

# T

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August 2008

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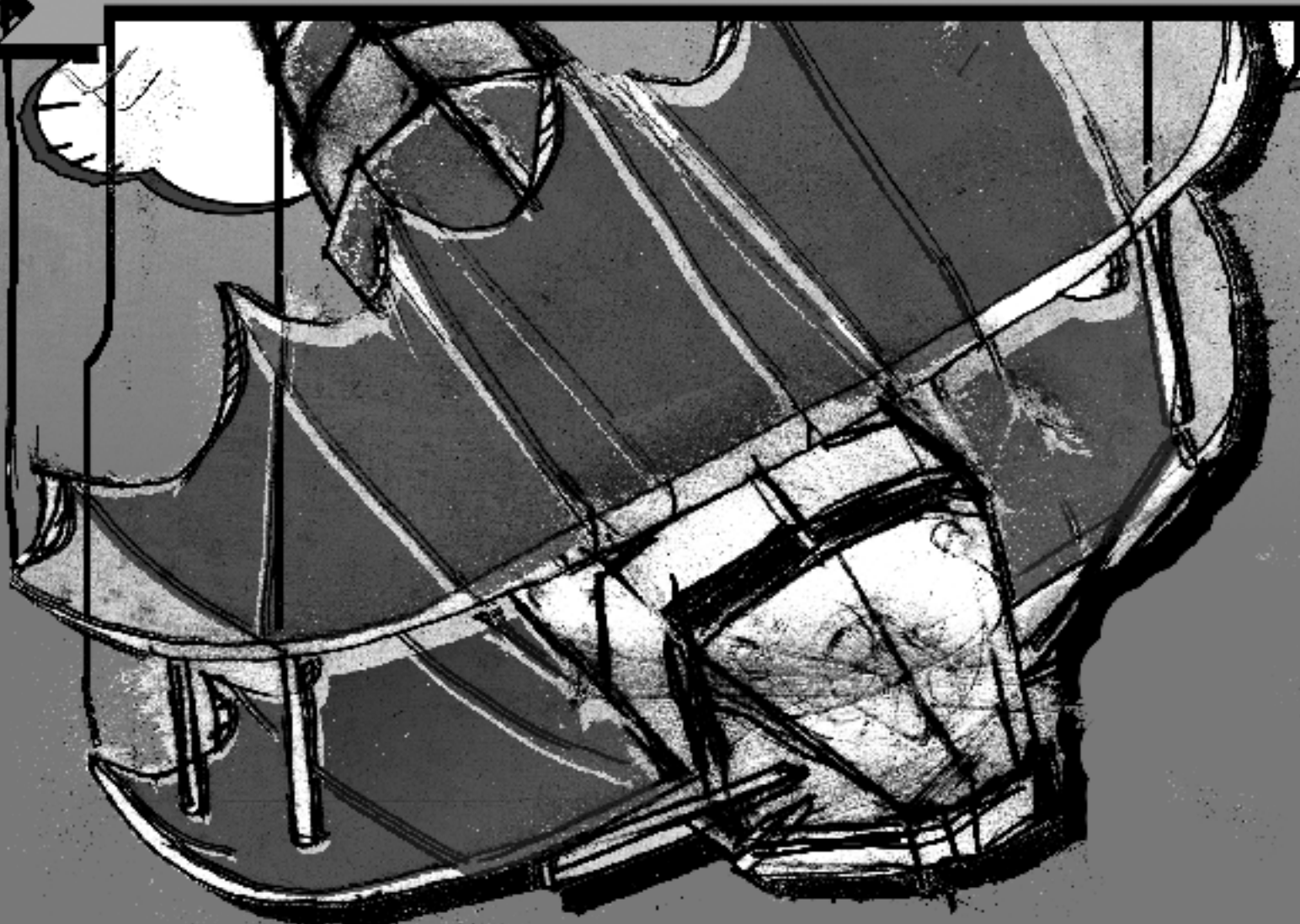
There are few people as active in San Diego's singer-songwriter scene as Will Edwards. A member of this community for over seven years, his music is just the beginning; from running Thursday night showcases out of the now-defunct Twiggs Green Room to setting up and managing Tangled Records (his own label that actually has other artists on it), organizing and maintaining the San Diego H.A.T. Awards (which stands for Honoring Acoustic Talent), his innumerable contributions to this publication in both its print and online presence, recently opening his own studio in the College area, self-producing his first record in five years, and booking a hefty touring schedule. Also integral to his overall process, and a shining example of his tortoise-not-hare approach, is his commitment to the long-term relationship he continues to build with his wife Kristin and – with the arrival of their first child – the next steps into their growing family.

*continued on page 10*

# SWEET DREAMS AND FLYING MACHINES

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# Remembering Craig Yerkes

*Most of the music community knows by now that it lost one of its best and brightest in an automobile accident on June 28. Craig Yerkes, beloved husband, brother, father, friend, musician, and respected writer for the San Diego Troubadour, is remembered here by two people who were among those closest to him. He was an incredibly wonderful human being. We will miss him.*

## ...From the Guy on his Right

by Chuck Schiele

OCEAN METAPHORS.

When Craig came into my life around 2001-ish, we were two guys in a very similar place: a place of starting over. Mainly, we were two guys very interested in finding the “right girl,” and we talked for hours about this topic, along with a lot of spiritual stuff, and then eventually ... music.

Craig was always curious about my “ocean” metaphors. He’d email me the next day if he didn’t bring it up during the actual music session, wanting me to clarify their meanings. I told him that when I’m reference the ocean, I am really referencing God. The best way to visualize God is to look at the ocean (I do not think of a man’s face – I think of something more). It’s out there. It is our essence. We came from there. Without it, we wouldn’t exist. It’s so deep we really can’t, as humans, access much of it. It is vast and we know so little about it. It requires an overwhelming desire, humility, and effort to understand the depth of its mystery, power, motion, and size. And, finally, there is no chance to understand it, really, until you jump in, with or without all your clothes on. And I feel the exact same way about music.”

He would say, “Yeah!”

I think this is where we connected and where our real friendship began.

And we carried on. Pretty soon I met his posse, namely Clay Colton. They were gigging in North County and I found myself driving up to Oceanside every Thursday for a couple of years. We played, drank some beer, had some laughs, collected stories. Somewhere between 2003 and 2005 the three of us guys would all become married men, and we each had integral roles in our respective weddings. This is something of which I am most proud. So is Clay and so was Craig. So were Joanna, Stephanie, and Elise. I’ve often wondered why Craig – who could basically pick his gig and play with anybody – played with us. By now, it’s clear. It’s no coincidence that his music partners were also among his closest pals.

CHRISTMASTIME.

Christmastime always included each other in our holiday plans. Joanna and I would get a call from Craig and Elise in early December to make the plans. I loved this, truly loved this. It was my favorite part of our friendship. They would bring his boys. We’re crazy about the boys, and this always sent Joanna into her “cookie making and dessert marathon” mode days ahead of the actual dinner time. Craig – the biggest kid of all when cookies are involved – was always salivating upon entry, with the innate ability to hone in on the cookies the same way a shark can smell its prey a full time zone away. We’d actually have to cut him off after a while, sending him off with the boys to play some hoop down the street so he could work the cookies back off. The rest of the day would include sitting at our fireplace playing games with the boys and then pastiming in what we refer to as “Joanna’s Kitchen,” chatting the rest of the day away until we were too pooped to participate. Another favorite memory was the time we all partied so late after a gig, Craig and Elise spent the night with us in Ocean Beach. The following morning we all got up. The girls started making eggs and bacon. (the night before they were doing their hair and make-up together before the show) while Craig and I went out to the studio and monkeywed around with some of the stuff we’d been working on. It was simple: a beautiful Sunday, gorgeous wives, beautiful music.

Happy as happy can get.

AND, YES, OF COURSE: THE MUSIC THING.

Believe or not, we hardly ever had to talk about our music. With very few exceptions we just “played it.” For seven years. We had a very natural way of taking our time about working very fast. We never looked at anyone else in competitive fashion. For us, including Craig, it was more like we were skiers, where the nature of the sport exists between “us” (the skiers) and the “music” (the mountain itself): Not the other skiers. I sensed this in Craig before I actually realized how incredible his chops were, and this had a lot to do with why I was drawn to working with him. Ironic. The one guy around who cleaned your clock is the one who never played “against” you. Rather, he complimented you over a beer in a way that actually made you feel like a better musician even though it’s a given that it’s you that is going to stand in his shadow if you’re going to play next to him. I never had so much fun, laying off my own damned part, pounding simple quarter note after quarter note, just to witness what happens when you give that guy the freedom to just go, go, go.

I will always remember distinctly what it feels like to walk out to the middle microphone – with Elise to my right and Craig to my left – giggling our way through another hurried line check. We’d give Elise a well-intonated “G” while swigging a few last sips of our Makers, the official Grams gig-toddy.

continued on page 16.

## Notes from a Loving Sister

by Marcia Claire

Once upon a time, in the spring of 1966 probably, I asked my mother for a huge gift. I wanted a little brother. True to her word, she delivered, literally, my brother on April 6, 1968. My parents named him Craig, derived from the Greek word *crag* for strength.

OUR HOUSE

I was talkative, musically inclined, and bossy. Dad was rowdy, eccentric, and goofy. Mom was level-headed, artistic, and cerebral but occasionally showed us her eclectic/silly side.

Craig was the quiet one. He never rocked the boat and never spoke out of turn. He always had good things to say about everyone, even about his sister. He had an affinity toward dinosaurs, guns, and comparisons. “Mom, if an alligator and a gorilla got into a fight, who would win?” he would ask. My mother, cerebral as she was/is, would reply, “Craig, alligators and gorillas live on completely different hemispheres. They would never fight because they would never actually see each other.” “But Mom,” Craig would say, “what if they did? What if somehow they met up? Like if one got on a plane and flew to visit someone far away? Then what? Who would win?”

I played lots of piano as a child. Craig read about prehistoric beasts and the latest model of Red Ryder. That is, until I sold my flute to buy my first guitar. I think that’s when Craig was hooked for good.

He started playing guitar when he was 12 years old. He was absolutely driven and dedicated to this, his new love. He was that kid that closed the door to his room and practiced for hours on end. “Love Me Do,” “Taxman,” and “Light My Fire” could be heard from the hallways, with

a delicate overlay of acoustic guitar playing along that didn’t necessarily blend in with the masterful arrangements that we all know like the back of our hands.

He got good on guitar; real good. He got really good really fast. Believe it or not, once upon a time, I was *better* than Craig on guitar! I can hardly believe it myself today but it’s true. I was too competitive to let my little brother squash me at any given task so it seemed absolutely obvious that it was time to follow my heart and take up bass. I’d always wanted to and, seriously, I’d never get a guitar gig with Craig around.

SAYING GOOD-BYE



Craig Yerkes at age three.

I need to try to extricate myself from speaking of Craig. Honestly, it’s hard. He was my lifeblood, my confident, my buddy, my therapist. Although he was my little brother, he would’ve stuck up for me with less than a moment’s notice. And I’ll bet any one of his friends felt the same way; he was the consummate giver.

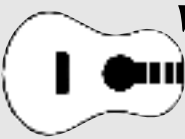
I guess this is the hardest part: how do you say “good-bye” to someone who was such a giving soul?

Somebody who *always* put himself before anyone else? I don’t think it matters if you saw Craig every day, once a week, once a month, or less than that; he was always the guy you *knew* you could depend on. He was the obvious choice of people to call when my daughter Chelsea’s dad Lew injured his back and couldn’t attend the Father/Daughter Dance as scheduled. Uncle Craig was right there to fill in for the injured Daddy. By the same token, I asked Craig’s eldest son Brent how he got so lucky in getting the only *flying* pirate part in the production of “Peter Pan,” which he performed just a month ago, and he said, “Well, my dad was the only one that would come out and sign the Flying Consent Form on a moment’s notice.”

That’s what Craig was about.

He made the difficult seem effortless, both in life and in music. He took every skill he possessed for granted. I think he felt that if everyone applied themselves, they could do exactly what he did. Not true. He was an extraordinarily gifted human being, musician, father, husband, brother, and son. Personally, I think my favorite thing about Craig was that he really never changed that much. The Craig I knew when we were growing up was the same guy you all knew playing at ArtWalk, the Handlery, R.J. Sullivan’s, and countless other venues around town. The best thing about Craig was how easy it was to get to know him and how genuine he stayed. There was nothing real puzzling about Craig – he was just a fun guy looking to make the world a better place, little by little.

continued on page 16.



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## MISSION

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

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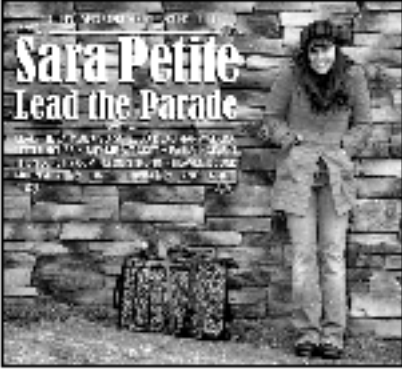
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# MUNDELL LOWE

## A True Guitar Legend for 70 Years

by Bart Mendoza

In the grand scheme of things, most musicians' careers might generate enough activity to fill a small paper-back. Mundell Lowe, on the other hand, rates an encyclopedia of his own. Primarily known as a guitarist, in truth his work has impacted stage and radio as well as both the small and big screen.

Lowe was born in Laurel, Mississippi, on April 21, 1922. Taught on the guitar by his Baptist minister father, Lowe was playing by the age of six. Heavily influenced by the country music he heard in his hometown, he performed with several small combos but soon began to get restless. In 1935 Lowe dropped out of school and ran away from home, ending up in Nashville for a brief period before his father retrieved him. Determined to play music rather than attend school and become part of the local farming community, he soon ran away again, this time ending up in New Orleans and playing nightclubs along Bourbon Street.

It's a testament to his six-string prowess that in 1939, at age 17, he joined Pee Wee King's western swing band. He stayed with King for a year and a half, gaining valuable experience as a regular on his Grand Ole Opry radio show.

Lowe kept a frantic schedule through 1941, however things took a detour with the advent of WWII when he was drafted into the army that same year. While serving his military obligations, he continued to perform whenever possible, including a brief stint with the Jan Savitt Band. His time in the army would prove to be particularly fortuitous. Stationed at Camp Plauche, Mississippi, Lowe had the good fortune to meet another soldier stationed there: legendary producer John Hammond. Hammond held jam sessions in the enlisted men's club, with Lowe quickly becoming one of his favorite players. Soon deployed to the Pacific theatre, Hammond invited Lowe

to contact him when he got out of the army. Upon his discharge in 1945 he returned to the South, but all it took was a telegram to Hammond to connect Lowe with a new band. In early 1946, after introductions from Hammond, he joined former Glen Miller drummer Ray McKinley's big band. He would make his first recordings with McKinley and continue to play with his group off and on through the early 1950s but by late 1947, he had relocated to New York.

