

# InterMixx Webzine

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Online Edition



Summer  
heats up with  
Quinn Lemley

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# Page One Profile: Quinn Lemley

by Noel Ramos

*I recently interviewed the lovely Quinn Lemley, a rather unique InterMixx member in that she performs a hybrid of jazz, cabaret and lounge music.*

**INTERMIXX:** Quinn, I am very pleased that you have joined InterMixx and are involved in our activities. Do you consider yourself an "indie" artist, and if so, how do you define indie?

**QUINN:** Yes Noel, I am definitely an "Indie," so much of the jazz/cabaret/lounge community is these days with labels pulling back their support in our genre. The great thing about being an "Indie" is that I had the opportunity to create my own vision for each of my recordings.

**INTERMIXX:** In your opinion, what are the main problems concerning indie musicians at this time?

**QUINN:** Financing and Distribution. We are "the engine" for everything.

**INTERMIXX:** Your style of music is still somewhat unique amongst our membership, and I commend you on your DIY attitude. Can you describe what you do for our readers?

**QUINN:** Of course, I am a hybrid of lounge/jazz and cabaret. Some of my music is a big band feel and others a small four piece combo, it's sultry, sexy, fun music. Sort of a cross between Keeley Smith, Ann-Margret and Julie London.

**INTERMIXX:** Tell us more about your portrayal of Rita Hayworth, and how that came to happen. Was it largely because of your resemblance to the beauty queen?

**QUINN:** You are a doll, yes, I was doing a musical off Broadway and a friend of mine, Preston Ridge saw it, and he said that I should do a musical about the life and music of Rita Hayworth because I resembled her. He put me together with Carter Inskip who cowrote *ALWAYS PATSY CLINE*, we did a lot of research and created *THE HEAT IS ON*, which did very well, it even went into development for Broadway. There was a lot of music the Rita Hayworth introduced like, "I'm Old Fashioned, Long Ago and Far Away, Put The Blame On Mame, etc..." that wasn't pushed because Rita's voice was dubbed secretly by Larry Kirk's sister, Anita Ellis, a great singer in her own right. It was a challenge and great fun to capture

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All of Quinn's  
titles are on  
sale at the  
IndieGate!  
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# Folk Beat

by Steve Bornstein

For someone who wanted to spend the lonely, cold month of February in balmy, babelicious **Key West**, I sure spent an awful lot of time in Boston. Granted, there were a lot of things going on, and not just musically either. **The New England Patriots** won a long-lusted-after Superbowl, and the resultant victory parade - very likely a once-in-a-lifetime event - was an occasion not to be missed. Parades are silly fun, and so often a source of immense good will, as thousands upon thousands of people - in this case, reportedly a million attended - unite in a spirit of festivity and positivity. Okay, so bundles of the latest issue of the magazine had to be brought up to the distributor, but if I could choose a day to coincide with these festivities, so be it.

**Songstreet Productions** presented its annual Festival of Women Singer/Songwriters at **The Somerville Theatre**, Saturday February 9th. **Rick La Macchia**, Songstreet's guiding light, has been a driving force on the acoustic scene around Boston for years. Once a year he puts together a showcase for rising talent. Considering his customary penchant for finding and fostering female folkies, these are not-to-be-missed events.

Leading off was **Jenny Reynolds**, whose voice is as pretty and precise as her personal appearance. It's no wonder that she is so popular among devotees of the genre. She stuck to her half-hour time allotment, and closed with "Whisper," her contribution to the soon-to-be legendary Respond compilation. But she soon returned for an encore, "Bet On The Wind," the title song from her next album. This dynamic would be repeated for each performer, as each got an encore after her half-hour slot. Overall this was a very professionally run event.

Next up was **Colleen Sexton**, who no longer need be identified as Martin's sister (oops!). She gets stronger and more self-assured every time I've seen her. After two songs she brought out **Sean Staples**, who seems to have become the reigning mandolin king around Boston, deservedly. The second song they did was a cover of Martin's song, "The Way I Am," recast as a bluesy rocker and now made it her own. She closed her set with the bluesy audience participation number, "Leavin'." She didn't leave for long, though, and came back to do an encore of the Willie Nelson classic, "Crazy."

The final performer before intermission was Vermont's **Diane Ziegler**, backed by her husband **Geoff Sather** on bass and humorous counterpoint. Diane may have been the most mature performer this night, and certainly her songs' themes were, centered on family, marriage, and parenthood. She made much of having made a break from her parents' Catholicism, and yet her songs seemed to revisit this field, with titles like "God's Country," "Holy Ground," and "Rock Of Ages." Though these were not religious songs, the disparity between her between-songs patter and the use of religious imagery and phrases in the songs seemed odd. This is

not to imply they weren't enjoyable; it's just that the subtext made for some head scratching.

The second half of the evening's entertainment was even more thrilling. First up was newcomer **Rachel McCartney**, a transplanted Canadian, in her Somerville Theater debut, who worked in a more rootsy vein than anyone else this night. More than just the nature of her material, which lent itself to such treatment, there was also the instrumentation: she switched between guitar and banjo, more strummed than frailed, while duo partner **Brian Webb** filled out on guitar and vocals and Sean Staples handled the high end with tasty trills and cross-picking on mandolin. Next came **Rachael Davis**, another recent arrival (from Michigan), whose mercurial voice transfixed the rapt audience with its awe-inspiring beauty and versatility. She started her segment accompanying herself on guitar, and then brought out **Brett Hartenbach**, who had performed this duty on her record, and just sang while he played. This approach is much less common in folk than jazz or pop, but worked just fine. She played the British ballad "Black Is The Color" by herself on banjo, a haunting a capella song "The Rocks Of Bourne," and for her encore a slow, sweet version of Buddy Holly's "Every Day."

The final act was **The Carla Ryder Band**, and as headliners they stretched out well beyond thirty minutes to nearly an hour. Carla may have left **The Muchens** but she brought the sound with her. Using typical rock instrumentation - bass, drums, guitars - plus a harmony vocalist, she had a full, vibrant sound. I must give props to the sound guy for his work on "The Tide," as Carla's fingerpicked acoustic guitar was audible throughout, a rare and most welcome occurrence.

I stuck around Boston for a house concert in the suburb of Arlington the next afternoon. For years **Tim Doherty**, a WPI graduate and longtime folk devotee, has been publishing a monthly email listing, now a website, of folk shows and other shows of interest around New England, though with a Massachusetts emphasis. This is not all-inclusive - that would be impossible - and does reflect Tim's taste, but there are so many entries that you often find shows listed there that don't appear in more conventional sources. To see what I mean go to his website <http://www.geocities.com/concertlistings>. Tim has gotten more involved in the music scene over the last couple of years, booking some Respond showcases and hosting his Kiva House Concerts series in his apartment's cozy living room.

On this Sunday February 10th the lineup was **Pamela Means** and **Laurie Geltman**. Either would have been a good enough offering; both made it compelling, worth sleeping in my car for. Some two dozen people squeezed in and cheerfully paid \$12 for the opportunity to hear these two talented artists in what can only be described as an intimate setting. Each took a turn, with an intermission in between. Pamela has grown over the years from being strident and in-your-face into a more poised and

polished performer, while losing none of her edge or edginess. She draws the audience in rather than beats them over the head, and I for one appreciate that. Laurie seems to suffer from a recurring case of the jitters, and even in this cozy environment she had to struggle a bit. Perhaps the setting was *too* intimate, as the separation between performer and audience was all of two meters. Still, once she warmed up, the audience warmed to her. She has released a new live album, "Motion Pictures," recorded at Club Passim with some very special guests. She has moved up to coastal Maine, and may not come your way so often. This album is the next best thing, and well worth getting, through her website, [www.lauriegeltman.com](http://www.lauriegeltman.com) of course!

Two weeks before this, **WUMB**, one of the Boston radio stations that features acoustic music in its programming, hosted a benefit concert at **The Sanders Theatre** in Cambridge. Proceeds went to help fund the Boston Folk Festival, an enormous event held at the Boston University campus in September. The lineup this night was **Karen Savoca & Pete Heitzman**, **Nerissa** and **Katryna Nields**, **Garnet Rogers**, and **Greg Brown** - enough talent for a mini-festival right there. Karen and Pete have played these parts less frequently during the last couple of years, as they have been spreading the love out west and into Canada, on their own and as opening act/backup for Greg Brown. Their set was a little short, but they got the room warmed up right away. Karen's conga rhythms complement Pete's spare but eloquent guitar work, and they have arranged these instruments for maximum effectiveness. Few people generate as much musical good will as these two, even when they touch on serious subject matter. There's just something about the way these two interact, musically and physically, and the good times vibe of their music, and Karen's bighearted smile of a voice, that makes an audience glow. Their music is comfort food for the soul, a simple recipe but oh, so satisfying!

The Sisters Nields came next, relishing the opportunity to fill the enormous chamber with their delightful harmonies. Given only a half hour to work with, they kept their often rambling (though amusing) anecdotes to a minimum, focusing on the songs. Their voices were in fine form, and they really seemed "on" overall. Some subtle differences in arrangements were noticeable, as songs are reconfigured for duo presentation. In particular, "Snowman," which was a vocal showcase for Nerissa in the full band days, now requires her to play guitar as well. Her playing was solid, even in the point where she has to bear down and belt out a searing, cathartic note. Soon after, they stepped away from the mikes to sing "This Happens Again And Again," an old song they have restored to performing (and re-recorded for their new album, "Love And China"). Their voices swelled to fill the hushed room. They closed their segment with the rousing "Keys To The Kingdom," with surprise guest and wunderkind **Erin McKeown** on guitar.

After intermission, Garnet Rogers came out armed with acoustic and electric guitars. He seemed more inclined toward the latter, leaning heavily on reverb and echo effects to create a musical dreamscape. Upon this backdrop he hung his rich baritone. His songs were languorous and a little long, though a little patience helped appreciate them.

Finally Greg Brown ambled out onto the stage, his lanky, muscular form topped off with a floppy knit hat. Before he began his set he told the audience how nice it was to be back in Cambridge, where some things had changed and some others hadn't. That afternoon he had had an encounter with a street poet, selling poems that he would make up on the spot. You had to pick a few key words, and then he would spin a poem that would include them. Greg wanted an entirely new poem, with no help from himself. This didn't please the street poet, who asked Greg to please move along. He offered him money for a completely new poem, but the poet wouldn't take it. Greg said that's how he knew he was a poet. He then recited a blessing of a poem by e e cummings, and then began to work his own magic with words music and voice. Soon Karen and Pete came out to weave their own spells in concert with Greg, as they

became the Greg Brown Band. This was very different from the usual jamming approach - many guitars and banjos strummed in unison - as each musician had specific roles which interacted with the others', creating a full yet uncluttered sound. A little while later Garnet came out too, adding his distinctive guitar textures. By the time they closed with "Jesus And Elvis," the room was rocking. Let's hear it for folk music!

**John Hammond** has been playing his variety of down-home blues for the better part of three decades. Sure, it helps that his father was a renowned producer and talent scout, responsible for signing to Columbia Records such luminaries as Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Charlie Christian, Bob Dylan, Aretha Franklin, and Bruce Springsteen. Sure, it helps that he grew up in a musical environment. But what he did with this background is all his. He is one of the very best solo blues artists working today. In addition to his soulful singing and masterful guitar technique, he plays harmonica with such extraordinary expertise that he bends the notes on a rack harp to sound like a hand-held one. His latest album is a collaboration with **Tom Waits**, in which Waits' surrealistic images are given more concrete representation. Great songs, great singer - a win-win combination.

To support the album he toured with a band for the first time, using most of the players on the album. His nearest gig was at the **Garde Arts Center** in New London, a split bill with **The Blind Boys of Alabama**. The band steered clear of typical arrangements, relying on a more atmospheric approach. Rather than just laying down a steady beat, the drummer used syncopation and brushes for a light touch that swung softly yet forcefully, working well with a stand-up bass. A mix of acoustic, electric, and slide guitars provided a heady ambience that was still rooted in earthy sensuality. John's voice weaved sinuously around and through these elements, a subtle yet forceful example of the persuasive power of heartfelt singing.

The Blind Boys of Alabama have been singing together - some of them anyway - since they were indeed boys, students at the Talladega Institute for the Deaf and Blind in, yes, Alabama, nearly 70 years ago. They sing gospel songs in a very soulful style, and as interest in the form has waxed and waned they have kept to what works for them. It's not just the music; it's bringing the gospel in this form to the masses. There are but two of the original six still at it, and they have brought younger blood into the fold as backup musicians and singers. The band really kicked, with bass, drums, and guitar pumping like a church organ as the singers howled, wailed, moaned, and pleaded. At one point, George Scott went out into the audience, singing on a cordless mike, led by one of the younger men. He worked his way up one aisle, back to the stage, then back up the other aisle, all the while testifying, for over fifteen minutes. The mostly middle-aged crowd was hardly sedate by this point, but this really got them whipped up. This was a true testimonial to the ability of music to inspire and move people, hopefully beyond the duration of a concert.

The next night was an example of an impossible decision, a real argument for cloning. A reasonable drive could have brought me to Patti Rothberg at The Towne Crier, **Patty Larkin** at The Iron Horse, or The Nields at The University of Hartford's Wilde Auditorium. And I could have stayed in New Haven and caught **Joan Baez** with **Dave Carter & Tracy Grammer** and **Richard Shindell** at **The Palace**. I figured that since Hartford and Northampton lie in a straight line connected by an interstate highway, my best bet was to catch two out of four in one night, a do-it-yourself mini-festival achieved by a bit if driving.

