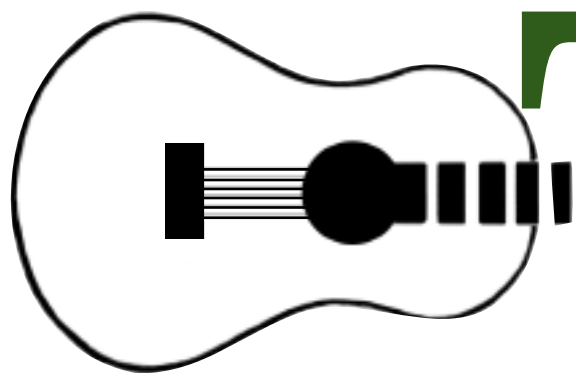


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SAN DIEGO

ROUBADOUR

Alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, gospel, and bluegrass music news



March 2004

Vol. 3, No. 6

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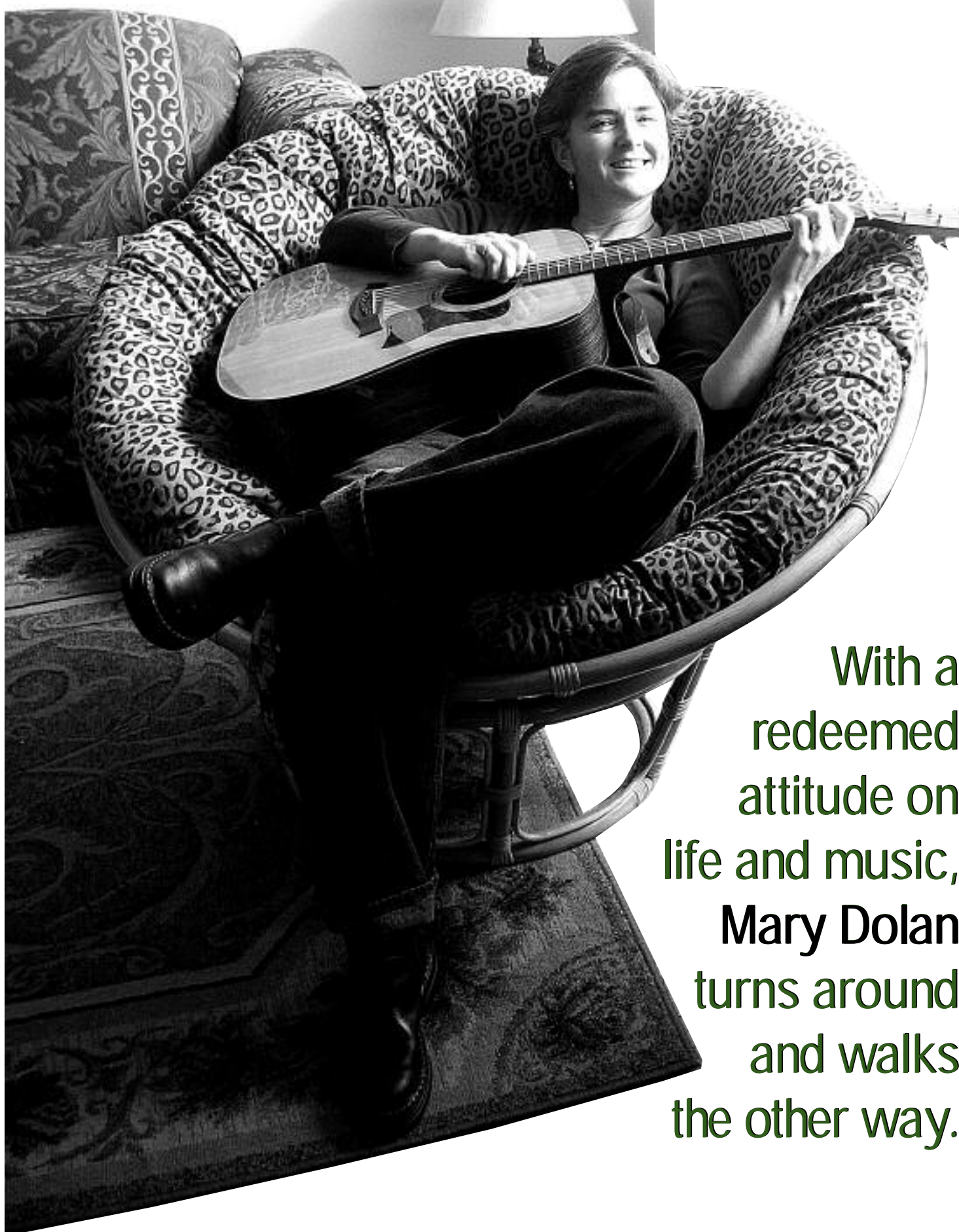
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of folk, country, roots, Americana, gospel, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate, and bring together players, writers, and lovers of these forms; to explore their foundations; and to expand the audience for these types of music.

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Another Page Turns in the History of Drums

by Paul Hormick

David Page is a soft-spoken man, with a melody in his Irish accent that reveals his roots in Dublin. His humble manner, however, belies an innovator and a doer. This quiet man is remaking the modern drum. "There's not a bolt in there, nothing to muffle the sound, no buzz or rattle, nothing like that," says Page of his drums. Instead of the bolts, an external system of rope holds the drum together. This simple construction enhances the resonance of the drum, yielding a purer drum sound.

Page has been making these drums for ten years, the first two or three years spent working on the design and getting the bugs out. He had some trouble with the ropes stretching, but he finally found a polypropylene material that doesn't stretch. He substitutes metal cable for the rope on some of the drums, which gives them a more sturdy appearance.

Page's drums have a single-tension rod the drummer uses to adjust the heads instead of the multiple lugs of a traditional drum. And because the top and bottom are held by the single rope, both the top and bottom are always in tune with each other, further reducing the work a drummer needs to adjust his instruments. Some of the most prominent percussionists have endorsed his instruments, including Evelyn Glennie, the world's top solo percussionist.

The idea for the design goes back to when Page was 18, a young man in Britain who was drafted into the Queen's Guard. The drums he played in the guard were constructed with the roping system. Page took this traditional design and adapted it to the modern drum that you find in today's rock and jazz bands.

Besides producing his drums, Page is starting a new venture. He and his wife, Sandy, are opening a music store around the corner from the North Park Theater and right down the street from The Windsmith, a music store spe-



David Page

cializing in reed instruments. "This is something we've always wanted to do," he says.

Page Drums Music Store will feature drums, Page's and others, as well as ethnic drums from Latin America and elsewhere. In addition to drums, they plan on carrying other instruments such as fiddles and guitars. Page says that it will be the only music store in San Diego that carries Avalon (formerly Loudon) guitars from Ireland.

The Pages plan to offer music lessons of all sorts, be it banjo, piano, or violin, at their establishment. Sandy wants "an old fashioned place, with good ambience." Her husband envisions a friendly environment for musicians to gather. "A place where you can come in have a cup of tea and a chat," he says. They also envision a stage for mini-concerts and plan on holding master classes.

Music has always imbued the life of David Page. He grew up playing the accordion in his hometown of Dublin. His father was a master of the uilleann pipes, a traditional Irish instrument

similar to bagpipes, and worked to popularize the pipes and Irish music. His sister, Moy, was a member of an all girl band called the Beat Chicks, which opened for the Beatles in the early '60s. And his nephew is Gregory Page, who gets more than one mention every month in this publication for his music.

As a young man, Page moved with his parents to Chicago. He found work there as a drummer in the house band of the Empire Room, the biggest theater in the windy city. There he backed up some of the day's top names, including Mel Torme, Lou Rawls, and Bill Cosby. He performed with Frank Sinatra and his orchestra in Palm Springs at a concert attended by almost every big name movie star. Page seems bemused to talk of how enamored the big names were over Ol' Blue Eyes. He also toured France with jazz guitarist Art Johnson and with the Riverdance ensemble.

He currently performs Sunday through Wednesday with Dublin Fusion at Dublin Square in the Gaslamp. He describes Dublin Fusion as more contemporary sounding than what you might expect when you hear the term 'Irish music.' He performs a program of Celtic music twice a year with the San Diego Symphony.

You can visit Page Drums Music Store at 3855 Granada Avenue in North Park, where you'll find a large selection of drums, guitars, fiddles, and perhaps a cup of tea and a chat.



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Sat. 6 Saba/Adrienne live CD recording

Sun. 7 Movie screening: Have You Seen Clem?, plus short sets by Louie & Morin and Sage Gentle-Wing, a featured performer in film.

Fri. 12 Jane (formerly of Jason & Jane)/Peter Bolland

Sat. 13 Split Infinity/Sooth Sayers

Sun. 14 7th Day Buskers

Fri. 19 Robin Henkel

Sat. 20 José Sinatra

Sun. 21 Jefferson Jay

Fri. 26 Pop Tyler

Sat. 27 Pete Thurston/Trevor Davis/Kava

Sun. 28 Gregory Page

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ERRATA

Last month's article on Marc Intravaia meant to state that his father played with Jack Teagarden, not that he was Intravaia's father. The San Diego Troubadour apologizes for the error.

Also, the Shambles/Four Eyes Reunion at the Casbah takes place this month on March 11, not February 11 as erroneously listed in last month's issue.

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full circle

The Crawdaddys

For Best Results, Play on Cheap Equipment

by Bart Mendoza

Essentially built around the raw soulful voice of Ron Silva, the Crawdaddys were an R&B band that formed in the late 70s but performed in the tradition of the early-to-mid-sixties British Beat boom, typified by such groups as the Pretty Things and Rolling Stones. There were numerous lineups over the years, but the original quartet of young R&B fanatics — Ron Silva (vocals, guitar), next door neighbor Steve Potterf (guitar, harp), Mark Zadarnowski (bass), and Dan McLain (drums) came together during the late summer of 1978, based around a loose group of friends who were big Beatles fans.