There he became a regular at all the hip clubs of the day, including Café Society, the Village Vanguard, and the Embers. During this time frame he worked with Charles Mingus, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, and Lester Young, and toured with pianist Mary Lou Williams from 1947-1949. During the late 1940s Lowe found his playing to be in serious demand, in both the live and recording arenas. Even at this early date a collector of his work would be overwhelmed. In the two-year span of 1947-1948 Lowe could be found on recordings by Holiday, Parker, and Humes as well as Benny Goodman, Zoot Sims, Dinah Washington, Jo Jones, and many more. Lowe worked with Holiday numerous times, but the highlight was likely a ten day stint in April 1948 in the theatre show called "Holiday on Broadway."

A sidebar to all this activity is the credit due Lowe for discovering pianist Bill Evans. The pair met in 1949, with Lowe instrumental in securing Evans his first deal in the mid-1950s. Lowe and Evans even formed a short-lived combo alongside bassist Red Mitchell in 1950 but only played a handful of hometown shows and a short tour of Illinois. Reportedly, the group fizzled out for reasons that included a booking agency that insisted on booking the quiet jazz group into the type of beer joints that typically include chicken wire around the stage. Evans would later record "Song For Debby," a combined tribute song to Lowe's daughter and Evans own niece. 1950 also saw Lowe's recording debut, with the album *Guitar Moods*.

Notably, by 1950 he began a side career in television, performing in the band for the NBC-TV's "A Date in Manhattan" and the "Today" show. From 1950-1954 he could be heard on NBC's "The Kate Smith Hour" in an incredible combo that also included Stan Getz, Kai Winding, and Doc Severinsen. Now part of the NBC Orchestra, Lowe was swamped with work but continued to play out as often as possible, even joining the Sauter-Finegan band during 1952-1953 and also working with Tony Scott, Gene Bianco, and Carmen McRae as well as additional dates with Parker. Lowe released five of his own albums between 1952 and 1959, including highly collectable discs *Porgy and Bess* (1954) and cult favorite *TV Action Jazz* (1957), which compiles his interpretations of music from TV crime dramas. He also recorded at every opportunity, notching up dozens of album appearances during this time frame. In addition to jazz he also recorded countless sessions with pop artists. That's Lowe on guitar with Johnnie Ray on the number one 1951 smash "Cry." Lowe's guitar work can be heard on numerous hits of the era from the likes of the Everly Brothers, King Curtis, Jackie Wilson, and Lavern Baker as well as Tony Bennett and another future San Diegan, Frankie Laine. Among the classic albums Lowe was a part of during that era are Sammy Davis Jr.'s *Mood to Be Wooded* (1957) and *The Soul of Ben Webster* (1958).

During the 1960s Lowe continued to work with NBC and toured with Peggy Lee early in the decade. 1961 saw him release a pair of discs, *Pattern of Evil* and *The Original* on Charlie Parker's label. In 1962 he scored his first film, the slightly risqué *Satan in High Heels*.

In 1965, during a visit to Los Angeles, he met Jackie Cooper, then president of Screen Gems, who helped him transition into more TV and film work. Lowe decided to stay on the West Coast, soon recording some of his best-known, if most unsung work. That same year Lowe recorded guitar on the



Mundell Lowe

soundtrack of the TV classic "Wild, Wild West." Three years later, TV soundtrack lightning struck once again when he performed guitar duties on the soundtrack to "Hawaii Five-0," which also included former San Diegan John Guerin on drums. The soundtracks have been reissued a combined 15 times.

1969 saw Lowe shift his career, joining the staff at Los Angeles public television station KCET. During his time at the station he produced the acclaimed series "Jazz in the Round" but perhaps more important for pop culture fans, he also composed the film score for the 1971 cult film *Billy Jack*. The following year found Lowe performing the same duties on Woody Allen's classic movie, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*.

Lowe left KCET in 1973 and continued to score films, including that year's *Attack on Terror*. 1977 saw no less than five films with his work: *Deadly Game*, *The Girl in the Empty Grave*, *Sidewinder 1*, and *Tarantulas: Deadly Cargo*. The film work and touring kept him busy – he only released three albums on his own during the decade, *California Guitar* (1974), *Guitar Player* (1976) and *The Incomparable* (1978). The end of the 1970s found him teaching film composition at the Grove School of Music, a job he would hold until 1985.

During the 1980s Lowe headed back to his first love, performing. Things started out strong. In 1981 he became director of the Monterey Jazz Festival. Meanwhile, he continued to sporadically compose for television, notably 1980's short lived "B.A.D. Cats" and a 1982 crime drama starring Angie Dickinson, "Cassie and Company." In 1986, Lowe retired as director of the MJF but continued a dizzying pace when it came to recording and touring. He moved to San Diego with his wife, singer Betty Bennett, in 1989.

His arrival in the area coincided with the advent of the digital age and the 1990s saw an explosion of releases that include Lowe's work. He has continued to work on new music, with notable albums including a 1992 appearance on the Holly Hoffman duets album, *Duo Personality*, and 2007's

*Haunted Heart*, teaming him up with Jim Ferguson. However it's his early session work that is now being reissued continuously, adding literally hundreds of releases to Lowe's discography in just the past five years alone. Ranging from vintage hits collections of Neil Sedaka, Otis Blackwell, and Ray Peterson tunes to previously rare recordings with Miles Davis, Cal Tjader, Quincy Jones, and Rosemary Clooney, there is something for just about everybody in Lowe's recorded canon. He also continued to tour with numerous combos including the André Previn Trio, with whom he released seven albums during this time frame and the Great Guitars group, teaming up Charlie Byrd, Herb Ellis, and Tal Farlow. The latter made a pair of albums for Telarc in 1996.

In 2000 he presented fellow guitar legend Barney Kessel with a Lifetime Achievement Award at the San Diego Music Awards. That same year he recorded a tribute album to Charlie Byrd, *This One's for Charlie*. 2001 saw the release of *When Lights Are Lowe*, recorded as a duo with Hendrik Meurkens.

Last month, Lowe was feted with a sold-out celebration of his life and music at downtown nightspot Anthology. Helmed by fellow guitarist Jaime Valle, the party included a wealth of talent including Kenny Burrell, Mike Wofford, Holly Hoffman and Russell Malone, with only the night's time limit keeping more names from being added to the show. Now 85 years old, Lowe is not just an music institution, he's an integral part of the past centuries musical landscape. The word "legend" is bandied about all too often these days, but in the case of an artist like Lowe, it's not nearly enough to do justice to a man who has given so much wonderful music to the world. Guitarists come and go, but it's unlikely any will ever match the achievements of Mundell Lowe.

As we went to press with this issue it was announced that Mundell Lowe will be the recipient of the 2008 Lifetime Achievement Award at the annual SDMA ceremonies, being held on September 17 at Viejas Concerts in the Park.



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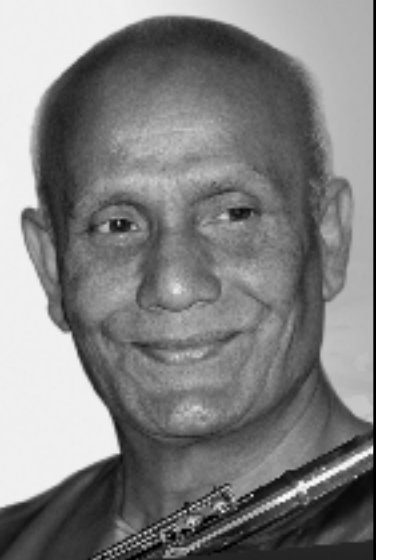
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# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

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Lou Curtiss

## REMINISCING ABOUT OLD-TIME RADIO

I was watching election news the other day, forced to listen to McCain's spiel whether I wanted to or not, and he came on with "friends" and I couldn't help but think of one of those old border radio pitchmen selling me goat gland operations or gospel songbooks or just introducing an old country song. Of course, he didn't try to sell me anything like that (well, maybe sort of like that) and I didn't get to hear any country songs (which I would have preferred) but I did get to reminiscing about old radio shows that I listened to as a boy. I grew up in the country north of Seattle until I was 12, and there were two stations in Washington that I listened to a lot. KXA played country music full time or at least whenever I listened). They had a deejay (did they call them that then? I don't think so.) named Shorty Long who always seemed to be on whenever I turned the dial, and it was the kind of station where there were always dedications for each song and ads for things like "rose bulbs from Wapahoxie, Texas." I actually heard them tell folks to put their hand on the radio and feel the blessed warmth of the Lord (with tube radios, what else would you feel?). Then they'd sell the song book. The other station was a bit more straight laced (it was KVI in Tacoma) and late evenings were dominated by a character named Buck Richey who seemed to have an ongoing feud with everyone else at his station. If he didn't like a record he was playing, he would take it off the turntable and break it (they played 78rpm records in those days and they broke real easy). Buck would laugh and say, "Well, that one won't get in the library."

Sometimes late at night I'd pick up Mexican border stations (even up in Seattle) and I remember hearing the Delmore Brothers and Wayne Raney, and Cowboy Slim Reinhardt. We'd also get some Canadian stations and I'd hear Wilf Carter (aka Montana Slim) and a guy called Arizona Joe. In 1952 we moved to San Diego and I discovered a lot more about the border stations, particularly the ones in Baja, California, like XERB and XEMO. I get mixed up about who broadcasted on which station but I remember hearing Jesse Rodgers (Jimmy's cousin) who had a hit

with "Hadicol Boogie" in the early '50s. The Maddox Brothers and Rose were on XERB and so was Tex Williams, Smokey Rogers, and Don and Earl. I'm sure a lot of what I heard was on transcription discs (the big 16-inch ones). Stuart Hamblen's "Covered Wagon Jubilee," Eddie Kirk, Hank Penny, and Okie Bob all had shows. Sometimes there would be a mixture of live entertainment with the playing of records and transcriptions.

There were commercials for all kinds of crazy stuff (baby chickens, prayer cloths, and the Rev. Curtis Springer from Miracle Valley, California, who sold Antediluvian Herb Tea, guaranteed to cure everything from fallen arches to dishpan hands), which would never get on the radio today. Cancer cures, cures for "faulty elimination," cures for the blues (uppers, downers, and in-betweeners), and fire-and-brimstone preachers. If you waited long enough, you'd get a song or two. I was usually willing to wait because the other stuff sort of amused me too. Border radio was unique, but then laws were passed in Mexico in the late '50s and early '60s, and the era of laxatives and lullabies came to an end.

## SOME UTAH PHILLIPS JOKES I DIDN'T GET IN LAST MONTH

I wrote a pretty serious piece on Utah last time around and I'm not sure that he would have liked it if I didn't get a line or two from this man who took life seriously, but not too serious. Utah told about how he was driven out of his hometown by a bunch of crazed Unitarians who burnt a question mark on his front lawn, he told about his uncle and aunt who were celebrating their 50th year together and she suggested that he kill a chicken. He said, "Why blame a chicken for something that happened 50 years ago?" He talked about singing patriotic songs like "Yank My Doodle, It's a Dandy" and "I Kissed my Girl at the Railroad Station and Went Off in my Uniform." He was unique and always told his audiences, "You can groan all you want, but you'll be telling them tomorrow." He was right and we did.

## CONNECTING WITH THE PAST AT FOLK ARTS

When the old Heritage Coffee House in Mission Beach closed in the early '70s and In the Alley, located in Escondido, closed about

the same time (shortly before that, the Candy Company on El Cajon Blvd. and Bifrost Bridge in La Mesa had bitten the dust) and there was no place for a lot of good musicians to work, I decided to start doing concerts at Folk Arts Rare Records (then on Fifth Ave. in Hillcrest) until a new coffeehouse opened. Little did I realize that it would be nearly five years before the era of the Old Time Cafe and Drowsy Maggies ushered in a new wave of acoustic music.

Those five years were peak years for the San Diego Folk Festival, and lots of folks who played those festivals also played at the shop, including Utah Phillips, Hank Bradley, Harmonica Frank Floyd, Ray and Ina Patterson, Johnny Walker, Sam Hinton, Guy Carawan, Frankie Armstrong, Art Rosenbaum, Phil Gross, Ray Bierl, Sam Chatmon, Patty Hall, Rita Weill, and a host of others. One of the things we did was to make a point of taping most every show and because of that, these tapes are now part of the battery of tapes being digitized for inclusion in the Library of Congress Lou Curtiss Collection. I wonder if there are other tapes out there that were recorded at some of the other coffeehouses (both before and after the Folk Arts series). I also did concerts at Orango's on Washington St. for a few years and have tapes of those, plus some tapes from a House Concert series on Robinson and the first series at the Normal Heights United Methodist Church. I can think of performers from those days that should be represented in this library. Claire Hart, Pam Ostergren, Steve von Lutes, Rick Stanley, Cliff Nimen and Hilary, Robb Strandlund, A Vitamin, Doug McKee and Pat Moss are just a few. You might be able to remind me of a few others. Do that.

Recordially,  
Lou Curtiss

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# Rock ‘n’ Roll THE NEXT GENERATION

by Mike Alvarez

As I type, the soundtrack to my youth reverberates around the office. The popular music of a bygone era was once referred to as “Oldies,” but vintage tunes from the ‘60s and ‘70s are accorded a bit more dignity by being called “Classic Rock.” To these ears they sound as fresh and vital as they did during the days when I peeled the shrink wrap from album covers before spinning the vinyl on my trusty turntable. Thanks to the Paul Green School of Rock Music, not only are young people being exposed to this music, they are playing it on stages all over the country. Remarkably, they are finding it to be as cool as my generation did when these songs were newly penned.

The moviegoing public knows the *School of Rock* as a 2003 film in which Jack Black played Dewey Finn, a renegade rock musician who transforms a group of school children into a rock band. His methods are unorthodox but his enthusiasm carries the day. What many don’t know is that this fictitious story takes its inspiration from a real life Dewey Finn named Paul Green. He is a larger-than-life character whose tough-talking exterior only barely manages to conceal his huge heart. The documentary *Rock School* shows him tirelessly leading, pushing, prodding, and cajoling his students into giving their all – and more – in pursuit of their goal of rocking out on a real concert stage. As the school’s manifesto states: “We proceed from the belief that the best way to learn something is by doing it. And we feel this is particularly true when learning to play music.”

Founded in 1998, the Paul Green School of Rock has achieved great success, spreading to dozens of cities across the country. San Diego has its own branch near the intersection of 32nd and Market Streets.

Upon entering one is immediately struck by the décor. The walls are adorned with images of rock icons culled from concert posters and back issues of *Rolling Stone* magazine. General manager Lesley Cooper’s office door sports a collection of 45 rpm singles and her walls proudly display framed posters of past school performances. The lobby even features a selection of concerts on DVD that waiting parents can view. Rockin’ is definitely their business. The muted sounds of lessons in progress float through the air as students hone their chops in the school’s four rehearsal rooms. The vibe is casual but there is an undercurrent of excitement and enthusiasm. As Cooper says, they are helping to form a tightly knit community. “A lot of the parents are really into it. The fact that it’s music they can relate to brings the families closer together.” Drum instructor Larry Grano backs her up, saying that the School of Rock Music fosters an atmosphere of sharing that used to exist in music stores, where people were once able to swap techniques and music with others. He says, “Nowadays they just want to sell you something, push product. Here we build a relationship that goes beyond retailer and customer. It’s almost like a Boys and Girls Club. They learn camaraderie, teamwork, and competition. We give these kids something no one can take away. Self-respect is an earned privilege.”

