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SAN DIEGO

ROUBADOOR

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



June 2008

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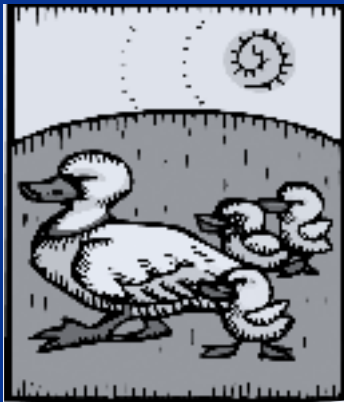
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The 2008 San Diego County Fair

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June 21

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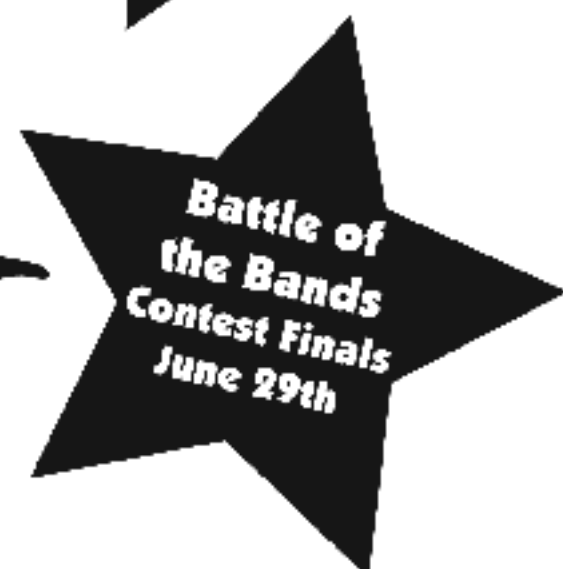
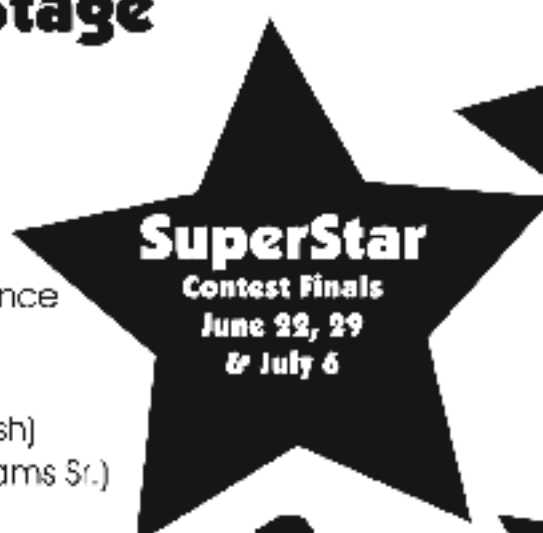


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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate,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

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

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Email your gig date, including location, address, and time to info@sandiegotroubadour.com by the 23rd of the month prior to publication.

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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.

Great Food and Great Live Music, a Recipe for Success at Urban Solace

by Dwight Worden

Sunday is Bluegrass Brunch day at Urban Solace, a new North Park eatery located at 3823 30th Street, just south of University Avenue. Tuesday evening is live jazz night, and other evenings find an eclectic mix of music and performers, with plans of more to come. Comfort food with a twist, comfort service, and great live music are the themes for this new eatery, which opened last fall to rave reviews.

You have to look a bit to find the Urban Solace entry, as it is a subtle New Orleans-style doorway but once inside, a whole world opens up. A beautiful long wooden bar, comfortable seating, great food, and an attentive staff make one feel at home. The walls are graced by well selected art pieces, and a large outdoor patio provides an ideal location for the Sunday Bluegrass Brunches.

Urban Solace is the dream of Scott Watkins and Matt Gordon, veterans of restaurants in Flagstaff (Beaver Street Brewery), San Francisco, Napa Valley, and elsewhere where they have worked to learn their trade. Urban Solace is different, though, in that it is the first restaurant they have designed, owned, and operated "their way." Both men are guitar players and music lovers, with band experience in their backgrounds. Scott plays a Takamine guitar and favors Neal Young classics, Beck, and the Grateful Dead, while Executive Chef Matt enjoys similar fare on his acoustic guitar. One of the bartenders is a drummer, one plays the keyboards, and several other staff members are active playing musicians as well.

So, it seemed a natural to Scott and Matt to include music, not as an add on, but as an integral part of the restaurant plan. Matt's wife, Trisha, who selects and hangs all the art, was present for the first Bluegrass Brunch, featuring Second Delivery, and reported, choking back tears, that it was a dream come true to see live bluegrass in their restaurant.

Photo: Eddie Bryant



General manager Lori Domagalski (left) and Matt Gordon, co owner and executive chef (right), with Second Delivery members (from left) Ramona Ault, Dwight Worden, Beth Mosko, and Marke Foxworthy at Urban Solace's Sunday Bluegrass Brunch

The music presented by Urban Solace blends nicely with the "comfort" theme of the food and service. The regular menu includes macaroni and cheese, but with grilled tomatoes; pot pies, but with lobster and root vegetables; and the best, most tender chicken I have ever tasted (top quality free range chicken, brine-cured for extra tenderness). A "Monte Diego" variant of the Monte Cristo sandwich and a variety of other well-known items also sport unusual twists added by Chef Matt. That's the idea – Urban Solace gives you a staple American comfort food dish, adds a twist to make it unique, and spares nothing in the quality of ingredients, care of preparation, or attention to detail and quality of service with which the food is presented.

The music follows the same comfortable, understated approach. No electric guitars blasting in your face here. Rather, acoustic jazz on Tuesdays and bluegrass by some of San Diego's best bands, including Second Delivery, Virtual Strangers, Chris Clarke and Plow, and the Shirthouse Band, gracing the patio on Sundays from 10 am to about 2 pm. On other evenings you might hear gypsy jazz, Django style, or you might hear a flute player. Scott

and Matt envision Urban Solace as a neighborhood restaurant providing top quality food and music to those who visit its casual and comfortable environs. Food that you wish you could get at home and music that you can listen to but that also allows you to talk and enjoy your meal – comfort music to go with the comfort food, but with an Urban Solace twist. Instead of pop cover tunes you will hear top quality acoustic jazz and bluegrass.

If you haven't been by for the Bluegrass Brunch on Sunday or for a lunch or dinner meal, don't wait any longer. Once you try it, trust me, you'll be back!

Photo: Dwight Worden



Co-owner Scott Watkins is a guitar player who runs the front of the restaurant

Mark O'Connor

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Don't Miss August 2nd Appalachia Waltz Trio Concert at Birch North Park Theater!



One American Guitar Maker's Story

by Ervin Somogyi

I've been a full-time luthier (guitar maker) longer than pretty much anyone else in this country. In fact, making musical instruments the traditional way – by hand – is so new in the U.S. that I am one of the first generation of Americans to have taken up that work.

American lutherie only started in the 1960s, with a few oddball guys making classical and flamenco guitars. This was completely natural, because when we began this work the concept of a hand-made steel-stringed guitar simply did not exist. What did exist was the imported concept of making Spanish (classical and flamenco) guitars, based in the centuries-long European tradition of hand-making all kinds of stringed instruments. This was pretty much all the thinking, modeling, and tradition there was to be had. On the other hand, such American tradition as existed was 100 percent factory production: Martin, Gibson, Harmony, Guild, and all those others . . . but no individuals. It should therefore surprise no one that making the European nylon/gut strung guitar was the starting point for Americans because it was the most likely seed to germinate.

However, this is the land of the steel-stringed guitar, not the Spanish one. Therefore, the second most natural thing was that American guitar-making would quickly segue into making this version of the instrument. After all, it's the culture; it's the market; it's the times; it's our guitar. And this is exactly what happened. I started out making flamenco and classical guitars and later went into making steel-stringed ones. I've been doing this for more than 40 years.

Romance and hoopla aside, non-luthiers have little sense of what a remarkable activity lutherie is, of its complexity, or what a miracle of hard work, dedication, and overcoming discouragement it represents. The time required to master the woodworking skills alone is long. One must also simultaneously master enough skills to function as a designer, acoustician, materials and strengths engineer,

office manager, finisher, salesman/marketer, repairman, clerk/records keeper, delivery man, wood buyer, accountant, production foreman, tool maintenance man, time-motion expert, advertiser, and CEO of short-range and long-range planning. One has to find or create the infrastructure (tools, materials and supplies, workbenches, jigs and molds, office, electrical service) that will support all this activity.

There are years of long hours, little money, no paid vacations, and no medical or retirement benefits. And all this is increasingly carried out in an environment in which one competes with well-equipped factories that do all of this, and more, in half the time. To top it off, for those of us who perform this work alone and full-time, the work's loneliness and isolation can be killers. From this perspective, one has to think that attempting this work under such conditions is nuts. What are the reasons anyone would be attracted to this? What drives us? What drives me?



Well, it's complicated. For me, guitar-making is a total-immersion pursuit that is really about Living a Life at least as much as it is about Making a Living. Or, it is largely about making a living as opposed to making money. For those of us who feel more dedicated than the average person, I suppose lutherie could accurately be described as a calling – a concept that, if it rarely gets mentioned these days, certainly fits the bill. In all fairness, but neutrally and also with some humor, I should add that drugs or compulsion could also fit the bill. The difference between these various possibilities, I think, is metaphysical. That is, it has a lot to do with what one aspires to or how high one aims, or can aim, as a human being. This

includes concern with such things as excellence, ethical living, and participating in a tradition that one can pass on to others.

One's metaphysics also has as much to do with how one has been shaped as to what they aim at and why. My own early shaping included growing up rather isolatedly and alone. This being so, I had to learn to be the source of my own stimulation and amusement. I became a bookish, nerdy, inward kind of kid. I read extensively, whittled things in wood, sculpted with modeling clay, collected things, and built models of all kinds. It is not hard to see that this might form a basis for later life activity. I think I am still sculpting and assembling kits, only with strings attached.

I also happen to love wood more than I love plastic, concrete, glass, or metal. But there's more to it than that. My early life experience includes being a Holocaust survivor (I wasn't born in the U.S.). That historical event has populated my life with family, relatives, and an entire human community that I've never seen and never will. Because of this, I can relate to working wood as an act of reclamation and a sacrament. It is, for me, a bringing of things from the past together with things for the future. In addition, it is an act of symbolically bringing dead things to life.

I don't believe that you need to have traumatic life experiences to see wood for what it really is, though: you have only to look at it and think. Wood is the skeletal remainder of a life form that once lived, took in nutrients, grew, adapted to its conditions, participated in seasonal cycles, took in sunlight and converted carbon dioxide into oxygen, produced seed and sap and fruit, interacted with other life forms by giving them food and shelter, held the soil together as it put its roots out, propagated itself, lived a long life, and then died. Actually, it was probably killed just as animals and plants everywhere are killed to serve the needs of our species. Every piece of spruce or cedar I've ever made into a guitar top has been (count the annular rings in your own guitar top) some 125 to 400 years old – and that's just in the eight or ten-inch wide slice I nor-



Guitar maker Ervin Somogyi, whose designs are pictured throughout this article

mally use. It seems remarkable to me to work with a material that was alive when the philosopher Benedict Spinoza ground his lenses for a living, when William Shakespeare and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart were expressing their creative genius, when Francisco Pizarro conquered Peru, when Anton van Leeuwenhoek made the first microscope and gave mankind its first awareness of microbial life, and when our great-great-great-great-great-great-grandparents were courting – and that was furthermore almost certainly alive until some time within our own lifetimes. The phrase about not seeing the forest for the trees comes to mind in this regard, although it's more like not seeing the tree for the wood. I feel that by working with this unique material I'm able to participate in life in a larger, deeper, and more intimate way than by having a regular, normal job.

THE MANUAL ARTS

My personal history aside, though, I didn't get into this alone. And it is important to note that the people I entered this craft with all started out relying on basic manual skills and a desire to learn to do the work. The hand skills were the point of entry. This was at a time when there existed no lutherie teachers or schools. In fact, there weren't even any guitar repairmen then. Guitars got fixed in violin shops.

Consider the fact that manual skills had been essential for survival up until our parents' generation and, as youngsters, we saw adults make and fix all kinds of things. All of us started out as junior tinkerers and craftsmen of one type or another. It was a default

position, naturally, as none of us had any formal industrial or production-oriented experience. But it was an appropriate one in keeping with the Spirit of the Times, which included a sense of making do with simple equipment and a good eye and a good hand plus what we could scrounge up, or make, or adapt from something else in order to make it useful. Just as important, it was permitted to do something commonly regarded as a curious waste of time. You know, a little like rock climbing: impressive to look at but, for most people, pretty much incomprehensible as a serious interest. Finally, but not least, one could survive on rather little in those days if you were young and unattached. We weren't out to make a million bucks, either; we were, rather, out to be independent and self-reliant and to have a different life experience than the standard 37 flat-



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COOL STUFF ON THE INTERNET

If you're floating around on the Internet and Google in general, a good place to start is the date April 9, 1860. That leads you to a device called a phonautograph, which could record but not broadcast sound recordings. So someone naturally came along who could solve that problem and we get to hear strains of "Au Claire de Lune" recorded in France in 1860. Now, it sounds pretty garbled but that's nearly 150 years ago and we can hear it. Makes you feel pretty small.

I heard about the passing of Lionel Van Deerlin this morning, a truly nice man that San Diego is going to miss terribly. During my brief diddle with elective politics in the late '50s early '60s Van was always willing to sit down and explain things that seemed awfully unreasonable to me. The first time I ever played acoustic music for people who seemed to want to listen was at a Van Deerlin campaign rally in 1958. I remember that Van knew all the words to Leadbelly's "Bourgeois Blues" and Woody Guthrie's "Do-Re-Me." He even encouraged us (even though we weren't very good). San Diego was fortunate to have him around these many years we had him.

