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AMERICAN ROOTS HALL OF FAME

CHARLES EARLE'S B-Sides
JOHN THE REVEALATOR
FREEFORM AMERICAN
ROOTS #43
ROOTS BIRTHS & DEATHS

REVIEWS

*** (or not)

ANNITA
BALFA BROTHERS
BE GOOD TANYAS
BING BANG BOYS
JOHNNY BUSH
TROY CAMPBELL
CEPHAS & WIGGINS

CLOTHESLINE REVIVAL
THE COMING GRASS
FREDA & THE FIREDOGS
Heartaches By The Number
CORNELL HURD BAND

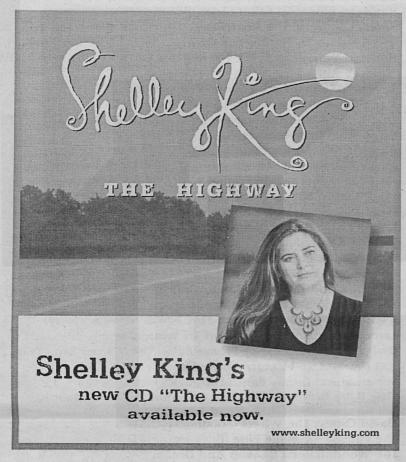
KELLY KESSLER
DAYNA KURTZ
LINDA LAY
GINA LEE
DAVID OLNEY
THE PINERS

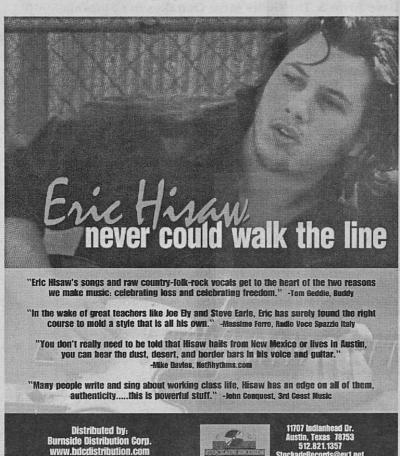
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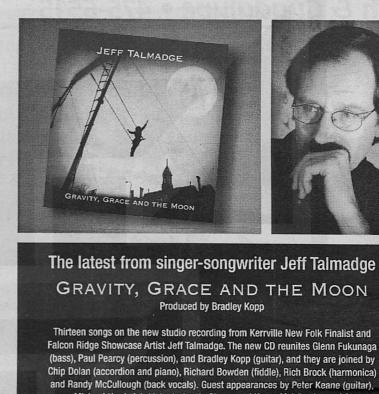


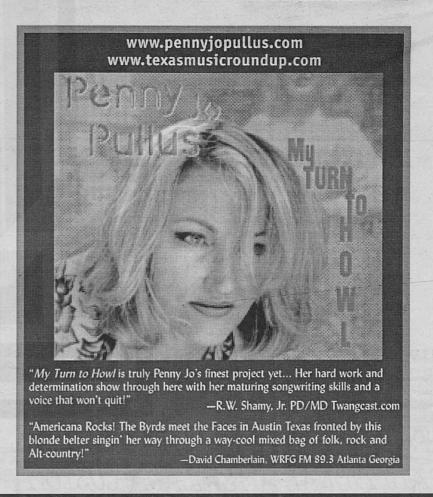
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#1 Freda & The Firedogs

(Plug) *CM/*CP/*DJ/*MDT/*MP/*MT/*S&D

2 Willie Nelson: Crazy: The Demo Sessions (Sugar Hill)

*DN/*FF/*JZ/*LG/*R&H/*RR/*ST

Bill Neely: Austin's Original Singer-Songwriter (Lost Art) *BW/*JF/*JRS

Justin Trevino: The Scene Of The Crying (Lone Star) *BL/*DT/*SH

Jon Langford & His Sadies: Mayors Of The Moon (Bloodshot) *CZ/*|M/*T|/*TW

Calexico: Feast Of Wire (Quarterstick/Touch & Go) *CW/*DP/*SI

Kathleen Edwards: Failer (Zoe) *BF/*JB/*SG

Sonny Landreth: The Road We're On (Sugar Hill) *EGB/*ND/*SC VA: A Salute To The Heroes Of Texas Swing (Textrak) *FW/*JH/*LB

Houston Marchman & The Contraband: Desperate Man (self) *DWB/*KR/*WR

10= Audrey Auld: Losing Faith (Reckless) *KD/*PP Michael Waters: Fertile Ground (Tire Swing) *BP/*MM

11=Randy Howard: I Rest My Case (Sugar Hill) *EB/*|L Dan Israel & The Cultivators: Love Ain't A Cliche (Hayden's Ferry) *JS/*SB

12 Chris Wall: Just Another Place (Cold Spring) *EW 13 Billy Joe Shaver: Freedom's Child (Compadre)

14 Missy Roback: Just Like Breathing (Hear Kitty) *MO/*RT

15= Jeff Talmadge: Gravity, Grace & The Moon (Bozart) *DA Mark Viator: Bayou Téche (Belle Isle)

16 Deke Dickerson In 3-Dimensions! (Major Label) *RMS

17 Kenny Roby: Rather Not Know (Morebarn) *BR

18 Jeannie Kendall (Rounder) *TA

19 Eleni Mandell: Country For True Lovers (Zed Tone) *RB

20 Bonnie 'Prince' Billy: Master And Everyone (Palace/Drag City) *MY

21 = The Be Good Tanyas: Chinatown (Netwerk America) Meanflower: ...a distant episode (Planetary) *VP Rockhouse Ramblers: Torch This Town (Hayden's Ferry) Larry Sparks: The Coldest Part Of Winter (Rebel) *RW

Dwight Yoakam: Reprise Please Baby: The Warner Bros Years (Rhino) *|HH

22= DB Harris: Can I Return These Flowers? (self) *TO Supernatural Family Band: Lubbock Lights (Akashic) *GS

23= The Balfa Brothers: Legends Of Cajun Music (Cracker Barrel) *|T Bill Kirchen: Dieselbilly Road Trip (Cracker Barrel)

24=David Olney: The Wheel (Loudhouse) *LW

25 The Piners: Nashville Pine (Brick House) *DY The Woodpickers: Reason And Dream (self) *DB

26 Dave Alvin & The Guilty Men: Outtakes In California (?) *|P Blackstone Valley Sinners: It's A Sin (Valley) *RS

Jason Boland & The Stragglers: Truckstop Diaries (Underground Sounds) *MF Bill Bourne: Voodoo King (Second Storey) *MR

Cory Branan: The Hell You Say (Madjack) *TH

Solomon Burke: Don't Give Up On Me (Fat Possum) *DWT

Kenny Butterill: Just A Songwriter (NoBullSongs) *RH Nick Curran & The Nitelifes: Doctor Velvet (Blind Pig) *VL

Jim Dickinson: Free Beer Tomorrow (Artemis) *NA

Glen Duncan (OMS) *AR

Nicolai Dunger: Tranquil Isolation (Overcoat) *MD

Ear Food Orchestra: Enshrined (Streak) *TG

Tim Grimm: Coyote's Dream (Vault) *RI

Crow Johnson: Hearsay (Zassafras) *SMI

Danni Leigh: Divide And Conquer (Audium) *BC

Anders Osborne/Monk Boudreaux: Bury The Hatchet (Shanachie) *PR

Vernon Oxford: The Oxford Touch (Old Homestead) *H&H Rhodes Tavern Troubadours: On The Red Line (self) *TS

Jimmy Ryan: Lost Diamond Angel (Ambitious) *DF Virgil Shaw: Still Falling (Munich/Future Farmer) *AL

The Shots: King Ludd (self) *KC Red Steagall: Wagon Tracks (Shanachie) *CL

Martha Schuyler Thompson: No Visible Means Of Support (Cottage Inclustry) *SM

VA: Binky Sampler #3 (Binky) *TF

VA: For The Long Haul; Songs For The Open Road Vol 1 (Golden Ring) *MA *XX = Album of the Month



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5 p.m. Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys - Yep Roc Records

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rd COAST MUSIC



ANNITA • WHAT GOOD IT'LL DO ME GINA LEE • WHERE YA BEEN?

(CRS %%%/ GLee Club %%%)

any musos object to being tagged 'retro,' presumably because it so often seems to have derogatory nuances, suggesting both that the music is quaintly passé, and that its performers lack the vision and talent to create anything new, but one has to ask, why, if it's great music, should anyone be defensive about playing it? Annita

Langereis and Gina Dikeman certainly aren't.

• One problem with Langereis is that all the information I have on her is in Dutch, curiously provincial for a someone who sings American idioms in English. She first impacted the States, or at least the Austin roots scene, with The Haystack Hi-Tones and more than half of her solo debut is awash with Austin roots illuminating including Dave Biller, Kevin Smith, T Jarrod Bonta, Chris Miller, Shaun Young, Nick Curran, Eamon McLaughlin, the Horton brothers and, for a duet, Roger Wallace. With only a couple of originals among the 19 tracks, eleven recorded in Austin, eight in Holland with Dutch musos, Langereis gives very competent readings of more or less obscure gems by Brenda Lee, Bonnie Lou, Jean Shepard, Charline Arthur, Rose Maddox, Wanda Jackson, Ella Mae Morse, Rod Bernard, Carl Smith, Justin Tubb, Skeets McDonald, Wayne Raney, Merrill Moore and Jimmie Davis, but it's like listening to a really good singer in a karaoke bar. However well done, it still seems rather pointless. Much more impressive in person, Langereis was doing fantastic shows with The Paladins before a serious car accident, and my feeling is that she was pushed harder by Dave Gonzalez than she was on this album, which stays well within her comfort zone.

♦ By contrast, Gina Lee, 'the rockin' hillbilly gal,' who moved to Austin from Nebraska, via Arizona, a couple of years ago, has nine originals among her 14 tracks. The covers provide a useful context, Leroy Preston's I Wonder, recorded by Rosanne Cash, Crying Steel Guitar Waltz, cut at various times by Jean Shepard, Kitty Wells and Betty Jack & Skeeter Davis, St James Avenue, which I seem to recall was on an old Ranch Romance album, Along The Navajo Trail, Johnny Bond style, and Real Hank's Long Gone Lonesome Blues. A courageous selection, but, though her originals stand up to them pretty well, like many others who try to add to the hillbilly songbook, Lee handles the covers with rather more assurance than she does her own material. She also travels first class, with some of Austin's best country/swing players, sharing with Langereis the invaluable Kevin Smith, whose bass is the only constant, though Slim Richey, Cindy Cashdollar and Maryann Price are regulars, with Dave Sangar and Karen Biller splitting drum duty and Redd Volkaert and Floyd Domino popping in from time to time, and I can't help but wonder if she wasn't a little overawed by them. Something of a practice run, but, hell, you gotta start somewhere.

JIM ROLL • INHABITING THE BALL

(Telegraph Company %%%%) y experience is that few enough people are any good at what they profess to do, and even fewer of them are any good at anything else, so Jim-Roll is really bucking the odds with this ambitious project. Using his two previous albums, Ready To Hang and Lunette, as calling cards, he approached two of his favorite novelists, Denis Johnson (The Name of the World and Jesus' Son) and Rick Moody (Demonology and The Ice Storm), and asked if they had any lyrics he could put to music. "I just kind of was taken by the fact that both of these guys referenced music a lot so I just thought I would give it a shot." Moody sent him three pieces, Johnson five, ranging from cryptic (Roll admits he doesn't completely understand everything he sings on the record) to whimsical, to which Roll added five more of his own to make up this edgy, oddball album, sponsored by the literary journal McSweeney's. Unified only by Roll's gritty vocals, with a sort of fractured alt country backdrop, the three different styles occasionally make awkward neighbors, but while Roll is obviously the only real songwriter, Johnson and Moody are better wordsmiths than most songwriters, and their themes, images and metaphors are very effective. This project might have seemed like a gimmick if Roll had let himself be overawed by their material, but, treating Johnson and Moody as equal partners, he may have made the best fusion of music and literature since The Fugs rocked William Blake's poetry. Roll will be one of the guests at the 3CM singer-songwriter circle at Threadgill's World HQ on the 15th.

