

T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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



May 2010

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what's inside

Welcome Mat.....3

Mission
Contributors
La Mesa Spring Harp Fest

Full Circle.....4

Jack Butler
Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Front Porch... ..6

Reelin' in the Years
Duo LaRé

Parlor Showcase ...10

The Riders

Ramblin'.....12

Bluegrass Corner
The Zen of Recording
Hosing Down
Radio Daze
Stages

Highway's Song. ...14

Postcard from Fresno
Buffy Ford-Stewart

Of Note.....17

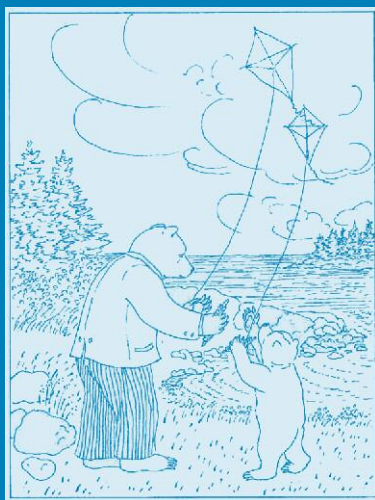
Dave Humphries
The Riders
Delaney Gibson
Otro Mundo
Sue Palmer

'Round About18

May Music Calendar

The Local Seen.....19

Photo Page



DreamCatcher
at
VIEJAS

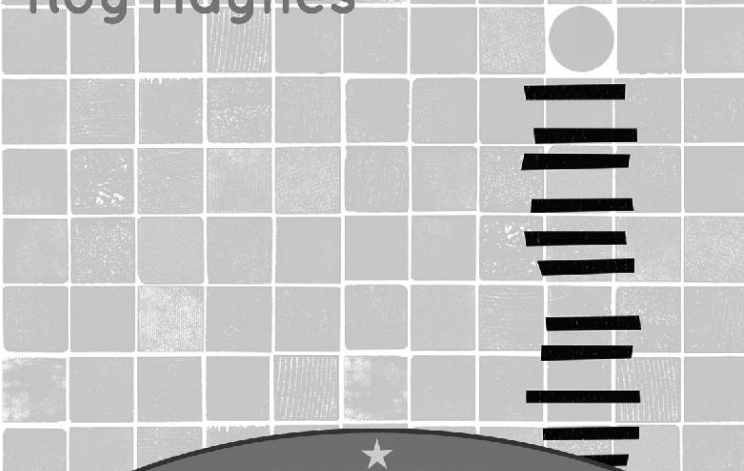
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★
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LOS LONELY BOYS
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&



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

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

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La Mesa Harp Fest: Back to the Days of Free Love and Live Music



Harmonica John Frazer, Robb Bower, the legendary James Harman, Budd Willis

by Raul Sandelin

If anyone has the *Circus* magazine covering Ontario Speedway's Cal Jam II (I believe it's the May 1978 issue), let me know. In one of the crowd shots, there's a blond-haired, 14-year-old kid who looks suspiciously like me, a few ice cream seasons lighter, of course.

Fast forward to Easter Weekend 2010: The 11th Annual La Mesa Spring Harp Fest reminds me a lot of that fateful weekend in 1978 when I pried my way to the stage to see Nugent, Heart, and Aerosmith while dreamily crushed in a glorified parking lot of humanity. There are differences to be sure: the La Mesa Harp Fest is a tad smaller. But, that's okay. I don't really miss my 249,000 closest friends from Cal Jam II who *didn't* descend upon La Mesa's Harry Griffen Park. But, the stringing along of parked cars, the trampled mud puddles, half-naked couples engaged in tribal mating rituals, the gunning of the Harleys, the overly friendly hippie chicks dancing song after song after song – those same sights and sounds are what link the La Mesa Harp Fest to the great outdoor concerts of yesteryear.

I will say one thing: the bathroom lines are shorter now. Back then, you had to wait an hour to use a porta-potty. Now, I suspect, the aging Bohumpies (Bohemian yuppies) just go in their Depends and worry about it later, result-

ing in bathroom lines that are thankfully much shorter.

