

T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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



January 2010

www.sandiegotroubadour.com

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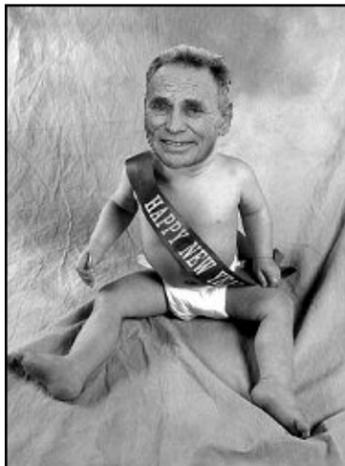
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CHRIS STUART

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PHIL HARMONIC SEZ

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— Katherine Tingley



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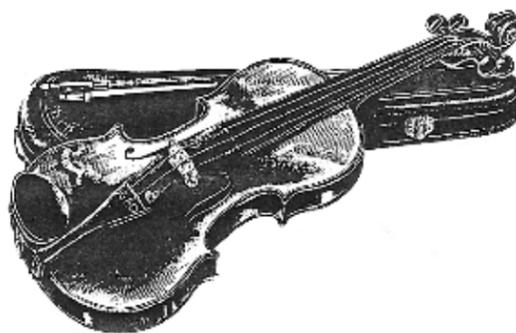
"A rockin', honky-tonkin' delight rooted in the heartbreak in Petite's lyrics and vocals..." — Mikel Toombs (SDMN)

"That girl could sing a buzzard off a slop wagon"
— Mojo Nixon (Outlaw Country - Sirius Radio)

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

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

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If you have a CD you'd like to be considered for review, please send two copies to: San Diego Troubadour, P.O. Box 164, La Jolla, CA 92037.

SUBMITTING A CALENDAR LISTING
Email your gig date, including location, address, and time to info@sandiegotroubadour.com by the 22rd of the month prior to publication.

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KENNY ENG: BALANCING ACT

by Will Edwards

Kenny Eng has a long list of to-dos. Starting with the preparation for the release of his new live CD on January 15th at Lestat's, the list continues on with song ideas, side projects, and miscellaneous goals that share a single theme. He's a musician who plays roughly seven to eight shows per month and is constantly seeking new performance opportunities and fresh creative influences. He's making considerations for his next studio record while he's reaching out to friends and idols in the local and regional music scene. There are many to-dos, but there's only one thing he's after: excitement. "It all goes back to that idea that if I'm not going to be excited about it then I'm going to [do it]."

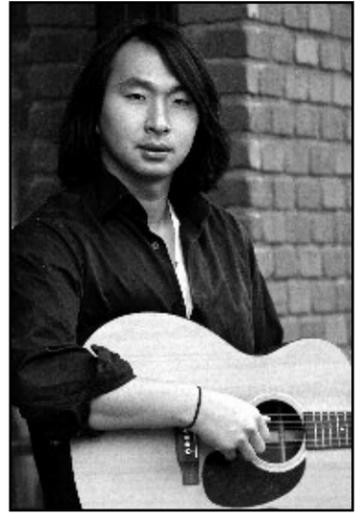
In September and October, Eng coordinated two concerts that were recorded for his soon-to-be released 10-song live album. Eng says the new record, titled *Live From Lestat's*, represents "progress" although the CD is a means as well as an end. "I really thought it'd be cool to have acoustic versions of the [new] songs that were eventually going to be on [my next] CD." Reflecting on the way that produced recordings differ from live performance, Eng wants to document his songs as they make that journey. That starts with capturing the original character of each song in a live setting. "I think it would be an interesting insight, if not just for me, but for other people who are curious about the songs to see how they go from being this little idea to a performable song to a full-on produced version. That's the live CD."

The live CD is also about growth in many areas. Eng came to San Diego in the fall of 2007 and immediately recorded an EP. Now, after more than two years of playing regular shows, he's noticed some major improvements in his latest performances. "I feel like I've matured a lot as a songwriter. My voice and guitar playing have gotten a lot better." Due in part to the support he's

received from local fans and venues and due in part to the collaborations he's been involved with, Eng has emerged from his once-nervous mind frame. "I used to be the guy who'd stand on stage with no interaction necessarily with people around him, head down, eyes closed. I've been able to get out of that mentality and stretch out." There are still challenges he's working on, such as engaging the audience more and connecting with his own musical creations on stage. But, by documenting the various phases of growth that he's going through (the live CD features old and new songs recorded together), Eng feels he's answering important questions and improving in tangible ways.

All this growth and development is just one side of Kenny Eng's experience. As is the case with many artists, he's faced with the on-going challenge to promote as well as write and record. For many artists promoting is a challenge. But, once again, if Eng isn't excited about what he's promoting, he'd "rather just concentrate on music," he says. He has no firm plans to record a new studio album, but it's something he's hoping to do sooner rather than later. Even this is due in large part to the growth that it affords him. "Recording is one of those things [that makes me] curious of what I'm naturally capable of." The modern studio can empower artists to realize their creative material as often as it can reflect a performer's weaknesses. "The studio is a great training ground," says Eng.

Looking at his list of to-dos, what excites Eng the most? "The most exciting thing for me is progress and evolving," Eng says. "Getting better at writing songs is a wonderful feeling. But, personally, it's really about finding out what I'm capable of." Eng explores his potential not just as a songwriter but also as an instrumentalist. He collaborates with other artists on a regular basis and has played backup in numerous bands from time to time during his tenure in San Diego. That's helped him to develop



Kenny Eng

experience with a variety of instruments and musical styles. Plus, his compositions already incorporate different influences ranging from John Mayer to Jeff Buckley. All the tangents intersect. They're part of Eng's effort to "stay balanced while still pursuing my dream to be able to play music in any city I like and be welcomed." It is an honorable goal and would be a measurable achievement. At age 24, he's already making progress.

But, for now Eng has his sites focused on getting everything ready for his CD release this month and making sure that it's a great time for all. Last minute updates to the recordings and getting the disc manufactured are high on his agenda. He's looking forward to sharing the bill with Ernie Halter and Tony Lucca, saying they're both "fantastic singersongwriters. It's one of those things I'm excited about and hopefully that'll come across naturally."

If you'd like to learn more about Kenny Eng visit <http://www.kennyeng.com> or get his new CD at the release party on January 15, 2010 at Lestat's (3343 Adams Avenue, San Diego, CA 92116).

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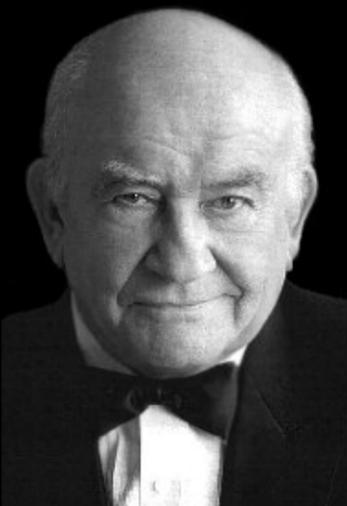
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by Annie Dru

I met up with my old friend and fellow bandmate David Page Jr. this week to discuss some exciting developments in his career, his drum business, and his personal life. It was inspiring beyond words to hear how engaged in life and music this man is, 20-some years beyond me. "I never give up. I never say, 'Oh this is it... I'm going to retire; I'll play maybe a gig a week or something.' I feel just like I did 25 years ago; I want to play gigs and go on the road." Geez! I whine about leaving my cozy nest at night to drive across town for a show.

A couple of weeks ago I received a breathless phone call from Dave's charming wife, Sandy "We're moving to Ireland!" What? Moving? When? "In June. I put the house on the market today! We just have to wait for Cricket to go through quarantine." "Cricket" is a tiny bit of fluff that Dave and Sandy assure me qualifies as some breed of canine (needless to say, I'm not a dog person) but at that moment I was immensely grateful to little Cricket for the delay she was going to cause.

I had mixed feelings; I know that Ireland is home for Dave and that he still has many friends and musical contacts there (not the least of which is drummer Larry Mullens of U2) but I knew I'd really miss them both. Then again, what a great place to visit! (Reluctantly) "Okay, I guess you can go."

Dave and I talked about his reasons for making the move. "The weather stinks in Ireland, but the Irish have a great sense of humor. Songs, poetry, humor; it's traditionally all the Irish ever had! I worked with Celtic Thunder for two years; the cast and crew were all of Celtic descent, and there were no egomaniacs involved. Everyone, the men and the women alike, were salt of the earth. It was like family."

He continued to explain that his Irish connections would afford him opportunities to play that he just doesn't have here. Like longtime friend Phil Coulter (producer of Celtic Thunder) who recently organized an Asian tour called Ragus for the Northern Ireland Enterprise (which Dave participated in). "Phil is an icon in Ireland. If someone asked me, 'Who are your inspirations in life?' I'd say, well, besides my dad (who always was and always will be) it would be Evelyn Gleny and Phil Coulter, excellent people and just top class musicians." He continues, "Phil made albums with all the superstars in England in the '60s, and he made movie soundtracks; he's a top flight pianist. I've already got gigs lined up there through Phil and the guys in the band, but honestly, at the end of the day, it's a change."

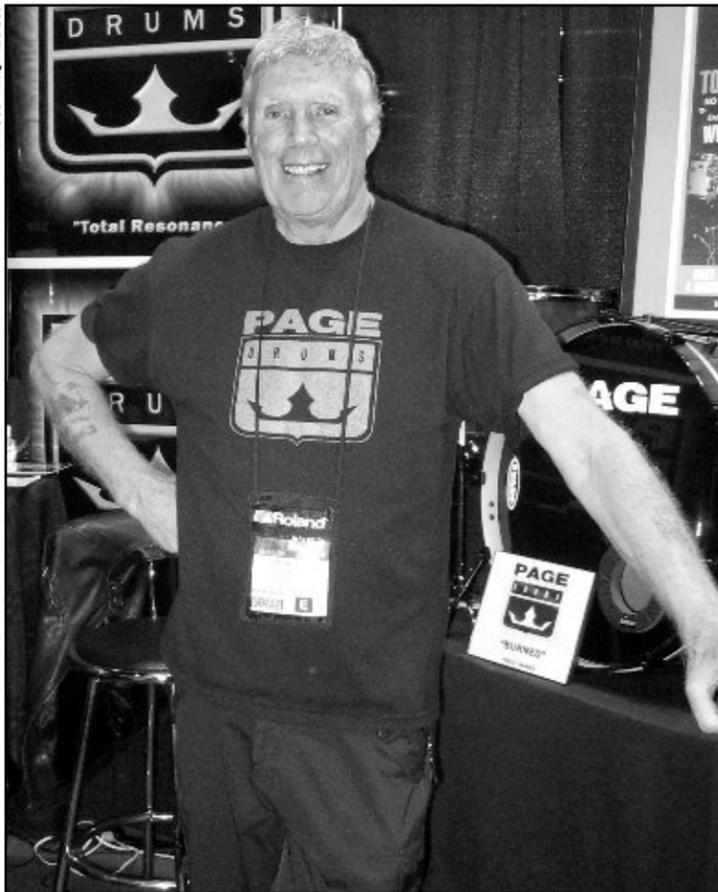
I comment that it's unusual for people at Dave and Sandy's stage to be looking to make a big life change, and Dave explains to me that he's following in the footsteps of his parents who moved from Ireland to England when Dave was a teenager, and then from England to Chicago when he was in the Army. Then later, when he was discharged and he and his siblings followed them across the pond, they moved again from Chicago to San Diego. "It was like they were trying to get away from us! But they had the wanderlust; the Irish will go anywhere. I once met a red-headed black man named O'Brien in New Zealand. His father was an Irishman who met his mother in Brazil. You'll find the Irish all over the world."

He went on in hushed tones to allude to the latest Page Drums invention, which is apparently some kind of percussion design that has yet to receive a patent. "My partner Steve McIlrath, owner of Avalon guitars, would kill me if I talked about it! It's very hush hush right now." What he would say is that he had meetings with several manufacturing facilities in Hong Kong and Guan Zu while he was touring with Ragus, and that the prototype is to be debuted in Belfast in February. Then they'll be taking it on to London and Frankfurt in the early spring to elicit European distribution, and then heading back to China in the summer, undoubtedly to make arrangements to fill all the orders. "Let's keep our fingers crossed."

I asked Dave about his impressions of China. "The poverty in China makes Tijuana look like Beverly Hills. We would leave our Five Star hotel [the height of luxury] and drive in a Mercedes to the factory, and we'd go down these roads without any lines or sidewalks; you know, people just walking

DAVID PAGE A LEGEND GOES HOME

Photo: Liz Abbott



Dave Page at the NAMM Show, 2008

down the middle. The drum factories provide apartments for the workers on site so there's no issue of transportation, just the gravest, dingy-est, most miserable places you've ever seen... clothes hanging on lines everywhere. Like a concentration camp. We noticed that these high-rise apartments had bars on the windows, and thought 'Why would there be a fear of break-ins so high up?' Then we realized that it was to keep the residents from jumping out." Grizzly.

I couldn't help but draw the correlation between his description of China, and the Ireland that Dave's family immigrated to England to escape in his early teens. "There was no work; it was either leave or starve." This is a man who's seen more of the world than I ever will, and it comes across in his gentle humor and insightful pragmatism. Not to mention a professionalism and work ethic that one rarely encounters anymore. I can't help but admire the vision and courage Dave displays in his willingness to continue growing and challenging himself at a time when he could justifiably sit back, rest on his laurels, and collect Social Security (sorry, Dave).

Speaking of challenge, Dave told me a little more about his involvement with Celtic Thunder during these past two years. "The entire first half of the show is drums and percussion only, nothing else." I imagine how primal and powerful the dancing must have seemed against a backdrop of ancient drum sounds. "I made all the drums and rack systems, and I did all the drum and percussion arrangements and choreography." Wow.

He continues, "The first half is a dramatization of Irish peasants at war with neighboring marauders - bridges, gypsy caravans... amazing! The second half [with the rest of the orchestra] is based on the '30s flapper era." Cool.

"There's to be a PBS show airing in February called 'Celtic Thunder/That's Entertainment.' We filmed it in Toronto on a huge sound stage; three thousand people in the audience on two separate nights." He goes on to tell me that while he was filming the special, he received a call from U2 offering him backstage passes to their show. "Bad timing, but there will be other opportunities." Which undoubtedly there will, in that drummer Larry Mullens has been playing a Page snare drum for quite some time now.

Really cool.

Closer to home, Dave recently contributed his drumming to longtime friend Jeff Pekarek's new CD *Pan American Shanty*, which is to be released in February at Dizzy's.

He also recorded with the local Flamenco/Irish band Skelpin, and will soon lend his talent to his nephew Gregory Page's latest project, said to be a blues album that will be recorded at Jeff Berkley's studio and released early this new year.

As if that wasn't enough, he also told me that he and multi-instrumentalist Tim Foley will be recording a duo album sometime between now and when he leaves for Ireland in June. Whew!