TROY CAMPBELL . AMERICAN BREAKDOWN

(Loudhouse 樂樂樂樂)

ampbell released this album on his own M Ray label last summer (reviewed #66/155), but it had, shall we say, somewhat limited distribution, which in Austin terms means you could buy it from Campbell or Waterloo Records. For this reissue, which will be rather more widely available, he's added one track, a remake, with Eliza Gilkyson and Gurf Morlix, of *Ruby*, which he first recorded with Loose Diamonds for the legendary **Across The Great Divide: Songs Of Jo Carol Pierce**. Other than noting this addition, and that he's again hosting the 3rd Coast Music Presents songwriter circle at Threadgill's on the 15th, I'm pretty much standing by my original review.

 One could speculate that a concurrent liaison with a successful AAA artiste may have been a factor in his experimentation with that genre, but, whatever his reasons, his ambivalence was manifest in that he not only worked with several different producers on Man Vs Beast but even put a variant of his name on it, and Troy Young Campbell simply didn't sound like the Troy Campbell I know and love. Well, the redundant 'Young' has gone, the multiple producers have been replaced by the all-purpose Gurf Morlix (engineering, mixing, mastering, bass, guitars, harmonium, lap steel, percussion, octophone, mandolin, organ and backing vocals), and I think we can write the last album off as a hiccup. From the first notes of Sad Truth, one of nine originals, with Dan (Green On Red) Stuart's Home After Dark closing out the album, Campbell sounds like he's back where he belongs. A decade later, he's more mature and musically sophisticated than the wunderkind of Live Texas **Radio**, but if the passion of his singing and songwriting and his rock & roll sense of urgency, discernible even in a folk song about a coalminer dying in a pit disaster the day before his wedding (a nod to Ohio roots), are subtler than they were, this is still the man who once told me, "I try to sing every song as if it was for the last time." That ethos was an essential component of Loose Diamonds' live set, but an overcautious label and timid producer never allowed Campbell to unleash his full emotional power on record, so it's taken ten years for him to truly fulfill the expectations raised by Live Texas Radio. If you've got that great album (available from 3CM for a mere \$10 including p&p) and this one, you get to choose between different stages of an outstanding talent. JC

THE BING BANG BOYS . I'M FEELIN' GOOD

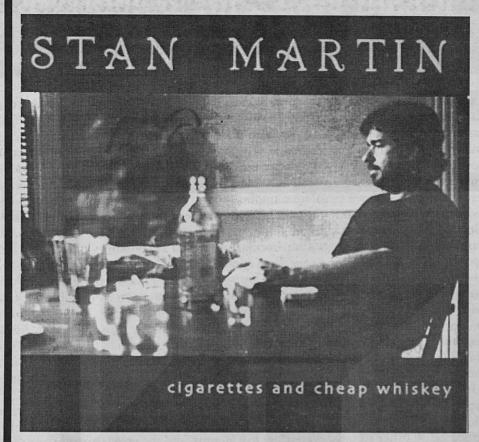
(Rubinchik 樂樂樂樂)

ust after I got this, I mentioned it to Shorty Long's Pops Bayless who shrugged and said, "Who can keep up with Mark Rubin?" The genesis of this album of old-timey stringband music was Rubin's chance encounter with The Canote Brothers and WB Reid at the 2000 Fiddle Tunes Festival in Port Townsend, WA. After spending as much time picking together as they could, they arranged to get together at the 2001 festival and record some tracks. With Rubin on cello-bass, tuba and vocals, Jere Canote banjo guitar, banjo uke, harmonica and vocals, Greg Canote fiddle and vocals and Reid banjo guitar, banjo mandolin, fiddle and vocals, the 16 tracks open with Georgia Stomp, recorded by Andrew & Jim Baxter in the 20s, and closes with Don't You Remember The Time, recorded in the 30s by Freeny's Barn Dance Band, "the lyrics are loosely from Riley Puckett." In between, they pick material from the Shelton Brothers, The Mississippi Sheiks, Tony Gilmore, the Allen Brothers, a Sam & Kirk McGee/Mississippi Mud Steppers medley, a version of Someday Sweetheart taken from both Al Miller and Doris Day, The Leake County Revellers, Mississippi John Hurt, The Carolina Tarheels, The East Texas Sererenaders, Bill Boyd & His Cowboy Ramblers, Bob Wills & His Texas Playboys, Gid Tanner's Skillet Lickers and Ralph Stanley's lyrics to Over In The Gloryland. As with any project involving Rubin, the musicianship is exemplary, but this is more than simply educational. Like Robert Crumb's Cheap Suit Serenaders, The Bing Bang Boys exude their joy in playing wonderful music. This album is morally good, and a lot of fun.

DAVID CANTWELL & BILL FRISKICS-WARREN HEARTACHES BY THE Number: Country Music's 500 Greatest Singles

(Vanderbilt UP/Country Music Foundation %)

Sad to think that only a few short years ago, the once noble Country Music Foundation put out a second revised edition of one of the cornerstones of any country music library, Dorothy Horstman's Sing Your Heart Out, Country Boy, which is to this what waltzing is to linedancing. Taking Dave Marsh's The Heart Of Rock & Roll; The 1001 Greatest Singles Ever Made and John Morthland's The Best Of Country Music as their models, Cantwell & Friskics-Warren have listed and glibly commented on their 500 favorite singles, from Sammi Smith's Help Me Make It Through The Night to Lee Ann Womack's I Hope You Dance (hey, Lee Ann, there were only 499 singles better than yours, isn't that special?), and while many singles that would be in my top 50 didn't make it into their 500 (Borrowed Angel, I Really Don't Want To Know, Precious Memories, Lonesome Fugitive, I Wonder Where You Are Tonight, Long Black Limousine, Please Help Me I'm Falling, Honky Tonk Man, Pancho & Lefty, You're Running Wild, Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down, They'll Never Take Her Love From Me, Don't Be Angry, OK, that's enough), they're the ones with the book contract, not me. Where Bill C Malone rather grudgingly accepts as country anything marketed as such by Music Row, Cantwell & Friskics-Warren positively embrace this fraud, not merely making such incongruous juxtapositions (#317 and #318) as Faron Young and Faith Hill, but remarking of Hill, "a case of the cream rising to the top," which, right there, discredits the entire book. Using crossover as their highest accolade—a prevailing theme is their attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of Billy Sherrill—they consistently praise the producer over the artist or songwriter. Where Horstman revealed the stories behind the songs, Cantwell & Friskics-Warren give us, rarely with any context, their own facile reactions, which they call "critical essays," and what they imagine is "thought-provoking" is, at best, mildly irritating, at worst downright fatuous. This is the kind of book that people who aren't into country music think will make a great present for a friend who is. They might as well have printed this with a 'Half Price' sticker already on it.



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3rd Coast Music

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Telecaster." Billy Block, Western Beat Entertainment "Bakersfield apparently sneaked off to Pepperell, Mass., when nobody was looking! East coaster Martin is, beyond question, the best exponent of West Coast country since Jim Lauderdale. A one-man Twangfest with a bookfull of rockin' delights and killer self-penned shuffles, Stan might well be The Man of this year's SXSW. Make sure you see him now while you can still find a spot on the dancefloor..." Tony Rounce Country Music People



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THE BE GOOD TANYAS • CHINATOWN

(Nettwerk & & & &)

or a reviewer, a cover provides a useful reference—before I get to the originals, let's see what you can do with something I already know—but expectations ry according to the source. You'd have to mess up, for instance, a Dorothy Shay Frankie Miller number pretty bad to blow the points you get for being cool lough to cut it in the first place, but when it's a song by Townes Van Zandt, I, for ne, am not going to cut anyone any slack. So, how does this Vancouver-based trio te on Waiting Around To Die? Unbelievable—this is the second best Townes cover ve ever heard, after Calvin Russell's Nothing. A basic 3CM tenet is 'Less is more,' at any rate 'More means worse,' and The Be Good Tanyas are poster children for aring out absolutely everything they don't need to make the song work. Even though imantha Parton's vocals, guitar, mandolin and banjo, Frazey Fords's guitar and) cals and Trish Klein's electric guitar, banjo and vocals are augmented by ukelele, brnet, fiddle, viola, accordion, saw, bass and drums, they still skate on the edge of inimalism, making the intervals between the notes an integral part of the rangements. Combining old-timey, country, blues, folk and gospel influences, The e Good Tanyas make one reach for meaningful superlatives, because music that oats like gossamer shouldn't be able to grip like a vice.

THE BALFA BROTHERS LEGENDS OF CAJUN MUSIC CEPHAS & WIGGINS MASTERS OF THE PIEDMONT BLUES SACRED STEEL GUITAR MASTERS

o to Louisiana now, when 'Cajun' is used by every huckster to imply authenticity, and it's hard to imagine that as recently as the early 60s, Cajun culture was rtually extinct. Inspired by a rapturous reception at the 1964 Newport Folk Festival, ewey Balfa enlisted his brothers Will, also a fiddler, and Rodney, on guitar, and hit e festival circuit, creating enormous interest in Cajun music. However, they didn't cord much before Will and Rodney were killed in a 1979 car crash, so these 17 its, recorded in 1974 at Washington Square Church, NYC, with Rodney's son ony on triangle and Nonc Allie Young accordion, are a welcome addition to a arse body of work. As Dirk Powell remarks, "To say they were Cajun when Cajun asn't cool would be a gross understatement," and in every note you can heard how uch contemporary Cajun owes to The Balfa Brothers. Useless trivia not mentioned the liner notes: Balfa is a corruption of the Scottish name Balfour.

Guitarist John Cephas and harmonica wizard Phil Wiggins, following in the otsteps of the Rev Gary Davis and Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, preserve e alternate thumb and finger picking that characterizes the African-American usic of the Eastern seaboard. Though newly recorded, most of the 11 tracks, unting the six song *Piedmont Medley* as one, have appeared on earlier albums, but ost of those were on Alligator, so they sound a lot better here. Cephas & Wiggins

e so good they make Amazing Grace actually tolerable.

Ever since **Sacred Steel** introduced the outside world to the extraordinary steel itarists of the Holiness-Pentecostal Church, inspired by Psalms 150:4, "praise im with stringed instruments," the larger Keith Dominion has monopolized bequent recordings, which is unfortunate as the greatest of these players, Sonny eadway, is a member of the smaller Jewell Dominion. Fortunately, Cracker Barrel, ushing aside sectarian politics, have included three extended Treadway hymns on is nine cut CD, and they alone make it well worth the price of admission. **IC**

VA • No Song, No Supper

(Sugar Hill segue) Hand No Depression

aced with the prospect of exposing their proclivity for trash on the most popular radio show in the country, you can understand why, when asked to pick the oums with which they'd want to be stranded, some guests on Britain's Desert Island iscs might well substitute, say, Ellington for Eminem or Julia Migenes-Johnson for orah Jones (recently, George Clooney led with Real Hank Williams, God love m). By the same token, if asked to put together a compilation album, you'd want come out looking good, but a problem for musicians and others in the biz is that ey most always have hostages out, so compiling becomes a political process. In a at sidestep, Sugar Hill asked multiple prize-winning Southern novelist Larry Brown birty Work, Joe, Father And Son) to cherrypick 14 singer-songwriter cuts from archives, which, as they offer almost infinite possible permutations, isn't what u'd call a crippling limitation. The former career firefighter hits all the high spots, wnes Van Zandt, Guy Clark, Jimmy Murphy, Walter Hyatt, Terry Allen, Jesse inchester, Robert Earl Keen, Rodney Crowell, James McMurtry, Peter Rowan d Tim O'Brien, with Scott Miller & The Commonwealth, The Gourds and Darrell ott making up the numbers. Would you or I pick the exact same artists? Quite a w of them, for sure. Would we pick the exact songs? Probably not, I'd go for len's Wolfman Of Del Rio over Cortez Sail and Winchester's Club Manhattan over veet Loving Daddy, for instance, but it's not like I'd pick a fight over them.

