

T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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



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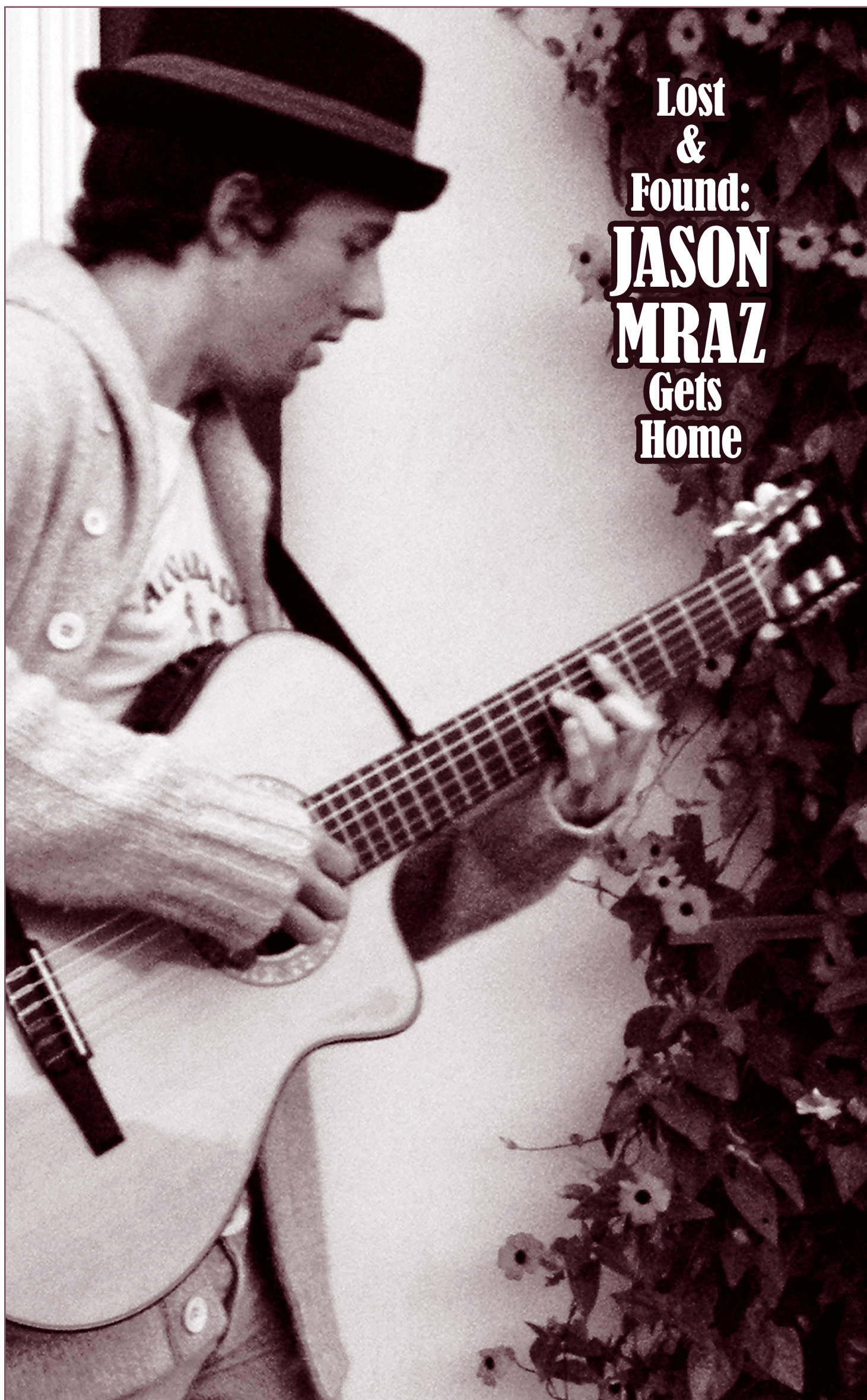
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate,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

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The San Diego Troubadour is dedicated to the memory of Ellen and Lyle Duplessie, whose vision inspired the creation of this newspaper.

Earl Thomas Remembers Ike Turner (1931 - 2007)

The first time I ever hear the name Ike Turner was in 1970. My family was living on the island of Guam where my dad was station in the U.S. Navy. I was on a bantam bowling league and would, every Saturday morning, go to the base's bowling alley to practice. In the soda fountain there was a juke box with the song "Honky Tonk Woman" by Ike and Tina Turner. I knew the Rolling Stones tune, so I decided to see what this one was like. When I first heard that drum beat leading into the guitar riff and then Tina's voice singing, "I mehta gin soaked bar-rooom maaaaan in Memphaaass..." time literally stood still. Everything about the song was great! It spoke to me in a way no other music ever had. The rhythm, the singing, the groove, everything. I would play that song at least three times every time I went to the bowling alley. I played it so much that the lady who worked behind the counter would see me come in and say, "Uh oh, here comes that 'Honky Tonk Woman' boy!"

Looking back, I think what I liked about the song was that it was a mixture of all the music I had heard up to that point in my life. In our house, my mom loved gospel, my dad played blues, and I listened to rock 'n' roll. Ike Turner had found a perfect blend of these three styles. I saved my allowance money

and bought the single, which featured their version of "Come Together" on the B side.

In 1971 my dad took me to see the movie *Soul to Soul*, which featured Ike and Tina, Wilson Pickett, the Staple Singers, and many other top artists of that period. Ike and Tina did the theme song and performed in the opening segment of the movie. That was the first time I'd ever actually seen them and it was also the moment I knew what I would do with my life. I turned to my dad and said, "That's what I'm gonna be when I grow up, daddy. I'm gonna be a singer in a band!" And from that moment on I visualized, imagined, pretended, and thought about nothing else. I was going to be a singer in a band! And I did! This also began a lifelong relationship with Ike Turner's music. I studied it like people study Bach and Beethoven. For Christmas, my mom gave me *Ike and Tina Live at Carnegie Hall*, which featured a live version of "Honky Tonk Woman." Years later I would tell my mother that if ever I were to fall into a coma, she should have them play that version of the song and I would wake up.

I got so into Ike and Tina Turner that the kids at school would tease me because when they would bring Jackson Five or Kool and the Gang records to dances and parties, I'd bring Ike and Tina. To this day I have almost



Ike Turner



Ike and Tina Turner in the late 1960s

every recording they ever did. My personal favorites are *Live at Carnegie Hall*, *In Person Live at Basin Street West*, *Come Together*, *Working Together*, and *Nutbush City Limits*. I laugh now at how my mom would use this innocent idol worship to coerce me into doing my chores or homework. She'd say, "If you don't clean your room, I'll take all of those Ike and Tina Turner records to the trash!" It was a powerful bluff.

The first time I actually met Ike Turner was in 1998... at an Etta James concert at the Belly Up Tavern. I noticed an impeccably dressed man standing right in front of me and I admired his camel hair suit. Etta asked the crowd to sing along and so I did. The man in the cool suit turned around and looked right at me and said, "You have a voice! What is your name?" I said, "Earl Thomas." He said, "Hi, I'm Ike Turner. Pleased to meet you!" I almost fainted. Here, right in front of me, in a crowd of 600 people, 28 years later, was my musical mentor! Imagine that!

Ike and I were formally introduced in 2004 in Hollywood at the premier of the DVD release of *Soul to Soul* on which I sing the updated version of the theme song that I had heard Ike and Tina do in 1971. Oprah would call this a full circle moment. I was able to tell him what his music had meant to me in my life and how much he had influenced my own artistry. We sat in his car and he played me some new music and we jammed on his song "Sexy Ida." I'll never forget that night.

Then, in 2004, I recorded my *Intersection* CD on which Ike wrote the liner notes and I sang "Working Together" from the 1971 Ike and Tina album of the same name. I opened for him at Humphrey's Backstage Lounge and got his autograph on one of my old records.

We met again in 2005 at the Russian River Blues Festival and hung out back stage and talked and laughed. I feel so incredibly blessed and honored to have met Ike Turner and that I had the opportunity to tell him what his music has meant to me. He was a true master and I shamelessly copy his style in much of my own music.

Ike Turner was my musical mentor and I honor his memory.

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RICHARD AND SANDY BEESLEY

Tireless Supporters of San Diego's Bluegrass Community

by Dwight Worden

Ever been to the Julian Bluegrass Festival? To Summergrass? To a North County Bluegrass and Folk Club event? To Bluegrass Day at the San Diego County Fair or at the Flower Fields in Carlsbad? If you have, you owe a big "thank you" to Sandy and Richard Beesley who have been key figures in all of these activities and who are now leaving us to move to Oklahoma.

For Sandy and Richard, it all began in Inglewood, California, where they both worked in the post office. They met, played "post office" on three dates, got married in 1970, and have been together ever since. Richard was a speed roller skater and at one time ranked fifth fastest in the U.S. Sandy was a farm girl from "Green Giant Country" in northern Illinois whose family would listen to the "Grand Ole Opry" on the radio. Each pay day, newlyweds Sandy and Richard spent their leftover post office pay buying records and forming a strong marriage and music bond, although neither of them thought they would end up promoting music. But, hey, who among us has accurately predicted our own future?

When he wasn't speed skating, Richard was a serious street rod car addict, who founded and ran a countrywide car club for 17 years, specializing in sedan delivery vehicles. Sandy figured she better get interested too if she wanted to spend time with Richard, so she also became active. Both Beesleys learned the skills they needed to run a large car club, such as how to co-ordinate and run events, which would later serve them well in running music festivals, concerts, and the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club. In addition, both of them, particularly Sandy, became active in the postal union where they worked and learned organizational, people, and dispute



Beesleys' wedding day, 1970

resolution skills in that capacity, valuable traits indeed for dealing with temperamental musicians and in organizing large events.

In 1977 the Beesleys moved to Vista as near Sandy's mom, and that's when the bluegrass started. Sandy and Richard attended a Bluegrass Etc. concert on the fourth of July in Brengle Terrace Park in Vista, where they met John Deckard and several other bluegrass locals who encouraged the Beesleys to come to That Pizza Place in San Marcos where regular bluegrass was happening, and the Beesleys became regular weekly attendees. They loved the music and got to know some of the regular players, including John Moore and Dennis Caplinger of Bluegrass Etc., Byron Berline (who was living in Los Angeles at the time and who has played with everyone from Emmy Lou Harris, the Rolling Stones, and most of the top bluegrass players), and two young kids named Sean and Sara Watkins who went on to Nickel Creek fame. The Beesleys also fondly remember seeing Rose Maddox perform at That Pizza Place. Not a bad crew of musicians for a pizza parlor! It was from the regular attendees at That Pizza Place, including the Beesleys, that the core group of activists pulled together to form the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club.

Given their talents and enthusiasm both Sandy and, to a lesser extent, Richard were soon contributing in a variety of capacities with Sandy eventually becoming the president of the North County Club. While Sandy and Richard were key leaders and contributors in so much that is bluegrass in San Diego, when interviewed, they mainly wanted to point out that there were many, many others who contributed, including all of the officers, volunteers, and organizers of the club and of the concerts, campouts, and other events that have been held over the years. Sandy emphasizes that nothing would have happened without the help of these many other good folks who became, and remain, life long friends of the Beesleys.

The Beesleys' leadership in the North County Club led them and the club to the Julian Bluegrass Festival, which had a long and storied history but which in the 1990s had fallen on hard times and poor attendance. It was time for a Julian "rescue and revitalization" effort and the North County Club, led by Sandy, was perfect for the job.

Carl Lambert, who preceded Sandy as North County Bluegrass and Folk Club president, hooked the club up with the Julian Bluegrass Festival and promised to try and revitalize it. Then, Carl moved out of the area and it fell to Sandy and the other club officers and volunteers to take the lead on breathing new life into the Julian Festival. Sandy and her North County Club, in con-

junction with the Julian Lions Club, ran the Julian Festival for four years from 1999-2002, with attendance and prominence increasing each year under Sandy's stewardship. Sandy and her team brought in outstanding bands and added new events and charm to the festival that brought it success.