Oh yes, and he recently participated in an ITV project called 'History Alive' with producer Jackie Silver, which chronicles the history of global immigration, using young acting students, to be released in March. And he sits on the board of an organization called Planting Seeds that raises money for music in the schools. Does this man ever sleep?

San Diego will miss you Dave, but your humor, talent, and Celtic spirit will resonate with us for a long time to come. Safe journey home. Oh and Dave... you might want to get that guest room ready.





Recordially, Lou Curtiss

REFLECTING BACK

Well last year wasn't a very happy year for folk music. Notable passings include our good friend Mike Seeger and our own Sam Hinton. Now comes word of the passing of Bess Hawes, sister of Alan Lomax, member of the original city folk group the Almanac Singers (whose members also included Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Millard Lampell, Arthur Stern, Lee Hayes, Baldwin Hawes, and Sis Cunningham) and for quite a while an important part of the West Coast folk music scene (she played at the first San Diego Folk Festival in 1965, held at Cal Western College in Point Loma). In 1975 she helped establish the Folk Life Division of the National Endowment for the Arts and came up with the idea for "The National Heritage Fellowship" grant program. With all the above on her plate Bess is probably remembered best for being author of that Kingston Trio song about Charlie and the MTA. She was 88 years old.

I remember Bess at the Newport Folk Festival and the three great festivals at UCLA in 1963, 1964, and 1965.

Ireland's Liam Clancy, who was the last surviving member of the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem group died at his home

in County Cork. I saw the Clancy Brothers in New York in the days before they became the more commercial act we all came to know. They were greatly responsible for sparking the interest in the more traditional aspects of Irish traditional life, dance, and song. They'll be missed.

One final note of tragedy. Early on Sunday morning, December 6, flames destroyed the home of Rita and Bob Forrester on the A.P. Carter Highway near Hilton, Virginia. Rita and her son Tyler escaped the flames but Bob did not make it out alive. Rita's oldest son Justin, who lives near by, is safe as well. Everything the family owned was lost in the fire. Rita is the granddaughter of A.P. and Sara Carter; her mother was the late Janette Carter who founded the Carter Family Fold in the 1970s. Rita is the director of the Carter Family Fold, which promotes and preserves the Carter Family legacy as well as old time music and bluegrass in general on the same grounds where the original Carter Family lived and raised their families. People who love the Carter Family could help these folks by sending a check to:

The Rita Janette Forrester Fund
c/o BB&T Bank
110 Gateway Plaza
Gate City, Virginia 24251

LOU'S SONG LIST FOR 2010

This time of year I usually give you a list of songs to look for and listen to in the New Year. Now, go and dig around and find these:

- THE MISSISSIPPI SHEIKS: "I've Got Blood in My Eyes for You"
- LEE WILEY: "Hot House Rose"
- BILLY MURRAY: "Foolish Questions"
- SON HOUSE: "Clarksdale Moan"
- EDDIE PENNINGTON: "Information Please"
- RAY BIERL: "Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home"
- UNCLE DAVE MACON: "From Earth to Heaven"
- SUZY THOMPSON: "North Memphis Cafe"
- MARGARET PANKEY: "I've Got My One Way Ticket to the Sky"
- BALKAN KAFE ORCHESTRA: "Blue on Monday"
- RED RIVER DAVE McENERY: "When Old Bing Crosby Said Goodbye"
- BUCK WAYNE & THE BUCKSHOTS: "Graveyard Boogie"
- KEN MAYNARD: "The Lone Star Trail"
- DUTCH COLEMAN: "Gonna Raise Some Bacon at Home"
- SLIM DUSTY: "The Outback's Not so Wayback Anymore"
- LOUIE BLUIE & TED BOGAN: "Ted's Stomp"
- FRED ASTAIRE & THE DELTA RHYTHM BOYS: "Since I Kissed My Baby Goodnight"
- SKIP JAMES: "Hard Time Killin' Floor Blues"
- J.T. "FUNNY PAPER" SMITH: "Howlin' Wolf Blues"
- BUDDY BOY HAWKINS: "A Rag Blues"
- JOHNNY MERCER: "Apply the Fundamental"
- FATS WALLER: "Don't Let It Bother You"
- BILLIE HOLIDAY: "I've Got a Date with a Dream"
- BEATRICE LILLIE: "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden"
- JIMMY DURANTE: "Joe Goes Up, I Come Down"

- ANNETTE HANSHAW: "The Black Bottom"
- FRANK CRUMIT: "The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away"
- DUKE ELLINGTON: "Rockin' in Rhythm"
- AL BOWLBY: "Love Is the Sweetest Thing"
- THE BUCKTOWN FIVE: "Chicago Blues"
- OMER SIMEON TRIO: "Beau Koo Jack"
- CHICAGO RHYTHM KINGS: "Jazz Me Blues"
- MARTIN HENRY: "Window Shopping"
- WOODY GUTHRIE: "900 Miles"
- HOAGY CARMICHAEL: "Oh Buttermilk Sky"
- SONS OF THE PIONEERS: "Song of the Bandit"
- BILLY JONES & ERNIE HARE: "My Cutie's Due at Two to Two"
- SLIM GAILLIARD: "Symphony in Vout (Very Mellow)"
- DADDY STOVEPIPE & MISSISSIPPI SARAH: "The Spasm"
- SHORTY GODWIN: "Jimbo Jambo Land"
- ALLEN BROTHERS: "Bow Wow Blues"
- BLIND SAMMIE: "Atlanta Strut"
- HEZEKIAH JENKINS: "Shout You Cats"
- CHRIS BOUCHILLON: "Born in Hard Luck"
- PERRY COMO: "Dig You Later (Hubba Hubba Hubba)"
- CHARLIE POOLE & THE NORTH CAROLINA RAMBLERS: "Sweet Sixteen"
- THREE TOBACCO TAGS: "That's Why We've Got Reno Now"
- ARTHUR GODFREY: "Heap Big Smoke but No Fire"
- WALTER SMITH: "Bald-Headed End of a Broom"
- CANNON'S JUG STOMPERS: "Bring It with You When You Come"
- BING CROSBY: "Please"
- THE CALIFORNIA HUMMINGBIRDS: "When the Pussy Willow Whispers to the Catnip"
- THE FOURSOME: "Bidin' My Time"
- GENE AUTRY: "Atlanta Bound"
- MARION HARRIS: "My Canary Has Circles Under his Eyes"
- JANET KLEIN: "Hollywood Party"



Lou Curtiss

- DAVE APOLLON: "The Lady in Red"
- RILEY PUCKETT: "Joshua Ebenezer Fry"
- LEE MORSE: "Sweetheart's Holiday"
- FRANCES DAY: "You Bring Out the Savage in Me"
- ELIZABETH WELCH: "Harlem in My Heart"
- SUSANNAH McCORKLE: "The People That You Never Get to Love"
- DAVE McCARN: "Gastonia Gallop"
- WILMER WATTS & THE LONELY EAGLES: "Bonnie Bess"
- CAROLINA TWINS: "Gal of Mine Took My Licker from Me"
- FESS WILLIAMS & HIS ROYAL FLUSH ORCHESTRA: "Hot Town"
- BESSIE BROWN: "Song from a Cotton Field"
- A.A. GRAY & SEVEN FOOT DILLY: "The Old Arks a'Moving"
- SWEET BROTHERS & ERNEST STONE-MAN: "I Got a Bulldog"
- THE CORLEY FAMILY: "Give the World a Smile"
- WILMA LEE & STONEY COOPER: "This World Can't Stand Long"
- BIG JOE TURNER & ELMORE JAMES: "She's My TV Mama (with the big wide screen)"
- BO DIDDLEY: "Say Man Back Again"
- BILL JOHNSON'S LOUISIANA JUG BAND: "Get The 'L' On Down the Road"
- EWAN MacCOLL: "There Was a Puggie in a Well"
- JEANNE ROBERTSON: "When I Was Noo but Sweet Sixteen"
- MIKE SEEGER & SONNY MILLER: "Fisherman's Luck"
- WILMER WATTS & THE LONELY EAGLES: "Bonnie Bess"
- THE LILLY BROTHERS: "Goodbye Maggie"
- GEORGE PEGRAM: "Old Reuben"
- PEGGY SEEGER: "The Chickens They Are Crowing"
- JEAN REDPATH: "Paddy McGinty's Goat"
- BERT WILLIAMS: "Woodman Spare That Tree"
- GREGORY PAGE & TED LEWIS: "Sunny Side of the Street"
- SONS OF THE PIONEERS: "Our Old Age Pension Check"
- FRANKIE & JOHNNY MARVIN: "I Want My Boots on When I Die"
- JULIE HENIGAN: "The Cowboy's Girl"
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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

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John Bosley Finds the Words Between the Strings

by Allen Singer

John Bosley is a special, one-of-a-kind musician – a guitarist, songwriter, and a word man with a fine ear and a quick witted pencil. He's been playing guitar, writing, and singing in our town since the 1960's. He's a fine songsmith and teller of tales.

John performs song stories, observational pieces that plant ideas and take the listener to universal places to meet people we recognize in our world. He writes every day and crafts musical lines, often containing words of equal syllables that fit together as a part of his song puzzle. He writes to create a balance, putting words in place. John doesn't write songs using obtuse dictionary words and you don't need your thesaurus to understand what he's saying. He doesn't bury his words in adjectives or over describe things or obscure his nouns behind a wall of falsely sentimental emotions. He is very aware of each word's value and knows that pencils have erasers and computers have delete keys for a good reason. John certainly doesn't write to play on empty emotions.

John Bosley's songwriting is sometimes ironic, but not cynical. People who hear John perform and sing are genuinely touched by his "slice of time" songs. Recently, John and I got together over lunch and spent some time trying to discover the source of his creative drive and what impels him to write down his words in songs. John has a poet's sensibility; he cuts to the quick when writing songs. He also has an edge of dry humor and an excitement about words that's contagious. This seems to be a constant need that drives him to get up each morning and put his words to paper to create song poems.

John told me that his father was a G.I. Bill student at UC Davis and their family lived in Aggie Villa when John was born. John thanks his lucky stars that his dad turned down a teaching job in Lancaster and moved the family to El Cajon, where his father got a position in 1953 as a teacher at the Grossmont Ag Extension high school. John's father's family had farmed the Ohio flood plain in western Kentucky. His father met and married his mother during the war and always referred to San Diego as God's country, the best place in the country to live. John said his dad used to recite poetry by Longfellow and John Whitcomb Riley to his children. His dad planted those first seeds that sparked John's curiosity about poetry and blossomed into his joy of creating poetry and writing songs.

John also told me about his mother's role

in his upbringing and how it also encouraged his creativity. He said, "Only Mrs. Danielson could rival my mom as a soloist in the church choir. I grew up on church music and show tunes. Every evening while cooking dinner, Mom sat at the piano and played show tunes. My dad loved music and would have been a wonderful singer if he'd had any talent for it. The only extravagance I can remember growing up and having was season tickets each year to the Starlight Opera. Mom thought her children should all learn piano. My sisters took to it; Ellen got good enough to get a job playing organ for a church in Lakeside. But I didn't want to practice lessons. I wanted to be outside playing with the neighborhood kids.

I first started listening to the radio the summer between my junior and senior years in high school, when I was mooning over a girl. When I was a senior in high school, my girlfriend got me interested in folk music. We went to the Heritage in Mission Beach, where I heard Ray Bieri and Sam Chatmon. That summer I started playing guitar. In 1966, I first learned to chord and strum. Then, in my first year of college, some guy named John showed me the fingerpick pattern used by Peter, Paul, and Mary – probably only one of PPM, but it's the pick that was distinctive to their sound. That and arpeggios became picking for me. About year three, somebody showed me how to do the alternating base of the Travis pick, double timing my thumb. I think it was Deaf Lester Crawdad that showed me the essentials of Mississippi John Hurt's sound. And from there I experimented, copied, searched, and stumbled into additional elements of guitar style. I started writing verse in elementary school. In high school I wrote both rhymed verse and blank verse. Ultimately, in college, I read a lot of contemporary poetry and became a pretty fair writer. But I always loved the narrative verse my Dad recited when I was growing up. I had room for both."

John told me that he loved the beat poets – Ginsburg, Ferlinghetti, Snyder, and Kerouac, his dad's favorite lyrical poets, and even Bukowski. He recently re-read some Hemingway, whose sparse, narrative style seems to have influenced him a great deal.

John shared with me the types of songs he wrote, how he came to be a songwriter, and how he started his career. He said, "When I started playing guitar, I immediately started writing love songs to my girlfriend. Ever since, I've written a lot of love songs. Then I added to my subject matter satire and social-



John Bosley



Johnson, Bosley, and Morin

ly relevant subjects. I started writing a lot of humor into my songs, too. The primary unifying factor of this early work was that it sounded like the beginner stuff it was. By the end of college, I was a tolerable guitar player and beginning to figure out how to write a song. I don't think I've used the word 'caress' since, but I squeezed a lifetime of use from the word in those first four years. After college I lived briefly in the Portland, Oregon, area. Then I returned to the southland. I did the pizza parlor and the lounge gig in San Bernardino. When the lounge gig ended, we tried to find other work, mostly in Crestline, Arrowhead, and nearby towns in the San Bernardino Mountains. But no luck! I went back to San Diego and stumbled into becoming involved with a little theater group. I did some acting and wrote some music for a show. Then back to Riverside where a patron/benefactor of my poetry gave me room and board and paid me to build him brick and board bookshelves and to do other odd jobs. He was teaching at San Diego City College and Riverside City College and hired me for presentations of poetry and music in his classrooms. How long can that last? I must have painted a house somewhere in here because I had enough money to buy wine. I went to Healdsburg in northern

California for a few weeks, lived a month in East Palo Alto, tried to find work in Fresno – I was unemployable, apparently. Finally, I got a tiny stipend to return to the theater group as music director. Then I got hooked up with a part-time janitorial position. Then both of these fell away, but I got regular work in shipping and receiving. This was a great job. For 17 months, I walked to work, went home to lunch and write, back to work – every day, eight hours. At the end of the day, no thought of work crossed my mind until the morrow. This was when I found Lou Curtiss. What a giant difference he made in my life! I tried to write a new song every week to play at the Tuesday Hoot in his store on Fifth Avenue. I met a lot of musicians through Lou, heard a ton of music I might have never heard, got gigs and encouragement, and he put me in the San Diego Folk Festival in 1974. Man!

"The Folk Festival led to a showcase at the Troubadour in Los Angeles – and that to an invitation to do a showcase at the Ice House in Pasadena. But I didn't go to Pasadena; instead, I drove a New Jersey stockbroker's Impala cross country for him as a way to get to New York."

I was interested to learn that from 1974 to 1976, John lived in the Chelsea area of Manhattan (my old neighborhood), where he managed a movie theatre. During those New York days, he also helped stage Beckett plays in uptown Manhattan.

