

# T SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR

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



November 2008

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

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**Celebrating Tradition and Variety at the Dixieland Jazz Festival**

by Paul Hormick

This Thanksgiving weekend, while grandpa carves the drumsticks and your favorite aunt ladles out the dressing and gravy, Mission Valley will be inundated with cornets, trombones, and clarinets. If you're around the Town and Country Resort, you'll probably see a few bowler hats and some striped vests as well, because devotees of old-time music will once again be celebrating San Diego's Thanksgiving Dixieland Jazz Festival.

This year marks the 29th year of the festival, and for five days – Wednesday through Sunday – the old time jazz sounds from New Orleans will be celebrated by the likes of ensembles such as Dixie Express, High Society Jazz Band of La Jolla, the Mission Bay High School Dixieland Band, and San Diego's Heliotrope Ragtime Orchestra. The festival will also feature individual performers such as Carl Sonny "The Boogie Man" Leyland and local saxophone wunderkind Cloe Fearanzo.

Hal Smith, who is the president of the America's Finest City Dixieland Jazz Society, which sponsors the festival, says that it is not the tunes or compositions that distinguish Dixieland, rather, it is the sound and approach that the musicians take that sets this American music apart. "You can play 'Happy Birthday' and turn it into a Dixieland tune," he says. "Typically you have three horns and a rhythm section. With the horns, the trumpet plays the lead, the clarinet plays the harmony, and the trombone adds the counterpoint." All the Dixieland bands share this same approach, yet they all strive to make their sounds distinctive. Smith adds, "No two bands will play the same tune exactly alike."

Besides the distinctiveness of the Dixieland bands, the emphasis of the festival is on variety. "There will be much going on for the festival

patrons to enjoy," says Smith. "Besides Dixieland we will have bands playing all the music that is based on Dixieland, including ragtime, swing, blues, and rockabilly." Rockabilly is the new addition to the mix for the festival this year. Raising the rafters with this mix of hillbilly music and rock 'n' roll, which made the careers of Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, will be the Hayriders, featuring local boogie-woogie queen Sue Palmer, and the Johnny Cash tribute band the Cash Kings. Speaking of Palmer, her Motel Swing Orchestra will be making their first appearance at the festival this year.

Because the festival has grown, the society has added a new performance venue, the Grande Hall Foyer of the Town and Country, bringing the number of stages to nine. And with the addition of four more ensembles to the performance schedule, there will be 22 bands at the festival this year.

One of the earliest traditions of jazz, the jam session, was first fostered by the early Dixieland musicians. For those who are interested in actually participating in some Dixieland, strumming a four-string banjo or playing a licorice stick, there will be an all weekend jam session lead by Bay Area cornet player Dick Williams.

Dixieland's home is New Orleans, but by the early part of the twentieth century it spread to Saint Louis, Chicago, and the rest of the United States, each adding something new to the

Dixieland mix. And now, like so much American music, Dixieland is now an international musical phenomenon. The festival reflects this both in its lineup and the enthusiasts who attend the festival. The Statesmen of Jazz features Antti Sarpila, a clarinetist from Finland, and from the Czech Republic Eva Emingerová will be singing with the High Society Jazz Band. "And we get patrons from all over the globe as well," adds Smith. We're expecting a group of Dixieland enthusiasts from Britain. They come every year."



John Cocuzzi



Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra

**ERRATA**



In last month's Bluegrass Corner, Nina Gerber (left) was misidentified as Kathy Kallick.

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Nick Reynolds

by Bart Mendoza

The world lost a true music legend with the passing of Kingston Trio founder Nick Reynolds on October 1. Coming so soon after the passing of fellow Kingston Trio member John Stewart on January 19, it was an especially difficult blow for fans of the trio. Like a select group of San Diego musicians, the Kingston Trio sold records into the millions. Unlike the other artists, this trio had a huge impact on popular culture, reverberations of which can still be felt today. Every performer at an open mic night or strumming a folk tune owes them a debt of gratitude. Ironically, despite immense popularity that saw them charting well into the mid-sixties, their music is rarely heard on TV or radio today, though the impact remains.

Reynolds' accomplishments would fill several books. Born on July 27, 1933, in Coronado, it was while at school in Palo Alto that the Trio first came together as part of a group of musical friends that played around campus called Dave Guard and the Calypsonians, which included Reynolds and Guard teamed with Barbara Bogue and Joe Gannon. While this combo never released anything officially at the time, they did record acetates of at least eight tracks. Replacing Bogue and Gannon with Shane toward the end of the school year, the Trio's original lineup was set. Barely a month after they had renamed themselves after a Jamaican town, they were on their way. Asked to fill in for comedienne Phyllis Diller that Memorial Day weekend at San Francisco's below ground nightclub, the Purple Onion, the group's mix of ballads and folk songs was a huge hit.

# NICK REYNOLDS (1933-2008) GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

the category of Best Performance by a Vocal Group, it scored a trophy instead for Best Country & Western Performance.

The following year the Academy got it right and the group won a second award for their album *The Kingston Trio at Large* in the category of Best Folk Performance. The plug was pulled on the group's first era on June 16, 1967, with a final show at San Francisco's Hungry i nightclub before a star studded audience. Interestingly, at a time when most acts' careers revolved around singles, the Kingston Trio were very much an album act. During their heyday of 1958-63, the band scored over 20 chart singles including five top tens and a number one hit. Meanwhile, during 1958-1969, almost two dozen albums were released; 23 of these charted, including 14 top tens and five number ones. In the 40 years since then, the amount of worldwide re-issues and collector's editions is staggering. A Reynolds/ Kingston Trio discography would easily fill its own volume. By 1969 a new version of the group was making the rounds, although now sans Reynolds. He would rejoin the group in 1988, finally retiring in 1999.

Reynolds has had a worldwide influence on millions of people, but perhaps none as profound as his nephew, Joey Harris. "He always referred to himself as 'Uncool Nick,'" Harris joked. "Beginning in 1968, when I was around 11 years old, I spent three summers at my uncle's ranch in Port Orford, Oregon, near the Elk River," he recalled. "It was a beautiful setting, with no TVs or anything like that, just his wife and son Josh." One of Harris' fondest memories is of Reynolds keeping the turntable going with great sounds throughout his stays. "Nick had an extensive collection, having been a Capitol Records artist, just about anything cool was sent to him. This is where I first heard music like B.B. King and Tim Hardin." Sitting around the dinner table, playing and singing, this is where Harris got his first profound music related advice. "I was just old enough to listen," he laughed. Having played a few duff notes, Reynolds told him, "Joey, there's nothing more boring than perfection." Its advice Harris still takes to heart. "Oh yeah, it's something I've thought about often and have passed on to others," he said.

Having moved back to Coronado in the early nineties, Reynolds was often seen around town, especially at any gigs in the area featuring Harris and occasional musical partner Paul Kamanski. Though the past decade was relatively quiet for Reynolds, there was still quite a bit of activity in the background.

In 2005, Collector's Choice music began a major re-issue series that has seen much previously unreleased vintage material make it's way to the public. "He originally left the

Kingston Trio because he didn't want the pressure anymore," Harris said. Indeed, while touring and recording are still grueling today by comparison, it's a cake walk compared to what the musical pioneers of the eighties and back had to endure. "But in his later years, he really did appreciate his legacy; it became more important to him as the years went by," Harris remarked. Among his later accomplishments, he took part in a PBS documentary covering the history of the trio, while Timeless Media released a DVD documentary about the group.

work in the late fifties/early sixties, notable for the inclusion of the complete run of commercials the group did for 7-UP.

Also in 2007, with John Stewart in attendance, he received the San Diego Music Awards highest honor: the Lifetime Achievement Award. "It really meant something to him," Harris confirmed. "He was genuinely happy to receive the award, but he was especially pleased that the event helped put guitars in schools. He felt that the quality of music is getting lost, so he was always eager to encourage education in music."

Though the Kingston Trio is often overlooked in today's music world, their impact in the pre-Beatles sixties is incalculable, and their influence remains. "I think the Kingston Trio was really important to the music industry itself," Harris said. "Their records gave Capitol Records a lot of prestige when they were a fledgling label. The money they made from those discs is what allowed them to sign lesser known jazz artists and so on." Indeed, it's been said that the Kingston Trio's hits on Capitol led to the direct success of the Beach Boys, the very next big act on the label. The Wilson brothers clearly benefitted from the labels increased resources, but "it's also probably no coincidence that in many of their early publicity shots, they are wearing the same striped shirts that the Kingston Trio used as their signature look."

I had the honor of speaking with Reynolds numerous times in preparation for his SDMA Award and found him to be witty and charming. But what struck me most was how humble he was. Here was a man who affected popular culture worldwide and has done more than most of us could ever dream of, but he was the nicest, most down to earth person you could ever hope to meet. Nick Reynolds may be gone, but as long as someone can be heard strumming an acoustic guitar, his memory will live on.



Kingston Trio members: Bob Shane, Reynolds, Dave Guard

Two major points of pride for Reynolds were the annual Kingston Trio Fantasy Camp, which ran for eight years in Arizona, and the issue of an official Kingston Trio guitar (Martin-0021) in 2007. "He really looked forward to the camp," Harris said. "It gave fans a chance to play with the group on stage, and he loved that." That year also saw the start of a series of DVDs chronicling the Trio's TV

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# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

THE LOU CURTISS SOUND LIBRARY

It was in 1969 that the Lou Curtiss Sound Library started to grow. I had a few reel-to-reel tapes before that, Folk Festivals from 1967 and 1968, and a few live tapes of groups I had played in, and so forth. However, it was in the fall of 1969 when I ran into the Aretha Wong Sound Library of vintage old time radio shows and found out that there were a pile of old recordings to be had out there in that format. I started getting involved in groups like the Renfro Valley Tape Club, the Ralph Stanley Tape Club, the Nostalgia Tape Club, and others.

As my collection grew, I was soon in a position to trade with other collectors. I was also starting to compile tapes of my own from the vintage 78 rpm records that came through my shop and that gave me more material to trade with. It was only a few years until I was in touch with most of the major collectors of a pretty wide variety of stuff. More vintage radio, jazz, blues, all kinds of country and folk material, and odds and ends came my way. In the early 1970s I ran into collector Richard Schurch who had been busy compiling a similar kind of tape library and we started to trade material extensively (probably widening both our collective tastes). I know I got

some material from Dick that I still treasure today and I hope he still listens to stuff he got from me (although Dick is pretty heavy into video formats these days). Some time in the early 1970s I got my first transcription turntable that would play the big 16-inch transcription discs and started looking for that material to transfer to reel. Some of the San Diego Tijuana border stations became my best sources, particularly XERB in Rosarito Beach, which had been a sister station of the Texas border blaster station XERA in the 1930s. At XERB I found original ETs by the Carter Family, Mainers Mountainers, Cowboy Slim Reinhardt, the Delmore Brothers and Wayne Raney, the Maddox Brothers and Rose, Stuart Hamblen, Tex Williams and Smokey Rogers, and lots more. From other radio stations I got Pappy Cheshire's Hillbillies, the Hollywood Barndance, Patsy Montana's WLS shows, Spade Cooley at the Riverside Rancho (got that from Smokey Rogers old sidekick Tommy Turman), Tex Ivy and the Texas Ranch Boys, lots of Merle Travis, Hank Penny, Wesley Tuttle, Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, and others.

Each year I'd add a bunch of live concerts from my own Folk Festivals and make contacts with people who had related material. I also got material from other festivals that I'd either go to and record or somehow find someone who had the material. I did a lot of recording at the Sweets Mill Festivals in Central California east of Fresno; I got recordings from the Philadelphia Folk Festival, the University of Chicago Festival,

the Smithsonian Folklife Festival, Brandywine, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and a whole lot more. The reel-to-reel library kind of leveled out at about 6,000 reels in about 2004-2005. By that time I'd also amassed about 2,000 VHS tapes with much of that being musical in nature (mostly from the Adams Avenue Roots Festivals, for instance). Today I'm moving onto setting up a collection of what I have on line and making the original reels available to the UCLA Folk Archives and the Library of Congress through this grant we have from the Grammy people. I'm not transferring anything to reel these days although I have about 5,000 long play records and about 3,000 78s & 45s, many of which need to at least be part of the digitization project I'm involved with, and I still pick up those 16-inch discs when I see them, always hoping to find something that I didn't know existed (and, moreover, that other much more in the know individuals didn't know existed either). That's always a real kick.

I'm still always looking for those items that fit into the various projects I'm into, especially live material from festivals, coffee houses, and concerts over the past 50 or 60 years or so: folk music, jazz, country music, blues, and bluegrass. What ever you might think needs preserving. You can call me at Folk Arts Rare Records: 619-282-7833 any day from 9am to 5pm. Don't throw it away. Check with me first.



Photo: Bill Richardson  
Lou Curtiss

## PASSING THROUGH

This week I heard about the passing of two fine Southern California musicians who spent many years bringing good sounds to folks around our area. I met Jay Wælder at a party sometime in the early 1970s, picking a mandolin and playing good time music. He played at some of the old San Diego Folk Festivals and did a concert or two for me as part of a group called the Rhythm Rascals (along with WB. Reid and Agi Ban), playing vintage string swing jazz. Jay introduced me to Robert Crumb who came down to one of his concerts at Folk Arts, and his music helped define an era in San Diego's musical growth. I met the other musician, Clabe Hangan, at San Bernardino's Penny University sometime in the mid 1960s. Clabe was a sociologist, a folklorist, and a musician. Born in Arkansas in 1934, Clabe got his degree at the University of Redlands and settled in Pomona where he became involved with the Riverside Folksong Society. Clabe did regular programs in San Diego, playing for Sam Hinton at UCSD and at the Heritage Coffeehouse in Mission Beach. He also played at Folk Arts Rare Records in the 1970s and at the San Diego Folk Festival. More recently Clabe appeared at the Adams Avenue Roots Festival and the Adams Avenue Street Fair with his group the Hangan Brothers, a couple of guys who made a lot of good music and brought a lot of sunshine to San Diego folks. We'll miss them.

Recordially,  
Lou Curtiss

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# What, When, Where, and How Much? The Ballad of Mighty Joe Longa

by Chuck Schiele

The first time I saw Joe Longa – aka Mighty Joe (a moniker that is understood when you witness his music. I use the word “witness” intentionally, because with Mighty Joe, total witnessing requires both eyes and both ears).

