

# T

SAN DIEGO

# ROUBADOOR

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



FREE

December 2005

[www.sandiegotroubadour.com](http://www.sandiegotroubadour.com)

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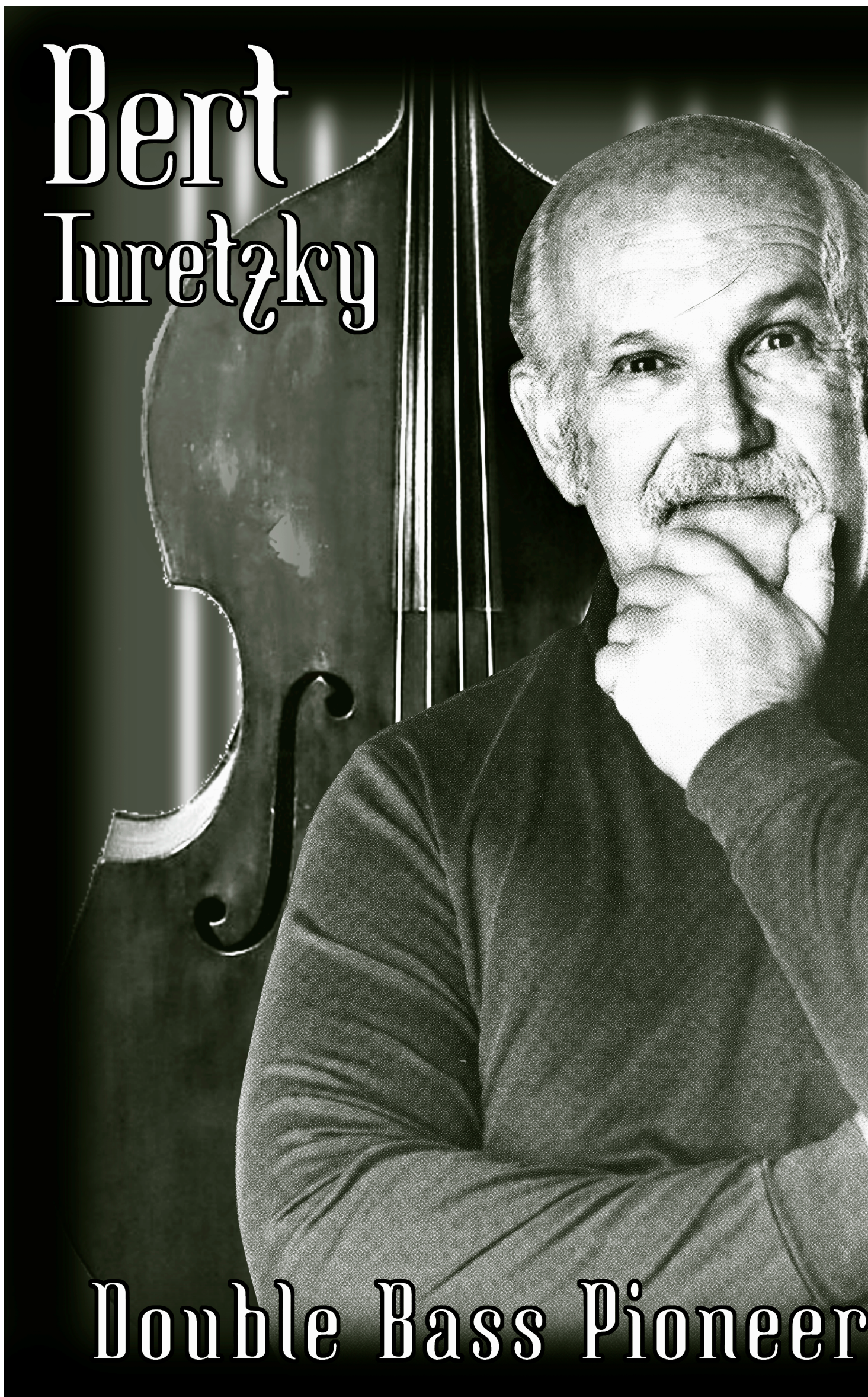
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# Bert Turetzky

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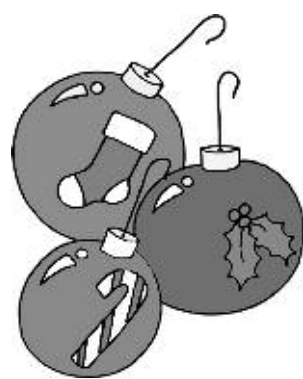
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## MISSION

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 alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, 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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The **San Diego Troubadour** is dedicated to the memory of **Ellen and Lyle Duplessie**, whose vision inspired the creation of this newspaper.

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# 'Tis the Season

As we look back on another year gone by, it is natural for us to assess where we've been and where we're going. We are proud of the fact that we have been around as long as we have, which is now going on five years.

I recently had an interesting conversation with a singer-songwriter friend who was talking about the amount of work and effort one needs to expend as a musician to get one's name out there and get noticed. He had spent two or three years doing that, which meant playing as many gigs as possible, sending out press releases as often as necessary, and getting involved in as many musical endeavors as he could. His work paid off and, for a time, he was enjoying some degree of success. But after three years of this, he had to stop and ask himself: what's the next step in the journey? Once people know who you are, what do you do to keep your act fresh?

The San Diego Troubadour is asking itself the same question. It took us several years to get noticed and make a presence in the community. But now that we have reached that goal, how do we move on from this plateau? In order to succeed at what you do, you need to evolve and grow. We will continue to strive to bring our readers articles and information about the local music scene that entertain, inspire, and provide information relevant to the local music scene.

In this issue you'll notice a questionnaire that will not only help us learn a little more about you, our readers, but will also serve to gather data. This data will help us attract advertisers and give them concrete reasons to be a part of our growing family. Please take a few minutes of your time to fill out the questionnaire and return it to: San Diego Troubadour, P.O. Box 164, La Jolla, CA 92037. If you'd rather, you can fill the questionnaire out on line at: [www.sandiegotroubadour.com](http://www.sandiegotroubadour.com). Either way, your input is valuable to us.

We would also like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have supported us over the years as well as our writers, columnists, photographers, and helpers who have donated their time and talents to make the San Diego Troubadour the publication that it is. Thanks especially to my "team" — Chuck Schiele, Will Edwards, and Simeon Flick. I couldn't have made it through this year without you!

And, finally, we wish all of you a very happy and safe holiday season.

Liz Abbott, Publisher  
San Diego Troubadour

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# Rosie and the Originals

## Put National City on the Map



by Steve Thorn and Bart Mendoza

The majority of rock historians agree that rock 'n' roll hit a dry spell between 1960 and 1962. The charts told the story: leather clad rockers were out, acne free boys and girls were in. There are several key reasons why the music retreated from the intensity of Little Richard to the conservatism of Connie Francis — the deaths of Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, and Ritchie Valens; Chuck Berry's bitter court trial; the payola scandal; and last but not least, Elvis Presley's military obligation. These events provide an insight into why the record charts of the early 1960s were being represented by such major "rock" personalities as Lawrence Welk, Steve Lawrence, and Anita Bryant. Artists like Roy Orbison, Ricky Nelson, and Gary "U.S." Bonds did their best to keep the rock 'n' roll torch lit, their singles being a welcome relief from all the "safe" music that was pushed down listeners throats.

However, "safe," soft romantic ballads were huge, and one of them, the oldies-low rider classic "Angel Baby" by National City's Rosie and the Originals, was the perfect, albeit lo-fi, example of this. The song, which reached number four in the national charts, would be Rosie and the Originals' only hit. Their story is worth telling, for it is a prime example of the music industry's most common casualty: the one hit wonder.



Early National City days

Like another famous female singer connected to San Diego to follow some 34 years later, Rosie Hamlin spent part of her childhood in Anchorage, Alaska, although she was born in Oregon. Her family eventu-

ally settled in National City, and she attended a number of area schools, including Mission Bay High. Her family was very musical and by the age of 13 the performing bug had bitten. Borrowing her sister's makeup in an attempt to look older, she auditioned for and joined a country band while performing for family functions alongside a group of cousins. In 1960 she discovered a love for the piano, which led to a family friend helping her begin her musical career by introducing her to fledgling group — the Originals — David Ponci as well as Noah Tafolla on guitar and Tony Gomez on bass. Later on Carl Von Goodat (drums) and Alfred Barrett (sax) were added to round out the sound.

The group made a local recording "Kinda Makes You Wonder/My One and Only Love" with the help of another National City-based group — the Cascades — on the flip side, and at the age of 14 Rosie wrote the song that would make her a staple of oldies radio: "Angel Baby." The song was representative of the type of music that was being played on the radio in 1961. Syrupy sentimentality was selling big, but at this point the group was still unsigned.

In late 1960 the group headed to an old airplane hanger, located in San Marcos, which was being used as a two-track recording studio, and taped the song. Sadly, the group's saxophone player's mother wouldn't let him attend the session because he had to do yard work, so Tony improvised the sax. Amazingly, the group didn't have a song prepared for a flip side, so *improvised* a tune and had a friend, the wonderfully monikered Bluefurd Wade, ad lib lyrics. The song became "Give Me Love."

John Lennon quoted in *Rolling Stone* (11/23/68) said about the song: "It's an amazing record. It's one of the greatest strange records, it's all just out of beat and everybody misses it — they knocked off the B side in ten minutes. I talk Yoko's leg off telling her this is it, this is what it's all about!" He would go on to tell *Life* magazine in a 1969 interview that Rosie was his favorite female singer. Meantime, since the group had a difficult time finding a label, they took a copy of their disc to the local Kresges, and when it was played in store kids loved it! In a scene right out of a movie, a label rep happened to be in the store and, without a contract, the group handed over its master tape. This would

prove problematic in the ensuing years, but "Angel Baby" became a certified smash in 1961, racking seven weeks in the national top 10. It was even released in the UK on London Records. Amazingly, when the master tape of the single was requested by their British label, the wrong master (an alternate take) recording was sent, so the two singles are different. To date most comps have used the British master, making the original hit and San Diego version of the song the rarer of the two. Collectors will also want to search out a Canadian release on the Zirkon label.

The height of fame found the group opening for the Rolling Stones on their first visit to San Diego, major airplay, and more, but this would be the band's peak. Rosie and Noah soon went to New York City to open for Jackie Wilson at the Paramount, to perform six shows a day, with session players rounding out their sound. And she signed to Brunswick.

In March 1961 Rosie made a record for the Brunswick label after impressing Wilson. The A side was titled "Lonely Blue Nights" and despite an appearance on *American Bandstand* in February 1961, it sadly didn't come close to achieving the success of "Angel Baby." Another aspect of the Brunswick contract stipulated that she would be managed by Wilson's agent, Nat Taranpol. Considering Jackie was voted Entertainer of the Year for 1960-61 by Cashbox, it seemed that Rosie would have continued career advancement under her new management. She made one more single for the label that same year — "My Darling Forever" — and followed it up with an album, which met with little chart success.

