **Eminem**, "love him or hate him, you can't ignore him." Oh yeah, well watch me, buddy, and I'll show you how it's done.

◆ While I'm sorry to see his idiotic gossip column's back, I have to admit I was flat out wrong, **Michael Corcoran** does still have clout and my admiration for his use of it to mark the death of **Rebert H Harris** of The Soul Stirrers is utterly unstinted. Not only did he get the *Austin American-Statesman* to give him three full pages of the *XLent* section for his piece 'The Man Who Invented Soul,' he induced them to make it the cover story. It's possible that *XLent*'s decision makers are, all evidence to the contrary, philosopher-kings, who instantly saw that "the most famous singer you've never heard of" rated the cover. It's equally possible that it happened to be an incredibly slow week and nobody else had any rival ideas, but I can't help feeling that Corcoran must have used a fair amount of juice to make this happen, and I take my hat off to him for it. You can find the story at, well you know the drill. It ran in the 9/21/00 issue.

◆ Thinking of Rebert Harris, I recently got a press release about the **Vocal Group Hall Of Fame**'s forthcoming induction ceremony, which once again raises the question of what the hell goes wrong with these things? You'd have thought vocal groups are such a dead issue that a HoF couldn't possibly be as fucked up as that crock of soft rock shit in Cleveland, but there are some real problems. In its first year, 1999, the Sharon, PA, based operation, run by one of The Lettermen, inducted Peter, Paul & Mary and The Jackson 5; this year, they've got round to The Soul Stirrers and Dion & The Belmonts. See what I mean by fucked up? I don't have space to list all the inductees, 14 in 1999, 11 in 2000, but perhaps the clearest indicator of screwed up priorities is—no, let's make this a pop quiz. Among that 25, there's just one single girl group, so which do you think it is? The immortal Shangri-Las? Any one of the Motown or Specter groups? Nope, it's not even The Go-Gos, hell, I could almost live with that, it's the worthless Bangles. One signifier is that, like all HoFs except the Rockabilly one, the Vocal Group's October ceremonies will include "a golf event." Piss on that.

◆ Now that there's an Americana Music Association, can an **Americana Hall of Fame** be far behind? Jeez, can you imagine what a snake pit that would be. After Dave Alvin's been nominated as inductee #1—and, as far as I'm concerned, anyone who dissents should be instantly expelled—the games would begin. I say, put it in the hands of an impartial panel of writers and DJs.

◆ A sad and hideously ironic story from Joe Horn. **Bubba Redding** owned and operated KBUC and America's first country music radio station KBOP for many years. Bubba sacrificed much to remain owner of the stations, living in a little 50s travel trailer behind the station in Jourdanton for a long while, using station electricity to power his hot plate, always dreaming of running with San Antonio's big dog radio stations. He lived like a pauper, struggling to sell advertising when he could, patching an automatic player together long before the computer geeks perfected the art. This went on for years and years. Along came deregulation and last year he was paid \$45 million dollars for his licenses. Then he got sick and died of cancer on September 29th.

FAR STUFF

Six new initiates join the FAR gang this month; **Suzanne Jameson**, *Random Access Radio*, KXCI, Tucson, AZ; **Tristessa Howard**, *Harvest Hoedown*, WTTU, Cookeville, TN; **Doug Young**, aka The Iceman, *Monday Breakfast Jam*, KRCL, Salt Lake City, UT; **Rob Baner**, *West Texas Teardrops*, KEOS, College Station/Bryan, TX; **Mike Regenstreif**, *Folk Roots/Folk Branches*, CKUT, Montreal, Canada; and **Tom Funk**, *Sunday Morning Muesli*, KGLP, Gallup, NM. I have to thank Steve Gardner (*Topsoil*, WXDU, Durham, NC) for enabling me to recruit these fine people through the egroup he recently set up for twang DJs, which is called, in fact, **twangdj**, and is warmly recommended to anybody who wants to reach a whole mess of jocks with good taste. You can sign on by sending a blank email to twangdj-subscribe@egroups.com. A word of warning, Steve runs a tight ship and has already expelled a publicist who, under the guise of being a fan, was promoting a band called Buffalo Nickel, of whom someone who'd heard their album said, "Now I know what Hanson do in their spare time."

