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July 2007

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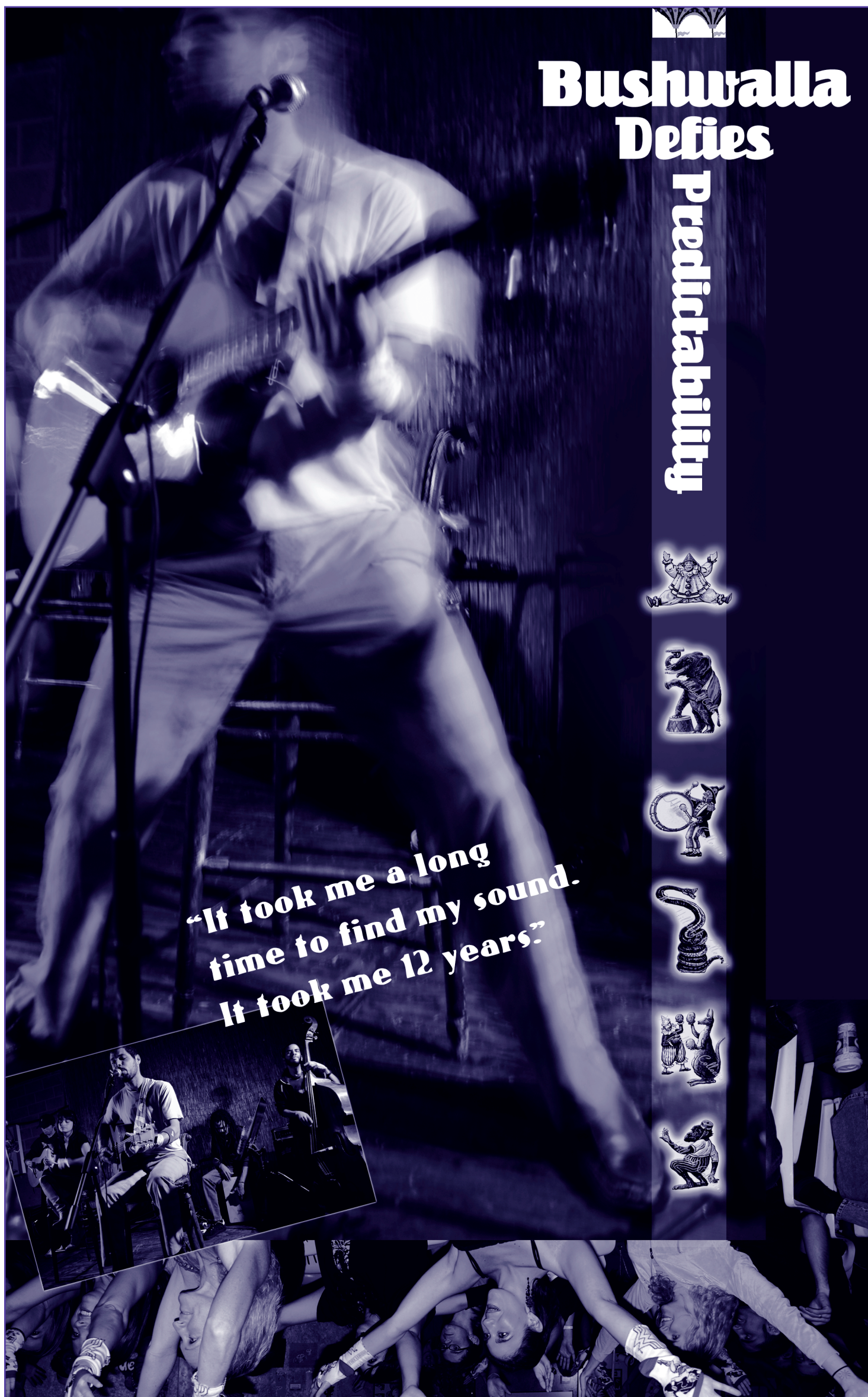
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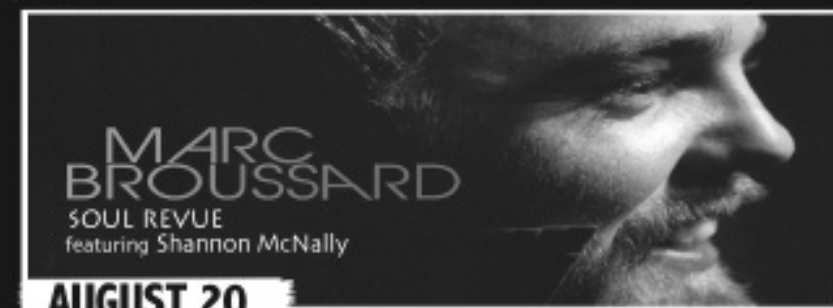
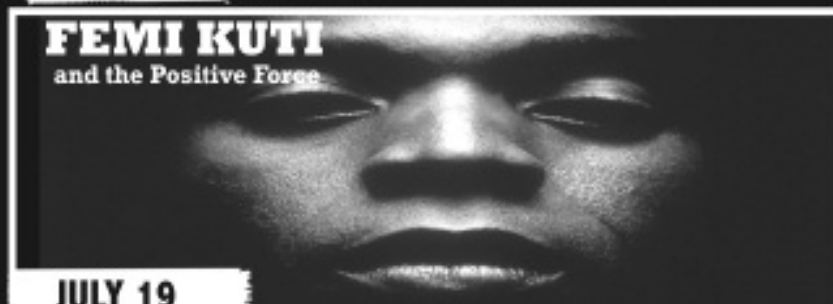
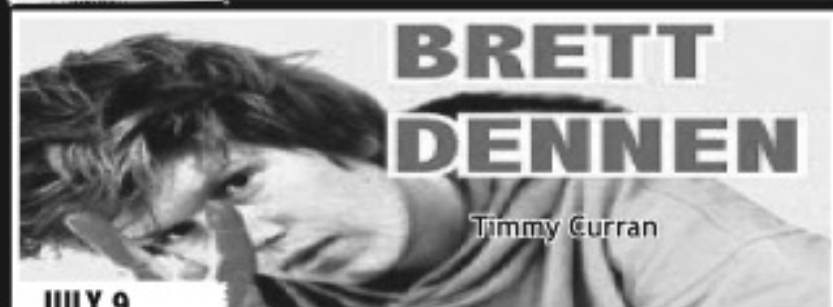
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate, 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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by Peter Bolland

ART AND COMMERCE: WHO OWNS THE MUSIC?

Human beings seem to be hard-wired for art – to create it, to receive it, to enjoy it, to need it.

The moment the first cave man made the first piece of art, the second cave man figured out how to make money off of it.

The relationship between art and commerce is as old as the species. It is disingenuous to bemoan the commercialization of music. You might as well complain about the moon following the sun.

Music is and always has been a commodity. Yes, of course, it begins as a spiritual experience, an intangible, mystical communion between the soul of a musician and the unfathomable collective regions of melody, rhythm, and meaning, but it ends as a product. You can give the product away for free, or you can put food on the table. Your choice. Music may be the food of the soul, but musicians need real food too.

What's the difference between a musician and a large pizza? A large pizza can feed a family of four.

Making peace with the ancient adversaries of art and commerce requires an open mind, an open spirit, and a well-oiled sense of humor. Accept the fact that club owners and talent buyers have huge overhead expenses and that they need to put butts in the seats. Accept the fact that audiences as a rule prefer music they're already familiar with to music they've never heard. Say yes to the fact that tribute bands will always out-strip the earning power of original music bands.

A quick survey of the bands hired by this year's San Diego Fair makes the point. No less than 11 tribute bands entertained Fair goers this year. Bands paying homage to Johnny Cash, Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains, Ozzy Osborne, the Beatles, the Doors, Rage Against the Machine, Metallica, Oingo Boingo, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and Iron Maiden (of all things) dominated the schedule. It's painfully ironic that outsider iconoclasts such as Johnny Cash, Jim Morrison, John Lennon, Eddie Vedder, and Zack de la Rocha have been commodified for distracted fair goers on their way to

the next ride. Alongside the outright tribute bands, and taking up most of the rest of the schedule, were general cover bands, (metal and country) and genre-specific bands (the ubiquitous swing band, the obligatory blues band, the de rigueur surf guitar band, and the mandatory reggae band). A relatively tiny portion of the fair's entertainment budget was spent on original music bands. But that's okay and here's why: music belongs to no one and everyone at the same time. No one's in charge. It belongs to the people and the people get exactly what they ask for. It's an ill-defined amoeba morphing into unforeseen shapes and gliding into a future of its own making. No one can see around the bend and no one is at the wheel. Musicians who play in tribute bands are simply acknowledging what "pure" artists are too narcissistic to see – namely, that music belongs to the audience, not to the artists who play it. Tribute band musicians are making a living doing what they love, playing music, and playing really great music to boot. We don't deride the New York Philharmonic for playing Mozart. Does anybody care that the N.Y. Phil is a tribute band? Should we look down on the N.Y. Phil because they don't write their own stuff? I don't think so.

Still, for singer-songwriter bands these are hard times indeed. Original music venues continue to close. Audiences grow increasingly wary of music they don't already know the words to. Talent buyers are crushed between the conflicting demands of filling the house and booking the Next Big Thing (that isn't big yet). Tribute bands are a safe harbor in an uncharted sea.

I'm thinking of putting together a Neil Young and Crazy Horse tribute band. I'd call it Crazy Whores. I can already hear the phone ringing off the hook.

*Peter Bolland is a professor of philosophy and humanities at Southwestern College and singer-songwriter-guitarist of the Coyote Problem. You can complain to him about what you read here at [peter-bolland@cox.net](mailto:peter-bolland@cox.net). [www.thecoyoteproblem.com](http://www.thecoyoteproblem.com) is the ethereal home of the Coyote Problem.*

Carvin Answers Acoustic Prayers!

by Mike Alvarez

Acoustic artists rejoice! Carvin's AG100D amplifier was designed especially with you in mind. Neatly sheathed in green vinyl, this jewel of an amp is just about perfect for gigs in coffee houses and small clubs. A stereo line-out jack in the back is included in case you want to go into a house mixer or a recorder.

So how does it sound? In a word, awesome! Carvin's engineers have outdone themselves in voicing this amp for acoustic instruments. They tested guitars and cellos as well as Carvin's own semi-acoustic bass, and they all sounded wonderful. This amp captures a sweetness of tone that is only hinted at when one plugs these instruments into amplifiers designed for solid-bodied electric instruments.



Carvin's AG100D amplifier

The AG100D comes complete with three instrument channels and an XLR microphone input, making it ideal for solo singer/songwriters as well as small combos. Channel 1 is optimized for acoustic or electric guitars. Channel 2 can handle guitar, bass, or keyboard. One can even plug in a tape deck or drum machine. Channel 3 is designed to handle low-impedance input signals from microphones, but it is also equipped with a quarter-inch jack for other signal sources such as instruments or drum machines. I don't sing, but this channel sure came in handy for my corny between-song quips!

All of these channels can be used simultaneously. At 100 watts, this amp is powerful enough to fill small and medium-sized venues with a very robust sound. It even performed satisfactorily in an outdoor setting. The 112AG extension speaker cabinet (sold separately) proved invaluable in projecting the

continued on page 11.



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*"Independence? That's middle class blasphemy. We are all dependent on one another, every soul of us on earth."*

— George Bernard Shaw





# This Saw is Not a Tool

by Derek Shaw

Aaaah, the singing saw. With the delicate tone of an angel's cry, the saw has been enchanting unsuspecting audiences for generations. Similar to the sound of a Russian theremin, the saw can be manipulated with heavenly intervention to mimic the delivery of falsetto fantasia from a 1940s flapper...high and pulsating, airy and penetrating. If you've never heard this winsome wonder of nature, just go to the old shed and pick up a carpenter's blade. That's right, an average wood-cutting blade is preferred many professional sawyers over specially constructed musical saws.

First, place the saw between your legs with the teeth facing you. If razor sharp metal is something that makes you squeamish, teeth out will suffice. Next, bend the blade into an S-curve and find that fabled sweet spot in the middle where vibrations are the flattest. If you don't have a cello bow handy, you can fashion your own mallet out of a wooden dowel or spoon.

Harmonics are created at varying distances from the sweet spot, and controlling the pitch

is as simple as adjusting the S-curve. Making the sweet spot travel up the blade toward a thinner width will produce a higher pitch. Conversely, moving toward the handle generates a deeper tone. More experienced sawyers are able to add vibrato by shaking a leg or wobbling the top hand that holds the tip of the blade.

You'll be surprised how long the sound is sustained, and eventually you can learn to carry it through several notes of a phrase. Its music classification is technically an idiophone because it self-vibrates without the use of strings or membranes. Other than the human voice, or animal sounds, the first instruments were likely idiophones.