As it turned out, opening acts played a crucial part in the evening's adventure. An unexpected pleasure in Hartford was **Stephen Kellogg**, whose four song set was a delectable appetizer. Three originals, a well-chosen cover, and some clever, witty remarks in between - a perfect opening set. The Nields turned in a fine set, interspersed as always with humorous anecdotes and asides. Then it was off to the races. I got to The Iron Horse too late for the opener, who shall remain nameless, but ths sacrificial lamb provided the purpose of pushing **Patty Larkin**'s second set back far enough so that



The Blind Boys Of Alabama in concert; George Scott at far right (photo from their website)





Toni Price singing her sweet, sultry blues at The Continental Club in Austin (photo by Steve Bornstein)

I missed only the first two songs. Patty had brought along drummer/percussionist **Ben Wittman**, who worked magic with his subtle embellishments. Patty's guitar technique provides a complete accompaniment, and one could want for nothing more. Even so, Ben's sly, imaginative use of light percussive effects helped give some body to some of Patty's slightly angular phrasings. By grounding them without weighing them down, he gave her freedom to explore further. This symbiotic give and take would build to dizzying syncopations, as each pushed the other while also getting support from the other. The net effect was dazzling if subtle, a remarkable display of instrumental prowess.

If only I had a friend in the area on whose couch I could have slept that night, I could have saved some gas and time, for I was only going to come back up there the next night for a **Ray Mason** double bill at **Harry's**. This new venue is operated by the people who used to run shows at the recently closed Bay State Hotel. Ray is one of the area's best-kept secrets, a nearly unknown legend, often overlooked by those for whom the term "singer/songwriter" means someone who will strum repetitive chord patterns while unburdening her or his soul with meandering confessional. Ray keeps his songs short and sweet (or salty) and his style incorporates pop, rock, country, and a hint of surf in various combinations, avoiding clichés while embracing them, so to speak. The results often resemble **NRBQ** (qv), albeit without the keyboards or onstage antics of Terry Allen. **The Lonesome Brothers** is a collaboration with **Jim Arment**, more in a country-rock vein. Jim is another local stalwart, whose songs get covered now and then, most notably "Down By The Water," covered by **Cheri Knight** first and then **Cry Cry Cry**. Ray plays an old Silvertone guitar in his own band - rhythm mostly - and switches to bass in The Lonesome Brothers.

In late March I had to go out to Texas on family business, and took the time to check out Austin while I was that close. I got there the week after South By Southwest - couldn't be helped - and found the town truly lived up to its billing as the capitol of live music. There must be close to 100 clubs in the area, many clustered around downtown along **6th Street** and along **Congress Avenue** into South Austin, but also spread all over town and into the surrounding hills.. Every night of the week you can hear about anything you want - blues, rock, jazz, bluegrass, Tejano, and pop as well as bootkickin' country. Well, almost anything. An outfit called **The South Austin Jug Band** played mostly bluegrass, with no jug, tub, or washboard, but they were just fine at that, especially **Warren Hood**, fiddling in his father's footsteps, the recently deceased and much beloved locally **Champ Hood**. Over at **The Continental Club** a Saturday lineup of two local mainstays seemed promising, and did not disappoint. Imagine a blowsy blonde in a long cotton print dress, sitting on a wooden chair, with the fabric hanging down between her spread legs almost to her bare feet, one hand holding a whiskey glass, one hand waving in the air to punctuate her singing - well, that's **Toni Price**. Her music is pretty rootsy, a mix of blues, country, and western swing, all anchored to her emotive voice. It took four guys to back her up: three on acoustic

guitars and a utility guy who played banjo, mandolin, fiddle, and guitar. Another guitarist also switched off on fiddle for a couple of numbers, producing that sweet twin fiddle sound so distinctive with western swing.

**The Leroi Brothers** followed, longtime local favorites who some claim invented roots rock. There's no way to verify this, but they did play a toe-tapping, hip-grinding blend of country, rock, blues, and rockabilly that got people dancing even in the tightly packed club. Dancing room was limited to right in front of the stage, as there were high tables and stools filling half the floor, and the right side of the room had a series of long low steps, which people sat or stood on to see over the crowd. And lest anyone think they might not get their money's worth, each act played for nearly two hours. That's a heaping helping of hearty, heady music, Texas-style.

An open-air Sunday afternoon show behind a coffee stand on South Congress Avenue sounded inviting. Chairs were set up in the parking lot adjacent to the **San Jose Hotel**, a restored adobe hacienda quite popular among the hip set, and hopefully late-sleeping patrons didn't mind too much. Entertainment was provided by a loosely knit group of seasoned professionals, a pickup band of sorts, whose membership was determined largely by tour schedules and who was in town that day. This day it included **Toni Brown**, vocalist and head honcho, **Mandy Mercier** on fiddle and guitar, and **Marvin Dykhuis** on mandolin and guitar. In between sets I introduced myself to Mandy, as we have a friend or two in common (OK, I mean Lucinda Williams). She introduced me around, and surprised me by calling me up to play in the second set. Marvin lent me his mandolin, and I must have done all right on that bluesy number, for they called me up a second time for a country classic. It felt good to be so accepted by people who clearly had their chops together, a good shot of reassurance to my bruised self-esteem.

It turned out that Marvin's main gig is as sideman for **Tish Hinojosa**, a gifted bilingual singer, so I made a point of seeing them when they played at The University Of Hartford's Wilde Auditorium two weeks later. This is the locale for many concerts, and this was one of a series of fundraisers called **Music For A Change**. This program was coordinated by **Irwin Nussbaum**, a U of H administrator, with the double purpose of bringing acoustic music to town and also benefiting local non-profit organizations, in this case Hartford Habitat For Humanity. This local chapter of the international home-building outfit has built 86 homes to date, and plans to build twenty more a year. There are typically ten concerts per semester, and feature well-chosen performers and a few up-and-comers. This night there was no opening act; Tish and Marvin played two full sets. There is a sweet extra pleasure in hearing someone sing who has found her voice long ago. Tish has grown into her voice, and grown with it, as it has with her. This may not be of classical standards, but the effortless grace with which she conveys her songs bespeaks a common touch which many singers hope to achieve and to which many listeners can relate. The heartfelt nature of her singing is felt in the hearts of those listening. She walks the line between poignant and funny, a seasoned pro with an intuitive sense of when to switch gears so the audience stays with her. Some songs were in Spanish, some in English, some in both. She sang songs about children, her grandmother, love, loss, life, and death - the full breadth of human existence. Kind and generous to a fault, she insisted that Marvin lead a song for an encore, **Michael Smith**'s classic "The Dutchman." With a last name like Dykhuis it was practically preordained that he learn it. Besides, he informed us that he was from Chicago too, and knows him. And he did them both proud.

Another series is run by **Steve Dieterich**, a DJ at WWUH, whose "Celtic Airs" show airs Tuesday mornings from 6:00 - 9:00. He brings Celtic musicians to town once a month, and four days later found me back at Wilde for **Kate Rusby**. This petite performer with a big voice from York, in the north of England, packed them in. Her clear, unaffected voice bespoke an easy grace and deep familiarity with the material. Growing up in a musical family will do that. But the snarky remarks with which she goaded the audience between songs were all her own, a bit of devilry that made the angelic music that much more enjoyable. Nimble supported by renowned Scottish fiddler **John McCusker** (formerly of **The Battlefield Band**) and **Andy Cutting** on accordion, and acquitting herself quite adroitly on guitar, she filled two full sets with well-chosen songs.



Naomi Sommers (center) between Phil Rosenthal and Beth Sommers at the Nathanael Greene Community Center in Guilford CT (Photo by Barry Tenin)

She left the boys to show off their talents at one point, and flipped that around in the second set by doing a song solo. I often say I've got little patience for British folk music, particularly Irish, as being too repetitive, but this talented trio breathed new life into the form. This is just what is needed to keep the folk tradition alive: young people who respect the old songs and revitalize them with their modern sensibilities.

Few have ever done a better job of that than **Fairport Convention**. Back in the late 1960s they were an English equivalent of the original Jefferson Airplane - the version with **Signe Toly Anderson** on vocals and **Skip Spence** on drums - mixing folk and rock, traditional and original songs. But they were more devoted to traditional folk than American folk-rock bands, bringing along what had gone before as they forged something new, and their approach was closer to folk played on electric instruments than a real amalgam of the two forms. Still, they created some of the most memorable music of the era, perhaps partly because of the way they cleaved to the solid song structures of traditional folk. The band has undergone numerous transformations as band members have moved on, until now only rhythm guitarist and lead singer **Simon Nicol** remains of the original lineup. The tremendous prestige accorded the band in its homeland has meant that there has been no shortage of fine musicians desiring to join its ranks, and it seems the band will continue until its members can no longer change a string.

They recently touched down at **The Bottom Line**, New York's venerable bastion of folk and acoustic music, for a two-show night with opener **John Renbourn**, a living legend himself. In his blue cotton shirt with pushed-up sleeves, blue jeans, and hiking boots, he looked ready for work. And work he did, laying down a heady mix of blues and traditional British folk tunes, with a mastery of the guitar that few can match. When he sang it was in a gruff voice with a dry, almost-spoken delivery, which suited the blues and traditional British folk songs he chose. He did make a concession to his age, however, and after a while brought out **Clive Carroll**, less a protégé than a young colleague whom he wished to introduce to a wider audience. They played off each other quite expertly, and there were times when it

was hard to say who was learning from whom. Indeed they often seemed fairly evenly matched. Yet when it was time to wrap up a song or the set, it was Renbourn's subtle command of his instrument and the music it produced that would reel in the jamming.

Fairport Convention took to the stage with its current lineup - Simon Nicol as mentioned on rhythm guitar and doing much of the singing in a rich baritone; **Dave Pegg** on bass; **Gerry Conway** on drums; with the lead instruments violin by **Ric Sanders**, and mandolin and violin by **Chris Leslie**. All except the drummer sang from time to time, the emphasis being more on ensemble work than solo virtuosity, though they had that a-plenty. They launched right into "Walk A While," a standard opener from their glory days, and proceeded to walk us through their musical history, keeping mostly to more current material. One of the more intriguing newer songs was "Wood And Wire," written by Simon about the fascination he felt upon seeing a guitar in a shop window as a boy. I couldn't help noticing that they were fully capable of rocking, and did so on occasion, yet steered completely clear of any sort of riff or chord pattern that owed anything to an African antecedent. No blues or blue notes whatsoever. Even in "Madeleine," which opened with the same riff as Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues," the melody was completely major-key. Well, there are certainly more ways to skin a cat than one. And it hardly mattered; after all, this is folk-rock, it can be as white as a blank page and no one will mind. Whatever works, works. Simon introduced "Matty Groves" by saying it had 17 verses but only two chords. If it had been the other way around, it would have been a Steely Dan song. Brilliant. They saved their classic closer "Meet On The Ledge" for the final encore number. All in all, a thrilling musical excursion to the British Isles.

I am sometimes amazed at the ability of talented youngsters to write with a maturity far beyond their years. Or is this a result of my proclivity for childlike simplicity? Hmm, not if I'm going to use multisyllabic concoctions such as these! But seriously, some people really nail it, really express themselves or examine a topic thoroughly. And it doesn't matter if the writer is young or old, male or female, black or white, yellow or purple -



Tish Hinojosa singing her heart out as Marvin Dykhuis adds some sweet mandolin at the University of Hartford's Wilde Auditorium (Photo by Barry Tenin)

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Page One Profile: Quinn Lemley

the duality of the Love Goddess vs the sensitive person underneath the persona.

**INTERMIXX:** You have already achieved notable success in your career, and I'd love to know more about the path you took and your early efforts, can you tell us a little bit about how you got started?

**QUINN:** I was lucky because I went to a performing arts school in Michigan, Interlochen Arts Academy and then New York University, which introduced me to a lot of people. It was a lot of creating my own projects, films, shows and cabaret acts... a lot of trial and error... New York City is a great learning field, there is so much talent here to collaborate with! Now, I'm working on an independent film with Victoria Maxwell (Jeffrey, Bells are Ringing etc...) I am acting in it as well as co-producing and singing on the soundtrack.

**INTERMIXX:** What other artists and mentors have you looked up to as you have progressed in your career, and what were the most memorable things they taught you?

**QUINN:** I've always loved Ann-Margret, her sense of playful sexy fun. She and her husband are always pushing the envelope and trying new projects. I like that she ventures to serious acting pieces like *Carnal Knowledge* to *Two Mrs. Greenvilles* to musicals like *Best Little Whorehouse*. She even recently did a Gospel CD. Pretty cool and diverse from her Elvis-sex kitten music.

Eartha Kitt, she gets more fabulous as she ages, she's classic and has such a powerful true sense of who she is, what her beliefs are and wonderful philosophy of life. Her life is in every song that she sings.

KD Lang, her music just rocks.

Personally, my mother, because she knows who she is, and my two friends Mary Cooney and Theresa Harper because we all hold each other accountable for our dreams, goals and values.

**INTERMIXX:** In addition to yourself, can you list some other successful artists in your genre that are doing well without the support of a major label, that our members should try to learn from?

**QUINN:** There are so many: Tom Postilio, George Gee, KT Sullivan, Judy Barnett (she's one of my faves, jazz-big band, HUGE VOICE)... that's just to name a few... oh my latest favorite, but she's probably on a label, I think she was with Verve in the '50's is Blossom Dearie.