Now back to the music. I've been floating around a stop sign on my computer called "The Internet Archives," which is a collection of old acoustic vaudeville-type 78 records. It's always been interesting to me how folk songs become folksongs over several generations of repeating them whether it's from your granddad or your granddad's wind-up record player and those old discs (or even sometimes cylinders). I've been singing a couple of songs I learned from old country music records in the late 1940s that my Dad had. They were "Take an Old Cold Tater and Wait" by Little Jimmie Dickens and "Foolish Questions" by Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith. Well, now thanks to the Internet Archives I find out that "Foolish Questions" is from a recording by Billy Murray, an old vaudevillian who made well over 2,000 sides during about a 50-year recording career, beginning around 1905. Well, when I learned that song it was one verse too short so I wrote a verse but I didn't like the tune so I changed it to make it what I then considered a little more old timey. Damned if the tune I picked isn't quite similar to the one Billy Murray did in 1905 and the verse I thought I wrote is sung by Murray, too. But one of the other verses isn't, so I guess maybe that's the one I wrote (it was pretty near 50 years ago that I learned this song, so I guess I could have missed what I wrote and my original 78 is long broken. I do have "Foolish Questions No. 2" and "Foolish Questions, Silly Answers," both of which (it says) were written by Smith. Several other folks have done the song and some do my verse, and some do the verse I thought I wrote and others do verses of their own. So, I guess I've been in on the ground floor of the creation of a folksong. Damned if that isn't exciting. You can find versions of the song on an old Gateway Trio LP from the 1960s too. I forget which label it's on, but they got it from me. There's a CD by the Canote Brothers out of Washington State that

Recordially, Lou Curtiss

may have gotten it from me or more probably from Ray Bierl who I wrote the words out for once. At any rate, I'm glad to see it gettin' around some and I'm waiting for the day that someone comes up to me after I've sung the song and accuses me of ripping off somebody I've never heard of. Then I'll know it's arrived as a folksong. Now, on to Tater (the man and the song). Little Jimmie Dickens had a big hit with "Take an Old Cold Tater and Wait" as part of a career that brought him early membership in the Country Music Hall of Fame and senior statesmanship on the Grand Ole Opry (not to mention his nickname "Tater") but this song often credited to Dickens' pen was recorded by the Murphree Hartford Quartet in 1930, Clarence Ganus in 1929, and Pete Herring (of the Mississippi Possum Hunter Group) also in 1930. I have a feeling that this was also an old vaudeville song and that as more things surface on websites like the Internet Archives and other sites exploring the world of old vaudeville and Broadway show music from the acoustic recording era, more folksongs are going to be discovered to have had Tin Pan Alley musical sources. You might even find songs by artists like Murray, Bert Williams, Ada Jones, Eddie Morton, Nora Bayes, and Billy Costello that ought to be revived, and it's okay to change the tune a little to make it more folkie, or hillbilly, or bluesy. That's what a lot of those old timey guys did in the late '20s when they revived an old vaudeville song (check out Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers in 1930 with their revival of Arthur Collins' 1906 recording of "Moving Day"). One more thing you should be aware of. A lot of these early songs aren't politically correct. At the drop of a hat the singer will go into an accent or use words that are bound to offend someone or everyone in your audience, but that doesn't mean the song or tune isn't a good one. Change it where needed. That's what the folk process is all about (check out early versions of "Old Dan Tucker," "Bully of the Town," or even "Old Joe Clark" for stanzas that wouldn't go down today). I remember when we had Wilbur Ball at the San Diego Folk Festival back in the 1970s, and he was doing some old songs like "I Gave Her That" and "Father Was Right". I asked him where those songs came from and he told me, " Well, I got them from Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor but I changed them a little." There are too many people out there writing songs from scratch, so it's time a few of you got some of those old songs and changed them a little.

On and around the Net I came to "Old Blue Bus" and discovered a guy who, like me, likes to talk about music and the way it relates to the society we live it. He'll share with us an old blues, hillbilly, bluegrass, or even cajun or celtic tune or songs relating to the point he's trying to make. Some good music and some

good points of view (that you can agree or disagree with as you wish). I try to take a ride on the bus about once a week and I'm most always glad I did.

"Honking Duck" is a stopping place for old timey music, containing about 750 old timey songs and tunes recorded in the 1920s and 1930's. I've talked about them before but a recent upgrade in the condition of the audio material heard (no clipped ends of tunes anymore) makes them a lot more worthwhile as a source. Again, I urge you people who want to play this music to dig into sites like this one and extract the good stuff worth reviving. If you like the song but don't like the way it's played, play it better. If you like the words but don't like the way they're sung, sing it better. There are other stopping places for old timey music too. "Roots Music Listening Room" is one, the "Max Hunter Collection" is another, "Public Domain 4U" is a third. Click on the Links at Folk Arts Rare Records.com for several other stopping places and then get ready to spend several hours in front of that little square screen.

Next would come hands-on experience, which means finding your own old timey, blues, jazz, vaudeville, or whatever you'd like to have an original of, stuff. It isn't as easy as it once was to find those old 78s in thrift stores and swap meets. I've got three or four thousand 78s at the store and I can give you leads to others who might want to part with some. I like to talk old records, I like to listen to them as well, so drop on by sometime.

ROOTS & FOLK FESTIVAL THOUGHTS

Well, not being directly involved with the Adams Avenue Business Association anymore, I haven't heard any of the numbers crunch regarding how well the festival did. I had a good time and heard a lot of good music. As always I was turned on by the Song Swap format where musicians get to interact with each other. I think something that makes our whole local scene here better musically is when local and out-of-town musicians get to know each other, pick together, and share ideas. The out of towners leave town talking about the great San Diego musicians they heard, and the locals talk about some new tunes and ways of picking they heard from the out of towners. I think the Song Swap format ought to be expanded some next year to involve everyone. The idea

of a paid concert is okay, although I think it should be moved to Friday night to kick off the festival. That way the Church Sanctuary could be freed up all day on Saturday. It's such a lovely place to sing (as is the Church Social Hall) that to take it up with a paid performance on Saturday is a shame, but adding a Friday night would be a real treat. Also, I think more tickets would be sold if the concert were on a Friday. We had a Post-Festival Hootenanny at KADAN on the corner of Adams Ave. and 30th St., which was a great way for the festival to wind down. Hopefully it can be advertised as part of the event next year.

Well, I was certainly impressed with Cathay and Fred Zipp, lovely people who I felt a kinship with right away and I hope they can come back to more festivals in the future. Kathy Larisch and Carol McComb are always a special treat and I'm hoping they get together to record a new CD soon. I think they are better now than they were back in the '60s. Kim and Jim Lansford were a musical treat that I hope we get to share again and Mary McCaslin, as always, was a wealth of information and songs (besides being a good friend who we don't see often enough). As always the local contingent shined. Gregory Page teamed with Steve Poltz for some special musical high jinx as only they can. Sara Petite showed again why she very well could be the most original singer-songwriter in San Diego and the only one who can snuggle and wiggle at the same time. Martin Henry showed us as he has for the last 30 years why he is one of San Diego's music treasures who has been mostly overlooked by the country music community. Curt Bouterse is starting to record some of that music that we here in San Diego always knew



Lou Curtiss

made him one of the most original old timey musicians in the folk revival. Tanya Rose is another oft-overlooked flower in the bouquet of San Diego lady type singers (that list would include Anna Troy and Cindy Lee Berryhill). Walt Richards has been around this festival since the first one back in 1967, and round and about several kinds of music. I think he's really found his forte with Trails & Rails (and partner Paula Strong). It's a great concept and a great group. Yale Strom has put together a mixture of information and fine music with his group Hot Pstromi that makes you go away feeling that you heard music that you know something about. I know I'm leaving some folks out here (Allen Singer, the Coyote Problem, Jalopy, Plow, Mimi Wright, the San Diego Cajun Playboys, Ross Altman, etc.) but I appreciate all of them, too. It was a damn good little festival. I wish we had the budget to be a good big one. Any ideas?

I hope the Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival can continue for a good many more years and as always I'll do what I can to help. I'd suggest politely that dates be set for next year and people start lining up talent as soon as possible so there's plenty of time to get the word out about what a great festival it is.

Recordially,
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One American Guitar Maker's Story

continued from page 4

vors that society offered.

I'm not sure that this is viable any more, certainly not in the same way. It's not only that society has become more mechanized, computerized, internationalized, complicated, efficient, rapidly moving, and expensive – which it has, with a vengeance. It's more that I'm not hopeful about the future of American lutherie from the standpoint of the general loss of the requisite basic hand skills.

Hand skills are essential to my approach to and practice of my craft. Properly applied hand skills produce superior work in anything handmade, and as far as guitars go the bottom line is that a really well-made guitar is amazingly live and responsive compared to the average production-made one – even though the latter might be quite expensive. A well-made guitar is almost alive – it responds to the lightest or heaviest touch; it has a voice ranging from the limpid to the dark and smoky to the Bosendorfer-like; it has amazing resonance and character; it invites the player to grow musically and expressively, and it keeps up with him or her.

However, by their nature, manual skills must be put into place rather early in life to be sufficiently integrated into one's adult work in order to be both useful and a continuing source of pleasure. And to be effective, they in turn need to be paired with an ability to tailor one's attention span to the task. From what I've seen, today's younger generation is much more deficient in such basic skills than my own was. When I was growing up kids tinkered, futzed, puttered, and played with Erector sets or clay or wood, and made or fixed things (or at least took them apart). We made model airplanes, soap box cars, kites, catapults, fixed up old jalopies, and collected arrowheads. We paid attention to our activities and stayed with the efforts until the projects were done. This doesn't seem to happen any more. The manual arts in this culture are, in general, lagging far behind the ability to play with (and dependence on) computers and other electronic devices, none of which particularly cultivate one's attention span or enhance an understanding of the inner workings of anything. Consider this: do you know any kid today who has the breadth of worldly interest, not to mention patience, to have and maintain

a stamp collection? I think this abandonment of the manual arts is a fundamental loss, the results of which won't be understood or missed, or perhaps even noticed, for another generation.

My first-generation lutherie peer group – and myself as well – all made Spanish guitars. Europe provided the only model or tradition for us to follow, which allowed individuals to make musical instruments. That's where the image of the little old craftsman at his workbench, surrounded by instrument parts and completed instruments, came from. After a time, I made the transition from making Spanish guitars to making steel-stringed ones.

I've played flamenco guitar since high school. Remember the Kingston Trio? They were simply THE biggest social-musical influence when I was in high school. All of us guys quickly found that if we got a cheap Mexican guitar and learned three chords and sang Kingston Trio songs, we could attract girls. (I know, an unworthy admission, but true.) Sometime afterward I found that I couldn't carry a tune, so flamenco just sort of grabbed onto me and never let go.

I was in my mid-twenties when the guitar-making bug first bit me and it seemed natural for me to want to build flamenco guitars. Sadly, I quickly found out that the flamenco community is chronically too broke to support a luthier. So, I segued into making classical guitars. They're much like flamenco guitars but made of rosewood, or so I thought (flamenco guitars are made of Spanish cypress). I found classical guitar players to be rather picky and snobbish and, since I really didn't know what I was doing, I found it impossible to please them. It was not a happy experience for me.

After six or seven years of making a very meager living at this, I began to meet steel-stringed guitar players, whose network I could not help but notice was more user-friendly. Whereas the classical guitar player looking at a guitar that I might have spent 300 hours making might opine that "the 'b' string is a little weak," the steel string player would say, "Wow! You made that?" I was quickly drawn to this network. It was a real no-brainer. And I soon began making steel-stringed guitars. Fortunately, I'd gotten past the steep initial part of my learning curve by then, and my turning to acoustic guitar-making coincided with an increase in skill level sufficient to enable me to make guitars that even serious amateur players could play and like. But I

gotta tell ya: those first six or seven years were hard!

Interestingly, we all owe flamenco music a debt. The fact is that virtually all of us in that first early cohort of guitar makers were flamenco guitar players, not classical guitar players. There seems to be something about how the brain is organized so that if you are attracted to flamenco, it's easy to segue into making guitars; those things connect. On the other hand, if you are attracted to the classical guitar, then you'll very likely go into computer work when it's time to move on. It's weird, but I've seen it happen over and over again.



THE STATE OF THE ART TODAY

Fast-forward several decades. Guitar-making today seems overwhelmingly focused on equipment, methods, jigs, molds, tooling, technical aids of all sorts, and new techniques. There's endless attention paid to how-to, what's-new, here's-the-latest, and this-is-cheaper-and-faster. In other words, the tangibles. And why not? It's an inexhaustible topic that can be mined forever. Is this a bad thing? Well, no, of course not. On the other hand, there is, everything considered, rather little focus – at least in print or on tape – on anything touching on things like fruition/achievement, the learning curve, maturation, the larger perspective, improved essential quality, or any sense of culmination, personal expressiveness, creative pleasure or spiritual satisfaction, and pursuit of excellence and mastery of quality. In other words, the things that make a guitar a magical joy. You know: the good ol' intangibles.

This is strange, too, because at this stage of things an awful lot of us guitar folks (as per the Guild of American Luthiers' and the Association of String Instrument Artisans' membership demographics) are in our forties, fifties, and sixties, the age when we're developmentally ripe for such fertilizing, re-charging, re-thinking, re-evaluating, and other such personally nourishing influences. In the broader view, how-to is for the young: why? how come? what's this all about? and what for? are for the rest of us. What I mean is who among us today who is old enough to have grappled with the human life tasks of growing up,

learning a trade, establishing a family, supporting it, and keeping it all together for many years while simultaneously experiencing life's normal big shifts, disappointments, and losses – all huge tasks, I don't have to tell you – doesn't need some fertilizing, nourishing, inspiration, re-charging, and guiding influences? You know: the good ol' intangibles. Look around you: we're dying of tangibility here.

THE NEW GUITAR MAKERS

As I already mentioned, the first wave of American luthiers were the European-traditional-craftsman copycats and wannabes: we all worked with simple tools and techniques. Soon, our ranks were swelled by a noticeable number of individuals with machinist training, industrial patternmakers, and such. These were people who had already had some kind of on-the-job technical training, the kind of work experience that had largely to do with Precision and Efficiency, and who knew something about tools and tooling. These individuals brought these attitudes, skills, and discipline directly with them into the field of woodworking/guitar making.

Then, a third and somewhat heterogeneous but surprisingly large subgroup has more recently come to guitar-making at the amateur-hobbyist level: today's boomers and retirees. These are individuals who have had a normal crazy-busy day job in the real world for 20 or 30 or more years and who want/are seeking to have a lifestyle haven that's a bit different – slower, less pressure, and more fun. For them lutherie is mostly part-time, but it's an important part-time. It's an avocation in the best sense of the word, i.e., they're in it only because they like it. I've been surprised, in the Guitar Voicing classes that I teach, how many of my students are in their forties and fifties, and even sixties. They have no intention of making a living at lutherie: they already do or did something else. They might or might not want to have a source of income to fall back on when they do retire. But in each case they are genuinely interested in learning about the work, and they don't want to spend ten years figuring out the basics. As a group they are smart and worldly-wise, enough to know that they will derive much more pleasure from their guitar making and find it more interesting and challenging if they're not stumbling around blindly and wasting precious time. They want to have some sense of what's what as far as how wooden soundboxes make sound, why some things/approaches will work and others won't, and in general what this maker is doing that is smart and what that maker is doing that is basically shooting himself in the foot. In this, they are like us old-timers were when we were young: genuinely curious and passionate — except without a lifetime ahead of them in which to sooner or later find the answers.

THE LONG VIEW

At this point in my life I am more interested in – how should I put it, the metaphysics of permanence vs. impermanence – than I used



to be. As far as guitar-making goes, the work seems to more or less divide itself into the Industrial vs. Non-Industrial camps. On the whole, no one in The Industry ever seems concerned with whether any particular thing will be lasting. Indeed, a certain amount of planned obsolescence is necessary: the industry (in guitars, automobiles, kitchen appliances, cosmetics and perfumes, furniture, clothing, camping equipment, trendy foods, computers and electronics, tools, textiles, aeronautics, etc. etc. etc.) is geared to having something new with/for every cycle, and the old stuff has to disappear. The rest of us, it seems to me, are happy searching for things that work, which we can improve on here or there, and on handmade products that our customers can keep pretty much forever.

