

## **ACL review: Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings**

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For a while there, it felt more like New Orleans' Jazzfest than ACL, at least while Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings were holding forth. A five-foot dynamo in four-inch heels, Jones hails from Augusta, Ga. (the home of a certain Mr. James Brown, don'tcha know), while the Dap-Kings are headquartered in Brooklyn. Geography notwithstanding, Jones and her ensemble share — and demonstrate considerable mastery of — old-school Stax/Volt soul, R&B and, especially, hip-shaking funk. Let's face it, anyone who is going to style themselves "The Dap-Tone Super Soul Revue" had better be able to represent. Or, as Jones put it, "TES-tify and REC-tify." After a JB-style instrumental vamp and rave-up by the nattily-attired Dap-Kings, Jones came shimmying out onstage, ushering in almost an hour of non-stop pyrotechnics onstage. Several times, Jones pulled audience members from the crowd or out of the wings to join her aerobics tutorial, but she really didn't need the company. A soulful belter whose most obvious contemporaries are Bettye Levette and Irma Thomas, Jones sang convincingly of love and loss and the sorry, no-good so-and-sos responsible for both. Punctuated by stacatto horn lines and rolling-thunder bass notes, songs like "100 Days, 100 Nights," "How Do I Let A Good Man Down" and the insanely catchy "Tell Me" (my favorite song of the summer) had the sun-drenched crowd moving and grooving. It's timeless stuff that transcends tastes and fashions, and Jones and her bandmates carry the torch high. Somewhere, J.B. is smiling.