**INTERMIXX:** Can you offer some words of wisdom to the indie artists who are still struggling?

**QUINN:** Know who you are, express it and perform it, record it and get it out there. My favorite quote is : "Make visible what, without you, might perhaps never have been seen." - Robert Bresson, French Film Director.

**INTERMIXX:** You often travel for your work. Where did you find the best music scene here in the states? How about overseas?

**QUINN:** Yes, I love traveling. Remember my genre is very specific so New York is best in the states for standards, but I just returned from Athens, Greece at The Half Note with my quintet. We were sold out for two weeks. They knew every song from the movies and the Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and

Tony Bennett recordings... it was so wonderful to be totally "got." I love European audiences. I am so pleased to see the popularity of Diane Krall and Harry Connick, Jr. It's funny, we always hear standards in restaurants, stores, lounges , Pottery Barn, etc... but it's usually artists from another time. I'd like to see more new artists being promoted in this genre.

**INTERMIXX:** Is there anything special on the horizon for Quinn Lemley fans? Can you give us a little insider info on your plans for the near future?

**QUINN:** Well, I'm at The Duplex June 16th in New York with my Sultry Redhead Tribute that was from The Firebird, then I start working on the film, *Reel Love*. I'm planning to return with my quintet to Athens next fall. I'm working on a children's CD with Marco Jachim. Also, Marco and I just recorded a demo of a jazzy pop "James Bond" type song he wrote called *Never Believe Your Eyes*. It's very sexy, kind of Shirley Bassey meets Garbage.

We just completed it, so we have to shop it, we'd like to do a CD in this style... if you have any ideas!!!!?

**INTERMIXX:** Well, as you know, that's exactly the kind of question we help people with online at InterMixx.com, so ask the IndieList!

Thank you so much for your time, Quinn. Would you like to leave our readers with a parting thought?

**QUINN:** Thanks Noel. I'm so honored that you asked me to do this. I'm so proud of what you are doing I remember the beginnings of InterMixx...

Yes, I'd just like to say that no matter what creative project, music, expression etc... it's the most powerful part of ourselves, it's so important to show up and create. I used to think it was to get to point B, but really it's in the doing of it that our power lies.

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# word FROM THE PUBLISHER

As a Publisher, it has been in my best interests to learn as much as possible about civil law, especially in the areas of copyright, freedom of speech, freedom of the press and defamation. Over the years, I have done considerable research and study on these subjects.

Prompted by recent discussions regarding these topics, I have written a short commentary.

As its name implies, netiquette is based upon etiquette, and is a variety of guidelines and rules which have grown within the internet community to help people interact online, without offending each other.

Just as etiquette helps us interact socially in the real world, so does netiquette share many of the same goals.

However, just as similarly, there is no one single, "official" set of netiquette rules, and even more importantly, netiquette, just like etiquette, is dependent upon the situation and the people involved.

One universal rule of netiquette is that you should always try to avoid offending others or causing them harm. It's very important to note the different results that the same exact communication might have in different situations. If you email a close friend and include a joking remark that makes fun of his wife, and you two have the kind of relationship where that sort of banter is understood and acceptable between you, he'll chuckle and fire back another barb.

What if you sent that exact same email to a public discussion group consisting of many hundreds, or thousands of people; strangers, colleagues, co-workers, customers, his employer, maybe even his wife?

He might be incredibly embarrassed and offended, it might even cause him serious harm by damaging his reputation or casting doubt on his character, or on his wife's character.

Not only have you violated netiquette, you may even have violated the law.

Here are just a few links which feature information on netiquette:

<http://songweaver.com/netiquette.html>

[www.bspage.com/1netiq/Netiq.html](http://www.bspage.com/1netiq/Netiq.html)

[www.albury.net.au/new-users/netiquet.htm](http://www.albury.net.au/new-users/netiquet.htm)

<http://www.faqs.org/rfcs/rfc1855.html>

Regarding the laws which govern communication, the internet has been a difficult area in which to make easy judgment calls about the scope of our freedoms. I personally find it surprising, and discouraging, how much printed text is commonly sent via email that would NEVER be acceptable in any other printed medium.

The internet is not somehow magically immune from libel laws, even though many people would apparently like to think so, based upon their actions. Publishing false statements to a public forum about someone, which result in harm to their reputation or impugn their character, is still a violation of civil law, whether it's in the local paper, or on your favorite email discussion group.

While these sort of legal cases are not common at the present time, due to the prevalence of the activities on the internet and the difficulty in pursuing the issues, I suspect that will change. As the internet continues to grow so rapidly into the largest medium of communication we use, it stands to reason that the laws regarding the printed word in any form will begin to become more and more important to people.

What is simply regarded as "flame" today may become the libel lawsuit of tomorrow.

Next issue I'll present a little Q&A on the law as it relates to online activities.

As we move forward into the new millennium, I strongly feel that we should all try to become more aware of the greater responsibilities that come along with all the new found communication power we have gained. While modern marvels may have changed how we converse with one another, nothing has changed in regard to our responsibility to do so without harming others.

Noel Ramos, Publisher - InterMixx Webzine

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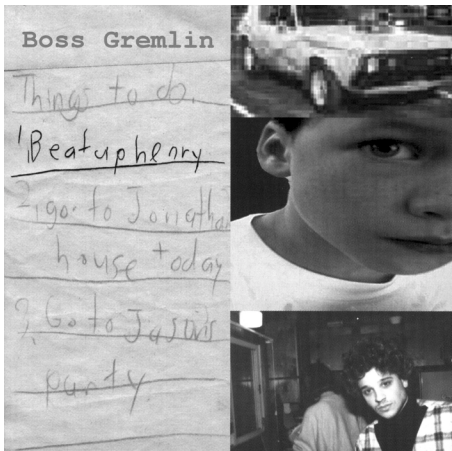
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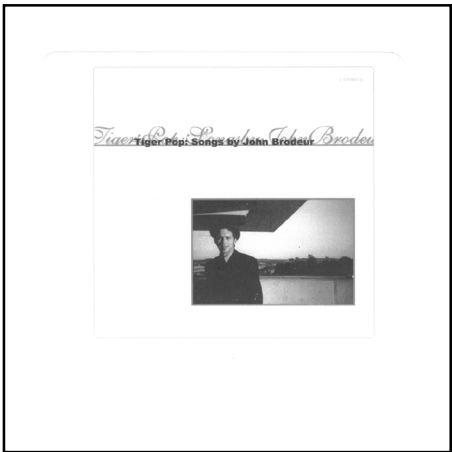


# NewReleaseNoize

By Christopher Marz



**Boss Gremlin - Beat Up Henry** 13 song CD  
Going with the flow of the modern status quo isn't always a bad thing. The songs have a lot of energetic enthusiasm and that's usually a good thing. The music's spastic beats and rhythms are tempered with melodic ebbs. The contemporary lyrics have similarities to so many modern bands, which may be the only bad thing I could say (if that's bad?!). The sound itself is a fairly even production: natural enough to reflect a live performance, and good enough to not be perceived as over- or under-produced. Peter Belci, drums; John Caspi, vocals/guitar; Mr. Lou, bass; Tim Scalpone, guitar/vocals.  
[www.bossgremlin.com](http://www.bossgremlin.com) [caspi@optonline](mailto:caspi@optonline)



**John Brodeur - Tiger Pop** 11 song CD  
Mr. Duck Records.  
The CD starts out with a sappy love song that just about made me puke and bordered on worship. If I hadn't continued to listen, this CD may not have gotten reviewed. If I hadn't, I never would have heard some great songs, including the song "Sucker," with its momentous driving rhythm. The music in all sounds very 60's Brit-pop (which I loved by the way!) mixed with some Mathew Sweet. It's nice to hear some thought-out lyrics that don't sound like a plot to sell bubble gum to kids written by a

**band**

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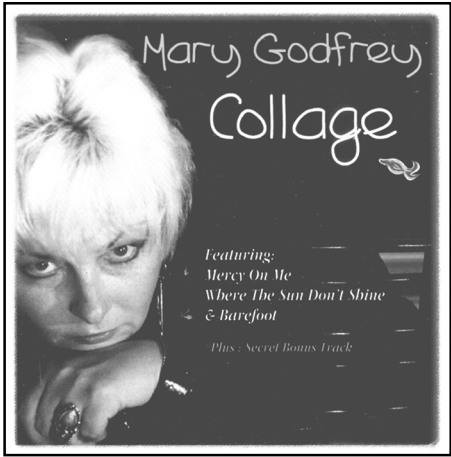
|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| Sat 1     | Jazz Jam with Dana, Aldrich, & Bass       |
| Sat Night | Bobby 1's Electric Circus 53              |
| Sun 2     | Blues Jam with Opey                       |
| Tues 4    | Smoke The Prophet                         |
| Wed 5     | Open Mike w/ Andy Gray and The Rebels     |
| Thu 6     | Anuta & George Band 52                    |
| Fri 7     | The Greg Sherrod Band 53                  |
| Sat 8     | Jazz Jam with Peter Panocci               |
| Sat Night | Hot Rod DeVille 53                        |
| Sun 9     | Blues Jam with Morris Trent               |
| Tues 11   | Groovski & The Benders                    |
| Wed 12    | Open Mike w/ Andy Gray and The Rebels     |
| Thu 13    | The George Baker Experience 52            |
| Fri 14    | The Shelleve Valoukas Band 53             |
| Sat 15    | Jazz Jam with Dana, Aldrich, & Bass       |
| Sat Night | Mental Gypsies 53                         |
| Sun 16    | Open Jam for Father's Day                 |
| Sun Night | Blues Jam with Ken Melillo                |
| Tues 18   | Los Gatos                                 |
| Wed 19    | Open Mike/Jam w/ Andy Gray and The Rebels |
| Thu 20    | P & B Jam with The Langley Brothers 52    |
| Fri 21    | Burt Teague Band 53                       |
| Sat 22    | Jazz Jam with Florence Melnotte           |
| Sat Night | The Swaggers 53                           |
| Sun 23    | Blues Jam with Peter Blossom              |
| Tues 25   | Singer/songwriter series TBA              |
| Wed 26    | Open Mike/Jam w/ Andy Gray and The Rebels |
| Thu 27    | The Honeydews 52                          |
| Fri 28    | The George Baker Experience 53            |
| Sat 29    | Jazz Jam with George Baker                |
| Sat Night | Mocking Birds 53                          |
| Sun 30    | Blues Jam with Rocky Lawrence             |

**Every Saturday Afternoon: Jazz Jam**  
**Every Sunday Night: Blues Jam**  
**Every Monday Night: Beatnik 2000**

20- or 30- something. There's also some nice acoustic work. Other songs of interest might be "Remains Of A Heart" and "Peace." John Brodeur all vocals and instruments; help from John Delehanty, Deanna Dicarlo and Keith Hosmer  
Contact: John Brodeur c/o Mr. Duck Records, P.O. Box 8931, Albany, NY 12208-2523  
[www.tigerpop.com](http://www.tigerpop.com) [tigerpop1@yahoo.com](mailto:tigerpop1@yahoo.com)



**Earwig - Perfect Past Tense** 13 song CD  
Although I've read a lot about how their music is new and trend bucking, I think that Earwig is in the middle of the trend. There's nothing wrong with that, though! Being part of a music trend is OK. That's what they're doing - a little bit old Seattle, a little modern mainstream, and a little alternative. The songs are pretty good, though the production seems to vary from smooth to rough, with distortion getting out of control at times. Who knows, maybe that was the desired effect. With thirteen songs and the distortion blaring away it does seem to get a little long and seems at times to drag a bit. I mean it isn't metal! With all that said, if you like any of the aforementioned genres, you might like Earwig. Lizard McGee, guitar/vocals; Rich Cefalo, bass; Justin Crooks, drums.  
Contact: Earwig Box 09851, Columbus, OH 43209  
[www.lizardfamily.com](http://www.lizardfamily.com) [lizard@lizardfamily.com](mailto:lizard@lizardfamily.com)



**Mary Godfrey - Collage** 15 song CD Blue Turtle  
This is a very moving, inspiring, soul-reaching CD. I didn't realize this though until I got to the song, "Pray." I found it to be very spiritual and touching, and the sax on it added to that. For the most part the CD is easy listening, and takes you from your standard relationship songs to these powerful, yearning, religiously colored works. I was truly moved, and will surely remember the name Godfrey. This kind of music isn't the type of music I usually listen to, so that surely says something. She also has some nice players working with her. I especially liked the sound the guitarist was able to get on the song "Lost Myself," and in fact the overall sound of the entire song was great. Mary Godfrey, lead vocals/bass; and over a dozen other musicians on the rest of the instruments  
Contact: [www.rivergraphics.com/baylight.pub](http://www.rivergraphics.com/baylight.pub)  
**Shimmer3 - Catharsis** 6 song CD Mope Records  
Easy to digest, this trio plays a style that is both musically simple and entrancing. Ambient trance music might be a good description. Not relying on musical proficiency to create, the group relies more on what seems to be a feeling and intuitiveness to create their art. They use simple bass lines and strumming chords, surrounded and engulfed by electronica. The



listener sways from mood to mood never going over the threshold of a foggy atmospheric dream-state. Will Cohen, vocals/bass/keys/programming; Dennis Clarkson, vocals/guitars; Melissa Mekpongsatorn, drums/programming.  
Mope Records/Shimmer3, P.O. Box 57414, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 [www.shimmer3.com](http://www.shimmer3.com)