But that's all right. The following years found "Angel Baby's" legend growing, racking up more than 30 compilation album appearances and continuing as a cult favorite of major acts. Led Zeppelin gave Rosie a name check in the song "How Many More Times?" on their 1969 debut. John Lennon would also go on to record "Angel Baby" for his 1975 *Rock 'n' Roll* album. Although bootlegged at the time in a national TV campaign on an album dubbed *Roots*, the cut wouldn't see an official release until a posthumous vinyl only compilation, *Menlove Avenue* in 1985.

In 1973 Rosie released another 45 — "I Don't Understand" — which became extremely rare, but save for a name check that same year on the Led Zeppelin album *Houses of the Holy*, (on both the track "Dyer Maker" as well as the sleeve notes) that would be the last the general public heard of Rosie and the Originals for nearly three decades. She did stay involved in music, however, appearing at the occasional oldies show and, more important, establishing a music program for Logan Heights youth at the Barrio Station, which helped to mold further generations of musicians.

The year 1995 saw the band included in the One Hit Wonder section of the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame, and this began a revival of sorts. The following year Linda Rondstadt recorded a version of "Angel Baby" for her *Dedicated to the One I Love* album. Long time fans were thrilled when in 1999 renowned U.K. label Ace unearthed an entire unreleased album of demos recorded

circa 1969, which were placed alongside the singles for a best of package. The new millennium saw Rosie become a favorite at festival stages all over the U.S., the clear highlight of her more recent touring days being her appearance on the 2002 PBS music special, *Red White and Rock*. In the meantime, the releases kept coming. In 2000 new material from Rosie brought "Steppin Out In Style," recorded with her current touring band, while Ace put together a wonderful career retrospective with more rarities, including vintage radio station promos, in 2001. Topping things off, Lennon's "Angel Baby" finally made its belated CD debut in remastered form on the *Rock 'n' Roll* reissue as a bonus track in 2004.

Rosie, who currently resides in New Mexico, continues to make the occasional live appearance, although a lifelong love of painting has taken precedent. While it's true that Rosie and the Originals fall squarely

into one hit wonder territory, it's also true that "Angel Baby," with its incessantly catchy, yet simple melody and teen-angst vocals guarantees pop culture immortality for this group of former National City teenagers. [www.rosieandtheoriginals.com](http://www.rosieandtheoriginals.com)



Rosie looking good

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# Recordially, Lou Curtiss



Lou Curtiss

America was once filled with voices. They came into your living room through the radio, sounding as familiar as your family or the neighbors. They came from your phonograph as unique voices that didn't sound like anyone else. You could listen to the intro of a song and the steel guitar on a Gene Autry record didn't sound anything like the dobro on a Roy Acuff disc or the Texas lead guitar on an Ernest Tubbs side. Each country band had its own sound, and since the artists were from different parts of the country, they had their own vocal nuances too. It was the same with old blues. Mississippi Delta artists didn't sound like Dallas, Texas bluesmen or those from the East Coast. Even jazz had its regional patois and differed from city to city and region to region, although it was the first to change. It was generally the great performers — Armstrong, Dodds, Parker, Davis,

Coltrane —who brought about changes in jazz. It was also somewhat true with blues, but it changed overnight with the introduction of the electric guitar and still managed to keep its regional uniqueness to some extent, because it's still mostly a rural music.

Country music has come the furthest from its regional roots. First, country music radio stations that played records in the late '40s and '50s tended to get lots more pickers to play the same way and then from the '60s on Nashville kind of centralized the music publishing and recording in that city, so that there was no longer any distinction in the sound. They all used the same musicians and patterned their style from the other people around them. There's a direct line from those early '50s guys like Hank Williams and Lefty Frizzell to the '60s Merle Haggard and George Jones to today's Alan Jackson and Dwight Yokum, and although I know I'm leaving lots of folks out with each generation, it's harder to tell them apart. Maybe that's just me getting old, but I suspect it's true. I hear enough roots music from different parts of the country to know that regional diversity is still alive and well in many, or nearly all, parts of the country. It just doesn't get played on the radio or talked about much in the popular media.

Quite a few years ago Chet Atkins said, "They're all converging on A

flat. If Nashville could market a hum, that's all there'd be." Individuality is too much of a risk. It's too bad there's so much of that attitude and that it's so centralized in one place. We need those barn dance shows all over the country that reflect local taste as well as what comes out of Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry. I don't see how we'll ever get them back. Folk festivals book old time country music, but the folk audience isn't the same demographic as the country music audience. Folk festivals, particularly those that cost money, attract middle and upper middle class. The working class audience just isn't gonna pay \$60 or \$80 to go up to Yosemite or some other pretty place to listen to one or two old timey, or blues, or jazz acts on a bill with some folk singers and singer-songwriters who may play music that just doesn't appeal to them. Of course, without any radio outlet for vintage country music (in San Diego jazz and blues have KSDS 99.3FM, thank goodness), the country fan is forced to listen (if he listens at all) to the watered down country sound that Nashville foists on us today or else listens to old time records. I recommend the latter, but then I own a record shop.



Site of the former Pacific Ballroom

## TEARING DOWN A MONUMENT

I drive by 12th and Broadway every Sunday night on the way to KSDS to do my radio show, and I recently noticed that the block between 11th and 12th Avenues has been flattened to make way for a monument of progress or whatever. I

haven't read any mention in the local press about the musical history of that block. When I first became acquainted with the building, the whole top floor was the Pacific Ballroom during the mid to late '50s and early '60s. I saw the best of that era's rhythm and blues, rock 'n' roll, and jazz at the Pacific, including B.B. King, Little Willie John, Bobby Blue Bland, Jimmy Smith, Sonny Stitt, Little Richard, Gene Vincent, Big Joe Turner, Roy Milton, the Penguins, the Dominoes, Buddy Knox, LaVerne Baker, and a whole lot more. Before it became the Pacific Ballroom, the dance hall called itself the Palladium. The name change came some time in the '50s and I understand all the big bands played there in the 1940s (it opened some time in the '30s, I believe). I don't have much information on the building during those years. I remember there was a record store called Palladium Record City on the street level and the ballroom was upstairs. Radio station KCBQ used to broadcast from a booth live in the window when it was the Don Howard and Harry Martin era at KCBQ. For a short time in the early '60s the ballroom became Ward's Jazzville but that effort soon went under. Since that time almost no one has written about the place, and now it's gone. It might be nice if a plaque were put up on the street or the side of the new building when it's built. I could say the same for other San Diego landmarks like the Bostonia Ballroom, the Sportsman's Club at 30th and Imperial, the Heritage Coffeehouse in Mission Beach, the College Inn, Pacific Square Ballroom, and others. It's not fitting in this time that San Diego, which has a musical history dating back to Jelly Roll Morton when he played at the U.S. Grant Hotel in 1917, be allowed to forget that histo-

ry. The old Pacific Ballroom was an important part of my musical coming of age and I might add that one night in that same building when a Richie Valens show was sold out and I couldn't get in, I went into the Zodiac Coffeehouse, which was below the Pacific Ballroom on street level. It must have been about 1958 and my first experience at a coffee when I listened to a folksinger named Mickey Myers. That led me into a whole different side of my musical makeup. I hope some of you who are reading this and remember the old Pacific Ballroom or have parents who remember its early history as the Palladium will agree with me that memories should not be allowed to die.

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss





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# BORDERTOWN: A Time Capsule of Local Legends

by Raul Sandelin

Mark Phillips remembers the crisp San Diego afternoon well. The fire engine was racing up the street, the bell was clanging, kids were running behind or leaning off the sidewalk for a closer look. At the wheel, five-year-old Thom Landt was pedaling as fast as the red fire truck would allow him. It was Thom's first day in the neighborhood and already he was turning heads. Mark and Thom would become lifelong friends.

As Eisenhower's 1950s soon evolved into the turbulent Vietnam era with its incumbent Hippie and countercultures, Thom's fire truck gave way to a Fender Strat. And soon Thom was jamming with some of this area's finest musicians of the time. At the ripe age of 15, he was asked to join Leroy Zeke, San Diego's premier rock outfit in the early '70s, which opened locally for Paul Butterfield, the Doobie Brothers, and Jim Croce among other national acts. Later, he would record for A&M Records, play with the likes of Steve Marriott (Small Faces, Humble Pie), and tour with Paul Cotton of Poco fame.

Mark, for his part, spent the early '70s playing the Southern California beach bar and coffeehouse circuit and traveling up and down old Highway 101 when sleepy towns like Encinitas and San Juan Capistrano dotted the landscape with little but scrub brush in between. These gigs, though usually within the county, sometimes took him as far as Sonoma and Mendocino, hotbeds of alternative folk and countercultures. Eventually, he became the touring guitarist for the Overtons, a well-known family act from Oklahoma that fit into the same niche as the Osmonds, DeFrancos, and Cowbills. The Overtons were at one time part of Bob Hope's stable of young talent. Mark also headlined ballrooms and state fairs from Tulsa to New York.

At about the same time as the fire engine incident, Tom Williamson was waiting for his uncle to return home after a season of touring. That his uncle was on tour was nothing new in this musical family. But, what is noteworthy is that Tom's uncle was Colonel Parker's right-hand man. The tour in question was yet another one of Elvis' early treks across the country. In fact, each time a tour ended, Tom's uncle filled the house with discarded guitars, amps, drum sets, stage lighting, and other assorted souvenirs from the King's tour bus. Tom learned his craft on Elvis' gear, later applying that craft on the local music circuit.

Fast forward to 1980. Enter Rodger Farris and Tommy Neel, who were also solid players on the party and club scene here. Together with their mutual friend Thom Landt, Tom, Rodger, and Tommy formed an early precursor to what today is called Bordertown. This band was called Southern Pacific and made a bit of a name for itself locally while holding down the acoustic-tinged, folk-country, melodic-rich sound of the outgoing decade's rock 'n' roll at a time when disco, punk, and various elements of electronica were all vying for top spots on the pop charts.

Southern Pacific melded all of its early influences: Buffalo Springfield, Crosby Stills & Nash, Gram Parsons, the Allman Brothers, Little Feat, early Delta, Chicago, and British Blues. In a way eclectic, in a way perfectly logical, Southern Pacific brought together what might best be called the

"Woodstock sound," which is solid, electric rock on one hand coupled with harmony and traditional music on the other. And, if a semi-danceable groove found its way into the mix, well, it was all good. Today, we might call this music roots or Americana. Back then it simply came from a time before record execs decided that hard rock and country and R&B should be sold to mutually exclusive demographics and, God forbid, should they ever bleed into each other on the same stage or same album.

Mark Phillips was unfortunately still committed to the Overtons. And by the mid-'80s, the members of Southern Pacific had all but drifted to different, distinct corners of the San Diego music scene.