Much like its quavering, mysterious tone, the singing saw's history is shrouded in mythology. The singing saw wasn't popularized until the 1700s and lacked wholesale manufacturing until the 1900s. However, there are images dating back to the third century depict-



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ing the Chinese playing musical saws. While some connect the saw's origins to the Ozark and Appalachian Mountains, brought to America by African slaves, others associate its conception to Scandinavian laborers and even the South American lumber trade.

Perhaps the most famous tale is of Pennsylvania lumberjack John Schmidt, who is rumored to have dreamt up the idea. According to legend, he received a request from his favorite blade one night. The saw pleaded, "John, my back itches something awful. If you just scratch it, I'll hum some of the most beautiful music you've heard this side of heaven."

More than likely, the musical saw was developed simultaneously on several continents in the context of many different cultures. The first tones produced with a metal blade were probably associated with accidentally dropping a saw, striking it with another dense object, or the playfully waving a blade in the air.

One of the first famed sawyers was Swedish performer Martin Larrson who created a media storm in Paris by playing the saw. Once, he was pressed to perform under a bridge with a bun stuck in his mouth so as to dismiss accusations that he was whistling rather than coaxing melody from the saw.

Charles Hindmarsh is the contemporary equivalent, widely known as the Yorkshire Musical Saw Player. Natalie Paruz, the Saw



Photo from a 1930 musical saw instructional booklet

Lady, has performed with orchestras and in subways, on movie soundtracks and TV commercials. The saw has been integrated into a host of musical traditions from folk and blues to swing and classical.

The saw phenomenon swept the United States during the early

twentieth century. At least ten companies made their own singing saws domestically, which ranged from standard steel to limited edition gold-plated models costing hundreds of dollars.

In the 1930s novelty bands like Bob Skyles and the Skyrocks used the saw to accompany their vaudeville of showy dance numbers. Traveling showman Leon Weaver performed saw music to adoring audiences across the South with his Okie group.

The first American saw marketer, Mussehl & Westphal, sold over 30,000 units annually through the early 1930s. Operating out of rural Wisconsin, it's one of only a handful of American companies still manufacturing musical saws.

Unfortunately, the Great Depression and World War II dampened the demand for metals. Despite the fact that actress Marlene Dietrich entertained troops with her saw playing during the war, mass production of musical saws became obsolete and unaffordable, leading to a decline in the instrument's availability and application.

Depending on the grade, gauge, and temper of the metal, musical saws have acoustics and capabilities of wider range, richer tone, stronger harmonics, and greater sustain. They are generally built wider and longer than standard saws for increased range and finer control. They can also be designed thinner to increase flexibility.

The average saw is about five inches at the handle and one inch at the tip. It's designed to produce two octaves of range regardless of the blade's length. A bass saw is the exception with a six-inch handle and a range of two and a half octaves. Two-person saws or "misery whips" are still produced but possess a very

limited accuracy and range. Worldwide, musical saws remain fashionable in Europe, Asia, Australia, and New Zealand. Sandvik produces its world famous Stradivarius model in Sweden where plate steel of the quality necessary to produce clear musical tones was first developed. The French boast "La Lame Sonore," a renowned toothless singing blade.

A popular revival in roots music has spotlighted the saw once again. The International Musical Saw Festival has been held every August for nearly three decades in Felton, California. Tucked in the wooded hills of Santa Cruz County, this historic logging town hosts professional sawyers from around the world.

Canadian sawyer Robert Minden has toured and recorded for more than two decades. He first learned the instrument in Santa Cruz from street musician Thomas Jefferson Scribner. Once referring to the saw as "the lost sound," Scribner's saw-wielding image is now immortalized by a statue in his hometown.

Over the past 15 years, the musical saw has been revitalized in movies, music, and art. French filmmaker Jean-Pierre Jeunet's fabulous black comedy *Delicatessen* frequently featured the main character playing the saw.

Innovative fusion bands are now combining folk, blues, jazz, bluegrass, and rock to form a refreshing sound. The Asylum Street Spankers out of Austin, Texas, have enticed audiences for over a decade with organic jams led by Christina Marrs who plays both banjo and saw on stage.

During the late 1990s a few indie bands toyed with the saw as well. Southern neo-psychedelic rockers Neutral Milk Hotel occasionally experimented with the musical saw. San Diego's own Black Heart Procession frequently utilizes the saw to darken their spacey, cinematic soundscape. Avant garde composers like Aram Khachaturian, Henri Sauguet, and George Crumb have included saw solos in their ambitious modern music.

Few mainstream artists have utilized the obscure instrument, but Sarah McLachlan highlighted the saw on the composition "Last Dance," and even rap-metalheads Korn employed the saw during their recent MTV "Unplugged" set.

The Museum of Making Music in Carlsbad has paid tribute to this overlooked but exquisite instrument. The Singing Saw exhibition will run through July 31. Musical saw virtuoso David Weiss, who gave a stunning performance in November, admits, "I've played a lot of different instruments and many musical saws, and I keep coming back to my favorite. I love one of the first saws I purchased at a local hardware store...my Stanley Handyman."

Physics professor Arnold Tubis lends his expertise and extensive personal collection to this unique display. For more information, please visit [www.museumofmakingmusic.org](http://www.museumofmakingmusic.org) or call (760) 438-5996.



Bob Skyles, leader of the Skyrocks, a novelty band from the 1930s

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Folk hero Tom Scribner played the saw with Neil Young and George Harrison



## GETTING HIRED AT THE REALLY BIG SHOW

The next big event I'm working on is the Adams Ave Street Fair, which I've been doing for the last 15 years or so. Right now, me and a bunch of other noble folk are sitting and listening to four or five hundred audition CDs and trying our best to narrow it down to the 70 or so groups and solo acts that will wind up on the bill in September. I've been doing this awhile, and I have some suggestions to some of you who might be submitting.

1. Remember, this is a street fair and the act has to be family friendly (mostly). Unless your goal is to shock (or get a laugh, depending on who's listening) the members of the selection committee, keep it at least double entendre if you want to get hired. The four letter and sexist stuff dooms you to the waste basket.
2. Don't mumble the vocals. If I can't understand you, it's unlikely an audience can. Women in particular have this problem. It often sounds like they're trying to sing and chew gum at the same time. I fully expect to get an audition CD at some point from a band titled WOMEN WHO MUMBLE. Enunciate!
3. That band could be on a bill with a band called GUYS WHO PLAY TOO LOUD FOR US TO HEAR THE VOCAL. Boy, is that a problem, and it won't get you hired.
4. Don't have a 50-piece orchestra on your audition CD and still expect us to know what you'll sound like on stage with two or three instruments.
5. We have to listen to a lot of stuff and nothing is more irritating than long intros to songs. 15 or 20 bars of bob-a-dop, bob-a-dop before the vocal starts might get you not listened to at all. It's certainly going to diminish your chances. Back in the early '70s I remember that the Bonzo Dog band did a song called "The Long Intro." I wish every band could listen to that before preparing an audition tape.
6. In most cases your professional CD isn't the best thing to send as an audition. Send

us a CD with about three or four songs on it that includes your snappiest lyrics, your most startling guitar riffs, no long intros, and music to knock our socks off right out the chute.

That's how it happens. Oh, one other thing — if you are a blues band, don't do standards. Give us something original or obscure. Good luck.

## A COUPLE OF SNAPPY WEBSITES TO CHECK OUT

The first is **Old Blue Bus** ([www.oldbluebus.blogspot.com](http://www.oldbluebus.blogspot.com)). This guy is a great talker and posts some really neat things to listen to. He's got another companion website called **Barstool Mountain** (<http://barstoolmountain.blogspot.com>), devoted to drinking songs of all sorts and kinds. They are compiling a list of the 100 greatest drinking songs of all time. One more is the **Bibliothèque et Archives Nationales du Québec** ([http://www.banq.qc.ca/portal/dt/accueil.jsp?bnq\\_resolution=mode\\_1024](http://www.banq.qc.ca/portal/dt/accueil.jsp?bnq_resolution=mode_1024)), which has a lot of great French Canadian music. This site is a must for fiddlers. Check it out. One more is **American Routes** ([www.americanroutes.org](http://www.americanroutes.org)), which is a page of interviews with all kinds of people, including a lot of traditional and old timey musicians who bring their music along for the ride. You should also check out the **Field Recorders Collective** ([www.fieldrecorder.com](http://www.fieldrecorder.com)), which I'm going to talk about extensively next month.

## THE BEST OF TWO WORLDS

I had a deal with my Dad in the '50s. Every couple of weeks or so we'd go up to L.A. and stay with my Aunt Ruby and Uncle Gunboats and go to the *Town Hall* Party up in Compton (they lived in San Pedro). At *Town Hall*, most every time, we'd see the then best West Coast country and western music. Joe Maphis led the big *Town Hall* band (with Katy Warren on fiddle, Marion Ross on the steel, Jimmie Pruitt on piano, and Joe playing his big double-necked Mosrite guitar and everything else. Other regulars on the show included Johnny Bond, Merle Travis, Wesley and Marilyn Tuttle, Jenks Tex Carmen, Tex Ritter, the Sons of the Pioneers, Gee Nee Sterling,

# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Photo: Bill Richardson



Lou Curtiss

own record store and started my own music festival. I'm still trying to do that.

## ANNIVERSARY FOR FOLK ARTS RARE RECORDS

Folk Arts Rare Records will be 40 years old on July 31. We started the store in 1967 down at the corner of Washington and India Streets and stayed there for five years before moving up to Hillcrest on Fifth Avenue. Five years passed and again we moved out to the 3600 block of Adams Avenue where we stayed for 27 years before moving to our current location at 2881 Adams Avenue. Virginia and I started working on the music festivals (now over 50 of them) that same year (1967) as well as concerts, banjo and fiddle contests, and building up the Lou Curtiss Sound Library into one of the finest and most extensive music and music lore collections in the country (now in the process of being digitized). Virginia and I thank you for the support you've given to us but more important to the kinds of music we care about. If you haven't been by the shop for awhile, come on by and say howdy this month. We'd love to see you.

Recordially,  
Lou Curtiss



Johnny Otis & Three Tons of Joy

Adams and the Three Tons of Joy, the Penguins, Don Julian and the Meadowlarks, the Medallions, Little Julian Huerra, Big Joe Turner, Trudy Williams and the Sixteens, Joe Houston, the Mighty Flea, Chuck Higgins, Big Jay McNeely, and guests like Little Richard and Fats Domino. So I grew up getting exposed to the best of two worlds of music on a pretty regular basis. Johnny Otis turned me on to Bobby Troup, whose TV show in L.A. called *The Jazz Scene* pushed me along that way into jazz and blues. The '50s was also a time when some of the great old show biz vaudevillians were having a last go-round on the TV variety shows and that was sort of easy to get involved with. I remember seeing Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Durante, Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, and a whole lot more as old and in between. With all that exposure to used record stores, coffee-houses, and the local San Diego music scene, I came out of the '50s with the urge to hear more, to pick more, and to find and collect more music. Seven years later I opened my



Cliffie Stone

Stone's *Hometown Jamboree*, which was held at the El Monte Legion Stadium (a show that exposed me to Speedy West and Jimmy Bryant, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Gene O'Quin, Bucky Tibbs, and the Hoosier Hot Shots. Once I saw the Three Shiftless Skunks there). Now, going to El Monte brings me to the other side of the equation, namely what went on in El Monte on Friday Nights: the Big Johnny Otis R&B extravaganza. If I'd go with the family to *Town Hall* or *Hometown Jamboree* on Saturday (which I was glad to do), then I got to go to El Monte on Friday to see people like Marie

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# Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo – A New Twist on an Old Favorite

by Craig Yerkes

As I sit with my vodka tonic and look around the room, I see what I would not expect to see at a San Diego bar on Tuesday night: a large group of patrons actually *listening* to the musicians who are working hard to entertain them. The crowd looks like they're equal parts delighted and hypnotized by this seductive music and I find myself caught up in the magic as well. Some of the crowd seems to know the performers while others have just wandered in and become caught up in the sounds and, to my surprise, I see every age group represented, all showing equal enthusiasm for what they hear. In a thick French accent, the guitarist greets the audience, and the uninitiated among the crowd discover that they owe their current state of musical bliss to Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo.

Born in the south of France, San Diego jazz guitarist Patrick Berrogain grew up in the country where Django Reinhardt and his Quintette du Hot Club de France began enchanting audiences with their new sounds back in the mid-1930s. The innovative melodic and rhythmic approaches that Django and his counterparts began to incorporate in those early days would push the boundaries of jazz and go on to create a lasting musical sensation known as "Gypsy" and/or "hot club" jazz. Some refer to this music as simply "Django" style jazz, but whatever you call it, there is no denying the world-wide appeal associated with this genre. For my money, one of the most intoxicating elements of this music is its ability to transport the listener to another place, time, and state of mind. If a trip to France and/or a time machine isn't in your travel budget this year, I suggest putting on some French duds and getting to where you can hear some "hot

club" music. And if you're in San Diego, the only real game in town is Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo.