**Stymie** 9 song CD  
Beside the obvious fact that the group is musically credible and that their songs are unique, one can't help but notice that the backing vocals play as much a role as the lead vocals. Their sometime freestyle use and also as a whole add to the distinction of the songs. And the music is all there as well. It's funky, freestylin' freaky, mostly funk music. The disc starts with the unforgettable "Sunshine," made that way with lots of hooks. Then of course there's also the great guitar song "Leaning Tree" that ends with a twist on that other great song, "Listen To The Music" by the Doobie Brothers. This song was recorded live and the band really did it justice. Throughout the CD there's some rock, rap, scratching, and as you can tell, a lot more. John Points, guitar; Buzz Luckenbill, guitar; Freddie Z, drums; DJ Goodfella, turntable; Mark Houser, bass; Matt Lefevre, Tashi Pique, and Xiomara Pique, vocals.  
[stymiematt@aol.com](mailto:stymiematt@aol.com) [www.stymieband.com](http://www.stymieband.com)



**Sweetgrass - Primal** 7 song CD Babes Outta Hell  
This group is comprised of three gals as the vocalists, backed up by a group of fellas on the instruments. The lead vocals are split by song, with Colleen singing the most. They are somewhere between rock and hard-pop. I found that the more I listened to this CD the more I appreciated it. All of these girls could easily stand on their own as singers; together are incendiary. Being from Hell's Kitchen, that seems fitting! The songs are written and

delivered with lots of soul and obvious passion. Lou Volpe's guitar adds some funk along with an explosive intensity at times. As to a recommendation, this is a complete body of work; each track is just as good as the next (depending on your taste of course). I would say, however, that "Liar Liar" is pretty kick-ass with a humorous twist. The CD is called Primal. Here's a Primal message: Buy it, you'll like it! Colleen Campbell, Kathleen O'Doherty, Linda Dwyer, vocals; Lou Volpe, guitars; Pete Falbo, bass; Manolo, percussion; Herb Clay, drums.  
Contact: Babes Outta Hell Records, P.O. Box 1856, Radio City Station NY, NY 10101  
[www.sweetgrassband.com](http://www.sweetgrassband.com) [sweetgras trio@excite.com](mailto:sweetgras trio@excite.com)



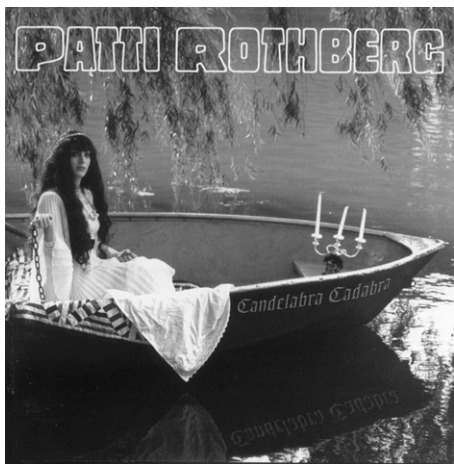
**Three Day Threshold - Home Cookin'** 10 song CD  
Eclectic? Who said that? It must be me! Banjo driven bluegrass, folk, rock, what sounded to me like an attempt or two at metal and, lest I forget, harmonica and electric guitar. Also, group chanting and foot stomping might be required. The music is very fast-paced with high energy, and the lyrics have a lot to do with the ills of alcohol and women, most of it twisted into some type of comic relief. It's music written for the everyday Joe. Most of it is also beat-driven and seems like danceable enough party music. It might even be good to play in asylums!?! Kier Byrnes, banjo/mandolin/harp/12 and 6 string guitars; Sam Reid, lead guitar/ju-ju guitar/mandolin; Jack Morris, drums; Johnny Ransom, bass; Jason Warne, percussion/bodhran.  
Contact: Lap Cheng Management, 321 Marlborough St. Suite B, Boston, MA 02116  
[thethreshold@hotmail.com](mailto:thethreshold@hotmail.com)

## EDITOR'S CHOICE



**Ball And Chain - Bare Bones** 17 song CD Moo  
Michael Ball and his ball and chain, Jody Benjamin, play some stripped-down, bare-boned, down home country music. He plays fiddle and wears the long hair in the family, while Jody plays guitar and sings like a female Hank Williams. Now, a lot of people speak fondly of back porch picking. But I wonder how many have really heard it, and how recently? Well, for them and for initiates, this is as close to homemade as you'll get short of playing it yourself. Put this on and you'll think this charming couple are right in the room with you. Don't worry, it's OK, they're nice people. And they'll play a bunch of nice tunes for you, in a refreshing approach to traditional country. I don't know if there's a tradition of fiddle and triangle in Ontario, but there's some of that here. And a couple of nice homespun tunes. And a little yodeling, too. Y'all come on over!





**Candelabra Cadabra - Patti Rothberg** Cropduster/Double On Tundra

Years in the making, and finally released after several delays, this album is worth waiting for - and I'm glad it's here. Her 1996 release "Between The 1 And The 9" was one of the very best albums of the 1990s (see Issue #82), if not ever, and waiting for a follow-up has required much patience. This is one time that anticipation has been rewarded. Written, arranged, played, and produced (by bandmate, soulmate and co-arranger Freddie Katz) with both fun and business in mind, it is an extraordinary achievement on all levels. It fades in with "Nothing I Can Say," which eloquently describes the ineffectiveness of words to adequately express true feelings. "Delicate Matters" continues this theme, containing the classic line "Political correction white out fluidity of speech." "Shadows Of Me" is a longtime live staple that finally gets recorded with full orchestration - including a string quartet - and her trademark superimposed vocals. In fact, throughout the album are little sonic touches, masterful brushstrokes of sound, that illustrate how complete her attention to detail and fullness of vision are. A sitar here, a finger cymbal there, whatever little bit of business that suits her vision. She has a lot of fun with wordplay, especially on "Eggshells," so full of double entendres it leaves the listener pun-chy. Part of this fun is addressed directly in "To A Muse," as if the title didn't tell it all. "Dish It Out" is a riotous telling off of a self-involved love interest, set to a breakneck pace. She pays homage to one of her idols, David Bowie, with a cover of "Moonage Daydream," possibly outdoing the original. "Suffocator Of Dreams," replete with crunchy chords, screaming leads, flanged guitars, is a headbanger's dream (or nightmare), belying (or embodying) its origin as one of the first songs she ever wrote as a teenager.

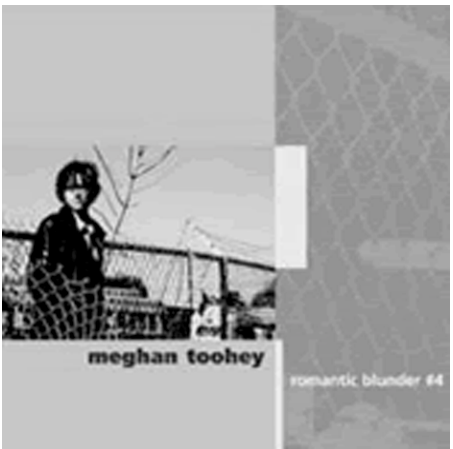
The album draws to a close with "The Late Late Show," an old-ish Freddie Katz tune that paints a picture of domestic content even while embracing the eternal mystery between two lovers. But she's not quite done yet - there's "Wry If Girl," a droll country-blues waltz that recalls The Rolling Stones' brief flirtations with country back in the early 1970s. It seems there is little that can hold her impulses in check. She goes after each song with great gusto, yet never gives over to showboating. There is an irrepressible spirit at play here. Even though much of this album rocks harder than what I tend to listen to these days, it reminds me of the fondness I had back in the day for Led Zeppelin, Ten Years After, Jimi Hendrix, Cream, Jefferson Airplane, etc etc - the louder and freakier the better. And the folksy numbers coexist side by side with the rockers. Patti pulls this all off with such verve, panache, and vitality that she transcends preconceived notions of rock, pop, and folk, or whatever label marketing analysts would try to hang on her. This is the best 2002 release I've heard so far, and will be very close to if not on top of my year-end list.



**Jim's Big Ego - noplacelike nowhere** bigego.com

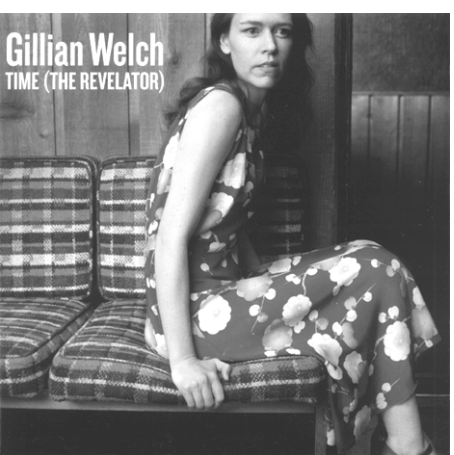
This album slams right in with "Stress," on which he turns in a hilarious rap rant, a trademark technique. Unlike so many social satirists (oh yeah, so many), he pays as much attention to the music as the words. There's boppin' danceable music here, along with words of wit and wisdom. Is he a satirist with a rock/funk sensibility or a funkier rocker with a satiric edge? He mixes it up so well he is mysterious all the while he is baring his soul - or is he? Kinda makes ya go, "Hmmm..." He will slip some poignant keen observations in between the barbs, as in "Boston Bands," in which he pokes fun at infighting among competing rock and rollers. "She's Dead" is a tongue-twisted-in-cheek

backhanded eulogy, set to a bouncy tune. The lyrics to "Postcard From Cariacou" are quoted verbatim from a postcard sent to him by a girlfriend, set to some lively Latinesque music. In "Stay In Love" he asks, "If you could have love and no money or money and no time/Which would you choose?" Which would you choose? Kinda makes ya go, "Hmmm..."



**Meghan Toohey - Romantic Blunder #4** supertiny music

The only major flaw with this album is, it's too short! Meghan clearly knows classic rock in and out, and also incorporates elements of rap and folk into a heady, unique mix true of styles that thus becomes her style. "Four Months" starts with effected vocals over a minor key one-chord drone and hip-hop drum patterns. At the end of the bridge, just when you think she's going back to the A part, she throws in a switcheroo. The drumbeat relaxes and syncopates, the key changes to major 7th, a sustenuto vocal harmony figure whisks you away; the skies open and angelic harmonies pour forth. It's a surprise twist, especially coming two minutes into the song. It's even better than I can describe. "The Locket" tells of resilience after a breakup. It builds to an anthemic riffing motif, repeated in a descending pattern by twin guitars. Handclaps complete the sound. This is so perfectly done it could be an homage to Tom Schotz, or more likely one that he may wish he'd written. Indeed, some of her songs would fit in on an album by Boston, Todd Rundgren or Nick Lowe. But it's all Meghan - and there are eight more songs just as good where these two came from. These are great moments in rock and roll history - if only someone would hear them!



**Gillian Welch - Time (The Revelator)** Acony

Gillian Welch and David Rawlings make music that is quiet and peaceful as the hills in Kentucky that are the spiritual homeland for their muse. Much has been made of their pre-Nashville Sound sound and its almost primitive simplicity. More telling is how securely their music fits into that repertoire. It's as if, rather than dig for more old songs, they just wrote new ones that fit. Even so, great music is timeless. True, it can be linked to a certain point on the timeline, but music is for the ages and can be appreciated apart from its context. But this relates to their style, which is less important than content, which is first rate. They arrange basic tools - two guitars, two voices - and create a sparse yet complete sound. "Everything Is Free" is a standout, and in typically oblique fashion it may be about the cost of fame - or something else altogether. Now and then a mischievous bit of humor peeks through, notably on "Elvis Presley Blues:" "He shook it like a chorus girl/ He shook it like a Harlem queen/ He shook it like a midnight Rambler/ Baby, like you've never seen, like you've never seen." Alright, it's not Robin Williams funny, but it's as funny as it is true. You wouldn't think they would dare to apply their easygoing approach to long songs, yet they start the album with the title cut, "Revelator," over six minutes long, and close with a song nearly fifteen minutes long. Yes, they do, and it works. "I Dream A Highway" is every bit as engrossing and rewarding as other extremely long songs, such as Bob Dylan's "Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands" and Phil Ochs' "The Crucifixion." But then again, in terms of running time it's only the difference between reading a short story and a poem. In its quiet way this album is subtle perfection.

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# mixx flixx

by Robert J. Sodaro, Dylan J. Sodaro, and Kayla Rose Sodaro

Here we go again, folks. The contributions of my lovely daughter, Kayla Rose (KRS), run first, followed by those of my delightful son, Dylan (DJS), with my own somewhat grumpy comments (RJS), running last. Following our "family" section, there is, as always, a section of reviews of "mature" films that are all written by me. Got it? Good! Let's go to it.