The first time I saw Mighty Joe, he was on his knees. Kicking ass. It was one of those “Woah!” moments where you forget what you were just thinking about and stop in your tracks, staring. He was up there as a Mental in Joey Harris’ band just havin’ a ball, playing the livin’ rip out of a Hammond B3 as the dudes rolled through rocker after rocker. (I suggest you all see this band by the way... there is something missing in today’s music that remains in a band like Joey’s. I don’t have the space to discuss this here. Just go and see them if you feel what I’m talking about.)

Since that time we’ve gotten to know each other more and more, usually hanging in an alley near a backstage door when we’re on the same billing. Somewhere along the line, Mighty Joe and I figured out that we’re both from upstate New York, so we’re always saying to each other, “Hey, remember that band Duke Jupiter?” and stuff like that... We would both kill to go to a real East Coast clam bake, which the West Coast is incapable of. Ironically, we live four blocks from each other in the same neighborhood in Ocean Beach. Both of us being “OBecians,” it made sense to go get some fish tacos at the Southbeach, our favorite neighborhood beach bar. He walked on over to my house, and from there we hoofed it to lunch.

“Man, I’m starving,” he said, offering a big smile as he crosses the street.

“Good to see you, Joe.” ( we shake.)

He hands me a tape “from the old days” and we start talking.

“Man, I brought you this tape...”

I was like: “Wait! Wait. What? ... tape as in cassette tape?”

“Uhh, yeah, uh... there’s stuff on here from ‘64, man...”

And Joe started to tell me stories, beginning there – gigs, tours, the folks he’s played with. Before ya know it, we were settled in with tacos, beer, fish and chips, and a pile of jalapeño shrimp poppers.

CS: I don’t know where you began your music? Did you go to school or something?

MJ: I grew up in Endicott, New York. Both my grandfathers played harmonica. One was Polish and the other was Czech. My Czech pop gave me a chromatic harp when I was a kid and showed me a couple of weird folk songs. I played drums in a marching fife and drum corps early on. I did trumpet from third to sixth grade in school. My mom always had a radio or a record playing and was always singing. They got me a VOX Continental organ in seventh grade from my cousin, Dave. He had a great band called Basket of Flowers that actually recorded a single around ‘66 and played all around the tri-state area. One day his bass player missed practice so he showed me the bass parts to “Louie Louie” and “Farmer John” and I got to play with his group.

I was hooked! I never took any lessons, but when I heard Jimmy Smith and Otis Spann records in high school it was all over. I learned by listening.

Ronnie Dio (Corning, NY) and his group the Elves used to play at our junior high dances. I also knew Mark DeCervo (Four Eyes) from the boy’s choir at school. I also did a few gigs with Gary Wilson. In college I was a DJ on the radio and played in a country western band.

CS: How’d you get to San Diego?

MJ: In ‘75, me and my buddies moved to San Diego. DeCervo had already migrated here. We started a band called Copenhagen and played Webb’s (now Winston’s) and the Elbow Room (now 7-10 Club) along with every dive bar, military base, and keg party possible. I also met Tomcat [Courtney] that year. In ‘77 we recorded a 45 and then I went on tour with

Doug Kershaw and the Ragin’ Cajun Fiddle Player all over the U.S. and Canada. I also recorded a 45 with Gary Wilson and the Blind Dates in ‘78 at Accusound Studio, with John Hildebrand as engineer. In ‘78, with Bottino and Haney, we would also back Tomcat. I played several punk shows with Gary and the Blind Dates where everyone hated us. We went to NYC in ‘79 and headlined at CBGB’s for two nights of insanity.

CS: Oh, man!

MJ: Then the band called it.



Mighty Joe with Tomcat Courtney at the OB Street Fair, 1986

In 1980 I did a stint with King Biscuit Blues Band, the Branded band featuring Vic Gross. I was also playing with Tomcat every Thursday at the Texas Teehouse in OB. The Blind Dates morphed into the Swinging Dates, a trio that played all summer at the Surfer Hotel in Pacific Beach right on the boardwalk. By ‘82 we were called the Untouchables.

In ‘85 Buddy Blue called me and told me he was starting a blue-eyed soul group and needed an organ player. That started the Jacks with Chris Sullivan on bass (Penetrators and Farmers) Jack Pinney on drums (Iron Butterfly, Jerry Roney and the Shames).

In ‘87 we recorded *Jacks Are Wild* on Rounder records. I also recorded with Mojo Nixon that year. In ‘89 I recorded with Skid Roper and played at Mojo Nixon’s wedding with Country Dick as the preacher in the middle of a go-kart track in Chula Vista.

CS: ...So with all this gaggage, was there ever a time where some chick came in dressed as an alien, danced on the tables, and knocked your beer into your amp?

MJ: Oh God, is she still around? Yeah, weird stuff happens at gigs. I was in the Copenhagen band, and we were playing a wedding reception at the Bahia. During the reception the bride’s ex-boyfriend showed up drunk with a big wet spot on the front of his pants. He went up to the groom and started yelling profanities. From there, the bride’s father jumps him, tackles him onto the floor, started rolling around, and then some of the wedding party joined the rumble. One girl’s gown was com-

pletely ripped off. They managed to knock over the wedding cake and roll onto it. They also knocked over one of the buffet tables with all the food on it. Hotel security intervened, called the cops, and we left as soon as we could. Everybody really liked the band.

CS: Love it. What gear do you play?

MJ: Organ and piano. Korg Digital Grand Piano through a Centaur amp. I have two 145 Leslie speakers, a Wurlitzer electric piano, three accordions, one stereo. Penncrest combo organ. Maxi Korg Synth, cajun chord organ, and lots of other weird stuff....

CS: You said you really didn’t take lessons. How does the music come to you? Where do you begin?

MJ: The music is always there. You have to keep out of its way and let it emerge. The more you think while playing, the less real music you will get. You have to clear your mind and suspend your ego – and allow the energy to encompass you.

CS: Wow.

MJ: Say you come to a raging river. You can try to go straight across, fighting the current, or dive in racing down stream with the current, easily reaching the other side. Just get out before you go over the waterfalls. And practice at least two hours every day.

CS: Ah, there it is: it begins with a killer work ethic. You’ve seen the world of music undergo a formidable revision in how things get done. You’re still in the game. What do you think about the changes you’ve seen along the way, and how you survive the grueling side of music biz.

MJ: I still like vinyl versus digital sound. Don’t lose it, man



The Jacks in 1988: Mighty Joe, Chris Sullivan, Buddy Blue, Jack Pinney

CS: Whaddya have to say about the San Diego music scene?

MJ: I really like the weather here

CS: [laughs] Okay, let’s try this one: most rewarding moment in music?

Photo: Chuck Schiele



Mighty Joe Longa

MJ: It was 1988. I was playing with Buddy Blue and the Jacks. It was the end of July and we had a SOLD OUT show at Rio’s.

CS: Ah, Rio’s. Buddy booked my band there once. He was impressed that I got 23 people in the door on a Tuesday, around midnight. I asked him, “Really?”

MJ: We didn’t go on ‘til midnight so I was home until about 11pm. My beautiful wife Jeanne was pregnant at the time. Just as I got up to go to the gig, we thought she was going into labor. I called the doctor and he said, “Don’t sweat it.” But I totally freaked out and Jeanne told me to just go do the gig like I always did. Reluctantly, I drove to the club.

The place was rockin’ to the roof, totally sold out. I made my way to the dressing room/kitchen and saw Buddy. He said, “Hey man, you look trashed! What the hell is wrong with you? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” I explained to him the situation and he immediately produced a bottle of Jack Daniels. We each took a couple big slugs and he ordered me to leave the bar and go back home. As I was leaving, he announced over the PA, “I have some good news and bad news. The bad news is we’re not going to play tonight; the good news is Mighty Joe’s wife is having a

baby. And all drinks are half price for the rest of the night.” The crowd went wild. I rushed home and to the hospital. Our daughter, Lita, was born.

She now shreds on lead guitar, watch for her in the future.

CS: Why do you play?

MJ: To maintain my sanity and spread good feelings and fun to everyone.

CS: What do you listen to?

MJ: KSDS 88.3 FM, especially blues with T. Tomcat Courtney, Pharoah Sanders, Captain Beefheart, and Bonnie Raitt

CS: What inspires you?

MJ: Honest people. And a good performance of any kind of music

CS: I heard that Ted Nugent hunts big game in his off-time; and Michael Jackson rides the ferris wheel in his back yard with five-year-old boys. What do you like to do when you when you’re not playing music?

MJ: Eat, sleep, drink... BBQ, and BBQ.

CS What’s in the future music of Mighty Joe?

MJ: If you can prop me up, I’ll play. I have four questions: where, when, how long, and how much?

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Said old Gentleman Gay, “On a Thanksgiving Day, if you want a good time, then give something away.”

— Marion Douglas





# In the Mode: Playing the Mountain Dulcimer

by Andy Robinson

The mountain or "fretted" dulcimer is a delicate-sounding stringed instrument from the Appalachia region of the U.S. It is likely based on a number of European folk instruments, such as Germany's *Scheitholt*, or the *Langeleik* from Norway, but in its present 100-year-old form, the dulcimer is typically American. Because of its quiet voice and unusual appearance, many musicians overlook the dulcimer; you'll sometimes find one decorating a wall rather than being played. Perhaps this article, with its tuning information and basic playing techniques, will help get some dulcimers off the wall and back into players' hands.

Incidentally, the name "dulcimer" applies to two different instruments. The hammer dulcimer is a larger, trapezoidal shaped instrument that rests on a stand and is played with two miniature wooden hammers. Our subject is the smaller mountain dulcimer, which sits on a player's lap, has fewer strings,

and is strummed or plucked.

Most mountain dulcimers are shaped somewhat like a stretched-out violin, although elongated teardrop and rectangle shapes are also common. One way to play a dulcimer involves sliding a smooth wooden dowel, or "noter," over the melody strings with one hand, while picking or strumming with the other. You don't have to use a noter – a finger works just fine – but noter playing creates a sweet sound that few other instruments can duplicate. This old-time method of playing is a bit like playing one-finger piano, although, because of the dulcimer's open tuning, strumming across all the strings creates a partial chord, and it sounds a *lot* cooler than one-finger piano. I've seen many self-professed "non-musicians" beam while plucking out a simple melody, complete with droning harmonies, within minutes of sitting down with a dulcimer for the first time.

So, the dulcimer is a relatively simple instrument to play, but that doesn't mean it isn't a serious instrument. You can play advanced chords on it, use different tunings,

and play harmonics. You can use a capo, bend or mute strings, finger-pick, and play leads. You can play with the dulcimer held against the body like a guitar (if you have long fingers). Some people even prop it up and play with a bow. There are dulcimer stands if you'd rather stand up and play. The dulcimer may not be designed for all these techniques, but that doesn't mean you can't experiment with them.

Dulcimers generally have four strings. There are two unwound melody strings, tuned alike and positioned close together, so that they can be played as one (some older dulcimers don't have the second melody string). Next, there is an unwound "middle" string and a wound bass string. Music stores that cater to acoustic musicians sometime sell dulcimer string sets, but I buy individual strings, so that I can get particular gauges: .012s for the melody strings, .015 for the middle string, and .026 for the bass string. Acoustic or electric guitar strings will work.

Tunings for the dulcimer correspond to musical "modes." What is a mode? A scale is an ordered series of musical intervals, right? Well, a mode is an eight-note scale that doesn't include flats and sharps (the black keys on a piano,) and each mode has its particular sound – cheerful, haunting, melancholy, and so forth. Here are some popular dulcimer tunings with their corresponding modal information. The doubled letters signify the pitch of the melody strings, followed by the middle and bass strings. Melody strings are pitched fairly high. For example, an "A" is pitched to A above middle C on the piano, with the bass string tuned like you would tune the fourth string of a guitar. Contemporary builders have added a 6 1/2 fret (usually noted as 6+) to the traditional dulcimer fretboard, so that modern scales can be played. This is cool, if a little confusing: that darn 6+ fret sure *looks* like the 7th fret, but it's not, because if we called it fret 7, it would mean that all the old dulcimer TAB would have to be thrown out or re-written!

To play the modes listed below, you'll need to skip the 6+ fret, if your dulcimer has one. How can you tell? Dulcimers have fret intervals that alternate in size. If your dulcimer's fifth fret is the first in a succession of four equidistant frets, then you've got a 6+ fret.

AA-A-D

This is the D Ionian tuning. The Ionian mode is played on the melody string, frets 3-10.



Robinson and his dulcimer

DD-A-D

This is D Mixolydian. The Mixolydian mode is played on the melody string, open string to 7th fret.

CC-A-D

This is D Aeolian. The Aeolian mode is played on the melody string, frets 1-8.

GG A D

This is D Dorian. The Dorian mode is played on the melody string, frets 4-11.

These tunings are transferable to other keys. For instance, you can tune BB-B-E, and still be in an Ionian tuning. You should try them all (and make up your own,) but frequent re-tuning takes a toll on strings, so be gentle when you experiment, and have some extra strings handy.

By the way, when people ask how you're tuned, tell them "A-A-D," or whatever, instead of, "I'm in the D Ionian mode," unless you enjoy long conversations about

music theory, or just want to appear inscrutable.

I keep my main dulcimer tuned D-A-D most of the time, because it's a versatile tuning for playing in a variety of keys, but A-A-D is a good tuning for beginners. When performing, I'll usually bring a couple of dulcimers, each tuned differently, to cut down on re-tuning in between songs.