Sandy then moved on to become one of the founders of the Summergrass Festival, San Diego's premiere three-day bluegrass festival, co-produced by the San Diego Bluegrass Society and the North County Club. At the suggestion of banjo player and North County Club activist Corky Shelton, Sandy worked with a handful of others and secured the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum in Vista as a venue for Summergrass and, with her fellow founders, made all the other arrangements to start a brand new three-day festival. Thanks in large measure to the Beesleys' and this small group of founders' hard work, Summergrass finished in the black its very first year and has finished in the black every year since, having just completed its fifth annual event in August of 2007 on a budget exceeding \$50,000.

Sandy and Richard have shared too many interesting stories to repeat here that came out of their Julian and Summergrass experiences, but here are a few to sample. There is the time a volunteer at Julian, in great three stooges fashion, knocked over a whole table and related paraphernalia right during a key on-stage performance. There were many times they watched little Sara Watkins fall asleep right in front of the blasting speaker at That Pizza Place when she was well shy of 10 years old. In Julian there was the year that the festival went out on a limb to provide a shuttle service and carefully placed signs all over town, only to have them all removed the night before the festival started. At Summergrass, there was that magical night during Summergrass' first year when Mark O'Connor showed up unannounced, bought a ticket, and played triple fiddles on stage with Byron Berline and Dennis Caplinger, creating one of the greatest triple fiddle displays ever. And, there was the satisfaction of hearing Alan O'Bryant of the Nashville Bluegrass Band report, "Summergrass treats us the best. Others try,



Richard and Sandy Beesley

but Summergrass does it."

Sandy's success as music promoter was not limited to festivals. Sandy's skill and enthusiasm at these activities also led her to a part-time career as a successful music agent, representing guitarist Dan Crary for many years. Dan, who had appeared at Sandy's concerts, knew a good organizer when he saw one, and he approached Sandy and asked her to be his agent. Sandy replied, "I don't know how to do that," but she learned. She and Richard also promoted a successful concert at Mira Costa College in Oceanside, featuring Dan Crary and Beppe Gambetta, and they produced a successful concert called "Men of Steel," featuring some of the top guitar players in the business at the Carlsbad Village Theater.

Well, soon Sandy was a successful agent for Dan Crary, with her phone ringing with calls from other artists seeking her services, all of whom she politely declined. She did, however, work successfully as part of the inner team with Dan Crary, Anthony and Christina Adams (film producers), and Dennis Caplinger (musical director) to produce "Primal Twang: The Legacy of the Guitar" at the restored North Park Theater. That show was a guitar spectacular that featured many greats including Doc and Richard Watson, Dan Crary, Mason Williams, Albert Lee, Eric Johnson, Peter Sprague, Doyle Dikes, Beppe Gambetta, Jon Walmsley, John Doan, and more. The show presented the history of the guitar in music

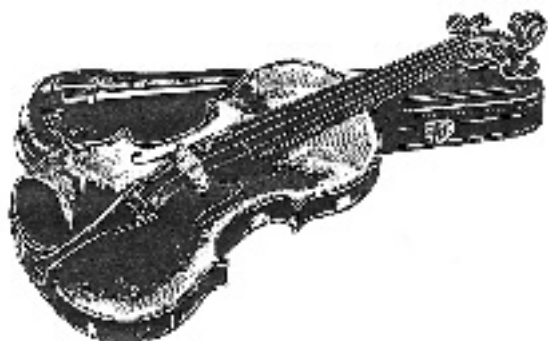
and featured some great players who demonstrated different styles and periods in the colorful history of the guitar. The show was a smashing success over its four-day run and was filmed for DVD release.

Sandy and Richard are now moving to Guthrie, Oklahoma to enjoy their retirement years. They say "no more festivals," but it seems that, somehow, they are already committed to helping out next year at Byron Berline's festival in Guthrie, so don't expect these two to knit away their Oklahoma retirement. Sandy expresses an interest in becoming involved in a literacy project and in learning the guitar and dulcimer, and both Richard and Sandy talk of travel. Whatever the future holds for this dynamic duo, you can bet they will have their hands on the throttle and doing a great job. We wish them well.



Dennis Caplinger, Byron Berline, and Mark O'Connor perform at the first annual Summergrass.

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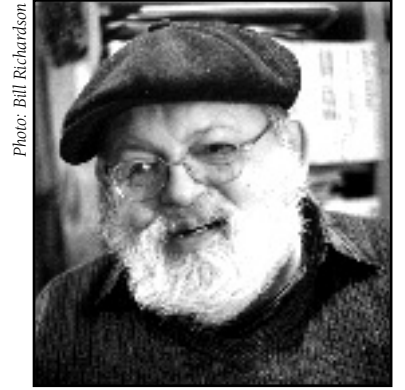


Photo: Bill Richardson

Lou Curtiss

LOU'S WOES

This is one that I've been putting off writing, hoping that things would change.

It's about the Roots Festival (I just can't call it the Roots & Folk Festival) and my involvement with it. Let me give you some background. I started doing the old Folk Festivals out at San Diego State in 1967. After the third festival Gary Solbue who was then student advisor came to me with the proposal that I do all the booking and programming for future festivals. I did that for the entire run of the festival at SDSU (through year 16). Over the next four years I managed to put on four more festivals with the help of a committee that never worked well. After 1987 I gave up and the original San Diego Folk Festival came to an end. In 1994 the director of the Adams Avenue Business Association came to me with the idea of starting a new series of spring festivals on Adams Avenue and I came up with the Adams Avenue Roots Festival concept. From that day to the present I have been involved with this festival. We even took the numbering system from the old SDSU series so the first Roots Festival was number 21 (only because of my association with it). Over the years we've put on some mighty fine music festivals. Like the previous festivals, they featured a group of quality regulars from throughout the western region, adding to that unique old time musicians with a wide range of musical styles. That business director and his successor stayed out of my hair about who should come or what the program should be as long as they could have a say about how much things cost (and while their was never enough money that was something I could live with). So things went smoothly until two years ago when the director died and a new regime came in at the Adams Avenue Business Association and there I was suddenly working with a committee to pick the music & even worse it was a committee of people that knew next to nothing about Roots music.

The first thing they wanted to do was cut out the regulars - people like Hank Bradley, possibly the finest old timey fiddler and all around musician living on the West Coast and who first played at the second festival at SDSU (in 1968) and Mary McCaslin, whose unique guitar tunings and original songs with a touch of tradition was one of the founders of the Americana movement in songwriting, influencing singers ranging from Nancy Griffith to Lacey J. Dalton (Mary first came in 1969). They refused to book Kenny Hall, who is considered a national treasure and influenced a generation of old-timey revivalists. They didn't want Ray Bierl, Larry Hanks, or Jody Stecher and Kate Brislin. I actually heard people say that we didn't need to bring a cajun band from Louisiana, because there were people in San Diego who play that kind of music, same with old-timey string bands, country blues, or celtic music.

Four years ago when I had to move my record shop, I had offers from people in North Park, Ocean Beach, and even the Gaslamp Quarter to move my shop to their neighborhood and bring the Roots Festival with me. The former AABA director assured me that staying on Adams Avenue was a good idea and that we'd work

together to get a bigger budget (possibly through grants) for Roots. Now, I don't know for sure if I could have found a place that was suitable, or one that I could have afforded, in any of those neighborhoods, or if we could have moved the festival. At any rate, I stayed on Adams Avenue. So now they've got a thing they subscribe to called Sonic Bids, which requires musicians to pay to send in their audition material. Most of the people who send in stuff I wouldn't have on a bet (not that some of them aren't good; they just don't fit into my concept of what roots music is).

So, what does all this come down to? I could work with a committee if it had people on it who knew something about roots music - local people like Chris Clarke, Curt Bouterse, Martin Henry, Allen Singer, or Patti Hall, but I can't work with the people I've been forced to work with these past two years. and I'm not going to. I'm not going to run for reelection to the Adams Ave. Business Association Board of Directors when my term is up in January. Now, I'm not so naive as to think that I couldn't be replaced, but I seriously doubt that these people know enough about this music to find someone. I hope they do. I've had a pretty good run with the festivals and I'd really like to do another one.

I was really impressed with "The Crooked Road" concert of traditional Virginia music held at UCSD a few months ago. The crowd there indicated to me that there is still an audience for programs like this. We need a San Diego Folklife Musical Festival that is an educational experience as well as an entertainment. As I'm listening to those early festivals courtesy of our Grammy grant, I'm hearing so much good information along with all the good music. It would sure be nice to have festivals like those again. The problem is that San Diego State University and the Adams Avenue Business Association never knew what they had and how important it was. To the University it was something to entertain the students where outside people did the work. With the Business Association, I've actually heard members of the board complain because I was getting too much attention. So there I've had my say. These people can make things right and I hope they do.

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Jon Moore: For the Record



Jon Moore

by Derek Shaw

The walls are alive with trippy concert posters boasting psychedelic images, vivid colors, and flowery, often illegible font — the treasured artifacts of a proud Dead Head. San Diego Zoo employee Jon Moore also happens to be an amateur historian, the city's authority on live music.

Moore is a normal guy with a stable career. He warns of a mess in his Golden Hills residence, but the single apartment is practically spotless. A stained glass window and hippie Santa Claus welcome visitors inside.

Born and raised in El Centro, far from a music mecca, Moore decided to move here in 1991. San Diego is where he first witnessed the rock bands he still idolizes, evident in stacks of vinyls and thousands of heavy metal songs in his iPod. His favorite band of all time is Led Zeppelin, but AC/DC isn't far behind.

His website, sandiegoconcertarchive.com, chronicles the local performances that took place during the twentieth century. It is a comprehensive account of over 3,500 concerts that came through town over the past 70 years. His purpose is to recognize this city's contribution to the national music scene and showcase San Diego as a viable destination for touring

bands.

Some of the concert listings even include set lists, attendance figures, and anecdotal tidbits. The archive encapsulates every era and genre imaginable, from big band and country dating back to the '30s to the new wave and punk rock of the '80s and '90s. On virtual display are Moore's mementos of music memorabilia, including concert posters, flyers, and tickets.

"Before barcodes and holograms, promoters often spent as much time decorating their tickets as they did with their posters and handbills," Moore comments. "Even with their minimal amount of information, tickets provide an important part in the documentation of the San Diego music scene."

Online resources can be sketchy and unpredictable, but Moore's thoroughness ensures that his website is up to date and accurate. He is a humble, private person who tends to shy from the spotlight. A self-described "day person," Moore spends most of his time working and listening to music, and that's how he likes it.

The San Diego Concert Archive stemmed from his hobby of collecting of concert posters, which he's always valued like Picassos. The notices chronicle the transition from the liberating '60s and the self-indulgent '70s to the self-destructive '80s. From hand-screened cardboard to digital masterpieces, posters have

always been on the cutting edge of modern graphic art. Moore was never old enough to know when KISS was coming to town, so he relied on posters to find out.

"A long time ago, it was the only means of advertising for concerts," Moore recalls. "People would slap posters on telephone polls; otherwise, kids were unaware that their favorite band was even playing."

Moore began researching at the local library and music stores, combing through microfilm files for hours on end. His then girlfriend offered to catalog the concert listings by typing it up, something that Moore wasn't tech savvy enough to consider. Fortunately, friend and web designer Joe Garcia constructed and maintained the website free of charge.

Moore provides an invaluable look into San Diego's cultural history. Among the classic memories include the West Coast debut of Elvis and Bob Dylan finding Jesus on stage at the Sports Arena. But Moore also uncovered some hidden gems of San Diego's music history, ensuring that the legends and legacies are not soon forgotten.

"When I'm dead and gone, this stuff will live on," Moore recognizes. "I plan on donating my collectibles someday."