But in the Summer of 2005, the time seemed right to pull the old band back together...and then some. Upon turning 50, Tommy Neel decided to reunite the many members of his old musical projects for one, giant backyard jam. Southern Pacific, with the addition of longtime friend Mark Phillips, decided to put in some rehearsal time beforehand, then proceeded to go out and blow away the birthday revelers attending Tommy's bash. Bordertown was born!

The lineup now stands with Thom Landt, Mark Phillips, and Rodger Farris on guitars. With Tom Williamson on bass, the voices necessary for their intricate four-part harmonies are all in place. Tommy Neel rigorously provides a rich canvas of percussion that includes standard traps and an array of exotic drums and artifacts.

On a recent night at Milano's Pizza near Birdrock in La Jolla, the band ran through its two-hour set, while trying some new tunes, both originals and covers, for the intimate crowd. The set began with Dylan's "My Back Pages," done Byrds style with twangy guitars and buttery vocals plus an extra dose of electricity and vigor. Think McGuinn, Crosby, Hillman, and company on steroids. A Dave Mason tune closed out the show and was stretched into 15 minutes of communal jamming and alternating solos. Local mando player Steve Roche came on stage for a turn as well.



Thom Landt

Crunched in between the Dylan and Mason covers were nearly two hours of revamped nostalgia as the band revisited songs from that generation's collective 8-track collection. Most were sung exquisitely by Thom Landt. Yet cameo moments such as Mark Phillips' lead vocals on Little Feat's "Fool Yourself" added outstanding contrast. They also sideswiped the audience with some surprises such as Tom Williamson singing Mark Knopfler's "The Bug" while Thom Landt ripped up the house on lap-slide.

Bordertown also included a number of originals, most written by Landt. The self-titled song "Bordertown" gave a darker edge to the band. Although easily within the folk-rock genre, "Bordertown" the song, wove a mosaic of minimalist sensuality not unlike Chris Isaak at his hauntingly desolate best.

On stage, Bordertown has a presence earned only by the century of combined gigging that its members bring to the table. It's been said that successful bands have appeal because they are able to tap into the various cultural formations lying dormant within the audience's subconscious. The Beatles, for instance, were once described as the Holy Trinity plus a circus clown. It was thought that the Western World of the mid-1960s was taking a critical yet reverent look at its spirituality. Hence, we had John as the Father, George as the Son, Paul as the Holy Ghost, and Ringo as, well, Ringo.

It's probably still too early to make grand pronouncements about Bordertown's



Mark Phillips

function within the Western social psyche of this new millennium. But, whatever they've got, their spontaneous choreography works well. Thom Landt stalks the center stage, bringing all of his road miles together to form a real rock star aura: serious and otherworldly. Rodger Farris provides a counterweight. He too is serious yet more mercurial as he punches forward with a flurry of surprising guitar licks and single-note runs. Mark Phillips and Tom Williamson add an uplifting dose of lighthearted humor as they trade glances and grins and generally have a good time. Tommy Neel never fails to dazzle as he moves around his domain of percussive hardware.

In case you're still wondering, Bordertown is the real deal. It isn't often that a supergroup comes out of the woodwork. (Yes, I'm well aware that Cream sold out the Albert Hall this past year. But, I promised my wife I wouldn't strain my cardiovascular system ranting against marketing scams. So, I won't.) But, for those who still remember San Diego as a small town that liked to rock its ass off...and for those who still remember the many San Diegans who actually made it, shoulda made it, or almost made it...and for those who remember a time in September (Oh, sorry, that's another article altogether)...for those who remember that we had a local music scene long before the Gaslamp and a couple of Superbowls at the Q made it official...well then, Bordertown is for you.

Besides regular appearances at Milano's, the band just played at the opening of the Anza-Borrego Visitors Center. A number of new shows, as well as a possible CD, are planned for the coming year.



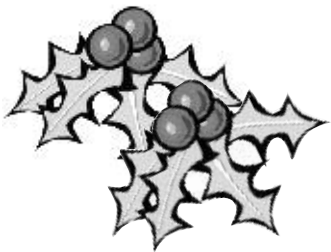
Rodger Farris



Tom Williamson



Tommy Neel



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FOURTH IN A SERIES COVERING SAN DIEGO'S BEST ACOUSTIC MUSIC VENUES

# Cosmos Coffee Cafe

A warm, friendly environment with a Sense of Community

by Will Edwards

San Diego is a coffee and music town. Not everyone who lives here knows that, and it is hard for musicians to get exposure. Cosmos Coffee Café, located in the La Mesa village, has, over the course of the last year, been gaining a reputation as a budding acoustic music venue. Proprietors Paul and Patrick have created a gathering space for La Mesa locals as well as other local musicians. Friendly service, quality coffee, and great food are their self-proclaimed business hallmarks, but Cosmos has also developed something more abstract inside their four walls: a community.



Paul and Patrick met each other through their wives and have been friends for the better part of seven years. Both couples have lived in La Mesa for some time and have ties to the area. Compared to their current occupations, both business partners have varied professional backgrounds. Before creating Cosmos Coffee Café, Patrick worked for Sharp Hospital and Paul worked in the legal profession. Paul explains that both of them had a common interest in breaking out of the typical corporate environment. "I've never really been mainstream... never really followed the crowd," says Paul. "Patrick was tired of the politics involved in corporate America." Both men wanted to work for themselves and eventually the opportunity knocked.

Six to eight months before Cosmos opened its doors Patrick had approached the previous owner about possibly taking over the café. At that time it was an antique store and coffee shop. They considered other possible uses for the space,

including a wine bar. After a major, three-month-long renovation Cosmos Coffee Café was born and was immediately welcomed by the La Mesa community. Like any business, there are hurdles and challenges that must be dealt with. But with a year and a bit behind them now, Cosmos frequently has lines out the door during their morning rush, and their indoor and outdoor seating are usually both full on music nights.

In an interview, Paul explained that at the core of the Cosmos mentality is the assumption that customers should be served in an efficient and helpful way and that part of supporting that kind of mentality is making sure that their employees are happy and treated well. They believe that building a solid foundation out of their relationship with their workers will, in turn, translate to happier coffee drinkers and a healthier environment. He says that in the early days they'd feel overwhelmed from time to time because they'd be so busy. Now, he says, they get a bit of a rush when the crowds really hit the store. The challenge is welcome now that everyone has become more familiar with the situation and how to handle it. He admits that they had high expectations for themselves and their business and reflected on the fact that they have received a lot of help from the local community during their formative stages.

A short while after opening their doors to the public, Patrick approached local singer-songwriter, Michael Tiernan, about setting up and hosting an open mic at Cosmos. They had two goals: first to develop a larger community around their shop and second to provide La Mesa locals with great entertainment. Michael accepted the offer and now the Cosmos open mic is one of the busiest in greater San Diego, drawing performers from all over the county. It is a great opportunity to 'test-drive' local talent. However, the open mics can be inconsistent. Occasionally, the place is so packed with talent that it becomes competitive to get a spot on the stage, and yet the next week there might be less than a dozen musicians who show up. But that has been less often the case as their reputation has developed.

Aside from the regular open mic, Cosmos schedules concerts every Saturday night. Their indoor seating has a capacity for about 50 people and makes for a warm, intimate environment for listening to music. If you're like me, you'd prefer to hear music without the occasional espresso machine accompaniment. While the staff has a policy of being very respectful of performers, the fact that the stage shares the same room with the kitchen means that every now and then you'll hear a gargle of steamed milk chime in with the band.

Concerts typically consist of two or three separate performers or bands and there's usually no charge for admission, so advance tickets aren't necessary. While Cosmos doesn't put many restrictions on the kinds of music that they are willing to host, they tend to have acoustic performers rather than electric bands. That's not to say that there aren't electrified instruments or the occasional drum kit — there are. But, the stage is too small for large scale performances and the music is coincidentally typical of contemporary folk-rock, blues, and traditional styles.

If you are a performer and are interested in playing at Cosmos, you'll want to play the open mic and give Patrick and Paul the opportunity to hear you and see what you do. Their main concern is that their music scene continues to nurture the community they've built. Cosmos also rotates hanging art on their walls on a quarterly basis and artists are invited to approach management if they are interested in using the café as a gallery.

For now, Cosmos is focused on their continued growth. They're developing their menu and they still get rave reviews for their coffee (locally roasted Café Moto beans). I get the sense that Cosmos is more of a family than a business. The majority of their customers go to Cosmos every single day and the open mic hosted by Michael Tiernan every Tuesday has become a very well attended event, bringing local music enthusiasts and local musicians together in a relaxed and encouraging environment. The thing that really sets Cosmos apart from its competitors is the people. You'll feel welcome there and you'll notice right away that there is a sense of community, which

Photo: Will Edwards



## Facts and Figures

Where:	8278 La Mesa Blvd. in the La Mesa village
When:	Mon. & Wed. thru Thurs. 6:30am-8pm; Tues. & Sat. 6:30am-10pm; Sun. 7am-6pm.
Music:	Mostly acoustic; open mic on Tuesdays; Saturday concerts
Capacity:	Approximately 65 with indoor and outdoor seating
Level:	Local San Diego music
Prices:	Usually no cover charge for music. Good food — serving breakfast, lunch, and dinner at moderate prices.
Information:	619/698-4217 or <a href="http://www.cosmoscoffeecafe.com">www.cosmoscoffeecafe.com</a>
Troubadour Rating:	Warm, friendly environment. Excellent for testing waters at open mics if you're new to the scene.

adds another dimension to the place. Parking in downtown La Mesa is sometimes relatively full, but I've always found a spot within a block or so of the café. The café is open for business every Monday and Wednesday through Friday from 6:30 am to 8 pm. On Tuesdays and

Saturdays (music nights) they stay open until the close of the show, which is usually around 10 pm. They're open on Sundays from 7 am until 6 pm.

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by Paul Hormick

## DOUBLE BASS PIONEER

## Bert Turetzky

There is no graceful way to carry a double bass. The instrument stands about six feet tall

and has the bulk, if not the weight, of a stout human being. Jazz violinist Joe Venuti once phoned a score of bassists, telling each of them to wait on a particular street corner for a ride to a gig. Venuti had no gig lined up. Instead, he amused himself from his hotel room, watching more than a dozen bassists lumber around with their unwieldy instruments.

Composers often thought the double bass itself lacked grace, capable only of slow passages in support of other instruments. The great bassist, Dragonetti, began the liberation of the bass from this role when he convinced Beethoven of the instrument's potential. Beethoven gave the bass fast running passages in his fourth and fifth symphonies, and he chose its warm strength to introduce Schiller's Ode to Joy in his ninth. Other composers have followed with occasional featured passages. In the 19th century Bottesini wrote a few concerti for double bass, as did Koussevitzky in the 20th. Past these and a few other examples, the bass has stayed largely in the back of the orchestra.

Then came Bertram Turetzky.

