

T SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR

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



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

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Villa Musica Hosts Top Australian Guitarist Pair

by Frank Kocher

Villa Musica, a San Diego community music center, will present the Australian classical guitar duo the Grigoryan Brothers in concert October 16. The event is set for the Neurosciences Institute, 10640 John Jay Hopkins Drive, with tickets available for \$30 (\$20 for seniors; \$10 for full-time students). The concert starts at 7:30pm.

"We have added a special pre-concert talk with the artists at 6:30pm," said Dr. Fiona Chatwin, director of Villa Musica.

"Also, the Bondi Bar and Kitchen in the Gaslamp district donated intermission reception refreshments, which will be included." Chatwin is also an Australia native, who has known the Grigoryans and their manager for years.

"They are two of the most charming, entertaining, down to earth guys. They have a wonderful Australian sense of humor and are really approachable; they are superb musicians too."

The Grigoryan Brothers are regarded as Australia's finest classical guitar duo. Their music incorporates many styles, including jazz, Latin, and other contemporary music forms. While both are experienced players of classical music, they have side projects in other musical areas, including a jazz band that features younger brother Leonard. They recently released a CD titled *Distance*, which features the improvisation and exploration that they have long incorporated in their live shows. The disc showcases their eclectic talents as they play music from a variety of source material, including original compositions and works by American jazz icon Ralph Towner and Australian composers Wolfgang Muthspiel and Nigel Westlake.

Their father, Edward, also wrote a composition and both their father and mother, Irina, play instruments on the album.

Slava and Leonard Grigoryan have been playing together for over eight years. Slava, the older brother, is an established solo artist who has been performing with many top orchestras worldwide since 1994, including the London Philharmonic, Israel Symphony Orchestra, and the Hong Kong Sinfonietta as well as many chamber and string quartet ensembles. He has also toured internationally with his brother and as a solo artist, and released six solo CDs and many collaborative recordings. He won an ARIA award for Best Classical Album in 2002 with *Sonatas and Fantasies*, and with his brother was nominated for another ARIA award in 2003 for their first recording, *Play*.

Leonard, nine years younger than Slava,

began playing guitar with his brother at age four, taught like his brother by their father, and began appearing with Slava in performance in 1999. He was the only guest artist to appear on *Sonatas and Fantasies* and has been a member (with his brother) of Saffire: The Australian String Quartet. He performs and tours as a solo artist, and is known for his dedication to jazz as well as classical genres, as an arranger and composer.

In addition to *Distance*, the brothers have teamed up for three other CDs, which include 2007's *Impressions*.

Villa Musica is San Diego's community music center, enabling people of all ages and backgrounds to discover, explore, and enhance their music skills as part of a network of musicians, educators, and lovers of music. The organization got its start in November 2005 as a 501(c)3 non-profit corporation and Chatwin, who was completing doctoral studies at UCSD, was interested in an organization to answer to the lack of music education in the city schools and wanted to create a communal place for musicians in San Diego. The earliest public efforts by the organization happened in July 2006 with a series of music camps for age 11 to 18 year-olds, focusing on voice with Chatwin as lead instructor.

Soon, the Villa launched its own Community Choir. This non-audition group continues to meet weekly, with members from several generations. The center has expanded the classes offered and this fall classes include early childhood music, beginner guitar and violin, flute and percussion ensemble, and many other classes, and workshops. Most classes are open to beginner level musicians and singers, and as Chatwin points out, auditions are not required.

"We have an exceptionally good faculty that can take you to Carnegie Hall or to sing at a backyard barbeque, depending on the musician," she said, "But everyone is welcome."

Weekend workshops featuring expert musicians, songwriters, and performers have been a regular part of the center's curricula since early 2007. These have included classes by classical guitarist Celino Romero, a workshop and concert with Nashville songwriter Lisa Aschmann, and other opportunities for more experienced musicians and students. The center also sponsors recitals and concerts by visiting artists, which include the Grigoryan Brothers this month.

Classes regularly involve 75 to 110 students in quarterly classes, an annual base of around 450. The classes have not only been a valuable resource for the students as a place to learn and play but have also helped



The Grigoryan Brothers: Slava & Leonard

provide many of the people that have become part of the Villa Musica mission. Two prominent people in helping Chatwin with the organization's growth have been communications and grant writer Sarah Lifton and graphic designer Jen Knudson.

"A great deal of the people who are involved with Villa Musica originally began as participants in the classes and courses. Now they are involved in grant writing, and the board of directors. They have found a musical home," said Chatwin.

The classes have been taking place in church facilities in the La Jolla area, as to date Villa Musica has been a "center without walls," as Lifton terms it. For the past six months the focus has been on grant writing and fund raising in order to find a facility where the center can offer private lessons, unavailable now. Chatwin said a couple of sites have been considered. A soundproof facility in a diverse location fairly close to the La Jolla area, where the center has established itself for three years, would be ideal; locations might include Pacific Beach, North Clairemont, or east of UCSD. Students come from as far away as Santee and Rancho Bernardo.

Another upcoming project at Villa Musica in 2010 is an important collaboration with the Bayside Community Center in Linda Vista. Chatwin is working with Bayside executive director Jorge Riquelme to start an orchestra for children based on "El Sistema" from Venezuela. This revolutionary teaching method, featured in a 60 Minutes feature last year, has been shown for over 30 years to effectively teach very young children to play classical music instruments as young as age four, and includes all interested children including those living in poverty. The ethnically diverse population in Linda Vista includes some economically disadvantaged children who will be welcome in the Orchestra, with financial aid for those who qualify.

In the meantime, even without walls for now, Villa Musica continues to provide San Diego musicians and music lovers with a musical home.



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Jim McInnes: The Face of San Diego Radio for Nearly 40 Years, Part 2

by Raul Sandelin
continued from last month's issue

A couple of months after McInnes was fired by KGB, local San Diego musicians banded together to throw Jim a big going away party at the Catamaran Hotel's Cannibal Bar, featuring ten bands and drawing what hotel management described as one of its biggest-ever Sunday crowds.

Soon, McInnes was scrambling to retool his broadcast career. Fortunately, the competition was more than happy to take him. And, Jim went to work as the afternoon drive jock for 103.7 The Planet, the other "classic rock" station at the time. With his typical sense of humor and knack for puns, and longing for the more obscure boundaries of rock, McInnes developed an on-air Sunday show called "Vinyl Resting Place," which featured B-Sides and other lesser-heard tracks. "Resting Place" lasted two-and-a-half years until the Planet switched formats in 2005.

In the meantime, Jim approached KSDS Jazz 88.3. Always a quiet aficionado of jazz going back to his days at "free form" WIBA-FM in Madison, McInnes has an extensive knowledge about the genre although, he admits, it was difficult at first shaking his 30-year reputation as a "Rock Jock." Nevertheless, he was eventually able to convince management that his jazz pedigree was for real and he's been working regularly at Jazz 88.3 since 2006. At the same time, he found a place in town to work off his well-known knack for one-liners. Besides working at Jazz 88.3, he also nailed down radio's equivalent of a 9-to-5 job, doing traffic and news for KFMB-AM and "traffic with personality" on the sister station, Jack-FM. For the latter, he also maintains a blog. Today, he can be heard over 45 times per day on the two KFMB stations.

Thus, these are the two radio lives of Jim McInnes: The first life he spent at one of the country's top radio stations for nearly 30 years. The second life has entailed jumping between four stations in the last seven years, at present working for three of those stations simultaneously.

Yet, because of Jim's consistent on-air demeanor and level-headed tone, it's as if he's never budged in nearly four decades. Although the call letters have changed, JM on either the FM or the AM is still holding court in the AM and the PM. The fact that Jim has lived these two radio lives has only underscored his institutional status in San Diego radio.

There are many ingredients that have made Jim McInnes such as success in radio, many reasons why, as mentioned last month in part one of this article, he has risen above the usual schlock of commercial radio. In a business where the key to success is selling the sponsor's product, it's difficult to stay genuine. One of the reasons McInnes has garnered so much respect is his encyclopedic knowledge of popular music, from rock to jazz to blues to the more experimental fringes. This is because McInnes is a musician himself. As stated, he started playing guitar in high school. Adding bass to that, he has been playing for some 45 years. Humbly, he'll tell you that his playing is "more enthusiasm than skill." But, after all of these years, he definitely holds his own on stage, becoming a local musician of some renown. He played in college bands while still in Illinois and even put together a jam band called the Bizarro Brothers during his few years in Madison. After moving to San Diego and becoming a fixture in the local scene, he co-founded Land Piranha in 1979. "In retrospect, it seems like we were destined to be an opening act for the Penetrators, because we must have played half our gigs with them!" (the Penetrators, featuring Dan McClain, who would later morph into Country Dick Montana, listed McInnes as a "spiritual advisor" on one of their albums.)

With Jim on bass, Land Piranha "played '60s garage tunes like Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Stooges, and MC5 with a little Cheap Trick and even Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow thrown in." Land Piranha gigged until 1981, often at the Spirit Club, and were featured on a live compilation album titled *Who's Listening?*

After a long hiatus, Jim joined Modern Rhythm in 1999, a band that had formed locally in 1982 and included former members of Land Piranha, Burning Bridges, and Claude Coma's band, the I.V.'s, as well as drummer Jack Pinney of Iron Butterfly, Glory, Shames, and Jacks fame. McInnes inserted himself on rhythm guitar with, as he puts it, "the occasional ham-fisted solo." Modern Rhythm, a blues, swing, and boogie outfit, played their first gig with McInnes on the KGB Skyshow parking lot stage in 1999, and went on to play the OMBAC Coming-Out Party for six years (opening for the Farmers, the Smithereens, and even the Platters) as well as Streetscene in 2001-2 and an estimated 120 other gigs until McInnes left in 2006. Today, without a band, Jim continues to jam around town and with friends. Still, he remains intrigued by "the art of playing in a band where the whole is more than the sum of its parts."

McInnes is also well known as a friend of the San Diego music scene and a connoisseur of the outer, less-populated edges of popular music. "I know what it's like to be in a band," Jim says. In 1974, there was zero exposure for San Diego musicians. "I simply tried to breathe some life into the small but thriving music scene here." As already mentioned, he spent 10 years mentoring both the KGB *Homegrown* albums and later the on-air "Homegrown Hour." And, he's had hundreds of local shows, making friends with all of San Diego's rock royalty along the way. But, he's also designed a number of eclectic radio programs too. From 1977's "Modern World," which featured emerging punk, to "Off the Wall" to "Private Stock" to "Rock n' Roll Museum," dedicated to early rock pioneers such as Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, and Link Wray, Jim has created Sunday night and lunch hour formats that reach deep into both the blossoming underground and the forgotten vaults of rock 'n' roll. As he puts it, "I like turning people on to stuff I like."

Another trait that singles Jim McInnes out from the huddled masses of "air talent" is that



McInnes in Land Piranha, 1979

Jim is funny. Now, 100 percent of radio jocks try to be funny. There was a jock once who went into hysterics every time he changed the word "rainbow" to "rainblow," hysterics that culminated only after the traffic on Clarence Weed Boulevard had been delivered. Despite the fact that DJs have been hanging upside down, wearing underwear intended for the opposite gender, and riding bicycles designed for circus chimps for decades, the pass rate on the Air Jock Funny Test is less than one percent. This puts JM in the PM on the FM in an elite category. Moreover, McInnes helped develop what could best be described as KGB humor, the brand of comedy that KGB has put out from the News Brothers of the 1970s to the KGB Chicken to Delaney and Prescott, then, Berger and Prescott in the '80s to the number-one rated "Dave, Shelly, and Chainsaw Show" of today.

"We were all listening to George Carlin, the Credibility Gap, Lenny Bruce, and especially the Firesign Theater," McInnes remembers. The original News Brothers – Brad Messer and Brent Seltzer – along with the program directors of the early '70s were especially influenced by Firesign Theater. Jeff Prescott, whom McInnes describes as an immense comedic talent, joined KGB in 1975, and a host of other, now-legendary KGB personalities such as Gabriel Wisdom, Mike Berger, Bill Hergonson, Erik Thompson, and the late John Leslie joined soon after. In the 80s, Cookie "Chainsaw" Randolph and Chris Boyer would join the station, forming a link between the 1970s talent and the morning show headed by Dave Rickards and Shelly Dunn that has been a staple on KGB, more or less, since 1991.



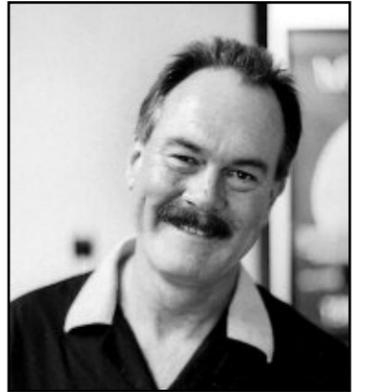
McInnes with Modern Rhythm, 1999

"In fact," Jim continues, "the high-pitched sound bite 'What?!' that is still used during KGB bits was sampled from a Firesign Theater skit, although I can't remember which one." The humor consisted of creating non-sequiturs using soundbites from comedy records, movies, and TV, and juxtaposing those with live bits and other sampled material. Couple that with an uncanny eye for the topical and naturally absurd, and KGB has developed a brand of humor that has stayed fresh for 35 years.

Jim also describes this KGB humor as "intelligent comedy," which brings up a last point: Jim McInnes is smart. He goes beyond the standard bob-and-weave, jive, jump, and wail most often found on rock radio and is just as able to dive into his brain and pull out a literary quote as quickly as a piece of rock trivia. He learned to speak what he calls "kitchen Russian" long ago, which helped get him around Moscow when he was sent there by KGB. He even understands a smattering of "restaurant Japanese." He is well-read and likes to read. And, when he's not writing traffic reports and newscasts, McInnes writes a monthly column in the *San Diego Troubadour*. In the last ten years, he has even taken up oil painting.

It wasn't always like this Jim is quick to add: "I was a poor student in high school, poor grades, no social skills," McInnes says. But, a couple of teachers turned that around. The result today is San Diego's thinking man's Rock Jock.

Beyond it all, the guy who has interviewed and rubbed shoulders with Frank Zappa, Rush, Def Leppard, Cheap Trick, Yoko Ono, Julian Lennon, the Stones, Angus Young and Bon Scott from AC/DC, Robert Plant and Jimmy Page from Led Zeppelin, Ian Anderson, Huey Lewis, Bob Seger, Kiss, Heart's Ann Wilson, ZZ Top, the Moody Blues, Steve Allen, Doc Severinson, Ed McMahon, astronaut Scott Carpenter, Ray Manzarek, and many others is truly a solid family man. Proudly, Jim recites



McInnes in 2007



McInnes interviewing Ian Anderson, 2003



McInnes with Julian Lennon, 1998

the McInnes family resume. His wife, Sandi Banister, whom he met in 1979 when she was working for the competition – KPRI – is the promotions manager at Fox 5 (KSWB). His stepdaughter, Danyell has followed her parents into the media business, working now at Cox Media after spending several years at KSON, KBEST, KIFM, and KFMB Channel 8. Jim's two stepsons, however, did venture away from the family industry. Dustin, also known as Dirty, who toured as a tech/backing vocalist with Rocket from the Crypt and is a musician in his own right with his band Beehive and the Barracudas, went on to become a high school teacher. Oldest stepson Lee is a master sergeant in the U.S. Army, now serving in Iraq.

Still the tug of 1970s FM radio is still there. As we conclude our interview by phone, Jim apologizes because he needs to let out his dog, Zeppelin, now barking in the background. Realizing the potential cliché of naming one's dog after yesterday's biggest rock band, Jim pauses for a moment, then, justifies the canine's nomenclature by adding, "You see: She's a *Black Dog*."

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SAM HINTON

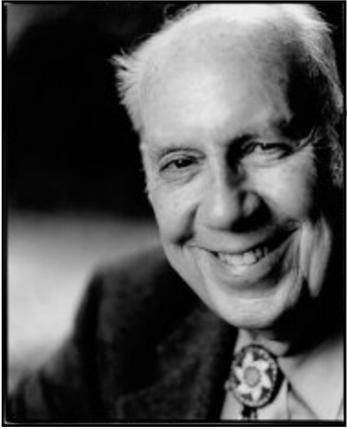


Photo: Peter Figon

when Sam sang "Lost John" and told a story about the song. I couldn't wait to get home and tell my Dad that someone we had on a record played at my school and he lived here in San Diego.

From that time on I heard Sam from time to time on the radio and also from time to time on television and we even went to see him play a couple of times. When the early coffee house scene started, I remember seeing him more often. At some of the early San Diego Folksong Society meetings, at the Ballad Man in La Jolla, or the Upper Cellar and Circe's Cup in the San Diego State area as well as some others. If there was a Hootenanny going on for a good cause in those days, Sam was a part of it (I remember seeing Sam and Joan Baez about 1960 so at a Peace Walk and concert at the Church of the Brethren in North Park).