I hope I've stimulated your interest in this cool and unusual instrument. There's a lot more to learn, so I encourage you to check out these wonderful recording artists, dulcimer builders, and reference sources:

Richard Fariña  
<http://www.richardandmimi.com>

David Schnauffer  
<http://www.myspace.com/davidschnauffer>

Lois Hornbostel  
<http://www.loishornbostel.com>

Jerry Rockwell  
<http://www.jrcmusic.com>

Black Mountain Instruments  
<http://www.blackmtinstruments.com>

Folkcraft Instruments  
<http://www.folkcraft.com>

Dulcimer Player's News  
<http://www.dpnews.com/>

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

Connie Allen offers free bi-monthly dulcimer get-togethers at her home in Clairemont.  
[connie\\_allen@dulcimerlover.org](mailto:connie_allen@dulcimerlover.org)

Other artists who play dulcimer:

Joni Mitchell (much of her *Blue* album was written and recorded on dulcimer)

The Rolling Stones (Brian Jones played dulcimer on "Lady Jane")

Cyndi Lauper (Lauper used to take lessons from David Schnauffer)

Wendy Waldman (Wendy plays dulcimer quite a bit on her various projects, including the new *Refugees* CD. [www.therefugees.com](http://www.therefugees.com))

Me (Please check out some of the music I've made on dulcimer. You can hear my tongue-in-cheek dulcimer anthem, "I Play the Dulcimer," at [www.andyrobinsonmusic.com](http://www.andyrobinsonmusic.com), and you can hear clips from my solo album, *Exotic America*, at [www.cdbaby.com/andy-robinson](http://www.cdbaby.com/andy-robinson).)

Dulcimer questions? Contact me at [robinson5@aol.com](mailto:robinson5@aol.com).

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Randi Driscoll

by John Philip Wyllie

Good news for local acoustic music fans. Following stints in New York and Los Angeles, singer/songwriter Randi Driscoll has returned to live once again in America's finest city. Even better, Driscoll, who has recorded several memorable CDs including, *Climb, The Play*, and most recently *Lucky*, is in the process of putting finishing touches on a new CD, due out at year's end. She is also likely to pop up in the coming months at such venues at the Handlery Hotel in Mission Valley and Lestat's. Finally, Driscoll will team up once again with Tim Flannery this fall and winter as he makes his annual migration from the baseball diamond to the musical spotlight.

Following an energetic show at the Handlery this summer, we arranged a phone

interview. As always, I found Driscoll brimming with enthusiasm and as passionate as ever about the many causes that have inspired her.

"Charity work has always been important to me. It is a way for me to give back and to be involved with some pretty important charities. Naturally, the Matthew Shephard Foundation is the charity that I have worked closest with since I am on their advisory board."

Ten years ago Matthew Shephard, a gay college student at the University of Wyoming was pistol whipped, badly beaten and robbed by two men who then left him to die tied to a fence in a remote area near Laramie. It was one of the most vicious hate crimes of all time. It was also the inspiration for Driscoll's poignant signature song, "What Matters" and the beginning of her

# A Grateful Randi Driscoll Gives Back 365 Days a Year

ten-year involvement with the Matthew Shephard Foundation. To mark the occasion, Driscoll criss-crossed the country in October playing 10 gigs in 10 cities aiming to raise \$10,000 for the foundation's cause of erasing hate and promoting understanding, compassion, and acceptance.

"I also do a lot of work for an organization out of Wisconsin called A.R.C.H. (Association for the Rights of Citizens with Handicaps). I've been doing two concerts a year for seven years for them. They are very small, but they are a great organization. I met them at an outreach I was doing for the Matthew Shephard Foundation. Their executive director asked me if I might be interested in working with them. Once I flew out there the first time to meet the kids and their staff that was it. I couldn't stop going."

"Through meeting those people I made contact with another organization that they have coupled with, the Shaken Baby Alliance," Driscoll continued. "Babies that are shaken often develop traumatic brain injuries and awful [lifelong] handicaps. So I started doing work with them. First I sang at a [benefit] bike ride in Mexico and then I did a song for their video. One cause often leads to another, but charities are so important. I feel like it is really my calling to do that."

Having spent a lot of time in New York [Driscoll was born next door in New Jersey] she became involved in various charities there.

"In New York I do a lot of work with Breaking the Cycle, which is one of the AIDS charities back there. I keep busy, but it is really important work. It gives me a good feeling because I know that I am doing what I can to make a difference."

When she is not performing for this or that charity you will find her in clubs and coffeehouses. One that impressed her recently was the Handlery Hotel.

"It is a very intimate room and the way they have it set up makes it really listener friendly," Driscoll said. "That night I played with Noah Heldman, who I have been touring with for about eight years and John Katchur. I think the last time I played with John was about seven years ago at a Java Joe's gig, so it was great to see him. I would definitely play there again. I think that could turn into a really great place to hear acoustic music."

Driscoll has found in Heldman an occasional writing partner and a great friend. Sometimes he produces for her when Larry Mitchell isn't available. A jack of all trades, Heldman plays the guitar, bass, and percussion.

"He plays at least 70 percent of my shows with me and what an amazing partner he is! We have an amazing connection on stage and as friends. He is such an easy going guy and that is exactly what you need when you are traveling around the country dragging 50 pounds worth of drums and a 70-pound keyboard and there are flight delays, rainstorms, and rental car nightmares. He goes through a lot of that with me and it is so nice to have someone with such a great attitude and who sees the big picture. Noah has been a great blessing in my life. I am lucky to be surrounded by really good people and really good musicians."

For years, Driscoll's piano-driven compositions have showcased her sometimes sultry and sometimes beautifully soaring vocals. Many of these songs have evoked lost love and sadness or the struggle of living the vagabond lifestyle that musicians are often forced to endure. It will be interesting to see how that may change on this new CD now that she is newly married and happier than she has been in years living once again in San Diego.

"When I go through hard times writing is the best form of therapy for me. I would do it even if I wasn't performing. It is very interesting to me to see the kind of music that comes out [based upon her mood]. On the new album [titled *365 Days*] there is still a lot of reflection about things that have happened. It's about a year in my life beginning at the end of 2006. It reflects back on the months of that year when I was coming out of something not so great and then finding out that everything happens for a reason. It is about the end of something dark

and finding out that the space that I am in now is much better than I could have ever imagined. I am happier right now than I have ever been."

One of the themes found on all of Driscoll's CDs is the importance she places on friendship.

"I am in a place right now of being really grateful right now for my life and for my friends. That is one of the themes I think that comes through in all of my CDs. Another theme on *365 Days* is what a difference a year makes."

Driscoll has two upcoming San Diego performances currently on tap with more expected in the coming weeks. On December 5, at 7pm she will join Tim Flannery and his friends in their annual show aboard the Star of India Two nights later, on December 7, Randi Driscoll's *Damn Jingle Ball* will take place at 7pm at Escondido's Chalice Unitarian Church at 2324 Miller Ave. It is a benefit concert created to find shelter for the homeless during the holidays and it will feature several local artists. For these and other upcoming events as well as information about her soon to be released CD go to <http://www.myspace.com/randidriscoll>

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# Flamenco Night at Spreckles: Sketches of Spain and More

by Paul Hormick

Passionate yet elegant, Flamenco music engages the body, mind, and spirit as only this supremely Spanish music can. Hands clap and dancers' heels stamp against the floor, while guitarists wildly strum their instruments. This exuberant Latin music will send some sparks flying at the Spreckles Theatre this month.

Planned as the first in a series of concerts that feature traditional flamenco and its modern hybrids, the concert is the result of one man's love of flamenco. Spring, summer, winter, and fall, Tyler Monks wants San Diego to have a concert of flamenco music sometime during each season. He envisions the summer concert being a full festival, featuring dancing and food, as well as the fiery music.

A record producer and guitarist who loves all things about the instrument, Monks, who does not play flamenco himself, first fell under the spell of the Spanish guitar sound when he heard Otmar Liebert's compilation CD *Barcelona Nights*. He noticed how others enjoyed the music and how popular Liebert as well as the Gipsy Kings were, but was flummoxed by the inconsistencies that he heard and saw when it came to how the music was performed and presented. "When I moved to San Diego in 2000, I saw and heard a great deal of flamenco music, but no one was wanting to feature it," says Monks. "If you had a flamenco band playing at a party or a restaurant, they would stick them over in a corner where no one would listen to them." Monks hopes that this concert and the series will help change the reception for flamenco.

Headlining the event is local artist David Maldonado. A musical prodigy

who studied with both Pepe and Celine Romero by the age of 16, Maldonado is part of the wave of musicians who, like Liebert, have been combining jazz, rock, folk, and other Latin music with traditional flamenco to create what is called Nuevo Flamenco. Maldonado emphasizes that the basis for his music is the flamenco that was loved by his family and the music he heard as a child. Although he incorporates new styles and influences, he has great respect for traditional flamenco music. As he says, "You have to know the rules before you break them." Most of the other music he blends with flamenco is what he heard when he was growing up, from the Beatles to nineties grunge.

Maldonado performs in a variety of configurations, from duos and trios to full ensembles. He will be performing with his entire band, which includes his brother Hector and possibly his brother Luis as well, for the concert at Spreckles Theatre. He writes and arranges all the compositions for his band, and he says that each tune is a reflection of the emotions he has experienced in his life. The ensemble will be augmented with additional performers. Joining the ensemble will be a violinist, a violist, a saxophone player, and a flamenco dancer who will also sing with the band.

Coming out around the time of the concert will be *Angels and Almas*, Maldonado's newest CD, and it has him more excited than any of his previous recordings. "It's my best piece of work," he says. For his previous recording, Maldonado turned himself into a studio animal, pressing all the buttons and performing on most, if not all of the instruments. For this disk he brought in other musicians to perform as his backing ensemble, including conga players, a cel-

list, and a string quartet. The previous disks have been totally instrumental, but the new one will feature Maldonado singing on a few numbers as well. "Yes, for some people this might be surprising, but my brothers and I have always sung," he says. "We would get requests to perform a Ricky Martin song or to perform one of the Gipsy Kings' numbers. So we would sing. I just thought it was time to incorporate that into my CDs." The project has taken two years of work, with Maldonado writing the compositions, arranging the instrumentation, and spending recording time in the studio.

Maldonado has never had a large advertising budget, yet he consistently sells out his shows and has had great success with his music. As he sees it, the secret is in the music itself. "People don't just like this music, they love this music," he says. "Otmar Liebert, the Gipsy Kings, you won't hear them getting airplay, but they always have very successful tours. The corporate recording industry is missing out by not investing in and supporting these artists more." Ironically, it's the lack of corporate interest that Maldonado credits for some of his success. "I am my own booking agent and record producer; I am my own everything. I have complete control over what I do. The record companies want certain formulas. They'll say that a part of a song can't be longer than a few bars or that you have to leave part of the composition out. When that happens the music suffers."

With the horrible memory still fresh, Maldonado gets chills when he talks about the attack, which was covered extensively in local newspapers. In August while visiting a friend, an assailant wielding a knife burst into her San Marcos home. The attacker stabbed the young woman several times, but



David Maldonado

Maldonado was able to fend him off. Maldonado's friend, Kendra Beebe, survived the attack; without Maldonado she may not have been so lucky. Maldonado is philosophical when he talks about the incident. He says, "Part of my music is to promote peace. There was a point when I grabbed the knife by the blade and I don't know how I didn't get my hand cut. But I got the knife from him. I could have killed him, but I threw the knife away."

Besides Maldonado, the concert will feature guitarist Juan Moro (aka John

Moore, linguistics professor at UCSD), who will perform traditional flamenco music while traditional flamenco dancers strut and stomp. A castanet or two might click and clack as well. The recently formed guitar duo of Adam Schydlower and Daniel Dever, who perform together as Paper Moon, will bring their collection of flamenco, Gypsy swing, and New Age to the Spreckles stage.

Noche de Flamenco, an evening of flamenco and Latin jazz will be held on Saturday, November 22, 7pm, at the Spreckles Theatre, 121 Broadway, downtown San Diego.



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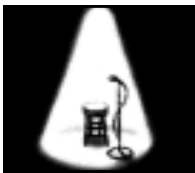
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by Tim Mudd

**H**ot sexy moms playing music! This was the response I got from founding-Flim Annie Dru when I inquired into her preferred direction for this article. "Well at least it'll be less mentally taxing than my last cover story on Will Edwards!" I joked... As usual I was wrong. The Flimz (remove the 'z' and spell it backwards... no, really, just do it. I'll wait) are a force to be reckoned with. They are hot Mom's and they do play music; I'd comment on the sexy part if their respective husbands and six sons between them weren't either already or destined to be bigger than I. In all honesty though, these were the least of my concerns.

Even though I know she was speaking in jest, I have a very hard time believing that anyone involved in any kind of creative process could be as shallow as the opening quote suggests. You see, when it comes to definition, men are usually pretty easy: their feelings are linear, their intentions are generally hard to misinterpret, their ambitions and achievements are dominated by logic and pragmatism, sometimes to a fault. Men are a living process, the routine of human beings. I wish to God I had a better analogy, but women on the other hand are like onions. Aside from the obvious retort (anything to do with tears?) they have a vast number of layers. Each of these layers may only be discovered depending on the level of comfort achieved in any given moment, balanced by the accrued trust over time. Revocation of these access privileges is a constantly reserved right by the provider. Bring Motherhood into the equation and you've got a whole new level of intuitive and instinctive prowess that when fueled with experience - try as they may - men will never truly understand. Armed with this knowledge, the intelligent approach would have been to have simply written a two-thousand word fluff piece on hot sexy mom's playing music... but no, [clears throat] someone had to try and be all clever and creative. You see, the key to a seat in the Flimdom of Heaven is that you should consider the music of the Flimz as you would a beautiful, mature, and intelligent woman: their sound is their looks and their words transverse the space between their hearts and minds. They may sound like a fairground carousel crossed with a naughty duet recital at the local convent's annual music competition, however - like the onion analogy - if you take the time and look deeper and really listen to the messages behind the words, you'll discover a world of purely female and maternal wisdom. Having spent so much time with them in the last few weeks, I'm going to do my best to conclude this thought as Amy Mayer possibly would, "We're not publishing Cliff Notes here, boys! You ain't been easy and we're done being all soft! So run along and listen to our stuff! Invest a little time and ye shall be rewarded!"

That sounds about right.



Photo: John Hancock/Pea: Liz Abbott

The Flimz: As American as apple pie!