Another thing that's missing: the long arm of the law. Someone must've told the Fuzz that the La Mesa Harp Fest consisted of German octogenarians (à la the Harmoni-Kaisers) gumming four-part harp dressed in lederhosen because I didn't see the Man all day.

What the Harp Fest is, though, is a great day of music. Serious blues, I might add. A "beginners competition" started the day at noon. And, the final "good-byes" and "thank yous" rang clear around 6 p.m. (Six hours ain't bad these days. I was even able to fit in my afternoon nap.) In those six hours, a super-sized helping of blues harmonica was served to the 1,000 or so people who filtered in and out of the park throughout the day. The sets were kept tastefully short in order to give a broad array of talent a chance to perform. Dan Gage, Chet and the Committee, Lance Dieckmann, John "Whiteboy" Walden, 145th Street with Steve Bulger, the Karl Cabbage band, Billy Watson and his International Silver String Submarine Band, and Johnny Maestro with Smokehouse each took their 30 minutes to prowl the stage. The short sets ensured that the audience would be left wanting more. I was certainly wishing that each act could have stayed on-stage longer. But, that would've kept the swell of Bohumpies there till midnight. Read: No afternoon nap.

The legendary James Harman with San Diego's own budding legend Nathan James on guitar headlined. An advanced competition provided the half-time show. And, an all-star house band provided backup during the two competitions and a couple of jam sessions with Tony Agosta and Chris James (guitar), Jodi Hill and Patrick Rynn (bass), Ric Lee (drums), Otis Thompson (keys), and the Tater Tooters horn section.

This year marked the 11th annual La Mesa Harp Fest. Started by Harmonica John Frazer and Budd Willis, the event has been built into one of the largest in the state. As Budd Willis puts it, "It's now the biggest harmonica party in California." Dedicated to teaching the harmonica and the history of the blues in public schools and to local community organizations (Blues In The Schools or BITS), the Harp Fest has mustered up a who's-who of East County and corporate sponsors, from restaurants and hotels to contractors and retail outlets to music stores. It has even earned the City of La Mesa's seal of approval.

This year, the Harp Fest received an additional boost when Robb Bower, who since 1999 has produced the annual Julian Blues Bash at the Menghini Winery, came on board as a co-organizer. This year, the Julian Blues Bash will be held on Saturday June 19.

As Harmonica John explains it, the La Mesa Spring Harp Fest "is a place where any harmonica player with desire gets to play. Most places, harmonica players are only tolerated. Here, they're welcome." Harmonica John Frazer has been at it since the blues revival of the late '60s when he started trying to emulate the likes of Paul Butterfield while still a student at Kearny High School. To pass that passion along to new generations, his Blues In The Schools has given out some 3,000 harmonicas to local school kids in the last decade.

So, with the 11th annual Harp Fest a wrap, it's on to next year: who would've thought that La Mesa, California, would be such a mecca for the blues?

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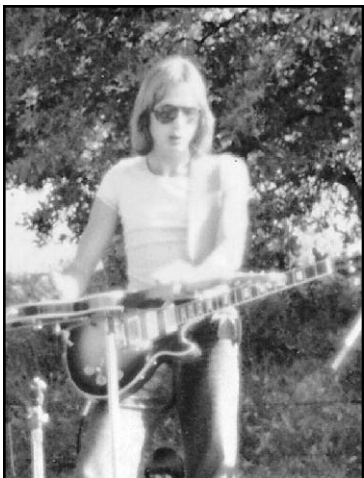
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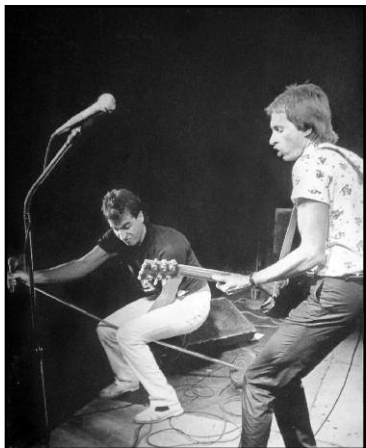
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Jack Butler in his Glory days, ca. 1971, with his now famous lapsteel



