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FREEFORM AMERICAN **ROOTS #111**

> ROOTS BIRTHS & **DEATHS**

REVIEWS

(or not)

AXTON KINCAID

JOHNNY CASH

LOS FABULOCOS

RACHEL **HARRINGTON**

LOYAL JONES Country Music Humorists & Comedians

SYBIL ROSEN Living In The Woods In A Tree; Remembering **Blaze Foley**

TOKYO ROSENTHAL

VA · Boots, Buckles & Spurs

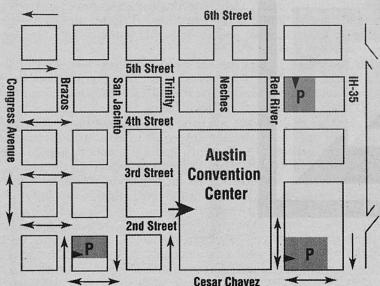
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Friday 12

12:30-3 PM Sahara Smith

8—9 PM Son Dos

9–11 PM Del Castillo

Saturday 13

12:30-3 PM The Resentments

3:30-6 PMTerri Hendrix

8—11 PM Eliza Gilkyson

Sunday 14

12:30–3 PM Austin Lounge Lizards

3:30-6 PMToni Price 8-11 PMCienfuegos

Monday 15

12:30-3 PM ... Suzanna Choffel

8-11 PM W.C. Clark

Tuesday 16

12:30—3 PM Matt The Electrician

8-11 PM Marcia Ball's Pianorama

Wednesday 17

12:30-3 PMBand of Heathers

8-11 PM The Gourds

Thursday 18

12:30–3 PMSunny Sweeney

8-11 PM Ray Wylie Hubbard

Friday 19

12:30-3 PM Dan Dyer

8-11 PM Jimmy LaFave

Saturday 20

12:30-3 PM Shelley King

3:30-6 PM Carolyn Wonderland

8-11 PM Van Wilks

Sunday 21

12:30-3 PM ... Rick Trevino

3:30-6 PM Asleep at the Wheel Quartet

8-11 PM Butch Hancock

Monday 22

12:30-3 PM The Biscuit Brothers

3:30-6 PMSara Hickman

6:00-6:30 PM ... Mary Hattersley's Blazing Bows

8–11 PM The Eggmen

Tuesday 23

12:30—3 PM Sarah Elizabeth Campbell

3:30-6 PMPonty Bone

8-11 PMAlbert & Gage

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The Dixons: Still Your Fool

3

Cow Island) *DG/*JT/*KW/*MT/*RC/*SH

Kasey Chambers & Shane Nicholson: Rattlin' Bones

(Sugar Hill) *3RC/*CJ/*CK/*GF/*RJ/*RMT

Lucinda Williams: Little Honey

(Lost Highway) *GM/*HA/*SG.*TPR

Rodney Crowell: Sex And Gasoline (Yep Roc) *BK/*BR

Charlie Pickett And: Bar Band Americanus

(Pleadshot) *RP/*DE

(Bloodshot) *BB/*DF Hank Williams III: Damn Right Rebel Proud

(Sidewalk/Curb) *BS/*MA

Miss Leslie: Between The Whiskey And The Wine (Zero Label)

8 Old Crow Medicine Show: Tennessee Pusher

(Nettwerk) *MM
Asylum Street Spankers: What? And Give Up Show Biz? Jolie Holland: The Living and the Dead (Anti-) *HG/*MDT

Carrie Rodriguez: She Ain't Me (Back Porch) *GG Chuck Brodsky: Two Sets (Waterbug) 8DJ/*JMB Cornell Hurd Band: American Shadows;

Cornell Hurd Band: American Shadows;

The Songs of Moon Mullican (Behemoth) *LB/*TB
Little Feat & Friends: Join The Band (Proper) *MF/*XE
Robin & Linda Williams: Buena Vista (Red House)
Adam Klein: Western Tales & Trails (Cowboy Angel) *CF
Lonesome Brothers: The Last CD (Captivating Music) *JM
Rod Picott & Amanda Shires (self) *FS
Patty Loveless: Sleepless Nights (Saguaro Road) *KC
Tokyo Rosenthal: Love Won Out (Bronx Flash) *AOK
Todd Snider: Peace Queer (Aimless) *WR
Luke Powers: Texasee (Phoebe Claire) *TF
Billy Mata & The Texas Tradition: This is Tommy Duncan
Vol 1 (Keepin The Texas Tradition) *RM
Charlie Haden: Rambling Boy (Decca)

15 16

Vol 1 (Keepin The Texas Tradition) *R

17= Charlie Haden: Rambling Boy (Decca)
Bruce Robison: The New World (Premium) *AA
VA: The Imus Ranch Record (New West) *LMG

18= Hayes Carll: Trouble In Mind (Lost Highway) *DN
Tim Grimm: Holding Up The World (CoraZong) HT
George Jones: Burn Your Playhouse Down (Bandit) *BP
Mavis Staples: Live; Hope At The Hideout (Anti-) *DT

19= Bobby Flores: Eleven Roses (Yellow Rose)
Yarn: Empty Pockets (Ardsley Music) *DS

20= Band Of Heathens (BOH) *OO
Johnny Cash's America (Columbia/Legacy) *NA
Mark Erelli: Delivered (Signature Sounds) *JS
Chris Knight: Heart Of Stone (Drifter's Church) *EB
Grant Peeples: It's Later Than You Think (self)
Dar Williams: Promised Land (Razor & Tie) *ES



*XX = DJ's Album of the Month

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I CAN SEE THE AMA'S UNDERWEAR AND IT'S NOT PRETTY

y the time you read this, the election will be over. No, not that one, the one for the Americana Music Association's board of directors. Now, I didn't get to vote because I didn't renew my membership after that organization's first year, but my criticisms of it, then and now, have been based on what it did, or, more significantly, didn't do, rather than on how or why it did or didn't do the things for which I was initially hoping, despite misgivings and reservations even when I first signed up. I focussed on the outcome, not the process. However, the current election seems to have rather lifted the lid on the internal dynamics of the AMA, and it's a not a pretty sight.