I walked into my first Flimz rehearsal about an hour late to find Annie Dru (the straight-(wo)man of the group) cradling her guitar, swaying back and forth in a rocking chair. Amy Mayer (the other one), coyly postured on a couch-bed, and Annie's husband, Kevin, sitting comfortably with his arms laid on each side of a big chair. I took a moment to take in the scene; it was incredibly welcoming and quite serene. Both girls were nursing a bottle of Anchor Steam beer and working through their new Sarah Palin-inspired song. After a solid run-through, they sit quietly as Kevin played me the recorded version they'd filmed a video for on Sunday. They laugh, make a few jokes, then carry on. They start into another song, then for some reason stop and move on to another after a few musical hiccups during a bridge harmony. When I inquire about the unfinished song after a few minutes of realizing they really weren't coming back to it, Annie hushes me as they proceed into "In My Mind" and completely derail that train as they approach the first chorus. A little later on, Annie eases my mind by addressing the issue that I find most odd,

considering this is supposed to be "practice." "You have to understand the way the Flimz work. If we're screwing up a song, we just move on." Quite content in her support, Amy breezily adds, "It'll come back to us." I imagine that years of ever-forward momentum in the trial and error of parenthood probably influenced this process greatly.

As far as the Flimz' off-stage persona goes, Annie, for the most part, appears to run the show during interviews and rehearsals, with the demeanor of a class president who knows she doesn't really wield the overriding power of a teacher but does her best to hold everything together none the less. Amy most certainly appears to be the class clown (just ask her to fashion some impromptu white-girl beats for you sometime) until you touch on a subject for which she truly cares and wants to connect over. Both women possess this depth in sensitivity, which once again has likely been learned from their combined years as wives and mothers. The loveliest part of my Flimz rehearsal experience was that without the lights and the outfits and the props, they are just one guitar and two voices... and it still works.

A few days prior to the rehearsal, I'd taken the opportunity to sit down with the Flimz for a more focused conversation. Despite their relatively short 18-month tenure as a group, the Flimz already appeared to be demonstrating the traits of an old married couple, a point that I brought to their attention...

"I think that's true," Annie shares. There's a very deep and abiding respect and appreciation on both sides. I've always felt as though Amy got me. From the moment she came and sat next to me at one of our son's water polo games, she came across as a person who didn't come with any pre-conceived ideas; her spirit was very open and very willing to take me in unconditionally. That's not necessarily typical of the suburban sport-mom environment. Like any social group or community, there's a lot of posing that goes on; there's a lot of disingenuous conversation and behavior that happens. When Amy came and sat next to me it was very clear that she'd seen some life and was interested in knowing my story. I had an instant sense of someone I could really be myself with who is really open to finding out who I am and appreciating me for who I am. It's been that way through the years I have known her."

It's almost like an underlying theme of the Flimz: they've built upon a mutual respect and compassion about where they have both been and what they've experienced. It's also been important in drawing out the feelings and emotions that are truly important to them, too. I don't know many artists who are able to maintain a family, a healthy relationship, AND still express themselves in the ways in which they're best at... I still believe it's the juggling Mom assets that they apply to make it all work so well.

"Women can be very self-judgmental, through which they're generally very hard on themselves and each other. Once you start down that path, it immediately starts being projected. The community I spoke of is a very hard place to find true acceptance and I think that most women walk around with a mask on because of the unforgiving guilt we place on ourselves as wives and mothers. We feel as though we haven't done it well enough and we've let people down in part due to the perfect mother image that you inherit as a young girl. You start with this ideal of the type of woman that you're going to be, but when you get down to the nitty-gritty, you're thrown into the fire and have no choice other than to simply start doing the best you can. You make a lot of mistakes and that's endemic to motherhood. Where Amy and I grew up [Missouri and Iowa respectively], that was the expectation, but it was important to me. I had a very strong mothering instinct, but I also believe this is partially a Midwestern thing. I knew from the time I was four or five years old that I wanted to be a mommy. I wanted to have a family and wanted to do it perfectly. I think - and a lot of women feel this way - end up falling short of their own goal and then they take it out on each other. It's harsh and unforgiving when you'd have thought there'd be a lot of empathy there."

"For me, I felt I was very blessed living in Los Angeles," Amy says. "I never really entertained friends from the acting world because I felt they were some of the most messed up people I'd ever met. I had one friend who was, however, very real to me; another Midwestern girl who learned early on as I did that you should never compete with anyone else, only compete with yourself. As a result of this philosophy, I met a group of women who were so completely competent that they didn't need to project out in this manner - they were real and they were interesting. My husband said something to me regarding this, which I felt to be very insightful, 'I've noticed confident women like you, insecure women don't.' He was right, I met a woman once and he said, 'Yeah, yeah. Casually date that one, don't go steady.' He was right! She turned out to be someone who was not okay with me having other friends and doing all the things I do. That's where I've learned to find people like Annie who are completely accepting of who I am. I've made the point a number of times that I'm not away from home any more than my neighbor who's the PTA president, as well as a book and a quilting club member. Even though she's gone just as much from her family as I am doing theatre or singing in a band or doing rehearsals, it appears

# THE FLIMZ

Photo: John Hancock



The Flimz: Annie Dru and Amy Mayer

more palatable because the options are more in line with what's generally acceptable forms of behavior."

Annie continues, "Basically, we have a deep and abiding respect for each other, our gifts and our desire to pursue them. Amy's so talented and I feel it'd be an absolute crime if she didn't manifest that. I'm sure she feels the same way about me and I believe this creates a little safety space for us. When I feel like quitting because of the guilt, she pulls me back in. If she feels like quitting, I pull her back. The way our voices work together is the analogy for the way our spirits work together: we work in harmony. We truly do become more than the sum of our parts together and it's only because we bring out in each other the areas we may be a little hesitant to manifest. Be that person you want to be. When you finally get past the social stigma attached, with all of these build-up emotions over the years, it's a very liberating experience. We have a built-in audience for ourselves in each other so we could literally sit in our kitchen and do it all day long. We get together and play music because it just feels right."

My final question involved any misconceptions about the Flimz, which they'd like to adjust or set straight for the record. It was more of a courtesy, but I was surprised when their individual responses both capped this discussion and let so nicely into the rest of the article.

"I do get concerned about this certain tendency people have to construe us as 'man-haters'; it's the only area where I feel misunderstood," Annie says. "It's funny to me because a lot of the songs I have written have come from the fact that I've been married twice and have four sons: I've watched their reality from a pretty close perspective growing up and experiencing everything that you need to go through, so I have an empathy for the male plight, which I feel compelled to write about in my songs. I feel like I want to say to men, 'I get it! I feel it! I feel for you, I can see how challenging it is to be a man, I can see the misunderstandings between the sexes, I get the disconnect and I want to try and honor that compassion.'"

Amy's point was even more succinct. "I've always felt like there are no victims unless you make yourself a victim, so even for women, if we don't like this, move on and change -

do something different - we're just talking about our experiences, that's all."

## THE BOYZ

It's easy for anyone to sit down in front of you and tell you how great they are, how much they've achieved or how important their ideas are; it's another thing entirely to sit, watch, and listen to how that person has shaped another life. The latter is way harder to fake. During the Talkz - and not just because they are proud moms - Annie and Amy drew many parallels between themselves and two of their sons, Harry (Annie's youngest) and Cole (Amy's eldest). Annie suggested interviewing the two boys for this story, an idea that I initially rejected before seeing its symbiotic beauty. I then spent the next three days re-convincing them of the idea. A few days after that, I sat down with Harry and Cole.

Coming from the European culture over a decade ago, I've become somewhat used to the lowered expectations in Californian teenagers. I'm generalizing a little, however this is not meant to be a condescending slight; it's mainly due to less legal responsibility over many social issues and a raised age of understood adulthood. In total contrast to my pre-conceived notions, I walked away from my conversation with Harry and Cole very pleasantly surprised. This interview turned out to be more than an hour-long conversation that I thoroughly enjoyed. What I witnessed were two extremely well put together young men who, to possess such clarity, insight, and strength in their beliefs at such a young age was as refreshing as it was surprising. Whatever the structure of their mothers' caregiving, Harry and Cole are a living testament to its success and a credit to their parents. Following is a sampling of our conversation.

RE: Their mom's extracurricular activities

**Harry:** Well, my mom's been actively involved in music since I was about nine; she manages to keep on top of being a mom AND a musician, which is really cool in my opinion. It's something she really likes to do; it's her passion, so I feel really good about it for her - it's not like I feel that it really cuts into anything she's "meant to do" as far as my brothers and I are concerned.





# FLIMZ

not your average  
sweet harmonizing  
hot mom duo

## THE BIOZ



Photo: Dennis Andersen



Photo: Dennis Andersen

### Amy Mayer

Having tried out for the cheerleading team in high school and being laughed off stage, rather than feeling the obvious shame and despair most of us would succumb to, Missouri-native Amy Mayer took heart in the ridiculously positive outlook that she really enjoyed making people laugh. Having applied the full focus of her new-found energy into high school theater, she was honored by a full scholarship in Theatre Studies to Missouri State University. Once graduated, the wide-eyed Midwesterner was classically lured to L.A. by an agent where she got a waitressing job and, after one year, proceeded to get bored. Apparently Tibet sounded appealing at the time, so Mayer set off backpacking around the world for a year with the man who would become her husband.

Upon their return to Los Angeles, Mayer worked for ten years as an actress/waitress/script supervisor/party character/agent/Tecate Girls handler and several other jobs she apparently doesn't like to think about. She and her husband had three children before moving south to San Diego in order to take care of her husband's mother until her passing. Her maternal in-law was apparently very much like Tony Soprano's Italian mother on the HBO original series, which may have something to do with Mayer's tryouts for "Thailand Survivor" to get away for awhile. Her escape plans were quashed however as she was a card carrying, unemployed member of both acting unions.



Photo: Jason Nielsen

### The Flimz in concert

After a Shakespearean stint with a group called Poor Players and some musical understudying at the La Jolla Playhouse, Mayer once again found herself staring into the despair of boredom. This time she decided to create her own playbook by created "Miss Shirley" ([www.shirleykids.com](http://www.shirleykids.com)), which was billed as "a great assembly presentation for pre-school through fifth grade, helping children find their way in today's world." Mayer's Miss Shirley character visited schools singing songs with Christopher Dale, who introduced her to Jeff Berkley who in turn produced her in-character CD *Miss Shirley Sees Greatness in You*. The natural extension of this song and stage performance was the pitching of the concept as a television show to a producer in L.A. who was interested enough to get on board with the project. Mayer continued to write 13 episodes and a book with her writing partner, George Blum. The pair produced a DVD of the stage show, which was filmed on the Clairemont High School stage in August 2006. Annie Dru came in as the character "Miss Daisy." This would technically be their first song together. Unfortunately, the producer, who had once seemed so keen, dropped Miss Shirley for another venture completely outside of the industry, and the television show failed to get picked up by a studio. Tired and dejected, Mayer decided to quit all things creative until she attended one of Annie's performances at Lestat's in January 2007. Upon suggesting some harmony ideas and harboring the secret knowledge that she's always wanted to say she was in a band, the Flimz were born.

### Annie Dru

On the occasion of her birth, Annie Dru's father gave her mother a beautiful RCA console hi-fi stereo, which received constant use during their daughter's formative years. After-school activities would usually find young Annie with her ear up against the speaker and a finger on the red "on" light, listening to her parents record collection and the sole album she possessed (by the Partridge Family); she says it was all she remembers wanting to do. Her high school years were spent blaring the radio in her Honda Civic or lying on her bedroom floor – headphones on – listening to a variety of popular music, including the Scorpions, Rush, the Cars, the Knack, and Heart. She recalls spending every penny of her babysitting money during this time, indulging her passion with new eight-track tapes or concert tickets. In her own words, the introduction to Steely Dan and Bob Marley during her college years provided life-changing experiences. However, almost as a period in this formative musical cycle, it was also during this time that her parents sold the old RCA in a garage sale. Married straight out of college, Dru raised four children to her husband's smooth jazz collection on that new-fangled CD player technology.

Aside from the baritone horn compromise in fifth grade band (because all of the flute seats were taken), the high school musical composition class (which garnered an honorable mention in a statewide young composer competition) and landing the lead roll in the eighth grade school musical "Babes in Toyland," Annie Dru's endeavors in music didn't truly begin until she was newly divorced and 33 years old. Influenced to take up the fiddle by her employer at the time, she began frequenting Clairemont Mesa's infamous Barney Stone Irish music jams. It was at one such evening that she would meet her future (and current) husband, Kevin Allshouse. A few years into their marriage Annie and Kevin formed Kitchenfire, an American-Celtic ensemble, with a couple of friends from the Irish session community whose versatility allowed for a great number of different performing situations – from pubs to weddings and festivals to wakes. As their run of the circuit slowed and Kitchenfire all but disbanded, Annie wrote her first song four months before her fortieth birthday and followed this achievement by releasing her first album three months later.



Photo: Steve Covault

### The Flimz: What's not to love?

Within another six months Annie was regularly commuting between San Diego and Nashville, which continued over the next nine months until her brush with Music Row publishing failed to yield anything substantial toward her ongoing success. Recording a second album and signing a second publishing deal, this time back home in California, produced similar results and left her questioning her efforts until she met Amy Mayer at a water polo game that their sons were competing in. Shortly thereafter the duo begun singing together and the Flimz released their debut CD less than a year later in November 2007.

## THE VIDZ

Seeing as both Flimz are limited in their ability to take their act beyond county lines for long periods of time, a recurring theme during our conversations was how music videos – supported by ever-developing online tools – were becoming the best medium to convey their message. Rather than sending you off, ill-prepared into the GoogleSphere with a few vague search words, we've compiled a list of some of their current online highlights, enjoy!

