

Never Mind the Pistols

To most, the name **Glen Matlock** probably doesn't stand out. However, considering the fact that Matlock was the Sex Pistols' bassist before Sid Vicious joined the band in 1977, it probably should.

This is another depressing tale similar to that of Pete Best (the Beatles' drummer who was replaced by Ringo Starr) or Syd Barrett (Pink Floyd founder, replaced by David Gilmour) that probably makes most musicians cringe at the thought of what their former bands might become.

The good news is that Matlock didn't bite the dust like his replacement did just two years after joining the Pistols, and we get a chance to see him play on Monday. His new group, the Philistines, isn't quite as scathing as one would imagine, considering the gnarly '70s punk movement he cut his teeth in, but it still goes to prove that he knows how to write, play and perform like the influential musician he is.

Glen Matlock plays 10:30 pm Monday, March 12, at Luckey's; \$10.
— *Andy Valentine*



Cryptobluegrazology

Ever gone to a bluegrass festival and just stared intently at the stage waiting for something other than blistering speed and old-time standards? Sure you have. Solid originals have become something of a mythic, folky beast in the bluegrass world over the years; everybody just plays "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" or some recycled Old Crow Medicine Show tune. I'm still waiting for somebody to write a contemporary for "Swing Low" that's as catchy and overplayed by the time it's a few hundred years old, but I guess that's about as likely as a Sasquatch sighting.

Cryptozoology aside, **Bigfoot Lane** is a raucous (in a foot-stompin' kind of way) group that's been bustin' out old-time folk-jazz-swing-bluegrass fusion tunes since 1970. Much like the elusive Bigfoot himself, the group is a down-home, slap-wagging act that hasn't strayed far from the density of our Northwest trees. In the 42 years that Ernie Connely, Sandy Wallrich, Keith Barr, and Addison and Peggy Mulder have been gigging together, there have been "at least 28 sightings of the mythical creature" that is Bigfoot in the Lane County area.

Bigfoot Lane's sound is sort of like Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir rifling through a bucket of bluegrass instruments and then organizing them by hand until most of the psychedelia is pushed to the background and only a cool display of strong compositional talent is left. These cats know how to swing, baby!

Try and spot Bigfoot Lane 8:30 pm, Saturday, March 10, at Cozmic; \$8 adv., \$10 door. — *Andy Valentine*



Transplanted Vibes

The Pacific Northwest is one of the most oversaturated markets around when it comes to reggae music. Is it the ganja? The laid-back lifestyle? The white kids with dreadlocks exploring comparative religion? Who knows — and who cares? We like our reggae, and we love our local music. **Sol Seed** gives us both with a swagger that can't be ignored.

With Michael Lennon (vocals/guitar), Michael Sorensen (vocals/drums), Ben Pezzano (vocals/bass), Sky Guasco (vocals/dijeridu), Kenny Lewis on guitar and Graeme Pletscher on sax, Sol Seed is a band that's as multi-talented as it is packed with charisma. Originally from Southern Oregon, the group recently made Eugene its home and is making its presence known through rocking venues and winning over a hyper-stimulated (sometimes snobbish) reggae audience. Rock, Latin flavor and psychedelic vibes meet a healthy reggae overtone in the music of Sol Seed. The band recently released a dynamic recording, *Live @ Luckey's*, that complements its discography of clean studio recordings.

Sol Seed is built for the stage. This collection of natural performers is known to impress and engage its listeners. Ever go early to a show and run into an opening act that's so good it makes you wonder why they aren't headlining? That's Sol Seed. And it will only be a matter of time until these guys are gigging the festival circuit and receiving the recognition as Eugene's hottest new reggae act.

Sol Seed plays 9 pm Saturday, March 10, at Sam Bond's; \$10. — *Dante Zuñiga-West*



Rockin' in the Kitchen

Bluegrass music is made for the mountains. It's meant to be played on sun-swathed summer days deep in the heart of your home range, or in nearby, whiskey-warmed taverns. However, none of that speaks at all to the incredible talent being churned out by today's string musicians in the sprawling cities and urban jungles of Chicago, Nashville or California. Case in point: **Cornmeal**. They may come from the industrial heartland of America, but they pick, bow and pluck strings with a mountaintop reverie that few Oregon or Colorado string bands can dismiss.

Cornmeal has been on the festival circuit for the better part of the past decade, making stops at Telluride, Ned Fest, All Good and Bonnaroo among others.

Like so many of today's bluegrass musicians, Cornmeal's players have traveled long and varied musical roads leading them to where they are now. That said, Cornmeal's rock 'n' roll tendencies expose themselves quite unabashedly. Ally Kral's infectious and deliciously shriekish fiddle jams, guitarist Kris Nowak's shreddy guitar work and drummer JP Nowak's steady, rhythmic backing certainly land these players on the more progressive side of the bluegrass spectrum. Like a more rock-heavy String Cheese Incident, Cornmeal has a reputation for fast-tempo dance numbers and on-stage intra-band collaborations. When that collaboration happens to include SF's own **Hot Buttered Rum**, Eugene is in for a fiery hoedown.

Cornmeal and Hot Buttered Rum play 9 pm Saturday, March 14, at WOW Hall; \$12 adv., \$15 door. — *Andrew Hitz*