JOHNNY BUSH & THE BANDOLEROS Live CORNELL HURD BAND • Live At Jovita's

(Johnny Bush Music ***.5/Behemoth *****)

or decades, the legendary British comedy duo Morecambe & Wise went on television once a year, and next day were back on the nightclub circuit with a completely new routine, and I've always figured their logic, that people wouldn't go out to see them if they'd already heard the jokes on TV, explains why country artists so rarely make live albums. They don't want to burn the set. Originally released in 1979 as **Live At Dance Town USA** (a Houston dancehall, now a bingo parlor) and again in 1982 as **Live From Texas**, Johnny Bush's only live album, which includes Whiskey River, Undo The Right, Drivin' Nails In My Coffin, Put Me Out Of My Memory, Release Me and You Gave Me A Mountain, might certainly keep some fans home on a rainy night. At the time it was recorded, Bush had already been diagnosed with spastic dysphonia, but you never guess from these 19 rousing tracks, three of which are medleys. The onetime Cherokee Cowboys drummer knew a thing or two about country bands and The Bandoleros, featuring Rick Price on steel guitar, crackle

with energy.

♦ Cornell Hurd has a different perspective (take that any way you want). As his band doesn't tour, live albums are a way of giving his farflung fan base a fresh fix of the Hurd experience, and of the eight albums he's put out since 1994 (Johnny Bush, incidentally, was a guest on three), this makes his third live one. Recorded at Jovita's, where the band have been resident every Thursday night for over six years, it's typical Hurd, a 24 track honky tonk juggernaut, but one that's more like a real Hurd set. Many, in fact most, of the numbers are band standards that have already appeared on other albums, even other live albums, and the guests are more organic. Dee Lannon, 'The Singing Waitron,' did actually deal them off the arm at Jovita's for a while, and joins them here, as she did then, for The Collins Kids' Hoy, Hoy, Hoy, Marti' Brom is a regular Thursday night guest and Cornell's uncle Raoul Hurd might have swung by any time to read a couple of his Beat poems. Otherwise, it's band members like Justin Treviño, Blackie White and Cody Nichols who spell Hurd with signature numbers. On any given Thursday night, The Cornell Hurd Band puts on the best show in Austin, but beneath the freewheeling honky tonk burlesque is a band that, on any given Thursday, is simply the best in town.

DAVID OLNEY • THE WHEEL

(Loudhouse &&&&)

ow do I assume you all know who Olney is and what he does, and all you really need to know is that he's put out his 11th album? Or do I have the hubris to think I can introduce him to a whole new audience? Or do I treat this as a ding-ansich, detached from his 25 years of recording? Well, more like ten years if you don't count the gaps in which his output was limited to a couple three European releases. While he's been recording steadily since his 1995 reemergence, Olney always seems to be treated with respect rather than enthusiasm, admiration for his literate lyrics tempered by comparisons with Van Zandt, Waits, Hiatt, Cohen et al. Whether or not The Wheel will break this cycle, it's more varied than his earlier work, ranging from the mordant Stonewall, in which he puts himself in Jackson's place, expanding on the dying general's last words ("Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"), to the lighthearted Boss Don't Shoot No Dice, cowritten with Janis Ian. One can still make the comparisons, he has the poetic audacity of Van Zandt (and sounds uncannily like him on Revolution), Waits' grittiness, Hiatt's smoky roots rock groove and Cohen's imagination, but one could just as easily say that they each lack those other qualities, which Olney possesses.

CLOTHESLINE REVIVAL • OF MY NATIVE LAND

(Paleo ** .5)

Dutting techno atmospherics and electronic beats behind old country, blues, folk and bluegrass songs is going to evoke many a kneejerk reaction, especially among those who've heard such previous attempts as Moby and Snakefarm's, and I freely admit that the only reason I gave this a shot was because of Tom Armstrong, who sings Real Hank's Ramblin' Man and My Sweet Love Ain't Around and Onie Wheeler's My Home is Not A Home At All. While I don't think there's much future in this kind of cross-temporal fusion, I have to admit that this example is kinda cool, if a little spotty. What makes it work is that Conrad Praetzel and Robert Powell respect the material and don't just piss around with samples, can play traditional instruments such as mandolin, pedal, elbow pedal and lap steel, resophonic guitar and dobro, and use studio gadgetry and effects with restraint. The Armstrong tracks and four songs with Wendy Allen, including Bill Monroe's The One I Love Is Gone and The Time Has Come by English folk song legend Anne Briggs, were recorded from scratch, but elsewhere they superimpose on existing recordings, Leadbelly's Cow Cow Yicky Ticky Yea a narration, Story About William Riley Shelton, from a Smithsonian Folkways collection, and two John Lomax field recordings for the Library of Congress, one of an unidentified New Orleans train caller, the other of Ora Dell Graham singing a children's game song. For the most part, what they call 'acid country' and 'ambient folk' is done well, the question, of course, is whether it's worth doing.



Wednesday 12th

5pm: Ware River Club

6pm: Chrissy Flatt 7pm: Eric Hisaw

8pm: The Casey Sisters

9pm: Cave Catt Sammy

Thursday 13th

11am: Yuppie Pricks

noon: Visqueen

1pm: Tony Joe White 2pm Brain Failure/Hang

On The Box

3pm Shadon Sahm

4pm Petty Booka

5pm J-200

6pm Chip Taylor &

Carrie Rodriguez

7pm Bear & The Essentials

8pm TBA

9pm Shorty Long

Friday 14th

11am John Lilly

noon Gingersol

1pm Jim Roll

2pm Hackensaw Boys

3pm Parade

4pm Roger Wallace

5pm Gravy Boat

6pm Boxcar Preachers

7pm Jon Emery

8pm Shaun Young

9pm White Ghost Shivers

Saturday 15th

11am Pam Richardson noon Stephen Lee Canner

1pm The Sovines

2pm Caroline Casey

3pm Lacynica & The Slim

Richey Trio 4pm ART SHOW

5pm ART SHOW

6pm Roy Heinrich

& The Pickups

7pm Lil Rachel 8pm TBA

9pm DB Harris

Sunday 16th

11am Matt The

Electrician

noon The Silos

4.... 44 1 11

1pm Marshall

2pm Porter Hall, TN

3pm Forty Second

Scandals

4pm The Lucky Pierres

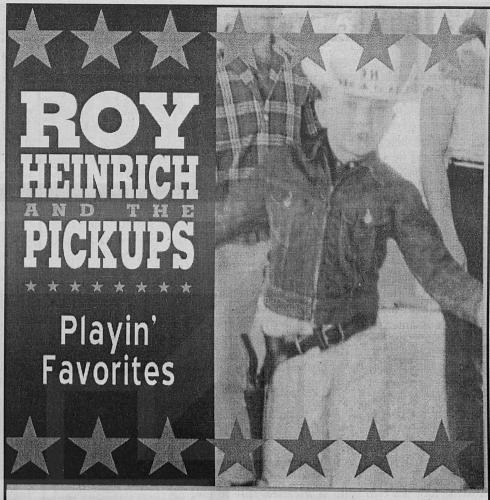
5pm Mara

6pm Blood of Patriots

7pm The Reasons

8pm TBA

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THREE STRAIGHT
YEARS



Sunday, March 9th. BIZARRE BAZAAR

2024 S Lamar, Horseshoe parking lot, 1-3pm

Friday, March 14th CHAPARRAL LOUNGE

5500 S Congress, 9pm-1am, with Special Guests

Dee Lannon

John Stark & Bonnie Holmes

The Skyliners with Shaan Shirazi

The Texas Saints

Gina Lee & Her Texas Three

Saturday, March 15th

11am, Texicalli Grille 6pm, Cheapo Discs

Sunday March 16th

6pm, Texas Cafe

"Heinrich has a barroom-tested outfit that has been with him for the long haul and knows all the ins and outs of the songs. All that and then some is clearly evident . . ." Dan Ferguson, Timeout "Roy Heinrich possesses one of the rarest of musical instruments, a richly melodic baritone voice, and he knows how to use it."

John Morthland, No Depression

"Heinrich and the boys nail it down nicely this time around . . . evocative and satisfying . . . a just-right mood of melancholy. Heinrich's humor comes across on 'Take Me Drunk,' a shuffle about a bar wastrel who can't find his ass with both hands."

Jerry Renshaw, Austin Chronicle

Available at:

www.texasmusicroundup.com

Cheapo Discs, 10th & Lamar, Austin, Texas

Waterloo Records, 6th & Lamar, Austin, Texas

3H Records, PO Box 2622, Austin, Texas 78768 www.royheinrich.com

FREDA & THE FIREDOGS

(Plug ***)

Some years ago, I saw a copy of Freda & The Firedogs' Live At The Soap Creek Saloon, cut at a 1980 reunion, in a record store, and when I told Marcia Ball about the \$50 price tag, she actually snorted and said, "I wouldn't give you 50¢ for that thing!" John X Reed added, "I'd like to get hold of every copy ever pressed and sail them off the top of Mount Bonnell." Bobby Earl Smith, who seems more tolerant of the LP, tells me the last time he saw a copy listed on eBay, it went for \$125, but now it's no longer the only Freda album available, its value is likely to drop dramatically. This one is an Austin legend: the band, Ball, Smith, Reed, Steve McDaniels and David Cook, formed in March 1972, Doug Sahm turned Atlantic's Jerry Wexler on to them and by August they were in the studio. Then they balked at signing a contract and by time they did, the window had closed and the masters sat in Atlantic's vaults until they were destroyed in a fire, as Smith discovered when he contacted Wexler with a view to negotiating for the rights. However, Wexler found his personal copy and sent it to Smith with the admonition, "You really fucked up by not signing the contact." On the cusp as barriers between hippies and rednecks started breaking down, Freda & The Firedogs were a different kind of country band, one that could go from such bog-standards as Your Good Girl's Gonna Go Bad, Fist City, Today I Started Loving You Again and even Stand By Your Man to Taj Mahal's arrangement of EZ Rider, Bobby Charles' The Only Thing Missing Is You, Angela Strehli's When You Come Home Again (recorded round the same time by The Flatlanders as The Heart You Left Behind) and the traditional Make Me A Pallet, which I'm guessing they got from David Bromberg. These, along with three Smith originals make up the album, oh yes and Jambalaya, but they were young and maybe didn't know about Hank's good songs. Thirty years on, you can still see why they packed Austin clubs for two solid years, even able to give up their day jobs, and their abiding influence is transparently obvious. Did they fuck up? We'll never really know, though it's worth noting that the other two Austin acts Wexler signed didn't last long at Atlantic, Sahm was out in 1973, Willie Nelson in 1974, both after two albums, so, on form, we're missing one Freda album but there are, supposedly, enough good board tapes still floating around that even that loss may be remedied someday.

THE PINERS • Nashville Pine THE COMING GRASS • Transient

(Brick House 樂樂樂.5/Velvet 'Ed 樂樂樂)

ids today, I don't know, I just don't know. Their kindly old Uncle John tries to put their feet on the path to righteousness, but do they pay any attention? Some of you have heard this sermon before, unfortunately, you'll hear it again because it's a perennial. There are not many people who can write good songs and there are not many people who can sing really well, very few can do both and most bands are lucky if they have one member who can either. The Piners, a country/folk trio from Port Elizabeth, ME, are doubly blessed in having both a fine songwriter in Haakon Kallweit and the glorious Boo Cowie, whose voice is one of the marvels of New England and several adjoining states. So how many of the 13 tracks, all Kallweit or Kallweit/Cowie originals, do you think she sings? All of them? Uh-huh. Most of them? Uh-huh. Half of them? Well, you're getting warm—six. As a vocalist, Kallweit doesn't compare unfavorably with the general ruck of male singer-songwriters (how's that for damning with faint praise?), but Cowie is something really special and to leave her out more than half the time just flat doesn't make any sense.

 Mind you, compared to The Coming Grass' Sara Cox, Cowie is in tall cotton. A perennial delight on Charlie Gaylord's **Greetings From Area** Code 207 series, Cox barely seems part of a Portland band which, despite the name, is alt country/rock, manifesting Stones, Dead and Velvet Underground influences. Cox's husband, NYC punk veteran Nate Schrock, wrote and sang nine of the 14 songs, Cox wrote and sang three, picking up another by multi-instrumentalist Steve Jones, who sings the other of his two. Schrock is a hot slide guitarist but he sings like dozens, if not hundreds, of the undistinctive alt country and rock vocalists you've already heard, whereas Cox has real presence, somewhat like Margo Timmins, or, as a Canadian reviewer put it, "a less phlegmy Natalie Merchant."