One of the places he's most fascinated with is the Bostonia Ballroom in El Cajon, which hosted some of the biggest country western shows in Southern California. Today

it's an Italian restaurant, but superstars like Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, Hank Williams, and Patsy Cline rocked the honkytonk saloon during the late '50s.

The subsequent decades were a true test for San Diego, long known as a politically and socially conservative city. "Love-ins" and "happenings" were glorified hippie fests of nakedness, live music, and free love. The premiere of Elvis was nearly thwarted by the police chief who threatened him with arrest.

The Rolling Stones first appeared here in 1964 at the Starlight Bowl. The following year, the Beatles made their first and only appearance in San Diego at Balboa Stadium, now a City College parking lot. Jimi Hendrix played the stadium a week after the Who's debut in San Diego.

In 1966 the Sports Arena opened with a bang. James Brown played the first concert, and Led Zeppelin made a second home there throughout the '70s. Psychedelic light shows accompanied the extravagant performances of this era. Although the Hippodrome lasted less than six months downtown, it hosted two Velvet Underground shows.

San Diego has also had its fair share of homegrown heroes. Writers Lester Bangs and Cameron Crowe have impacted music journalism tremendously. Not only was San Diego the birthplace of the Brain Police and Iron Butterfly, but it also spawned Tom Waits and the Stone Temple Pilots.

Over the years, a myriad of performance venues have fallen by the wayside in San Diego. During the '60s and '70s, concert promoters rented out city-owned venues like the Community Concourse, Civic Theater, and the Orpheum. Unfortunately, strict laws and bureaucracy sabotaged shows when police started shutting down concerts for lack of security or permits.

"Today, concert promotion is a major industry," Moore admits. "Once corporations realized how lucrative live music could be,

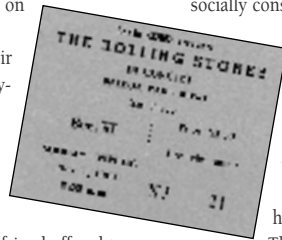
organizing shows became big business."

Throughout the gritty '80s and '90s, Tim Mays brought bands like Social D, REM, and Bad Religion here. The Back Door at SDSU as well as the Wabash Hall in North Park were hot spots for young punks. The original Casbah even hosted Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins.

Moore, himself, has evolved over the course of compiling data for the archive. He grew up on classic rock and hair metal, but as he learned more about roots music and the influence of Americana on rock 'n' roll, he grew to appreciate folk and country music too.

"I didn't really start out with a goal except to share this information with others," confesses Moore, who doesn't profit from the website. "Along the way I've met some great people who've lived through monumental events and put music into a historical context....It's not about taking, it's about giving."

Visit www.sandiegoconcertarchive.com.




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For information, email Michael J. Moore at mjmrecords@cox.net.



Jazz Guitar's Hidden Gem Dan Papaila

by Paul Hormick

The Lodge at Torrey Pines is a pretty high-class place, one of the most posh establishments we have in San Diego. In the bar the bartenders wear prim vests, and you won't find a neon sign advertising Budweiser anywhere around. It's also one of the coziest libationariums this town has, seeming less like a bar and more like a den at grandma's — that is if grandma had great taste, was more than fairly well off, and could mix a damn good Manhattan. Off in the corner of the bar, next to nothing in particular, sits Dan Papaila, strumming and plucking a nylon string guitar that is plugged into a small amplifier.

Papaila plays jazz, mostly the standards, in the Lodge's bar. As he performs, you can see how he concentrates on his guitar and music, head bowed and looking like he's weighing a thorny question. But he also glances around the room, keeping an eye on how people come and go, what the mood of the room is, and how the music fits the scene. "It's always changing," he says. "Some nights it's real mellow. Other nights it turns into a crowd that wants to sit and really listen to the music."

Papaila forgoes the rhythm boxes, devices that make the sounds of drums, bass, and other instruments, that are used by almost every solo guitarist nowadays. He provides his own accompaniment behind his jazz soloing. "You know, a piano player can chord and then do melody. I can't do that. But I mix it up. I do a bass line, a little melody, and then a few chords," he says. Papaila also has a great sense of rhythm that he credits to the years that he's spent playing with blues musicians, including stints with Big Joe Turner, and the classic organ blues trios.

When he's not deep in concentration, a big smile, I mean a really big smile, is almost a constant fixture on Papaila's face. It's as though his cheeks have to spread extra wide to accommodate it. He's also enviously fit. Both he and his wife, Dawn, are avid cyclists. They recently completed a century ride, which is peddling a bicycle 100 miles in a day.

"I've been here going on two years now," Papaila says about his gig at the Torrey Pines Lodge. And he's happy staying put. "I tried the national tour scene. I really didn't enjoy the

traveling all that much," he says. Tuesday through Saturday 5pm 'til 9pm, you'll find him here. Every so often Papaila plays in a band, which, with drums and bass behind him, is a welcome break. "After doing this solo, then I'm playing with a band. Boy, that makes it easy," he says.

A southpaw, Papaila started picking up his friend's guitar when he was 15 years old, a guitar that was strung for a right-handed person. By the time Papaila bought a guitar of his own, he didn't want to relearn; he continued to play right handed. He played in rock bands in his later teen years. "Then the horn bands came in — Chicago, Blood, Sweat and Tears — that was my introduction to jazz playing," says Papaila.

He listened to and tried to learn from Wes Montgomery, the guitarist famous for his octave style of playing. "I wasn't very fast with the single note lines. So doing the octave style, what Wes Montgomery was doing, suited me," says Papaila. Getting the octave style under his belt, he also worked at the styles of other guitar giants such as Grant Green, Kenny Burrell, and George Benson. He hit Los Angeles in 1974 and played R&B, mostly in the bars and clubs of south central L.A. and Watts. By 1976 he was performing in a trio with Johnny "Hammond" Smith, touring what was called the Chitlin' Circuit, the inner city jazz and R&B clubs across the country.

Papaila's instruction came from the Onstage Conservatory of Music, playing gigs and listening to the band and his contribution. Tunes would often start without anyone cluing him in on which tune was being played, the tempo, or even which key had been chosen. Flying by the seat of his pants, Papaila picked up what he could on the spot, crediting his good musical ear with his ability to pick up and jam with the band.

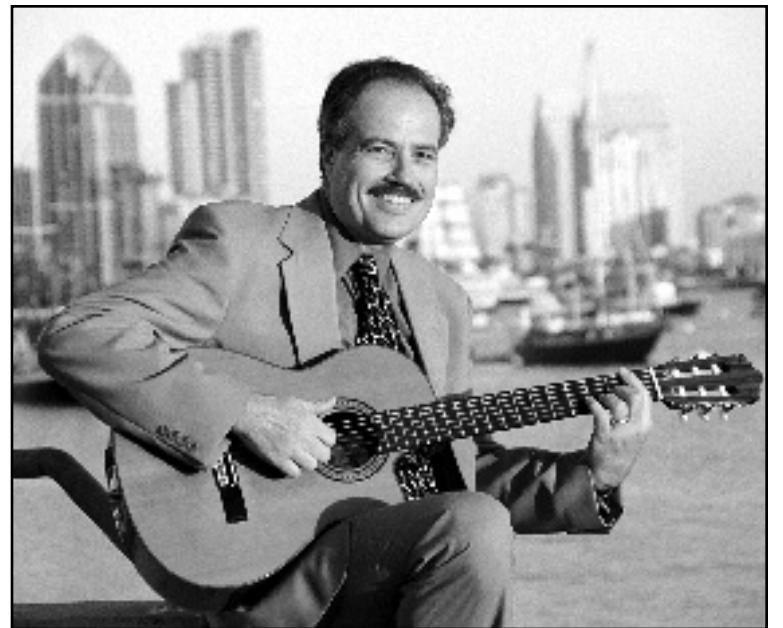
He has recently published jazz guitar instructional book that has received acclaim throughout the jazz guitar world, from *Just Jazz Guitar* magazine, to Mundell Lowe. He was working a day job in sales when he stopped in El Rayo Guitarworks on Adams Avenue. "I stopped in and was talking to Tom and Andy when Tom said to me that I ought to teach," he says. Papaila took on a few students and found that he was repeating the same material over and over. He took this informa-

tion and crunched it down to fewer than 50 pages of an instruction book.

Millions of kids take up playing the guitar. For me, my first instrument was probably built during the Spanish Inquisition as an instrument of torture, with string action that was about half an inch off the fingerboard. A better guitar that cost my parents 12 books of S&H Green Stamps soon followed. With our noses stuck into some sort or other Mel Bay *Big Note* book, we learned the chords C, G, D7, and plucked out chestnuts like "Comin' Round the Mountain." And later when we tried to play some jazz, we bought one of those *Every Jazz Chord Ever Conceived in the History of Western Civilization* books that went on for 400 pages of charts and graphs. By the time I reached the tenth page, which introduced the B flat minor augmented 11th with an adjustable mortgage, I was daunted and discouraged. There was no way I was going to learn all of these finger stretching, knuckle bending patterns and configurations. My career as a jazz guitarist ended there.

Papaila's new instruction book is a ray of sunshine for the guitarist who is starting out in jazz. "You've got these books of 10,000 chords. It's all unorganized. No one is going to understand that. On the other hand, there are five distinct shapes to making chords. If you understand those shapes, you've got it," he says. Five shapes? That's manageable for just about everyone.

No one has ever sat down to clarify musical terminology. It's simply grown from different musicians and composers setting things down as time went by. The result can seem like a hodgepodge based on a mishmash of knowledge and names. It can get confusing trying to distinguish minor seventh, major seventh, and double-o seventh chords. Papaila emphasizes that the student should think less



Dan Papaila

about the terminology and rather concentrate on the shapes of the chords, how the fingers rest on the freeboard, and the sounds that these configurations make; after all, playing guitar is not about names but about music. He also wanted to give the student a musical map of the instrument, what he calls the "regions of the neck" and help the student understand how to connect those regions as he or she plays.

For each chord, Papaila provides both a diagram of the fingering as well as a photograph that lets the student see how the hand should look when making the chord. Utilizing the key of C, he also explains the basic chord progression of jazz, from the minor, to the seventh, to the major, or home, chord. From the key of C the student can then move on to the other keys.

Twenty or 30 years ago Papaila would have had to go to a musical publishing house and settle for a fee or small royalty, but today music publishing has gone from Mel Bay to eBay. Papaila's self-published book is now available through Amazon.com, as well as Borders, Alibris.com, and several other outlets.

He released his first CD, *Timeless*, in 1993, which received a fair amount of national success and a great deal of critical acclaim. Several reviews compared his playing to that of Wes Montgomery and George Benson, and the recording won Best Mainstream Jazz Album at

the San Diego Music Awards. As to Papaila's newer CD, *Full Circle*, my wife, who understands music perhaps better than anybody I know, was surprised that it was a newer recording. "I thought it was one of your jazz records from the fifties," she said. To her it had that certain sound that we both associate with Miles, Coltrane, Desmond, and the other bop and cool jazz giants. Papaila chose some top-notch musicians for this recording. Larance Marable, who has worked with Charlie Hayden, Chet Baker, and Charlie Parker, is on drums; the late Andy Simpkins plays the bass; and San Diego's treasure of a jazz pianist, Mike Wofford rounds out the quartet. With *Full Circle* it's as though Papaila has stripped away much of the hackneyed, tiresome, and overeducated cacophony of the past 50 years to get back to the soul that made those Bluenote releases so exciting.

Papaila has no plans for tours or other club dates besides his gig at the Torrey Pines Lodge. So if you're interested in checking him out, don't let the trappings intimidate you. Wear some of your better duds and stop by the Lodge to hear Dan Papaila.