One problem here is where to begin, as the history of the AMA's electoral process can be summed up in two sets of three words, moving the goalposts and stacking the deck. Another problem is how to describe the parliamentary shenanigans, which involve ignoring the by-laws, changing the by-laws and technically legal but unethical manipulation of the by-laws without being balls/titsachingly boring. OK, consider this, the ballot is drawn up by a search committee consisting of the current board plus two non-board members (actually ex-board members), which enlists candidates, including, of course, current or former board members who want to run again. There can only be three nominees for each of the seats allocated to represent Artist Management, Performing Rights Organizations, Publications, Radio Promotion, Record Labels, Retail Distribution, Songwriters and Talent Buyers/Presenters. If the committee fills all three slots, as they did this year for Publications and Radio Promotion, then anyone else from those fields who wants to put their hat in the ring has to run for one of the two At Large seats.

This is where it gets tricky. To get on the ballot, you have to come up with nominations by 3% of the AMA's members—but the membership list is confidential. Not only is this a moving target, today's 3% might be tomorrow's 2.99%, but even when the official figure was 1232 members, which would require 37 nominations, potential candidates were being told they needed 47, which implies that there are over 300 'secret' members who aren't listed anywhere. In fact, eight of the people on the 2008 ballot aren't listed as paid-up members of the organization and are thus

technically ineligible to serve. Confused? You soon will be.

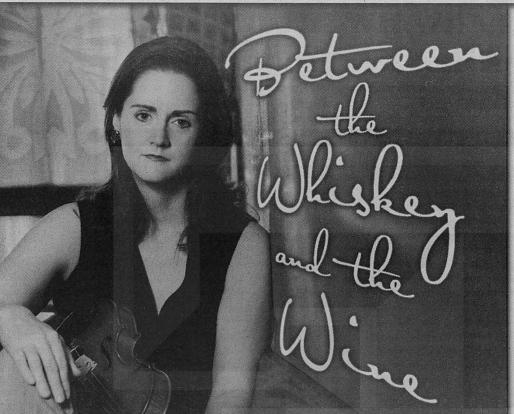
Up to now, nobody much cared about this stuff, if they hadn't already bailed out, they went along with the way the AMA did business, but several factors are roiling the organization. The blatant manipulation of the AMA's radio chart may not be a major one, in fact I hesitate to call it notorious or scandalous because I'm not sure enough people care enough about it to warrant such words, but something that rather attracted the attention of the musicians who are AMA members, estimated to be around 700, or roughly two-thirds of the total, is that of this year's AMA awards, precisely one went to a fellow member (Buddy Miller). Throwing hi-octane gas onto this issue, a mass emailing to the AMA membership, first forwarded to me by a **3CM** subscriber who isn't even an AMA member anymore, from a former board member running for reelection, basically said that the reason artists who are AMA members don't get AMA showcases and awards is that they suck. As you can imagine, being called "desperate" did not go down too well in certain circles.

However, the same email, of which the main aim was to swift boat a longtime, very vocal critic of the AMA hierarchy who, despite all obstacles, has managed to force his way onto the ballot for an At Large seat, also explained why artists shouldn't bother paying dues to belong to the AMA. "The AMA does not exist to assist the individual artist members. That is not why the organization was formed and it is not why it exists today. The organization exists to advocate for all artists in Americana, whether they are members of the association or not." In other words, for musicians, there's no upside to being an AMA member, and no downside to not being a member, in

fact, that way you save \$35 a year.

The email harps on the fact that the AMA is a trade [the writer's emphasis] organization that happens to have a membership because the founders thought that would be a good idea. Regretably this "great ideal" has "been misinterpreted by some members." They seem to think they should have a say in things. Leaving aside that telling members they're irrelevant is a trifle impolitic, not to say patronising, the writer seems to miss one rather crucial point—you can have Artist Management, Performing Rights Organizations, Publications, Radio Promotion, Record Labels, Retail Distribution, Songwriters and Talent Buyers/Presenters out the wazoo, but without Americana musicians, you don't have a fucking trade. 10% of nothing is...

The thought of renewing my membership just to vote in this election did cross my mind, but, assuming I got a ballot, apparently not a given, there were only three people for whom I wanted to vote, which, at \$25 a pop, was a tad expensive. One was Jessie [sic] Dayton to represent Songwriters, even though he isn't an AMA member, because Jesse would tell the AMA exactly what's on his mind with no deleted expletives (I have him losing to Tift Merritt and not giving a shit). The other two, both At Large, were Cary Baker of Conqueroo PR, if only because he's in California, not Nashville, and Fred Boenig of Americana Media Productions, if only because he's the only other person I know of who really wants to purge the corrupt AMA radio chart.



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LOS FABULOCOS FEATURING KID RAMOS

(Delta Groove 祭祭祭)

o disrespect to veteran West Coast blues guitarist Ramos (James Harman, Hollywood Fats, late model Fab T-Birds, Mannish Boys), but this album should be titled 'Los Fabulocos featuring Jesus 'El Gordo' Cuevas.' Former Blazer Cuevas, who played Hohner button accordion on Just For You (1997) and also sang background vocals on **Puro Blazers** (2000) and **The Seventeen Jewels** (2003), really comes into his own here, simply amazing. I have to confess that I'm late with this, and have deprived myself of several weeks of listening pleasure, because a friend of The Blazers gave me a no-frills advance copy at Casbeers one night, which, tossed into the rolling dustbin known as the Dogmobile, didn't resurface until late October. Los Fabulocos call their music 'Cali-Mex,' but a set list that includes Huey 'Piano' Smith's Educated Fool, New Hampshire rockabilly Gene Maltais' Crazy Baby, Johnny Burnette & The Rock 'n' Roll Trio's Lonesome Tears In My Eyes, Don Santiago Jimenez' Un Mojado Sin Licencia, Cornelio Reyna's Como Un Perro, Rockin' Dopsie's You Ain't Nothin' But Fine, Lloyd Price's Just Because, Clifton Chenier's All Night Long and Los Pinguinos Del Norte's Mexico Americano has an awful lot of Texas resonance, the kind of stuff you might have heard Doug playing, and can still hear from Larry Lange & His Lonely Knights. With outstanding support by Ramos, who plays a backing role except on his original instrumental Burnin' The Chicken, bassplayer James Barrios, who also contributes You Keep Drinkin', and drummer Mike Molina, another ex-Blazer, Cuevas puts in a muscular performance as a vocalist and an absolutely outstanding one as an accordionist. He also wrote two songs that easily hold their own against the covers, If You Know and Day After Day. This is the album that the star-studded Tremoloco tried to make but couldn't pull off, and the difference is that Los Fabulocos sound like a real get sweaty band, one that makes you hope they'll be coming to a venue near you sometime real soon, and it's led by Jesus Cuevas. It's not often I can't find a single nit to pick, but this is flat out pure enjoyment from first to last.