◆ One minor FAR problem is that there's often a considerable time lag between an album's US release and its availability abroad, so the foreign reporters aren't always on the same page as their American colleagues. As **Jacques Spiry** (*Country Unlimited & Lone Star Music*, RCF, Lyon, France) noted, he got some August releases too late even for his September report ("the fabulous Dave Alvin will be in my FAR #15 [October] report"). However, this month, the Europeans and Australians have the jump on everybody else because they were serviced by the British label Evangeline with copies of Doug Sahm's **The Return Of Wayne Douglas**, which, as noted above, is still not available in America.

EVEN DJs GOT REQUESTS

ROD MOAG

10/15/??, Warsaw, NY

Don Walser or Hank Thompson:

Here's To Country Music

Big Bill Lister: *Countrified*

Little Jimmy Dickens: *I'm Little But I'm Loud* (describes me to a tee)

RAÚL TEJEIRO

10/15/62, Montevideo, Uruguay

George Jones: *Window Up Above*

Asleep at the Wheel: *Jambalaya* (live)

Dwight Yoakam: anything

KIRSTY FITZSIMONS

10/19/68, Edinburgh, Scotland

Paul Burch: *This Time Next Year*

Martí Brom: *Blue Tattoo*

Dale Watson: *Poor Baby*

Lou Ann Bardash At The Vortex



"At The Vortex lives up to its swirling title and emerges as an unusual listening experience totally removed from the mainstream."

David D. Duncan
Memphis Flyer

"The voice epitomizing the epithet of the true, original country/blues gal, she twists words, phrases, melodies and harmonies with the sensibility of a bebop instrumentalist."

Troubadour Magazine (UK)

"Not an easy album, but one that introduces us to the fascinatingly poetic and disconcerting world of this singer."

Paolo Vites
Jam Magazine (Italy)

"Defying comparison with even alterna-cowpoke contemporaries, the intimacy on songs like *Sophie Frankenstein* ... has zero pretentiousness; originality is indeed a commodity and, on evidence presented here, Ms Bardash has it in spades."

Colin Palmer
Rock 'n' Reel (UK)

"The CD is drenched in quality as are the backing musicians that can boast time served with the likes of Lambchop, Steve Earle, and Wilco."

Shaun Belcher
Flying Shoes (UK)



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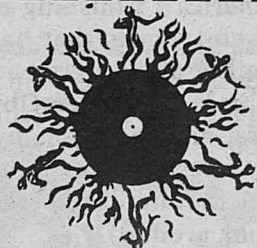
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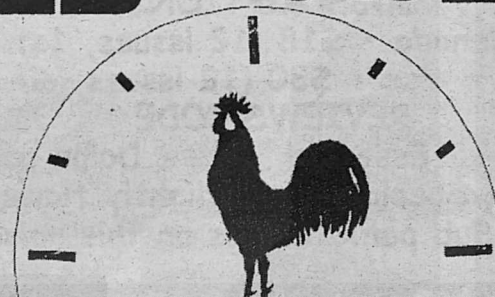
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Any pretence at fairness, objectivity, balance
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However, every effort will be made to ensure that
each issue contains a reference to Faron Young.

ECONOMY OF SCALES

Every now and then I go through the ol' Rolodex and call labels I've not heard from in a while and most every time a nice lady says, "The number you are trying to reach has been disconnected or is no longer in service." She doesn't tell me why, mainly because she's an automated recording, but I can usually make a pretty good guess. Over the last eleven years, I've seen 'em come and, in depressing numbers, seen 'em go.