Starting in the late 1950s, Turetzky took up his lifelong goal to free what he calls "this noble but misunderstood instrument" from the preconceived notions that constrained it to the orchestral foundation. He convinced composers that the bass could hold its own as a solo instrument and that it was capable of new sounds and timbres. Turetzky's work for the bass has

been compared with that of Casals for the cello and Segovia for the guitar. Over 300 pieces of music have been written for Turetzky, more music than for any other living person. This man's legacy is so important that one musicologist divides the history of the double bass into BT and AT: before Turetzky and after Turetzky.

When attending one of Turetzky's concerts, it is best to leave your prejudices about the bass at the door. He may start the concert with his composition "Reflections on Ives and Whittier," in which he makes the bass sing in high flute-like overtones. In another piece he might bow the tailpiece for a large raspy sound, and he might move about the stage as he performs. At a recent recital near Del Mar, he performed an improvisational piece with a violin and bass clarinet that may as well have been titled "Dissonance Rising." Turetzky admits that much of his music is challenging for audiences, but people have been accepting, even enthusiastic about his work. "I always felt that the public would accept what I was doing if I believed in it," he says.

All of Turetzky's concerts are unique in their format and the different accompanying instruments, but there is one constant. In 1973 he toured Europe for the first time. At the end of a concert in Warsaw, the hall broke into the rhythmic applause characteristic of eastern European audiences. Turetzky returned to the stage, but could not think of an encore. Ellington? Ives? Finally he announced to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, an English folk song." He treated them to "Yesterday." At the time, audiences were not used to the idea of mixing high and popular culture, but the Poles enjoyed his impromptu choice. Since then, the Beatles' classic has remained Turetzky's signature encore.

At the age of 12 or 13 he began playing tenor banjo, occasionally winning a \$5.00 prize at amateur contests

with such tunes as "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "The Bells of Saint Mary's." He joined the Arkansas Travelers, a country western style band, and a dance band that played popular tunes and polkas for the immigrant population of his small village-like home town of Norwich, Connecticut. He then fell in love with jazz. As a teen, he spent his allowance on jazz records, often having no money for the rest of the week. He spun records as a disk jockey on a local Norwich radio station and then rushed home to listen to Rudi Blech's program, *This is Jazz*, broadcast out of New York City.

Turetzky's devotion to jazz prompted him to switch from his first instrument, the banjo, to the guitar, which was more attuned to playing the music he loved. Soon his bandmates convinced him that a bass was more important than a guitar, and he again switched instruments. "I liked the bass," Turetzky says. "It seemed to be the core of everything, particularly in jazz, which is what I was listening to back then. It's the glue between the rhythm and horn instruments."

When he was 16, Turetzky and a friend were driving along the Connecticut shore. Their car ran out of gas and a middle-aged couple offered to help. Turetzky's friend implored, "Can I come with you? All this guy wants to do is talk about jazz." The couple laughed and said, "That's all we talk about, too." The jazz-loving couple introduced Turetzky to Eugene Sedic, Fatts Wallers' clarinetist, who invited Turetzky to jam with him and other greats from the swing era, such as trombonist Sandy Williams and drummer Arthur Trapier. Turetzky says, "Here I was, this white kid with a blonde Kay bass, white on white, but they let me play with them because I loved and respected their music."

Deciding to become a professional

jazz bassist, Turetzky enrolled in the Hartt School of Music in Hartford, Connecticut. While he was there, however, a few experiences convinced him that jazz was not the life for him. After seeing both George Duvivier and Charles Mingus in New York City, he thought that he might not have the chops to measure up to these giants. Turetzky also observed the drug abuse that was part of the jazz scene and knew that this destructive behavior was not for him. At this point he developed an interest and began performing Renaissance music. It was the egalitarian nature of the ancient music appealed to him. "It is egoless," he says. "If three people play, they share equally in the piece. No one player outshines the others."

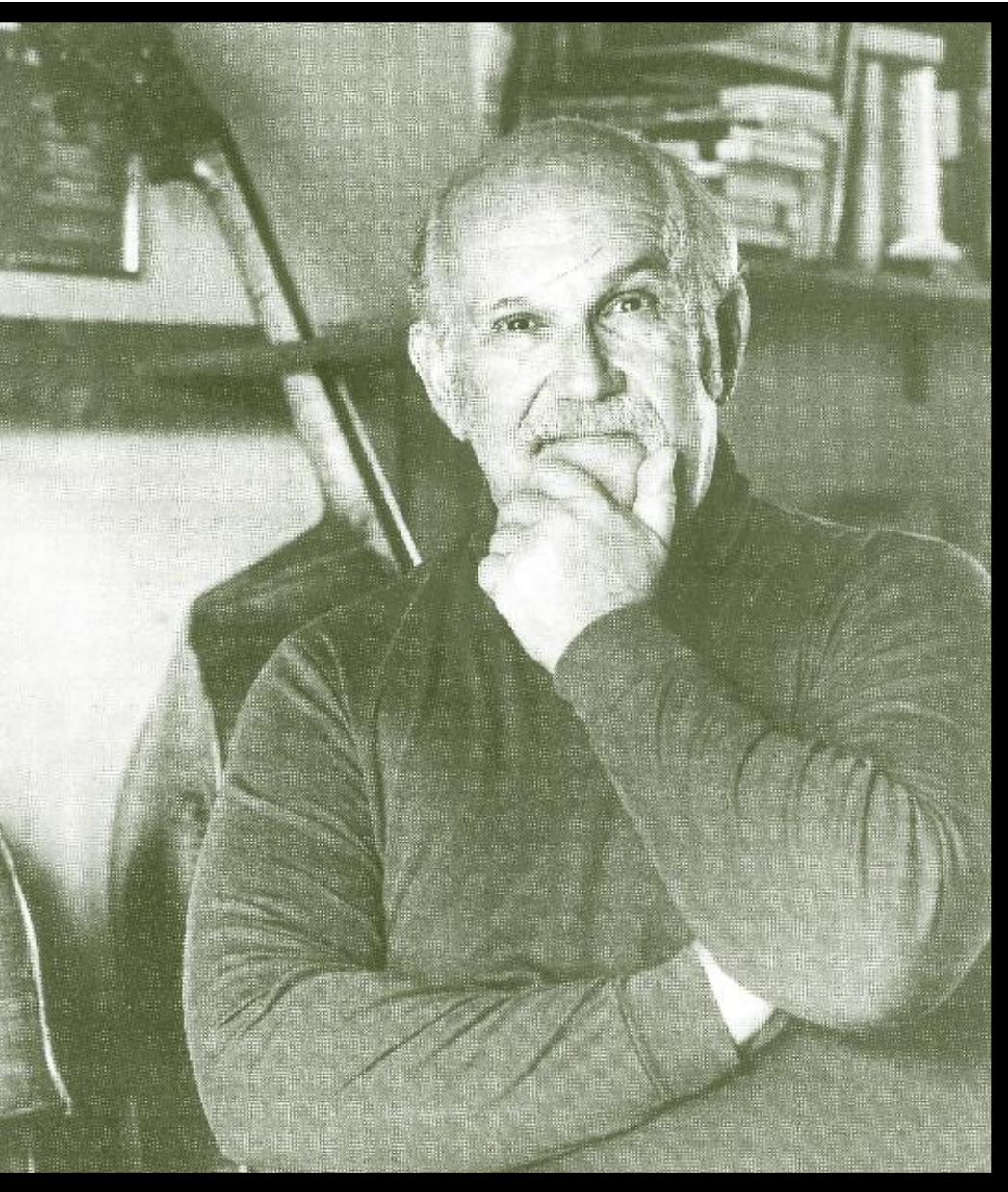
Early in his career, Turetzky realized that modern composers were desperate to have their music heard and, he says, "If I wanted to play, I had to hook up with composers." Together with clarinetist Henry Larsen, Turetzky formed the Hartt Chamber Players, an ensemble dedicated to performing music by composers who were trying to get their music heard. He says, "We would play it all, not sticking to what was 'safe.' If a composer wrote something for us, we would play it. If it wasn't very good, we would only play it once. But still composers were getting their music heard."

In 1959 Turetzky and his new wife, Nancy, began sending letters to composers asking them to consider writing pieces for the bass and for the Chamber Players. One of the patrons of Hartt College was Alfred Fuller, who had made his fortune from the door-to-door sales of his Fuller brushes. Turetzky thought if that technique worked for brushes, it might also work for the bass. Just like the brush salesmen, Turetzky sometimes showed up on composers' doorsteps, double bass in hand, to convince them to write a composition for him.

"I had to show them something of interest," Turetzky says of his efforts. To pique their curiosity, he demonstrated the unusual techniques he had developed, such as rapping on the bass for percussive sounds or the rapid tremolo effect that he borrowed from the Greek bouzouki. He showed composers varieties of vibrato and the large pizzicato sound from his jazz playing. "Anything to enlarge the sonic palate of the bass,"

Turetzky in his studio





he says. These new approaches and techniques are described in Turetzky's book, *The Contemporary Contrabass*, published in 1974.

His reputation as the man who was revolutionizing the bass began to take shape in 1960, with a concert he performed as part of the New Music in Our Time series at the YMHA (Young Men's Hebrew Association). It featured a concerto written for Turetzky by the composer Ralph Shapey. He also started making contacts with well known modern composers such as Henry Cowell and Edgar Varese. One of the composers to write music for Turetzky was Barney Childs, who was also the founder of the

Advance Records label. The label's first release in 1963 featured a Turetzky recital. According to some music librarians, it is the first recording of new music for double bass.

Turetzky made his full concert debut in 1964. The packed house included jazz guitarist Jim Hall and composer Frederick Zimmerman, and the entire program consisted of compositions written for him. Caught up in the excitement, Turetzky forgot his dress trousers. So there he was, center stage, white vest, tie, and \$5.00 black chino pants. Seeing Turetzky start the concert with a difficult up bow, a violist friend in the audience was visibly anx-

ious, sinking in his seat. "He was probably saying a silent prayer," Turetzky says. The up bow and the rest of the concert came off without a hitch.

At another concert early in his career, which took place at the Living Theatre in New York, Turetzky announced to a young lady in the audience, "There's no piano in this, honey," as she sat expecting to see the traditional 19th century pairing of the bass and piano. Following his requests, composers have given him compositions that pair the bass with other instruments besides the piano, such as Kenneth Gaburo's piece for alto flute, soprano, and bass, and the duo for bass and flute by Ben Johnston. At the extremes of the musical spectrum, a duo for flute and bass presents unusual technical difficulties. The bass can overpower the flute, but since his wife is a fine flutist, the pairing of the two instruments pleased Turetzky. He says, "We were making a life together. We should perform together."

At a reception after a performance in St. Louis Turetzky was asked, "Bert, why do people like contemporary theatre more than contemporary music?" He replied that music is more abstract and hence more difficult to follow. He thus feels that his work with poets and poetry has kept his music accessible to the public; it gives the listener something to focus attention on. Among the poets Turetzky has worked with are Jerome Rothenburg, known for his dada verse, and Quincy Troupe, who riffs jazz-inspired verse on the composition "I Remember Mingus," which appears on Turetzky's *Compositions and Improvisations* disc.