### "Palin's VPilf Blues"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3mEMClPAC0s>

### "If I'm Not Working"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4WIM2rSjQUA>

### "In My Mind"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=88lshvqe-wU>

### "Everybody Wonders"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0hSHP2XGrvI>



Photo: bjm Hancock

### Mayer as Sarah Palin

## THE POLITICZ/AUTHORZ NOTE/OP-ED

By the time this article goes to print, we'll be mere days away from a presidential election. In fact, depending on when you read this, we already have a new president-elect. It's a time of both exciting and scary choices. I'd be more than happy for you to disagree with me that the Republican presidential nominee's choice of running mate fell into the latter category; in my amateur opinion, however, it did. I thought all of my Christmases had come early when I discovered the Flimz had rushed together one of their trademark musical/theatrical parodies in honor of everyone's favorite Alaskan hockey mom. I mean, seriously? We're going to press four-days before an election and a group we've had scheduled six months in advance for a cover just happens to have picked a personal battle with one of the most adaptable media targets since Paris Hilton? What could possibly be better? I spent the next five days with little sleep trying to focus around the typically obvious and steer away from "inflammatory edgy writing" I'm apparently known for, and the American public otherwise seems so greedy for in their daily media diet. For all intents and purposes the much smaller, more mature side of me understands the paper's position, however basing the article upon this topic and stirring the obvious ire it would receive would have been far more fun for me and my megalomaniac wordsmith tendencies. That said, I would have considered it to be not only a journalistic failing, but a personal compromise to not bring the subject of this parody and it's resulting achievement to light for a little extra exposure. If you have any thoughts or comments about this topic, my opinions, or my writing in general, please disengage the Troubadour and its production staff from any correspondence and email me personally through [tim@timmudd.com](mailto:tim@timmudd.com). I will respond to each with great fervor. With all of THAT said...

Sarah Palin has been well-documented in her view that she would never support abortion even in the instance of her own daughter being raped. Conversely, she's supported the Bush administrations troop surge since the beginning of our involvement in Iraq (although she has gently backed from this position during her time as governor). For her part, the Flimz' Amy Mayer had this to say, "My fetus is 17 years-old and I don't want him going to war." No matter which way you swing it, she has a point as a mother and one which I felt was too important to leave behind. Whether it ends up being a little piece of nostalgic media history or a scary reminder of a reality we may all be forced to commiserate over, visit <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3mEMClPAC0s> to see the Flimz latest step toward infamy. T.M.

RE: How this example and their mom's efforts have influenced them.

**Cole:** Watching my mom outside of simply being a mom has been a really great experience. I've seen what she's done – what's worked and what hasn't. Watching her succeed is awesome but watching her fall down has been an even better education. She's taught me that success is all a question of getting back up and going in a better direction.

RE: The Flimz' shared fear that they're being continually judged negatively as mom others by playing music.

**Cole:** No one cares! No one cares at all! They're just being women in that they've got to have something to stress out about. Everyone supports them; there's just got to be something, you know?

RE: The Flimz' musical content.



Annie's son Harry

**Harry:** I gained a really unique perspective on my mom's life with her last solo record, which was very much about her; her relationship and her relationship with my brothers and me. It had little to do with anyone else. The

Flimz feel a lot more light-hearted to me, even if they're tackling some sticky issues, such as their new Sarah Palin parody, which I felt very involved in, having spent a whole day together looking up quotes and facts to help with the song. I really enjoyed that interaction.

RE: Feedback from their friends

**Harry:** I think they appeal to a much older crowd.

**Cole:** A lot of my friends think its more fun to laugh about how hot our moms are.

**Harry:** I get that a lot too.

**Cole:** I don't even respond to that anymore; I'm desensitized to the whole subject. I mean, their name? C'mon.

**Harry:** Exactly.

RE: The importance of their male role models

**Harry:** I think there's both balance and contrast as far as my dad's concerned. My mom's always been fun-loving and kinda crazy – definitely out there – whereas my dad's always been very reserved. He's really smart and he always kept everything in check, especially if we got a little too out of hand. I've always called my mom a hippy, whereas my dad's always been the guy who put a suit and a tie on for work. For their individual natures, I respect them both equally.

**Cole:** My Dad for me was a huge rock. My mom and I are very similar and although I love her to death, we will butt heads hard core. Nobody could ever argue that he was The referee of the house, the first one to be called when anything was even getting slightly contentious?

That was him. He's so much the gentle giant – a huge guy who wouldn't hurt a fly – really nice, cool... I don't know, I love my dad. He's awesome.

RE: Being unpaid roadies for the Flimz

**Harry:** My mom's very devoted to her music; she's just not that devoted to carrying her own equipment.

**Cole:** It's not even a courteous request; it's more like, "Hey, I'm leaving in five and I want ALL this in my car!" I do not remember signing up for this! We should be talking to a union.

RE: Annie's healthful tendencies...

**Harry:** One thing about my mom is that she's a really big health nut.

**Cole:** She's SUCH a health nut!

**Harry:** She's really sly about it though. She'll sneak cod liver oil in here and feed you stuff there... She'll say, "Here, try this Kombucha, it's good for you." So I'll try it, then spit it out because it's disgusting!

**Cole:** (mocking Annie) "You're going to regret not drinking this..."





# Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

## BLUEGRASS MUSIC AWARDS IN NASHVILLE



Ryman Auditorium in Nashville

Movies have the Oscars, and popular music has the Grammys. Bluegrass music has its top awards too, which are awarded every October at the annual Bluegrass Music Awards Show and held during the International Bluegrass Music Association's annual conference in Nashville. The awards show is held at the historic home of the Grand Ole Opry, the Ryman Auditorium, and is quite the show. As a new board member of IBMA, I had the privilege of attending the pre-awards banquet and meeting some of the stars of the show, which, of course, I attended. If you missed it, you can hear a re-broadcast of the show on Wayne Rice's "Bluegrass Special" on KSON radio, 97.3, and in North County on 92.1FM on Sunday, November 9, 10pm-midnight.. Check his website for specifics at <http://kson.com/bluegrass>.

This year's show was hosted by the great Del McCoury, who looked resplendent in his tux, flashing his patented smile. The evening's highest award, Entertainer of the Year, was presented by Vince Gill. Along with the awards presentations, the show presented live top bluegrass music by Blue Highway, Daley and Vincent, Ricky Skaggs and Kentucky Thunder, the Infamous Stringdusters, the Del McCoury Band, and more. It was a great show! But, before I tell you who won, you may have noticed that bluegrass does not have a nickname for its award, so some discussion has been going on about that. Some suggest that we call the award the "grassies" or maybe the "mon-roes" or the "billies." If you have thoughts about what to name it, let me know at [sdb-sinfo@socalbluegrass.org](mailto:sdb-sinfo@socalbluegrass.org). If I get some good suggestions, I'll run them in a future column.



**The Winners:** Daley and Vincent, comprised of Jamie Daley, who played with Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver for years as his high tenor, and Darrin Vincent, brother of Rhonda Vincent and long-time member of Ricky Skaggs and Kentucky Thunder were the hot item for the night. Not only did Daley and Vincent win Entertainer of the Year – an unusual feat for a band out in only its first year – but they also won Vocal Group of the Year, Emerging Artist of the Year, Album of the Year for their first album, Daley and Vincent, on Rounder Records, won Gospel Song of the Year for "By the Mark" from their album, and Jamie Daley took honors for Best Male Vocalist of the Year. Quite a haul for this first-year band, but they deserve it! If you haven't heard them, go get their album; or better yet, attend the Blyth Festival in January and see them in person.

**Other Winners:** Instrumental Group of the Year – Michael Cleveland and Flamekeeper; Female Vocalist of the Year saw a repeat win for Dale Ann Bradley; Blue Highway took the honors for Song of the



Year with their "Through the Window of a Train" from their latest album of the same name on Rounder Records. Recorded Event of the Year went to Everett Lilly and Everybody and their Brother, featuring a cast of stars too long to list; and Andy Hall of the Infamous Stringdusters took the award for Instrumental Album of the Year for his solo release entitled *Sound of the Slide Guitar* on Sugar Hill records.

Individual instrument awards went to Kristen Scott Benson (banjo – only the third woman to win an instrument award, following multi-year winner Missy Raines on bass and Alison Brown on banjo); Barry Bales finally won Bass Player of the Year after playing for many years with Alison Krauss and Union Station and playing this last year during the one year hiatus for AKUS with the Dan Tyminski Band.

Michael Cleveland again took the award for Best Fiddle Player, and the amazing Rob Ickes of Blue Highway took Dobro Player of the Year honors. This marks the tenth – count 'em ten – times Rob has won the award for Dobro Player of the Year and this win gives him more wins in a single category than anyone in the history of the IBMA Awards. Quite a feat. Josh Williams took the prize for Guitar Player of the Year, and Adam Steffey again took the honors for Mandolin Player of the Year.



10-time winner Rob Ickes

Along with these awards to active musicians, the IBMA inducted Bill Clifton and Charles K. Wolfe into the IBMA Hall of Fame for their lifetime of achievements. On a local note, San Diego's Chris Stuart of Chris Stuart and BackCountry took the award for Best Print Media Person of the Year. Chris also served as scriptwriter for the show. You can visit the IBMA web site at [www.ibma.org](http://www.ibma.org) to read more about these and the other awards and about the winners.

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# The Zen of Recording

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN – OR REALLY, ANYWHERE!

As regular visitors to this column can attest, product reviews are integral to many of our (some-what one-sided) discussions here. True, it generally leads us into an exploration of a broader topic, concept or technique, but nothing starts a conversation like a really cool toy, right?

Well gentle readers, have I got a toy for you.

It's called the Tx3 (\$159 retail) from up-and-comers **FM-Jam** ([www.fm-jam.com](http://www.fm-jam.com)).

The Tx3 is a modeling multi-effects guitar processor that faithfully and realistically provides an amazing array of tones to satisfy even the most gear-lust afflicted guitar player.

Amp models run the gamut from clean and punchy "Fender"-like characteristics to balls-out "Marshall" squall, with stops at "Vox's gritty chime and wasp-like psychedelic garage-fuzz along the way.

The Tx3 also includes a host of editable effects as well, including reverb, chorus, delay, compression, and notch filtering and almost all of the presets (50 factory, 50 user-definable) include them as an integral part of their sound. There's even a handy built-in tuner.

Sure, we've all had some experience with devices of this sort, whether it's the Line6 POD, or the Adrenalinn, or other models from Digitech and Yamaha, but this baby has a secret weapon that is so simultaneously simple and ingenious that it should have all of the manufactures mentioned above slapping their foreheads in frustrated bemusement: It transmits its signal over an FM band.

"What makes that so special?" you may be asking.

Think about it a minute. Look around the room you're in (or if you're outside, just look around). How many clock radios or stereo tuners or boom boxes or cars with FM radios are nearby? ANY of them can be turned into an amazing guitar amp RIGHT NOW.

All one has to do is plug a guitar into the Tx3, turn on the radio, and tune it to one of five available frequency bands and voila! You are rockin' in the free world, my friends.

Lest anyone get the impression that this is some sort of novelty with limited usability, let me offer this: I recently used this for a track I recorded for an upcoming compilation album. It featured 12 different guitar parts, and I used the Tx3 exclusively for *all* of them. In the words of Sasha Cohen's Borat, "I like – is nice."

The unit itself is fairly compact (7 1/2 x 4.5 1/2 W x 1.5 1/2 D + 3 1/2 Antenna) and extraordinarily easy to hold, due to its light weight and ergonomic, guitar-like shape. It sits in one hand very comfortably, while freeing up the other for easily navigating through its parameters via four "bean" buttons (up, down, left, right) and two "wing" buttons (left and right). The back of the unit hosts the four AA batteries and a handy "Quick Start" guide.

At the bottom of the unit, there are jacks for Guitar Input, Stereo Headphone/Line Out, and DC Power, as well as an Expression Pedal Input and a unique "Mini-Jam" input for linking up multiple Tx3s for broadcast over the same FM band.

The two-digit numeric patch display sits in a window located at the top of the unit's face and is very easy to see, even from several feet away.

Also located in the display window are the elements of each patch's 24-bit

effects chain. These are, in order: Preset Level, Compressor, Amp Model, Notch Filter, Noise Gate, Tone (3 band eq), Modulation (chorus, flange, etc.), Delay, Reverb, Cabinet Models, Expression Pedal and FM Frequency. Each of these elements has a graphic line that points to one of 12 LEDs arrayed along the bottom of the display window. As each patch is pulled up, one can quickly see which elements are in use for a particular patch



by whether its corresponding LED is illuminated.

The unit is powered on by simply inserting your standard quarter-inch guitar cable into the unit's input. Once you're plugged in, you can either set up your FM radio and begin "rockcasting," or just plug the output into your recording setup, guitar amp, or PA. It's the Swiss army knife of guitar processors

The unit powers up in "Performance" mode and you can quickly preview the large variety of preset tones by scrolling among them via the left and right "bean" buttons. Once you've selected a tone you like, further tweaking can be accomplished by entering the "Edit" mode. Just press a "wing" button.

So, how does it SOUND, already? You may be asking.

Brilliant!

The amp models are rich and realistic, with a sexy, tactile response to dynam-



Sven-Erik Seaholm

ic playing and guitar volume and each features a very convincing tonal signature.

The reverb is featured prominently in most of the patches and with good reason. It simply sounds great. Easily the closest approximation of integral amp verb I've come across. Ditto the chorus/flange effects and delay, which are equally dense and artifact free.

The presets are intuitively laid out in such a way that it takes little time to find something cool and usable, with several unexpected but inspiring tonal stops along the way. Like I said, I've been using this in the studio and at impromptu jam sessions a lot, and I have not only had a ball with it, but it also just flat-out sounds wonderful.

Got a kid who wants to learn to play electric guitar, but are dreading countless deafening hours of practice? Your fledgling Angus Young can get HUGE tones at volumes lower than a conference call, or you can even use headphones for silent operation.

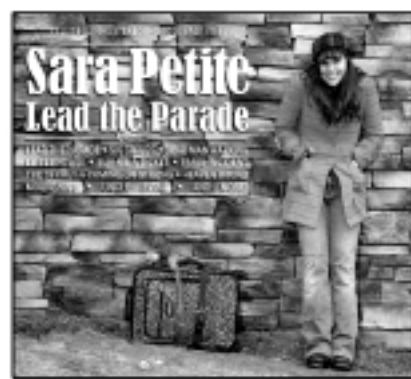
Wish you could take your guitar to the beach or the mountains or a cornfield or even the tundra? The Tx3 is completely self-contained, and the FM transmission is crystal clear in even the most remote locations.

I even used this with two boom boxes as a vocal PA in a setting that was free of electricity, and the results were excellent!

FM-Jam's Tx3 sounds incredible, works great, and is more fun than I've had playing guitar in a very long time. I've also had fun running vocals, drum loops, and keyboards through its very professional-sound set, extending my musical possibilities that much further.

Whether you're doing some country pickin', jazz exploration or straight rockin', I am confident you'll have as much fun with the FM-Jam as I have, and at this price, it could be the mother of all musical stocking stuffers!