RACHEL HARRINGTON

CITY OF REFUGE

(Skinny Dennis * * * * * * *)

idn't have anything against it, but I wasn't as knocked out by The Bootlegger's Daughter (Skinny Dennis, 2007) as many other writers and took a pass on it. Just because Gillian Welch hasn't put out an album since 2003... This time round, Harrington sets up a very ambitious benchmark, a cover of Ode To Billie Joe, one the most highly individuated songs of all time, but instead of going head on against Bobbie Gentry, Harrington, while mysteriously skipping the last "A year has come and gone..." verse, pulls it off by wisely changing the settings and converting it into an old-timey tragic song of life, her strong suit. Having surmounted that hurdle, she matches the sepia tones of the artwork's vintage circus photographs and stiffly-posed new ones of herself and touring partner Zak Borden (mandolin, backing vocals, guitar, guitjo) with actual old-timey country gospel, a medley of *Old Time Religion/Working On A Building* and, the album's finest track, *I Don't Want To Get Adjusted To This* World, along with steeped in history originals. Backed by Mike Grigoni dobro/pedal steel, Jon Hamar upright bass, Dayan Kai clarinet, Holly O'Reilly & Pieta Brown backing vocals and Tim O'Brien fiddle/backing vocals, Harrington, while not as bleak as Welch, does an equally convincing job of recreating authenticity, if you know what I mean, but until Welch puts out another album, it's hard to say how viable Harrington's version will be.

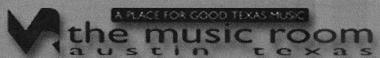
VA • BOOTS, BUCKLES & SPURS (Sony BMG Nashville/Legacy, 3 CDs **)

verything's a bit off about this. For starters, the subtitle, '50 Songs Celebrate 50 Years Of Cowboy Tradition,' refers to the 50th anniversary of the National Finals Rodeo, first held on December 26th, 1959, in Dallas, and if there's some logic in a November, 2008 release date, it eludes me. Then there's the timeline, halfway through the first CD, we've already whipped through three and a half rather crucial decades, from Patsy Montana's I Want To Be A Cowboy's Sweetheart (1935) to Marty Robbins' Strawberry Roan (1959). Then there are the sins of omission, most abviously Tex Ritter, and commission, such useless fuckers as Lonestar, Montgomery Gentry and Brooks & Dunn. Then there's the selection, which juxtaposes great songs like Guy Clark's Rita Ballou and Jessi Colter's My Cowboy's Last Ride with rancid shit like David Allan Coe's Ride Em Cowboy, Michael Murphey's Wildfire and a truly horrible version of The Wayward Wind by James Galway & Sylvia, while Suzy Boggus is a generic substitute for Judy Collins on Ian Tyson's Someday Soon. There are other anomalies, like Red Steagall, Don Edwards and Ian Tyson getting a track each when Johnny Cash, not exactly the first name that comes to mind in this context, gets two, but the single oddest thing is that, in the space of 50 tracks celebrating the Super Bowl of rodeos, nobody thought to include the most appropriate song of all, Marty Robbins' All Around Cowboy, which suggests that, Don Walser's Cowpoke notwithstanding, this was lashed together by somebody who doesn't really know the field too well. Unfortunately, they seem to be out of print, but Rounder's four 1996 CDs (Cattle Call, Don't Fence Me In, Stampede! and Saddle Up!, compiled by Douglas B Green, aka Ranger Doug of Riders In The Sky, were far superior. JC



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JOHNNY CASH AT FOLSOM PRISON

(Columbia/Legacy, 2 CDs + DVD box set %)

ad I got an earlier start in the music caper, this could have been my sixth review of At Folsom Prison. The first, of course, would have been of the original LP (CBS, 1968), the second when Columbia packaged it with At San Quentin in 1976, the third when Columbia/Legacy added three tracks on the 1999 CD reissue, the fourth of At Folsom Prison/At San Quentin/America, released in three different formats in 2002, 2004 and 2005, and the fifth of the expanded 2006 reissue of At Folsom Prison/At San Quentin; The 2 Classic Prison Concerts. Given that At Folsom Prison is widely regarded as one of the best country albums of all time, in fact currently rated #1, with At San Quentin #2, in CMT's '100 Greatest Country Albums,' for whatever that's worth, it's not unreasonable to suppose that virtually everyone who reads 3CM already owns at least one version (I'm up to four now, didn't keep the one with **America**). So the obvious question is, do you need yet another? Well, if you own any of the versions that say 'Complete,' guess what? Uh huh, apart from unused announcements and intros, there are seven previously unreleased tracks from the first show and no less than 24 from the second, but four each are by Carl Perkins and The Statler Brothers and there are 13 duplicates. So, apart from the fun of second-guessing Bob Johnston's choices (incidentally, of the 19 tracks that have already been released, 17 came from the first show, only two, Give My Love To Rose and I Got Stripes, from the second), the CDs only offer three new songs, I'm Here To Get My Baby Out Of Jail and, with June Carter, Long-Legged Guitar Pickin' Man and I Got A Woman plus June's Poem. Last year, Columbia/Legacy released a similar package of At San Quentin, including a DVD of the film of the show shot for British TV, but cameras weren't rolling at Folsom. Instead, you get "exclusive footage" from behind the prison walls, interviews with Merle Haggard, Rosanne and John Carter Cash, Marty Stuart and former inmates who attended one of the shows plus fabulous unpublished photographs by Jim Marshall. When I say that the latter are best thing about the DVD, you might deduce that the two hours + documentary is a bit static, and you would not be wrong. About the only reason I can see for buying this is that-surely to God-it must be the last go round for At Folsom Prison.