In a way Sam marked the beginning of my involvement in all these Folk Festivals. In the summer of 1962 Michael Cooney was a student at San Diego State and he wanted to bring Sam Hinton out to the College for a concert but needed an on campus organization to do that and so he formed the Campus Organized Folksingers. The concert came off and all was well. In the fall Michael had moved on and there was no



Photo: Steve Covault

Phil Harmonic with Sam on his 90th birthday at SD Folk Song Society

one to continue the group, so Curt Bouterse and I passed out a leaflet and called a meeting to talk it over, speak our mind, and decide to do something about it. The result was the Campus Organized Folksingers & Folksong Society, with Sam as an honorary co-chairman and inspiration.

During the '60s I ran into Sam at a variety of places. I was on the move a lot and so was Sam. I saw him at festivals in Newport, UCLA, Berkeley, Washington DC, and clubs and house concerts. I heard him on the Canadian Broadcasting System with Alan Mills (I only learned later that he had a CBC network series of programs). Here in San Diego, along with his radio and TV work, he appeared at (and did part of the organizing of) a San Diego Folk Festival out at Cal Western University (currently the Point Loma Nazarene University) in 1965 (two years before we started the ones at SDSU), which featured Hedy West, the Kentucky Colonels, Stu Jamieson, Bess Hawes, and Sam.

He was part of all 20 of the San Diego

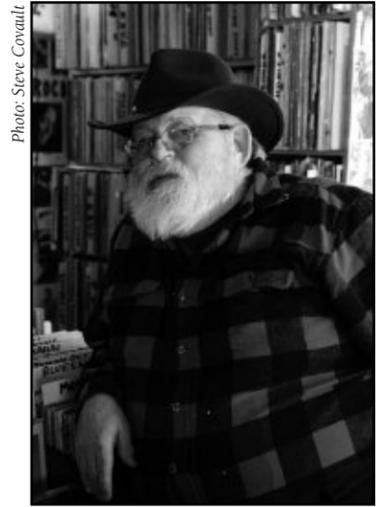


Photo: Steve Covault

Lou Curtiss

to relisten to a lot of Sam's performances. To each Festival he played, he brought something of the familiar and something of the obscure. He taught us about the music while he was entertaining us with it. In a set where he performed "The Barnyard Song" or "The Eagle's Whistle" for the ten thousandth time, he would also pull out an old pop song from the age of vaudeville, or a song that he proudly announced that he had learned just last week and share it with us. In a lifetime in which Sam learned and performed some 5,000 songs and shared most of them with us, we here in San Diego are truly blessed to have had him with us for so many years. The responsibility we now have is to keep his legacy alive.

Recordially
Lou Curtiss

It seems like Sam Hinton and his songs have always been a part of my life. I first ran into the name when my Dad and I were poking through 78 records at a war surplus store in Lake City, Washington (north of Seattle a bit, it's now part of the city). It was a place called the Three G.I.'s (they advertised on the radio "I'm George! I'm Don! I'm Buford! We're the three G.I.'s, those happy go lucky guys. We don't pay no rent, cuz our business is in a tent"). They had what seems to me in retrospect about an acre of 78 records, all of them nine cents each. It was 1949 or 1950 and Dad bought a Folksay album on the Asch label with a couple of Woody Guthrie songs on it and a solo record on the ABC label of "Lost John" and "Old Man Atom."

Almost two years later we came to San Diego and it took me a year or so to run into Sam Hinton again. I don't remember whether it was a school assembly at Southwest Junior High School or somewhere on the radio but it was probably the radio because I seem to remember already knowing about him before the assembly. I made the connection with the old 78 record



Sam on the radio, 1948

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There's Something About Mary

by Patty Hall

February 9, 1963 was an ordinary Saturday night in the Hayward hills. I'd taken a bubble bath, washed and set my hair on hard plastic rollers, and in true 14-year-old fashion, fallen asleep listening to KEWB-91 AM, the local teen-programmed radio station. I awoke the next morning, groggy from a night of vivid dreams. Feeling disoriented, and with a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach, I sat down and wrote in my "Keep Out" diary:

February 10, 1963

The weirdest thing happened. All last night was filled with vivid dreams about going to see Peter, Paul, and Mary perform in Berkeley. When I woke up, it was so depressing because I can't go see them in concert today. Then, for no reason I couldn't wait to read the Sunday paper, and when I looked in the "El Dorado" section of the Oakland Tribune - ESP! There was their picture on the front page! Every time I think of them I almost cry because I want to go see them so badly. Patty

I hadn't made plans to attend the Peter, Paul and Mary concert that Sunday afternoon in Berkeley because, quite frankly, it hadn't been high on my list. But now, after this transforming night of dreams, I felt left out and strangely heartbroken that I wasn't going to join the other fans at the Berkeley Community Theater. Little did I know that all of this was prelude to a long love affair with one of America's most well-known folksinging groups.

My sudden adolescent love affair was not without backstory. The previous summer, while at Camp Celio, a Camp Fire Girl Camp in the California Sierras, I'd heard, for the first time, two songs played on accordion by one of my camp counselors. The melodious sweetness of these two tunes, wafting through the pines, stopped me dead in my tracks. When I asked what they were, she told me the titles: "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" and "500 Miles," adding she'd learned them from an album by a new folk singing group called Peter, Paul, and Mary.

Later that fall, my father took my brother, sister, and me to his favorite record store on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue to buy each of us

our own LP record to play on the new family hi-fi. My sister Debbie chose *Through Children's Eyes*, a live album by the Limelites. My brother Mike's selection: a record of Alvin and the Chipmunks. For me, it was a no-brainer—I bought the album titled simply, *Peter, Paul and Mary*.

I nearly wore out that record, and soon, seemingly by osmosis, I had learned every song. Now it was official – although I was yet to see the group in person, I was a fan. From there it was a natural step to collect anything and everything about the group, and so I spent hours doing so – pasting magazine articles, newspaper promos, TV Guide listings, black-and-white photos onto scrapbook pages. And then pouring over them – nothing seemed to escape my scrutiny. I haunted record stores for posters, and weekly trips to the downtown store to pick up the "KEWB-91 Fabulous Forty Survey," which was a one-page chart. I was thrilled that on April 13, 1963, "Puff the Magic Dragon" and their album *Moving*, both charted at number three.

February 11, 1963

Got my test back in science. Got an A. There's no school tomorrow (Lincoln's birthday). It's the strangest thing - I think I am infatuated with Peter, Paul, and Mary. I think it's because I identify with them and want to be so much like them, especially Mary. I think it's because of all those dreams I had. Patty

Although the full group had certainly captured my attention (I was mildly intrigued with the be-suited and bearded fellows, Peter and Paul), my growing fascination was with Mary. Lithe and blonde, mysterious and husky-voiced, the graceful and womanly Mary Travers was everything I wanted to be. And I wanted to know everything about her. It wasn't long before I did.

Mary Allin Travers was born on November 9, 1936, in Louisville, Kentucky, to novelist Robert Travers and a newspaper reporter who wrote under the pen name Virginia Coigney. Both parents were active in union activities, and Mary's first public performance was at five years old on a picket line.

The Travers family migrated to New York City, just ahead of a massive flood that wiped out their family home in Louisville. Settling into a house built by Aaron Burr, Mary's par-

ents enrolled her in New York's private and progressive Little Red Schoolhouse. In a December 1963 article in *Hootenanny* magazine, Mary recalled, "In our class of '35, there were no less than ten kids who played the guitar. We didn't drink as teenagers. We were too busy playing that guitar to get loaded. On Saturday nights we would go to the Henry Street Settlement House, where they had folk dancing. After the dancing was through, there was an hour or so of singing where anyone could get up and give out a tune."

It was there in the Travers home that Pete Seeger (who had become a family friend) occasionally used the basement for music rehearsals. As a result, Mary got to know such folk luminaries as Brownie McGhee and the Reverend Gary Davis. Later, when she was a teen, she sang in a group organized by Pete Seeger called the Songswappers.

May 17, 1963

Today was Sunday. Finally finished another letter to Peter, Paul, and Mary and I tried so hard to make it appealing. I pray every night that I will get an answer or reply and hope that I do for I like them so so much. I resolve to be a folksinger when I grow up. Patty P. S. Decided to buy a banjo. P

The Songswappers we weren't, but by spring of '63, I'd helped organize a hootenanny band at Hayward High called the Songspellers, a name that was obvious nod to Mary's high school group. I was now able to show off my budding banjo skills and songs I'd memorized off my PP&M albums. There were five of us, and in selecting our material we good-naturedly upheld a Hatfields-McCoys style feud: the Kingston Trio vs. Peter, Paul, and Mary. It was this ragtag group of friends who, knowing how heartbroken I'd been to have missed Peter, Paul, and Mary's February 1963 concert, promised to escort me to see my beloved group the next time they came to town.

The concert date finally rolled around on November 15, 1963. I chose an all-black outfit and we all piled into Barbara Wallis' mom's station wagon, and arrive 30 minutes before concert time. When the houselights finally dimmed, and the three finally ran out onstage, hand-in-hand, all blue suits, beards, guitars,



Mary Travers

and corn silk hair, I was struck dumb. My idols, now, finally, in front of me, in person. There was Peter, the Talmudic intense one, and Paul, the funny loose-jointed one. And then – there was Mary.

Tall and lanky, full of unbridled energy, and flipping her hair like a mane, she was a Palomino pony. Her voice was husky, and she sang with her eyes closed, one foot in front of the other, hand outstretched, palm up, beseeching the audience to merge with the emotion of each song. Here she was, in real life, Mary-the-mysterious, who sang and swayed, tossed her hair, and didn't speak a single word on stage. Later I read that her stage silence was an enforced part of the plan, so she would appear more intriguing and alluring. And only after she began talking on stage years hence, would I realize how completely this had muzzled her outspoken, thought-provoking views about world peace and social justice and rollicking sense of humor.

And so, there I sat, transfixed, in the fourth row of the San Jose Civic Auditorium (ticket price \$4.50), drinking in the performance in with all my senses. Following the concert, my friends pushed me backstage, to show the group my scrapbook and to see if we could get some autographs. Peter and Paul both

came out, and when I was finally face to face and showed them my scrapbooks, both oohed and ahhed over my efforts, and sent me off with hugs and kisses. I was on Cloud Nine, despite the fact that my true idol had not shown her face backstage. But, it was okay. It only made the lissome, ethereal Mary Travers all the more intriguing and mysterious.

Following that first concert, becoming Mary Travers became a full-time pursuit. Admittedly, most of that was about the hair. Mine couldn't grow fast enough, and the fact that it was thick and curly and dishwasher blonde didn't deter me. Clandestine bathroom meetings with Miss Clairol and Curl Free, augmented by morning sessions at the ironing board, my sister Debbie commandeering the iron, resulted in semi-straight, almost platinum tresses that I could sort of swing and hide behind, just like Mary.

I couldn't fight the height thing (I stood 5'3" to Mary's 5'10"), so I took to wearing three-inch heels and solid color sheath-style dresses to school. I insisted that my mom alter a Simplicity pattern in order to duplicate a blue crepe dress Mary had worn in some of her photos.

continued on page 14

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Moog Exhibit Showcases an Innovator's Spirit

by Mike Alvarez

At first glance, the Museum of Making Music in Carlsbad, California, appears to be the embodiment of a paradox. The ultra-modern facility, nestled amidst a sparkling collection of equally new structures, houses a whole assortment of musical instruments and artifacts that date back many decades. The various guitars, ukuleles, drums, keyboards, horns, gramophones, and amplifiers could easily merit the term "antique" or "vintage." In all honesty, the same might be said about some of the items in the new exhibit, "Waves of Inspiration: The Legacy of Bob Moog," which opened on August 29 and continues through April 30, 2010. A good number of them showed technological hallmarks of a bygone era like patch cords, reel-to-reel tape units, and oscilloscopes. Yet to simply characterize these as artifacts of yesteryear does a disservice to the forward-thinking visionary that was Dr. Robert A. Moog.

His innovations revolutionized the way music is made. Artists like Wendy Carlos, Tomita, and Jean-Michel Jarre eagerly used the new palette of electronic sounds to create a whole genre of experimental music. The sounds of Moog synthesizers penetrated into mainstream popular music as well, infiltrating the airwaves through songs by such wildly diverse acts as Yes, Emerson Lake and Palmer, Giorgio Moroder, Parliament Funkadelic, Rush, Devo, and Stevie Wonder. The signature "fat analog sound" of a Minimoog keyboard can be heard in hit singles like Boz Scaggs' "Lido Shuffle," Heart's "Magic Man," and Herbie Hancock's "Chameleon." Dr. Moog held a remarkable fondness and respect for such musicians, as evidenced by the numerous quotes on placards that were posted throughout the exhibition. He considered his work to be "more than an engineering exercise. Every good idea of ours has come about through the collaboration with musicians." He never worried that his inventions would replace artists because "you have to be a musician in order to make music with a synthesizer." He considered music to be a transcendental language and regarded himself primarily as a toolmaker.

The exhibit's opening was a gala affair, with a reception hosted by Michelle Moog-Koussa, the executive director of the Bob Moog Foundation and, of course, the inventor's daughter. This foundation was established to

honor his memory and advance the cause of electronic music. As Moog-Koussa opened her presentation, she stated that their goals are to "teach children science through Moog instruments, preserve Bob Moog's archives, and to create the Bob Moog 'Moogseum' in Asheville, North Carolina." She expressed their hope that Moog's legacy would "inspire future engineers, musicians, and innovators. Musicians brought these instruments to life. They provided feedback for their evolution. They inspired my father, and his instruments inspired them." On hand was a group of such musicians called the Volt Per Octaves, a husband, wife, and daughter team whose mission is to create music exclusively with Moog equipment. They demonstrated this on a stage set inside the exhibit, to the delight of the many synthesizer aficionados present. Such is their devotion that husband Nick Montoya has a Moog logo tattooed on his bicep!

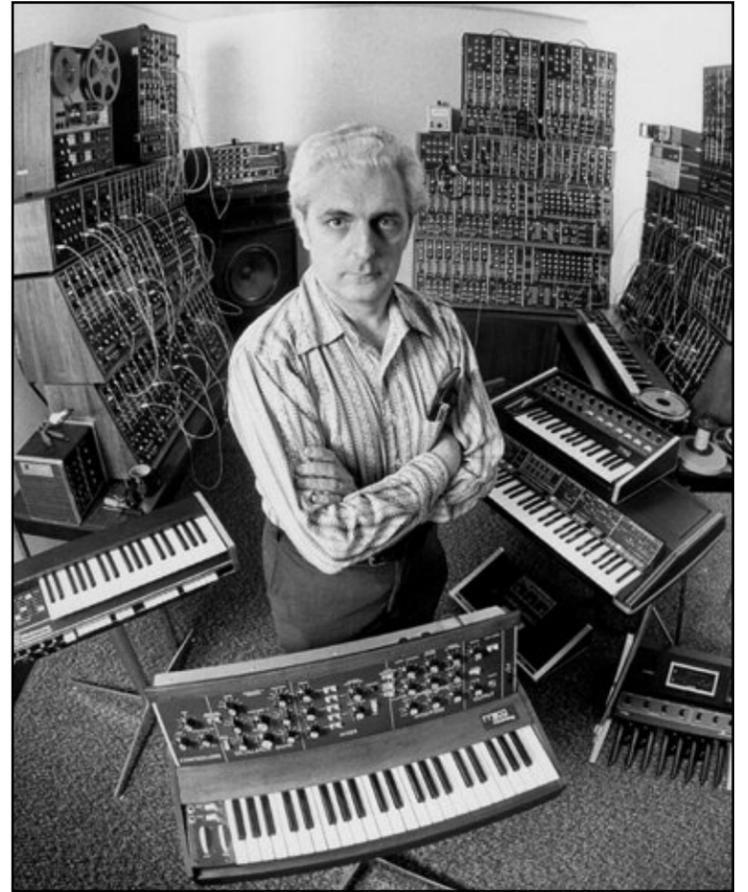
Items come from private collections as well as the Moog Archives, which contributed over 250 pieces. A number of them are even signed by the man himself. Of particular interest are rare prototypes of historical units, including a 1964 modular synthesizer that once belonged to electronic composer Herb Deutsch, and the Minimoog Voyager. Early versions of the Moogerfooger guitar pedal occupy a place of honor in a display window. As visitors progress through the museum, they can view numerous photos and articles. There is also a richly detailed text commentary accompanying each exhibit that relates the history of each item and its significance in Moog's career. The museum will continue to host Moog-related events throughout the exhibition's run, featuring synthesizer pioneers and experts Larry Fast, Brian Kehew, George Duke, Herb Deutsch, John Eaton, David Borden, and Josh Oxford.

The grand finale of the evening was a special performance by legendary Moog artist Keith Emerson and 21st century Moog standard-bearer, Erik Norlander. Fans of both men traveled from as far away as Palmdale, Cleveland, and New Jersey in order to witness this incredibly rare pairing. Based on overheard conversations it was easy to deduce that many attendees were musicians themselves. One gentleman enthusiastically exclaimed, "Keith Emerson is my idol!" Luminaries in the audience included Synergy synthesist Larry Fast, sym-

phonic rock vocalist Lana Lane, and Moog's son Matthew. In a humorous aside, Michelle Moog-Koussa revealed that as children, she and her siblings were referred to as "Mini-Moogs."

