

T SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR

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



August 2007

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Vol. 6, No. 11

what's inside

Welcome Mat.....3

Voices of Peace Concert

Full Circle.....4

Slim Gailliard
Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Front Porch... ..6

The Brombies
Blue Guitar
Jan Sutherland

Parlor Showcase ...10

Deadline Friday

Ramblin'.....12

Bluegrass Corner
Zen of Recording
Hosing Down
Radio Daze
Stages

Highway's Song. ...14

Summer of Love Festival
Avett Brothers

Of Note.....16

Greg Campbell
Blizzard
Jane Lui
Alex Depue
John Batdorf
Joseph Angelastro
Shoestring Strap
Chuck Perrin

'Round About18

August Music Calendar

The Local Seen.....19

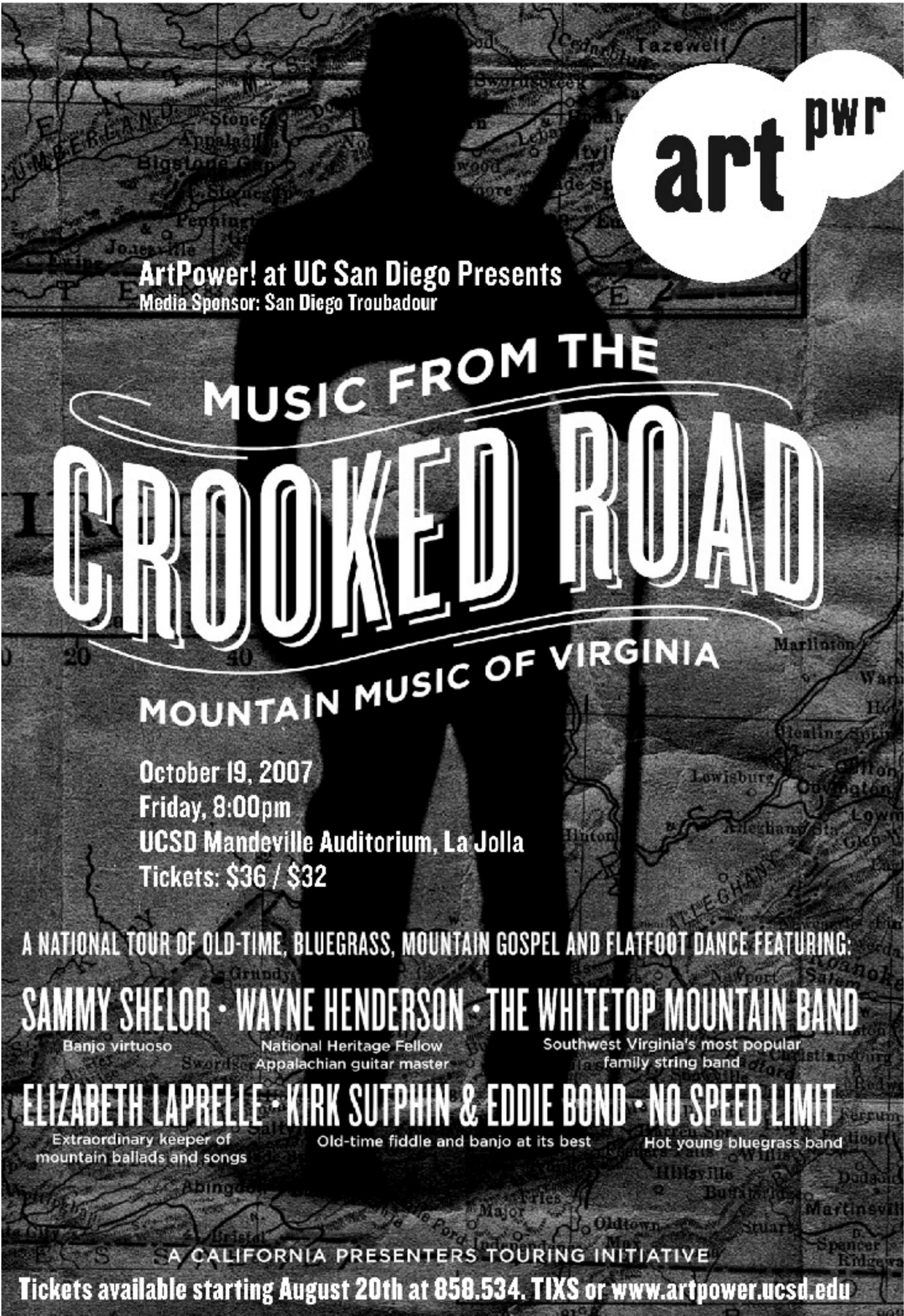
Photo Page



making good time with
deadline friday

a chat about the road that got them this far
and where it leads from here

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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.

SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR, the local source for alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news, is published monthly and is free of charge. Letters to the editor must be signed and may be edited for content. It is not, however, guaranteed that they will appear.

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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.

CONTRIBUTORS

FOUNDERS

Ellen and Lyle Duplessie
Liz Abbott
Kent Johnson

PUBLISHERS

Liz Abbott
Kent Johnson

EDITORIAL/GRAPHICS

Liz Abbott
Simeon Flick
Chuck Schiele

ADVERTISING

Kent Johnson

BUSINESS MANAGER

Joanna Schiele

DISTRIBUTION

Kent Johnson
Dave Sawyer
Mark Jackson
Indian Joe Stewart
Dan Long

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Steve Covault

WEB MASTER

Will Edwards

WRITERS

Anthony Leigh Adams
Peter Bolland
Lou Curtiss
Paul Hormick
Jim McInnes
Bart Mendoza
Tim Mudd
Raul Sandelin
Chuck Schiele
Sven-Erik Seaholm
José Sinatra
Allen Singer
Steve Thorn
Sue Trisler
Jody W. Wood
D. Dwight Worden
Craig Yerkes

Cover photos: Steve Covault
Cover design: Chuck Schiele



by Sue Trisler

Americans for a Department of Peace (AFDOP) is working diligently to promote peace and reduce violence in our world through a campaign to establish a cabinet level U.S. Department of Peace. This campaign represents an exploding grassroots effort by American citizens who are engaging in the democratic process to augment our current approaches to violence with practical, nonviolent solutions to the problems of domestic and international conflict.

To ensure the necessary revenue base to increase the group's effectiveness in the community and around the country, Americans for a Department of Peace will host Voices of Peace this month, featuring four local and internationally known groups as well as a silent auction.

Funds from the benefit concert will support both the AFDOP's local activities as well as its national organization, the Peace Alliance. Proceeds to AFDOP will help purchase outreach supplies and entrance fees for events, including expenses for teens and adults to attend conferences and trainings and speaker and event expenses. Proceeds to the Peace Alliance will be

VOICES OF PEACE

A CONCERT TO PROMOTE PEACE WITHIN OUR COMMUNITY AND OUR WORLD

used for lobbying and publicity training in addition to helping maintain its Washington, D.C. office.

The Peace Alliance Foundation is a 501(c)3 nonprofit organization, which supports roundtables, peace building white papers that highlight effective programs, and support of the U.S. participation in the Global Alliance for Ministries and Department of Peace. Additional information about the legislation currently before Congress (H.R. 808) can be found on both AFDOP's web site at www.afdop.org or by visiting the Peace Alliance web site at www.thep-peacealliance.org.

Locally, the Department of Peace legislation is sponsored by Congressman Bob Filner and Congresswoman Susan Davis. This legislation would establish, fund, and coordinate current government agencies that are currently addressing problems of violence in our society. Most of the funds set forth would come back to fund programs and agencies in the local community to address such issues as drug and gang violence, school bullying, and domestic abuse. The Department of Peace legislation would also establish a Peace Academy where students would learn peaceful conflict resolution skills and, after graduation, would serve in peace-related postings here at home or abroad.

This special event will be held on Friday, August 10, from 7-10pm at the Unity Center, 8999 Activity Road, San Diego. A \$20 donation is suggested for general admission tickets, which are available online at www.afdop.org. A special student rate of \$10 is also available with proper identification. Tickets can also be purchased the night of the concert, but seating is limited. Doors open at 6pm for silent auction item viewing and bidding. The concert begins at 7pm. The evening will wrap up with a special Peace Jam performance. The artists will be signing CDs during the intermission and at the end of the concert.

Americans for the Department of Peace want you to be inspired, connect with others in the community, and learn how you can help to promote peace in our community and in our world!

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Karl Anthony writes anthems for life while his wife, Jeanne, interprets his lyrics with an alluring Sign Language performance. This dynamic couple uses their talents as a vehicle to connect people to their spirit. Their extensive touring has included working with inner-city teens to promote nonviolence in Sydney and providing music and food supplies in the poverty stricken villages of Nicaragua. Together they received the 2007 Gandhi/King Season for Nonviolence Peace Hero Award for their humanitarian efforts. www.karlantonhy.com.

CAHILL AND DELENE



Barry Cahill and Delene St. Claire are a husband and wife team that performs as a duo and with the Hot Pursuit Band, singing songs that center around important and meaningful topics. Their original music motivates and inspires others in peace. www.cahillanddelene.com.

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PETER BOLLAND



Peter Bolland is an exceptional balladeer and accomplished guitarist who draws his inspiration from the joys and pains in life. He also forms the core of the Coyote Problem along with bassist Billy Fritz and drummer Danny Cress, a band that blends alt-country, swamp rock, and Americana music that one critic dubbed "California-cana." www.thecoyoteproblem.com

ERRATA

The wrong image for Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo CD appeared in last month's Of Note section. The correct image appears below. Sorry, Patrick!



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A Very Mellow-as-a-Cello Vout-o-Reenee Guy Named SLIM

by Lou Curtiss

"We were recording on Sunset Boulevard, right across from a TV station. After we did three sides, the A & R man sent us out for some air. I was glad to get it because I didn't have a fourth song. Just outside the studio they were repairing the street, and one of those cement machines was going put-put, put-put. When we were back in the studio the A & R man asked for the fourth title, I said 'Cement Mixer, Putti-Putti.' Everybody in the place broke up, and I started to sing 'Cement Mixer....' that's why the lyric goes 'putti-putti, putti-hootie, putti-vootie macaroonie.' That's all."



A Slim and Slam album cover

That was Bulee Gailliard, better known as Slim who, after a career in Detroit, New York, and Los Angeles, drifted down to San Diego. During the '50s and '60s Slim became one of this city's best kept secrets, playing at the old Crossroads (at 5th and Market), bowling alley bars in Clairemont and Grossmont, and a variety of other clubs.

In the '50s there was always an ad in the evening *Tribune* that said "Swinging Down Broadway" with Slim Gailliard. It also said "Voot-a-Rooney." Now voot-a-rooney is something a boy in his teens is going to notice, so it wasn't long before I got to check him out.

Born in Detroit, Michigan, on the fourth of



Cover of Slim's Vout-O-Reenee Dictionary

July in 1911, Slim got into show business in the late '20s as a solo act, simultaneously playing guitar and tap dancing. In 1937 he teamed up with bassist Slam Stewart to form the Slim & Slam Combo. Their first session for Vocalion Records produced Slim's long-time hit "Flat Foot Floogie." They were probably New York's hottest vocal duo in the years before World War II broke them up.

Slim was released from the draft in 1944 and soon led his own trio at various clubs in Los Angeles, including Billy Berg's (where he was the opening act for Charlie "Bird" Parker) and the Swing Club where he topped the bill. He made a string of, as he said, "very groovy, very mellow" recordings for a bunch of small labels including Queen, Cadet, Atlantic, Atomic, and Twentieth Century. Included were best selling hits like "Cement Mixer," "Yep Roc Heresy," and "Down by the Station," which became a surprising hit as a children's song ("see the little puffer-bellies all in a row, see the station master turn the little handle, chug chug toot toot off we go"). Slim even published a dictionary of jive talk, and that's where he got into trouble.

It was a time during the late 1940s when

the Republicans were back in power that a guy named McCarthy was beginning to be heard from and "bebop jazz" was banned in certain quarters on the grounds that it "tends to make degenerates out of young listeners" (sound familiar?). Artists like Slim Gailliard, Harry the Hipster Gibson, and even Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were censored for the way they talked and played music. In some circles Slim's bebop book was even called a code book for the Communist Conspiracy. Whereas only a year before Slim was regularly appearing on Armed Forces Radio's "Jubilee" series, now *Time* magazine was noting with shock that his version of "Cement Mixer Putti Putti" had sold more than 20,000 copies in Los Angeles alone. As other examples of Gailliard's subversion, it cited the titles "Dreisix Cents" (30 cents in Yiddish), "Fried Chicken O'Routee," "Dunkin' Bagels," "Scotch'n' with the Soda," "Jumpin' at the Record Shop," "Cuban Rumberini," "When Banana Skins Are Falling," and "The Groove Juice Special."

After finding that he couldn't get work in the L.A. area anymore, Slim came down to San Diego for a time and left the dug stories, and so called bebop depravity behind him. Fortunately, he brought his sense of humor and ability to entertain along with him. Slim became an important part of the city's nightlife scene here in San Diego. Occasionally he would leave San Diego for an extended gig at Birdland in New York City or at other new jazz venues around the country and in the '60s and '70s for the new series of jazz festivals that started up in places like Newport, Rhode Island, and Monterey (I saw him reunited with Slam Stewart at Monterey sometime in the late '60s). He also appeared as an actor in the "Roots" television series in 1980.

Slim never regained his 1940s popularity but did make a place for himself as an elder statesman of bebop jazz. During the 1970s, collectors rediscovered his early sides, which led to reissues of early stuff on labels like Hep, Savoy, MCA, Verve, and even a couple of labels created for him like Putti Putti Records. In 1982 he



Slim Gailliard

went back in the studios for a series of new recordings on Hep.

I saw Slim for the last time at the old Crossroads (some time in the 1970s) and I got a few words from him on tape about his glory days in the '40s: "I first worked for Billy Berg in Beverly Hills and moved with him to the Swing Club in Hollywood and then to the famous site at 1356 North Vine Street. Out came 'Cement Mixer' and then it all took off. Billy's was bulging every night with film stars, including Ronald Reagan and columnists like Hedda Hopper. They'd all come to see the nutty guy with the 'putti-putti.' The place got plusher and my money went from 65 dollars to \$1,200 a week. Yeah, that mixer really vacuumed them in."

"I was doing three gigs a day at the Orpheum, a network radio show, and several sets at Berg's, and to cover these three locations Billy made an arrangement with the LAPD to have a squad car with red lights flashing and a siren wailing to get us around on time....Billy Berg's was more than just fun, it was a great pleasure. That time all came to an end so damn quick and for no good reason that I could ever figure out."

Slim spent his final years in Europe where he continued to explore the shadow world between humor and jazz. He died a few years ago, but his contributions continue to be reissued and will probably be with us as long as there's music and laughter.

