

On a recent trip to the Hill Country of south-central Texas, my wife and I decided one evening to check out Luckenbach — the place immortalized in a 1970s country tune sung by Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson.

I expected a small village similar to Wrightstown or Dyckesville, but with a world-famous country music hall crowded by seniors from tour buses parked in the main lot.

Actually, Luckenbach was easy to miss. A few hundred yards off the back road that skirted past, the destination consisted of three old weathered-plank buildings. It looked more like a moonshine site from prohibition days than a legendary musical venue. In the back yard, large gnarly old trees inhabited by roosters settling in for the evening provided shade to a dusty patch of ground. On the wooden porch of one building, eight acoustic guitar players gathered for an informal jam session (which apparently happens most evenings). Ages seemed to range from 20 to 70. About 30 laid-back listeners had congregated and were scattered about on old wooden benches. Some had been passing by on motorcycles, others were curious tourists who had sought out the destination and a few seemed to be locals who regularly stopped by.

Anyone present instantly was transported back in time to a forgotten age — a respite from 21st-century intensity. A really good musical performance was under way. But it was being accomplished without headset microphones, 50-megawatt sound systems, stage foggers, py-

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rotechnics, jumbotrons, bizarre costumes or voice synthesizers.

The atmosphere was rural 1930s. There were no smart phones or laptops in sight. The only tweeting was by sparrows under the roof overhang. Cable news stations, political commercials and collective bargaining protests seemed to have been displaced to an alternate universe. Absent were metal detector screenings, terrorist profiling or any threat of Jihadists. There were no Charlie Sheens, no Glenn Becks, no Michael Moores or any other puffed-up, media-fabricated caricatures around.

There were a few well-worn Stetson hats, well-tuned acoustic guitars, well-chilled beers and sodas and a well-filled tip jar for the players. For a short time that evening the byword was harmony. From the refrains on the porch, to the bench-sitters' tolerance of roosters overhead, to the "all is good at the moment" attitude of everyone present, harmony was in the air.

Everyone needs to stumble upon a moment like that from time to time, and rediscover life's fundamentals. Or, as Waylon Jennings put it, get "back to the basics."

Dan Linszen of Green Bay advocates for personal responsibility and thinking outside the box. His book "Who's to Blame?" is available at www.whostoblame.net and other online sources.



Luckenbach, Texas, transports visitors away from the 21st century's hustle and bustle, offering a quiet, harmonious experience complete with informal jam sessions of acoustic guitars and friendly company. **Submitted**