Ironically, it wasn't until 1998 (long after leaving France and relocating in the U.S.) that Berrogain really embraced the Django style and began to pursue making music in that direction. Up until that time, he was busy establishing himself in the broader world of jazz and jazz/fusion as a guitarist and composer/arranger. After graduating (with special honors) from the world famous Musician's Institute of Technology and also the renowned Dick Grove School of Music, Berrogain made his way to San Diego. While at M.I.T., the young Berrogain was fortunate enough to study with some of the great jazz guitarists of our time (including local hero Peter Sprague, who was a big part of the move to San Diego). Back in the late '90s, in an effort to give an outlet to his new-found passion for Gypsy/hot club jazz, Berrogain formed the successful Hot Club of San Diego, building a loyal following and garnering rave reviews over a nine-year run. In addition to leading his band, Berrogain also kept himself busy with other projects such as collaborations with world famous Gypsy jazz master Angelo DeBarre, plus other playing and composing/arranging gigs outside of the Gypsy genre.

This brings us up to 2007 and the birth of our subject's latest project: Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo. With a brand new CD (reviewed this month, page 13), a steady Tuesday night gig at the Prado restaurant in Balboa Park (where the band continues to enjoy a robust attendance) and an upcoming recurring weekly show at the House on the Hill in Poway (starting July 18, [www.house-on-hill.com](http://www.house-on-hill.com)), the band is in full swing (pun intended). The personnel of the Hot Club Combo is fluid (with the exception of Berrogain), employing a

variety of musicians for different shows. The main difference from the days of the Hot Club of San Diego is the switch from a two-guitar lineup to guitar and accordion (played with blistering mastery by Lou Fanucchi).

I recently spoke with Berrogain and asked him to explain his own personal approach to this much beloved form of music that now takes up most of his time. For me, personally, one stumbling block I've had with regard to really tuning into the current Gypsy/Django school of playing is the fact that it tends to be highly stylized, and players seek to stay very true to a uniform approach. In other words, I have found a certain redundancy in this genre, making it sometimes hard for me to connect to the music amid all of the rapid-fire notes and familiar riffs. Berrogain shares my view on the dangers of falling into a rut of form vs. substance while playing this kind of music and explains, "If you take five hardcore Gypsy-style guitarists and listen to them all, you would have to be very familiar with this type of playing to even tell them apart." He went on to say that while he has always had great respect for the technical virtuosity that Gypsy/Django style guitarists typically possess, Berrogain has "no desire to be known as the fastest or most technically proficient Gypsy guitarist out there." For our subject, the trick is to bring his own musicality to the art form and create a sound that pays supreme honor to the past while also striving to make it fresh. While Berrogain certainly does dazzle with his fretwork (and Fanucchi on accordion will make your head spin!), the main focus here is not to show how fast someone can navigate their instrument, but rather making music that sounds beautiful and exciting...something an audience can connect with.

This brings us back to me and my

Photo: Steve Covault



The Hot Club Combo: Paul Hormick, Lou Fanucchi, and Patrick Berrogain

vodka tonic (okay, maybe my second one) and a night that is about to be over for this wonderful band and their enthusiastic listeners. The music ends too soon, but this is San Diego (the land of early closing times) and it's a weeknight, so the band says goodnight and we all say thank you. There is only one CD left on the merchandise stand and I have a feeling that many of these people will be

back for more. Patrick Berrogain and his Hot Club Combo stand poised to serve up Gypsy jazz with an overriding musicality that elevates the experience into something truly unique. *Vive le Hot Club!!*

For more information, including an upcoming date for the Hot Club Combo's CD release, go to [www.patrickberrogain.com](http://www.patrickberrogain.com)

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by Peter Bolland

All great partnerships have one thing in common – a shared realization that the sum is stronger than the parts. In the mysterious space between partners a spiritual alchemy occurs. In the emptiness between egos, there is room for the manna of heaven to pour down and fill in the serrated edges between souls, binding two together in a strength not attainable within a single individual. Over the years a potent dialectic emerges. You unconsciously adapt your strengths to the other and, like the ocean and the shore, you form a perfect harmony where your beauty only enhances the beauty of the other. You become each other's teacher, therapist, cheerleader, and, depending on what part of town the show is in tonight, bodyguard.

Great partners have to have a lot in common, but they need to challenge and push each other as well. Most often, songwriters and artists of all stripes work within the stillness of their own solitude. In the push and pull of a great partnership, however, the wheat has a much better chance of separating from the chaff. There's even a hint of competition, not the destructive kind, but the kind that impels each partner to his or her best work, if only to keep up. You have too much respect for your partner to turn in anything other than the best.

It's been ten years now since Jeff Berkley and Calman Hart decided to cast their lots together, but they've known each other for longer than that. Their paths first crossed at the legendary Java Joe's in its first incarnation in Poway. It was the mid-1990s and the fertile San Diego singer-songwriter scene was starting to heat up. John Katchur introduced Berkley to Hart. If Katchur is the Moses of the folk scene, leading us all out of the wilderness, then Berkley and Hart are David and Solomon, establishing a solid temple of folk around which so many San Diego notables have orbited.

In the early years Berkley was best known for his percussion work, most notably his spot-on and much sought after djembe playing. He's on pretty much every folk record that ever came out of this town and for good reason. The man has more heart, soul, and feel in his little finger than most musicians have in their entire body. But he was also a singer-songwriter, and while he was often asked to sit in on djembe with everybody in town, only a few of the artists he backed had the sensitivity and grace to ask him to play some of his own songs – artists like Dave Howard, John Katchur, and Calman Hart.

Hart heard something special in Berkley's songs and suggested they start doing some shows together. Their voices were a surprisingly warm fit and their guitar playing styles formed a perfect counterpoint. Hart's plain-spoken prairie strum lays a seed bed out of which the vines of Berkley's ascending and descending DADGAD lines emerge, winding like Mulholland Drive through Laurel Canyon, like smoke from a pipe, like prayers through the heavens, mesmerizing audiences and reminding many people of another great pair of guitarists: Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia.

Soon they began writing together. Hart's songs

# Berkley Hart Celebrates a Decade of Harmony

tend to be story songs with linear narrative and sharply drawn characters. Berkley favors impressionistic non-linear portraits of sensual and emotional terrain as seen from a bird's-eye view – broad images and distant longings flowing through timeless dreamscapes. Put these two approaches together, and you get an amazingly rich palette from which to paint folk songs, startling for their clarity, depth, power, and beauty. But writing songs together is the high-wire act of songwriting. It's one thing to lock yourself in your room and draw a song out of the depths of your own psyche, but to risk the delicacy of the process by bringing in another person, another whole set of experiences and expectations and aesthetic standards – that takes courage and faith. But Berkley and Hart have that kind of trust. They bring their musical ideas to each other and expect great things to happen. And they almost always do. "Co-writing is hard for me," admits Hart, "because it's a struggle to get into my creative space with another person around. However, when it clicks, it's great. Some of my favorite songs are Berkley Hart co-writes."

"Ultimately, co-writing works really well for us," adds Berkley. "I generally have a riff and a chorus and Calman will add verses. He's great at verse writing. I love that. I feel strongest coming up with musical hooks and writing choruses and bridges. That was one of the ways the sum was stronger than the parts. We both excel at different parts of the song. Our co-writes are my favorite songs."

In 1999 Berkley and Hart joined forces with John Katchur and Dani Carroll, another up-and-coming singer-songwriter, to form the Redwoods. Soon they were wowing audiences with the depth and breadth of their live performances. Katchur's top-tier lead guitar work, Berkley's percussion, Hart's and Carroll's guitar stylings and voices, rendering each other's songs with delicate yet powerful strokes – the Redwoods packed houses and raised the bar for all other folk artists. That same year Hart suggested that Berkley submit one of his songs to the country's most prestigious folk songwriting competition, the Kerrville Folk Festivals New Folk Emerging Songwriter contest. "I thought he was crazy," said Berkley. "I mean Kerrville is a huge deal that was started 35 years ago by Peter Yarrow [of Peter, Paul and Mary] and has a long list of past winners like Shawn Colvin, Lyle Lovett, David Wilcox, Nancy Griffith, Joe Rapael, the list goes on...." Hart persisted, Berkley entered, and, surprise! He won. To this day, Berkley's most requested song is his Kerrville winner "High School Town." The Redwoods went to the festival and performed that

*Photo: Steve Covault*



year. "It was an amazing experience," said Berkley, "and something we'll always remember."

Soon thereafter John Katchur and his wife moved to New Zealand and Dani Carol moved to Nashville. Berkley and Hart decided to put their last names together and make it official. After a long gestation period, Berkley Hart was born. "It's really rare to find two folks who have the same kind of ideas about writing and performing, how to craft and edit a song, and how to lead an audience through a show," Berkley said. "We both had the same instincts and our voices fit so great together."

For both Hart and Berkley, the best part about being a musician is that moment in the middle of a song when it's going really well, and the crowd is hushed and riveted, and the room falls away leaving only a nameless, sacred, intangible connection that draws everyone into a shared, communal reverie. "It took a while to learn how to make that happen," said Berkley, "but now it's so completely satisfying to have success in this area." Where does this magic come from? What is it? Jeff takes a deep breath. "I don't know," he said. "There is some shared force in the universe. Some call it God, some call it Great Spirit, some call it rock and roll. Something happens in a room when a group of people gather to create and experience something together. It happens in theaters, concert halls, stadiums, amphitheaters, churches, nightclubs, bars, and coffeehouses

everywhere. A collective trip of some kind. It sends shivers up my spine when we all hit it together at a gig. There is a lift-off feeling. I can see it happen to people's faces and I feel it in my own heart at the same time."

"It's electric," said Hart.

"And we've finally learned how to create that feeling," Berkley continued. "It's like being Merlin or something, but it has nothing to do with me, or with us. We're caught up in it just like the audience is. It's something that honest, pure art creates in the beholder and the artists. It's better than any drug."

With four Berkley Hart albums behind them and countless shows all across the country, Berkley and Hart bring years of experience to everything they do. What advice do they have for young singer-songwriters coming up? “Be true to who you are and don’t get caught up in all the trappings of the music business,” said Berkley. “That will work itself out if you do what you know is real and right.”

"And don't try to write what you think other people want to hear," added Hart. "Write and play songs that make you happy. That way, if you get lucky and catch a wave, you won't get stuck playing music you don't like for the rest of your life. And if you don't get lucky, you won't have wasted your time sacrificing your art trying to please other people."

Being a musician can wear you down. You're

only as hot as your last gig. Essentially, you're perpetually unemployed until you can put the next tour or house concert or recording session together. Sometimes you draw a packed house, sometimes not so much. Self doubt, envy, anxiety, compulsion, exhaustion, and other demons in a performer's life rarely leave you alone for long. Rapacious promoters, false promises, and empty threats are the norm in the music business. It's hard on family and on relationships, it's financially challenging, and it can unravel the hardest of souls. In spite of all these challenges, Hart claims immunity. "I find it easy to stay positive," said Hart. "Having anyone want to hear us play original music, whether it's 30 people or 300, is a gift."

Berkley, on the other hand, admits it isn't always easy. "You don't always stay positive," he said. "We just try and get positively motivated by the bad stuff. Make it your goal to create something positive out of the negative. It works!" But then he admits, "I'm real bad at getting to that point. It's the hardest part of our job as artists: keeping up the force field while letting folks in. Everybody does it differently, but you have to figure out how to beat that negative stuff to succeed, both as a human being and as an artist. I fight it every day."

"Being away from loved ones is for sure the hardest thing about being a musician," Berkley adds. "The second hardest thing is dealing with the music 'business' and all the weird stuff that goes with it. It's just not in my nature to know what to do next business-wise and very often the folks who know what to do in the business world are not real patient about what needs to be done artistically. We've had our biggest challenges in this department."

But Berkley wouldn't change a thing. "I honestly just love the lifestyle of a musician. I think I feel strongest when I'm on tour, racing from gig to gig to airport to hotel to meal to gig. Passport in pocket, flight cases in rental car, clothes in suitcase, sleep deprived, still high from the music the night before, and carrying that spirit to the next show...it's in my DNA. I can't live without it."

Berkley applies his long-time love affair with music and his road-tested expertise on a daily basis in his recording studio, Miracle Recording. Though he's been involved in the recording process for 23 years, his own studio had its official launch in 2003 with Berkley Hart's award-winning album *Twelve*. Since then Berkley has produced, engineered, and mixed dozens of albums for other artists, bringing that warm, burnished, or, as he likes to call it, "furry" sound to a who's who of bands.