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer and recording artist. Find him on the web at [svensongs.com](http://svensongs.com), [kaspro.com](http://kaspro.com) and [myspace.com/sveneseaholm](http://myspace.com/sveneseaholm)



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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



José Sinatra completes a self-portrait

## HUMANITARIANISM IN A TIME OF CRISIS

I've decided, finally, to record the solo album the world was born to hear. It was not a decision easily arrived at; I had spent several hours debating all the pros and cons when the idea first flowered over a decade ago. But convicts and prostitutes aren't the most reliable sounding boards for such concerns, which became clear when I awoke the next morning robbed and beaten in a dirty alley, plopped in a lonely puddle of my own bruised genius. The idea had gone comatose by the time I found my way home, and I spent most of the ensuing years singing with a pretty bitching band, writing stuff like this column, taking some pictures, and just generally getting to know myself better. (This last activity, which began so cordially and compellingly, eventually started to get a bit ugly, so I swore it off.)

I've received hundreds of letters in recent months, all containing pretty much the same message: Hose, when are you going to burp up that solo album that has been inside you for so long? It became so aggravating that my attorneys, two private investigators, and a big-time restraining order were necessary in order to restore the tranquility that I, like most artists worthy of their own seed, require for proper function. The chick who wrote all those letters is probably pretty upset with me now and I take no joy in losing such a committed fan (and I mean that, Britney), but I hope in some small way she understands that while I'll treasure the photos and underthings she sent along so thoughtfully, the decision to do the album came down to a simple coin toss one evening when I was bored. I even ended up making it four out of seven tosses to make sure there could be no possibility of error. That's the kind of certainty one demands as one matures.

The final brake that humped the camel's straw occurred after I finished a wonderful book a few days ago. Titled *In His Own Write*, it's an odd little book published in 1964 and written by a guy who unfortunately shared a name with one of the Beatles: John Lennon. The phenomenon that the Beatles were to become obviously wreaked havoc with the author's future literary aspirations, but I must say that it's a dandy read. Immersing my nose in its dusty pages, I kept sighing to myself, "Wow! This isn't 'John Lennon with Tony Teabag' or 'John Lennon as told to R. Evers Cowgirl' or some similar pedigree the modern reader has gotten used to. No, this Mr. Lennon did it all himself, unlike that Beatle who needed three others to

help him excrete his art. I felt embraced by a jealous exhilaration not unlike one feels upon noticing two pups joined at the hips and unable to pursue their opposite paths. Why, I wondered, could I not make an album all by myself?

Because it requires talent, you dip. The question of whether I *do* have the goods was affirmatively answered in six out of ten coin tosses I proceeded to execute, effectively executing the question itself.

Now the path is clear and empty musical vistas await the footprints of my size 10 1/2 boots, the melodious notes of my keyboards, the swelling cries and plaintive gurglings of my freshly oil-changed throat. Truly unleashed, I shall proudly mark this territory and obtain glorious relief. Let no bitch betray me.

Of course, there's a *duh* factor in the timing of my enterprise as well: Gregory Page recently announced that his forthcoming work, *Bird in a Cage*, will be his last recording. So much for the competition. Thank you, Lord.

Some kind of quirky marketing tool is always a plus in today's overcrowded music market, so I'm toying with the idea of releasing it first only on 8-track cassette, perhaps in reaction to all the Internet snobbery I've come to despise. Besides, I've always appreciated the warmth of eight tracks, especially when they're left on a car seat awhile. There's nothing like those loud clicks every ten minutes or so when the tracks change to confirm that, by dingy, the player is working hard for *you*, that it's doing everything it can to keep *you* happy, that *you*, the listener, are truly worth something after all (albeit a lot less than the artist you're listening to. Don't kid yourself.)

I've begun to work on my album's title, which most people put off until the music is done. But that's where they go wrong — I took my clue from Ludwig Van Beethoven who (and this is just one example of his genius) would *number* his symphonies *before* composing them. Among my many worthy but discarded titles have been *Tapestry* (too ambivalent), *Leslie Gore's Greatest Hits* (already taken), *The Hose* (too obvious), and *Gettin' Jiggy Wid Da Thang* (phat, but might promote illiteracy). So, right now it's between *Tongue on the Raincoat* and *Presentation of the Hindquarters*; winner may have to be decided by a coin toss.

I can honestly say at this moment that I haven't been so excited about a project since my bubble bath last night. And remember, I'm not doing this for myself. No, it's for you and my wallet exclusively — my own little way of giving back

# RADIO DAZE



Jim McInnes

by Jim McInnes

## THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE FALL

My wife Sandi and I were among the lucky throng to attend the October 4th marriage of Jazz 88.3 Program Director Claudia Russell to our good friend, music manager and record company mogul Scott Chatfield.

It took place at the Silver Pines Lodge in beautiful Idyllwild. We hadn't been to Idyllwild in 20 years, so the ceremony was our incentive to revisit that sleepy mountain hamlet. We booked a cute cottage in the woods for two nights. The owner even let us bring our dog, Zeppelin.

It rained on the wedding day and Sandi and I were overjoyed. We love rain! Almost everyone there was cool with it. Someone mentioned that rain on one's wedding day was a good omen. Since the ceremony was outdoors, though, there was some grumbling.

Prior to the nuptials, music was provided by guitar legend Mike Kenneally and another guy, both of them playing acoustic guitars. I'd never heard Mike play unplugged before. The kid might have a future in music.

The couple were married by Ted Herring, better known to blues fans as "T," the long-time host of "Every Shade of Blue," on Jazz 88.3. Ted's an ordained Universal Life Church of the Moon minister, so you knew it would be a very humorous ceremony.

As dogs were invited to the ceremony, the ring bearer was a chihuahua! Honest!

After the "I sure do's," we all moved inside the Silver Pines Lodge, a great place with hardwood floors, log walls with stuffed moose heads, a giant fireplace, and all the beer and wine I could drink.

The entertainment was fantastic! Pianist Sue Palmer and her entire Motel Swing Orchestra set up in the middle of the floor and played some of the greatest blues and soul music you could ever imagine, featuring hot solos by saxophonist Johnny Viau, Palmer, and guitarist Steve Wilcox, as well as the trumpeter and the woman singer-trombonist whose names I forget. That is one hot band!

Eventually, the owner said we could let the dogs in, so there were a dozen or so critters digging the free food scraps and, of course, the music. Zeppelin took it all in stride, though, because she's stone deaf (unless you yell "wanna eat?").

As I usually do at wedding parties, I drank enough beer to enable me to get up and dance, bad back and all. During some frenzied butt-bumping with the bride during "T-Bone Boogie," Claudia sent me sailing across the room where I

continued adjacent



## Philosophy, Art, Culture, & Music STAGES

by Peter Bolland

### PLAYING SMALL

Like all artists, musicians are caught between two conflicting fears. We're afraid no one will come to the show. And we're afraid they will. We can't decide which is worse: failure or success.

We need an audience, but we really want to be alone. We loath the anonymity of failure almost as much as we fear the utter exposure of success.

If you aspire to be anything in this life — a teacher, a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker, or, God forbid, a singer songwriter — you're going to have to negotiate this paradoxical minefield. Many of us are paralyzed. We don't take the next step because we don't want to get blown up.

But what is it really that's holding us back?

The common assumption is that we fear failure. We don't reach for greatness because we're convinced we'll fall short. We don't want to look stupid. It's so much easier to hold still, risk nothing, and nurture the illusion that we're satisfied with our incompleteness. We wear our dissatisfaction like a badge.

But there's another, subtler fear that lurks behind the more obvious one. Fear of failure is one thing. What about fear of success?

Marianne Williamson, in her bestselling book *A Return to Love: Reflections on the Principles in a Course in Miracles*, wrote very powerfully on this subject. This quote has been circulating the Internet for years. It is often mistakenly attributed to Nelson Mandela. That's because he adapted this passage for his inauguration speech in 1994 when he was elected the first black president of South Africa, a country painfully emerging from the mud of apartheid.

Mandela had been imprisoned by the white regime for 27 years. He had a lot of time to think about the big questions. What holds us back? What moves us forward? How can we heal ourselves, heal our nation, and heal the world? One can only speculate about how this passage affected Mandela. As you read it, ask yourself, is this about me? Williamson writes:

*Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? [...] Your playing small does not serve the*

Radio Daze continued

managed to stop just short of landing on an elderly gentleman sitting on a couch with a plate of food in his hands. Ever the trooper, I apologized and scooted back into the mosh pit as if nothing had happened...although by then I was noticing a few of my lower vertebrae were screaming at me. Nice guy that I am, I refused to press charges against the bride!

As the party wore down, I convinced a couple other people to join us for a nightcap at a local pizza joint. Only problem was that, in Idyllwild, they roll up the streets at around 8:45 in the evening.

So Sandi, myself, and Zeppelin walked back in the rain to our cabin, a mere block away, and talked about the fantastic time we'd just had (Zeppelin said little, by the way.)

I haven't had a proper vacation in three years, but those two days in the mountains made up for it.

Just one question remains: Scott and Claudia, when is the next party?

Come to think of it, November 3 is my birthday. Anybody want to throw me a birthday party — in Idyllwild? Happy Thanksgiving, too!

world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you... And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we're liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

Our practiced unwillingness to cultivate our own greatness deserves deeper reflection and contemplation than we normally allow. What if she's right? What if the possibility of our wild success is *more* paralyzing than the possibility of our utter failure? Why do we feed, day after day, on the bitter bread of our own indifference, our own apathy, our own resentment? Why, now, have we given up? Surely the fear of failure is an inadequate explanation.

Where did we get the message that our greatness was threatening to others? Where did we learn the lie that the best way to help other people feel good about themselves was to mute our brilliance? Who told us that we did not deserve love, prosperity, health, and joy? And why did we so readily believe them?

Somehow we confused mastery with arrogance, creative abundance with egotism, brilliance with narcissism. We are right to guard against arrogance, egotism, and narcissism. But we are wrong, dead wrong, to eschew mastery, creative abundance, and brilliance in the name of a distorted notion of humility.

On the contrary, is it not ultimately *more* egotistical to hide our light for fear of looking foolish? What are we protecting? Real humility would be to get our ego out of the way and honor the gifts we have been so graciously given by the all-knowing mind of the universe — to cultivate the courage and discipline to live fully, fearlessly, and authentically, full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes.

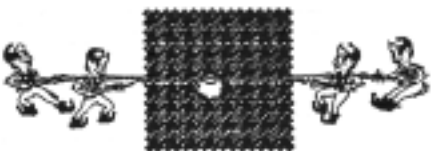
We stare through the bars of our fear-wrought prison; we torture ourselves with doubt, confusion, and false humility. But don't despair. Mandela lived in a literal prison. He was routinely tortured. Yet he ultimately triumphed. Mandela believed in the light, and in the power of ordinary people to be great.

By cultivating our greatness we are better able to serve others. And then the real miracle happens — "as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we're liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others." Far from intimidating others with our light, we inspire them. Cultivating your authentic, creative, generous self is your greatest gift to the world. In fact, it's your obligation and your duty. Not for ego, not for glory, not for fame, and not for money. All those things may or may not happen incidentally. They were never the goal. The *real* goal is and always has been service. By cultivating your authentic, creative self you are participating in the sustenance of the universe. And we can't do it alone. We need as many people as possible to cultivate their own greatness.

Perhaps we are reaching the tipping point as more and more people are liberated from the chains of limited thinking and fearful ignorance. As we awaken to our deeper reality, others are inspired to awaken as well. We serve nothing but our own fear-based ego by playing small. Living our dreams, dreams planted deep within us when the dream of the universe was born, is our sacred duty and honor. Live the life of your dreams. Risk everything. You have nothing to lose but your fear and your egoic confusion. Trust the light. Live big. Live bright. Your soul is crying for it. The time has passed for playing small.

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

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# Tom Russell

## An Authentic American Treasure

by Terry Roland

Imagine if over the last century all of the great American literature went undiscovered, floundering in obscurity. Imagine how America would be today without the insights of Steinbeck, O'Connor, Faulkner, or Hemingway to portray and describe its character and its realities? It may well be argued that this is exactly what has happened with the American singer-songwriter. With perhaps one exception (and his initials are BD) some of the greatest creative minds have gone unrecognized by all but the most faithful fans. Hopefully, in the future, some generation will discover the canon of John Stewart, Townes Van Zandt, Janis Ian, Guy Clark, John Prine, Iris Dement, and, most certainly, Tom Russell.

Russell's music, his art, and his life are rooted deep in the heart of the real American experience that emerge from his songs and stories. Be it his fondness for tragic American biographies (Mickey Mantle), epic stories ("Gallo del Cielo"), or satiric political statements ("Who's Gonna Build the Wall"), Russell's insights and love for the American landscape and history shine through. The songs themselves are little pieces of a full dimension of life. In his career, Russell has never succumbed to the self-reflective, self-absorbed temptations and traps that taunt many singer-songwriters of his generation. His songs are always outside of himself. He is the

author and the visionary; his medium is the place where the songs become our camera lens into another life. The tales are so colorfully vivid and close to the earth; if they're not true, the listener sometimes wishes they were. These are stories of the American West, of a man's memories of his lover and their Navajo rug, of desperate immigrants from south of the border, risking a fortune through the rooster fights of California, of the undersides of a city as seen through the poetic visions of Charles Bukowski, of the displaced and disenfranchised Japanese-Americans during World War II, relocated to a camp called Manzanar, and of the virtues of Canadian Whiskey.

Both in concert and in the studio, Russell has brought these images and visions alive – like walking through an exhibit of Andrew Wyeth or Ansel Adams. Russell's work has become not only about songs. He also has a great interest in American literature (on his website he lists Graham Greene as his current favorite author), he paints in his own unique southwestern style with a Woody Guthrie earthiness, he has written a detective novel and even published a book of letters with Charles Bukowski. In addition, his vision has broadened into film. He has released a documentary on folk music and is in the process of completing a film called, *California Bloodlines*, of the same name as the classic John Stewart song, a songwriter from whom Russell has

become an heir apparent.