John continued with his musical adventures and told me how he got started. He said, "I went off to college with a Tijuana guitar. It was made of beautiful unseasoned rosewood and soon split the full length of the back. But the frets were true and the neck straight, though thick. I learned to play on this guitar and it was the only guitar I had until fall of 1971. I had put my college degree to work selling pizza at Shakey's in Riverside. One day Wyatt Troxel waltzed in and said something like, 'What's a guy like you doing in a place like this? Do you want to go play music?' We auditioned as Bosley and Troxel for a gig in the Castaways restaurant lounge in San Bernardino. We got the gig, so I went out and bought purple bellbottoms and a yellow shirt with little flowers. We had work three nights a week there for three months, with me playing Wyatt's guitars because mine was unsuitable. My dad came to hear us and told me afterward, 'John, a carpenter needs good tools to ply his trade. I want to lend you the money to buy a guitar.' That little Guild D-25 was the only guitar I owned until January of 2007, when I

bought a 1981 Martin HD at Old Time Music Store. In 2006 through 2008 I got together with two of our town's finest musicians, Jeffrey Joe Morin and Jack Johnson. We called ourselves Johnson, Bosley & Morin; sometimes shortened to JoBozMo. Jeff and Jack are both experienced and seasoned musicians with a wide, diverse musical history. Jeffrey Joe plays guitar with hints of a fascination with 1930's early swing style, adding harmonica and doing vocals. Jack is an eclectic musician who plays double bass, sings, and has been known to play a few numbers on vibraphones. We had a great time playing, and sounded good, too."

John has recently returned to performing solo and has found a special joy in interpreting his songbook as a singular artist. Sometime in the future John is looking forward to a reincarnated "JoBozMo." He also has a CD, *Can't Find the Moon*. His music is available on his MySpace site where you can hear his songs.

As John explained to me after our lunch, "I didn't mean to downplay my pleasure in performing; however, between a performer who writes and a writer who performs, I am definitely the latter. I wrote poetry before I started writing songs – not very good poetry. Then I learned to play guitar and started writing not very good songs. Eventually, I started writing pretty good poetry but only occasionally wrote a song that had much going for it. Of course, I didn't realize how poor my writing was. Eventually I started writing pretty good songs. And later still, I began to write mostly songs and only an occasional poem. Now, if you'll remember from our lunch, I think it's all one thing, in a way – a song uses words and music to become a complete and balanced piece, while a poem uses only words. I like the music component, but I go to more poetry readings than I do concerts. There's a vibrant poetry scene in San Diego and I participate as a listener, though I have done a couple of gigs with local poets."

Although John writes tone poems and builds them into songs and has an undergraduate degree from the University of California, Riverside, in creative writing, he spends his days working in the computer field to create programs and piece together ways to enhance them. He seems to approach his writing in the same way. I got the impression that John is like a painter searching out his word colors, using a literary perspective to pull the piece together to complete the puzzle and turn it into his finished song.

John is a songwriter in the tradition of the old Tin Pan Alley songwriters, creating songs with universal meaning and purpose. His guitar playing is his way of getting to the words between the strings. Back in the early days of Tin Pan Alley, John would have felt right at home with the Gershwins, Berlin, and Cole Porter. His words, song structure, and playing all hint of Woody Guthrie, Jimmie Rodgers, and Tom Lehrer, but John impressed upon me that he isn't trying to limit himself musically by category or create himself in someone else's image. He's a little Hoagy Carmichael, with some Leon Redbone in his musical soul, sort of Tom Paxton with hints of Tom Waits in his way of describing the world. He picks guitar with a Mississippi John Hurt beat and greatly admires Roger Miller's songwriting and wit.

John Bosley is playing out here in our big, little town; his songs are waiting for others to sing them without style limitations or narrowly defined musical borders. Above all, John is a songwriter. His words need to find an audience, no matter the style, setting, or label. Being a writer has always been a lonely place until someone discovers your work. John realizes this dilemma, but he isn't stymied or sidetracked. He keeps his pencil to the paper and guitar always at the ready with the hope and wish that others will find and sing his musical pieces. This is what feeds his fervent creativity.

John told me, "Getting written up in the *San Diego Troubadour* is a sort of make-a-wish moment, so here are my wishes – does anybody want to make them come true? I want people – just people in general as well as performers – to take a shine to my songs, learn them, make them their own, and play them in living rooms and on stage and on recordings. Second, I want to associate with accomplished songwriters, swap songs, collaborate, eat, drink, and get merry."

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MIKE KENEALLY

Stunt Guitarist Creates his Own Genre

by Bart Mendoza

Ever notice how many musicians' careers make great questions for a game like Trivial Pursuits? Try this one: What do Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Frank Zappa, XTC, Solomon Burke, and Buddy Blue have in common? True, they've all made some terrific music, but their unifying factor here is one multi-instrumentalist: Mike Keneally.

Perhaps best known for his work on guitar, many have been called virtuosos on the instrument, but only Keneally has earned the tag "stunt guitarist," both for his thrilling fret-board work as well as his general studio prowess.

His statistics are impressive. In addition to time spent in bands as diverse as Frank Zappa (six albums), Dethklok and Steve Vai (nine albums), as well as touring on his own, he has released 13 solo albums, 10 discs with his own groups, five DVDs and has more than 75 guest appearances on other artists' albums. Meanwhile collectors will also want to seek out a handful of compilation album only tracks, including tributes to Gentle Giant and Pink Floyd.

Speaking with Keneally on a cloudy Friday afternoon, it's quickly clear that no mere newspaper or magazine article could do his story justice. Both his time with Zappa and Vai, as well as his '90s-era solo beginnings, has been well documented, so, due to space limitations, we opted to touch only on those subjects. But even so, we're only scratching the surface here.

Born on December 20, 1961, in Long Island, New York, Keneally arrived in San Diego when he was eight years old, circa summertime 1970. He was already on his way as a musician. "My parents got me an organ for my seventh birthday, so I'd been playing keyboards for about a year and a half," Keneally recalled. "I hadn't started on guitar yet."

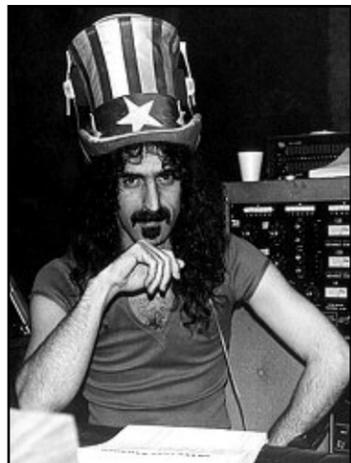
Like many musicians, even today, his introduction to that instrument came through the pop music of the era, particularly, the Beatles. "I was obsessed with the Beatles when I was really young, from the time that I was about four years old," Keneally said. "I found that when I went to the organ I was able to figure out how to play melodies on it right away, because the keyboard was very comprehensible for me as a way to make music. It was all laid out real linear and I could figure that out." The guitar on the other hand was more mysterious. "It wasn't linear and seemed to hold more secrets and more magic as a result. I was in love with everything about the Beatles and as I got further into music and hearing all the different sounds that a guitar could make, I just got more and more excited about the guitar."

He got his first guitar at age 11, with his first appearance in front of an audience not long afterward. Though he now performs regularly at storied concert venues around the globe, his debut was somewhat less auspicious. "It was at the Miss Santee Beauty Pageant, at the Carlton Oaks Country Club, probably in 1974," Keneally said, clearly amused by the memory. Part of a four piece band, Keneally played organ, accompanied by accordion and both acoustic as well as electric guitars, on a version of Santana's "Samba Pa Ti."

While he enjoyed the experience, it wouldn't be until the '80s, that he once again hit local stages. Not that he didn't continue working on his music. "The whole rest of the '70s, I was only making recordings. I was doing very little live playing." Part of the shift was due to having a collaborator nearby. "My brother, Marty, couldn't care less when I was playing keyboards, but when I got a guitar, that got his attention. So I started to show him some stuff to play on the guitar. And

then we got a four-track reel-to-reel tape recorder. That opened up the world to us." They soon acquired a two-track recorder, giving them the ability to bounce tracks. "We became really voracious home recordists." At first the pair recorded other artists' music. "We experimented a lot with music that we loved, attempting to do our own interpretation of it. But then in the early '80s I started to do a lot more songwriting and we started recording demos of my stuff." Those songs would eventually see release, on cassette, as the *Tar Tapes*, sold via fanzines. Some of the recordings would eventually make it to CD in 1997 on a two-disc series of the same name.

1980 saw Keneally back on stage, this time with a group, Affable Mort, which lasted the one gig at a local lodge. In 1983, he put together a new band, Graphic, alongside Andy Vereen, later of local rock group Burning Bridges, in an effort to break into the local bar band/cover band circuit. "We started out playing originals, thinking this might be a good vehicle for us to get more work, but the audience didn't want to know about that," he said. "[Andy and I] were trying to aim the set list toward the more creative side of pop at the time, the more synth-oriented new wave stuff. I really loved Split Enz, Thomas Dolby, and stuff like that. But the audiences we were playing for, which was mostly at Park Place in El Cajon, they pretty much wanted to hear ZZ Top as much as possible." Though the band did indeed end up play ZZ Top, it was "mostly just songs that we could bear to play that were popular at the time, like the Pretenders and Big Country." By 1985, he had moved on to a new group, Drop Control, and soon afterward, Frank Zappa's band.



Frank Zappa

Also adept at bass and drums, Keneally is truly worthy of the description "multi-instrumentalist." "I'll attempt to make enough sound on any other instrument that's lying around to find a way to use it as an extra." He cites the flute solo in his song "The Brink," as an example. "It's untrained; it's like Captain Beefheart and his saxophone playing. He never knew at any moment what pitch he was actually hitting, but it was just about making sounds, making shapes with sound; that's my approach." Keneally has also played violin, saxophone, and various forms of percussion such as marimba and xylophone. "Basically, whatever's around I will try to play, but the only thing I consider myself good on in any conventional sense is the keyboard and guitar, although sometimes I hit a lucky streak on drums," he joked.

Ironically for such a respected guitarist, "the whole time I was a teenager and on into my twenties, I still primarily considered myself a keyboardist and the guitar was a hobby, a passion. But I don't know that I ever saw that as being my primary

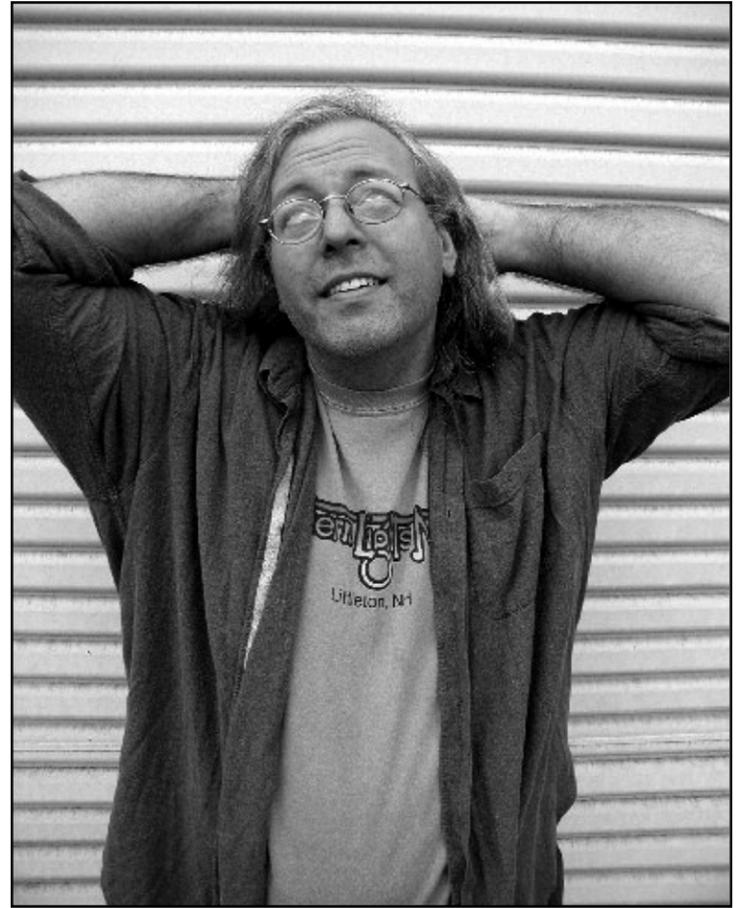
tool until, literally, the moment I got hired in Frank Zappa's band." The reason for the switch was pragmatic. "It just turned out he needed me to play more guitar than keyboards." Indeed, Keneally was originally hired by Zappa to play both instruments. "Because of the nature of the music and because there was another guy who was covering most of the complex keyboard parts, it meant that I was the only guy there that was going to be covering the really complex guitar parts. Frank was only playing solos and Ike Willis who also played rhythm guitar didn't play any of the complex rhythm lines; he pretty much just played chords."

Interestingly, though Keneally routinely performs solo acoustic concerts, he prefers a band line up. "It's nice to play solo, that's fun. But there's no substitute for the fireworks that are the result of musicians bouncing off each other," he noted.

The '90s saw the start of Keneally's solo career in earnest, with the release of his album, *Hat*, in 1992, but he has continued to release music with new bands, including the Mistakes (1995), Beer for Dolphins (1996-2000), the Mike Keneally Band (2004-2006), the Metropole Orkest (2004). His instrumental music could now also be heard on television, via Court-TV (Now tru-TV). "A lot of that music ended up getting used in the album."

A constant blur of activity, current projects include sessions in Los Angeles with former *Musician* magazine senior editor and producer Matt Resnicoff for an album to be titled, *The History of Now*. He's also recently performed with Koffi Baker, son of legendary drummer, Ginger Baker, as part of a tribute to the band Cream at Patrick's II. Though he had worked with Koffi in the studio during the '90s, it was former Beer for Dolphins bassist Doug Lund, who had previously been in Beer for Dolphins. "I thought that, being Ginger Baker's son, he might tend toward wanting to do somewhat faithful renditions of, which, as much as I love the songs, I have no interest in. I wanted to use the songs the same way that Cream did, which was to use them as launching pads for whatever might happen. And that's exactly what Koffi had in mind. Evidently, it was impossible for me to go too far out, because he'd be right there with me." While Keneally has played in some of the finest concert halls of Europe, the intimate roadhouse feel of the downtown bar appealed to Keneally. "I kind of like doing both," he said. "As much as I like playing in a more rarified atmosphere, like a symphony hall from time to time, I also enjoy the energy that results from playing really crazy music in a really small place."

Keneally confirms that another long in the making project, a collaboration with Andy Partridge (XTC), is still in the works and he is taking part in the San Diego Experimental Guitar performance at the Soda Bar on January 2. The latter reunites him with Marcelo Radulovich, with whom he most recently performed in a revival of '80s art rockers, Playground Slap. He previously worked with Partridge on an unreleased XTC track, "My Train Is Coming." "I wouldn't call it a 'collaboration,'" he said. "I was sitting in the control room watching them play this tune and Andy just decided that he couldn't do it justice vocally while playing the guitar part. And so he asked me to come out and do it. Fortunately it was a very basic, Mersey beat, you know, pop tune. I only heard the song one or two times, but it was enough to lodge in my head. I think he was sort of putting me to the test to see if I was able to pick up the chord structures after hearing it a couple of times. It was a nice little challenge." The song has never been issued. "He never did a finished vocal," Keneally explained. "It's not anywhere



Mike Keneally

near a polished track." The more recent project has seven songs near completion but "we have yet to decide what final form all of our songs that we've written are going to find."