♦ Writing a song is one thing, delivering it is another altogether. One could argue forever whether Cox is a better writer than Kallheit or Schrock, what is not open to debate is that she can sell her songs far more effectively, just as Cowie can sell Kallweit's. If you have a CD burner, you could create a really wonderful Boo Cowie & The Piners album by ripping her tracks off this and **The Piners**, on which she did marvellous versions of Butch Hancock's Boxcars and Stonewall Jackson's Smoke Along The Track, and put Cox's on as bonus tracks. Or you could buy J-200's **Trip From Grace** and hear a band that knows its strengths and plays to them.

DAYNA KURTZ • Postcards From Downtown

(Kismet & & & & .5)

ow many people have you seen truly dominate a room, cutting all conversation short and focussing every eye and ear on the performance? Not all that many, eh? Well let me introduce you to Dayna Kurtz, who tops my list not just because she's the most dynamic singer-songwriter I've ever heard, but because she does it every time, or at least every time I've seen her—if she has off nights, you couldn't prove it by me. However, I've always felt she didn't really fit 3CM's parameters, so I put off reviewing her new album until, while talking with another fan, David Obermann of KUT's Folkways, I realized those parameters are whatever I damn well say they are. Still, the delay gives me a chance to plug her appearance at the 3CM Presents singer-songwriter circle at Threadgill's World HQ on Saturday 15ththese things have a way of working themselves out. At that show, you'll hear the mesmerizingly dramatic effects she can create unaided with her incredible voice and stunning guitar work, and you can get more by buying her 1997 live solo CD Otherwise Luscious Life. She's also a tremendous songwriter, who once remarked about being compared to Tuck & Patti, "They play these songs that are like 'I love you, I love everything, you're beautiful,' and my songs are more like 'You lied to me, you hurt me, fuck you," in other words, my kind of songwriter, but she's so powerful that she tends to overwhelm her own material. Fortunately, she's also powerful enough to overwhelm the production—plus "additional production"!of her new album, but, while heavyhanded on effects, its theatricality does serve to underscore the fact that Kurtz is a woman out of her time who should, by rights, be performing in cabarets, not coffeehouses, and be compared to Lenya or Greco (except that she's also her own Brecht or Bressons), rather than Girls with Guitars. She may not, by any stretch, be termed roots, but Danya Kurtz is phenomenal.

KELLY KESSLER • THE SALT OF YOUR SKIN

(Melungeon *********)

eing on a compilation album is supposed to be a good thing, but for The Texas Rubies, Dwho were playing traditional country around Chicago long before Bloodshot raised its 'Insurgent Country' banner, being on it's 1994 For A Life Of Sin was the kiss of death. As the city's punks morphed en masse into alt country twangers, Kelly Kessler and Jane Baxter Miller folded their duo. Eight years later, with the aesthetic pendulum swinging away from attitude, Kessler has reemerged to join acts like Anna Fermin and J-200 in asserting the primacy of emotion, the power of lyrics and the value of musicianship. She kind of wrongfooted me by simultaneously putting out **Life Of Regret**, a four song EP with her honky tonk band, The Wichita Shut-Ins, which was, frankly, not very interesting, though I'm told the offbeat lineup (washboard, musical saw and bass/reeds/percussion) does a great live show. Distracted by that, I didn't get to her full album until much later, though at least in time to sign her up for NotSXSW. As she hadn't recorded since The Texas Rubies' roos Working Girl Blues, Kessler had a lot to unload and opted for what she calls "a survey of rural music," including "a piece that's really heavily influenced by the Georgia Sea Island Singers" (Back He Flew), "something that sounds like it's straight out of the mountains" (Eastlake), a Stanleys inspired bluegrass number, though with tambourine (One True Way), "a kind of Bocephus-esque 70's country number" (Your Darling Ain't Done Shit Today), a "big glittery pop-py number" (Meet Me Tonight At The Landfill) and a desolate reading of the only cover, Gov Jimmie Davis' You Are My Sunshine. There's no producer credit, but despite being recorded in three studios and Kessler's living room by four different engineers, Kessler's warm, intimate voice holds this nicely textured patchwork together.

Linda's Mercantile Store

(Cracker Barrel 樂樂樂樂)

an I resist an Enron joke? 'Fraid not—that's her husband Ken on steal guitar. Ho, ho, ho. ■Both the Linda Lays run stores, but this one's is an honest to god middle of nowhere mercantile stocking essentials for folks in Goshen Valley, TN, not a publicity stunt, and she's a fabulous classic country singer, not a whiney Houston rich bitch. Lay sang a wonderful duet with Bill Kirchen on his Dieselbilly Road Trip (reviewed last month), and this is her own album in the Cracker Barrel Old Country Stores' 'Heritage Music Collection.' The 12 tracks are mostly pretty standard stuff, Felice Bryant's We Could, Hank Williams' Mansion On The Hill, Tom Paxton's Last Thing On My Mind, Jack Clement's Just Someone I Used To Know, Hugh Moffatt's Rose Of My Heart, Dolly Parton's Coat Of Many Colors, Hank Locklin's Send Me The Pillow That You Dream On, Merle Haggard's Today I Started Loving You Again and Albert Brumley's Prettiest Flowers Will Be Blooming, but Lay breathes fresh life into them with her cool, calm and confident voice that's the perfect antidote to Nashville bimbos.

MINTON SPARKS • This Dress

(Rural %%%%)

his is to Sparks' stunning debut what a slim, elegant volume of verse is to a dense, sprawling epic like Stephen Vincent Benet's John Brown's Body, and those of you who already have her extraordinary Middlin' Sisters might, at first, feel a little let down. However, if it doesn't have the panoramic grandeur of that album, which seemed to encompass the history and experience of Southern womanhood in a gripping pastiche, this collection of 12 poer has its own, subtle beauty. Sparks, a Nashville-based performance poet, makes no pretense at singing, but, as Acoustic Guitar put it, "she's an instrument all her own," reading her work, backed on each poem by a single musician, among them Maura O'Connell vocals, Tammy Rogers fiddle and Keb Mo' guitar, with such marvellous pitch and rhythm that, as I said of the first album, she stomps the living crap out of most singer-songwriters. My only problem is that this really makes me wish Jo Carol Pierce would make another album.

WORLD HEADQUARTERS

Presents

WED. MARCH 12 TEXAS COUNTRY

Harris & Ryden (6:30) Honeybrowne (8:00) Brandon Rhyder (9:00)

THURS. MARCH 13 STRING BAND THURSDAY

Biscuit Boys (1:00) Onion Creek Crawdaddies (2:30) Trainwreck Washington (3:45) Steep Canyon Rangers (4:45) Scott Biram (6:30) South Austin Jug Band (7:30) Cooper's Uncle (9:30)

FRI. MARCH 14 **ROKY ERICKSON TRIBUTE** "PSYCHEDELIC ICE CREAM SOCIAL"

(1-4 pm) Will Sexton Via Satellites Minus 5 (with Peter Buck & Scott McCaughey)

FRI. MARCH 14 3rd COAST MUSIC PRESENTS

James Hand (4:00) Porter Hall TN (4:45) The Lucky Pierres (5:45) Kelly Kessler & the Wichita Shut-Ins (6:45) J-200 (7:45) The Bellyachers (8:45) Ruthie & The Wranglers (9:45)

SAT. MARCH 15 3rd COAST MUSIC PRESENTS

Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez (Noon) SONGWRITER CIRCLE (1:00 - 4:00) Troy Campbell (Host) Dayna Kurtz, Ray Wylie Hubbard, John Lilly, Jim Roll Jo Carol Pierce with Guy Juke, David Halley & Richard Buckner, and Edge City

SAT. MARCH 15

Erik Moll (Norway) (4:00) Micky Kemp (UK) (4:30) Wes Hayden (Austin) (5:00) Myshkin (New Orleans) (5:30) Alison Rogers (Austin) (6:00) Jeff Plankenhorn (Austin) (6:30) Claudia Scott (Norway) (7:00) Kevin Welch & Kieran Kane (7:30) Sine Bach Rüttell Band (Den.) (8:30) JW Roy (Netherlands) (9:00) Trish Murphy (Austin) (9:30) The Bluegrass Nibblers (Austin) (10:00) Willis Alan Ramsey (Austin) (10:30)

SUN. MARCH 16

GOSPEL BRUNCH Brennen Leigh (11:00 am) Gospelaires (12:00) Bells of Joy (1:00) Git (Australia) (2:00) Mandy Mercier (3:30)



301 W. Riverside Austin, Texas ph. 472-9304



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WORLD HEADQUARTERS SOUTH AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704

YEAR ONE YOU HAVE TO START WITH THE LEGENDS

ow that this is up and running, I could write a book on the Dos and Don'ts of starting a Hall of Fame from scratch. This account will gloss over all the blunders and make the process that led up to these inaugural inductions of the American Roots Hall of Fame sound like the well-oiled machine that it will, I trust, be in future.

The genesis of this grassroots endeavor to recognize and honor the leading lights of American Roots Music was the online petitions launched by Betty Ritter to get Doug Sham inducted into any of the existing Halls of Fame. Having followed the similar efforts of Del-Fi to get Ritchie Valens into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, I knew these would be lengthy, uphill and uncertain struggles and it struck me that there damned well ought to be a way of honoring Sahm, if not in life at least in death, without anyone having to jump through hoops. So I floated the idea of an American Roots Hall of Fame and got enough positive feedback to move ahead.

The first stage was eliciting nominations, most of which came from the activist deejays of Freeform American Roots. Several things emerged at this stage. One was that the HoF needed three categories, In Memoriam for those who are no longer with us, Lifetime Achievement for those who are still with us, and Backstage for those, living and dead, who worked behind the scenes. Another was that the first go round would largely consist of catching up with the past—as one nominator succinctly put it, "You have to start with the legends." Finally, a number of people got so many nominations it seemed pointless putting them on a ·ballot—like Hank Williams wasn't going to make the cut-so I gave anyone with 20 or more a bye (ie they were automatically inducted). Frankly, I wish there had been more as many people felt obligated to vote for Buddy Holly, The Carter Family, Muddy Waters, Ralph Stanley, George Jones and Ray Charles, which left them short of votes further down the list.

At the end of this round, after excluding the automatic entries and those who only got one nomination, the ballot listed 39 artists for the In Memoriam category, 41 for Lifetime Achievement and 27 for Backstage, from which voters could select up to 12 in the first two and six in the third. This ballot was circulated as widely as I could manage and when I closed voting down in mid-February, 1897 people (I was hoping for 2000) had participated, thankfully over a period of several months. I might add that every stage was utterly dependent on the Internet.

Having asked all these people to make painful choices—you should have heard some of the screams of agony—I then found that I had to make one myself, by deciding who had qualified for the HoF (you have to understand I was making all this up as I went along). An ad hoc consultation committee, colleagues I 'volunteered' to help me out, agreed that, hard as it might be, lines had to be drawn and these ended up as 500+ votes for In Memoriam, 450+ for Lifetime Achievement (as there were fewer automatic entries in this category) and 300+ for Backstage, which about a fifth of the voters skipped.

Finally, there was the question of next year's ballot. The consensus was that it would be too mechanical to simply put all the same people back on the ballot, but some clearly would have done much better if not for the presence of Buddy Holly at al. So another line was drawn; everyone who got 300-499 votes is automatically on the ballot for next year. Anyone who got less than 300 will have to be renominated.

AMERICAN ROOTS HALL OF FAME

INAUGURAL INDUCTION

In Memoriam

Milton Brown The Carter Family **Clifton Chenier Patsy Cline*** Lefty Frizzell* **Woody Guthrie** John Hartford **Buddy Holly** Waylon Jennings* Robert Johnson Louis Jordan **Huddy Ledbetter** Rose Maddox Roger Miller

Bill Monroe* Gram Parsons* Carl Perkins Elvis Presley Professor Longhair Jimmie Rodgers* Doug Sahm* **Ernest Tubb Townes Van Zandt* Muddy Waters** Hank Williams* **Bob Wills* Tammy Wynette Faron Young**

Lifetime Achievement

Dave Alvin **Chuck Berry** Johnny Cash* **Ray Charles Guy Clark Bob Dylan Johnny Gimble** Merle Haggard* **Emmylou Harris*** Wanda Jackson Flaco Jimenez George Jones

BB King Jerry Lee Lewis Loretta Lynn Willie Nelson* **Buck Owens* Ray Price John Prine Pete Seeger** Billy Joe Shaver **Ralph Stanley Doc Watson Kitty Wells Neil Young**

Backstage

Moses Asch (Folkways Records) **Leonard & Philip Chess Ahmet Ertegun** John Hammond **Hightone Records** Harlan Howard **Bruce Kaplan** (Flying Fish) **Alan Lomax**

John Lomax **Lloyd Maines** Sam Phillips* (Sun Records) **Rounder Records** Chris Strachwitz* (Arhoolie Records) **Cindy Walker Richard Weize** (Bear Family Records)

* indicates those who gained automatic entry by virtue of being nominated by 20 or more of those involved in the nominating stage.

