



GEORGE CARVER
THE MODERN AGRICULTURE

Trace Elements

3953 Sendero Drive
Austin, TX 78701

Phone 512.891.0789
Fax 512.891.9396
email carvercom@aol.com

Trace Elements / Shrub Music
3953 Sendero Drive
Austin, TX 78735
Phone (512) 891-0789 Fax(512) 891-9396
e-mail: ahalbreich@aol.com

Others on Carver...

"...an irresistable sound." -De Morgen, Belgium

"God The Mother...is a really special album with really special songs and a really special atmosphere." - Platonía, Holland

"...a bunch of beautiful songs. A beautiful CD!" - OOR Magazine, Holland

"...comparisons to Tom Waits and Lyle Lovett on quaaludes seem reasonable." - Austin Chronicle

"Mr. Carver gives us a blend of melody, real-life lyrics and parody...that you can listen to repeatedly and get to know like a friend." -Lone Star, Texas International Music Magazine

"In a marketplace that heralds the rise of the singer/songwriter and the "Americana" sound, George Carver is one of the very few who actually delivers the goods." -Mark Rubin, Bad Livers

"Carver writes a smart and agreeable alienated assortment of succinct urban folk-rock and blues songs with show flashes of his influences, notably Bob Dylan and Lou Reed." -The Buffalo Evening News

"(Carver's) music is suited to a small club where people sit down for a good drink, a good cry and good music." -CMJ New Music Report

trace elements / shrub music

3953 SENDERO DR.

AUSTIN, TX 78735

PH 512-495-9535, FX 512-495-9536

E-MAIL carvercom@aol.com

andere über Carver...

"... ein unwiderstehlicher Sound."

- De Morgen, Belgien

"God The Mother ... ist ein ganz besonderes Album mit ganz besonderen Songs und einer ganzbesonderen Atmosphäre."

- Platonia, Holland

"... eine Menge schöne Lieder. Eine schöne CD!"

- OOR Magazine, Holland

"... Vergleiche mit Tom Waits und Lyle Lovett auf'nem Trip scheinen angemessen zu sein."

The Austin Chronicle

"Carver gibt uns eine Mischung von Melodie, lebensnahen Texten und Parodie .. der man immer wieder zuhören und mit der man vertraut werden kann wie mit einem Freund."

Lone Star, Texas International Music Magazine

"In einer Szene, der den Aufstieg des Sänger/Liedermachers prophezeit und "Americana" als neue Stilrichtung ankündigt, ist George Carver einer der wenigen, die es auch wirklich bringen."

Mark Rubin, Bad Livers

"Carver komponiert eine raffinierte und wohltuend andere Mischung aus Urban Folk-Rock und Blues mit Spuren von Bob Dylan und Lou Reed - die beide Carver sehr beeinflusst haben."

The Buffalo Evening News

THE AUSTIN
CHRONICLE
www.auschron.com

GEORGE CARVER

Victory Grill, Saturday, March 20

Midnight Saturday and it's official: due to a bit of cosmic misalignment and a snatch of old-fashioned laziness, this here badgeholder's got no Tom Waits tix. Water under the bridge, alas, and scanning the last half of the listings there's still plenty of late-night luminaries to choose from: Cesar Rosas at Antone's, Jimmie Vaughan at the Music Hall, Mojo "I Fucked Britney Spears" Nixon at the Continental. Big hoo-has, to be sure, but none with the slow and moody narcoleptic nightcap feel apropos to the moment at hand – the witching hour at the tail end of exhaustion. Then the eye stops on the listing for George Carver, a local moodman in his own right, whose self-released debut, *God the Mother*, was described by a certain forlorn Chronicle critic as a "subtly sodden delight," full of the late-night cigarettes and coffee blues. Problem solved. Carver, armed with his own stack of dire and meandering tunes, would be the final fading ember of this critter's SXSW. Except when the black-suited orange-shirted Carver stepped stagefront at the Victory Grill, he did so with an underiable shine in his eyes, embarking on a set that showed a good deal more jump than his sullen CD. Playful, even jaunty at times, Carver and his band gave up the grim ghost for a bit of nonchalance and antiquated flair; far from the tortured poet of "Letter to Australia" and "Such a Fool as I," it was the slap-happy guitar-totin' fool of "So Tough" and "I Had It but It's All Gone Now" holding court. While he did throw in a few moody tunes – the moving "Jambalaya" and the slow, working-up-the-majumbo jazz of "Bumblebee Blues" – Carver stuck largely to the midtempo blues in his repertoire, trading licks with pianoman T Bonta and displaying considerable fluidity and touch of his own. Perhaps it was the spark left over from San Antonio bluesman Randy Garibay's smoking set at midnight. Perhaps it was the influence of Bonta, impeccable as always but far from dire. Perhaps it was just the enlivening effects of that orange shirt. Whatever the reason, Carver seemed a much happier man than the one who recorded *God the Mother*. Not quite droll enough for a Waits placebo, but not a bad bit of late-night blues either. – Jay Hardwig