Movie List w/ Kayla Rose & Dylan



**Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius** Rated "G"  
This is a very funny cartoon. Jimmy Neutron was on a mission to save his parents who got kidnapped by aliens, and the parents did the chicken dance. Jimmy was a genius and was really good at building stuff so he made spaceships out of the amusement park rides so he and his friends could save their parents. (KRS)  
It's about this kid with a big head and a big brain. Everyone picks on him because he has a big head, but he is a kid genius. He gets into all kinds of trouble and his inventions always backfire. His best invention is Goddard, his mom's toaster oven, re-engineered as a dog. His parents get abducted by aliens so he has to rig the amusement park rides by making them into space ships so he and his friends can save their parents. This movie was nominated for an Oscar as best animated film. (DJS)  
Now this is what I call a smart, fun film for the entire family. (RJS)



**Monsters Inc.** Rated "G"  
This movie was about two monsters James P. "Sully" Sullivan (**John Goodman**) and Michael "Mike" Wazowski (**Billy Crystal**) who were friends and their job was to scare children in their sleep. One day they found a child, Boo (Mary Gibbs), who slipped through the doorway into Monsteropolis, and everyone was afraid of her. Sully and Mike kept trying to get her home before anyone found out that she was there. Another monster, Randall Boggs (**Steve Buscemi**), was also trying to find her to scare her. I loved this movie, and I loved Boo. (KRS)  
This movie is about two monsters, Sully and Mike, who are best friends. They work at a job trying to scare little kids. After they scare the kids they put their screams into bottles, and their energy is turned into electricity. Another monster, Randall Boggs, is competing against Sully to be the top scarer, so Randall comes back into the office to open more doors during everyone's lunch time and accidentally lets Boo, a small human child, into Monsteropolis. And Sully and Mike are trying to save Boo. You should rent this movie when it comes out on tape or DVD. (DJS)  
Another most excellent animation outing from the folks at **Pixar** (*Toy Story*, *A Bug's Life*). This time we are treated to a pair of monsters whose job is scaring small children to generate energy based upon the volume of their screams. Very inventive and entertaining. Computer animated films have passed the novelty stage, and should now be considered a legitimate form of movie entertainment. (RJS)  
(Ed. note: In fact, this year AMPAS added Oscars for Best Animated Feature and Short.)



**Snow Dogs** Rated "PG"  
Ted (**Cuba Gooding Jr.**) was a dentist who lived in Florida. He found out that he was adopted and that his real mom lived in Alaska. She died and Ted had to go to Alaska for the reading of her will. When he got there he found out that he had inherited sled dogs, but he hated dogs. Ted wanted to stick around to find out who his dad was. He found out his dad was a mean person named Thunder Jack (**James Coburn**). Even though he hated dogs, Ted learned to race the sled dog team. My favorite dogs were Nana and Demon. It was very funny when Demon bit Ted on the butt. (KRS)  
Ted is a dentist from Miami who found out he was adopted. His real mom died and left him stuff in her will, so he had to fly to Alaska to get the stuff. When he got there he found out that he inherited a team of snow dogs, but Ted hated dogs almost as much as he hated snow. He stayed there and found out who his real dad is (Thunder Jack, who is not a nice person). This was a really funny movie, and Ted (Cuba Gooding Jr.) was in *Rat Race*, and he was funny there too. (DJS)  
As entertaining as this film was, it truly pains me to see the Academy Award winning Cuba Gooding, Jr. (Jerry McGuire) reduced to slap-schtick (as he was here and in *Rat Race*) I think it is high time that he be offered (and take) meatier roles. (RJS)

Movie List w/Dylan



**The Count of Monte Cristo** Rated "PG-13"  
It is about this man named Edmond Dantes and his best friend, Fernand Mondego, who met Napoleon while he was in exile. Napoleon gave Edmond a letter to one of his spies in France, only Fernand found out about the letter and betrayed Edmond, because Fernand wanted to marry Edmond's girlfriend, Mercèdes. So Edmond was sentenced to prison on an island, where he met a priest who helped him escape by digging the tunnel. While they were digging, the priest taught Edmond how to fight and swordfight, and told him about a huge treasure, which Edmond used to get revenge and his girlfriend back. This is an exciting adventure movie and you should go see it. (DJS)  
From Alexandre Dumas *père's* novel comes a classic tale of revenge, reinterpreted by Jay Wolpert (*The Loft*). **James Caviezel** plays Edmond Dantes, a young seafaring man with dreams of eventually getting to captain his own ship, and ultimately marry his beloved Mercèdes (**Dagmara Dominczyk**). Only the jealousy of his "best friend" Fernand Mondego (**Guy Pearce**) stands in the way. Mondego conspires with the Magistrate Villefort (**James Frain**) to have Dantes imprisoned on trumped-up charges. Although it takes

nearly two decades, Dantes manages to escape, find a treasure hoard, and use it to exact revenge on all those who betrayed him. Though this story has been told in some eighteen other films, director **Kevin Reynolds** (including *Waterworld* and *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*) brings new life and vibrancy to it. (RJS)



**Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone** "PG-13"  
*Harry Potter* was a better book than a movie. Harry is an 11-year-old who survived the dark Lord Voldemort's spell to kill him but for a miraculous reason Harry just got a scar on his forehead instead. Harry Potter learns that he is a wizard at the age of 11, then he goes to Hogwarts School of Wizardry to learn about his past, and how to be a wizard. You should go see this movie. (DJS)  
They tell me that the movie was exactly like the book. I wouldn't know. However, I do know this: If *Lord of the Rings* is the spiritual grandfather to all of the fantasy fiction (and much of the speculative fiction) that has followed, then *Harry Potter* is the illegitimate, bastard, left-handed, stepchild. This is not to say that it is a bad movie, but it is fairly obvious that much of it was swiped from all that came before. (RJS)



**Lord of the Rings** Rated "PG-13"  
This is a great movie and also a great book, which I'm reading now. My dad says that there is even more stuff in the book. It is all about this one ring that Bilbo Baggins finds in Gollum's cave. Now, years later, Bilbo is leaving the Shire and leaving everything to his nephew, Frodo. Gandalf, the Wizard, tells Frodo all about the ring's powers and the strange markings on it. Frodo has to bring the ring to the Mountain of Doom in the land of Mordor and destroy the ring by tossing inside the volcano. This is a fantastic movie and book. Next Christmas the second movie in this trilogy comes out. (DJS)  
Let me start by saying that if *Harry Potter* is the illegitimate stepchild of all that came before it, then *Lord of the Rings* is the true spiritual grandfather of all that came after. I haven't read those books in more than two decades, but after viewing the film, I can see where people such as **George Lucas**, **Stan Lee**, **Jack Kirby**, and dozens of others of writers, artists, and filmmakers received at least tacit inspiration for their personal visions. I'm going to go out on a limb here and call **Peter Jackson's** film version of *Lord of the Rings* flawless in interpretation and execution. The entire film transports the audience into the realm of **Tolkien's** Middle Earth. It is startling to realize that this is likely the vision that he had had all along.  
**Ocean's Eleven** Rated "PG-13"  
This is about Danny Ocean who gets eleven guys together to rob three casinos in Las Vegas. He and his buddy have a plan of their own but don't tell the other nine guys. The come up with a way to break into the safe and steal all of the money without getting caught, which is pretty amazing. This



is a remake of a movie that my dad and my uncle Ron watched when they were kids. And my dad took me and Uncle Ron to see this one. It is a great movie. (DJS)  
Just in case anyone had any doubts, the original version of this flick was easily the coolest movie ever made. As I told Dylan, before the Rat Pack we only had "Hot" to describe the ultimate experience. Once these guys hit the scene, they taught us all what "Cool" was. Having said all that, I want to say watching **George Clooney**, **Brad Pitt**, **Matt Damon**, **Julia Roberts**, and the rest of this A-list crew walk through the roles made famous by Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr. et al. was great fun (if not quite as cool as the original). Still, the film gets high points for delivering a truckload of fun (for the stars and the audience). Con man Danny Ocean (George Clooney) has just been released from prison after serving his time. Not quite past his old habits, he rounds up a group of his associates in order to stage a heist at three major Las Vegas casinos (the Bellagio, The Mirage, and the MGM Grand) all of which are owned by the guy who "stole" his wife. While this one was easily a hoot and a half (with its very own twist ending), it still isn't quite the original. No matter. Go see it, then rent the original and enjoy them both. (RJS)

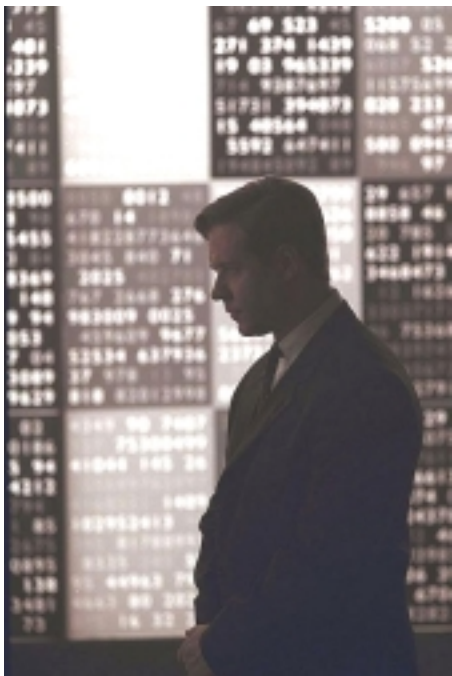


**A Walk to Remember** Rated "PG"  
This was a good movie, but it was really a girly movie. (DJS)  
**Mandy Moore** and **Shane West** in the screen adaptation of **Nicholas Sparks'** novel. Fairly standard stuff. West is Landon Rolands Carter, a "bad" kid with a good heart, and Moore is Jamie Sullivan-Carter the good Christian girl dying of leukemia. You know the story by now: she "reforms" him, they fall in love and, well, you know the rest. My only real problem with this film is that Moore's character, because she is a born-again Christian, is a plain Jane with a geeky wardrobe. I know many women who are born-again, and none of them dresses like Moore's character. That Hollywood always casts "good Christian girls" in this light has never ceased to irritate me. Just once I'd like to see a born-again Christian gal who lives in the real world. (RJS)

Bob's Movie List

**A Beautiful Mind** Rated "PG-13"  
John Forbes Nash, Jr. was a brilliant theorist who, while he was in college in Princeton during the 50s, wrote a paper that flew in the face of some 150 years of accepted economics theory. Later on, he was diagnosed as paranoid-schizophrenic, and began to have world-class delusions. Eventually he won a Nobel Prize for his work on economic theory. **Russell Crowe** (*Gladiator*) plays Nash in all of his brilliance and delusions in an Oscar-nominated role. You truly feel his pain, and understand (if only a little bit) what happened to this wonderful mind.  
**Black Hawk Down** Rated "R"  
I came out of this film feeling that I





wanted to find the nearest soldier and give him a great big hug. These guys train to within an inch of their lives, and travel all over the world doing a job that needs to be done but no one wants to do. All over the world people hate the U.S., but when they are in need; guess who gets the first call? You got that right. These guys are tough and are not fully appreciated for the work that they do.. On this particular day they were sent into Somalia to capture two top lieutenants of a renegade warlord. Only bad intel causes a major FUBAR and they find



themselves in a life-and-death battle with a huge force of heavily-armed Somalians. **Ridley Scott** (*Aliens*), brings to life this tragic event in U.S. history with such a grim approach that you find it necessary to discount virtually every other war movie that you have ever seen as having been too "clean". It is a frightening world in which these men live and die, and Scott makes an exemplary effort to bring its complexities to the big screen in a way that neither glamorizes it nor glosses over the hard parts.



**The Royal Tenenbaums** Rated "R"  
A witty, loopy exercise in story-telling, about a dysfunctional family in a highly stylized New York that exists only in this film, and in our minds. **Gene Hackman**, the hardest working man in Hollywood (since his film debut in 1961, only five single years have ticked by when he wasn't in a film). Here he plays Royal Tenenbaum, the errant father of three genius children: Chas (**Ben Stiller**), a financial whiz, Margot (**Gwyneth Paltrow**) an award-winning playwright, and Richie (**Luke Wilson**) a world-class tennis player. Even his wife, Etheline (**Anjelica Huston**) is a renowned archaeologist. Upon learning that his wife is being courted by her business partner (**Danny Glover**), Royal attempts to reinsert himself into the lives of his eccentric children by telling them that he is dying. He isn't, but with the help of the Tenenbaum house man, he manages to almost pull it off. What follows is a slowly unraveling story that never gives away too much nor fails to hold the audience's interest. This droll urbane comedy offers up some of the most hilarious observations of the human condition this reviewer has ever seen. A monster hit.

[www.InterMixx.com](http://www.InterMixx.com)

## THE END OF THE ROAD FOR CHUCK JONES

By Robert J. Sodaro

On February 22, 2002 that great big cartoon safe dropped out of the sky and right onto famed animator **Chuck Jones** for the last time. While at his home in Corona del Mar, CA, the beloved Academy Award-winning animator died of congestive heart failure. Who among us of the aging Baby Boomer years doesn't know Jones? He became a household name as the brilliant creator of Saturday morning Warner Bros. Looney Tunes cartoons, including **Bugs Bunny**, **Daffy Duck**, and **Elmer Fudd**. Other characters he drew included **Porky Pig**, and the romantic-minded skunk with a French accent, **Pepe Le Pew**. Still, it was this writer's all-time fave, the ever-speeding **Road Runner** along with his hapless pursuer, **Wile E. Coyote**, who cemented Jones' place as a lifetime influence in cartoons. Jones was 89.

In the fine art world, people tend to use hushed reverent tones when speaking of **Nagel** and **Erte**. Those of us in the comic book field speak thus of **Byrne** and **Steranko**. Yet few of our legends have ever crossed that "fine" line with any great success. Chuck Jones could claim such a distinction.