I decided to list inductees alphabetically and not include how many votes were cast for each (it really cluttered things up). If you're interested in seeing these figures, let me know and I'll provide them.

In Backstage, Hightone and Rounder were nominated as entities.

aving, as it were, cleared the decks, inductions will be much smaller in future. Next year may be transitional, but after that it'll all be down in single figures.

These are people who were on the first ballot and received 300-499 votes, qualifying them to go forward without being

renominated.

In Memoriam Maybelle Carter Jerry Garcia **Johnny Horton Patsy Montana Mickey Newbury** Charlie Rich **Carter Stanley** Wynn Stewart Dave Van Ronk Clarence White

(Needing renomination are Charline Arthur, Arthur Alexander, Cliff Bruner, AP Carter, Boozoo Chavis, Gene Clark, Jimmy Day, Bob Dunn, Keith Ferguson, Danny Gatton, Champ Hood and Don Rich)

Lifetime Achievement Terry Allen **Blind Boys of Alabama** Steve Earle Joe Ely Freddy Fender Jimmie Dale Gilmore **Butch Hancock** Lydia Mendoza Hank Thompson

Johnny Bush, Buddy Emmons, Jason & The Scorchers, Delbert McClinton, Johnny Paycheck, Mingo Saldivar, Jean Shepard, Chip Taylor, Floyd Tillman, Porter Wagoner, Dwight Yoakam and Steve Young)

Backstage

Bill C Malone **Huey P Meaux Gurf Morlix** Syd Nathan (King) Jim Stewart

& Estelle Axton (Stax) Allen Toussaint

(Charlie Fitch, Philip Kaufman, Rod Kennedy, Cosimo Matassa, Norman Petty, Ralph Peer, Don Robey, Floyd Soileau)

NOMINATIONS

veryone is welcome to send me one nomination in each category at any time up until September 15th Backstage can be individuals or entities (record labels, etc).

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Wednesday, March 12th
3 P.M. IIM ROLL
4:30 SCOTT BIRAM
6P.M. HIP SHAKIN MAMA
7:30 RABB Y LOS KILLA HOGS





Thursday, March 13th 3pm - 8pm





3PM LOS TEXMANIACS

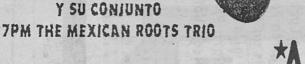
4PM CONIUNTO LOS PINKYS

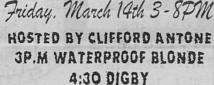
5PM CHON MARTINEZ

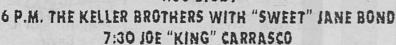
Y VICENTE ALONZO

6PM JOHNNY DEGOLLADO

Y SU CONJUNTO









Saturday. March 15th 1-8PM

1 P.M. GINGERSOL 2 P.M. FEUFOLLET 3:15 HACKENSAW BOYS 4:45 CANDYE KANE



6P.M. KELLY KESSLER AND THE WICHITA SHUT-INS 7:30 THE GULF COAST PLAYBOYS

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NOTSXSW 2003

WEDNESDAY 12TH

3pm Jim Roll Guero's

Sammy Black w/Pete Mitchell Texas Cafe

Scott Biram Gueros

Gina Lee & Her Texas Three Texas Cafe Ware River Club Cheapo

5.40 Ronnie Elliot Club DeVille 900 Red River

6pm Randy Weeks Texas Cafe Chrissy Flatt Cheapo Hip Shakin Mama Guero's Mark Ambrose Ego;s

6.30 Brandon Rhyder Threadgill's 7pm The Bellyachers Texas Cafe

Eric Hisaw Cheapo

Rabb y Los Killa Hogs Guero's

Casey Sisters Cheapo Honeybrowne Threadgill's

Tim Easton + Butch Morgan Casbeers

Cave Catt Sammy Cheapo Harris & Ryden Threadgill's

9.30 Dark Holler Carousel 10.30 Shane Bartell's Loveseat Ego's

THURSDAY 13TH

11am Yuppie Pricks Cheapo

noon Visqueen Cheapo

Ipm Tony Joe White Cheapo Ridgetop Syncopators Texas Cafe Biscuit Boys Threadgill's The Sovines Jovita's

2pm Willie Heath Neal Texas Cafe Brain Failure/Hang on the Box Cheapo Tommy Womack Jovita's

Rosasharn Ginger Man

Onion Creek Crawdaddies Threadgill's 3pm Los Texmaniacs Guero's **Dee Lannon** Texas Cafe Jon Rauhouse's Steel Guitar Airshow w/Kelly Hogan Jovita's Shandon Sahm Cheapo John Ramberg (of Model Rockets) Ginger Man

Trainwreck Washington Threadgill's

Karen Poston Ginger Man 4pm Thad Cockrell Jovita's

Conjunto Los Pinkys Guero's Git Texas Cafe Petty Booka Cheapo

Nick Curran & The Nightlifes Jo's Jim Stringer & The AM Band Ginger Man

4.45 Steep Canyon Rangers Threadgill's Susanna Van Tassel Ginger Man

J-200 Cheapo Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys Jovita's Chon Martinez y Vicente Alonzo Guero's Rosie Flores Texas Cafe

Ted Roddy & Shakerag Jo's Ed Pettersen Ginger Man

6pm Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez Cheapo Johnny Degollado y Su Conjunto Guero's Greencards Texas Cafe

Gary Primich Band Jo's 6.30 Scott Biram Threadgill's

7pm Bear & The Essentials Cheapo Blue Yodel Texas Cafe John 'Juke' Logan Jo's

Mexican Roots Trio Guero's Cornell Hurd Band & Jovita's South Austin Jug Band Threadgill's

The Nortons Ego's 8pm Heybale Texas Cafe

8.30 Bobby Bare Jr + Porter Hall TN Casbeers

9pm Shorty Long Cheapo

9.30 Jim Stringer & AM Band w/L'il Rachel, Susan Maxey & Mitzi Henry Carousel Cooper's Uncle Threadgill's

10.20 Mike Barfield Band Ego's midnight James Intveld Ego's

FRIDAY 14TH

11am John Lilly Cheapo

noon Jim Stringer & The AM Band Texas Cafe Kaz Murphy Brand Hillbilly Lane Gingersol Cheapo

12.45 Big John Mills Hillbilly Lane

1pm Roky Erickson Tribute: Minus 5 + Via Satellites + Will Sexton Threadgill's Jim Roll Cheapo

Susanna Van Tassel Texas Cafe

1.30 Steep Canyon Rangers Hillbilly Lane 2pm Lucky Pierres Texas Cafe

Hackensaw Boys Cheapo Porter Hall TN Hillbilly Lane

Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez Hillbilly Lane Karen Poston & Crystal Pistols w/Slaid Cleaves Texas Cafe

Parade Cheapo

Waterproof Blonde Guero's

4pm James Hand Threadgill's Penny Jo Pullus Hillbilly Lane Roger Wallace Cheapo Dallas Wayne Texas Cafe

4.30 Digby Guero's

4.45 Porter Hall TN Threadgill's Randy Weeks Hillbilly Lane

Gary Primich & Juke Logan Texas Cafe Gravy Boat Cheapo

Ruthie & The Wranglers Hillbilly Lane

Lucky Pierres Threadgill's 6pm Redd Volkaert Texas Cafe

Boxcar Preachers Cheapo Keller Brothers w/Jane Bond Guero's DJ Krush Jo's

6.15 Mark Insley Hillbilly Lane

6.45 Kelly Kessler & Wichita Shut-Ins Threadgill's

7pm Jon Emery Cheapo Rosie Flores Hillbilly Lane **DB Harris** Texas Cafe Sly Moon Smiling Trophy's Elizabeth McQueen & Firebrands Carousel

Joe 'King' Carrasco Guero's

J-200 Threadgill's

Stan Martin Hillbilly Lane Wayne Hancock Texas Cafe

Shaun Young Cheapo Iguanas + True Stories Casbeers Walter Traggert Ego's

8.15 New Faces Songwriters Circle Hillbilly Lane

Bellyachers Threadgill's

9pm Ben Beckendorf w/RCBanks, Ponty Bone, Jesse 'Guitar' Taylor, Danny Young Trophy's White Ghost Shivers Cheapo Will Kimbrough Texas Cafe

9.30 Roger Wallace Carousel

9.45 Ruthie & The Wranglers Threadgill's

10pm Greyhound Soul Ego's midnight Sand Rubies Ego's

SATURDAY 15TH

Hish Cornell Hurd Band con Johnny Bush, Frankie Miller, Marti Brom, Wayne Hancock, Dee Lannon, Jon Emery, Susanna Van Tassel + Texana Dames + Roy Heinrich & The Pickups Texicalli

11am Pam Richardson Cheapo

noon Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez Threadgill's Stephen Lee Canner Cheapo

12.25 Kelly Kessler & Wichita Shut-Ins Po-K-Jo's

ipm Troy Campbell, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Dayna Kurtz, John Lilly, Jim Roll + Joe Carol Pierce + Edge City Threadgill's

Ruthie & The Wranglers Texas Cafe The Sovines Cheapo Gingersol Guero's

1.30 Steep Canyon Rangers Ginger Man

2pm Porter Hall, TN Texas Cafe Caroline Casey Cheapo Feufollet Guero's Glover Tango Jo's Darlyne Cain Ginger Man

2.30 Rosasharn Ginger Man 3pm Roger Wallace Texas Cafe

Lacynica & The Slim Richey Trio Cheapo Tina Schleiske & The Salvation Band Jo's Ed Pettersen Ginger Man

Hackensaw Boys Guero's

4pm Teri Joyce & The Tagalongs Texas Cafe Erik Moll Threadgill's Alice Spencer Jo's

4.30 Micky Kemp Threadgill's

4.45 Candye Kane Guero's 5pm James McMurtry Jo's James Intveld Texas Cafe Wes Hayden Threadgill's

5.30 Myshkin Threadgill's

6pm Kelly Kessler & Wichita Shut-Ins Guero's James Hand Texas Cafe Porter Hall TN Jovita's Alison Rogers Threadgill's Roy Heinrich & The Pickups Cheapo

6.30 Jeff Plankenhorn Threadgill's

7pm Hot Club Of Cowtown Texas Cafe Claudia Scott Threadgill's Lil Rachel Cheapo Space Truck Ego's

7.30 Gulf Coast Playboys Guero's Kevin Welch & Kieran Kane Threadgill's

8pm James McMurtry Texas Cafe Jess Sykes & Phil Wandscher Cheapo

8.30 David Olney Threadgill's James Rider & 420 Turnsround Ego's

9pm DB Harris Cheapo JW Roy Threadgill's (indoors)

Karen Poston & Crystal Pistols Ginny's 9.30 Dale Watson + Stan Martin Casbeers Trish Murphy Threadgill's

10pm Bluegrass Nibblers Threadgill's (indoors) 10.30 Willis Alan Ramsey Threadgill's (indoors)

Hpm Two Hoots & A Holler Ego's

SUNDAY 16TH

11am Brennen Leigh Threadgill's Matt The Electrician Cheapo

noon Silos Cheapo Ear Food Gospel Orchestra Casbeers Gospelaires Threadgill's

12.30 Temple Ray w/JW Roy Jo's

ipm Marshall Cheapo Cold Front Guero's Tina Rose & The JO's House Band Jo's Bells Of Joy Threadgill's Lacynica & The Slim Richey Trio Texas Cafe