◆ Should you be thinking of starting a label, in which case, you are, I'm sorry to say, stark raving mad, I have a couple of observations that may stand you in good stead. Being flip, one could say that the best way for an indie to make a million dollars is to start with two million, but in fact you can open shop with relatively little capital, bearing in mind that you spend a lump of money before you release a record but then have to wait, and wait, before any of it starts dribbling back. The trick is what you do with the money you have.

◆ The most obvious mistake indie labels make, in my experience, is anticipating sales before the checks have arrived, let alone cleared, and treating all income as disposable. The most egregious example of overextension I've seen with my own eyes was the suite of offices, complete with reception desk bimbo, occupied by Antone's Records. First time I went there, I was simply staggered. I knew their catalog and there was no way on God's green earth it could conceivably generate enough money to pay for this setup and all these people. Watermelon's offices weren't as large or luxurious but sent the same message: no one's going to get any royalties this month, or any other month. By contrast, if you wanted to swing a cat in Freedom Records' office, it would have to be a very small cat indeed. Guess which label manages to send checks to its artists.

◆ Another great indie error is thinking you're not 'real' unless you have a release schedule. There are some technical advantages, involving distributors, but the fact is there's not enough good music around to go around, so even labels I basically admire compromise on stuff that can only be described as product. The problem here, of course, is that you can't sell many copies of *good* albums, so mediocre ones are pretty much fucked from the getgo. Dejadisc, which put out most all the best Austin records of the early 90s, self-destructed on schedule fillers, at least one of which, naming no names, sold about ten copies, and deservedly so. Major labels expect nine out ten releases to lose money, but while it's not impossible, or even particularly difficult, to do a better job than they do, one loser in ten will hurt, and, if high dollar enough, even bring down, an indie.

◆ Let me put it this way, if I'd been trying to keep a label both significant and *solvent* for the last eleven years and had had first dibs on all the artists and albums I've heard and reviewed in that time, I'd have averaged maybe two albums a year, tops. Of course, if money was no object, it'd be a different story altogether. Matt Eskey once told me that if Texas Music Round-Up only put out one Roger Wallace album all year, that would be OK—you got that kind of nerve? JC

ARHOOIE RECORDS 40TH ANNIVERSARY BOX SET: THE JOURNEY OF CHRIS STRACHWITZ

(Arhoolie, 5 CDs *****)

Many things can happen to an independent label; it can radically change style with new owners or management, be absorbed by a major or even a larger indie, reinvent itself to stay viable, lose its touch or, by far the most likely, just plain oldfashioned go belly up. Though music business insiders and cognescenti may have a keener appreciation of it, you really don't have to be either to understand that simply keeping an indie label afloat for forty years is an absolutely extraordinary accomplishment (I'd say unique, but sure as I do, someone will come up with a really obscure 41 year old label specializing in bagpipe music or summat like that). What makes Arhoolie even more exceptional is that for all those forty years, Chris Strachwitz has kept the label consistent and authentic, in current political jargon "on message."

◆ Arhoolie's actual anniversary is on November 3rd, the day, in 1960, when 250 copies of its first LP, **Mance Lipscomb: Texas Sharecropper And Songster**, which the high school teacher and record collector had recorded during his first field trip to Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi the previous summer, arrived from the pressing plant. In the four decades since, Arhoolie has built up an incomparable catalog in not just one but a whole range of immutably noncommercial niches; country blues, cajun, zydeco and conjunto, with strong holdings in historic jazz, gospel, country, oldtime, bluegrass and world music, often recorded by Strachwitz himself in the field. Other titles came from such coups as acquiring radio transcription discs and the masters of defunct labels, notably, as far as I'm concerned, the glorious archives of Discos Ideal, the greatest of all Texas labels.

