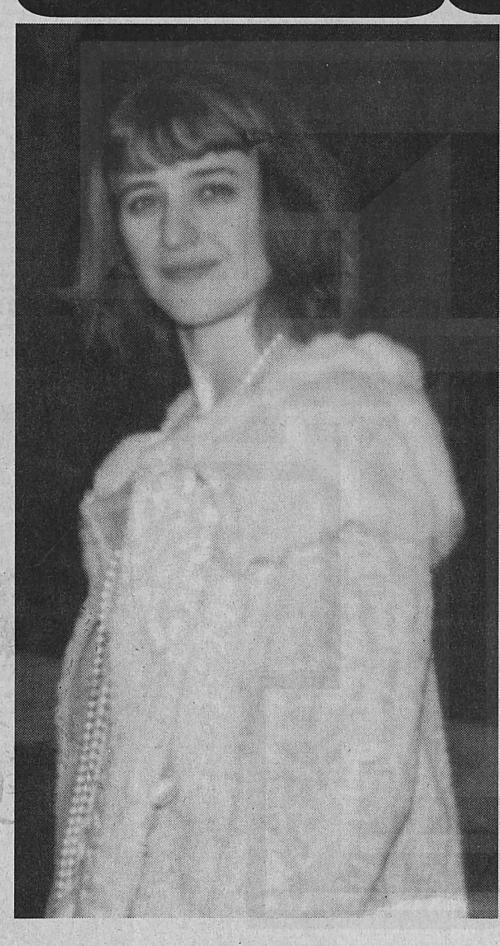
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#153/242 October 2009



REVIEWS

"NONE OF THE HITS,
ALL OF THE TIME"

JON BYRD

JOHN FULLBRIGHT

ARTY HILL & THE LONG GONE DADDYS

HOT CLUB OF COWTOWN

HENRY OWINGS (ED)
THE ROCK BIBLE

SCURVY OTTO

JOHN THE REVEALATOR FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS

#122

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Arty Hill & The Long Gone Daddys: Montgomery On My Mind (Cow Island) *BR/*JT/*RJ/*TG 3

Tom Russell: Blood And Candle Smoke (Shout Factory) *AB/*EW/*JH/*MDT/*N&T

Fill 'Er Up With... Ethyl & The Regulars (Sweet Crude) *DB Sam Baker: Cotton (Music Road) *JP/*RMT 5

James Talley: Journey: The Second Voyage (Cimarron)

Bottle Rockets: Lean Forward (Bloodshot) *GV/*JF/*WR Malcolm Holcombe: For The Mission Baby (Echo Mountain)

Beth McKee: I'm That Way (Swamp Girl) *PP Paul Burch & The WPA Ball Club: Still Your Man 10

11

(Ramseur) *DF/*JB

John Fogerty: The Blue Ridge Rangers: Ride Again (Verve) *GM/*RH 12

13 Mark Stuart & The Bastard Sons: Bend In The Road

(Texicalli)

14 Band Of Heathens: One Foot In The Ether

(BOH) *BF/*DG*MW

15= The Del Moroccos: Blue Black Hair (Hi-Style) *BL James Hand: Shadow On The Ground (Rounder)

The Pines: Tremelo (Red House) *CF/*CJ Reverend Horton Heat: Laughin' & Cryin' (Yep Roc) *RS

Patty Loveless: Mountain Soul II (Saguaro Road) *KW

Cross Canadian Ragweed: Happiness And All The Other Things 18= (Universal South) *BJ

Corb Lund: Losin' Lately Gambler (New West) *BS

Delbert McClinton: Acquired Taste (New West) *DT

Booka & The Flaming Geckos: Baghdad Texas (Loudhouse) *AG

Rick Shea: Shelter Valley Blues (Tres Pescadores) *DN

Danny Barnes: Pizza Box (ATO) *RV Lynn Miles: Black Flowers Vol 1 & 2 (True North) *JMB Harvey Reid: Blues And Branches (Woodpecker) *BW Chris Smither: Time Stands Still (Signature Sounds)

James Talley: Journey; Heartsongs (Cimarron) *65 Cliff Eberhardt: 500 Miles, The Blue Rock Sessions