Tyler Ward, the school’s musical director, points out that instructors must not only be excellent musicians. “They should also have lots of life experience in music and be able to share it. Our instructors are excited about our program and believe in it.” As if to demonstrate this, he gestures toward a young rocker and beams, “how can you not be excited when he’s going to sing ‘Dazed and Confused’ better than the record?” Restating the community aspect of the school, Ward emphasizes their wish for

students to “play with people you like, playing music that moves you.” While the private lessons are vital, he points out the importance of playing with others. “We’re all about camaraderie. It would all be for nothing without the Saturday group rehearsals!” The curriculum is heavily weighted toward classic rock with the core of it coming straight from Paul Green himself, but they are also able to take the students’ tastes into consideration. “We introduce kids to music that is similar to the artists they already like.” Adds Grano, “We can teach them music that they request if there’s time.” Instruments are available at the school but they really need to have their own. Cooper notes with amusement that someone once said, “this is not a soccer game,” meaning that unlike some other extracurricular activities, a great deal of home practice is necessary. Those who become the most proficient with the songs will increase their opportunities to perform onstage. She proudly reveals that they have booked students in prime venues where some of the instructors have not yet performed.

Students range in age from seven through 18, and they can sign up any time of year. They receive instruction in music theory, instrumental skills, music appreciation and stage performance. The emphasis is on rock instruments, notably the guitar, drums, bass, keyboards, and vocals. The school aims to produce musicians who are well-rounded, musically literate, and proficient at their chosen instruments. Beginners are very welcome. As Grano says, “Some kids begin from almost nothing and you see their talents come to fruition. It’s a beautiful thing. That’s why this happens.” Cooper found it funny when I expressed my wish that there had been a place like this “when I was a kid,” because it’s a comment she’s heard many times before. It’s a rewarding

and challenging environment that stimulates the students’ minds with something fun. They learn to play difficult material onstage at an age when many would find standing before a live audience to be intimidating. In keeping with tradition, the San Diego school’s first show was Pink Floyd’s *The Wall*. The curriculum also includes music by such bands as Led Zeppelin, the Police, the Who, Black Sabbath, and Iron Maiden. Recently, students appeared onstage at Anthology with Yes’ lead singer Jon Anderson. Currently in the works are Beatles and Queen shows.

So how successful have they been? The proof, as they say, is in the pudding, and they had a chance to strut their stuff at a recent fundraiser at downtown’s Hard Rock Café. They treated the packed house to excerpts from their Led Zeppelin and Who concerts. In all honesty it was astonishing to hear the level of skill and confidence these kids demonstrated. The song selection was impressive in that it went deep into the artists’ catalogues. Alongside radio favorites like “The Immigrant Song” and “Baba O’Riley” (the highlight of which was an incredible violin solo) were more obscure album cuts like “Your Time Is Gonna Come” and “Boris the Spider.” Perhaps the most technically challenging number was the Overture from the Who’s *Tommy*, performed in its entirety and interpreted very credibly. They were all great soloists and ensemble players. You could tell they were really listening to each other. Performers transitioned on and off the stage smoothly like real pros. During their time in the spotlight it was obvious they were giving their all for rock ‘n’ roll and having a great time. It was really heartwarming to observe a young person navigating the aisles of the Hard Rock, Squier Strat in hand with his head held high because he knew he rocked the joint.

In the *Rock School* documentary, Paul Green states that he would like for there to be a renaissance of new artists and bands making significant music, and that they could be traced back to him. Some of these kids will undoubtedly take their experience at his School of Rock Music to the next level, so it should only be a matter of time.

For further information please go to [www.schoolofrock.com](http://www.schoolofrock.com).



Kids have fun performing in the Paul Green School of Rock

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by Paul Hormick

"That's not how you play that song!" Those were the words that the junior high school-aged Fred Benedetti heard as his guitar was yanked out of his hands. Another student that Benedetti didn't know wielded the instrument and began to pluck. Guitarless and flabbergasted, Benedetti sat back to hear a very bold upstart launch into the tune that he had just attempted. He wasn't sure he liked this guy but had to admit that the kid was playing the song better.

Close to 40 years later Benedetti enjoys recalling this unusual moment in his youth that led to a lifelong friendship and fulfilling career as a classical musician. The upstart who bested Benedetti was a young Jeff Pekarek, who is now one of San Diego's finest bassists. Despite the abrupt introduction, the two became fast friends and bandmates, and Benedetti credits Pekarek with later influencing his vocation as a classical musician.

It's almost impossible to live in San Diego and not know the music of Fred Benedetti. He is one of this city's top classical guitarists and a prominent music educator who has taught at local colleges for years. He performs locally, including dates with the San Diego Opera, the San Diego Symphony, and the Starlight Opera. San Diego fans of pop and jazz know his music through such efforts as Blurring the Edges, his collaborations with local jazz icon Peter Sprague. And Benedetti has performed all over the world, as a soloist and with musical luminaries such as Luciano Pavarotti and jazz innovator Dave Brubeck.

For the past 11 years Benedetti has performed in the lounge at the Four Seasons, the tony resort in Carlsbad. For four hours a night he has mixed his classical repertoire with some pop hits and jazz standards. Although he has been in the spotlight, performing in concert halls all over the world, Benedetti feels right at home playing his guitar in a room of people where listening to the music is optional. "I don't mind in the least. Sometimes it seems that no one is listening, and then there are other nights when the whole place is right there with you," Benedetti says. Unlike the concert stage, the more intimate setting also allows for a greater interaction with the audience that Benedetti enjoys. "And at least once a night someone will come up and say 'Hey I really enjoy your music!'"

Benedetti chooses mostly classical pieces to perform at the Four Seasons but mixes in popular and jazz tunes. "I keep an eye on the makeup of the crowd to see where I might want to take things next. Sometimes I'll think that the crowd will want to hear something popular, but then it doesn't seem to go anywhere. And then I'll think that I'm taking a chance on a challenging piece and they'll love it. You never know."

Last year the management of the resort asked Benedetti if he worked with any singers. Off the top of his head Benedetti said that he didn't regularly work with vocalists but that both of his teenaged daughters sang. Management liked the idea and when he talked to his daughters both girls were pleased with the prospect as well. Now Benedetti performs two nights a week at the resort with his

daughters – Regina, 20, and Julia, 17 – and one night as a solo performer. He says their initial concern was having enough of a repertoire to fill four hours with music. But the family band is constantly working on material. Even the drives up to the resort offer time to work on tunes "The girls will play a song on a CD and I'll figure out the chords. They already know the words to these songs, so we've just added another tune to our list," he says.

Benedetti enjoys this new mix of family time and gigging. And he sees his daughters learn what the life of a working musician is like, that four hours of gigging will leave anyone, young or old, tired and hungry. "But it's worth it," he says. "At the end of the night we're all in great moods; we all feel great." Benedetti's other steady gig, which he always performs solo, takes place at the Del Mar Grande on Sundays, where he plays for their afternoon tea. It's the perfect setting for an acoustic guitarist – quiet with great acoustics.

That leaves Friday and Saturday, prime time for a gigging musician, open for Benedetti to perform for other occasions. A self-confessed workaholic with no intention of abating the condition, Benedetti takes advantage of any and all gigs. He says, "I do all sorts of things – casuals, parties, weddings. At weddings I used to do the ceremony and the reception, which means putting together a band, but I've gotten spoiled. It's so much easier to just perform at another ceremony."

Amplification, while it is the lifeblood and everlasting joy to rock and blues guitarists, is what classical guitarists consider the bane of their existence and a product of the devil, which they occasionally have to compromise with. Like other serious classical guitarists, Benedetti performs without an amplifier for concerts and small settings and feels quite strongly that the instrument should be heard without the changes to the tones that come from pickups, microphones, and transistors. "If you're in a good hall you want to hear the guitar, the good tone and all the color of the instrument," he says. Nonetheless Benedetti uses an amplifier to help out in settings where the acoustics are not the best. He does not use an internal pickup but a microphone for better sound quality. And even still, the amplifier is still secondary to the guitar. "I like it when most of the sound is still coming from the guitar, and the amplifier is just helping me to be heard," he says.

Benedetti's father was a guitarist. Untrained and unable to read music, the elder Benedetti relied on his ear to learn Bach and Albeniz from recordings. "It's surprising how good his technique was. He had a really great thumb on his right hand," Benedetti says of his father as he demonstrates the quick stroking motion that his father employed. One of the high points of Benedetti's musical life was the master class that Andres Segovia taught at USD. Although he was performing for the master, the man who put the guitar on the musical map, having his father there to listen to his performance was his biggest thrill. "There I was 25 or 26 years old performing for Segovia, and I look out in the audience and there's my father," Benedetti says with a note of pride in his voice.

At the age of nine, when his family was living in Hawaii, Benedetti received his first guitar. His father's preference for classical music having little influence on him, the youngster picked out tunes of the Beatles, the Monkees, and other pop hits of the sixties. And before his teen years he joined a band called the Get Aways.

In high school Benedetti, Pekarek, and the late James Lyons formed a trio. Reflecting Benedetti's Asian heritage, the band was called San (rhymes with John), which means three in Japanese. Often busking in Balboa Park, the band went beyond the pop charts and played music that was opening up on the FM dial at the time, such as Fairport Convention.

It was through his work with this band that Pekarek influenced Benedetti in the direction of classical music. Benedetti says, "It was at this point that Jeff started taking lessons. He started using his bow when we played, and that was very impressive to me. When he was 16 Jeff started playing with the San Diego Symphony." Inspired, Benedetti started on the classical route himself, studying with Roberto Torres, the best classical guitarist in San Diego at the time.

When he was 19 Benedetti performed every week on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the now defunct Prophet restaurant with his partner Dan Grant. Lee Ryan, chair of guitar at

# Fred Benedetti: A Classical Act

SDSU, heard Benedetti at the restaurant and asked him to join Orion, a classical guitar quartet whose members were guitar students at SDSU. Joining the ensemble, Benedetti was determined to make the quartet work. He dropped pop and rock and went full bore into the classics. The quartet had some success with performances and recording, but they unfortunately broke up. Nonetheless, Benedetti's commitment to classical music was sealed.

A similar turn of events led Benedetti into teaching. In 1985 Ron Sherrod, chair of the guitar department at Grossmont college, asked Benedetti to teach at the school. Benedetti was surprised and resistant to the proposal. He had not completed his college degree and his emphasis was in performance, not education. But Sherrod was insistent. Benedetti studied up and passed the exams for his teaching credential. The next thing he knew, he was teaching folk guitar classes and guitar ensemble at Grossmont College. He is now a full time professor of music and chairs the guitar studies department at Grossmont, which is well known for its top-notch guitar program. Benedetti also chairs the guitar department at SDSU, which includes George Svoboda, Robert Wetzell, and Celine Romero.

Although he once again felt a bit unprepared for the next teaching venture, Sherrod encouraged Benedetti to apply for the full-time directorship of the concert band, reminding the young man that full-time positions don't often come up. Having played saxophone in his school's concert band, Benedetti was familiar with the music and arrangements for the new position. But a roomful of trombones and saxophones is a whole different animal than a handful of students with guitars on their laps. Controlling the possible cacophony forced

Photo: Steve Parr



Fred Benedetti

Benedetti to develop his leadership talents.

Benedetti tailors his teaching methods to each student and also considers the type of music that the guitarist wants to play. "If I have a student in one of my folk classes and when he grabs a D chord his thumb sticks out a little bit, that's okay. He's still grabbing the D chord. But that's not what you can have in classical playing," he says. He emphasizes the importance for all musicians, popular as well as classical performers, to learn to read music, and unlike some classical instructors who avoid using tablature (a type of musical notation that demonstrates graphically the strings and frets to be used for plucking and strumming), he encourages his students to learn this notation as well as traditional written music.

Benedetti says, "Time was when I'd teach at Grossmont from eight to two, at State from three to five, then I'd have a change of clothes

so I could go off to a performance that night." He has slowed down from this frantic pace, but between teaching and performing he is nonetheless quite busy. Besides local performances, he tours with fellow classical guitarist George Svoboda, with whom he has had a decades long partnership. They split their touring between Hawaii, where Benedetti spent his childhood, and Svoboda's homeland, the Czech Republic. The two performed several times at this year's Del Mar Fair.

For the near future, Benedetti's schedule includes dates with Celtic bands and tango ensembles, more touring with Svoboda, and of course his teaching obligations. To find out where he's performing or if you're interested in taking guitar classes at Grossmont or SDSU, go to <http://www.odeumguitarduo.com/solohomerset.html>.

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by Tim Mudd  
photos by Sharisse Coulter

When I was asked to write the cover story on Will earlier this year, most of the forethought I devoted to the task was spent scratching my head. It seemed a little silly to write some fluff piece that attempts to reinvent the wheel on someone many know so well. As far as a person as multifaceted as Will goes however, I didn't want to take anything for granted, leaving those who only know one or two aspects of his personality and/or achievements in the dark.

I spent a lot of time wandering around town talking to different people who know Will. As I'd feared (and as Murphy would have it), through their personal interactions, everyone had different experiences and a different opinion. When I finally asked Will how he sees himself, my interest became piqued at how well his projections from another's point of view intersected the main themes I'd already run into.

In the five years since his concurrent releases *Lookout Road* and *If I Did Anything Right*, Will believes he has grown in almost every way. He's learned about loyalty, patience, and creation through socializing, touring, providing, and benefiting. In his own words, one of the few remaining facets of his developing character over the last half decade is his determination. This all holds true. He also believes, however, that people perceive him to be "guarded" and "hard to engage." Unfortunately, this also held true and – like many other successful multifaceted musical talents – would appear to be the Achilles Heel of every venture Will invests himself in. Although his pragmatic association saddened me, I drew comfort from the knowledge that he stands in good company.

So, what are the motivators for every successful musician? Actually, it's not a question. The answer is belief and the answer is talent. Success lies in the merger of the two and the tenacity to maintain.

When Will Edwards started playing music in San Diego, his experience interfacing with the media to garner support behind his music – be it newspapers, news weeklies, television, or radio – was the same discouraging rigmarole almost every aspiring artist faces. Understandably, this frustration was compounded by the other "given" discovery of how inhospitable this city's social landscape can be for the arts in a popular realm. Like many issues, understanding immediately precedes judgment and Edwards admits to being extremely critical, owing largely to his commitment to his passion.

Whereas many artists remain hamstrung in this state, Will's uncompromising vision set him on a path of examining each perceived obstacle and applying a sound cost-benefit analysis to its existence before either surmounting or simply choosing to go around it. Often, he believes he simply recreates the obstacle but focuses it in the direction of that which he's aiming to engage. Fame and fortune may be the furthest associations you could make from the results and through the eyes of his strongest critics – whose cynicism often sees price without value – these brandless grassroots efforts may even appear laughable. The very fact that an

attempt is made, however, underlines his core belief structure. "I've tried to do a lot of things I've criticized people for not doing, or doing poorly, whether it was the music awards, taking recording under my own guidance, or touring. Whether I'm successful or not, the skills I now possess as a result of this experience is the achievement I'm most grateful for as a *person*, not as an aspiring musical artist." Like many of Edwards' poignantly air-tight statements regarding his personal assets, it's hard to develop a merited retort.