With ten years gone and their whole lives ahead of them, Jeff Berkley and Calman Hart show no signs of slowing down. They've struck a nice balance between family and career, and they've successfully negotiated the pitfalls of the music business with their artistic integrity intact. A triumph of simplicity over artifice, the long-lived career of Berkley Hart deserves celebration. Join Berkley Hart and special guests in concert at Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield Street in Normal Heights on Saturday, August 4 at 7:30 p.m. For tickets and dinner package information, visit [www.acousticmusicсандiego.com](http://www.acousticmusicсандiego.com), and for all things Berkley Hart, visit [www.berklehart.com](http://www.berklehart.com)

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Tuesday	10	Dj Tony T.	Nu Jazz Lounge	
Friday	12	Luca Ellis	Sinatra Impersonator Jazz Trio	
Saturday	13	Sam Johnson	Jazz Quartet	
Tuesday	14	Dj Tony T.	Nu Jazz Lounge	
Wednesday	17	Race Track Opening	Funk Jazz & Disco Party	
Thursday	18	Ruby Blue	SD Premier Acoustic Jazz Band	
Friday	19	Mary Froemke	Acoustic & Vocals	
Saturday	20	Dj Tony T.	Nu Jazz Lounge	
Thursday	21	Ruby Blue	SD Premier Acoustic Jazz Band	
Friday	26	Luca Ellis	Sinatra Impersonator Jazz Trio	
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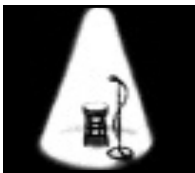
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Story by Will Edwards  
Photos by Steve Covault

## AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

"Luckily, it's not just me making it up," Bushwalla says. He and I are talking about his show later tonight and, specifically, I'm trying to analyze his very unique musical process. I've been watching the show every week since he started his residency at Hot Monkey Love and I know there's going to be an intangible, but palatable inertia there. Just like on all the other nights, tonight's audience arrives ready and arrives early. Seating is quickly filled up and the band is just as anxious and excited as the audience. This show is about everyone in the room, not just the people on stage. Tonight's show will neither be a repeat of previous performances nor is it likely to be repeated in the same way down the road. Bushwalla (or just "Bush") is hoping to once again do the dance. "If the audience is really going for it and they want to bring the funk, oh yeah! Okay!"

Bushwalla has been cultivating his art and his audience for a long time — and it shows. Whether he's singing, dancing, juggling, or laughing, he's doing something very unique in a way that smacks of practice as much as talent. Bushwalla Fridays at Hot Monkey Love include, but may not be limited to, Talking Heads cover songs, beat-boxing, live DJs, Beanie Babies, and, of course, audience participation! Having lived in Cleveland, New York, Los Angeles, and San Diego, Bushwalla has expanded the definition of his live performance over and over to include an eclectic array of performance pieces, and he relies on the audience to make them really special. Usually by the middle of the night, he'll be guiding the entire audience in one giant sing-along, like a conductor poised in front of his symphony. Think back to the last time you were somewhere and the guy on stage mentions "audience participation." Everyone in the room shuffles uncomfortably in their seat and considers going to the bathroom until this obligatory segment of the show has ended, right? Breaking down the audience's apprehensions and reminding them that music can be a contact sport is a noble achievement.

## SYNERGY

I'd hesitate to refer to the other musicians on stage as "Bushwalla's band," since they all take the reins at various times during a performance. They coordinate flexibly like multiple arms on a musical octopus, where and when they are needed. They work together, constructing various messages, each one contributing fresh ideas to the mix. There is no static name for this band. It is, as they say, a mystery wrapped up in an enigma. Under many names this band has existed. Additionally, the band



appears in different incarnations (which still changes from week to week). The relationships are musical and personal and some histories go back further than others. But one thing is evident from watching Bushwalla perform: his passion for music is as strong as his passion for the people around him.



Bushwalla calls himself the Original Gangster from Cleveland. Cleveland's a rough town. Bushwalla is a mellow guy, a people person. Maybe that is why he's acquired such a large band — a bit like a rhythmic mafia crime ring. Andre Desantana has been performing with Bushwalla for over six years. Hailing from Brazil and armed with two barrels of rhythm, he's a force to be reckoned with on bass. Andre is also producing Bushwalla's upcoming record, due out this fall. Justin Kirk (trombone), Ben Adamson (trumpet), and Aaron Liebowitz (saxophone) are like the horn section equivalent to the musketeers, a triple reminder that romance and virtue exist in all places, in all songs. Keith Benton brings the beat on percussion and Ian Sheridan (also on bass) sets the groove while the vocal stylings of MC Raz, Jessie Payo, and Bushwalla, himself, paint the melodies.



So, how did this collection of characters assemble? When did this story begin? It began when Bushwalla (then William Galewood) left Cleveland, Ohio, and made tracks to the American Musical and Dramatic Academy in New York City, where he studied musical theater. He loved performing, music, and theater. However, the academy didn't give him what he wanted — it wasn't true north. He went back to Cleveland and pursued any and all opportunities that were made available to him. Continuing musical theater locally

and acting in independent films, Bushwalla diversified his roles and experiences, which eventually included announcing for the WNBA. It was a productive phase in his life that enabled him to sharpen his public appearance skills and learn to make connections with the general public through performance.

For a handful of years, Bushwalla followed an unlikely breadcrumb trail of jobs, hobbies, and relationships, even moving to Virginia where he took a job running a recreational gymnastics program. Not that he had any experience with gymnastics — he lied on his job application and got the job! He was looking for "any job that didn't feel like a job; anything where I was performing." Working with kids gave him an audience, a tough audience. "They'll boo you!" he exclaims. Although he liked working with kids, the job was short lived because he wasn't comfortable with the environment and didn't like the politics. Finally, San Diego wound up on his radar. He came out and connected up with his old college roommate (from New York), Jason Mraz, who was playing gigs around San Diego and L.A.

He moved in fits and starts, working again as a gymnastics coach in Los Angeles between 2000 and 2003, but it didn't satisfy him. "I've got to do something that's true to my heart," Bushwalla says, recalling the lesson that he learned from that experience. Running seven different open mics in the Los Angeles area during the six years he lived in there connected him to a community of comedians and musicians. "I was working on my stage [presence], working on my timing," he remembers. "I didn't have a home; I was living in coffee shops." By 2001, Jason was doing regular shows and Bushwalla started doing opening sets consisting of stand-up comedy and music at Java Joes (where he even lived in the back) under the name Mr. Funny Man.

Like many artists, they live a life and then they make their art from what they have. In Bushwalla's case, the music has obviously been influenced by his own experiences, but the evidence of his varied backgrounds shows through as well. His band is an amalgamation of folks he met in New York, L.A., and San Diego. He's invented his own unique style that fuses theater with music, East Coast with West Coast, and creates something all-new that a lot of people can relate to right off the bat. "It took me a long time to find my sound; it took me 12 years."

Bushwalla's residencies at Twiggs Green Room and, currently, Hot Monkey Love keep him sharp and aware. You're likely to catch his show in San Diego and L.A., weekly or monthly. He's regularly paired himself on stage with numerous local artists, L.A. bands (like regulars Raining Jane), and

# Bushwalla



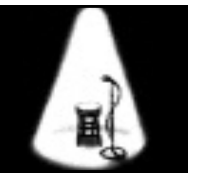
out-of-town heavy weights like Bob Schneider as part of his ongoing search for new live experiences. If you step outside for a butt break during this phase of his development, you're going to miss something. He is charged with gratitude and creative energy and plans to release his new full-length record in late summer/early fall of this year.

## THE WHOLE WORLD'S AN IMPROV!

Live, everything about a Bushwalla show is highly dependent upon the vibe in the room from minute to minute, night to night — a series of moments in which music defines the mood, bonding every person in the room. "That is how the audience connects," explains Bushwalla. "Because we're just going on one little journey. We're right there in







# Bushwalla Defies Predictability



fans coming back and the variety keeps everyone engaged – including the musicians themselves who all have commitments in several other bands and as independent artists.

Improvising leads to one of the big challenges on the upcoming record: synergy. I'm not talking about the synergy among the band members. That's never been better. Live, the band participates in tandem with audience; it is an exchange, not just a recital. Fans are part of the show and they help to create the experience. So, the synergy between the studio environment, where things tend to be rehearsed and polished, doesn't naturally accommodate the organic style of musical performance that Bushwalla is known for. This has posed interesting creative questions for Andre and Bushwalla as they've worked on the record together. They are resisting the temptation to create in isolation – a temptation that the studio environment makes so available. They want to have a full, lush "produced" feel without sacrificing the groove and energy that they showcase on stage.

In talking with Andre about the recording, process he explained that the approach in the studio is to follow the same paradigm that Bushwalla applies on stage. The idea is that if you create a space in which enthusiasm and encouragement fuel a unique artistic performance, the end result becomes more creative and more elaborate over time. The record, like each performance will be unique. They have a bit more control over the pitch of the energy they capture, but they understand the contribution that the larger community makes to the music and they want to embrace that contribution on tape. With such an eclectic group of performers and such a willing audience, Andre and Bushwalla have a great opportunity to create exactly the synergistic cycle, in the studio, that the music needs to flourish.

## MISTAKES AND VICTORIES

Just as the route that Bushwalla took in his 12-year journey to find his "sound" was long and circuitous and just as his band represents an unlikely range of musical backgrounds and influences, so do his live show travel a unique and wandering path to creation each and every night. Even the simplest of boundaries – one that separates the performer from the audience – is dissolved, blending in well enough to blur the line where the stage starts and the seating ends. Keep in mind that defying predictability isn't simple or easy. Bushwalla still needs to gain perspective to keep

things moving along nicely. "Before I go on stage every [time], I like to do affirmations. I tell myself that I can do this, [that] I'm enjoyable to watch, and that the audience and I are sharing these moments. I repeat that to myself. I know that the whole band feels that way, that we are as much their audience as they are ours." Bushwalla rests on the support of everyone around him and he's learned that honesty of expression is the best policy. "[The audience is] giving us a show and we're responding to something that they're doing. I think that when you're completely honest – and they'll love you for your mistakes – if you're completely honest, they'll love you for your victories."

## AFTERGLOW

I'm relatively confident that different people get different things out of Bushwalla's music and the show. However, for my part I've interpreted a few clear messages there: let loose, share your gifts, and be grateful for the chance to do all of the above. Bushwalla isn't preachy. He lives by example and even that feeds the music like fuel. Quirks and mistakes are just part of the landscape. It's

**"It took me a long time to find my sound. It took me 12 years."**

**— Bushwalla**

like Bushwalla said, "If you're completely honest, they'll love you for your victories." The mixture of different people in attendance testifies to the fact that many people want (and even need) the chance to share their gifts and they are truly grateful – some, so much that they come every week just to live another chance.

Later that night, following our interview and after the show was finished, I took notes while Bushwalla and the band mingled and caught up with friends. There was a steady roar of chatter and conversation. The mood was buoyant and everyone reveled in the afterglow of an uplifting and refreshing experience. Day-to-day apprehensions and insecurities faded a little bit. The audience found a respite from the serious world – the "real" world – that they had been seeking. When the show is over, it isn't really over. It has simply entered into another phase of being. Everyone wants a few more moments in which their refreshed selves can settle as if building up a store of positivity they can rely on to get them through until the show next week...



Andre Desantana



Jessie Payo



MC Raz



Keith Benton

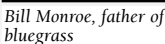
You can catch Bushwalla live every Friday night in July at Hot Monkey Love. The show starts at 7:30pm, and Alma will keep you well caffeinated. You can also learn more online at <http://www.bushwalla.net>.





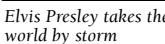
## by Dwight Worden

## BLUEGRASS TRANSITION: A BRIEF HISTORY

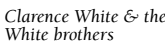


early American blues from the 1800s and even earlier, bluegrass music itself dates back only to the 1940s. It was then that Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys produced the first true bluegrass music, featuring the three-finger banjo style of Earl Scruggs, the fast-picking mandolin of Bill Monroe, and the characteristic "high lonesome" harmony singing that launched bluegrass music. This new music was an integration and transition from earlier forms of mountain music, Irish fiddle tunes, and blues into something new, which became almost instantly popular.

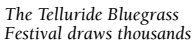
Bluegrass music continued to evolve and change almost immediately upon its birth. Bill Monroe introduced the accordion to his band in the 1940s, which was played by a woman, Sally Ann Forrester. Soon thereafter, the dobro was added to the bluegrass arsenal of instruments, although Bill Monroe never used one because he reportedly didn't like it ("...that ain't no part of nothin'"). As is often the case in a growing family, even the father couldn't control his offspring!



