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"if you know what's good for you" ...
a regular look
by kevin madigan

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John Entwistle was a true musician. He liked nothing more than to be on a stage, playing to an audience. He avoided the antics of his bandmates, standing non-plussed, his fingers a blur of activity, while **Pete Townshend**, **Roger Daltrey** and **Keith Moon** indulged in their usual excesses. When [the band](#) spent too much time off the road or out of the studio, [Entwistle](#) went about his own business, recording a total of nine solo albums and touring frequently with **Ox**, his band's name and his own rather apt nickname. 'Boris The Spider' and 'My Wife' were staples of the **Who's** live set, as was his extraordinary bass playing. Listen to 'The Real Me' from *Quadrophenia* if you have any doubt as to the man's ability. He was fond of the French horn as well, and the signature opening notes of the *Tommy* overture belonged to him. At the time of his death, he was arranging an exhibit of his paintings of which he was justly proud. Daltrey and Townshend will continue without him, but his passing leaves a gaping hole in the Who.

From the sublime to the ridiculous: . There's this band called **Loudermilk**, you see, and the hype machine is grinding fast and furious. They sound slick enough, I suppose, but it's hard to get excited about another quasi-generic rock outfit churning out the same old stuff. Maybe if Loudermilk was a little less loud. Their set at Echo Lounge, an invitation-only showcase, was rudimentary and efficient, and lacked emotion or subtlety. This type of sound is nothing if not popular, however, and [Dreamworks Records](#) is gung-ho about this band's chances of success. Their debut release will be out momentarily for those of you who like this sort of thing.

Three female singers and why they matter: First of all, let's talk about [Mimi Holland](#). Her music is good, solid, no-nonsense rock, she has a strong voice and she sings lyrics that aren't trite. No wilting lily, this one. She's also charming and beautiful, but I digress. She plays frequently around town, mostly at Eddie's Attic. Go see her. The new CD is *Strange Red Afternoon*. Listen to it.

Next, a more familiar chanteuse, is the sultry **Julia Fordham**. The publicity sheet for her new album *Concrete Love* says it "floats like a butterfly and delivers like a ton of bricks." For once, I actually like the wording of a press release. Ms. [Fordham](#) has been out and about for years and gets better all the time. This record does all the right things, and does them well. Producer **Larry Klein** has crafted a soulful collection that includes guests **India.Arie** and the thoroughly underrated **Joe Henry**. Fordham has launched a nationwide club tour, and will appear at Smith's Olde Bar on July 7th.

For those who remember the great **Buffy St. Marie**, the arrival of [Pina](#) will thrill your ears. Their voices are eerily similar. Pina Kollars hails from Austria and lives in Ireland. Her music covers a lot of territory as well, going from gothic folk to spacey rock to some wild place where lesser mortals fear to tread. **Peter Gabriel** first heard her when she appeared on the **Afro Celt Sound System** album *Volume 3: Further In Time* and, because he can, promptly signed her up on his Real World label, who will release *Quick Look* on July 30th.

Finally, the best show in town during June was **Elvis Costello** at Chastain. He sounded fine, seemed in good spirits and played more of his hits than ever before. The opening act was the aforementioned Joe Henry, who went unappreciated by the clueless audience.

Until next time...