Aside from Will's well-respected compassion as a human being, his commitment to aiding his peers stems from his initial criticism. A good example of this would be the development of the San Diego H.A.T. Awards, which he almost single-handedly coordinated (with only three weeks at his disposal) in October 2006 as a response to growing frustration within the songwriter community that appeared targeted toward the San Diego Music Awards for not recognizing an untapped well of local talent.

"I look at a lot of the things people are doing around me and say to myself, 'That could be done so much better,' or, 'That person has an opportunity or range of potential that they're not even engaging.' It frustrates me because I can see how it or they would serve a need or a purpose. With regard to my judgment, however, I really don't care about financial gain or competing in any kind of popularity contest, so I very rarely judge people out of a desire for me to benefit in those ways. My judgments are generally aimed at eking out some potential that's going to serve a need. Many times that need, because of my role as a musician, lies in the context of independent musicians. Based on my experience I now understand the opposing dynamics at play – say between the SDMAs and a group of artists – that explain how these two entities fail to connect up." Herein lies Will Edwards, the altruist.

In addition to the artistic peers he's prepared to lay faith in, Will Edwards also believes in the people that so many artists are all too ready to discard as cloned artistic philistines; this he considers to be his "secret weapon."

"Each person fundamentally resonates like every other object in nature that possesses its resonant frequency. It's part of our nature to resonate with different kinds of things, not all things. Marketing is all in the head. 'If you buy *this* product, we promise it'll make you smarter, better looking, and in some way give you an edge to make your life better.' What I've decided to do is forget the idea of promising people that life will be better if they follow my advice. Rather, [I] create situations that, by example, give people an opportunity to remember what it's like to resonate with something. They're still going to go out and buy the nice car or an expensive cellphone, but it comes down to the people *I* can reach – their interest in music and possibly even their outlook on the world or their spirituality. The more people I have the opportunity to provide that resonant frame of mind to, then the more effective I'm going to be because I'm tapping into something that is innately part of people's nature; marketing forces are only tapping into people's heads. Now, I'm not suggesting a judgment on my behalf that one way is more powerful than the other because there's plenty of evidence out there to suggest that by engaging people's minds you can rule the world – be it on a political, religious, or commercial level – but another aspect of what makes that



resonating theory so powerful, in this day and age, is that people are so overloaded and therefore overwhelmed by information. When they have the opportunity to engage with something that doesn't require their minds, they experience a release they will remember as a positive experience on a level that will be productive and constructive. The same fundamental theory applies to the H.A.T. Awards, Tangled Records, even the new studio I'm opening in the College Area – it's one of openness. Here's a space where you can achieve your potential. No one's going to achieve it for you and your experience is likely going to be wildly different from other peoples. Over time, I believe that such freedom actually progresses people a lot faster than competition or a sense of lacking."

And so go most conversations with Will Edwards. This would seem to be most people's experience with him: Will Edwards, the Philosopher. But it's not *all* of him. Sure, he'll debate any number of topics, ideas, and philosophies you'd care to indulge over a mocha or three, but what he really wants to do is reach out to this community and drive the point home that all of his endeavors are not "Will Edwards' Projects" per se. Tangled Records, the H.A.T Awards, his new studio, the artist website infrastructure he's continually developing – even the work he does for the *San Diego Troubadour* – are all available to anyone who'd like to take advantage of them. "If the artists I interact with want these things to magically appear and solve their problems, they have a misunderstanding about what the tools were conceptually designed to do. But if someday an artist were to say, 'I wish I had access to those tools to see if they'll aid my growth and success,' then they have access. All that artist would need to do is show up – no strings attached. Because it's in that collaboration and exchange that *I'm* going to find meaning and that's all I'm really after. As I've already mentioned, money and fame are totally subordinate to simply wanting the time I spend on earth to have meaning. Just sitting around strumming my guitar

and playing open mics for the gazillionth time doesn't offer me meaning anymore; I bought that meaning, I have it in my pocket. Rather than sitting around doting on it, my continual goal is to invest each experience and grow it to a new level of understanding."

In summary, it would appear that Edwards' main objective within this community is to act as a catalyst by encouraging the expansion of independent music in San Diego. "With Kristin's successes on the path we're walking together, it looks like I'm going to be rooted here for quite a while. I invest myself in these efforts because I want to live in a city where there's a large enough artistic community to wallow in." We both had a good chuckle at that statement. "But I stress the term *community*; a place where anyone from the outside could enter and actually *feel* the support; a place where people genuinely *care* about each other. It shouldn't appear scary or an exclusive club completely unavailable to outsiders. I'd like to live among those people who hold an open sense of community, but right now I believe there's an accepted sense that all of that is impossible. 'What good can this product, service, or philosophy be if it doesn't promise something?' This is where I see my role as problem-solver come into play, but it's very hard to motivate and aid people who won't even approach me to interact with their thoughts and ideas."

Because many minds operating on a level of such kinetic cognizance experience a lack of buy-in from those they're actually hoping to reach out to, the level that generally precedes being written-off as a raving loon is "hard to engage." To any talent sipping from the mainstream Kool-Aid fountain, the practice that Edwards preaches bears no exception and likely appears intimidating, a stalemate that is detrimental to the goal in the achievement he seeks (somewhere out there Joseph Heller is raising a glass in commiseration).

Were you to actually approach Will and attempt to flush out any grandiose ideas you've been pon-





dering, you'd likely be pleasantly surprised. Once you've interacted on such an open mental landscape and maybe for just one moment discovered your own clarity through his unwaveringly balanced vision, you'll always walk away from a conversation with Will Edwards feeling better – refreshed even – but you may not necessarily know *why*. More than likely, this is where Will Edwards would be happiest for you. You can talk and dream all you'd like, but it's the experience that will bring the greatest understanding. He's got a few tools you may find useful in your implementation, but even if you do nothing, at least he got you thinking.

The principle of there being a message that is so clear in the moment but upon reflection becomes more vague is the key to how Edwards believes he has grown over the past five years and provides the framework of experience for the songs that make up his second full-length solo record *Contradiction*, which is to be released later this month (reviewed on page 17).

“One of the most valuable pieces of advice I received over the last half decade is to always move toward things rather than *away* from them. In this I've found that – as far as my personal growth is concerned – decisions are best evaluated in motion rather than from an impotent position of risk analysis. *Contradiction* is about following your heart and not thinking that your decisions today are the be-all and end-all. The mainstream world is incredibly distracting in this endeavor, which you *have* to beware of while evaluating your strategy in life.”

Having spent a little time spinning a rough reference copy of *Contradiction* during the research for this story, I would conclude that his forthcoming release underlines each of his core beliefs we took the time to discuss. The only question I found myself left with was whether the record will act as a period to his last five years or an ellipsis to the next. I suppose if I learned anything from my interactions with Will, only time will tell ... depending on what

Will Edwards chooses to make of it.

Will Edwards will be releasing his third full-length album, *Contradiction*, on Saturday, September 6, in downtown San Diego at Y1, 1150 7th Avenue (between B and C Streets). Phone: (619) 294-7461. Doors open at 8pm and the event starts at 8:30pm sharp. Seating is limited. For more information about *Contradiction* or the CD release event, go to <http://www.willedwards.net>

**AUTHOR'S NOTE**

While some may question the sharpness of purely musical focus of an artistic nature in this piece, I find that (as I'm sure he himself would agree) music is but one implement of the toolbox Will Edwards carries around with him. The music is yours to discover at your leisure; far more interesting is the man behind it and the simpatico endeavors he invests himself in.

Having spent over two months of last year traveling in a car with Will – mostly alone, up and down the West Coast, performing shows together as far north as British Columbia, I gained incredibly from his insights, learned a new level of frustration thanks to his calculated skills in debate (which is apparently his father's fault), and discovered enormous appreciation for the face value of an experience, as opposed to the long-term glory any short-term effort may glean. He'd call it “the Moment”; I'd call him a “vague hippy” for naming it so concisely.

I came to find that such subconscious mental intimacy with another put me at a huge disadvantage when it came to writing this piece, not to mention the extreme personal bias from which it could be perceived. What I know that cannot be discounted however is just how important travel, social interaction, and altruistic thought is to Will Edwards and the music that follows him. I felt it far more appropriate to highlight these assets than beat the life out of a song or two he wrote along the way – T.M.

**Before the Moment or for Those in the Dark**

Will Edwards' birthplace is now known as Harare, Zimbabwe. While 1976 preceded the country's independence, the city was called Salisbury at that time, and the country was known as Rhodesia. In 1978 his parents came to the United States, the first of two times, thanks to his aunt who married an American and sponsored the family's citizenship. With his older brother and sister, the family piled into an old Toyota station wagon and drove around the U.S., from Bandon Beach, Oregon, down to Disneyland, then across the country to Washington D.C.

In 1980 the family moved back to Zimbabwe, following the country's independence, in the hopes that the life they'd left would improve. After visiting America, however, it was clear that life in the new Zimbabwe offered fewer opportunities overall. In 1981 the Edwards family moved back to the United States for good.

Will's father went ahead of the rest of the family and looked for work in Seattle. Being a tough economic climate in the early '80s, however, he didn't find what he was looking for in the Northwest.

As his father recalls, they'd left lives behind that included great jobs and a beautiful home, whose mortgage cost less than 10 percent of their monthly income... and with only three crates shipped by sea from Zimbabwe, the family entered a new life in a rented apartment in Northern Virginia. After they'd paid their first month's rent, they had \$700, no jobs, and three children. With other family members living in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Edwards remembers living briefly in Princeton, New Jersey, and Wayne, Pennsylvania, just outside of Philadelphia.

Having already taken an interest in the instrument, Will's mother bought him his first electric guitar and amplifier while he was in seventh grade. Having “fiddled around for the next eight years or so without much theory,” Edwards formed his first band, Jesus Clip, during his freshman year at the University of New Hampshire with his best friend Chris Scarpino. Will also met Kristin Volkert during freshman orientation with whom he was placed in adjacent dormitories on campus during their first semester. The couple dated for about a month before separating for over two years. Jesus Clip played campus shows and duplicated 25 cassettes of a homemade recording, one of which made its way into the hands of Coloradoan indie-pop outfit (and Jesus Clip favorite), the Samples, during their tour stop in New Hampshire, opening for George Clinton.

In the summer of 1995 Chris Scarpino was killed in a car accident. Although Jesus Clip didn't continue, they did organize and perform a remembrance concert, which marked the first time Edwards sang and played guitar at the same time in public.

“Chris was the single individual who introduced me to the idea that I could write my own songs rather than just play guitar. He was an influence musically, but he was *the* reason I started writing. He wrote some fantastic songs and that has always stayed with me.” Edwards never followed another musical outlet during college. During the summer of 1995 he worked as a groundskeeper for the Horticulture Department at the University of Florida. Although hot and lonely, he says he enjoyed the time to himself.

Back in New Hampshire during the fall semester, Edwards was evicted from the campus dorms along with his neighbor and fellow Jesus Clip member Steve Knecht. The pair had had what the campus authorities termed “an alcohol gathering” for which they confessed and were penalized for in December, two weeks before the end of the semester. Edwards slept in his truck for two weeks ... in New Hampshire ... in December.

“Although I was guilty of the crime, the infraction was hardly damaging and my experience with the campus judicial department forever ruined my faith in bureaucracy. I wrote a truly insightful explanation of my crime and recommended my own punishment, but I was handed my hat and told that cooperating with the bureaucracy wouldn't ‘win me any brownie points.’ I no longer invest in organizations. The fact that they don't always work, to me means that they don't work.”

During the summer of 1996 Edwards traveled through Europe, from Amsterdam to Athens, with his brother, his girlfriend at the time, and a gaggle of friends they made along the way. The group attended Phish concerts in London and Amsterdam and caught a Neil Young performance in Paris.

Having revived their relationship during the spring, Will and Kristen drove across the country during the summer of 1997; for the first time since he was three years old, Edwards traveled west of the Blue Ridge

Mountains. The couple saw it all – Vegas, the Pacific Ocean, the Golden Gate Bridge, Haight-Ashbury, Hollywood Boulevard, the Carlsbad Caverns, and the Rocky Mountains. They saw the HORDE tour with Neil Young in Denver\*, caught a hometown performance from a new line-up of the Samples in Boulder\*\*, and finally enjoyed British Shoegazer stars, James, in Virginia Beach\*\*\*.

A year later the couple continued their voyage by traveling to the United Kingdom to attend Will's cousin's wedding. In addition to the family celebration, the couple also visited York, Oxford, Stratford, London, Bath, and Salisbury. They drove to Scotland with his mom and brother and pilgrimaged to the part of Glasgow his maternal Grandfather had grown up in. They also visited the castles of Kilmartin and Carnassarie, the latter of which they hoped to be married in and from whose ruins they apparently now have rocks in their infant son's special water fountain.\*\*\*\* Following their British excursion, Will and Kristin spent six weeks working on an archeological dig in the ancient Mayan territories of Belize, where Edwards cites sleeping under the stars and swimming in the springs as a fantastically inspiring experience.

Will took one final class in the fall of 1998 before graduating UNH with a bachelor's degree in anthropology, combined with a minor in religious studies and Eastern religious mysticism. He lived in Newmarket, New Hampshire, for almost eight months before presidential hopeful Al Gore spoke at his graduation in 1999 on the eve of “losing” the election to George Bush.

Will and Kristin's westbound move to California is well documented on the title track of his 2003 band outing, *If I Did Anything Right*. After landing and spending some time in Santa Barbara during the summer of 1999, they continued to Goleta, California, and a 400-square-foot apartment. It was during this time that Kristin discovered Montessori teaching methods.

In 2000 they moved to Crown Point in Pacific Beach, where Kristin attended the Montessori Institute of San Diego. Will sought and gained employment at a web design firm in 2001 and played his first open mic at Twiggs Green Room on the recommendation of a coworker who moonlighted as a dancer. Twiggs' own John Ciccolella added Will to his Thursday calendar for shows hosted by Jason Turtle and Jane Lui who were, at that time, performing together as Jason and Jane.

“My first show was a turning point. People liked my songs and my voice. I've spent the last seven years making sense of that discovery and trying to live my life in accordance with its promises.”

Will and Kristin were married on July 6, 2002. Kristin dreamed, designed, built, and acts as principal of her own state-of-the-art Montessori School in Carmel Valley, which began accepting students in August 2007. In addition to providing an incredible example of how two people can work together as a team to make any dream a large reality, Will and Kristin Edwards welcomed their first-born son, Oliver Volkert Edwards, into the world on November 9, 2007.

\* Having spent the preceding year in Colorado myself, I also happened to attend this show; funny how the world works.

\*\* I was backstage at that one...

\*\*\* That, I'm jealous of.

\*\*\*\* I've notified the appropriate authorities.