◆ I'm marking Arhoolie's anniversary a little early because October splits the difference between the event itself and last month's award to Strachwitz of a National Heritage Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, "the country's most prestigious honor in folk and traditional arts." Much as I love Don Walser and Santiago Jimenez Jr, fellow recipients, there's nobody in the country who deserves it more than Strachwitz, who has done so much to preserve, and make available, in their purest form, the doomed regional and ethnic musics of America.

◆ In any case, Arhoolie themselves have kinda jumped the gun by releasing a five CD 40th anniversary box set, for which there's only one word—indescribable. Pace the subtitle, all 106 songs, by 96 artists (repeaters include Lipscomb, Lightnin' Hopkins, Clifton Chenier, Alex Moore, Big Joe Williams, Fred McDowell, Flaco Jimenez and Trio San Antonio), were recorded by Strachwitz himself. The set comes in a large format 12x12 inch box with a 68 page color book featuring over 120 photos from the Arhoolie archives, a history of the label by Elijah Wald and a description of the circumstances of each track, which make up an account of Strachwitz's unparalleled forty year journey through the richness and variety of America's vanishing musical landscape. 'Roots' is one of the many once useful words that has been discovered and trivialized by publicists and semiliterate writers but if you want a jolting reminder of what it really means, this is the primer. Obviously one wishes Strachwitz many, many more years, and many, many more releases, but this box set could bear the same inscription as that to Sir Christopher Wren at St Paul's Cathedral, "Si monumentem requiris, circumspice" (if you would see his monument, look around).

◆ Arhoolie's longevity, indeed its very existence, can be attributed in fair part to Strachwitz's luck. Born in Gross Richenau, Germany, in 1931, he was, just barely, young enough to avoid being conscripted into the Nazi war machine. In 1947, his family managed to get to America when emigration was not an option for Germans, and he served in the US Army just after the Korean War. Later, an impoverished San Francisco group gave him the publishing on a song as payment for his recording it and when Country Joe & The Fish's *Feel Like I'm Fixing To Die Rag* became the centerpiece of the movie **Woodstock**, it was an enormous shot in the arm for the struggling label. Later still, Alan Jackson/Ford-generated royalties for KC Douglas' *Mercury Blues* largely financed the reissue of Arhoolie's LPs on CD.

◆ However, if fortune has smiled on Chris Strachwitz at crucial junctures in his life, I regard this as evidence that there is, after all, some justice in this cruel old world. There are many admirable and devoted men and women running independent labels, but I think they'd be the first to agree that there's no one who else has Chris Strachwitz's sense of mission, his unflinching trust in the legitimacy of the music regardless of how small the demand may be. There probably isn't room for more than one Chris Strachwitz in the world, but thank God there is that one, because, even if very few people noticed, the world would be an appreciably poorer place without Arhoolie Records. JC

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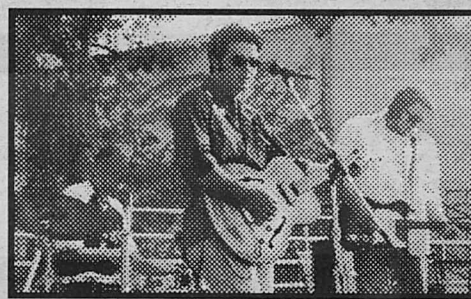


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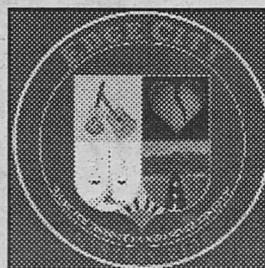
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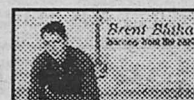


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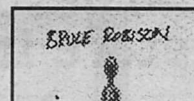
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the Past*



Jason Boland
Pearl Snaps



Eric Hisaw
Thing About Trains



Bruce Robison



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Rodeo Boogie



Charlie Robison
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Johnny Cash?*