Erik Norlander is perhaps the busiest Moog artist of the modern era. He can list performance and production credits with Rocket Scientists, Lana Lane, and Asia featuring John Payne. He has recorded several solo albums and has taken on many side projects, most recently Roswell Six, the supergroup collaboration with science fiction author Kevin J. Anderson. This evening's performance was notable for its energy and polish, featuring classics from his vast catalog including "Neurosur," "Dreamcurrents," "Trantor Station," "Sky Full of Stars," and his traditional finale, "Space: 1999/UFO." Deftly maneuvering amidst a complex rig of Moog instruments, he expertly combined virtuosity and technology to create a richly orchestrated sound that was both modern and retro. A longtime devotee of progressive rock, he is dedicated to bringing the genre into the modern age. "I grew up on progressive rock, and the Moog synthesizers really are a huge part of that sound. It's everything from Minimoog leads to Taurus pedal basses — that's really the sound of prog. So as I began to develop my own voice as a keyboardist, the Moog sound was absolutely essential." And indeed, Norlander practices what he preaches. His own modular Moog synthesizer, called the "Wall of Doom" by fans, is a behemoth of a rig that he constructed after borrowing Keith Emerson's instrument for a sampling project. "I had this amazing instrument in my studio for a couple of weeks. I was just knocked out by it — this was the most beautiful, most expressive, most alive synthesizer I had ever played. From those sessions I decided to find and/or build my own modular Moog synth." He concludes by saying, "The sound of Moog synthesizers is like no other. It has a living, breathing quality to it along with a rich, velvety tonality that is just so musical. A Moog synthesizer will sit in a track in a way that no other synth will — it occupies a particular sonic space and therefore fulfills a unique purpose in an arrangement."

Keith Emerson, whose multi-platinum career has spanned decades, is best known as one-third of the progressive rock trio Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Their unique fusion of rock, classical, ragtime, and blues has been captured on landmark recordings like *Trilogy*, *Tarkus*, *Works*, and *Brain Salad Surgery*. Their epic stage performances sometimes featured a touring orchestra as well as Emerson's levitating and pinwheeling grand piano (with the maestro strapped aboard, never missing a note!). He also playfully shot flares above the audience with his ribbon controller (another Moog accessory). But showmanship aside, it is Emerson's virtuosity for which he is most famed. This evening marked the 40th anniversary of the Isle of Wight Festival, an event that is commonly acknowledged as having launched Emerson, Lake and Palmer to international superstardom. While accustomed to performing in huge arenas, he was equally at home in the small museum auditorium, sharing humorous career anecdotes between songs. Particularly impressive was his solo piano interpretation of *Tarkus*, a



Bob Moog

complex progressive rock tour-de-force in several movements. Having long since retrieved his modular Moog from Norlander, it now towered over his side of the stage. He put it through its paces on ELP classics like "From the Beginning" and "Lucky Man". With typical British humor, he likened it to "a 1940s telephone switchboard." An unexpected pleasure was "Close to Home," an exquisite piano solo from the *Black Moon* album. Emerson's casual approach to his set was a very appropriate choice. Because he is not commonly seen in such an intimate venue, it gave listeners a very rare and up-close experience.

The evening concluded with both gentlemen re-taking the stage for an encore, starting with "The Princely Hours," a song Norlander composed specifically for the Bob Moog Foundation. After laying down the rhythmic and textural groundwork, he cued Emerson to take a number of solos, one of which was on the Theremin, an electronic instrument

that Moog manufactured and popularized. This duet performance showed the contrast between the two artists' styles. Emerson displayed a more dissonant and experimental approach, whereas Norlander's is more melodic and precise. They finished by inviting a drummer on stage for an extended jam of the ELP arena classic, "Fanfare for the Common Man," giving both keyboardists a chance to strut their stuff. This performance, as well as the exhibit are good indications that Bob Moog's legacy will be long-lived. A legendary musician is still going strong while an artist who was once his protege shares the stage, carrying the torch into the future. The museum exhibit gives the public a rare opportunity to view some truly historic instruments and inventions, many of them from Moog's own archives. And, finally, his daughter is running a foundation that serves as a focal point for his work, ensuring its preservation and making it accessible to the public so that that it can continue to inspire future generations.



Keith Emerson, Michelle Moog-Koussa, Erik Norlander at the gala opening.

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Songwriter Finds Renewal in Music and Community

by Will Edwards

On October 17, Saba, a San Diegan with an established and successful history as a songwriter, will be re-launching a project from the past. Since her music career started in 2001, she has faced many of the challenges that make a career in music so hard. But, she has also overcome plenty of personal hurdles. Spinster Records, an independent record label that she founded in 2003 will come back to life as Saba herself renews her commitment to music, friends, family, and life.

IN THE BEGINNING

Spinster Records began as a foundation for launching Saba's debut EP *Letters to Doe* in 2004. By creating the label Saba was signaling a shift in her own career at the time, moving toward a more professional approach that included a broad view of music as both an art and a business. Early on, the label was little more than a business façade. Over time, however, Spinster Records attracted interest from other local artists who were seeking a similar foundation for their music careers.

Several months after the *Letters to Doe* release, Saba was introduced to Joanie Mendenhall at the San Diego Music Awards' acoustic music showcase at Claire de Lune in North Park. Joanie was interested in joining the label. Soon after their introduction, Steph Johnson (2009 SDMA Nominee) also joined Spinster Records. "It became this really cool, tight-knit group of people who were all working independently," Saba remembers. "We each had our own styles and we each had our own goals. But at the same time there was a momentum being built."

That momentum is something that Saba is hoping to reconnect with in the coming

days and months. By reinvesting in Spinster Records now, Saba is finding a cause that motivates her to also give herself musical direction. But, that's not to say that she'll be picking up where she left off, exactly. All three of the original acts on the label have progressed in their own right since the label's lapse in cohesion a few years ago. While it may be a good thing to regroup, Saba says that's not really the intention. "We're starting over."

Originally, Spinster Records took shape as an all-girl coalition. This was in part because Saba, Steph Johnson, and Joanie Mendenhall all had experienced challenges that were unique to being women in the music scene. "My perspective may be different," says Saba, "but I feel there's a sort of novelty attached to the idea of being a female musician. I can't tell you how many times I've been compared to Jewel – the first [female] artist someone thinks of [in San Diego]. That was a frustration at the time." Their common ground led to all three artists sharing a desire to change San Diego's assumptions. "We were trying to focus on promoting female singer-songwriters." But in its newest incarnation, Spinster Records will be open to all. "If I like an artist, it doesn't matter if they're a male or female."

THE FORGOTTEN YEARS

So, what happened to Spinster Records the first time around? That is a story of art meeting life. In 2006 Saba moved to Los Angeles, but not only to pursue music. There were other reasons to make the move. "It wasn't so much about going to LA to pursue music, quite honestly," Saba recalls. "It was about needing to leave the situation I was in." Saba grew up in San Diego and has lived here for most of her life. As would be expected, most aspects of her personal

identity are connected in some way to the people and places in her hometown.

Between 2003 and 2006, Saba had a tight-knit and very social group of friends in San Diego. They'd hang out, play shows and have drinks at the Ould Sod in Normal Heights. Initially this was a great outlet in which creative people could share their outlooks and relate to each other. But, over the course of a few years her experience became anything but engaging. "The intention behind [each day] changed from hanging out with other songwriters [and friends]. It felt like *Groundhog Day*. Every day was the same and every night was the same." She was watching a slow-motion progression that she felt she needed relief from. "It became very depressing. I didn't have much to write [songs] about," she recalls. Those years culminated in the release of her second record *Elbow Club* – a darker set of songs that captured the songwriter's mood at the time. "*Elbow Club* was the last CD I put out in San Diego and I just remember it being a really heavy record." The album was successful enough, but Saba still felt she needed to move on and move away.

Los Angeles was familiar territory since she'd gone to University there. It seemed like she'd have some new outlets for music and still remain close enough to home that she wouldn't feel isolated or detached. After moving she had nothing else planned. "I had no job, no apartment, and I figured it would just work out somehow." She worked odd jobs (including a disastrous two-day stint as an assistant in guest services at the Beverly Hilton) and spent most of the next year adjusting to a new city and finding her niche within it.

Living in LA as a student had been a very different experience and being away from the life she'd known for the last few years in



Saba

San Diego added to the stress of adjusting. However, having her independence back and having assurance that she'd made the right decision was a consolation that helped her slowly build a group of friends. "It was a gradual thing where I started to feel more at home. LA can feel like a really lonely place if you don't have a good group of friends."

As Saba put her roots down in LA, her music also began to flow again. She managed to establish herself in LA's music scene and in 2008 she released her third record – an EP suitably titled *The Fallout*. As the title implies, Saba was writing about the fallout of social challenges, life-changes, and (perhaps most difficult) relationships. Songs like "Sad Little Boys" and "So Empty Now" were dark portrayals of love lost and love betrayed. But, despite the morbid themes, there was a creative return to music as a healer and other songs like "Best Damn Thing" showed a more upbeat and positive perspective. "The sound [on *The Fallout*] is different," says Saba. "Less heavy, less dark."

RECOVERY AND RENEWAL

The journey through time and music, love, and suffering appears to have brought Saba full circle. However, she isn't the same artist in 2009 that she was in 2001. She's keeping what she loves most – music, family, and friends – and moving forward rather than backward. Having lost her focus in the past, she's eager to avoid repeating some of her mistakes. "It's funny how when you pull away from the things [that are important to

you], you pull away from everything. I lost all focus and moved away from the things that made me whole," Saba reflects.

With the re-launch of Spinster Records, Saba is also renewing her commitment to music as a profession. "I've found the motivation again and I'm not willing to give that up." Moreover, she's rediscovered the value of working within a community and working to create the right environment around her – part of the idea behind Spinster Records itself. "[I want] to support artists who are willing and wanting to do it independently – musicians who are dedicated to the craft of making music."

Saba still lives in LA and commutes to San Diego regularly to visit with family, rehearse and perform with her band. There is new music and some of her influences have changed. But, she still finds the same excitement in writing that she's always found. "I lost sight of what music does for me. But, it still has the same level of importance for me." Where her music career is concerned, her measure of success has changed dramatically. "When I started out doing music in San Diego, that was my one and only focus," Saba says. She says she feels that way again. "My head is in the game, finally."

BACK TO BASICS

After eight years of writing, recording, and performing in Southern California, Saba has discovered, misplaced, and rediscovered her passion for music. She can reflect on the influence that she has had on her community and the influence that her community has had on her. Her music has new depth, supported by a broad range of experiences and personal triumphs. Having led something of a double life, working in industry-minded LA while creating in community-minded San Diego, Saba is also aware that a career in music is more than one thing.

Saba will hold a special re-launch party for Spinster Records on October 17 at Lestat's (3393 Adams Ave., San Diego, CA 92116). Other details are available online at www.lestats.com and www.myspace.com/sabaloo.

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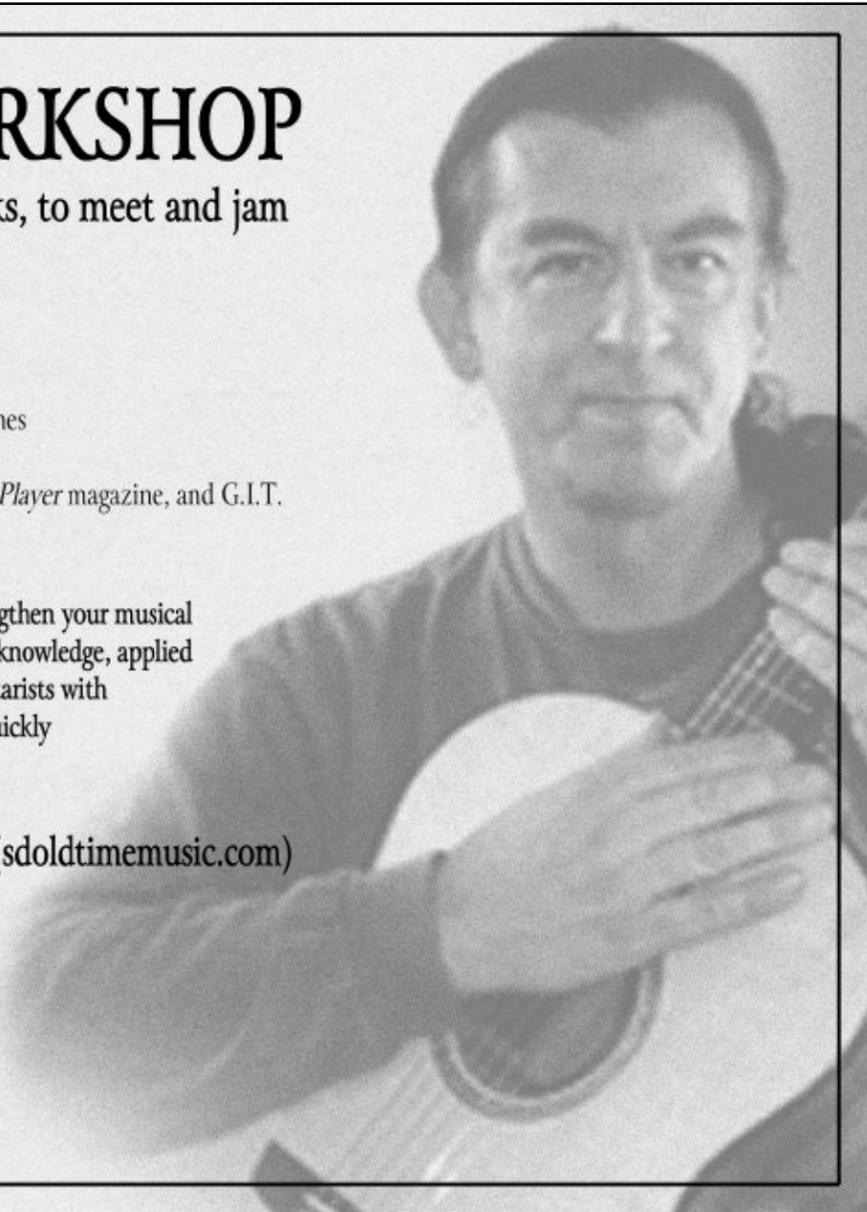




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by Paul Hormick

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE CHARLES MCPHERSON



Historically, prominent jazz musicians have usually excluded San Diego from their tour dates. Not a megalopolis and filled with folks who might be more interested in appreciating the sun and surf than making it to club dates and concerts, San Diego has not offered much of an audience for jazz performers. Besides, we're also way down in the lower left hand corner of the country, not a convenient stopover for performers for whom budgeting travel dollars is always a concern. We have therefore been lucky that, since 1978, alto saxophonist Charles McPherson has made his home here and been a mainstay for many local clubs and music venues such as the old Elario's, Jazz Live at City College, and Dizzy's.

From the time that he hit the national scene in 1960, when Charles Mingus hired him to perform in his ensemble, McPherson has maintained a prominent national, and for that matter international, profile in the jazz world. Besides his association with Mingus, McPherson has recorded with Barry Harris, Art Farmer, Kenny Drew, Toshiko Akiyoshi, and has released over 20 albums and CDs as the leader of his own ensemble. For a time he was a member of the Carnegie Hall Jazz Orchestra and worked with Wynton Marsalis as part of the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. He has been a bandleader, touring with his own ensemble, and has toured with Lionel Hampton, Billy Eckstine, Nat Adderley, and other world-renowned jazz performers.

If there were ever a Charles McPherson category on Jeopardy, one of the answers would probably read something like this: "Provided the saxophone solos in this film's biopic of Charlie Parker." A contestant would win \$200 with the question "What is the film Bird?" Parker, whose nickname was Yardbird or simply Bird, was jazz's greatest innovator. In 1988, when Clint Eastwood made the film biography of the alto saxophonist, he chose McPherson to dub the saxophone parts to a great number of the scenes in the film, which depict Parker soloing. When he could, Eastwood used actual recordings of Parker, but many of the old recordings were not in good enough shape for the film. He hired as many of the musicians who actually played with Parker as he could, such as Red Rodney, but it was McPherson who recreated the solos that Forrest Whittaker, the actor who played Parker, mimed his way through.

McPherson just celebrated his 70th birthday, but doesn't look it in the slightest. He lacks the love handles and that spread that men get when they pass middle age. There is a bit of spring in his step, and a common sight in his neighborhood is McPherson on an early morning bicycle ride. If it weren't for the gray that peppers his hair, he could easily be mistaken for a much younger man. "Just taking care of myself," which included a tough battle to give up cigarettes several years ago, is the way he sums up his formula for staying so youthful. "And, actually, the way I feel is not much different than the way I felt when I was 40," he adds.

Be bop, the jazz on steroids, which developed in this country in the late 1940s, is what McPherson plays. And it is what he has always played. While Miles Davis, Chick Corea, and other jazz musicians were turning up the amps and bringing rock influences into their mix, McPherson remained true to his bop roots. No matter how hard you try, searching eBay or visiting old record stores, you'll never find a recording of McPherson "going electric." For him the opportunities of exploration and expressiveness that are within the realm of bop are so fertile that there was never any desire to step outside its conventions and aesthetic.