Photo: Liz Abbott



Will with baby Oliver



# Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

## SUMMERGRASS

The biggest annual weekend for bluegrass music in San Diego finally arrives this month: Summergrass! Held Friday afternoon through Sunday, August 22-24, in Vista at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum, this is one fine festival, and this year's line up of bands and activities looks to be outstanding. Here's what to look for.

## HEADLINERS

**Don Rigsby and Midnight Call**  
Friday, 9pm, and Saturday, 8pm



Making their first West Coast appearance is Don Rigsby and Midnight Call. Best known for his tenor singing with the Lonesome River Band, Rigsby plays mandolin and sings lead, with Patrick McAvinue on fiddle, Robert Maynard on bass, Dale Vanderpool on banjo, and Clyde Marshall on guitar. Together they form an outstanding blend of vocal harmonies and wonderful instrumentals. The band has a brand new gospel CD with special guest Rory Block titled *The Voice of God*, due out this month on Rebel Records.

**The Infamous Stringdusters**  
Saturday, 9pm, and Sunday, 3pm



Returning to the Summergrass stage by popular demand the Infamous Stringdusters represent a new generation of bluegrass musicians. With Andy Hall on resonator guitar, Travis Book on bass, Chris Pandolfi on banjo, Jesse Cobb on mandolin, Jeremy Garrett on fiddle, and Andy Falco on guitar, the band pulls together skill and experience well beyond their years. The Infamous Stringdusters won three IBMA awards, including Album of the Year, Song of the Year, and Emerging Artist of the year, at the 2007 IBMA Awards Ceremony at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. This band's latest CD, titled *The Infamous Stringdusters*, was released on June 10 and will be available for purchase at Summergrass.

**Bluegrass Etc.**  
Saturday, 3pm, and Sunday, 2pm



Returning to Summergrass after three smashing performances here within the past five years is Bluegrass Etc. This very popular trio of Superpickers never fails to dazzle Summergrass audiences. Music critics worldwide have praised John Moore on mandolin and guitar, Dennis Caplinger on fiddle and banjo, and Bill Bryson on bass. "...some of the cleanest, smoothest, most exquisite gui-



tar licks in the country" reports *Bluegrass Now* magazine.

In addition to these great headliners you will enjoy two other top national acts: Sawmill Road, just selected to be a showcase band at the IBMA convention this fall, and Chris Stuart and Backcountry, featuring San Diego's own Chris Stuart on guitar and vocals, Janet Beazley (banjo and vocals), Christian Ward (fiddle), Austin Ward (bass), and Eric Uglum on mandolin.

Rounding out the entertainment is a strong representation from local bands, including Lighthouse, the Burnett Family, the Virtual Strangers, Highway 76, Super Strings, and Pacific Ocean Bluegrass. And, a Martin guitar, a Deering banjo, and other great instruments will be up for raffle in the Summergrass raffle. For the stage schedule and other Summergrass details visit [www.summergrass.net](http://www.summergrass.net).

Summergrass also returns this year with its acclaimed Kids Camp, providing a special educational experience for kids six to 16, hosted by Chris Stuart and Backcountry as a primary instructor. For details or to sign up, visit: [www.summergrass.net](http://www.summergrass.net) and click on "Bluegrass Camp For Kids."

Camping, vendors, free kids activities, and the interesting grounds of the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum make for a fun family outing to Summergrass even for those who are not crazy about bluegrass music. Visit the old school house, blacksmith shop, and other period pieces and marvel at the collection of tractors and steam engines on site.

Hope to see you there!

Note: The San Diego Bluegrass Society has suspended its third Tuesday of the month jam sessions at the Fuddruckers in Chula Vista during July, August, and September due to conflict with the Chula Vista car show and its rock bands. SDBS will restart the event on the third Tuesday in October. During the suspended months George Noble, Jr. will host informal karaoke at the Fuddruckers at 340 3rd Avenue in Chula Vista on those third Tuesdays. He says everyone is welcome – bluegrass of course, but also any style of music.

Note: Mike Tatar, Sr. (banjo) and Kit Birkett (guitar) of the Virtual Strangers just finished a series of performances as part of the "Senior Follies" at the El Cajon Performing Arts Center. They were part of a rousing performance of American music for seniors in which Mike and Kit performed "Dueling Banjos," and Mike performed his own solo arrangement of America on banjo. Among other highlights, Mike and Kit brought the average age in attendance down by at least a decade!



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## It's Sunny Weather For Your Ears

Join San Diego singer-songwriter Charlie Imes as he celebrates the release of his debut CD, *"On An Island"* with an all-star band of friends (we'll just call them the *Hodad Surf Club Band*) and special guests, bayside at the Barefoot Bar on Mission Bay. Enjoy an afternoon under the sun ... the perfect setting to celebrate idyllic summer days with good food, good drink, good friends and music that reflects those good times

"I'm really excited to be playing these songs, with these musicians, in this location. Join us as we play the music from my new CD and celebrate the good times of summer with old and new friends down at the bay."

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## AFRICAN VACATION

Chronologically, the third (and, to me now, the most mysterious) of my childhood playtime personae was Tarzan. Zorro and Dracula weren't getting boring or anything; I had merely decided to enlarge the family-in-my-head after seeing *Tarzan and His Mate* on television, and they both told me not only that they wouldn't mind but also that I had excellent taste for a ten-year-old.

The fact that I was blond and skinny again didn't matter. The fact that I could precisely imitate Johnny Weissmuller's MGM-era yell (different and more difficult, mind you, than that generic one in the RKO films and thereafter) validated my rights to the character. And the fact that I could do that yell better than even Carol Burnett (and she was *serious* about it back in the early sixties) made me even more of a near-legendary freak in my neighborhood.

The amused curiosity of the grown-ups next door and along the block who occasionally noticed me climbing in their trees or struggling briefly with some invisible enemy in their backyard pools began to change into nascent fear, and soon I was forced to wear a rubber knife and return my others to the kitchen.

That knife, I discovered, made a wicked drumstick to use on the big plastic "cannibal drum" that came with the jungle play-set my parents bought me. That knife's handle seemed to achieve something with the drum that no hand or stick or bat or baby's head could do – acoustically replicate the sound made by the drums of the most ingenious, feared, sexy native tribe in the Tarzan film series: the Gabonies! That mesmerizing, terrible throb was the beat in my head and the beat of my pulse – the different drum I marched to in the regimen of my fantasies. Imperceptably, it would fade over the decades, perhaps smartly leaving at least a germ somewhere in a poorer soul.

From the WorldBeat Cultural Center in Balboa Park recently came a sound that stirred the germ and made my soul smile richly. A new friend of mine, Maruti, had mentioned that he was involving himself in "music and performance" on weekends and suggested I come and check things out. I don't recall really what I had been expecting, but as usual I feared having difficulty understanding the lyrics to any songs I'd hear. . . .

The rhythms of many authentic African drums and percussive instruments being played by a near-supernaturally unified group of artists became louder as I entered the building and I sighed with admiration when I saw the artists at work, sweating as their hands and arms flailed away in unison, in syncopation, in a chorus of wordless lyrics that clearly shouted to me, "Welcome back, Hose. How do you dig it *live* after so damn long?"

And in front of the players, a group of ladies (and a couple of gentlemen) were dancing two abreast, approaching the musicians, then retreating, then repeating. This was mesmerizing African folk dancing.

I was experiencing one of life's sweetest pleasures: a giddy, natural intoxication as my eyes and ears drank deeply of beauty, culture, and dedication that came on



José Sinatra

like some sort of unexpected gift to a needful recipient who didn't really deserve it. Eventually the dance became faster, the drumming louder and faster, all those participating becoming connected, obviously, on some sort of mystical level that I may never understand and will never, ever deny. The crescendo ends at once, and I first become aware that my hands and my legs have been moving to the rhythm while I've been sitting over at a corner table. A split second of silence is followed by scattered applause and cries of joy and delight throughout the hall.

A rear door, I notice, is open to the lush flora embracing a canyon. The drums are still playing in my head, almost as if they'd never stopped. As I walk toward that open door and the inviting jungle it displays, I realize that my steps are being made to the beat of those drums that only I hear. I turn back for one more glance before exiting and see the various dancers randomly approach the players, bowing to each in turn in a graceful, humble kind of honor. Yep, these ladies know who's boss. Forgive me, I didn't mean that; couldn't help myself.

I was jungle-bound.

Now, imagine a middle-aged man out in back of the Center, drums still beating life in his veins as he strips at the edge of the canyon and with a famous cry, makes a brief running leap toward a low-hanging branch of a mammoth tree at the canyon's edge. Missing the branch by inches, he plummets to the dried leaves, rocks, and bushes on the ground, breaking his arm as well as a foot and ending up on the five and eleven o'clock news. Whatever drops of dignity remain are soothed by the kindness of the station's optical censor.

Didn't happen. My suggesting that you imagine it was simply 'cause you would have anyway. No, I made it up the tree easily, thanks to the drums, thanks to the visions of the dancers. I have finally become a Gabonie with an attitude adjustment. And I may stay up in the trees 'til I see the inside of the Center again this coming weekend. That is why my heart still soars and that is why I've submitted this to our publisher on pieces of bark that I peeled myself this morning.

*Ungawa.* I could really use a knife right about now.

*Traditional West African Drum and Dance takes place Saturdays, 1:30-3pm, and Sundays, 2-3:30pm, at the WorldBeat Cultural Center. For info, call Makeda at 619/255-8639.*



The Hose crashes Maruti (left) and Makeda's set.



## Philosophy, Art, Culture, & Music STAGES

by Peter Bolland

## 15 THINGS YOU HAVE TO DO THIS SUMMER

Feel like summer passed you by? It's not too late. There are still plenty of prime time summer days stretched out ahead of you. But you're going to have to make the first move. Here are 15 things guaranteed to jump start your summer.

### 1. GO BAREFOOT

We all love our many shoes and flip-flops, but once in a while leave them behind and feel the curve of the earth beneath your feet. Cool grass, white sidewalks, wet sand, smooth pebbles, that brown dirt path down to the lake – don't let your shoes get in the way of these things.

### 2. DRINK WATER FROM A GARDEN HOSE

Some well-meaning health department wonk probably warned you not to, but "health" has many meanings. What about soul-health? We lost a little of our moxie when we put down the hose and picked up the pomegranate flavored vitamin water. Next time you're thirsty, step outside, grab that hose, and crank it up. I don't know why, but it's liberating. And free.

### 3. GO SWIMMING IN THE OCEAN, IN A LAKE, IN A RIVER, AND IN A SWIMMING POOL. REPEAT.

Let your body slip under the water and remember, if not consciously then at least at the cellular level, the first nine months of life when you floated blissfully in embryonic fluid. Drift downstream and feel what it's like to fly. Oceans, lakes, rivers, and pools all have their different flavors, literally and figuratively. Make sure you hit them all. Do whatever it takes. Make it happen. If you only do one of the things on this list, make this the one.

### 4. FALL ASLEEP IN THE SHADE UNDER A TREE

The blue sky light speckles beyond the leaves. Shapes without names. A thousand shades of green. The simple Being of a tree. Rootedness. The way it lives its whole life in one place, satisfied, purposeful, full of grace. If you let go of your incessant thinking and do this right, you will feel the earth turning beneath you in space as you slip into unconsciousness.

### 5. HIKE THE BACKCOUNTRY

Head for the hills and move under your own power over fields and streams, the way we moved for hundreds of thousands of years before we invented those confounded bicycles and automobiles. Feel the machinations of your routinized life dissolve and reconfigure into more natural shapes. Get reacquainted with your mother earth.

### 6. MAKE SANDWICHES AND SHOW UP AT A GOOD FRIEND'S WORKPLACE AND KIDNAP THEM FOR LUNCH

Chance meetings and surprises are the sweet spots of life. As far as I know, there's no rule against orchestrating these chance meetings just a little. Show up at your friend's work with a picnic and whisk them away on an urban adventure. (Spouses, lovers, and exes are also prime targets). An egg salad sandwich, potato chips, and a crisp pickle on a bench overlooking the San Diego River can do wonders for a mid-week slump.

### 7. WANDER AROUND ON FOOT DOWNTOWN WITH NO AGENDA FOR FOUR HOURS

Get out of that glass and steel bubble called your car and see the city at eye level at three miles an hour. Stumble onto bookstores and cafes and Greek restaurants you didn't know about. Get a little lost. Look up. Make friends with architecture. Marvel at what busy humans have accomplished. Feel vicariously proud.

### 8. RENT A KAYAK AND PADDLE AROUND

Summer is the time when even novices are welcome, even expected, on the water. Take a sailing lesson, rent a row boat on a lake, or paddle a kayak out through the surf at La Jolla Shores and explore the sea caves at

the base of the cliffs. The sound of water lapping on a hull needs to be fresh in your mind if you know what's good for you. You'll kick yourself for not doing this sooner.

### 9. GO TO A LIBRARY AND READ POETRY

Sure, newspapers and websites and magazines and novels are all important, of course they are, but don't forget where it all begins. Nothing celebrates the power of language like poetry. Language is our best attempt to get a handle on the wild and winsome energies of the universe, and poetry is language distilled down to its most potent essentials. Good poets are magicians who wring the cosmos like a rain-soaked bandana and paint the page with its mercurial drops. Rapt in their shamanic spell we see with new eyes the transcendent, blessed ordinariness of our own lives. Then come the cleansing tears.

### 10. PICK UP AN INSTRUMENT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY AND TRY TO MAKE MUSIC WITH IT

Caught in a rut of tedious proficiency? Tired of being so damned good at everything? Return to what Zen Buddhism calls "the beginner's mind." Make god-awful music on an instrument you know nothing about. Drop your ego, stop assessing everything, and let your childlike fumbblings wrest something new from the uncarved block, the field of pure potentiality that practiced artifice obscures.

### 11. WRITE A NINE PAGE LETTER TO AN OLD FRIEND

Don't think too much about what you're going to write. Just start. Around page four you'll start getting to the good stuff. You know what I mean. You might not even have to send it.

### 12. VISIT A SACRED PLACE

I know, every place is sacred. But some places are more sacred than others. Find an ashram, a meditation garden, a labyrinth, a monastery, a church, a temple, a mosque – but go there when it's empty. Emerson said, "I like the silent church before the service begins better than any preaching." Sit still a while. Get out of your head. Slip into the space between thoughts, between words. Let the woolly-eared theologians wrangle doctrine out in the parking lot.

### 13. WALK IN THE DESERT AT NIGHT

Don't fall off a cliff or stumble into a bed of cholla, but there's nothing quite as cleansing as hot desert wind in the dark. Blood warm gusts swirl out of the sky like the breath of God, thick with the smell of stone and moonlight. Stars hang like sparks in the indigo between the mountains. Wonderful things begin happening to your skin and your muscle tissue and your troubled mind – a deep, profound stillness seeps into you like a drop of ink in water and your heart begins to beat in time with the rhythm of the earth's deepest dream.

### 14. GO TO A FARMERS MARKET AND BUY SOME SUMMER FRUIT

Buy some ugly little organic white peaches that flood your mouth with the fragrant flavor of river-fed orchards and blue summer skies and dew on the sage and poppies and lavender and bright Monarch wings and the morning star all distilled down into a fuzzy little ball that fits in the palm of your hand. Miracles come in small packages. Buy some for your neighbors and leave them on their porch. Refuse to take credit.