Turetzky occasionally uses his own voice for poetry or spoken performance. In "Jazz Gallery I" on the disk *Tenors, Echoes, and Wolves*, he improvises on his bass as he recites poems that pay tribute to four titans of the tenor sax: Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins, Lester Young, and John Coltrane. And perhaps one of the more well known pieces that Turetzky performs is "Failing", a piece that requires the bassist to read text and music, perform them both, then confess his insecurities about performing a composition so difficult that it seems doomed to failure.

Turetzky does more than pay tribute to Mingus, Coltrane, and jazz. He still performs the music that was his first love with the San Diego jazz band, Prime Time. He also performs other music from his youth in the Second Avenue Klezmer Ensemble. "My Grandmother used to sing these songs," he says of this music of the eastern European Jews. As the band performs its repertoire of waltzes, freylachs, and horas, Turetzky jokes that the band will perform the 'Jewish Cowboy' song, "I Miss You Baby, But My Aim Is Getting Better All the Time."

As if a legacy of promoting and performing music for the double bass were not enough, Turetzky has created a cluster of fine students who carry on his tradition in their own manner. He began teaching at his alma mater,

Hartt, and then in 1968, moved to a full professorship at the University of California San Diego, from which he retired in 2003. He now teaches part time at San Diego State University.

Prominent students include Mark Dresser, who now moved into Turetzky's position at UCSD after his retirement, John Leftwich, Bob Magnusson, and Kristen Korb. Korb, the fetching young bassist and vocalist says of Turetzky, "He is extremely passionate and compassionate with his students. Instead of trying to make everybody sound like him, he helps his students find their own voices." Jazz great Magnusson adds, "Bert is a wonderful teacher who always has a great sense of humor."

"There was no goal, no plan," Turetzky says. "My life has been a complete improvisation." But as any great jazz musician will tell you, improvisation is not playing randomly. It takes a lot of thought, hard work, and practice to play spontaneously. Similarly, Turetzky's improvisational life, one that has left a large body of work for the bass, successful students, and accolades that compare him to Casals and Segovia, shows more than spontaneity. "My family members were immigrants, but through hard work, I've succeeded," he says. "My life is the American dream."



Turetzky's primary bass, the one he uses for chamber music and his solo work, is a 1762 Belosius, which he has had for about 50 years. He says, however, that "it's not versatile; it's not good for pizzicato." So the one you hear on his recordings is a Maggini copy made by Gunther Krammer, which Turetzky says has a larger pizzicato and is more versatile than the Belosius. He uses the Krammer when he plays jazz. He also plays a Hornsteiner that has a distinctive lionhead instead of a scroll.

Turetzky bows German style, and his bow of choice is a Phfretchner. "It's the oldest, the one I've had the longest," he says, explaining his preference. He also uses a Kolstein that he's had for 20 or 30 years. His newest bow is a Hoyer that he doesn't use often. "But I'm getting used to it," he says.



The Second Avenue Klezmer Ensemble



# Bluegrass CORNER



by Dwight Worden

## A PRIMER ON BLUEGRASS ORGANIZATIONS

Every bluegrass musician and every fan should have a working knowledge of the bluegrass organizations out there and what they have to offer. For musicians, they can provide gigs, contacts, fellow musicians, jam sessions, camp outs, and a variety of other forms of assistance and useful services. For fans they can provide access to great festivals, concerts, jam sessions, and other get togethers, as well as a variety of social events and opportunities to get involved that can be great fun. For example, many of the San Diego bluegrass camp out attendees are listeners not players, and they have a great time. Best of all, they will keep you informed about what is going on. Bluegrass organizations typically provide newsletters, email updates, web pages, and other useful services, and most have very affordable annual membership fees in the \$15-\$30 per year range. Here is a primer covering what you should know.



### SAN DIEGO BLUEGRASS SOCIETY, INC.

The SDBS is a local San Diego 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation dedicated to presenting and promoting bluegrass music in San Diego. The SDBS provides a bimonthly newsletter called *InTune Magazine*,

which is free to members, monthly flyers, a quarterly report called the "Tweneer," sponsors' jams and events every second Tuesday of the month at Fuddruckers in Grossmont Center), every third Tuesday at Fuddruckers in Chula Vista, and every fourth Tuesday at the Boll Weevil on Miramar Road. SDBS also presents special concerts throughout the year as well as other special events. Member discounts to concerts and events are sometimes offered. Membership costs \$20 per year per family. For more information and to join online visit the SDBS web page at: <http://members.aol.com/intunenews/main.html>. Together with the NCBFC (see below) the SDBS presents the Summergrass Bluegrass Festival every August featuring three days of top of the line bluegrass music. Check out the Summergrass web page at: [www.summergras.net](http://www.summergras.net).



### NORTH SAN DIEGO COUNTY BLUEGRASS AND FOLK CLUB

The NCBFC is also a 501(c)(3) nonprofit corporation, promoting bluegrass and folk music in the north San Diego county area. The NCBFC presents a concert and jam every first Tuesday of the month at Round Table Pizza in Escondido. NCBFC also organizes special concerts, camp outs, and other events, as well as publishes a great newsletter six times a year called the *Bluegrass and Folk Broadcast*. Annual membership is \$15 per family. Check out the NCBFC web page to join and for more info at: <http://northcounty-bluegrass.org/PostNuke/>.



### BLUEGRASS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BASC is a 501(c)(3) corporation and the sister organization to the SDBS, covering Los Angeles and Orange Counties. BASC sponsors local concerts and jams in the L.A. area and presents

special concerts as well. You can learn more about BASC by visiting their web page: <http://members.aol.com/intunenews/main.html>.



### SOUTH WEST BLUEGRASS ASSOCIATION

The SWBA, also a 501(c)(3) nonprofit corporation, preserves, promotes, and presents bluegrass music. SWBA offers concerts, workshops, jams, and other special events that are bluegrass related. SWBA members come from several western states including California, Arizona, and Nevada. Membership is \$18 per year, \$20 for bands. SWBA publishes its own newsletter free to its members called the *Bluegrass Sound Board*. Learn more about SWBA and its programs at: <http://www.s-w-b-a.com/Default.htm>.



### CALIFORNIA BLUEGRASS ASSOCIATION

The CBA is a very large statewide organization with more than 3,000 members! It is dedicated to promoting, presenting, and preserving bluegrass music. CBA presents the Grass Valley Festival each year, along with other concerts and events. CBA is also a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization, but with a statewide focus. They will present the first ever SuperGrass Festival next February in Bakersfield with an outstanding line up of music. Learn more about CBA at: <http://www.cbaontheweb.org/about.asp>

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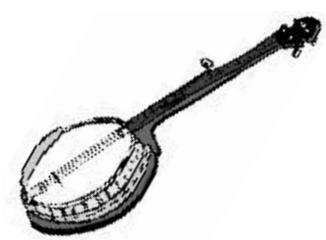


### INTERNATIONAL BLUEGRASS MUSIC ASSOCIATION

The IBMA is the national and international trade organization for bluegrass music. The IBMA presents the World of Bluegrass Festival every October in Nashville and offers a variety of services to its members. IBMA members consist of professional musicians, music agents and promoters, grass roots bluegrass organizations, event promoters, and individual fans. IBMA has a great Bluegrass in the Schools Program and offers other services, such as insurance for festivals and concerts. IBMA presents the annual Bluegrass Music Association Awards, the bluegrass music equivalent of the Grammys. Check out IBMA at: <http://www.ibma.org/index.asp>.

So, what do you need to do to join? All of these great organizations are all very affordable. If you live in San Diego, I would recommend joining at least the SDBS and the NCBFC. You will get informative newsletters and other updates and will find out about all the local bluegrass goings on. You will also meet some great folks. You won't regret joining, I promise! And remember, these organizations depend on membership dues to keep going and to bring you the great music, jam sessions, and other events that they provide, so show that you appreciate what they do by joining.

See you at the next event.



## The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

### FROM THE TOP DOWN, PART 2

Last month's column focused on what I refer to as the "Top Down" approach to recording and producing, wherein the song itself defines what decisions are made with regard to the sound and textures utilized. I had pointed to the work of Mitchell Froom and Tchad Blake as being the most fitting examples. While they have utilized some of the most extreme sonic mangling techniques in their productions, their reverent regard for the song itself virtually ensures that their efforts will still manage to support and enhance the lyric, melody and overall vibe.

In the kitchen or the studio, the best productions are always a team effort. The better your ingredients at the outset, the better your chances are for a successful result. Sometimes you're out of cooking oil. Your decision whether to use olive oil, butter, or make a trip to the store will directly affect your outcome. The producer's role at this point is to know a lot about cakes and what those expected results might be, subsequently anticipating courses of action and hopefully, avoiding disaster. But you can't make a great cake with bad eggs, no matter how tasty the frosting is. This is where the supporting musicians' role in the process shows itself to be just as invaluable.

The contributions made by guitarists and keyboardists are the most easily identifiable. Most of your comping and soloing happen here, and in the pecking order for the "Top Down" theory, some might justifiably place them just below singer and song. After all, most singer-songwriters accompany themselves on guitar or piano, right?

This is where things get very interesting. Because when we write songs, I think it's most often within that context: A voice, a melody, and a single instrument providing both rhythmic and chordal support — from the top down. To follow through and create a full band arrangement at that point presents a new set of choices: Do you start with that as your basis (the singer singing and accompanying themselves) and add complementary colors? Or, do you reinterpret some or all of the roles of that person's hands?

My first-hand example of this (oh, PUNish me for that one) is with the band I play in, The Wild Truth. I generally bring a new song to rehearsal and run it down for them on guitar. In that one performance, I have already suggested a feel and attitude to start with. In some instances, I might go so far as to detail what it's about, or different sections that hold particular meaning for emphasis. At that point I know that my guitar part is about to change, because now the bass player (David Ybarra) and drummer (Bill Ray) are going to assume and expand the job currently filled by my (cloven) right hand. What they bring to the table is not only a skill set far beyond what my limited abilities afford me, but also a fresh perspective that most often propels the song to a higher level as well. Similarly, lead guitarist Charlie Loach brings sophistication and aliteration (my obfuscation needs a long vacillation) into the mix, filling out the harmonic voicings and

perhaps adding counter melodies, riffs, or hooks. With all of that happening, there's a very good chance that the guitar part I used to perform the song in a solo acoustic format will suddenly find itself to be redundant at best and, at worst, a train wreck. At this point (or really, over a period of time), my part will either simplify or shift toward another role entirely. Maybe I'll remove a lot of the strumming, or lay out on the verses, or whatever. The crux of the situation described is that while things may have changed considerably, they were all dictated or inspired by the song's very essence.

On many studio projects, I've noticed subtle high-hat nuances, snare "ghost notes," and bass drum accents that actually



highlight a particular lyrical passage and bring even more meaning to the words.