Ron Silva, circa 1980

"In 1977, before the days of [music archivists] David Peck," says Zadarnowski, "a man named Michael Kerniac started showing his collection of Beatle films at indie cinemas from Los Angeles to San Diego. In those pre-video days, the opportunity to see any Beatles footage was a very big deal. The show would regularly sell out the Ken Cinema. These shows included the Washington performance, Japan, MMT, Around the Beatles, and more. Common stuff today, but at the time he was the only one who had all of it." Zadarnowski soon made the acquaintance of the musical film buff.

He continues, "my best friend from childhood, Tim LaMadrid, never missed any of these shows that were close enough for him to get to. He met Mike and they became friends. Mike, a perfectionist to the point of psychosis, was ever in search of higher quality prints and would pass his old ones off to Tim — for a price, of course. This is how mini-Beatle fests at Mark's apartment started." These impromptu gatherings always drew the era's key musicians, and in retrospect it seems almost inevitable that these meetings of like-minded musical fans would yield at least one band. "I always invited my friend from college, Endre, who happened to be childhood friends of Chip and Tony [Kinman] from the Dils and Jeff [Scott] and Josef [Marc] from the Hitmakers. Endre decided to invite Jeff and Josef, who promptly invited Ron."

Ever on the lookout for musicians, "Ron noticed my bass and amp and asked me what kind of music I liked to

play. A short time later I got a call from Ron and he told me he was leaving the Hitmakers. He was starting a new band and had convinced Potterf to play rhythm guitar and harmonica and would I like to play bass? Yes, I had done various sorts of jamming before, but this was my first actual group." It would be the start of three decades and more of playing music locally.

Silva's younger brother Russell filled the drum position briefly, but when the original Penetrators' lineup splintered, Dan McLain, a staunch fan of this brand of gritty R&B, came aboard. The band quickly began to gig in the area, playing literally anywhere possible, from house parties to the Skeleton Club, Abbey Road, North Park Lions Club, and other venues.

Though the members were by no means Mods, the group's devotion to both the sound and the look of the mid-60s' beat boom attracted a large Mod and scootérist following. With their mix of roots rock and attitude, they also fit in well at punk shows, though their fans often ran into problems.

The band came to the attention of Greg Shaw in 1978 when he was played their tape at the end of a Hitmakers audition and they soon became part of his indie label (Devo, Plimsouls, etc.) Bomp Records family. Shaw believed that the Crawdaddys were the beginning of a new teen movement, so he started the VOXX label, with the band's album as the flagship release. The ensuing years proved Shaw to be correct, and the Crawdaddys set the stage for the world wide '60s revival, which followed over the next eight years. Many bands from the Gravedigger V to REM have cited the Crawdaddys as an influence.

"Shaw came into the picture before we even played Los Angeles much," says Zadarnowski. "When we did play it was at the Londoner, mostly in the early days. Pete Case [of the Plimsouls] got us a lot of those gigs. That first album, *Crawdaddy Express* (reissued with bonus tracks; Bomp/Voxx 2001) was a sonic upgrade from what Shaw originally heard at the audition. The 15 tracks were recorded in mono for a whopping \$12! "What were the recording sessions for the first album like?" asks Zadarnowski rhetorically. "Hot and smelly. They were done inside a room, built inside Ron's Dad's garage." Unfortunately it was a multipurpose room. "The garage also housed their young Labradors," he remembers. "It was quite a challenge to carry in a speaker cabinet and not step in [or on] something."

As for the bands legendary "authentic fidelity," that's likely down to the equipment used to capture *Crawdaddy Express*. "Tim had borrowed a two-track reel-to-reel from the school where he worked and that's how we recorded the demo. After Greg Shaw said he liked it and wanted an album, we rented a similar four-track. This was at, actually, Tim's, for the most part, expense. We had a zero-dollar recording budget." Now considered a garage classic, particularly in Europe, the group was feted at the time by the likes of the *Los Angeles Weekly*. The album was also released in England and Germany, but no real progress was

made. They also released a single, "There She Goes Again" and an EP, *5X4*, both for VOXX, but these got next to no attention. Collectors should note that these have been reissued several times, including colored vinyl versions, while the album's "Oh Baby Doll" was teamed with a track by the Last for a very rare U.K. 12-inch single.

While hometown audiences were appreciative, this was not the case elsewhere. In perhaps a perfect example of the band's lack of respect, Zadarnowski remembers a trip to the East Coast. "By far, the worst memory of my time in the band was seeing the *Crawdaddy Express* album being used to block the leaking roof of a Greenwich Village record store in New York City circa 1980." Little did they know it would become a collector's item.

Potterf and Silva had both just exited the Hitmakers, but within months of the record's release Potterf, who had a predilection toward reggae, left to spend time with his other group. "Potterf left first to join the Upbeats, headed by Paris Trent," remembers Zadarnowski. "He was replaced by Peter Meisner. This eventually put Pete's childhood friend Keith Daimian Fisher in the picture." McLain also left soon afterward to concentrate on the reconstituted Penetrators. There was friction between Zadarnowski and the acerbic keyboard-playing Fischer. "This eventually got me kicked out and Pete followed," says Zadarnowski. There was a bit of subterfuge involved in Zadarnowski's exit. Unbeknownst to him, the bands next bass player was a fan of the group's from England.

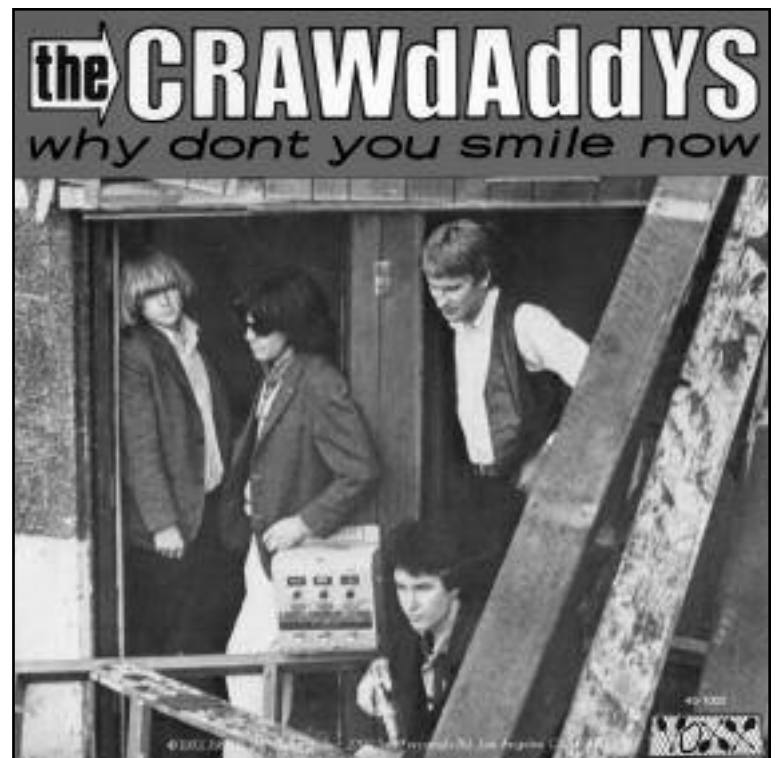
Well-respected rock historian and musician Mike Stax actually moved to San Diego to join the group. "I came here in November of 1980," says Stax. "I first heard the Crawdaddys on John Peel's radio show," he remembers. "He played, I think it was "Oh Baby Doll" off the album, which would have been late 1979 or early 1980. It knocked me out, because it sounded like a record from the '60s, specifically early Stones or Yardbirds. That was the kind of music I was into, so hearing a band play the music so authentically, I immediately went out to track down the album, and subsequently the two 7-inch records that came out."

Inspired, he decided to contact his new favorite group. "I wrote them a fan letter. At the time I was trying to put together my own band in England to play R&B; we were called the High-Heeled Sneakers. We never got out of the garage. Anyway, I wrote to them and explained that I played bass and was in a band and that kind of stuff, and they wrote back and said, 'Well, our bass player's leaving. Why don't you come over here and be our bass player?' I was just getting out of high school then; I really didn't know what I wanted to do. I was, you know, kind of delaying the possibility of going to college or anything like that." Stax soon relocated to San Diego, at first staying with guitarist Carl Rusk's family. "I decided, yeah, great, I'll move to the states and play bass in the Crawdaddys."

Zadarnowski would have the misfor-



The Crawdaddys: Steve Potterf, Mark Zadarnowski, Dan McLain, and Ron Silva



tune of being kicked out of the band he had helped found, ironically a fate that would also eventually befall his replacement. "Mike joined the group but due to his immigration [status], he would have to leave and re-enter the country. At this time I was suddenly asked back, with Pete following. This fell in perfectly with the conniving Crawdaddy plans. Pete wouldn't come back [to the band] without me, but they knew Mike would be back in a few months. When he came back they kicked me out [again], but this time Pete stayed with the group." Though the hatchet has long since been buried, Zadarnowski still holds a bit of contempt toward the situation.

We'll cover the story of the second lineup of the Crawdaddys, which survived until the late eighties, in a future article, but of the original quartet, Potterf went on to the Upbeats. Zadarnowski followed the Crawdaddys, with stints in the Mystery Machine, a brief pause with the Beat Farmers, then the Town Cryers, and finally the Shambles. Legendary drummer Dan "Country Dick Montana" McLain, giggered with the Penetrators and was later with the Beat Farmers and then concurrently proprietor of Monty's Rockers, an early indie record store as well as a fanzine editor. Sadly, McLain passed away onstage on November 8, 1995, during a sold out Beat Farmers show in Whistler, Canada. Meanwhile Ron Silva has also been busy, performing



Mark Zadarnowski today

throughout the years with such revered groups as the Lyres, Untamed Youth, Nashville Ramblers, Berkeley Squires, Mystery Machine, and many others.