(Red House) *RF Monsters of Folk (Shangri-La/Rough Trade) *MB

The Dustin Bentall Outfit: Six Shooter (Impala) *SB

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: Speed Of Life (Sugar Hill) *KR
Dave Alvin & The Guilty Women (Yep Roc) *OO
Bop Ensemble: Between Trains (Cordova Bay)
Madison Violet: No Fool For Trying (True North) *CR
Nathan Holsher: Hit The Ground (self) *MP

Claire Lynch: Whatcha Gonna Do (Rounder)



*XX = DJ's ALBUM OF THE MONTH

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JON BYRD

Byrd's Auto Parts

Longleaf Pine ***

Then you open the mail and find a record like this, for a moment things seem right with the music world. Byrd lives in Nashville, but his music and ethic is so outside Music Row's corporate-decision-making, public-opinion-molding, radio-program-director-strategerizing that he might as well reside in West Texas or Appalachia. Byrd treats country music like a religion; the man would no more cut a song like Keith Urban's You Look Good in My Shirt than expose himself in a Sunday School class. What he will do is cut a honky tonk version of the Beatles' Don't Let Me Down that makes us realize all the ache Lennon and McCartney could hide inside a poppy classic. It sure doesn't do Byrd's honky-tonk cred any harm when he follows it with a steel-guitar-loaded Doug Sahm obscurity, the too-real Be Real, or that he can make Neil Young's (When You're On) The Losing End sound like it was written in Ernest Tubb's tour bus. When Byrd unleashes his Tele-whanger on Red Sovine's trucker classic Freightliner Fever, it's obvious the guy is a world-class picker of the Bakersfield school. And they just don't write lines like "Son, what you carryin' in that cigarette pack, I said I got my second driver, he's gonna drive all the way back, it's a big black pill so long and round, the drivers call it a West Coast turnaround, it's for the fever, the Freightliner fever" anymore. Try to imagine flag-wrapped doofus Toby Keith singing that one. Byrd's own material, like Reputation and Jackknife, sounds like classic country of the golden era. You can't buy advice like "keep a jackknife in your pocket, just in case you need a friend." His barroom weeper *One Final Round*, meanwhile, puts him squarely in the class with writers like Mike Stinson and Arty Hill —in other words, pretty much as good as it gets. **William Michael Smith** [This came out in 2007 but first I heard of it was coming across WMS's review in his archives, and I know him to be man not given to invoking such names as Arty Hill and Mike Stinson without good reason. so in case you missed it too...

HOT CLUB OF COWTOWN

WISHFUL THINKING (Gold Strike/Thirty Tigers ***)

id you think Hot Club hung it up five six years ago? Me too, but while Elana James and Whit Smith theoretically went their separate ways, James going out under her own name, notably opening for and playing with Bob Dylan, Smith forming his Hot Jazz Caravan, much of the time, James' group consisted of Smith and bassplayer Jake Erwin, and the three of them, with drummer Damien Llanes, are the latest incarnation of the minimalist Western Swing group. I'm guessing the demarcation between Elana James & The Continental Two and Hot Club Of Cowtown is how much Smith gets to sing lead, which this time round is five times to James' six (there are also two instrumentals). Still a fine guitarist, Smith isn't exactly strong enough as a singer to get away with stone classics like Hoagy Carmichael's Georgia On My Mind or Jimmie Davis' Columbus Stockade Blues (for no good reason credited as Public Domain), but James, still as riveting a fiddler as when she hit Austin in the late 90s, just gets better and better as a jazz singer and more than compensates with her own Reunion, Cabiria and What You Mean To Me, Tom Waits' The Long Way Home and the Gershwins' Someone To Watch Over Me. Hot Club was notoriously feckless with bassplayers, but Erwin, who played on Ghost Train (Hightone, 2002) and Continental Stomp (Hightone, 2003), has put in time with Wayne Hancock and Asylum Street Spankers and also plays in another born-again group, Kim Lenz & Her Jaguars, was the best of the bunch. Hot Club's earlier albums got to be rather predictable, but James' artistic growth since 2003 makes this their best yet.