Not only has Russell drawn from his influences, but he has also deepened the songwriter's vision and storytelling as a medium. In 1999, he recorded a landmark CD some have called a "folk opera." Titled *The Man From Who Knows Where*, it is certainly an episodic story brought together in song about the generations of his family, spanning back to his great grandfather in Norway. He recorded the CD in Norway near his ancestor's birth place. The follow-up to this cd is *Hotwalker*, based on his long correspondence with L.A. Beat poet, Charles Bukowski.

If having a distinctive, visionary songwriting career is not enough, Russell has had some fun putting together a U.S. to Canada music train tour complete with concerts and workshops. Russell also completed a 2005 documentary on this project of love called, *Hearts on the Line*.

The year 2007 found Russell weighing in on the immigration question. A native of Los Angeles, he now lives on what he calls a three-acre "badland" farm near the border of El Paso and Juarez. Over the last few years the government has discussed building a fence to help keep illegal immigration at a minimum. In response to this, Russell wrote a song called "Who's Gonna Build Your Wall?" The song asks if all the illegals go home, who will build the wall to keep them out? This song can be found on the 2007 release, *The*



Tom Russell

*Wounded Heart of America*. Along with *Wall*, the CD is a unique compilation of artists Russell has collaborated with over the years. It's moving, if a bit jarring to hear the CD open with Johnny Cash singing "Veteran's Day" and then move along to Dave Van Ronk on "The Outcast," Doug Sahm on "Saint Olav's Gate," Lawrence Ferlinghetti on "Stealing Electricity," and you have what may be the finest collection of musical ghost artists to appear on one American roots music CD.

So, in the long run, perhaps the stories that must be told about a passing and soon forgotten America, are best left covered in independent works like those of Tom Russell.

There may come a time in the future when generations will wonder whether America in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries were about more than

homogenized pop music, easy psychology, shallow new age religions, and corrupt politicians. As is the case today, when we listen to an artist like Tom Russell, they will find the true heartland of a wounded, but always hopeful America.

In 2008, Hightone has released a career-spanning anthology CD called *Veteran's Day* that helps to summarize his own visionary pilgrim's progress up to now. But at age 55, he still has a long way to go, with many more songs to write and more stories to tell.

Tom Russell will be appearing on November 28 at the Acoustic Music San Diego Series at 7:30pm. The address is 4650 Mansfield St., San Diego 92116. Phone: (619) 303-8176. Or visit [www.acousticmusicsandiego.com](http://www.acousticmusicsandiego.com) for ticket information.

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## Matt Curreri & the ExFriends Joy of Life

by Simeon Flick

AC/DC have just released their 15th studio album *Black Ice*, and early reviews have it sounding virtually the same as any other album from the Australian quintet's oeuvre, with its austere salutes to rock 'n' roll and its worldly cynicism (albeit with less thinly veiled sexual innuendo). Rolling Stone journalist Brian Hiatt commends the band's if-it-ain't-broke ethos, positing that by refusing to evolve, AC/DC have remained timeless. Still, it raises the question: What if they had changed or otherwise refined their sound (e.g. if singer Brian Johnson had made less ear-curdling use of his naturally deeper baritone) and how interesting – or even commercially appealing – would the results have been?

*Joy of Life* has virtually nothing in common with the latest AC/DC record, aesthetically or otherwise, but there is a point: a very evident evolution has occurred since the release of 2003's raggedly puerile, charmingly inept *How to Play the Songs of Matt Curreri*. And for the most part, that evolution, as reflected in the juxtaposition with this new release (which now finds Curreri killing two birds with one stone backed by his other band the Ex-Friends, featuring creative counterpart and muse Joanie Mendenhall), has been a good thing.

The growth is apparent even before you press play; you'll notice the professional digipak graphic presentation (kudos on the environmentally friendly packaging), giving it the magnanimous look of a sophisticated label release (which it is, actually – from City Salvage Records out of New York).

A lively insouciance and an innocuously wicked sense of humor pervade this radio-ready lot. The heart-on-sleeve songs of life and love, encompassing the Decemberists-meets-Pogues pastiche of hyper-vaudevillian tableaux and indie-rock joyriding, are positively bristling with well-recorded and mastered instrumentation (the vibes and violin on "Old Mistakes" are a gas). And you'll hear Curreri's refined, restrained vocals anchoring tight group harmonies on the title track, "Hope for the Future" and "I'll Be Here."

Fans who have followed Matt's career since *How to Play...* might wish there was more of the unschooled abandon of his earlier work – especially his frenetic, grass-blade-between-thumbs singing – still present in songs like "Dirty Stayout" and "Happy When I'm Gone." However, if you can find your way past the evolved polish, or you're just getting on board with this particular release, you will be wildly rewarded.

<http://cdbaby.com/cd/curreri4>



## Happy Ron Terribly Happy

by Bart Mendoza

A labor of love for all involved, Happy Ron's latest opus, *Terribly Happy*, will go down as his masterpiece, his Sergeant Pepper's if you will. True, his sandpaper vocals and quirky songs, with titles such as "All She Needs Is a Spanking" or "Dickless Wonder," won't be everybody's cup of tea. But anyone who listens will be amazed at the depth of Happy Ron Hill's songwriting.

Keeping the Beatles analogy for a moment, producer Sven-Erik Seaholm is the George Martin of the equation, casting each song in lush arrangements that manage not only to bring out every melodic nuance in these songs, but also to somehow emphasize the sentiment in the lyrics.

A true showcase, the pair have put together a stellar backing band featuring a who's who of San Diego musicians; guest appearances include the Smart Brothers (banjo, guitar, hand drums, backing vocals), Cathryn Beeks (backing vocals), Isaac Cheong (backing vocals), Robin Henkel (bass), and Kelsea Little (harp) of the Wrong Trousers. Topping the cast are Paul Litteral (trumpet) and Paulie Cerra (saxophone) of the Pacific Coast Horns. That's Litteral heard on such hit records as the B-52's "Love Shack," James Brown's "Living in America," and Tom Waits "Rain Dogs" album.

Sonically, the disc reminds me most of Waits, perhaps as scored by Van Dyke Parks, but the bottom line is, this is an old school album, every song lovingly crafted and avoiding a template of any sort. It's made for listening rather than background audio. Especially effective are the bits of studio chatter and media clips that show up at key points in the proceedings, further immersing the listener in Happy Ron's aural world.

The high point is "No Angel," with a dreamy, impossibly catchy chorus and a sweeping harp that colors a melancholy lament. Seaholm's mellotron work adds just the right amount of tension to the song. It's the closest thing to a single here, the sort of tune that could become a barroom standard.

Contrasts are plenty. There's "Pretty on the Inside," which comes across like a modern day pirate tune, albeit with relationship type lyrics and call and response backing vocals. *Terribly Happy* also manages to rock a little, with "The Good New Is," having a bit of the seventies Stones about its riffage, the sort of tune that the Dragons could've once blasted out at the Casbah, while "Boy Toy" sounds like a ready-made stadium rocker. This album is unique and clearly comes from the heart. Perhaps it's a little too quirky for Top 40 play, but *Terribly Happy* has all the makings of a cult classic.



## Kenny Eng Self Centered

by Mike Alvarez

Kenny Eng's new CD *Self Centered* is a collection of six songs, arranged mainly around his vocals and acoustic guitar. He has a pleasant voice that is more than up to the task of carrying the melody. He takes an effortless approach to singing, never obscuring the words with overly showy technique. Additional instruments are added for nuance and effect, largely leaving the rhythmic duties to the guitar. Occasional synthesizer washes, light percussion, and subtle cello lines add subliminal texture to the album's uncluttered arrangements. It's all recorded and mixed very nicely, giving emphasis to the most important tracks. Effects are wisely kept to a minimum, preserving the natural sound of the performances. There is a lot of space in the music, allowing it to breathe.

The songs themselves fit squarely into the singer-songwriter category with lyrics that are personal and introspective. Eng makes some interesting choices when it comes to chords and melodies, and it is perhaps these that make the songs distinctive. There is a pleasing flow to the music, even though the songwriting avoids being predictable. The overall sound of the CD is quiet and reflective. One can easily imagine these tunes being performed on the coffeehouse circuit with just the singer and his guitar. The first cut, "Who Says," sounds a bit like an undiscovered song that America might have recorded in their heyday. In fact, the same could probably be said about a number of the songs. I'd be willing to bet that they, along with other classic acoustic acts like James Taylor and Cat Stevens, are influences.

For the most part, the music tends toward a mid-tempo pace, lending the project an easygoing feel, even when the lyrics get a little dark. He can be self-deprecating without being self-pitying. For the most part, one gets the impression that Eng is an observer and commentator on life, searching for meaning where he can find it. One notable song is the brightly wistful "If I See You Again," whose jazz chords and sunny melody bump along at a more sprightly pace. Eng is a solid guitarist who navigates his intricate chord progressions with confidence and fluidity.

While I completely understand where Eng is coming from on an artistic level, I did find myself craving a bit more variety in the arrangements. He and his collaborator Aaron Bowen play directly to the strengths of the music, but in my opinion they might have taken fuller advantage of the studio environment. Light percussion and possibly some bass could have lent an entirely new feel to a couple of the songs. An occasional harmony vocal or instrumental solo could have brought extra dimension to the music. The extra production touches that do exist on the album are good, and I felt they could have gone a little further with them without detracting from the vocal and guitar. However this is only a minor quibble. The choices they made work quite well. This is an easily likeable collection of songs, delivered with earnestness and emotion.



## Curtis Peoples Peoples

by John Connelly

San Diego native Curtis Peoples boosts his ascension up the cluttered Hollywood pop chain with his self-titled debut album. The 10-track album, produced by Marshall Altman (Matt Nathanson, Kate Voegele, Marc Broussard), pops off with the Tom Petty-analogous "Back Where I Started" and wraps up with predictably titled "Exit Scene." But in between the pseudo cover and hackneyed conclusion, Peoples unfurls a simple yet fluidly crafted pop compilation, predominantly easy rock in nature, but with funk and folk overtones, and characterized by harmonic choruses and rolling rhythms.

Peoples' musical influences percolate nearly every track, evident by "Holding Me Down," destined to be a radio-friendly smash with its Bon Jovi edge and relational angst-driven lyrics. "Gotta break away if I'm gonna survive/To hell with you, baby, my worst love of all time," capitalizes on the time-tested therapeutic powers of music. Look for "Holding Me Down" bottom feeding on the Billboard.

Or listen for "Tell Me I'm Wrong" (co-written by Tyler Hilton) to become the next theme song for a CW network-produced television show. This funk-laden number possesses the je ne sais quoi essential of contemporary teen series. (Hilton played Chris Keller on the popular show "One Tree Hill" and his song "When It Comes" parlayed as the show's promotional instrument.) Peoples' songs have already turned up on MTV's "NEXT" and NBC's "Last Call with Carson Daly."

The stripped-down "All I Want" plays to Peoples' raw talent as a singer/songwriter, showcases his U2's Bono-like tendencies, and departs from the pure pop. The song leads with a short piano solo and builds with a rhythm guitar and Peoples' vocal range. The bass drum enters the track shortly thereafter and holds the tune steady until Peoples hits the crescendo.

Starting with "All I Want," the backside of the album transitions to a distinctly acoustic-folk resonance and slows in tempo considerably. "Wake Up" speaks to the listener's introspective nature and metaphorically calls for action, rather adeptly as well. "Wake Up" lets the lyrics roam free with just a guitar and drums assisting in their delivery.

As the album hits predictable neutrality, Peoples delivers a small yet necessary wrinkle with the addition of a subtle female vocal on "Got What I Wanted." This delicate introduction again reinforces Peoples' flexibility and his grasp of crafting songs that, he says, "got to have a little bit of all the things I love..."

Peoples broke into the Hollywood music scene quickly since moving to the City of Angeles, making friends with musicians and fans alike. He is sure to garner more fans and accolades as he embarks upon a national tour with his self-dubbed "coffee shop arena rock," hitting bars and nightclubs from San Diego to New York.

The unabashedly pop-driven Peoples embraces his radio sound. After the first song, you'll know quickly if you're Peoples' people.



## Hank Williams Unreleased Recordings

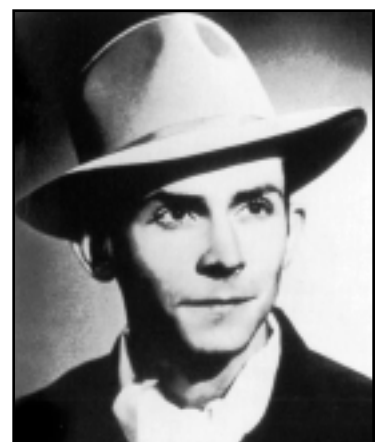
by Lou Curtiss

I've been waiting for this a long time. Being one of those collectors who thought he had every recording Hank Williams ever made, I was surprised to learn about eight years ago that Hank did 72 15-minute radio shows on electrical transcription for the Mother's Best Flour Company. Those shows were still in existence (although embroiled in legal entanglements for a long time) and some of them had been bootlegged from time to time, although most had not.

The legal issues have finally been sorted out and these incredible recordings will finally see the light of day, starting with a three-CD set of 54 tracks. Each show had a song by Hank, an instrumental by the Drifting Cowboys, and a gospel trio or quartet by Hank and the boys. The shows also featured pitches for Mother's Best Flour, which included some great repartee by Hank, showing that he was far from the morose figure you might expect from his tragic life story.

Over the course of these shows Hank recorded his own songs but also performed 40 or so songs that he never recorded commercially! Although many of these were other people's songs, once Hank recorded them he owned them. Songs like "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain," "Cherokee Boogie," "Dust on the Bible," "Gathering Flowers for the Master's Bouquet," "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You," "I'll Fly Away," "I'll Sail My Ship Alone," "Lonely Tombs," "I've Got My One Way Ticket to the Sky," "Low and Lonely," "Next Sunday Darling Is My Birthday," "On Top of Old Smokey," "Pins and Needles in my Heart," "Seaman's Blues," "Tennessee Border," "The Blind Child's Prayer," "The Prodigal Son," "You Blotted My Happy Schoolday," and a whole lot more. I've heard a lot of these songs (though not all of them) on low quality MP3s and I can assure you this is Hank at his best.

This box set promises to be the best and quite possibly the twenty-first century so far. It's been many years in coming and I know I can't wait to get my hands on a copy. Watch out for it.