Flatt wanted to hear the old acoustic music and listeners deserted it in droves for the newer, brasher rock 'n' roll. Flatt and Scruggs and other bluegrass bands experimented with electric guitars during this period, trying to hang on to a share of the listening audience, but the going was tough.



the forefront of the folk music revival, Clarence White (the White Brothers and the Kentucky Colonels) and Doc Watson performed at the seminal Newport Folk Festival in the mid-1960s, introducing new audiences to the pyrotechnics of their state-of-the-art flat picking and the driving appeal of bluegrass music. However there was still no mainstream means for presenting regular bluegrass music, so times were tough for those in the business.



Then, in the late 1960s a bright young man dreamed up the idea of the "bluegrass festival" and once again bluegrass music



# The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

## THE AMAZING \$400 TUBE CONDENSER MICROPHONE: FACT OR FICTION?

I almost didn't write this review. Not out of laziness, procrastination (really), Armageddon, or any other "acts of nature" that might ordinarily plague a writer of technical things as they pertain to the world of studio recording, etc.

No, no gentle readers, the reason for this brief lapse of informational dissemination was a far more insidious beast. Shining the sun-like beacon of full disclosure down into the deep, dark chasm of my reluctance reveals a singular self-serving motive: I just simply didn't want anyone else to have one except me.

Perhaps I should explain.

By now, frequent readers of this column should be fairly aware that I am committed not only to the art of recording but am also an outspoken advocate of leveling the playing field that is shared by home recordists, project studios, and top-tier professional facilities.

There are three main areas to consider in this effort: Knowledge, Experience, and Tools.

As I'm sure they said at least a few times on the old '70s TV show *Kung Fu*, there are many paths to Knowledge. There are educational curricula directed toward the aspiring recording engineer on college campuses all across the country as well as dedicated recording academies and my personal favorite: The University of Barnes & Noble. Maybe even reading this column helps. Maybe.

Experience is somewhat more fluid, yet still fairly simple to acquire. You basically just record all the time. Record anything, everything, and in every conceivable (and sometimes inconceivable) way. I mean, you don't get better at playing the guitar by not playing it, right? And just for the record, that preceding sentence would have come in quite handy earlier in my career...but I'm digressing even further.

It's tools that eventually become the obsession for many of us. Maybe because it's something tangible, concrete. We can (almost) touch it. Yet it's often kept beyond our reach due to its prohibitive price. The price/performance ratio is most often illustrated by a time-honored equation: The more expensive it is, the better it's built and the better it sounds.

It was largely due to my own financial frustrations (or maybe just plain, old-fashioned rock 'n' roll rebellion) that I became obsessed with proving that great sounds can come from minimized investment, so imagine my excitement at the prospect that I might be able to

turn folks onto an excellent studio microphone with a retail price of just **\$399!**

The mic I'm referring to is the **Avantone CV-12 Tube Microphone**.

In normal fashion, I petitioned the manufacturer for a review unit, anxious to get my coffee-stained, mouse-curved hands on it ASAP, as I had projects coming up that I knew would put it through its paces. As is sometimes the case, they didn't get back to me within my relatively narrow time window, so I decided to put my very own money where my mouth is...and buy the thing sight unseen. After some searching I finally located one at **Professional Sound & Music** ([www.prosound.com](http://www.prosound.com)) and gingerly sped back home with the thing.

The CV-12 comes in a sturdy, attractive aluminum travel case (not a cardboard box, like one might rightly expect at this low a price point). Inside, there is a secondary, velvet-lined wooden box that holds the actual microphone. Very classy. Also packed in the padded travel case are the dedicated power supply, cables, and the "Custom *Retro Shockmount*" for attaching the mic to a stand. As if that weren't enough of a bargain, Avantone also *includes two additional tubes* besides the one installed in the microphone for those adventurous recordists that may want to explore other sonic possibilities. Care should be taken with regard to swapping out the tubes, and my advice is to leave this thing as is, because the best matched tube for the mic (a hand-selected Russian 6072) is already inside it. AND...they've even included a couple of replacement elastics for the shock mount. Anyone with mics that use these probably already knows the agony of trying to replace them, so the inclusion of them here elevates Avantone's gesture from thoughtfulness to flat out altruism.

Then there's the whole "how does it sound?" thing.

I'm going to preface this with a brief anecdote: A couple years ago, I had a client who rented a microphone for the two months it took to record their project. That mic was the Telefunken ELAM 251, a rare thing that is considered by many to be the singular benchmark by which all mics compared to it stand (or mostly) fall. At a price upwards of \$20,000 it's a holy grail microphone if ever there was one. I exhaustively studied that mic's tone on everything I could think of to put in front of it in an effort to tattoo that information into my brain.

The design of the CV-12 is based upon another venerable classic microphone: the AKG C12. That microphone is closely related to the previously mentioned Telefunken (although I believe it's the model 250 that it's more closely related to), so you can see that



Sven-Erik Seaholm

these guys are shooting for the stars with this one.

Powering up the mic (and let's please remember to allow it to warm up for about a half hour prior to use) and placing it in front of a soft-voiced female vocalist yielded a déjà vu like I'd never expected. I mean, my hopes were high already and what with the extras and obvious care that went into the packaging...well, I never imagined I'd be thinking "I just saved myself \$19,600!"

You see the word “silky” (over)used a lot in mic reviews, but it wasn’t until I had worked with that Telefunken mic that I truly understood that term. It’s all in the sibilance; the ‘s’ and ‘ch’ and ‘t’ sounds that can have us reaching for the de-esser quite often. Lower-priced mics often have a slightly “hyped” top end that brings these out even further, in a generally unflattering way. One of the most distinctive features of the other mics I mentioned is their ability to capture all of that “gloss” and “airiness” without the unwanted artifacts, and it’s one of the things that makes them most desirable. The CV-12 has this in spades.

Proximity effect was a bit more pronounced with this mic, but careful positioning (okay, asking the vocalist to step back a bit) as well as engaging the 80hz rolloff switch worked great for this, and the tone was still very present and forward sounding. There's also a -10db pad switch on the mic, which is useful when miking amps or louder vocalists. The CV-12's pronounced proximity effect came up again with different vocalist, and this time the solution was to alter the mic's pickup pattern slightly. I say slightly, because while the mic can be set to cardioid, omni, and figure 8 modes, there are also several "in between" settings available via the switch on the power supply. A couple of clicks toward figure 8 and we were golden.

Using the mic in omni mode as a an overhead for drums (yay, Ringo!) as a room mic and in figure 8 mode on electric and acoustic guitars yielded uniformly excellent results, and it's hands down the new go-to mic in my already formidable mic closet. Oh, and did I mention that it's RED? That makes it one of the most attractive ones you'll have too.

Look, you can get out your slide rule and show me all sorts of charts and graphs discounting claims that this mic compares well with rare vintage models, but I say use your ears. At a street price of under four hundred dollars, the Avantone CV-12 is hands down the most singularly important contribution to affordable recording since the ADAT.

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**Friday 6** Street Heart (classic rock)

**Saturday 7** Shameful as It Seems (rockabilly)

**Wednesday 12** Car Show w/ Edison Riggs

**Friday 13** Jell with Rockin' Rebels  
(Canadian rock & country)

**Saturday 14** Ombligo (Latin rock)

**Wednesday 19** Car Show (classic rock)

**Friday 20** Blackened Days (metal)

**Saturday 21** Edison & the Oldstars (classic rock)

**Wednesday 26** Car Show w/ Pete Hall

**Friday 27** Postal Appreciation Party/Jam

**Saturday 28** Kindle to Timber

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## KICKING BUTT IN ALTERED STATES

My little niece Hosetta was enchanted by the iconic color photo of James Dean, which I had recently cut out from a magazine, framed, and hung on my Dead Celebrities Wall between Barbara Payton and Linda Lovelace.

At her request, I recited what I knew about the revered cultural hero: that he had made a few films a long time ago before turning into a singer and starting his own pork sausage business . . . that he eventually entered politics, where he became embroiled in the Watergate affair . . . that, in order to spare his best friend Richard Nixon, he took the blame and was tried, found guilty, and executed at Guantanamo Bay. That's what happens, I explained, when a person turns his back on his art, only to be seduced and corrupted by politics.

"Was James Dean a mean man, Uncle Hose?"

"No, darling. Just a bit sick in the head. Sort of like your mother."

"But what gang was he in? See, he's making a gangster sign with his hand."

Hot damn. I hadn't noticed. There he stood in his white tee shirt and red jacket, comfortably slouched, his right hand contorted into a gang-like salute in front of his chest. There's something weird going on here, I thought, moments before reality splashed my eyes and soaked my soul.

James Dean's cigarette had been air-brushed, or Photoshopped, out presenting a sweet, fascinated nine-year-old girl with a false image of a famous legend who wasn't even around anymore to see himself so crassly misrepresented. He was now not only a non-smoker, he was being portrayed as a *gangsta* to impressionable children. The very foundation of our nation's future was being slyly brainwashed, and my own delicate sensibilities were being waterbagged.

When *Goldfinger* was first shown on ABC in the early '70s, the villain's line "American motorists kill that many people every year" was seamlessly removed. (So was the last shot of Goldfinger being sucked out of the plane's window, but that was just standard censorship.) The spoken words were deleted because the film's airing was sponsored by an auto company. I was upset by the alterations but somewhat assuaged when the network at least allowed James Bond to end up with his Pussy (Galore). By the next day, it didn't really seem to matter too much. I mention this only because I now see that broadcast as a starting point for my increasing obsession with a mysterious, powerful group; some sort of cultural lobby I've come to call the Revisionist Nazi Bastards.

Whether it's San Diego State's Aztec mascot being recognized as "demeaning" or Disneyland's Pirates of the Caribbean ride being bowdlerized after 30-some years to wipe out a reference to historical misogyny, it is intelligence itself that is being corrupted.

This all ties in with an item I mentioned last month: the "smoke a cig, get an R rating" threat made recently by the Motion Picture Association of America. But this alteration of photographs — removing cigarettes from smokers' hands — is to me, idiotic, criminal, and frightening.

In 1984 there was a 20-year-anniversary re-release of the Beatles' U.S. breakthrough record *I Want to Hold Your Hand/I Saw Her Standing There*, complete with a reproduction of the original photo sleeve. I didn't buy it, having saved my original (still have it) but a

Photo: Fallon Faraday



The gently twisted Mr. Sinatra

lot of my friends got it, and they were really (as we'd say) jazzed. And I was happy for them until I saw the item for myself. Another iconic picture, now back in mass circulation. But this time, the cigarette was missing from Paul McCartney's right hand. Besides being a victim of a corrupt action, the pose looked vaguely idiotic now, something I've always felt the Beatles had been able to avoid. It reminded me a bit of the airbrushed nudist magazines of the early '60s (or, come to think of it, what *Playboy* often looks like these days, for a whole different — even voluntary — cultural reason, but that's another story).

On Sunday, June 17, the national newspaper tabloid *Parade* had a cover story on John Travolta, once the lead singer of the early rap group the Sweatshops before finding fame and happiness in movies, airplanes, heterosexuality, and Scientology. It contains a picture of Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* that over the decades has itself become iconic. It's relatively small, but in color, and I began turning various shades of red and purple myself while looking at it. Steam literally began to shoot out of my ears (in the cartoon version of this column). John Travolta's cigarette has been removed, it appears, by some rusty surgical instrument. The hand is pathetically maimed, disfigured. The Revisionist Cultural Nazis have struck again, and this time it's really a howler.

What's next? I envision wholesale digital removal/replacement of smoking in just about any movie ever made, if they have their way. Don't call me crazy.

Unless you mean it. But be prepared to take it back when you watch, sometime soon, *Casablanca* or *Up in Smoke* or, heck, even *Deep Throat*; you're likely to see a lot of people on the screen licking a lot of lollipops. All executed for society's benefit by people who love to manipulate the truth. And funded, in part, by some big candy company...

It was nearly midnight when I suddenly snapped out of my troubled trance of memories. I told little Hosetta it was time she headed home. She hugged me, thanking me for having earlier shown her *Love Slaves of the Cannibal God* on DVD, and asked if she could see a James Dean movie next time. I said sure, as long as it was okay with her mom. (Heck, I'd even show her *Saturday Night Fever* if I thought the wardrobe in that one wouldn't give her nightmares.) I slipped two dollars into her tiny hand and she merrily skipped away toward the bus stop half a mile down the street.



# RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

## THE KENSINGTON SOUND

You read it all the time in pop music periodicals and advertising hype: Catch the Seattle Sound!; The Boston Sound!; The Sound of Chicago; Area m an drow ns in Long Island Sound! Even our fair city was the sound of the month in the early to mid 1990s, when Rocket from the Crypt, Drive Like Jehu, Lucy's Fur Coat, the Rugburns, and Jewel were among those signing major record deals.

The Kensington Sound, however, has little to do with music.

Yesterday I took a book out to the deck and decided to read in peace and quiet in the warmth of the sun. Aaaahhh. But after ten minutes or so I found it increasingly difficult to concentrate because of all the @ #\*ing NOISE!!