Photo: Bill Richardson



Recordially, Lou Curtiss

additional verse about going to the doctor:

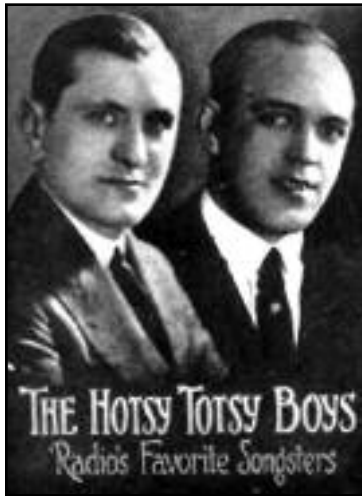
He looked at me and said, "Why, your final lowka towka is badly bent" . . . you've got the lovesick blues.

The record by Jack Shea lists Cliff Friend as single author of the song. All the later versions list Irving Mills and Cliff Friend as authors. Irving Mills was a very successful arranger, agent, friend, and sometimes singer with bands like Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Don Redmon, the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, and his own Hotsy Totsy Boys (a.k.a. Mills Musical Clowns and Mills Merry Makers). My guess is that he got the musicians together to back up Emmett Miller and, as a result, took a piece of the action on his songs. "Lovesick Blues"

Evolution of a Song

I'm always curious about how songs evolve, and I guess there's no better documentation of that than by listening to recordings. Take Hank Williams' "Lovesick Blues," which most of us consider a country music standard. Recorded by Hank in December of 1948, it had been a country song when cowboy crooner Rex Griffin recorded it in September of 1938. However, when medicine show blackface songster Emmett Miller recorded it back in June of 1928, he used backup by his Georgia Crackers, which included jazzmen Leo McConville on trumpet, Tommy Dorsey on trombone, Jimmy Dorsey on clarinet, Eddie Lang on guitar, Arthur Schutt on piano, and Stan King on drums. This was a jazz-blues-minstrel hybrid that was anything but country.

It was obvious that both Hank and Rex had heard Emmett Miller's recording. There are enough similarities in the way the song is sung to make that absolutely certain. The same blue yodels are in the same place so, where did Emmett Miller get the song? The answer is in a fourth recording made in 1922 by vaudeville song-and-dance man Jack Shea. All the words are there but the tune is a bit different and there is an



Irving Mills (left) and Jimmy McHugh



Emmett Miller

Happy," "Wah Hoo," "When My Dreamboat Comes Home," and a list a mile long that appeared in such Broadway shows and movies as George White's *Scandals*, Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, *Many Happy Returns*, and *Shine on Harvest Moon*. Cliff Friend had a lot on his plate. He probably didn't miss half the royalties on one of his first songs. After Hank did the song, it was done by about everyone in country music. Sonny James brought it back to the country charts in 1957 and Floyd Cramer charted with an instrumental in 1962. The British crooner Frankfield charted with it in 1963. For an old 1922 vaudeville tune, "Lovesick Blues" has had a pretty good run. Now someone needs to bring that early verse about the trip to the doctor. I'd be glad to give it to them . . .

2004 Adams Avenue Roots Festival

The 31st Adams Avenue Roots Festival is coming up May 1-2, and for me, it's as always a collection of old friends I see too infrequently and people who I've wanted to see for awhile.

I first ran into LPs by Clyde Davenport back in the 1970s, and from that time forward, he's been on the short list of those old-timey performers and musicians that I'd like to



Clyde Davenport



Hank Williams

have at any festival. Clyde plays fiddle and both clawhammer and finger-style banjo. He was brought up on the music of Dick Burnett and Leonard Rutherford and makes his home in Whitleyville, Tennessee (in the Cumberland Gap area). Clyde is thought to have the largest repertoire of solo fiddle tunes among any southern mountain fiddler. He plays tunes in an archaic style, characterized by cross tunings, elaborate bowing, and eccentric meolody lines.

These were fiddle tunes made for listening ("Kittypuss," "One-Eyed Rosie," and "Jenny in the Corss Patch") that dropped from general circulation around the turn of the last century (that's 1900, folks) as ensemble sounds became increasingly popular.

Clyde developed some more progressive phrasing while playing in a country bluegrass group, The Radio Pals, in Muncie, Indiana during the late '40s. Interestingly, this almost never shows up in his breakdown numbers, where his approach is clean and traditional.

Clyde is equally versatile as a banjo player and can choose from clawhammer, two- and three-finger traditional styles, or Scruggs style to accompany a fiddle tune. He's been called one of the most important living traditional musicians. You won't want to miss him, especially if you play banjo or fiddle. You'll kick yourselves if you do.

I last saw Jimmy and Nancy Borsdorf (who call themselves Hawks and Eagles) when they played at the twentieth Roots Festival in 1987.

They bring their mix of old-timey and contemporary guitar and fiddle songs back to San Diego in May. They are true musicians, which means they play a lot of stuff and they play it well. You won't want to miss them either.



R. Crumb's drawing of Jimmy and Nancy Borsdorf (Hawks and Eagles)

Finally, there is the Mexican Roots Trio, who have been called the New Lost City Ramblers of old-time Mexican music. I only recently heard Joel Guzman, Sarah Fox, and Max Baca, but they come across like a great old 78 by Lydia Mendoza or Los Madrugadores. These young Chicanos are helping preserve cultura, herencia, y raices. Natives of San Antonio, Texas, they are coming all the way to San Diego for the Roots Festival. Keep watching these pages for more information on the 31st Roots Festival on Adams Avenue.

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front porch

Robin Henkel: Never Too Busy to Play the Blues

by John Philip Wylie

For veteran San Diego singer/songwriter Robin Henkel, keeping busy has never been a problem. When he is not playing funk-fusion-jazz with his namesake Robin Henkel Band at Carlsbad's Coyote Club, you will find him strumming a dobro for the bluegrass-oriented Seventh Day Buskers, or giving guitar lessons to one of his 40 plus students, or sitting in with one of the other bands he regularly plays with, or doing his solo blues gigs . . . you get the picture.

Though Henkel is busier than most people would ever want to be, he is not complaining. In fact, he wouldn't have it any other way.

"I get to do a lot of different things and that is kind of how I like it," he said following an impressive set of Mississippi Delta blues at Twiggs. "Every band that I play with brings out another part of me. Besides, I've had a hard time over the years sticking to just one thing."

While he enjoys playing just about anything, Henkel believes he is best known for his blues interpretations. After watching his day after a recent performance to a surprisingly decent crowd, it is easy to see why. "The delta blues thing that I do is probably the most easily accessible for people," Henkel said. His wild-eyed expressions and animated gestures make Henkel's live performances highly entertaining. His mastery of the guitar and the dobro is simply a joy to behold.

Judging from the way he plays, one would assume that Henkel grew up in the Deep South, but actually, he

didn't.

"When I was about 10 or 11 my parents took me to see [bluesman] Josh White," Henkel recalled. "We were living in Seattle at the time [1962] and White was playing inside one of the pavilions at the Seattle World's Fair. He was the first bluesman that I had ever seen. It just knocked me out. As a little kid growing up in a [mostly] white neighborhood I had heard the blues, but at that point I didn't know there was a whole style of music called the blues. A lot of the folk singers of the early '60s would play some blues occasionally, but when I saw Josh White, he was the real thing. That is what put it all together for me."

"I learned how to play without ever knowing how to read music by listening to both folk music and the blues. It wasn't until years later that I took classes and studied some theory," Henkel said.

By the mid-'70s, Henkel had gravitated to rock, often playing bass for bands that covered the likes of Led Zeppelin and ZZ Top. It helped him to develop a very strong sense of rhythm, but he eventually grew tired of it. That sense of rhythm would one day become Henkel's trademark.

A second blues performance, this one by John Hammond Jr. at the old Bacchanal in Clairemont, proved to be equally influential. "Seeing [Hammond] perform the old Mississippi Delta tunes inspired me to get back into the blues," Henkel said. A fine blues guitarist that could also play the harmonica, Hammond's performance made a major impact. "It brought meaning to the concept of a one-man band," Henkel said. Having perfected his sound over

the last 30 years while living in San Diego, Henkel can frequently be heard in a variety of places from Lestat's in Normal Heights, to Patrick's in Poway, to Kelly's Pub near SDSU, to the Firehouse in La Jolla. His frequently updated website www.robinhenkel.com is probably the best way to track him down. His most recent recording effort features five songs that he either wrote or co-wrote. In it he also covers songs from blues legends such as Robert Johnson, Fred McDowell, and James "Son" Thomas. Naturally, it features plenty of his signature guitar work.

Henkel was both pleased and amused to be honored by the San Diego Music Association when his last album, *Highway* (1999) took the 2000 award in the blues category. Never having been previously recognized, he was thrilled to receive his first SDMA award. Being that his album was really more jazz than it was blues, he was also a little bit puzzled and amused. Henkel didn't spend much time fretting over it, however. He was far too busy for that.