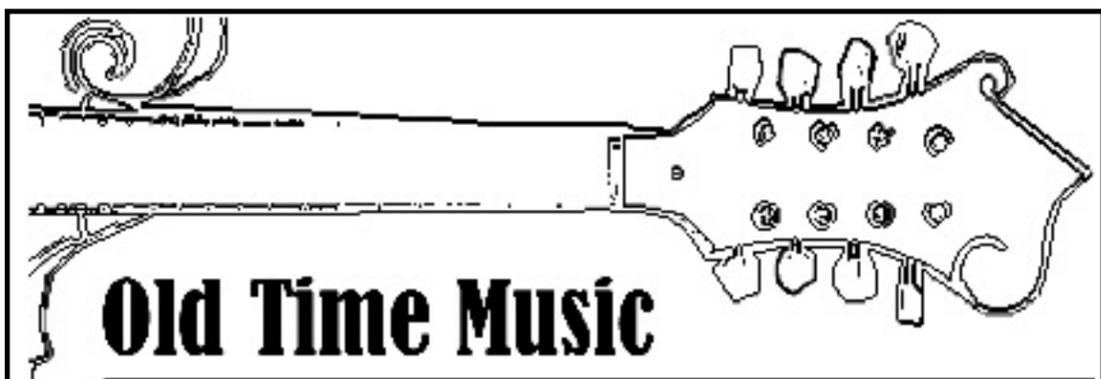
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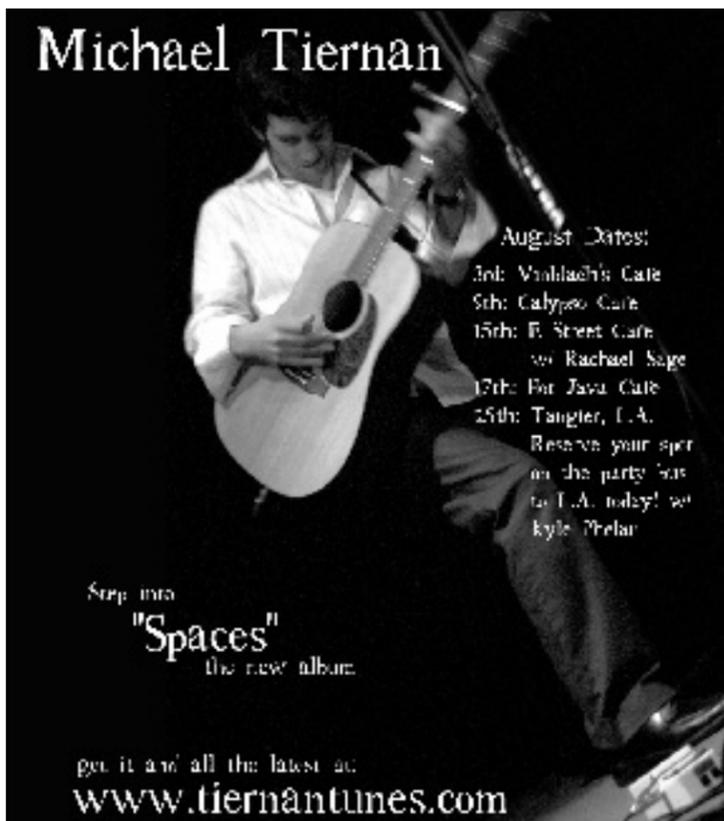
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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

IT'S BEEN ONE OF THOSE WEEKS

This is one of those weeks when it seems like half of San Diego decided it was time to dig into their parents' record collection, their step brother's who skipped town and left all those records with the faint cannabis odor, or maybe the guy who skipped out on his rent and left behind a stack of records he picked up at the swap meet that the

landlord has to deal with. Well, they all decided that this is the week they'll call Lou Curtiss (that's me) to see if he will buy them and, of course, this is the same week I decided to throw my back out. So, like I said, it's been one of those weeks. From Thursday, July 12, through mid-day on Saturday, July 14, I looked at 58 collections of mostly junk and didn't see a record I wanted. (Oops! Make that 60 collections. Two more came in.) No jazz, blues, old timey or traditional music, cajun music, ethnic

world music, or even good rare rock 'n' roll. Nope. This week I get endless Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass, 101 Strings (I actually got a customer once who bragged that he had a 159 different 101 Strings LPs with only one to go. I hope he didn't hear my strong sigh of pity), endless amounts of polka records, original Broadway cast albums from big hit shows like *Westside Story*, *Oklahoma*, *My Fair Lady*, and *The Sound of Music*, which no one wants because they were just too popular originally, common country music items like Eddie Arnold, Chet Atkins, and all that post Nashville Sound crap that called itself country music and still tries to. It's kind of surprising that none of the people have brought me anything matching the records that I sold over the same three-day period, which included some of the following: Joe Maphis: King of the String (Capitol LP), the Louvin Brothers (Capitol LP), the Carter Family (RCA Camden LP), the Fugs (ESP Disc LP), Blue Oyster Cult (don't remember the label LP), the Stylistics, Otis Redding, Lou Donaldson (Blue Note LP), Joe Loco (Imperial LP), Woody Guthrie (Folkways LP), Doc Watson (Vanguard LP). There were two 78 rpm collectors who came in. One was looking for hot dance music from the 1920s (and he found a few things); the other guy wanted Voot and bebop stuff from the early days of that stuff (Slim & Slam, Loumell

Morgan, Harry "The Hipster" Gibson, etc.) and he found some of that and he was happy. So, why didn't any of those people who brought me records bring anything that I would have a market for. It's funny how the junk disposers always seem to flock together. It's like they really know it's hotter than hell out and Lou has a bad back so let's all take our junk records down to his store and watch him be as polite as is possible while he pokes through them and finds NOTHING!!!!!! Those of you who are into conspiracy theories ought to look into this one because its been going on for the 40 years I've been in business and it's always my hope that the last record



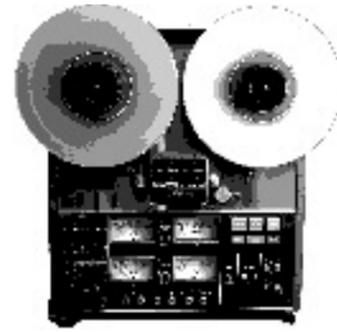
Photo: Bill Richardson
Lou Curtiss

hot weather.

DIGITIZING TAPES BRINGS BACK A LOT OF MEMORIES

Getting all the formats correct, we're now starting to put all those great sounds we've collected onto reel-to-reel tape, from the early '60s up to just a few years ago. As we cut these DVDs for the Library of Congress and the UCLA Ethnomusicology archives, it gives me a chance to listen to recordings I made nearly 50 years ago, starting with the early recordings of concerts at the Sign of the Sun bookstore, the Heritage coffee house, the concerts at Folk Arts Rare Records, Orange's restaurant, and various church halls, and school halls. I've already listened to a pile of recordings by Georgia Sea Island singer Bessie Jones, singer-banjo player from Georgia Hedy West, Harlem street singer Rev. Gary Davis, the Chambers Brothers in their early days as a gospel group, Kentucky ballad and folk songster Jean Ritchie, Scotland's folk songster Jean Redpath, original recordings by the recently reunited Kathy Larisch and Carol McComb (watch for a concert they'll be doing at San Diego Folk Heritage soon), Sam Hinton, Ray Bierl, and others. As we digitize the tapes we've been putting selections for your listening pleasure up on our website (FolkArtsRareRecords.com). Check out all of the above and watch the list grow as we get into those early festivals. I'll be doing some selected shows on my Jazz Roots radio program (KSDS 88.3FM or JAZZ88ONLINE.org) every Sunday night at 8pm. I'll be playing music that isn't up on the website, so watch for that. I'll be posting upcoming Jazz Roots program play lists at the shop. I can't wait for Model T Slim, Roscoe Holcomb, Thomas Shaw, Cousin Emmy, Jim Ringer, Gil Turner, Kyle Creed, Johnny Bond, Joe and Rose Lee Maphis, the Hoosier Hot Shots, Hank Penny's Radio Cowboys, Rosaie Sorrels, Tommy Jarrell, Napoleon Strickland and the Como Fife and Drum Band, Lily Mae Ledford, Stan Hugill, Sam Chatmon, Bonnie Jefferson, Art Rosenbaum, Bill Staines, and a couple hundred more. And I'll get to listen to all of it again and you'll get to hear a lot of it, if you want to.

Recordially, Lou Curtiss



in the fifth box is going to be the one I've been waiting for. And, it has happened a whole lot of times. Just not this week and usually not during

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The Brombies Find a Home in Bluegrass

by Bart Mendoza

San Diego is known as the home of a lot of great music. Over the decades, fans worldwide have flocked to the area for its punk-pop, garage, roots rock, indie, and jazz, yet even the most ardent music fan would be surprised to know that San Diego has also been a hot bed of sorts, for bluegrass music. The land of surf and sun might seem the least likely place to find banjos and the like, yet a string of top players have emerged locally since the sixties, including the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers, Alison Brown, and Nickel Creek. In the same league, although not yet a household name in the genre, are the Brombies.

Formed in 1989, the band, who will perform at this year's Summergrass Bluegrass Music Festival in Vista from August 24 through August 26, has gone through changes in the ensuing years, both stylistically and in membership. The current incarnation of the band boasts an all-star lineup, consisting of founders George (mandolin, vocals) and Jo Ellen Doering (guitar, vocals), Bill Bryson (bass, vocals), and Patrick Sauber (banjo).

The seeds of the group date back to 1980 when the Doerings married. "We met at a recording session for Judy Henske, who used to be my sister-in-law," recalled Jo Ellen Doering in a recent interview. "She needed an accordion player. So I called a friend and he handed the phone to George." She considers the session to be a very fortunate twist of fate. "He showed up the next day with his accordion, we did some background vocals together, and off we ran into the future. It was all that fast."

Though they were both immersed in the music world, with George doing session work and both of them playing gigs whenever possible, they waited almost a decade to form a band. "We were both just happy to be married," she explained of the delay. Today they are recognized as the area's premier bluegrass combo, however the original incarnation of the group was very different back then.

"For a very long time we had drums, electric

guitars, and electric bass," Doering said. "Our website said from blues to bluegrass and that's what we'd do. I call it 'Texas music' because there you can be in a band and you play everything — blues, R&B, and then bluegrass and country and so on. That's what we did, all originals with a couple of Dylan things and maybe 'Stormy Monday' or something like that. You know, the good stuff."

The group's name comes from the 1989 film, *The Man from Snowy River* — sort of. "There is a real life person named Jack Brumby, who brought horses to Australia. They became known as Jack's Brumbies and later the Brumbies. There was an epic poem from the 1800s written about him." Amusingly, the band got his name wrong. "We didn't know for two or three years that we spelled it incorrectly," Doering laughed. Even though they got the name wrong, they did gain an excellent anecdote to tell on stage.

For a two-year period they performed at the Coyote Bar & Grill, a Carlsbad night spot, every Thursday, adding pedal steel toward the end of their run. Though the money and hours weren't great, "we had a great time," Doering enthused. "Having people dance made us really happy. We just thought that was the best."

While the Brombies enjoyed playing different styles of music, it was a phone call from promoter Melissa Hague, who puts together the Julian Bluegrass Festival, that steered the band toward bluegrass. "Her husband, Pete Harrison, has played with us many times, so he knew we did bluegrass songs. She called and asked us, wondering if we could do the whole hour. And off we went."

The band enjoyed the focus on bluegrass so much, they dropped their drums, switching pedal steel for dobro. Their original bass player soon opted out.

"[He] wasn't inclined to play acoustic. You know how much harder it is to play an acoustic bass," Doering explained. It is also much harder to carry an acoustic bass, she acknowledged with a laugh, which is where Bill Bryson comes into the story.

Individually, the Brombies' credits are formidable. George Doering began piano lessons at age five, got his first guitar at seven, and was in a band by the time he was a ten-year-old. A classically trained musician, he toured with both Sonny and Cher as well as seventies' hit makers Seals and Croft. Only in his twenties, Patrick Sauber also sports an impressive resume, which includes a stint with the Limelites and the role of the banjo player with the New Main Street Singers in the folk music satire *A Mighty Wind*. He's recorded with Richard Greene, Chris Stuart and Backcountry, Dirk Powell, and Skip Gorman, and also performs with the Bladerunners, the F-150s, Dan Cray, and Sheri Lee and Blueheart. Meanwhile, Bryson is possibly the best known of the group, having been a member of the Desert Rose Band with country music legends Chris Hillman and Herb Pedersen. He has also recorded with both the Dillards and the Rice Brothers and as a songwriter, his song "The Girl at the Crossroads Bar" was recorded by Jerry Garcia. In addition to the Brombies, he is also a member of the Laurel Canyon Ramblers and performs regularly with the Grateful Dudes.

"We were just real happy he wanted to sing and play with us," remarked Doering, clearly still thrilled by Bryson's inclusion in the group. His entry also brought them Sauber. Bryson and Sauber's father, Tom, a fiddler, are long-time friends. "Patrick grew up with Bill. We were trying to find a banjo player and Bill suggested him, since he had been playing festivals back East with his father for years."

Although currently based in Los Angeles, Jo Ellen Doering grew up here in San Diego. "Where the Sports Arena is now, there used to be federal housing," she remembered. "We lived there until I was 12 and then we moved to La Mesa and later to the beach area." She feels that the popularity of bluegrass in the area stems from the local military presence. "In the early '40s and '50s San Diego was really a hick town because of all of the people who got out of the service from other parts of the U.S. They thought this place was great and decided to



George Doering, Bill Bryson, Jo Ellen Doering

stay," she said. "There was a lot of country music going on in San Diego at the time."

Doering comes from a musical family, whose parents both play guitar and piano. Her mother hails from Lubbock, Texas; her father from Missouri; and she was born in Kansas. Her love of performing came from her mother. "Everybody played, but nobody read music. It was my mom who taught me chords when I was ten," she stated. They were soon performing in a family group of sorts. "She drug us off to TV shows or church and barn dances and played her guitar. We sang harmonies and did what would be called old timey songs as well as more pop things like 'Vaya Con Dios' or stuff that was on the radio and church tunes."

She hit the stage on her own at the age of 18, inspired by the guitar playing of Dave Van Ronk and the songs of Bob Dylan, though the locale was less than glamorous. "I sang with a couple of guys at the Man-Tiki Bar, which is where a bunch of marines hung out." Doering laughed at the memory. "There was actually chicken wire around the stage. You were supposed to be 21, but somehow nobody ever asked." They were fortunate enough that they never actually needed the chicken wire, but the gig only lasted a few performances. "This was when the Kingston Trio was popular, early sixties, late fifties," she said. "The Kingston Trio were pretty darn good, but I segued from there into things like Flatt and Scruggs and the Stanley Brothers." It was during this era that she became part of the nascent scene that was building around the Blue Guitar shop. "It was a fabulous time, it was wonderful," she recalled. "I didn't have a car, but any day I could get someone to take me down to the Blue Guitar, that's where I went." While she never joined any of the regulars in their groups, she did take part in jam sessions and parties. "All of us, including Bernie [Leadon], Chris [Hillman], Gary Carr, Kenny Wertz, Larry Murray, and Ed Douglas, since they all played together in the Squirrel Barkers, would be rehearsing at the Blue Guitar. Sometimes we'd meet up at somebody's house on a Sunday and watch 'Cal's Corral' on TV from Los Angeles or we'd go up to Chris's house on a weekend and everybody would play and we'd have a bluegrass party."



Jo Ellen (on banjo) at the Land of Oden

Doering soon formed her own band, the Femme Folk Moderns. "Did you ever hear of the Modern Folk Quartet? Well, we thought they were the best. So we wanted to be the female version. All the traditional folkies back then just thought we were the lowest," she laughed. "We were a strange combination of folk music and the sound of the vocal group the Hi-Los. We wore matching outfits. It was looked down upon." The group were regulars at the La Mesa coffeehouse the Land of Oden. "All the drinks they made, which were non-alcoholic, were named after Norse mythology," she said incredulously. "Thor's Thunderbolt and Odin's Revenge, silly stuff like that." The club owners soon managed Doering's group and put them on their first big tour. First stop: Vietnam.



Patrick Sauber

"The fellows who owned the Land of Oden were our managers and somehow thought it was a fabulous idea to put us on a U.S.O. tour." The group headed into the war zone under the banner Hollywood Hootenanny. Themed after the then-current TV show "Hootenanny," in addition to the Femme Folk Moderns, the troupe included a male folk singer and a husband and wife duo. "The shows we played were very small, maybe a few hundred people," Doering explained. "We slept in tents or out on water, with geckos. It was rough." Accommodations were the least of her concerns, however. "We got shot at. You could hear guns going off during our afternoon shows." It's clear the memories are still vivid. "We'd look out the plane window at night when we would take off and you could see the tracers from guns. It never registers in your head that oh, that's bullets." One incident still stands out for Doering. "The thing that did register is that we were pulled out of Saigon three days early. Two days after we left, the spot where we used to have lunch was bombed. I don't know if God had anything to do with this or if somebody in intelligence knew, but I was very thankful."

She returned to the States and soon landed a short-lived job with the Smothers Brothers. "I played exactly what Tommy played," she explained. "He just wanted [the guitars] to sound bigger. 'Dueling Banjos' was popular around that time and I played the answer part on the guitar, back and forth with him. I'm pretty sure I got let go because, as a girl, I was too visible," she said good-naturedly. "I drew too much attention." She also spent three weeks on the road opening for Rick Nelson and his Stone Canyon Band. "I remember feeling so bad for him," she said.

"Most of the gigs were where people would go to buy livestock and we'd be out there singing and playing in front of this pen where there were animals, like bulls and horses, going by. And me with my stupid little guitar singing my little folk songs." Doering laughed at the recollection. "But I felt more bad for him when I look back on it," she said. "The whole time we never ever really talked; he would just stand in the corner. He was trying to be somebody besides Ricky Nelson; he had his new band and these songs he'd written, but he was the most repressed, locked-up person I'd ever met. Worse than me." She laughed.