We live atop one of Kensington's many beautiful canyons. Aldine Drive runs right behind and below our house. Aldine Drive was put in as a fire emergency access road in the 1920s and was never intended for regular traffic. Unfortunately it's also a short-cut between Adams Ave. and Fairmount Ave., so thousands of vehicles use it every day. Despite a sign prohibiting vehicles over four tons, several regularly scheduled bus routes use Aldine. The average empty bus (and it looks like they're always empty,) weighs about 12 tons. Those behemoths make our deck rattle when they lumber by, the sounds of sneezing air brakes and groaning engines shatter the tranquility. Several neighbors have complained to the

city that constant bus use of Aldine is causing portions of their back lots to start collapsing into the canyon. So sometimes you can hear falling rocks.

Trying to ignore the traffic noise, I was startled by a shrill Awk! Awk! Awk! I hate crows. A murder of crows is like a friggin' gang of flying thugs taking over your neighborhood. The crows in Kensington look like they weigh 15 pounds each and would be more than happy to poke your eye out if you mess with them. "Awk! Awk! Awk!" I hollered back. They laughed at me as only birds can.

Then I heard one of the primary ingredients of The Kensington Sound: the slow, low rumbling thwok-thwok-thwok getting louder as the Doppler effect shifts the pitch and our dog starts barking at the sky. Ah, police helicopters...250 feet overhead. Sometimes there are two or three at a time, all seeking a scofflaw hiding in a canyon nearby. Sometimes I think we're living a scene from *Blue Thunder*, the film that did for choppers what *Jaws* did for sharks.

I mentioned my dog earlier. In Kensington everyone has at least one dog. Unfortunately, most of the dogs are little ankle-biters who all go off whenever someone has the audacity to walk down the street. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" "Owr-owr-owr!" The tiniest of them go, "Arf-arf-arf!" Some of these critters like to sing along whenever they hear a *siren*. This being Kensington, we hear a *lot* of singing hounds, and coyotes, too.

After a while, though, I was able to tune out the buses, the falling rocks, the crows, the helicopters, dogs and coyotes, only to be brought back to reality by one of the other main ingredients of the Sound of



Jim McInnes

Kensington, the lawn mower/leaf blower/chain saw. This being Kensington, everyone has their own gardener. There seems to be a mower or blower running from dawn to dusk, every day!

Kensington is popular with contractors, too. Hardly an hour goes by without the sound of table saws, tile cutters, nail guns, and jack hammers helping to turn another \$800,000 house into an \$815,000 house that will spend eight months on the market.

And then there's the noise that sounds like a jet engine being tested, sometimes for 20-30 minutes. I think that at MCAS Miramar, they're probably doing just that. We lived in Tierrasanta for 15 years. When we moved to Kensington, I thought, "Thanks God I don't have to hear those damned jets from Miramar anymore!"

So, rather than trying to read and relax on the deck, I went into the house and cranked up the sound on the TV and watched *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*.

Truth be known, we love living in the midst of The Kensington Sound.

I think the worst noise of any city is the roaring silence that happens when the power goes out.

## Carvin, continued from page 3.

sound. It can either be used in a stack configuration or placed at another part of the stage to ensure all-around coverage. It's a very handy option and is highly recommended.



12AG extension speaker

There are enough sound shaping controls to satisfy even the most exacting tone craftsman. In addition to a master EQ, each channel has its own set of knobs. Channels 1 and 2

even have their own contour switches. Onboard digital effects include echo, reverb, chorus and flange, and the controls for these are very sensibly laid out. You can

intuitively select an effect and tailor it to your individual taste. The optional FS22 footswitch can be used to remotely turn the effects on and off.

One minor nit would be in the design of the contour switches. There is a side-by-side pair each for channels 1 and 2. One is a cut while the other is a boost, and it's easy to confuse the two in a live situation (it happened to me!). But this is a very minor complaint. With practice, one should be able to master these controls with ease.

Since Carvin sells factory direct, Carvin's AG100D acoustic amplifier is a steal at \$429.99. Another \$239.99 brings home the 112AG extension cabinet. It's a great way for acoustic musicians to have an excellent sound system for well under a grand. Weighing in at 35 pounds, it's as easy on your back as it is on your bank account!

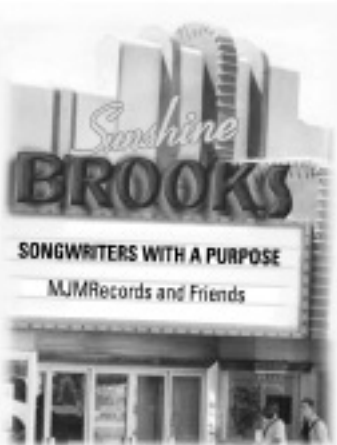


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# San Diegans Head North for International Fest

by Steve Thorn

David Bash wears many different hats, including a famous cowboy model that resembles something out of a Sergio Leone western or the one worn by former Byrds member David Crosby during the *Younger than Yesterday* recording sessions back in '67.

And while his other "hats" symbolize responsibilities that would test the stamina and patience of any individual, Bash, the founder and CEO of the highly successful International Pop Overthrow music festival, remains the quintessential music fan.

Anyone can become a music fan. But to take it to the next level and to champion the cause of hundreds of musicians from around the globe isn't for the faint-hearted. For a decade Bash has offered a summit for artists to be heard, an element of the do-it-yourself ethos as effective as an iTunes website or a music page on MySpace. This year, for the tenth consecutive summer, more than 150 artists will be congregating in Los Angeles to perform sets to audiences comprised of devoted fans and first-time listeners. IPO X begins on Friday, June 27, concluding after 16 days on Sunday, August 11.

It was a life-long passion that took seed in Bash's native New York, where he listened to the top 40 radio stations of youth. Later, after he moved out to Southern California, Bash scoured the record bins of legendary vinyl emporiums like Aaron's (Hollywood), Rhino Records (Westwood), and Off the Record (Hillcrest) in his search for the next three minutes of melodic bliss. He insists he was never a player in the recording industry, an institution that Joni Mitchell once referred to as the "star-maker machinery."

"I really didn't have any involvement in the industry per se but for three years previous to the first IPO in 1998, I had been a journalist who wrote reviews and articles on music for various publications, including *Yellow Pills*, *Audities*, *Popsided*, *Amplifier*, and *Discoveries*," said Bash. "In fact, I still write reviews (and the occasional article) today, for *Amplifier*, *Bucketfull of Brains*, *Shindig*, and [San Diego-based] *Ugly Things* magazines."

Prior to embarking on his musical mission, Bash was an adjunct college professor with teaching assignments at different campuses, including the Grossmont-Cuyamaca District. What compelled him to launch the International Pop Overthrow?

"I'd been developing e-mail relationships with several of the bands whose CDs I was reviewing, and many of them had mentioned that they really wanted to play in Los Angeles, where I'm based. So, I thought it would be wonderful to create an environment in which bands from all over the world could play under one roof [Los Angeles], on bills with like-minded bands and in front of fans who would be likely to dig what these bands were all about. The first IPO took place in August of 1998 in L.A., and it immediately realized that vision to great effect. Ever since I started branching out to other cities — we're doing 11 of them now — each IPO has become more regionalized, but the worldwide vision still is realized, especially at IPO Liverpool [at the world famous Cavern Club], where we have a gigantic melting pot of bands from several different countries, including many bands from the U.S."

As the festival has expanded, so has the diversity of the acts. In the early years, IPO became a mecca for for the followers of

power pop, a genre best known by the Beatles-inspired recordings of Badfinger, the Raspberries, Big Star, Dwight Twilley Band, Jellyfish, and many more. Although power pop bands are still a major draw at IPO, the concert attendees will also see artists specializing in Americana, rockabilly, folk, R&B, and singer-songwriters performing solo on piano or guitar.

When he is not introducing an artist from a stage in Nashville, L.A., or Liverpool, Bash is listening to CDs and tapes of potential acts. "Bands are selected by myself," said Bash. "They either contact me via e-mail and refer me to their website or myspace page, or they send me a CD. I will also look on MySpace for worthy bands, especially when doing the first IPO in a particular city, but even for cities like Los Angeles, where we've been doing IPO for 10 years, MySpace is still a big help. We are also partners with a company called Sonicbids, an Internet-based service which puts bands directly in touch with festivals. Through Sonicbids several worthy bands have applied and have been accepted."

Another marketing tool is the commemorative IPO CD, featuring many of the artists who have played past festivals, others making their debut, and performers who simply believe in Bash's mission. "Any band who has played at any of the IPOs we've done in the past 12 months is eligible to be on this year's IPO CD," said Bash. "We charge a fee to each band to have their track on the CD because we incur all the production costs, but for the past six years we've been fortunate enough to put together three-disc sets of very cool tracks. Each year we give away the CD at IPO Los Angeles to people who attend the shows. Then, Not Lame Recordings officially releases the CD and sells it to people who couldn't attend IPO LA."

After Bash blows out the candles on his tenth anniversary cake, will he take time to ponder how many more countries he needs to stamp on his IPO passport?

"My main thought is that I'm glad we're still here, and I'm proud of some of the inroads we've made. Several bands who



IPO organizer David Bash

have played IPO have gone on to be signed to major labels, some with great success. Many others have been signed to indie labels on the strength of their IPO performances, and that's very gratifying. I plan to continue to do the festival as long as it makes me happy and as long as people want to come and see the bands."

The following San Diego artists are scheduled to appear at IPO-L.A.

**Suite 100** – A melodically inclined band from North County. Bash described their CD, *In the Night Kitchen*, as "ambitious yet inviting, rich with harmony and potent, telling lyrics." Saturday, July 28, 2:30pm. Fitzgerald's, 19171 Magnolia St., Huntington Beach. Seven bands, \$6 cover.

**Corporate Circus** – According to their MySpace page, their music is "a great variety of catchy punk rock melodies backed by great vocals and lyrics." Geographically, they were described in last year's festival program as a "band from San Diego by way of Warsaw, Indiana." Saturday, July 28, 9pm. Fitzgerald's, 19171 Magnolia St., Huntington Beach. Eight bands, \$10 cover.

**Four Eyes** – After a highly successful recreation of the Sgt. *Pepper* album in concert, Rockola guitarist Mark DeCerbo leaves behind the world of tangerine trees and

marmalade skies to make his summer pilgrimage to IPO. Beatles' covers will make way for DeCerbo originals but a splendid time is guaranteed for all! Sunday, July 29, 7:30pm. The Joint, 8771 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Seven bands, \$8 cover.

**Static Halo** – Led by one of San Diego's most gifted songwriters, Dylan Martinez, Static Halo is always a welcomed act any at IPO. Sunday, August 5, 7:30pm. The Joint, 8771 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Seven bands, \$8 cover.

**Frank Barajas and the Shakedown** – Originally from South Bay, Barajas' live shows have impressed IPO audiences in Liverpool and L.A. Sunday, August 5, 8pm. The Joint, 8771 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Seven bands, \$8 cover.

**The Shambles** – San Diego Troubadour staff writer Bart Mendoza's band never misses IPO! Sunday, August 5, 9pm. The Joint, 8771 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Seven bands, \$8 cover.

**Squiddo** – Hector Penalosa and Maren Parusel bring an art school ambience to their live shows. Sunday, August 5, 9:30pm. The Joint, 8771 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Seven bands, \$8 cover.

**Roxy Monoxide** – Looks can be deceiving. By day, guitarist Michael Rennie handles publicity at the Poway Center for the Performing Arts. Roxy's lead singer, Diana Sun, is a successful international attorney. Be prepared for a riveting live show. Friday, August 10, 11pm. Club Good Hurt, 12249 Venice Blvd., West Los Angeles. Six bands, \$10 cover.



Suite 100



Static Halo



The Shambles



Squiddo



Roxy Monoxide

## IPO: How it Works

**Schedule:** Friday, July 27 – Saturday, August 11. Nightly shows and matinee sets on the weekend.

**Venues:** Music clubs in Los Angeles and Orange County. Ages 21 and up.

**Countries musically represented:** Canada, Dominican Republic, Japan, United Kingdom, United States.

**Admission:** \$6 to \$10 per night.

**Perks:** Free IPO album to each attendee. In the past, these music "jewel boxes" have contained three CDs featuring more than 60 tracks. Concert goers also get a free festival program featuring lineups and artist biographies. There is also a merchant table for artist-fan chit chat and the sale of individual band discs.

**Artists to see from a San Diego Troubadour perspective:** Dime Box (alt. country, Americana), Barry Holdship Four (Americana, roots rock), Chris von Sneidern (singer-songwriter), Glowfriends (folk, alternative), and the Mello Cads (lounge). Two surprise acts in 2007 are John Batdorf (of the '70s folk duo Batdorf and Rodney) and the Tokens, legendary doo-wop and Brill Building songwriting group who practically invented world music 45 years ago with their adaptation of an African folk song. Baby boomers know it as "The Lion Sleeps Tonight."