### 15. GET OUT OF TOWN FOR THREE DAYS

Drive at least two hours (preferably more) in any direction and stay there a while. Hit the hotel pool. Get some sun. Read the local paper with an anthropologist's eye. Watch the worst local TV news you can find. Make fun of the weatherman's hair. Read maps and learn the names of new places. Make frothy drinks in the blender. Eat tacos. Watch old movies. It doesn't take much to see that all our problems don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Catch up on your sleep. Feel your

*continued adjacent*

# RADIO DAZE



Jim McInnes

by Jim McInnes

## I WANT MY OWN TV!

When I was a disc jockey and got home before 7pm every night, I used to be able to watch *manly* television fare – stuff like drag racing, baseball games, and science documentaries. ESPN, PBS, the History Channel, Discovery, and the Science Channel were my pals.

But since becoming the evening news anchor for Talk Radio 760 KFMB 18 months ago, my wife has control of our HDTV well before I get home. I can't even say the word "science" without getting *the look*!

So hello, "Dancing with the Stars," "So You Think You Can Dance," "America's Next Top Model," and "Shear Genius." Welcome, "America's Got Talent," "Ellen," "Project Runway," "Moment of Truth," "Biggest Loser," and "The Bachelor/Bachelorette." Must see "American Idol," "The Mole," "Beauty and the Geek," and "Amazing Race"! "Reality" shows, every one of them. These shows cost almost nothing to produce and are full of product placement from sponsors. The only reality is that producers don't have to pay actual actors.

Absolute rubbish. All of them.

But, I must admit, I actually *like* them all! Who stole my *cojones*?

I reckon it's because every day on the air I have to talk about all the evil, vile, and disgusting things we humans do to ourselves, to each other, and to our planet. After several hours of telling who killed whom, it's nice to lie on my couch and watch the hot little blonde chicks on one of the dancing shows, evaluate the singers on "American Idol" or howl at the idiocy of "Beauty and the Geek."

## RADIO NEWS

I will be sitting in for Chris Springer as host of "Latin Grooves," one of my favorite shows on KSDS Jazz 88.3, three times this month. Join me from 1pm til 3 pm every Saturday from August 2 through August 16.

Call me! I play requests, amigos!

Hasta luego.

*Stages, continued*

so-called real life slip back into due proportion. Feel the swelling of your self-importance recede. Let summer unwind you and leave you calm and collected, held by sensible boundaries, home at last in right-sized dreams. We do good work. We do important things. People are counting on us. But for now, let summer take you over. Live your life as if it were precious and brief and incomparably sweet. It is.

*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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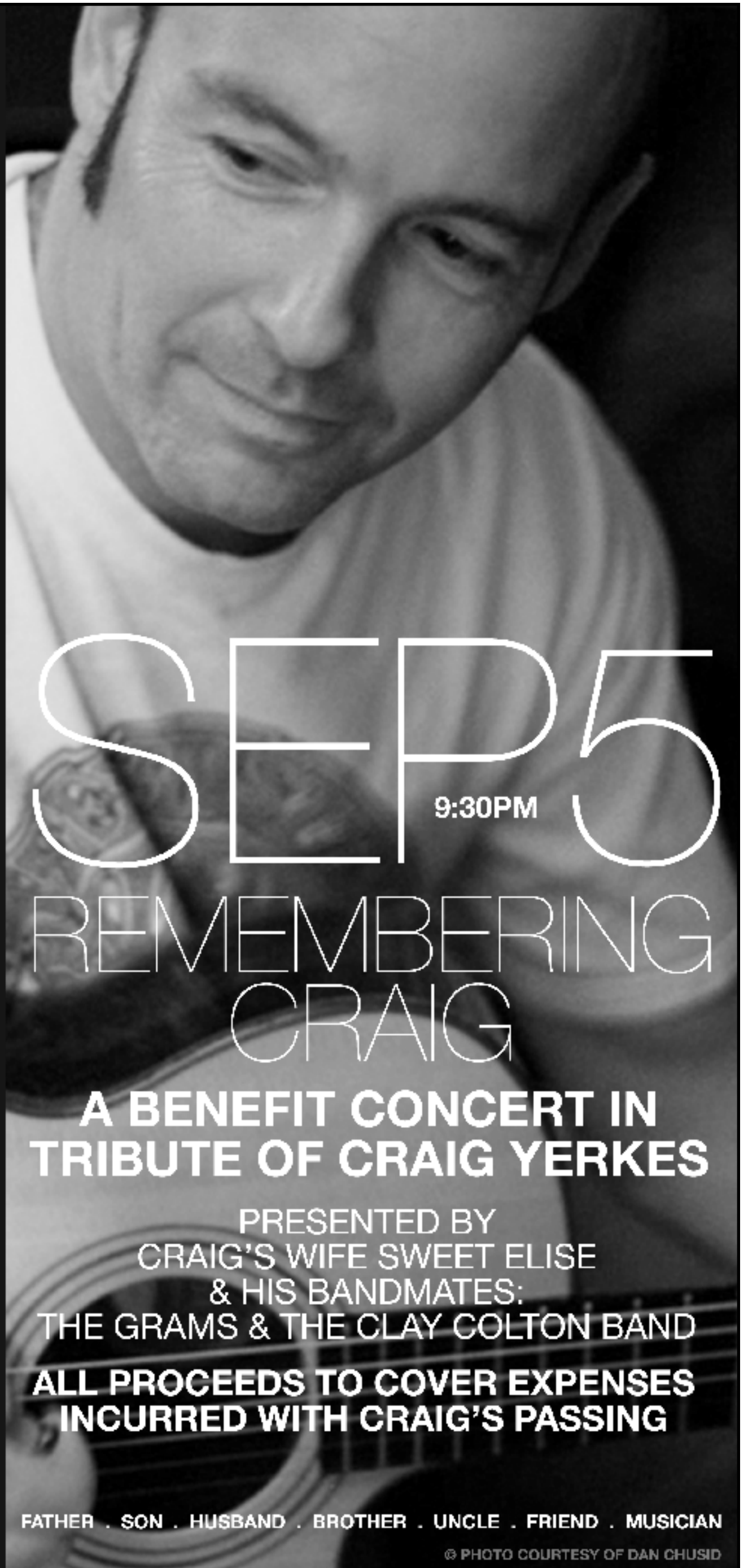
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Admission is \$15 & includes free CD  
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[www.AnthologySD.com](http://www.AnthologySD.com)

### INFORMATION:

[www.CraigYerkes.com](http://www.CraigYerkes.com)  
[www.TheGrams.net](http://www.TheGrams.net)  
[www.ClayColton.com](http://www.ClayColton.com)



# SEP 5

9:30PM

## REMEMBERING CRAIG

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Photo: Erica Horn

# Mark O'CONNOR

## VIOLIN VIRTUOSO DOES THE APPALACHIA WALTZ



Mark O'Connor

by Paul Hormick

People have tried to mark distinct lines between popular music and the white tie and tails of the concert halls. But American classical music has borrowed and intermixed with this country's folk, jazz, and popular music for generations. Aaron Copeland relied on fiddle tunes and simple hymns for his Americana pieces, such as *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring*. Gershwin based his serious compositions,

*Rhapsody in Blue*, *Porgy and Bess*, on blues and jazz. And his popular tunes bear a classical influence and musical sophistication that outstrips much of the other Tin Pan Alley material of his contemporaries. You can also include Leonard Bernstein and the Czech composer Antonin Dvorak, who incorporated Negro Spirituals into his music while he spent time in this country.

Add to this list Mark O'Connor. Once a Nashville country fiddler, O'Connor now spends much of his time composing and

performing classical concerts. And in some ways, O'Connor has the experience to meld classical and American folk as few others may have. O'Connor's mother played her collection of classical music records almost constantly while he was growing up, and his first instrument, at the age of five, was a nylon-stringed guitar on which he took classical lessons. He won a classical guitar competition – not just for his age group, but for all categories – when he was just ten years old. When he started playing violin, his first violin instructor continued a classical regimen.

His beginnings may have been Mozart and Mendelssohn, but his inspiration came from the Piedmont, bayou, and backwoods. While watching Johnny Cash's television show, the young O'Connor fell under the spell of the Cajun dynamo Doug Kershaw. He then begged his mother to buy him a fiddle.

Passion and talent then carried him into country fiddling at an amazing and precocious speed. At the age of 11 he began his study of the violin and attended his first Old Time Fiddlers Contest. He took to the instrument so well that the next year, when he was just 12 years old, he won the junior division of the contest. The 12-year-old also released his first recording on Rounder records, *National Junior Fiddling Champion*. Thereafter he won the competition so often that he was barred from participating. He also released two other records before graduating high school, *Markology* and *Pickin' in the Wind*.

O'Connor began composing and performing his own classical pieces in 1989. At the top of his game in Nashville – the session fiddler – he left the songs of rain, jail, getting drunk, and lost love behind for a financially risky venture: performing a series of solo concerts. On stage it was only O'Connor, dressed in a loosely tailored suit and fedora that became something of a

trademark of his at the time, and his violin. This was complete musical liberation for him. Without a band or any accompaniment, O'Connor was free to go anywhere he wanted musically.

These off-the-cuff rhapsodies inspired him to try composing in a classical fashion. After a period of study in composition, he produced his first classical pieces, a series of caprices. In 2004 he told the *San Diego Troubadour*, "I developed my composing style over time. Originally, I remember writing my first caprice. I took something archaic and put my own sound into the motif." O'Connor recently dusted off the caprices for a performance in New York City earlier this year.

Once O'Connor launched into the classics with the caprices, other compositions soon followed. He premiered his *Fiddle Concerto* with the Santa Fe Symphony in 1993, and he composed his second concerto for the state of Tennessee's bicentennial celebrations in 1996. Last year O'Connor's first symphony debuted at the Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music in Santa Cruz. In praise of the music, the *Sacramento Bee* wrote, "Its impassioned writing is triggered by the evocative and rich melody of O'Connor's excellent fiddle work, *Appalachia Waltz*." This summer O'Connor has been busy working as festival director for the Seattle Symphony's Summerfest. Among the highlights of the event was a performance of O'Connor's double concerto for violin and cello and some jazz fiddling with his Hot Swing Trio, an ensemble based on the music of O'Connor's great mentor, jazz violinist Stephane Grappelli.

Swing, country, the classics – you might think that mastering all these styles would be too daunting for one musician, but O'Connor keeps his approach consistent for

all of his music. "One of the things that is going to be my trade secret is that I don't reinvent the wheel every time I play," he says. "I don't flip a switch when I play different genres or styles. I have a core sound. If I were to play a country track with a country band in the background, then record a swing, and then record one of my classical compositions with an orchestra. If you were to take those tracks, strip away the backgrounds, you'd hear me play and a lot of people would not be able to tell what genre I was playing. I've created an identity. You can learn to play the violin in a manner that lets you do that. There are ways of controlling the bow, vibrato, crossing strings that can lend themselves well to all styles."

Back in 1996 O'Connor teamed up with cellist Yo Yo Ma and bassist Edgar Meyer for the CD *Appalachian Waltz*. Basing their compositions on the Anglo-Celtic folk tunes of the Appalachians, the CD was exceptionally listenable. It was also very successful, debuting at number one on the classical charts and remaining there for 16 weeks. A second CD was released by the trio in 2000.

The trio disbanded, but O'Connor still had a plethora of material he had written for a string trio. He changed the format a bit. Instead of violin, cello, bass, the lineup is now violin, viola, cello, which is more in keeping with the traditional personnel of a string trio. Violist Carol Cook and cellist Natalie Haas joined O'Connor for a series of concerts, and in 2004 this newer lineup released the CD *Crossing Bridges*.

Mark O'Connor's *Appalachia Waltz Trio* will perform on Saturday, August 2, 7:30pm at the Birch North Park Theatre, 2891 University Ave. in North Park. For info, visit [www.birch-northparktheatre.com](http://www.birch-northparktheatre.com).



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Chuck Schiele remembers Craig Yerkes, continued from page 3.



Happy times: Joanna and Chuck Schiele, Sweet Elise, and Yerkes at the Schiele's wedding in 2005.

I'd turn and say, "Ready?" Elise would say something like, "I guess so." (which means "yeah, man.") Craig would be shaking his head yes, smiling smiling smiling, "Yeah, dude, let's go!" We all had the same feeling you get right at that moment when a roller coaster is hitching up and over the first (and highest) slope – somewhere between "oh shit" and a sense of pure might. We'd count to four and just hang on from there. Aside from the smile and the sweat on his head, I will also always remember the look on his face when it came to his turn to "talk" i.e., "solo time." I was right there for every note. It was a look of excruciating joy and very different from the face of other musicians. Actually, that look on his face is the very thing that's waking me up too early in the morning every day since his passing. I think about that face. It's a good face. Craig's solace was in the music.

WE LAID THE TRACKS. HE WAS THE TRAIN. Craig always cued us by shooting a smile and a wink as he entered solo time. Or, if we were standing close enough, he'd crack a rather dry remark about something going on in the room that would floor the rest of us with laughter. And, bam! He was off, set on "stun." He had the incredible ability to go far, far away when he closed his eyes and leaned into the groove. I think this was his freedom. I think this is where he did much of his soul work. Obviously, one cannot play the way he did without spending enormous investments of time practicing the craft. There are plenty of players who can do that. But what made Craig so special was that when he picked that guitar up, it was

fun – but it was also a serious personal matter. And what he discussed and shared "emotionally" in the trillion-gazillion notes spewing from the fretboard was way more important than just the notes he played. To play notes is one thing. To tell a story with them is talent. To share the story he told was magical. Craig reached us all unanimously in this way. And he took us all on a little ride with him every time.

THE NEW DAY. With all this, I/we know that it is our job now to somehow become grateful and feel blessed. We're supposed to move on. . . . and maybe learn a little bit more about ourselves and become more graceful.

Oh, how my heart aches for a friend. But, it's with a deep exhale, a stiff upper lip (wiping my face) that I stand, salute my bro, and state, "I am grateful that I got to play music with you, Craig Yerkes and Elise Ohki. Joanna and I are beyond blessed to have such friends as you. You are loved and always in our hearts."

In light of all this one of the few beautiful things has been the overwhelming show of support from the people of San Diego and our friends in the music scene. We want you to know you are loved and appreciated. Thank you.

OUR WORK, HOWEVER, IS NOT DONE. With Craig's passing, formidable expenses have been incurred, falling on Craig's surviving wife, Elise. In the interest of helping our best friends...Elise, Clay Colton (also Craig's bandmate), and myself (The Grams) are planning a benefit show on Friday, September 5 in Craig's honor. See boxed info on this page.



Clay and Stephanie Colton (with their two kids and friend) with Craig and Elise

Marcia Claire remembers Craig Yerkes, continued from page 3.

THE BOTTOM LINE I could go on forever about my brother Craig. Craig and I used to joke about how we never had to worry about using clichés regarding our relationship. We never ever took a moment for granted. We laughed about being best friends, knowing it in advance, and therefore never taking a moment together for granted.