Be bop is demanding not only of the musicians who play this muscular music, but of the audience as well. Still, McPherson's solos, while they are filled with the hard energy of bop, are not apt to leave an audience out in the cold. McPherson explains that, no matter where he takes a solo, he always wants his music to retain a melodic structure. "But don't confuse melodic with melody," he says. "Melody is a specific succession of notes that a composer has laid down. In jazz it is the song itself. Being melodic is the ability to come up with a musical phrase to connect one musical idea with another. Being melodic is having a tone center, having a strong melodic pull."

While he is soloing, McPherson searches for and plays what he calls "the most powerful and significant notes." Explaining what these notes are, even to people who may be schooled in



music, is akin to explaining how Superman can fly. McPherson says that it's almost a mystical process, something that cannot be taught, to find the best note at a particular time for a given tonal center, with many things at play, both rhythmic, when the note happens, and harmonic, how that note fits into a given scale or mode.

This musical alchemy is an interactive process; McPherson listens to his band's rhythm section and the cues that they give him, however, for him to really succeed in conveying a melodic idea, the rhythm section has to be tuned into him as well, to be alert as to where he wants to take things, to the notes he is choosing, and how he is forming his musical lines. When he hires his musicians for his ensembles, which often include his son, Chuck, on drums, he tries to get the best musicians possible, but it's just as important to make sure they have the right chemistry to play together and that they can get tuned into what he plays and the musical places he wants to take his solos.

McPherson was born in Joplin, Missouri, in a home that, as he remembers, was not a particularly musical one. Neither of his parents was a musician, and there were only a modest number of records to spin on the platter. But from the earliest age he remembers the effect music had on him. "From the time that I was four years old I was attracted to music. When I was a small child, there were bands that would come to town in summertime and they would play in the park. My family would go, and I loved that," he says. And it was the saxophone, with its shiny metal and intriguing curves, that drew his attention. "All the mechanics that you see on the instrument were a little foreboding for me. They looked so complicated," he says. "But the pearls were quite attractive. The instrument itself spoke to me. I liked the sound of it." He played in his school orchestra, but the school didn't have enough saxophones to go around. (This goes back to the times when schools would provide musical instruments to their students.) The young McPherson settled on playing trumpet and flugelhorn.

When he was ten, McPherson moved with his family to Detroit in what turned out to be a turn of events that guided his interests. The house his family moved to was right down the street from the

Bluebird, a very important jazz club whose house band was made up of jazz giants Barry Harris, Pepper Adams, Thad Jones, Paul Chambers, and Elvin Jones. As McPherson played in his front yard he would watch the club's patrons as they made their way down the street for an evening's performance. Even at that early age, unable to exactly put his finger on what it was, he was impressed with the way the jazz fans looked, how they dressed and how they conducted themselves. Their demeanor set them apart; he somehow knew that these people were privy to something beyond what he knew, and that intrigued him.

His mother bought him a saxophone, an alto, when McPherson was 13. He liked the larger and deeper voiced tenor saxophone, but the smaller alto fit him better at that age. He took music lessons from Harris, who lived close by. He also studied at Detroit's Larry Teal School of Music. Then one day, while he was discussing music, the saxophone, and the kinds of music that he liked with a friend, the friend suggested that McPherson might enjoy Charlie Parker. In a neighborhood candy store McPherson found a recording by Parker on the jukebox. As he relates this story, at this point his voice grows hushed, as though he is giving the details of the rituals in the Shaolin temples. He says, "I put the money in the juke box, heard Parker, and then..." His voice trails off as he remembers the significance of the event that would guide his life and career. After his introduction to Parker he soon learned that the Bluebird featured the music he heard in the candy store. Being underage and unable to get through the club's door, McPherson spent countless nights outside on the street to hear as much as he could of the new and exciting music.

In his late teens McPherson began playing around Detroit. Had he been a journeyman horn player, staying and performing around the area

would have sufficed. But the scene to check out was in New York. With such famous hot spots as the Village Vanguard, Birdland, and a thriving club scene on 42nd Street, it was the jazz capitol of the world. When McPherson turned 20 he and a friend, trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer, saved up enough money to make their living expenses for a few months and headed to New York. Though they stayed with friends to save money, after three months their cash was getting thin, and it was looking like the two young musicians would have to head back home. They then found out that Charles Mingus was looking for a saxophonist and trumpeter to replace Eric Dolphy and Ted Curson, who were leaving Mingus' ensemble to form their own musical unit. The multi-instrumentalist Yusef Lateef, who was from Detroit and knew both McPherson and Hillyer, recommended the young men to Mingus and got him to drop in on a jam session where McPherson and Hillyer were playing. He hired them on the spot and had them perform with him that evening.

McPherson recorded and performed with Mingus for the next 12 years. Perhaps reflecting an immensely diverse heritage – Mingus could trace his roots to England, China, Sweden, and Africa – he straddled a number of jazz genres, from bebop, to avant-garde to free jazz, almost always performing with larger ensembles. McPherson's liking remained for smaller units that could swing more. Occasionally, he satisfied his urge to swing by performing in smaller ensembles of his own. He began recording on the Prestige label back in the early sixties and recorded over a score of record albums and CDs.

Besides his musicianship and reputation as a musical iconoclast, Mingus was just as infamous for his sometimes sandpaper on sunburn personality and fiery temper. He was the only person ever to be personally fired by Duke Ellington for getting into an on-stage fight with trombonist Juan

Tizol. McPherson tells a tale of one night at a club date, taking offense at a number of patrons who he felt were not paying the proper respect to the music, Mingus left the stage, went to the restroom and retrieved a toilet plunger, which he used to attack his offenders.

McPherson jokes that he would not stand too close to the band-leader on stage, fearing that someone that Mingus had angered might send a bullet in his direction.

McPherson also composes. Although he never ventures into the avant-garde or free jazz realms as Mingus had, his compositions share with those of Mingus the same sense of surprise. He says, "When it comes to my compositions I feel Mingus' influence the most. Even in the creative process itself, I was influenced by his approach. I remember I'd be over at his house while he was working on writing some piece of music, and I'd see how he would go about putting things together, how he would work things out."

Of all the instruments that are commonly associated with jazz – piano bass, drums, etc. – the saxophone reveals the character of the player most readily. Besides feel and phrasing, each saxophonist creates an individual sound. Within seconds most jazz enthusiasts can distinguish if it's a recording of Lester Young or Paul Desmond by the timbre that those men produced with their horns. McPherson's sound is strong and deliberate but not the slightest bit overblown, as the tenor players such as John Coltrane or John Zorn have taken the instrument. His vibrato is a bit understated. It is there, enhancing the longer notes, but isn't obvious or detracting from the sound or the solo. "Your sound is something of your own, just who you are and something that you work on," says McPherson. "There are several ways that you work on it. You play long notes, go from loud to soft, you work on vibrato. You also have to work on where your air comes from; you have to make sure that your air comes from your diaphragm. Ultimately, each saxophonist will develop a unique sound. It can be compared to when you're in grade school learning to write. All the kids are sitting at their desks trying to copy and make their letters the way the teacher is writing on the board, but after a while everybody develops their own

handwriting."

McPherson believes that this individuality was more pronounced in the past and has been lost in recent years. "One reason for that is academic. Years ago they didn't teach jazz in high school or colleges. When a player was starting out, learning how to play, he was in a local situation. There weren't even all that many records back then. Instead of a hundred records coming out every day, there might be a couple of records coming out every month. Most of what the young fellows had to go on was what the older players would show them. There wasn't anything written down for a player to go by. The older players would show him or tell him verbally. Because of that regional styles developed. Back then you could listen to a horn player or a piano player and tell by the way he played where he came from, you could say 'He's from Texas.' 'He sounds like he's from Chicago – or Saint Louis.'

"Now you've got all these records that everybody listens to. And you have programs of jazz studies in high school and college, and they have a wealth of information. They churn out these young players who really know how to play," McPherson says, noting that there are people graduating from colleges with bachelor degrees in jazz studies who know all their scales, inversions, riffs, and licks. He fears, however, that the emphasis on didactics and knowledge reduces the chance that the next generation will produce a Miles Davis or Theolonius Monk. "The downside to the academics is that it destroys the sound and artistry of the individual. Things are blurred in this more modern era, and I believe that the age of individual genius for jazz has passed."

Just as Mark Twain observed that a classic is a book that everyone praises but no one reads, jazz is the music that everyone expresses affection and admiration for, yet few people actually choose to listen to it. Next time you want to see an overwhelming lack of enthusiasm, suggest to your friends an outing to a Jeff Hamilton Trio concert or that it might be good idea to catch Benny Green at a club date. They will look at you with a combination of confusion and mild disdain, as though you had just suggested that they all have their spleens surgically removed. McPherson is resigned and philosophical when it comes to the lack of popular appeal for the music that he plays. He says, "If it weren't for Japan and Europe, jazz would be dead. Outside of a few clubs and some people who are very devoted to it, jazz doesn't exist in the United States. The reason for that is that jazz is real music. It is not sexualized; it is void of that. When people went to see Sarah Vaughn or Billy Holiday, or Frank Sinatra, it wasn't because Sarah Vaughn was going to show off her ass or her boobs. Frank Sinatra wasn't going to go out singing shirtless or descend on stage on a rope in a cloud of smoke. Now, those things, the smoke and sexuality, that is the current state of our pop consciousness. That's what people go for. People go see a performer with a nice ass with a persona, and that celebrity may or may not be a great singer. That's not what they're there for. For pop culture the sexuality is 99 percent of the show; that's the attraction."

He believes that jazz survives in Europe because Europeans, although they are affected by pop culture and music, are a tad more appreciative of art and music. He says, "Joe the Plumber,



Jazz Camp, 2004



McPherson with a student



their version of Joe the plumber in Europe will be someone who appreciates the arts, music. In Japan they are enamored with all things American. Jazz is American, so they take an interest in it."

McPherson remains enviably active. He released his latest CD, *Manhattan Nocturne*, just last year. He keeps a busy calendar, continuing to tour and perform, with dates in this country and overseas. Once again, San Diego's luck continues. He has a standing gig at Anthology, performing there once a month. Having celebrated his 70th birthday this year, he has one response: "I need to hurry up! There is so much more music I want to write and perform. There is so much more that I want to do!"

Anthology/Paul Parks Photography





Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

THE ANNUAL IBMA AWARDS

The first of October brings the annual International Bluegrass Music Association (IBMA) Awards show hosted at the historic Ryman auditorium in Nashville. These are the highest awards in bluegrass – the equivalent of a “bluegrass Grammy.” As the Troubadour goes to press with this issue, we do not yet know who the winners are as they will not be announced for another week. But, we do know who some of the biggest winners have been in prior years, so let’s take a look at that.

MOST INDIVIDUAL AWARDS



Rob Ickes: 10 IBMA Awards

Rob Ickes has won ten – count ‘em ten – individual awards for Dobro Player of the Year. Rob has dominated the awards in his category for the last decade,

having won top honors in: 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2003, 2004, 2006, 2007, and 2008. And, the odds are that he is likely to win his 11th award this year for dobro Player of the Year.

Next in line with the most individual awards are fiddle player Stuart Duncan, mandolin player Ronnie McCoury, and dobro player Jerry Douglas with eight individual awards each. These three standouts are followed by bass player Missy Raines with seven individual awards. Following Missy are Tony Rice (guitar), Adam Steffey (mandolin), Jim Mills (banjo), and Michael Cleveland (fiddle), with six individual awards each. That’s a very talented bunch of bluegrass pickers who rightfully top the list of individual award winners.

However, bluegrass is more than talented instrumental performers. Bluegrass is a band “team sport.” Vocals and harmony singing are an important part of the genre, so let’s look at who the big winners have been in those categories.



ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR. This is considered to be IBMA’s highest award. It is granted to the group that, over the year, has been the best overall, taking into account instrumentation, vocals, touring, recording, and other activities related to bluegrass music. It should come as no surprise that the perennially favorite Del McCoury Band has won the most Entertainer of the Year Awards, taking home the trophy a stunning nine times: 1994, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2002, 2003, 2004. No other band is even close, with the Grascals, Alison Krauss and Union Station, and the Nashville Bluegrass Band tied for second place with two wins each.

VOCAL GROUP OF THE YEAR. In this category Illrd Tyme Out and Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver share the title with seven awards each. A listen to Illrd Tyme out with Russell Moore singing lead or to Doyle Lawson and his wonderful band will quickly convince the listener that these two groups have earned all these awards for outstanding singing.

FEMALE VOCALIST OF THE YEAR. Rhonda Vincent, of Rhonda Vincent and the Rage, has won the female vocalist of the year award an impressive seven times: 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, and 2006. Alison Krauss, of Alison Krauss and Union Station,



follows in second place with four wins. It must be noted, however, that Alison Krauss has won a stunning 26 Grammy awards giving her more Grammys than any other



female vocalist.

MALE VOCALIST OF THE YEAR. The competition has been tight in this category, with Del McCoury (Del McCoury Band) holding top honors with four wins over Ronnie Bowman (Lonesome River Band and the Ronnie Bowman Committee) and Dan Tyminski (Alison Krauss and Union Station) with three wins each.

INSTRUMENTAL GROUP OF THE YEAR. Bluegrass places a heavy emphasis on virtuosity on the instruments, so this is considered an important category, emphasizing instrumentation by the band as opposed to individual virtuosity. Leading the field by a large margin is Ricky Skaggs and Kentucky Thunder with eight awards won in: 1998, 1999, 2000, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, and 2006. In a distant second place is the band California with three awards.

GOSPEL RECORDED PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR. Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver have dominated the gospel category, and for good reason. This great group has taken home the top award an impressive six times, with the next closest recipient being Blue Highway with two wins.

So, just for fun (remember, music is at heart not a competitive sport!) let’s do the math to see who has won the most awards overall if we were to count all the wins, including where the individual artist shared the award for being part of a group.

Ronnie McCoury takes the lead with this kind of analysis having won an amazing 29 awards: nine for being part of the Del McCoury band’s winning Entertainer of the Year, eight for winning Mandolin Player of the Year, two for being part of the Del McCoury Band in winning Instrumental Group of the year, one for being in the Del McCoury band’s win for Song of the Year, three for being part of the Del McCoury band’s wins for Album of the Year honors, two for participating in the Del McCoury band’s winning of Instrumental Album of the Year, and four for being a part of winning Recorded Event of the Year awards where Ronnie collaborated with artists outside his band. Phew! Now that’s impressive.

Rob Ickes, our record holder in the individual award category with 10 individual awards as Dobro Player of the Year, has won an impressive cumulative total of 16 awards: 10 for Dobro Player of the Year, two for Gospel Recorded Performance of the Year with his band Blue Highway, one for Song of the Year with Blue Highway, one for Album of the Year with Blue Highway, and one for Blue Highway’s winning Emerging Artist of the Year.

Each of these two bluegrass standouts, Ronnie McCoury and Rob Ickes, is a hard working and intelligent practitioner of his art, and each is a member of band that has been successful and stable for many years. So, if you are looking for a key to this kind of success: work hard, practice hard, be smart about what you do, join and stay with a stable and talented band, and bring lots of your own talent to the mix. But, alas, both Ronnie and Rob are still young with lots of music and awards ahead of them, so you might want to stay out of the categories in which they compete!



IN THE “Q”

It’s always good talking to my mom. Sure, it might seem an obvious statement to make, just as it would if I were to declare that she is special – which she so totally, like – is. I’m not really sure why this would prompt me to speak as if I were a girl raised in Encino, but the sentiment/observation remains just as self-evidently true. As I think back on all of the gifts and lessons imparted to me in her inimitable motherly fashion, I am most taken by her “hands-off” approach to artistic mentoring. Something I understand, as I have a singer/songwriter/rock-star son (drewandrews.org) whom I also want to see succeed artistically and commercially. When I need some help, she points out things in a way that allows you to see that you’ve already got the all tools you need in your possession. That’s why I can make the somewhat out-of-left-field claim that **PSP Audioware** (pspaudioware.com) is like my mom.

Wha..?

Last month, you may remember that I praised and drooled all over the company’s excellent oldTimer compressor/limiter plug-in. I have been using it on absolutely everything and am only more in love with it. It’s my new favorite plug-in, period.

Released at the same time as that product, **PSP sQuad** (\$249), is a bundle of four excellent sounding equalization (EQ) processors. Each “unit” in the bundle has its own unique strengths and hence, particular uses they are best suited for. Common to all four is **FAT** double-sampling, 64-bit double precision floating point computations and the ability to “overload” the output, introducing pleasing distortion artifacts to the audio signal via a saturation stage based upon PSP’s excellent Vintage Warmer 2, known industry wide for its wonderful sound quality. This gives one everything from fuzzy-retro vintage tones to ultra-clean modern ones.

It should be pointed out that just as each processor has its own “sound,” so too does each impart a unique character in its saturation.



The **ClassicQ** for instance, is based upon the designs of British-style (slightly warm and fuzzy) EQs, like Neve. These are thought to have a more “musical” sound to them in general, and I found this plug-in to be very true to that aesthetic. It can noticeably leave its own fingerprint on things, however, and some may find it a little aggressive when using it on full mixes or high-transient sources like percussion or glockenspiel. There are lots of options and its interface is beautifully laid out, so it remains easy and intuitive to use.



