

# Country group 'engaging'

By IFAN PAYNE  
Music Critic

Black Horse Country is local musicians Gene Sinclair, guitar, Bob Danick, drums, and Dan Padget, bass; and Black Horse Country is what was dodging the raindrops during another damp evening of indoor Arts in the Park on Saturday.

Don Cukjati and his crew seem to have the weather situation well under control by now — they have had more practice than they need of late — and they were snugly set up in the pavilion with lights rigged up from a roof truss and a spot in the back. The PA system produces too much of a "boom" in that space (too much lower-middle frequencies and not enough higher frequencies) but other than that, Black Horse Country were

able to put on a reasonably slick show.

Bob Danick had a nice touch with the drums and Gail Sinclair produced a passable semi-wail during the country rock *House of the Rising Sun*, but I was not so keen on the scratchy violin playing and I seem to be on a roll where having to listen to off-key singing is concerned but this is an engaging enough trio, and it can make the time pass quickly and pleasantly enough.

The repertoire of the group is wide ranging so that anyone who even vaguely enjoys a country style could find something to like. Its music is eclectic enough that it could fall under a variety of names since the songs ran from an Indian-aping *Elijah*, the country *Dig a Little Deeper*

in the *Well* to Ray Charles (*I Can't Stop Loving You*) to early rock 'n roll Elvis and *Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear*, which of course has quite a strong country flavor to it as did so much of early rock. In the same vein, try listening to the earliest of the Beatles records...hearing it through the perspective of several decades, one can be struck by the extent that the music of the fab four was influenced by country during their early days.

As for Arts in the Park, now that it has a nice new stage, all it needs, until next year, is a free-form tent structure to cover the outdoor arena and a fundraising effort to pay for it.

And then, in the words of Doc Watson, whose got those deep river blues, "Let it rain, or let it pour...!"

A4 The Manhattan Mercury Monday, June 27, 1983