NOVEMBER CALENDAR

saturday • 1

School of Rock Benefit Concert, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., noon. Weestwind Brass, Benefit for Water Conservation Garden, Cuyamaca College, 4pm. The Blokes, Gallagher's Irish Pub, 5046 Newport Ave., 5:30 pm. Jake's Mountain, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. 2008 San Diego H.A.T. Awards, Normal Heights Community Center, 4649 Hawley Blvd., 7pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Dan Papaila, Trisler's Wine Bar, Promenade @ Rio Vista, 8555 Station Village Lane, 7pm. David Patrone, Gio, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Dave Alvin, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. An Evening of Harmony w/ Robin Henkel/Cici Porter/David Millard/Steph Johnson/Bobo Czarnowski & more, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. Jack Williams/Joe Rathburn, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7:30pm. Motown Revue, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Ray Lamontagne, Spreckels Theatre, 121 Broadway, 8pm. Quartet Equinox, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Kenny Eng, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm. The Major Labels/The Pedestrian, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm. Haute Chile, Anthology, 1337 India St., 10pm.

sunday • 2

Robin Henkel w/ Billy Watson/Rod Ratelle/Junior Smith, Arroyo Terrace, Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 11:30am. Ben Hernandez Going Away Party w/ James Harman/Sonny Leland/The Freemonts/Nashboro Cane Cutters/Blue Largo, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 3pm. Debolis/Stasia Conger, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 3

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

tuesday • 4

Bayou Brothers, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm. Veronica May/Nathan James & Ben Hernandez, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 5

The Latin Connection, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm. Billy Midnight & Say Vinyl, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm. Jack Pryor, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 6

Joe Rathburn/Jim Hinton, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Hot Pstromi, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm. EJP/Rob Deez/Jordan Reimer, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 7

Cowboy Charlie Show, Children's Room, Escondido Public Library, 239 S. Kalmia, 10:30am. Sam Johnson Group, Wine Styles, 191 N. El Camino Real, Encinitas, 6pm. Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm. Paragon Jazz Band, Casa de Oro Cafe, 9809 Campo Rd., Spring Valley, 6:30pm. Bayou Brothers, Hornblower Cruises, 1066 N. Harbor Dr., 7pm. Bill Hartwell, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Tab Benoit, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm. B-52s, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8pm. EJP/Rob Deez, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm. Billy Midnight, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 9pm. John Hull/Joshua Bartholomew/Melissa Vaughan CD Release, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 8

Free Banjo Workshop w/ Janet Beazley, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 1pm. Tim Flannery, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 4pm. The Blokes, Gallagher's Irish Pub, 5046 Newport Ave., 5:30 pm. Frank Lucio, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Joel Rafael, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm. Toots Thielemans w/ Kenny Werner Trio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm. Acoustic Jazz Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Chris Trapper/Lisa Sanders & Friends, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm. Election After Party Concert Showcase Event, Rhythm Lounge, 3048 Midway Dr., 9pm. Stepping Feet/Grass Heat/Misdirection, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

sunday • 9

Ruby & the Redhots, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 7pm. Ellis Paul, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 5 & 7:30pm. Toots Thielemans w/ Kenny Werner Trio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Aaron Bowen/Chris Robley, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 10

Robin Henkel/Hugh Gaskins & the Soul Van/Rhythm Turner, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm. Alanis Morissette, S.D. Civic Theatre, 1100 3rd Ave., 8pm. Little Feat, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

tuesday • 11

Blues Traveler, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6:30pm. David Garfield & Alex Ligertwood, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 12

Phil Boroff & Robert Rotzler, Serra Mesa/Kearny Mesa Library, 9005 Aero Dr., 6:30pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Anna Troy w/ Gunplay Maxwell/Gayle Skidmore, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm. Jaeryoung Lee Trio, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm. Danny Malone/Matt the Electrician/Tom Freund, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 13

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Rancho Santa Fe Library, 17040 Avenida de Acacias, 3:30PM. Joe Rathburn/Peter Bolland, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Michael Tiernan Trio, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm. Brennan Leigh, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. k.d. lang, Copley Symphony Hall, 750 B St., 8pm. The Bobs, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 14

Cowboy Charlie Show, Children's Room, Escondido Public Library, 239 S. Kalmia, 10:30am. Grand Canyon Sundown, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Veronica May, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm. David Patrone, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Jonatha Brooke & Glen Phillips, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm. Billy Watson, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Katy Wong/Bryan Bangertter, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm. Amy Kuney/Ian McFeron/MiGGs, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm. Michele Lundeen & Blues Streak, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

saturday • 15

The Blokes, O'Ireland Gifts, 575 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 11am. The Blokes, Gallagher's Irish Pub, 5046 Newport Ave., 5:30pm. Mark Kinney & Friends, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Robbies, 530 N. Coast Highway, Leucadia, 7pm. David Patrone, Gio, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Laurence Juber, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Men of Worth, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. Preservation Hall Jazz Band, California Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm. Chuck Richards/Heidi Hughes, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm. Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 16

Shady Side Players, Rebecca's Coffeehouse, 3015 Juniper St., 10am. Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Mississippi Rm., Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm. Sam Johnson Group, Scripps Ranch Library, 10301 Scripps Lake Dr., 2:30pm. The Muses, Rancho San Diego Library, 11555 Via Rancho San Diego, El Cajon, 3pm. Gerry O'Beime, Holy Trinity Church, 2083 Sunset Cliffs Blvd., 7:30pm. Devon Allman's Honeytribe w/ Deadline Friday/Lukas Nelson & the Promise of the Real, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm. Robin Henkel Band, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 17

Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm. Elisa w/ Ari Hest, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

tuesday • 18

Barbara Tobler, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 19

Novamenco, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Rodney Crowell Acoustic Trio w/ Jenny Scheinman, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm. Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.

thursday • 20

Joe Rathburn/Jeffrey Joe Morin, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Richard Thompson w/ Russell Bizzet/Bob Magnusson/Tripp Sprague/Derrick Cannon/Carla van Blake Bizzet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm. Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm. Billy Midnight/Trophy Wife/Desert Diamonds, Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., 9pm. The Bacon Brothers/Michel Tiernan, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

friday • 21

Cowboy Charlie Show, Children's Room, Escondido Public Library, 239 S. Kalmia, 10:30am. Heloise Love, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm. David Patrone, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Al Stewart, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. New City Sinfonia, 1st Unitarian Universalist Church, 4190 Front St., 7:30pm. Robert Parker, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Zzymzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm. Chuck Cannon/Josh Damigo, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 22

The Blokes, Gallagher's Irish Pub, 5046 Newport Ave., 5:30 pm. Plow w/ Chris Clarke, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. David Maldonado/Paper Moon/Juan Moro, Spreckle's Theatre, 121 Broadway, 7pm. David Patrone, Gio, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Vance Gilbert, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Charles McPherson, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm. Kristin Korb & Elio Villafranca, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. The Flowerthief/The Turtle Project, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 23

Don Story Farewell & Open Jam Session, Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Rd., 2-7pm. Gregory Page, Jimmy Duke House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619.443.9622. Doyle Dykes, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Johnny Polanco, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy., Leucadia, 7:30pm. Jessica Kilroy/Michael Batdorf/Reina G. Collins, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 24

Michele Lundeen & Blues Streak, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm. Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

tuesday • 25

McCoy Tyner, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 26

Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Dixieland Jazz Festival, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle N., 7pm. Gene Perry Latin Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm. Alex Depue/Miguel de Hoyas, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 27

Dixieland Jazz Festival, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle N., 7pm.

friday • 28

Dixieland Jazz Festival, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle N., 10am. Key, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Robin Henkel Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm. David Patrone, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friars Rd. in Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Tom Russell, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am. Bluegrass Brunch, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am. Daniel Jackson, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am. Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm. Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm. Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm. Joe Mendoza (the Spring Collection), Surf & Saddle, 123 W. Plaza St., Solana Beach, 8pm. 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. Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

every tuesday

Traditional Irish Session, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm. Open Mic, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm. All Pro Blues Jam, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm.

every wednesday

Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market, Newport Ave., 4-7pm. Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm. Jack Tempchin & Friends, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm. Open Mic, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm. Open Mic, Channel Twelve25, 172 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7:30pm. Open Mic, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 8pm. Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm. Shep Meyers, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm. Open Mic, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm. The Blokes, Hennessey's, 2777 Roosevelt St., Carlsbad, 9pm.

every thursday

Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm. Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Open Mic, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 7pm. Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm. Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm. Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm. Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 9pm. Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm. Stepping Feet, RT's Longboard Grill, 1466 Garnet, PB, 10pm.

every friday

Sam Johnson Duo, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 3pm. California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm. West of Memphis, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6pm. Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm. Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm. Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Jay Scott Combo, Jimmy Love's, 672 5th Ave., 5:30pm. Acoustic Tribute, Bully's, 5755 La Jolla Blvd., 7pm. David Patrone, Gio's, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Blues Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm. Back to the Garden (CSNY Tribute), Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Charles & Friends, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Dean Brown, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Silverleaf/Viri Dimayuga, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

every sunday

Paul Nichols' Pro-Am/Pro Jam Invitational, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 5:30pm. David Patrone, Clay's @ Hotel La Jolla, 7955 La Jolla Shores Dr., 7pm. Folk Arts Rare Records Singers' Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm. Tomcat Courtney, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm. Open Mic, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 7pm. Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm. Open Mic, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

every thursday

Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm. Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Open Mic, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 7pm. Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm. Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm. Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm. Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 9pm. Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm. Stepping Feet, RT's Longboard Grill, 1466 Garnet, PB, 10pm.

every friday

Sam Johnson Duo, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 3pm. California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm. West of Memphis, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6pm. Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm. Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm. Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Jay Scott Combo, Jimmy Love's, 672 5th Ave., 5:30pm. Acoustic Tribute, Bully's, 5755 La Jolla Blvd., 7pm. David Patrone, Gio's, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Blues Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

saturday • 29

Dixieland Jazz Festival, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle N., 9am. The Blokes, Gallagher's Irish Pub, 5046 Newport Ave., 5:30 pm. Blue Creek, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Gilbert Castellanos New Latin Jazz Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Cash'd Out/Sara Petite, Cane's Bar & Grill, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 8pm.

sunday • 30

Dixieland Jazz Festival, Town & Country Hotel, 500 Hotel Circle N., 8am. Tim Flannery, Canyonfolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon, 8pm. canyonfolk@cox.net. Gayle Skidmore, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

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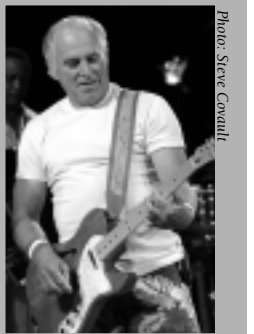
Eve Selis @ Anthology



Marc Intravia



Mas Grande @ Dizzy's



Jimmy Buffet



Chris Clarke & Sara Petit @ Canyonfolk



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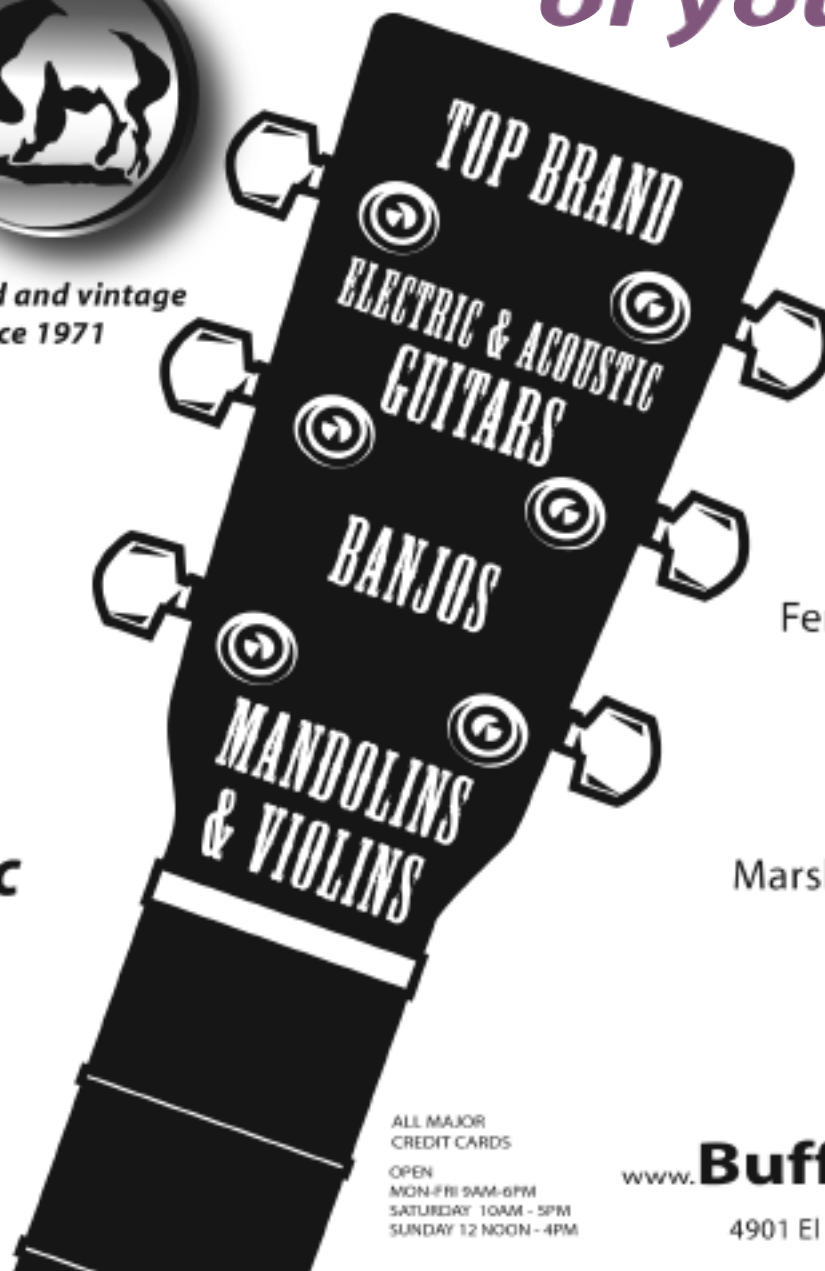


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