Until the Brombies came together, the most fun Doering had with a group was a short stint with another Blue Guitar associate: Hoyt Axton and his band, which included banjo player Doug Dillard. "They were the biggest party ani-

continued on page 16.

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A Local Mainstay Reborn Yet Again The Blue Guitar

by Raul Sandelin

The most common scenario in the music industry is the shooting star, out of the gate bolstered by energy and maybe some talent and hype. Whether they deserve it or not, most acts put out a frantically busy few years followed by atrophy. The Beatles and Nirvanas of the world fit this bill, although most fizzle less splendidly than these more famous examples. Then, there are the acts that last and last, and perhaps last a little too long, parading their irrelevance around before finally being sent out to pasture. We can all look at the stable of today's stars and pick out the ones who have outlived their 15 minutes, 15 months, or 15 years of fame.

Then, there are those performers and bands who find ways to last and last yet do so with an ever new-found vigor, somehow reinventing themselves while erasing any vestiges of plastic surgery. But, these instances are rare although I'm sure we all have our favorites. For obscurity's sake, I'll throw out the Count Basie Orchestra, which still swings hard and tours like a mofo, 20 some odd years after the Count last left the proverbial building.

Like fractals in nature, the above models apply to virtually all facets of the music business, including the humble, local guitar shop. Of these, you have the ones that bounce onto the scene, buoyed by wet tee shirt contests and rock star clinicians only to find themselves in Chapter 11 within the year. You have those that last and last, hoping that their stockpile of Hondo Les Pauls with bolt-on necks will soon catch on as the next retro fad.

And, then, you have San Diego's Blue Guitar, which has kept itself at the forefront of the local (and international) guitar community while growing and finding new strength through a series of personnel and ownership changes over the last 46 years.

For those of you not entirely acquainted with Blue Guitar's history, the shop first opened in 1961. With local luthier extraordinaire Yuris Zeltins always a main ingredient, the store's associates once included Ed Douglas, founding member of the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers, which gave a pre-Byrds Chris Hillman his start, and, later Steve Neal, who continued as an owner until retreating to Idaho in 2003. Occupying over a dozen locations in the last 46 years, Blue Guitar has traversed the Midway-P.B.-Old Town triangle. And, most probably remember it in its India Street location. In 2005, it moved into its newest digs out on Mission Gorge Road.

Yet, despite its ever-shuffling changes in venue and ownership, the Blue Guitar has maintained its reputation as one of those primeval rocks in San Diego guitar culture, thanks in no small part to Yuris Zeltins' track record as a crack guitar builder.

In 2003, Blue Guitar entered into its latest incarnation. Steve Neal was ready to open up his new workshop in the decidedly quieter environs of Idaho. (He still builds his Saqui Guitars with a two-year waiting list and runs the Salmon River Guitars workshop.) So, in stepped DeForest Thornburgh, a long-time Blue Guitar customer and devotee, to buy out Neal and interject new dynamics into the store's long history.

A Southern California native,

Thornburgh found himself in the middle of surf guitar country as a kid and spent his adolescence listening to the masters like Dick Dale. During the British Invasion, he leaned toward the bands displaying "guitar gymnastics" like the Yardbirds. Later, he would meet members of the Buffalo Springfield who were practicing and hanging out in a neighbor's garage in Palos Verdes. At the same time, many of his nights were spent on the Sunset Strip where he regularly caught bands like Cream playing the Whisky and other local haunts.

Thornburgh soon drifted to San Diego, walking into Blue Guitar for the first time in 1971. He would become a regular customer and friend of Yuris and Steve. While building a career in computers, DeForest jammed around town and in the Palm Springs' blues scene, developing a solo acoustic, finger-picking style akin to John Fahey. Being a lefty, he was happy to find people knowledgeable about gear, especially those who were able to find left-handed gear. Over the years he also found it worthwhile to learn about the industry. Starting in the early '90s, Thornburgh began attending NAMM shows regularly and making the connections that would soon serve him well.

Finally, in 2003, he bought out Neal. Already part of the Blue Guitar family, it was an easy transition. Yet, Thornburgh also wanted to bring the store up to date, employing many of the industry tricks he had learned along the way. One thing he spotted right off was that Blue Guitar had gone through periods when it just did repair followed by periods when it just did retail. Part of Thornburgh's plan was to balance the two so that the shop could still continue to showcase Zeltins' world-class craftsmanship while providing the wide array of guitar gear that has made the bigger box stores more successful.

He also sought to ground his new acquisition with a smart business plan. To that end, Thornburgh sought guidance from the San Diego Small Business Administration. With the help of one of the SBA's mentors—Jim Nelson—Thornburgh went the extra yard and actually bought the building where the store is now located. Besides helping to secure the financing, Nelson also helped him analyze Blue Guitar's clientele and choose a location that would be freeway close to its demographic base. The result

is the Mission Gorge location, right off I-8, which readily connects the store to the beaches, central city, and all other major freeways. So, in 2005, the shop made the Herculean move from India Street to Mission Gorge Road.

With his natural business acumen, insights from the SBA, and connections he had made both locally and through attending NAMM shows, Thornburgh set about attracting a big league lineup of brands and manufacturers for the retail side of the store. To this end, Blue Guitar has become the largest Taylor Guitars dealer in San Diego, winning Taylor's New Dealer Award in 2006. Thornburgh also picked up bluegrass guitar maker Huss and Dalton's Top 10 Dealer Award that same year. In addition, the store is the exclusive dealer for Santa Cruz guitars in the city. Thornburgh also set up contracts with Seagull, Art & Lutherie, Simon & Patrick, Avalon guitars out of Ireland, Larrivee, and National Resonator.

He also began stocking an impressive selection of ukuleles, which bodes well given that San Diego has one of the largest numbers of uke players in the country with the Moonlight Beach and Hui-o-hawaii cultural societies boasting a combined membership of over 1,000 people. As Thornburgh reminds us, "Real ukes are not toys." The shop carries Ko'olau and Kanile'a ukuleles, two of the worlds top makers, which retail from \$700 upwards to \$4,000. He also stocks Pono, Ko'olau's budget line, which run from \$350-600.

Part of Blue Guitar's longstanding reputation is based on Yuris Zeltins' renown as a high-end classical guitar luthier. In fact, a number of articles have been written about Zeltins' fabled talents. He even calls three generations of Romero, yes, those Romeros, not only customers but friends as well. Tim Miklaucic of Guitar Salon International, the premier classical guitar distributor in the world, called Zeltins the finest classical repair person he's ever met. In fact, Zeltins is one of only a handful of luthiers contracted by Guitar Salon to do its most intricate repairs.

To build upon this reputation in the classical and Flamenco guitar world, Thornburgh has expanded the retail end. The store currently carries a number of Spanish, local, and other names including Ramirez, Cervantes, Antonio Loriente, Robert Hein, Kremoni, Antonio Aparacio, Cordoba, and Tomas Lazaro. As



DeForest Thornburgh at Blue Guitar

an affordable alternative, the shop also carries the Aria classical line.

Knowing that names like Taylor and Ramirez would attract a more affluent and professional demographic, Thornburgh also wanted to appeal to the younger rock 'n' roll crowd. He himself has always swung between refined acoustic playing and raucous blues. In this light, Blue Guitar carries a number of boutique amps and pedals, including Homebrew, Keeley, Pigtronix, D-Tar Preamps, and Victoria Amplifiers. In addition, the store is the only Orange Amp dealer in San Diego and carries a wide variety of better known brands such as Boss, Seymour Duncan, THD, Dunlop, and Fishman.

Blue Guitar also has one of the largest selections of strings in the county, ranging from "Romero" classical sets to Dell'arte Gypsy jazz to the usual array of D'Addario and other steel string makers. In fact, it was Thornburgh's long-ago search for strings for various Greek instruments he'd bought while backpacking through Europe that brought him into Blue Guitar way back in 1971. So, it only seems fitting that strings would continue to be a mainstay of the business.

Blue Guitar has two large, sound-proof galleries of guitars. One houses the many acoustic guitars mentioned here. The other houses an impressive selection

of electrics, including Godins, such as the John McLaughlin LGXT and Multiacs. A variety of Chris DiPinto guitars are also hanging on the wall. DiPintos are the latest contribution to the retro world with Mosrite and Teisco contours and modern amenities. In addition, Blue Guitar sells RKS Guitars made famous by rocker Dave Mason and Rick Turner's Renaissance Guitars which have been gobbled up by Lindsey Buckingham, the Grateful Dead, and Crosby, Stills, and Nash.

It would seem that Zeltins' command of the workshop and Thornburgh's creative insight into the retail world would provide more than an adequate list of products and services to Blue Guitar's customer base. Yet the store has long been known for housing an outstanding stable of teachers who provide guitar lessons in all styles and to all levels. So, when the move was made to Mission Gorge, some half-dozen teachers made the move as well including local blues ace Robin Henkel who has taught out of Blue Guitar for some 20 years.

Given all of this, the 46-year, San Diego institution known as Blue Guitar continues to pack a pretty impressive punch and will positively surprise both the long-time customer and the casual guitar player who happens to walk through the doors.



Above: two early posters from the Blue Guitar

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Thomas "Fats" Waller was born in Harlem in 1904, began playing piano at six, and went on to play the organ at the Abyssinian Baptist Church and sing in the choir. Fats was incredibly prolific, writing dozens of songs and three Broadway shows, including *Hot Chocolates*, which starred Louis Armstrong and introduced the song "Ain't Misbehavin'." His unique style pioneered the use of pipe organ and Hammond organ in jazz; his 1929 solo recording "Handful Of Keys" embodied the ultimate in stride piano technique. George Gershwin was a fan. His dazzling keyboard artistry, larger-than-life personality and tossed-off humorous asides won a life-long Victor Recordings contract for Fats and his sextet Rhythm; he appeared in films (notably *Stormy Weather* opposite Lena Horne and Cab Calloway) and toured night-clubs throughout the US and Europe. At 39, he caught pneumonia on an arduous West Coast tour and died on the train back to NY. His Harlem funeral, attended by more than 4,200 people, was conducted by Dr. Adam Clayton Powell who remarked, "Fats always did play to packed houses."

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Jan Sutherland

The Voice of Prime Time

by Paul Hornick

Each musician contributes to the overall sound and style of a band. Lead singers, however, not only add their voice to an ensemble, they, more than the other musicians, shape the persona of the band as well. The Stan Kenton Band could be a whole different animal when June Christie sang their tunes. And all you aging rockers recognize that the Rolling Stones would have never made it out of the clubs without Mick Jagger singing, strutting, and screaming out in front of Keith, Charlie, and the others.

Jan Sutherland is the voice and persona generator for Prime Time, one of Southern California's sources of real jazz. Each of the band members has years of experience in dance halls and clubs, and most of them are full-time professional musicians.

Sutherland fronts this ensemble of veteran players with a stage presence and moxie — lots of moxie — that she has honed since she began performing as a small child.

Sutherland's story starts in northern Britain, Liverpool to be exact, where she was adopted into an Orthodox Jewish household. We might think of Liverpool as an industrial port, but Sutherland describes the town as having a cosmopolitan vibe, similar to New York. Or, as she more colorfully describes, "Oakland on speed."

She can't remember a time that she wasn't singing — and also performing. As a small child her speech therapist prescribed poetry recitation to help her overcome a stutter that plagued her. At the age of seven Sutherland performed as part of a public verse chorus, common entertainment in Britain at the time. It was at this tender age that she learned some of the great basics of her trade: how to handle a crowd.

In her later teens Sutherland studied printed and woven arts at Liverpool Art College. (Yes, dear reader, we interrupt our narrative to make note of the Fab Four. John Lennon was at the college, one class ahead of Sutherland as she recalls.) Back to our story: While a student at the college, a trombone tutor at the school told Sutherland that a local band needed a singer, that he had heard how well she sang, and that she ought to try out for the ensemble.

Sutherland tried out and got the gig. She was now the singer for the Original



Jan Sutherland and members of Prime Time, including Bert Turetsky (bottom left)

Gutbucket Steam Orchestra, a Dixieland band filled with characters, misfits, and other musician types. Sutherland remembers the Tuba player in particular. "Here he was, all of six-foot one, a hundred and thirty pounds. He'd blow into his horn and he'd faint!" Sutherland laughs as she relates this story. She has a certain infectious joy. I'm not certain, but I get the feeling that she could talk me into a few schoolyard pranks, just for the fun of it.

Sutherland wound up married, a resident of Buenos Aires, and the mother of small children. She then moved back to Britain. I know that's a lot to keep track of, but stick with me, it's worth it.

Back in Liverpool Sutherland began singing again, this time touring northern Britain with her own act. "I went to an arranger and had him put together my portfolio," she says. "I didn't do covers, because they would only be on the charts for a short time, but I did sing a few Carpenters' tunes. The sets included jazz standards. I would start off with 'Cabaret.' I look a bit like Liza Minnelli, so I thought I would use that. I cut my hair short like Liza and I sang tunes from the musical."

She toured around northern Britain, charts in hand, and played the clubs. Without a regular band, Sutherland recalls the difficulties of working with pick-up musicians. She settled on a configuration of piano, or organ, and drums.

In the early eighties Sutherland made a permanent move across the pond and landed in Sacramento with a new life and

a new husband. The couple formed Custer's Last Band, an ensemble that, years later, many northern Californians remember fondly. Work brought husband Gerry McKenzie, who plays reeds and banjo, to Southern California — Vista, to be exact — where together they founded Prime Time.

"We don't have a style," Sutherland says as she explains Prime Time's approach to making their arrangements of jazz and blues. "If you just play jump jive, like a Louis Prima band, you only play the jump jive gigs." Indeed, Prime Time's most recent CD, Volume IV of *Dishing It Out*, is a collection of Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, and other composers from the early days of jazz. The disc's arrangements and playing are a tip o' the hat to the sounds and styles of New Orleans and Dixieland, but it doesn't bear any resemblance to revivalism. They weren't wearing red striped shirts and bowlers when they recorded this one.

Sutherland's vocals vary as well. She's at home with a cabaret tune, but she most certainly can belt out barrelhouse with the best of them. She has been involved in music since forever, but that hasn't gotten in the way of her musical education. "I can't read a note of music," she admits. To work up a tune her husband plucks and strums his banjo while Sutherland refines her approach to the tune.

Sutherland makes up the set list for the band's gigs, always beginning a set with what she calls a "hot starter," an up-tempo tune to get things moving. "You have to please the crowd," she explains. "They're the ones in charge. They may not know it, but they're the boss. You have to watch their reactions. If they react well, we keep the tune. Others that they're cool to, well, we set those aside and maybe keep them around to try at other times."

The audience is the boss, but there are limits to toeing a line. Sutherland sings tunes because she thinks they're good and doesn't worry about what people might think is appropriate for her to sing. She recalls the brouhaha that erupted when she, a white woman, chose to sing "Black and Blue," Fats Waller's lament about the troubles he experienced from being black in a racist society. "We were playing a festival, and this woman tells me that I can't sing that song. It's not PC." Promptly ignoring this woman's protests, Sutherland and Prime Time performed the tune.

Okay, so Prime Time isn't the house band at your local bar, nor are they playing for the next three nights at the House of Blues. But they play at numerous jazz festivals throughout Southern California. With the help of a computer and Google you can find the band, and the voice of Jan Sutherland, for some memorable jazz.

Jan Sutherland and Prime Time will be appearing as part of Summer Jazz at the Moonlight on September 10, 7pm, at the Moonlight Amphitheatre, 1200 Vale Terrace in Vista.



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Story by Chuck Schiele
Photos by Steve Covault

In the course of over four years, I've hardly ever seen these guys in the daylight. So, it made sense to conduct this interview while out on the town with the gents in Deadline Friday.

When I think of Deadline Friday, I think, "Now here's a real band doing what being in a band is all about." They live the reality, the struggle, the glory, the hangover, and all the cartoonish episodes that go along with rock and roll. They sing great, they play extremely well (and extremely well together), and they know how to get an audience's ocean into motion, pulling musical moves from a wealth of collective listening, beginning with the influence of their musical parents.

Interestingly, a few of their parents were working in the San Diego scene back in the '60s and '70s.

I think this is an important part of the essence of Deadline Friday. Their folks rolled a musical highway right over them; they are currently rolling in that momentum, and they are rolling toward something into the future. I say that because I see the exact same thing in their music, and this also makes sense to me. Their music begins with a respect for its heritage. And from there—by doing whatever their deadline thing or process is—they bring their influences to the present, with an attitude that leans somewhat forward into their future.