2pm Git Threadgill's Porter Hall TN Cheapo Casey Sisters Texas Cafe FMCKB Jo's

3pm Erik Hokkanen & She Wolves Texas Cafe Forty Second Scandals Cheapo Sister Sister Guero's Elizabeth McQueen & The Firebrands Jo's

3.30 Mandy Mercier Band Threadgill's 4pm Jesse Taylor & Kent Mings Jo's Lucky Pierres Cheapo

Shaun Young Texas Cafe 5pm Erik Hokkanen Texas Cafe

Mara Cheapo 6pm John Doe + Virgil Shaw + Eric Hisaw Casbeers Roy Heinrich & The Pickups Texas Cafe Blood of Patriots Cheapo

7pm Justin Trevino Texas Cafe The Reasons Cheapo

8pm Cornell Hurd Band Texas Cafe

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FRIDAY JVIARCH

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notsxsw

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Friday March 14 [5:30] Hillbilly Lane > 2404-1/2 Wilson S. (near S. Congress) sponsored by Twangcast & Austinamericana Saturday March 15 [1:00pm] Texas Cafe (formerly Under The Sun) > 1321 S. Congress Ave. | Austin, TX | 512.442.1308

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Monday March 10 [10:00] The Continental Club > 1315 S. Congress Ave. | Austin, TX | 512.441.2444

Tuesday March 11 [8:30] Casbeers > 1719 Blanco Rd. | San Antonio, TX | 210.732.3511

Wednesday March 12 [7:00] Texas Cafe (formerly Under The Sun) > 1321 S. Congress Ave. | Austin, TX | 512.442.1308

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featuring Lawrence Peters

6825

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Saturday March 15 [12:25pm] Pok E Jo's > 9828 Great Hills Trail | Austin, TX

Saturday March 15 [6:00] Guero's > 1412 S Congress Ave. | Austin, TX | 512.447.7688

Notsxsw 2003

THE UNOFFICIAL & INCOMPLETE GUIDE

VENUES (1) Carousel Lounge 1110 E 52nd 1719 Blanco, San Antonio (210/732-3511) (2) Casbeers Cheapo Discs 914 North Lamar N LOOP **Ego's Lounge** 510 S Congress 1601 Barton Springs (3) Flipnotics **Ginger Man Pub** 304 W 4th St (4) Ginny's Little Longhorn 5435 Burnett Guero's 1412 S Congress Hillbilly Lane 2404-1/2 Wilson Jo's 1300 S Congress 1-35 Jovita's 1619 S 1st 1603 W 5th (5)Po-K-Jo's **CHEAPO** 1320 S Lamar (6) Saxon Pub DISCS **Texas Cafe** 1323A S Congress Texicalli Grille South Austin 301 W Riverside Threadgill's World HQ Trophy's 208 S Congress W 5th GINGER MAN PUB * 4th AVACA HERE BE WEASELS & REPTILES **COLORADO RIVER (TOWN LAKE)** RIVERSIDE **BARTON SPRINGS** * EGO'S THREADGILL'S THIS IS NOT A MAP JO'S * FIRST * TEXAS CAFE IT'S A GUERO'S * **SCHEMATIC JOVITA'S** Who do think I am, 1-35 bloody Rand McNally? This is what you get for free and it'll get you where you want to go **TEXICALLI** (eventually) * OLTORF

HILLBILLY LANE

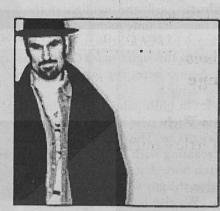
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Susanna Van Tassel My Little Star



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featuring Rosasharn, John Ramberg (special guest), Karen Poston, Jim Stringer & The AM Band, Susanna Van Tassel, Ed Pettersen Plus Featured Guest (tba)

2-7 pm

Ginger Man Pub, 304 West 4th Street, Austin, TX

The ND Music Group Acoustic Afternoon Saturday, March 15 at SXSW

Steep Canyon Rangers, Darlyne Cain, Rosasharn, Ed Pettersen

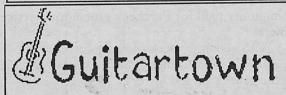
1:30-3:30 pm Ginger Man Pub, 304 West 4th Street, Austin, TX sponsored by







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Third Annual Guitartown Kick Off SXSW Party: Opal Divines 700 W 6th St Wed March 12th, 2003. 12-7:30 pm. Free, NO Wristband Required 12-1:30 Michael Fracasso, Eric Hisaw, Cole Roulain, Jeannie Howell, Ernie Ernst, Matt the Electrician: 1:45-2:15 Ed Pettersen: 2:30-3 Ware River Club: 3:15-3:45 Walter Tragert 4-4:30 Beaver Nelson: 4:45-5:15 Loose Diamonds: 5:30-6 Patty Hurst Shifter: 6:15-6:45 The Silos: 7-7:30 Jim Roll



CHARLES EARLE', B-Side,

GRAMMY GLITZ

THE RICH GET
RICHER,
MUSIC ROW MAKES A
STRONGER SHOWING

hat is a televised awards show if not simply an extended advertisement for that particular entertainment medium? An organization like NARAS, the CMA or the Academy offers up their biggest stars to network television in a way to celebrate the greatness of their sector of entertainment, and in the process attempt to sell more of a product that has already moved a shitload of units. Any time you're sitting around wondering why that amazing little album you love didn't get the acclaim it deserves, it's important to remember these things about how the industry pats itself on the back.

And so it only makes sense that the Dixie Chicks, Bruce Springsteen and Norah Jones were the big winners at this year's Grammys. Each is sporting that perfect mix of critical acclaim and millions of albums sold. Fortunately, this is a trio of artists with a healthy amount of integrity. Even if they are not your favorites, you have to admit that there certainly have been worse representations of popular music that walked away with trophies (if you are having trouble thinking of any, remember that disco band A Taste of Honey once beat The Cars and Elvis Costello for Best New Artist).

In Nashville, the industry was certainly poised for a better showing at this year's Grammy gathering. You may remember that mainstream artists from Music Row were shut out in all country categories last year, with trophies going to the likes of Ralph Stanley, Alison Krauss and the **O Brother Where Art Thou?** soundtrack. But while Johnny Cash and Willie Nelson did walk away with awards this year, there were also victories from country radio favorites Faith Hill, Alan Jackson and the Dixie Chicks. You could almost hear a sigh of relief coming from The Row as a result.

My Grammy night was spent the same way as I have done things for the last few years. I gather up my panel of experts/drinking buddies and settle in for an evening of commentary and chaos. The results of this are reflected in my annual Grammy observations:

Joan Rivers: Wanting to get a head start on our beverages and criticism, we tuned into E!'s pre-show coverage just in time to see Rivers, that arbiter of taste, ask the Dixie Chicks if they all get their periods at the same time. Having Joan Rivers critique levels of taste is like hiring Mike Tyson as a therapist.

John Mayer: Most of those on my esteemed panel this year were women. As a result, I got to listen to a bunch of screeching about what lewd act each of them wanted Mayer to perform on them. During an award acceptance speech, Mayer spoke of worrying about his music being palatable. Kind of a funny thought coming from a guy who can best be described as James Taylor Lite, but maybe he has a punk record in the works.

Avril Lavigne: Speaking of wannabe punks...seriously, I'll give Lavigne her due for *Complicated*. It had nice energy and was impressive coming from a teenager. But it's obvious her 'punk' image is tended to by more handlers than all of the luggage at the DFW airport. And I have to imagine that the funniest moment of the whole night must have been seeing Lavigne and band get turned down for booze at the after party.

Eminem: Apparently I didn't get the memo that told us that it was OK to see this little shit as being artistically valid. I still think he just deserves a good

beating. The one thing that did occur to me as a possible reason for an Eminem victory is that there are so many classical, jazz and studio cats voting on this award who don't know a thing about any of the other nominated rappers.

Lou Reed: His embalmer does a much better job than the guy working for the Stones.

Clash Tribute: Easily the highlight of the evening and one of the best Grammy moments in memory. Seeing Bruce Springsteen, Little Steven, Dave Grohl and Elvis Costello ripping through *London Calling* was something to behold. Somewhere, the late Joe Strummer must have been smiling.

Faith Hill: Oh gosh, where to begin? I'll get to her clothing later. Right now, let's stick to her abysmal vocal performance of *Cry*. The people in my living room were literally screaming with laughter as they heard every flat, off-pitch note that came out of Hill's mouth. We all agreed that the guy who fixes her in the studio must be a genius. We also had to laugh when Hill sang the line, "You die just a little", as we all thought she had died a lot. And we can't help but wonder about future song material. Hill has sung *Breath*, *Cry* and *This Kiss*, covering many of the basic functions of the human body. We decided to start an office pool of sorts as to whether the next album will feature *Grunt*, *Poot* or *Belch* (She does have about 20 kids, you know).

Coldplay: The Grammy show marked my first time to see this hot new band of the moment live. Two minutes later, I couldn't remember anything about them. Yawn.

No Host: The idea of an awards show without a host may have seemed somehow noble to the folks at NARAS. You know, let the music speak for itself (in response, imagine me making that hand gesture that simulates masturbation). In practice, it made for very boring television. Next year, John Stewart or Jimmy Fallon and Tina Fey would make things much more interesting. The audience is full of show biz phonies who need to be given some grief.

Harvey Fierstein: Seeing him dressed in drag as Anna Nicole Smith was like looking at a Macy's parade float sponsored by a condom company.

P. Diddy: When announcing John Mayer's win for Your Body Is A Wonderland, Diddy resisted the temptation to convert the song's title into rap speak. This is a good thing since Mayer wouldn't have wooed so many suburban white girls with a song called Bitch, Yo Ass Is Da Bomb.

Fashion Report: Faith Hill looked like Colorado Barbie ... Paul Shaffer was dressed in more Blue Velvet than David Lynch has ever seen. Only Samuel L Jackson could have pulled that one off . . . Kim Cattrall was wearing a chandelier. Her dress had more bling than all of the nominated rappers combined . . . Gwen Stefani, in her camo shorts, tube top and thigh high boots was dressed by Madonna and Field & Stream . . . Pink's hairdresser no longer finds it enough of a challenge to cut hair with the lights on . . . Missy Elliot's pink velour Adidas jogging suit with a huge battery-powered logo may be the single silliest garment I've ever seen.

FOLK INVASION

few months back I got a call from somebody in town who asked if wanted to be a moderator for a few panel discussions at the conference of the International Folk Alliance in Nashville. I agreed, thinking this would be about 50 Peters, Pauls and Marys sitting around at a Ramada by the interstate. I assumed they were still pissed at Dylan for going electric, and that I would stick out like, well, a cynical asshole music journalist among a bunch of idealistic folkies. Shows how much I know.

The IFA came to Nashville last month 2,000 strong and took over our convention center and clubs. During the conference, I had the pleasure of meeting a few nice folks from Austin who told me that they read my column. Thanks to all of you who took the time to visit with me. And I also wanted to mention that I met a guy from Austin whose first name was Foscoe. I didn't hear any of his music, but that's a pretty cool name.

Overall, the IFA conference was a bizarre and highly entertaining event. Here are a few stories that will stick out in my mind from years to come.

When I first entered the hotel/conference center to pick up my credentials, I was thinking of turning tail and retreating. The entire building smelled of patchouli oil and there were groupings of stringed instrument players spread through every available inch of space. Normally, I love the sound of a guitar, mandolin and banjo together. But hearing about 100 trios playing at the same time in the same room sounds like a bag of wildcats being sprayed with a fire hose. The people working the hotel desk looked like they longed for immediate, sweet death.

Once I made it through the lobby gauntlet, the panels were actually a lot of fun. I was given the chore of working with songwriters and publishing company execs to get them focused on addressing the concerns of the attending folkies. Most everyone was cheerful and well informed. However, one girl from Nashville gave the publishers grief about their inaccessibility, only to have a panelist remind her that they had met last year and she hadn't sent her new material. The laughter was deafening and the girl soon slunk out of the room.

Another panel had me sitting next to Tia Sillers, who penned *I Hope You Dance* for Lee Ann Womack. You could almost hear the songwriters drooling at the thought of writing such a hit.