At 73, Jones was still active in the field of animation, and was working on a project with **Douglas Trumbull**, who had also worked on special effects for the initial trilogy of **Star Wars** films. At the time Jones said that his proposed film would utilize computer animation, a first for him. "Computer animation is great, because it allows you to get right down inside a scene," Jones had stated.

Still, what we remember are the hours upon hours spent in front of the Great Glass Teat watching Road Runner always get the best of the ever-wretched Wile E. Coyote, the self-proclaimed "super genius". For no matter what Acme product utilized or scheme hatched by the Coyote to snare the Roadrunner, it would fail, malfunction, or simply crap out at the last moment. And those rare times when some scheme or device succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, he would still crash into a canyon wall or fall to his inevitable doom at the bottom of some impossibly large cliff.

In later years the violence in cartoons would become an issue to our parents (and give birth to those blue-hued creatures from Hell, the sunny, non-violent, non-confrontational, maddening Smurfs). But if those parents (who probably grew up watching **Looney Tunes**) would have bothered to actually ask their children (as I did in fact ask my own son when he was four or five), can you really drop a safe on someone's head, or jump off a cliff, or stick a lit stick of dynamite in someone's mouth and have it explode and have that person crumble into dust and then come back, we would have gotten the same answer that my son gave me. "No way!" Because we knew that it was just a cartoon, and it wasn't real. As kids we knew more than those parents know now. More's the pity. Now he's gone, and we are left with beautiful memories and dull-witted, self-righteous censors.

In addition to his years at Warner Bros. drawing Looney Tunes, Jones also produced, directed, and wrote the screenplay for the animated television classic "Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas." His work won him not only admirers throughout the entertainment business, but numerous awards as well. Three of Jones' films won Academy Awards: "Frigid Hare," "So Much, So Little," and "The Dot and the Line," which also earned him a directing Oscar. One of Jones' most popular films, "What's Opera, Doc?" was inducted into the National Film Registry in 1992 for being "among the most culturally, historically and aesthetically significant films of our time."

Jones was born in Spokane, WA in 1912. His family later moved to Hollywood, where he eventually found work as a child extra in the Mack Sennett comedies. After graduating from Chouinard Art Institute (now the California Institute of Arts), he began drawing pencil portraits on Olvera Street, a historic Los Angeles marketplace. His first job in animation was in 1932, washing animation cels for the legendary Disney animator **Ub Iwerks**.

A short time after that, he became an animator for the Leon Schlesinger Studio, which was sold to Warner Bros. Eventually, he headed up his own unit at the Warner Bros. Animation Dept. until it closed in 1962. At that time Jones opened his own company, Chuck Jones Enterprises, producing nine 30-minute animated films.

Formore, read his autobiographies, "Chuck Amuck: The Life and Times of an Animated Cartoonist" (1989), and "Chuck Reducks" (1991).



# funnybook City

by Robert J. Sodaro



Hey there Funnybook City fans, we've got a short list of some interesting comics we'd like to recommend this time around. So sit back, relax, and enjoy this three-hour cruise. Oh wait, wrong scenario! Well, then, how about we just settle down into our easy chairs and enjoy anyway?

First up is a classic bit of Comic Strip History - **Doonesbury's Greatest Hits** (G.B. Trudeau; Holt, Rinehart and Winston; 1978). This book covers strips from '75 - '78, and is simply classic in nature. Reading the strip today, you might miss some of the nuances in its historical context. Today, Mike Doonesbury is a reasonably successful entrepreneur with a new young wife and custody of his teenage daughter. Then he was a socially active college student, living the single life with Zonker, Joanie, BD, and the rest of the gang. At the time hot button issues included Vietnam, the counter culture, political activism, racial issues, and the environment. Today we are dealing with the war on terrorism, slackers, the encroachment of advertising on educational issues, homosexuality, and socio-economic issues. While all in all the big picture hasn't changed much, the way the strip expresses itself has. Contained in this hard bound volume is Duke's turn as Governor to Samoa and his ambassadorship to China, the U.S' exit from Saigon, Ginny Slade's run for congress, Joanie Caucus and Rick Redfern hooking up as a couple, and so much more. Doonesbury has always been at the center - OK, maybe a little to the left - of the political agenda of the day, and this book is Garry Trudeau at the sharpest of his wit, wisdom, and political observations.

Next up is a group of **"dotComics"** from Marvel featuring everyone's favorite misunderstood mutant menace, the X-Men. These dotComics came with X-Men figures, mini CD-ROMs, and lunch at Burger King. Spotlighting Fox's animated TV show "X-Men Evolution," the figures are kinda cool (you should know that I collect fast food toys, and actually wrote a book about them entitled "Kiddie Meal Collectibles"), but the CDs are really the cool part here. Not only does each CD contain a game (playable by two different characters), but background on



the X-Men, downloadable wallpaper, screensavers, and printable bookmarks, plus a complete dotComic. These comics are complete issues right down to the covers and advertisements. Pages turn as you click on them, and panels pop out so you can view the action and read the text. All in all a very cool concept. Marvel has been posting dotComics to their website for years (that's <http://dotcomics.marvel.com>), but this is the first time I've seen them on a CD (and that it is a mini CD makes them all that much cooler). There are eight different comics, one for each of the eight X-Men characters in the Burger King toy set, and all of them achieve the same level of coolness. It has been many years since I actually read an X-Men comic. I tried when the movie came out to read a couple and found that I simply couldn't. However, these dotComics are so clean, I'm actually thinking about going back and checking out the print editions again.

I also picked up **9-11 Emergency Relief** (Alternative Comics; \$14.95). As you can expect, this comic is a benefit comic with the proceeds going to aid the victims of the September tragedy. The book features dozens of personal accounts of individuals (all indie cartoonists) who were affected by the Twin Towers attack. While many of them recount personal stories of what they each went through during the attack, there are also stories from cartoonists who were on the other side of the U.S. and the other side of the world. This is a profoundly moving event, and a graphic novel that should be picked up and shared with others. **Marvel, DC**, and **Dark Horse** all put out similar efforts, and I'll deal with those next time out.



**Batman, the 10¢ Adventure** is a full-length comic that retailed for just a dime. I can only imagine that it is a leader item to get folks back into the adventures of the Dark Knight. It very nearly succeeded with me, as it revealed all sorts of new info about Batman (there is a new woman in not only his life, but in the life of Bruce Wayne, who seems to know that both men are the same). The team on the book are all unfamiliar to me, but they seem to have a handle on how to produce a comic (the lack of which was something that drove me away five or six years ago). Quite a nice package.

**Bionicle** is a comicbook series from DC that is a licensed concept tying into the Lego creatures of the same name. Much like **Rom** or **The Micronauts** of Marvel's glory years, this book seems good enough, and the Lego toys are of great interest to my son. These particular comics came to him courtesy of his subscription to Lego's magazine/catalogue. I suppose that you don't have to be into one to appreciate the other, but one can only assume that it would certainly help.

Well, that's all for now (I told you this would be a short one), but I promise to give you more next time. Oh, yeah, one last thing. Your humble columnist is currently in negotiations to bring back his own comicbook from the mid-80s, **Agent Unknown**. Watch this space for more info as that develops. Ciao for now!



# Míxxx Píxxx

**The Mixx Photogs give you a taste of the area's hottest shows!**



Elton John (above) and Billy Joel (right) faced off at The Hartford Civic Center. The real winner was the audience



Photos by  
Dan Hott





# SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST

By Mary Godfrey

For those looking to be drenched in live music, promotional materials, up-and-coming artists and possible networking contacts from around the world, South By Southwest is the place to be. Known as "The conference that never sleeps", SXSW continued this tradition in its 16th consecutive year, running from March 13th through 16th. Austin, Texas, known by many as "The Live Music Capital of the World," played host to over 6300 registered conference attendees (that was considered lower than usual, probably as a result of 9/11) and approximately 35,000 music fans. The airports were jammed with showcasing bands and solo acts arriving from around the globe. Festival events covered five nights of music in over fifty venues. Wide-ranging styles including blues, Tejano, country, bluegrass, dance, jazz, rap, hip-hop, R&B, rock, pop, singer/songwriter, spoken word, performance art, world, and reggae ensured there was something for everyone. At the same time, music business professionals from every aspect of the industry came together to participate in panel discussions, demo listening, mentor sessions, and the trade show. Those registered with SXSW received a photo badge (this was the first year for a photo badge, ensuring better security). Badge holders received free entry to all of the daytime events held at the **Austin Convention Center**.



Robbie Robertson, Keynote Speaker

Photo by Barry Brecheisen

This year, SXSW event coordinators started panels a day early, offering ten different "Crash Courses." On Wednesday, topics ranged from publicity, management, and distribution to independent label opportunities and radio air play. On the Indie Label Opportunities panel they spoke about video support. "In the U.K., radio stations PAY the labels to play artists. It's hard to have videos get played in the U.K. unless you're on MTV," advised **Martin Goldschmidt**, Managing Director of **Cooking Vinyl**, London, U.K. **Nan Warshaw** of Chicago's **Bloodshot Records** announced that they don't do videos. Most of the panelists agreed that the best bet is to do your homework and research the labels. "Get to know the unknown artist on a label you'd like to be associated with." Obviously some record labels do more than others and you don't know what opportunities can be had unless you do a little research.

On the "Hey That's My Song" panel, programmers at university- and community-based stations discussed their practices regarding play lists and submissions from unknown artists. "You have to weigh the factors. How does it fit in, how does it hold its weight?" mentioned panelists. "We want to find those great songs. It's an incredible feeling, finding a great song and helping it break ground," said **Rita Houston**, Music Director, **WFUV**, Bronx, NY. **Nic Harcourt**, Creative Music Director, **KCRW**, Santa Monica, CA, pointed out, "I get 200 CDs a week and half a day at least to listen to CDs." This was a rude awakening for some of the artists in the room who had no idea how many artists are out there promoting their wares. When the subject of letters with submissions was addressed, he said, "It's impossible to hear all CD's which are

submitted. I read the letter and I hear the pleas. I wish I could play every CD. I can't". While the sounds of submissions were a bit disheartening, the consensus was that college- and community-based stations are usually easier to reach and receive air play. The statistics also reflect an upswing on public radio, while regular radio is down 5.6%.

Before the panel adjourned, time was scheduled for questions from the audience. Questioners could approach a microphone and ask specific questions to panelists. The downfall of this laid in the indulgence of certain individual artists using that as an opportunity to run on about their band or project instead of asking a brief question, leaving little room for others to partake. These were just two of ten very informative panels to participate in this day.

Thursdays' activities started with a keynote address from **Robbie Robertson**, primary songwriter and guitarist for The Band. Robertson has created timeless music, produced numerous soundtracks, and released four solo albums. Currently he holds an executive post as creative advisor for **Dreamworks Records**. He spoke of experiences past and present, sharing his story for others to learn from. Unfortunately he didn't have quite the turnout he deserved. Some of the younger attendees might not be familiar with him.

Also addressing today's issues was spokesperson **Hilary Rosen**, President and CEO of the **RIAA** (Recording Association of America). She discussed digital music, anti-piracy initiatives, and artist contract issues. Other panels included A & R Artist Representation, Recording Contracts, Publishing, and more - a total of twelve panels to choose from and two demo listening sessions. On the A & R panel, panelists discussed how important it is to get to know an A & R rep before signing a record deal because

he or she will be the cheerleader for the signed artist. "The role of A & R is to be a quarterback to a given project," stated **Jon Pikus**, A & R Director, **Columbia Records**. What was agreed by all is the fact that A & R reps come and go at record companies. Before signing a contract with an A & R rep at a label, try to find out if that persons' position is stable, and if so, how so.

Friday kicked off with an interview with **Miles Copeland**, President of **Ark 21**. He spoke frankly about the current state of affairs within the music industry, including such issues as consolidating record companies, and the "Artists' Contract Reform Movement" which is supported by artists such as **Don Henley**, **Courtney Love**, **Sheryl Crow**, and more. Currently on the table is the issue of artists' rights and the ownership of their material known as "Intellectual Property." Currently the California labor laws state that no one can be forced to sign a personal service contract for a period of longer than seven years. Yet the standard contract normally has options for up to seven years which could lead to a contract lasting for a period of fifteen years or more.. Then after seven years the statute of limitations runs out and an artist cannot file for a lawsuit. The **Recording Artists' Coalition** (RAC) is trying to make changes pro-actively for the artists. Go to [www.recordingartistscoalition.com](http://www.recordingartistscoalition.com) for more information.

On a packed day of eighteen panels and one demo listening session, badge holders had plenty to choose from. "What to Expect When You're Expecting", moderated by **Karen Glauber** of **Hits Magazine**, gave listeners the nuts and bolts of promotion, radio and print. Other panels included "Managers As Adversaries"; "Websites That Work"; "Studio Tips;" and more. During the

"Moving From An Indie To A Major", moderated by **Donald Passman**, Attorney, Gang Tyre Ramer and Brown, panelists actually did role playing. The "Manager" debated with "A & R Reps" as to why the "Artist" would leave a smaller label to move on to a bigger label. Again, it's knowing the history of the record label, what they have done for the artists, and what they can do for you. "On-Line Services", moderated by **Matt Wishnow**, **V2 Records**, discussed the benefits

of selling music products on line. Intermixer **Derek Silvers**, President, **CD Baby**, spoke about his operation and other emerging web retailers. As Intermixers know, there is a massive amount of self-promotion that can be done on the Internet.