Even with a resume that includes names like Zappa, Vai, and Partridge, one of Keneally's standout projects in recent years is his association with the fictional heavy metal band, Dethklok. Created for cable TV's Adult Swim cartoon network, the "band," which most recently toured for two months with Mastodon, is projected on a screen. Meanwhile, the musicians, dressed in black, play in the shadows, until the last song, when white light reveals them. "There's a lot of reasons why I love doing the gig," Keneally said. "It's a very elaborate stage show, every note we're playing live has an in sync correlation to the visual that's on the screen. It's not a programmed performance; we're all playing our asses off. It's an intense experience. But the main thing is that it's the only gig I do where the audience routinely loses it every single night. They really go nuts. And that's a really exciting thing to be a part of."

Keneally's music is released via his own label, Exowax Recordings. Among other new releases, a re-issue of Beer for Dolphins 1998 album, *Sluggo*, is in the works. His most recent albums, both 2009, are *Scambot*, using tracks that he first started working on a decade ago and *Songs and Stories Inspired by Scambot 1*. "When

the first disc was finished, I thought 'yeah, that's totally the statement I wanted to make there.' And yet somehow, I feel that there is more to be done," he laughed. He notes that *Scambot 2* and *3* are in the planning stages. "It's a storyline that's not through yet," Keneally said.

Though he is continually busy with his own music, Keneally is always happy to work with other performers on their albums and live performances. "It's not like a constant torrent of requests, but things always seem to pop up that I want to make time for," Keneally said. "I'm always really eager and hungry to get involved with different things just because I like the chemistry that results from different collaborators getting together. There's almost nothing that I would turn down, but when I do, in almost all cases, it's a schedule based thing, I might be on the road for two months when they'll be in the studio and that sort of thing." As hectic as his schedule already is, it's easy to tell that Keneally sometimes wishes he could be in two places at once in order to create even more music. "There's never enough time to do all the interesting things that you could do," he mused. "That's just something you have to accept."

Anyone wanting to check out Mike Keneally's music should tune in to www.radiokeneally.com. Everything from demos to hundreds of vintage live shows. For more info visit www.keneally.com

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Play Guitar Naked



by Dwight Worden



Chris Stuart, now a transplanted Del Martian, has recently had rather stunning success in the bluegrass world. You may see him around town in a jam session, or playing local gigs with friends and colleagues, but you are unlikely to

hear about Chris's successes from this unassuming man himself, so read on.

His band, Chris Stuart and Backcountry, tours across the country. He won first place in the prestigious Merlefest Chris Austin Songwriting Competition in both the bluegrass and gospel categories. His songs have been recorded by major national bluegrass stars, such as Claire Lynch, Dale Ann Bradley, Doyle Lawson, Bobby Osborne, Larry Cordle, Dan Paisley, Michael Cleveland, Suzanne Thomas, and Sally Jones, and has seen his work run high in the charts. Nine of his songs have appeared on *Bluegrass Unlimited* magazine's top-30 chart and he is working on synch licenses for his music to go on film. He writes for several magazines, including *Bluegrass Unlimited*, bluegrass music's premier publication. He co-produced and wrote the script for the International Bluegrass Music Association Awards show in Nashville. And he runs his own record label, Backcountry Records. He was awarded the IBMA Print Media Person of the Year award in 2008. And this year, with co-author Ivan Rosenberg, Chris won IBMA Song of the Year for "Don't Throw Momma's Flowers Away" as recorded by Dan Paisley & the Southern Grass on Rounder Records.

Chris was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1958, but moved to Jacksonville, Florida, in 1963. His parents were from Texas – his father a minister in the Disciples of Christ Church and his mother a sixth-grade teacher. Mom played piano and loved classical music. Dad was an avid jazz fan, particularly of singer Cleo Laine. So Chris and his two sisters (one 17 years older and one 15 years older) listened to music from an early age. One of Chris's sisters, Sally, was into Johnny Cash, George Jones, Hank Williams, and the classic country of the '50s and '60s. She gave Chris his first records and he became interested in country music at about 10 years old. Sister Betsy gave him his first guitar, a Sears Silvertone, and the first thing Chris learned to play was, of course, the theme from the TV series "Bonanza."

By eighth grade, he had developed a fascination for the country blues of Mississippi John Hurt and other bluesmen. Chris jumped

into the blues headfirst. By the time he was 15, he could play many John Hurt tunes, three-finger style.

When Chris saw the movie *Deliverance* he recognized that the banjo player was using the same three-finger style of picking that Chris had learned as part of Delta Blues. He got his first banjo and started learning. A Pete Seeger book helped him some, but as it was mostly clawhammer style, it wasn't really what Chris wanted, so he bought the Earl Scruggs banjo primer and started working. As Chris put it, "By the time I was in Junior High I could play pretty bad banjo."

All through these early years, Chris had been writing poetry. His father was a poet of some renown who had his work published in newspapers, and had received a letter of appreciation from Carl Sandburg. Chris's mother also wrote poetry. Writing poetry, from the time he was in elementary school, seemed natural to Chris. He had yet to write his first song, and by his own admission didn't connect his poetry with the possibility of songwriting during these years.

Asked if being a poet ostracized him from his peers in high school, Chris says no. He also played baseball, and because he was in a small school (Bolles, the same school that Gram Parsons had attended), there really were no cliques. He was accepted as the somewhat weird guy who, among other things, wrote poetry and played the banjo. One memorable event for Chris during his high school years was meeting Pete Seeger at a Unitarian Church in Jacksonville.

When college came around, Chris chose the University of the South (Sewanee). A respected poet, Alan Tate, taught at the university and edited an important literary magazine, *The Sewanee Review*. Chris worked at the *Review* while going to classes. He also took up alto saxophone and played in the jazz band, headed by a former member of Les Brown's Band of Renown.

Chris's single-minded ability to dive headfirst into projects served him well in writing poetry and in exploring the blues, the banjo, and the saxophone. However, diversions and intensity can have their downside, too. Chris was not committed to the academic side of college and dropped out – not from lack of smarts and ability but because he became absorbed in the art of making string figures. Chris says, "I wasn't prepared for being on my own and became interested in only the most arcane things."

Out of college, and with an uncertain future, he went to live with his sister Betsy in Ithaca, New York. There, he worked on a road crew and in an ice cream parlor. Chris quickly realized that college was less work than a road



crew, so he reapplied and was accepted again at Sewanee, where he eventually earned a degree in medieval history. Chris jokes that he intended upon graduation to go to work for a "large medieval history firm." During this time, he began to rediscover acoustic music. He played guitar in a banjo/guitar duo and covered the music of the Seldom Scene and other late '70s bluegrass groups.

After marrying in 1982, Chris moved to St. Augustine, Florida, just a few miles from Jacksonville, and started a walking-tour business for tourists. He laughs now, saying it was so hot in the summer nobody wanted to walk anywhere. As a tour guide at the Oldest House, he created a fictional history of the house on a daily basis. He also did historic-preservation writing for a company in north Florida.

In 1984, Chris stumbled across a local bluegrass band playing in a club and felt a renewed energy to get back into the banjo. He practiced eight hours a day, teaching himself as much and as fast as he could. He began traveling to festivals to absorb bluegrass. Then Chris, with David Dowling, Tommy Mechling, and Jim Quine, formed his first band, Salt Run, in St. Augustine. They played in northern Florida, mostly in a tourist club called the Mill Top.

Chris then moved to Ithaca, New York, where he played music and did computer work at Cornell University. You may wonder how a degree in medieval history prepares one for computer work at a major university,

but Chris is smart and adaptive. During this time, he met banjo master Tony Trischka (who has recently toured with Steve Martin). Chris would drive seven-hour round-trips to New York City for two-hour lessons once a month.

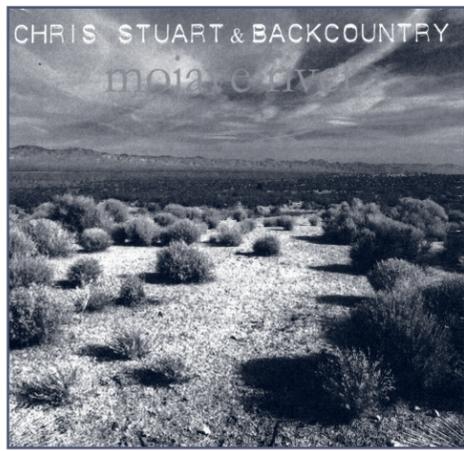
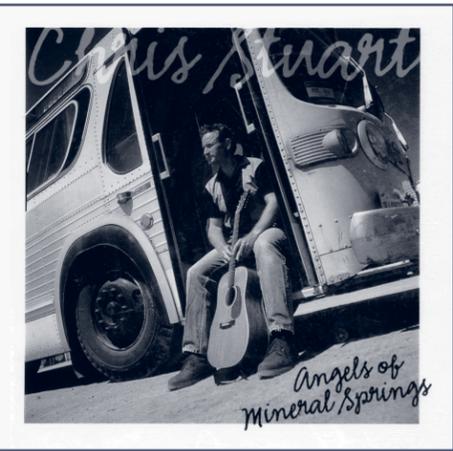
Chris joined the band the New Down City Ramblers in Syracuse, taking the banjo position in that band that was once held by Trischka. The mandolin player and bandleader, Lou Martin, already had a Rounder Records release under his belt, and he helped Chris to develop his style and ensemble skills.

Chris's daughter Georgia was born in 1990, followed by a son, Jackson, three years later.

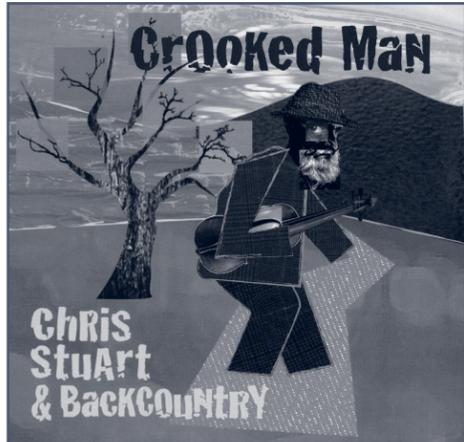
Chris left the Down City Ramblers and started his own band, Cornerstone, with Pam Daley, Rick Manning, and Dana Paul. They won the band contest at the Winterhawk Festival (now Grey Fox) and began to have some success, but then Pam moved to Nashville. Chris continued with the band and did two albums for Folk Era Records, which led him, who by now was regularly writing songs, to the prestigious Chris Austin Songwriting contest at Merlefest. Much to Chris' surprise, he won first place both in the bluegrass category (for "Maggie's Daughter") and in the gospel category (for "God Spoke His Name"). These wins shot Chris to considerable prominence as a songwriter, and there was some temptation to move to Nashville. Instead, Chris continued to write and play in New York. Cornerstone made two more albums during this period and Chris continued



Chris Stuart and Cornerstone



Chris Stuart with Bill Monroe



Stuart at IBMA award ceremony



Chris Stuart and Backcountry

songwriting, taking some time off to stay at home with his young children and write songs.

In 1992, Chris attended the International Bluegrass Music Association (IBMA) annual convention, then held in Owensboro, Kentucky, where he met the person he describes as key to his future success: Claire Lynch. One evening Chris and Pam Daley, who was also attending IBMA, were singing when Claire Lynch walked by. To Chris' surprise, Claire stopped to listen. Eventually, Claire called to say she would like to record some of Chris' songs. She cut "Paul and Peter Walked," "God Spoke His Name," and later a Cajun-tinged song, "Thibodeau's My Name," that is still one of her most-requested songs and has been re-released on Claire's Favorites album.

In 1996, Chris moved to San Diego. He had only been west of the Mississippi once in his life but was at a point where he didn't think he'd be playing music much anymore. He took a job at UCSD's Center for Research in Computing and the Arts where he was the system administrator.

Before moving to San Diego, Chris had met Elizabeth Burkett, then president of the San Diego Bluegrass Club on the bgrass-listerv, so they got together to play music. Through Liz, Chris met Wayne Dickerson, Richard Burkett, and Kim Weeks who, along with Chris, would form the local bluegrass band Highway 52. The band went on to become one of the pre-eminent bands of that time, and released a well-received CD Silver Quarter (the title track one of Chris's songs about Bill Monroe). Through this San Diego experience, Chris began to feel comfortable playing music and writing songs again.

Chris was soon looking to produce a demo record of some of his songs, and connected with talented producer and musician Janet Beazley, who had played in Copperline. As the project moved forward, it was soon clear that there was enough material for an album, and Chris released his first record under his newly formed Backcountry label. The 2002 release, Angels of Mineral Springs is an eclectic mix of musical styles, showcasing Chris's writing skills.

Chris and Janet soon formed the band Chris Stuart and Backcountry and recorded the band's first album Saints and Strangers. The band has gone through a few personnel changes with a couple three albums recorded

with dobroist Ivan Rosenberg, bassist Dean Knight, and then bassist Mason Tuttle.

The current band consists of Chris on rhythm guitar, Janet Beazley on banjo, Eric Uglum on lead guitar, Austin Ward on bass, and Christian Ward on fiddle. CSB has traveled extensively, visiting 30 states in the U.S., as well as Canada, Europe, and the Middle East. Chris fondly remembers the several trips to the U.K., which included visits and performances in England, Scotland, and Wales where they were warmly received. He carries with him some magical moments performing in pubs, at Stratford on Avon, and in the small northern town of Ullapool, Scotland.

The band has also taught at prestigious bluegrass workshops like Sorefingers in the U.K., the British Columbia Bluegrass Workshop, the Augusta Heritage Workshop, and the California Bluegrass Association camp. In 2010, Chris and Janet will be traveling to the UK to teach harmony singing at the Sorefingers camp and to Munich, Germany, to teach at a banjo camp, with Janet teaching bluegrass banjo and Chris teaching old-time banjo and songwriting.

No doubt, though, the most memorable trip was to Oman in the Middle East where Chris and his bandmates performed at the Muscat Festival. Chris notes the experience was unforgettable. They found the people warm and welcoming, especially as they traveled to some of the smaller towns.

Chris continues to develop his songwriting and performance skills, and his reputation is growing. He was asked to perform a songwriter showcase at the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville in October last year. With more and more attention from top bluegrass and non-bluegrass recording artists, and with two nominations this year for IBMA awards and a win for "Don't Throw Momma's Flowers Away," Chris may well find 2009 the year his music really took off.