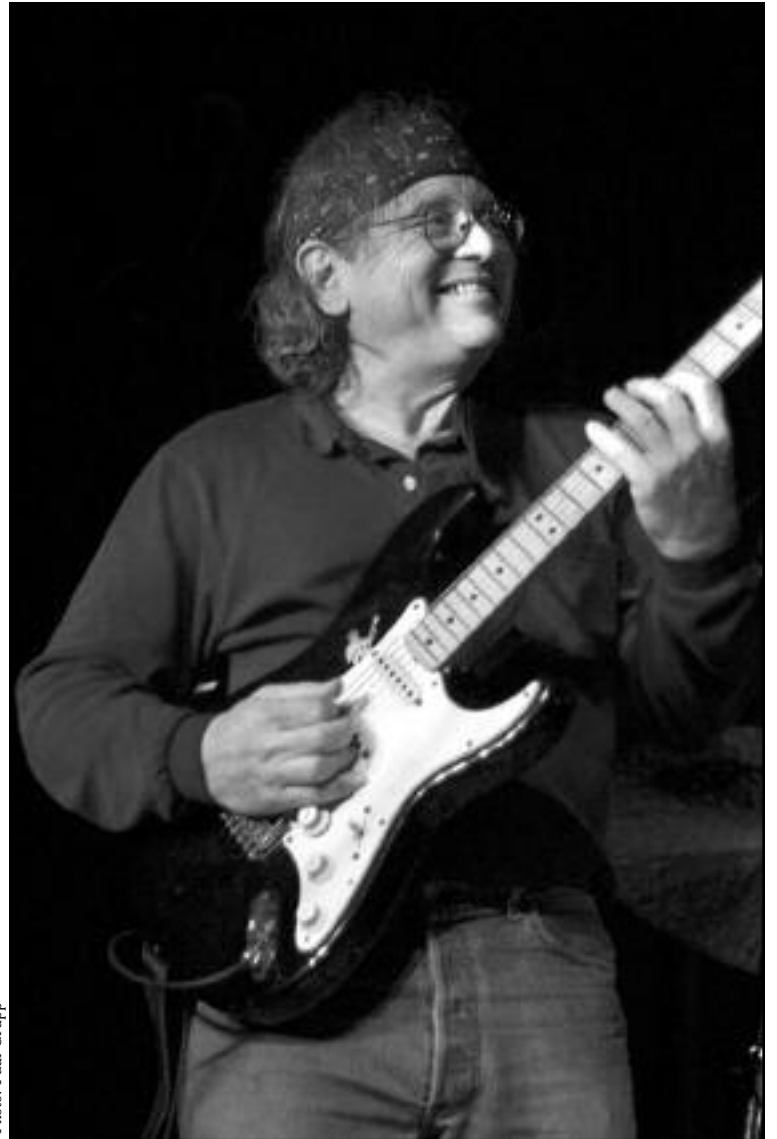


Photo: Paul Grupp

John Ciccolella Is Happy on Stage or Behind the Scenes



John Ciccolella

by John Philip Wylie

Having covered San Diego's coffee-house music scene for the last several years, I have sipped countless gallons of coffee and eaten more than my fair share oatmeal raisin cookies at Twiggs. These delicious morsels and the French roast are part of what makes this University Heights establishment special. The musical entertainment, however, is the real draw. It is nearly always first rate and varied enough to suit almost any musical taste. The music changes, but Twiggs patrons are always greeted by the same smiling face.

Johnny Ciccolella books the talent, runs the sound system, sells the tickets, and promotes the shows in addition to doing many other more mundane tasks.

He also caters to the musicians in such a way that they all seem to like him. Until recently, I had no idea that Ciccolella was himself a musician, but when he accompanied singer/songwriter Saba on one of her compositions, that fact became obvious. The same night he told me about his band, Gato Papacitos, and gave me a copy of their CD, *Portofino* (reviewed in this publication, January 2004).

"Frankly there is enough negativity in the world. I like things to be bright and colorful. Music for me is a freeing, emotional experience for the most part and that provides my motivation," Ciccolella said.

Ciccolella wrote or co-wrote six of the 11 cuts on *Portofino*. On the remaining five, he demonstrates his eclectic, well-rounded musical taste. By interpreting everything from the Allman Brothers

"Jessica" to Beethoven's "Ode to Joy," Gato Papacitos demonstrates its versatility. The melodies may be familiar, but the interpretations are totally unique, spirited, and uplifting.

Having heard Ciccolella's elegant piano playing, I sat down expecting a piano-driven album. To my surprise, there was not a single note of piano on any of the 11 selections. Instead, Ciccolella uses his fingers to run up and down the neck of his guitar, while a host of musicians including band mainstays Nico Gutierrez (percussion), Ivan Alamo (bass), and Willman Marcellio (electric guitar) give *Portofino* what Ciccolella calls a "sunny" feel.

With Ciccolella tied up with his duties at Twiggs most weekends, Gato Papacitos rarely performs live. When it does, the event is usually a private one. While he enjoys performing, Ciccolella is equally excited about his role at Twiggs.

"I think I have the best job in San Diego. I love to play music and I love everything about it: the science, the aesthetics, and the techniques. But I also enjoy working with young artists. They keep it fresh. I come to work everyday and just watch this grow. That has to be the most delightful aspect of it for me. It's great to watch people blossom and develop into burgeoning young talents," Ciccolella said.

"There are four or five local outdoor festivals from Encinitas to Chula Vista coming up where we will play," he said. "And I know Claire of Claire de Lune [coffeehouse] very well, so we sometimes play there," he added. In the meantime, *Portofino* is available at Twiggs, Lou's Records, and M-Theory as well as online at CDBaby.com and DowntownSound.com

Hugh Gaskins

CD's are available at COW Records in O.B. & M-Theory Records (South Park)

live @ Twiggs coffee house - March 4th & 13th

for more information, check www.hughgaskins.com



by Paul Hormick

Dave Howard is the most famous obscure person in San Diego County. Mention his name to anyone, even a music lover, and you will probably get a confused, blank stare. Ask any of the local singer/songwriters, however, and they will surely know who you're talking about – and for good reason. They sing his songs.

"I'm the most covered local singer/songwriter," says Howard. No one has checked with the Guinness people on that claim, but just by the looks of things, he's right. His songs are on the disks of about a dozen local performers, including some of the best known local talents like Berkley Hart, Gregory Page, and A.J. Croce. Howard even tells of the time when John Katchur, another local singer/songwriter, performed Howard's tune "Pieces of Me" before Howard had the chance to perform it himself.

Howard encourages others to cover his songs, which is one of the reasons they are found in other singers' repertoire. He appreciates that, in a way, his songs are never finished, that new life comes to them when

they're covered by other artists, as when a song he recorded as a ballad was performed by Berkley Hart as a rocker. The other reason his songs are so frequently covered is that they have that crisp pop quality; they're easy to listen to and they're something you'd be glad to hear on the radio. Some of them would rate pretty high on Bandstand's "Rate a Record," because they have a good beat and you can dance to them.

Howard isn't certain what's going to happen when he starts writing, but he pays close attention to the structure of a song, how the chords flow, and the relationship between the chorus and verse. He also knows the importance of a good bridge in a song. He gained that musical sense during his childhood, growing up in Brooklyn and New Jersey in a really hip family. "We would sit around as a family and listen to *Sargent Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band* and the Who's *Tommy*," he says. Mom also played Sinatra and Billy Eckstein, along with other standards.

Soaking up all these good vibes, Howard started writing songs when he was 15. He recalls sitting in his high school geometry class and tapping out the rhythms to his songs with

a pencil. He first tried emulating what he admired in other writers and performers – Dylan for his ability to write an angry song, The Who for their power, Rodgers and Hammerstein for their sense of melody, Elvis Costello for his ability to turn a phrase, and, of course, the Beatles. As far as Howard is concerned, the Beatles had it all.

As an example of the work he does with his lyrics, Howard points to his song "Hell Of a Highway," which is sung from the point of view of a grizzled wanderer who has seen a lot of the open road and more than his share of ups and downs. "Not everyone has this experience," says Howard, "but everyone has struggles. A song works when it's believable and when it resonates with the person listening to it, that the song has something the listener can identify with."

Dance to it, listen to it. "That's the whole Dave Howard thing," he says. He aims to make songs that can be appreciated on several levels; the listener can take his tunes as light pop or find some deeper revelations.

For Howard music is always working on a deeper level. "Music is a big part of my spirituality," he says. "It's a way I can process my emotions." He first found solace in music as a teenager when his family was splintering. And although he is involved in temple, Howard admits that he finds more spirituality in music than he does in religion.

"I don't have any kind of monopoly on what good songwriting is," Howard says. He thus feels that his talents are enhanced when he collaborates with other San Diego songwriters, most notably with A.J. Croce for the last six years. Working with other writers opens up the possibilities of a song for Howard. He says, "I don't want to write the same kind of thing all the time. Collaborating with other songwriters keeps me from doing that." And each artist has some talent for the songwriting process, "like what Calman [Hart] brings," he says. "Nothing should be cliched, and each line should have an impact."

Howard will release his second disk, *Into*

Dave Howard: Songwriting Master Is Songwriters' Mentor



Recent hootenanny with (l. to r.) Howard, Lora Dillon, Jeffrey Joe Morin, Peggy Watson, Sven-Erik Seaholm, and Rick Kaestner.



A young Dave Howard in 1970, pondering his future in music.



Dave Howard in 1981.



With Jewel in 1994.

the Wind, this month (see review, page 13). "This is the disk that my fans wanted me to make," he says. It comprises the songs, some of which are ten years old, that are requested when he performs and the ones that fans have asked to be recorded. The CD release party will be held at Humphrey's Backstage Lounge on March 11, beginning at 8 p.m.



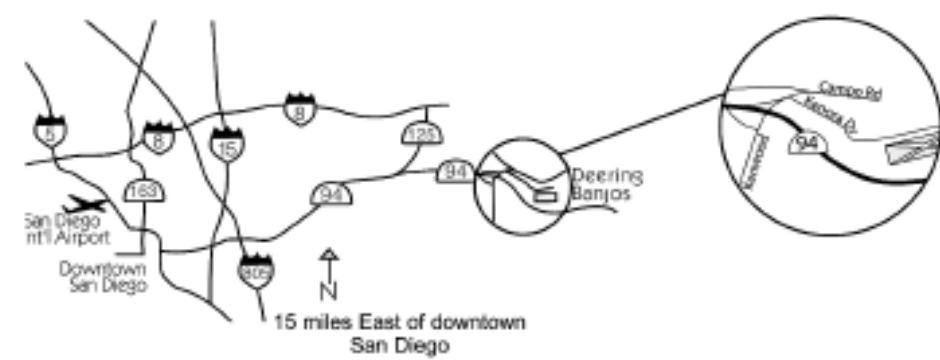
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We look forward to seeing you!



parlor showcase

A Walk With Mary

Story and photography by Chuck Schiele

Mary Dolan arrives promptly at my place on a crisp and sunny coastal morning with her manager Anita York. We exchange greetings and hugs. We are acquaintances who haven't seen each other in some time, but we don't really know each other.