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Story and photos by Will Edwards

In September 2006 Jason Mraz came home to San Diego after three years of extensively touring the world in support of his first two major-label records. When he got home, he discovered that his music and identity were confused. "On that tour I lost all sense of who I was." He had released two major hit records and survived the 2004 merger between Atlantic Records and Elektra, his original alma mater. "I had a collapse, a breakdown – done with the band, done with the album [2005's *Mr. A-Z*]. [We decided] to set an end date." Feeling pressure to keep up his creative pace as he struggled to make sense of the new world in which he found himself, Jason Mraz came home to San Diego to heal and reflect.

After a year of living a normal life again, reconnecting with good friends and everyday pleasures, such as raising his cat Holmes, Mraz is poised to release his third full-length album *We Sing, We Dance, We Steal Things* in spring 2008. He seems ready to start all over again. "This time feels like the first time again."

The first time was back on October 15, 2002, when Mraz released his debut major-label record *Waiting for My Rocket to Come*. It was a glossy compilation of the songs that he'd written as an upstart singer-songwriter working in San Diego and Los Angeles. *Rocket* performed well, ultimately peaking at #55 on the Billboard 200 albums chart and selling a million copies. Radio hits like "Remedy" and "You and I Both" led to comprehensive touring in most parts of the world, starting with small venues in 2003 and quickly gathering momentum, forcing much larger venues by 2004. Just when it seemed like *Rocket* had made Mraz a success, he was faced with a bigger challenge: could he do it again?

In January of 2004, Mraz began work on his sophomore effort. His label wanted another hit record from an artist who was in transition. But his label was in transition, too. In February, Warner Music Group (the owners of Elektra Records) decided to merge Elektra with its more financially stable corporate sibling Atlantic Records. Elektra's future became ambiguous, but that wasn't Mraz's biggest problem. He was tired and disconnected as a result of too much touring, and he didn't have the same creative inclinations that had given shape to his first record. Nonetheless, one year later Atlantic was mastering *Mr. A-Z* for release in the summer of 2005. This record was, for Mraz, a different artistic expression in important ways. "[*Mr. A-Z*] was like a homework assignment," Mraz says. "[Atlantic said] it's something you need to do and we need it by this date. And we need another hit ... something a lot like the first hit that's going to go." *Mr. A-Z* was released in July 2005 and opened at a commanding #5 with 81,000 sales in the first week!

Before he knew what was happening, the tour started without ever stopping. Performing the new songs felt different and Mraz began losing focus. Touring took even more of a toll on him, and the business side of things became heavily distracting. "To me, the second record [represents] this confused character challenging his own ego. [I asked] how do I recreate these songs of a lost person?" *Mr. A-Z* captured a specific moment in time, challenging him during its conception and after its completion. "I think

there are a lot of great songs on the second album, but a lot of it was me against the craft, me against the company, me against my own head."

After another year of relentless touring, Jason Mraz decided that he'd had enough – no more touring and no more band. "I became a resident of San Diego again." He finished the remaining tour dates and flew home in search of friends and a familiar way of life. "I got to peel [away] all those layers of the business and all that stuff that I'd gotten confused [about]. It took me about two months [and then] I had this amazing sort of awakening and my whole health and attitude about life just shifted." Mraz became a homebody, splitting his time between friends, gardening, and surfing.

What happened over the next year brought

Mraz closer to his music and helped him rediscover his local roots. "[I started] playing shows with Bushwalla, working with Carlos Olmeda and Gregory Page [and] surfing every morning." Mraz reconnected with friends that he knew from his days performing at Java Joes, in Ocean Beach, in the early 2000s.

During much of 2006, playing as a member of Bushwalla's band, under the name "MC Raz," gave Mraz the opportunity to get out and perform locally without infringing upon the multitude of promotional contracts and business agreements that define where and when he is allowed to perform under his true moniker. He also co-produced Gregory Page's most recent record *Knife in My Chest*, which won the 2007 San Diego Music Award for Best Local Recording. Mraz was getting time to himself and, slowly, he began to reengage his own future musical career once again.

"A lot of it, honestly, for me is guesswork. I build it up and build it up and then if I feel like I've built too much of it, I just take it away."



Mraz, recording with his gospel group

After witnessing Jason's collapse of interest, his manager and the record executives loosened their grip on the business angle and instead invested in letting Mraz reconnect with his nature and the inspirations that had conspired to affect his original success. Having been granted more creative freedom and the chance to record his next album at home in his own private studio, Mraz began putting pen to paper once again, crafting the next expression of his experience.

He started off recording stripped-down acoustic tracks. He recalls the tepid reaction





Lost & Found:

JASON MRAZ Gets Home



from Atlantic Records. "It was working for a second, but then the label began to think we would shock our listeners." They wanted to shift gears slowly and make sure that loyal fans would remain loyal. In the quest for some more upbeat numbers, Mraz started working out ideas with producer Martin Terefe, eventually blazing an entirely different trail that resulted in a dance record they lovingly called *San Disco, CA*. They were excited, but the label wasn't. "The label hated it and pulled the plug on us... no more money." Regrouping and left to their own resources, Martin and Mraz kept at it, determined to find the creative middle ground that would satisfy both the executives' and the artists' aspirations. "We told all the musicians and managers not to worry – that these new recordings would prove worthy and we'd be back on track." They took the best material from both records, added some all-new compositions and found the sweet spot, winning back the label's blessing.

One especially strong track from the new album miraculously became a hit, before even being released. Mraz originally recorded the song, titled "I'm Yours," as a demo before it was leaked on the Internet. The song became a huge hit without ever getting a single radio rotation. "I'm Yours" was actually cut on *Mr. A Z* a few years ago," Mraz explains. The song was removed from the final master prior to release because the powers that be couldn't agree on the final version. Now, with the pending "re-release" of "I'm Yours," consensus still seems to be hard to achieve. "I was in New York and [we were] listening to two different versions of 'I'm Yours.' They're the exact same version, but there are two different drum takes. So, we're listening to one [then] we're listening to the other [and] people are commenting. This has been going on for months. In the meantime, [that] little demo of mine just got out and did more wonders for us than any recording I've ever done."

Mraz left the final decision on "I'm Yours" up to the finicky executives and flew home. On December 8, 2007, Mraz recorded the final takes for *We Sing, We Dance, We Steal Things* here at home in San Diego. Mere hours since his return from London (by way of New York), where he spent most of the fall recording with Terefe, Mraz was leading a spirited gospel choir in a pop-spiritual recording of one of the new album's songs. "Live High" is an uplifting track that mirrored the mood of the songwriter – buoyant and purposeful. Mraz has chosen to use varied vocal ensembles on his new record in order to create a broader sound palette, ranging from a chorus of children (playing the part of a pack of coyotes) to local "Girl MC" MC Flow (on his pre-release Internet hit "I'm Yours") and even his own mother! She was ushered into the studio along with Mraz's other Thanksgiving guests to add their piece to the musical puzzle that will become his third album. "I've never recorded with my mom and that was a pretty cool thing," he says, laughing. Mraz also looked to his personal collection of oldies but goodies for creative direction. "I'd just keep going back to [Bill Withers'] 'Lovely Day.' A lot of it, honestly, for me is guesswork. I build it up and build it up and then if I feel like I've built too much of it, I just take it away." Keeping with his original stripped-down approach, Mraz wanted these new songs to follow a less-is-more philosophy. "I've gotten lost in the past. I've tried to get a little too crazy with the melodies and the words. This time I'm just going to let things breathe."

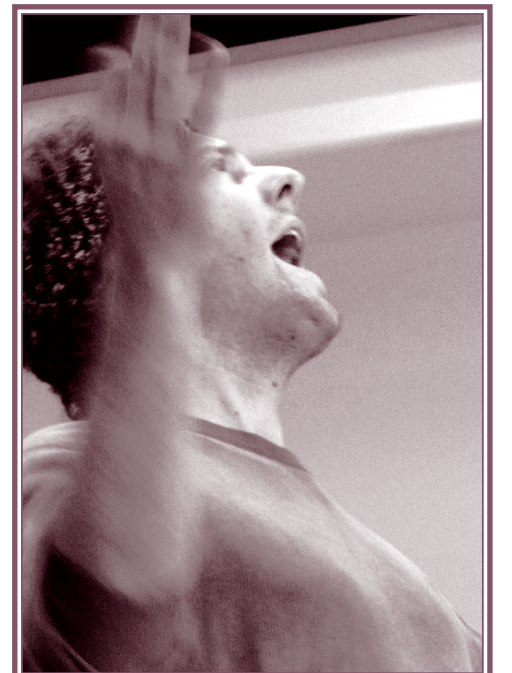


Bushwalla in the studio

Mraz is a poet and a commodity, a homebody and a tour junkie. He is an entertainer whose voice would make a canary feel self-conscious, but his approachable nature disarms the mythic proportions of his celebrity. Unexpectedly, he becomes more impressive as he becomes less mythic. Performing locally has made him more accessible to his fans and helped him reconnect with his original passion in music. The demo for "I'm Yours," a left-over track from his *Mr. A Z* sessions, became as big a hit as any of his radio-ready productions, proving that his craft stands on its own, even before the studio wizards do their hit-making magic. Furthermore, as the recording industry struggles to make sense of the rapidly changing retail market, Mraz is grounding his success with solid, old-fashioned live performances that keep audiences engaged.

Over the past seven years, he has grown in multiple dimensions – personally, musically, and occupationally. The new album represents Mraz's experience of coming home and getting back to basics. "It has to do with having had a year off to live again like a normal person in San Diego. Shopping at Henry's, tending a garden, building a deck, [and] raising a cat." With tour rehearsals starting as soon as this month, Mraz is facing another busy year. "I've tried to make a deal with the powers that be. I told them when we start touring again, every sixth week I [need to] come back to San Diego. I want to feed the cat, I want to surf in the sea, [and] I want to eat a burrito. I just want to see the stars [and] smell the air." Provided that his wishes are received, Jason Mraz may finally achieve a balance between the demands of his prosperous career and his personal need to live in the moment. For now, he appears ready and willing to swing the pendulum in the other direction. "I'm anxious to put the band back together and go out and sing these new songs. I feel like I've had a year off and I don't think I want a holiday ever again. I'm ready to do this."

"I want to feed the cat, I want to surf in the sea, and I want to eat a burrito. I just want to see the stars and smell the air."





Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



KSON'S BLUEGRASS SPECIAL

Did you know that San Diego has the longest running bluegrass radio show in the country, running continuously for 31 years? Well, we San Diegans are indeed fortunate that we do have such a show. It is called the "Bluegrass Special" and it's hosted by Wayne Rice every Sunday night from 10pm to midnight on KSON at FM 97.3 and 92.1 in North County. Wayne does a great job playing not only the top current bluegrass hits and broadcasting the IBMA annual awards show, but he also plays a nice selection of classics along with a sampling of music from local bands and seasonal material. Wayne also enlightens you with his tremendous depth of knowledge about bluegrass and its prominent musicians and bands. If you have not listened in, give Wayne's show a try. He welcomes call-ins and requests, so give him a ring at (619) 570-1973. If you are not within reach of the radio signal, you can log on to the KSON web page and stream the show live from anywhere in the world. Simply go to: <http://www.kson.com/bluegrass/> and click on "Listen Live."



Wayne Rice on the air with Second Delivery (l. to r.: Wayne Rice, Ramona Ault, Beth Moskow, Mark Foxworthy)

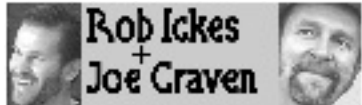
Wayne Rice and the San Diego Bluegrass Society have collaborated over the past year to bring bluegrass fans and radio listeners a great new on-air program called "The San Diego Bluegrass Society Live," which brings a local band into the radio studio once a month for some live music and chat with Wayne. The band is usually on for about 30 minutes starting about 10:15, playing three to four tunes, and talking about their activities and the various SDBS programs. So far, the program has presented the Virtual Strangers, Super Strings, the Grateful Hooligans, Second Delivery, the Full Deck, the Bluegrass Ramblers, Gone Tomorrow, Needle in a Haystack, Soledad Mountain, Eric Uglum and Sons, Emma's Gut Bucket Band in a special Christmas show, and Tim Flannery.