Closing the weeks' panels, Saturday offered ten panels, a demo session and an interview with **Courtney Love** which was held in the Large Ballroom C, full capacity. Viewers were screened prior to entry with bag searches by security screeners. With all seats taken, listeners heard Love speak on contractual issues that artists face. Though she was a bit scattered in her speaking (she fluttered from topic to topic), it was obvious that Love is a smart woman. She went step by step into contract deductions against the artist, even mentioning the fact that the government takes 50% of all advances for taxes. She entertained the crowd with her sense of humor while offering as much information as time would permit. She spoke of the "old days" prior to record company mergers. Artists used to have a "guy in your corner." Those days are now gone, so it is important to fight for your rights. She mentioned briefly her involvement with RAC and spoke highly of their efforts, encouraging all to get involved.

The final panel, "No More Benefits," was specifically scheduled last so that needed time could be taken to address the issues of health care for musicians. Panelist and moderator **Dave Marsh**, writer, spoke of experiences with health issues and insurance. Attendees were touched by the honesty of **Ray Wylie Hubbard** and **Stewart Franke**. Dave Marsh shared the loss of his own daughter and how he and his wife (he said that she manages **Shania Twain** and they do very well financially but still had a problem with all the medical bills) tried to get assistance for health care costs. Though it was a bit emotional, the stark reality of life warrants the need for this topic. Oftentimes musicians do not carry insurance and fall prey to disaster when needing medical assistance. Everyone attending agreed that we need to come together to help the music community. A new organization has emerged as a result!

In addition to gaining entry to all panels, SXSW badge holders received priority entry into all of the official SXSW showcases throughout the city, including the Austin Music Awards. The Awards were held at the **Austin Music Hall** on Wednesday night, kicking off the festivities. The Music Hall itself is a rather large hollow room with standing room only. Unfortunately, it was hard to hear the announcements, names of winners, and their acceptance speeches. The stage lighting and sound was great once the music kicked in. **Sixpence None The Richer**, formed by New Braunfels, Texas natives **Matt Slocum** and vocalist **Leigh Nash**, performed cuts from their Grammy-nominated self-titled album. Sixpence had been building a loyal following in the contemporary Christian music market but broke into the mainstream with their #1 smash hit "Kiss Me". Nash's smooth vocals combined with her band's melodic, lush arrangements to make for a great show. Expect to hear more from Sixpence, including "Breathe Your Name"



Starsailor's James Walsh at Austin Music Hall Photo by Barry Brecheisen

which is featured on their next album, "Divine Discontent", due out later this year. Next on the bill was the "Champ Hood Tribute," with an all-star cast of players paying homage to the late **Champ Hood**, one of Austin's most admired fiddle and guitar players. Special guests, including fiddlers **Warren Hood** (Champ's son) and **Mandy Mercier**, vocalists **Lyle Lovett** and **Toni Price**, and more, performed cuts from Hood's album, recorded prior to his passing last November. Their grand finale gave way to a favorable memorial to the Texas Hall Of Fame - the late great Champ Hood. Rounding out the evening was Grammy Award winners **Asleep At The Wheel**. Their "Big Band Western Swing" has been a mainstay for Austin and is a "must see." After 30 years, 21 albums and uncountable shows front man **Ray Benson** and gang proved that they know how to end a night!

Every night one could stay out until 3:00 AM hearing music from around the world. The **Continental Club** played host to a Lost Highway Records (**Lucinda Williams'** label) showcase which had a line a mile long. Unfortunately I arrived there after 9.00 PM, and couldn't get in. In order to gain entry into many of the smaller venues one would have to arrive before 8.00 PM, or even earlier. Due to fire codes and capacity regulations, many patrons had to wait outside the doors for someone to leave before they could enter. Such was the case at **Rubic Records'** showcase featuring **The Raging Teens** and **Mary Lou Lord**. Mary Lou sang her heart out even though she was exhausted from singing "on the street" (6th St., home to many clubs) for twelve hours the day before. Other venues offered more room such as **Mother Egan's'**, offering an outside stage for Austin favorites **Jimmy Le Fave** and **Eliza Gilkyson**. Gilkyson performed new material from her upcoming album with a four-piece band. Her voice is very good, her stage approach is entertaining and humorous, and her songs are catchy. If you haven't seen her yet, be sure to catch her on her next tour. New York's **Bucktooth Johnson** performed a great set of roots-rock/Americana songs including "Cuttin' Pine" and "Wings On My Back." The showcasing events came to a close on Sunday. Hip Hop Mecca presented **Rock and Play**, **Midget Minor**, and more. Also closing the week was the annual softball game and barbecue for those who wanted a last chance to network and schmooze.

Overall, SXSW once again showed how to put on a major conference. The only problem with such a large convention is that there are so many acts to see and panels to attend, you can't get to them all. If you are going for the first time be sure to take the time to peruse the music guide which is given to all badge holders. Unfortunately you have to pick and choose which panels might be the most appropriate for you. One should also take advantage of the SXSW website ([www.sxsw.com](http://www.sxsw.com)) which gives updated information on last minute changes. When leaving SXSW you walk away with breaking industry news, the latest in up-and-coming talent, new contacts, and the reality of just how many talented artists are out there pounding the pavement.



"Folk Beat" Cont'd from Page 4

when you hear someone get it right, you know it. It has the ring of truth, which rings true regardless of any incidental characteristics. So it is with **Naomi Sommers**. Granted, having musical parents is bound to help in a person's development, but it's still up to the person to make something of such influences. Naomi's father, **Phil Rosenthal**, a founding member of **Seldom Scene**, one of the premier bluegrass bands during the 1980s-1990s, is quite adept on mandolin and guitar, and her mother, **Beth Sommers**, is accomplished on the bass. Phil left the band years ago and moved back to shoreline Connecticut, where he started his own record label, **American Melody**, concentrating on children's music. He produced Naomi's excellent debut album, "Flying Through," recorded while she was a mere 22 years old. He also coordinates a series of monthly concerts at the **Nathaniel Greene Community Center** in Guilford CT, which is where I caught up with Naomi in early spring.

The show started with Naomi playing guitar and flanked by her parents, Phil on mandolin first and then guitar, Beth on acoustic bass, with a conga player in the background. After a few songs this way, Beth put down her bass, and some father-daughter flatpicking ensued. Then a band took the stage: the drummer moved over to electric bass as another sat at the kit, and

piano and muted trumpet were added. This last was played by her brother **Daniel**, continuing the family theme. Another thing about young talent is how quickly they develop. Daniel has improved his tone and sense of timing considerably since the album was recorded. He provided an interesting contrast to the strings as the leading fill instrument. Sometimes, though, he seemed a bit off-tempo, and it's hard for a brass instrument to hide in such a band. For both his and Naomi's sake I wished he had instead learned a string instrument. But her voice has a quietly compelling presence, subtle yet stately and self-assured, that commands attention. She may be too mellow for some, especially those who seem to believe that a performer must practically knock them over in order to be heard. She is currently making her first attempt to break into the burgeoning Boston scene. Keep an eye and ear out for her.

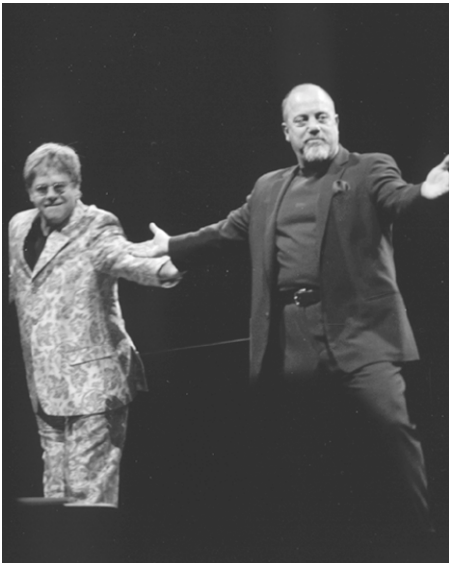
There are a few hip new clubs around New York - new to me anyway. I can't possibly tell about all of them this time, but I'll get to all that I know, eventually. **Fez**, under **Time Café**, 320 Lafayette St. at E. 3rd St., <http://www.fezy.com> has been around for ten years but has made itself known to me just in the past few years. They have eclectic but excellent taste in music, and almost every night you will find entertainment. Occasionally subway trains rumble underneath, providing fodder for humorous remarks as well as the occasional serendipitously timed sound effect. Long tables arranged in intersecting diagonals afford everyone a good view of the stage, sighting lengthwise, and a row of plush booths ring the perimeter. The columns are festooned with tiny mirrors, and a mirror ball hangs from the ceiling - presumably these provide some of the fun on certain nights. In addition to music, they host theatrical presentations, such as **The Va Va Voom Room**, on Saturday nights, which recreates the decadence of pre-war Berlin cabarets. Also, the **Mingus Big Band** plays there every Thursday night, keeping the flame of big band jazz alive. But I've not had the fortune to check these out, so I'll just tell you about the best evening of music I've enjoyed so far this year, on April 26th.

The headliner was **Patti Rothberg**, one of my favorites, and that is usually enough incentive to get me to go the eighty or so miles. Add to this the opener **Julia Greenberg**, another fine singer/songwriter who performs too seldom to miss. In fact, I hadn't seen her in well over a year, and this was incentive enough in its own right. A can't miss double bill, to be sure. For once the traffic cooperated and I got there not

only in time for the whole show, I found a free parking space only half a block away. It's good I got there so early, because I got to hear the first act on the bill, **Alison's Oracle**. Tonight the lineup was just **Alison Jolicoeur** on piano, but that's all you need when you are blessed with a voice like hers. Her voice is a transportation device, leading listeners along her lyrical trail. She sings of typical relationship musings with a somewhat spiritual bent, but the conviction in her delivery carries them.

**Julia Greenberg** is a mysterious seldom-seen songwriter with a satirical yet softhearted style. A small, bright band backed her on acoustic guitar, accordion, and bass, and a backup singer. She started by addressing the audience concerning the just-deceased **Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes**, and dedicated the first song to her, which was "June," one of her best, a bittersweet elegy to a beloved friend and mentor. It's hard to top that song, but you don't need to, you just keep going. The more she went on, the more I had to wonder what was keeping her from playing out so often. Certainly the songs were good enough, the singing and instrumentation were good enough; in fact, all were well above what one usually finds these days. I can only surmise that her level of talent is too high for too many concert-goers.

Such considerations seem to be of no concern to **Patti Rothberg**. While her songs are brilliantly conceived and expertly executed, they also operate on a least-common-denominator level. That is, they rock, pure and simple, in addition to being cleverly crafted. One thing that sets Patti apart from her contemporaries is that she exhibits masculine style in her use of power chords, chord structures, and searing leads - while maintaining a skewed yet feminine outlook. Her guitarist and beau **Freddie Katz** is a sound man at Fez, but of course he couldn't operate the board while playing. He brought in his colleague **Tao** to fill in, who did a fine job coordinating the disparate elements of Patti's music, both acoustic and electric. This was bassist **David Leatherwood**'s last gig with them, as he is leaving to pursue his own musical vision. Ironically, his amplifier fried in the second song, forcing a frantic but fruitful search for a replacement. Now that the set was pre-disastered, they lightened up. As they went on the band got hotter and hotter, building to an almost unbearable intensity without becoming unbearably loud or harsh. Freddie told me later that they were kind of sloppy; I wonder if sometimes it's necessary to be loose in order to be as hot as they were. It does seem that an overly controlled band can lose that spark, that



Elton John and Billy Joel, pleased to please the crowd at The Hartford Civic Center (Photo by Dan Hoff)

spontaneous combustion that happens when one is not trying so hard to be perfect. Or maybe it was the hats. Freddie wore a black leather seamen's hat, and with his tight jeans, black T-shirt, and blue jean jacket, he looked a little glam or fey. Patti was well-appointed in a black velvet flat wide-brimmed hat. There was something there, we just aren't sure what, still. A little bit of magic, I expect.

Another intriguing venue is **The Living Room**, on the corner of Stanton and Christie Streets, one block south of Houston. <http://www.livingroomny.com> Every night except Monday there are four or five acts here, and no cover charge - a bucket is passed through the room during each set for patrons' donations. I'm not sure how the place or the musicians survive - surely income is generated elsewhere - but this is a good place for artists to start at, and many well-known performers have played here, grateful for a chance to play in New York and put that on their resumé's. In fact, so many people want to play here that appearances are limited to about one per month. **Norah Jones** played here several times over the last two years before being noticed by critics and record companies; she may never play here again.

One recent evening included a set by **Jenifer Jackson**. This engaging songstress has a soft smooth voice that matches her material perfectly. Her songs are mostly pop with a mellow jazzy feel, and recall **Burt**



Patti Rothberg (aka Pretty Rock Bird), with Freddie "Kool" Katz in the shadows (photo by Steve Bornstein)

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Neil Diamond, still in fine form, at The Hartford Civic Center (*Photo by Victoria Chandler*)

**Bacharach** at his coolest. But in person she achieved an intensity that surprised but pleased me. She asked the audience a few times if it was hot there or was it just her, then decided that her new hairspray was holding in the heat from the spotlight. In my opinion, it was her that was hot, in her tight-fitting burgundy satin scoop-neck top. And also, her band was hot while keeping their cool, working tight grooves into the minimalist arrangements. The drummer sat on a wooden box called a *cajón*, a Cuban street instrument, about two feet high and a little over a foot wide. It has wires strung against its face inside it so that when tapped it sounds like a snare, while striking the sides produces a lower, booming sound - a one-piece drum kit. Using accordion instead of keyboards reinforced the street musician feel to the proceedings. She recently completed recording her third album, this time in Nashville, and it should be hitting the stores any day now.