Paul Shaffer & Jack Butler, 1983



Glory in L.A. ca. 1976: Jack Pinney, Butler, Jerry Raney, Greg Willis



Jack Butler, with Paul Shaffer & Jack Pinney today



Jack Butler with the Farmers, with Jerry Raney and Chris Sullivan in background



Jack Butler today

by Raul Sandelin

It didn't seem like it at the time, but a lot was happening in the East County music scene in the mid-to-late '60s. Frank Zappa bought his first record player several years earlier from Valley Music in El Cajon. The Cascades were doing shows at La Mesa's Cinnamon Cinder. Jack Tempchin, future songwriter of "Peaceful, Easy Feeling," was the opening-act-in-residence at La Mesa's Candy Company. (Tempchin was also inviting his not-yet-famous friends—Glenn Frey, J.D. Souther, and Jackson Browne—down from L.A. to sit in.) The Palace Pages, fresh out of El Cajon High, changed their names to Iron Butterfly and invented Heavy Metal. And, Jack Butler and his high school buddy Lester Bangs were hanging out and jamming with Butler's

power trio at some dumpy bungalows near the corner of Broadway and Ballantyne in El Cajon. But, more on that later. Jack Butler was born in Pacific Beach but his family moved to El Cajon soon afterward. His parents were both teachers in the Cajon Valley School District, his dad Bill a popular P. E. coach and his mom, Esther, a career East County kindergarten teacher for 38 years. His parents were quite musical, his mom from a musical family. His dad was a well-known Irish tenor in the San Diego area. In fact, after retiring from teaching, his father pursued a successful singer career, recording as well as touring the U.S. and Europe.

Jack Butler: At Home in his Private Domain

Jack's four brothers and sister were and are also very musical. His brother Tony was a partner in Jim's House of Guitars and today plays locally with country and rock band White Horse and also with the Legends. Sister Margie and her husband Paul Espinoza record and tour with the acoustic Celtic group Golden Bough. Brothers Ian and Pete moved to the Bay area. Ian played bass for many years in the Celtic rock band Tempest and now has a public access TV show in Pacifica, California. Pete plays guitar in heavy rock band the Earwigs. Older brother Bill moved to the East Coast and still plays guitar and sings folk.

As for Jack, he was already playing the accordion, piano, and violin by the time he was 10 years old. He picked up electric guitar in junior high, part a reaction to seeing the Beatles on Ed Sullivan, part due to a simple epiphany he had upon watching the bands at the local dances: "We started going to dances to meet girls. But, the girls were there to watch the band. So, I knew I had to get in a band."

While the Beatles stormed America, Jack stuck with the surf music of the Beach Boys and Ventures he had been listening to before the British Invasion. And, at 16, he scored his first paying gig—playing rhythm guitar in a Top 40s band called the Orbits, which played at Camp Pendleton three times a week. "I was playing guitar one night," Jack remembers, "and before I knew it, I was asked to play organ. So, I learned organ live on stage."

As already noted, Jack was friends with Lester Bangs. In fact, Jack, Lester, Jerry Raney later of Beat Farmers fame, and Jack Pinney—Iron Butterfly's first drummer—all met as teenagers at El Cajon High School.

And, this is where fate would find Jack and Lester hanging out at the bungalows off Broadway and Ballantyne: Bangs would later write about his experience.

Still in high school, Jack put together the Cream-style power trio that started living and jamming at the Tobacco Road bungalow next door to where the Hells Angels lived. Often, Lester would sit in on harmonica, making the trio a quartet. "But, it was getting to be a bad scene there, even before the incident Lester wrote about," Jack explains. "I was getting ready to move out when Jerry Raney knocks on the door and says, 'Hey, wanna play bass in my new band?'" Jack jumped at the offer, left Tobacco Road, ditched the power trio, and was on stage playing bass in the Jesters, which quickly evolved into Thee Dark Ages.