I pour some coffee and inform Mary that we're going to go on a walk while we talk about the writing of this story. Her already very bright and intelligent eyes light up at the idea. And after a few sips we're on our way. Anita chooses this moment to leave us alone with the unspoken understanding that the story will probably be more charming this way. As Mary and I decide our route, I grab my camera to take pictures along the way. And we're off to a comfortable start.

"Beautiful day."

"Yes, we're lucky to live here."

I ask Mary what's up these days ... "Haven't seen you in a while, girl. What's up with you?"

Mary shared her recent decision to take some time off to pursue certain personal explorations, specifically "soul matters." With a year to go toward earning a four-year degree in religious studies, the rocker chick I saw jumping all over the stage like a rock 'n' roll monster at the Belly-Up a few years ago was suddenly a very matured, graceful, and eloquent soul. And I find myself delighted to be in the conversation we're in.

"I first saw you playing with Lisa Sanders. Do you still play with her?"

"Well, a couple of years ago, I'd been playing my own stuff and also with Lisa. I felt like I was getting kind of burned out on music, so I decided to step away from Lisa's band to focus on my own thing. I thought that might refresh things for me. I was planning another two-month tour across the country and was actually more than half-way booked for the tour, when I just had a sense that I shouldn't go. I just felt like it was wrong somehow. So, I cancelled my tour and decided to finish my degree."

She carried on. "It got to the point where the commercial limitations of the music business exceeded the motivation for why I do music in the first place. There are all these people telling you what to play, how to play,



change this, change that — until I wasn't doing what it is I do. And that's okay, but only for a while if you enter the game with musical ideas and notions of your own. Then there are politics at the company, while there are politics within the band itself. After a while, when it gets old, one grows tired. I lost my energy for it," she explains.

We head through the hood of Ocean Beach, deciding to take the ocean cliff route, and were soon headed down the Santa Cruz steps and onto the craggy shoreline.

She continues, "So I got out of the scene."

"Yeah... it gets pretty mean out there, doesn't it?" I empathize.

"It's masochistic at times," she affirms.

We both laugh, because she's right. And we take a few moments to gossip lovingly about some of the wounded soldiers we refer to as buddies in our music scene as a means of taking note of just how mean the biz really is.

We get back on course as she explains, "So I took a break, hung it up, and enrolled myself to pursue a bachelor's degree in religious studies and a master's in library sciences."

"Why religious studies? Are you on a soul search or something?" I ask.

"Yes. Absolutely. Religion played a big part in my childhood and formed in me a great love for the Divine. I have a fascination with religions as well — the different ways in which peoples of the world are called to interact with the Divine. I personally want to be exactly who I am called to be and find that I can get clues and insights into the right action when I read or hear the words of saints and great spiritual masters. It was time for me to 'go there' and explore some of the things I've been thinking about for a while. I've enjoyed my time off from music so that I can do this and get to know myself better. I've learned a lot and am loving this growing process," she continues.

"But, you're ready to get back into the mean scene of music? Is that motivated by your experience with your

studies and your soul searching? What about the corporate thing?" I inquire to keep her rolling.

"Well, yeah... I'm ready for more...," she's rolling, "but not in the same way as before. I want to do things differ-



ently, now."

I challenge her. "Oooh. Sounds like you have something to say. Do you know what it is you're going to do differently?"

Saved by the bell.

Mary's phone rings, right there on the cliff, and I wonder why I can't get no satisfaction from my own phone out here. She excuses herself to take the call. I gave her privacy to talk but decided to document the call with my camera.

She keeps it short and comes back to the conversation, apologizing for the interruption. I tell her, "Nice try. Tell me what it is you're going to do differently."

"Oh, yes. First of all, [I'm going to] forget the 'man.' I'm inspired to write new songs without corporate intervention, expectation, or influence. The last time I

tried that, it drained me. I want to write about what's in my heart and let the songs be what they are. Simply that."

"I've only heard a couple of the working demos. How far along are ya?"

"I'm still writing, getting it all underway," Mary



parlor showcase



Mary finds Mary

explains. "I feel I have something to say and am ready to put it to paper. To tape."

Right about there, we reminisce about Dana LeeWood's story about Lisa Sander's attempt to locate a piece of paper, prompting both us to gesture, "Get me a paper! Get me a paper!" We have a good laugh together and revert to sharing backstage anecdotes for a bit, most of which we can't say out loud.

She also spoke a little bit about her days playing with Lisa Sanders, and her own work as well, as we hike past a homeless minstrel smoking a joint and playing guitar. Its 11 a.m. and this guy is in paradise, with the ocean 20 feet behind him.

Soon we hit Newport Avenue and stop for cappuccinos at the Ocean Beach Motel. Mary, who's buying, tells the guy behind the counter that we just got married. I go with it, adding that it was a great ceremony and that we're coming back to the hotel and we needed the coffee because we're really excited. He looks at us kinda funny and laughs although he's not sure whether he's laughing at us or with us. So we made him take our picture. Author's note: Don't worry, we didn't register at Neiman Marcus.

From there we decide to walk out onto the pier. Mary notes that this is the longest pier on the West Coast, which I acknowledge, thinking to myself how good a cappuccino tastes when my head is full of fresh ocean wind. Soon we encounter a row of gumball machines full of stale gum

and weird souvenirs at the cafe/bait store halfway out on the pier. There are lots of people fishing all along the north side of the pier, but it's the row of gumball machines that grabs her attention.

"Check these out!" she hollers, taking serious interest in a machine that dispenses crosses with images of Mother Mary and crucifixes, some of which have



Mary gets married

replaced Jesus with a Pachuco in a zoot suit.

She's shoving in quarters and turning the handle in hot pursuit of the cross with Mother Mary on it. "I've gotta have that. Its soooo cool." She runs out, so I give her more coins. After five tries or so, she gets the one she wants and it's like Christmas on the pier. We take a few minutes to examine, discuss, and have fun with our trinkets for a minute — claiming the ones each of us wants in the same way little boys negotiate the trade of their baseball cards.

We reach the end of the pier and stop as the conversation turns to recording her next CD.

I ask her how's she's gonna do it; who's involved; if there's a formal deal.

And all she had to say was, "I'm gonna do it myself. Old School. I have a small and modest recording studio in my home. I'm not really interested in super technical means right now, so it makes sense to go bare bones. It's going to be my songs, my guitar, my voice. Thats it. I'm going for personal. I'm going for soul."

"A purity thing?" I ask, trying to create the proper context for her remarks.

"Yes. Exactly."

We head back to my place, cutting through the neighborhood. We gossiped a bit more, shared our admiration for the Beatles and our mutual disgust for the whole "Britney" thing. We told some jokes. We talked spirituality some more.

"Oh! And can you mention that I'm into skateboarding?" Mary adds by way of a left turn.

"Skateboarding? What's up with skateboarding? Is that your new zen activity or something?" I chuckle.



"Its a meditation thing," she replies, ready to go into it, more. So I let her go a little.

I change the subject, however, back to music, asking about any forthcoming gigs.

She had answers:

- March 6th: opening for Eve Selis at the Cannibal Bar.
- March 13th: at the Golden Goose in Santee.
- March 20th: A Fundraiser for her own CD at Wine Seals in Hillcrest.
- March 30th: Guest artist/deejay on KKSM 1320 in San Marcos.

We had coffee. We got married. We encountered strange people. We breathed a lot of fresh Pacific air. And we made friends by getting to know each other better.

Soon we were back, and our little walk was over. And Mary went home to write that record.

Check her out for yourself at www.marydolan.com





ramblin'

Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

Ever consider attending a bluegrass summer camp? Now is a good time to give it some thought as a way to have great fun and to make some serious improvement in your playing. Here is a brief rundown of three major camps on the West Coast (there are many more; do a web search and you will find them).

MARK O'CONNOR'S FIDDLE CAMP

<http://www.markoconnor.com/fiddle.camp/>



Mark O'Connor

Mark O'Connor runs two fiddle camps each summer — one in Nashville, which is already sold out for this summer, and one in San Diego at Point Loma

Nazarene College on a bluff overlooking the ocean. The San Diego fiddle camp, scheduled for August 1-8, still has openings. The impressive lineup of teachers includes **Paul Anastasio** (Mexican); **Gilles Apap** (Gypsy and classical); **Renata Bratt** (cello); **Jon Burr** (double-bass); **Sara Caswell** (jazz); **Catherine Cho** (classical); **Carol Cook** (viola); **Tashina Clarridge** (contest and old-time); **Tristan Clarridge** (contest and old-time); **Rushad Eggleston** (cello); **Randy Elmore** (Texas fiddling); **Jesus Florido** (Latin); **Johnny Frigo** (jazz); **George Gao** (Chinese erhu); **Matt Glaser** (jazz violin); **Babette Goodman** (beginners); **Natalie Haas** (cello); **Melissa Harley** (Texas style); **Bert Ligon** (ensemble playing); **Natalie MacMaster** (Celtic and Cape Breton); **Diane Monroe** (jazz violin); **Mark O'Connor** (all fiddle styles); **Brad Phillips** (beginner/intermediate); **Vicki Richards** (East Indian violin); **Yale Strom** (klezmer); **Janet Sung** (classical); **David Wallace** (viola); **Claude "Fiddler" Williams** (jazz); and **Mark Wood** (rock).

The cost is \$700 per person for five full days of classes and seminars, with faculty concerts each night, which are open to students and their guests only. The fee also includes three meals a day at the college.