The evening showcases were, well, sort of informal to say the least. Many were just announced by a random flyer inviting you to a hotel room of at a certain time. There were actual showcases set up in the convention center, but the majority of attendees seemed content to stay upstairs away from the army of trios performing impromptu sets in the lobby. I finally ventured downstairs to see Last Train Home, the outstanding country band from DC that was somewhat out of place at this event. Along the way I saw a guy singing his heart out in a room with 150 seats to the one person who chose to attend his set.

I met Arlo Guthrie in the lobby bar. He was friendly and cordial and he looked just like he always has. I told him that I first listened to *Alice's Restaurant* at age 9, and he seemed flattered.

GOODBYE JOHNNY

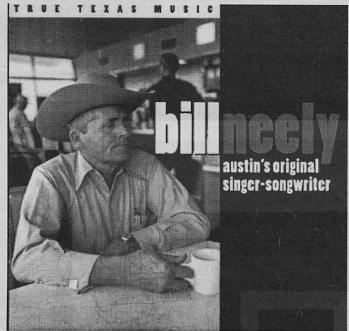
ashville said goodbye last month to Johnny Paycheck, the honky-tonk singer whose working class songs spoke loudly about the lives of rural southern folk during the 60s and 70s. He visited the Top 10 of the country music charts 11 times in a twelve year period, but will always be best remembered for *Take This Job and Shove It*, his working man's anthem. He was also the author of *Apartment #9*, an enormous hit for Tammy Wynette.

Paycheck was a man who truly lived the life portrayed in his hard luck songs. He spent two years in jail for a nonfatal shooting in Ohio in 1985, and he also battled constant financial problems and drug and alcohol addiction. But through it all, the big names of country music always respected his talent. George Jones and other prominent members of the Nashville community paid for Paycheck's memorial service and funeral.

With a country music industry currently full of such squeaky clean performers, Paycheck was a genuine link to the genre's rugged history.

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NO WRISTBAND NEEDEL

noon Kaz Murphy Brand

12:45 Big John Mills

1:30 Steep Canyon Rangers

2:15 Porter Hall TN meste on my esteem of the series and to series and the series and the series and the series are series are series are series and the series are series are

3:00 Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez

Ducky says:

Food &

Drinks.

4:00 Penny Jo Pullus

4:45 Randy Weeks

5:30 Ruthie & the Wranglers

6:15 Mark Insley

7:00 Rosie Flores

7:45 Stan Martin

8:15 'New Faces' songwriters circle

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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

pologizing to the **Hancock** family is getting to be a habit I need to break. This time round it's for redundant repetition of a quote I clean forgot I'd already used before. Once was probably more than enough and I should have left it at that when the same point, that, as in all family bands, the talent is not consistent, could have been made more innocuously. Also, I shouldn't have attributed it as Keith Ferguson was a gentle soul who wouldn't deliberately give offense to anyone, except maybe Kim Wilson. Anyway, sorry, guys, I wasn't thinking.

♦ However, to the people who wrote me about this from Round Rock—my first hate mail in quite a while, I must be losing my touch—I have to say you're full of shit. The personal feelings of musicians are no concern of mine, anymore than the sensitivities of a football player who fumbles the ball are any concern of a sports commentator. And while your vile comments about **Keith Ferguson** (nice little double standard you've got going there) are beneath contempt, I would suggest that one of the greatest bass players of all time is somewhat better qualified to comment on drummers than you or I.

♦ Quoting a FAR reporter in last month's Missy Roback/Magic Car doubleheader review, I got my Ri(c)ks mixed up. It was, in fact, **Rick Cornell**, WXDU, Durham, NC, not **Rik James**, KGLT, Bozeman, MT, who reviewed Roback in No Depression. Rick thought I should mention this in order to clear Rik's name.

♦ Sad news from **Ronnie Dawson**'s wife Chris, "Ronnie had a biopsy done [January 28th] and his cancer is back, in full force. His tongue is completely invaded and it has spread to his lungs and is incurable. His doctors have given him 9 months to 1 year. There is nothing that they can offer him in the way of treatment that he is willing to do . . . He has decided to live the way he wants for the time he has left. We are leaving here on the 26th of February to do the Rockabilly Rave in the UK and that could quite possibly be our last show. In the event we were offered a show somewhere and Ronnie felt up to it, we would do it, but this is the only thing scheduled at this point. The docs have told him to sing and run and just do whatever he wants as long as he feels like it."

♦ Next month, Compadre will release an album of 1966 Townes Van Zandt demos, his very first recordings, that Jack Clement found in his studio, which I will, of course, be all over. Meanwhile, here's a line from the press release: "A long list of revered artists have covered his songs, including Doc & Merle Watson, The Cowboy Junkies, Bob Dylan, Bobby Bare, Nanci Griffith, Lyle Lovett, Steve Young, Kathy Mattea, Freddy Fender, Mudhoney, Steve Earle, Bonnie Bramlett, Ricky Skaggs, Doug Sahm, Hoyt Axton and Richard Buckner." Now, just between us girls, would you say you 'revere' Mudhoney? I have nothing against publicists, in fact I admire some of them tremendously, but when your spend your time dreaming up good things to say about artists and albums, there's a constant danger of going just a leetle too far.

♦ After I mentioned, last month, that **Deke Dickerson** wore a wig when he played Casbeers on Halloween, his publicity mule told me about a 'Win A Lock of Deke's Hair' competition! This is direct from Dickerson: "Well that was a goofy idea that I had for the Hepcat promotion. Of course, my role as the spokesperson for baldheaded rockabillies is secure since Carl Perkins passed away. So I thought, collectors like things that are hard to get, impossible to find, great rarities and artifacts of obsolescence—what better than a 'lock' of my hair? So, we took an electric razor to my head and created the Beatle Bedsheets of the early 2000s...a lock of Deke's hair. It's a 5 by 5 card mounted

with approximately 3-4 microscopic hairs. Apparently, according to Hepcat, this promotion made the new CD sell like hotcakes. It's too bad we couldn't make them sell like CDs."

♦ A few months ago, I reported that **Huey P Meaux** had been released from prison, but just after going to print with the February issue, I learned that he was back in the slammer, having had his parole revoked when he was caught in possession of pornography at a halfway house. Sentenced in 1996 to 15 years and a day for possession of cocaine and for two counts of sexual assault of a child, the 73 year old legend has lost any 'good' time he accrued and is now likely to die in prison. ♦ Had you asked me ten years or so ago which Austin

♦ Had you asked me ten years or so ago which Austin musician I'd least expect to ever star in a demented 'Alcohol & Pills' melodrama, the name of **Tish Hinojosa** would have sprung instantly to mind. Wife and mother, the first local artist, as far as I know, to ban smoking at her shows, Hinojosa was as close to bourgeois as Austin music got. On top of her bust for trying to smuggle roofies from Mexico (three years probation and a \$2500 fine), she got pulled for DUI in Austin last month. I can't help wondering what her former manager, Craig Barker, who pulled off the extraordinary feat of landing her not one but two major label deals (A&M and Warner), is thinking as he watches the woman he was married to for 20 years go down in flames.

♦ As the death of **Johnny Paycheck** was widely reported, though few papers added anything to the very basic AP wire story, he doesn't quite meet **3CM**'s obscurity requirement. However, I am reminded of an anecdote you probably won't hear anywhere else. I was interviewing **Sleepy LaBeef** for *Time Out*, and the 6 foot 7 'Arkansas Man Mountain' told me that when he was opening on a big tour, he'd go and introduce himself to the sound engineers, "but I'd stand just a little too close, you know, get into their personal space. As the opening act, you know you're going to get shitty sound. The question is, how shitty?" Then he told me that, in the same situation, Paycheck would also introduce himself to the crew, "He'd be real friendly and sociable, and then he'd invite his new friends to admire the fancy handgun he'd just bought, and he'd say like 'Ain't she a beauty?' He got really good sound."

♦ Though the cast of characters continues to grow, occasionally I lose a Freeform American Roots reporter. They move or change format or graduate or just disappear, and I can but wish them luck. However, it's always painful to hear that a show's been axed and never more so than when I learned that February's report from 'Genial' Johnny Simmons would be the last on behalf of **Lost Highway**, dropped by KUSP after 19 years and five months. On top of that, Charlie Park, one of the co-hosts, died the same week the decision was made. Losing a show is painful, losing a longtime friend and colleague far more so and my deepest sympathy goes out to Johnny and Dave Bob Nielsen.

♦ Ask any indie label to choose between signing ten hot acts or one reliable distributor, and none of them would think twice. As long as I've been involved in the music business, distribution has always been the #1 headache, compounded by the frequency with which record distributors go belly up. The problem here is that when they fail, the inventory is frozen, so a bankrupt distributor can take many labels, which won't get paid for CDs that have been sold and can't get at the ones that haven't, down with it. The latest to close its doors is **Southwest Wholesale**, which was a major force in Tejano, Norteño, Houston rap and hip hop and 'Texas Music.' A silver lining is that thousands of Pat Green CDs are now safely locked away in its Houston warehouse, where they can't do any harm, but it's nonetheless a body blow for many small Texas labels.

BLAZE FOLEY WAS RIGHT DUCT TAPE IS THE ANSWER

◆ Still, one can't help contrasting Houston rappers with their West Coast counterparts. While Dopehouse is making brave 'We will survive' noises, **Death Row** simply showed up at California giant Valley Media's warehouse and carted off all their CDs. Valley's official line was that, with amazing prescience, Death Row did this the day before the company filed for bankruptcy, but persistent rumors have it that they came, tooled up, as soon as they heard about it, and, c'mon, if you were a minimum wage security guard, or even a company executive, would you argue legal technicalities with Suge Knight or would you say 'Need any help?'
◆ I'm really kicking myself now for not reviewing

Norah Jones' album, which I sold at the first opportunity, because, as far as I can make out, nobody has gone on record with the truth about Come Away With Me. At any rate, I've done Internet searches for "Norah Jones derivative," "Norah Jones affected," "Norah Jones monotonous," "Norah Jones whitebread," "Norah Jones boring," "Norah Jones even worse than Jane Monheit" and "Norah Jones fucking awful" without getting any hits. I was thinking about this when I was sort of half watching the Grammys and even from what I saw, April Lavigne was kicking Jones' butt, which really is pitiful, though, to be fair, Jones was better than Ashanti or Faith Hill, in fact she's a better country singer than Faith Hill, but then so's my dog, and I don't even have a dog. After Jones won yet another award, I retreated to the office and dug out a CD of the late great Eva Cassidy, which helped until I started thinking about women with ten times Jones' talent, Tierney Sutton, Holly Cole, Dianne Reeves, Kitty Margolis, Karrin Allyson, Suzanne Pittson, Rebecca Martin, hell, there are probably dozens more out there I don't know about, who all the people who think Jones is wonderful will never hear. Still, I take comfort in the fact she won the kiss of death Best New Artist award. ♦ The Grammys never fail to remind me of my alltime favorite joke, which can be used in almost any context. Two Soviet Union era farm managers run into

than last year, but not as bad as next year."

JC'S MARCH TRAIL TIP

each other and one asks the other, "So, Ivan Ivanovich,

how are things at the Great Red October Collective?"

The other says, "Oh, Gregor Gregorovich, they're

average." "How do you mean, average?" "Well, worse

ven if you're not in the business, chances are that if you're in Austin during SXSW and NotSXSW, you'll bump into a musician or two, some of whom you may know of but have never met, some you may already know but haven't seen for a while, some of whom you've never heard of before. Here's a handy little icebreaker, good for all these occasions:

"How's the new album going?"

You absolutely cannot miss with this one. If it's been out for a while, they'll tell you it's done so well they're going to have to repress it. If it's only just out, they'll bend your ear about all the airplay and press coverage it's getting. If it's finished but being shopped, they'll brag about all the label interest it's generating. If it's being mixed, mastered, pressed or waiting on artwork, they'll tell you how it's going to knock everyone sideways. If it's still being recorded, they'll boast about all the guest musicians. If it's in the planning stages, they'll confide who they're trying to line up to produce it and which studio they've booked. If it's only a daydream, they'll waffle about how well the woodshedding is going.

The point, of course, is that 'new album' is a constant, By the time an album can't be called 'new' anymore, musicians have already started thinking about the next one, and *that* becomes, even if only in their own minds, the 'new album.'