Playing at the Hi-Ho Club attached to the west end of Parkway Bowl in El Cajon, Thee Dark Ages introduced El Cajon to early glimpses of the psychedelic revolution. Patterned after their British idols, the Yardbirds, Thee Dark Ages would stretch out on stage, sometimes with Lester on harmonica, turning three-minute pop hits into 15-20-minute jam sessions. Thee Dark Ages even "toured" for awhile, driving around the Southwest and completing the circuit of Hi-Ho Clubs that had franchised east to Arizona and north to Riverside.

As the 1960s wore on, Thee Dark Ages evolved into the legendary band Glory. Reuniting Jack and Jerry Raney with Jack Pinney, Glory dominated the local rock scene from 1969 to 1978. They made a famous live recording at, then, cutting edge KPRI in 1970. The band's personnel rotated. And, Jack even quit during a dry streak to join DC Blues, only to rejoin, this time not on bass but on dueling lead guitar. Now, on bass was Iron Butterfly's first bassist Greg Willis. Glory opened up locally for the likes of ZZ Top, Steely Dan, Electric Light Orchestra, the James Gang, Warren Zevon, Tommy Bolin, Bo Diddley, Howling Wolf, and Canned Heat and defined San Diego's answer to the hard rocking T Rex-slash-

Allman Brothers sound that dominated early-'70s FM radio.

Around 1974, they got a record deal with Dragon Records and moved to L.A. There, they played the Strip and recorded while waiting for the album, and supporting tour, which never panned out. They met and co-billed with the who's-who of the L.A. scene, even landing a regular Wednesday night gig at Gazarra's on the Strip. Often, they would talk with the Thursday night band, an obscure band from Pasadena called Mammoth as the two acts were tearing down and setting up equipment. "Man, their guitarist could shred," Jack remembers. Later, Mammoth changed its name to Van Halen, and we can only hope they survived the lean years.

With the record deal not going anywhere and L.A. gigs getting tighter and tighter, the band moved back to San Diego where it found a five-night per week gig at Neutral Grounds in East San Diego. They played there from 1976 through 1978, when the influences of punk and the evolving sound of hard rock put their early-'70s sound out of favor. (read more about Glory on page 13, Radio Daze.)

After Glory dissolved in 1978, Jack met Paul Shaffer (not to be confused with David Letterman's sidekick), who has remained Jack's musical soulmate and co-song writer for the past 32 years. As Paul describes it, he has only been in one band, the one he formed in 1976. Bratz had even built a modest following in the two years before Jack joined. With Bratz already established, it was easy for Jack to slide into the lead guitarist's chair.

Bratz hit the local club circuit immediately and between 1978 and 1983, recorded two independently released albums of original material including the song "Absolute Perfection," which would go on later to be included on the CBS *Back to the Beach* soundtrack album alongside Stevie Ray Vaughan's "Pipeline." British rapper Pato Banton would also include "Absolute Perfection" on his album *Never Give In*, Paul still singing lead vocal with Banton rapping in the background. In 1983, Bratz won several North County Entertainer Music Awards (Kevin Hellman's precursor to the San Diego Music Awards) including Best Rock 'n' Roll Band. Paul Shaffer took home NCEMA's Entertainer of the Year.

At this time, Jack and Paul got songs placed in two major movie soundtracks—*Once Bitten* starring Jim Carey and *Just One of the Guys*, both released in 1985. These two movies, along with *Back to the Beach*, still get played a lot on cable. And, Jack and Paul still get royalties from these three movies.

Bratz was creating too much of a buzz for the L.A. labels not to take notice. In 1984, they signed with A&M Records. The funny thing was: Jack and Paul no longer had a band! Jack remembers, "Right before we got signed, our good friend Joey Harris (of later Beat Farmer fame) got signed to MCA and needed a rhythm section. So, he took ours: Bassist Lee Knight, now long-time member of Four Eyes and the late, great Mark "Lefty" Spriggs on drums," Jack explains. "A&M thought we had a band. They had seen us as a band. But, we were now just a duo, so we had to scramble up players. We waited our whole career for a major record deal, and it finally comes a month after we have no band! Fortunately, A&M never knew this. We enlisted a top-notch rhythm section, so there was no problem."