The way it works, with some exceptions, is that whichever band the SDBS chooses to

be its featured band at the SDBS fourth Tuesday event at the Boll Weevil makes an appearance on Wayne's show the Sunday before that performance. This way, those who hear the band on the air and like what they hear can come out to the Boll Weevil and hear the band live. The program has received great reviews as a nice local touch and as a good way to let the listening public know about some of our outstanding local bands. It's also an easy way to get the word out about upcoming concerts and other SDBS-sponsored events and for listeners to learn more about the various programs and activities supported by the nonprofit San Diego Bluegrass Society. In addition, the bands and Wayne report that it is great fun. You will be impressed how good our local bands are and how great they sound on the air.

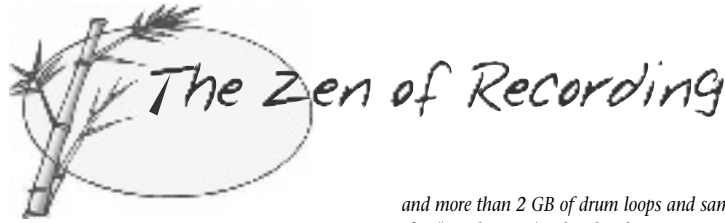
As we enter 2008, look for the "San Diego Bluegrass Society Live" on KSON's "Bluegrass Special" with Wayne Rice to continue. This month, on January 20, Super Strings will be in the studio on the air with Wayne, with Needle in a Haystack coming up in February. The Shirthouse Band will make its first appearance in March, the Virtual Strangers will be back in April, and there will be more bands to follow. You'll hear some of your favorites and some new bands as well. So be sure to listen in.

ROB ICKES AND JOE CRAVEN ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 4



The San Diego Bluegrass Society and the Del Mar Foundation are co-sponsoring a special concert on Friday evening, January 4, at the Powerhouse in Del Mar, featuring Rob Ickes and Joe Craven. Rob Ickes is a member of the bluegrass supergroup Blue Highway and is the nine-time winner of the IBMA Dobro Player of the Year award, and the current holder of that honor for 2007-08. [Note to those keeping score: Rob has now surpassed Jerry Douglas who has eight awards]. Joe Craven, who will be playing fiddle, is a past member of the David Grisman Quintet and a musician extraordinaire, so be sure to get your tickets and enjoy this beautiful venue right on the beach in Del Mar and hear some hot music. For tickets and info, contact Betty Wheeler at (858) 205-3834.

Keep on pickin'!



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

PEACE AND QUIET



Increasingly rare are those moments of respite between sessions, gigs, and ventures out into the "real world," wherein even a nice, enjoyable restaurant breakfast can be reduced to little more than one more unsettling episode by a well placed crash of a bus tray. I know it seems bizarre to hear someone who spends most of their life kicking up some sort of racket making reference to a quest for quiet, but there it is. Sometimes, I feel myself needing to, if I may quote the late Mr. Lennon, "give peace a chance."

It's not just the kind of peace that involves physical quiet, either. Just as important is a quiet mind. These are the moments when we unravel our knotted thoughts in an effort to solve problems or address specific challenges, to reflect and hopefully gain the perspective required to see a conundrum from every possible angle. It is from this treasured place that we return, refreshed and revived, ready to rejoin the fray with elbows flying and face full of resolve.

Two products from PreSonus have recently brought both types of tranquility into my life as of late, and I'm confident that if you're in the market for higher fidelity, lower hassle, and a just plain easier time recording, you will as well.

The **FireStudio Project** (\$699.95 list, \$499.95 Street) is, to quote the company's literature, "a complete 24-bit/96K professional recording system combining eight Class A XMAX microphone preamplifiers, 24-bit/96k sample rate conversion, zero-latency matrix router mixer, and the PreSonus ProPak Software Suite featuring Steinberg's Cubase LE 4 48-track recording and production software, over 25 real-time plug-in effects (EQ's, compressors, reverbs),

and more than 2 GB of drum loops and samples." In short, it's what lies between your hands and your computer hard drive with regard to digital recording.

There are a couple of different ways to see this scenario: one is that you may wish to have as invisible and intuitive an interface as possible, so that you spend less time worrying about what plugs into where and comes out how, etc., and more time just making music. Other times, one may be looking to dig deep into the guts of things in an effort to find solutions that are a bit more complex in nature.

The FireStudio Project cleverly addresses these needs by way of their FireControl mixer/router, a 18x10 DSP mixer/router for flexible mixing and direct routing of any input to any output (including the headphone output!), with zero latency. The FireControl software application is how you address not only your audio inputs and outputs like a lot of other interfaces, but it also has options for providing up to five different monitor mixes. This way, you can give the drummer more bass and click, take the drums out of the vocalist's phones entirely, or any such combination, without dealing with a lot of hardware headaches. Additionally, these settings are saved into the FireStudio's flash memory, so they're just the way you left them at the last session!

These features alone, along with the ease-of-use and straightforward manual, would be more than a bargain, but when you factor in the eight amazing, clear, and punchy sounding XMAX microphone preamps...your small investment really starts working overtime. Let's put it another way: five or six hundred bucks for a killer pair of microphone preamps is a bargain, eight of them, plus headphone monitoring, per channel LED metering, MIDI in/out, S/PDIF in/out, plus the JetPLL™ jitter elimination technology that ensures greater stereo separation and sonic depth, along with the addition of the virtual mixer...well, that's a straight-up steal.

I must confess that I had my reservations about hearing my audio "virtually," as opposed to "concretely," but in practice the FireStudio's monitoring was indeed latency-free and the recorded performances retained their intended "feel," which is of paramount importance in my productions. PreSonus provides further repose by way of its inclu-



Sven-Erik Seaholm

sion of safeguards like the previously mentioned flash memory and the unit's ability to passively pass audio through even when the firewire connection is broken.

That's the "peace" part. The "quiet" comes via another well thought-out piece of hardware, the **HP60 - 6 Channel Headphone Mixing System** (\$399, \$299.95 street). The reference to the unit as a "system" rather than simply a headphone amplifier is appropriate one, considering that there are several features available that are not usually included on other units, comparably priced or not.

Chief among them is the inclusion of not only two separate stereo mix inputs, but an additional stereo external in for each of the six channels! This allows for such configurations as an overall monitor mix, a click track-only mix that can be balanced to taste or omitted from each entirely, along with a "more me" factor by feeding the player's individual signal to just their phones. These are all mixable by each player to taste.

Additional mixing scenarios are possible by using this unit in tandem with the FireStudio, as each of the five different monitor mixes it provides can be sent to different channels of the HP 60. Oh, and let's not forget the thoughtful inclusion of a talkback mic section!

In practice, the combination of the FireStudio and HP60 was a winning one, with an incredible amount of flexibility with regard to routing that equated to more musical comfort and subsequently higher levels of performance. Add to that PreSonus's peerless build quality and excellent customer support and you've got what I absolutely love to pass along to folks: big studio performance at home studio prices!

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer (kaspro.com) and recording artist (svensongs.com). His extensive song catalogue will be honored this month via a special show titled "Sven Songs: A Tribute to the Man and His Music." Please contact CathrynBeeks@aol.com for more details.

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- Jan. 25 Another Zeke Productions presents A Scribe Amidst the Lions The Holy Rolling Empire (Az)
- Jan. 26 KPH Homegrown Hour presents Astra Kelly • the 47s Pete Stewart • the Plastic Savivors Lessons from Zeke



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GARY TILLERY



Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

"THE SINS OF YOU AND I"

Take a look at the title above. Does it ring a bell? It's been ringing mine for far too long, and in a very grating way. It's in the last line of a repulsive ditty that makes up the musical part of a television commercial for some game called Guitar Hero and, so help me Rhonda, it's sweeping the country and won't stop, it seems, 'til it's cleaned out the last gooey morsel of brain matter from our cranial buckets.

While mine is still half full (I think; perish the idea of calling it half empty!), today I'm assuming Attack Mode, and may God help us all.

College-educated Jim Morrison did his bit against our language in the song "Touch Me," in which "...the stars fall from the sky for you and I." Sting (once an English educator himself!) gave us "If you love someone, set them free." And I've never forgotten or forgiven the Youngbloods for singing so sweetly about what can be held in one's "trembolin haind," for the love of all decent extremities...oh, mercy, my own haind is all a-trembolin as I write this down. I, too, am complicit in destroying the sweet tongue of those wiser and more dead than myself.

In all of the above cases, the writers should have known better. Or else some friend of nominal intelligence should have pointed out the errors before the stuff went public. But apparently no one did, and the poisons leached into our lives have been partying up a storm ever since.

Take the odd word that we grow up reading but that is rarely used in our verbal intercourse, at least by others. Carried through time in our hearts, its perfection at summoning up its own meaning eventually becomes a casual emission from our lips in conversation. Until one day, perhaps many years later, when a good friend just as casually corrects our uninformed pronunciation of the word and unintentionally sets us wallowing in the puddle of shame that had been anxiously — and without our knowledge — awaiting our step.

It's one of the ugliest moments in interpersonal communication, one of the most humbling, and certainly one of the most instructive. It's sort of like suddenly being told that for years you've exuded a nauseating odor from behind your knees (yeah, I said "sort of," didn't I?). Thanks to one female friend on the northwest corner of Fourth and Robinson one day in 1985, I've not since mispronounced "myriad." And, thanks to Troy Danté on two occasions, two other words have foreverafter been able to escape my lips with their dignity intact.

Out of all the local TV weather people, I've noticed only one who correctly handles the word "temperature." To the others, it's always "tempachir." Everywhere there's there's talk about "heighth" and (often, when it strangely concerns me) "lenth." Good ol' Judge Joe Brown, a presumably learned man who occasionally amuses himself with forays into unusual dialects, can't for the life of him get a grip on "et cetera." (Rule of thumb: there's no "Eck" in the Cetera family. There was a Pete who was in



José Sinatra

the band Chicago; his only living sibling is "Et." At any rate, the phrase itself never requires triple iteration.)

In today's zombified world, few people use the phrase "tongue in cheek" anymore without the repulsive insertion of "firmly" into the mix. Likewise, "the rest is history" without that putridly folksy "as they say." Sure enough, in this morning's *L.A. Times*, Kenneth Turan's review of *Charlie Wilson's War* actually ends with "[t]he rest, as they say, is history." That one has been driving me nuts for about 30 years and, in a recent civil suit, was judged liable for the damage it has caused my mental health. I have yet to collect. Now, my attorneys are all abuzz about local scribe Lee Grant, whose column in this morning's *Union-Tribune* ends, "...what to do when a parent who took care of you can no longer take care of themselves."

No, no more litigation. Let's get back to words, just words, one more time, I'll speak now to those among you who've never had someone correct you in your recent adult life: don't feel too damn smug. It may be that you don't really mean as much to your "friends" as you think. You're not worth their effort and they actually laugh about you behind your back. Hell, I'm doing it now. Especially when you go on about weddings and "nuptuals," while snickering at Satan's favorite minion and his warnings about "nucular" catastrophe.

Oh, I get it now. The reasons I'm going after everyone and Kenneth Turan and Lee Grant are simply to take the focus away from my own pathetic deficiencies and the fact that I do so desperately want to be their friend. Maybe in this new year we can reach an ecstatic point when words won't even be necessary. Don't count on it.

We'll get through this new year together, you and I, if we lose our fear, our hatred, our disgust. Oh, I do love you so. Come along with me, please. Take my haind.



RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

THE BIG PARTY

I've just returned from the Troubadour's annual holiday party at Kent Johnson and Liz Abbott's University Heights home. What a hoot!