It's a fun band, and their whole thing is about rockin' out according to good old-fashioned ethics and fun. Tequila is usually involved, girls are dancing everywhere, and people are screaming at the searing guitar solos. (I've always had a blast.) And while they're often tagged as a "southern rock" band, I must say that there is more to it than that tag alone.

Actually, when I think of the Deadline sound, I am prone to think that it's built on a foundation of rhythm much akin to that of the Meters. And from there, they start piling on their various approaches to jamming and song crafting. By that I mean to say that they are very adept at moving through time like a black groove band,

reminding me of every funky second line band I saw playing in New Orleans.

Notably, however, one of the elements they routinely pile onto their mix is their southern rock sensibility (they can play guitar all night long and all the way 'til next Thursday, stopping only to whet their whistles...). I can say that if you like the Allman Brothers, you will like this band. If you like eating crawfish while dancing in the sun to the Radiators, you will also like this band.

But there is yet another dimension that makes them unique unto themselves. They live at the beach. And when a band lives at the beach for a while, they get a beachy kind of rhythm thing going on. Having lived at the beach for many years, I've learned to hear that particular "it," and I hear it in Deadline Friday, too. Oddly, I see them figuring equally into slick urban venues, beach gigs in Montego Bay, and roadhouses outside of Wichita. My point by way of this illustration is that their vibe is always universal. You don't really need to know what kind of band they are. You just need to know that you'll have fun when they get rolling.

So, we hit the town, take a stroll out on to the pier and, wind up conducting this interview while doing what we all do best: hanging out over a soda in a cool beach dive. In this case, we're at the black-lighted, sea shell-decorated Pac Shores in

Ocean Beach. It's about 9:20 on a Tuesday evening.

We get a booth so we can talk and order cheap, fuming drinks from the harried waitress as the place begins to fill up with the evening onslaught of locals. The black-lit paintings along the long wall in this place are meant to appear as some sort of trippy aquarium. If you're still standing at midnight in this joint, the fish actually start swimming.

We get our drinks, tip our girl, and simply start talking, like we always do.

Since I know these guys already, I decided to ask them about things I didn't know about them.

chuck schiele/sdt: It seems I've heard a little bit about how each of you got into music. What's your story? How'd you get started?

earl schreyer - bass: I started by idolizing rock musicians as a young boy and just wanted to try it. Then, I learned how to play with some lessons but mainly by hanging out with others, playing along with records and tapes, and starting bands.

mike spurgat - guitar & vocals: I started in music at a very early age, taking violin lessons at age five and piano at age seven. I finally started playing guitar at age nine. I just always knew that I loved music and wanted to perform it in front of people and I knew by the time I was in fourth grade that a guitar belonged in my hands. My parents were musically inclined, but they mostly just considered it a hobby. My mom played piano and my dad played violin. My sister [who is currently an opera singer in New York] was also listening to music and playing piano. She started her classical vocal training around the same time I did on guitar. Music was and obviously still is an integral part of our family's existence.

Jim diez - guitar & vocals: My dad was a musician who played guitar and fiddle. He worked a lot so

he didn't have much time to play, but when he did I really loved it. When I was in fifth grade I joined a marching band, playing saxophone. Eventually, I picked up the guitar and started learning GnR songs, trying to figure out how to play. My dad would show me things and I would practice them for days. We would watch recorded episodes of "Austin City Limits" [SRV, Gary P. Nunn], and he would help me learn the songs. It wasn't long until I realized that I wanted to play music for the rest of my life.

mike: I studied guitar at USC and graduated with a degree in studio/jazz guitar performance, which was one of the most important things to happen to me as a musician. I had the opportunity to study with world-class musicians like Frank Potenza, Pat Kelly, David Oakes, and Steve Trovato. Their exceptional talent and expectations of me as a student were inspiring and challenging. My peers were very inspiring as well.

Jim: When I decided to go to USC and study music, I was very excited. There were some serious musicians there and I was way behind in my skill and knowledge. There were guys blowing Charlie Parker solos from memory and sight reading piano concertos.

One day I was walking through school and I saw Mike playing a Grateful Dead song. I am a huge deadhead, so we began talking and eventually

making good deadline



Earl Schreyer



Mike Spurgat

started jamming together. We would play at frat parties with some guys and it was a lot fun. Eventually we decided to move down to San Diego to get out of L.A. and put together what is now Deadline Friday.

sdt: What about you, Bill?

bill coomes - drums & vocals: My parents were both playing music long before I was born here in San Diego. My Mom was a back up singer. A lot of people have told me she had a voice like an angel. My Dad was a country drummer with a band called Country Casanova.

sdt: Get outta here!

bill: They won a lot of awards and even opened up for Merle Haggard, George Strait, and Alabama at the Sports Arena. When I was about eight or nine my stepdad [also a phenomenal jazz musician

on keys and sax] introduced me to rock and roll and I was hooked. When I was a teenager my dad would tell me never to play his drums, which were in the garage, so naturally when he'd leave the house, I'd get on them and put on the headphones and try and mimic John Bonham.

sdt: It's your duty as a son.

bill: So, that's how I learned how to play. Never had a lesson. About six years into it, I sang a lead part for the first time and the two just went hand in hand.

sdt: You guys have managed to roll all of these musical beginnings into quite a band. You have a very thick, collected and complex sound, yet you all seem to stand in your own place, distinctly. In fact, lets go there.

I am of the opinion that the sound of a band is



and time with the friday



Jim Diez



Bill Coomes



Newest member of the band, Neil McPherson

bill: I think it works differently in a number of ways. Sometimes someone will bring a riff in and I'll have lyrics, and we just work the rest out as a band. Sometimes Jim will come in with a complete song and we'll just iron it out. Sometimes we'll just start jamming and come up with something that sounds groovy and work on it from there. That's one of the reasons I love playing with these guys. You never know where it's gonna come from but it's always comfortable and sounds like good music to me

sdt: Qualify the Deadline sound in your own terms, if you will.

Jim: Good old-fashioned rock and roll.

earl: Guitar-driven, soulful rock and roll.

mike: Good ol' honest rock and roll.

sdt: Yes, rock and roll. It would be easy to leave it at that, but I think there's more to it. For instance, you guys sing like maniacs. Stupid good. So good that you're sought after to collaborate with other artists such as Barbara Nesbitt, Christopher Dale, Citizen Band, and the Grams with your vocal work. That said, you sometimes bring a gospel thing to your music and sometimes you go very acoustic with your arrangements. What do you have to say about that?

mike: It's still good old-fashioned rock and roll.

Jim: Whatever. It's still rock and roll to me.

earl: Isn't it great that boundaries of rock and roll are wide enough to include those things?

sdt: What's your secret for all those deadly harmonies you render?

mike, Jim, earl, and bill: [in unison] Rehearsals! Lots of rehearsals.

sdt: You just played some fun shows, one of which included stage time with Marc Ford from the Black Crowes. And you released a new CD, which I understand is getting action in [of all places] Germany.

mike: That was a very proud moment, playing with Marc. It was fun as hell. I instigated trading licks with him, which was a highlight for me as well as the audience, I think. He plays the amps that Earl builds, which he's taken on the road with the Black Crowes and his own solo projects as well. We're working on setting up more dates with him.

sdt: So Earl builds amps, too?

earl: Yes, I build amps [Schreyer Audio]. Marc uses some of my amps. So I asked him if he would like to do a gig with us. He has a new CD out also, and was, and has been, touring with his own band doing his new stuff. So it worked out well. It was cool that he sat in with us. I hope it will happen again.

Jim: That was a very memorable gig. And the CD is selling like hotcakes in Europe.

earl: Very memorable.

bill: Germany loves the CD. It seems like people all over the world are loving it. We just need better means of advertising and distribution.

sdt: What are your thoughts on the San Diego Music Scene?

earl: A lot of talent. A lot of singer-songwriters. I'd like to see more bands, more collaboration.

bill: I think there are a lot of great things happening in the music scene these days. Unfortunately, it's impossible to make a living unless you're in ten bands or in a really good cover band. But organizations like Beach Music Mafia, the *Troubadour*, and Cathryn Beeks' Listen Local are bringing people together, trying to unite musicians and fans.

sdt: Here, here. But this is about you.

mike: [San Diego] is full of very talented people in all genres. You have to work very hard to get your fans here, though. I think it's because there's

so much else to do here that most people don't seek out music that much. Sure, they like it if it happens to be where they're at, but this isn't like Austin or someplace that was built on music where people actually go out to find it instead of going out to see who's at the bar. I think for us, even though we've made progress here, have to take it to other places, too.

Jim: That's a big question. As far as talent, [San Diego] has it all—good songwriters, great performers, good bands, and amazing musicians. We are blessed to be a part of such a great group of people. There are people that do great things to promote local music who are amazing—of course, you guys at the *Troubadour*, and Tim Pyles, Beach Music Mafia, Astra Kelly, Cathryn Beeks, and KUSI News. All in all, I would say is that we have a beautiful thing going.

sdt: That's what I say! Considering the healthy state of San Diego music, what's the weirdest thing you ever witnessed from the stage.

earl: All the freaks in O.B. But I like it.

sdt: [laughing] Nice.

bill: [eyes light up with mischief, laughing out loud] You name it!

Jim: A lady at the OB Street Fair who was high on something good, and her tit kept popping out of her dress while we were playing.

Right about here in our conversation, some of our crazy OB local friends stop by our table to say hello while our waitress presents herself, ready to take another order. We order while engaging in chit chat and greetings. Billy and Mike step out for a few minutes. So I chat with Earl and Jim.

sdt: Does the Internet factor into your business/progress/success?

earl: I seems that MySpace really helps visibly, maybe even more than having your own website. From a business point of view, being able to sell CDs over the Internet is huge.

Jim: We sold a lot of CDs in Germany and have never played there. You tell me.

Bill and Mike walk back in, sizing up our conversation and jump back in. Bill adds his two cents in earnest.

bill: Huge! The Internet has opened up many new avenues with fans and opportunity. Half the people who are our friends on the all powerful MySpace would never know who we were without it.

sdt: Okay, things are good at home here in San Diego, you and the world are MySpace pals, and your CDs are moving in Germany. Seems like you're moving down a long, wide road. Where does that road lead for Deadline Friday?

mike: Ultimately, to make a living touring the country and taking the music to the people. Label management is one of the main goals.

bill: I'm seeing a tour of Germany, the world for that matter.

And with that, we wrapped up our shop talk, and enjoyed the rest of the evening mingling with friends, drinking locally, and thinking globally about this thing we call rock and roll.

Visit deadlinefriday.com; MySpace.com/deadlinefriday. Deadline Friday will be performing at Winston's, 1921 Bacon St. in Ocean Beach, Saturday, August 4, 9pm.





Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

Let's take a quick look at what's available in the San Diego area for bluegrass fans. Are you looking for a place to hear bluegrass music? For a band to hire? To get your band hired? To attend a traveling artist's concert? To attend a jam session? To attend a festival? To meet and spend time with great bluegrass people who share your interests? Well, it's all available here in San Diego if you just know where to find it.

TUESDAY NIGHT CONCERTS AND JAMS



Tuesday night is bluegrass night in San Diego

The San Diego Bluegrass Society hosts concerts and open mic jams every second, third, and fourth Tuesday of the month. These events run from 6:30 to 9pm and are open to SDBS members and the public. Admission is free, although donations are encouraged. In addition, the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club hosts a similar event in Escondido every first Tuesday of the month. Here's where they are:

- First Tuesday: Round Table Pizza, 1161 E. Washington, Escondido
- Second Tuesday: Fuddrucker's La Mesa in the Grossmont Shopping Center
- Third Tuesday: Fuddrucker's Chula Vista
- Fourth Tuesday: Boll Weevil, 7080 Miramar Road

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHT BLUEGRASS JAMS

Old Time Music (2852 University Ave., San Diego, 619/280-9035) hosts a bluegrass jam on the first Wednesday evening of each month at its store, and for those in North County "Banjo Bob" Cox hosts a jam session every Thursday night from 6:30 to 9pm at Today's Pizza, 481 Santa Fe, Encinitas. In addition, the SDBS and the NCBFC hold regular band scrambles, camp outs, and other events.

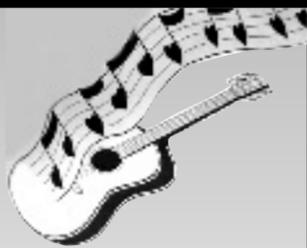
So, don't let me hear complaints that there's no where to get out and jam or to hear great bluegrass music. At all these events, except for the Old Time Music and Banjo Bob Cox Thursday night jams, you'll also hear performances by some of the top local bands. The first Tuesday in Escondido always presents a "featured band" from 8 to 9pm, with open mic and pick up bands on stage before that and informal jams outside all night. The second and third Tuesday events also have pickup bands along with an open mic and outdoor jamming. The fourth Tuesday event is SDBS's Featured Band night and presents a monthly featured band on stage.

In addition to these regular events, keep an eye on Dizzy's at 344 7th Ave. in downtown San Diego, the E Street Café at 128-130 E Street, Encinitas, and the Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, which occasionally present bluegrass music. Borders Books & Music stores, on occasion, present bluegrass as well.

HOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON

The best resources I know for finding out what's happening and where the bluegrass action is are the following three web resources:

1. The San Diego Bluegrass Society (SDBS) web page and web calendar at www.socalbluegrass.org.
2. The North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club web page and calendar at www.northcountybluegrass.org.
3. KSON's Bulletin Board, maintained by Wayne Rice of KSON's "Bluegrass Special" at www.waynerice.com/kson/bgevents.htm. For those who prefer to receive email updates, mailed flyers, and newsletters, join the SDBS and/or the NCBFC and you'll receive their regular mailed and email updates. You can join SDBS online by credit card for a mere \$20 per year for the whole family at: <http://www.summergrass.net/id43.html>, or you can pick up a membership application at any SDBS event, fill



it out, and mail or turn it in with your check. You can join the NCBFC for \$20 per year by mailing a check to NCBFC, Attn: Katie Young, 17530 Hada Drive, San Diego, CA 92127-1224. You can also submit your email address to the KSON bulletin board and you will receive regular email updates in your inbox.



FINDING A BLUEGRASS BAND TO HIRE
Check out the SDBS web page at www.socalbluegrass.org and click on "member bands" for a listing of local bands and how to contact them. Or, send an email to SDBS at sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org and let them know what you are looking for and they will help you find it. The SDBS and the NCBFC are non-profit corporations and are more than happy to assist.

GETTING YOUR BLUEGRASS BAND HIRED
Bottom line is, you have to do this on your own. However, you can submit your band's name to the SDBS and NCBFC and let them know you are interested in playing out. You can get your band listed on the SDBS web page where there is also a simple online way to submit an event to the SDBS calendar. So, if you do get a gig, be sure to post it on the calendar! Go to www.socalbluegrass.org and click on "submit event."

ATTENDING A FESTIVAL

Summergrass is the place for you! This premier



three-day festival is held at the end of August (this year on August 24-26) at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum. Camping, great bands, vendors, food, the works.

Learn all about it at www.summergrass.net

MUSIC LESSONS

There are lots of great bluegrass music teachers in the San Diego area. Here are a few:

- Banjo, guitar, vocal, mandolin: Shawn Rohlf (619) 584-4067
- Fiddle: Beth Mosko (619) 546-7286
- Or, for music store lessons contact
- Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., North Park (619) 280-9035
- Valley Music, 530 E. Main St., El Cajon (619) 444-3161
- Buffalo Brothers, 4901 El Camino Real, Carlsbad (760) 434-4567

By all means, get out and enjoy some of the great bluegrass experiences that are available here in San Diego. You won't regret it!

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Play Guitar Naked



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

ROGER, WILCO

Here I am, a mile off the coast of California with the sun beating down on me as if I'm some kind of solar piñata; the salty ocean water breaking over the bow provides only the most fleeting of reprieves intermittently, while the randomly bobbing horizon affords only a singular view: The perfectly straight line where the endless sky meets the choppy, slate-gray open sea. My shoulders, a disadvantage that would make Achilles blush ever since I dove into a sand bar when I was 18, now ache and burn with seemingly white-hot intensity. My back feels like I've been pulling a plow for two weeks and my hands are beginning to blister in a way that makes me remember the short-lived construction job of my youth, where I carried cinder block for eight to ten hours every day.

And all I can think of is Wilco.

