

Keepin' it Janxta

Sure, the **Dirty Dozen Brass Band** has more chops than a Cajun kitchen, and its 35-year funk span is like aged hot pepper sauce to the uninitiated. It's no secret that Eugene loves this group, having hosted them most recently as the headliners for the 2011 Eugene Celebration. But in addition to the Dirty Dozen, another spicy deal Monday night is the opening act: **Pimps of Joytime (PJT)**.

Pushing its new style of "janxta funk," these Pimps hawk audiophillic tunes with backhanded breakdowns. Formed in 2005 by bandleader Brian J, the Brooklyn-based PJT fuses elements of rock 'n' roll, afro-beat, salsa and electronica into a swaggering braggadocio of dance-driven music that sounds like an armada of groove sharks swimming upriver toward a prosperous scene of exotic tryst. But it's really just three people possessing instruments and lungfuls of croon, creating noise that shakes your moneymaker.

Cruising on a national tour in support of *Janxta Funk!*, the group's most recent release on boutique label Wonderwheel Recordings, Pimps of Joytime is poised to bring a party to WOW Hall. Cuts like "Thas the Way We Do" and "Keep That Music Playin'" exhibit the honed, honey-drippin', high-steppin', soul-wailin' funk eclecticism of PJT. And whatever Joytime might be, it sounds like a magic land (or hour) of sweat, sex and funk, where the pimps keep it janxta and the sonic tricks don't stop.

Dirty Dozen Brass Band and Pimps of Joytime play 8 pm Monday, Aug. 3, at WOW Hall, 291 W. 8th Ave.; \$22 adv.; \$25 door. — Patrick Newson



Writings on the Wall

The elder statesmen of hip hop are hurtling toward us with fresh new cuts and old-school status. **Souls of Mischief**, **Casual** and **Pep Love**, who hit WOW Hall Wednesday, have been enjoying a year of progress and activity reminiscent of their days together in the Hieroglyphics super crew.

Solo albums such as Casual's *He Still Think He Raw* and Pep Love's *Rigmarole* have kept the members of this Bay Area collective in the spotlight. Souls of Mischief, composed of emcees A-Plus, Phesto, Opio and Tajai, recently cranked out a brand-new sound with its newest album *Montezuma's Revenge*. What's even more impressive is that all of those guys also have their own solo albums that now thump through the hip-hop underground.

It would seem that no one in the Hiero family sleeps much, which is fortunate for anyone still treasure hunting amongst the ruins of hip hop's heyday. Yes, there are still gems out there, and not only are those diamonds still shining in forgotten caves but the market value of this good fortune has increased with the passing of years and environmental pollution.

Going to a Souls of Mischief show, or seeing any of the Hiero crew perform, is a thing of beauty. These aren't just emcees from another crew slowly emerging from the apocalyptic hip-hop netherworld; they are among the lyricists who set fire in the hearts of microphone holders who are, by definition, their underclassmen. Souls of Mischief and company make it look easy (and it's not) in a way that all veterans do. A quick listen will bear this out, and a longer stay in the audience will solidify the writings on the wall.

Souls of Mischief play with Casual and Pep Love 9 pm Wednesday, Aug. 8, at WOW Hall, 291 W. 8th Ave.; \$13 adv., \$15 door. — Dante Zuñiga-West



Swingadelic Jazz Texan Style

There's a nightclub, and you're in it. Maybe it's 1942. Maybe it's last week. Maybe it's tomorrow. That doesn't matter. The smell of incense fills the room. Onstage you see the internationally known Slim Richey, "The Most Dangerous Guitarist in Texas." A lesser man might be referred to as "elderly." Richey is tall, gaunt, with an epic white beard and a red fedora. From his hollow-body guitar he coaxes sweet jazz sounds, his hands gentle yet assertive — snapping off lush chords with fingers and thumbs. This is what the **Jitterbug Vipers** from Austin are like.

On vocals there's Sarah Sharp. Willowy and blonde, she slips and slides around with her sibilant esses like Billie Holiday. She coos; she hollers; she's sultry. But Sharp can still have fun with a goofy little ditty called "Hot As Hell." On bass — all teeth and dyed-red hair — is the awesomely named Francie Meaux Jeux, who has played with the likes of Dan Hicks and Michelle Shocked. Behind the skins is Masumi Jones, "The Tokyo Tsunami." Jones plays those drums like a tropical storm. She stops, she starts, she's gentle and she's hard.

One minute the Vipers transport you to another time, a smoky jazz club or gin joint. The next, they're all tom-toms and energy, reminding you that punk is an idea that knows no genre or era. In the band's own words, the Jitterbug Vipers are "swingadelic" and when the group plays, somehow, somewhere, Jerry Garcia hands Count Basie a joint and says, "Now that's what I'm talking about."

The Jitterbug Vipers play at 8:30 pm Thursday, Aug. 2, at Cozmic, 199 W. 8th Ave.; \$6; and 8 pm Friday, Aug. 3, at the Jazz Station, 124 W. Broadway; \$6. — William Kennedy