As for the future, Chris and his musical partner Janet Beazley are looking to do some performing as a duet along with a continuing tour and performance schedule for the full band. Janet teaches banjo, flute, and recorder at the Old Time Music store in North Park. The band will be performing at Old-Time Music store on February 27 and Chris will be teaching a bluegrass songwriting workshop at the store sometime this winter, as well as teaching bluegrass rhythm guitar. You will be

able to see and hear Chris and Janet and their Backcountry Band live at the 2010 Summergrass Festival next August where they will also be teaching at the popular Kids Music Camp over the three-day festival. Visit the Summergrass website at www.summergrass.net for details. And, of

course, Chris will continue to write and pitch his songs. Don't be surprised if this transplanted San Diegan continues to ride a growing wave of success in bluegrass.



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Welcome to the new year, bluegrass fans! This looks to be a great year, starting this month with a concert by **Special Consensus**, presented by the San Diego Bluegrass Society on Friday, January 22, 7:30pm at the First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach, 4747 Soledad Mountain Road. The fun will begin with a 30-minute opening set by San Diego's **Virtual Strangers**. Admission is free, however, a goodwill offering will be collected to give to the band.



Special Consensus

Special Consensus will be celebrating its 35th year of bluegrass in 2010 and releasing a 35-year anniversary CD. There are not many bluegrass bands that can claim this kind of popularity and longevity. Anchored by outstanding banjo player and band leader Greg Cahill, this Chicago-based group is one fine bluegrass ensemble. But don't take my word for it:

"Yes, Special Consensus may be Chicago's very own veteran bluegrass band, but talent like this is the property of the world."

— David Royko, *Chicago Tribune*

So, do yourself a favor and start the new year off right by coming to what promises to be one great concert. This is a rare San Diego appearance by this band, which has toured the country and the world. Visit the SDBS website at www.socalbluegrass.org for more information. Also this month is the annual Blyth Bluegrass Festival, held over the weekend of January 15 to 17. This year's event features a great lineup, including the **Larry Stephenson Band**, **Junior Sisk and Ramblers Choice**, **High Plains Tradition**, **Audie Blaylock and Redline**, the **Williams and Clark Expedition**, and many others. Call 760-922-8166 for more information or visit www.blythbluegrass.com.

A bit closer to home you can see San Diego's own great band, **Lighthouse**, in concert on Tuesday, January 26, presented as the San Diego Bluegrass Society's featured band of the month at the **Boll Weevil** restaurant at 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. (corner of Ruffin Road). The action starts at 6:30pm with open mic and pick-up bands; Lighthouse will be in concert from 8-9pm. Enjoy some great BBQ while you are there.

What is Bluegrass? What characterizes the genre of music called "bluegrass" and what sets it apart from other music genres? You might think this is an easy question to answer for which there should be a broad consensus, but alas, that is not the case. Here are a few things we can say about "bluegrass music" with some confidence that there is a consensus on these points:

- Bluegrass music was started by Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys in the 1940s, who synthesized preexisting blues, mountain music, and harmony singing into what we now call "bluegrass music." This is why Bill Monroe is called the "father of bluegrass."
- Bluegrass music is typically characterized by four and five-piece ensembles that play acoustic instruments, typically including a guitar, banjo, mandolin, and fiddle, and sometimes a dobro.
- The music is characterized by harmony singing, sometimes called "that high lonesome sound."
- There is great emphasis on virtuosity on the instruments.

Beyond those generalities, once we try to define "bluegrass music," the consensus falls apart. There are traditionalists who say anything that is modern, progressive, jam band oriented, using drums or other "outside" instruments is not bluegrass. Others point out that Bill Monroe was himself an innovator, who occasionally used drums, an accordion, and other nontraditional instruments and strategies, and this contingent argues that innovation is, therefore, part of the Monroe bluegrass tradition.

Traditionalists would opine that neither Alison Krauss and her band Union Station nor Claire Lynch and her band are truly "bluegrass" because they occasionally use drums and often fold swing or other styles into their music. This traditional contingent is unimpressed that both Alison Krauss and Claire Lynch have won awards as Bluegrass Vocalist of the Year from the International Bluegrass Music Association (IBMA). Likewise, modern and progressive groups, sometimes called "new grass," like the Infamous Stringdusters, Leftover Salmon, and the like are not "bluegrass" to this crowd.

To the more open minded, however, Alison Krauss and Claire Lynch are solidly within the bluegrass genre as are the Infamous Stringdusters, the Sam Bush Band, Newgrass Revival, Nickel Creek, and other bands with a more modern sound.

Debates about what bluegrass is have raged on for years. A brief review of blogs and other sources reveal the passion with which parties in both camps hold their views. So, what does it all mean? Not much really; everyone is entitled to their own perspective and opinions. If you hear a band with horns you can rest assured there will be consensus that it is not bluegrass. However, if you hear a band that has acoustic instruments including a banjo, fiddle, mandolin, and guitar, or some combination thereof, you can also rest assured there may be limited consensus about the "bluegrass" bona fides of the music.

The traditionalists argue that the music and style of the founders, including Bill Monroe, Flatt and Scruggs and other pioneers is the essence of true "bluegrass" and sometimes they fear that all the innovation, experimentation, and modern approaches will somehow detract from or damage what they love about the traditional aspects of the music. The progressives, on the other hand, are inclined to argue that music that does not evolve will die, to point out that Monroe himself broke all the rules of his day, and that just because they like modern and progressive bluegrass doesn't mean they can't also like the traditional variety. And, so the debate rages on.

In the final analysis this debate over what bluegrass is is probably a good thing, as it underscores that people of all perspectives care deeply about the music, and so long as that is true, bluegrass will grow and prosper. Maybe one way to look at it is this: if you consider yourself a bluegrass aficionado, then anything you like is bluegrass, and if you do not like something you hear, then it is not bluegrass. Seen this way, there should be room to recognize that different people have different tastes and that there is, appropriately, room at the music table for all these flavors and tastes.



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

BEST RECORDINGS OF 2009

Oh, believe me, I know what you're probably thinking: "Great. Another list of things I haven't heard or don't care to, compiled by someone whose musical tastes I obviously do not share." Fair enough, but hey... taking account of where you perceive others to be can be a healthy part of knowing where you are, in my opinion. My opinion. Key words to keep in mind here. I truthfully shouldn't label it as a list of "Best" anything, but I love that it still caught your attention! Regardless, it's certainly worth seeking some of these out and taking a cursory listen online at least. You never know what you might find that you now can't live without...

WILCO WILCO (THE ALBUM)

I almost feel a little guilty putting this one on the list, much less starting off with it. I mean, this is a band who has consistently given us something of substance to chew on with each release. The real irony is that Jeff Tweedy & Co. have never sounded more self-satisfied and content, yet they still manage to unsettle (the tense "Bull Black Nova") and reward loyal listeners ("Wilco [the song]"). Maybe I'm just a sucker for George Harrison-style slide licks ("Sonny Feeling"). Plus, Nels Cline plays guitar like no other on every song.

NEKO CASE MIDDLE CYCLONE

Another sort of weird feeling. As much as this is an immaculately played and recorded follow-up to her amazing *Fox Confessor Brings the Flood* album, I wouldn't have thought it would make it onto this list. No matter. Just as the cover art depicts Ms. Case in a dangerously coiled pose, so too are her songs more pointed and aggressive than in the past. Bonus: Many of these songs feature a piano

orchestra. Phil Spector!

DAN AUERBACH KEEP IT HID

There's no mistaking this one's inclusion! The frontman/guitarist for the Black Keys quietly released this gritty, soiled sounding slice of bluesy Americana that ranked highest in my personal rotation all year. Album opener "Trouble Weighs a Ton" wears its old-timey band references proudly, but things quickly return to familiar territory for longtime fans via the visceral one-two punch of "I Want Some More" and "Heartbroken, in Disrepair". Stops at '50s balladry ("Whispered Words [Pretty Lies]") and '60s pop ("My Last Mistake") reveal a true music fan's enthusiasm and perhaps, more surprisingly, a sweet songwriter's heart.

GRIZZLY BEAR VECKATIMEST

This year's winner in the "And Now For Something Completely Different..." category has to be this Brooklyn band's sophomore release. Opening with a sophisticated, jazz-like tension, "Southern Point" eventually explodes into an orchestral Brazil-pop influenced grandeur via an unlikely combination of acoustic guitars, keyboards, strings, and parked wah electric. A lesser band would undoubtedly have difficulty dropping us immediately into the Nilsson meets Fleet Foxes vibe of "Two Weeks," with its steady 8th note pianos and tremolo guitar swells. While Veckatimest is ambitious and ultimately impossible to classify, its pure pop heart keeps this one user friendly throughout.

THEM CROOKED VULTURES THEM CROOKED VULTURES

Well the math ain't hard to do on this one. Current Foo Fighter and former Nirvana skinsman Dave Grohl joins Queens of the Stoneage's Josh Homme,



Sven-Erik Seaholm

along with none other than Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones for a romp through some muscular riffing and dancable grooves. Is it as epic as it could have been? Well, no. It is, however, cool as hell and a whole lot of fun to clean the house to. Or drink beer to. Or, whatever to. Enough said?

BOB DYLAN TOGETHER THROUGH LIFE

Mr. Zimmerman has certainly evolved into one of pop music's uniquely idiosyncratic I-don't-know-whats. Quickly recorded, self-produced, and rush-released, Bob Dylan has made an album T-Bone Burnett no doubt wishes he had a hand in. From its beautiful, burnished sound quality to its sweeter than usual lyrical bent, this one's a gem. The fact that you can feel the confident and effortless swagger from Dylan and his A-list bandmates throughout makes it all go down easier than Alabama sun tea.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION WPA

Sprouting forth from L.A. hipster mecca Largo, self-proclaimed 'expanding collective' WPA is at its core, Glen Phillips (Toad the Wet Sprocket), Sean Watkins (Nickel Creek), and Luke Bulla (Lyle Lovett). Armed with 17 songs and five days of downtime, WPA's founders were joined by veterans Mike Campbell and Benmont Tench (Tom Petty), Pete Thomas (Elvis Costello), and Lap Steel wiz Greg Leisz, to create an album that retains a measured sense of modesty, even while being rendered by such luminous talents. Those who feel this might be a lighter-weight affair due to its seemingly off-hand origins need only check the excellent "Rise Up": "They sell the water in the well now/The stars in the sky/There's nothing so sacred that we won't buy." Also worth mentioning is the wonderfully job of recording by the always impressive Jim Scott.

There were plenty of other worthy releases this year, but if I've made your musical life just a little bigger by introducing you to something you may have overlooked... so much the better. Have a wonderful and prosperous 2010!

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer, performer, songwriter, and recording artist. His company, *Kitsch & Sync Production (kaspro.com)*, provides recording, mastering, consultations, graphic design, and CD manufacturing services. He will celebrate Birthday Month all January long.

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



The piercingly incisive José Sinatra

VIVA DA-VIDA!

The new year is born, and we slap its rosy bottom with all good wishes and more than a little sadistic glee. Yes, we've got a lot of work to do ourselves, but our greatest wish is an honest one — for a surfeit of love. What better way to nourish love than through music, its very food?

What the world needs, always, is a really good make-out song. The definition here will signify the perfect background to a memorable session of kissing, touching, grinding within the conceivable limits of activities that involve two clothed bodies. Sort of like a scholarly debate but without words and including full body contact, where losing is as impossible as acrimony.

I have it on excellent authority that "Moon River" was once the perfect make-out song, though one must scratch one's head in concern about the song's brevity. People must have just been more easily satisfied in them there days. "Moon River" must share some culpability, therefore, in the popularity of what was eventually to be known as the "quickie," one of the most ill-advised inventions of modern times.

I have in my possession recently accrued testimony from subjects young enough to be my own grandchildren that the thumping, melody-bereft qualities of neo-tribal anthems such as "Baby Got Back" can perfectly set the stage for mano-a-chicko bouts of passion, but "songs" such as this are immediately disqualified from serious consideration since they usually cause dispersement of all inhibitions as well as clothing. We must confine ourselves instead to the tantalizing qualities of restraint and sticking to the old rules (a singularly delicious bit of torment — can we not attempt to teach a new dog some old tricks?).

Likewise, we'll immediately discard Ravel's "Bolero." Not only has it been crassly commercialized in recent decades, but it also tends to involve clothesless culmination. Please recognize this and you have my permission to laugh in the face of anyone whoever tries to use "Bolero" on you. Seek a more poetic, higher ground; hold your surrender for someone — and some song — more deserving.

I am in no way being a prude here. It's just too hurtful to me personally when I imagine some awesomely beautiful young lady surrendering her pristine charms to some horndog thug who is not me. I can do little but weep for her in my soul for all the joyous memories she might have had occasion to bestow upon me. Whither thy richness, O Lord?

My newly completed survey, which I undertook with a grant from my Uncle Sixfingers and his associate Guido, concentrated for the most part on the Golden Age of Clothed Engagement (the period of roughly 1968-1971), in its own way the first sort of chaste reaction to the burgeoning "free love" situation, wherein the truly wise youth consciously avoided the onslaught of illness or conception occa-

sioned by Cupid's sizzling smorgasbord.

The Beatles' "Hey Jude" and Richard Harris' "MacArthur Park" each strived to be make-out songs by being over seven minutes long, but the former was too pure and single minded, the latter upset convention by going three places at once. Those who used these songs as backing tracks to their fervid gropings ended up becoming either politicians or mass murderers. Sometimes both.

Those who used Hendrix or Cream were ultimately unable to stick to the rules; they usually ended up going all the way. Partisans of the Doors and the Grateful Dead lacked the energy required for a truly admirable grope, although a great number of them did go on to successful careers as morticians or Deadheads (which brings to mind that delightful chestnut: What did the Deadhead say when he ran out of drugs? "This music sucks!").

Two songs dominated this survey among those who happened to share my own opinion. And just to make sure of the continuing efficacy of these songs, I put each of them to the test on recent weekends. For the young among you who are certain to try them out for the first time, let me say that you needn't really thank me, just thank either my parents for having given me birth or the *Troubadour* for having the intelligence to carry my column. After that I'll accept your gratitude 'til my dying day.

King Crimson's "In the Court of the Crimson King" not only has the decency of sensitively ebbing and flowing in its passion, but possesses a title that itself name-checks the operative instrument of either gender. In the words of one of my test subjects, Donna (who was 23 years old two weeks ago), "Aargh. How totally cool. Thank you, José, for revealing to me the woman I always knew dwelt within" or words to that effect. You're welcome, my honey-pumpkin. You're welcome. And please, call me Hose.

Finally we come to the all-time champ — all 18-some-odd minutes of Iron Butterfly's "Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida." Words fail me here as they obviously did the lyricist, but it's clear his naughty bits were in the right place. It's difficult to imagine any other song ever being able to more perfectly chaperone a long, languorous expedition to the peak of Mount Punani. The sounds of saliva smacking along to the beats of the drum solo, the opportunity to wipe one's chin as the organ music returns are at once sloppy and tidy, if one seeks being quoted in some future pop music encyclopedia.