Wimoweh!

**Websites:** Additions/cancellations occur with a festival of this magnitude. Visit [www.internationalpopoverthrow.com](http://www.internationalpopoverthrow.com) for daily updates.

**Quality downtime:** Visiting Amoeba record store in Hollywood and Pink's Hot Dogs on La Brea Ave.

Happy globetrotting through music!



Author Steve Thorn with Brian Wilson at the 2001 IPO

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## Beston Barnett loneliness and freedom waltz together through the night

by Mike Alvarez

The old advertising slogan, been there, done that, comes to mind almost unbidden when one is presented with music by a singer-songwriter whose voice is accompanied by an acoustic guitar. The scene is abundantly populated with people who arrange their music in this tried and true fashion. So it is incumbent upon such artists to make their songs intriguing, be it through emotional vocals, insightful lyrics, innovative song structures, or instrumental skill — preferably an artful combination of them all.

On his latest release, *loneliness and freedom waltz together through the night*, Nashville expatriate and current North Park resident Beston Barnett has crafted a sound that is unique and interesting. A long-time practitioner of genres as varied as world music and hip hop, he creates an atmosphere that is warm and sincere. And he does it with his just his voice and a guitar.

This CD is more of an EP than an album, clocking in as it does at a little under half an hour. However, it is instantly appealing from the first song “the only way to go is alone.” Barnett’s voice is warm and inviting, expressing a sincerity that is hard to resist. His guitar playing is interesting, in that he makes unusual choices of chords and techniques that lend an exotic quality to the songs. More often than not, he opts for an intricate finger picking style instead of merely strumming the chords, which adds texture and complexity to his music.

The title song is notable for its straightforward presentation and unusual lyrical imagery. Its protagonist is seemingly going through the routine motions of living, yet he manages to find deep meaning in the most mundane of observations. The music twists and turns through some unexpected chord changes, at times evoking the late Michael Hedges at his best. The follow-up track, “in a beautiful place with high mountain air,” might also be a strong contender for the title, as its lovely melody and lyrics are perfectly suited to the pristine and sparse arrangements that define this recording. In fact, all of the tunes have a real tendency to get under your skin after a while. And that’s a good thing!

Barnett has a curious penchant for long song titles, but he crafts songs that are succinct and to the point. While this collection’s short running time might be considered a negative by some, it serves one of show business’s most cherished tenets: always leave ‘em wanting more!



## Writer Cover Your Tracks

by Mike Alvarez

Writer is a local band comprised of Andy Ralph on vocals and guitar; James Ralph on guitar, percussion, synthesizer, and vocals; and Matt Fredrich on drums. I must confess that when I first played this CD I was prepared not to like it as the opening track unfolded. “Title Track Part 1” is an odd combination of electronic sounds and acoustic guitar strumming underneath a simple vocal line, and I just did not get it. Yet in the spirit of being objective, I forged onward and was immediately rewarded by the second tune “Make Us Proud.” This very engaging song could very well find a home on a Tom Petty album with its bouncy mid-tempo rhythm and deliberate guitar parts. The occasional electronic effects actually sound pretty good here. In fact, this one song immediately had me re-evaluate the first one. Armed with more of a context to place it in, it was easier for me to understand how it fits into the grand scheme of Writer’s sound. When it reprises later as “Title Track Part 2,” this becomes more apparent.

Certain songs that stand out immediately. “Friend” sounds simple but actually develops into something more interesting. A repeating synthesizer riff complements the melody. As the song fades, it’s the only thing left standing, making for a very dramatic coda. “The Pollution,” an up-tempo song with big hooks, reminds me of vintage Jackson Browne with its melody, arrangement, and even the lead vocal. “My Thoughts on the Subject” has a big Springsteen-esque intro and then turns into a quirky alternative pop number that takes some unexpected twists and turns.

“Title Track Part 2” is an extended take on the opening number, which dispenses with Sputnik effects. It starts simple and builds into a dense mix of multi-layered guitars and rhythm section. The album closer, “I Think She Died,” is a melancholy waltz with a calliope feel. It is here that the group’s signature mix of the acoustic and technological realms comes to its logical fruition.

Interestingly enough, as one listens to more of this CD, one frequently hears points of artistic reference. A little Tom Petty here, a bit of Jackson Browne there, some U2 vibe in a few guitar and drum licks...but it doesn’t “feel” like any of them. They have taken their influences and used them to create a sound original enough to be unique. Their songwriting is very clever and their production style makes every note count.

Writer plays and sings with a remarkable restraint that places the songs first. The arrangements are spacious, leaving room for the songs to breathe, which has the added benefit of letting the listener hear how all of the instrumental and vocal parts work together. While this is a strength, I sometimes got the impression that they could have turned up the intensity a few notches. Nevertheless, they have meticulously crafted a sonic vision that is at once catchy, idiosyncratic, and ultimately quite satisfying.



## Tim Egan The Long Ride Home

by Jody W. Wood

Tim Egan’s new album *The Long Ride Home* reminds me of when I was a young man of about 18 years and dated a voluptuous blonde drum major from my rival high school. She was pretty cool, until she dumped me for some grocery bagger in our freshman year of college, but it was her family that I really missed. Man, we used to go back to her parents’ house after hanging out with my metalhead friends and they’d be sitting around playing guitars, sipping on straight whiskey, and passing around some homegrown. I’d grab my old guitar out of the back seat of my Volkswagen and her dad would feed me shots of Evan Williams like it was Kool Aid and we had some good, clean, family fun.

Egan sounds like he would have fit right in. One thing I noticed about this 13-song collection is that not a harsh word is sung along the way. Like that old girlfriend’s family, they might have been having a really good time, but they were always honest, respectful, and wholesome enough for the entire family to get in on the fun.

The songs are easy to listen to and each one begins to take on a life of its own as the disc plays out. “Lonely Boy” and “How Far Your Love Will Go” move along soft and slow, like a walk through dreams almost forgotten. I enjoyed the slower songs a little more, but “Small Girl” rounds out the album with a full rock band sound that would probably wake a few people up and maybe get them on the dance floor. Egan’s picking and vocal melodies paint a pretty picture, while the accompanying guitar and harmonica float just below, warming the sound up a bit. Egan didn’t do it all alone though. He had some help from John Katchur, Pat Brady, and Richard Egan.

Egan cites James Taylor, Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Jim Croce, and the Eagles among his influences. I think he might have accidentally left John Denver off the list. He definitely knows what he’s talking about. You can hear the softness of James Taylor and Jim Croce coming through in his delivery. This album definitely rides on the softer side of country, and there are no signs of a more outlaw style, which I prefer to hear. I almost could see my mom listening to this on the way to church or with Grandma in the car. Like I said before, it’s definitely suitable for the whole family.

Egan made the recording at John Katchur Studios in 2007 and he has four songs posted on his Myspace page.



## Patrick Berrogain’s Hot Club Combo

by Craig Yerkes

As soon as I heard the guitar and accordion playing the harmonized melody line on “Nomadic Thoughts,” the opening track of this fine disc, I knew I would love this stuff! Patrick Berrogain has a harmonic sensibility that really gives this music wings. As I have said before in earlier reviews of Gypsy jazz recordings, I tend to lose interest rather quickly because often the emphasis seems to be on musicianship rather than on the music itself.

You won’t find that Gypsy curse at work here. Many of the tunes (including the opener) are original compositions by Berrogain himself and I actually like those the most. In particular, “Material for Tears” is a melancholy swing ballad that truly conveys the emotional thread running through the heart of this style of jazz. For me, that emotional thread is the idea that this joyful music actually comes from a place of heartbreak and struggle. The guitar solo on the piece instantly became one of my all-time favorite jazz guitar solos (and I have heard many!), especially because of the way Berrogain departs from the more straight ahead phrasing of the melody and swings his solo something wicked.

On all of the original compositions, there is a wonderful playfulness where the melodies dance just between being pleasingly straight ahead and devilishly “outside” (think dissonant for those unfamiliar with jazz vernacular). This marriage of dual harmonic approaches really shines on “Swing for Dexter” where the melody is so sly that you can almost picture the band smiling like Cheshire cats while playing this sneaky stuff. Of course, no disc in this genre would be complete without a couple of Django tunes and on “Black and White” (and on two other tunes elsewhere on the disc), Gypsy master Angelo Debarre adds his stunning guitar wizardry to the mix. One nice surprise is a lovely version of “La Vie En Rose,” sung beautifully by Rosemary Berrogain and arranged by Patrick Berrogain. I have heard many versions of this tune and I have to say that this is my new favorite because of the way the slow tempo and simplicity in the arrangement allows the melody to breathe so completely. “Fantasy on a Norwegian Dance” is a haunting ballad featuring both Berrogain and Debarre dishing out some of the most tasteful guitar work you’re likely to hear anywhere. Lou Fanucchi, Tripp Sprague, John Leftwich, and Kevin Hennessy (on accordion, sax, and bass) fall right in line with Berrogain’s musicality and add their own flair to help complete this satisfying musical landscape. I loved pulling up a chair at this Hot Club and my guess is that you will too.



## Barbara Nesbitt A Million Stories

by Craig Yerkes

*A Million Stories*, the debut CD from Barbara Nesbitt, is some downright heavenly music. What you have here is simply a girl with a tremendous, angelic voice singing wonderfully crafted songs while backed by a band that never once strays from the goal of selflessly supporting the music. The artists that come to mind as I listen are Suzy Boggus, Gretchen Wilson, Emmylou Harris, and Shawn Colvin. The opening title track hits you between the eyes and let’s you know what you’re in for. The lead and harmony vocals are so powerful, pristine, and alive that you might start looking around the room to see if Nesbitt herself and her band have somehow beamed themselves into your personal space. The drums and the bass (played by San Diego over-achievers Marcia Claire and Billy Coomes) provide a thundering bottom end to anchor it all and Mike Spurgat peppers the musical landscape with guitar work that can only be described as, well...perfect.

“Many Miles” is a perky, ear pleasing country/pop joint that started my toes happily tapping, but then the track turned around and sucker punched me with a bridge that goes full throttle with syncopated harmony vocals so amazing that I literally found my jaw open when it was all over. Speaking of notching up the intensity with mind blowing harmony vocals, “Three Between Us” delivers the same brand of shock and awe when this cleverly catchy break up song (“two reasons to be alone, that’s all this is”) changes key toward the end and the already biblical vocals shoot straight into outer space. “Flicker” struck me as the track that probably has the widest, dare I say, commercial appeal, and I love the way that the fluffy pop format adds the perfect punctuation mark to the comically tragic subject matter. Speaking of subject matter, the lyrics that Nesbitt spins are fantastic and not to be missed. Here is a woman who sees life and love through a very balanced set of eyes, understanding the fine lines between drama and silliness, between youthful hope and the limitations brought by human frailty. The good news is that the stellar lyrics are matched up with wonderfully effective melodic hooks throughout the entire disc.

“Broken Girl,” the beautiful closing ballad, takes producer Jeff Berkley from behind the control board to the role of harmonizer and backup musician with predictably amazing results. Nesbitt and Berkley effortlessly blend their voices together like tequila and lime juice with Berkley’s resonator guitar work slowly pouring some Grand Marnier over the mix. What an exquisite way to end this A+ effort from a remarkable artist and her top notch cast of supporting players.

*A Million Stories* will be released on July 19 at the Belly Up Tavern. More info at [www.barbaranesbitt.com](http://www.barbaranesbitt.com).

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# JULY CALENDAR

## sunday • 1

**Paul Hourn**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 11am.  
**Big Time Operator**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**San Diego Guitar Society Mtg.**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 4pm.  
**Eve Selis**, Torrey Hills Community Park, Del Mar, 5pm.  
**Peter Sprague & Pass the Drum**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Jamie & Matt Commerce/Wendy Bailey/Melissa Vaughan**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 2

**Joan Armatrading**, 4th & B, 345 B St., 7pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patricks II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## tuesday • 3

**Steely Damned**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.

## wednesday • 4

**Coastal Communities Concert Band**, Concerts on the Green, Rancho Santa Fe, 1pm.  
**Cowboy Jack**, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 2pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet w/ Johnny Viau**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.