LOYAL JONES

Country Music Humorists And Comedians

(University of Illinois Press, hardback \)

Bill a book as "an encyclopedia of country music performers who have used comedy as a central component of their presentation," and the first thing I'm going to do is look up what it has to say about the funniest country album ever, The Statler Brothers parody Alive At The Johnny Mack Brown High School (Mercury, 1974), released with added material as The Complete Lester 'Roadhog' Moran & The Cadillac Cowboys (Mercury, 1995). "In all honesty, the routine is funny once but does not wear well because Road-Hog is so pathetic and his band is so bad." Pathetic? Bad? That's the whole fucking point. Guess Jones and I don't have the same sense of humor, let's try something else, how about the hilarious 'Fun 'n' Games with Don [Rich] & Doyle {Holly], a regular feature of Buck Owens' stage show? Not listed. OK, something really obvious, Pinkard & Bowden (She Thinks I Steal Cars, etc). Nope, not there. Sorry, Loyal, three strikes and you're out.

AXTON KINCAID • SILVER DOLLAR

(Free Dirt \$ \$ \$.5)

Joan Baez's version of Long Black Veil (In Concert Pt 2, 1963) was unsettling and not in a good way, the song just flat didn't work for a female singer, unless "I had been in the arms of my best friend's wife" was intended to be a rather bizarre subversive lesbian statement. However, though the Lefty classic has been recorded by, among others, Marianne Faithful, Hazel Dickens, Joni Mitchell and Sammi Smith, 45 years later, it still doesn't work for Axton Kincaid's Kate Howser. That apart, there's lots to love about Howser's quintet, formed in the Bay Area now based in Portland, OR, none of whom are called Axton or Kincaid, and one of whom, steel guitarist Mac Martine only plays on three tracks. The three part harmonies with Jennifer Daunt (electric guitar, mandolin) and Ryan Waggoner (bass) are just gorgeous and the original songs, mostly by Howser solo or in combo with some or all of the band, are almost unnecessarily good for a band with such a great, fluid, unfussy ensemble sound (what's more, you can hear the words clear as a bell). Howser and Gaunt's background is playing together in various no name Bay Area indie rock bands, Waggoner and drummer Jon Fojtik played together in Fojtik's father's rural Michigan wedding band, which seems a rather unlikely combination for what started out as more bluegrass (Songs From The Pine Room, Free Dirt, 2007), but has evolved into country. It's easy to make fun of not-kids-anymore who think they can transition from indie or punk to country, as the results are so often glaringly awful, neither fish nor fowl, but it has to be said that occasionally some of them pull it off, bringing fresh approaches and sensibilities to the genre without trying to reinvent it. I've just learned from Howser that Axton is a hommage to Hoyt Axton and Kincaid "would've been my dream name for a kid, but instead it became a band name!." One minor oddity about the group is that they seem very camera-shy. I'm not asking for a fold-out poster, but there are no pix on the CD and a few very small ones on the website. Well, that's different, I guess.

SYBIL ROSEN LIVING IN THE WOODS IN A TREE Remembering Blaze Foley

(University of North Texas Press * * .5)

Blaze Foley ("the illegitimate child of Blaze Starr and Red Foley"), and the e was born Michael Fuller, became Depty Dawg, then reinvented himself as central dynamic of Rosen's memoir is that she really only knew hippie drifter/ roadie/carpenter Depty Dawg, with whom she lived for two years, going from the penniless rural Georgia idyll of the title to a basement in Austin to a ratty apartment in Chicago. He reentered her life 25 years after they'd broken up in 1977 when Kevin Triplett, who's been working on a Blaze Foley documentary for as long as I can remember, finally found somebody who knew how to contact her. Rosen's significance is that Foley started writing songs while they were together, culminating with If I Could Only Fly. Her book is, in large part, an effort to discover and understand who Michael Fuller and Blaze Foley were, and whether it was she, as she'd always assumed, who ended their relationship or, as she came to learn was possible, Depty Dawg, whose objective was, by her account, to become not just a songwriter but a legend, who maneuvered her into it, seeing no place for her in the Foley narrative. Though billed as #2 in UNTP's 'Lives Of Musicians' series (#1 was Robert Hardy's A Deeper Blue; The Life & Music Of Townes Van Zandt), this does not pretend to be a biography, the extent of Rosen's 'research' being brief conversations with Gurf Morlix and Mandy Mercier, though she does goes into great, somewhat morbid, detail about Foley's murder and funeral. In fact we learn at least as much, if not more, about her as about Foley, but she has two considerable advantages over Hardy. One is that she did actually know, intimately if briefly, the subject of her book, the other is that, apart from occasional infelicities like "dancing eyes," she's considerably more fluent. However, if this isn't a source of information about Blaze Foley, it is a quite fascinating case study of the interaction between an alcoholic songwriter and his borderline psychotic muse, both children of dysfunctional families. As Rosen says, "If his father, or my mother, were any indication, we were already broken, beyond repair." Looking at the 'hippies with puppies' photograph, taken after their 1976 informal 'jumping the broom' wedding, you wish they could have stayed that happy, but inner demons were already driving them apart.

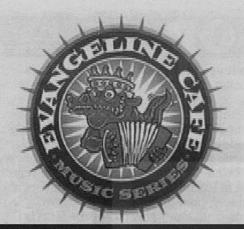
TOKYO ROSENTHAL · Love Won Out

(Bronx Flash ***********)