A great bass line can also accomplish this, as Paul McCartney showed many times during his tenure with The Beatles. McCartney's four-stringed input eventually evolved to the point where he would overdub his bass parts last. In this way, he was able to play under, over, and around the vocal and other instruments in a way that no one would have dared attempt at the outset of basic tracking, for fear that no room would be left in the arrangement for much of anything else.



Sven-Erik Seaholm

This is not to disregard the "bottom up" approach, where a groove is laid down as a foundation upon which a song can be built up. No less a singer-songwriter talent than Paul Simon ably demonstrated how effective this method could be with one of his finest albums, *The Rhythm of The Saints*. Simon worked with an ensemble of South American and African musicians to create a set of lush, complex percussion-driven grooves that he subsequently composed some beautiful music and lyrics over. Peter Gabriel is another

er avowed proponent of this school, as are countless hip-hop and dance music artists who have made a lot more money than I'll likely ever see. From this direction, many of those rhythmic accents and subtleties can be contextualized after the fact by actually writing them into the song, which may on

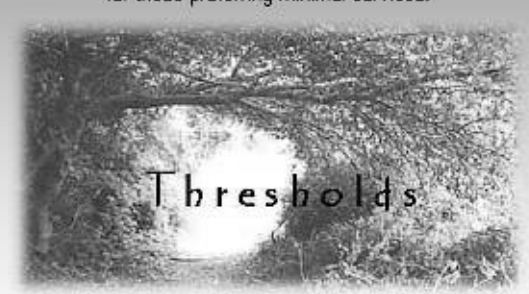
balance impart the same feeling of empathetic musical accompaniment.

Now speaking only for me, I've never written a song either from or over a groove that outlasted one of the top down compositions in my repertoire, which may be why I tend toward the latter approach. Even the electronica albums I've produced were "song first" affairs. Fortunately, working from a song-oriented slant has also allowed me to work in a lot of different genres, and kept my love and interest in my work fresh.

But enough about me (yawn), let's talk about you. Why are you reading this, when you could be making music? Go get 'em!

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## DICK NICKS NICK TRICK

Being a lifelong abstainer from gambling, I'd wager that among most celebrants, the Golden Age of Christmas occurred during their childhoods. While romanticists would attribute this determination to the magical innocence and greedy wonder of youth, I'd thumb my nobly hewn nose and insist as romantically as possible that those were more Golden Christmases simply because during our childhood, more members of our families were alive and sharing the air with us.

Gradually the family diminishes and all joys are increasingly incomplete. We *have* dined on pristine happiness and will savor the aftertaste for the duration of our own lives, but each subsequent feast seems prepared by a lesser chef.

Still, each Christmas arrives with remarkable possibilities for those whose hearts are glistening with goodwill and whose ears are deaf to the saddest, most hellish song they might ever hear.

I'm so very ashamed to have turned at least one blind ear (oh, okay, *visually impaired*) to the tune until a day or two ago. Why was I wrong for so long? Was it because I was brain-washed or because I was stupid? And now that I've realized the truth, is there any way to anticipate any pleasure in Christmas ever again?

I'm going to try to find one, dammit. And I think you'll want to as well. Sometimes truth is ugly. But cannot beauty grow from ugliness? Think of Paris Hilton. No, scratch that. Think of that grotesque, self-cenered, stoned slug that becomes a butterfly. Okay, now think of a weasel becoming Paris Hilton. No, scratch that, too. Just back to the butterfly thing, alright?

Do you think that butterfly ever remembers that it used to resemble a grotesque, self-cenered, stoned slug? No way; truth has set it free like half of a two-for-the-price-of-one sale package.

Now gather your loved ones

around the fireplace with appropriate beverages and hearts full of song (no rap, please, it's Christmas). If you don't have a fireplace, toss a few logs or newspapers onto an expendable chair or table and start a makeshift fire in your living room. And tell the timeless tale again . . .

*For lo, 'twas long ago whence was born in a chimney the bearded babe St. Nick, who was also called Kris Kringel. And the people proclaimed him Santa Claus and he flew through the chimneys and into the hearts of all men and did bring glad tidings of great gifts on his birthday year upon year . . .*

I'll close the curtain now, dear folk, and reveal the truth: after careful thought and meticulous calculations, it became clear to me this week that it's all a story, just a story. Fiction! There is no such thing as Santa Claus and there never was. All those presents you find under your Christmas tree didn't come a from sleigh-riding, reindeer-loving magician.

No, I bought them for you and placed them there because I care about you! It's been a lot of work and it's made me pretty tired, so starting this year, I'm turning the job over to your own friends and family. If everyone does his duty properly, we'll see families become real families again, enveloped in generosity and debt, free from myth but full of mirth. Yes, and so eager to repay kindnesses of Christmases past, naturally.

Other modern myths, from the artistry of hip-hop to the Christianity of George W. Bush, deserve similar scholarly annihilation and may be addressed in future columns, but I'm still feeling too Christmasy to steer little Rudolph astray.

It certainly *felt* like Christmas a few weeks ago at the Casbah, when Sooty and Joey Harris reunited a very special, very large family in tribute to another *real* Santa, the always ho-hubba-ho-hubba-hoing Country Dick Montana. Real, honest human love was on display in every aspect of planning and execution. Thank you,



The debonair Mr. Sinatra

St. Sooty and St. Joey for that exquisite marking of Dick's 10-year absence. And kisses to everyone else involved.

The event caused me to remember a very special letter I received in the mail two weeks to the day before Country Dick's death — a letter that I've saved and will continue to cherish longer than you, 'cause you didn't get one.

Dear Hose,

I never dreamed I was capable of loving a man . . . until last week when I fell into your arms and your golden chains caressed my heart, my life lacked a heart caressed by golden chains.

Had I ever known love until then? I don't think so.

Might I be filled with yours again? Oh, please! I am a leaking vessel, thirsting unto death for you, Hose.

No one must ever know of this, of course, lest there be rumors . . . dig? If you speak or write or let anybody know of our secret, you'll die a very painful death and I would be upset.

Oh, call, dearest Hose. Your garden awaits!

Clara (Mrs. Santa) Claus  
1225 Fairytale Lane  
North Pole 55500

I'm sorry I was never able to show the letter to Dick. I've always imagined him laughing at first, then suddenly acknowledging the letter's authenticity, scrunching his face in mock disgust, and melodramatically bellowing some profane accusation concerning "prune-tang."

Bless his heart, too, this Christmas. And yours.

# RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

## FREE BEER

I just hung up the phone after calling Humphrey's Backstage Lounge for the 44th day in a row in an effort to book another gig for "my" band, Modern Rhythm. We've played that venue at least a dozen times over the last four years but could never guarantee that anyone would show up. Sometimes there'd be 80 or 100 people there and other times only 14 would be in attendance. That got me to wondering: maybe we have no following, despite 23 years of existence, because the band's name is so generic.

I know what you're thinking, "Maybe you actually suck!" But you'd be wrong. It's both! We suck, AND our name sucks too!

Let's look at some band names that work (ed):

**Rolling Stones.** Derived from a Muddy Waters song. Perfect.

**Beatles.** **Beat Farmers.** **Beat Rodeo.** **Beatnigs.** **Billy and the Beaters.** They all have the root word "beat." Can't beat that!

**Rockola.** A damn fine classic rock band named for the jukebox found in every dive bar since the beginning of time. Perfect.

**Noise Ratchet.** It doesn't take much to picture that sound, does it?

**The Locust.** They dress like bugs...and sound like 'em too.

**Ozomatli.** It's, like, Mayan or something exotic. A blend of ethnic influ-



Jim McInnes

ences.

**Steely Damned.** Guess whose music they perform?

**Mississippi Mudd.** Deep South electric blues. Again, perfect.

**Buckethead.** Why not? He wears a mask and a KFC bucket on his head.

**The Fu\*ked.** These guys played at the old Spirit Club's "Worst Band in the World" showcase. I'll never forget the "singer" telling the audience, "What the hell did you expect? We're fu\*ked!"

Now let's examine a band name that doesn't work:

**Modern Rhythm.** Google this one and you'll get not only our website but you'll also get 57,000 treatises on the function of the "modern rhythm" section in contemporary jazz, etc. The concept of "modern" changes every few months...even as we continue to play our repertoire of '40's and '50's swing and jump numbers, obscure blues, rock classics, heavy metal originals, and a polka.

I think we'll be switching to a more accessible and obvious name like FREE BEER.

Betcha THAT gets 'em into the club.

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Amos Lee

by Will Edwards

I arrived an hour and a half before the opening act took the stage, and my wife and I settled for a pair of seats in the rafters, our view obstructed by the half dome structure that makes up the rib cage of the Belly Up Tavern in Solana Beach. Over the course of the next hour I watched the floor fill up (every seat was taken) with fans at the sold out performance of Philadelphia's Amos Lee.

Circumstance and coincidence had brought Lee to my attention. I'd gathered that his recent performance on *Austin City Limits* (splitting the night with none other than legendary songwriter John Prine) had made waves and had won him some valuable exposure. I had been told about Lee twice in the past week by friends, and the gentleman who shared our cramped quarters in the balcony had been so

impressed by Lee's performance on PBS that he and his wife had decided to come down to see him in person.

The show began with a performance by Mutlu, a singer-songwriter that Lee apparently knew from Philadelphia. Mutlu's material mixed R&B rhythms with smooth, melodic vocals. He mostly strummed his guitar as backup for his voice — which was a very nice voice — although I think that he and his guitar would have benefited from a little more amplification. After playing a half dozen songs, Mutlu introduced his pal Amos Lee.

Now, as a singer, Lee stands out. His voice is bold but understated and I got the sense that beautiful music is inside his very being at all times. Some singers can produce the most melodic and pristine tones with a minimal amount of effort. Lee is just such a singer. On this night, the

last show in his fall 2005 tour, I would file a complaint about his stage performance. He maintained his presence quite well but it took him and his band a solid 45 minutes to really believe in the music again — to play with passion as well as talent.

The Belly Up is a staple venue in San Diego and often attracts performers who haven't quite reached stardom but who have made significant inroads in their careers. Since its change of hands a year or more ago, the space has undergone a handful of cosmetic changes, including fresh lighting and more open spaces. The venue is the perfect place to hear the music of Lee. His style is uncompromising: musical, confident, and very dynamic. Silence is as much his instrument as is the sound of his guitar. It's that dynamic texture that he and his band create — which gives their performance an attractive sense of intimacy and personal attention — like a living room concert. It is sad but true that opening acts are largely ignored by concert attendees, so the chatter over Mutlu's performance wasn't unexpected. Unfortunately, however, it persisted throughout the evening, and only on two or three occasions did the room finally fall silent and that was only because half the room was shushing the other half of the room! At one point, during a particularly poignant song, one guy suddenly yelled at the top of his lungs "Go!... Go!... Go!..... Goooooo!... YEAAAAHHHHHHH!" He was watching football highlights on the house TV! Thankfully, the bartender turned it off after that and I think the noisy guy went home.