Born from the ashes of alt-country faves Uncle Tupelo, which featured the leadership, vocals and songwriting of boyhood friends Jeff Tweedy and Son Volt's Jay Farrar, the band called Wilco has been a fascinating patchwork of personal train wrecks and artistic triumphs literally since its inception. Much has been made of the internal and external struggles of the band (grittily captured on Sam Jones' fascinating documentary film *I Am Trying To Break Your Heart*), and it's easy to attribute much of this to the ego of the main character (Tweedy), but the bottom line is that Wilco has always been a band at heart. Four or five (okay, six now) guys trying to make the best music they possibly can...together.

Wilco's first album *A.M.* (1995) appeared upon first glance to be a continuation of Uncle Tupelo's *No Depression* fusion of country and punk rock, albeit with an emphasis on the rock, but in the context of it's brilliantly ragged yet musically adventurous double-disc follow-up *Being There* (1996), Wilco revealed itself to be a band in search of broader musical possibilities.

In between a couple of illuminating collaborations with singer/songwriter Billy Bragg wherein music was written and performed for lyrics left behind by the late, great Woody Guthrie (Mermaid Avenue 1 & 2), Wilco

released 1999's *Summerteeth*, which I have heard some fans refer to as their "Britpop" album. Subtle orchestral touches like strings and horns combined with banjo, acoustic guitar, organ, Mellotron, and even Theremin(!) stretch Wilco's musical canvas onto an ever-broadening frame, while simultaneously rendering the often grand results that are more poppy and radio friendly.

In the wake of the attacks of 9/11 and the U.S.'s descent into war and political disillusionment, the studio experimentation of 2002's already classic *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* seemed either totally random or prophetically on point upon that album's release, depending upon one's point of view. Unfortunately, the band's label held the former perspective and added external pressures to the already flowering internal tensions within the band, the entire process inadvertently captured on the afore mentioned documentary.

Tweedy's increased dependence on painkillers and reportedly fractious relationships made for particularly uneasy listening with 2004's *A Ghost Is Born*, which couched Tweedy's increasingly personal songwriting with icy drones and an overall darkness that sometimes makes me feel like I almost understand what being plagued with migraines is like.

If the end (or at very least a well-deserved rest) seemed inevitable to many fans of the band, the following year's live album, *Kicking Television*, must have been a real surprise, with yet another lineup change providing Wilco not only the ability to recreate the work of any of its previous incarnations, but the capacity to reinvent them as well. Even the most cursory listen to these fiery live performances brings light unto a band hungry to initiate the confluence of art and passion.

Wouldn't you know it? That's exactly what's come next for the (now six piece) juggernaut that is the Wilco of 2007.

Tweedy, now fresh from rehab and some time off to reconnect with his wife and kids has turned in an incredibly strong set of songs that often seem so personal that one almost gets the feeling that they're eavesdropping on a private conversation: *I should warn you/When I'm not well/I can't tell/Oh, there's nothing I can do/To make this easier for you/You're gonna need to be patient with me.*

Musically, the emphasis is on complexly



Sven-Erik Seaholm

dramatic arrangements, dynamic left turns, and a not-so-secret weapon: new guitarist Nels Cline.

Album opener "Either Way" begins with Tweedy's plaintive, slightly lo-fi acoustic guitar picking and the sadly optimistic line "Maybe the sun will shine today." The song builds gradually with organ, drums, guitars, piano, and bass all playing in the most subtle, gentle fashion. Each element intricately interlocks with the others as the panoramic bridge arrives with its swooping strings (courtesy of long-time collaborator Jim O'Rourke), building to a resolve at 1:50 that opens like a door to Cline's jazzy guitar fantasia and eventually returns us to the minimalist vibe where the song began.

It sort of reminds me of that scene in *Superman*, where he takes Lois Lane for a brief flight above Metropolis and then gently sets her back down on her balcony. In that brief tour, we catch glimpses of the skyscrapers of musical possibility that *Sky Blue Sky* scales over and over again in its twelve songs:

The '70s-pop tinged dual lead lines of "Impossible Germany"; the straight-out soul singing that gives way to the nearly Zappa-esque guitar freak-out on "Side With the Seeds"; the funky clarinet breaks that build to the fractious unison triplets of "Shake It Off," eventually surrendering to its spacey coda; the Van Morrison-influenced verses and hulking rock choruses of "Hate It Here"; the Nilsson meets ZZ Top boogie of "Walken"...

Sky Blue Sky is real people making real music for fans of the same.

Meanwhile back in the Pacific, I'm realizing that my buddy and I are making the most efficient progress on our kayaking expedition not when we are fervently digging our paddles into the water, but when we are relaxed, balanced, and in perfect rhythm.

You know. Like Wilco.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer (kaspro.com). He's also a well-respected recording artist (svnsongs.com). Enroll now to attend his *Zen of Recording* classes: info@kaspro.com

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AUGUST CALENDAR

Aug. 1	The Blackout Party
Aug. 3	The Bleeding Irish Denise Bowe
Aug. 10	Scarlet Symphony Bones on her Grave Dirty Kings Operator X
Aug. 17	Johnny Different Moxie Firethorn
Aug. 24	Superdoo CD Release Ken Bahn
Aug. 25	Wise Monkey



Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

MONDO CHANGE-O

What a sublime coincidence. No sooner did I mention John Travolta here last month, it seems, than he starts getting oodles of press all over the place. It seems he's undergone a sex change and made a new film, *Hairspray*, which is playing theaters everywhere. It's quite touching how a mention in the *Troubadour* can inspire a has-been Hollywood hot shot to dig deep down inside, discover his true essence, and once again hop aboard the Silken Pony of Celebrity.

No, I'm not about to start taking credit for his reborn career (though it's obviously due), but everybody who is anybody "in the know" certainly does know that the Hose has been known to do what he can when he can, when he can, where he can. It's just the kind of guy we are . . .

Word is that Travolta's truly a smash in her new film, even though Marni Nixon dubs the song vocals (as she's done so often since Shirley Temple's iconic "Good Ship Lollipop" in the '30s). Still, there's a bit of holding back that I can't get comfortable with. The fact that she didn't change the "John" to "Joan" or "Jackie" is bound to leave much of Ms. Travolta's audience in a state of confusion. And that's a crime in a way, because as the success of so many recent Adam Sandler movies clearly shows, audiences are confused quite enough already. And it does a slight disservice to the notable, pioneering gender-changers who've gone before her, going all the way doesn't seem to have ever hurt Wayne (formerly Wynona) Newton or Rosie (Rocky) O'Donnell or even Ellen Degeneres (Rutger Hauer).

Yep, changes still proudly parade all around us. The Revisionist Nazi Bastards remain ubiquitous; they continue their favorite game of making sure that in every published photograph of our president or vice president, the triple sixes branded on each man's forehead are airbrushed out. They've targeted television commercials again, too, changing the very pronunciation of the word "change" (the long a sound becomes a long i!) in those super-nauseating Ross commercials. Every time I hear one, I actually get a bit closer to changing into a homicidal maniac, which is probably what they want, if not just to keep me away from Ross stores for some reason.

They've obviously been tampering with Trivial Pursuit cards as well, which to my mind is truly hitting below the cummerbund. And lately I've been suffering from their well-placed, unexpected jabs.

You see, I've been enjoying the superb Jesse San and his Winston's Think and Drink Trivia in Ocean Beach (on Tuesdays, beginning at 6pm; check local listings) for quite a while now. According to the wizards at Trivial Pursuit, true facts aren't always as important as mass deception and rewriting history. Among the doozies I've caught recently (which were actually refuted the following week with authoritative evidence): Brian Epstein discovered the Beatles in Frankfurt,

Photo: Fallon Faraday



The gently twisted Mr. Sinatra

Germany; Ian Fleming was to star in the TV series "The Man from U.N.C.L.E."; and the license plate of James Bond's Aston Martin in *Goldfinger* read JB007 (take note that in 1964 the Bond films hadn't yet become comedies; no secret service agent worth his toupee would advertise his own identity). There was even one question that was asked on two different cards, with two different answers: "Next to Man, what is the most intelligent mammal?" Trivial Pursuit claimed once that the correct answer is the dolphin and the other time, the chimpanzee deserved the honor. Jesse-San himself, a man wise beyond his years, invalidated the corporate attempt at brainwashing, revealing the one true answer, which no one present then is likely to ever forget: Woman.

So we all keep a sharp eye on card corruption on Tuesday evenings. There's never any money involved at Think and Drink Trivia, but there's always a bevy of interesting prizes awarded to each team that plays. There's an average of 13 teams usually playing (including single-person teams and a few with eight or more players). My own team name usually couples that of Britney Spears with some indelicate biological embarrassment. And I've secretly joined with some of the others (more than one, let's say, but less than three) in raising the weekly stakes to astonishing heights. Thus far, I've had an admirable run of luck. For every car I've lost, it seems, I've gained either a beachfront residence in Del Mar or something like a pair of twin girls who may end up being indispensable personal assistants, once they reach high school age. Such delightful torture can often change anyone's essential outlook on life, but being conscious of that fact enables me to remain immune, more or less, though eternally grateful.

José Sinatra will be singing with the James Brown tribute band Supabad on August 17 at Winston's. Get in line now.



RADIO DAZE



Jim McInnes

by Jim McInnes

21ST CENTURY NEWSMAN

For the last seven months I've been writing and reading the evening news on 760 KFM B-AM. I've always liked KFM B. It's one of San Diego's highest rated radio stations (number 7 out of 37 commercial outlets). KFM B is what radio insiders call a "blow torch," because of its 50,000 watt night time signal.

The format is Conservative Talk, featuring mostly syndicated rabble-rousers from outside San Diego: Bill O'Reilly, Sean Hannity, Michael Savage, Jerry Doyle, et al. Only morning host Rick Roberts is local, but that's not unusual here in the 21st century. In fact, most talk radio stations seem to have but one or two local personalities. That, naturally, saves station owners millions in salary. Unfortunately, it also keeps many talented radio people in homeless shelters.

Back when my wife worked at KFM B (1984-92), they were a full-service station. There aren't many of that ilk anymore here in the 21st century. In those days KFM B had a full 24/7 complement of talented personalities who played music and comedy, talked about cooking, did political humor, read poetry, and basically tried to relate to everyday people leading regular lives.

And KFM B had a huge news department. I'm guessing they employed some 15 to 20 reporters, writers and presenters. The place bustled like a beehive. Like the newspaper offices in *Citizen Kane*. But that's not the way things are anymore here in the 21st century.

The rapid spread of blogs, podcasts, and streaming instant online access to worldwide events spurred by the development of the Internet has changed all media. Radio has morphed into some kind of hybrid.

Which means, where once was housed a staff of 15 to 20 news hunters and gatherers, now dwells a staff of two. KFM B news is Maria Davis, who handles news from 10am to 5pm weekdays and myself. I take care of newscasts after her, from 5pm until midnight.

But, after 7 pm, I am the only human being in the radio station! The other creature in the building is HAL. Our HAL 9000* is the brain of the station. HAL broadcasts my newscast only after I have fed it to him.

It's all large fun for a radio geek like me. I work surrounded by computer screens and television sets. I have access to the audio from Channel 8, our sister TV station, and, through them, to CBS news. KFM B-AM is an ABC news affiliate, so I can access that network's audio feed. I can find stories and sounds from around the world via the web. I have zillions of sources at my fingertips!

So, really, only one 21st century newsman at a time is needed... for now.

* Not its real name.



Philosophy, Art, Culture, & Music STAGES

by Peter Bolland

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Why is music so powerful? Why does it lift us out of the mundane and into the transcendent? Why does great music elicit atavistic devotion in the souls of its listeners? A look at the origins of music offers some possible answers to these questions.

Twenty-five centuries ago in ancient Greece there were itinerant singer-songwriters called rhapsodes. Rhapsodes wrote some of their own stuff, but their specialty was covers. They were particularly good at singing such Homeric epics as the *Illiad*. They would memorize hours and hours of material and sing it for enthralled, captivated audiences. There is no evidence that rhapsodes had groupies, but why not? I mean, come on.

Rhapsodes had the essential and sacred duty of being the repositories of the collective wisdom of the tribe. Singers of this kind are found all over the world in oral cultures. In India there are singers who recite the entire *Mahabharata*, all 100,000 verses of it, from memory. In Africa, they are sometimes called *Griots*, an archaic French word meaning "the second grinding of the grain." Why did the French colonists refer to these African story-singers as "the second grinding of the grain"? We'll come back to that in a minute.

First, let's think about the power of the word itself. In the Biblical tradition, as in so many other seminal cultural sources, there is no greater power than the power of the word. "In the beginning was the word," the opening lines of the Gospel of St. John assert, "and the word was with God, and the word was God." Not only is the word near and dear to God but, taking it one step further, God and the word are the same thing. And how was the world made? According to Genesis, God kicked off Creation by saying the words, "Let there be light." He spoke the universe into existence. Then He created Adam, the first human, by breathing His essence into a handful of clay. (How many of us, Emerson would later wonder, are conscious of our divine inner nature?) Then God told Adam to name the world.

Apparently, we inherited the power to shape the world's significance and meaning by simply uttering sounds. Words are not merely passive descriptors of reality. They are agents of creation. And this isn't just a Judeo-Christian idea. Primal cultures around the world affirm the power of the word to create reality. Recitation of the word then, especially poetry, and even more so when it is sung out loud, is the single most powerful thing a human being can do.

In ancient Greece it was believed that when a rhapsode sang, he was entered, possessed as it were, by a Muse. (The nine Muses are the daughters

of Zeus, lord of all the gods, and Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory. That's significant not just because singers have to memorize lots of lyrics, but also because storytellers hold in the treasure house of their memories our collective stories, especially in oral cultures. Without our stories, without our memories, we have no identity. We don't exist.) Inspired, enthusiastic, and effective singing is then, by definition, collaboration between the artist and his or her inner divinity. *En theos* or "god within" is the root of "enthusiasm," just as the word "inspired" means "the spirit within." Hebrew and Greek mythology agree. The sacred source from which we and all Being arise transmits its energy via song. And in Latin, "universe" means "one song." If the entire universe is one sacred song, then it's clear that we are called to lift our voices in literal creative harmony, singing into being the sacred order of the cosmos. And you thought music was just entertainment.

Now, back to the grinding of the grain. A good singer never sings a song or poem the same way twice. If you recite it the same way every time, you rob it of its power. It must be spontaneous, that is to say, above and beyond linear time. Instead of rote memorization and replication, an inspired singer recasts the past, and the original work, in the light of the eternal Now, cracking the work open to reveal its inner, transcendent nature. That's why it's called the second grinding of the grain. Singers who simply give you the grain the way it was ground the first time rob you of the experience of directly apprehending the sacred, creative power of the divine impulse from which the work emerged in the first place. Great singers grind the grain again right in front of you and you hear in its burst-open depths echoes of your own divinity. They, and you, are reborn.

The Muses are, of course, the source of our word "music." The staggering power of the confluence of melody, rhythm, and language is a triviriate no mortal or immortal can defy. Weaving the power of the word together with music creates a portal to the sacred like no other art form.

That's why great songs crack you open and leave you feeling renewed, recreated, alive in a way you have never felt alive before, reconnected to something you had lost - in a word, healed. That's worth a few bucks in the tip jar anytime.

Peter Bolland is a professor of philosophy and humanities at Southwestern College and a singer-songwriter-guitarist of the Coyote Problem. You can complain to him about what you read here at peterbolland@cox.net. www.thecoyoteproblem.com is the ethereal home of the Coyote Problem.



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LOVE-IN

SAN DIEGO'S SUMMER OF LOVE CELEBRATION

by Anthony Leigh Adams

The Summer of Love was a special moment in history that saw new ideas flourish. It was a time of deep questioning, creativity, and idealism. These days it has become popular to blame many of society's problems on the excesses of the '60s. Yes, there were excesses and many bright lives were cut short. But in spite of everything, it was a time of creativity, exploration, and idealism. A time when anything seemed possible and people reached for the stars in an effort to transform the world with peace, love, and music.

To celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the Summer of Love, Adams Entertainment and Lyric Opera San Diego will present the world premiere of *Love-In: A Musical Celebration* from September 6-9 at the Birch North Park Theatre. As with its previous show, *Primal Twang: The Legacy of the Guitar*, which debuted to sold-out audiences at the same venue last September, the production combines music, theater, film, legendary guest artists, and a spectacular psychedelic light show. *Love-In* is the second in a series of filmed theatrical concerts that Adams Entertainment is producing in San Diego. The performances will be filmed for commercial release on DVD.