osenthal started off with a couple of knocks against him, on paper at least. I don't have a problem with the monicker (his real name's Arnie, by the way), though I have to wonder how many people still get the Johnny Carson/WW2 reference. However, his bio leads off with an unwise, and misleading, choice from his press quotes, "Rosenthal can draw you into his lyrics much the same way that James Taylor and Don Henley can," and he lives in Chapel Hill, NC, which rears the dread specter of Chris Stamey involvement. In fact, Stamey does contribute "additional production," but obviously not enough to mess up Rosenthal's self-production. As for comparisons, the most telling thing on the credits is the presence, on two tracks, of steel guitar legend Al Perkins, and Rosenthal freely admits to his influences, The Band, The Byrds, Indigo Girls, Gene Clark, Emmylou Harris and Janis Joplin, and boasts, as well he might, of being personally chosen as an opening act by Chris Hillman. It's not easy to piece together Rosenthal's story, but, near as I can make out, he started out as a country rock musician and boxer, then became a boxing manager, promoter and announcer, praised for his knowledge and promotion of women's pugilism, but returned to music with One Score And Ten (Bronx Flash, 2007), from which the song Edmonton won him a key to that city and considerable work in Canada, plus he seems to have a pretty good European following. Of course, I could always ask him for the straight dope, but this is more fun. Anyway, if he was this good 30 years ago, I'm surprised Rhode Island's Harpo & Slapshot left no mark on history, because he's a remarkable songwriter and singer, plays mean lead and acoustic guitars, piano, mandolin and drums, and has a nice touch as a producer. If you can imagine The Doors as a bluesy, folky, country-rock band (try Random Noises with Jeff Taylor's flute providing creepy lines a la Manzarek), this is Rosenthal's equivalent of their first and best album

JOHNNY CASH'S AMERICA

(Columbia/Legacy CD/DVD ***.5) sually, the CD is the meat, the DVD just gravy, but this time it's the other way round, in fact the CD is virtually redundant. With film and photographs, much previously unshown, from the 50s until the final footage, undated but obviously close to the end, Cash's magisterial figure dominates the 90 minutes (there's also some 20 minutes of 'bonus,' ie cutting room floor, material). Where things get a bit wobbly is in the talking heads linkage; the family is platitudinous, Bob Dylan, Steve Earle, Sheryl Crow, John Mellencamp, Tim Robbins, Al Gore and Lamar Alexander blather, leaving Kris Kristofferson, Jim Dickinson, Snoop Dogg and Cash himself to provide insights into one of America's most iconic figures. **JC**



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An avid reader his entire life, Tom Wells began writing in July of 2001 with his first novel, Drop-Ins, the result. Currently, he is working on Book 2 of the young adult series, Strange Seasons. In addition to writing, Wells enjoys reading, exercising, listening to great Austin music, and spending time with Lori, the love of his life, and his two dogs, Beams and

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JOHN THE REVEALATO

ot for the first time, nor, I'm sure, the last, a 3CM reader has caught me out in an error. Mike Trynosky, host of Not Exactly Nashville, WCNI, New London, CT, writes, "You say in your obituary of Charlie Walker that his recording (6/5/58) of Pick Me Up On Your Way Down was 'the first Harlan Howard song ever cut.' It may have been his first hit, but on 5/9/56 Skeets McDonald cut Harlan's You Oughta See Grandma Rock (featuring 17-year old Eddie Cochran on guitar) and its flipside Heartbreaking Mama, credited to Skeets, Wynn Stewart & Harlan. I did a little digging but, having blundered already. misled by a reference to Howard not quitting his LA job as a forklift operator until after Walker's hit with Pick Me Up On Your Way Down and Ray Price/Guy Mitchell's with Heartaches By The Number, I ran my impression-if there's a Harlan Howard timeline on the Internet, I couldn't find it-that the first song he'd had recorded was the B-side of a 1956 Wynn Stewart single, past Mike. He confirmed, from a Bear Family box set, that Stewart recorded You Took Her Off My Hands, credited to Harlan, Wynn & Skeets, even earlier than the McDonald session. So we ended up not just correcting my mistake, but correcting Mike's initial correction. Do we hear any improvement on 1/30/56?

Actually, compounding the error, it looks as if Jan Howard, Harlan's wife at the time, had a commercial release of Pick Me Up On Your Way Down before Walker. I'd found several references to her making the demo of it, but on her website it's listed as Sundown 112, and demos don't normally have catalog numbers.

I've ranted about this before, but various Internet references to Unreleased Recordings have, once again, touched a sore spot that I doubt will ever be allowed to heal. Thing of it is, there's Hank Williams and there's Hank Williams Jr, or, in Ranger Rita's usage, Real Hank Williams and Fake Hank Williams, but, contrary to what legions of morons seem to believe, there is no such person as Hank Williams Sr. Hank's putative son Randall adopted Hank Jr as his stage name, but as his long dead father was never Sr in his lifetime, this could and did not, retrospectively, make him so.

Working on the cover story, I'd already mentioned Bob Pinson, researcher and reference librarian of the Country Music Hall Of Fame from 1973 to 2001, before I noticed, in the fine print of Unreleased Recordings, that the box set is dedicated to the man who "had the foresight to copy the Mother's Best acetates to tape in 1981." Pinson, who died in 2003, was one of only two people I ever encountered in Nashville who were openly enthusiastic about country music, the other being Steve

Popovich, then a PolyGram VP.

Subscriber Gary Babich, of Westerly, Rhode Island, sent me a link to an Internet site where you can quickly find out which was the #1 song in America on the day you were born, graduated, got married, whatever. Set up, during a two month period of unemployment, and maintained by Josh Hosler of Seattle, the site is mainly based on Billboard's Hot 100 Chart (Hosler supplies more detail in his FAQ). It's real easy, go to www.joshhosler.biz/NumberOneInHistory/ SelectMonth.htm, pick a month, day and year and Bob's your uncle, like it or not-Hosler admits that his birthday song is Chuck Berry's My Ding-A-Ling. I really lucked out for 3/30/43, getting Harry James' wonderfully appropriate I've Heard That Song Before (and liked it better the first time).

In the Houston Press' music blog, Chris Gray passed on an October 7th Houston Chronicle story, under the headline Why You Should Probably Go Ahead and Turn That Shit Down. "We all have one of those neighbors who likes to party and turns up their music a little bit too loud. Hell, Rocks Off has been that

twice about giving the volume knob a little extra crank after this... an Aldine woman is now in police custody, facing a murder charge after allegedly shooting her 25year-old neighbor 'at least twice' when the two got into a dispute over the now-dead woman's choice of volume level. The two argued, the Chronicle reports, and the victim left but later came back and was promptly riddled with bullets for her troubles. The assailant, one Veyonka Pouncy, is being held in lieu of \$50,000 bail. Earplugs.

people. Earplugs.'