The camp is open to all levels. Having attended this camp myself, I can verify that it provides a top-notch experience, with exposure to a variety of playing styles as well as the opportunity to learn from some of the top players in the country. It is also great fun to share meals and chat with faculty. In addition, the evening faculty concerts feature some of the best fiddle playing I have ever seen anywhere. This camp is best suited, in my opinion, to the serious student and caters to all types of playing, including, but not limited to, bluegrass.

BLUEGRASS AT THE BEACH

<http://www.bluegrassatthebeach.com/>

For the hard core bluegrass player, Bluegrass at the Beach is top notch. This five-day program runs August 15-20 and provides classes for guitar, mandolin, bass, banjo, and fiddle. This year for the first time, vocals, along with a variety of workshops and performances will be offered. An important part of Bluegrass at the Beach is that each student is assigned to a band, each of which has a faculty instructor who works with the band to prepare for a performance on stage the final day of camp. Members of the faculty include **Laurie Lewis** (fiddle); **Tom Rozum** mandolin, **Missy Raines** Bass, **Roland White** and **John**



McLaughlin guitar, **Stacy Phillips** Dobro, and **Richard Bailey** banjo. In addition, each instructor has an assistant of top caliber. The cost is \$375, but you are on your own for food and lodging, although the camp reserves camping spaces at a beautiful camp ground on the beach. Did I mention this camp is in the beautiful town of Nehalem, Oregon, right on the beach? If you just want bluegrass, you can't go wrong at Bluegrass on the Beach.

GRASS VALLEY CBA CAMP

<http://www.cbamusiccamp.org/FAQ.html>

The California Bluegrass Association hosts on a bluegrass academy in conjunction with its Grass Valley Father's Day Festival. Instruction is provided on all instruments — banjo, guitar, mandolin, bass, fiddle, and dobro — with three levels of instruction and an emphasis on beginning to intermediate players. The camp is held June 13-16 and the cost is \$230. Visit the web page to see the impressive list of this year's instructors.

COMING EVENTS

Opry-Style Event Don't miss San Diego Bluegrass Society's Grand Ole Opry-style event at St. Marks United Methodist church, 3502 Clairmont Drive, on Sunday, March 14. Hosted by **Full Deck**, and **KSON's Wayne Rice** serving as master of ceremonies, come see and hear lots of great bands and performers. Admission is free, although donations are accepted. In addition, Wayne will be broadcasting the show on KSON on tape delay from 10 pm to midnight that night to celebrate the *Bluegrass Special's* anniversary, which Wayne has hosted for 28 years. Way to go Wayne!

Temecula Bluegrass Festival This festival returns to Temecula March 20-21 with a great lineup, including **Bluegrass Etc.**, **Silverado**, **Kane's River**, **Witcher**



Sara Watkins at Temecula

Brothers, Lilies of the West, Andy Rau, Susie Glaze and the 8-Hand String Band, Lost Canyon Rangers, Grateful Dudes, and the **Older**

than Dirt Gang. This is an easy drive from San Diego, entry is free, and camping is available for \$10. For more info: http://www.temeculacalifornia.com/Bluegrass_Festival/bluegrass_festival.html.

Parker Festival The second annual Parker Festival will be held March 5-7 on the Colorado River. It was a great time last year, and this one looks to be good as well. Performers include the **U.S. Navy Band, Bluegrass Etc.**, and many more. For band lineups and information, go to www.parkerbluegrassfestival.com.

Get out, go to camp, take a lesson, go to concert, attend a festival! You won't regret it, and I'll see you there!



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

Why the (NAMM) Show Must Go On . . .

For any writer of recording techniques or technologies, a stop at the NAMM show is pretty darn essential. Where else can you find virtually all the newest products, ask questions of their creators or sales reps, and put faces to some of the names you'll be talking to?

Closed to the public, Anaheim's NAMM show, held each year in January, brings together music retailers and distributors, music product manufacturers, and yes...even the music press. The anagram used to stand for North American Music Merchants and has now grown to mean the International Music Products Association. But who's gonna remember IMPA? Each attendee at this four-day event is issued a non-transferable, non-forgeable badge that signifies not only which category you belong to but also your general function within it. You'll see a company's name, the person's name, and below it something like Retail Employee or Exhibitor. I've attended previous shows as both employee and with a highly-coveted Visitor badge. In my opinion, the best ones say "Music Buyer" on them. Everybody wants to talk to these people. Fortunately, with advertising concerns being what they are, they like to talk to the Media badge-sporting folks like myself as well.

Now, I waited 11 or 12 years before I got to go to one of these shows, so I've never taken the privilege lightly. In fact, almost every booth has something worth seeing, whether it's the most beautiful guitar you've ever imagined or the chance to shake the hand of synth pioneer Bob Moog. (Just don't stand in front of his latest keyboard. He hates that.) That said, and in spite of the record attendance at this year's event, I felt the chill of desperation wafting through the aisles like tumbleweeds through a not yet deserted ghost town.

It wasn't just the politely termed sluggish economy or the lack of real outside-the-box innovations either. Perhaps my focus on the home recording movement skews my view, but I think more and more musicians like yourselves are discovering the true meaning of my favorite phrase: "It's not the

plow, it's the farmer."

It's quite a simple concept, really. No matter how much of the latest, greatest equipment you buy, you still have to know what to do with it. You can go from having the crummiest mic in the world to one of the finest, but if you're still overloading your preamp, it's still gonna sound like dookie. You can buy the hottest music software, but if your computer's overtaxed and under-maintained, you're not going to get very far with it. A Les Paul gold top or a vintage Marshall stack is little more than a very loud racket if you can't play guitar. There's still no magic product to make you perform better or write a better song. Nothing will save you from bad singing (no, not even AutoTune) or lack of imagination. And nothing, nothing will ever take the place of your ears and your experience.

I am proud to say that I make my living making music. I know that I am very fortunate to be able to do it, too. It didn't just happen overnight, though. I have spent many years holed up in a room somewhere, hunched over a manual. Or practicing guitar. Or recording demos. I've experimented with different techniques. I've recorded take upon endless take for the love of someone else's song. I've read every single music technology magazine I could get my hands on, like *Recording*, *EQ*, *Electronic Musician*, and *TapeOp*, and have a library full of books on these subjects. Mostly, I just did it. I've kept



doing it. And I'll keep on doing it because while I may know a lot of stuff, I also know that my knowledge amounts to a speck on the fingernail of what is out there to know. And I listen ... to any and all kinds of great music ... to where the sweet spot on someone's acoustic guitar is ... to a song's lyrics.

I believe listening to be the noblest of all musical pursuits, because no one makes music they wish to be ignored. For many, it's their life's one true creative expression. It's the sound of their soul screaming defiantly into the black, yawning jaws of death, hoping that at least some small part of their existence, some clue that they were here will be left behind.

Whatever you choose to invest your time and money into, try not to get caught up in the game of gear-lust, because you'll never really catch up. It's what you do with what you have, not what you could do if only...



Seaholm with Bob Moog

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GOLDEN BOUGH

San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas

Friday, March 19, 7:30 p.m.

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Neurosciences Institute, 10640 John Jay Hopkins Dr., La Jolla

Saturday, March 27, 7 p.m.

JUDY TAYLOR

Templars Hall, Old Poway Park, Midland, Rd., Poway

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

One other wonderful thing about being so famous and internationally handsome is the epiphany I'm able to experience on occasion, during that rare moment when I am totally alone. Usually this would be during my morning visit to my delicately appointed and scented *boutique d'hygiene* when, confronting my visage in the mirrors as a fresh new day emerges from the birth canal of Time, I drink in the moving portraits of my own being and find myself falling in love all over again.

Yes, at moments such as these, the world is perfect again, yet a subtle sorrow begins to crease my brow; I yearn for the time when everyone on earth might be as groovy as I. If only all people had a song in their hearts as I do, perhaps I could ration some of my own happiness (to sell) to them. If I could but help them express that song and feel that joy, they could finally dispense with all their motivational speakers, shrinks, psychics, evangelists, gurus, politicians, personal shoppers, and drive-bys. I mean, come on, it's the nineties. Water your garden with a caring Hose. Let my children sing!

And lo, a phone call interrupts my reverie with an invitation: "Hose, Ocean Beach has got a lot of great things, but no karaoke! Can you believe it? We were thinking of starting something on Sunday nights and were wondering if there's any way you'd be able to host for us, since you are indeed the lord of hosts."

The caller is at least wise. I reflect momentarily.

Ocean Beach. It's not the entire world, surely. But, by golly, it's a swell part of it. Perhaps on the body of San Diego, it might be the breast. The nicest one. Yes, I decide. I will sup, and I will feed the sheep.

Thus it was there was born at Winston's upon the street of Bacon a child. And his name was OB-Oke.

A new era had dawned.

How many thousands of lives have been uplifted and given purpose and nourishment at the teat of our town by now — a teat that I solemnly serve as a celebrity brassiere? It is a question perhaps only Aristophanes might answer. But since he's been dead for 2,351 years, let us await his answer until we meet him in Hell.

In the meantime, allow these actual testimonies to tell the tale of Winston's OB-Oke Sundays.

Photo: Toos von Weston



The debonair Mr. Sinatra

"I never knew I could feel so female, so feminine, so womanly!"
—Peter Bowen

"It brought out the real me. Thanks, Hose. But get my name right. It's Maria."

—Mary Jones

"It coo. Nome sain?"
—Trevor "MX LoJack"
Goldthwaite III

"Do you know you can kiss my rear end?"

—Disgruntled

Drunk

To the last question, I replied, "No, but if you hum a few bars, I may remember it," before once again attending to the pleasure of a roomful of beautiful buds and blossoming flowers, soaking in wine and suckling on song.