The road to True Love is rarely a smooth one. But the destination always remains in sight when the curves sing out and the humps stay dry.

Dr. Sinatra's cultural polemic, Girding Our Loins in Search of Purity will be published if he ever decides to write it.

RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

I CAN PREDICT...

Happy New Year! Sit down and shut up, because these are my predictions for 2010:

1. The Chargers defeat New Orleans, 35-34, in Superbowl XLIV. Phillips Rivers is named MVP;
2. An El Niño will drop so much rain on Southern California, the San Diego river will become an actual river, and then...
3. The city of San Diego will end mandatory water conservation and urge homeowners to water their lawns continuously and shower four times a day, seven or eight days a week;
4. The Children's Pool in La Jolla will become a mecca for nude sunbathers;
5. California will legalize marijuana possession for everyone 21 or older;
6. The Padres will amaze the baseball world by winning the NL West with a 92-70 record, despite trading Adrian Gonzalez and Kevin Kouzmanoff to the Red Sox for a handful of magic beans;
7. San Diego will wipe out its \$179 million deficit by selling Qualcomm Stadium to a Chinese consortium (looking to set up an Asian NFL franchise) when the Chargers move back to the LA area;
8. A new neon-lit *Kensington* sign will go up over Adams Avenue, east of the 15 freeway, only it will be misspelled, "Kengton," because they want to keep the "sin" out of the area;
9. By November, I'll be eloquent (and erudite) a writer as my idol, Jose Sinatra;
10. I will buy a new pair of pants and, maybe a pair of shoes (or not);
11. A new dirigible line will connect San Diego and Australia, *lengthening* the trip down under to less than ten days;
12. Sales tax in La Mesa will hit 20 percent;
13. Survivor: Tijuana!

I have many more but I am running out of space. I'll let you know at the end of the year how accurate I was with all my predictions, including the missing ones. Okay?



by Peter Bolland

ONE TWENTY TEN

Just as every drop of the ocean carries the taste of the ocean, so does every moment carry the taste of eternity.

— Nisargadatta Maharaj

It's often said that every ending is a beginning. So it must also be true that every beginning is an ending.

As we celebrate the beginning of the second decade of the 2000s we feel more keenly than ever the loss of what can never be retrieved or relived. The past has a way of doing that, of slipping away without even leaving a note.

Despite our increasingly effective (and intrusive) ways of capturing the sights and sounds that masquerade as our "experience," there is still one unavoidable fact: no matter how many megabytes of audio and visual data we collect, there is no way to make any of it truly last. Our technology makes us clever archivists, but when it comes to stopping time we're still knuckle-dragging primitives.

I sometimes wonder what it must have been like to live in a world before photography, film, video and sound recording. How has this relatively recent technology altered the way in which we experience the world?

Back when I used to shoot film, actual film, on my 35 mm cameras, I would carefully choose each shot. Film and prints weren't cheap, and you only had 24 or 36 on a roll. You had to make each shot count. So you thought a lot about composition, lighting and, most important, value — was this scene or image worth keeping?

Now that we're all shooting digital we are no longer bound by these frugal restrictions. We shoot indiscriminately. Later, we'll see if we got anything good.

But what does all this continual image-gathering actually get us besides the need for bigger and bigger hard drives? As we gain endless files of archived images, what do we lose?

Quantum physics affirms the vexing nature of image-capturing. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, also known as "the observer effect," shows that the act of observing alters the observed. There is no way to look at something without changing the thing you're looking at. Early in her career as a young anthropologist on the island of Samoa, Margaret Mead dutifully recorded the self-reported rampant promiscuity of her adolescent female subjects. Many years later the same girls, now old women, told another anthropologist, "we made it all up." They said it was fun making up stories for the American scientist lady. And, they said, she seemed to eat it up. Mead's influential work, based on her research in Samoa, touting the alleged harmlessness of casual sex had a profound effect on the twentieth century. The innocent lies of a handful of Samoan girls arguably contributed greatly to a sea change in the sexual mores of the modern world. Mead thought she was recording objective reality. It turns out there's no such thing.

The act of observing alters the observed. But even more importantly, it alters the observer.

As a boy I used to shoot a lot of super-8 movies. It became an obsession. Everywhere I went, whether I was shooting or not, I noticed great compositions, I framed shots, kept a watchful eye on lighting conditions, and logged locations into memory for future projects. My eyes had become mere accessories to my camera. The process took me over. I stopped shooting super-8 film many years ago and, to this day, I still have not purchased a video camera. I'm afraid of what might happen.

I am also in the habit of journaling when I travel. Whenever Lori and I go somewhere I bring a blank composition book and cou-

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

ple of pens. As I drink my morning coffee I write for an hour or so about the previous day's events. I love to write, and I love coming home with a detailed account of our time in Manhattan or on Kauai or on the windy moors of Cornwall. There's just one problem. As we're walking through Stone Age ruins or standing in front of Van Gogh's *Starry Night* at MOMA in New York I'm thinking, *hmm, what should I write about this tomorrow morning?* Even without a camera around my neck I'm still strangled by the process of encapsulation.

No matter the technology, the fact remains that our attempts to capture reality have captured us.

Recently, I've initiated an experiment. What if I just stood in the middle of my life and stopped trying to record the "important" moments? What if I just revealed in the experience of the now? Rather than compose shots, design pan-zoom combinations, or draft paragraphs; what if I just stood there and breathed the Navajo prayer "beauty to the right of me, beauty to the left of me, beauty below me, beauty above me, beauty behind me, beauty before me; I walk the pollen path."

Wherever we are, we are forever at the center of an ever-changing vortex of sacred transformation. None of it can be captured; none of it can be frozen and put on a shelf for later experience. This is it. Here and now. We are either present to it or not. You can't have it both ways.

In our obsessive craving to possess everything we overlook the simple truth; we already are everything. This holy moment contains all the grandeur and majesty of the ages. We look incessantly outward, just beyond the grasp of our outstretched hands, blind and numb to the treasure within. "Without going outside, you may know the whole world," Laozi writes in the *Dao De Jing*. Every drop of water contains the whole of the ocean and every moment holds the fullness of eternity. We don't need to capture and cage the heartbreaking poignancy of the fleeting moments of our lives. There is nothing to grasp or possess. Time, Plato says, is just the moving image of eternity. The eternal Presence is forever, unavoidably within us.

2009 was a blur. What if we brought a different, more awakened consciousness into the new year? If it's anything like 2009, 2010 will be over before you know it. It's already slipping away. Put down your camera and open your eyes. There is only going to be one 2010.

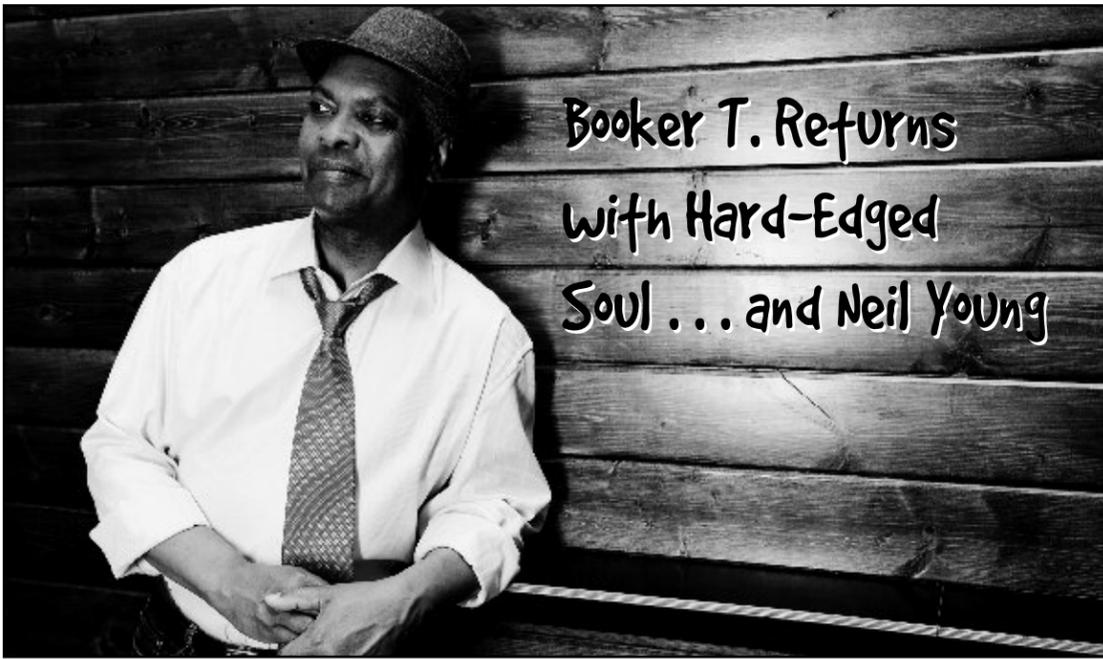
Peter Bolland is a professor at Southwestern College where he teaches eastern and western philosophy, ethics, world religions, and mythology. After work he is a poet, singer-songwriter, and author. He has a band called the Coyote Problem. He also leads an occasional satsang at the Unity Center and knows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



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Booker T. Returns with Hard-Edged Soul . . . and Neil Young



Booker T. Jones

by Terry Roland

In popular music over the past 50 years there are styles, songs, and artists who today call us to nostalgia. There have also been those who stand the test of time. They transcend the trends of the day and the future. They have called us to history while continuing to work on their craft. In the case of Booker T. Jones, while he calls up some nostalgia with the golden liquid sound of his Hammond B3 organ, the memories may come, but today he refuses to lean on nostalgia in favor of deepening his art.

On his first release in 20 years, titled *Potato Hole*, Booker T. Jones returns to the forefront of today's roots music scene, sporting a career that has spanned nearly 50 years.

The title, *Potato Hole*, refers to the nineteenth century American slave practice of making a hiding place under the wood floor planks of slave quarters to store extra food. Booker T. considers the last 20 years of his own solo-silence to be his potato hole where he has kept his music and inspiration going.

An intense musical passion can be felt, even physically, on this fine album, which is harder and more urgent than the sound he helped create with the MGs back in the 1960s. It moves his music forward with strains of a post-punk edginess, blues, rock, and traces of gospel and early R&B.

As the album opens with the solo sound of Booker's Hammond B3, the drums crash simultaneously with Neil Young's (yes! Neil Young) unmistakable fuzz tone guitar. The instrumental exchange between the two legends becomes a seamless musical commun-

ion with the two trading off leads as Jones's organ and Young's guitar weave in and out, over and under each other with pitch-perfect dynamic. They are joined by alt-country's best band, the Drive-By Truckers, in a collaboration that would do the legendary MGs proud.

The opening track is aptly titled "Pound It Out." This hard-rocking work-out is followed by a consistent set of songs that never lets up for a single moment. There's not a hint of the digital, sampling, videogame-sounding music of today.

This album is not so much a comeback as it is a rising. It's as if the man emerges from his own potato hole to reclaim authentic rock-blues based popular music for today. If this is the case, the joy and passion that has been captured here is a total triumph. It's been a long time comin' as David Crosby once said. We also hope it will be a long time before they're gone. It is an interplay of musical thoughts and feelings that gives way to a rare, instrumental lyricism unmatched in today's rock scene. Jones leads the way with grace, passion, and the smooth soul that has become his signature. There is, quite simply, no wasted track here.

How did Booker T. Jones arrive at this point? His story has not been told enough in music history. He is a musical and social/cultural ground breaker.

Remember, if you're too young, imagine the time in America, when, unlike the propaganda-driven campaign of Ronald Reagan, we really were a city on a shining hill, in the morning of our remarkable history. The year was 1962. A controversial young president had just been voted into the White House. He was well-loved around the world. It was the pinnacle of JFK's Camelot. The

nation became enamored with impossible dreams, like landing a man on the moon. Racism had been exposed for the archaic hatred it had spewed for so many years.

It was also an arguably bleak time in rock music we think of as post-Elvis and pre-Beatles. Artists like James Darren and Bobby Rydell were the stars of the time and represented the mainstream.

However, in the alternative world of R&B and soul music, what once was termed "race music," which had its own separate charts set aside from the mainstream (or white-stream) music of the day, was making headway. In the previous decade, it was common for white artists like Pat Boone to re-record race songs for white audience consumption with next to no profits going to the original artists, such as Chuck Berry and Little Richard. Even Elvis' career was built on this racist foundation.



Booker T. & the MGs, circa 1962

But, in 1962 the Civil Rights Movement was in full swing. Martin Luther King was hitting his stride. At the same time, new, independent labels like Stax were emerging to provide an outlet for the long-ignored R&B black artists of the time, including Otis Redding, Sam Cooke, and Sam and

Dave. Their songs, written and recorded by themselves, were being heard on the mainstream radio stations.

Into this critical and tense time of American history steps Booker T. & the MGs. With the help of this 17-year-old Stax musician and his distinct organ drawn from the obscurity of his southern gospel music past, Booker T. & the MGs charged up the mainstream pop charts in a way that could have created the term, "a hit with a bullet." Not only did their first hit "Green Onions" make the charts, it also rose to number three nationally on the Billboard chart.

In a matter of months Booker T. & the MGs became the first integrated band in the country to break down the musical barriers between rock and soul music. Five years later, Sly and the Family Stone would arrive, loudly demonstrating their diversity at historic concerts and festivals like Woodstock.

By high school in the early '60s, Booker was already a talent. He was well-studied in classical music. His knowledge of music theory and harmony led to the appointment of leader of the high school band. He even earned recognition in *Who's Who of American High Schools*. This accomplishment brought him to the attention of Jim Stewart, a record executive from Memphis. He was brought on staff with Stax records in short order.

During those days Jones' busy schedule had him attending high school, working as a staff musician for Stax Records, and studying classical music composition, composing and transposition at Indiana University. While still a teen at Stax, he cowrote such classics as "I've Never Found a Girl," "I Love You More Than Words Can Say," with Otis Redding and along with William Bell the song, "Born Under a Bad Sign," for Albert King, which later became a popular song for the blues-rock band Cream. Then, in 1962, as he and Steve Cropper were taking a break between backup recording sessions, they began to jam. Jim Stewart, president of Stax records at the time, heard this jam and the music they were playing that day soon became "Green Onions."

At 17 years old Booker T. Jones broke through with a major national hit, inventing an organ-based blues sound unheard of prior to its release. With this, the divide between white mainstream recordings and "race records" would close and the separation of rock and soul musicians by race lines would decline. So, in a real sense, Booker T. & the MGs were a foreshadowed illustration of Martin Luther King's famous 1963 speech "I Have a Dream."

There is a controversy as to how the MGs became the MGs. The official story of the name, according to Stax records, refers to "Memphis Group." However, Chips Moman, producer and former member of a band with Booker T. called the Triumphs, states that the name came from his car at the time. This version of the story has been confirmed by both Booker T. and Steve Cropper. However, Stax records maintains their official story.