More thoughts from Ken Burke, coauthor of The Blue Moon Boys; The Story Of Elvis Presley's Band (Chicago Review, 2006; reviewed 3CM #116/205) on Good Rockin' Tonight (Cleopatra, 2004), the album of Elvis Presley's Louisiana Hayride recordings on which Bill Black and Scotty Moore's parts were overdubbed by Lee Rocker and Danny B Harvey. plus newly added drums by Slim Jim Phantom. "The All-Music Guide review just shows that there is no accounting for taste! If you like honest, direct expression as created and refined by the artist, it is impossible to like or even approve of Good Rockin' Tonight, yet it sold well, and guys like Bruce Eder gave it undeservedly high marks. I got the impression that Eder felt that Bill Black and Scotty Moore were just with Elvis by accident and that as an artist, he could have done better. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not a single person I spoke to from the Memphis days thought that Elvis had anything going for him until Moore and Black began working with him. I'll leave the final word to Jerry Lee Lewis who once said, 'When you're making love to a woman, you can't go back and overdub it.

Couldn't fit it into the editorial, but perhaps the widest discrepancy between what a song title obviously suggested to not one but two political campaigns and what it actually says is Bachman-Turner Overdrive's Takin' Care Of Business, part of which goes "It's the work that we avoid and we're all self-employed. We love to work at nothing all day." This doesn't seem like the most inspiring message, but Takin' Care Of Business was used by Shrub in 2004 and Hillary Clinton in 2008. You'd think someone would have said, "Wasn't he a Commie?" when Woody Guthrie's This Land Is Your Land was picked as a theme song for George HW Bush's 1988 campaign but while one assumes they didn't play the fifth verse, "In the squares of the city, In the shadow of the steeple, near the relief office, I see my people. And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin' if this land's still made for you and me," I can't really fault them for

it because nobody does.

As keeping up with CDs people send me is a more than fulltime occupation, I don't visit the Miles Of Music website too often, so I have to thank Kay Clements, of KWMR, Point Reyes, CA, for alerting me to this message posted on October 10th: "We aren't throwing in the towel so much as calling a time-out. For now, though, we are closed for business. We've come to a pause in an era. The economy, the credit crunch, the changing way people consume music have all lead us to today. All existing orders have been cancelled. Orders paid by Paypal are being refunded. Now is it time to clean up, clean out and consider the future. There are many terrific places to purchase music on-line. Please continue supporting independent artists. Jeff Weiss" I hate to say it, but "time-out" sounds an awful lot like 'hiatus,' which is band-speak for 'it's over.'

Talking to a mid-20s colleague at Abilene's McMurray University, Joe Specht (author of The Women There Don't Treat You Mean) was taken aback when asked "Are you going to see CCR tomorrow?" "CCR?... have the Fogerty boys finally made up?" "No... CCR... Cross Canadian Ragweed."

neighbor more than once. But you might want to think Joe has nothing against the Oklahoma band (which I personally can't abide), "but when a younger generation of fans presume to take over a cherished acronym... well, heck, it makes you wanna shout Lodi! I know... I know... just call Specht an ol' fart, but CCR will always mean Creedence Clearwater Revival. Actually, this takes me back to 1982 and the release of Spielberg's ET: The Extra-Terrestrial. Your humble reporter quickly had to learn when someone was talking about ET, he/she was most likely no longer referring to the Texas Troubadour. One of my most prized 45s is David Houston's ET Still Means Ernest Tubb to Me.

One small problem with Rachel Harrington's take on Bobbie Gentry's Ode To Billie Joe (see reviews) is that the album credits list the song as "Ode To Billy Joe (Bobby Gentry)." I've seen both mistakes before, but I think this is the first time I've seen them

both at the same time.

An interesting thing about Harrington's second album is that she's completely upfront about it having been financed by her fan base: in the credits, she lists 67 "City Of Refuge Patrons." This, of course, is nothing new, it's been a good few years since I mocked Sara Hickman for drumming up financial backing for an album on the grounds that it contained "songs that need to be heard now," 'need' and 'now,' of course, being the humorous elements in the equation, as I said at the time, there's no such thing as a song we need to hear now, not even Louie Louie. I have to wonder just how many self-released albums are, without making it so clear, similarly financed. In the midst of a global economic crisis that nobody understands, or, at least, nobody seems to be able to explain, the beauty of the concept is that it's good oldfashioned primitive capitalism that anyone can grasp, the 21st century equivalent of buying shares in a ship that may come back with a cargo of ivory and apes and peacocks, sandelwood, cedarwood and sweet white wine, or again may sink without trace, in which case the investors are all out a few bucks but nobody gets wiped out.

This isn't really an exact analogy, I feel sure there are Harrington patrons, for instance, altruistic or realistic enough not to lay awake nights worrying about how City Of Refuge is faring, but it does suggest a neo-brutalist approach to rating albums. Instead of the usual stars, or, in my case, flowers, reviewers could indicate the amount of their own money, im dollars, Euros, whatever, they would have been willing to invest in the project.

I missed this one, but Carolyn Delzoppo, hostess of The Cowboy's Sweetheart, BayFM, Byron Bay, NSW, Australia, reports, "there's a 13 part food and travel series featuring Gwyneth Paltrow coming to TV called On The Road Again. And that old tart Willie has recorded a version of his signature song as the theme song. Ouch. Is there nothing sacred for him? No song that can't be sold, no artist too dire to duet with? Willie, we love you but it's getting tough to respect you."

Pimping the forthcoming His Greatest, a publicist, for whom I actually have nothing but admiration, illustrates why I could never make a living in that line. "Bruce Robison has established himself as a songwriter mentioned in the same revered echelon as Willie Nelson, Lyle Lovett, Townes Van Zandt and Kris Kristofferson.... artists like George Strait, The Dixie Chicks, Tim McGraw and Faith Hill eagerly await each of his albums—looking to make their own hits from his acclaimed songs." Taking the name of Townes in vain is something I could never bring myself to do, though these days it's routinely invoked for pretty much every male Texas singer-songwriter. Memo to publicists: your client may be a good songwriter, may even be commercially successful, but Townes Van Zandt was great songwriter. There is a difference.