In the final analysis, do I know where guitar making is headed? Not really. These are simply some factors I'm aware of. Looking back, I am embarrassed to admit that half the time I didn't know where my own guitar-making was headed. On an industrial level, much of what passes for guitar-making is becoming hard for me to recognize, what with its dependence on robotics, CNC-made-parts sweatshops, cybernetic-modeled assembly lines manned by technically adept but conceptually semi-skilled workers . . . I dunno. But the best parts of guitar-making that I do recognize trespass into the area of being spellbinding: beautiful craftsmanship, brilliantly original design and ornamentation, musicians' tools of cannon-like responsivity . . . Wow. I don't know where these come from, but I really wish there were more of it/them.

But the loss of the hand skills . . . that really bothers me. I am unable to fathom being a craftsman without them. To me, one is pretty much only a technician without them – even if a flashy and impressive one.

Ervin Somogyi is a prominent guitar maker, known for his pioneering guitar designs, his teaching, and his writings. For more information, visit his website at www.esomogyi.com.



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San Diego Old-Time Fiddlers Enjoy Fiddlin' Around



Story and photos by Dwight Worden

As I enter the building at Wells Park in El Cajon, I wonder where the Old Time Fiddlers meet. Soon, though, I hear the unmistakable strains of an old fiddle reel that guides me to the action. Sitting in a comfortable circle are about 15 musicians, most with fiddles but a couple with guitars. Standing just outside the circle is bass player Dave Avery. The smell of sweets and other goodies greets me as I enter, attractively arrayed by a collection of a half dozen or so nonmusicians and spouses who attend for the camaraderie and to listen to the music. As I settle into a chair in the circle and unpack my fiddle, I immediately feel welcome, receiving smiles all around, and I realize that it's hard to tell if this is 1958 or 2008 as these friendly people play with true old-time style, showing true old-time hospitality.

If contest-style fiddling is your cup of tea, then this is the place for you. There are some great fiddlers in the room, many with years of contest experience and exquisite technique. This includes Dan Touchstone, a contest veteran, and Robbie Ivey who has penned one of the most beautiful fiddle waltzes you will ever hear, appropriately titled "Robbie's Waltz." Also present is Sam Necochea, a champion swing guitar player and fiddle player extraordinaire, along with veterans Ernie Yoes, Don Bidwell, Bruce Barnes, Kim Donaldson, Barbara Brooks, Willie

Randel, and Chuck Murtsomaki. Many of these fiddlers can also be seen at bluegrass, Irish, and traditional old-time music events, but here it is all fiddles and all contest style.

Recently elected president of the San Diego Chapter of the California State Old Time Fiddlers Association of California (that's their official name) Carol McCollum explains to me that many of the old timers who form the core of this group feel very strongly that, in these meetings, the fiddle is king. A guitar or two are welcome, as is one bass, but I suspect that a banjo player would be tarred and feathered. And, this is not old-time music of the type promoted by Ed Cormier or the type played at the weekly old-time music jams at Old Time Music in San Diego's North Park. No, this is contest fiddle-style music, which means there is an emphasis on the fiddle and on Texas-style playing.

Ernie Yoes, the group's unofficial historian tells me how it all began in 1973. It seems there was a woman who loved this style of music named Toney Kaul, a natural promoter who knew everyone in San Diego in the old-time music world. She, along with Greyhound Bus driver Jay Belt, who was known to look up fiddlers to play with at every bus stop, got the ball rolling to preserve this special style of music and to provide a place to play in San Diego. These two agreed that San Diego needed an old-time fiddlers group, and on November 29, 1973, Toney Kaul held an Old-Time Fiddlers'



District 7's new president Carol McCollum

Jamboree at the VFW hall in El Cajon. The interest and turnout was heavy, and from this first meeting sprang District 7 of the California State Old Time Fiddlers Association, with Toney and Jay completing the paperwork. Officially incorporated in 1974, the group met at El Cajon's VFW Hall until they outgrew it, tried a few other locations briefly, and then settled in at Wells Park in El Cajon in about 1980 where the group has been meeting ever since.

Many of the original members have either moved on or passed away, but three original members are still active in San Diego. Of the original members, probably the most famous are Stuart Duncan, Nashville's top session fiddler, member of the Nashville Bluegrass Band, and a key contributor to the *O' Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack, along with his parents.

I'm having a great time on this pleasant Sunday afternoon, enjoying my new friends and doing my best to keep up on my fiddle. I promise myself that I will return. As I shake hands and prepare to leave, the group lets me know that anyone interested in fiddling is welcome to come and play or to come and listen. The spouses and others who don't play seem to be having as much fun as the players. To learn more, visit their web page at: www.sandiegofiddler.com.

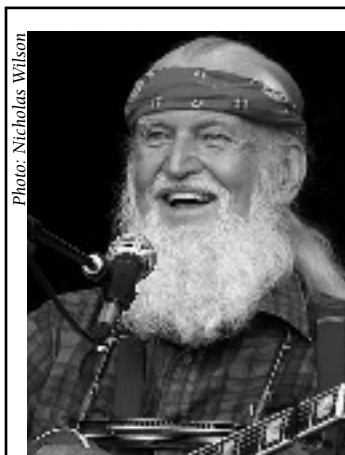


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Jo-El Tapia Benefits from a Little Help from Her Friends

by John Philip Wyllie

At 16, Jo-El Tapia is one of the youngest singer-songwriters currently playing the local coffeehouse circuit, but playing before a crowd is nothing new to this sweet-voiced up-and-coming performer.

"I started playing publicly when I was 12," Tapia told me. "When one of my middle school teachers learned that I could play, she asked me to perform in front of my class. I quickly learned that I loved it and could play in front of people without being nervous."

Two years later, after gaining some additional experience playing at parties, she began playing coffeehouses. Currently, she splits her time between Across the Street at Mueller College, Lestat's and the Hot Monkey Love Café, but she will always retain a special place in heart for the teacher that helped launch her career. "The reason why I am so comfortable doing it now is because of that experience in middle school," she said.

While influenced most directly by the music of Bob Dylan, Elliott Smith, and Bright Eyes, her sound, she is told, is more like that of Alanis Morissette or Jewel. On the local scene, her ethereal voice imparts the same kind of warmth and inner beauty that Saba's does when she is singing one of her trademark ballads.

Tapia started on violin at the age of eight and transitioned to the piano when she was 11. A year later she fell in love with the guitar, which has been her instrument of choice ever since. When she plays publicly it is always on guitar, but she incorporates her violin and piano when she is recording. Currently involved in putting the finishing touches on a four-song demo CD, Tapia will shortly begin the equally important business of promoting it.

"Next, it will be about marketing myself and spreading the word. My friends have been a big support. I feel like I have my own little

street team. They are the ones that take the photos [for the website] and are always talking me up. I also have some connections with a couple of well-known local bands and they have been a big help as well."

Rodrigo Espinosa, lead singer of the indie rock band Napoleon Complex, has become her mentor.

"Rodrigo heard through a mutual friend that I was good and agreed to record me before he had ever heard me perform. He is currently going to school at Berkeley, so that makes it harder, but whenever he returns he allows me lots of recording time. All of the guys in their band have given me a lot of positive feedback."

Tapia, like many local performers, is hoping to one day sign a recording contract. Espinosa's advice and support has helped her advance toward that goal.

One bit of advice that she has internalized is to play each show like it is her last.

"It doesn't matter if there are only two people in the audience, you have to play each time like it is your last show. I really believe in that," Tapia said. "Rodrigo has also told me that if I really want to make it, it has to come from me. I constantly need to put myself out there and make those phone calls and meet those people because nobody is going to do that for me. You can be making amazing music, but if you are not going to do anything about it [from a marketing standpoint] you are always going to be stuck."

While Tapia is not completely comfortable in the role as her own biggest promoter, she realizes that she continually needs to sell herself to the people who are in a position to help her. She is finding that being a musician also has its rewards.

"The most rewarding part of it all is when someone comes up to you after a show and tells you that you have inspired them or when you hear yourself on the radio. [She has been

featured on FM 94.9.] If I can get through to even one person I am good for the whole week," she says.

Tapia finds the limitations of the type of music she plays to be the most frustrating aspect of her career thus far.

"You can only go so far with acoustic music. It is very coffeehouse and personal. I eventually want to make other types of music and I really don't have that outlet right now. It often requires equipment that I don't have, but I know in time that will come."

Young musicians often struggle to find their identity in their music and to go beyond mimicking the music of someone that they have enjoyed. Tapia is beginning to establish her own trademark sound.

"A lot of people have told me that my voice is unique. I don't write about what you hear in the mainstream. I write about what is real to me and what I feel and what I think. I try to make it poetic and write songs that people have to figure out. When I write, I always start with the melody on my guitar and then sometimes I'll transpose it to piano to see how it sounds. Then I'll make up little parts for the violin. I usually have several songs going at once, little fragments that later develop into songs."

Her soon to be released four-song demo includes two cuts that are currently available on her MySpace.com website: "Good-bye Old Friend" and "Hey Blue-Eyed Boy." "Good-bye Old Friend" is a ballad about a relationship that went sour. "Hey Blue-Eyed Boy" concerns a former friend with a drug problem. "Chin-up" is a song about being yourself as well as a tribute to a lifelong friend. "Embry's Song" is one she wrote in honor of her hard-working older sister.

Jo-El Tapia performs on Friday, June 27, 8:30pm, at Across the Street at Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd. in University Heights.



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Lou Fanucchi: You Can't Do THAT With an Accordion!

Story and photos by Paul Hormick

After two sets playing swinging Gypsy jazz on the Park Stage at this year's Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival with Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Lou Fanucchi remained on the same stage for another two hours, playing *freilachs* and *horas* with Yale Strom's klezmer ensemble Hot Pstromi. Fanucchi's schedule is not always this tight, but, being San Diego's most eminent accordionist, he performs with a cornucopia of musical organizations. Last summer he was part of an African band at the Wild Animal Park, and he regularly plays the *Tarantella* and "That's Amore" with an Italian ensemble. Of course, as an accordionist, when Oktoberfest rolls around he adds his part to the oom-pah and polka bands. This past season Fanucchi had two performances with the San Diego Symphony. Anywhere you'd find an accordion – folk, pop, jazz, or classical – you can find Fanucchi.

His recently released *Back to the Future* is a collection of recordings that spans over 20 years and illustrates his wide talents. Perhaps one of the best transcriptions of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" leads off the two-disk package. He also tackles Bach as well as classical compositions written for the accordion. There are polkas, a couple of swing tunes, pop standards, tangos, and he even sings on the norteño hit "Hey Baby, Que Paso?"

Although he works at the different styles of music, Fanucchi does not consider himself a musical chameleon. Whether playing Tex-Mex or Mendelssohn he retains a musical identity and a certain sound. "I like a lot of music and certain ones I've incorporated more into my sound than others," he says. "Latin music, jazz, I've got a lot of those things in me, even rock and roll. So when you hear me with a polka band, you'll hear some of those influences as well."

With violinist Rachel Lopez-Emmons, Fanucchi leads a tango ensemble called Mas Grande. The group dates back to the early nineties, when Fanucchi teamed up with drummer John Oren and violinist Pablo Mendez to perform tangos in the Gaslamp District. Mas Grande went on a decade-long hiatus until Fanucchi and Oren began playing for the tango nights at Hot Monkey Love Cafe in 2007. Depending on the venue, Mas Grande varies in size from the duo of Lopez-Emmons and Fanucchi to an ensemble of five or six players. Much of their repertoire is from composer Astor Piazzolla, the bandoneon playing Argentine who incorporated classical theory and modern influences into his tango compositions.

Thirty years ago, when Weird Al Yankovic first made his mark as a musical funny man, he would step upon a stage and – even before he had uttered a quip or sang a parody of a pop hit – the joke had already started. Weird Al was carrying an accordion. Others, like comedienne Judy Tenuta, used the instrument as a comic prop as well. During the heyday of rock and disco the accordion was thought of as the opposite of cool, a groove killer associated with too much beer and worn out polyester.

It's a bit different today. The rise in popularity of zydeco, Cajun, and norteña, music that features the accordion prominently, has changed much of the perception of the accordion, but some of those old prejudices persist. Fanucchi enjoys dispelling these notions that the accordion is somehow second rate or a joke instrument. "I'd be playing a gig and some smartass would ask for 'Stairway to Heaven.' People were always surprised when I'd play it," he says. Once, when Fanucchi was playing at a restaurant, a young man, trying to impress his girlfriend, asked him to play the "William Tell Overture." "Well, I'd been studying it and had it memorized, so I played it," he says. "You should have seen the look on the guy's face. He was so surprised!"

Fanucchi keeps a sense of humor about his chosen instrument and even tells an accordion joke from time to time himself. But just as no one really expects a blonde to correct her computer screen with whiteout, the jokes about the accordion are equally misplaced. He says, "The accordion is relatively new in the acoustic instrument world. The first accordion was made in 1829, and the 1850s saw the first piano accordions; so unlike the violin or other instruments, the accordion doesn't have a long history. It hasn't had the time to develop a long period of pedagogy." Fanucchi feels that many people mistakenly think of the accordion as simplistic, and believes that many who write or arrange for it are ignorant as to how to properly notate what they want to hear from the accordion. As a result it is often underrated because of this unfamiliarity and ignorance. Fanucchi likes to quote his teacher, Anthony Galla-rini, who is considered a pioneer of the accordion, saying, "The accordion has been more sinned against than sinning."

"During the fifties it was the number one instrument in the United States. And that's understandable. It is a useful and diverse instrument," Fanucchi says. Ironically, the instrument's popularity led to its fall from grace. A great number of people picked up the accordion, glad that learning a few simple tunes on the squeezebox is relatively easy. But they were stymied when they found that more advanced accordion playing is quite difficult.

"So you had a lot of music stores offering accordions to kids, but they weren't backing it up with good instruction. That's not the instrument's fault. Back then there was a lack of qualified instructors."

Fanucchi is a native San Diegan, having grown up close to his current home in Mission Hills. His was not a particularly musical family, but he took to music at an early age. "I started playing when I was seven and a half years old," he says. "Our neighbors were a German family. As a matter of fact, the father was the butcher here in Mission Hills at the Sausage King. Their son played the accordion, and I used to sit in our driveway so I could hear him practice." Fanucchi's parents took note and asked their son if he also wanted to play the accordion. Within weeks he had an accordion strapped over his shoulder and was off to his first lesson.

He took to the instrument and, unlike a lot of other kids, stayed with his music lessons. He credits much of his success to the support that he received from his parents, who chauffeured him to his musical events and encouraged his talents. By the time he was 15, Fanucchi was performing professionally, with a regular gig at the Rhineland's Haus, a German restaurant that used to be in La Jolla. He had studied for years with Charles Bertolini, but by the time Fanucchi was 16, Bertolini told the young Fanucchi's parents that Lou had learned so well that he was discontinuing his lessons. He had nothing else to teach the teenager.

Anthony Galla-rini, the man who had done the most to promote the accordion as a concert instrument, was living in San Marcos at the time. Fanucchi contacted Galla-rini and studied under the master for the next seven years. In the meantime he earned a bachelor's degree in music from SDSU, the last person to do so with an emphasis on accordion.

The years of study, decades actually, that Fanucchi has devoted to music and his instrument, were all classically oriented. At first his plans for a musical career were strictly classical. "I said I wasn't going to do musette or pop, that I was only going to play concerts. But that's not realistic, particularly if you want to get gigs. That's something I had to get over,"



Lou Fanucchi

he says.