SCURVY OTTO & THE RICKETS FROM AUSTIN TO ABBEY ROAD

(EMR7)

edicating an album to Danny Roy Young is a pretty good way of getting 3CM's attention, and I trust this will be the first (as far as I know) of many. Alan Barnette, Mike Morgan, Bobby Aycock and Ed Robinson have a connection with Danny that few, if any, other musicians can rival—they played their first gig, on Halloween Night 1983, at Young's Pizza in their mutual hometown of Kingsville, TX. After a couple three years playing high energy oldie covers round South Texas, they disbanded, but returned to Young's Pizza for their 25th anniversary reunion and CD release, again on Halloween Night. Half of the 12 songs, all originals, were recorded in Austin, the other half, as you should deduce from the title, at Abbey Road Studios in London, quite possibly making them the only Texas band to ever use the same mikes as The Beatles, from which you might further deduce that they were heavily influenced by the British Invasion, modelling their songwriting on the styles of Lennon/McCartney and Ray Davies. I have to admit this puts them a little out of my orbit, been there, done that, didn't care much for it first time, but if you have a taste for vintage sounding pop-rock, or just want to see if any residual George Martin magic rubbed off on a bunch of guys from South Texas, check it out, and God love 'em for the dedication.



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JOHN THE REVEALATOR

crupulous reader Cash Edwards spotted a glaring mistake in last month's 'These We Have Loved' poll—should have been **Katy Moffatt** (two ts) in Female Singer. I really should spotted that. She also pointed out that T-Bone Burnett should be **T Bone Burnett**, an irritating affectation he introduced on his fourth, eponymous album (Dot, 1986) but which has been almost universally ignored ever since, so that doesn't bother me one bit. Seems to run in the family, changing your name from Leslie Phillips to Sam Phillips is almost too dumb to believe.

Couldn't make it fit into the editorial, but a fortuitous quote from Jack Kerouac
from Chris Brecht, leader of Austin's The Dead Flowers, really seems to resonate
in the editorial's contect. "I hope it is true that a man can die and yet not only live in
others but give them life, and not only life, but that great consciousness of life."

• First time I saw **Ponty Bone** was in 1977 at The Venue, in London, playing accordion with *The* Joe Ely Band (the one with Jesse Taylor and Lloyd Maines). Next time I see him will be at Gruene Hall on October 25th, 32 years later, when he celebrates his 70th birthday (actually on October 9th), an inspiration to all us old farts. Special guests already include Joel Guzman & Sarah Fox, Shelley King, James Hinkle and WC Clark, with more TBA. Ponty's invited every musician who's ever played a gig with The Squeezetones, which he estimates to be over 150, as it was 70+ back at the time of the 10-Year Anniversary show 18 years ago, so it could well get very out of hand. Sunday afternoon, no cover, you can't beat that.

Not long before I moved to Austin, I did the intro and voiceovers for a documentary on Townes Van Zandt, being, I guess, the closest thing the filmmakers could find to a British expert on the subject. I've often wondered what happened to the project, which seemed to disappear into a black hole and only very recently learned that it got scrapped because the performance that was intended to be the core of the film, well, let's just say it wasn't one of Townes' better nights. However, it's resurfaced, in rather different, Conquest-free as far as I know, form. Dead & Alive is 2+ hours of concert footage filmed at The Union Chapel, London, in April, 1994, of which Michael Weston King says, "It was a triumph musically, with Townes on stunning form.... on this night Townes was in total control of everything and everyone. His playing and singing were exemplary and the beauty of the songs struck right to the heart of everyone in the audience" The first showing was to have been this month, at The Union Chapel, but was postphoned due to "some sensitive issues we do not want to discuss," which sounds to me like Jeanine Van Zandt caught wind of it and called in her lawyers. There won't be a DVD, instead, in true Townes fashion, the film will be on perpetual tour. I'll be sure to let you know when it's headed this way.

• I have no idea how much Mike Poston makes from putting together compilation albums, but I hope he's getting a pretty penny from Warner Brothers. I mean, can you imagine being called on to put together **The Best Of Trick Pony**?