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SWEET MENTAL REVENGE

wo years ago this month, I rounded up some spectacularly inappropriate songs heard in TV commercials, such as The Buzzcocks' What Do I Get? ("I get nothing that's nice, I get nothing at all") for Toyota. A similar case of tin ear has been around in politics for many years, but this presidential campaign has seen a surge in political campaigns, just like advertising agencies, getting hung up on song titles without bothering to listen to the words. If they did, would, for instance, Mitt Romney, a devout Mormon, really have gone along with Elvis Presley's A Little Less Conversation ("Close your mouth and open up your heart and baby satisfy me")? To keep things level, Hillary Clinton predicted the outcome of her nomination run with Tom Petty's American Girl ("God, it's so painful, something that's so close and still so far out of reach").

Even given John Kerry's utterly ludicrous adoption of John Fogerty's Fortunate Son, Republicans still have a lock on the all-time crassness award with Ronald Reagan's choice of Born In The USA, but the GOP seems to have a penchant for Democratic-leaning songwriters, who, like Springsteen in 1984 and Tom Petty (1 Won't Back Down) in 2000, object to the use of their songs by Republicans. However, John McCain has set new records. His campaign swiped Mellencamp's Our Country from John Edwards, but got served a cease and desist, then it had to pull ABBA's Take A Chance On Me ("Come on, give me a break will you?"), McCain himself admitting "We played it a couple times and it's my understanding they went berserk." Guess it didn't occur to anyone that the writer of Orleans' 1974 hit Still The One and the Congressman (D-NY) might be the same John Hall. Since then, Survivor (Eye Of The Tiger, the theme from Rocky III), Foo Fighters (My Hero), Heart (Barracuda), Van Halen (Right Now), Jackson Browne (Running On Empty) and Frankie Valli (Can't Take My Eyes Off Of You) have all prohibited McCain from playing their songs. As good as it got was Chuck Berry pocketing the royalties from Johnny B Goode while endorsing Obama. On that side of the aisle. Sam Moore objected to the Obama campaign using Sam & Dave's Soul Man, but they're in the clear with Springsteen (The Rising), U2 (Beautiful Day) and Ben Harper (Better Way).

While I can certainly understand songwriters not wanting their work to be associated with McCain's hideous campaign, I am filled with admiration for Gretchen Peters' jujitsu. When Sean Hannity started using her *Independence Day*, a 1994 hit for Martina McBride, as the theme for his radio talk show, Peters responded by donating to the ACLU and Moveon.org, but when the GOP began playing it at Sarah Palin events, she racheted things up a notch or two. "The fact that the McCain/Palin campaign is using a song about an abused woman as a rallying cry for their Vice Presidential candidate, a woman who would ban abortion even in cases of rape and incest, is beyond irony," Peters said. "They are co-opting the song, completely overlooking the context and message, and using it to promote a candidate who would set women's rights back decades. I've decided to donate the royalties from *Independence Day* during this election cycle to Planned Parenthood, in Sarah Palin's name. I hope with the additional income provided by the McCain/Palin campaign, Planned Parenthood will be able to help many more women in need." Instead of a few minutes in a news cycle, she will have sweet, sweet mental revenge.

HANK WILLIAMS THE UNRELEASED RECORDINGS

ou may already have heard of this release, but even if you haven't, you'll have realized by now that all those heavy hints you dropped before your birthday or Xmas ten years ago, when **The Complete Hank Williams** was released on CD, didn't provide the final solution you were expecting. Nor will adding this box set and its announced follow-ups, because who knows what else is still out there? I can, minimum, vouch that I know someone who owns footage of a 1953 concert in Alabama that he can't do anything with apart from step into a legal minefield.

Sometime in the 80s, I swung by the Country Music Foundation and a hyped-up Bob Pinson showed me an unmarked reel of tape he'd just played, "Do you know what this is? Do you know what this is? It's Patsy Cline, live at the Ryman!!!!!!" David Dennard, of Dragon Street Records has similar stories of incredible treasures found on unlabeled, uncataloged tapes in neglected, all but forgotten archives. Another source, little known except to serious collectors, is 16 inch acetate transcription discs, commonly used even after the 1948 advent of tape recorders. They held 15 to 20 minute sets, recorded live, for radio stations to play when a featured artist was on the road or, as obviously with Armed Forces Radio, simply unavailable. They were licensed to be used once and once only—this box set's title is a misnomer, these recordings were never intended to be released.

So what happened to those discs after they'd been played? Well, Paul Kallinger once told me that XERF, Del Rio, TX/Ciudad Acuña, Mexico, sold theirs to locals who used them as roofing shingles, a thought to turn the blood of any collector cold. In the case of the transcriptions made by Hank Williams for his 1951 early morning *Mother's Best Flour Show*, 72 were tossed when WSM moved offices in the 60s. Fortunately Les Leverett, a Grand Ole Opry photographer, retrieved them, allegedly from a dumpster, but if there's a certain vagueness about this, there's no argument that WSM, which, in any case, could never use them again, discarded them. Leverett eventually gave all 72 to Hank's daughter Jett.

