Subject: Elektratig/music

Posted by Manualblock on Thu, 10 Mar 2005 02:18:34 GMT

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Responding to some of the music posts has made me think. To see someone post on the music of Buck Owens is such a refreshing change from the usual suspects that it made me realise how limited the personal accounts of taste is represented in these pages. Buck may not be the most sophisticated or subtle of artists but he embodies something genuinely missing in todays musical landscape. Many of the musicians that followed the recording and session dates of those proffesional country singers from that era were consumate artists. They were talented masters of their craft laboring in the shadows of name acts; but more than that is the music they produced with such evident respect and admiration for the genre. If you hear "Streets of Bakersfield" by Buck; the position of an adult standing up and accepting life while demanding his place in the lexicon is powerfull and compelling. There is implied in these songs a strength of will and integrity completely missing from poular music today. The group of american songwriters and troubadors touring the smaller venues are comprised of some very talented proponents of true americana. But they recieve little if any recognition. Folks like John Prine; Listen to the live duet with Bonnie Raitt on "Speed of The Sound Of Loneliness", I defy anyone not to be moved by that music; and "Hello in THere", or "Sam Stone". "Angels From Montgomery". Tom Russell in the album, The Long Way Around, A killer version of "The Eyes of Roberto Duran", or "Walking on The Moon", with Kathy Mattea. Iris DeMent, "Our Town" These people and many others are quietly forming a style of american music without hype or self-absorbed melodrama that speaks to the real citizens artfully and knowingly. With songs that reflect and resonate the truth of human emotion in beautiful language and music that deserves to be heard and commented on. Thats what all this audio is for. Dave Alvin, "Fourth of July", or "Abilene". Dozens more who tell our story with a singular awareness missing from the canned contrived marketed propaganda we are inundated with.