While I sampled the free beer from around the world, I stood in wonder in their living room as a group of musicians took to the dining room and re-invented Cream's 1968 hit, "Sunshine of Your Love." Until tonight, it would have been difficult for anyone to imagine this classic rock radio staple performed by Kent Johnson on vocals, backed by an instrumental trio of bass, drums and *cello!* But it rocked! I thought it was swell, even if it was ultimately Spinal Tap-ish, what with its primarily low-end tonality...like "Big Bottom."

The highlight of my evening, however, was the short set by blues belter Michele Lundeen. I knew Michele's name, but I'd never seen her perform. I wasn't prepared to have, as the saying goes, *my socks blown off.*

As I drove home, sockless, I thought, "Hmmm, she kicked ass!" She did three tunes, with most of her live band backing her on guitar, drums, bass, sax, and congas. Since I was seated about five feet away, I sang on several choruses when Lundeen shoved the microphone in my face. "Gonna gleeb a boogie! Gotta gleeb a noogie," I screamed.

Hell, yeah, *gleeb!*

The annual Troubadour holiday party is about the only time during the year I see I my fellow writers, and there are still many of them I haven't met yet! More parties are definitely in order.

MY PREDICTIONS FOR 2008

Rather than make resolutions I'll never keep, I'll predict some of the events of 2008:

1. Clear Channel will buy the *Union Tribune*. At Christmas, they will fire every employee who's actually making a living. They will make one of their accountants the new Editor-in-Chief.
2. The Padres will sign Tim Lincecum to play center field. They will go on to beat Tampa Bay in the World Series.
3. Dennis Kucinich will win the presidency in a landslide over Mitt Romney.
4. The TV writers strike will continue all year. By May, every show on television will come from YouTube, even the news.
5. A radio genius (oxymoron!) will create a new format that appeals to baby boomers. The format will combine folk, jazz, blues, rock, and pop music. It will be called *Top 40*, because it will be like AM radio was in the '60s and '70s, only all grown-up.
6. The national debt will reach \$27 trillion. That's \$45,000 owed by every living thing in the USA, including house plants.

Happy New Year.



by Peter Bolland

THE GATES OF JANUARY

Janus is a Roman god with two faces — one looking forward and one looking back. He is the god of doorways and gates and new beginnings. He carries a large ring of keys. That's why guys with lots of keys who lock and unlock doors are called janitors. As a young kid I distinctly remember thinking that janitors ran my elementary school. They were so obviously important with all those keys.

Principals, on the other hand, had no discernible purpose. They were gray men with faces etched in worry. Janitors whistled while they worked and sang songs. It was clear to see who the masters were. Ah, the wisdom of children. Here in the new year we look back and look ahead, wondering if we'll get it right this time, and at least grateful for the chance. These next few weeks stand before us like an open gate to an infinite garden. That's why the first month of the year is called January.

Looking back is tricky business — all those mistakes and missed opportunities. And there's not a damn thing we can do about it. Maybe that's what makes dwelling in the past so seductive. The set-in-stone permanence of the past allows us to nurse our cherished delusion of powerlessness. Looking forward, on the other hand, is daunting and sometimes terrifying because the future is a field of infinite possibility. There's a lot we can do about it. And that scares us. We don't want that much power.

Which key to use? Which lock to turn? The fact that we have to choose a door without the benefit of seeing everything on the other side — everything we're saying yes to — is more than many of us can bear. So we never choose. We wait, never really living our lives, just telling ourselves that we are, and self-medicating any way we can.

Choosing a door and moving through it requires an astonishing amount of courage. You have to choose to trust that the universe is conspiring for your good. You have to step for-

ward without even knowing if there's going to be a path beneath your feet. But with the right level of courage and trust the universe has no choice but to respond. You create your own path with the intentionality of your consciousness.

If we only looked forward, our choices would lack wisdom. If we only look back, we'd choose nothing at all, instead drifting aimlessly into the next eddy in the stream, beached and stagnant. Like Janus, we have to move courageously into the future of our own making, yet all the while mindful of the past. In wisdom we neither deny the past nor dwell on it. We keep it around like a map, looking at it only when we feel ourselves slipping into old destructive patterns. But to move forward safe and sure, the map must be put away and both eyes set firmly on the road ahead. And even if our headlights only illuminate the next 200 yards, we know in our nameless wisdom that the road goes on forever.

Janus represents new beginnings and times of transition. What are you going to do differently this year? What old habits are you going to let go? What new habits will take their place? Our lives are simply the sum of our choices. What choices are you going to make? As Sartre reminds us, if you do not choose that is still a choice. If you wait, afraid to live your dreams, unsure if you really deserve to be happy (you do) and are unwilling to let go of the outdated life-script that stands between you and your bliss, then at least admit to yourself that you are choosing your own unhappiness, and that you are not a victim of fate or powerful others. If you want to swim across the pool, you have to let go of the side you're holding onto. Janus opens doors. But he closes them, too. You don't have forever. January is only a few weeks long. Reach for a key, unlock a door, and step through.

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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String Planet's Orbit Swings Into San Diego

by Mike Alvarez

It would be completely understandable if the words "String Planet" made you think of a big ball of twine drifting through space. In reality it's the name of an immensely talented husband and wife duo from Los Angeles who brought their brilliance to San Diego this past November. Larry Tuttle on Chapman Stick and Novi Novog on viola conjured their melodic magic for a delighted audience at Across the Street in University Heights. Both are seasoned veterans of the music business, each having an astonishing list of accomplishments to their credit. While much of their effort has gone toward taking other artists' music to the next level, String Planet is their vehicle for expressing themselves through their own compositions as well as their interpretations of classic (and classical!) material.

According to Tuttle, String Planet's sound can be described as "instrumental pop with a heavy classical influence. The classical influence is so intense with both of us. Our whole childhoods were spent in various orchestras. It's what we have most in common." He describes their first album, simply titled *String Planet*, as "an effort to have a lot of world music kinds of rhythms, but on the new one coming up that's become less important. It's more of a colorful and inventive pop music." Having played an incredible variety of music throughout their careers, their tastes are understandably eclectic. While both are well-grounded in classical music and technique — he, having started as an upright bassist — they are also skilled improvisers and composers in their own right. They both point to influences that span a wide spectrum of music, including jazz, pop, and progressive rock.

Tuttle gets songwriting credit on the albums, but emphasizes that Novog brings "an incredible amount of color" to the bare bones chords, bass, and melody, "weaving between inner voices, colorful rhythm parts, melody doubles, octave doubles, etc." A composition major as well as a serious keyboardist, she brings a dizzy-

ing array of inventive ideas to the songs. "She won't let anything dull or boring slip by. It all gets the full Novi treatment and comes out sounding like music on the other end." For her part, Novog says that Tuttle's songs "sound great already. They're wonderfully creative, filled with great voicings and fabulous ideas. What I do is take his ideas and try to put a new spin on them. I love orchestrating and arranging our two instruments, kind of like a budget orchestra". She continues by saying that they both enjoy giving the String Planet treatment to cover songs and classical pieces. "Since it's been done so well by the original composer, it's fun to twist them a bit. We'll put our own spin on a tune...take it and make it our own."

Don Schiff, the Stick maestro who also dazzled at Across the Street that same evening has a long history with the couple. He was Tuttle's first Stick teacher who remembers him as being "extraordinarily talented, even when he stopped by for a lesson 15 [or so] years ago. [His] coming from a bass background as I do made it easy for me to convey what my approach to the Stick is. Larry opens up areas of the Stick both in arrangements and executions that are as unique as the instrument itself. It's so new so he gets to create it as he goes. There's no greater gift than to be able to put yourself that much into an instrument." Schiff is equally generous with his praise for Novog, calling her a "power house viola performer. Her style and tone exude such professionalism, vast experience, and top artist quality that you're floored at first bow stroke. I'm thrilled every time I hear her." Schiff is not alone in his appreciation for her talents. Her resume is studded with a mind-bending array of star power. She played the fiddle solo on the Doobie Brothers' hit single "Black Water" and was a part of the string ensemble on the Prince albums *Purple Rain*, *Around the World in a Day*, and *Under the Cherry Moon*. She was pleasantly surprised to find that Prince was "such a nice man. And quite the workaholic!" Such is the demand for her talents that she and her beloved instrument, "Stinky," have graced recordings and stage performances of such artists as

Michael Jackson, Madonna, Bonnie Raitt, Seal, Frank Zappa, Gordon Lightfoot, Willie Nelson, Stanley Clarke, Randy Newman, and her very own cousin Lauren Wood. And that's just a small sample!

Acoustic guitar and drums complemented the Stick and viola lineup in their previous band Freeway Philharmonic. It was similar in sound but had a very important difference in approach. A long-term project that lasted through four albums and many gigs, Tuttle says it was a band that "focused on arrangements. The arrangements were tricky, elaborate, and impressive, and by necessity we played the songs pretty much the same way every night. String Planet was built differently by design. The idea was to be more free —more room for improvisation, more freedom to be spontaneous." He expands on this, saying that they wanted to "stretch out solos, expand on intros, have free dialogues between the Stick and viola. We also wanted to have more of a groove; simpler songs with compelling beats and a stripped-down minimal vibe." Although no longer an active recording or performing entity, Tuttle regards Freeway Philharmonic with much fondness, summing up the experience simply: "Much fun was had!"

On record String Planet is free to augment their sound with percussion, synthesizer, string quartet, and even an occasional vocalist on a couple of tracks. On stage it's often just the two of them, although a percussionist will sometimes accompany them to add an extra rhythmic edge. Their website, www.stringplanet.com, features videos of them playing with Christo Pellanis on world percussion, showcasing the seamless integration of a third member into their lineup. However, at Across the Street they demonstrated that the duo is more than sufficient to cover all the bases. They wowed the crowd with an amazingly eclectic selection of tunes, starting with a spirited instrumental interpretation of the Beatles' "Lady Madonna." This was followed by their originals "Gorilla Walk," "Boomerang," and "Goodbye Goodluck." Their choice of covers was very interesting, including Kyu Sakamoto's "Sukiyaki," Prokofiev's



String Planet's Larry Tuttle and Novi Novog

"Love for Three Oranges (March)," and the finale from Saint Saens' "Carnival of the Animals." Much of the material they played will be included on their new CD, *Songs from the Home Planet* (reviewed in this issue).

Their stage presence is casual and friendly, notable for Tuttle's witty banter and Novog's exuberant presence. When the music starts, they're all business. As one audience member was heard to comment, "They make it look so easy." And indeed they do. They smile a lot and let themselves unselfconsciously move and sway to the beat. Their joy is pure and their passion is contagious. One noteworthy moment was an impromptu performance of their song "Big Pig Jig," accompanied by percussionist Clive Alexander. It is a wonderfully energetic piece that was greatly enhanced by Alexander's uncanny ability to instantly pick up a song's vibe and create the perfect beat to drive it. After their rousing closing number, the finale from Saint-Saens' "Carnival of the Animals," the fortunate San Diegans in attendance gave String Planet a well-deserved standing ovation.

String Planet is perhaps the most unique musical act to hit the scene in a very long time. Even when they play material composed by oth-

ers, their sound is unmistakable. Says Tuttle, "We take a lot of liberties with the arrangements and try to put a seriously quirky spin on the material." Their fluency in the language of music almost guarantees that other musicians will get what they're doing, but their hope is to build as broad an audience as possible. Their ability to write pleasing melodies and their selection of appealing cover songs are positive steps toward that end. Yes, they're serious about what they're doing, but it's of great importance that the end result be enjoyable and fun. Thus far, their favorite gigs have been in places like arts centers, colleges, and community theatres where the music is the center of attention. They also have a lot of fun playing festivals, but as Tuttle puts it, "we've never been much for clubs." This is understandable, given that their music is designed to be listened to and appreciated rather than merely serving as background music in a party atmosphere. Tuttle and Novog are also in the business of session work, composition, arrangement, and music education, but nowadays they are scaling back these activities in favor of focusing on the band. As he puts it, "performing and promoting the new music is job one for now."