This began a four-year odyssey during which they were handed off from A&M/Gold Mountain to MCA/Curb to Capital/Chameleon to finally NuBeat/Priority in 1987. Strangely, however, nearly three years of playing contractual football with the labels didn't produce a single album. Jack

continues, "Finally, Capital/Chameleon released *Private Domain*, which was then bought up by NuBeat/Priority, who had us add four different songs. Then, they released it again with essentially the same cover art." The album was getting massive airplay on L.A.'s KROQ and locally on 91X. But, in another twist of fate, NuBeat/Priority, having just signed NWA, saw the money to be made by rap and overnight dropped all of its rock bands from the label, sending Jack and Paul back to the San Diego club scene without a contract.

In 1984, of course, this hadn't all played out yet and many in L.A. were seeing Bratz as the next Police or General Public. The A&R guys weren't particularly fond of the name "Bratz" though. So, the decision was made over lunch to change the name to *Private Domain*, the name that Jack and Paul have fronted now for over 25 years. Happily, the rhythm section has remained stable for sometime, now with Gregg La Rocco on drums and Jim Reeves on bass.

During the four years of traveling between San Diego and L.A. in the '80s, Jack also took session work with various artists, who valued him as a slide specialist. This led to offers to join various touring backup bands, a move that would spell the end of *Private Domain*. Jack politely refused. At the same time, he and Paul decided that *Private Domain* itself was a San Diego band, not an L.A. or touring band. They have made a living locally ever since, both headlining and opening for the Psychedelic Furs, Thompson Twins, Bonnie Raitt, Alice Cooper, the Tubes, the Band, Chris Isaak, James Brown, Johnny Winter, Jimmy Cliff, the Wailers, Doobie Brothers, John Hyatt, Garland Jefferies, Southside Johnny, the Motels, Andy Summers of the Police, and Delbert McCClinton plus many others. During much of this period, Mike Jacobs was the band's manager. Jacobs would go on to form Way Cool Records, the label that would eventually sign another San Diego band: blink-182.

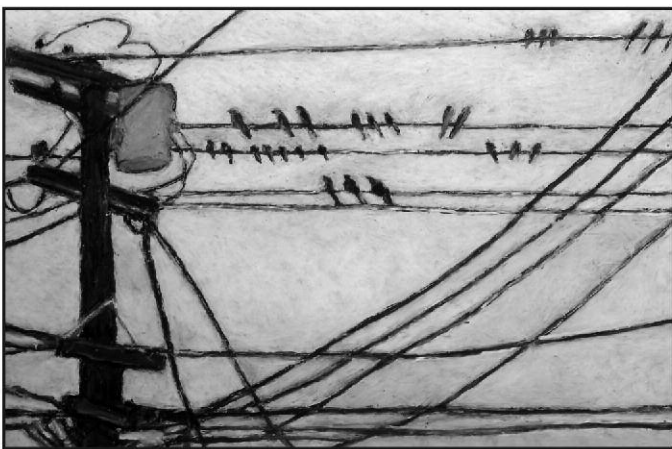
While international fame and fortune have eluded Jack and Paul, they've done more than just earn a living with their music. Jack comments that music has provided his primary source of income since he joined the Orbits when he was 16. In 2002, they licensed their song "Big Time Love" to Toyota for the famous "Ice Fishing" Tacoma truck TV ad, which ran on prime time for a year and a half. In 2003, they released *Live and Unplugged at Dick's Last Resort*, showcasing Jack and Paul as an acoustic duo. It should also be mentioned that they have been the house band at Dick's Last Resort for 18 years since 1992, playing Wednesday nights as an acoustic duo and many weekends with the full band. In 2007, they released *Great Leaders*, a collection of originals that tap into a broad array of many musical styles from hard rock to power pop to reggae to Americana.

In addition to playing shows, Jack has also made a living teaching guitar, especially bottleneck slide and lap steel, both a ubiquitous part of his signature arsenal since the Glory days. Since the 1980s, he has been able to maintain a select stable of students, many who have been with him for several years. Jack also records other artists at his home studio. One current project includes the archiving of all of local legend Skid Roper's songs onto CD.