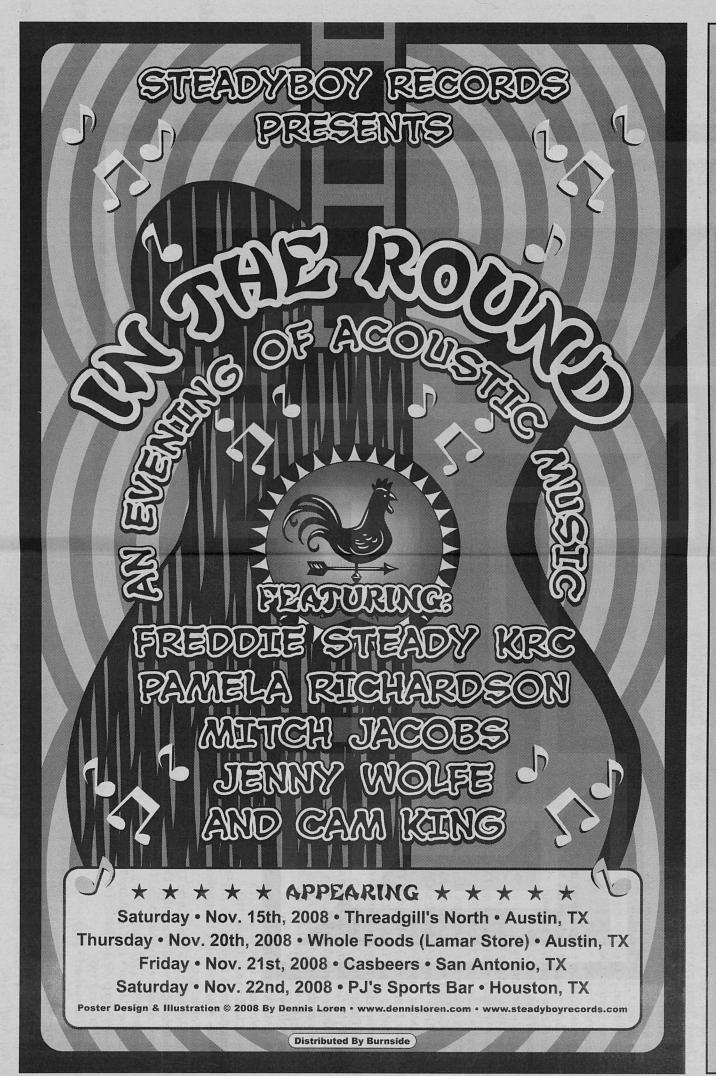
Unfortunately, he also gave copies to former Drifting Cowboy guitarist Hillous Butrum, which were eventually acquired by a Nashville company that planned to put out a bastardized version, with overdubs, setting in motion a three-sided legal battle, Jett Williams vs Legacy Entertainment vs Polygram (which owned Hank's label, MGM, and therefore his recording contract). Eight years later, Jett prevailed yet again—her husband, Keith Adkinson, seems to be a crackerjack lawyer, maybe that's why Hank Jr joined her in the suit, he was tired of being on the losing side.

At his death, Hank Williams' legacy was around 80 commercial releases, as Hank Williams or Luke The Drifter or in duet with Audrey. Since then, numerous demos and live recordings have come to light, but when the **Unreleased Recordings** project is complete, with 143 tracks scheduled to be released over the next three years, it'll almost double the number of known (so far!) recordings. That alone would make this first batch of 56 a Must Have for any Hank fan, but, on top of that, the sound quality is absolutely fabulous, better than many of the commercial releases, he performs many songs not known (again, so far) to have been in his repertoire, others he never recorded commercially and previews of songs MGM had yet to release. A detailed analysis of the tracks would consume far too much space, and, rather oddly, the liner notes offer no guidance, not even asterisks, to the new material.

I had to ask myself when I got this, just how many Hank fans are there out there who'd agree that this a Must Have. I mean, we're talking about Time Life (which has nothing to do with either *Time* or *Life* anymore), rather than Bear Family. Not that the German collectors' label isn't a commercial operation, at least I assume there must be some money in their invaluable work, but one has to figure that Time Life, which is part of a banking/telecommunications/entertainment conglomerate, anticipates making some serious dough out of *Mother's Best Flour* in a format dominated by living (Merle/Willie/Dolly/Garth) or recently deceased (Cash/Jennings) stars. Hank was, of course, a huge star in his day, but that was by no means yesterday, or even the day before. I am, however, assured by a friend in the business that, more than half a century after his death, even the most blatantly exploitative repackaging is pretty well guaranteed to sell 500,000 copies.

I'm not sure what to make of that number. On the one hand, it's rather wonderful that half a million people are still hooked on Hank, on the other, those 'guaranteed' sales figures suggest a certain amount of unhealthy Elvis-style mania—maybe I'm projecting, but I feel that serious fans would be more discriminating. For this year alone, *All Music Guide* lists six compilations, on six different labels, and while it galls me to say anything nice about a major label, the simple fact about Hank Williams compilations is that they're almost never worth a shit if they're not on Mercury, which has elevated innovative repackaging of Hank to a fine art. However, loony or aficionado, you just can't go wrong with **Unreleased Recordings**.

I'll leave you with this thought—Doc Watson has gigs booked through to October 2009. And what, I hear you ask, is my point? Very simple, Watson was born six months before Hank Williams.



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20th Eck Robertson • 1886 Amarillo, TX Duane Allman • 1946 Nashville, TN

21st Jean Shepard • 1933 Paul's Valley, OK Little Joe Carson • 1936 Holliday, TX Dr John • 1941 New Orleans, LA Cecil Brower † 1965

22nd Hoagy Carmichael • 1899

Bloomington, IN

Charles Mann • 1945 Welsh, LA

23rd Spade Cooley † 1969 Big Joe Turner † 1985 Roy Acuff † 1592

24th Scott Joplin • 1868 Bowie Co, TX

27th Werly Fairburn • 1924 Folsom, LA Jimi Hendrix • 1942 Seattle, WA Lotte Lenya † 1981 Charline Arthur † 1987

28th Cecil Brower • 1914 Bellevue, TX Bruce Channel • 1940 Jacksonville, TX Libbi Bosworth • 1964 Galveston, TX Wanna Coffman † 1991

29th Merle Travis • 1917 Rosewood, KY Ray Smith † 1979

30th Fred 'Papa' Calhoun • 1904 Chico, TX

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5th, Gram Parsons Birthday:

Patterson Barrett, Rosie Flores, Tom Gillam, Elizabeth McQueen, Albert & Gage, Dallas Wayne, Earl Poole Ball, Michael Fracasso, Lisa Hayes, Randy Weeks, Greezy Wheels & More, 8pm

Greezy Wheels & More, 8pm 6th, The Wayback w/Warren Hood

7th, The Derailers 8th, Guy Forsyth

9th, Brennen Leigh, 11am 14th, The Gourds

15th, Will Taylor & Strings Attached 16th, Bells Of Joy, 11am 22nd, The White Ghost Shivers 26th, South Austin Jug Band

30th, Bells Of Joy, 11am

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6th & 20th, Greezy Wheels
13th, Freddy Steady Krc & Guests
15th, Steady Boy Records'
Acoustic in the Round
21st, Dave Insley
23rd, Rod Moag & Texas Grass
29th, Cornell Hurd Unplugged
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