• OK, I'm confused. Rather lost in the Beatles hubbub surrounding the release of *Guitar Hero 5* is that one of the "unlockable avatars" in the game is **Johnny Cash**. I yield to no one, except maybe Irish DJ Billy Lee, in my admiration for the other JC, but didn't he, like, hire **Luther Perkins** to do the guitar playing while he strummed acoustic rhythm guitar? Oh, and the other guy, who took over after Perkins' death and played exactly like Perkins and nobody can ever remember his name offhand (Bob Wootton, if you're still coming up empty). Point is, of course, that Cash wasn't a 'Guitar Hero,' but I guess Luther Perkins isn't sexy enough for Activision.

• Incidentally, in **Ring Of Fire**, Dan John Miller, playing Perkins, is seen picking a Fender Telecaster, which, in real life, Perkins never used, his main instrument being a **Fender Esquire**. Bet Billy Lee spotted that one.

• Have to confess to taking a cue from Congressman Joe Wilson last month. I adore my sweetie but she has this weakness for awards shows and I can't abide them. Anyway, she was watching one, which I later found out was MTV's *Video Music Awards*. Anyway, I was passing through the living room when I heard **Taylor Swift** say "I sing country music," and I couldn't help myself, as Joe would say, my emotions got the better of me, and I screamed, "You lie!"

• My hope of getting the occasional contribution from **Chris Morris** has been rather dashed by his new gig, writing for *Variety*. This makes him the envy of all music writers because he gets to use the term "boffo," which is exclusively reserved

to the pages of Variety.

• Last month, I mentioned that I'm not much of a joiner, but some organizations are a good deal more noxious than others. There was a time when **Austin Songwriters Group** was pretty rancid, but the presence of Jimmy LaFave and Gurf Morlix at its last symposium would seem to belie its checkered past (though, frankly, anyone paying, over and over, to compete in its Austin To Nashville Play The Bluebird Contest is already a loser). However, **Nashville Songwriters Association International**, seems to have run off any member with a scintilla of self-respect. After giving Songwriter/Artist of the Year awards to Alan Jackson, Brad Paisley, Taylor Swift, Toby Keith, Phil Vassar, Steven Curtis Chapman, Shania Twain, Vince Gill, Clint Black and Garth Brooks, NSAI topped it of by making **Toby Keith** Songwriter/Artist of the Decade.

• Wondering why you've never heard of **Steven Curtis Chapman**? Don't worry about it—Christian music. The only thing worse than Contemporary Country.

ARTY HILL & THE LONG GONE DADDYS Montgomery On My Mind: The Hank EP

(Cow Island \$8 \$8 \$8 \$8)

otta get crusty with Arty and Bill Hunt—where I come from, an EP has four tracks, not eight. I don't know, kids nowadays... OK, this is a short album, but with Arty Hill, anyone into Real Country should be happy with anything they can get—there are times when he reminds me of Don Walser, and you can't say any fairer than that. Taking your band name from one of his songs is a pretty good tip-off that you have a special affinity to Hank Williams and Hill's tribute features five songs from Williams' repertoire plus three originals inspired by his music, life and hometown. The covers are Pan American, I Can't Help It (If I'm Still In Love With You), Lovesick Blues, Take These Chains From My Heart and, of course, I'm A Long Gone Daddy, the originals are Church On Saturday Night, the intrumental Don's Bop and the title track, of which Hill tells me, "Some people think that the 'Henry' in Montgomery On My Mind is Hank Williams. The Henry I'm referring to is Henry Pugh, the black keyboard player who plays every night at Sous La Terre in Montgomery. I probably should have mentioned it in the liner notes..." A lawyer in civilian life, Hill is currently setting the bar for male country singers.