When Fanucchi studies a new classical piece of music, he first looks at the notations the composer may have made about the accordion, such as which register is to be used. He says, "I look over it in sections and mark the parts that appear to be more difficult or need attention. Then I'll play through it. The portions I may sight-read through, I'll just put them on the shelf. And then I'll practice the difficult parts. I'll make a study of the places where I'm having trouble and just work on that as an etude until I get it." While he plays transcriptions of works, Fanucchi is more interested in performing pieces written specifically for the accordion, and he plans on learning more demanding concert pieces in the near future.

To learn polka, klezmer, Cajun, zydeco, or other popular and ethnic music, Fanucchi buys recordings of these styles, the best he can find, and immerses himself in the musical genres. His ear and his understanding of the instrument are so good that he can easily discern how the accordionists are playing their instruments, how their fingers play across the fingerboards, and the buttons pushed by their left hands. For him, what distinguishes Cajun from polka and musette from the blues are what Fanucchi calls "seasonings," the accents and other characteristics that set a style apart, such as if the accordion plays strongly on the downbeat or if the accordionist adds a lot of trills and arpeggios.

On the front of the accordion are a series of buttons that control which reeds are employed when the musician pumps the bellows. Pushing the different buttons and changing the reeds changes the timbre of the accordion. Fanucchi says that part of understanding the

"seasoning" of a musical style is figuring out the combination of reeds the accordionist chooses. Although he has played some of these styles his entire life, Fanucchi continues to study recordings and learn. As quickly as you might ask "Who Stole the Kishka?" he picks up an accordion and demonstrates a new sound and technique for polka accordion that has recently come out of Germany.

The year 2008 brings new ventures for Fanucchi. Besides composing his own works for the accordion, he will be traveling to Phoenix for a workshop on tango nuevo and Seattle for a workshop in nuevo musette. He will be performing at the Del Mar Fair with Mex, a Tex-Mex band. And for August 10 he plans a concert with fellow accordion great Frank Morocco. "I've been given a great talent," Fanucchi says. "All the different styles, the different performances, deserve to be played the best that I can play them."

Lou Fannucchi, along with Patrick Berrogain on guitar, will perform Django Musette at Old Time Music in North Park on Saturday, June 28, 7pm.



Fanucchi does Italian, playing in Little Italy

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Phil Harmonie Sax: "I'm never going back to French Roast again!"



by Raul Sandelin
photos by Steve Covault

A reliable source once told me that while he was in the throes of a near-death experience, the good Lord took him by the hand and led him to the gates of Hillbilly Heaven. Actually, there were three gates, he reminds me. Behind the first stood a horizonless set from the CMT music awards. “Everywhere I looked, there were bands that looked like the Backstreet Boys with banjos, half-heartedly yodeling songs that could’ve been performed by a Flock of Seagulls two decades earlier.” Figuring this was Purgatory he looked behind the second gate, which was a contrast in extremes—a throwback to the Old South, a bunch of crackers just chillin’ in the holler, wallowing in misery.

Behind gate number three, however, death suddenly seemed almost palpable. Here was an American landscape thrown back to the first decades following World War II, a landscape filled with plenty of open spaces – but, also a landscape banded by crisscrossing highways, a landscape where the neon sign, the jukebox, and the beer cooler all ran on the same extension chord run from a single outlet behind the tool shed, a landscape where grazing cattle, horses, and dusty main streets whiled their time alongside 18-wheelers and TV sets ordered from the Sears catalog.

My source was suddenly pulled from the gate and sent back to continue his work on *terra firma*. But, the lesson was clear: Hillbilly Heaven was a mixture of the modern and the traditional, a reverence for the humble past but also a celebration of a limitless future.

I was reminded of this anecdote when I first heard Mark Jackson’s “Western Radio (State of Mind)” a few years ago. The song guns down the road like an 18-wheeler. The refrain continually dares us to “cross the line.” County line, state line, limits we’ve placed on ourselves? This song has an outlaw attitude and a romantic’s optimism. It’s about new horizons and the need to “cross the lines” that are our own inhibitions.

Fast forward to the present and I’m driving out to Santee to visit the Mark Jackson Band in the recording studio.

As I park and stand by my car, a mandolin is being tuned inside while over a broken-down, wooden fence, a screen door creaks shut, truly a Southern Gothic moment. Perhaps, I’ve died and really am in Hillbilly Heaven.

Inside, the green room is filled with a rock-stars-on-a-budget banquet: Costco snacks, paper plates, and a few bottles of champagne. This is the final day of recording. And, the band is filing in and out as bits and pieces are dubbed into the nearly completed album tracks. The new album – *Not Long for This World* – is the Mark Jackson Band’s third CD and is a climax of sorts, not just for the songwriting but also for the time and effort put into the production.

Mark Jackson’s long musical journey began like many country western singers. Raised in Bethany, Oklahoma, Mark grew up surrounded by the aura of Okie legends such as Woodie Guthrie. His dad in fact was a folkie who collected the old artists as well as those of the ’50s and ’60s folk revival. Later, Mark would be swallowed up by the entire Oklahoma scene and sound as it progressed from Merle Haggard

The Mark Jackson Band

onward to Vince Gill and Garth Brooks. In the meantime, however, Mark was swept up in the general musical revolution of the late 1960s. Some of his first loves were the Monkees, Grand Funk, and Jefferson Airplane, far cries from the blue-collar grit of O-K City and Tulsa. As a teenager, Mark fell for the harder stuff, finding himself under the spell of Jethro Tull. As Garth Brooks, who is Mark’s exact age, would later say, “There’s a stereotype about kids coming out of Oklahoma. But, they were listening to Rock bands just like everybody else.” Brooks, in fact, cites Kiss and Aerosmith as profound, early influences.

By the mid-’70s, though, the stereotype came home to roost. “When I heard Willie Nelson’s *Red-Headed Stranger*, that was it,” Mark explains. From that point on, he realized that the *westerners* of country western held a special place within the larger spectrum. Westerners were storytellers and adventurers. “Much of country music,” Mark goes on to say, “focuses on economic plight and heartache in the Deep South. Country western is different. It focuses on filling in the wide open spaces with stories, energy, and hope.”

By this time, Mark was playing guitar, trying to emulate the artists he had been listening to. Now, in his late teens, he was also running as wild as might be expected from an Oklahoma kid in the late ’70s. After a year-long stab at college, he decided to enlist in the Navy as a welder. First completing a four-year hitch, then another seven, Mark stayed in the Navy throughout the 1980s, circumnavigating the world at least once, playing in a number of on-ship bands and performing, singer-songwriter style, at open mics whenever he was on shore leave or stationed for any length of time.

In 1983 Mark met his wife, Judy, a San Diego native. They married in 1986. After Mark left the Navy in 1989, the couple settled into domestic life in Chula Vista where they still live. The couple had a son and daughter around this same time. Mark also started working at Solar Turbines. Everyone in the Mark Jackson Band is quick to remind the listener that this is a band comprised of working people. Mark has spent the last 19 years as a mechanic in a factory.

There are two incidents Mark cites that gave him the musical drive he has today. One dates back to his adolescence when an uncle heard Mark playing guitar and commented that Mark didn’t have what it took to be “an artist.”

The second incident occurred around 1991 when Mark was wallowing in the fact that his music was slipping behind him each day he grew older. At this time, his wife, Judy, told him sternly that he’d later regret it if he let any more time slip by, that he better go out, find some kindred spirits, and start performing.

During this soul searching, Mark took a philosophy class from professor-slash-musician Peter Bolland. Pondering the meaning of life, they discovered each other’s underlying musical interests. Soon Jackson-Bolland, as the duo was called, hit the coffeehouse circuit, homing between Papa Dave’s, an



The Mark Jackson Band: (front, L-R) Mark Jackson, David Morgan, Pamela Haan; (rear, L-R) Rob Williams, Grant Kester, Rick Lien

open mic frequented by Robin Henkel and newly-formed P.O.D., in the South Bay, and Mikey’s in Poway. They hit the relative big time opening for Arlo Guthrie. They also released an album of originals titled *Live at a Better World*. “For six years, I always had a gig in my future,” Mark adds. Lyle Duplessie, the late cofounder of the *San Diego Troubadour*, sat in on bass often during this period. And, the trio would perform under the name High Line Wire when they felt like injecting electricity into their usual acoustic set.

The Jackson-Bolland run lasted from 1992 to 1998. After an short hiatus, Mark was ready to put something new together. In the bands he’d toyed with in college and the Navy, Mark often found himself pushed to center stage to assume the role as lead singer as well as band leader, especially when it came time to negotiating gigs or disputes with hometown authorities and Navy brass. Now, after splitting these duties with Peter Bolland, Mark found himself pulled back into limelight as frontman.

Later in 1998 Mark put together a one-man set that he performed at Mikey’s. “Right at the last minute,” Mark remembers, “it almost didn’t happen. When I was ready to go on stage, I suddenly realized that I didn’t have my set list.” Mark made due, however, reconstructing the set from memory, improvising, and telling jokes and stories for two hours on stage. It’s the kind of show he had dreamed of doing for some time, allowing the human side, the off-the-cuff storyteller to emerge and take things in surprising new directions.

Friend and Mikey’s regular Rick Lien was one of the first to greet Mark as he got off stage. Hearing “we’ve really missed you” from Rick was all the reassurance Mark needed. Initially, taking center stage, telling stories about his past, and explaining the innermost feelings he had put into his songs was a risk. Would people be interested in seeing and hearing this personal side? Would they be entertained in the process? The Mikey’s show convinced him that the answer was “yes.”

He spent the next two years performing solo, sometimes accompanied by friend Ken Wilcox. Besides Mikey’s, Mark booked gigs at the Golden Goose in Lakeside and Twiggs, while also doing house concerts for Jimmy Duke’s Dark Thirty Productions.

Between 1999 and 2001, “Mark Jackson” evolved into the “Mark Jackson Band” as a number of friends began sitting in on gigs. Sometimes he called the outfit High Line Wire, a name he still wants to donate to a band one day. But, the “Mark Jackson Band” worked with musicians and audiences. So, the name finally stuck permanently.

As Mark explains, “The year 2001 was also the year everyone in San Diego started doing home recording.” So, as musicians were gathering to form the Mark Jackson Band, Mark decided to put his growing catalog of original tunes on record.

The result was *Vigilante Road*. Recorded at current band member David Morgan’s home studio, Mark established the geography for his storytelling. With songs like “Charlotte Texas” and “Last Exit to Lakeside,” the imagery was definitely the West. It



Mark Jackson

Taking a Long Journey Home



Pamela Haan



In the studio at Strate Sound (Steve Covault, Sweet Joyce Ann, Ken Wilcox, Paul Cruz, Brian Strate, Alan Sanderson, Pamela Haan, Mark Jackson, Rob Willaims, Missy Sue, Jason Postelnek, Dave Farrell, Victoria Robertson)

should be noted also that Vigilante Road is located off a lone stretch of Highway 67, heading toward Poway, a definite nod to the support Mark received from the crowd at Mikey's. The sound of the CD is also western. Many of the songs chug along with the boom-chaka-boom of the railroad. The themes look to the desert and other wide open landscapes. Many of the songs' characters are fallen, earthly angels who struggle and sometimes half succeed in keeping their sights on heaven, the prairie, and the honkytonk. The similarities between the band's first album and the dreamscape painted by Merle, Waylon, and Willie are apparent throughout. There's also a respect for less-

western influences such as the Opry and the 1960s' Nashville favorite: the country duet. Peggy Watson provides Mark with the female counterpoint that makes this very western album also sound very traditional.

Vigilante Road was nominated for the SDMA's Best Americana album in 2003. This nomination alerted the local community that the Mark Jackson Band was now on the map. The band was nominated for Best Country Band in 2003, 2004, and 2005.

When Mark and the Band began recording their first CD in 2002, as stated, the home recording trend was just getting underway locally. As a result, *Vigilante Road* was recorded with analog equipment when David Morgan was just beginning to put together what would become Morgan Ranch Studios. Mark learned at this time how unforgiving analog could be. In fact, since this was his first studio album, he learned quickly how unforgiving the entire recording process could be. Although very proud of *Vigilante Road*, especially given the accolades it received from the SDMA, Mark now thinks of the album as a "learning experience." It showed him the potential of what an album could become and how an exact sound could be achieved when all of the production elements were meticulously assembled.

The band was gigging regularly now. And, in 2005, Mark took them back into the studio to record *Love May Take the Long Road Home*. This time they went into Rick Lien's Studio 13B in Poway, intent on engaging their new-found studio experience.

Mark also gathered a collection of songs together with a definite uniting theme: relationships. He even went back 15 years to a song – "Julia's Waltz" which – he had sung for his wife Judy at their wedding. The sound of the CD was again very western. The band still chugged along like a Great Plains locomotive, but a locomotive off in the distance not one that was roaring through town. The sound was more subtle and softer, perhaps a reflection of the album's amorous theme. This album was less about fallen

honkytonk angels and more about falling in love. An exception to this was the bonus track "Western Radio (State of Mind)," which was recorded live and provided a snapshot of the fury that went into the band's live performances. Featuring a slap bass intro by then bassist Drew Decker, the song showed Mark's willingness to cut across genres. The bass line, which rumbles throughout, was anything but traditional country. The energy and irreverence was more akin to Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers. This reflected Mark's own emerging philosophy: he was calling the music they were playing Americana. Some might even hear some alt-country around the edges. Mark was well aware of the scene created by Bloodshot Records. This combined with the re-discovery of icons such as Johnny Cash by younger musicians, not to mention Mark's own early affinity for hard rock, helped steer at least part of the band's repertoire toward a heavier sound and attitude.

Something else that occurred at this time was Pamela Haan's entrance into the band. Pamela has since become a co-leader with Mark. They met at Solar Turbines while singing in the Christmas Choir that the company assembles each year during the holidays. Pamela first provided some needed business acumen as the band's gigging schedule not only accelerated but also took them farther and farther outside the San Diego area. While in Palm Desert, Pamela filled in on harmony when one of the band members came down with laryngitis. She has been on stage ever since.

Pamela describes what she does as a "close harmony." Uncharacteristic for a female vocalist, she sings a low alto and at times a high tenor. So, the intervals between the notes her singing and Mark's baritone aren't as distant as in a standard male-female duet. It's often difficult to separate the lead from the background vocal, giving each song a dual melody. This close harmony has become a cornerstone of the band's sound.

Like Mark, Pamela cites a variety of childhood influences. Coming of age in the '70s, she was caught up in the first wave of hybrid country and rock artists, including Emmilou Harris, Linda Ronstadt, and the Pure Prairie League. This is a common thread in the Mark Jackson Band: for a country band, there sure is a lot of rock 'n' roll lurking about. The result is a sound and attitude that has no qualms about changing direction mid-stream or sprinkling in touches of eclecticism. Since their mentors were rule breakers, they are more likely to follow their own ears instead of any Nashville trends.

After the release of *Love May Take the Long Road Home*, Mark's band continued a heavy gigging schedule, heavy considering they all were working stiffly with day jobs and families to feed. They became mainstays at Hooleys Irish Pub in Rancho San Diego and Wynola Pizza Express near Dudley's Bakery in Santa Ysabel. Playing on a weekly basis somewhere in town, Mark and Pamela began recognizing many of the same faces following them around. And, many of these groupies, like the band itself, did not come from the traditional country mold.