The host of the show, Tony Award-winning Broadway star, Ben Vereen, (*Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Pippin*, *Wicked*) will sing, dance, and tell stories that provide cultural text to the incredibly eclectic music of the era. Guest artists include singer-songwriter Jesse Colin Young, founder of the Youngbloods ("Get Together"); '60s British

Invasion greats Peter and Gordon ("World Without Love"); Grammy-Award winning guitar virtuoso Eric Johnson ("Cliffs of Dover"); vocalist and drummer for Jimi Hendrix and Electric Flag Buddy Miles ("Texas"); Vince Martell, original lead guitarist and singer from Vanilla Fudge ("You Keep Me Hanging On"); legendary psychedelic band Strawberry Alarm Clock ("Incense and Peppermints"); R&B master Earl Thomas ("I Sing the Blues"); and sitar virtuoso Kartik Seshadri, the foremost disciple of Ravi Shankar, accompanied by world-renowned tabla maestro Arup Chattopadhyay.

The *Love-In* Band includes members of San Diego's classic rock group Rockola, multi-instrumentalist Tripp Sprague, trumpet ace Mike Bogart (Tower of Power), actor and musician Jon Walmsley ("The Waltons" TV series), singer Peg Pearl, and musical director Doug Robinson. In addition to performing songs from the era, the band will accompany the guest stars. The program highlights a number of musical genres including folk-rock, R&B, blues, British rock, music of the Beatles, medleys from Los Angeles and San Francisco, and a tribute to the Monterey Pop Festival.

The year 1967 is widely considered to be one of the greatest years in popular music. As director and co-writer of the production, the music from the Summer of Love has special meaning for me as well as my partner, Christina Adams, a San Diego native who produced and co-wrote the show. Christina lived in Haight Ashbury as a teenager and was mentored by many of the luminaries of the period including Timothy Leary and

Indian guru Sri Bhavedanta Swami. She experienced performances by the greatest musicians of the era at the Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms in the late '60s and became a professional singer herself.

I myself fell in love with music at an early age and I was already fronting my own San Diego band, the Norsemen, when I attended 1967's Monterey Pop Festival as a 15 year old. The first major rock festival featured a multicultural lineup that crossed all musical genres and presented superstars and new acts from around the world. I was stunned by the incredible music and performances by soon-to-be-legendary musicians including Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Otis Redding, the Who, Simon and Garfunkel, Ravi Shankar, and the Grateful Dead. But the music wasn't the only thing that was special. Although more than 200,000 people attended, there were no injuries, deaths, drug overdoses, violence, or arrests. As the Monterey Deputy Police Chief put it, "We've had more trouble at PTA conventions."

Love-In is a great opportunity to experience the musical magic of the Summer of Love live on stage in San Diego. The schedule includes five performances from Thursday, September 6 through Sunday, September 9, each night beginning at 8pm except for Sunday. There will be matinees on both Saturday and Sunday at 3pm.

Tickets are on sale at the Birch North Park Theatre box office. Call (619) 239-8836 or visit www.birchnorthparktheatre.net or www.loveinthemusical.com.

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BREAKING DOWN LINES WITH SCOTT AVETT

by Tim Mudd

While researching a short article on the "growing cadre of youthful string-band revivalists in contemporary roots music", I decided I really needed some input from a protagonist or three. So, like any half-worthy writer, I began groveling around for interviews 72 hours before my deadline. To my surprise, within an hour of my first request I had an email back from the manager of one of my favorite rising groups: the Avett Brothers (pronounced a-virt) from North Carolina. I suddenly had an hour of Scott Avett's (guitar/vocals/banjo/percussion) time at 11am the following morning, although that time was unfortunately EDT, and my preferred time-zone happened to be three hours west.

Having spent the rest of the preceding evening cooking dinner with my girlfriend, finally getting round to watching Nick Park's *Chicken Run* and coming up with sincere questions that I foolishly imagined would produce answers to impress my editor (even though she didn't know it yet), I rose early to battle the northbound San Diego traffic all the way back to my desk only to be greeted by Scott's surly message on my answering machine. Upon leaving a message I relaxed into slight dejection before Scott called back with a tone of voice far more amicable and gentlemanly than I'd been privy to during our automated introduction.

What resulted was not necessarily what I'd originally sought, which probably says something about my less-than-perfect interviewing technique as opposed to Scott's willingness as an interviewee. However, it highlighted a very important point for me (apart from the fact I should always check the batteries in my voice recorder and NEVER be allowed to talk to ANYONE before 10am EVER) and that is that not everyone who begins the climb of success in their music career is a tiresome, self-indulgent bore. Sometimes they're pretty darn cool and have wise words to share if only you'd ask.

Through everything I've read with regard to the Avett Brothers' sound, there appears to be somewhat of a problem in terms of classification. *No Depression* tried "punk bluegrass," "thrash folk," and "high-energy hill-

billy." The All Music Guide tried to split you into "progressive folk" AND "alternative folk" and some guy on iTunes reviewed you as "the Beatles with Banjos." Personally, I think you guys took all the work out of it for those who need to pin you down and label you [read: everyone] and made it blazingly obvious with the title of your most recent effort, *Emotionalism*. Does this mean I should throw my iron[y] into the fire and hail you as prototype "Emo-Folk" balladeers?

I think that'd be reasonable — that's where it comes from more than, say, bluegrass or country. I've also heard us referred to as "Indie Cowboys" or "Cowboy Indie" and we've definitely caught some flack from people who thought we'd misrepresented ourselves with some of these labels when it wasn't something we set out to do in the first place. When we were revising the idea of Emotionalism, we'd been coming off the whole Emo thing culturally, so that was pretty appropriate.

Definitely. In the same vein as Emo, when it comes to your recorded music, I don't see you guys spending hours trying to make each note immaculate as I'd imagine some artists in the other above-mentioned genres possibly would. I definitely get the vibe that it's more about the feel and the, well, emotion.

Right. Absolutely.

The only thing I think this Emo classification is missing is the sense of fun, which seems to pervade all of your work. Even when tackling two wrenchingly polarized emotions as in "The Ballad of Love and Hate," I imagine you guys are deep in the trenches of thought provocation while still having a laugh at the same time?

We definitely like looking at heavy emotional situations, then take a stick and spend some time poking fun at them. The way a song like "Pretty Girl from Chile" shifts has a lot to do with my being influenced by Mike Patton [of Faith No More/Mr. Bungle fame] early on and having roots in Metal where such shifts are commonplace to keep things interesting. I find that switching direction musically in songs root-

ed in situations that lyrically are quite serious or frustrating can end up injecting a lot of humor. I've always been a fan of dynamic situations where the song seems to breeze by like a spring afternoon, but you're actually tackling a pretty serious situation like love or death.

That song is beautiful by the way. If I had one wish this year, it'd be for everyone who loved Death Cab For Cutie's "I Will Follow You Into the Dark" to hear "The Ballad of Love and Hate" so they could see that Ben Gibbard just had his ass kicked.

[Laughing] Thank you. I haven't spent a lot of time listening to their stuff so I can't really comment, but I really appreciate that.



Photo: Crackerfarm

Another reason I believe *Emotionalism* is the most brilliantly titled album is that it truly speaks to me as a sensitive and lost late-20s young man. In fact with songs like "Paranoia in B Major" and "Pretty Girl from Chile," I'd have sworn you'd been recording my thoughts at various intervals and not always my most flattering ones! What sort of outpourings and come-to-Jesus sessions does it take for you guys to write songs such as these or do you all just having fun, kicking back and laughing at yourselves and your friends?

I wrote those two particular songs. The lyrics were written and completed individually from the music; then I brought them to the table where we dressed them up into the songs as a collective. I find that when you're sitting down writing a song you tend to take yourself pretty seriously but then you get the songs out in front of an audience and everyone's all dancing and having a great time!



Photo: Crackerfarm

The Avett Brothers (left to right): Scott Avett, Seth Avett, and Bob Crawford

It's a beautiful thing, but you can't read too much into that [disconnect]. There's no room for embarrassment or insult when you're on stage. If you really think about it, being on stage lifts you up symbolically and metaphorically. You're actually in the strongest position in the room and you've got to embrace that and just let everything else roll by.

That's some sage advice for singer/songwriters who are just getting started in the arena of public performance.

I've spent a lot of time with *Emotionalism* over the last couple of months and in many ways it's become a great summer toe-tapper for me. However, the first thing that really struck me about the disc was the lyrics and the vocals that carried them. They really appear to be front and center with the rest of the instrumentation just fanning out from there. It's actually quite refreshing. Was this a conscious goal from the beginning or did it simply evolve through the mixing process?

Well, the tunes were a lot more raucous on our earlier records. You'd probably be surprised at how many people have said that the vocals were too up front on this one and complained that the instrumentation got lost. The difference with Emotionalism is that we weren't trying to rush the process and force songs onto the record. When you're making a work of art, I believe that composition is very important. If we weren't feeling it this time around then it didn't make the cut. We were really striving to maintain honesty here, so the songs we picked were lyrically based before anything else.

All right, here's what I'm really trying to get to the bottom of here. You guys started off your public life as the hard rock outfit Nemo, the boys in Old Crow Medicine Show were apparently weaned on Nirvana and Public Enemy(!), we've got South American thrash metal-heads taking hardcore acoustic flamenco to Ireland, and even I grew up on Skid Row and Metallica. How the hell did we all get here?!

We got old, man! [Laughs] We knew our ears wouldn't last! To me rock 'n' roll has a very clear expiration date and our live show as Nemo was a very physical one. We were like five guys on fire — you can't expect to last and do that when you're 60. We got worn out and wanted to go in a direction that provided us with more longevity. Even our live show as the Avett Brothers is more physical than I'd ever intended. I still don't think we're losing anything from our past though; we'll continue to evolve musically and our next record will have more electric instruments involved — more drums, some piano...

Nice. I'll be looking forward to that...

Well that's the thing, man. How about Tom Waits? What genre is Tom Waits? He doesn't have one. No one tries to categorize him and he does whatever he wants without the limitations of musical labeling. He's simply Tom Waits.

Wow. With that one example, I think you just exemplified the entire ethos of the argument behind this article... I guess I'll just go home. Thank you.

You're welcome [laughs].

Can you go a little more in-depth as to your earlier musical influences and more to the point where you think they fit for you today?

Absolutely. There's a clear time line there for me with very specific sections. Let's start in the seventies with the eight-track days — John Denver, Bob Dylan, Three Dog Night, and some Neil Young.

Then there was Hall & Oates. I idolized them for about three or four years — I wanted to be John Oates so bad! Next up was the 1984-era — Van Halen, which I got into retrospective-

ly, mainly David Lee Roth, with some of the Sammy Hagar stuff in there.

That led me to dive deeper into rock music such as Zeppelin, Hendrix, Pink Floyd, the Who, the Animals, and the Kinks, which was just before I discovered Faith No More and Mr. Bungle... Pretty much anything Mike Patton was involved with. Then Grunge happened and that kept me going through the mid-nineties. During college around 1996-1997 I was into some pretty heavy screaming with bands like Clutch and early Deftones but once the whole Nu Metal thing started to slow down, I realized I needed a change. Nemo was imploding and I started picking up the banjo, which is when I got into Ramblin' Jack Elliot and bands like the Blue Rags.

Can you tell me who you're really into right now? What's in your CD player?

Townes Van Zandt. Recently, say in the past six months, I can't seem to get enough of him. He's incredible. I've been listening to a local guy here called David Childers and his record Room 23 is great. I've also had a copy of the Lemonheads Car Button Cloth in my truck for a while now. That's a great record to just have on while I'm running around town doing errands and stuff, you know?

For some inexplicably bizarre reason, The Lemonheads were part of that bridge for me from Heavy Metal into early Nineties Alternative. Being that you're so heavily influenced by this sound, what sort of musical legacy would you imagine the Avett Brothers are influencing?

Awww — you know I can't answer that!

Sure, but if these heavier rock bands influenced you to such a degree, could the Avett Brothers be influencing a new generation of, say, Celtic Gospel as we speak?

I don't know... If anything, I like to think that we're helping to break down a lot of lines that have been put up over time and separated a lot of great musical styles.

And with that, Scott and I wrapped up our conversation, exchanged pleasantries, and continued our respective days in our respective time-zones.

The article I'd intended never really materialized as the interview turned into the piece you see before you. On re-reading Scott Avett's final comment, however, I retract my earlier statement regarding not having found the answer I sought; I may just have found exactly what I needed.

What if some of the lines he referred to are the lines of age or the lines of technical accomplishment? Just because you can't pick like a demon doesn't mean that you can't use your gifts to bridge divides and widen deliberately streamlined "genres." Who's to say that the iconography of an overall-clad, white-bearded Grandpa with a banjo can't be broadened to include a young buck dressed in a southern-chic three-piece suit, rockin' a similar axe with a passion that burns?

Well, no one who really matters anyway, and I'm sure Scott Avett and Tom Waits would agree.

The Avett Brothers will be bringing their special brand of Carolina musical love to the Belly Up Tavern in Solana Beach on August 12 at 8pm, and Tim Mudd will be shedding tears of joy into his beer at the bar. Old Crow Medicine Show — who earnestly tried to contribute time for this story, but just couldn't swing it — will also be bringing their Neo-Traditional Folk and Jug Band Blues to the Belly Up on August 5.

¹ Thanks to *No Depression* editor Peter Blackstock for that perfect description.

² Just search the Avett Brothers on YouTube to see what he means.



the AVETT BROTHERS

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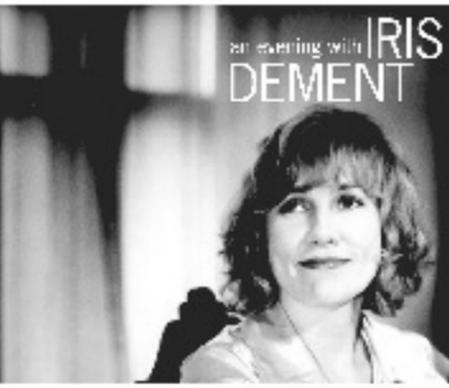
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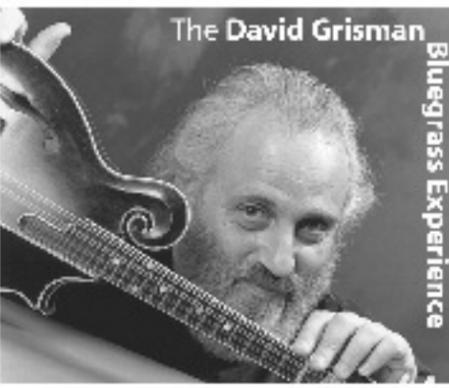
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The Brombies, continued from page 6.

...mals," she said. "I couldn't take it. I was on the road with them for about a month and I had to come home. It was Axton's first time with a backing combo. He'd never had a band before and every now and then he would stop in the middle of a song, thinking something was wrong, because he was used to keeping his own rhythm. He'd look around and yell at us," she laughed. "He was just a big sweetheart, a big teddy bear. Just a sweet nice guy. [But] boy, he and Doug drank enough liquor, I don't know how they kept moving," she joked.

Meeting George Doering in 1980 put an end to her touring days. Among the pre-Brombies projects the pair tackled was penning the soundtrack to the Disney film *The Adventures of the Old West*. "Documentary pay is lower than bluegrass pay, but it makes you feel good, like you've done something nice," she remarked. Other film work includes 2006's thriller *El Cortez*, the polar opposite of what the Doerings had done before. "That's all blues and actually the movie's not too bad. The performances are pretty good; it's just kind of sleazy with sex, drugs, and violence," she opined.

In 2005 the Brombies released their only album to date, called *Live! At the Spitting Llamas Bluegrass Bar*, quite possibly the first bluegrass album with a disclaimer. Demonstrating the band's sense of humor, listeners are advised that "This CD is neither live nor recorded in a bar. However, we have played some festivals where there were llamas."

While the Brombies have a wealth of original material to record, and Doering considers the band overdue for a second collection, she admitted that logistics are difficult. "It took us a sheer act of extreme will power to get the one done," she said. "Mostly because no one seems to have much free time anymore. Even to get a rehearsal sometimes is tricky." That said, three

songs for a future album are in the can, with enough material to fill another three discs.