Another night featured the members of **The Independence Project**. This sometime aggregate of young singer/songwriter types has been playing around New York and environs for a few months. Like **UrbanMuse**, **Live From New York**, and other musical "support groups," these performers combine talents and fan bases to reach a wider audience. The lineup changes year to year, with **Rebecca Martin** the organizer and only constant. **Goats In Trees**, a charming couple from Brooklyn, started the evening's entertainment. **Jason** and **Monica Ann Cohen Crigler** play guitars and sing in a clear, unaffected manner. Their songs were like cups of tea - warm, comforting observations, thoughtful ruminations, and thoroughly enjoyable. Following them was a musical cohort, **Eric Metzgar**. In performance, he used a straightforward approach, augmenting his guitar with a drummer and lead guitarist, but his album is a dreamy little gem, replete with psychedelic flourishes that never seem put-on. It's co-produced by Jason, so it's not surprising that they share a bill as well. Rebecca Martin's first album, on the other hand, is a delightfully down-to-earth production, mostly self-penned explorations of various aspects of modern life rendered in soft, pleasant tones. But this night she was intent on moving forward, playing mostly new material from her new album, "Middlehope," covers of jazz standards and obscurities. Much of her set was devoted to post-modern treatments of this material, which worked well only sporadically. It seemed as though the sax player wasn't familiar with the material, as he sounded off-key and at odds with **Steve Cardenas'** guitar too often. Dissonance is one thing; discomfort is another. Perhaps part of my disappointment was caused by the exclusion of songs from her first album, "Thoroughfare," which apparently do not fit into her current approach. Then again, even if her older songs were done this way, I may have been even more disgruntled. Despite my discomfiture with the accompaniment, there was no disguising her lovely voice - even if it was mixed a bit low. This enchanting instrument has a resonance that beguiles the listener, transcending time, place, and material.

It takes a certain sort of dedicated clubhopper to maximize the effectiveness of a few gallons of gas. It's about eighty miles door-to-door from my home in New Haven to Greenwich Village, or north to Northampton. I figure that's a pretty good

range, capable of being at a good show in an hour and a half. And this range includes clubs like The Towne Crier and The Turning Point, as well as The Iron Horse. A case in point involves shows the same night at Fez, as **Kris Delmhorst** opened for The Nields Sisters, and The Bottom Line, where Episode #46 in their Nightbird series featured **Dave Carter & Tracey Grammer**, **Amy Correia**, **Rebecca Martin**, and **One Handed Molly**. These clubs are about five blocks apart, very convenient for those who live nearby!

Kris Delmhorst has been developing quite nicely as her solo career has progressed. She had been doing quite well for years as a sideperson, putting her proficiency on violin, guitar, and voice to good use in the service of others. Stepping out to the forefront as a singer/songwriter was a leap of faith, putting undue emphasis on her singing and writing, and removing the redoubtable resource her violin provides. So while this has led to a period of adjustment, for the audience as well as herself, she seems to be managing quite well, thank you. And she did just fine this evening.

Nerissa and Katryna Nields have kept the flame of their music burning, surviving the ebb and flow of careers and personal lives, as the duo became a trio, then a full five-piece band, got signed to a label and then later dropped, reduced the full-band touring, and finally both the band and Nerissa's marriage ended. It's truly a story worthy of a VH-1 special, or even a mini-series - and quite possibly the framework for a book Nerissa is writing concerning many of these very things as she relates the tale of a band which sounds quite similar to The Nields. Now they are back to a duo, ten years further along, working country and children's songs into the repertoire.

Then it was off to The Bottom Line. I had sadly missed Rebecca Martin. That just moves her up the "To See" list. But one I am glad to cross off the list is **Amy Correia**. I've been playing her "Carnival Love" album quite a lot since I rescued it from a used bin over a year ago, and her "Transportation Songs" EP took up residency in my car, naturally. Originally from outside of Boston, she had spent a few years living in Chinatown, and had moved to Los Angeles before I knew about her. A recently move back to New York meant I would finally get to see her, and this was the night. So I was eager to hear her live, and my hunch was pleasantly confirmed.

You know you're in for something different when someone walks out on stage with a baritone ukulele. There is something immensely likable about Amy, whether it is the sing-song melodies, the simple yet perfectly descriptive lyrics, or the charming way she sings and plays her songs. She has a slinky, slightly reedy voice, that eases up on a note, caresses it, and moves on, like **Lucinda Williams'** style. But as always, it starts with the writing. After all, you need something to sing that is worth singing and listening to, and that she's got all the way. Her songs balance concrete imagery and emotional expression - enough of both and too much of neither. She also mixes humor in, here and there, just enough so you know she's got a good attitude. One of her best songs, "The Bicycle," tells the story of an old three-speed she inherited from an uncle, and her carrying on with it, having learned something about her uncle, her life, and Life Itself through this experience. I imagine she's still riding around on it, even if only in her heart.

Dave Carter & Tracey Grammer hail from the Pacific Northwest, but have expanded their horizons a great deal over the last couple of years. Landing a choice opening gig for Joan Baez will do that. Dave plays guitar, Tracy plays violin, and they work intricate harmonies into their arrangements. On some songs, notably "Tanglewood Tree," and "The Mountain," they use counterpoint intriguingly. Dave sings a melody, Tracy adds a harmohy on the second verse, and for the last verse she sings a counterpoint. On "Tanglewood Tree" this part is completely different - different melody, different words, different meter - and somehow it works. It's sort of the way a round works, taken a few steps further. A side-effect of getting this right is a stiffness in their presentation, as if they've practiced too long and too hard and squeezed some of the joy of discovery out of the music. Even the bluesy "Alligator Man" they opened with is planned out carefully. The surest way to ruin something as elusive as the blues is to approach it like chamber music and overanalyze it. I hope they realize this, as they are actually quite talented and are also very nice people. The free set they played for volunteers at the entrance on a sparsely attended rainy Sunday at the inaugural Winterhawk 2000 festival is one of

the kindest, most generous acts by professional performers I've ever witnessed.

The final act this evening was **One Handed Molly**, and they could have used a little of their extra practice. Two guys played amplified acoustic rhythm guitar (no leads) and drums/percussion backed a female singer. She was all angles, and spent the set awkwardly galumphing around the stage. She sang every song pretty much the same way, with about as little feeling as possible. If they had only reeled it in a bit, brought it down to earth some, they might have had something. As it was, they ere rather offputting, unnecessarily so. At the end of their set, a longtime supporter of Dave and Tracy (so identified by them) stood up and told them they were the freshest band he's seen since The Nields. I can only surmise he doesn't get out much.

**Elton John** and **Billy Joel** eased on down the road and touched down at the **Hartford Civic Center**. Who'd have guessed that two piano men whose careers go back thirty years or more would generate so much energy? They rocked the house fronting their tight solid bands while sitting at their pianos. OK, they weren't pushing the envelope here, more sticking in the groove, but even without much fire there was still plenty of heat. The house lights went down, and the big video screens displayed the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack side by side. Two pianos rose up from below the stage. Then the two stars strolled out, arm in arm, a stirring display of unity. They started with Billy singing Elton's "Your Song," then Elton singing Billy's "I Love You Just The Way You Are." Yes, you could feel the love. They walked around the stage, waving to the crowd, then Billy left the stage to Elton.

Elton's core band of **Dee Murray**, **Nigel Olson**, and **Davey Johnstone** (bass, drums, guitar, respectively) was augmented by percussionist and vocalist, but they hardly needed the help. They have played together so much a tighter band can hardly be imagined. Their association goes back to 1971's "Madman Across The Water" album and earlier. Davey is one of the more underrated and overlooked guitarists in rock. Like the late **Walter Parazaider** from Chicago, he stays in the background, filling here and there, and when it's his time, he cuts loose like a demon for his eight or sixteen bars, and then fits back in - a true ensemble player. Even though Elton dominates the attention, he stands (or mostly sits) on the shoulders of giants. OK, not giants, but big strapping fellows.

Billy had a really hard act to follow in Elton, and he could only muster so much, having laid low for seven years. But lest we forget, he has a formidable catalogue to choose from, and all he need do is not screw up. He and the band pushed each other, and got a lot out of the material. For the encores, Elton came back out and they swapped songs again. It was Elton's "Benny And The Jets" that really shone. They played an extended coda, swapping riffs, and during this improvisation they showed what rock and roll jamming was all about (keyboard style, that is.) You have to give these seasoned pros a lot of credit. They have a sure sense of what rocks, having been at it for so long.

Another old pro who still has the goods is **Neil Diamond**. Again at the Hartford Civic Center, he held a sold-out audience's rapt attention for the better part of two hours as he worked his way through a career retrospective that covered over thirty-five years. "Solitary Man," "Cracklin' Rosie," "I'm

A Believer" - he did them all. Prominent in the set was "America," recently revived as a duet with **Melissa Etheridge** to help promote the Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. He sang a few new songs too, to keep it fresh. After all, fans can revisit the past and listen to old favorites all they want, but the artist has to keep moving on. Still, he was smart enough to work his strengths, and while the crowd ranged in age from 18 to 80 and beyond, he appealed most to middle-aged matrons, in his black slacks and a brick-red sparkly shirt. Toward the end of one song he crouched down at the front of the stage as the women pressed toward him. One reached up to him as he reached down with his free hand. She held his arm, and they drew each other closer, while he kept singing. The band kept playing after he finished singing and he got down on his knees to give her a little kiss. She seized this opportunity and planted a big one, smack on his lips, not letting him loose for almost a minute. He finally broke free, and collapsed on the stage in mock exhaustion.

It is always very nice when fine music comes to New Haven, and I don't have to go driving all over creation to find the best music available at that time. It's even nicer when the performers have a personal connection to New Haven. As inexplicable as home town pride is, it does afford one a sense of place, of belonging. When a performer translates this feeling into song, listeners can feel a special swelling of emotion when their home town is mentioned. That's the case with the title song of "Love And China," the new album by the **Nields** sisters, **Nerissa** and **Katryna**. It starts with the line, "The sky is gray coming into New Haven/This is where I always thought I'd be saved and..." Nerissa recalled having gone here, to the **United Church on The Green**, on her very first day in New Haven as a freshman at Yale, growing accustomed to her new surroundings, her new life on her own. Hearing this sung in this place gave it a special resonance. It must have been a special sort of homecoming for her these many years later, a long-lived career in full swing. Even if they find themselves doing in-store appearances as a means of promoting an album, they haven't just gone full circle. There's been a progression in style and content, many notes having been played since Nerissa started singing at the now-departed Daily Caffe. Their love for music is strong, and the music lives on.

This show was a joint production by **House Of Muzak** and **Magnetic Music**, essentially two members of the **New Haven Folk Alliance** trying their hand at promotion. Everything was fine - the setting, sound, weather, time (Sunday afternoon at 4:00) - everything except for attendance. Which was too bad, not just for the promoters, but also for the multitudes who missed out on some delightful music. Late in the set at the end of a song the girls stood still at the microphones as the applause dwindled. Katryna curtly said "Goodbye," and they walked off stage left. The crowd sat still, somewhat startled, as this seemed an abrupt way to end a concert, and did not applaud. But the sisters were not done yet. Instead they climbed the steps to the balcony, and serenaded us truly a capella with "This Happens Again And Again," an early song they have restored. From that much closer to God they let their angelic voices fill the air, with the soaring wordless harmonies that end the song leaving the audience in rapt wonder. I'm still a little speechless as I write this.

Thank goodness! Until next time - see you 'round the campfire . . .



Katryna and Nerissa Nields at an in-store appearance at Cutler's in New Haven (*photo by Barry Tenin*)



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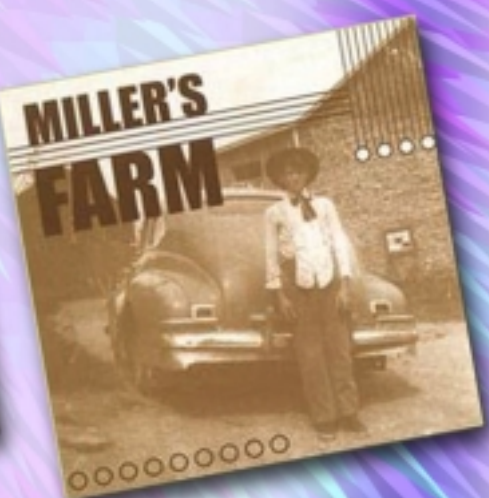
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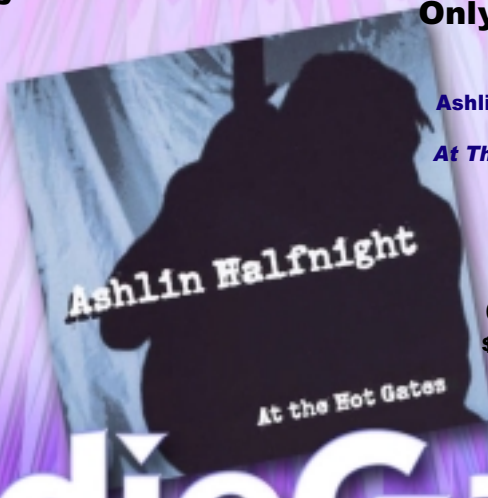
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