Well, here's what I've learned about denying clichés. Even acknowledging how much we meant to each other, it still isn't enough. There are no regrets about feelings left unsaid. But even with all of that, it's just never enough. I cherish the silly things: the private jokes, the secret language gags, the moments reminiscing about the family's mistakes and madness. That's what binds you in the end. The formality of the holiday get-togethers, important as they are, become less of what brings you together. It becomes about the stuff that made you laugh in secret and giggle like only siblings who grew up together can.

Like all of you, I had fun with Craig, start to finish. I remember him with love. Remember your own siblings in this way. It's all so fleeting . . . and it's all so much fun. I'm going to throw my list of giggle-stuff in here.

- Toddler Craig always pinching women's legs when we'd be out and about.
- Playing army men in the dirt in our backyard in Rancho Bernardo.
- Riding around our neighborhood there in RB on our golf cart, back in the days where lawsuits weren't an issue and we'd have 10 kids hanging off the cart while my dad drove us around.
- Putting our most bizarre James Brown and Jim Stafford 45s on 78 speed, taking a big drink of water and seeing who could hold it in their mouth the longest before laughing and spitting the water out at the fast-speed music.
- Hooking my friend's dog up to a leash, putting our roller skates on, getting somebody on the other end of the street to call the dog, then flying down the street courtesy of pooch power.
- Playing marathon games of Monopoly that lasted up to a week.
- Waking up with Craig before the sun came up on Election Day to "help" my parents run the voting precinct in our



Marcia Claire with her brother at Craig and Elise's wedding in 2004.

- garage.
- "Borrowing" my mom's Super-8 movie camera and making what we believed to be the greatest films ever made, complete with special effects (earthquakes, disappearing cast members, and stupid-risky stunts).
- Clothes-pinning a playing card to our bike spokes so our bikes would sound like motorcycles.
- Beating up the fourth grade boys who were picking on my little brother at the bus stop (and getting into huge trouble for it by my mom.)
- After-school soccer games with our friends in Leucadia.
- All-night scary movie marathons.
- Subjecting Craig to unending tickling (we called it "tickle torture").
- BB gun fights (yes, real guns and real BBs).
- Building less-than-structurally sound skateboard ramps.
- Hiding his Bachman Turner Overdrive and Wild Cherry 8-Tracks because I thought those were the worst bands in the world.
- Going to Carlsbad Skatepark where Craig always rode better than I did.
- Playing PONG and Atari until the wee hours of the night.
- Resetting Craig's alarm clock so that it would go off at 4am, playing the Mexican station at full blast.
- Catamaraning on our Logan Earth Ski Skateboards down the biggest hills in La Costa. Not safe.
- Tricking Craig into agreeing to ride the Collosus at Magic Mountain by telling him it wasn't scary . . . then telling him it was the scariest ride ever as we started going up that first big hill.
- Never understanding why Craig would choose to lock himself away in his room, practicing scales and runs on his guitar rather than have a social life.
- Enjoying how Craig could work the Randy Rhodes "Crazy Train" solo into any (and I do mean any) song we played in our dorky "old people music sets" in Main Street Magic.
- The never-ending list of girls who were crazy about him.
- Getting the latest Led Zeppelin or Heart songbook and asking our mom (an incredible sight-reader of music) to sight-read "Barracuda" or "Misty Mountain Hop" on piano. Oh, she'd get so mad at

- us when she realized we were making her play "rock music" on her fancy piano.
- Trying to figure out how, out of all the Main St. Magic kids, Craig was the only one to actually get blacklisted from a motel chain. (I'm pretty sure he took the fall for one of the other guys.)
- The time one of the band members didn't close the door to his room/practice room and he ended up with a rattlesnake in his bedroom.
- The day Craig didn't secure his Fender Twin after band practice and it went through the window of my mom's station wagon as we went around a turn. Not a good day.
- The constant music trivia challenges we'd send back and forth via email.
- Watching Looney Tunes as kids, "Pee-Wee's Playhouse" in our 20s, and "SpongeBob SquarePants" in our 40s.
- Brian Staub vs. Craig Yerkes in arm-wrestling challenges. To my recollection, Brian never did actually beat his Uncle Craig.
- Receiving the token "basaca-basaca-basaca-balancee" phone call at least once a year.
- Middle of the night phone calls from New York when he and Elise were back visiting the family, asking me to speak horse Latin over the speakerphone to make everyone (mainly him) laugh.
- My last gig with my brother: January 6, 2008, playing at Sven-Erik Seaholm's birthday party with Craig and all of my kids, all on the same stage together.

**REMEMBERING CRAIG**  
A Benefit Concert in Honor of Craig Yerkes  
All proceeds to cover expenses incurred with Craig's passing.  
**September 5, 9:30pm**  
**ANTHOLOGY, 1337 India Street**  
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This was Craig's favorite venue, hands down. He flipped over this venue, because it was A) classy, and B) sonically wonderful – a joy to play. The show will include performances from members of the Grams, the Clay Colton Band, Craig's sister Marcia Claire, and a variety of area musician friends. Also jumping into the show will be Paul Gilbert (guitarist for Mr. Big) to whom Craig reportedly gave a lesson or two back in guitar school. Craig was very proud that his buddy hit the big BIG time. There will be a raffle with great prizes. We'll show special footage on the really big wide screen and we'll show the debut of the Grams' Love music video (produced by Josh Dragotta). Photographers are invited to showcase their tremendous photos of Craig both in a widescreen visual media show as well as in gallery display fashion (contact us, please). Further, we will also offer a "rarities and outtakes" CD of Craig live and in the studio along with a number of other special keepsakes. This is the only time these items will be available.  
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The Grams at their triumphant CD release of Love Factory at Anthology earlier this year.



# Death Valley Pizza

## From the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

by Matthew Powers

Contrary to what you might think, imaginary soundtracks can open the creative gates. Rather than restricting the musician to a particular story, an imaginary soundtrack can serve as a catalyst for artistic innovation. By inventing a fictional narrative, artists can transgress musical boundaries they would otherwise be inhibited to explore as “themselves.” This has been reinforced throughout rock history. Arguably the Flaming Lips’ best album is a faux-soundtrack. The hallmark of U2’s experimental era was *Original Soundtracks 1*. That album’s producer, Brian Eno, got into the act years earlier with his *Music for Films* series, a touchstone of his ambient work. But their futuristic, grandiose textures are more cinematic in tone rather than theme.

With Death Valley Pizza’s *From the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack* it feels like theme is more important. They do a good job with it too. Themes of desperation and loneliness blanket *Soundtrack*, while buttressing the overarching narrative of a western. The music is distinct, meanwhile, and the instruments carry their own personality. The cry of the violin could be the anxieties of an unfaithful spouse. The light pedal steel guitar could be the unfulfilled dreams of a prospector.

But what about singer Ian Zalewski. What character is he? Maybe he’s a hard-scrabble oilman or a misread, small-town pariah. Beneath his stoic vocals lies a resigned alienation that sounds pretty authentic. One can only guess, however, because his lyrics are generally incoherent. Often vocals can be powerfully used as nothing more than an instrument. But in a concept album the narrative is huge and the lyrics are crucial. The better part of Zalewski’s vocals are suspended deep in his esophagus and come out in a colorless, muffled rasp.

There are some problems with the music, too. The straightforward folk tunes are a little bland and a couple of the most conventional songs like “Last Laugh” approach John Mellencamp-style generic. But even these are always saved by an inspiring guitar or mandolin lick out of nowhere, which not only save the songs, but they’re also a testament to the band’s sheer musical skill. From the ringing harmonicas of “Yodi” to the slow-burn psychedelia of “I’m a Nut,” Death Valley Pizza demonstrates that they can alternate genres seamlessly.

Predictably the CD’s best moments are on tunes that sound like they’re from movies. The big-band weirdness of “I\*T\*Y\*L\*Y” has a mythical edge to it and the ethereal instrumental “If Wishes Were Horses” works well as an interlude.

The best song is “Drama,” which sounds like a cue straight out of a film score. Its sweeping, symphonic melody is densely elegant, gently drifting like a lonely gust of wind over the band’s Desert Valley milieu. None of the album is as transcendently emotional as this piece. But despite the inconsistencies to

*continued adjacent*



# Wayne Riker

## Fretfull

by Paul Hormick

*Fretfull* is the name of Wayne Riker’s new CD and I admit that I was fretful when I put the disk in the player. I’m always suspicious of guitar recordings. Guitarists can fall in love with the tricks of their trade, such as pull-offs and hammer-ons, blazing us down with a shotgun burst of notes that don’t go anywhere. So I was fully expecting to hear vertiginous riffs of God over and over and over and over again in a cavalcade of D major or E minor when I pressed the play button.

My fears were assuaged, however. Riker’s disk is a collection of his compositions, all of which are musical, with good chord changes and some mighty fine picking. Riker recognizes what a lot of string players don’t understand but horn players and singers know from the physical nature of their instruments – that the human voice is one of the bedrocks of music. All of Riker’s compositions have moments when the music breathes; there is time for a pause, a thought. This is one of the best things about the CD.

It’s asking a lot of a listener to stay with you during an entire disk of solo guitar, but the variety of tunes and approaches on *Fretfull* keeps things fresh. Riker uses standard guitar tuning as well as open tunings on some compositions. The use of different guitars for different timbres adds to the variety as well. I enjoyed this disk so much that I hate to voice a criticism, but there is one thing that really bothered me. The sound of the guitars is muffled, with lots of low end and very little high end. Once I turned the bass way down and the treble way up, it sounded a lot better.

The syncopation of ragtime requires independence of the left and right hand of the piano player, befuddling all of them. This rhythmic play, however, lends itself to the guitar. It’s almost as if the form was made for the instrument. Riker’s “8 p.m. Rag” is a modern execution of this musical form, using chords that Joplin may not have considered and straying somewhat from the heavy one-three feel of the bass. Ragtime’s natural lightness, humor, and irony nonetheless come across well.

On the third cut of the disk, “Emancipation,” Riker incorporates some influence of French Impressionism. This is dicey territory, as any effort in this area that is not well conceived will sound like so much New Age noodling. But Riker keeps the inspiration true to the forms used by Ravel and Debussy, and it makes for a very pretty tune. Clocking in at 2:40, “Devil’s Dance” is one of the disk’s shortest tunes and one of the best. The raw approach contrasts with the finger picking finery of the rest of the CD. It wakes up the listener, and it’s fun. In “Blues From A2Z,” Ryker has a different take on the form, from jazz to down home Piedmont, every 12 bars. It is obvious that Riker has performed each of these styles for years. He handles all of them like a pro.

*Deth Valley Pizza, continued*

their debut, Death Valley Pizza have to be applauded for their courage. From old-time hootenanny to space travel instrumentals, *Soundtracks* proves to be a thoroughly interesting, if uneven, affair.



# Mickey Mikesell

## Cows on the Beach

by Julia Bemiss

“It’s five o’clock somewhere!” is a good excuse to start the weekend early, unless you’re listening to Mickey Mikesell’s zanily titled album *Cows on the Beach*, in which case the party started long before you took your first listen. In Mikesell’s musical world, it’s always five o’clock.

Unexpectedly, a lonesome moan between acoustic and pedal steel guitars begins the album as Mikesell makes a haunting lyric reference to the New Year’s Day deaths of Townes Van Zandt and Hank Williams – until the banjo kicks in and you realize he’s actually referencing the death of his “damned old dog.” It’s a song about the loved ones around us who have died or left as we contemplate the turning of another “new” year and confront the aching nostalgia for our younger selves and the memories we aim to keep: “What I aim to do with these things I miss/is lock them in some vast abyss/in an ivory chest sealed with a kiss/I miss my damned old things,” a poignant song you can dance to.

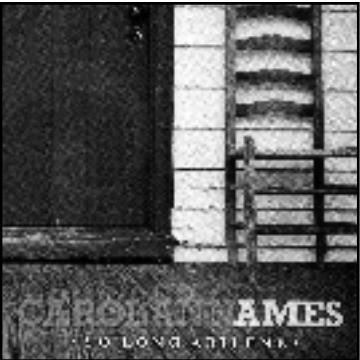
Mikesell doesn’t really “sing” his songs so much as he says them, which might be why a song like “Damned Old Things” sounds a bit like the Charlie Daniels Band’s “Devil Went Down to Georgia.” You get the idea that Mikesell and his band members (the Uglymen) aren’t intentionally trying to emulate Charlie Daniels; they simply know how to craft old-fashioned southern rock songs that show off blazing picking skills and fiddle playing but with a sense of humor usually reserved for upstart stand-up comics.

“The Big Hit Blues” is a bluesy tune with its electric guitar, harmonica, and lyrics that dream the big dream of rock stardom despite the unabashed fantasy and impossibility of it all. Even if a Big Hit hits, there’s still Big Hit #2 looming.

The party continues with “Girls’ Night Out,” which isn’t about ladies’ night at the local bar so much as it’s about the dads left behind to mind the kids, take care of the house, and the chaos that ensues. The unexpected addition of saxophone whips it all into a crazed frenzy.

“The Ode to Imperial Beach” cleverly turns Descartes’ “I Think, Therefore I Am” on its tippy, one-too-many-tequila-shots side. Somehow it seamlessly blends a reggae backbeat, banjo, and a bluesy twanging guitar into an intriguing interlude. “The Cigarette Smokes” is the most fun anti-tobacco song you may ever come upon and “Romeo and Juliet II” is a modern day, virtual version of ill-fated love, country ballad style with a hint of a Hawaiian luau thrown in.

Though many of the album’s lyrics have a somewhat juvenile tone, they are lovably so. “Oh, Kentucky” and “Louisiana, Louisiann” are the most serious and traditional sounding tracks, appearing toward the end of the album, just in time for the last track “Bluegrass,” at which point the party starts all over again.



# Caroleann Ames

## So Long Abilene

by Julia Bemiss

From the opening drum solo that kick-starts Carolann Ames’ new album *So Long Abilene*, it’s no surprise to learn that she won the Grand Prize in 2004’s John Lennon Songwriting Contest for “West Virginia,” a song she wrote despite having never visited the Mountain State. Since then she’s claimed a number of Honorable Mentions from heavy hitters like *Billboard* magazine, *American Songwriter* magazine, and *SongOfTheYear.com*. Her voice and musicianship are assured, solidly consistent, and polished.

Ames hails from Texas, which finds its way into a few of her songs, as does Tennessee, Ohio, Carolina, Georgia, and of course, California. These are traveling songs, road songs about running away from or running toward love or a new life, and chasing dreams, some of which are yet to be realized, others that have already dissolved.

“Broken Down Dream,” for example, is a road song about staying out of the way of love to continue chasing one’s dream, if only in vain. It expresses thoughtful lyrics with a wry humor such as “Might save myself, might settle down/Might forget you in each new town.” This track particularly highlights Melissa Harley’s keen fiddle playing, which rises and lowers in volume in time with Ames’ voice. Several tracks feature the fiddle but it never sounds overused or overpowering because Harley is so attuned to tailoring its sound to each song, whether she’s playing over piano, banjo, vocals, or solo.

