

What the critics are saying about the Ray Wylie Hubbard's

A. ENLIGHTENMENT B. ENDARKENMENT (HINT: THERE IS NO C)....

"Think of it as mystical biker country. There's a definite cosmic thrust to the plunked tin guitar notes, the jingle-jangle tambourine, tattooed rhythms and a red-dust harmonica wheezing a spectral recap of the mostly blues, kinda country melodies."

--American Songwriter

"Ray Wylie Hubbard was an outlaw before the term was coined and he continues to go his own solitary way on A. Enlightenment B. Endarkenment (Hint: There is no C)."

--Crowdaddy

"On first listen, his first new album in four years may not sound like a radical departure from his previous four records, but A. Enlightenment, B. Endarkenment (Hint: There Is No C) is anything but business as usual."

--Lone Star Music

"Enlightenment is an entire back-to-basics movement rolled into 12 tracks that uncoil like a rattlesnake disturbed in its sleep."

--Houston Press

"He's got a deep, gravelly voice that certainly wouldn't be suited to much material. But it's perfect for his dark tales and invocations of, for example, a "Drunken Poet's Dream," which is filled with alcohol and alluring women and a battle with wasps and their hellfire stings."

--Journal Star

"Hubbard seems to have chosen endarkenment for the moment, but his walk on the dark side is delivered in a potent package of bluesy guitars, crashing cymbals and, adding an ominous tone of how serious this all is, some church choir vocals and hand claps."

--Aspen Times

"That odd album title and the song it comes from, neatly encapsulate the unique hoodoo of Ray Wylie Hubbard. The grizzled Texas troubadour can embrace all kinds of heady concepts (and headless ones, too - see the album cover), but he brings it all down to a primal musical level, and not without dashes of devilish humor."

--Philadelphia Inquirer

"Besides having possibly the oddest title of the year, the new record is a tight collection of sparsely produced gems. The album possesses serious doses of Gothic country ("Down Home Country Blues"), dirty blues ("Wasp's Nest") and soul-scorching gospel ("Whoop & Holler")."

--Texas Week

"Hubbard exists as a troubadour of the highest order who has always tested musical boundaries."

--Swampland

"Hubbard kicked the bottle and emerged a fiercely inventive, raw singer and songwriter with a string of dark storybook solo albums in the '90s and '00s. "A. Enlightenment B. Endarkenment (Hint: There Is No C)" continues the trend."

--Austin 360

"Hubbard may sound ragged and patchy beyond his years at times, but there is no ignoring the fact that A. Enlightenment B. Endarkenment (Hint: There Is No C) is a damn fine record from a genuine Texas songwriting institution."

--Pop Matters

"Among the best at penning songs that feature the push and pull of sin and redemption, of the mystical and the venal, Hubbard and his AB collaborators have stripped 'em down, laid 'em bare and rolled 'em out like burning dice bouncing off resonator guitars."

--San Antonio Express

"Dark imagery pervades the second half of the album on Every Day is the Day of the Dead, Opium and The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse; combined with thumping drums and bluesy guitar, the result is downright primal."

--Country and Standard Time

"A. Enlightenment B. Endarkenment (Hint: There Is No C), his first album since 2006's terrific Snake Farm, is nonetheless an astonishing work of contemporary observations and cockeyed poetry."

--Slant Magazine

"In case the album cover - on which he's clutching a sword and his own severed head - didn't tip you off, Ray Wylie Hubbard's newest release is a little on the gritty side. Both cover and album are inspired by a quote from 13th century Persian poet Rumi, which states "Behead yourself. Dissolve your whole self into vision: become seeing, seeing, seeing." What Hubbard seems to be seeing here isn't too pretty, but it sure sounds good."

--No Depression

"He peppers his songs liberally with concrete details that feed his arid settings, sweat-browed characters, lowdown blues riffs. But that doesn't keep him from playing up all the spiritual and sexual possibilities of his hard-livin', hard-drinkin', hard-lovin', hard-thinkin' country-blues-folk-rock."

--Washington Post Express

"I would venture to say this is his bluesiest effort to date, with greasy slide guitar licks augmented by those mystically poetic lyrics that have become his trademark."

--A Truer Sound

"A dozen mystic Americana ruminations from the always haunting Texas singer-songwriter."

--Dallas Morning News