While I really liked the way the saturation sounded in the **ConsoleQ**, I found it far less instinctive to me in use. It took a bit of trial and error to figure out the inner/outer ring style to the knobs. Scrolling the outside of a knob determines which frequencies are affected, and its corresponding inner knob controls cut or boost of that eq band. I did catch on eventually and was really impressed with how much I could do to transform the attitude my audio – using only EQ!



Those looking for a less intrusive sounding EQ need look no further than PSP’s proprietary **preCursor** plug-in. This one takes a more “surgical” approach in one sense, in that the four frequency filters are Bell types, with progressive Q factors. This means that the more you boost a band, more of its



Sven-Erik Seaholm

neighboring frequencies will also be affected, while a cut becomes narrower the more you turn it down. This sounded great for mastering mixes and dialing in bass tones and had the coolest distortion when oversaturating the output. I used this to great effect on a wimpy electric guitar track.



Maybe it’s the big virtual knobs (sorry Mom), but the **RetroQ** was far and away my favorite of these four excellent plug-ins. I know it has only three bands and seems kinda old-fashioned (duh), but I just can’t get enough of the musically sweet results I have consistently gotten out of this thing. The highs are like spun sugar, airy and angelic. The bottom is ballsy, but cushion-like. The mid-range is both accurate and full of personality. Just as the oldTimer has quickly become my “go-to” compressor, so has the RetroQ become the first stop for EQ-ing vocals, bass, drums, and guitars.

I mentioned my mom at the start, because when she heard I was writing about something as “exciting” as some new EQ plug-ins, she said, “Oh, that sounds exciting,” with her trademark deadpan delivery. Well, maybe it’s not as exciting to read as it is to hear, but I know I’m thrilled, anyway! And I got to compare software to my mom, so like – cool, And stuff.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer, performer, and recording artist. His company Kitsch & Sync Production (kasprou.com) provides recording, mastering, consultations and CD manufacturing services. He performs October 17 at Zen House Concerts (zenhouseconcerts.com).

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



The piercingly incisive José Sinatra

OCTS AND ENDS

I've heard it said, as you have (but I've heard it many more times than you, and I've kept a meticulous tally, which you haven't) that in order to love someone else, one must first love oneself. Once that's accomplished it follows that one must go through some sort of nasty divorce with oneself in order to transfer that love to another. If one is not a bigamist or moral pervert, the love is duly transferred, and the object of one's affection is presented with little more than an empty, lonely, pathetic husk, entirely devoid of that vibrant glow of self-assurance that the modern chick finds so fashionable. To muddy things further, no matter how much love she is offered, she'll always know she's receiving sloppy seconds. And I don't know about you (let's pretend for another moment) but I could never go for such a tramp.

Every year at around this time, I seem to be reaching the apex of my cantankerousness. I'm incredulous about the great number of fine San Diego singer/songwriters I've been attempting to enjoy on local morning television shows throughout the summer. Is that plug for an upcoming show or CD worth the slaughterhouse-like presentation the station allows? The sound is unbelievably atrocious, the "sets" pathetic, and how often is a single song not broken into by a commercial? May I suggest the formation of some kind of non-union union among you extremely talented troubadours to request a decent concession or two from the station before you again freely offer to help them fill their hour? Or has drinking too much of your own morning bath water made you drunk? Okay, you've proven to everyone that you love yourself. Now try to get over it; serenade your viewers in a style they deserve, a style no local station seems capable of supporting at this time.

In the mid-'80s, Troy Danté and I did the Channel 8 *Sunup* program. I watched a videotape of it yesterday. Obviously busy with other things, you didn't. Back then, at least one local station allowed local acts to appear with sweet, eternal dignity. The sound was undistorted and balanced. The songs were aired complete. The name Dean Ellwood is scratching its way back into my mind now – he must have been the artist in charge. Someone find him and make him a part of your life; you'll thank me for it. And thank him for me. But thank me most of all.

Until I see with my own eyes President Barack O'Brian's birth certificate, he'll remain a foreigner to me. In that he's truly dedicated to doing good. What a concept.

I've been listening a lot to the White Album (*The Beatles*, to the purist) lately, and the more I listen, the more I understand what a very *personal* album it is.

Personal in that there are messages in there that seem to be directed to me personally. They involve people like Tom Cruise and Britney Spears . . . maybe I'll be able to figure them out soon, like during the week following Christmas. Oh, there I go, getting ahead of myself again in the helter-skelter of summer's end.

I'll never forget what my second wife said to me when I offered so long ago to take her own summertime blues upon myself. Tears began sandbagging her violet eyes. She had just turned 18 a day or two before, and her voice pierced the stubborn oak of the door to the chamber of my heart. For the first time it seemed as if we were *truly* communicating. She said, very delicately, something I am unable to recall at this moment. Anyway, it was personal.

But the summer's gone, and my love goes out to October. What memories she holds with me! "Monster Mash" topping the charts back in '62 . . . I, making a fairly brilliant video to accompany it 30 years later . . . racing over to the five and dime every year after school on the first of the month to visually feast on the new masks and costumes for Halloween (now they start appearing at the friggin' end of August!) . . . scarring my forehead in a traffic accident on the second day of October in 1972 . . . falling in love, hopefully, on the second in 1987 at a party at Mojo Nixon's house . . . falling in love once more on the sand in Ocean Beach on the evening of the third a year later (this time a brunette) . . . I could go on, but only three of you would understand.

This month, on the Saturday, the 10th, I'll be emceeing the Oktoberfest in Ocean Beach once again, and, once again, I'll be singing psychotically inappropriate songs during the stein-holding and sausage eating contests. There will be lots to eat and drink and a lot of very fine live music to smooch and dance to . . . all with superb sound and zero commercial interruptions. 21 and up for the beer garden area, so please understand that if you're underage and haven't yet copped a reliable fake. I.D., you've got a lot of growing up to do.

And October's the perfect lady to start it all with. Give her your love and she'll take you in, husk and all. Just treat her with respect and don't get any creepy ideas. She *my bitch*, nome sayne?



RADIO DAZE



Jim McInnes

by Jim McInnes

SHUT UP AND TALK TO ME

I love working at the KFMB studio complex in Kearny Mesa, home of Channel 8, Jack-FM, and Talk Radio 760. Great people, plenty of parking and an in-house caterer make my work day easier.

We have a few really wild syndicated talk show hosts on 760.

I arrive at work every morning during Glenn Beck's show. Beck has a good voice. I think a lot of people tune in to hear his good voice say something that will irritate them. Legendary San Diego disc jockey Steve West called me a few days ago to ask me if I liked being on during Glenn Beck's show, adding that he listens every day because Beck pisses him off. Hey, the guy's really popular. Trying to be like Mr. Rogers won't cut it on the radio (although I'd listen.)

After Beck comes the self-professed "Great American," Sean Hannity. Hannity doesn't talk, he lectures. His voice is always on the brink of self-righteous outrage, which makes him funny. He seems like a smart guy. I don't think Hannity believes even half of the anti-Obama, anti-Democratic Party stuff says. He's just in it for the money (which is *really* good.) Good for Sean! If liberal talk radio was as successful as conservative talk radio, Hannity would be Obama's biggest booster.

After Hannity comes the oddly compelling Michael Savage. Savage (real name, Michael Weiner, like a hot dog,) is obviously an intelligent man. He holds a PhD in nutritional ethnomedicine and is said to have formulated Rockstar Energy Drink, from which he made a fortune before giving the company to his kids. On the air, Savage can go from spinning parts of some great old rock and roll songs and telling funny stories about his dog to bellowing at the top of his lungs about god-knows-what. Michael has ruffled more than a few well-placed feathers. Savage is one of only 16 people banned from entering the U.K.

Try this. Hold your nose and yell at the top of your lungs. There, you've just done your Mark Levin impression. Levin's show follows Savage and it makes Savage seem like Mr. Rogers. The funny thing is, Levin bears more than a passing resemblance to Billy Joel. So imagine that, as well. Mark Levin spends his whole show *yelling* about Obama and health care reform. I've met Levin and he seems like a nice lawyer from New York, which he is. He makes me angry, just like he's supposed to, but for all the wrong reasons. Good show.

The remaining two syndicated shows feature Jerry Doyle, who's usually kinda genial, and the often hilarious Phil Hendrie, a man with whom I worked at KGB 20 years ago. Hendrie often portrays his own guests and callers. Amazing.

Hear them for yourself on San Diego's *Talk Radio 760 KFMB*, where you'll hear me providing news and/or traffic information for these gentlemen.



by Peter Bolland

APOLLO AND DIONYSUS

Music is the result of an unlikely marriage of opposites: planning and spontaneity, control and surrender, structure and fluidity, order and chaos, crystalline clarity and purple haze. At the songwriting stage, the arrangement and instrumentation stage, the recording stage, the performance stage – every moment in the manifestation of music is guided by a mysterious confluence of paradoxical tendencies – the urge to deliberately create and the urge to effortlessly participate in a creation already taking place. In other words, successful artists learn how to marry their inner creative energies with the creative energies of the universe itself. We can't, and don't, do it alone. Nor does music make itself.

For the ancient Greeks, Apollo and Dionysus represented these two essential energies. Apollo was the god of music, prophecy, and medicine. He was associated with intellect, deliberation, control, order, reason, and clarity. Dionysus was the god of wine. He was associated with chaos, spontaneity, emotions, and instinct. On the surface, Apollo seems the most admirable. It is our Apollonian tendencies that enable us to lift form out of formlessness, ordering the infinite possibility of this next moment into a concise, well-crafted stroke. Without discipline, deliberation, and lots of sometimes tedious practice our creative juices drain away into shapeless puddles. On the other hand, without our Dionysian tendencies, our well-made structures would stand sterile and lifeless, void of the very essence of all great art – that nameless *je ne sais quoi* that falls forever beyond the well-creased cuff-linked reach of Apollo.

Go into Guitar Center on any Saturday and you'll see hordes of adolescent wannabe rock stars with ripped jeans, wallet chains, and studiously tousled hair test driving Stratocasters through Marshall stacks, buying into the notion that their inner Hendrix is only a Visa swipe away. What most of them don't realize is that before Jimi lit his guitar on fire at Monterey, figuratively and literally, he spent ten years in his room practicing nine hours a day. The story goes that Hendrix's seminal performance of "The Star Spangled Banner" early Monday morning on the last day of Woodstock was completely improvised. He had never performed it before. Jimi's Dionysian side came out to play with a vengeance, yet never before had his Apollonian mastery been so patently obvious.

Before Eddie Van Halen burst out of the Pasadena house party scene to re-invigorate arena rock in the seventies and turn us all into a generation of tappers, he was just a quiet, studious kid. As a boy he took an old 45 r.p.m. single of Cream's "Crossroads" and slowed it down to 33 r.p.m. so he could fastidiously learn every single note of Eric Clapton's masterful performance. Patience, control, discipline, commitment – these are qualities Dionysus knows nothing about.

For the more thoughtful ancient Greeks, Apollo and Dionysus were not really gods living on Mount Olympus. They were merely personifications of energies, organizing principles and modes of consciousness found within the human psyche. Each of us comes bearing the gifts of Apollo and Dionysus. Which one do we call on most often? Which one are we suppressing?

Give in to either completely and watch yourself whither away. If you're too Apollonian you have no passion. In your obsessive need to control everything you end up utterly disconnected from the meat and marrow of life. You live in your own head. Your disdain for the messiness of other people and for life itself locks you away in a dry, dusty closet of loneliness – a very neat closet, but a closet nonetheless. If you're too Dionysian you're just as ineffective, only worse. You hurt other people because you don't even know they're there. You worship at the throne of your own moods and feelings, trapped under the powerful sway of often destructive emotions – anger, resent-

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

ment, envy, fear. You turn to drugs and alcohol, first for the sheer fun of it, then eventually as a daily maintenance program to keep from feeling your feelings. How ironic.

Either tendency, the Apollonian or the Dionysian, if embraced in isolation without its ameliorating opposite, becomes a parody of itself, a prison of its own device. Dionysian spontaneity becomes tired and empty ineffectiveness. Sure you can sing a good tune, but you can't tune your guitar. On the other hand, Apollonian order and control becomes stiff and lifeless – there's nothing left to control but the control itself, you've choked all the life out of life, like polishing furniture in a home no one lives in.

Legend has it that when David Crosby brought his friend Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead into the studio to play pedal steel guitar on "Teach Your Children" during the infamous Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young *Déjà Vu* sessions, Garcia set up his rig and told the engineer to push "play" so he could hear the song for the first time while he played along to get his bearings. Instead, under Crosby's direction, the engineer pushed "record." When the song ended, Garcia said, "Okay, I'm ready. Let's take one."

"Got it," replied Crosby from the control room.

"What?" asked Garcia.

"Yeah," said Crosby, "we're done."

Having never heard the song before in his life, Garcia played one of the greatest pedal steel parts ever recorded on a blind first take. Dionysian, right?

Yes and no. Garcia had spent the previous three years learning the pedal steel with great focus and discipline, sitting in with his friends the New Riders of the Purple Stage on countless nights in clubs all around the bay area. Garcia's success on "Teach Your Children" was no accident. It was the perfect synthesis of Apollo and Dionysus.

Dig out your copy of *Déjà Vu* and listen to Garcia's part on "Teach Your Children." Ask yourself this: will you be ready when your time comes? Have you done your homework? Do you show up prepared? Have you mastered your craft? And then ask yourself this: are you ready to let go? Are you willing to abandon control and surrender to the moment? Are you ready to trust the sacred energy welling up within you and binding you to all things?

Are you willing to strike the right balance between Apollo and Dionysus?

Peter Bolland is a professor at Southwestern College where he teaches eastern and western philosophy, ethics, world religions, and mythology. After work he is a poet, singer-songwriter, and author. He has a band called the Coyote Problem. He also leads an occasional satsang at the Unity Center and knows his way around a kitchen. You can write to him at peterbolland@cox.net

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highway's song

Mary Travers, continued from page 6

- from Patty Hall's diary
BEING MARY TRAVERS – 1963
 Lose weight (no more fried bologna sandwiches and cokes after school)
 Buy high heels (really high heels) in different colors
 Sew sheath dresses in different colors (solid)
 Find bangle bracelets (silver, lots of them)
 Practice "ooohing" in front of mirror
 Straighten hair ("Curl Free")
 Bleach hair (Clairol "Baby Flaxen Blonde")
 Set hair (use orange juice cans and Dad's beer)
 Iron hair (every morning)
 Toss hair (whenever I think about it)
 Wear all black or special Mary dress Mom made me.
 Hold hand out (palm up) when I sing
 Be quiet on stage (no talking in between songs)
 Become a Democrat (I think)

One by one, friends and family became my gentle enablers. My parents and brother and sister were very supportive of my mission. A school buddy, Donna Steinberg, a budding social commentator and talented artist, captured Mary in wryly captioned sketches that she passed to me in notes every day after fourth period. I'd convinced other friends how I wanted to be addressed, and by the time Hayward High yearbooks were issued in June 1964, most of the autographs to me began "Dear Mary." All my friends well knew what I wanted to be called, and who I wanted to be, even before I grew up and graduated from high school.

Mary Travers didn't finish high school, instead dropping out in the 11th grade and taking a series of jobs ranging from portrait artist model, riding instructor, and clerk at an ad agency. Her real interest was singing, however, and eventually, she landed a part in the chorus for Mort Sahl's Broadway musical *The Next President*.

Mary also joined the ranks of other young entertainers (among them Bill Cosby, Woody Allen, and Cass Elliott) hoping for a break performing in the many coffeehouses around Greenwich Village. By this time, she was married, with a young daughter Erika. Mary had performed several times with singer and stand-up comedian Noel Paul Stookey. At one of these shows, she'd attracted the attention of Albert Grossman, an owl folk impresario with an uncanny knack for spotting salable talent.

Grossman, who was already managing Odetta, and would soon be taking on a scruffy young soloist named Bob Dylan, was a shrewd and prescient businessman. He'd gotten whiff of the expanding interest in folk music (yet to



PP&M in the early days

be dubbed the folk revival) and began envisioning and then methodically blueprinting a folk supergroup. He auditioned and finally settled on Peter Yarrow (a young Cornell student who he managed) to team up with Noel Stookey and Mary, who had since divorced and was struggling to make ends meet as a single mom.

Milton Okun was hired as the group's musical director, and Grossman set the group to work in regular rehearsals and began setting up concerts and TV and radio appearances. He also dictated the groups on-stage look: blue suits, ties, neatly trimmed Van Dyke beards for the guys, and long blonde hair and designer dresses for Mary. Grossman's hunch that America might take to a well-rehearsed, choreographed, mixed gender group that resembled clean-cut beatniks, was spot on. People went wild for this group, who was as visually striking as they were musically interesting.

Fame swiftly followed. It was only a matter of time before the biblically named Peter, Paul, and Mary (Noel Stookey going by his middle name, Paul) became as well-known by the acronym PP&M as by their group name. The talented Milton Glaser of Pushpin Studios was enlisted to design all of the group's albums and press materials, and even came up with a distinctive cursive typeface that has come to be associated almost exclusively with the trio.