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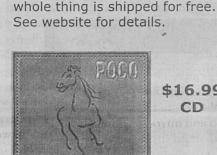
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WELCOME TO OUR WORLD

ileswapping is an issue that generates a lot of heat, but all the moral and ethical arguments go right by me because there's no real principle involved. Yes, in theory, fileswappers are stealing from the artists whose music they download and trade across the Internet, but in practice their activities are no more criminal than those of the major record labels. When the RIAA bleats about record sales declining because of fileswapping, what they really mean is that they think that's why there's less money coming in for its members to rip off from those artists. The majors are in no position to claim any moral high ground, and the sanctimonious posturing of Hilary Rosen is no more than a flimsy veil for naked self-interest.

While I find Janis Ian's pro-fileswapping arguments (www.janisian.com) cogent and convincing, my view is totally pragmatic—however amoral it may be, there's nothing anyone can do to stop it. The RIAA is lobbying for nanny laws which, like those forbidding underage sex and drinking, recreational drugs, etc, will be widely ignored, only sporadically enforceable, and do nothing to solve their problem.

Which goes far beyond fileswapping. The music industry's boom was fueled in large part by people buying CDs of albums they already had on vinyl, but that's pretty much over, and they now have to rely on new product, which they still keep churning out, as they have for decades, hoping that one album in ten will hit and pay for the rest, even as the retail outlets are disappearing. Chains like Tower and Wherehouse are imploding, megastores are cutting back their CD selections but use hit records as loss leaders, which drives the mom & pops out of business. Trying to offset falling sales, majors, counterintuitively, keep jacking up their always inflated prices, which brings us back to fileswapping. At full MRRP, a CD will put serious hurt on a \$20 bill, but a CD-R costs 13¢—you do the math.

The music industry, as we know and loathe it, is doomed and nobody has a clue what to do about it, except pass useless laws. So, welcome to our world, one in which indie labels can't afford to put out a single album that doesn't at least break even. In which labels operate with the smallest possible staff and lowest possible overhead. In which recording budgets never go into six figures, preferably not even five, and promotion budgets are virtually nonexistent. In which most albums are sold by the artists from the stage, a practice the majors either forbid or discourage by prohibitive pricing. In short, a nickel and dime world in which incompetence, imprudence, extravagance, arrogance, lethargy, cupidity, chicanery and inflexibility, qualities rife at every major label, are swiftly and lethally punished.

When I call most of the labels I deal with, it's usually the head of the company who picks up the phone (a receptionist is a sure sign that an indie's getting too big for its boots). Is this ever going to happen at a major? Of course not. They'll try encyrption, which there'll always be a way to bypass and just pisses people off in the meantime. They'll raise prices, which will cut sales even more. They'll axe low-performing subsidiaries, and trim their rosters and catalogs of any acts and titles that don't produce a quick return. They'll delegate A&R to TV talent shows.

Eventually, and this, I think, is the main reason why the RIAA is so hysterical about fileswapping, the conglomerates that own them will tire of their glamorous but floundering, high overhead record labels and cut them loose. Then maybe they'll learn to act like indies.

CHIP TAYLOR & CARRIE RODRIGUEZ

ast month, I talked about milestones in the careers of musicians, but music magazines have 'em too. The premier issue, the *second* one, the first that actually pays for itself, and so on. For the *Music City/Music City Texas/3CM* continuum, there have been such landmarks as the first non-Austinite on the cover and the first non-Texan. Now the child of someone who's been on the cover (twice, #9 and #60) has become a cover story herself. Maybe I've been doing this too long.

It's been many years since I've had an opportunity to write about David Rodriguez, but of all the enormously talented musicians I've heard, he is one of the six I believe are touched with true genius, or at least something that will certainly do until the real thing comes along (for the insatiably curious among you, the others are Townes Van Zandt, Terry Allen, Butch Hancock, Jo Carol Pierce and Ray Wylie Hubbard, and I'm thinking of adding Catherine Irwin). Rodriguez went into self-imposed exile in the mid-90s, but left us with a wonderful legacy, his daughter, Carrie Luz Rodriguez.

There are some advantages to longevity, Rather amazingly, there are people with complete sets of the mag, the rest of you will just have to take my word for it that, previewing an October 1991 David Rodriguez show at Chicago House, I said, "there's a strong likelihood he'll be joined by his daughter Carrie, who's been adding beautiful violin parts to a growing number of his amazing songs." I'm not claiming this was the first time she got mentioned in print, Katy Nail has clippings about her precocious daughter's appearances with the Texas Suzuki Team, but in terms of her current incarnation, I can safely say I scooped the shit out of all the people who have written about her so far, not to mention the hundreds who are going to write about her in the future

Even at 13, and even in a town filled with great fiddle players, Rodriguez was clearly exceptional. Then she went off to study at Oberlin, which she found too restrictive, so she transferred to Berklee. Asked if any of the Texas Playboys could read music, Bob Wills said, "Several, but it don't hurt their playing any," and those conservatory years didn't hurt Rodriguez's playing any. Returning to Austin, she hooked up with a country band and two years ago Chip Taylor heard her playing at a Cheapo Discs in-store and made her an offer. "She had this magic on stage and I thought, we gotta try this." Two shows later, Rodriguez was a fixture.

Taylor turned out to be a Pygmalion/Henry Higgins, who, by stages, transformed a wonderful fiddle player into an equally wonderful singer. First there were some harmless harmonies, then a turning point duet of *Storybook Children* at a show in Holland—"they went nuts!"—then singing leads in an act that had become Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez. "After the album [**Let's Leave This Town**, reviewed #69/158] came out, I insisted on that billing. I still have to catch up with some promoters who just want to bill us as 'Chip Taylor." The next stage is songwriting, the duo recently added a song they wrote together to the set and are working on more. While not all musicians treat sidemen as serfs, Taylor's generosity is pretty damn exceptional. After all, he was a famous songwriter and a major label star before Rodriguez was even born.

Though her mother was a little disappointed that Rodriguez didn't inherit her talent ("I sucked at painting"), music was always a "very valid" route for her. Her great-aunt, Eva Garza, was a famous conjunto singer and when her father roped her into playing with him, and even paid her, "his world was very exciting for me at that age, meeting all these people who were really involved in music and respected him for his music. Even when I was at Berklee, I had these dreams of being a singer-songwriter someday." First though, she was in a country band, "I had to learn all these fiddle styles and it was just as serious as studying classical. I had no groove or rhythm! I really had to work on it. Hayseed played these rural, rowdy Texas dancehalls, you know with posters of Budweiser girls on the walls. One reason I was so excited to join Chip was because it meant I'd be working in nicer places!"

"It's hard for me to understand how I went from there to here. Chip just always treated me as an equal, he even let me pick the musicians for the album, and I really wasn't looking for it. I thought I was just going to be the fiddle player, but he had these ideas." Taylor and Rodriguez are going back into the studio in May to make another duo album and both are anticipating a Carrie Rodriguez solo album in a year or two, though Taylor is far more confident about it, "She's learning so fast and becoming so professional. Right now we're so locked together that it's hard to imagine us not playing together, but we'll just have to see what happens." Meanwhile, they're touring almost constantly, one area which evens out the differences in age, experience and background, for, as Taylor says, "I really didn't do a lot of touring first time round, though I did play the Armadillo, but being on the road like this is really a new career for me."

Watching Chip Taylor at work, still making songs like Wild Thing and Angel Of The Morning come to life, is always a pleasure. Watching Carrie Rodriguez, the child I knew now grown into a beautiful, sweet and extravagantly talented young woman, well, I almost start thinking maybe there's something to this having children malarky after all if there's any chance they'll turn out this good.

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---- Roberto Pulido • 1950 • Edinburg, TX 2nd - Doc Watson • 1923 • Deep Gap, NC

---- Charlie Christian † 1942

---- Roy Hall † 1984

3rd - Jimmy Heap • 1922 • Taylor, TX

---- Hadley Castille • 1933 • Leonville, LA

---- Pearl Butler † 1989

4th - Tom Shaw • 1908 • Brenham, TX

---- Betty Jack Davis • 1932 • Corbin, KY

---- Catherine Irwin • 1962 • New Haven, CT

5th - Jimmy Bryant • 1925 • Moultrie, GA

---- Willis Alan Ramsey

• 1951 • Birmingham, AL

---- Nick Villareal • 1961 • San Antonio, TX

---- Cowboy Copas † 1963

---- Hawkshaw Hawkins † 1963

---- Patsy Cline † 1963

6th - Bob Wills • 1905 • Limestone Co, TX

---- Doug Dillard • 1937 • East St Louis, IL

---- Jerry Naylor • 1939 • Stephenville, TX

---- Kimmie Rhodes • 1954 • Wichita Falls, TX

7th - Townes Van Zandt • 1944 • Fort Worth, TX

---- Roxy Gordon • 1945 • Ballinger, TX

---- Bradley Jaye Williams • 1961 • Saginaw, MI

---- Lowell Fulson † 1999

8th - Juan Lopez • 1922 • Corpus Christi, TX

---- Johnny Dollar • 1933 • Kilgore, TX

9th - Lloyd Price • 1933 • New Orleans, LA

10th Heuy P Meaux • 1929 • Kaplan, LA

---- Dave Alexander • 1938 • Shreveport, LA

---- Johnnie Allan • 1938 • Rayne, LA

I I th Eloy Bernal • 1937 • Kingsville, TX

---- Flaco Jimenez • 1939 • San Antonio, TX

---- Joe Crane • 1946 • Conroe, TX

---- Darden Smith • 1962 • Brenham, TX

---- Mary Gauthier • 1962 • New Orleans, LA

12th Earl Poole Ball • 1941 • Columbia, MS

--- Bill Payne • 1949 • Waco, TX ---- Traci Lamar • 1960 • Lubbock, TX

13th Liz Anderson • 1930 • Pine Creek, MN

---- Toni Price • 1961 • Philadelphia, PA

14th Robert Pete Williams • 1914 • Zachary, LA

---- Les Baxter • 1922 • Mexia, TX

---- Phil Phillips • 1931 • Lake Charles, LA

15th Lightin' Hopkins • 1912 • Centerville, TX

---- Tommy McLain • 1940 • Jonesville, LA

---- Sheryl Cormier • 1945 • Grand Coteau, LA

16th Jerry Jeff Walker • 1942 • Oneonta, NY

---- Ray Benson • 1951 • Philadelphia, PA

---- Sean Mencher • 1961 • Washington, DC

---- T-Bone Walker † 1975

17th Jubal Clark • 1929 • Crosby Co, TX

---- Hugh Farr † 1980

18th Wilson Pickett • 1941 • Prattville, AL

---- James McMurtry • 1962 • Fort Worth, TX

19th Clarence Henry • 1937 • New Orleans, LA

---- Richard Dobson • 1942 • Tyler, TX

20th Sister Rosetta Tharpe

1915 • Cotton Plant, AR

---- Dewey Balfa • 1927 • Mamou, LA

---- Marcia Ball • 1949 • Orange, TX

---- Jimmie Vaughan • 1951 • Dallas, TX

---- Jimmy Donley † 1963

---- Kenneth Threadgill † 1987

21st Son House • 1902 • Riverton, MS

---- Hoyle Nix • 1918 • Azle, TX

---- Billy Joe Hunter • 1919 • El Paso, TX

22nd Charlie Poole • 1892 • Alamance Co, NC

---- Uncle Dave Macon † 1952

---- Stoney Cooper † 1977

---- Bill Neely † 1990

23rd Fiddlin' Johnny Carson

1868 • Fannin Co, GA

24th Nathan (Williams) • 1963 • Lafayette, LA

25th Tommy Hancock • 1929 • Lubbock, TX

---- Johnny Burnette • 1934 • Memphis, TN

---- Nick Lowe • 1949 • Woodbridge, UK 27th Johnny Clyde Copeland • 1937 • Homer, LA

---- Janis Martin • 1940 • Southerlin, VA

---- Mandy Mercier • 1949 • Philadelphia, PA 28th Arleigh Duff • 1924 • Warren, TX

---- Charlie McCoy • 1941 • Oak Hill, WV

---- Big Boy Arthur Crudup † 1974

29th Moon Mullican • 1909 • Corrigan, TX

---- Camille Howard • 1914 • Galveston, TX

---- Robert Gordon • 1947 • Bethseda, MD

31st Joe Holley • 1917 • Lone Camp, TX

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