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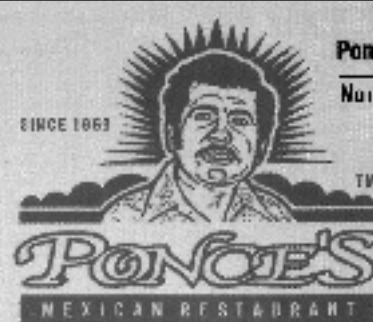
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PONCE'S



West of Memphis Honey Pie

by Raul Sandelin

According to David Allan Coe, every good country and western song has to mention mama, trains, trucks, prison, and getting drunk. While this profundity may have been pronounced tongue-and-cheek, it does beg a certain truth: should a music borne of a specific epoch and region deal with subject matter that's true to that time and place? Those listening to the country charts know that country doesn't really sing about rural life anymore but tries to appeal to a decidedly suburbanized, metro-sexual America. The same dilemma strikes the blues: should a music borne of field hollers and hard traveling, of smoky juke joints and bad whiskey alter itself now that its home-nation has passed into the third millennium and onto a gestalt markedly, if not completely, distant from the harsh, post-Reconstruction South?

Fortunately, when listening to West of Memphis, one doesn't have to endeavor in the above-philosophic quagmire because WoM stays sonically and topically true to its inspiration: the blaring blues bars of Chicago's post-war South Side, where freight trains rumbled past and third-class passenger cars carried the likes of McKinley Morganfield and his kin up from the Delta to their new home where southern black hardship suddenly crashed with new-found electric instrumentation and hot rodded harmonica. West of Memphis, despite its name, has nailed the Chicago Blues! *Honey Pie* is a live CD that captures the band at the Griffintown Café in Montreal. I say band, but, in fact, WoM is a duo, featuring transplant San Diegans Karl Cabbage out front on harp and Tom Walpole on guitar. The two share center stage with a tight combo backing them up from the shadows. The sound is gritty. Think Little Walter with Otis Rush or the earlier Junior Wells/Buddy Guy collaborations. Unlike the later Blues influenced by British guitar heroes, the WoM sound is that of an ensemble, all of the instruments including vocals melding together into one, sonic locomotive. Those inducted into the blues club via Clapton, SRV, Walter Trout, and the greats of the past 30 years are in for a treat. Before guitar pyrotechnics, band members found the groove together and held onto each other to form one, cohesive mass of rumbling glory. And, WoM does an authentic job of that. The song list combines standards such as "I'm ready" with a number of originals. One of the latter — "Cell Phone Blues" — caused me to rethink my earlier comment about sticking to period subject matter. Perhaps, country and western and the blues (but never Bluegrass) can be about mama, trains, trucks, prison, getting faced and cyber-space. These days West of Memphis can be heard burning coal at the House of Blues downtown during Friday night happy hour. With their authentic Chicago sound, they're sure to put the blues back into that venue's soul.



Sheila Sondergård Spoke Too Loud

by Mike Alvarez

Sheila Sondergård has a lot to say and her new CD, the aptly titled *Spoke Too Loud*, is the perfect soapbox from which she can air her thoughts. One of the first things I noticed is that there are a lot of lyrics. And I mean lots of them. It's evident that she puts as much emphasis on them as she does the music. Expertly produced by Sven-Erik Seaholm, the album gets off to a strong start with "Angel I Know," a song that is propelled by a pulsing bass line and muscular percussion. Sondergård is a mixture of toughness and sweetness as she sings of a dangerous attraction (a theme that recurs throughout the album). The follow-up, "Same Ol' Bend," is a tune that raises the intensity a few notches, calling to mind the Bob Dylan classic "All Along the Watchtower" as it ramps up to a fiery climax.

A clever wordsmith, Sondergård is not afraid to raise eyebrows as she celebrates her own exotic sensuality in the coy and bubbly "Rosewood." Her voice takes on a pixie-like quality as she croons a tale of seduction that includes a healthy fascination for guitars. The lyrics are, shall we say, rather bold in their self-revelatory nature. As the album unfolds, one can hear explorations into country-pop ("Clues," "Rhythms of Silence"), smooth jazz ("Spoke Too Loud," "Tracks"), reggae ("One More"), and Americana ("Change"). Rather than coming across as a dabbler in these genres, she infuses them with her own style and sound, making them her own. There is a strength and confidence in her voice and songwriting. I sensed influences from artists as diverse as Chrissy Hynde and Rickie Lee Jones.

The album is professional and polished. It has a commercial sound that still allows the music's edginess to show through. There is a wonderful balance between the instruments and her voice, and the arrangements really showcase the interplay among all of these elements. Her musicians are all accomplished players as well. Drummer Bill Ray, bassist Jason Littlefield, and percussionist Chuck Prada are a tight rhythm section that expertly navigates through many interesting rhythmic and textural changes. Guitarist Sean Martin is a versatile player who can go from crisp rhythms to blazing solos and all points in between. Jeremy Miller's touch on the keyboards complements the arrangements perfectly. In addition to singing, Sondergård plays a mean acoustic guitar.

I found this album to be instantly likable. The great care taken in the songwriting, arrangements, and performances ensures that you'll keep discovering nuances to appreciate with each new spin.



String Planet Songs from the Home Planet

by Mike Alvarez

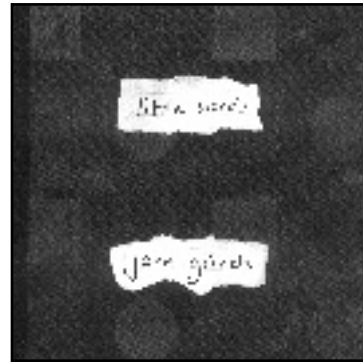
There's good reason to be excited about String Planet's new release. It's a rollicking good time that also puts a lot on the table for the musical sophisticate. Unlike their first album, *String Planet*, this CD boldly includes unique interpretations of famous music as well as their own infectious original tunes. With this collection, Chapman Stick virtuoso Larry Tuttle and top session violist Novi Novog (joined by drummer/percussionist Jo Pusateri) continue to create music that is both accessible and interesting.

The centerpiece of *Songs from the Home Planet* will undoubtedly be the cover tunes. There are six: three pop songs and three arrangements of classical pieces. The album opens with a bang — their enthusiastic take on the Beatles' "Lady Madonna" turns it upside down and inside out. In typical fashion they take the major themes and find clever ways to re-state them to give the song a fresh new sound. The same approach is taken with "Stranger on the Shore" and "Sukiyaki." Their choices of classical music are inspired: Prokofiev's "Love for Three Oranges (March)" is a wild workout that "rocks the classics" as skillfully as anything from the Emerson, Lake and Palmer songbook. "Anitra's Dance" from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" loses none of its original mystery and power under their deft hands. Their arrangement of Saint-Saens' "Carnival of the Animals (Finale)" is a welcome reminder that classical music has its fun side.

The original compositions are no less appealing, creating moods that run the gamut from pastoral to boisterous and never losing sight of the importance of melody. As you might expect from its title, "The Whizzer" is an energetic jaunt with a bouncy rhythm. "Goodbye Goodluck" has a laid back feel that is evocative of the emotions one might experience when wishing somebody good-bye and good luck. "Big Pig Jig" and "Pepe the Circus Dog" are fun romps that continue the animal theme that runs through their first album as well as their previous work (when asked about the significance of the recurring animal motif in their song titles, they replied that it meant "absolutely nothing — how about that?"). "Big George" is a slow number with bluesy jazz chords and melodies that have a "Porgy and Bess" feel in many instances, leading one to an educated guess as to the identity of the titular George. The album finishes with "East Is West," an oriental-style melody that brings to mind imagery of Chinese junks sailing across exotic seascapes.

Both Tuttle and Novog have instrumental chops to spare, but they never display them just for the sake of showing off. They are seasoned performers who know how to use their skills to great effect. Their approach when making this album was to use fewer overdubs or additional instruments so that the sound more closely matches their live shows. Tuttle reports that it was "a joy to record, and with any luck at all, a joy to listen to." Luck seems to be with String Planet because that's exactly how it turned out.

Visit www.stringplanet.com and see page 12 for more about String Planet.



Jenn Grinels Little Words

by Chuck Schiele

If you ask me, Jenn Grinels is at the forefront of San Diego's singing elite. When it comes to chops and the balance of command, control, and freedom that go into exceptional singing, this lady stands alone. Her new CD, *Little Words*, focuses on Grinels' songwriting, expressed for the most part on acoustic guitar and voice with the now-and-then support of accompaniment.

There's a darker tone in the thematic aspect of the CD as evidenced in song titles such as "Misery," "Treason," "Can't Stay Here," "No Better," and "Crutch." It's a different thing than, say, Fiona Apple, but the mood is similar in that it's elegantly melancholic. She sings about respect vs. disrespect, loyalty vs. betrayal, and disappointments in general — written usually in a matter-of-fact context — from those moments in which reality sets in and lucidity translates to let-down by way of its own clarity. Yet, while there is despair in her lyric, there is hope in her voice. And that makes for an interesting situation.

One of the things this record is not — is "dreamy." I think that's important to state, because of the confidence going into this effort. There is no question as to what she wants to sing or what she wants to sing about. Every last note she sings is hit with a confidence that tells me A) she really lived her lyrics, B) has a command of her vocal instrument, C) has an exceptional understanding of music — obviously stemming from her healthy background in theater. Even her softest, most subtle lyrical licks are as gripping as the powerfully belted lines that are emblematic of her art.

Given that the tone and the focus of the CD provide all the threads necessary for cohesion in the work, that doesn't mean this album goes with out variety. There is plenty of it as Grinels covers a larger musical terrain than most. And she does it in a way that makes it seem easy, natural, and fluid — never exceeding the context and messages in her songs, messages that would qualify as introspective in their point of view.

And while this remains a solid artful work on its own terms, I am left with the impression that the work itself is witness to an artist in an accelerated growth motion. She has the "triple threat" thing going — with momentum. She sings way above the din of mediocrity, plays smart, groovy guitar, and her songs are good. Maybe we should coin the term "quadruple threat" because she looks good doing it, too. And with that, it is my bet that this CD is at the beginning of a long line of ever improving works from Jenn Grinels.



The Hi-Lites Hi-Altitude!

by Craig Yerkes

On their new CD, *Hi-Altitude!*, the Hi-Lites successfully churn out a seriously enjoyable mix of ska, gospel, and New Orleans-style jazz/swing. The approach is very raw on this disc and the energy of this very large band sounds a lot like a live performance. That raw approach does have its drawbacks, but we'll get to that later. The arrangements are harmonically and rhythmically interesting with a good mix of structure and playful improvisation/jamming.

My favorite track is "Love," with its somewhat dissonant horn lines, killer melody, and infectious Mardi Gras rhythm. "Love," however, brings me to what I mentioned earlier about the raw approach having its drawbacks. The vocals (particularly the female vocals) don't really cut through the massive wall of instruments. It sounds like there were a couple of mics set up in the middle of the room and the vocals weren't front and center like you would expect. Still, "Love" is a great track, which I feel showcases what is best about this very talented band. The horn section is very tight and the soloing they do is always nicely suited to the music, very tasteful.

Whoever writes the horn parts really knows how to give the horn players something fun to play without overpowering the music. And man, what a rhythm section this band has! The bass playing anchors everything and this guy (James Trent) drives the music so solidly that I sometimes found myself focusing on the bass line for an entire song and marveling at the musicianship. Check out tracks 12 and 13 ("Black Joe" and "Sugar and Spice") if tasty jazz guitar solos are your thing 'cause guitarist James Ritz lays down a couple of doozies (although I wish, like the vocals, that he cut through just a little more).

