

Lisa Bianco— The Saint—LIVE! Aug. 27, 2008

Lisa Bianco is not only a strong vocalist, but she's an awesome lead guitarist as well. Bianco is a multi-talented writer in the vein of Pat Benatar and Lucinda Williams, just to name a poignant few. Her playing style reminds me of The Breeders' Kim Deal "Tuff As Nails" sound mixed with The Godfather's shimmer of Kris Dollimore riffage.

The Saint crowd totally got into this New York style group of CBGB's-meets-The Bitter End gang, right down to the attitude laden solo's that Bianco spit out like so much Lincoln Tunnel gravel.

Her set at The Saint was raw and determined, climbing above some bar chattering idiots and winning over the room. Bianco threw in songs such as "Sideways," a melodic ballad that has all the makings of a VH1 classic, featuring glassy pianos, superb melodies and grungy Bianco lead lines. We also got another sneak peak at the new record with "We Communicate," a slowly building, thoughtful composition ala Benatar, slick, well played pop rock with a well produced monster feel.

Bianco's signature song was up last and is entitled "Sun Glare," a tune that she made popular with her last group. It's easy to see why people standing next to me were actually calling for it as it chugs out into its beginning, shooting Bianco's bell clear voice out front, as she leans her hip into that telecaster for the chorus. Her solo stands up to any rocker I know, bluesy and full of dirt, she tore the guts from the song, leaving her guitar screaming on stage.

The band on the record is comprised of Lisa on vocals and guitars, as well as David Leatherwood on bass, Dan Duggins on drums and Gerry Perlinski on guitar. Lisa can be reached over at lisabianco.net.

Dewey Beach Music Conference— Year Number 7— Sept. 24-28, 2008

This year welcomes many New York, Philadelphia and New Jersey up-and-coming acts as well as some national monsters to the festival, as well as heavy hitters like Absolut and Disc Makers to the sponsor cages. Over the course of the last six years, Dewey Beach Music Conference has garnered a reputation throughout the music industry as one of the premier festivals in the country.

While it may not be as well known a name as the CMJ's or

SXSW's of the world, DBMC has proven time and time again that its coordinators have a knack for picking artists that are just on the cusp of major career breakthroughs. It's that foresight and ability that allow attendees of the conference to see national talent in intimate venues, all while rubbing elbows with some of the industry's finest.

This year Dewey has opened the door to New Jersey artists such as Christian Beach, Amanda Duncan and Joanna Burns, Anthony Fiumano and Mike Montrey, who are all part of the festivities this year, joining groups like Philadelphia's Amanda Thorpe, J.C. Andersen from Nashville, The Underwater from York, PA, recently signed to Megaforce Records, and Flying Machines from NYC, who currently have a song featured on the USA series *Psych* as well as many others.

Several familiar faces are back this year such as Brian Cronin of Origivation and Jim Thorpe of Thorpe Productions; two guys that work with Jersey bands and give them many opportunities in Philadelphia, a very rare and gracious thing. I will be joining them at McShes Beach Pub And Grill for their sponsored stagen, featuring Christian Beach's set, and at Mama Maria's as well to check out Scott Rednor. You can also catch Thorpe and Cronin running "Unplugged At The Beach." Go check them out, say hi and buy 'em a beer.

Dewey Beach music conference is also absolutely free of charge. That's right, no wristbands or tickets, no admission or hassle. Plus all the venues are within blocks of one another, making it not only easy to get around but fast and safe as well. Hey, I'm sold. Anytime I can stay in one place and see this much stuff, I'm heading there fast. Come on out and see some of Jersey's own make Mom proud at the Dewey Beach Music Conference, Sept. 24-28. See the whole schedule over at deweybeachfest.com.

Tony Tedesco— Claud Hay— The Saint— Johnny Bud's Birthday Party— Aug. 28, 2008

Talk about a night! First of all, PhanPhest's Johnny Bud definitely had a good time. I saw the guy bouncing around like a madman all night long and just think, he ain't a day over 36. Ok, 35. I was there for a few reasons, one was to watch Johnny drink gallons of liquor and the other one was

to check out Tony Tedesco. I've known Tony Tedesco for quite a while now and I'll be the first to tell you that he wasn't there looking for any awards, accolades, back pats or atta boys. He didn't have time.

What he did have time for was some deliberately thought provoking acoustic rock. Taking the mic without introduction and coming out Cash strong on a rough and weathered Martin acoustic, slamming through a dozen tunes in his Merle Haggard-meets-David Allen Coe bad man style, and even taking time to blast the largely unsuspecting crowd with his famed machine gun spoken word poetry, entitled "Religion Class" (spoken words for about two minutes to get loud fuckers to shut up and pay attention) the piece utilizes a staccato verbiage that would have any rap guy stuttering like Spider from *Goodfellas*. Trust me, you can't do that unless you've truly lived the life. Tedesco has been honing his stark and dark style for years, finally jumping into his acoustic solo situation this year and working diligently on his intense sound. This is a guy that tells the truth about life in music. Do yourselves a favor and go listen to him and learn about the real evil that birds and bees do. myspace.com/tonytedesco

I missed the next act as I had to go to another function but I made it back in time to see a guy named Claud Hay, a solo act that features his right foot on drums and percussion, his left foot on live looping and conducting and his hands on the doumbek (which looks sort of like an Indian sitar) and playing sizzling hot blues to beat the devil. I gotta tell ya, I've seen some crazy shit but never some cat sitting on a stage with one of those big assed red gourd sitars, playing it with a slide and sounding dirtier than a Mississippi catfish squirming under the boat docks for scraps. Funny thing is, the guys from Australia. I would have never guessed, as his sound is as American as the delta is sacred.

His sound just burns lines across your audio consciousness, leaving you looking for the other six guys that you think your hearing. But it's just him. CD tunes like "Fade," a funky Zeppelin-meets-Renaissance number showcases strong acoustic and technical prowess and "Grow Up" slides across your aural palette like a horned viper on the dessert sand. Claude Hay is a great Down Under brother worth catching if you can. In the meantime slide on over to myspace.com/claudehay and see what's happening.