April 12, 1963
Today it rained, rained, rained. Faked it and took a day off from school. Practiced ukulele for hours and learned the introduction to "A Soalin" by PP&M. I'm going to write them a letter to ask for personal information and an autographed picture. Patty

Though my ongoing stream of fan letters to PP&M would go largely unanswered, I did manage to get myself on the group's Christmas card list, which meant I'd be recipient of the innovative holiday greetings and other materials Pushpin Studios designed for the trio. One, a full size calendar poster, the trio dressed up Bonnie-and-Clyde style. Another was a small, turn-of-the-century themed flipbook, with photos of the Victorian-costumed group cavorting wildly. These annual "Pushpin" greetings are still among my most treasured possessions.
 By early 1963, Peter, Paul, and Mary had

two best-selling albums, and was receiving regular media coverage, in magazines as diverse as *Hootenanny*, *Ladies Home Journal*, and *Cosmopolitan*. A July 1963 article in *Look* magazine summed up the PP&M's enormous appeal. "The trio occupies an uncomfortable but lucrative middle ground in the world of folk music. They are not authentic, who spring from a true folk culture, nor are they reporters, who recreate an authentic style. But they certainly cannot be counted among the legion of hack vulgarizers, the tasteless re-arrangers who have caused many old-time folk buffs to curse the current rage and fake-singing it has spawned."

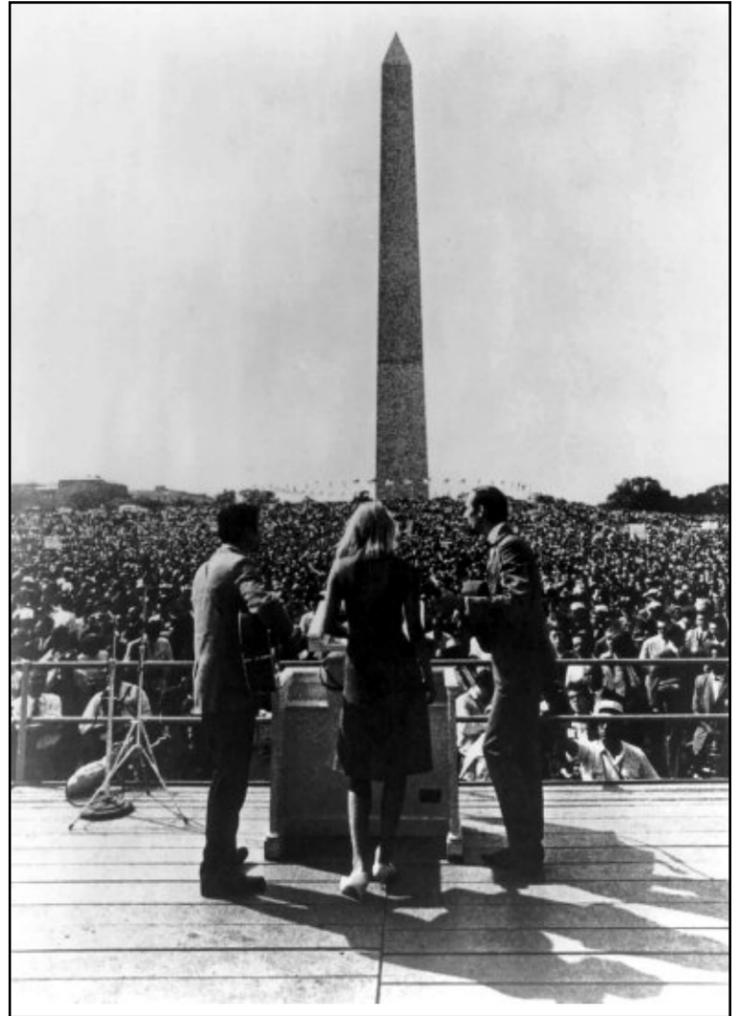
More concerts, more albums, TV appearances, and magazine write-ups followed, and my admiration for PP&M in general, and Mary Travers in particular, continued unabated. I was able to attend more concerts, and eventually Peter would recognize me, greeting me by name backstage, as I showed him how my scrapbooks had grown. But as much as I loved her, Mary remained an elusive figure. Though Peter, and usually Paul, would come out after each concert, to greet fans, sign autographs, and give hugs and kisses, there was no Mary.

Then, at a concert in 1966, out came the trio, Peter and Paul looking essentially the same, but Mary, glowing and gorgeous in a beautiful crepe maternity sheath. I knew Mary had married photographer Barry Feinstein and so was stunned and delighted at this new development (her daughter Alicia was born later that year). Now, there was yet another thing to admire – Mary Travers as mother!

And so the years passed. I went away to college, still emulating Mary when I thought about it, but not as obsessively. I kept up with the trio, attending concerts, and still trying to keep my hair straight. And I'd begun to take a greater interest in Mary's politics and intellect.

I especially relished the fact that as all of us became Flower Children, so too did Peter, Paul, and Mary, becoming ever more articulate spokespersons for world peace, poverty, and civil rights. As I matured, I found new and different Mary Travers traits to admire, and Mary morphed into my activism mentor. I didn't care so much anymore about her hair or pointy high heels but was far more interested in her unique brand of rational feminism and outspokenness. Though she still didn't talk much on stage, she was quite forthright in magazine interviews.

In 1971, after an intensive decade of performing concerts worldwide, issuing many albums (in the process, garnering three Grammys, five platinum LPs, and command performances before JFK and Queen Elizabeth), the trio decided to call it quits. Paul wanted to explore his deepening commitment to Christianity and Peter would pursue writing and producing. It was Mary who continued on as an entertainer, performing as a solo music act while also hitting the lecture circuit to deliver talks on folk music and society. She also began hosting her own nationally syndicated radio program, "Mary Travers and Friends," a one-hour show featuring chats



PP&M singing at the historic March on Washington, 1963

with prominent performers along with their recorded works. During this time, she also released several solo albums. And now, I had yet more reasons to admire the indomitable Mary Travers who did a lot more than flip her mane of hair and look pretty on stage.

Then, in 1978, after seven years of each flying in a personal direction, PP&M decided to reunite to present a series of reunion shows and, after beginning rehearsals, began considering that they might reunite on a more regular basis.

By this time, Mary's emerging feminism had merged with her lifelong, ongoing dedication to social justice, and she became more and more outspoken about world politics. A trip to El Salvador in 1983 as a member of the on United States-Central American Relations Committee moved her tremendously, and she said the human rights issue there was the most shocking she had witnessed to date. Later, similar trips took her to the Soviet Union and South Korea.

In 1986 Mary became a grandmother, and at a subsequent concert in Nashville, she brought her granddaughter out on stage and sang to her. Clearly, she had gracefully and

delightedly segued into yet another wonderful admiration-inspiring era: Grandmother-hood.

Later, in the early 1990s, an older and mellower Mary Travers presented a cabaret show at the Nashville Jewish Community Center. More beautiful than ever, she was a stately presence, perched gracefully on a high stool, one foot on the floor, singing (against tasteful piano accompaniment) and speaking into a hand mic. No hair flipping. No flouncing. Just Mary and us. Her performance was intimate and accessible, and during the hour-and-a-half show, she sang, talked (boy did she talk!), shared memories, was funny, and kept all of us on the edge of our seats.

And then, in the mid-1990s, PP&M were booked to play a benefit concert at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. Our son David was a young man of about eight, and I was dying to have him meet my old idols. A silent auction win garnered us a special tie-dye shirt and backstage passes. When we arrived backstage, all three of the trio were there to meet and greet us, and husband Barry documented the evening in some wonderful photos.

More years passed, and I kept up with the trio's doings, now via the Internet, still tucking clippings I found into the back recesses of my aging scrapbooks. I attended concerts when I could, and began collecting PP&M historical memorabilia via eBay, thinking I might, someday, entertain the notion of writing something about them.

Then several years ago, Mary shared with the world that she had leukemia, and was seeking a bone marrow donor. A match was found, and following her transplant, things looked good for several more years. She continued appearing in concert with Peter and Paul. And then, last month, the news came. I'd tried to steel myself a bit during the last few years, beginning when I'd first learned of Mary's illness, and had seen web photos of her onstage, still radiant and smiling, but in a wheelchair, hooked up to oxygen. I knew in my rational mind that the end might be near, but one never really believes an idol will ever pass from this earth. The double whammy was that, like all of the other bad tidings I'd



continued on page 14

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OCTOBER BLUEGRASS INVADES SAN DIEGO

by Dwight Worden

San Diego is, perhaps surprisingly, a rich location for great bluegrass music. There is a bluegrass event every Tuesday evening somewhere in the area (visit www.socalbluegrass.org and <http://northcountybluegrass.org> for info on the two clubs sponsoring these events, or visit KSON radio's Bluegrass Bulletin Board for a complete listing of all area bluegrass events: <http://www.waynerice.com/kson/bgevents.htm>). In addition, there are special concerts throughout the year, not to mention the Summergrass Festival held every August in Vista. In keeping with our rich tradition, October 2009 looks to be a great month. The non-profit San Diego Bluegrass Society will be presenting the great Eddie Adcock with his wife Martha in concert on October 17. Eddie Adcock was a member of the original Country Gentlemen, one of the top bands of the 1950s, 1960s and '70s. Eddie's banjo playing has been described by the *Magazine of Country Music* as "legendary."



Eddie & Martha Adcock

Recently, Eddie earned himself fame for undergoing brain surgery while playing his banjo. Eddie's three-part surgery, termed Deep Brain Stimulation, involved the implantation of electrodes into the brain as well as insertion of a palm-sized battery-powered generator within the chest wall, plus lead wires to connect the two. The technologically advanced procedure was performed in multiple stages over the month of August in Nashville, Tennessee, at Vanderbilt Medical Center, a teaching and research hospital that is a world leader in neurological studies and surgeries. Eddie

was awake and playing his banjo during the process to make sure his "banjo playing wires" weren't crossed. The surgery was done to address a tremor in his right banjo-picking hand, and it was successful.

As you might expect, this unusual approach to surgery made the big time national news, including a report on ABC's "Good Morning America" and there is a very interesting video of the surgery on YouTube. Check it out at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PjX6ErmKY14>. Eddie now bills himself, with justification, as the "bionic banjo player."

Aside from his early fame with the Country Gentlemen and the interest generated by his brain surgery, Eddie and wife Martha are currently making some fine music and have a busy touring schedule. The two have been playing together for more than three decades. They have won many awards and have been multi-time Grammy finalists. The duo has been called "stellar musicians and vocalists" by *Cashbox* magazine; and *Billboard* names them "...one of the bluegrass circuit's top acts." So, you can expect some great traditional music along with some wonderful wit and chatter from the lively and outgoing Eddie.

The Eddie and Martha Adcock concert will be held at the First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach, located at 4747 Soledad Mountain Road, Saturday October 17, 7pm. There will be an opening set by local band Highway 76, fresh from an impressive performance at Summergrass. Highway 76 features banjo player Chris Beucler, Steve Toth on dobro, Dan Sankey on fiddle and mandolin, and Given Harrison on bass. Admission is free and the public is welcome. A good will offering will be taken with all funds going to the band.

In concert Thursday, October 22, is banjo great Tony Furtado. The concert will be held at Acoustic Music San Diego, located at 4650 Mansfield, off Adams Avenue, at 7:30pm. Furtado started off with a bang at age 19 by winning two prestigious national banjo competitions. However, his interests in music were and are still much broader than just bluegrass. Over the years Tony has played with Greg Allman, Susan Tedeschi, Taj Mahal, Leftover Salmon, and Eric Johnson, among others. He has also shared

the stage with the likes of Sonny Landreth, Keith Richards, David Lindley, Derek Trucks, and Norah Jones. Like his vast and eclectic repository of recordings, a Tony Furtado show has something to offer everyone. Tickets and info are available at www.acousticmusicandsd.com or call (619) 303-8176.

Two days later, on Saturday, October 24, Poway Center for the Performing Arts presents bluegrass kingpin and living legend Ralph Stanley backed by the award-winning group Cherryholmes.

Beginning in the 1940s Ralph Stanley, together with his Clinch Mountain Boys, featuring Ralph and his brother Carter Stanley, performed and recorded some of the best, most classic American roots and mountain music ever produced. Ralph was a friend as well as a rival to Bluegrass music founder Bill Monroe (Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys). Ralph never called his music "bluegrass" since that was the name used by Bill Monroe, preferring to call it "mountain music" and referring to the music of Bill Monroe as "so-called bluegrass music."

To give you an idea of the respect attributed to Ralph Stanley and his music, he was made one of the musical stars of the *O' Brother Where Art Thou?* movie, performing his classic "O Death" and in 2006 he was awarded the National Medal of the Arts by President Bush. He has recorded approximately 200 albums, is a multiple Grammy



Ralph Stanley

Award winner, a member (with his late brother Carter) of the International Bluegrass Music Association's Hall of Fame, and a member of the world-famous Grand Ole Opry. Ralph Stanley is truly one of the few remaining "first generation" bluegrass legends.

Cherryholmes, performing with Stanley, are legitimate modern stars in their own right. They are, no doubt, the best performing bluegrass family band of the new century. The band is comprised of husband Jere Cherryholmes (bass), wife Sandy (mandolin), and their four children: Cia (banjo), Molly (fiddle), Skip (guitar), and B.J. (fiddle). The band's roots are based in bluegrass, Celtic, and jazz music, and they play it all with great skill and verve.

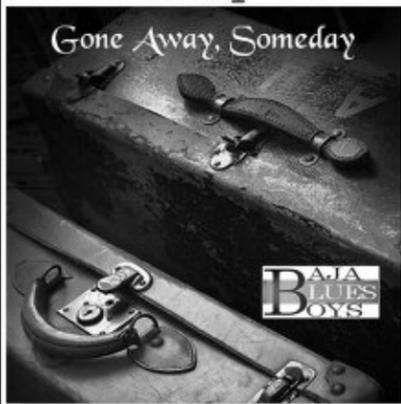
Cherryholmes has stormed to the top of the bluegrass music world since winning the 2005 International Bluegrass Music Association Award for Entertainer of the Year. Their self-titled debut album on Skaggs Family Records in 2006 received their first Grammy nomination for Best Bluegrass Album, and their second Grammy-nominated album *Black and White* came in at number one on *Billboard's* Bluegrass Album Chart. Cherryholmes' latest album, *Don't Believe* earned the band its third and fourth Grammy nominations for Best Bluegrass Album, and crossed them over into the Best Country Instrumental Performance category for the track "Sumatra."

Locals may remember when the Cherryholmes were just starting out and made an appearance at the annual Julian Bluegrass Festival about five years ago, or may remember their appearances in Fallbrook. Even then we knew they were going places. If you have never seen the Cherryholmes, you are in for a treat as they are excellent performers and songwriters and put on a great stage performance, including buck dancing. So, I know you all are still glowing and recovering from the last two months, which brought us the Summergrass Festival with ten great bluegrass bands, as well as separate concerts by guitar phenoms David Grier and Dan Cray. But you'll want to gear up for October and take advantage of the chance to see these great performers—you won't regret it! Ralph Stanley with the Cherryholmes will perform October 24 at the Poway Center for the Arts, located at 15498 Espola Road in Poway. Show time is 8pm.



The Cherryholmes

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- Chet Cannon, Good Blues Update

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Mary Travers, continued from page 14



PP&M in their later years

received during the past few years about aging folkies, the devastating news about Mary reached me in that detached, virtual, all-to-impersonal manner: a forwarded e-mail. Mary Travers was dead.

Oddly enough, I began receiving condolence e-mails and phone messages from high school buddies and other old pals (some of whom I haven't been in touch with since the '60s). These folks, now in their 60s, each recalled how integral a part of my teenage life Mary Travers had been, and knew I might be feeling blue. And they were right. Even though I had only met her face to face one time, I was mourning the loss of Mary Travers, whose grace, mystery, beauty, talent, and social activism had made an indelible impression on who I had become.

And although I now realize that I certainly wasn't the only girl in 1964 saving PP&M newspaper clippings, writing fan letters, and ironing out the kinks in my hair, so much of who I was, and became, in those formative, at times desperate, teen and young-adult years (when the emotional parts of our brains are still in the process of hardwiring themselves) was inspired by Mary Travers. Mary had been my model for so many of the things I wanted to be, at so many different stages of my life. At first, my wardrobe guru, my hair mentor, my song stylist. Later, a model of who I wanted to be as a working (performing!) wife, mother, and social activist. Finally, in most recent years, as she aged and embraced her elder status, Mary had become my secret "crone coach" - the kind of older, wiser woman with outrageous views, a feisty sense of humor, and a kindly forthrightness that tells it like it is.

I read that Mary faced her impending death with grace and dignity, kindness, and good humor. Though Peter's and Paul's brief statements on the PP&M website candidly acknowledge Mary's at-times difficult personality and rough edges, their profound grief at her loss flowed out of every sentence. Each stated, in his own words, what a gift it had been to know her and how difficult it was to envision a world without Mary Travers. And you know what? In a much more modest, but no less grateful way, I know exactly what they mean.

Grossmont College Celebrates First Annual Lester Bangs Memorial Reading

by Raul Sandelin

On the evening of Thursday September 17, Grossmont Community College in El Cajon held a reading of faculty and student literary works dedicated to the great music journalist Lester Bangs (1948-1982). The event was held in the college's Hyde Gallery visual arts space. It is planned that this will become an annual event.