Bass, fiddle, and organ help to set the freewheeling tempo of “7th Avenue” and its accompanying imagistic lyrics: “Two towers shadow the Stardust Hotel/Broadway pawn hotwires Pay-Per-View.” Many of the lyrics are poetic in their use of imagery to create mood and ambience and include references to tequila shared from a paper cup, fireflies at dusk, sunsets against lavender skies, darkness falling like rain through a broken sky, and snowflaked cheeks.

Though many of the songs have a country-pop sheen, there are a few songs with sparse instrumentation, such as the title track, that delicately balance acoustic guitar, banjo, and a hint of piano. The sad and haunting “I Remain” finds Ames dealing with grief over the death of her father, for whom the album is dedicated. Ames is somewhat known for her unusual time signature changes and one of them comes at the end of “I Remain.” It’s an unexpected change-up but after a few listens, it seems appropriate because it aurally evokes the pain of loss as well as hope for the lost loved one’s renewal and contentment in the afterlife.

Ames and her band, Silverlake, have a sound that’s hard to pin down. It’s been described as roots music, Americana, and country, and in the case of the track “Bridgewater Creek,” bluegrass. They even throw in a cover of an Elton John song, “Where to Now St. Peter?” With that kind of variety in the mix, there’s no use in trying to describe it any further. Their considerable talent, skill, and passion let the music speak for itself.



# Will Edwards

## contradiction

by Mike Alvarez

The music scene is full of acoustic singer-songwriters, so anyone considering a career in the genre needs to be reasonably confident they can deliver something distinctive. Their lyrics need to be particularly clever and insightful. Their melodies should be pleasing and innovative. The songs should remain interesting if performed only by the singer and an acoustic guitar.

For the most part, Will Edwards proves himself worthy of the challenge on his latest CD titled *Contradiction*. This collection of all-original songs has an air of comfortable familiarity as he has successfully synthesized his influences into a very appealing sound. If you can imagine Jim Croce singing songs that might be at home on an early Elton John album, you’d have some idea of what I’m talking about. “Angel on My Back” is an Eagles-esque tune in the vein of “Take It Easy” or “Peaceful Easy Feeling.” “Delaware” is a slow country ballad that Willie Nelson should cover. “You Want My Buy In” could be a long-lost Simon and Garfunkel gem. But regardless of their roots, these songs are performed with an individual voice and style.

The sound is largely acoustic but it is broadened with subtle synthesizer accents and textures. Tasteful drumming and hand percussion provide the perfect backbeat without overpowering the songs. Conversational snippets and sound effects also serve to keep things interesting. His singing voice is pleasant and unaffected. It fits in perfectly with the generally laid-back midtempo vibe of the music. The lyrics are stories and introspective musings about everyday life that are delivered with a warm and unforced voice.

In addition to writing, producing, and arranging duties, Edwards plays many of the instruments himself. He called in some of San Diego’s finest talent to add their special ingredients to the mix. Notable among these are vocalist Saba and pianist John Ciccolella (formerly host of the venerable acoustic music venue Twiggs, now Across the Street at Mueller College). It all comes together marvelously.

The arrangements are smart and uncluttered with each part precisely tailored to drive the songs forward. The sound is crisp and balanced and the songs are artfully sequenced to create a pleasing ebb and flow of moods. The quietly pensive “Street Lights” closes the album, leaving the listener with a yearning yet satisfied feeling. This is a thoughtfully conceived and beautifully executed recording. Fans of Jackson Browne, James Taylor, and Jim Croce will love it!





AUGUST 2008 SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR

'round about



# AUGUST CALENDAR

## friday • 1

**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.  
**Nitro Express**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**Sue Palmer & the Hayriders**, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.  
**Johnny Polanco CD Release**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Berkley Hart/Josh Damigo/Trevor Davis/Rob Dee**, Marquee Theater, 835 25th St., 7:30pm.  
**Dolly Parton**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Cotton Fever**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm.

## saturday • 2

**Gato Papacitos**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**The Blokes**, Penny Lane Pub & Grill, 1001 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims**, Robbie's, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 6:30pm.  
**North by North Park Music Fest**, 100 music acts in 14 venues, 7pm-1:30am. <http://sandiego-musicfoundation.org/nxnp/>  
**Mark O'Connor's Appalachia Waltz Trio**, Birch North Park Theater, 2891 University Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Mike Lopez**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Riders of the Purple Sage**, Mission Theater, 231 N. Main, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.  
**Missing Persons w/ Dale Bozio**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt/Scott Wilson**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Gato Papacitos/Heidi Hughes**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Leather & Grace**, Bella Roma, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 9pm.

## sunday • 3

**The Corvettes**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Torrey Hills Ctr., 4639 Carmel Mountain Rd., 4:30pm.  
**Eve Selis Band**, Sage Canyon Park, 5290 Harvest Run Dr., Carmel Valley, 5pm.  
**Gilbert Castellanos Latin Jazz Quintet**, Quail Botanical Gardens, 230 Quail Gardens Dr., Encinitas, 5pm.  
**Will Faerber Band**, Standley Park, 3585 Governor Dr., 5pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Rock Valley House Concert, University City, 7pm. [wonderwoman@san.rr.com](mailto:wonderwoman@san.rr.com)  
**The Blokes**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.  
**Pat Benetar & Neil Giraldo**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Carrie Rodriguez**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**The Temptations/Four Tops**, Valley View Casino, Valley Center, 8pm.  
**Applebrown Jazz Ensemble**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 4

**Anna Troy**, OB People's Food Store, 4765 Voltaire St., 5:30pm.  
**Huey Lewis & the News**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

## tuesday • 5

**Lyle Lovett**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7:30pm.  
**Michele Lundeen**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Hennessey's, 708 4th Ave., 9:30pm.

## wednesday • 6

**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind w/ Jim Lair & Warren Bryant**, Lakeside Library, 9839 Vine St., 6pm.  
**Bluegrass Jam**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Box Scaggs**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Daby Toure**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**The Soul Persuaders**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

## thursday • 7

**Gregory Page**, Fletcher Cove Park, Solana Beach, 6pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Indulge, 4550 La Jolla Village Dr., 6pm.  
**Old Time Fiddlers Jam**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind w/ Jimmy Patton**, Capri Blu's Imperial Martini Lounge, 10436 Craftsman Way, Rancho Bernardo, 7pm.  
**Bill Watrous w/ Dave Scott & the Mesa College Big Band**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Eric Brendo**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Sue Palmer & the Blue Four**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## friday • 8

**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.  
**The Corvettes**, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.  
**Anthony Smith & Friends**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Bushwalla/Michael Tiernan/Kenny Eng/A Beautiful Noise**, Marquee Theater, 835 25th St., 7:30pm.  
**Peter & Gordon/Gerry & the Pacemakers/Gary & the Playboys**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Larry Carlton**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Casey Frazier**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Five Times August/Josh Damigo**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**The Blokes**, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

## saturday • 9

**Peter Sprague Trio**, Julian Library, 1850 Hwy. 78, 4pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.  
**Jim Kveskin**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Eve Selis Band**, John & Patty's House Concert, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 760/479-0255  
**Kenny Eng**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Lisa Sanders/Sue Palmer Quintet**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Steve Poltz & the Cynics/Sara Petite**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Earl Thomas**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

## sunday • 10

**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, CityFest, 5th & Robinson, Hillcrest, 12:30pm.  
**Anna Troy**, CityFest, 5th & Robinson, Hillcrest, 1:30pm.  
**Peter Sprague Trio**, Vista Library, 700 Eucalyptus Ave., 1:30pm.  
**S.D. Folk Song Society**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.  
**Frank Marocco & Lou Fanucchi**, Bailey Hall, Mt. Miguel Covenant Village, 325 Kempton Ave., Spring Valley, 2pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band**, Mission Bay Deli, 1548 Quivera Way, 2pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Standley Park, 3585 Governor Dr., 5pm.  
**Allison Adams Tucker CD Release**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 6pm.  
**Acoustic Alliance w/ Derek Duplessie/stra Kelly/JAC/Jasmine Commerce/Adam Roth/Rachel Bellinski/Virginia Plain/Leldon/EJP/Brandon Rice/Lindsay White/Randy Chiorazzi/The Flower Thief**, Brick by Brick, 1130 Benos Ave., 7pm.  
**UB40**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 8pm.

## monday • 11

**Pete Huttlinger Guitar Workshop**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**The Blokes**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.  
**Dayna Stephens Quartet**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.  
**David Sanborn/Lee Ritenour**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

## tuesday • 12

**Fabulous Thunderbirds**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

## wednesday • 13

**Michael McDonald**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Fabulous Thunderbirds**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Laura Roppé & Rob Carona Dual CD Release/Clay Colton Band**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

## thursday • 14

**Bayou Brothers**, Rancho Del Oro Park, Mesa Dr. & College Blvd., Oceanside, 5:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Terra, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.  
**Billy Watson**, Fletcher Cove Park, Solana Beach, 6pm.  
**Joe Rathburn/John Foltz**, Milano's, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Fran Hartshorn & Friends**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Gipsy Kings**, Valley View Casino, Valley Center, 7:30pm.  
**Joe Cocker**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Amy Kuney/MiGGs**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**The Soul Persuaders**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

## friday • 15

**Anna Troy**, Indigo Cafe, 1435 6th Ave., 5:30pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.  
**Bill Magee Blues Band**, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.

**Chet & the Committee**, Park Stage, Campland on the Bay, 2211 Pacific Beach Dr., 7pm.  
**Jacques Loussier Trio**, Birch North Park Theater, 2891 University Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Wrong Trousers/Caleb Jude Green/Astra Kelly/Gayle Skidmore**, Marquee Theater, 835 25th St., 7:30pm.  
**Peter Sprague & Kevyn Lettau CD Release**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Tower of Power**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**EJP/Rob Dee**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Courtney Bowden**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**JimBo Trout**, Rosie O'Grady's Irish Pub, 3402 Adams Ave., 10pm.

## saturday • 16

**Charlie Imes CD Release**, Barefoot Bar & Grill, 1404 Vacation Rd., 1pm.  
**Sue Palmer & the Hayriders**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**The Blokes**, Penny Lane Pub & Grill, 1001 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims**, Robbie's, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 6:30pm.  
**Shady Side Players**, It's a Grind, 204 N. El Camino Real, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**High Hills**, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.  
**Michael Ward**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Berkley Hart**, CanyonFolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon, 8pm. [canyonfolk@cox.net](mailto:canyonfolk@cox.net)  
**Eve Selis & Marc Twang**, Frogstop House Concert, San Marcos, 8pm. 760/295-0222  
**Powerhouse Quintet**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Ivan Cheong/Fabianne**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Gregory Page**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 17

**Shady Side Players**, Rebecca's Coffeehouse, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.  
**Benny Hollman's Big Band Explosion**, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle**, Quail Botanical Gardens, 230 Quail Gardens Dr., Encinitas, 6:30pm.  
**The Blokes**, St. John's Fiesta Del Flores, 1001 Encinitas Blvd., 7pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.

## monday • 18

**The Jazz Ensemble CD Release**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**The Blokes**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.  
**Gipsy Kings**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.

## tuesday • 19

**Edwin McCain**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.  
**Steve Winwood**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Bridget's Music Garden w/ Bridget Brigitte/Cynthia Hammond/Steven Ybarra/Lindsey Yung/Candice Graham**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Ruby & the Red Hots**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Hennessey's, 708 4th Ave., 9:30pm.

## wednesday • 20

**Shawn Mullins**, Birch Aquarium, 2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, 6pm.  
**Steve Tyrell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Sue Palmer & the Blue Four**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## thursday • 21

**Michael Tiernan**, Fletcher Cove Park, Solana Beach, 6pm.  
**Joe Rathburn/Shawn Rohlf**, Milano's, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Old Time Fiddlers Jam**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Sheryl Crow w/ James Blunt**, Valley View Casino, Valley Center, 7pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind w/ Jim Lair**, Capri Blu's Imperial Martini Lounge, 10436 Craftsman Way, Rancho Bernardo, 7pm.  
**Steve Tyrell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Buick Wilson Band**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Kirsten Price**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 22

**Summergrass**, Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum, 2040 N. Santa Fe Ave., Vista, 3pm.  
**Skelpin**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.  
**The Coolrays**, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.  
**Sondre Lerche**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.  
**Fiffin Market/Pullman Standard/Aaron Bowen/Alex Esther**, Marquee Theater, 835 25th St., 7:30pm.  
**Steve Tyrell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.  
**Katy Wong/Bryan Bangerter/Worthy Gubbins**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.

# W E E K L Y

## every sunday

**Shawn Rohlf & Friends**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.  
**Bluegrass Brunch**, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.  
**Daniel Jackson**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twiggs, 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).  
**José Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.  
**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

## every monday

**Open Mic**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Pro-Invitational Blues Jam**, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

## every tuesday

**Traditional Irish Session**, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.  
**All Pro Blues Jam**, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 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.  
**Open Mic**, Channel 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.  
**Christopher Dale & Friends**, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle**,

Hennessey's, 4650 Mission Blvd., 7:30pm.  
**Folk Arts Rare Records Singers' Circle**, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.  
**Tomcat Courtney**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

## every thursday

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

## 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.  
**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, 4pm.  
**Daniele Spadavecchia**, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.

## thursday • 28

**Robin Henkel**, Terra, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.  
**Shawn Rohlf**, Fletcher Cove Park, Solana Beach, 6pm.  
**Joe Rathburn/Alan James**, Milano's, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Sight & Sound**, Kava Lounge, 2812 Kettner Blvd., 7:30pm.  
**Laurie Morvan**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Patty Griffin/Langhorne Slim**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Boomsnake/Brian Warren/The Paddle Boat**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 29

**Anna Troy**, Indigo Cafe, 1435 6th Ave., 5:30pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.  
**The Variations**, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Jackie Greene**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Heidi Hughes**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Alex Depue/Miguel De Hoyas**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**The Blokes**, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

## saturday • 30

**Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle**, Coronado Ferry Landing, Coronado, 2pm.  
**Antonio Pontarelli**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 5pm.  
**Sara Petite**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.  
**Labor Day Blues Fest**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.  
**Skelpin/Delancey/Rob Dee**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Caji & Salome**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Dave Mason**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**David**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.

## sunday • 31

**Labor Day Jazz Celebration**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.  
**The Satoko Fujii Quartet**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Tim Mudd B-Day Show**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

The Museum of Making Music  
*presents*

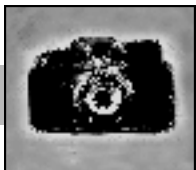
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[www.museumofmakingmusic.org](http://www.museumofmakingmusic.org)



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Journey @ Cricket Wireless



Alex Depue & Miguel De La Hoya @ Lestat's



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### JAMS AND MEETINGS

**Olde Tyme Fiddle Jam** First and third Thursday of the month (7:00-9:30)  
**Bluegrass Jam** Fifth Tuesday of month (6:30-9:30)  
**San Diego Folk Song Society**—Second Sunday of the month (2:00-6:00)  
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