"I had a group of young rocker guys," Mark recalls, "guys covered with tattoos with a real heavy metal image, telling me at Hooleys, 'We don't like country...but we sure like you guys.'" These younger fans, crossover fans, who follow the Mark Jackson Band around, despite otherwise musical differences,

are what have helped the band carve out a singular niche. "At the same time," Mark goes on, "we continue to draw in a regular country crowd. So, we're appealing to a broad mix."

In late 2006, the band went into the studio again. This time, though, the studio wouldn't let them leave quite so easily. In fact, they've been recording their current CD for 18 months now. *Not Long for This World* finds the band stretching out both musically and thematically. The album is dedicated to Stacey Slaughter, a former member of Spare Change and a favorite daughter of San Diego's folk community, who took her own life a number of years ago. Stacey had been part of that original group of musicians who played with Mark during those years between Jackson-Bolland and the formation of the Mark Jackson Band.

The album also explores issues such as homelessness and the war in Iraq.

But, as serious as much of the album appears, Mark is quick to add that it's really about redemption. Whether Mark himself is finally coming full circle, settling down, and looking retrospectively at his wild, Oklahoma youth, or, whether the album is a call out to the rest of humankind to join hands because we're all on this journey together, *Not Long for This World* reminds us that our days here are precious.

That's the serious side of the CD. But, there's also plenty of boot stomping and honkytonking. Besides Mark and Pamela, the band includes Grant Kester on harmonica, David Morgan on dobro, Rob Williams on guitar, and Rick Lien on bass. A range of local talent, from Barry Scott, Jim Soldi, and Larry Grano to Chris Clarke, Rick Nash, John Mailander, and Victoria Robertson also pitched in.

Another huge part of the story is the inclusion of Alan Sanderson of Strate Studios in Santee, who co-produced the album. Sanderson, a 12-year studio veteran from L.A., has recorded everybody from the Rolling Stones and Weezer to the Highwaymen and Ryan Adams.

With so much talent squeezed into one album, Mark is confident that *Not Long for This World* will win the band an even

larger following. While he hopes to truly solidify the band's reputation as a great Southern California regional act, he also wants to expand globally and find new, creative ways to license the music and win new audiences wherever country western, Americana, and a rockin' good time are appreciated.





Bluegras s

by Dwight Worden



Bill Monroe, Lester Flatt, and Earl Scruggs

Bluegrass guitar playing is as distinctive as it is dazzling. Born out of mountain music and blues, the style has evolved over the 60 years that true bluegrass music has existed. Let's take a look at the bluegrass guitar and at how some of its greatest players make it sound so good.

There are two basic styles of bluegrass guitar playing: rhythm guitar and lead guitar. Each requires its own unique skill set to be played at the highest level. While the lead guitar may get most of the crowd's attention, it is actually the solid rhythm guitar style that anchors most great bluegrass bands.

Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys, the gold standard of bluegrass music, wouldn't be the icons they are without the stellar rhythm guitar playing of Lester Flatt. Lester's great skill at rhythm guitar was also central to the success enjoyed by Flatt and Scruggs and the Foggy Mountain Boys. Likewise, if we examine some of the great modern bluegrass bands it should be no surprise to find outstanding rhythm guitar playing. Listen to Dudley Connell at the center of the modern Seldom Scene or Del McCoury of the Del McCoury Band and notice how strong the rhythm guitar is to the overall sound. Likewise, if we look at the local bluegrass scene we note the strong rhythm playing of Kit Birkett anchoring the sound of the Virtual Strangers and Rick Kirby anchoring Lighthouse. Women can do this too. If you don't think so, give a listen to Rebecca Hogan of Hit and Run Bluegrass out of Colorado.

So, what is it that characterizes great rhythm guitar playing? Here are my takes on the key elements:

1. **A Good Bluegrass Guitar:** Some kind of dreadnought with a big, strong sound is required. No matter how good a player you are, you can't get that "bluegrass rhythm sound" out of a parlor guitar!
2. **Great Timing:** Bluegrass has an "on" beat [the "boom" in "boom-chuck"] and an "off" beat [the "chuck" in "boom-chuck"]. The rhythm guitar is the only instrument in a bluegrass band that regularly plays both the "on" and "off" beats. All the great bluegrass rhythm players were right on the money with their timing, every beat every time. Lock a good rhythm guitar player in with a good bass player and you are on your way to some great bluegrass.
3. **A Strong Attack:** Good rhythm playing is not for sissies. The great players all have a strong attack, driving the band and holding it together with powerful pick strokes. Often, the strokes are made behind the sound hole toward the bridge, and sometimes right next to the bridge, where the sound is strong, sharp, and sassy. Play strong rhythm over the sound hole and you get a non-bluegrassy, muddy sound — great for folk music but not for driving a bluegrass band.
4. **Simple but "Right On" Ornamentation:** A good rhythm player will add judicious use of the "G run" and other simple connecting phrases, and perhaps a 7th chord here and there, to accent his/her playing and to connect the chord transitions. Ornamentation by rhythm players, however, is one of the few areas in bluegrass music where "less is more" — the great ones use ornamentation sparingly, but perfectly. The next time you listen to your favorite bluegrass band, pay close attention to the rhythm guitar playing and see how you think the playing stacks up against these key points. Bluegrass lead guitar is another beast altogether. The lead player's job, at least when taking a solo, is no longer to anchor the band's

rhythm section, but rather to layer an ear pleasing solo line across the top of the rhythm being maintained by the rest of the band. Here are my takes on the key aspects of great lead playing:

1. **Good Technical Skill:** There is no way around the fact that playing great lead guitar takes lots of technical skill and years of practice. Your musical ideas, and intentions, may be great, but if you haven't got the chops to deliver them you won't be great. Listen to the technical skill of Clarence White, likely the most innovative and influential bluegrass guitar player of all time. Or put on a David Grier or Tony Rice CD and you will hear skill at the highest level.
2. **Fidelity to the Melody:** The great players always make sure that the listener can recognize the melody of the tune being played.
3. **Varying the Melody:** Likewise, the great players know how to vary and embellish the melody, without losing its essence, in a manner that makes the presentation of the solo both recognizable but also unique and exciting.
4. **Play a Solo that Progresses:** The great lead players structure their solos so that they build and tell a story, leading to a climax. They might start in the low register and build to the higher register, or they may start with a simple statement of the melody and then go into variations. Whatever the strategy, the great players always present a solo that progresses naturally.

So, we tip our hats in respect to the guitar as a rhythm and lead instrument and as central to the bluegrass band, as well as to all those who spend their time trying to master bluegrass guitar. The bluegrass band wouldn't be the same without you!

LOCAL WINNERS

Marke Foxworthy and **Beth Mosko** of Second Delivery and Last Transit took first place in backup guitar and second place in advanced bluegrass banjo (Marke) and first place in backup on an instrument other than guitar, and second place in advanced fiddle (Beth) at last month's Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Contest on May 18. Congratulations to both Marke and Beth for showing the San Diego flag and doing so well in a very competitive festival. Also, in case you didn't hear, San Diego's Virtual Strangers took first place in the band competition at the Wickenburg festival a few months back, so congratulations to them too.

COMING EVENTS

SDBS is hosting a special Kids Night at its June 24th fourth Tuesday event at the Boll Weevil restaurant at 7080 Miramar Road, 6:30-9pm. It has become an SDBS tradition to do a kid's event in June, so stop on by and enjoy the fun. This promotional event shows off some of the great young talent in San Diego and prepares for this year's **Kids Camp at Summergrass**, the three-day bluegrass festival to be held at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum in Vista on August 22-24. For info about the Kids Camp and the festival, visit: www.summergrass.net. Also, the Huck Finn Jubilee will be held June 13-15 in Victorville with many top national bands, including the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band**, **Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver**, **Blue Highway**, and more. Visit www.huckfinn.com for info and tickets.

Saturday, June 21, is **Bluegrass Day at the Fair**, held at the Coors Stage at the Del Mar Fair grounds. There will be lots of great entertainment, a band scramble, and more, so be sure to stop on by. For information or to enter, contact Lou Ann Preston at louann.preston@cox.net or George Noble, Jr. at GeorgeNobleJr@yahoo.com. Also look for the San Diego County Fair Craft Brewer's Competition and Festival at the fair during Bluegrass Day at the Fair on June 21, from noon to 8 pm. This year's theme: Beer, Brats, and BLUEGRASS, with 270 beers from 105 breweries around the world! Sounds like fun!



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

TAYLOR SOLIDIFIES

Ubiquitous is such a great word. With all those u's (not to mention the q and b), one could cause a scrabble opponent's alphabetic empire to crumble into ruins just by playing it. With its definition of "being everywhere at once," it's also a perfect descriptor for **Taylor Guitars**.

From New York to Nashville, Folk to R&B, no other company's acoustic guitars show up on stage or in videos with the insistent frequency of Taylor's. One might think that with a market share so gargantuan, any self-respecting company would be well justified in resting on its laurels and nurturing the old bottom line. True to form however, the El Cajon-based company is constantly working to improve their designs. This attitude has allowed them to make incredible strides in innovation with regard to manufacturing techniques as well as product quality and consistency. It also results in the occasional happy accident.

Taylor's senior product developer David Hosler's electronics work led to the great acoustic/electric hybrid tones for the T5, covered in the last issue. Following Taylor's apparent "we're never done" credo, he continued to explore new options for the guitar's electronics, which produced a pickup so advanced and inspiring that Bob Taylor immediately gave the go-ahead to develop the company's first solid body guitar, fittingly entitled the **SolidBody**® (\$2,398 retail, \$1,799 street).

The first thing one will notice upon first glance is the guitar's devastatingly gorgeous good looks. The model I reviewed was the SolidBody Standard, with a subtle sunburst finished Tamo Ash top with gold and cinnamon tones that take on an almost holographic, three-dimensional glow as it catches the light. The top is beautifully set into the body and accentuated by a super classy, yet razor-thin white binding. The body and bolted neck are made from Africa Sapele and have a deep crimson color that perfectly complements the top, allowing the all the colors to come together like the flavors of a beautifully prepared meal.

The body shape is somewhat reminiscent of a Les Paul Jr., especially with regard to its thinner depth. The weight is about that of a vintage Stratocaster, with a perfectly balanced and comfortable feel when "strapped on," making it ideal for those who play for extended periods. There is a gentle bevel at the guitar's upper bout, which gives one's forearm a gentler surface to rest on, and the cut-away is similarly contoured, adding to the instrument's highly comfortable playability. The volume and tone knobs, as well as the five-position pickup selector, are located in what I call the "player's position" on the lower bout, with the volume knob conveniently located just off the bridge for those of you who like to do volume swells with your pinky finger (and, by the way, just how *did* the pinky finger get its name?).

The control knobs themselves are just one more example of how thoroughly original the SolidBody is, as they were also custom designed. In addition to a traditional-styled bottom flange, they also have a lip at the top and a "ribbed" texture to the barrel that facilitates easy gripping on the fly. This can be augmented further by slipping on the included rubber O rings, making life all the more easy for sweaty-handed guitarists.

The neck has a feel that will not be unfamiliar to those who own Taylor acoustics, although it's a bit shallower in keeping with an electric guitar's playing style. The jumbo frets were even and

impeccably well-dressed, a long established hallmark of all Taylor guitars. The Grover tuners are also a Taylor staple, although the headstock is a bit more narrow and understated than that of their other models. Most of the players who picked this guitar up instantly commented on its comfortable, fast feel.



Central to this comfort is yet another innovation: the sleek and beautiful all-aluminum bridge. I know, it sounds odd to speak about such a seemingly mundane feature this way, but I guarantee that once you rest your palm on this luxurious piece, you'll be tempted (as I was) to liken it to a Jaguar automobile. Just stunning.

Of course what most matters to the majority of players is *tone*, which brings us back to the beginning of the SolidBody's evolution — namely the pickups.

The SolidBody humbuckers come in two flavors: a slightly smaller 3/4 size (on the Classic and Custom models) and the full-sized version that came with the Standard reviewed here. Upon first plugging the guitar in, it was immediately apparent that there was plenty of output. Switching between the five positions yielded an inspiringly diverse range of



Sven-Erik Seaholm

tones, and sweeping the single tone knob brought even more surprises. This is due to yet another unique feature. The tone knob works pretty much as others do for the first 2/3 of its travel. The last third, however, behaves more like a mid-peak filter, accentuating the nasal qualities much like a "parked" wah, giving guitar magicians another trick to keep up their sleeves. You can even achieve some manual phasing effects by "sweeping" it with the previously mentioned pinky technique!

The sound overall is a bit more "modern" than most guitars, with a great deal of upper harmonic information available. This was made all the more obvious when it was compared side by side with some Les Pauls, some Stratocasters, a vintage Gibson es-335, an Ibanez model, and a few Paul Reed Smith guitars. The SolidBody was closest to the PRS's in basic tone (and overall "expensive" looks) but was able to fairly approximate the other sounds with a little exploration.

Most notable (and admittedly a bit disconcerting) was the fact that the additional upper harmonics of the SolidBody's pickups tended to interfere a bit on distorted tones. It was as if they were clashing with the distortion's overtones in an uncomplimentary way, making some edgier tones a bit too hashy and indistinct. This was circumvented slightly by rolling the highs off with the tone control and could probably be diminished further by setting up the amps more compatibly. Still, it seemed a significant blemish on an otherwise faultless design.

There are so many great, thoughtful features on this guitar that it seems destined to define its own niche for many years to come. Its uniqueness and good looks are only surpassed by its amazing comfort and functionality.

Perhaps that leads us to back to describing the SolidBody in a single word: *incredible!*

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning producer, performer, and recording artist. Visit him online at kaspro.com, svensongs.com and myspace.com/svenseaholm



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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

LIKE AN ANXIOUS BRIDE

By the time you read these words . . . hell, by the time I read them . . . which is to say *this very moment*, I will have had some pressing questions answered, a lengthy famine fed, a long-time wish answered. Even if the answers are disappointing, the food unpalatable, the granted wish a twisted *Monkey's Paw*-like tragedy, I know I'm happier right now, seeing this very sentence in print on page 13 than I was scribbling it down on the 20th of May.

By mid-afternoon on May 30th, I will have seen the movie version of *Sex and the City*. I envy me.

Among the few television series that I consider art (more than half of the original *Twilight Zone*, most of *Northern Exposure*, much of *Boston Legal*), *Sex and the City* – in its original, uncensored form, not the syndicated truncations – is, to me, the champ. It's the Beatles. For the few *Mr. Moonlights*, there was a rich mine of *All You Need Is Loves*. The release of the movie now allows me a similar satisfaction I might have enjoyed with a Beatles reunion in the '70s (and that's only a slight exaggeration despite the charges of blasphemy you might consider levelling against me.)