Roger Wallace
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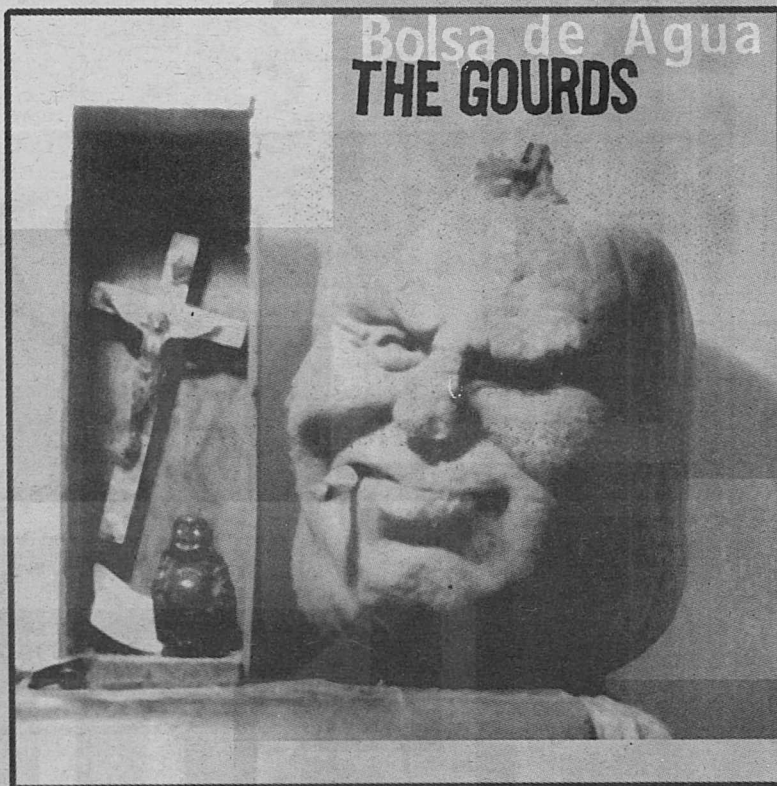
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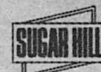
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OCTOBER ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

1st ---- Marc Savoy • 1941 • Eunice, LA
 2nd ---- Leon Rausch • 1927 • Springfield, MO
 ----- Jo-El Sonnier • 1946 • Rayne, LA
 ----- Wayne Touns • 1958 • Lafayette, LA
 3rd ---- Albert Collins • 1932 • Leona, TX
 ----- Eddie Cochran • 1938 • Albert Lea, MN
 ----- Lewis Cowdrey • 1945 • Albuquerque, NM
 ----- Chris Gaffney • 1950 • Vienna, Austria
 ----- Stevie Ray Vaughan • 1955 • Dallas, TX
 ----- Woody Guthrie † 1967
 ----- Victoria Spivey † 1976
 ----- Dennis McGee † 1989
 4th ---- Leroy Van Dyke • 1929 • Spring Fork, MS
 ----- Larry Collins • 1944 • Tulsa, OK
 ----- Barbara K • 1957 • Wausau, WI
 ----- Janis Joplin † 1970
 5th ---- Billy Lee Riley • 1933 • Pocahontas, AR
 ----- Johnny Duncan • 1938 • Dublin, TX
 ----- Belton Richard • 1939 • Rayne, LA
 ----- BW Stevenson • 1949 • Dallas, TX
 6th ---- Sammy Price • 1908 • Honey Grove
 7th ---- Uncle Dave Macon • 1870 • Smart Station, TN
 ----- Dale Watson • 1962 • Birmingham, AL
 ----- Smiley Lewis † 1966
 ----- Johnny Kidd † 1966
 8th ---- Pete Drake • 1933 • Augusta, GA
 9th ---- Goebel Reeves • 1899 • Sherman, TX
 ----- Ponty Bone • 1939 • Dallas, TX
 ----- Sister Rosetta Tharpe † 1973
 10th --- Ivory Joe Hunter • 1914 • Kirbyville, TX
 ----- John Prine • 1946 • Maywood, IL
 ----- Tanya Tucker • 1958 • Seminole, TX
 11th --- Oscar Fox • 1879 • Burnet Co, TX
 ----- Gene Watson • 1943 • Palestine, TX
 ----- Jon Langford • 1957 • Carleon, Wales
 ----- Tex Williams † 1985
 12th --- Gene Vincent † 1971
 13th --- Lacy J Dalton • 1948 • Bloomsburg, PA
 14th --- Bill Justis • 1927 • Birmingham, AL
 15th --- Victoria Spivey • 1906 • Houston, TX
 ----- Sid King • 1936 • Denton, TX
 ----- Mickey Baker • 1925 • Louisville, KY
 ----- Al Stricklin † 1986
 16th --- Stoney Cooper • 1918 • Harmon, WV
 ----- Canray Fontenot
 ----- • 1922 • L'Anse aux Vaches, LA
 17th --- George Atwood • 1920 • Tuscaloosa, AL
 ----- Little Joe • 1940 • Temple, TX
 18th --- Lotte Lenya • 1898 • Vienna, Austria
 ----- Chuck Berry • 1926 • San Jose, CA
 19th --- Piano Red • 1911 • Hampton, GA
 ----- Marie Adams • 1925 • Linden, TX
 ----- Jeannie C Riley • 1945 • Anson, TX
 20th --- Johnny Moore • 1906 • Austin, TX
 ----- Stuart Hamblen • 1908 • Kellyville, TX
 ----- Wanda Jackson • 1937 • Maud, OK
 ----- Bugs Henderson • 1943 • Palm Springs, CA