One thing some might find a bit puzzling is how the driving ska rhythm is sometimes paired with vocals, which sound almost like something you would hear on a kind of old time swing or gospel radio hour, but I found that mix very appealing. The un-credited bonus track is pure musical joy and ends it all quite beautifully. This is flat out feel-good, dance-til'-you-drop, uplifting music, and this disc made me want to see this band live. Good stuff for sure!



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Cathryn Beeks Ordeal
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JANUARY CALENDAR

wednesday • 2

Kevin Green's Músikah Negro, Volz Alta, 1544 Broadway, 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Chip Conrad & the Concrete Feet, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

thursday • 3

Joe Rathburn/John Foltz, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 First Ave., Encinitas, 7pm.
Sin City Revue II/Gram Parsons Tribute, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Annie Bthancourt/Whitton, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 4

Johnson, Bosley & Morin, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
Mojave/Smart Brothers/Tempo no Tempo, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Elijah Emanuel & the Revelations/The Hi-Lites/Blackheart Warriors Hi-Fi, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Band in Black, Ocean House, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 9pm.

saturday • 5

Chet & the Committee, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6:30pm.
Sharon Hazel Township/Jaime Michaels, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
The Smart Brothers, E Street Cafe, 130 E St., Encinitas, 8pm.
The Coyote Problem, Hooley's, 2955 Jamacha Rd., Rancho San diego, 8:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8:30pm.
Rickie Lee Jones, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sam Bybee/Joe Corso Band/Kurt Vatland, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

sunday • 6

Jeannie Cheatham: My Life in Music, Geisel Library, UCSD Campus, 4pm.
Michele Lundeen & Blues Streak, V-Lounge, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 7:30pm.
Sven Songs; A Tribute to Sven-Erik Seaholm, Mission Bay Boat & Ski Club, 8pm.
Bushwalla & Friends, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Anna Troy/Johnny Nicholson/Nathan Reich, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 7

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

tuesday • 8

Bill Magee Blues Band, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

wednesday • 9

David Lindley/Jack Tempchin, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Sue Palmer & the Hayriders, Martini Ranch, 528 F St., 9pm.

thursday • 10

Joe Rathburn/Jerry Gontang, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 First Ave., Encinitas, 7pm.
Piano Summit w/ Sue Palmer/Danny Green/Rick Helzer/John Opferkuch/Richard Thompson/Bryan Verhoye/Irving Flores/Lynn Willard/Ramon Araiza, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Nathan James/Ben Hernandez/Robin Henkel, Beachfire, 204 Avenida del Mar, San Clemente, 8:30pm.
Delancy/Evan Bethany/Leila Lopez, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
The Exfriends/Mayweather/The Midwinters, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

friday • 11

Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.
Harvey Reid, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Xavier Rudd, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8pm.
Johnson, Bosley & Morin, Borders, 878 Eastlake Pkwy. #710, Chula Vista, 8pm.
Miggs/Thomas Ian Nicholas, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 12

Chet & the Committee, Harley Davidson, 5600 Kearny Mesa Rd., noon.
Sue Palmer, Martini's Above Fourth, 3940 4th Ave., 7pm.
Cathryn Beeks, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Browne Sisters & George Cavanaugh, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Stevie Wonder Tribute w/ the Peter Sprague Group, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Patty Hall, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Sterling Witvpp/Isaac Cheon/The Wrong Trousers/Katy Wong, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Lisa Sanders & Dave Howard, Rock Valley House Concert, University City, 8pm. wonderwoman@san.rr.com/858/452-1539.
Lavay Smith & her Red Hot Skillet Lickers, California Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.
Brett Bixby/Chris Vian/Slater Sisters, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Band in Black, Hennessey's, 4650 Mission Blvd., 10pm.

sunday • 13

Bushwalla & Friends, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8pm.
New Acoustic Generation w/ Veronica May/Allied Gardens/Trevor Davis, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Formerly Brothers/Jamie Michaels/Miles Mosphe, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 14

Michele Lundeen & Blues Streak, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

wednesday • 16

Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.

thursday • 17

Joe Rathburn/Rob Mehl, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Robin Henkel Band, Tio Leo's Mira Mesa, 10787 Camino Ruiz, 7:30pm.
John Jorgenson, Hornbacher House Concert, Vista, 8pm. j.hornbacher@cox.net
Mario Escovedo/Rob Deez, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 18

Ben Owens & the Cattywampus Boys, 8836 Prospect Ave., Santee, 6:30pm.
The Motels/Cathryn Beeks Ordeal, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos Ave., 8pm.
Danny Green Trio, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Johnson, Bosley & Morin, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Martin Storrow, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Jordan Reimer/Quiet the Moon/Young Goodman, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Joey Harris & the Mentals/Taylor Harvey Band, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.
Writer/The Fling/Joel P. West, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

saturday • 19

Robin Henkel Blues Quartet, Miramonte Winery, 33410 Rancho California Rd., Temecula, 5:30pm.
Patty Zlaket, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.
Sue Palmer's Sophisticated Ladies Revue, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Aaron Bowen/Simeon Flick/Carlos Olmeda/Will Edwards/Rory Corbin, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Ryan Adams, Spreckels Theatre, 121 B St., 8pm.
Lisa Sanders & Friends (Allison Lonsdale, 6pm), Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 20

Sharon Hazel Township, It's a Grind, 631 S. Rancho Santa Fe, San Marcos, 2pm.
Tower of Power, Dreamcatcher Lounge, Viejas

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.
Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Clachan Boys, R.O. Sullivan's Irish Pub, 118 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 5pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.
Troubadour Open Mic w/ Phil Harmonic, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 7:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
José Sinatra's OB-oke, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Blue44, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.
Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.
Tango Dancing, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

every tuesday

Open Mic, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.
Patrick Berragain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.
Shep Meyers, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Will Knox (8:30pm)/Modern Day Moonshine, Martini Ranch, 528 F St., 10:30pm.

every wednesday

Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.
Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.
Folk Arts Rare Records Singers Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.
Tomcat Courtney, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.
Elliott Lawrence Quartet, J Six Restaurant, 435 6th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Across the Street (Mueller College), 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.

monday • 21

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

tuesday • 22

Todd Snider, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 23

David Jacobs-Strain/Chris Ayer, Acoustic Music SD, 4950 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

thursday • 24

Joe Rathburn/Michael Tiernan, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Steve Poltz CD Release/Tim Blum, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
50th Anniversary Monterey Jazz Festival, California Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.

friday • 25

Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Java Jones, 631 9th Ave., 7pm.
Fred Eaglesmith, Acoustic Music SD, 4950 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Aaron Bowen/Derek Evans/Jon Jones, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Michele Lundeen & Blues Streak, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.
Sara Petite/Joey Harris, Whistlestop, 2236 Fern St., 9pm.
A Scribe Amidst the Lions/The Holy Rolling Empire, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

Open Mic, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

every thursday

Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.
Open Mic, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 6pm.
Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.
Z-BOP!, Epazote, 1555 Camino Del Mar, 7pm.
Open Mic, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.
Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.
Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.
Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Anna's Family Restaurant, 8099 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 8pm.
Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

every friday

California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.
Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.
Jason Ott, Gallagher's Pub, 5046 Newport Ave., 6pm.
Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.
Amelia Browning, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 7pm.
Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.
Open Mic, Bella Roma Pizza, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.
Brehon Law, Tom Gilbin's Irish Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

every saturday

Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 11480 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 5pm.
Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.

saturday • 26

Robin Henkel/Kellie Rucker, Iva Lee's, 555 N. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7pm.
Jay Ungar & Molly Mason, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Gene Perry Latin Jazz Ensemble, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Saba CD Release, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.
Astra Kelly/Pete Stewart/Lessons from Zeke, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

sunday • 27

Jazz Camp Instructor's Jazz Band, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Kelly McGrath/Nathan Welden/Regina Leonard, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 28

Nathan James & Ben Hernandez, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

wednesday • 30

Mary Gauthier/Mark Olson, Acoustic Music SD, 4950 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Wrong Trousers CD Release, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 31

Little Windows, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 6pm (workshop) & 8pm (concert).
Joe Rathburn/Carlos Olmeda, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Chris Robley/Kenny Eng/Melissa Vaughn, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.



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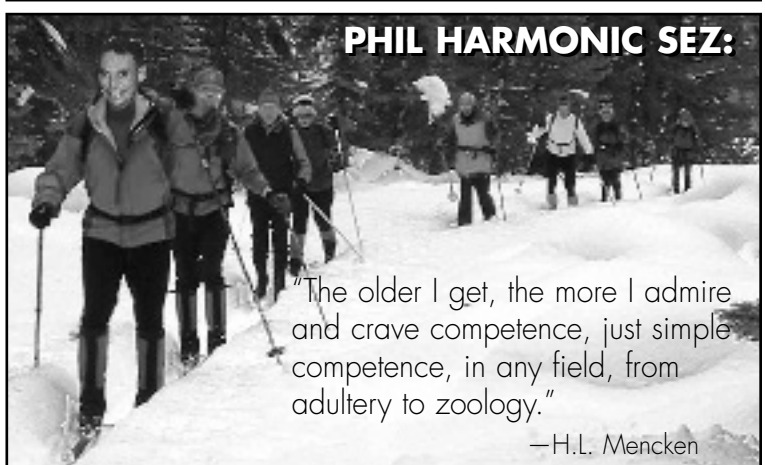
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- JAN. 31** **LITTLE WINDOWS**
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Old time banjo, hammered dulcimer, and vocals. Two shows \$20 per show.
- FEB. 22** **MATT FLINNER (mandolin), SCOTT NYGAARD (guitar), & SAM BEVAN (bass)**. Two shows \$20 per show.
- FEB. 29** **CHRIS ACQUAVELLA**
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- MARCH 1** **STEVE WHITE**
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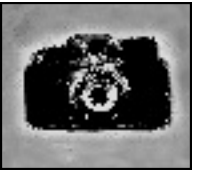
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PHIL HARMONIC SEIZ:

"The older I get, the more I admire and crave competence, just simple competence, in any field, from adultery to zoology."

—H.L. Mencken



JOLLY TIMES AT THE TROUBADOUR HOLIDAY PARTY



Photo: Lois Bach

Paul Hormick, Alain Cola, & Daniele Spadavecchia play gypsy jazz



Photo: Steve Covault

Angela Patua



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Joe Rathburn, Mark Deckerbo, Owen Burke



Photo: Lois Bach

Steve Covault & Sue Palmer



Photo: Steve Covault

Robin Henkel & Steve White



Photo: Steve Covault

Billy Lee



Photo: Steve Covault

Janet Martini



Photo: Lois Bach

Kent Johnson sings with the Bass Clef Experiment



Isaac Cheong, Tom Griesgraber, Sven & Gail Seaholm



Photo: Steve Covault

Vega DeLeon



Photo: Steve Covault

Indian Joe & Dusty, Shirlee McAndrews, Greg Gross



Photo: Steve Covault

Annie Rettig



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Bill McAndrews



Photo: Steve Covault

Michele Lundeen, Steve Thorn, Liz Abbott



Photo: Steve Covault

Cowboy Jack, Ric Lee

ELSEWHERE



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Berkley Hart at Anthology



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Peter Bolland, Eve Selis @ Anthology



Photo: Steve Covault

Chuck & Joanna Schiele



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Sara Petite



Photo: Steve Covault

Chris Leyva, Owen Burke

AROUND TOWN



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Mark Twang @ Anthology



Photo: John Hancock

Kelly McGrath @ Lestat's



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Dennis Coplinger @ Canyonfolk concert



Photo: Steve Covault

Jim Kweskin & Geoff Muldaur @ Acoustic Music SD



Photo: Steve Covault

Tom Paxton & Fred Sokolow @ SD Folk Heritage



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Steph Johnson @ Becky's House Benefit



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Lou Curtiss @ Becky's House Benefit



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Tim Flannery & Barbara Nesbitt @ Canyonfolk

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