Although the band has played a few shows out of state, including the 2006 International Bluegrass Music Association Festival in Nashville, Joe Ellen Doering is realistic about the possibilities of travel. "I'm not sure how much touring we'll ever be able to do," she said. "Bill can't even go back East with the Laurel Canyon Ramblers, because they can't get enough money to spend the night. If we were 23 and had our own van and were into all that, maybe we'd do it that way." In the meantime, she would like to see the Brombies extend their range into Washington, Colorado, and Nevada.

After more than five decades as a performer, Jo Ellen Doering is still thrilled to be a musician, not that every show goes smoothly. "We played Saturday at a party," she said. "This really wealthy house. We were just there playing and nobody was paying any attention to us. But it sounded just great, so I was a happy camper." For her, it's the quality of the music being made that's important, even when playing at a party with nobody listening. "I want everyone to have a good time, of course, but in the end I don't care if anybody hears it or not, I know it's good and it made me happy. For a minute or for a half hour, it's nice to make music. If I don't play music every day, I'm real grouchy."

"I would say that in my twenties and thirties I wanted to be famous. And since that didn't happen, I said okay, I'll just opt for playing. Because I watched a lot of people I knew become famous and I kind of remember one day thinking 'what if I was famous and still not happy?'" Doering credits that question for keeping her grounded. "I thought, maybe I'll just try to see what makes me happy." In hindsight, the answer was obvious. "It's music. It feeds my soul."



Greg Campbell Keepin' It Real

by Lou Curtiss

Overall, this is a pleasant DVD to watch, with guest shots from guitarist Tom Boyer and all-around musician Patty Hall. Greg is an all-around fine guitarist himself and puts together a fine performance. My only beefs are first, the material: it seems like there are a lot of very familiar and overdone songs here (maybe that's what he intended, but it seems to me that if that was the case, the arrangements wouldn't be so mainstream). People aren't going to listen to Beatles songs by the Beatles unless the songs are done bluegrass style or with a touch of jazz or blues. Songs ranging from the ones done by the Cascades, Pat Boone (or Mac Wiseman), Patsy Cline, and Ian and Sylvia might have been better left to those people. My second wonderment is why a DVD? It seems that the songs would be better for promoting the artist in a CD form. People are always more likely to play music like this in a listening room. Taking the time to watch the DVD is maybe a once or twice thing, but a CD of good vintage guitar music could be a keeper and even if overly familiar, it is that



Blizzard Root of All Evil

by Bart Mendoza

You may not know Chris Leyva's name, but if you've been any sort of club hopper in San Diego over the last few years, he's been hard to miss. At regular music venues throughout the Southland, you may also have spotted him as an extra on "Veronica Mars" or on various MTV reality shows. On a mission, Leyva does everything in his power to spread the word about his prolific group Blizzard.

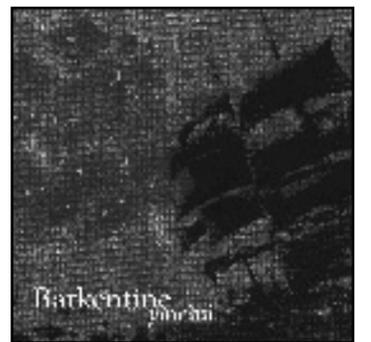
The band was named by Beatles-com patriot Tony Sheridan, who described them as sounding like a "blizzard." In truth, the band is comprised of musical chameleons adept at different styles. For their fifth album, *Root of All Evil*, they pull out all the stops. Dubbed their "acoustic album," it is indeed constructed largely using unplugged instruments but rather than singer-songwriter tunes, it's a solid rock album, albeit with quirky flourishes. The group's range is impressive, especially considering it's a self-produced disc. One of the biggest complaints with much of today's radio playlist is that real production values seem to have been lost, along with arranging skills. Much of what gains airplay sounds like a glorified demo. That's definitely not the problem here.

The depth and intricacy of the instrumentation is particularly evident on the best track here, the brief, moodily jangle lament "Sleep," pitting driving piano against solid strumming, and vocals that become part of the instrumentation. The band has a superb rhythm section in bassist Sebastian Reyes and drummer Mike Bryon, but their secret weapon is lead guitarist Gerardo Balado'n. That said, Leyva's piano playing, particularly on tracks like the shuffling "Void" is inspired.

The bulk of the album is written by Leyva, with a pair of tunes from guitarist Gerardo Balado'n. It's a diverse group of songs. "Mother's Knows Best" plays like a lost Traveling Wilbury's outtake. The Hammond organ-drenched pop tune "Day Like Today" is classic rock at its best. And Blizzard isn't afraid to step into bluesy territory with the song "Tomorrow's Promise" or torch song melancholy with "Stick Around." The latter comes complete with sax solo.

The downsides of *Root of All Evil* are relatively minor. Sonically, the album can't be beat, with excellent tone on both the piano notes and guitar strings, but perhaps Leyva's vocal could have been a little less up front in the mix. And considering that the band rarely misses a production trick, even more harmonies would have added spice to the proceedings. As it is, some that are on the album are too low in volume.

Regardless, anyone looking for acoustic music with a bit more bite than the usual coffeehouse fare should definitely give this album a listen.



Jane Lui Barkentine

by Chuck Schiele

Jane Lui is in her own space. I don't know how to really classify this music. It has many elements, but I think it does disservice to offer my interpretation of what I think those things are. So I'm not gonna do it.

I will tell you that it is an impressionistic collection of songs, meandering more like sublime moderate dreamscapes as opposed to the usual and obvious strides in kitschy-catchy pop-craft. Lui is a thinker. She sees the world in a unique and beautiful way. As an artist. And I'd say she's more successful at sticking her neck out in the name of originality than most. My respect for that is in kind.

One thing to note is the quiet essence of these tracks. The songs whisper more than they ever raise their voice but the work remains urgent somehow by way of its own freedom to go where it's going to go.

The music and words are gorgeous. Her voice is raw, naked, and real, which makes this a good time to switch to the production value of this work. *Barkentine* was recorded and produced for the most part by Aaron Bowen and Jane Lui. I dare say that Mr. Bowen's ear for production rivals the best around as this is a remarkable recording. It feels like a candid experience — as though she didn't know he was following her around in her own private thoughts that sound much like the whispers and creaks in an old house.

And whether it was intentional or not, the primary concern is its own stride toward the idea of "beauty." It just sort of is what it is left to the confidence that it is beautiful as is. The effect is deeply moving.

That said, there remains a matter of the production style, which is uniquely fresh in its super clean finish, the decisions for simplicity, and the knack for the not-so-obvious choices made in terms of its arrangements (centered around Lui and her piano or guitar for the most part.)

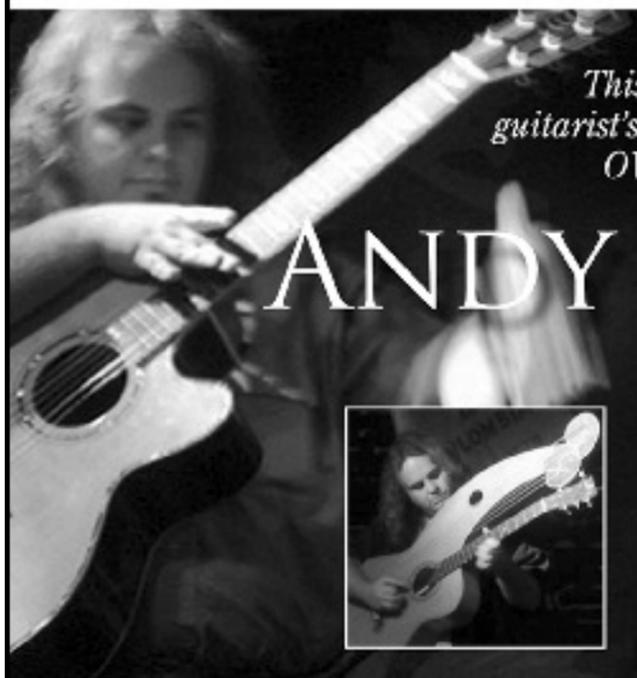
You'll still find yourself turning your head now and then in wonderment about either some subtly crazy sound or a violin that comes and goes like a Doppler-effected train off in the distance. It's more like an energy that moves through you, changes you somewhat, and keeps moving.

Jane Lui releases *Barkentine* in September of 2007. Visit www.janelui.com to find out more.



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Alex DePue The Fiddler

by Craig Yerkes

If red-hot fiddling is what you're after, believe me, you'll get it en masse on *The Fiddler* by Alex DePue. If this artist were paid by the note, he would be a millionaire by now. Alex DePue is without question, an amazingly accomplished technician on his instrument, capable of doing things with his violin that seem almost humanly impossible (listen to the triplets he plays on "Blackberry Blossom" and "Oklahoma Stomp"... ridiculous). To add to his mystique, the man also plays guitar, mandolin, bass, and percussion on this disc, with the same brand of fiery virtuosity. I listened before I read the liner notes and when one of the guitar solos came up, I was thinking that the artist got a really great guitarist to help him out, but then I looked at the sleeve and saw that it was DePue himself playing the guitar solo... dang! With the superior technical skills of DePue firmly established, let's move on to the more intangible aspects of *The Fiddler*.

If you read DePue's bio, you will see that he has won numerous fiddling contests/awards (not surprisingly). I think that the key to whether or not this music will turn you on depends on how much you enjoy instrumental competitions and/or recitals. There is a fine line between music performed for the purpose of elevating the music itself and music that is performed primarily for the purpose of showcasing the abilities of a virtuoso instrumentalist. For the most part, this recording made me feel like I was listening to a series of individual demo tapes that very impressively feature the dazzling chops of a master musician. There is certainly nothing lacking in the area of song choices (a few cool originals and a bunch of sure-fire covers) as the artist throws in all of the types of tunes that fiddle lovers want to hear (rags, hot country swing, waltzes, jazz standards, and tearful ballads). There is also nothing lacking in the production values (well, maybe too much reverb on the violin from time to time). So, what is lacking? To be fair, you may find nothing lacking at all here, but what I heard seemed more about *musicianship* as opposed to *music*. DePue's playful original "Sunday Drive" (playing all the instruments) and the beautiful closer "Nobody Ever Sings My Song" were my two favorite tracks as they seemed to veer away from that "showcase" approach the most. On the closer, in particular, there's a much more relaxed, subtle feel in the playing that didn't come off like it was in "fiddle competition mode." I would have liked to hear more material done with that feel, but we are firmly in the realm of personal taste here and probably most of the people who listen to this disc wouldn't make such micro distinctions. It's my job as a music reviewer to dig in a little harder, but I don't want to stray too far away from the fact that Alex DePue is a fiddler of the highest order and if you have a fever for the hottest fiddling you're likely to hear anywhere, you're going to like this disc a lot more than you liked reading this review!



John Batdorf Home Again

by Steve Thorn

As any insomniac scouring the 3am television infomercials will attest, singer-songwriter CDs and DVDs are doing a brisk business. The Time-Life CD series has enough of the peaceful easy feeling sounds from the '70s to keep any card-carrying member of the bell-bottom brigade in ecstasy for months. The "Midnight Special," a showcase for singer-songwriters, was NBC's attempt during that decade to draw in a "hip" audience after Johnny Carson signed off on Friday nights. It's now been preserved as an immense DVD box set.

For every solo singer-songwriter (Carole King, James Taylor, Jackson Browne, Jim Croce, Dan Fogelberg, John Denver, Don McLean, and many more), there were the equally popular duos: Loggins and Messina, Seals and Crofts, Brewer and Shipley, and Batdorf and Rodney were artists whose music emanated from car radios and college dorms during the '70s.

John Batdorf, who along with partner Mark Rodney released a string of successful albums from 1971 to 1975, returned to the recording studio and concert stage in earnest in the last few years. His most recent CD, *Home Again*, is remarkable. Instead of turning back the pages 35 years in search of an earlier sound, *Home Again* is the work of an artist who has embraced the possibilities of the current digital technology and would probably, if asked, do the 2007 equivalent of a hootenanny: a house concert. Devotees of Ellis Paul and David Wilcox will find much to enjoy in this 10-song CD, and supporters of local favorites Berkley Hart, Tim Flannery, and the Coyote Problem should enjoy the musical voyage as well.

Batdorf explained the project on his web page: "After eight months, the album is done and it really feels like the Batdorf and Rodney album that was never made. This CD, *Home Again*, is loaded with great vocals and slammin' acoustic guitars. I clearly have arrived at point B. It took awhile to get here and the path was anything but straight, but I would not have had it any other way. I am finally home again."

In addition to being joined on the album by his former partner Rodney, Batdorf is surrounded by a veritable treasure island of acoustic music talent: songwriter James Lee Stanley (practically the artist-in-residence at SD SU's Backdoor nightclub in the '70s), bassist Bill Batstone, songwriter Michael McLean, drummer Henry Newman, and percussionist Scott Breadman. Vocalists Greg Collier, George Merrill and twins Brett and Matt Batdorf (John's sons) contribute greatly to the CD's rich harmonic blend.

The title track and the album's closer, "Where Are You Now?" (both composed in the '70s), serve as musical bookends to new material. In "Something Is Slipping Away," Batdorf suggests the generation gap between young and old has always existed, and the troubled time of today is something that should concern both the junior and senior alike. In contrast,

continued next column



Joseph Angelastro Standards – Volume 1

by Allen Singer

Joseph Angelastro's new CD may not get you to roll back your living room rug or turn up the volume, but I'll bet that you'll find your feet moving and the melodies swirling around in your head as you listen to *Standards – Volume 1*. This is a solo guitar album, a musical Rosetta Stone that opens doors into the world of jazz standards. Jazz musicians can sometimes play into the ozone by abstracting the tune and losing the listener along the way. *Standards* offers up the talents of a well-versed jazz guitarist who wants you to actually appreciate and enjoy the music.

You don't have to be a jazz buff or guitarist to appreciate Angelastro's CD. And you don't have to understand musical theory to decode the tunes. Many of the harmonic ideas, chord extensions, substitutions, and turn-arounds have found their way into all the music we hear today. The musical language on this CD is complex but approachable, melodic but also inventive in its improvisations. Angelastro swings the tunes, building new interpretations and referencing the lines of other guitarists he's obviously listened to along the way. Angelastro uses his musical tool chest to create many variations on the melodic themes of the tune, with harmonic and chord substitutions to connect the musical dots for himself and the listener.

Angelastro starts the CD with Fats Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin'," a sly bluesy number, and ends with a cute "Tea 42." Along the way you'll hear a CD with 13 standards, each one a musical tour de force, performed by a fine jazz guitarist. Angelastro works his hands and nimble fingers tastefully on his guitar and knows how to make it swing out.

Jazz guitar has come along way since Nick Lucas, Eddie Condon, Carl Kress, Charlie Christian, and George Van Eps. Angelastro clearly enjoys what he does and the infectious sound on this CD made the musical journey one worth repeating over and over again.

continued from previous column

"One Night Stands" takes a whimsical approach to the pitfalls of modern romance.

Batdorf's reputation as a live performer earned him the privilege of serving as the opening act at one of indie music's most successful festivals, International Pop Overthrow, held last month in Los Angeles. San Diegans will have the opportunity to see Batdorf perform August 11 at Acoustic Music San Diego in Normal Heights. In the meantime, repeated listenings of *Home Again* will suffice just nicely. (www.johnbatdorfmusic.com)



Shoestring Strap Mudgrass

by Jody W. Wood

Local country outfit, Shoestring Strap, put together a darn good drinking soundtrack if I've ever heard one. Hell, they named one of the songs "If Jesus Was Whiskey." That's about as country as you can get. When I saw them plow through this album at their CD release party at Winston's a little while back, it was a foot-stomping, beer-guzzling good time. I guess you could say I was glad to see this one in the mail.

"This Ain't Love" starts the CD off in rough and ready honkytonk fashion, with the pedal steel laying down some blues-fueled hot rod leads. The rhythm section keeps it all driving along at cruising speed.

"If Jesus Was Whiskey" tells the same story my daddy told me about playing in a bar and drinking all the time, about how it can get old real quick and how it's hard to stay out of trouble living that way.

"Don't Think I Love You Anymore" and "Burrito" are my favorites in this 14-song collection. The former is one of those songs about getting drunk because of girl trouble type situations. *I don't think I love you anymore. That's what all that whiskey's for* goes the chorus. They do a fine job of jamming these songs out, swapping lead guitar breaks with lap steel, Dobro, and mandolin runs. I really enjoy the lap steel work, while the banjo and mandolin add a little bluegrass feel to the mostly honkytonk sound.

Most of the songs were recorded live on stage last December and the bar feeling really comes across well. Not everything is perfect here, but there's nothing out of place either.