Currently, the popular wisdom seems to be that *Sex and the City* was a "chick show" or one only for chicks and gays, one that no Real Damn Man would have an ongoing interest in. Now, while reality and I are often at odds, I solemnly declare myself to be as Damn a Man as there ever was (when I occasionally paint my toenails, it's an exercise in discipline, and I only watch Grey's Anatomy for the commercials). Come May 30, the fact that I may be the only straight guy in an audience mostly comprised of very wise women isn't painful to anticipate at all. In fact, you'd have to lock me up in order to keep me away, and there'd be some collateral damage before the chains were on, I promise.

Getting together with my friends Ann and Lynn on Sunday nights to watch the latest episode premier on HBO gave me some of the warmest memories I've been blessed to cherish. It will be another blessing if we're able to arrange to watch the movie together. Back then they didn't think any less of me (often an impossible task) if I were in tears by the show's end, or if I complained too much about the final season's straying occasionally from its fixed focus on the four protagonists, nor did I feel or cause any shame at my obvious arousal whenever Kim Cattrall dropped gown (my moving closer to the TV screen, mud-mind). What we were experiencing was a sublimely chaste *ménage à trois*; three hearts, one mind focused on something we truly loved, and loved to share.

The program must have been a hit in England; the movie premiered there weeks ago. The Aussies were noticeably crazy about the original series when I visited



José Sinatra

Melbourne in 2001, confirming my expectation that they have real taste down under, and that they're a fine bunch of folks even if they do talk funny. One sweetheart of a brunette, an avid fan of the show, praised our country for having sent them at last something of substance and quality. "Pyed off yir debt fer the boomerang," she quaintly put it one evening while fondling my navel.

I did breathe a sigh of relief when I learned that the movie would be rated R. I would not accept anything less. It was always a mature show and the possibility that they'd tone it down for a bigger audience haunted me for too long. I can recall only one instance when the show seemed to go beyond its sort-of-hard-R demeanor, but it was so wisely and good-naturedly done (and so utterly true and hilarious) that it demanded an exuberant high five; certainly no scolding slap on the hand.

What about music, Hose? All right: the series' theme song eventually grew on me, and so to this date it's the only samba-style tune I've ever liked.

So, thanks be to all involved with making this film. I've loved you and missed you a lot for a long time. And, by the way, there's gotta be room for more. I enjoy envisioning the Geezer Hose reflecting on a much-beloved motion picture series many years from now:

Sex and the City. *Wow: Sex in the Country. That was the real surprise; that rare sequel that surpassed the original. Sex in the Ocean was a tidal wave. Sex in the Moon and Sex in Uranus were delightful, though they seemed to tell similar stories. Sex in Heaven was the unexpected bonus everyone hoped for; couldn't ask for anything more . . .*

Some things would help living that long be entirely worth it. I've got to call Ann and Lynn.



RADIO DAZE



Jim McInnes

by Jim McInnes

MISTER ADVICE

I've been writing stuff in this little space for the *Troubadour* for almost five years. Thank you.

I have recently added a second monthly column to my resume. Thanks.

I am writing an advice column for a municipal publication based in the midwest. That's all you need to know.

These poor people could have written to "Dear Abby" or "Miss Manners" but chose me... a freakin' California radio broadcaster. Whatever... I give big city advice!

Here are a few excerpts from "Dear Jim:"

*Dear Jim:
I'm once again in "golf widow" mode. I'm left alone most weekends (and it will be like this through the summer) and I have to run the kids around and take care of everything by myself. My husband sees nothing wrong with this because he says he takes care of the house stuff (mowing, small repairs) during the week nights. I just don't think he needs to golf every weekend. Am I out of line?*

Planning on Doing Lots of Rain Dances

Dear Planning:

Duh! Learn how to play golf. Then he'll want to spend time at home while you indulge your new passion!

*Dear Jim:
My wife and I are fighting over what to do with our \$1,200 tax rebate. I think we should split it in half (\$600 for her, \$600 for me) and do whatever we want with it and she's throwing a fit because she wants to put it toward bills.*

Dear Big Bucks:

I agree with you 1200%, my man! Married couples should ALWAYS keep their incomes separate... unless they're both junkies.

Married junkies should each be able to steal at least \$250 daily.



by Peter Bolland

FINDING YOUR INNER SIMON

Simon Cowell, the somewhat god-like, humorless, and caustic judge on "American Idol" is priceless. Randy Jackson's input is valuable, Paula Abdul's unfailing maternal nurturing has its place, but no one gets to the cold, hard truth better than Simon. If Simon Cowell did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.

When you first start out in music, everyone's very supportive. Your parents and your friends and your teachers all tell you how great you are. "You're so special," they say, and you start to believe it. This inflated praise balloon carries you into your early career. As you grow your stage legs and flail your way through the finer points of public performance, your friends are all there to tell you how great you are. Go to any open mic and you'll see what I mean.

Artists even do it to each other. "Great set," they say as you pass each other in the backstage hallway. "Thanks Paula."

All of the well-wishers play an essential role in your development as an artist. It takes enormous courage to go on stage and sing your secret poems into microphones. Without the encouragement of your friends and family it'd be like climbing Mount Everest naked. You wouldn't survive. But there comes a time when you have to dive off the raft of encouragement and swim into open waters alone.

If you truly want to take it to the next level, it's time for a little truth. All that love was great and everything but, seriously, how does your stuff stack up against the greats? What's missing? What needs to be cut away? Who is going to help you uncover this truth? Not your mom – and not Paula Abdul either.

That's where Simon Cowell comes in. Simon doesn't want to be your friend. He doesn't need your approval. In fact, he is utterly free of the need to be loved. He couldn't care less about what you think of him, which liberates him to tell the unvarnished truth. On the surface he seems mean. The words he says sound dismissive, disrespectful, and cruel. But underneath it all is a vital truth. Ultimately, he is the kindest judge of all because he only has one goal: the realization of your greatness. And he's willing to sacrifice his nice-guy image in the process. In the withering flames of his criticism all your mediocrity burns away. All those years of bad habits, calcified by fawning friends and family, are scraped off like plaque by the lashings of his dragon tongue. His only agenda is to help you hone your craft to its absolute highest potential. He doesn't need you to like him. All he really cares about is your excellence. It's the same thing you care about. Life's too short to wait. It's time to be great.

Think about it, who's going to help you transform into an artist of singular power, Paula Abdul or Simon Cowell? Simon has the courage to speak things your current, limited, frightened self doesn't want to hear. But they're things your deeper, truer, inner self longs to hear, because these truths are the key that will unlock the ego-cage of fear that holds you imprisoned. Simon is trying to set you free.

Thank your most vicious critics, relish your bad reviews, respect those who walk out of your shows shaking their heads and muttering. Let them help you burn away those parts of you that are unessential.

Standing out under the stars at Viejas last fall at the San Diego Music Awards, Steve Poltz, Cady Truckee, and I were laughing about our bad reviews. "I remember the first time I got a bad review," said Poltz. "It was awful...but I felt like I'd finally made it." To taste that kind of rejection – it means you're finally reaching beyond your inner circle with its well-meaning, knee-jerk approval of everything you do. It means your work has finally found a wider audience, an audience that has nothing invested in the maintenance of your ego. You're entering dangerous waters, my friend. You've left the safety and security of

home and are out on the open road. No, not everyone's going to love you, and you need to learn that as soon as possible. If you can't take blistering criticism, then find another line of work. You're not ready. You've still got too much ego invested in it.

Have the presence of mind to not personalize the criticism – the work is being rejected, not you.

Your success in this business will hinge on how well you cope with rejection. No, you can't play here; no, we won't play your song on our radio station; no, you don't fit with our festival format; no, I really don't like your kind of music; no, you're too old. When my first solo CD, *Frame*, came out in 2002, an A&R executive at Atlantic Records heard it and told me, "great songs Peter, but, uh, you're past your career arc." And she was right. The pop music machine feeds on 17 to 24 year olds. A guy in his mid-40s might as well be dead. The only consolation is that three albums later I'm still making music and she was downsized years ago. But that doesn't change the fact that she was right and did me a huge favor by rejecting me. Thank God for failures and the precious transformations they generate. It was time to re-imagine and re-envision my very reasons for making music in the first place.

If you're in the music business to shore up your ego, to finally win the approval of your emotionally distant father, to be popular, and to win the favor of a fickle crowd, then you're doomed to fail. If, on the other hand, you strive to create art of singular power and grace (or die trying), then you'll meet with success unimagined in your more fearful hours. Your success will be measured not in numbers or record sales, but in the quality of the experience itself. I'll take quality over quantity every time.

Since nearly all of us will never be on "American Idol," it's time to cultivate our own inner Simon. Ruthlessly and objectively assess every song you write, every lyric, every performance, every recording, your stage presence, your commitment. It's bound to pass through from time to time, but never let mediocrity sleep on your couch and open your mail. Kick it to the door till your foot bleeds. As is often said, good is the enemy of great.

Thank your critics, your setbacks, your challenges, your failures, and all your "enemies" because ultimately they initiate you into a birthing process through which the real you finally emerges. Joseph Campbell calls them "threshold guardians." In every journey, the hero comes to the gate and faces the monster. If your fear wins, you retreat and stay where you are – stagnant, dissatisfied, and restless. In that case the monster has done you a favor. If you cannot relinquish your ego enough to risk annihilation, you are clearly not ready for the demands of the next stage. Fear serves a purpose. If, on the other hand, you conquer your fear and face the monster, the monster inevitably turns into an ally. You are allowed to pass into the higher realm. (And the higher realm is rarely what you thought it was going to be.) You have proven your worthiness by sacrificing your ego and allowing the sword of the monster to cut away those parts of you that were inauthentic. The real you is emerging. You are now moving into deeper truths.

That still, small, restless voice inside of you is your authentic self dying to be born. Dying to your ego is the price you have to pay. Let your critics help you find it and burn it away. Face your threshold guardians. Take the risks you know you need to take. Don't know how to start? Start telling yourself the truth, no matter what the cost. Whatever you lose by truth-telling wasn't real anyway. This is hard. You might need a little help. Begin by finding your inner Simon.

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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Songwriting Faire

by Tim Mudd

Becoming an Open Mic host had never been one of my treasured aspirations as a child; I believe “a journalist” had been my standard squeaky response to any adult inquiries when I was five... which, after a degree in economics and a 10-plus year career as a graphic designer, is fairly amusing to me as I write this piece for the June issue.

When I fell into the position of continuing – and, as it turned out, finishing – the long tradition of hosting the World-Famous Twigg's Wednesday Night Open Mic on the sleepy corner of Madison Ave. and Park Blvd. in the University Heights neighborhood of San Diego, I *know* I had no idea where that one acceptance of an idea would lead me...

The very first thing that struck me as I began what would turn into a three-year engagement was just how much talent San Diego's musical community held when it came to singer-songwriters. As the months wandered along, it became almost my singular mission to encourage these artists to gather confidence and break out beyond their two-song time-slot at 10:50pm on a Wednesday night. These were intelligent, passionate people who had a lot to say and I refused to believe that there was no market of eager listeners locally and beyond to embrace them. Unfortunately, no matter how much energy these artists expended on promotion during the week, they generally found themselves playing to at least half-empty rooms when the big show on a Friday or Saturday night rolled around.

Once when I was half-dead from banging my head against the wall, I tried thinking outside the mocha and realized that the problem wasn't necessarily the music, nor its content, but the fact that the target demographic for this genre of music were generally at home putting the kids to bed or getting a good night's sleep before another long day at work as the artists were just stepping foot on stage. The people who truly *needed* the inspiration and release, which comes from many of the thought-provoking lyrics crafted by these fabulously unknown songwriters, were largely absent and therefore unaware of what they had

available to them, right on their door-step. Of course, another major issue is the generally accepted social stigma that if you're not A) signed to a major-label, B) on the television or radio, or C) dating a famous movie star, then you can't be any good... Let's just debunk that myth right now and move on.

As part of my own personal efforts as a singer-songwriter over the years, I'd also begun to develop a healthy relationship with the organizers at the San Diego County Fair. I'd always enjoyed the opportunity to break out of the nocturnal habits that plague most artists and take my music out to an audience that otherwise would never know I existed.

During one such Fair performance in 2004 I was meandering through just one more heartfelt emotionally draining love song when I looked up and saw all of these families staring at me, completely silent, actually *listening*. Then it hit me. “*This was my audience; these were the people who may even make an effort to see a show if only they knew about me...*” And if it could work for me then why couldn’t it work for my peers?

The following winter, I approached the Fair organizers just before their booking got into full-swing and pitched the idea: I've been scouting the Open Mic circuit in San Diego for over a year. Allow me to book a stage for one day comprised of those I consider to be the finest up-and-coming songwriters in San Diego; we'll run and host it just like an Open Mic, the only difference being that the artists each get a 35 minute set instead of the usual two-song maximum. Not only would the

artists benefit from the massive exposure the Fair provides, but we may even be able to create some new fans for the genre and bring some much-needed credibility back to the generalized perception of Open Mics. To my honest surprise, the Special Events Department took a chance and accepted my proposal.

And so it was born, the Singer-Songwriter Showcase Day debuted at the San Diego County Fair on Saturday, June 18, 2005, with a rousing success. The initial installment of the now annual series featured the songwriting talent of Aaron Bowen, Will Edwards, Carlos Olmeda, Kim DiVine, Renata Youngblood, Michael Tiernan, and many more. What I noticed in the following years is that many of the artists who performed at the showcase enjoyed further successes both locally and beyond. I wouldn't for one minute flatter myself into thinking this one showcase was integral, however it has felt good to be a small drop of oil in the machine of awareness that daunts our vibrant songwriting community. Over the last few years on a Saturday in late June, Jane Lui, Josh Damigo, Laura Kuebel, Kellis David, Gayle Skidmore, Nathan Welden, Kerri Dopart, J. Turtle and Dawn Mitschele, among many others have graced the Paddock Stage at the San Diego County Fairgrounds in Del Mar to increase their own awareness and promote solidly original songwriting right here in our community. Thanks to all of their involvement over the years and the grassroots reputation of the day, the showcase continues to grow in exposure.

For the fourth installment of this series the

proceedings couldn't be more exciting. Not only do we have a stellar line-up of artists and the continued undying support of the Fair organizers, but we also welcome the championing of San Diego's hottest new adult-alternative radio format, Sophie 103.7 FM. Sophie and their deejays will be joining us all day for this year's outing to help introduce artists and promote the songwriting community. The station will also be running a competition for any songwriter in San Diego to submit a song to be voted on by their listeners through their website <http://www.radiosophie.com>. The winner will perform during the coveted 7pm slot on the day of the showcase as well as have the opportunity to perform for audience members world-wide in "Sophie's Lounge." Listen in during weekdays and watch their website for further details...

We hope you'll join us for this quite enjoyable annual jaunt supporting and promoting local songwriting in San Diego; taking place on Saturday June 28 between 10am and 11pm on the Paddock Stage at the San Diego County Fairgrounds in Del Mar.