As a solo singer-songwriter, I have my own techniques for dealing with distracted audiences. One way to get people to quiet down is to quiet your music down. Lee seemed to be trying to find a balance with the audience and maintain control of how and when the volume of the room changed. He'd often sing his hooks and choruses at nearly inaudible levels and quite often

would get a cheer from the crowd and bring the focus back to the stage.

Lee performed selections from his self-titled debut album on Blue Note records including "Bottom of the Barrel," "Black River," "Give It Up," and his current single "Keep It Loose, Keep It Tight." One of the rare moments of dead silence in the evening occurred when he played "Love in the Lies." In this song he sings "Remember when we were in California/we were so much happier then/now we're back in New York City/looking for love in the lies of a lonely friend." Everyone loves it when a touring act sings about their home and to meet expectation the crowd howled and cheered at the mention of our beloved state!

Lee's band included a great bass player. I thought that under ideal (and more attentive) circumstances, an upright bass would have fit the mood perfectly but the bass filled out the room in a very gratifying way, bringing a sense of cohesiveness to the whole performance. The drums were also a perfect complement — understated and even romantic. It's tempting in a large room to fill the space with rhythm and command everyone's attention that way. But mature drummers tend to sharpen the music's structure rather than define it and that was how this sounded — delicate and refined. The band's fourth member seemed to be a jack-of-all-trades performer, opening the show on trumpet and also accompanying Lee on guitar and mandolin, playing most of the melodies and lead parts.

Quite often Amos would start or finish a song off facing the drummer. I imagine this was his way of locking in the groove (which was always solid) and keeping everything tight. But it compounded my sense that he was not a performer who really feeds off of the audience. I often felt that he was distracted, which is understandable at the end of a tour but also less conducive to a great show. But, all that aside, his

fantastic voice always compensated for these aspects of his performance.

My wife and I discussed the music every now and then, asking ourselves how to define the show with common terms, and we had a difficult time. We decided that was a good thing. Lee's voice is very rich but it doesn't get overdone or worn out. It's more like fine wine than good chocolate. Bonnie Raitt and James Taylor came to mind as appropriate comparisons insofar as his voice is a bit nasally but also effortless and well-grounded. The musical arrangements over the course of the evening were varied, ranging from Americana to country and blues.

The songs on his debut album are largely about love and loss, relationships gone bad, and longing for certain things to get better. These are all common themes, although his renderings of them make these stale topics seem refreshing and creative. Aside from his voice, Lee has a talent for mixing words in a way that makes them more potent than the sum of their parts. His meanings exist between contrasting ideas. He sings "I ain't no wide-eyed rebel/oh, but I ain't no preacher's son." Lee defines himself by what he is not and effectively avoids pigeon-holing himself. His music explores the common ground between genres and even his public performances maintain a private, personal feel. Lee has the mark of a songwriter who is at the front end of a prosperous career. He sings, "Now everybody wants to treat me like a house fly/turn me around and tell me to shoo/they want to tell me to keep on dreaming/that's just what I'm gonna do." An allusion, I'm sure, to the trials and tribulations of an aspiring songwriter and a wise approach.

Amos Lee can be found online at: <http://www.amoslee.com> and Mutlu can be found online at: <http://www.mutlusounds.com>.

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## Amber Rubarth Something New

by Tom Paine

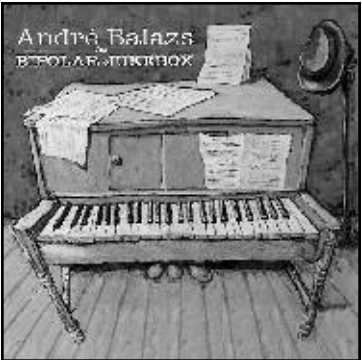
Originally from Reno, Nevada, Amber Rubarth now lives on the road. Tirelessly touring in support of her debut release, *Something New*, Rubarth is winning friends and fans all over the country. Her music falls somewhere between Alicia Keys, Nora Jones, and New Orleans big band jazz. How many singer-song-writer albums do you hear with muted trombone slides, clarinet solos and trumpet flurries?

The excellence of the production and musicianship go a long way toward distracting listeners from the lyrics. Playing it safe, Rubarth doesn't brave any new ground or original insight. But maybe that's not what this record is about. The bounce in the band speaks loudly enough. The sassy confidence and girl-next-door honesty of Rubarth's singing make it obvious that this is no crying-in-her latte coffeehouse chanteuse. Her *joi de vivre* is the message.

Perhaps the strangest song of all is "Two," a Carlos Castenada/Don Juan inspired peyote vision about alternate realities replete with a New Orleans jazz band accompaniment. It's one of those ideas that looks terrible on paper but totally works. Sometimes daring pays off.

The last track, "Rising," is a surprise. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a sophistication and depth emerge and the full promise of what Rubarth could be takes flight. Here all the elements of production, arrangement, composition, musicianship, vocal prowess, and sheer humanity coalesce in a shimmering three and a half minute reverie. At last Rubarth finally sounds like no one else but herself. A beautiful, powerful song about transcendence, "Rising" cracks open the door to the immense promise of her next album.

*Something New* by Amber Rubarth is available at [www.amberrubarth.com](http://www.amberrubarth.com)



## Andre Balazs Bipolar Jukebox

by Chuck Schiele

It is rare when a unique sense of character emerges through the sludge of slick in the music world these days. Andre Balazs is such a character. Funny how you sometimes pop in a CD and surmise pretty quickly whether or not any band or artist falls into the dolt category or the genius category — among other considerations. Balazs swaggers confidently into the genius category and takes his place with the likeness of a king settling into this throne, amused by the jesters before him. If he were the king, he'd probably enjoy carrying on with the jesters just as much as he would with the scholars and seers.

It's good to hear such a different set of choices on a record so catchy. It's familiar without becoming trite and boldly unique without becoming stupid. Andre Balazs deploys his classical training and jazz-savvy to "bitch-slap" pop-rock music up and down this record. From great changes to great chops and very interesting arrangements. At times there is a strong Tom Waits affinity, but not really. He goes there, but abandons it just as quickly. This record is also about irony and juxtaposition. Serious chops served with audacious humor. For instance, my favorite tune on the planet right now is "Wasabi," a nonsense sort of song that states: "Wasabi is just Horseradish, nothing more, nothing less." It's rendered as a sort of gypsy march Hungarian tango dance thing, complete with the accelerated tempo, and sporting a great violin take by Alan Grubner. Somehow with respect to and in spite of this description, this tune is seriously remarkable. It is the only song I've played so frequently in the last ten years.

Then there's "Highly Recommended," one of the rare love songs that's not at all smarmy, yet it is truly sweet and carried by Andre's soothing gritty baritone in duet with a seemingly lovely Kate Callahan.

In fact, all the songs are great, but I don't have enough space to carry on about it here. The nine cut CD is over before you know it and in that time he's packed in the help of 14 wonderful musicians on astute and seriously fun material, rich in composition, chops, and lyrical content. While this is not an obvious work, it remains a stellar one.

Finish this review for yourself by visiting [www.bipolarjukebox.com](http://www.bipolarjukebox.com)



## Kev Acoustic Dreams

by Chuck Schiele

If you like acoustic guitar you'll love this CD.

Usually there isn't much to talk about when there's but one chap on one guitar. I mean, what is there really to say?

If that chap is Kev — Kevin Ronés — you could say he plays damn fine guitar. You could even go so far as to say he plays with the best of 'em, discarding the time honored C7 strum school in favor of complexity through counterpoints and woven lines coming together to imply the chord changes along the way. There are no overdubs. No special magic studio tricks. There isn't even any help aside from the nice clean mastering by John Katchur, as Kevin Ronés produced the work as well. Just good guitar work. The compositions are superb and the execution is excellent, my personal favorite being "Lucia," mainly because of the "teasing" of the first two minutes. "Dakota" runs a close second.

While there is an aggressive guitarist here, with the definite and deliberate upper hand in his relationship with his guitar, there is also a tenderness in the handling. It's still downright ballsy. Downright eloquent. But often sweet. In concrete terms you can hear the post-Celtic-nouveau thing amid modern and not so modern approaches to handling the guitar.

Listening to this CD might draw analogies with the likes of our very own Jim Earp, Lawrence Juber, Michael Hedges, Pierre Bensusan, with a dose of rock and roll 'tude, and some "Spanishy" stuff now and then. All the while Kevin Ronés remains his own man, liking his spot in the mix, reporting to only to his "source" when it comes to his relationship with his guitar. This must be what love sounds like to him — collected in each God powered episode, which we refer to as tracks.

Another thing worth noting is that he could easily decide to be overly flashy and rambunctious, as though he's trying to prove something. But no. He certainly has the mettle to go overboard with finger-style pyrotechnics. Instead, Ronés makes option for what is palatable to the human ear — never overdosing the listener with facility, but going to that edge. And every now and then when you need it (and least expect it), he rips the lick from hell on you just to let you know he can shred you to pieces when the whim overcomes him. Don't stand to close, but visit his website [kevmusic.com](http://kevmusic.com)



## Annie Bethancourt NorthNorthEast

by Tom Paine

Annie Bethancourt has one of those rare voices that makes other singers want to quit. I know she has a great album in her. Maybe many. But this isn't one of them.

Billed as an EP, *NorthNorthEast* is really a demo with only one track — the lush "Wavering Song" — sounding well made enough to warrant release. But to her many fans I'm sure this EP is a welcome way to carry a little Annie around with them.

Like legions of young folk singers before, and no doubt after her, Bethancourt has taken her youthful observations about boys, ambivalence, and ambivalence about boys and let them drift down over simple songscapes. But sometimes vagueness and personal subjectivity don't pass over into profundity. Sometimes slowing down and stopping don't increase the impact, they only stop the song cold. Not one to agonize about melody, Bethancourt instead lets the lyrics trickle down over the chords like water down a street.

Calling these songs aimless would be too harsh. Maybe meandering would be kinder. Sometimes it feels like she's only test-driving them. I was left longing for her to step on it, to commit, to quit holding back. I hope her confidence grows and her next release unlocks the bold power these songs only hint at.

The last track, "This Is For You," comes closest to fully realized songwriting. Finally, it feels like we are hearing something real, something honest, something utterly free of contrivance.

Oh, but her voice! I listened over and over again to this CD, hoping the songs would grow on me, but rather than that happening I fell deeper and deeper under the trance of her singing. A master of tone and mood, Bethancourt deserves great songs and much better musicians. Instead, this record sounds like something a few friends helped her throw together as they simultaneously learned how to operate their recording software.

Still, as a raw, unpolished work of folk craft, *NorthNorthEast* shows great promise, the promise of an artist finding her own true north.