Lester Bangs was born in Escondido and grew up in El Cajon. He is credited as being the first so-called "gonzo" journalist for developing a style of reporting that put the reporter in direct conflict with his subject matter, namely the rock stars he was reporting on. Bangs realized that 1960s counter-culture had created its own Big Business - the music industry - and its own aristocracy - the musicians who were often blindly idolized in the name of rebellion. Bangs set out to remove the facades surrounding the wealthy rock musicians who posited themselves as counter-cultural heroes.

Writing primarily for *Rolling Stone* then *Creem* magazines, Bangs also understood that the whole phenomenon of popular music was symbolic of society as a whole. And, he used his reviews and articles to analyze culture and human nature beyond just the scope of music. He is credited with performing one of the finest dissections of 1960s-versus-1970s America in a piece he wrote about Black Sabbath titled "Bring Your Mother to the Gas Chamber" (1972). He also forecast the emergence of not only reggae in his 1976 "Innocents in Babylon" but also sensed that another form of Jamaican music known as "dub" would soon play a role in the U.S. "Dub," after it spread into Little Kingston in the Bronx, would evolve into a new, half-spoken music called Rap and germinate in the weekend basement parties throughout New York's black communities.

Lester Bangs has been immortalized in song by such diverse rock legends as Bob Seger, REM, and the Ramones.

Yet, he was very much a San Diego kid and a part of the local music scene before pursuing his writing career in Detroit and New York City. He attend-



Lester Bangs

ed Cajon Valley Junior High, El Cajon High, Grossmont Junior College, and San Diego State College. His best friends in junior high were two future pillars of the San Diego music scene - Jerry Raney, founding member of Glory and the Beat Farmers, and Jack Butler, leader of the Bratz and Private Domain. Later, he also played harmonica in one of Raney's early bands - the Dark Ages. He was a regular at the Hi-Ho Club, a concert venue then located at Parkway Bowl in El Cajon. And, many people to this day remember Lester hanging out at the many rock clubs and coffee shops that dotted the main drags from El Cajon to the beaches.

He did much of his early writing while living in the San Diego area. Often, he would drive to L.A. to do interviews and attend shows, then, drive back to San Diego to write. Some of his early work is very referential to San Diego, especially the East County. "Two Assassinations and a Speedy Retreat into Pastoral Nostalgias" recounts the nervous days of June 3-6, 1968 when Robert Kennedy and Andy Warhol were shot. However, the setting is El Cajon as Bangs drives his girlfriend around town, all the while trying to write a philosophy paper for one of his classes.

Grossmont College's annual Lester Bangs Memorial Reading is a fitting tribute to a hometown hero. Sure, he had faults and died young as a result. But, he also is a life-lesson for young East County kids who desire to think literally "out of the Box." (Please remember that "the Box" translates to "El Cajon" in Spanish.)

Yale Strom, continued from page 17

tion is something that seems to have disappeared recently as we listen to the music we are force fed by robotic radio and the odes played on American Idol. This CD touches your soul and your heart and never lets up. Yale Strom has created a CD that makes you want more, so you play it again, over and over, always finding new themes, new rhythms, and emotionally laden vocals with notes that shake your soul.

The CD sings to the six million lost, bringing them back to the rest of us still here who are alive and dancing to *Bread with Borsht, Brothers*. Indeed, Yale Strom has created a CD for everyone. Its melodies will make you move your feet, shed a tear, laugh out loud, and forever remember the songs of a people who wandered through many lands and mixed in the cultures they absorbed along the way. This is truly world music, culturally created in Eastern Europ, but cross-fertilized with sounds from as far away as Turkey, the Middle East, and North Africa, brought to life again in those long gone, ghost-inhabited Jewish communities that still exist in our DNA.

L'Chaim ("to Life!") to a treasury of culture and music that plays out on this wonderful, intelligent CD.

Blues Gangsters, continued from page 17

superb lick from Ellison. By the time the song hits the half way point and Maddocks joins in on the chorus, you'll be singing the chorus too; it's got a hook that insidious. Custom made for any dance floor that caters to an R&B crowd, I could see this tune getting covered.

The Perils of Life, isn't for everybody. If your thing is airbrushed pop or "alternative" anything, this won't hit you. But anyone who enjoys rock 'n' roll, blues, or classic psychedelia will find a lot to enjoy on this disc. The album is both well worth investigating and a worthy addition to this group of players' canon.



Eddie Lenhart Levittown

by Frank Kocher

Levittown is the third and latest offering from San Diego singer/songwriter Eddie Lenhart. The Pennsylvania native plays a mixture of alt-country, pop and rock music.

Lenhart has a pleasant if not distinctive vocal presence and an ability to nail a catchy melody on many of the tunes here, especially on the slower, countrified songs on the disc. Also, he has surrounded himself with some major local studio talent, whose efforts make the best cuts sound even better and improve the other efforts. Steve Wetherbee produced at his Golden Track Studio, and if his slick efforts make some of the pop songs sound like the Beatles sat in, this is a good thing in Lenhart's case - the seeming choirs of background vocals help cover a lack of power in the lead singing and the ace instrumentalists raise the musical ante of the project a notch. Multi-instrumental whiz Dennis Caplinger is featured, and several sharp members of Eve Selis' band were recruited for the disc, including guitarist Mark Intravia (aka Mark Twang) and keyboardist Sharon Whyte.

"My Heart" opens things with a pleasant pop-country effort, with Lenhart telling some tales from his experience to a catchy hook as perfect harmonies swell on the chorus over Caplinger's banjo, Whyte's organ, and with plenty of nifty lead fills by Intravia. This establishes a pattern for the rest of the disc, as the better tunes follow this template, and the ones that don't work as well stray from it. On "Without Him," Lenhart drives home a spiritual message about his Creator, but the tune plods and doesn't click, despite a bridge that sounds like that it belongs on the back side of *Abbey Road*. "As She Walks" is much better, a memorable mid-tempo ballad that scales musical heights with its chorus. Lenhart's autobiographical title tune uses lyrical imagery well, and the alt-country ballad scores points for its personal connection. He puts on his rock-er hat for "Love Strong," a hodge-podge of riffs that doesn't gel, then is back on firmer footing with "Oklahoma." Here, in the disc highlight, Lenhart sustains a relaxed feeling and lets the burn-in-the-brain hook of the song do its work. In "The Game" he mixes things up, fiddle dueling with power-rock guitar licks as the song moves in and out of country and rock modes. The country ballad "Boy" is another highlight, as Lenhart is clearly most at home in this genre, and the pristine production boosts the impact again. Unfortunately, "In the Light" follows with a trip back to rock street; despite good work from Intravia, this type of thing isn't really suited to Lenhart's vocal style and falls flat. The country-rock "Time" is much better, slide guitar powering harmony vocals with a strident beat.

Levittown represents a very well-played and produced collection of songs, most of which work well. Several of the slow country ballad tunes will stay in the listener's head for a long time.



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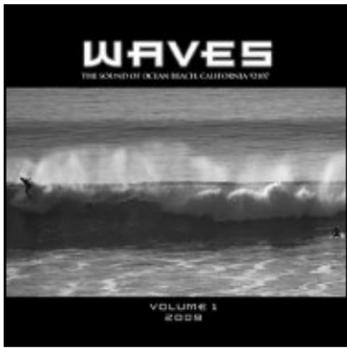
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Waves The Sound of Ocean Beach, California

by Mary Mann

An Ocean Beach moment as endearing and delightful as the CD release party for *Waves* only comes around so often. A visitor from out of town would imagine that the recent event took place in a small town, not in the middle of one of Southern California's largest cities. Children danced with balloons, older couples spun each other around, and everyone in between filled their faces with beer and catered Hodad's burgers. Everybody seemed to know each other.

Only Chuck Schiele could create something like that. Arguably one of Ocean Beach's most successful musicians, with several bands, awards, and recordings under his belt, Schiele compiled the *Waves* album as a touching tribute to OB. Each of the 12 local artists featured wrote a song about Ocean Beach, which was recorded, mastered, and assembled into *Waves: The Sound of Ocean Beach, California 92107*.

The album kicks off with "Ballad of the OB Spaceman" by Skip Phillips and the Pescadero Pickers, a hilarious deadpan bluegrass song about a spaceman coming to save Obecians from earth. The album then moves to a dance-worthy "92107 (yeah...)" by Chuck Schiele and Bad Science Fiction in the tradition of solid SoCal rock.

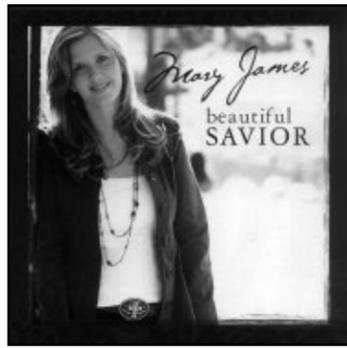
Coco and Lafe slow it down with "Ocean Beach," a sweet and stirring ballad to the beach community, with a sound generally reserved for songs about ex-lovers. Chi Club picks up afterward on "No Bad Day," a surf-rock song with a ska beat. "Newport Avenue" by the Gomango Kids has a jammy, happy Grateful Dead feel, and is followed by a very Jimmy Buffet-esque "Ocean Beach" by John Gorski.

The Journeymen heat things up with a jazzy instrumental jam in "Forever Obecian." After zoning out to this grown-up sound, it's hard not to laugh out loud when the next song comes on, "Oh, Oh, I'm Deranged" by Chuck Edwards, an ode to drinking and doing nothing at Pacific Shores, to the tune of "Home, Home on the Range." A dark and slightly sexy "Dancer on the Waves" by Danya Ad and the Shimmy Sisters follows, about revolution in Ocean Beach, in the tradition of the Age of Aquarius.

Phish fans will melt to "Buddy the Surf Dog" by Meld, a classic jam song about a surfing dog who finds love on the waves. John Miller brings us back to serious in "Treated Me Well," a rock love song for California.

The popular Blackbirdz closes off the album with "Livin' in OB," a no hurries, no worries dub song that had every body at the CD release swaying and bobbing their heads.

Waves is a sweet, touching, and sometimes hilarious tribute to one of the most tight-knit communities in San Diego. If you live in OB, this album will make you feel proud, and if you don't live in OB, well, you'll want to move.



Mary James Beautiful Savior

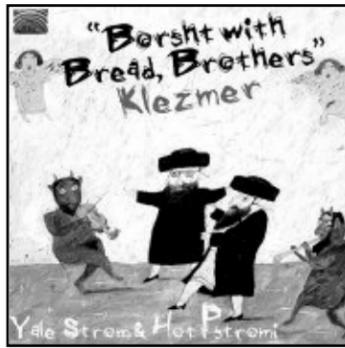
by Mike Alvarez

On her terrific new country rock album *Beautiful Savior*, Mary James sings with the conviction and passion that is commonly found in the best love songs. And indeed that's precisely what these are: love songs. But instead of being directed toward some hunky flavor-of-the-month who'll someday do her wrong, she sings her heart out to her Lord and Creator. It is precisely those very qualities of passion and conviction that lend this upbeat collection of catchy tunes the gravity that lets listeners know she means business. As detailed on her website, hers was not an easy path through life, so when she shares the answers she has found, it is from a position of strength and clarity.

Musically speaking, this is a well-produced recording with songs that are instantly likeable. Melodic hooks are liberally incorporated into bold and spacious arrangements. While the most apparent emphasis is on a modern country sound, the album often straddles the line between that genre and melodic pop, with forays into folk and classic rock. Guitars are featured prominently throughout, with keyboards, fiddle, mandolin, dobro, and banjo added at strategic points for added color. It's all held together by a very capable rhythm section.

Accompanied by a well-respected cadre of stellar local musicians, including guitarists "Cactus" Jim Soldi and Mark "Twang" Intravia, keyboardist Sharon Whyte, and multi-instrumentalist Dennis Caplinger, James gives a strong and varied vocal performance that is emotive and pleasing. Her delivery is at times evocative of her influences, which include Wynonna, Bonnie Raitt, and Reba McEntire. On the sprightly country dance number "Little Down Home," her performance takes on a little of Dolly Parton's manner of phrasing lyrics. The Southern rock song "Come to the Well" shows her adding a little of Linda Ronstadt's fire to the mix. The band sounds tough and tight, bringing more than a few echoes of Lynyrd Skynyrd and Alabama to the table. Most of these songs were written or co-written by Ms. James, and it's a true testament to her musical sensibility that they contain so many memorable passages. "Flowers, Angels and Jesus," "She Sings," and "Bring the Rain" feature chord sequences and melodies that have real staying power hours after one listens to them. "In My Eyes" is a slow acoustic tune that starts out sounding like the Roy Orbison classic "Love Hurts" but develops into a truly lovely ballad. The album closer is the title track, based upon a well-known church melody, but arranged in such a way that it artfully fits into the style set by the rest of the album.

James leaves no doubt as to the message she wishes to send through her music. She doesn't cloak it in obtuse lyrics or imagery. Quite the contrary, the album title itself makes known the strong religious convictions she expresses through these songs. For those who believe, this is a no-brainer. Get it. For those less faithfully inclined? They might be pleasantly surprised at how much they'll end up liking it.



Yale Strom & Hot Pstromi Borscht with Bread, Brothers

by Allen Singer

Borscht with bread, tea in a glass, a sugar cube clenched between the teeth while drinking, this new CD by Yale Strom and Hot Pstromi brings back the tales my old grandparents recounted of their lives in Komix, Poland, a small town now haunted by Golems from a long gone old world. The CD evokes memories of my grandma koshering chickens while singing old Jewish folk songs in Yiddish, silently dreaming about her former life in the shtetl.

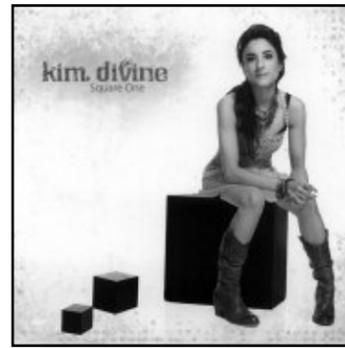
Yale Strom's terrific CD is a journey home several generations later for a people whose souls are still wandering but who are now rooted in new lives and places far removed from their Eastern European homes. This great gift of music is tied to Jewish folk songs and melded with the rhythms of all the places Jews have lived around the world where they have been touched by the local culture and music. The tunes are infused with a sound that I can only describe as Jewish blues/jazz, Roma (Gypsy) music, and all things Middle Eastern and pentatonic. It takes you on the road of the Jewish Diaspora with music local to each country along the route but unique in its heartfelt similarities and sounds. This is an exciting CD as well as an historic one. It introduces and extends the Klezmer themes and music into a European borscht-like mixture of many musical colors and sounds.

The CD includes a mélange of different musicians, starting with Yale Strom on violin and Hot Pstromi members Fred Benedetti on guitar, David Licht on percussion, Jeff Pekarek on bass, Sprocket Royer on bass, Elizabeth Schwartz providing soulful vocals, Tripp Sprague on saxophone, Norbert Stachel on saxophone/multi woodwinds, and Peter Stan on accordion.

The CD roams through 12 songs, each unique and each a musical piece of a musical puzzle that takes you through an exciting journey of Eastern European Jewish dance and folk music. The migration of many Jewish people to the U.S. in the first half of the 20th century also popularized the Klezmer music that the new immigrants brought to New York City's Yiddish theatre district along Second Avenue. You can also hear Klezmer's influence on 1930s jazz in the swing band music played by Benny Goodman and his trumpeter Ziggy Elman. During the same time, Klezmer music was the heart and soul of the Catskills borscht belt, a place in New York State where Jews vacationed and were welcomed at the local hotels and resorts, because they weren't permitted in other resort areas. Gradually, the comedians telling jokes to a background Klezmer beat made their comedy universal and the music became accessible to all.

Listening to this music filled me with many emotions, both joyous and sorrowful. This type of emotional reac-

continued on page 16



Kim Divine Square One

by Frank Kocher

Former San Diego singer/songwriter Kim DiVine has established herself already, with two well-received acoustic albums followed by an excellent EP, *Hummingbird*, in 2006 (all as Kim DiVincenzo). That disc featured her with a full band on most of the tracks, bringing a degree of luster to her songs that wowed many reviewers, garnered a number of awards, and has a lot of folks anxious for more of the same.

Her new CD, *Square One*, picks up right where *Hummingbird* left off. A big reason is the smart move to record at San Diego's Light of Day studio, with *Hummingbird* producer Keith Orfanides. He again manages to let DiVine have the spotlight and plays most of the other instruments himself, while framing her music in tasteful background harmonies, keyboards, and layers of guitars. The result is radio-friendly, polished pop arrangements that aren't overly slick and enhance the musical impact of DiVine's catchy writing.

DiVine is a good singer with a voice that isn't a four-octave siren or the hypnotic throb of a warble singer. She sings her lyrics with an earnest, clear, high voice that imparts just the right amount of emotion. For most of the songs, it is about the songwriting and not her vocal range, anyway.