PERFORMER SCHEDULE

10-10:35am	Katy Wong
10:40-11:20am	Kelsey Little
11:25-11:55am	Ivan Cheong
12-12:35pm	The Flowerthief
12:40-1:15pm	Derek Evans
1:20-1:55pm	EJP
2-2:35pm	Allegra Barley
3-3:30pm	Announcements
3:30-4pm	John Hull
4-4:30pm	Jalapeno Eating Contest
4:30-5:05pm	Rob Deeze
5:10-5:45pm	Isaac Cheong
5:50-6:25pm	Jakob Martin
6:30-7:05pm	Aaron Bowen
7:10-7:55pm	SOPHIE FM featured Songwriter
8-8:35pm	Kenny Eng
8:45-9:20pm	The Flimz
9:30-10:05pm	Sara Petite
10:25-11pm	For Wardens & Strangers

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CHI CLUB, BEER FEET, SWEETTOOTH, JOEY HARRIS, AK & THE Q'S, CHRISTOPHER DALE
DANIEL CARROLL, THE SHAMBLES, GADFLY, MIDDLE EARTH, DAMYANBAD & SHIMMY SISTERS,
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Jazz Master Kenny Burrell Comes to the Birch North Park Theatre

by Paul Hormick

Known for his strong playing, solid swing, and cool tone, Kenny Burrell is among the greatest of jazz guitarists. It is said that he was Duke Ellington's favorite guitar player.

Burrell grew up in a musical family in Detroit and started playing guitar when he was 12. Lucky to have rubbed elbows with Thad, Hank, and Elvin Jones; Paul Chambers; Tommy Flannigan; and other jazz greats, he became a fixture of the Motor City's jazz scene when he was a teenager. Burrell made his national debut while he was still a student at Wayne State University, recording Tin Dao and Birk's Works with Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane, Percy Heath, and Milt Jackson in 1951.

Finishing his bachelor's degree in music in 1956, Burrell made his way to New York and found work in the city's clubs and recording studios. By year's end, he recorded his first album as a leader, *Introducing Kenny Burrell*. The year 1956 was a pivotal time for jazz. Bop had barreled through the country for almost a decade, and it was time for some changes. With a movement led by Horace Silver and Clifford Brown, some musicians were moving jazz in the direction of hard bop, while Miles Davis was opening up the realm of cool jazz. Burrell is mostly thought of as a bop and hard bop player, and his earliest recordings fit this description. Soon thereafter, however, he con-



Kenny Burrell

tinued to develop as an artist; his soloing became noted for its melodic content and not for the musical gymnastics that had predominated the bop world.

Burrell has recorded hundreds of albums with just about all of the biggest names in jazz, from the older styling of Louis Armstrong and boppers Gillespie and Parker, to vocalists Billie Holiday and Nat King Cole, and all the way to Mister Soul, Ray Charles. Usually in the context of a trio or quartet, he has released close to a hundred of his own recordings. In 2005 the National Endowment for the Arts named him as a Jazz Master, an honor reserved for a small handful of musicians that recognizes their exceptional talents and contributions to jazz music.

Starting in the 1970s, Burrell began leading jazz seminars, much of which concentrated on the music of Duke Ellington. In 1996 he joined the faculty at UCLA as a professor in the departments of music and ethnomusicology. He is the school's director of jazz studies and founded the UCLA Friends of Jazz and the Jazz Heritage Foundation. His efforts in jazz education were recognized by *Downbeat* magazine in 2004 when they awarded Burrell the title of Jazz Educator of the Year.

As a composer, Burrell's works range from jazz tunes to symphonic pieces and have received critical and popular acclaim. The Boy's Choir of Harlem premiered one of his pieces at Lincoln Center in New York City, and he received a Grammy in 1988 for "Dear Ella," which had been recorded by Dee Dee Bridgewater.

The Kenny Burrell Quartet, with Mike Wofford, Bob Magnusson, and Duncan Moore, will appear at the Birch North Park Theatre on Saturday, June 21, at 7:30pm.

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Sara Petite Lead the Parade

by Darcy Lewis

Sara Petite is a phony, but as Truman Capote might add, “She isn’t a phony because she’s a real phony.” Listening to a Sara Petite album, even seeing Petite live, one imagines the small southern town that let her slip out to California, most likely on a Greyhound bus, while her tearful Mama looked on. However, Petite does not hail from the deep South as her voice and style would lead a listener to believe. Instead, Petite draws on a lifetime of small town experiences while hinting at a more mysterious, worldly knowledge to create distinctive musical gems. While most singers in the early stages of their careers lack differentiation in their songs, the tracks on Petite’s new CD, *Lead the Parade*, stand apart. Though her unique voice and the trademark sound of her accompanying musicians create a common thread between songs, the themes and melodies of each tune make them immediately recognizable and striking.

Still, Petite extends some of the timeless motifs introduced by *Tiger Mountain*, her debut CD. The song “Heaven Bound” revisits the idea of resigning oneself to the ephemeral love offered up by cowboys and wanderers, a theme previously touched upon with “Gypsy Friend.” Both songs come at listeners as if Petite were an older sister or best girlfriend sharing the devastating beauty of her latest heartache. Similarly, “Coming on Strong” is a girlish confession of a reckless love. While the track “Buy Me a Ticket” captures the notion of a small town girl taking flight, it seems less like an autobiography, introducing a person tired of the mountain life in a coal town. The lullaby quality of both “Little Girl” and “Shine Some Heaven” leaves listeners feeling comfortably mothered by Petite. This CD is a family tribute, much like the title track of her first album. However, it too is told through the eyes of someone who has long known she was destined to “lead the parade” but must wait ‘til death to do it.

Lead the Parade is not simply an extension of *Tiger Mountain*. It introduces an edgier side of Petite with the haunting “Dead Man Walking” and the rollicking “Paris Incident,” with its thumping drums and knifing fiddle. Though more rockabilly in nature, “Six Smiles” is also danceable. In addition, this album presents Petite’s comedic side with “Uncle Irving” and “Little House.” The final track, “Moonshine,” also produces smiles as Petite tells the tale of Aunt Mary’s moon shining between guitar licks reminiscent of those in Commander Cody’s “Hot Rod Lincoln.”

In addition to sharing thematic ideas, *Lead the Parade* reflects *Tiger Mountain* by illustrating Petite’s ability to jump between a sultry rock star and a wide-eyed country girl, a transformation that allows her audiences to transform as well. Listeners who find themselves drawn in by the poetic beauty and seductive nature of “The Secret” are able to smile along with Petite when she switches to her bubbly twang on a song like “Little House,” a comic description of living in a place so small, “you can’t even let your belly hang out.” Petite’s self-

continued, adjacent



Blue Dolphin Alliance Spirit of the Islands

by Matthew Powers

An organization with its roots in central California and British Colombia, the Blue Dolphin Alliance’s mission is to preserve the ecology and save marine animals. Reviewing their fundraiser album *Spirit of the Islands* is akin to evaluating a documentary on, say, the plight of Third World orphans. The creator’s motivations are so earnest and heartfelt you’d feel like the devil criticizing the artistic credibility of the work. Well, call me Lucifer because here it goes.

The album is a compilation and every song is credited to a different artist. But two participants dominate the CD: multi-instrumentalist Jeffrey Jones Bloom and spoken-word artist Dr. Paul Sprong.

Jones’ solid musicianship is evident from the very opening. The ethereal “Keiko/Willy – The Return from Iceland” is an excellent starter, inaugurating the album as naturally as the early morning mist it connotes. His guitar solos on “Under the Sun,” meanwhile, recall the cosmic licks of Pink Floyd’s David Gilmour.

But, alas, his playing can’t save the album. Awash in New Age clichés and environmental didacticism, *Spirit of the Islands* never lifts off. Lyrics from “Between the Worlds” (“Dancing/ Soaring/Angels see between the world”) capture the unrelenting sentimentality of the compilation, while the inclusion of dolphin noises on every song is too conspicuous to have an impact.

Dr. Sprong is a story to himself. The Alliance’s official storyteller is a scientist by trade and he sounds like it. All of his spoken-word pieces are told in a restrained monotone, and the content of his stories are unmemorable, fact-filled treatises rather than emotional pleas.

The intentions of Sprong and his fellow activists, however, do not go unnoticed. The detailed disclosure of killer whales illegally captured in British Colombia will elicit sympathy from any listener. Meanwhile, their revelation that San Diego’s own Shamu is basically a slave performing a nautical minstrel show for Sea World is something I never seriously thought about. Unfortunately, most of the songs don’t maintain this urgency that the cause undeniably deserves.

Sara Petite, continued

awareness and acknowledgement of the super saccharine nature of some of her songs allow listeners to indulge in the silliness of these numbers while still respecting the authentic truths introduced by her more serious songs. This duality allows Petite to be the kind of rocker that defines newgrass as well as the half-comedienne, half-singer type introduced by women like Minnie Pearl, Loretta Lynn, and the members of the Dixie Chicks. For this reason, Petite’s style may very well be labeled bittersweet, a phrase she uses often in her songs. It is this duality that makes Petite so accessible, and so popular, even with the most eclectic of audiences.



Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies Big Legged Woman

by Allen Singer

WARNING: This CD contains vast amounts of juvenile testosterone and numerous misogynistic dreams.

Once again Hugh Gaskins and his renamed band, the G String Daddies, have produced *Big Legged Woman*, a throbbing, pulsating, middle-aged blues/rockabilly CD of missed opportunities, sexual innuendo, and horny dreams. The song titles reek of lusty fantasies and missed opportunities. These boys can rock, play blues, and tweak hillbilly sounds with hints of Marty Robbins as they revisit old chestnuts like Johnny Cash’s “Folsom Prison Blues,” June Carter Cash’s “Ring of Fire,” and Frankie Laine’s hit, “Ghost Riders in the Sky.” Just reading the back of the CD tells you what you’re in store for: “boys-will-be-boys” lyrics in a hormone-driven send-up of male egos complete with guitars and a backbeat. Titles like “G-String Blues,” “Big Legged Woman,” “Prelude to Panties,” and “Panties on the Dashboard” make this CD read like a copywriter gone rock at Victoria’s Secret.

Deep down in the musical core of this male fantasy-driven CD, you’ll find a solid band of musicians who, as kids, probably scared their neighbors when practicing in their families’ garages and have played every smoke-filled joint in this town. Gaskins and the G String Daddies have clearly scoped out the territory and tasted all the fantasies they’ve sung about on this in-your-face recording. There are no illusions here, maybe a delusion or two, with hints of knowing the game, which is mostly bravado driven by Viagra chemistry. This is a nonstop tribute to the first reasons these G String Daddies plugged in, got it on, banged the drums, and lusted for the rock ‘n’ roll lifestyle.

Gaskins’ musical heartbeat shows up in the rhythm part of all the songs on this CD, which sounds like it could have come right out of the 1950s. If you really listen, you’ll hear the ghosts of Presley, Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Cash at Sun Records and the countless, faceless others who sang their hearts out in southern juke and Chicago blues joints.

Big Legged Woman is another of Gaskins’ CDs, full of dreams fed by late night car rides into your fantasies – where you bounced along in your father’s 1956, top down, love machine, two-door Chevy, going to lover’s lane submarine races, fueled by girl lust and dreamy nights that had you wishing for more. The National Organization of Women won’t be putting this CD on their musical Hit Parade, but they may find it hard to resist tapping their toes once or twice. This solid, up front, tongue-in-cheek disc revisits what rock ‘n’ roll was invented for – namely good times, macho boasting, chasing girls, driving your parents bonkers, and being a star in your own fantasy garage band.



Eve Selis Angels and Eagles

by Mike Alvarez

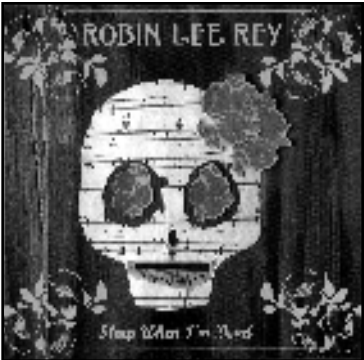
After a four-year hiatus Eve Selis and her band have released their new album *Angels and Eagles*, and it’s a great one. Continuing their long tradition of synthesizing pop, country, rock, R&B, folk, and gospel influences into their own brand of Roadhouse Rock, they take listeners on a very satisfying musical and emotional journey. There are scorching rockers and there are tender ballads. There are also tunes that occupy the space between these extremes, and all are performed with great skill. Every song is penned with an autobiographical honesty and are arranged with the intent to maximize the impact of Selis’ voice as she sings lyrics that reflect her feelings and chronicle her experiences.

The album begins with the mid-tempo title track, a song about parents “learning to let their children fly.” This country-flavored number immediately lets listeners know that Selis’ explorations of the many faces of Americana are on track. But they shouldn’t get too comfortable because she takes some new and interesting directions. For instance, the heat gets turned up on the next couple of tracks, the scorching “Cryin’ Days” and the Tom Petty-influenced “I Believe in Love.”

“Street That I Grew Up On” is a collaborative effort between Selis, guitarist Marc Intravaia, and producer Kim McLean, which reinforces the notion that some experiences are simply universal. The verses have a nice country-rock feel that smoothly transitions to something a little bittersweet in the chorus. The lyrics call to mind images that most Americans might recollect from their formative years. It’s smartly punctuated by some tasty resonator guitar leads and sweet banjo picking throughout. A simpler approach is taken on “Goodbye,” an acoustic ballad that benefits from quieter instrumentation, including accordion and fiddle, setting a perfectly plaintive mood over which Selis sings the wistful words of farewell.

“Touching the Eiffel Tower” is a bright and catchy song that echoes classic pop acts like the Byrds and the Beatles. Memorable hooks are a hallmark of all Eve Selis’ songs, and this one seems to have more than its share. Its hummable melody, clever lyrics, and sparkling production could give it huge crossover potential! “One Day at a Time” is the most overt concession to guitarist Cactus Jim Soldi’s tenure with Johnny Cash. It chugs and twangs with an energy and rhythm that would have made the Man in Black proud. Perhaps the most personal song of the album is “1000 Kisses,” a lively ode to Selis’ baby son Henry that perfectly telegraphs the joy she experiences in being his mother. “She” is a soulful number that vibrates with Southern Gospel influences, effectively showcasing her versatility as an artist.

Through it all, Eve Selis is in fine vocal form. She sings with toughness, tenderness, sorrow, and joy. Her seasoned musicians are veterans of the stage and studio. They are experienced, confident, and tasteful. That they can cover so much musical territory while creating a signature sound is something other artists struggle to achieve. On *Angels and Eagles*, they make it look and sound easy.



Robin Lee Rey Sleep When I’m Dead

by Julia Bemiss

I’ve never been one to listen much to country music, so terms like “progressive” or “alt” country are all the more foreign to me. Often I hit the “seek” button and the tuner advances to a commercial country station and listen for awhile, wondering if I’d enjoy the music more if I were driving through Texas or drinking a beer at a club in Nashville, experiences that might make the music feel more authentic.

Robin Lee Rey’s music on her debut album *Sleep When I’m Dead* is described variously as Americana, western swing, and progressive country with a little bit of “outlaw” and balladeering thrown in the mix. You don’t have to listen very hard to hear a good heaping portion of rock and blues, too.

The aptly titled album reflects Rey’s rough-around-the-edges vocals. Her voice sounds scratchy and raw, at times almost growling, which effectively serves up-tempo songs like the fiery “Federal Time” and the hard rocking “Eat My Flesh.” Her vocal inflection is a bit smoother and restrained for the waltzy “Memories” and the torchy “Pool of Tears” but no less potent. In fact, Rey’s voice is at its best when she doesn’t work it so hard – the high notes she aims for during the chorus of “Turn of the Century” are out of her range and diminish the song’s other attributes, such as a surprising faux British accent she employs to mimic a BBC report about the war in Iraq.