JOHN FULLBRIGHT LIVE AT THE BLUE DOOR

(Blue Door * * * .5)

reg Johnson, music journalist and originator of the Woody Guthrie tribute, left Austin for Oklahoma in 1992, and more or less stumbled into the club business putting on old friends Michael Fracasso, Jimmy LaFave and Ray Wylie Hubbard before The Blue Door, OKC, long an established stopping point on the national acoustic circuit, even had a name. Now he's branched out, not just managing 21-year old Fullbright but setting up a record label for his benefit, a level of commitment that's not easy to explain to anyone who doesn't realize how much work goes into running a venue. However, Fullbright's debut album offers good reasons why Johnson is going the extra mile and pulling strings for him, a pretty cool setup for Fullbright, whose Austin debut was opening for LaFave who'll be producing his next album. Born in Okemah, OK, as was Woody Guthrie, Fullbright has clearly worked on his craft—at his Austin show he did a remarkable version of David Halley's Rain Just Falls-and studied other songwriters, though without being overinfluenced by any of them, and there are some really striking songs among the 13 originals (there's also a cover of Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah), most notably Unlocked Doors and Blameless. There are a couple, Tombstone and Jericho, that I feel should be quietly dropped from the setlist, but overall this is a welcome reminder that there are some young musicians who know how to construct and perform actual songs.

HENRY OWINGS (ED) • THE ROCK BIBLE

(Quirk \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$)

wings is the editor of Athens, GA, based periodical Chunklet, "the only magazine that doesn't care about the music it loves but ridicules it anyway," which patrols a somewhat different beat than 3CM. In fact, to be honest, I've never even heard of most of the indie/underground acts featured in the magazine or in Owings' previous compilation, The Overrated Book (Last Gasp, 2006), and I imagine he'd draw a similar blank on my roots coverage. This does not prevent us from having much in common when it comes to tipping sacred cows since the harsh realities of the music industry transcend genres. We are, for instance, as one when it comes to the horror of 'Christian music,' and I covered some of the same ground with 'Bum Notes; Mistakes Musicians Make' (#134/223), though, of course, Owings and his colleagues are operating on a much larger scale—I've been called 'the king of commas and run-on sentences,' but Brian Teasley's Genesis goes a full 12 pages, with countless commas, before reaching a period. Divided into Gospels (According to the Drummer, the Guitar & Bass Players, the Singer, the Keyboardist, the Band, the Crew and the Fan), plus The Book of Revelations, there's a certain amount of repetition and a good sub-editor would have made some of the texts punchier (and fixed some shaky grammar), but there's tons of good stuff here, from really sound advice ("No one wins a battle of the bands"), rock solid observations ("The worst club in Europe is still better than the nicest club in America"), home truths ("No one cares whom you've opened for"), to satiric ego-deflaters ("No matter how low [your monthly take-home paycheck] is, it's certainly more than you deserve"). My favorite text is, naturally, "Online reviews of your record do not count," and, having suffered in my NotSXSW promoter role, I really relate to "guitar, cord, amp. Keep it simple, bub." Designed, gold letters on red leatherette, to look like a Bible, complete with ribbon place marker, this is guaranteed to amuse musicians or music fans, right up to the point where it hits a raw nerve and they start screaming. Buying records as presents is always fraught with risk, but, come Xmas, you can't go wrong with this, unless somebody else beats you to it. I'll leave you with one more quote: "Music editors are not frustrated musicians; they are fans who have cleverly figured out how to get free records."



OCTOBER MUSIC

Mondays, Austin Cajun Aces, 7pm Tuesdays, Brennen Leigh, 6pm Kevin Gallaugher, 8pm 1st, Liz Morphis, 7pm; The Monstas, 10pm 2nd, The Monstas, 10pm 3rd, Sunset Valley Boys, 3pm 7th, Cowboy Johnson, 7pm 8th, Miranda Dawn, 10pm 9th, Ruby Dee & The Snakehandlers,

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10th, Danny Britt, Chris Wall & Marvin Dykhuis, 10pm 14th, Danny Britt, 7pm

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& Danny B Harvey, 7pm

16th, Bo Porter, 10pm

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21st, Greg Whitfield, 7pm

22nd, Craig Toungate, 7pm

23rd, Jim & Sherry w/Gene & Betty Elders & Michael Fracasso, 10pm

24th, Michael Holt

& The Trophy 500s, 10pm

28th, Paul Glasse, 7pm

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Johns, 10pm

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** Why did they bother?