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**GEORGE CARVER
AND THE MODERN AGRICULTURE**

***God the Mother* (Shrub Music)**

God the Mother is the musical equivalent of sitting at a bar listening to the drunk next to you recount his miseries, albeit a somewhat poetic and even affecting drunk. With a blues inflection on top of a weary, knowing, loungey voice, local moodhound George Carver comes off as a sage sap indeed, whose request in "Letter to Australia" for microcosmic bliss seems to go unanswered. It's spare, inventive songwriting enhanced by good musicianship, with Carver's guitar and harmonica interwoven with Mark Rubinstein's piano, accordion, and bass to create a richly textured aural landscape that feels like nothing so much as a profoundly sad European carnival. Comparisons to Tom Waits, *Raymond* Carver, and Lyle Lovett on Quaaludes all seem reasonable. With a beats-per-minute count registering in the low teens, it certainly won't make the dance charts, but fans of Carver's brand of minor-chord melancholia will doubtless find this a subtly sodden delight.

★★★

—Jay Hardwig

Oct/Nov 1997

LONE STAR

TEXAS INTERNATIONAL MUSIC MAGAZINE

ZZ TOP

Mean Rhythm Tour

Down under with

B.B. KING

el's Women's Festival

Lone Star Live Shots

Texas Music News

International Music News

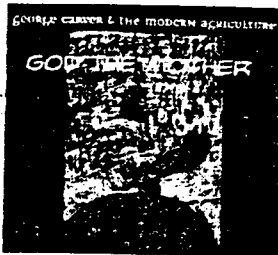
Texas-Kiwi Connection

CD and Book Reviews

George Carver & The Modern Agriculture

God the Mother
Shrub Music (EMI)

George Carver is easy on the mind, reminiscent of Lyle Lovett or Chris Isaak. His lyrics are understandable and quirky, each song distinct. With a blending of blues and rock played on an acoustic guitar, the addition of the accordion brings back memories of New Orleans. Mr. Carver gives us a blend of melody, real-life lyrics and parody on a CD that you can listen to repeatedly and get to know like a friend. In "A Letter to Australia", you can feel a coffeeshop longing to escape the mundane. So pour yourself a cup of java and listen to the words of George Carver.
Terry Cooley-Kirkpatrick



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DAVID "K"

FREE!
In Texas

SINGLES

THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS *Negative Guest List* (7" EP)

Siltbreeze, P.O. Box 15757, Philadelphia, PA 19103
Those who are unfortunate enough to have never seen Columbus, Ohio's Slave Apartments live (perhaps because they were on the "negative guest list," where even if you pay you can't get in) can begin to fill their



aching void with this four-song EP, likely one of the first non-limited edition TJSAs singles that's easily available to the punk-hungry public. Mike Rep's at the board and Eric Davidson of the New Bomb Turks contributes some backup vocals, making this single and its extensive "guest list" on the back cover a "who's who" of Ohio rock. The nasally, high-pitched, atonal vocals of Ron House are peerless as always and the tiny recording captures the raw grind of TJSAs guitar riffs perfectly. You can almost imagine Ron House stomping around and flinging himself on the floor at your feet. **CHERL BOTOVICK**

GLO-WORM *Glo-Worm* (7" EP)

Somersault, 15212 Black Shadow, Moreno Valley, CA 92553
The D.C.-based Glo-Worm spins some of the sweetest pop songs around. These six songs, including covers of "Downtown" and Velocity Girl's "Crazy Town," are sugary pop confections. But underneath the acoustic guitar and beautiful vocals is a tone of sadness in the lyrics. "Tilt-A-Whirl" is one of the finest pop songs we've heard in a while. **DAWN SUITER**

POLARA *Millipore Of Florida* (7")