The instrumentation is very strong on this disc. Dennis Caplinger’s fiddle playing and banjo picking are especially prominent and well showcased, and Dave Curtis’ Hammond organ rolls nicely along on the title track, which closes out the album. There are a few moments where the music engulfs the vocals, such as final seconds of *Sleep When I’m Dead*, but overall the mix is well balanced.

There’s even a twinge of reverb on “Federal Time,” which lends a “live” sound to the recording.

The lyrics are jaunty and at times, slaphappy, as in “Party with Me” – “Dontcha wanna come party with me/I got six tall cans baby, cable TV.” A few songs drop a cliché or two, but mostly the lyrics are wise and inflected with humor, as in “Get the Guns” – “The youth that once saved you/now exposes all your crimes/and I think it’s time to get the guns baby/and load them one more time.”

Rey and her band give each song its own personality to recreate an atmosphere of a saloon, parlor, bar, or club. Looks like I won’t have to make that drive east through Texas to Tennessee after all. Robin Lee Rey and her band have brought their eclectic brand of country to life right here in San Diego.





JUNE CALENDAR

sunday • 1

Rhythm & the Method, Rock 'n' Roll Marathon, Perry's Cafe, 4620 Pacific Hwy., 8am-1pm.
Peter Sprague & Leonard Patton, Seaside Church, 1613 Lake Dr., Encinitas, 9am & 11am.
S.D. Folk Song Society, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Double Bass Summit w/ Bert Turetzky/ Marshall Hawkins/Bob Magnusson/Mark Dresser/Kristin Korb/Rob Thorsen/Danny Weller, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Ernie Watts Quartet, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Robin Henkel Band, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 2

Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter island Dr., 7pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.

tuesday • 3

Turiya Mareya Jazz Ensemble, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 4

Lighthouse, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
KJ Denhert, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Jason Luckett/Teresa Storch, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Shooter Jennings/Sara Petite, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

thursday • 5

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., 6pm.
John Foltz & Carlos Olmeda, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 First Ave., Encinitas, 7pm.
Olde Tyme Fiddle Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Metro, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Josh Damigo/Patrice Pike, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Dave Alvin & the Guilty Men/Hacienda Brothers, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

friday • 6

Eve Selis, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
New City Sinfonia, 1st Unitarian Universalist Church, 4190 Front St., 7:30pm.
Jefferson Starship, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Dzveli He' w/ Chris Aquavella, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 6pm.
2Mex/Parker & the Numberman/Tidepool/The Resonators w/ Himp C/LCA/Magflux/DJ Bluntmastarr, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos, 9pm.
Saba CD Release/Ryan Blue/The Flimz, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 7

Olaf Wieghorst Western Heritage Days, 131 Rea Ave., El Cajon, 10am-6pm.
Adams Ave. Roots Fest Allstars, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2861 Adams Avenue, 2-10pm.
Heloise Love, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Peter Sprague & Na Pali Coast Trio, Schulman Auditorium, 1775 Dove Lane, Carlsbad, 7pm.
The Beach Boys, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Steve White, Friar's Folly, 1032 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7:30pm.
Jeffrey Joe Morin, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.
Chet & the Committee, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Ben Varela/The Case of..., Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Anna Bentholm/Gabriella, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 8

Olaf Wieghorst Western Heritage Days, 131 Rea Ave., El Cajon, 11am-6pm.
Pool Party w/ Lady Dottie & the Diamonds, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., noon.
Celebration of America w/ Coastal Comm. Concert Band, Encinitas Community Center, 1140 Oakcrest Park Dr., Encinitas, 2pm.
Jamie Plays West Side Story Music w/ Gilbert Castellanos, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Jobim Tribute w/ Holly Hofmann/Mike Wofford/ Christoph Luty/Jeff Hamilton/Tommy Amos, Qualcomm Hall, 5775 Morehouse Dr., 8pm.
Skelpin, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Damien Jordan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 9

Steve White, Le Papagayo, 1002 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Junior Brown/Rosie Flores & the Riveters, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

tuesday • 10

Erykah Badu/The Roots, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

Cedar Walton Quartet, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 11

Nadro John, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Stage, 762 5th Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 12

Paniola Jack, Beach Grass Cafe, 159 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 6pm.
Joe Rathburn & Jim Earp, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Ruby & the Redhots, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Kem, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Sue Palmer & the Blue Four, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.
Asher in Rye/Snuffaluffagus, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 13

Sue Palmer Quintet, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
Leonard Patton CD Release, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
John Foltz, La Costa Coffee Roasting, 6965 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 7pm.
Elliott Lawrence Jazz Trio, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7 & 8:30pm.
John Gorka, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield Dt., 7:30pm.
Ivan Lins, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Jonny Lang, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Skelpin, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Joey & the Sting Rays, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 8pm.
Matt Haeck, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Carlos Olmeda/Sara Petite, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Young Dubliners/Silent Comedy, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

saturday • 14

Sam Hinton Folk Festival, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 10:30am.
Peter Sprague Trio, Rancho San Diego Library, 11555 Via Rancho San Diego, El Cajon, 2pm.
Sara Petite, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
The Blokes, Penny Lane Pub & Grill, 1001 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.
Esplandian Guitar, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7 & 8:30pm.
Suzanne Reed & Friends, Cosmos, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.
Robin Henkel Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 7pm.
Grunion Run, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.
Band in Black, Lake Wohlford Cafe, 25484 Lake Wohlford Rd., Excondido, 7pm.
Greg Campbell & Patty Hall, Upstart Crow, 835 W. Harbor Dr. (Seaport Village), 7:30pm.
Ivan Lins, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Jeffrey Joe Morin, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Joey & the Sting Rays, Mulvaney's, 8861 N. Magnolia, Santee, 8pm.
Ravi Shankar Tribute w/ Peter Sprague & Fred Benedetti, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 8pm.
The Grams, Canyonfolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon, 8pm. canyonfolk@cox.net
Stasia Conger, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Renata Youngblood/Jenn Grinels/Kelly McGrath, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Cash'd Out/Handsome Devils, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

sunday • 15

South Bay Jazz Ramblers, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Elameno Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Sherrie Maricie & the Diva Jazz Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, S.D. County Fair, 8pm.
The Wrong Trousers, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 16

Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter island Dr., 7pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Kurt Elling, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

tuesday • 17

Kurt Elling, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Crosby, Stills & Nash, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.

wednesday • 18

Keb' Mo'/Taj Mahal, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter

Island Dr., 7pm.
Hiromi, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Courtney Ariel/Jenni Alpert/Kori Withers, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 19

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., 6pm.
Joe Rathburn & Dave Howard, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Olde Tyme Fiddle Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Peter Sprague & Leonard Patton, Old Town Community Theatre, 42051 Main St., Temecula, 7:30pm.
Indigo Girls, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Shep Meyers/Bob Magnusson/Tim McMahon/ Frank Perowsky, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.

friday • 20

Debbie Davies Band, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.
Breez'n, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
Steve White, Friar's Folly, 1032 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7:30pm.
Roy Book Binder, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
James Cotton, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Mary Dolan, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., OB, 8pm.
Citizen Band, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Longsleeves/EJP/Rob Dee, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Jane Lui, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 21

Zzymzzy Quartet, Old House Fair, 30th & Beech Sts., South Park, 10am.
Robb Bower's Blues Bash w/ Earl Thomas/ Alan Iglesias/Dennis Jones/Laurie Morvan/ Ben Robinson/Blackthorne Murray, Menghini Winery, Julian, 11am-7pm. Ticket info: www.rob-bowerpresents.com
Chet & the Committee, Harley Davidson, Kearny Villa Rd., noon.
Skelpin, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 4pm.
Picnic Party w/ Chet & the Committee, Park Stage, Campland by the Bay, 2211 Pacific Beach Dr., 7pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Marc Cohn, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.
Kenny Burrell Quartet w/ Mike Wofford/Bob Magnusson/Duncan Moore, Birch North Park Theatre, 2891 University Ave., 7:30pm.
Pacific Camerata, St. Paul's Cathedral, 2728 6th Ave., 7:30pm.
Thomas Baird & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
The Smithereens, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Peter Rutman Blues & Jazz Band, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
Frank Catalano/Willie Pickens/Matt Thompson/Rick Vitek, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Davida, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
SweetTooth CD Release, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.
Allison Lonsdale/Irradio, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 22

Steve White, National Cancer Survivor's Day Celebration, Timken Amphitheater, Scripps Green Hospital, 10666 N. Torrey Pines Rd., 11am.
Robin Henkel Band, Mission Bay Deli, 1548 Quivera Way, 2pm.
Coastal Cities Jazz Band, Carlsbad Comm. Church, 3175 Harding St., Carlsbad, 2:30pm.
Eve Selis Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Fever Sleeves/Witt, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 23

The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Bebel Gilberto, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

tuesday • 24

Steve White, Flower Stage, S.D. County Fair, 5pm.
Janiva Magness CD Release, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Band in Black, S.D. County Fair, Rock On Stage, 2260 Jimmy Durante Blvd., Del Mar, 9pm.

wednesday • 25

Steve White, Flower Stage, S.D. County Fair, 5pm.
Ani DiFranco, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
The Hank Show, S.D. County Fair, Rock On Stage, 2260 Jimmy Durante Blvd., Del Mar, 9pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9pm.

thursday • 26

Joe Rathburn & Chris del Priore, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 First Ave., Encinitas, 7pm.
Keiko Matsui, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Toni Price & Sue Palmer, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Dick & Jane/Dave Mulligan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Bluegrass Brunch, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.
Daniel Jackson, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.
Pool Party w/ Lady Dottie & the Diamonds, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., noon.
Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
Jose Sinatra's OB-oke, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

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

every tuesday

Daniele Spadavecchia, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.
All Pro Blues Jam, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7pm.
Anna Troy, Gulf Coast Grill, 4130 Park Blvd., 7pm.
Jack Tempchin & Friends, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Open Mic, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
The Blokes, Hennessey's, 224 Main St., Vista, 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Channell Twelve25, 172 E. Main St., 7:30pm.
Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.
Shep Meyers, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Open Mic, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm.

every wednesday

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

friday • 27

Steve White, Flower Stage, S.D. County Fair, 5pm.
Cathryn Beeks Ordeal, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
Mountain Tribal Gypsies, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Janiva Magness, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.
Ben Owens/Cattywampus Boys, Bible Missionary Fellowship, 8836 Prospect Ave., Santee, 6:30pm. Free.
Keali'i Reichel/Na Leo/Augie T, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Roy Zimmerman, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Barbara Nesbitt, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Joey & the Sting Rays, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 8pm.
Keiko Matsui, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Zzymzzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.
Jo-Ei/Katy Wong, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Kenny Eng CD Release/Melissa Vaughn CD Release, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 28

Singer-Songwriter Showcase, Paddock Stage, S.D. County Fair, 10am-11pm.
OB Street Fair, Newport Ave., OB, 11am.
Zzymzzy Quartet, O.B. Library, 4801 Santa Monica, noon.
Robin Henkel Band, Miramonte Winery, 33410 Rancho California Rd., Temecula, 5:30pm.
Kev, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
The Blokes, Penny Lane Pub & Grill, 1001 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.
Peter Sprague String Consort, Schulman Auditorium, 1775 Dove Lane, Carlsbad, 7pm.
Django Musette w/ Lou Fanucchi & Patrick Berrogain, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Kendra Shank Quartet, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.
Keiko Matsui, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Molly Jensen, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Skelpin, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Joey & the Sting Rays, Mulvaney's, 8861 N. Magnolia, Santee, 8pm.
Chet & the Committee, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Patty Hall, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Alyssa Jacey/Alex Esther/Bryan Bangarter, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Gregory Page CD Release, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Folk Arts Rare Records Singers' Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.
Tomcat Courtney, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.
Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

every thursday

Open Mic, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 6pm.
Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.
Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
Skelpin, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.
Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 9pm.
Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

every friday

California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.
West of Memphis, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6pm.
Daniele Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
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, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Open Mic, Surfdog's Java Hut, 1126 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6pm.
Daniele Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.

sunday • 29

Screamin' Primas, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Static Lounge, 634 Broadway, 9pm.
Damon Ray, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 30

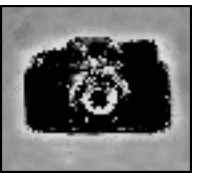
Alison Krauss & Robert Plant w/ T Bone Burnett, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Abigail Washburn & the Sparrow Quartet w/ Bela Fleck/Casey Driessen/Ben Sollee, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.



Phil Harmonic Sez:

"It is only when we forget all our learning that we begin to know."

— Henry David Thoreau



ADAMS AVENUE ROOTS & FOLK FESTIVAL



Photo: Steve Covault

Annie Dru & Robin Henkel



Photo: Richard Pollard

Patty Hall



Photo: Lois Bach

Yale Strom



Photo: Richard Pollard

Kathy & Carol with Curt Bouterse



Photo: Lois Bach

Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo



Photo: Lois Bach

Jalopy



Photo: Steve Covault

The David Grisman Bluegrass Experience



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Tomcat Courtney



Photo: Steve Covault

The Coyote Problem



Photo: Liz Abbott

Joey Harris' Rock Trio



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Tanya Rose & the Buffalo Chip Kickers



Photo: Richard Pollard

Lou Curtiss & Gregory Page



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Trails & Rails



Photo: Dennis Andersen

San Diego Cajun Playboys



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Shawn Rohlf



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Ross Altman



Photo: Steve Covault

Martin Henry



Photo: Lois Bach

Fred & Cathay Zipp



Photo: Liz Abbott

Song Swap: Ross Altman, Cindy Lee Berryhill, Allen Singer



Photo: Liz Abbott

Hullabaloo



Photo: Steve Covault

Anna Troy



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Sara Petite



Photo: Steve Covault

Greg Douglass



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Chris Clarke & Plow

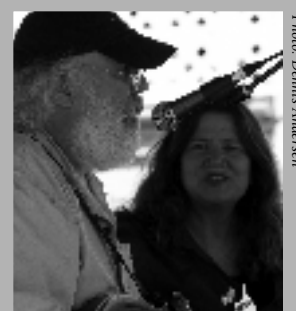


Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jim & Kim Lansford

ELSEWHERE AROUND TOWN



Photo: Steve Covault

John McEuen @ Acoustic Music SD



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Steph Johnson @ Artwalk

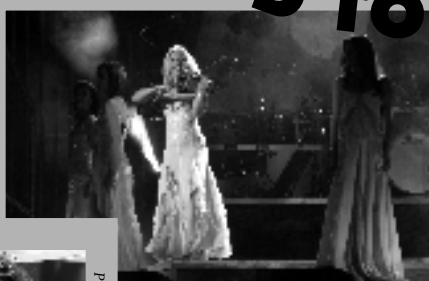


Photo: Lois Bach

Celtic Woman



Photo: Paul Sandlin

Hot Club of San Diego @ Old Time Music



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Joel Rafael @ Rock Valley



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jamaica Rafael @ Rock Valley



Photo: Dennis Willis

Robb Lawrence @ D.G. Wills bookstore

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