** Piss on this noise

? I don't get it

** Fraction of what you pay for

LE MIEUX EST L'ENNEMI DU BIEN

eaders came at me from two different directions last month, several querying Townes Van Zandt's #1 Songwriter in the '20 Years' poll, one asking why I find it necessary to invoke Don Walser's name in reviews of James Hand's albums. As both bear on the greater question of an artist's legacy, I intend to address them under one rubric, Voltaire's adage, "The best is the enemy of the good."

them under one rubric, Voltaire's adage, "The best is the enemy of the good."

Townes' win seems to have troubled several of you, including one subscriber who actually voted for him, then had second thoughts. Their problem, of course, is that Van Zandt wrote virtually all his most admired songs long before the 1989-2009 period covered by the poll, during which he produced just one album of original material (No Deeper Blue, Sugar Hill, 1994). As Van Zandt's 'Blue Period' was the late 60s/early 70s, the argument made is that this disconnect rather disqualifies him from consideration as a songwriter, per se, during the 90s, when he was far less productive than upandcomers such as David Rodriguez, Eric Taylor and Eliza Gilkyson, who were just hitting their stride.

My first response when this came up was "I just count the votes, don't ask me to explain them. I guess Townes singing old material still trumps anyone else singing new stuff." Which was kind of throwaway at the time, but, on reflection, does seem to get to the heart of the matter. Thanks to Jeanine Van Zandt, Townes spent most of his life on the road, so, right up to his death, chances were that sooner or later the greatest singer-songwriter in the world would show up at a venue near you, and not an arena, or even a concert hall, but a small, intimate venue like Cactus Cafe.

This can make a huge difference in the relationship between artist and audience. Van Zandt would recognize faces, remember names, sign albums, thank people personally for coming to the show, as, come to that, the runners-up in the Songwriter category, Butch Hancock, Fred Eaglesmith and Ray Wylie Hubbard, still do. So it's hardly surprising that when I asked people to name their *Favorite* songwriters, they'd opt for artists with whom they have, sadly, in Van Zandt's case, had, a personal bond. Thing is, you may have faithfully followed Bob Dylan since 1962, but Bob Dylan doesn't know you exist, while Van Zandt and virtually his entire audience had decades of shared history. So, yes, Townes' legacy, apparently, trumps all.

Turning to the other matter, one of Hand's former managers, Hugh Woodward, asked "Does Don Walser have anything to do with a James Hand CD?" Jeez, I'd've thought that was obvious. OK, Hugh, to paraphrase George Santayana, I remember the past and see no reason why Hand should be condemned to repeat it. Hand is going down the exact same path as Walser, whose best work was on self-released cassettes (reissued by Watermelon as **The Archive Series Vols 1 & 2**), while Hand's, so far, has been on **Shadows Where The Magic Was** and **Evil Things**. Then both men signed to labels which clung to conventional 'name producer' wisdom, like anybody outside the industry gives a shit, and both went to Ray Benson. Now, there's much to admire about Benson, who, if not quite as single-handedly as some make out, has been a major force in keeping Western Swing viable long past its sell-by date, but even allowing that he can produce good country albums, in the case of Walser and Hand, good isn't good enough. The sad part of Walser's legacy is that he never got to make the great albums that were in him. It doesn't have to be part of Hand's. **JC**

JO SERRAPERE LOVE GOING SOUTH

(Detroit Radio Co * * * * * * .5)

Just who's driving?, asks Troy Campbell. Well, he's been at the wheel of his career since converting from rock & roller to singer-songwriter, though his erstwhile band, Loose Diamonds, was run off the road by a producer who couldn't quite capture the group's extraordinary live dynamic. While they may not put it quite so starkly, many musicians sometimes have to ask themselves the same question about where their music is headed. There are many, very different, reasons for changing musical direction, and it has to be said that the most obvious, a Spinal Tap-style crude calculation that it's time to abandon a fading bandwagon and jump onto another, does have the dubious merit, unlike 'artistic growth,' of taking into account a rather important interest group—the audience—even if it's simply recognition that the audience is getting smaller.