"Push Back the End" clocks in at over six and a half minutes long, with some serious jam band style trading off solo after solo. Hippies that are down with bluegrass and country would have some flashbacks during the almost-psychedelic country jams.

Their harmonies are cool in the sense that it feels like they aren't trying to sing too much. There's good mix of high and lonely with lower, subtle backing.

They cite Townes Van Zandt, Willie Waylon, and Merle as influences. The likes of Son Volt, Whiskeytown, Wilco, and Uncle Tupelo all made the all-star list of alt-country influences as well.

Shoestring Strap is Dave Lowenstein on guitar, vocals, banjo, upright bass, and melodica. Mark Markowitz plays Ludwig drums and percussion while Kent Stephens holds down the low end on bass guitar. Brennan Omdorff really adds some old school country feel to it on lap steel, guitar, Dobro, and vocals. Keith Tenzer gets his fair share of speedy pickin' on mandolin.

All in all, if you like old country, honkytonk style and Pabst Blue Ribbon, this is a band worth seeing live.

Check them out at myspace.com/shoestringstrap for an upcoming show.



Chuck Perrin Beat.itude Revisited

by Chuck Schiele

I was delighted to receive a copy of this video DVD in the mail a short while back, from Mr. Chuck Perrin himself. For one, I am a big fan of the work. And being familiar with the work in CD form, I found myself anticipating the viewing experience of the DVD. Even more, it represents the next forward motion in how musicians get their stuff out there. So that's kinda fun.

What you'll find here is a well-produced, no-frills documentation of Chuck Perrin playing the *Beat.itude* album in its entirety, live, in his room (Dizzy's) with his pals including original members from the earlier recording over a decade ago. Perrin plays his songs on acoustic guitar and sings, supported by Bob Magnusson on upright bass, Daniel Jackson on tenor sax, Mitch Manker on trumpet, Dave Curtiss on guitar, Art Fisher on flute and alto sax, Duncan Moore on drums, Tom Aros on congas and percussion, and Patrick Armata on bongos and percussion.

The writings themselves are based on the jazz poetry of the 1950s. Vocally and lyrically Perrin's delivery is frank in the same way that Bob Dylan's was, but it's also smooth and stylized in a pillow-talk fashion that reminds me of Michael Franks. There is a simplicity in Perrin's writing that allows him the room he needs to tell his stories while making the kind of harmonic decisions that give his band the freedom to run. And they do as Perrin lets them play. Wonderful solos and exotic dream-like musical passages make for a wonderful balance between what is written and what is improvised. By the time it's mixed and audible, I can hear the finger-snapping cool of the Greenwich Village beat thing, a folk anarchy reminding me of Dylan and Kerouac, and the jazz ethics of guys like bebop—all running through a sangria-like mix of tropo-jazz.

The video itself is good with no intention of being a big flashy production. After all, it takes place in the cozy setting of Dizzy's, giving the whole thing a comfortable "at home" feel. It's clean and well-executed and the sound is very good as well. It's a very enjoyable hour's worth and a must-have recording for those who buff out on San Diego music.

Visit ChuckPerrin.com for more information.





AUGUST CALENDAR

wednesday • 1

Amelia Browning, Parioli Bistrot, 657 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.
Hard to Travel Bluegrass Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Lou Fanucchi & Patrick Berrogain, House on the Hill Restaurant, 12440 Poway Rd., 7pm.
Steve White, Le Papagayo, 1002 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7pm.
Sara Gazarek, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Kirsten Proffit/Martin Storrow/Whitton, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 2

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
Citizen Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm.
Ramona Country Fair, Outdoor Community Center, Aqua Lane, Ramona, 6pm.
Old Time Fiddlers Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Rico Jazz Trio, Parioli's Bistrot, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.
Joe Rathburn/Chuck Perrin, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Gary Jules, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Hot Rod Lincoln, V Lounge, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 8pm.
Chip Conrad & the Concrete Feet/Vanja James, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Glowlfriends/Jeremy/Bart Mendoza & Friends, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Venice, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

friday • 3

Zzymzy Quartet, OB People's Food, 4765 Voltaire, 6pm.
Alli & the Cats, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Ramona Country Fair, Outdoor Community Center, Aqua Lane, Ramona, 6pm.
Ricardo Lemvo/Makina Loca, Pine Ave. Park, 3205 Harding St., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Christiane Lucas & Friends, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Shamey Jays/Citizen Band, Boat & Ski Club, 2606 N. Mission Bay Dr., 8pm.
Joseph Angelastro, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Al Stewart, Anthology, 1337 India St., 8pm.
Michael Tiernan, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Eleanor England/Shep Meyers Trio, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 4

Sharon Hazel Township, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., 10am.
Ramona Country Fair, Outdoor Community Center, Aqua Lane, Ramona, 2pm.
Grand Canyon Sundown, Wynolna Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Blues & Brews, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6:30pm.
Steve White, Nautical Bean, 240 Harbor Dr. S., Oceanside, 7pm.
Sam Johnson Jazz Trio, Parioli's Bistrot, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.
Jordan Reimer's Musical Extravaganza, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Berkley Hart 10th Anniversary Concert, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Tom Corbett Band, San Dieguito Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Chris Cornell, Viejas Casino, 5005 Willows Rd., Alpine, 7:30pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
GO Duo/Kioku Group, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Jonny Blu, Anthology, 1337 India St., 8pm.
Kelli Rudick/Trevor Davis, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 5

Ramona Country Fair, Outdoor Community Center, Aqua Lane, Ramona, 1pm.
Robin Henkel, Mission Bay Deli, 1548 Quivera Way, 2pm.
S.D. Guitars Society Mtg. (guest Joe Rathburn), Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 4pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, 373 Parkway St., Chula Vista, 5pm.
Songwriter Showcase w/ Diane Waters & Christy Wilson, Finnegan's Pub, 1814 Marron Rd., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Peter Sprague & Pass the Drum, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Tom Scott & Jimmy Mulidore's Jazz Train,

Quail Botanical Gardens, 230 Quail Gardens Dr., Encinitas, 8pm.
Ted Friedman/Nick Bearden/Shannon Curtis, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 6

Mark Jackson Band, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 5:30pm.
Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Paul Thorn/Alex Woodard, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Lizzie Wann Poetry, E St. Cafe, 128-130 W. E St., 8pm.

tuesday • 7

James Torne, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 8

Steve White, Le Papagayo, 1002 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7pm.
Fatburger, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Steve Poltz/Cindy Lee Berryhill, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Finding Fiction/Long Live Logos, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 9

Screamin' Primas, Trolley Square, Santee, 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn/Cici Porter, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Michael Tiernan Trio, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Robin Henkel & Ben Hernandez, Beachfire, 204 Avenida del Mar, San Clemente, 8:30pm.
Grandpadrew/Jaime Robb/Miles Joseph, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 10

Big Rig Deluxe, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Elliott Caine Quintet, Pine Ave. Park, 3205 Harding St., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Paul Ingram Quintet, El Mogor Winery, Del al 19 de Agosto, Ensenada, 6:30pm.
Voices of Peace Benefit w/ Joe Rathburn/Karl & Jeanne Anthony/Cahill & Delene/Peter Bolland, Unity Center, 8999 Activity Rd., 7pm.
Tiffany Grover/Alex Bridges/Tiff Jimber, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Sonny Landreth, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
South Coast Latin Duo, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Skye Steele, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.
Big Provider/Cotton Fever, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Michele Lundeen, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.
Dave Matthews Experience, Canes, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 9pm.

saturday • 11

Fran Hartshorn CD Release, North Park Theatre, 2891 University Ave., 6pm.
Rico Jazz Trio, La Tapiata, 340 W. Grand Ave., Escondido, 6pm.
Amelia Browning, Parioli Bistrot, 657 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 7pm.
Batdorf & Rodney/James Lee Stanley, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Lee Rittenour, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Johnson Bosley & Morin, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Saba, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, Veteran's Memorial, 2115 Park Blvd., Balboa Park, 9pm.
Stepping Feet, First St. Bar, 656 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 9pm.

sunday • 12

Hillcrest CityFest, Robinson & 4th Ave., 10am-6pm.
Lance Miller/Sara Petite, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 2pm.
S.D. Folk Song Society Mtg., Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Coastal Communities Concert Band, Scripps Park, La Jolla, 2pm.
Mary Fee/Alan Zundelevich, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 7pm.
Ottmar Liebert/Luna Negra, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Cal Tjader w/ Pat Burk, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Carlos Olmeda, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

tuesday • 14

Keb' Mo'/Robert Cray Band, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Lionel Loueke Trio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Blue Tuesday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9pm.

wednesday • 15

Keb' Mo'/Robert Cray Band, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Robin Henkel Band, Tio Leo's Mira Mesa, 10787 Camino Ruiz, 7:30pm.
Raul Malo, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Delancy/Isaac Cheong/Kim Divine, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 16

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
Bayou Brothers, Trolley Square Amphitheatre, Santee, 6:30pm.
Old Time Fiddlers Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Cathryn Beeks & Matt Silvia, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, S.D. Sports Club, 1271 University Ave., 7pm.
Raul Malo, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Maia Sharp/Lisa Sanders, Powell Theatre, SDSU, 8pm.
Andy McKee, Bonita Golf Club, 5540 Sweetwater Rd., 8pm.
Joel Rafael, Meeting Grace House Concert, Normal Heights, 8pm. lizzie@meetinggrace.com
Travis Daudert Jazz Combo, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Bad Credit/Rob Dee, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 17

Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra w/ vocal group Pieces, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Bill Magee Blues Band, Calavera Hills Park, 2997 Glasgow Dr., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Michael Tiernan/Peter Bolland/Sven-Erik Seaholm, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Java Jam w/ Dave Howard/Lisa Sanders/Lindsey Troy/Cathryn Beeks Ordeal, County Admin. Bldg., 1600 Pacific Hwy., 8pm.
Stanley Jordan, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Blue Largo, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Robert Bondurant, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Stepping Feet, R.T.'s Longboard Grill, 1466 Garnet, Pacific Beach, 10pm.

saturday • 18

BLUSD Int'l Blues Challenge, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 2pm.
Johnson Bosley & Morin, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
Chris Clarke & the Monroe Ave. String Band, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.
Los Lonely Boys, Viejas Casino, 5005 Willows Rd., Alpine, 7:30pm.
Stanley Jordan, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Thomas Baird & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Mark Jackson Band, Hooley's, 2955 Jamacha Rd., 8pm.
Nathan Welden, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Allison Lonsdale/Derren Raser/Lindsey Cook/Slater Sisters, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 19

Titanic Jazz Band, Titanic Jazz Band, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Bass Clef Experiment, Spanish Village, Balboa Park, 2pm.
Chicago Six, Scripps Park, La Jolla, 2pm.
Brian Lynch, Quail Botanical Gardens, 230 Quail Gardens Dr., Encinitas, 8pm.
Rebecca Pronsky/Alyssa Jacey/JR Robison, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

tuesday • 21

Hippiefest w/ the Turtles/Zombies/Mountain/Mitch Ryder, Badfinger/Country Joe McDonald/Rascals, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6:30pm.

wednesday • 22

Gipsy Kings, Viejas Casino, 5005 Willows Rd., Alpine, 7:30pm.
Carrie Rodrigues, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Diana Krall, Embarcadero Park South, 8pm.
EJP/Lindsey Troy, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 23

Cool Rays, Trolley Square Amphitheatre, Santee, 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn/Jerry Gontang, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Macy Gray, 4th & B, 345 B St., 8pm.
Dr. John w/ Nathan James & Ben Hernandez, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Molly Jensen, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 24

Summergrass w/ the Brombies/Soledad Mountain/the Bladerunners/Virtual Strangers/Country Current, Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum, 2040 N. Santa Fe Ave., Vista, 9-10pm.
Sue Palmer, San Diego Airport, 4:30pm.
Rod Piazza & the Mighty Flyers, Calavera Hills Park, 2997 Glasgow Dr., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Golden Bough, Hilltop Ctr., 331 E. Elder, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.
Sophie Milman, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Gospel Brunch, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 11am.
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, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Tokeli, Parioli Bistrot, 647 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 6:30pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 9:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
José 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.

every thursday

& 9:30pm.
Asylum Street Spankers, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Joyce Rooks, Vinbladh's Cafe, 4651 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
John West/Josh Damigo, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

every friday

Summergrass w/ Fragment/Bladerunners/Bluegrass Etc./Lighthouse/Ugum & Sons/Brombies/Country Current, Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum, 2040 N. Santa Fe Ave., Vista, 10am-10pm.
Key Rones, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.
Flora Purim & Airtio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Gain Your Composure(3-4pm)/Joanie Mendenhall/The Modlins, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Summergrass w/ Bluegrass Gospel/Fragment/John Reischman & the Jaybirds/Ugum & Sons/Summergrass Kids/Bluegrass Etc., Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum, 2040 N. Santa Fe Ave., Vista, 9am-5pm.
Rockola, Scripps Park, La Jolla, 2pm.
Blues Picnic, Viejas Ctr. Park, 5005 Willows Rd., 4pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Orange Ave. Park, Coronado, 5:30pm.
Flora Purim & Airtio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Jordan Reimer/Kelli Rudick/Tavis, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 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 Mic, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 6pm.
Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.
Open Mic, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.
Open Mic w/ Phil Harmonic (from Aug. 12), O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 7:30pm.
Joe Rathburn's Folky 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 Duo, 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.
Tokeli, Manhattan Restaurant, 7766 Fay Ave., La Jolla, 8:30pm.

monday • 27

Wilco, Open Air Theatre, SDSU, 8pm.

tuesday • 28

Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

wednesday • 29

Lonestar, 4th & B, 345 B St., 8pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Citizen Band/Robin Henkel Band, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 30

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
Leroy Bell, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Randy Travis, Viejas Casino, 5005 Willows Rd., Alpine, 8pm.
Tracy Johnson, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 31

Sue Palmer Trio, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del mar, 7:30pm.
The Yellowjackets, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Grada, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Berkley Hart, Coronado Yoga, 128 B Ave., 8pm.
Aaron Bowen/Kristen Marie Holley/Tim Mudd, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

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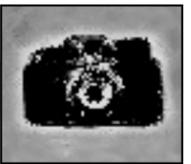


Photo: Liz Abbott

Aaron Bowen @ Lestat's



Photo: Steve Covault

Chelsea Flor w/ Dave Sawyer



Photo: Steve Covault

Venice @ Acoustic Music SD



Photo: Liz Abbott

Patty Blee @ Lestat's w/ her amazing steel player



Photo: Steve Covault

Joan Osborne



Photo: Liz Abbott

Zzymzy Quartet minus one



Photo: Liz Abbott

Flimz at their CD release, Lestat's



Photo: Dan Chusid

Dougie McLean



Photo: Lars Bach

Yale Strom & Sue Palmer @ the park



Photo: Steve Covault

Greg Friedman



Photo: John Hancock

Katie Christine



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Joel & Jamaica Rafael @ the Woodie Guthrie Festival



Photo: John Hancock

The Palominos @ the Belly Up



Photo: Steve Covault

White Buffalo @ the Belly Up



Photo: Joel Siegfried

Kai Parsons @ Holy Trinity Church in OB



Photo: Steve Covault

Barbara Nesbitt's shining moment @ the Belly Up



Photo: Steve Covault

Kelsea Little of the Wrong Trousers



Photo: Steve Covault

J Turtle



Photo: Steve Covault

Alicia Ruggiero



Photo: John Hancock

Sheila Sondergard



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Isaac Cheong



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JT Moring



Photo: Steve Covault

Sweet Joyce Ann



Photo: Steve Covault

Carlos Olmeda



Photo: Steve Covault

Jesse Bowen



Photo: Steve Covault

Brooklyn



Photo: Gail Donnelly-Scabolin

Lisa Sanders @ her CD release



Photo: Gail Donnelly-Scabolin

Peter Bolland



Photo: Gail Donnelly

Cahryn Beeks



Photo: Steve Covault

Delancey



Photo: Steve Covault

Spud Davenport



Photo: Gail Donnelly-Scabolin

Mary Dolan



Photo: Gail Donnelly-Scabolin

Robin Henkel



Photo: Gail Donnelly-Scabolin

Chris Klich



Photo: Petra Rogers

We'll miss you, Dan Connor! You better write!



Photo: Steve Covault

The Truckee Brothers



Photo: Liz Abbott

Bordertown's farewell gig before Dan Connor moves to Bishop

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