In recent years Jack has also stayed in contact with his old Glory band mates. Jack jams often with former Glory member Jerry Raney and the Farmers. Jack also invites former Glory and Iron Butterfly drummer Jack Pinney along on many of his *Private Domain* gigs. In fact, Glory has been making a comeback of its own recently. First,

continued on page 8

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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

SPRING TIME AND ROOTS MUSIC

Spring is a time when thoughts from an old fart like me turn to the fancy of roots music. It's a time when I'm just getting over a weekend of old-time fiddles, cajun dance tunes, ballads about loves lost, and ghosts that come back from the grave for one more round. It's a time when I get to meet lots of old friends who feel the way I do about music. We talk about the festivals that were. And I think about the old time musicians and old friends who aren't with us anymore as well as those who are still playing our kind of music who haven't been out this way yet but might make it in the future.

There aren't as many of those folks anymore. The Roscoe Holcombs, Dock Boggs, and Dennis McGees of this world are no longer with us, but there are still a good many folks it would be lovely to see in San Diego, and I hope someone brings them. I've run two good series of folk life-type festivals here in San Diego. From 1967 to 1987 it was the San Diego Folk Festival (17 of the 20 years of that festival were at San Diego State). From 1994 to 2007 it was the Adams Ave. Roots Festival. I'm ready to help start a new series of festivals devoted to folk life

performers. At almost 71 years old, I'm not sure I want to do it alone anymore, but I do have a lot of ideas and people I haven't seen yet and want to, and some old friends I'd like to see back here.

The Roots Fest on Adams has moved on from my vision of what a festival should be and I have to admit I'd like to see the festival return to those glory years at San Diego State, where we had two days of workshops as well as concerts. It was a place where you could hear good music in concert and also learn something about it. From 1994 through 2007 you got to see Santiago Jimenez Jr., Howard Armstrong, Charlie Bailey, Frank Proffitt Jr., Glenn Ohrlin, Rose Maddox, the Balkan Cafe Orchestra, Eric and Suzy Thompson, Mike Seeger, U Utah Phillips, John Jackson, Little Pink Anderson, Hank Thompson, Lalo Guerrero, Gezya Berki, Ralph Blizard, the Mexican Roots Trio, Jody Stecher and Kate Brislin, Debby McClatchy, the Blue Flame Sting Band, Kenny Hall, Bashful Brother Oswald, Sam Necochea and the Western Playboys, Nat Reese, Fro Brigham, Buck Wayne and his Buckshots, D.L. Menard and the Louisiana Aces, Fred and Cathay Zipp, Tracy Schwarz and Ginny Hawker, Kathy Larisch and Carol McComb, Larry Hanks, Ray Bierl, Mark Spoelstra, Odetta, and just a whole lot more.



Poster from the 13th Annual Folk Festival, held at San Diego State University

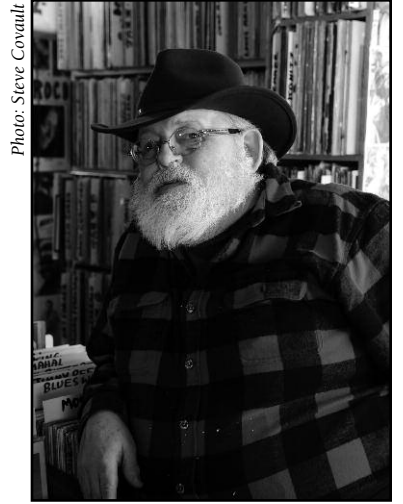
I think it put the Normal Heights community of San Diego on the cultural as well as the academic map in roots music circles. It drew attention from the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Folklife Division, and inquiries from academic institutions all around the country. It fostered write ups in Sunset magazine and other tourist-oriented publications that bring people to San Diego from all over, particularly bringing them to Adams Avenue.

I guess I can understand how the new grouping at the Adams Avenue Business Association would want to go in a new direction with maybe some kinds of music that they understand a little better, and I

want to thank them for giving me the opportunity to put this thing together for all the years I did. Like I said above, I'm hoping that someone comes along who wants to work with me on getting a new Folk Life Festival going here in San Diego. It needs to happen.