The fact is that audiences, once won, don't care much for change, like Max Beerbohm's Zuleika Dobson, they may not know much about music, but they know what they like. Even something as routine as showing up with a different guitar player can inflict serious and irreversible damage to the fanbase. European audiences, as several rueful Austin bandleaders can tell you, are particularly sensitive to, intolerant of and loudly vocal about personnel changes. When musicians get the urge to reinvent themselves, drastically alter the sound or totally revamp the setlist, the reaction may not be altogether heartwarming, and fans, once lost or strayed, are very hard to win

back

One obvious answer is simply not to change anything—there are many, many artists and bands that plateaued decades ago, retaining a static but loyal following. At the other extreme, too many musicians imagine they can build a new, even larger, audience on the rubble of the old one, or delude themselves into thinking that their fans will stick with them no matter what. Between these conservative and radical wings are pragmatists who take an incremental approach to change, backing off or muting down anything that doesn't seem to play in Peoria.

Which leads me to the question I asked Jo Serrapere—how do you explain Love Going South to an admirer of Tonight At Johnny's Speakeasy (Detroit Radio Co, 2003)? The two albums have so much in common, Serrapere's name is on both, they have the same label and, er, well, that's about it. Tonight At Johnny's Speakeasy was one of the minute number of straight blues albums that I've been able, in good conscience, to recommend over the last 20 years, with mega-bonus points for being, for the most part, recorded live. Love Going South is very much a studio album, deliberately so, and while it covers a good deal of musical ground, the one thing you're not going to hear on it is anything remotely resembling Serrapere's riveting version of Roosevelt Sykes' .44 Blues.

Of course, you might ask what's such a big deal about Jo Serrapere going off the blues reservation, but while's she's been under the radar for the last few years, having succumbed to biology and not wanting to mix music and motherhood, she's very well thought of in certain circles. Dave Marsh said of her, "I might take a train, I might take a plane, but if I have to walk, I know I'm gonna see Jo Serrapere again. Like anybody else who might make you laugh and cry in the same song, she's too good to pass up." That's the kind of quote for which most musicians would sell, if not their grandmother, at least the bassplayer, and maybe throw in the drummer too. In any case, she does pretty well round Detroit, a city in which, it's been famously

remarked, 'The weak get killed and eaten.'

Though her live shows with The Willy Dunns are, she tells me, still very much in the Johnny's Speakeasy vein, Serrapere is as much a Tom Waits as a Mississippi John Hurt fan, and she went into the studio with eleven originals consciously looking to make a very different album, one with unique production values that would blend many strands of roots music influences—as she points out, the album's title has more than one meaning. If "unique production values" smells a bit like fairy dust, Serrapere's songs would have worked just fine in much simpler, straightforward singer-songwriter, country or jazz formats, but with producer Adam Druckman, one of those guys who plays too many instruments to list, though I can't resist vibrophonette, she's come up with a wonderfully subtle, nuanced and atmospheric album that truly achieves the Holy Grail of so many musicians—it really cannot be categorized.

Serrapere originally set out to become a hot shot blues guitarist, but her hands weren't strong enough, "It broke my heart." However, she found a different outlet in songwriting, indeed three of the songs on **Love Goes South** predate **Live At Johnny's Speakeasy**, which itself had some terrific originals, notably *Jesus Wears Red*. One of the founders of all-female, old timey Uncle Earl, Serrapere quit just before the group got signed, "I'd have stayed if I known I'd get to meet John Paul Jones!," because of the lack of creativity, "I get bored real fast. If I never hear another banjo again, it'll be too soon." Whether or not the world really needs another hot shot blues guitarist is debatable, but I'd say that we owe Tendonitis a vote of thanks for giving us a remarkable songwriter. Oh, and singer, did I mention that?