Apparently, karaoke can be a pretty serious business in most parts of this town and elsewhere. It can become a hobby, then a habit, then an addiction, which inevitably leads to death.

At Winston's, I make sure it never gets serious. No one ever dies. If John Q. Pubic blows it badly on stage, he'll have a smile on his face amid gales of laughter from the audience, secure in the knowledge that they're not laughing at him, they're laughing about him.

They'll even be doing it during the afternoon of March 17 to celebrate St. Panty's Day. But to me, it will be celebrating much more — a song from a budding breast of bitchin' beachness.

And on Sunday evenings, with Maestro Scott brilliantly conducting the electronic orchestra, and barboy Mike moistening the many mouths, each week a superstar is sure to shine. Just don't forget my name this time, huh?



Radio Daze

by Jim McInnes

Meet the Stars!

STORIES FROM RADIO, THE BOTTOM RUNG OF THE SHOW BUSINESS LADDER

Because I've been a broadcaster for so long, I'm often asked whether I've met a certain celebrity or "What is so-and-so really like?" That's why, again this month, I'm dropping names and telling it like it was!

Ray Manzarek A few years ago I did one of my weekday broadcasts from the Hard Rock Cafe in the Gaslamp. About 75 listeners were there with me who had won invitations to the show. We were there to get up-close and personal with a Rock Hall-of-Famer, Doors' (now Doors of the 21st Century) keyboardist Ray Manzarek. I had heard Manzarek on PBS Radio's *Fresh Air*, so I knew the man had never met a microphone he didn't love, which is why I was so eager to talk with him. He didn't disappoint.



Ray Manzarek

Ray brought with him an electronic keyboard, which our engineers patched into the mixing console. As we chatted, Manzarek embellished his side of the conversation with keyboard flourishes appropriate to the subject at hand. When the subject turned to his piano studies as a child,

he rified on J.S. Bach. His love of the blues brought up references to Otis Spann. Talk of the first Doors album had Manzarek doing the crowd pleaser, "Light My Fire," all while giving the most intelligent and articulate responses I'd ever encountered in show business!

Later that night, I introduced Ray Manzarek to a Doors symposium at a downtown hotel. After revving up the crowd with my impressions of his talent and intelligence, Ray Manzarek slipped a \$20 bill into my paw as we shook hands and passed each other on the stage.

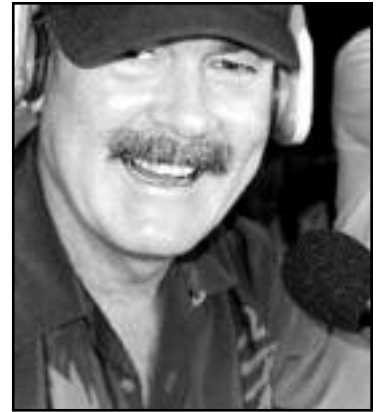
What a great guy.

I really needed the dough.

Iggy Pop I first saw Iggy Pop with the Stooges in 1970, after the release of their classic *Fun House* album, at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. They played in the middle of an all-Detroit show, which also featured the MC5, SRC, and the then-unknown Alice Cooper. The Stooges were, like, awesome, dude! When they finished their last song and the guitarist and bassist each slammed their instruments on top of their amps (with everything still turned up to 11) and strutted off stage amid a howl of feedback, I became a fan forever! Even though I know they're often dismal affairs, I always find something to love on every Iggy Pop release.

Then I got to meet Iggy.

Mr. Pop used to come to San Diego to unwind (or to wind, depending upon who's talking). In 1981 word got out that Iggy Pop was going to be recording some jam sessions at Hit Single Recording in College Grove. That's because the Ig's bass player at that time was a San Diegan: Michael Page. I knew Mike through mutual acquaintances and because he used to hang around the studio. On the evening that my girlfriend, Sandi, and I were on hand, many others from the "in crowd"



Jim McInnes

were in the house as well (of course, every one of us tried to appear unimpressed!).

When I introduced myself to Iggy, telling him that I was an FM rock and roll deejay, he extended his left hand for me to shake. When Sandi introduced herself as the music director of (the original) 106.5 KPRI, Pop sarcastically remarked, "Oh! Another FM station that refuses to play my records, eh?" Then I said that I was in a band that did covers of Stooges' songs, called "Der Wurst" (actually we were called Land Piranha, but I was talking to IGGY, maaaaan!)



Iggy Pop

We commoners sat in the lobby, drinking beer and feeling cool because we were sharing a few hundred square feet of space beneath College Grove Shopping Center with the Godfather of Punk. Then... Iggy popped his head around the studio door and asked, "Anybody here want to sing?" I jumped up and ran into the studio before anyone else knew what was happening. There I was in the recording studio with bass player Michael Page; a "drummer," who I think was guitarist Skid Roper (Pop wanted those who sat in to play something other than their usual instruments); and the left-handed, bespectacled guitarist, Iggy.

As the musicians jammed on various hot riffs, tricky licks, and basic chord changes, I was expected to come up with a melody or some lyric upon which Iggy could build a song (and probably take full publishing credit).

Luckily, I couldn't sing, and I couldn't write lyrics. So while the band slashed away at a two-chord metal vamp, I grabbed a can of Lysol from nearby baffle and (taking my cue from the Hampton Grease Band's immortal "Spray Paint") began reciting lines like, "Caution! Keep away from flame. Contents under pressure. Not for internal use. Kills most germs on contact!" in a pathetic, tuneless croak.

After about 90 seconds, Iggy Pop stopped playing, sauntered over to me and commented, "Man, you really are the Wurst, aren't you?"

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the highway's song

movie review: have you seen clem?

Indie Film Hones in on Homeless

by Phil Harmonic

"Everybody deserves some food to eat. Everybody deserves a place when you're cold. Everybody!"

The use of traditional American blues and folk music set the tone for this "true story . . . sorta" documentary on America's forgotten homeless problem. In *Have You Seen Clem?* you are introduced to the main characters, Clem and Jaymo, by a junk-dealing pawn shop owner who serves as narrator to keep you up on the sub-plots of this journey through some of America's largest and infamous cities,

with the final destination being the music capital of Nashville.

Beginning in Portland, Oregon, we observe how fate brings Clem and Jaymo together and how they fuse their formidable plans into one to create a story of homelessness, greed, revenge, and intrigue. Jaymo, interested in making a film about the homeless, and Clem, whose real name is Weredail, has a plan of vengeance against the man who double-crossed him.

The film uses humor and a polished professional group of actual homeless street musicians, including San Diego

favorite, Sage Gentle-Wing, to communicate the message of the homeless problem in this age of creature comfort for most Americans. The slide guitar rings and the harmonica wails, connecting the scenes together as you hop, skip, and jump through a multitude of characters who share their stories in their own personal way.

"Never Judge a Bum by His Cover"

In addition to listening to what many homeless people have to say, these serious one-liners, interwoven with Clem and Jaymo's story, enter into our consciousness in a subliminal way. One may not realize how touching and eye-opening this film really is, not to mention how affecting, until the film is actually over.

"Doesn't Seem to Be Rhyme or Reason"

We briefly meet Sage Gentle-Wing in Austin, Texas. His self-described situation is surprisingly candid, insightful, and inspirational. "Sometimes I live on the streets. Sometimes I'm helped out and live on people's land. It's all different wherever I go. It's a freedom that allows me to pursue, pretty relentlessly, the Muse. I like to be visited by the Muse and this allows me to be visited by the Muse, and it shows up in the music." Singing, "another angel down. Friends tried to warn me . . ."

Sage continues, "I'm proud that I can call myself a professional musician, which is to say that I make my living from my craft. I go out and I do that and I don't have to take a day job in order to do that. But the concession is I make X-amount from month to month, sometimes good and sometimes bad. Rarely

do I make enough money to pay rent."

Sage's potent honesty reveals how difficult the times have become to synthesize one's passion with what one does to make a living.

In *Have You Seen Clem?* you will meet a number of street players such as Joe Nathan Cosio, Russ Wilbanks, Scott Hukabay, Alice Demiceli, Montreville M. Blakely, Frank Cooley, Mark Anthony Moore, Velvet Thunder, and Eagle Park Slim, all who add their thought-provoking signature to the film. The use of a hidden camera in Clem's glasses capture people on the street and their hilarious and bizarre reactions to his antics, since they have no idea they are being filmed. This adds spice and unpredictability to the somewhat shaky story line. In other words, the realism is the guts of this movie. The interviews, the music, and the unrehearsed scenes greatly outweigh the staged dialogue.

The official bootleg copy of *Street Music*, the film's soundtrack, was raw and unmixed. However, it has since been professionally mixed and produced in Nashville. If you have an original bootleg copy, you can exchange it by simply sending it, along with a self-addressed, pre-paid priority mail envelope to:

Legacy Films, Inc.
P.O. box 23108
Eugene, Oregon 97402

Clem thanks you for your support.

Have You Seen Clem? hasn't hit the theaters yet, but you can see the Legacy Films' docu-dram-edy at Lestats for a special screening on Sunday, March 7. Sage Gentle-Wing will appear live to host, perform, and answer any questions after the screening.



Profile of a Gentle Soul



by Lyle Duplessie

Local singer-songwriter, Sage Gentle-Wing, makes a brief though insightful guest appearance in the film *Have You Seen Clem?* His cameo appearance is a teaser as his music reveals a complex character that needs to be described, not just labeled.

Moreover, Gentle-Wing possesses a quality that transcends the term local. Cosmic seems far more appropriate. He is one of those unheralded, yet exceptionally rare individuals who embodies the talented "little guy." In this topsy-turvy, convoluted world of ours, the so-called little guy often turns out to be a mega-monster in talent and musical craftsmanship. If you're a cognoscenti who savors creative troubadour soul quality, chances are you already know Gentle-Wing. If not, you should.