In 1969, Jones fell in love with the Beatles' *Abbey Road* album. The Beatles returned the love by stating they had patterned much of their music from the sound

of the MGs. John Lennon characteristically called the group "Book a Table and the Maitre D's." During a tour in 1967, the Beatles had a limo pick up the band at an airport so they could kneel down and kiss Booker T. and the MGs' rings.

Lennon said he wanted to write an instrumental piece for the band. While he never fulfilled that dream, Jones, Dunn, and Jackson recorded an album in 1970 called *McLemore Avenue*, named after the location of Stax Record. The album cover parodied the famous *Abbey Road* cover. *McLemore Avenue* covered the songs on *Abbey Road*, blending them into three extended songs.

In the early '70s, after a long string of hits, the group disbanded. Jones would eventually move to California. Demand for his music continued.

During the '70s Jones had a hit with a song called "I Want You" with his then-wife, Priscilla, who was singer Rita Coolidge's sister. He also was a major player in the success of Bill Withers music producing and arranging hits like "Ain't No Sunshine." The association with Rita Coolidge led him to studio work with Kris Kristoferson, her husband at the time, which eventually led him to the role of producer on Willie Nelson's flawless *Stardust*, an album of classic popular songs from the '30s and '40s. He also contributed his Hammond organ on albums for such artists as Ray Charles, Neil Young, and Natalie Merchant.

In 1992 he was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and in 2007 he received a Grammy lifetime achievement award.

At the 30th anniversary tribute show for Bob Dylan at Madison Square Garden in 1992, he was asked to reform Booker T. and the MGs to be the house band for the historic event, providing back-up for Tom Petty, George Harrison, and Lou Reed. It was there that Jones met Young and the two have evolved their friendship into an innovative musical collaboration.

So, it is now 2010. In some ways the world has changed from 1962. In other ways, it has not. Once again, we have a young, controversial president in the White House who is loved around the world. Again, the nation seems polarized between diametrically opposing political views. Racism has raised its ugly head cloaked in the disguise of a Neo-Con agenda. Once again, we have a seemingly impossible dream: universal health care for all in the United States. Unfortunately, this seems to be as realistic as landing on the moon. And into the mix, once again, arrives now 64-year-old Booker T. Jones with a new album of songs that hits hard into the common spirit and history of soul, blues, and rock. Again, the music calls us all to unity.

So when he comes to Poway this month, he brings with him a legacy filled with a taste of nostalgia, history, and, as always, that Hammond B3 organ and his own unique brand of passionate soul music.

Booker T. Jones appears at the Poway Center for the Performing Arts on Saturday, January 16. For more info: www.powayarts.org.



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Jakob Martin City of the Nameless

by Frank Kocher



A new CD from Jakob Martin is *City of the Nameless*, a four-track EP that tries to frame the folk-pop singer in a variety of arrange-

ments, as producer Dan Diaz puts his superb voice hot and on top. Martin manages to rise to the occasion as a singer, sliding into and out of the upper reaches in some spots and sails through the rest smoothly.

"November Night" blends its compelling, memorable melody with a formula that starts with folk, adds some reggae-vibe beats, then moves to a big gospel finish. "Long Drive Home" is a folk-soul tune that could be a lost James Taylor album track. This one has nice harmonies and all works fine, until 2 1/2 minutes in. Then, depending on the listener's taste, a verse of rap that doesn't seem to fit interrupts (or augments) the song. This segment, while well-sung by rapper Stepchylde, would have been better on a track with more of a rock or funk beat.

A personal, soft folk lament, "Thaw," follows. Lyrics are the center of "St. Frankenstein," as Martin begins telling the listener to "see the world from the back of a taxi," and uses the shuffling song and his metaphors to expound on alienation, the plight of the homeless, and the counterculture.

City of the Nameless demonstrates Jakob Martin's talent as a singer, with the kind of voice that many other singer-songwriters wish for. The songwriting, especially on "November Night" and "Long Drive Home," is also very good and makes this a disc worth seeking out.

Trouble in the Wind All My Hopes on a Sailing Boat

by Frank Kocher



Trouble in the Wind is a North Carolina Group that plays edgy, acoustic-based rock. Using banjo, primarily acoustic guitars, and some standup bass, their music can jump genres from rough country-folk, to New Wave revival, to classic glam rock in a few tracks. That is just what they do on their debut EP, *All My Hopes on a Sailing Boat*.

Lead singer/songwriter/guitarist Robby Gira is the main focus of this live six-track disc, and his somewhat indifferent singing style on many songs recalls David Byrne of the Talking Heads, or Caleb Followill's early Kings of Leon albums.

"Mr Whiskey," the rocker of the set opens with fiery acoustic guitars emulating a train and Gira scoring with a strong, howling vocal. The band loses momentum with "I Like That You Do," which despite lyrics like "I crashed a '94 Saturn 'cause you caught my eye," drags on way too long at over seven minutes. "Damnsel" starts and ends with dead-on David Bowie-vibe riffs ("China Girl"), a standout track sung in a good mock Bowie vocal, and built around some speeded up bridges.

On the acoustic-roots "Trains/Everyone" the slow beat bogs the song down, while "Pretty Please" uses big drums and a neat acoustic chord riff to lock in another memorable track, evoking Byrne this time. Things wrap with "Foolish Heart," which is in a country-folk vein, à la Neil Young.

This CD is the sound of a band developing their sound, a roots band that has expanded its repertoire, with mixed and interesting results.



The Cathryn Beeks Ordeal Mood Swing

by Frank Kocher

Local country-rock singer Cathryn Beeks has been on the San Diego scene for years as a singer and as an active promoter of local acoustic music. She also is a capable songwriter, whose 2006 debut disc with her band the Ordeal, *Desert Music*, was a lively mix of harmonies and traveling music grooves.

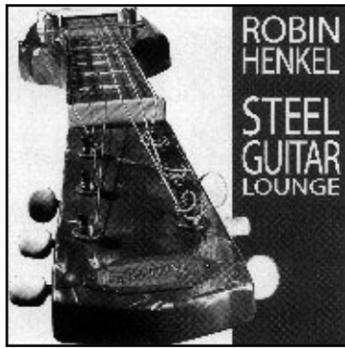
Beeks is back with *Mood Swing*, and so is *Desert* producer Jeff Berkley. The disc features Marcia Claire on bass, Matt Silvia and Reverend Stickman on guitars from the Ordeal's lineup as well as Berkley (guitars), Brian "Nucci" Cantrell (drums), and a host of other studio vets. The resulting sound brings together the soaring harmonies of the 2006 disc with a beat that is harder-rocking than the earlier disc, with a guitar edge. The 15 songs offer a generous sample of Beeks as a songwriter. Her vocals, which on some songs recall a less bluesy version of Bonnie Raitt, are just rough enough to be endearing and not overly sweet, with plenty of power and range.

"Keep Walking," the opening track, grabs the listener's attention right away with a message about persistence, with good power guitar flourishes fading to mandolins. Beeks cranks it up on "When You Go," a road tune that rocks briskly with some sharp lead guitar work. A soft country waltz follows, with catchy wordplay, "You Got Me Wrong," "I know/that you know/ I know that you/ have to leave," Beeks tugs heartstrings to fiddles and pedal steel on a disc highlight that has a bit of classic flavor. Next, another good one with "Perfect Strangers," a mid-tempo tune with Beeks nailing the vocal, good lyrics, and a nifty arrangement, though it seems to end too soon, with one of those mid-verse chop endings. After an overdriven, overly frenetic wah-wah guitar solo on "Try This Again," a better approach works on "When Summer is Over," which combines a power-chord verse with a mellower, airy chorus and tasty blues guitar licks over the top to help lift a would-be filler cut up a notch.

Beeks has networked and performed with many of the top names in local roots music. This album should also help further well-earned reputation of Berkley, whose work on discs by Berkley Hart, Gregory Page, Tim Flannery, and others has been stellar.

There are several slow and mid-tempo country and folk-rock ballads on the hour-long release, the most interesting being the spiritual "Bring Him." "Last Round" wraps things up with the disc's most compelling rocker; this is along the lines of the earlier "When You Go" but catchier, and sounds like a Cheryl Crow radio tune. Beeks can rock.

The Cathryn Beeks Ordeal hits the mark with *Mood Swing*. By combining a taste of country songbird with a helping of roadhouse rocking, Beeks and her band hold the listener's musical focus for 15 tracks, which makes for a fun listen.



Robin Henkel Steel Guitar Lounge

by Paul Hormick

With his new disk, *Steel Guitar Lounge*, Robin Henkel gives us a nostalgic treat in a brand new light. The entire recording features Henkel playing the lap steel guitar or its acoustic cousin the National Tricone steel guitar. No matter where you go or which radio station you listen to, or even if you check out all the latest youtube videos, you're not going to hear lap steel guitar. About as common as "Free Bernie Madoff" bumper stickers, they are just not in the mix for the Black Eyed Peas, Britney Spears, or even Green Day. The lap steel was nonetheless quite popular back when people were discovering the wonders of mixing electrical current and musical instruments.

Developed in the early 1930s, the lap steel was the first electrified guitar and became almost ubiquitous as soon as people started plugging it in. Bob Wills' Texas Playboys and other western swing bands featured the instrument, and they were a mainstay of any of the thousands of Hawaiian-themed bands at the time. Virtuoso Roy Smeck, Sol Hoopie, and others performed on the lap steel in concert, pressing hundreds of recordings. Often confused with the pedal steel guitar heard in country music, the lap steel guitar has a rougher sound, close to the sound of Duane Allman or David Lindley with their slide guitars. Also, because there are no pedals to change the strings' pitch, the lap steel guitarist has to rely on the tuning of the instrument for chording. There are therefore curious sliding phrases and harmonic tight rope antics that come from the instrument.

Most of the tunes on *Steel Guitar Lounge* swing, and there are a few with a Latin flair. If you wanted to get folks dancing at your next party, tossing this disk in the player will probably get more than a few of them to move their feet and sway their hips. The compositions are based on the old song forms of jazz, blues, and swing that the lap steel would have been used on back in the 1930s and 1940s and are enlivened by Henkel's sense of fun. At no time does it sound like Henkel is striving toward some grand musical goal; it's more that he's just letting the creative juices flow. Riffs, licks, and lines come across as being played with rather than being worked over. Henkel does not stray from the music that grew around the lap steel guitar, but his playful approach updates the music in a delightful way. The disk has a lively, fresh quality.

Henkel is San Diego's dean of the downbeat. The guy's just got rhythm. And he has chosen topnotch sidemen who also believe that when you count out 1-2-3-4, it really means something. Drums and electric bass solidly back up Henkel's lap steel and National Steel. The arrangements, as well as the execution by the band, are quite tight and are rounded out by two saxophones. A few tunes include the baritone saxophone, which makes the sound even fuller and adds extra punch to the rhythm.



Bill Cardinal 65 More Miles

by Mike Alvarez

Bill Cardinal has been active on the local scene for a few years and recently released a six-song EP. What's unusual is that his chosen medium is the 10-inch vinyl record. That's right: a plastic disc with grooves on it that's played with a turntable. A bold marketing move, to be sure, but he doesn't totally eschew twenty-first century methods of delivery, as his music is available for download at a number of internet sites including iTunes, Napster, Amazon.com, and Limewire.

While not technically a song, per se, the spoken word intro that comprises the first track, "Mayor Ed," does a lot to set the tone of this collection of tunes. It's just a short phone message sent by a good ol' boy sitting by the water, havin' a beer. Presumably to another good ol' boy. Then the fun starts. "Country Man Blues" is a spirited Johnny Cash-influenced country blues rocker that chugs along smartly as Cardinal sings about the trials and tribulations of a hard working honky tonk musician. It comes complete with a Fender Telecaster solo. "The California Coast" is a ballad with a more leisurely tempo whose protagonist laments his decision to head East, away from the life, and the girls, that he loved. Pedal steel accents give it a melancholy mood that suit the lyrics well.

"Juarez Way" is a minor key tune that takes a darker turn. With a mood and rhythm reminiscent of Bob Seger's "Turn the Page," its haunting lyrics paint a bleak picture of hopelessness that is nevertheless very affecting. The snare drum's military cadence is a nice touch. But things don't stay so somber for long, because the next song is a raucous ode to drinking and the establishments in which this activity is performed. "A Place to Go (The Bar Song)" is a lighthearted and energetic romp with a lyric that will forever prevent it from getting any kind of airplay.

"I Had to Tell You" reveals Cardinal's more reflective side. It sounds a little bit like Bob Dylan's "Lay Lady Lay" or Elton John's "Roy Rogers." The words are somber but surprisingly optimistic, as one can hear when he repeatedly sings the line "I'm feeling fine" at the end of the choruses. "Country Man's Hymn" ends the EP with a spiritual note. He confesses his weaknesses and vices to the Lord but seems to accept that he likes them. It's a simple but powerful theme upon which to close.

Bill Cardinal writes and sings with a classic country style, but he infuses his songs with the energy of rock and the attitude of punk. In the short space of six songs he goes from being melancholy, to falling-down funny, to contemplative, and it hangs together really well. He has a strong artistic vision that binds it all together. With the able backing of the Canyon Band, he has created a very likeable bunch of songs that tells you stories, makes you laugh and cry, gets you thinking, and sets your toes to tapping.



Wil Forbis Shadey's Jukebox

by Frank Kocher

Wil Forbis is an musician/author who hosts his own blog site and contributes to a webzine called *Acid Logic*, where his black humor and twisted insights into music, movies, and all aspects of pop culture take flight. For a number of years he has been involved in various music projects as well, and the latest is 'Shadey's Jukebox' by Wil Forbis and the Gentlemen Soundrels.

Forbis wrote all of the music on this 10-tune disc, with an approach that mixes alt-country with other diverse musical styles – Dixieland horns, swing, a bit of bluegrass. The Gentlemen are smooth pros augmented by a cadre of L.A.-area session cats, who generally give this music a slick finish that polishes off the rough edges. The focus throughout remains firmly on Forbis as singer and zany songwriter.

"Let's Get High on Jesus" introduces the band, impressively hitting its marks on a country-rock boogie as the lead singer, somewhat buried in the mix, relays a story about an encounter with a young admirer who convinces him to take a little red pill (this tune has a different lyric and beat than Kinky Friedman's ballad with nearly the same title). On "Hope Kills" the band plays a long, melodic guitar intro that sets up Forbis laying down some misanthropic philosophy, with nice lead guitar fills building the tune up. The next tune has a swing jazz flavor and horns like a New Orleans street band, "Where There's a Wil There's a Way," Forbis is no jazz singer but he gives an admirable effort. A quick instrumental "Fin Fang Foom" gives the guitarists on board a chance to let their fingers go, and they impress. A clear highlight follows, "Laurelay (Take the Long Road)," a bluegrass-inspired tune with harmonies, fiddle, mandolins, and bridges that feature some acoustic string jamming.

Forbis as a vocalist seems to be comfortable, fits the material well, knows his limitations. He is a bit flat on a few of the harmonies, and out of his element here and there, but on the alt-country material in particular, he makes a good emotional connection.