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OCTOBER ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

Skeets McDonald • 1915 Greenway, AR 1st 2nd Leon Rausch • 1927 Springfield, MO Wayne Toups • 1958 Lafayette, LA Kelly Willis • 1968 Lawton, OK Gillian Welch • 1968 NYC, NY Gene Autry † 1998

3rd Eddie Cochran • 1938 Albert Lea, MN Chris Gaffney • 1950 Vienna, Austria Woody Guthrie † 1967 Victoria Spivey † 1976

4th Leroy Van Dyke • 1929 Spring Fork, MS Larry Collins • 1944 Tulsa, OK Barbara Kooyman • 1957 Wausau, WI Janis Joplin † 1970 Danny Gatton † 1994

Billy Lee Riley • 1933 Pocahontas, AR 5th Johnny Duncan • 1938 Dublin, TX Belton Richard • 1939 Rayne, LA

Sammy Price • 1908 Honey Grove, TX Groovy Joe Poovey †1998

7th Uncle Dave Macon • 1870 Smart Station, TN Gordon Terry • 1931 Decatur, AL Dale Watson • 1962 Birmingham, AL Smiley Lewis † 1966 Johnny Kidd †1966

8th Pete Drake • 1933 Augusta, GA Larry Lange • 1950 Hot Springs, AR Sonny Fisher † 2005

9th Goebel Reeves • 1899 Sherman, TX Ponty Bone • 1939 Dallas, TX Sister Rosetta Tharpe † 1973

10th Ivory Joe Hunter • 1914 Kirbyville, TX John Prine • 1946 Maywood, IL Tanya Tucker • 1958 Seminole, TX

11th Oscar Fox • 1879 Burnet Co, TX Gene Watson • 1943 Palestine, TX Jon Langford • 1957 Carleon, Wales Rex Griffin Oct † 1959 Tex Williams † 1985

12th Gene Vincent †1971

13th Nathan Moore • 1970 Clifton Forge, VA Eve Monsees • 1983 Houston, TX Gabby Pahinui † 1980

14th Bill Justis • 1927 Birmingham, AL Melba Montgomery • 1938 Iron City, TN

15th Victoria Spivey • 1906 Houston, TX Mickey Baker • 1925 Louisville, KY Sid King • 1936 Denton, TX Al Stricklin † 1986

16th Big Joe Williams • 1903 Crawford, MS Stoney Cooper • 1918 Harmon, WV Pamela Richardson • 1954 Indianapolis, IN Ella Mae Morse † 1999

17th Little Joe • 1940 Temple, TX Billy Williams † 1972 Tennessee Ernie Ford † 1991

18th Lotte Lenya • 1898 Vienna, Austria Chuck Berry • 1926 San Jose, CA Laura Nyro • 1947 Bronx, NY

19th Piano Red • 1911 Hampton, GA Son House † 1988

20th Johnny Moore • 1906 Austin, TX Stuart Hamblen • 1908 Kellyville, TX Helen Hall • 1927 Navarro Co, TX Wanda Jackson • 1937 Maud, OK Merle Travis † 1983

21st Roy Nichols • 1932 Chandler, AZ

Andy Starr • 1932 Mill Creek, AR Mel Street • 1933 Grundy, WV Steve Cropper • 1941 Willow Springs, MO Bill Black † 1965 Mel Street † 1978

22nd Peck Kelley • 1898 Houston, TX Bobby Fuller • 1942 Baytown, TX Dorothy Shay † 1978

23rd Speckled Red • 1892 Monroe, LA Boozoo Chavis • 1930 Lake Charles, LA Johnny Carroll • 1937 Cleburne, TX Ellie Greenwich • 1940 Brooklyn, NY Dwight Yoakam • 1956 Pikeville, KY Maybelle Carter † 1978

24th Big Bopper • 1930 Sabine Pass, TX Glen Glenn • 1934 Joplin, MO

25th Walter Hyatt • 1948 Spartenburg, SC Johnny Lee Wills † 1984 Roger Miller † 1992 Joaquin Murphy † 1999

26th Wes McGhee • 1948 Lutterworth, UK 27th Floyd Cramer • 1933 Samti, LA

Dallas Frazier • 1937 Spiro, OK 28th Bill Bollick • 1917 Hickory, NC

Hank Marvin • 1941 Newcastle, UK Porter Wagoner † 2007

29th Albert Brumley • 1905 Spiro, OK Lee Clayton • 1942 Russellville, AL Duane Allman † 1971 Barbara Pittman † 2005

30th Patsy Montana • 1914 Hot Springs, AR

31st Dale Evans • 1912 Uvalde, TX Ray Smith • 1934 Melbar, KY Calvin Russell • 1948 Austin, TX

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