There is a poetic, or perhaps spiritual irony in an artist like Gentle-Wing. The world is full of technical entertainers but very few artists. Artists pay a heavy price for their creativity and

often appear to be operating in a vacuum of popular approval. On the other hand, technical entertainers must cater to popular approval since their eyes are on the net reward. After all, it's their job to tickle the fancy of their targeted audience.

Unlike a technical entertainer, an artist is a creative and enlightened soul, willing to forsake filthy mammon for his or her passionate pursuit of art. The world labels the artist eccentric, perhaps even nuts, but that's because the artist has a different set of standards from the mainstream—standards that regularly contradict the world's. Moreover, their standards are uncompromisingly high. Artists spend a lifetime wrestling to conform their work to a seemingly unobtainable vision.

So, rather than giving the world what it wants, the artist goes about creating to satisfy an inner spiritual longing. There is soul satisfaction in this, though an artist might find himself living out of a van for being so "impractical." But, like a prophet of old, an artist stands as a testimony of what is real.

Though the work of the artist is often marginalized, or even worse, totally ignored, an artist continues on a creative crusade. Occasionally, the world might discover and embrace the artist. But almost immediately, it begins to counterfeit the real thing, as if it can control and manipulate something as elusive as creativity.

Artists like Gentle-Wing are rare. And though it's easy to view them as victims of the system, they are far from it. They are champions and defenders of creativity. In a way they are paying a price for all of us who love to experience the true creative genius in music.



Why did the chicken cross the road?



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Bernie Leadon mirror

by Phil Harmonic

Back in 1967, a group called Hearts and Flowers had just completed a massive marketing campaign with Humble Harvey Miller, a disc jockey at an L.A. radio station. On the Sunday before the Monday promotion was scheduled to begin, Humble Harv killed his wife, and the entire plan was trashed. One member of the trio was Bernie Leadon who went on to become a founding member of the Eagles. After about five years, at the top of the charts and the height of the Eagles' fame, Bernie Leadon quit the band to play the music he felt was more important than Top 40's rock 'n' roll. Does it get more admirable than that?

Having spent his later teenage years in San Diego, he returned twice last year to perform — once at the end of April for the reunion of the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers — who played at the Adams Avenue Roots Festival — and again in September to play a solo gig at the Adams Avenue Street Fair, where he performed songs from his latest CD, *mirror*. The musicianship demonstrated here makes it obvious that he was the glue as well as guitar virtuoso of the Eagles. I mean, come on! They had to get Joe Walsh to replace him! This 10-song CD is one musical treat. "vile and profane man" and "volcano" will perk up your ears. On "rich life," he presents questions that we all should ask ourselves, along with pertinent statements like "there's only time to love and only love will last," which reflects that the rich life comes from the intangibles. At the end of the song, I couldn't get the lump out of my throat until I let a few tears drop.

Talented musicianship and equally talented songwriting are qualities rarely found together in the same person. It's like finding a highly intelligent person who also has good common sense. Like a fine wine, this consummate musician gets better with age, continuing to dazzle and surprise. Emmylou Harris appears on harmony vocals on "backup plan" and the CD's last cut, where Bernie lets us know that "god ain't done with me yet."



Dee Ray Right Now

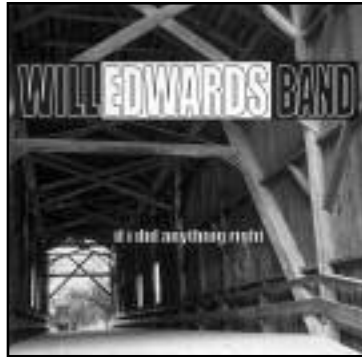
by Frederick Leonard

Hailing from San Diego, this rock/pop quartet exerts a fairly heady 10-tune mix of ideas. The songs are okay, the music is generally tight (with a few exceptions), and the vocals, though very "Chrissie Hynde" are also fair-weathered. The mix and overall sum of its parts is better.

It seems the sonic center of Dee Ray's *Right Now* lies halfway between the hands of Stevie Ray Vaughn-ish attitudes on guitar and the vocal attitude of Chrissie Hynde. One cannot get out of this CD without harkening the reference of the Pretenders. Somehow still, guitarist Johnny Ford (Woah, a real find!) nudges things along with spooky Texas growls, riffs, and in some cases — really cool "inventions of usage." If there isn't a place called Spooky, Texas, there should be. Hats off, dude. The author flicks his bic.

Another thing I enjoy in this mix is the modesty of the keyboard player, Sue del Guidice. She hangs back, comping Hammond/string textures that aren't virtuosic but perfectly appropriate. I love the maturity of not overdoing things. Drummer Alan Leasure does his duty by demonstrating a variety of rhythmic chops, which truly lends a unique personality to each song. You will find vocal harmonies, cabasa, and guiros lightly decorating these mixes as well.

All in all it's not a bad CD. I do, however, find the overt "Chrissie" thing to be a little distracting. Influence is one thing, but it's worn a little too brightly on the sleeve, which might be an indicator that the body is looking for its own heart. You sing just fine, darlin', but we want to hear you.



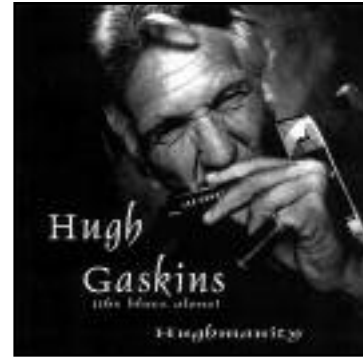
Will Edwards Band if i did anything right

by Phil Harmonic

In Will Edwards, you get an exceptionally inspired and talented songwriter who just happens to have a pure, soulful voice that rings in the message loud and clear. In his new CD, *if i did anything right*, his original style of arranging is unique and complementary to the phrasing method he has developed. I love the tone and groove of his voice. Though his vocals are quite pleasant to listen to, I miss not hearing harmony and backing vocals. However, the violins of Will Turner and Ingrid Alongi do fill in nicely with string harmonies that may actually work better than voices.

Twiggy's John Ciccolella adds his fretless bass and along with Satish Pillai on keyboards, Justin Kehr on drums, and Ehab Rahman on congas, their musicianship enhances the soundscape. The 10-song CD contains a bonus eleventh song, which is a live take at Lestats, recorded and mixed by Louis Brazier. Edwards, who wrote and arranged all the songs, also produced the CD. If I had a complaint, I would say the songs are too short and I wasn't left humming a catchy refrain or chorus in my head.

Will Edwards is a multifaceted, multi-talented music man who I am sure we will be hearing a lot more of. When you hear "all the lights," you know that the message is his mission. I would say that he does a number of things right and, once you listen, you will too.



Hugh Gaskins Hughmanity (The Blues Alone)

by Frederick Leonard

Did you ever open one of those closet doors and the contents under pressure come atumblin' down on top of you? You wake up five minutes later buried in it all, wondering what you went there for in the first place?

I popped it in, anticipating all the *Hughmanity*. (Dontcha just dig the name of this guy's CD?) And the first thing I hear is a swampy, bluesy slide guitar bumping the closet door from the inside out. Budging and moaning to burst forth is a restless composite of roots/blues music in packages that might bear such identifying labels as Crossroads, Robert Johnson, George Thorogood, ZZ Top, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, and the Black Crows. Gaskins even curls his Elvis lip now and then.

And this is the palette of inspiration and influence manifested in this project.

Most of the time everything is fine with the deployment of familiar blues riffs and the familiar bluesy sore throat snarl of conviction. I liked it. Still, it can be somewhat predictable and little melodramatic now and then (that snarl of conviction thing). On the other hand, "Miss Opal" is in beautiful excess of all other tracks... something wonderful happens here.

Mr. Gaskins is not here to reinvent the blues. Nor is he necessarily making any claims for blues purity, either. What he is doing is playing his heart out, simply, humbly as a man — with blues in his heart.



Dave Howard Into the Wind

by Derek Duplessie

As a singer/songwriter, I know that there are a few objectives that we have when making an album. Include your best songs, perform them well, and produce them in a way that's listener-friendly but that also says "this is me" whether you like it or not. It's important to blend sensitivity and attitude. On Dave Howard's newest CD, *Into the Wind*, he has not only successfully achieved these objectives but has also excelled in each one of these areas.

Dave Howard has long been considered San Diego's premier songwriter. Berkley Hart, Dani Carroll, and Jeff Clark are just a few of the local artists who have covered Howard's songs. *Into the Wind* a quintessential folk-rock/adult alternative album. "Almost Angeline" is a cross between Don Henry and Bill Lloyd with a big melody and catchy lyrics. "The Yellow Line" is a bitter-sweet song about leaving and wanting to turn back. Other highlights of the CD include "Pieces of Me," "Make My Dreams Come True Tonight," and "Something to Fall Back On," which was co-written with Calman Hart and is also the title track of Berkley Hart's last CD.

The production and recording of this CD are immaculate. It was recorded, mixed, and mastered by local singer/songwriter and *San Diego Troubadour* columnist Sven-Erik Seaholm. He co-produced it along with Howard as well. *Into the Wind* is one of Dave's best. For more information, see this issue's article on page 7 or go to www.hid-denagendamusic.com.

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the local seen



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Steve Poltz at M-Theory



Scott Paulson at UCSD



Hatchet Brothers at Ould Sod



The Rarities at Lestals



Tim Flannery at his CD release



Lizzie Wann at Ould Sod



Billy Midnight at Ould Sod



Angela Correa at Lestals



Jason at Twiggs



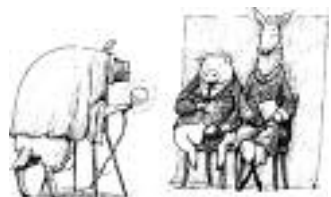
Cindylee Berryhill & the Wigbillies at Ould Sod



Liz Abbott celebrates NYC w/ Sue Palmer at UCSD



Dead Rock West and Truckee Brothers at Lestals



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