Generator, 726 Jefferson N.E., 2nd Fl., Minneapolis, MN 55413-2111 612.379.7651

On its debut single, Polara, fronted by Minneapolis native Ed Ackerman, crafts an elegant, albeit slightly lo-fi, pop gem. "Counting Down" is driven by a simple, undeniable rhythm and a beaming melody that make Ackerman's vocal harmony all the more comforting; the space between the horns is filled with a swirling lollipop of guitar fuzz. The melancholic, almost eerie sound under a more

FUTURES

GEORGE CARVER *George Carver* Trace Elements, 111 Congress Ave., 23rd Fl., Austin, TX, 78701 512.495.9535

The only thing we didn't like about this cassette is that it has only two songs. George Carver is an Austin-based performer and producer (he recently worked on a recording of traditional Japanese flute music) whose music is suited to a small club where people sit down for a good drink, a good cry and good music. Carver does what the best of Austin songwriters do, tell tales with sadness, humor and mood galore. Both songs sound as if they were recorded live, each instrument finding a cozy space to hang out. "A Letter To Australia" is nostalgic for better times in a different time zone, Carver adding a few quips to what is essentially a sweet ballad. "Such A Fool As I" opts for cabaret melodies and nuances (nice button accordion solo) that go hand-in-hand with its downcast theme. Though Carver is working with fairly standard structures, he really nails them, reminding us why these dusty folk structures have lasted so long. We definitely want to hear more. **STEVE CIABATTONI**

GETTING RED *Otis*

Bilawn, 6433 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Ste. 116,
Canoga Park, CA 91303

Though the remarkable *Otis* contains only six songs, its cohesive 24-minute length and structure make it more of a mini-album than an EP. Immediately setting the tone are the album's first few seconds, which feature an answering machine message from a rather irritated soul who lives next to the band's apartment, proving that some people just don't appreciate great rock 'n'



roll. "Wonder" provides an opportunity for vocalist Chance to break from his otherwise gravely delivery into a surprisingly powerful falsetto, which deftly navigates the song toward a more funky, Prince-like sound. James Donohoe's guitars occasionally steal the focal point away from Chance, as on the murky, Seattle-ish album opener "Break The Egg," where overdubbed, riffing dramatically trades places with layers of a single bent guitar note. The production is just yet another deliriously exceptional effort. **MAGNUS**

FLASHBACK

VARIOUS ARTISTS *The Sun Records Collection* Rhino, 10635 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90025 310.474.4778

More than just music, the story of Sun Records is part of American history, which means that if you look hard enough, it's pretty ugly underneath the made-for-movie gloss. Even today, the massive Sun myth: machinery still hasn't flatly admitted that virtually every innovation heard on this box came first from a blues or gospel (or African-American) artist heard here on disc one) and later applied to "hillbilly" country artists on discs two through three. And so, props must be given to those obscure artists who really paved the way for rock and roll—props must be given, because at this point, props are probably they're gonna get. They've



since been cut out of any prominent roles in rock mythology and made-for-TV movies (usually just as a quasi-mystical blues cameo before Elvis fills the screen and they certainly never got much money-wise from it). The truth of the matter is, the writing of "My Blue Heaven" was credited in 1956 to Herman Parker, but in 1957 the same song with minor changes is credited equally to Herman Parker and Sam Phillips (perhaps to a lawsuit that had little to do with Junior Parker or the song itself). "Rock 'n' roll" was itself a marketing term concocted to remove the stigma of "rhythm and blues" and making the revolution more of an economic coup than a musical innovation. Of course, all of that can't hide the fact that 100% of the material here is absolutely essential listening for every person on the planet. Period. With Sun there would be no rock 'n' roll, or at least it would have happened when it did and where it did, and it wouldn't have had such a massive impact on American culture. Stripped down to its essence, each cut is indelible. **LOUIS**

The Last

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Trust me.
I know what I'm doing.

Lucky You! You've received a transmission from:

Mark Rubin

Bad Liver, Ex-Music Supervisor, Farblonjeter
POB 49227, Austin TX 78765

(512) 458-8567 voice (512) 371-3378 Fax

Email <mdrubin@bga.com> URL <<http://www.hyperweb.com/badlivers>>

"In a marketplace that heralds the rise of the singer/songwriter and the "Americana" sound, George Carver is one one of the very few who actually delivers the goods."

-Mark Rubin