

## Dark Water Runs Deep

**Bronwynne Brent** might look like another relic from the '70s, with her flowing brown hair, flowery frocks and guitar in hand, but that assumption proves wrong when you actually listen to her music. Hailing from the Mississippi Delta, Brent has spanned the South, playing shows everywhere from New Orleans to Nashville, writing and performing her own music. She picked up a country-Americana influence along the way. Brent has been praised for emulating Joanna Newsom and Jesse Sykes, but she is perhaps more reminiscent of Jill Sobule, or the confident, slow and catchy tracks of Jewel. With a full band backing her, Brent has the luxury of incorporating instruments like the pedal steel guitar and the Hammond B-3, which contribute to the fluidity of her music, each song gracefully transitioning into the next, freckled with delicate instrumentals.

Brent's lyrics read like pages from her diary, asserting lines like "the cold wind it blows me, straight back to your door," or begging the question "won't you reassure me that it's all right?" Luckily, Brent has an all-star band supporting her heart-spilling, and packs just the right amount of emotion into each ballad. Brent's album, *Deep Black Water*, was produced by Mike McCarthy, who has the cred of working with stars like Spoon and Heartless Bastards, and her band is composed of Grammy-nominee Chris Maresh, J.J. Johnson, David Grissom, Ricky Ray Jackson and Ian McLagan. These guys, who mostly come from Austin, all have plenty of experience under their belts. Brent couldn't have a better group of guys to help her break into the scene.

Bronwynne Brent plays 9 pm Wednesday, June 6, at Sam Bond's, \$5; and 8 pm Saturday, June 9, at the Granary; FREE. — *Hailey Chamberlain*



## Can't Keep Her Buried

**Brooke Parrott's** songwriting recalls Laurel Canyon-era folksingers like Carole King, early Bonnie Raitt and pre-rebellious-period Norah Jones. Her warm oatmeal cookie of a voice sounds like your mom's when you drifted off to sleep with your head against her chest, or the sound of '70s AM radio as you dozed off on a long road trip with your folks.

The Portland-via-London-via-Boston-via-Eugene songwriter has already come a long way with her music, and her work with popular PDX indie rockers Loch Lomond (who sell-out concerts all over Europe) shows that she's got a lot farther to go. But Parrott has never lost sight of her first passion - writing and singing her own piano-based compositions.

"Loch Lomond really opened my eyes to the band/family dynamic which has made me never want to play a solo tour again," says Parrott. "Having a band is like having a wonderfully dysfunctional group of your best friends traveling the world with you."

In early June, Parrott is kicking off a tour supporting *Buried*, an EP of original works spanning her time living in London and a yurt in the Oregon wilderness. "This is the first time I've played shows on the West Coast with a band, and it really changes the experience of my songs," says Brooke. Recorded in L.A., the collection is anchored by "Call it Done" - a gently lilting Americana tune, propelled by infectious hand-claps, and a sing-along chorus that has all the makings of a big-ol' NPR hit.

"The inspirational songwriters of the '60s and '70s have always been a huge influence in my songwriting," Parrott explains, "but I feel like, with this EP, I've finally started to distill that into my own sound."

Brooke Parrott plays 9 pm Saturday, June 2, at Sam Bond's; \$5. — *William Kennedy*

## Olympic Downpour

**Broken Water** is a product of Northwestern weather: cultural, musical, political and alluvial, rooster-vanes swinging in the storm. "Our music is something to turn to in the midst of it all," says drummer/vocalist Kanako Pooknyw, who pounds through skin-rooves like a horizontal hailstorm. Heavily influenced by the grungy Olympic underground of the 1980s and '90s, Broken Water swells in the melodic breakdowns as much as it surges through dammed distortion. Guitarist Jon Hanna sandpapers and scours with the drip-drop pop of Pooknyw and Abigail Ingram's (bass) maelstrom rhythms.

West Coast touring on the strength of the recently self-released *Peripheral Star EP* and the forthcoming (May 29) debut long-play on Seattle-based Hardly Art record label, *Tempest* is set to saturate the sonic sponge. Tracks like "Drown" and "Underground" show Broken Water raging through the subterranean passages of its predecessors.

"When I see our structure, and economy and human needs, the social fabric fraying, with more chaos and less sanity and safety," says Pooknyw, "I'm motivated to make music against that."

"This band," she says, "is an immediate approach to that."

Like a punk Prospero, antagonized Ariel and clanging, growling Caliban, Broken Water's storm plumbs the depths of the eclectic Northwest and finds springs instead of tar.

Broken Water plays with the Groundblooms 9 pm Sunday, June 3, at Wandering Goat; donations suggested. — *Patrick Newson*