----- Merle Travis † 1983
 ----- Danny Gatton † 1994
 21st --- Mel Street • 1933 • Grundy, WV
 ----- Andy Starr • 1932 • Mill Creek, AR
 ----- Steve Cropper • 1941 • Willow Springs, MO
 ----- Bill Black † 1965
 ----- Mel Street † 1978
 22nd --- Bobby Fuller • 1942 • Baytown, TX
 23rd --- Speckled Red • 1892 • Monroe, LA
 ----- Boozoo Chavis • 1930 • Lake Charles, LA
 ----- Johnny Carroll • 1937 • Cleburne, TX
 ----- Ellie Greenwich • 1940 • Brooklyn, NY
 ----- Maybelle Carter † 1978
 24th --- Big Bopper • 1930 • Sabine Pass, TX
 ----- Glen Glenn • 1934 • Joplin, MO
 25th --- Walter Hyatt • 1948 • Spartenburg, SC
 ----- Johnny Lee Wills † 1984
 ----- Roger Miller † 1992
 26th --- Mahalia Jackson • 1911 • New Orleans, LA
 ----- Beto Villa • 1915 • Falfurrias, TX
 ----- Wes McGhee • 1948 • Lutterworth, UK
 27th --- Floyd Cramer • 1933 • Samti, LA
 28th --- Bill Bollick • 1917 • Hickory, NC
 ----- Blackie Forestier • 1928 • Cankton, LA
 ----- Iry Lejeune • 1928 • Church Point, LA
 ----- Hank Marvin • 1941 • Newcastle, UK
 29th --- Albert Brumley • 1905 • Spiro, OK
 ----- Narciso Martinez
 ----- • 1911 • Tamaulipas, Mexico
 ----- Lee Clayton • 1942 • Russellville, AL
 ----- Duane Allman † 1971
 30th --- Patsy Montana • 1914 • Hot Springs, AR
 ----- Otis Williams • 1949 • Texarkana, TX
 31st --- Dale Evans • 1912 • Uvalde, TX
 ----- Ray Smith • 1934 • Melbar, KY
 ----- Sumter Bruton • 1944 • Fort Worth, TX
 ----- Calvin Russell • 1948 • Austin, TX

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