"Letting Go" starts off, as DiVine sings verses over keyboards that give way to a rousing, full band chorus that sounds like Orfanides is channeling Coldplay. The dynamics work so well that the tune is instantly memorable. A folk-rock approach is taken on "Little Things," with personal lyrics, guitar and harmonies, and DiVine using the opportunity to show some good vocal chops. On "Raining," the band pushes a very catchy melodic hook, with plenty of power keyboards amping up the choruses. "All Night" is quieter but equally catchy, using a repeated refrain over string swells to burn into the listener's memory. A slower ballad, "Without You," follows, but it is another strong cut, with strong vocal by DiVine up front, another winning melody, and plenty of dramatic buildup. The strong tunes keep coming, "We Could" is more smooth pop with driving drums and guitars, nailing a hook with another great arrangement.

All 12 songs feature very personal lyrics about relationships and affairs of the heart, most written in the first person. Many are given a powerful and almost heroic flavor by the arrangements, lyrics, and vocal treatment.

"What's It Gonna Be" appeared in slower, acoustic form on *Hummingbird*; the rock version of the tune here, like "Letting Go" and "We Could," is another highlight. DiVine again is in command on the vocal while the music chimes and swells, echoing the guitar veneer of U2 and Coldplay. Things close quietly with an acoustic version of "All Night."

Square One is certainly a big step forward by Kim DiVine, showing fulfillment of the promise shown in her earlier work. It is a great listen.



The Blues Gangsters The Perils of Life

by Bart Mendoza

It's amazing the obstacles some people overcome in their effort to make music. Such is the case with the Blues Gangsters, who have traveled some distance and *three* decades to get their new, eight-song, album, *The Perils of Life*, made.

For anyone involved in San Diego's music scene in the early to mid-eighties, the Blues Gangsters are a true all-star band. Guitarist/vocalist David James Rinck III ruled local stages with his group the Wallflowers, while lead guitarist David Ellison spent time with such diverse local favorites as the Rockin' Dogs and the Town Criers. Meanwhile, singer and lyricist Kristi Maddocks was a founder of Everybody Violet. Rounding out the group is the rhythm section of bassist David Fleminger (Manual Scan, the Answers) and Matt Johnson (the Grave Digger V, the Wallflowers).

The group's members are primarily scattered throughout California and Arizona, with Rinck based in Kenya, brought together after reconnecting on the Che Underground Blog website, which spotlight's San Diego's music scene, with a starting point of groups that performed at UCSD's Che Cafe during the early eighties.

Despite the short recording time, the recording is cohesive and definitely worth searching out. The key to its sonic success is Fleminger, who also produced and mixed the project, bringing out sonic nuances and providing flashes of piano and organ on various tracks.

The bands name explains their sound, to a point. The music found inside does include some blues-ish workouts, heck, two songs even feature the word "blues" in their titles. But the closest I can figure is Velvet Underground – give a listen to Tiger Shark Blues, which would do Lou proud. High marks to Ellison's guitar work, which keeps songs from ever getting near cliché – he has an arsenal of tasty licks and isn't afraid to use them – think prime Clarence White/Byrds and you wouldn't be far off the mark.

The top track here, the clear single, is "We Are Washed Clean," a true epic; I'm thinking Jefferson Airplane, pre-1970. Maddocks' voice is terrific, hitting just the right emotional note, with Ellison once again providing stellar backing. That said, Fleminger emerges as MVP here, with a killer Hammond organ solo – the surge at 2:29, just pre-guitar solo is inspiring.

However, not everything works. If there is a low point, it's "High Society (Borderline Blues)," which sounds rushed and seems to lose direction, as well as including vocals that come across like a guide track. But you know? That's minor. This album is about feel, and that it's got by the bushel.

Take a tune like "Tropical Year," which has excellent vocals from Rinck, as well as plenty of groove and a

continued on page 16



OCTOBER CALENDAR

Thursday • 1

John Foltz w/ Cahill & Delene, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Jolie Holland, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Peter Sprague Trio, Old Town Theatre, 42051 Main St., Temecula, 7:30pm. Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1243 University Ave., 8pm. Nena Anderson, Bar Pink, 3829 30th St., 9pm. Headshine, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 10pm.

Friday • 2

Glenn & Jennifer Smith, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Zydeco Shakedown, World Beat Center, 2100 Park Blvd., 6pm. Robin Henkel Blues Trio, Iva Lee's, 555 N. N. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7pm. Thelonus Monk Tribute w/ the Gilbert Castellanos Quartet, Dizzy's@ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Chris Botti, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm. Carlos Olmeda, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Chase Morrin, Pannikin Coffee, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Drew Andrews, Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., 9pm. Sirak Baloyan y Su Sonora Antillana/Latin Groove Combo, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

Saturday • 3

BLUSD Int'l Blues Challenge Show, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 3:30pm. Del Dios Highway, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Tom Baird & Friends, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Peter Sprague & Fred Benedetti, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. Temptations/Four Tops, Valley View Casino, 16300 Nyemii Pass Rd., Valley Center, 7:30pm. Jessica Lerner/Lou Evans/ Kenny Eng, Swedenborg Hall, 1531 Tyler Ave., 8pm. Erica Davies, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Dave Mason, Poway Center for the Arts, 15498 Espola Rd., 8pm. Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm. Dave Mason, Poway Center for the Arts, 15498 Espola Rd., 8pm. Stevie Ray Vaughan B-Day Tribute, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm. Charmaine Clamor, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

Sunday • 4

Shady Side Players, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am. Adrienne Nims & Sheldon Rosenbaum, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 2pm. Cecilio & Kapono, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm. Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm. Vince Gill, Harrah's Rincon, 777 Harrah's Rincon Way, Valley Center, 8pm.

Monday • 5

The Jazz Pigs, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, noon. Poway Folk Circle, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm. Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

Tuesday • 6

Little Feat, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

Wednesday • 7

Shawn Colvin, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Luciana Souza, Neurosciences Institute, 10540 John Jay Hopkins Dr., 8pm. Steve Poltz & the Cynics/The Farm Band/7th Day Buskers, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm. Buddy Wuddy Blues Show w/ Robin Henkel, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Thursday • 8

Tomcat Courtney, Palomar College Performance Lab, Rm. D-10, 1140 W. Mission Rd., San Marcos, 12:30pm. Shawn Colvin, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Friday • 9

Heloise Love, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm. Tom Smerk, Friendly Grounds, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm. Shawn Colvin, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Pearl Jam/Ben Harper, Viejas Arena, 5500 Canyon Crest Dr., 8pm. Rick Ruskin, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm. Lindsay Yung/Josh Damigo, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Bruce Betz, Pannikin Coffee, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

Saturday • 10

SD Folk Heritage Train Song Festival w/ Robin Henkel/Allen Singer/Baja Blues Boys/Trails & Rails/Tanya Rose/Ken Graydon/Patty Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., Poway, 10am. Sharon Hazel Township, North County Pride Celebration, 238 the Strand, Oceanside, 5pm. Shirhouse Bluegrass Band, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Nack & Neck, It's a Grind, 204 N. El Camino Real, 7pm. Chet & the Committee, Gino's Wine Bar & Restaurant, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm. Willy Porter, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Small Potatoes, Fallbrook Woman's Club, 238 W. Mission, Fallbrook, 7:30pm. Mindi Abair, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm. Carlos Olmeda/Jason Ford/Richie Blue, Swedenborg Hall, 1531 Tyler Ave., 8pm. Lisa Olson, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 8pm. Cash'd Out/Midnight Choir/Canyon Band, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

Sunday • 11

Firehouse Swing Dance w/ the Zymzzy Quartet, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 4pm. Eliza Gilkyson, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

Monday • 12

Steve Earle, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 7pm.

Tuesday • 13

Lou Curtiss' Song Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm. Pierre Bensusan, Dizzy's@ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.

Wednesday • 14

Trails & Rails, Serra Mesa-Kearny Mesa Library, 9005 Aero Dr., 6:30pm. Fishtank Ensemble/Brass Menazeri, Dizzy's@ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm. Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm. Randi Driscoll/Larry Mitchell, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Jesse Cook, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm. Richie Furay Band/The Rocksliders, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

Thursday • 15

Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo, Cardiff, 7pm. Earl Thomas, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Loggins & Messina, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

Friday • 16

Folding Mr. Lincoln, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Grigoryan Brothers, Neurosciences Institute, 10640 Hopkins Dr., La Jolla, 7:30pm. Steely Dan, Pechanga Resort & Casino, 45000 Pechanga Pkwy., Temecula, 8pm. Josiah, Pannikin Coffee, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Nick Z/Jaden, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. North County Cowboys, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm. Baja Blues Boys, Ramona Oktoberfest, Ramona Comm. Center, 434 Aqua Lane, 9pm.

Saturday • 17

Barbecue & Music Festival w/ Los Lobos/Dave Alvin/Texas Tornados & more, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 10am-10pm. Chris Clarke, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Kathy & Carol/Lou & Virginia Curtiss, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., Poway, 7pm. Eddie & Martha Adcock/Hwy. 76, 1st Baptist Church, 4747 Mt. Soledad Rd., 7pm. Wayne's World w/ Wayne Riker/Laura Kuebel/John Dodge/Veronica May, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm. Eldar Djangirov Trio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Kelly Joe Phelps, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Tom Baird & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm. Lindsay Tomasic w/ String Planet, Canyonfolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon. Reservations: canyonfolk@cox.net. Sven-Erik Seaholm/BViolin/Peter Bolland, Zen House Concert, Four Seasons Yoga Studio, 7770 REgents Rd. #111, La Jolla, 8pm. Rick Deez/Isaac Cheong/EJP, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 8pm. Sharon Hazel Township, Beauty Bar, 4746 El Cajon Blvd., 8:30pm. Johnny Polanco, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

Sunday • 18

Sue Palmer Quintet, Mississippi Room, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm. Lighthouse, Ascension Lutheran Church, 5106 Zion Ave., 4pm. Roger Daltrey, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

Monday • 19

Poway Bluegrass Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm. Red, White & Blues Fundraiser, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm. Joe Rathburn/Nicole Torres/Lou Evans Jr., Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.

Tuesday • 20

Monsters of Folk, Spreckels Theatre, 1121 Broadway, Time TBA.

Wednesday • 21

Charles McPherson, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Ken Filiano/Richard Thompson/Russell Bizzett/Tripp Sprague, Dizzy's@ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.

Thursday • 22

Lila Downs, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm. Tony Furtado, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. California Transit Authority w/ Danny Seraphine & Mark Bonilla, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Poncho Sanchez/Luna Llana, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

Friday • 23

Grand Canyon Sundown, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm. Lavay Smith & her Red Hot Skillet Lickers, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Larry Washington CD Release, Dizzy's@ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Bart Mendoza/Wendy Bailey/True Stories/Danny Cress/Billy Fritz, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

Saturday • 24

Bayou Brothers, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 4pm. Trails & Rails, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Adam del Monte, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm. The Ditty Bops, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Acoustic Friends w/ Jim Earp, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm. Chirgilchin Throat Singers, Dizzy's@ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 8pm. Sharon Hazel Township, Portugalía, 4839 Newport, 8pm. Ralph Stanley & the Clinch Mountain Boys/Cherryholmes, Poway Center for the Arts, 15498 Espola Rd., 8pm.

Sunday • 25

Wayne Riker's Fretbook Guitar Workshop, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2-6pm. James Lee Stanley, Dark Thirty House Concret, Lakeside, 7:30pm. Reservations: 463-9622. Catie Curtis, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

Tuesday • 27

Lou Curtiss' Song Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm. Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle, Rancho Bernardo Library, 17110 Bernardo Center Dr., 10:30am.

Wednesday • 28

Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.

Thursday • 29

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Ramona Library, 1406 Montecito Rd., Ramona, 6pm. Joe Rathburn & David Beldock, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm. Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm. Novamenco, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm. Band in Black, Hennessey's Tavern, 2777 Roosevelt St., Carlsbad, 9:30pm.

Friday • 30

Mountain Tribal Gypsies, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Tim Flannery, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Rob Szajkowski & Dan Libertino, Pannikin Coffee, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm. Jamey Johnson/Randy Houser, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 9pm. Baja Blues Boys, Par Lounge, San Vicente Inn, 24157 San Vicente Rd., Ramona, 9pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am. Bluegrass Brunch, UrbanSolace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am. Daniel Jackson, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am. Open Blues Jam w/ Chet & the Committee, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 2:30pm. Gustavo Romero, Neurosciences Institute, 10640 Hopkins Dr., University City, 4pm. Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm. Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm. Open Mic, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm. Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM). Open Mic w/ Happy Ron, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. 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

The Zapt Dingbats, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., Pacific Beach, 7pm. Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm. Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm. Songwriter's Showcase, Larry's Beach Club, 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 8pm.

every tuesday

Paul Nichols, The Vine Wine Bar & Bistro, 2502 Alpine Blvd., Alpine, 6pm. Traditional Irish Session, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm. Open Mic, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm. Chet & the Committee All Pro Blues Jam, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm. Jack Tempchin & Friends, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm. Open Mic, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 8pm. Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm. Open Mic, Portugalía, 4839 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm.

every wednesday

Chuck Schiele & Friends, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm. Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm. Firehouse Swing Dance, 2557 3rd Ave., 7pm.

saturday • 31

Sara Petit, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm. Dan Levenson, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., North Park, 7pm. Halloween Storyteller Night, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.



Jerry Gontang, Desi & Friends, 2734 Lytton St., 7pm. Scandinavian Dance Class, Folk Dance Center, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 7:30pm. Open Mic, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 7pm. Michael Tiernan, En Fuego Cantina, 1342 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm. Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm. Charles Burton & Danny DiCarlo, Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Rd., 8pm. Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 8:30pm. Open Mic, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

every thursday

Robin Henkel, Terra, 3900 Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm. Chet & the Committee Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm. Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Friendly Grounds, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 6:30pm. 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. The Gregory Page Show, Java Joe's @ Café Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm. Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm. Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm. Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

every friday

California Rangers, Larry's Beach Club, 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm. Fred Heath Blues Band, Stockdale's Fine Southern Cuisine, 6523 University Ave., 6pm. David Patrone, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 7pm. Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm. Open Mic, Bella Roma Restaurant, 6830 La Jolla Blvd. #103, 8pm. Open Mic, L'Amour de Yogurt, 9975 Carmel Mountain Rd., 8pm. Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Blues Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

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— Paul Gauguin



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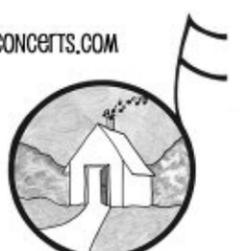
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Daniel Jackson & Holly Hoffman



Photo: Dennis Andersen

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David Grier



Jaime Valle & Rob Thorsen



Howie Ferguson



Mark Stewart & Stacey Earle

Photo: Bill McAndrews



Flip Oakes



Photo: Steve Covatelli

Bill Hartwell @ Swedenborg Hall



Photo: Steve Covatelli

Josh Damigo wins at the SDMA



Photo: Steve Covatelli

Mary Dolan



John Reykjavik



Tripp Sprague



open mic organizer Tim Woods



Photo: Steve Covatelli

Sweet Jyce Ann @ Swedenborg



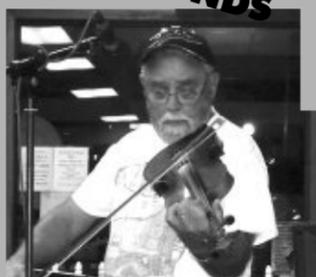
Photo: Dennis Andersen

Cowboy Jack @ Java Joe's

OPEN MIC @ FRIENDLY GROUNDS



Big Al & Greg Campbell



Bob Cool



Sandy Lowe



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Mountain Ghost @ Folkey Monkey



Lisa Sanders & Brown Sugar @ Claire de Lune



Ila Viking



Risa Goldberg



Photo: Dennis Andersen

young banjo player @ Julian Bluegrass Festival

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Rick Ruskin, Friday, Oct 9, 2009 8 p.m.

One of the founding fathers of modern fingerpicking, Rick Ruskin will appear in concert at OTM on Friday October 9th at 8:00 P.M. Admission is \$20.00. Rick's repertoire stretches from traditional Blues and Ragtime to Pop Standards and original works. All of it first rate.



Wayne's World, Saturday, Oct 17, 2009, 7 p.m.

The ever popular and sophisticated fingerstyle guitar of Maestro Wayne Riker. Perhaps you only know him as a creative writer of blues and jazz methods or as a San Diego mainstay in the gigging and Club world, but in the last year or two he has reinvented himself as a first rate modern cutting edge finger style guitar player. Join his many friends and fans on Saturday, October 17th, at 7:00 P.M. Admission \$20.00.



Adam del Monte, Saturday, Oct 24, 2009, 7 p.m.

Adam Del Monte, simply put, is among the very finest Classical and Flamenco guitarists anywhere. Nothing I could write could prepare the reader for the astonishing level his skill or musicality. The concert is set for Saturday October 24th, at 7:00 P.M. Admission is \$20.00. Miss it at your peril.



Dan Levenson, Saturday, Oct 31, 2009, 7 p.m.

Old Timey Banjo and Fiddle Master, Dan Levenson will give a Fiddle workshop and a Banjo (clawhammer) workshop on Saturday, October 31st. At night, he will be presented in concert on our stage in a program of Old Time Music. Show starts at 7:00 P.M. There may be an advanced Banjo workshop the following Sunday. Please call for information. (619) 280-9035



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