*NorthNorthEast* is available at [www.anniebeth.com](http://www.anniebeth.com)



## Mark O'Connor Hot Swing Trio Live in New York

by Paul Hormick

Quite early in his career, as a teen as a matter of fact, Mark O'Connor secured a position in Stephan Grapelli's swing band. Grapelli, the greatest of swing violinists, took the already accomplished and award-winning young fiddler under his wing. Since then O'Connor has accomplished a lot, making his reputation as a top country fiddler in Nashville and playing light classical music with Yo-yo Ma and Edgar Meyer. Nonetheless, that early experience with Grapelli left its mark, and O'Connor is, for this generation, the number one swing violinist.

He and his Hot Swing Trio give us another sampling of swing violin — along with swinging guitar and bass — on their latest release, *Live in New York*. If Grapelli was the man to put European refinement and accentuate the sense of play in swing violin, O'Connor has brought back some American panache and pluck for this instrument and this music.

Except for the Frank and Joe Show, in which he co-leads the band, Frank Vignola has been the perennial sideman. It's kind of a shame, because he's such a great musician and throughout the disk he swings and shines. As the bassist for Stephan Grapelli for years, Jon Burr is definitely at home swinging with this trio. His playing is solid and his time is right on the money. Stepping out from his supporting role, his solos have a spark and also a lyrical quality that is difficult for the double bass to convey.

The disk mixes five standards with five compositions from O'Connor, which adds to the appeal of this recording. From tune to tune the styles and tempo vary quite a bit and keep the disk interesting. The interpretations of the standards are pretty straightforward, with the rendition of "Cherokee" at as blisteringly fast a tempo as you'll ever hear.

O'Connor's compositions round out the tempos and feel. Although the tune never develops much thematically, "Anniversary" is a chance for the band to squeeze every blues lick in for all its worth. O'Connor's fiddle practically screams, shouts, and sweats — just what the blues should be. "M&W Rag" is conversely litig and light. And with "Gypsy Fantastic," the band tips their hats to the passion, fire, and a little bit of Django that has inspired so much of this music.





# DECEMBER CALENDAR

## thursday • 1

**Jane Siberry/David Elias**, Belly Up, 8pm.

**Pete Thurston**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Jump Jones**, Tio Leos, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 2

**Patty Hall**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon.

**Cool Club Quartet**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Kyle Jester**, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

**Robert Wetzel**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

**Dehra Dun CD Release/Chasing Paper**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Scott Wilson**, O'Connells, 1310 Morena Blvd., 10pm.

## saturday • 3

**Whiskey Tango**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 5:30pm.

**Terri Hendrix**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.

**North County Cowboys**, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 7:30pm.

**Eve Selis/Berkley Hart/Mary Dolan/Tim Flannery**, Carlsbad Village theater

**Industrial Jazz Group**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Lost Dogs/Dead Rock West**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

**Gregory Page/Roy Ruiz Clayton**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Hot Buttered Rum String Band**, Belly Up, 9pm.

## sunday • 4

**Sue Palmer Trio**, Bookworks Anniversary Party, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 3pm.

**Sue Palmer/Deejha Marie/ Sharifa Muhammad/ Douglas Pope**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.

**Eve Selis**, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619/443-9612.

**Tin Hat**, Athenaeum School of the Arts studio, 4441 Park Blvd., 8pm.

**John Hull/Jamie Robb/Seth Horan**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## tuesday • 6

**Acoustic Alliance 10 w/ Mary Dolan/John Katchur/Ann Marie Cullen & Cynthia Catania/Chuck Perrin/Kelly Dalton/Evan Bethany/Eddie Anthony**, Canes, Mission Beach, 7:30pm.

**Lighthouse**, North County Bluegrass & Folk Club meeting, Round Table Pizza, Ash & Washington, Escondido, 8pm.

## wednesday • 7

**Louis Prima Tribute**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**J. Turtle/Lindsey Yung/Marina V.**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 8

**Annie Bethancourt/Andrew Foshee**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## friday • 9

**Patty Hall**, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave.

**Randy Driscoll & Friends**, Rebecca's 3015 Juniper St., 6:30pm.

**Peace on Earth Concert**, P.B. Presbyterian Church, 1675 Garnet, 7:30pm.

**Tom Brosseau**, North Park Vaudeville & Candy Shoppe, 2031 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.

**Sue Palmer Trio**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.

**Robert Parker Jazz Trio**, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

**Ladies Lounge w/ Cathryn Beeks Ordeal/ Randi Driscoll/Samantha Murphy/Anne E. DeChant**, Mission Bay Boat & Ski Club, 2606 N. Mission Bay Dr., 8pm.

**Crash Carter**, La Playa Cantina, 1020 W. San Marcos Blvd., 8pm.

**Peter Rutman Jazz Band**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

**Fred Benedetti/George Svoboda**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Shooter Jennings/Whiskey Tango**, Belly Up, Solana Beach, 9pm.

**Blues Casters**, Tio Leos, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

**Campaign for Quiet/Amber Rubarth/The Animators**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Golden Hill Ramblers**, Atari Lounge, Casbah, 9pm.

## saturday • 10

**Jim Earp/Terry Griffin**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.

**Tom Brosseau**, North Park Vaudeville & Candy Shoppe, 2031 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.

**Pat Metheny Tribute w/ Peter Sprague Quintet**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Diego Corriente** (classical Flamenco), Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

**Safety Orange/Hell on Heels**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Tristan Prettyman/Spin Doctors**, Belly Up, 8pm.

## sunday • 11

**Jim Earp**, E St. Cafe, Encinitas, 11am.

**Tom Brosseau**, North Park Vaudeville & Candy Shoppe, 2031 El Cajon Blvd., 2pm.

**Arc Trio**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 4pm.

**Judy Collins**, Belly Up, 8pm.

## tuesday • 13

**Don Edwards**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm/619/303-8176.

## wednesday • 14

**Blues Benefit for Mary Kent w/ Candye Kane, Earl Thomas, Sue Palmer, the Fremonts, Chet & the Committee/Lady Star, Bayou Brothers**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 5pm.

**Molly Jenson/Rusty Jones/Jenn Grinels**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 15

**Acoustic Underground: Richard Smith**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Big Rig Deluxe**, Tio Leos, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 16

**Richard Smith/Tom Boyer/Ben Owens/Ricky ruis**, Santee Trolley Square, 7pm.

**Nickel Creek/Andrew Bird**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 8pm.

**Int'l Silver Strings Submarine Band w/ Billy Watson**, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

**Carlos Olmeda CD Release/Peter Bolland**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**As We Speak/Emersen/Kim DiVincenzo**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Joey Show**, Tio Leos, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 17

**Dane Terry/Steve Anderson**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.

**Riders in the Sky**, California Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd.

**I See Hawks in L.A./Lee Stanley & John Batdorf**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm/619/303-8176.

**Charles McPherson Quintet**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8&10pm.

**Los Strait Jackets/Pontani Sisters**, Belly Up, 8pm.

**Allison Lonsdale/Anya Marina/Greg Laswell**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## sunday • 18

**Sue Palmer/Candy Kane**, Calypso, 576 N. Hwy 101, Leucadia, 7pm.

**Benny Lackner Trio plays Jimi Hendrix**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Anna Troy Show**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

**Evan Bethany/Peter Bolland/ Derek Evans**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## wednesday • 21

**Patric's Red Nose Ball w/ Patric Petrie/the Shambles**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 8pm.

**Nate Jarrett**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Cathryn Beeks Ordeal/Citizen Band/Christopher Dale**, Canes, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 9pm.

## thursday • 22

**Garrett Pierce/Renata Youngblood**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## friday • 23

**Blue Largo**, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

**Spinster Christmas Party**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## saturday • 24

**Sue Palmer**, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 1pm.

## monday • 26

**Steve Poltz/Truckee Brothers/ Holiday & Adventure Pop Collective/the Shambles**, Casbah, 9pm.

## wednesday • 28

**Fiona Apple**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave.

## thursday • 29

**Rev. Horton Heat**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave.

**The Blasters**, Belly Up, 9pm.

## friday • 30

**Primasi**, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

**Truckee Brothers**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## saturday • 31

**Rugburns**, Belly Up Tavern

**Anya Marina**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Chris Isaak**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.

## W E E K L Y

### every sunday

**7th Day Buskers**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.

**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.

**Celtic Ensemble**, Twigg's, 4pm.

**Traditional Irish Music & Dance**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 5:30pm.

**Hot Fudge Sundae Open Mic**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).

**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

### every monday

**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 7pm.

**Open Mic Night**, Lestat's, 7:30pm.

**Tango Dancing**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.

### every tuesday

**Roots Music Night on Lou's Front Porch**, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2881 Adams Ave., 7pm.

**Blues Jam**, Blind Melons, 710 Garnet, 7pm.

**Zydeco Tuesdays**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.

**Open Mic Night**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.

**Irish Music Jam**, The Ould Sod, 7pm.

**Hot Club of San Diego**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.

**Comedy Night w/ Mark Serritella**, Lestat's, 9pm.

### every wednesday

**Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market**, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.

**High Society Jazz Band**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.

**Open Mic Night**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

### every thursday

**Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm. (no jam on Nov. 24)

**Acoustic Cafe Open Mic/Open Jam**, Milano's Pizza, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 7-10pm.

**Sue Palmer**, Martini's, 3940 4th Ave., 7pm.

**Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic**, Borders Books & Music, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7-10pm.

**Amelia Browning & David Owen** (Jazz), Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8:30pm.

**Swing Thursdays**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

### every friday

**California Rangers**, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.

**Open Mic Night**, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

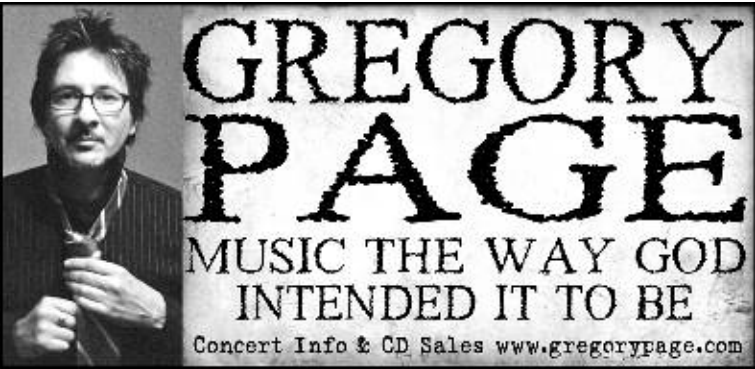
**Sligo Rags**, Dublin Square, 554 Fourth Ave., 9pm. (except. Nov. 18)

### every saturday

**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.

**Sligo Rags**, Dublin Square, 554 Fourth Ave., 9pm. (except. Nov. 26)

**Christian/Gospel Open Mic**, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.



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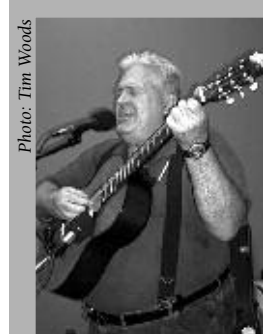


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Stefan



Greg Gross



Cathryn Beeks & Marcia Claire

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