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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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reviews [music

road trip

[TENNESSEE TWO-STEP]

As always, the Volunteer State leads the way in American music

MEMPHIS INDIE In Memphis, rock and roll's Fertile Crescent, the boogie disease is rampant. Jim Dickinson, the godfather of Memphis indie music, provides a redneck take on white rock and American blues with **Jungle Jim & the Voodoo Tiger** (*Memphis International*). Imagine the house band at the world boogie

truck stop: Banjo, fiddle, slide guitar and kitchen whisk slide easily between shout-outs, shuffles and a

Dickinson's most interesting stuff coming out of the Music City today doesn't have much to do with big hats or pedal steel. As a bastion of the music industry, Nashville is home to an army of songwriters and session players, and most of these hired guns pursue their own work—daring, smart and soulful—when their day jobs are over. More than a few of these moonlighters deserve wider recognition. Chris Knight, who arrived in Nashville a few years back with a great batch of bleak songs, returns with **Enough Rope** (*Emergent/92e*), on which a newfound maturity accompanies his Kentucky drawl. Songwriter Mark Selby has enjoyed success with the pen, but now **And the Horse He Rode In On** (*Mark Selby*) shows his chops, as he plays and sings hits he wrote for the Dixie Chicks and Kenny Wayne Shepherd. Jeff Black's **Tin Lily** (*Dualtone*) is an impressively hard-nosed collection of tough, powerful songs. Kevin Gordon's **O Come Look At The Burning** (*Crowville Collective*) may be the least classifiable of the lot but perhaps the best, with a strange assortment of swamp rock, blues, and literate lyrics.

NASHVILLE UNDERGROUND

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—Leopold Froehlich