"How Am I Supposed to Feel?" is a slow ballad that Forbis nails perfectly with a soulful vocal, delivered on swelling choruses by the band after spare verses, with some resounding keyboard work. Wah-wah, shifting time signatures, and R&B horns change things up for "The Better Man Won," a rocker that Forbis again handles very well; this different tune ends with a with an even more different instrumental coda that sounds like a minute-long snippet from an early Allman Brothers album. "Alien Conspiracy" sounds like something inspired by Forbis' website, a hodgepodge of slick country licks, power chords, and funny lyrics. The closer is a pleasant swing tune with nifty guitar solos about wasted youth, "Old Before My Time."

Shadey's Jukebox shows that Wil Forbis has some definite songwriting chops. The interesting music on this disc gives him a new way to express himself.



JANUARY CALENDAR

friday • 1

Carlos Olmeda, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Blue Creek Band, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Chris Clarke/Emily Bonn & the Vivants/Trouble in the Wind, Soda Bar, 3615 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.
Carl Durant/Scott West, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Bill Magee Blues Band, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

saturday • 2

Bayou Brothers Zydeco Matinee, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 4:15pm.
The Taildraggers w/ John Mailander, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm.
Squirrel Nut Zippers/Steve Soto & the Twisted Hearts, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Shawn Rohlf, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Steph Johnson CD Release, Swedenborg Hall, 1531 Tyler Ave., 8pm.
Aaron Bowen, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 3

Folding Mr. Lincoln, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10:30am.
Len Rainey & the Midnight Players, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 4

Bayou Brothers, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

tuesday • 5

The Taildraggers @ NCBFC Mtg., Round Table Pizza, 1161 E. Washington Ave., Escondido, 7pm.
Songwriters Showcase Competition, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Beauty & the Blokes, Hennessey's Tavern, 2777 Roosevelt St., Carlsbad, 9pm.

wednesday • 6

Josh Nelson w/ Peter Sprague, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
New Acoustic Generation w/ Michael Tiernan/Lee Couter/George Wit, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Off the Wagon, Second Wind, 8515 Navajo Rd., 8pm.
Bill Magee, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Missy Andersen, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.
The Blokes, The Ruby Room, 1271 University Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 7

Joe Rathburn & Christopher Prim, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Delgado Bros, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Joshua White Modern Music Project, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Al Kooper, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Rob Dee, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

friday • 8

Candy Kane, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 5:30pm.
Frank Lucio, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Tom Smerk, Friendly Grounds, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.
Pete Escovedo Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Randy Phillips, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper, 7:30pm.
Tom Rush, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Maritime Historical Weekend (continues thru Sunday) Songs of the Sea w/ Bob Zentz, The Berkeley, Embarcadero, San Diego, 7:30pm.
Ruby Blue, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Derren Raser, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Justin James, Gordon Biersch Brewery, 5010 Mission Ctr.Rd., 8pm.
Billy Watson & the Int'l Silver String Submarine Band, Pannikin/BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Big Sandy & his Flyrite Boys/Smith's Ranch Boys/Nena Anderson, Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., 9pm.
Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, Main Tap Tavern, 518 E. Main St., El Cajon, 9pm.
The Blokes, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 9

Hutchins Consort, Encinitas Public Library, 540 Cornish Dr., Encinitas, 10am.
Shirhouse Bluegrass Band, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Chet & the Committee, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.
Cowboy Jack & North County Cowboys, Lake Wohlford Cafe, 25484 Lake Wohlford Rd., Escondido, 7pm.
John McCutcheon, San Dieguito United

Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Pete Escovedo Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
The Future, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Eve Selis, New Village Arts Theatre, 2787 State St., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Lisa Sanders/Blame Sally, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Los Lobos/Tomorrow's Bad Seeds, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Candy Kane, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

sunday • 10

Maritime Historical Weekend (continues thru Sunday) Concert w/ Bob Zentz/Bill Dempsey/Ken Graydon/Westlin Weavers, The Berkeley, Embarcadero, San Diego, 10am.
San Diego Folk Song Society, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Robin Henkel Band with Horns!, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.
Brazilian Pre Carnival, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

monday • 11

Lou & Virginia Curtiss @ Poway Folk Circle, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
The Road Dogs, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 12

Lou Curtiss Song Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.
Cowboy Mouth/Junior Brown, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 13

Rob Thorsen, Pacific Beach Library, 4275 Cass St., 7pm.
Phil Wiggins & Corey Harris, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Stan Ridgway/Sara Petite, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
A Night of Belly Dancing & Music, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 14

Joe Rathburn & Nathan James, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
John Jorgenson Quintet, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
David "Honeyboy" Edwards w/ Chris James & Patrick Rynn, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Rob Dee, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Chi McClean/Jordan Frye, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 15

Sweet Joyce Ann & Annie Rettic, OB People's, 4765 Voltaire St., 5:30pm.
Heloise Love, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Clay Colton & the Blokes, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm.
Mavis Staples, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
XBorder, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Robin Henkel, Stellar Cellar, 28636 Front St., # 102, Old Town Temecula, 8pm.
Joseph Angelastro Trio, Pannikin/BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Dave Booda, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Kenny Eng CD Release/Ernie Halter/Tony Lucca, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
KeB' Mo', Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, Main Tap Tavern, 518 E. Main St., El Cajon, 9pm.
Otis Tyler Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 10pm.

saturday • 16

Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley Mall, 7pm.
Tom Baird & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Mavis Staples, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Tim Flannery & Friends, Adobe Falls House Concert, Del Cerro, 8pm. 619.583.9313
Booker T. Jones, Poway Center for the Performing Arts, 15498 Espola Rd., Poway, 8pm.
Paul Simon, Joni Mitchell & Billy Joel Tribute w/ Joe Rathburn/Cahill & Delene/John Foltz, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Wit's End, 420 Robinson St., 8pm.
Cindy Lee Berryhill/Lisa Sanders/Mary Dolan, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
So Say We All, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 17

Sweet Joyce Ann & Annie Rettic, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.
The Hot Jazz Instructors, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Kris Kristofferson, East County Performing Arts Center, 210 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.
San Diego Drum Summit, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Petteri Sariola/Seth Horan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 18

Jazz Pigs, Lyceum Theatre, Horton Plaza, noon.
Backwater Blues Band, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Bayou Brothers, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

wednesday • 20

Poway Bluegrass Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Portugalia, 4839 Newport St., 7pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Dick Dale/Heavy Guit, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Joe Firstman/The White Buffalo, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 21

Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo, Cardiff, 7pm.
Joe Rathburn & John Foltz, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Rob Dee, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Blue Rockit, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Nate Donnis/Winchester Friendlies, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 22

Joe Hutchinson/Alan James, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Trace Bundy, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Chase Morrin, Pannikin/BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Lisa Olson, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Anna Bell, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Missy Andersen, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

saturday • 23

Steve White Benefit w/ Robin Henkel/ Kev/Dave Baldock/Jim Earp/Jeffrey Joe Morin/Chuck Perrin/Alan James/Berkley Hart, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 11am.
Chris Clarke & Plow, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robert Moog Lecture w/ Herb Deutsch & John Eaton, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Jim Earp & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Barry McGuire & John York, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Sara Petite, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Gilbert Castellanos Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Aaron Burnhart/Chad Farran/Cindy Santini, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 24

Jason Reeves/Joe Brooks/ZSuzanna, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

tuesday • 26

Lou Curtiss Song Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.
Stevie Wonder Tribute w/ Peter Sprague Group, Crill Performance Hall, Pt. Loma Nazarene University, 3900 Lomaland Dr., 7pm.
Maryanne McSweeney/Claire Daly/Rick Helzer/Jeanette Kangas, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 27

Peter Sprague & Blurring the Edges, Rancho Bernardo Library, 17110 Bernardo Center Dr., 6:30pm.
Ignacio Berroa Quartet, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.
Sweet Joyce Ann, Portugalia, 4389 Newport Ave., 8pm.
Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Alyssa Jacey CD Release w/ Jasmine Commerce & Josh Damigo, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

thursday • 28

Clay Colton & the Blokes, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm.
Chet & the Committee CD Recording Party, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 7pm.
Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1243 University Ave., 8pm.
Harry Connick Jr., Copley Symphony Hall, 750 B St., 8pm.
Rob Dee, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Ruby & the Red Hots, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos Ave., 8pm.

friday • 29

Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Jack Tempchin, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
George Winston, La Paloma Theatre, 471 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Tom Chapin, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Count Basie Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Kev, Pannikin/BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Ronnie Seno, Lion Coffee, 101 Market St., 10am.
Bluegrass Brunch, Urban Solace, 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.
Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
A Shift to the Left, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 6pm. (1st & 3rd Sundays)
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 Zapf Dingbats, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., Pacific Beach, 7pm.
Open Mic Banjuka Jam, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.
Beauty & the Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Ste. A, Carlsbad, 8:30pm.
Songwriter's Showcase, Larry's Beach Club, 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 8:30pm.

every tuesday

Traditional Irish Session, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.
The Taildraggers, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 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, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm.

every wednesday

Chuck Schiele & Friends, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.
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.
Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Robin Henkel & Billy Watson, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8:30pm.
Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 8:30pm.
Open Mic, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

every thursday

KatieCat & Cain, Sky Lounge, Sheraton Suites @ Symphony Hall, 701 A St., 5pm.
Happy Hour Jam, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 5:30pm.
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.
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

Open Mic, Lion Coffee, 101 Market St., 6pm.
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.
KPRI Homegrown Fridays, Anthology, 1337 India St., 10pm.

every saturday

Ronnie Seno, Lion Coffee, 101 Market St., 10am.
Open Mic (last Saturday of the month), Valley Music, 1611 N. Magnolia Ave., El Cajon, 6pm.
Karen Giorgio, Westgate Hotel Plaza Bar, 1055 2nd Ave., 8pm.
Blues Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

Mar. 8pm.
Gregory Page, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Gary Lefebvre/Joe Marillo, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Catherine Feeney/Jordan Reimer, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
John Lee Hooker Jr., Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

saturday • 30

Sara Petite, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Gregory Page, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., Poway, 7pm.
Dave Bandrowski, Turquoise Cafe/Bar Europa, 837 Turquoise St., 7pm.
California Guitar Trio w/ Tom Griesgraber,

Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
George Winston, La Paloma Theatre, 471 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Count Basie Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Bushwalla, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, OB People's Food, 4765 Voltaire Ave., 4pm.
Josh Damigo/Joey Degraw/Shane Alexander, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, Rosie O'Grady's, 3402 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 31

Danny Malone/Kacy Crowley, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

ROBIN HENKEL

Every Wednesday, Hensley's, 8:30pm
Robin Henkel & Billy Watson
850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad
(760) 434-2660

Fri. Jan 8. 22 & 29, Chateau Orleans
Robin Henkel solo blues, 6:30-9:30pm
926 Turquoise St., Pacific Beach
(855) 465-6744

Sun, Jan 10, Lestat's, 8pm
Robin Henkel Band with Horns!
3343 Adams Ave., San Diego (619) 282-0437

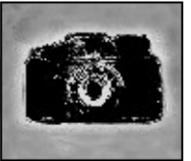
Sat. Jan 15, Stellar Cellar, 8-11pm
28636 Old Town Front Street #102
Temecula (951) 676-2722

Thurs, Jan 21, Wine Steals (Cardiff), 7-9pm
1953 San Elijo, Cardiff by the Sea
(760) 230-2657

Sat, Jan 23, Benefit for Steve White
Old Time Music. Kev, Dave Baldock
Robin Henkel, Jim Earp, Jeff Morin
Chuck Perrin, Joe Rathburn, Gregory Page
Lisa Sanders, Alan James, Berkley Hall
Reserve your ticket. (619) 280-9065

Thurs, Jan 28, Wine Steals (Hillcrest), 8-10pm
1243 University Ave., San Diego (619) 295-1188

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Photos by Dennis Andersen



Annie Rettic



Greg Gohde, Dane Terry, Allen Singer, Patty Hall



Derek Duplessie



Chuck Schiele listens to Joe Marillo



Sven-Erik Seaholm & Lois Bach



Carol Branch & Jeff



Chris Carpenter



Mark DeCerbo, Joe Rathburn, Owen Burke



Jim Wakefield



Sweet Joyce Ann, Photoman Steve Covault, Liz Abbott



Chelsea Flor



Outside Jam



Kev, Suzanne Reed, Joe Rathburn



Kent Johnson, Marie Haddad



Jimmie Lunsford, Nathan Welden



Joey Harris, Dave Humphries, Fin Park



Joanna Schiele with her mom, Florence



Bass Clef Experiment



Sue Palmer



Dennis Driscoll, Peggy Watson



Jose Sinatra, Liz Abbott, Kent Johnson, Owen Burke



Gregory Page & Friend



Greg Gross



Coco & Lufe



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JANUARY



Steve White

Sat. Jan. 23th, 11 a.m. - 9 p.m.

STEVE WHITE BENEFIT CONCERT
IN THE TRADITION OF PHIL FEST! An All-Star night of entertainment featuring Amazing musicians! We'll have 2 live stages, a silent auction, and a musician's yard sale. All proceeds go to help Steve in his recovery from Throat Cancer. Suggested Donation \$15.

Friday, January 29th, 7:00 p.m.
Mandolinist Chris Aquavella with Guitarist Nate Jarrell

Brazilian, Contemporary, Newgrass, Jazz, and Original duo arrangements. There will be special guest performers.

The first 25 reservations will receive a complimentary copy of Chris Aquavella's Letters from London EP. Admission \$20



Saturday, January 30th, 2 - 4 p.m.

KEV - BEGINNING ACOUSTIC BLUES WORKSHOP

Learn the basics of the blues.

A fun, hands-on beginning blues workshop. This workshop is designed for beginning/intermediate players.

Bring your guitars no - amps please!

We'll cover basic blues progressions, licks and tricks. Hand-outs will be provided.

Fee: \$20. Call to get on reserve list! 619-280-9035.

QUICKSTART GUITAR

FEBRUARY

IT'S A STEVE KAUFMAN CONCERT/WORKSHOP WEEKEND!

Steve Kaufman Concert Sat. Feb. 6th 8 p.m. Don't miss

Flatpicking Champion and Steve Kaufman in concert at Old Time Music. Admission \$20.



Mandolin Workshop

Thursday, Feb. 4th 7-9:30 p.m. Fee: \$50

Guitar Workshops Part I and Part II

\$90.00 for both Friday and Saturday Workshops!

Friday, Feb. 5th: Guitar Workshop Part I • 7-9 PM.

Saturday Feb. 6th: Guitar Workshop Part II • 10 a.m.- 4 p.m.

For reservations/info call 619-280-9035.

Chris Stuart & Backcountry Bluegrass Band

Saturday, February 27th • 7:00 p.m. Chris Stuart & Backcountry Bluegrass Band featuring Chris Stuart on Guitar and our own Bluegrass Banjo teacher at OTM Janet Beazley. Admission \$20

Friday, March 3rd. 7:00 PM. Harvey Reid in concert.

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