## thursday • 5

**Robin Henkel**, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.  
**Shoe String Strap**, Trolley Square, 9884 Mission Gorge Rd., Santee, 6:30pm.  
**Old Time Fiddlers Jam**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Ruby Blue**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Sam Johnson Quartet**, Escondido Library, 239 S. Kalmia, 7pm.  
**Derek Evans/Tim Mudd/Angela Patua**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 6

**Anya Marina/Kyle Phelan/Steph Johnson**, Prescott Promenade, Main St., El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Ruby & the Red Hots**, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**145th St.**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Steve White**, Nautical Bean, 240 Harbor Dr. S., Oceanside, 7pm.  
**Acoustic Roundtable**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Sean Martin**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer Trio**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm.  
**Roberta Donnay**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Tom Boyer**, Borders, 1072 Camino del Rio N., 8pm.  
**Joyce Rooks & Timo**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Blackened Heart**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.  
**The Flimz/Patty Blee**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## saturday • 7

**Blues & Brews**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6:30pm.  
**Jordan Smith/J Turtle**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Allen Singer/Dane Terry**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Roberta Donnay**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Terry Matsuoka**, Borders, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.  
**Jim Earp**, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**Steve Moss**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Shameful as It Seems**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.  
**Tom Freund/Trevor Davis**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Cash'd Out/Palominos**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

## sunday • 8

**Sue Palmer & Friends**, Hop in the Hood Festival, 7th Ave., & Robinson, Hillcrest, noon.  
**S.D. Folk Song Society Mtg.**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.  
**Working Cowboy Band**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**Judy Taylor & the Wild Oats**, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 5:30pm.  
**Sam Johnson Quartet**, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 6pm.  
**Blues Traveler**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Squirrel Nut Zippers**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Jazz Night w/ Robin Henkel/Lynn Willard/Kevin Koch**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 9

**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

## tuesday • 10

**Chet & the Committee**, Patricks II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 11

**Steve White**, Le Papagayo, 1002 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7pm.  
**Royal Crown Revue**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Ani DiFranco/Anais Mitchell**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Anna Troy/The Shambles**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 12

**Married by Elvis**, Trolley Square, 9884 Mission Gorge Rd., Santee, 6:30pm.  
**Willie Nelson**, Open Air Theatre, SDSU campus, 7pm.  
**Luca Ellis**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Michael Tiernan Trio**, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**The Retrofits/Jesee Bowen**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel & Ben Hernandez**, Beachfire, 204 Avenida del Mar, San Clemente, 8:30pm.  
**Joanie Mendenhall**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 13

**Rick Robledo & Working Cowboy Band**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Plena Libre**, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Steve White**, Friar's Folly, 1032 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7pm.  
**Sam Johnson Jazz Quartet**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Life's Only Lesson/Patrick Grant/MalGrace Tunes**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Trace Bundy**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm.  
**Larry Coryell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Band in Black**, Cask & Cleaver, 3757 S. Mission Rd., Fallbrook, 8pm.  
**Simeon Flick**, Borders, 1072 Camino del Rio N., 8pm.  
**Jon Kruger**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Jell/Rockin' Rebels**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.  
**Decca Tree/Ryanhood/Slater Sisters**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Dave Matthews Experience**, Canes, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 9pm.

## saturday • 14

**Eve Selis**, Barndance Concerts, 30027 Wilkes Rd., Valley Center, 6pm.  
**CBH Trio/Russell Stafford/Chris Merrill**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Grunion Run**, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.  
**Johnson, Bosley & Morin**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Sam Johnson Quartet**, Parioli's Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Maria McKee**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm.  
**Larry Coryell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Stephen Stills**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Mike McGill**, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**Nathan Welden/Ivan Cheong**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**A Fork in Time CD Release**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Ombigo**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.

## sunday • 15

**Money for Nothing**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Viejas Concerts in the Park, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 4pm.  
**Stepping Feet**, Dreamcatcher Showroom, Viejas, 500 Willows Rd., Alpine, 6pm.  
**NovaMenco**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Willie Nelson**, Palomar Starlight Theater, Pala, 7:30pm.  
**Amber Rubarth/Joey Ryan**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 16

**Highland Way**, Lake Poway, 14644 Lake Poway Rd., 5:30pm.

## tuesday • 17

**Cowboy Junkies/Joan Osborne**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Kenny Rankin**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.

## wednesday • 18

**Kenny Rankin**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Ruby Blue**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band**, Tio Leo's, 10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 7:30pm.  
**Boz Scaggs**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**George Kahumoku & Keoki Kahumoku**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet w/ April West**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Bert Lams Ca. Guitar Trio/Tom Griesgraber**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 19

**Robin Henkel**, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.  
**145th Street**, Trolley Square, 9884 Mission Gorge Rd., Santee, 6:30pm.  
**Old Time Fiddlers Jam**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Ronnie Baker Brooks**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Mary Froemke**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Steve Wilson Quartet**, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.  
**New Acoustic Generation: Barbara Nesbitt CD Release/Michael Tiernan/Chris Torres/Astra Kelly**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Nathan Hubbard Ensemble**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8pm.  
**Grandpadrew/Jaime Robb/Jesse Bowen/Tiff Jimber**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 20

**Len Rainey & Midnight Players**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Samba Mapangala & Orchestra Virunga**, Poinsettia Park, 6600 Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Point Loma Park, Catalina Blvd., 6pm.  
**Steve White**, Friar's Folly, 1032 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7pm.  
**Phil Villeza/John Compton/Chris Swann**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Sezio Records Night**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Greg Laswell/Pawnshop Kings**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Blackened Days**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.

## saturday • 21

**Listen Local Picnic**, Boat & Ski Club, Mission Bay, noon.  
**Robin Henkel Blues Band**, Miramonte Winery, 33410 Rancho California Rd., Temecula, 5:30pm.  
**Michael Burks**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Matt Haeck & Friends**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Ruby Blue**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Band in Black**, Robbie's Roadhouse, 530 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Tom Baird & Friends**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.  
**Robin Adler/Dave Blackburn**, Hilltop Ctr., 331 E. Elder, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.  
**Edison & the Oldstars**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.  
**Gregory Page (Allison Lonsdale 6-8pm)**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 22

**Yavaz**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet w/ Johnny Viau**, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 5:30pm.  
**Sam Johnson Quartet**, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, La Jolla Brewhouse, 7536 Fay Ave., La Jolla, 6pm.  
**No-Pals**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**String Summit**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm.  
**Dickie Betts/Shooter Jennings**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Brenda Xu/Alex Esther/Jordan Reimer/Thompson**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 23

**Deejha Marie Quartet w/ Sue Palmer**, Wild Animal Park, Escondido, 5:45pm.  
**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Steve White**, Nautical Bean, 240 Harbor Dr. S., Oceanside, 7pm.

## tuesday • 24

**Deejha Marie Quartet w/ Sue Palmer**, Wild Animal Park, Escondido, 5:45pm.  
**Mose Allison**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**John Hiatt/Shawn Colvin**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Charlie Orlando/Ed Balduzzi/Tim Mudd**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8pm.

## wednesday • 25

**Lyle Lovett/k.d. lang**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Mose Allison**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer/The Hayriders**, Riley's, 2901 Nimitz Blvd., 8pm.  
**Citizen Band/Imulse/Jason Bayles & the Revival**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 26

**Eve Selis**, Trolley Square, 9884 Mission Gorge Rd., Santee, 6:30pm.  
**Luca Ellis**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.  
**Lee Konitz**, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7 & 9pm.  
**Joe Rathburn/James Lee Stanley**, Milano Coffee, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Robin Henkel & Ben Hernandez**, Beachfire, 204 Avenida del Mar, San Clemente, 8:30pm.  
**Chad Farran/John West**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 27

**Peter Pavone Quartet**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Big Time Operator**, Poinsettia Park, 6600 Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Bill Magee Blues Band**, Prescott Promenade, Main St., El Cajon, 6pm.

# WEEKLY

## every sunday

**Shawn Rohlf & Friends**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.  
**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.  
**Sunday Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 3pm.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.  
**Tokeli**, Parioli Bistro, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 6:30pm. (from July 8)  
**Open Mic**, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.  
**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).  
**Jose Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.  
**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

## every monday

**Open Mic**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Tango Dancing**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.  
**Pro-Invitational Blues Jam**, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

## every tuesday

**Open Mic**, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.  
**Open Mic (poetry & music)**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 7:30pm. (1st & 3rd Tuesday)  
**Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.  
**Shep Meyers**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.

## every wednesday

**Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market**, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.  
**Dan Papaila**, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.  
**Old Timey Night**, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2881 Adams Ave., 7pm.  
**High Society Jazz Band**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Vinbladh's Swedish Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 8pm. (no open mic July 4)

**Bob Weir/Keller Williams**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.  
**Markowski/Rusty Jones/ZenBoy & Karma Girl**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Jazz Fusion Superstars**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Postal Appreciation Party**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.  
**Darla's B-Day/Molly Jensen**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## saturday • 28

**Rico Jazz Trio**, La Tapatia, 340 W. Grand, Escondido, 6pm.  
**Jimmy Mulidore & Tom Scott**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.  
**The Bangles**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Carlos Olmeda**, Vinbladh's, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Super Unloader/Travis Larson Band**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Kindle to Ember**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.  
**Young Dubliners/Mario Escovedo Experience**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

**Stepping Feet**, Whiskey Girl, 600 5th Ave., 8:30pm.

**Open Mic**, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

## every thursday

**Dan Papaila**, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.  
**Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Open Mic**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.  
**Zydeco Night**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.  
**Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey**, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Moonlight Serenade Orchestra**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic/Family Jam**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.  
**Tokeli**, Manhattan Restaurant, 7766 Fay Ave., La Jolla, 8:30pm.  
**Jazz Jam**, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

## every friday

**Sam Johnson Jazz Quartet**, Cosmos, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 3pm.  
**California Rangers**, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.  
**Dan Papaila**, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.  
**Amelia Browning**, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 7pm.  
**Jazz Night**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.  
**Basin Street Band**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.  
**John Katchur**, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., Ste. B, 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

## every saturday

**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.  
**Dan Papaila**, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.  
**Bushwalla & Friends**, Hot Monkey Love, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Tokeli**, Manhattan Restaurant, 7766 Fay Ave., La Jolla, 8:30pm.

## sunday • 29

**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**The Brombies w/ Dennis Caplinger**, Barndance Concerts, 30027 Wilkes Rd., Valley Center, 6pm.  
**Chuchito Valdes**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Jack Conte/The Airlines/The F3W**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 30

**Upstream**, Lake Poway, 14644 Lake Poway Rd., 5:30pm.  
**Deejha Marie Quartet w/ Sue Palmer**, Wild Animal Park, Escondido, 5:45pm.

## tuesday • 31

**Deejha Marie Quartet w/ Sue Palmer**, Wild Animal Park, Escondido, 5:45pm.  
**Larry Carlton/Robben Ford**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Sara Gazarek**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

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Marci Phelan



Butch & Jean Hibben



The Flimz @ OB People's Food



John Stewart @ Dark Thirty



Larry Robinson



Contra dancing in Templar's Hall



Big Toe & Dave Gilbert at SD Guitar Society meeting



Alyssa Jacey at Desi's



Joe Rathburn, Jeff Stasney, Phil Harmonic at Folkey Monkey

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Storyteller Les Buffham



Couple in period dress



Molly Jensen @ the Coach House



Hapapy Ron @ Desi's



Derek Duplessie graduates with honors from Horizon High School



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Deborah Liv Johnson

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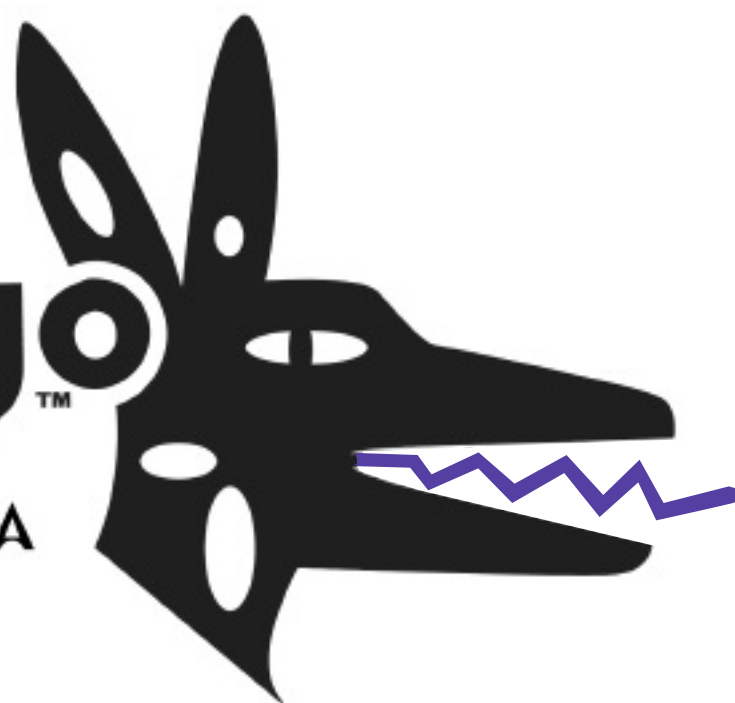


Sue Palmer, Queen of Boogie Woogie

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