MEANWHILE

I've been putting up some live tracks of various kinds of roots music on my Facebook page (LOUIS F CURTISS). I guess I'm pushing 2,000 songs now. A lot of it is live from the first nine or so folk festivals out at San Diego State; others are field recordings made by yours truly over a 20



Lou Curtiss

year period. There are some recordings from the Sam Hinton collection (Sam's own tapes) and some live recording at the Sign of the Sun bookstore in the early '60s in addition to some stuff from radio transcriptions, and 78s going back as far as records go. There are also some things I've been sent by other Facebook members. There is a lot of stuff here. It'll give you an idea about what has been brought here to San Diego and what should continue to be. I'd like to hear what you think. Drop me a line.

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Reelin' in the Years

by Bart Mendoza

Pulling up to the El Cajon production offices of Reelin' in the Years Productions, you'd never suspect what goes on in there. Indeed, El Cajon seems about as far removed from the limelight as one could get and yet it houses the "World's Largest and Most Respected Source of Music Footage." This quote is no idle threat. With more than 10,000 hours of rare footage in their archive, their touch is everywhere. Live concerts, television appearances, and more are in the collection. Every genre is represented, from Howlin' Wolf to Radiohead, covering the last 60 years of music – all from master tapes and fully licensed.

Founder and president, David Peck, regularly travels the world unearthing material and he now represents a treasure trove of epic proportions. If you've checked out DVDs from Led Zeppelin, Elvis Costello, Jimi Hendrix, the Jam, or dozens of others, or the clips that Reelin' in the Years Productions provided for the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame. Or movies like *Vanilla Sky* and *The Mayor of Sunset Strip*, and documentaries like *The Beatles Anthology*, then you have seen the fruits of their work.

Walking in, the offices are exactly as you'd expect, crowded with work materials, walls, and shelves full of all sorts of memorabilia pertaining to their releases. Peck has assembled an amazing team of music veterans, all well known in the San Diego music community, and now on an international level – VP Phil Galloway, VP Scott Chatfield and art director Tom Gulotta, with Mark DeCervo contributing. Galloway was once co-owner of the legendary record store Off the Record, while Chatfield and Gulotta have worked with many artists, including Mike Keneally and Loam respectively. Meanwhile, in his little spare time, DeCervo is still one of the best power-pop artists going today.

In addition to licensing clips to labels and producers, Reelin' in the Years has produced several series of their own, notably the Jazz Icons series, with concerts from such legends as Nina Simone and John Coltrane, a Motown series, the American Folk Blues festival series and others. They've scored gold and platinum discs for their efforts as well as a Grammy nomination. The Temptations disc alone has shifted more than 250,000 copies.

A music junkie could easily lose an afternoon just looking at the cool stuff that seems to be everywhere in the offices. Posters, buttons, photos, diagrams for future titles, and more adorn the walls and that's just the hallway. But with an advance screening of a Small Faces DVD, part of Reelin' in the Years new British Invasion series to contemplate, we headed to one of the several editing/viewing rooms. I'm old enough to say that at this point I'm a jaded music consumer, but I emerged later that afternoon, pretty much stunned by the quality of the production. Viewable as a documentary or as stand-alone clips, these can't be faulted, from the remastered sound to the quality of the images, straight off the master tapes. Wow.

This latest series came about almost by accident, when Peck was asked to come up with a new project for a distributor. Though nothing sprung to mind immediately, he said that later "I was watching the NME Pollwinners 1965 concert, with the Beatles and the Stones and it was suddenly so obvious. A series of discs devoted to key artists in the British Invasion of the '60s seemed ideal."

The first four artists are: the Small Faces (27 complete clips!), Herman's Hermits (22), Gerry and the Pacemakers (17), and Dusty Springfield (20). Work on a second and thoughts toward a third set of releases in this series are already underway. "We made a list who we thought would be appropriate for the series and then went from there," Peck said. "Some artists said no and some were more difficult to get clearances from, so

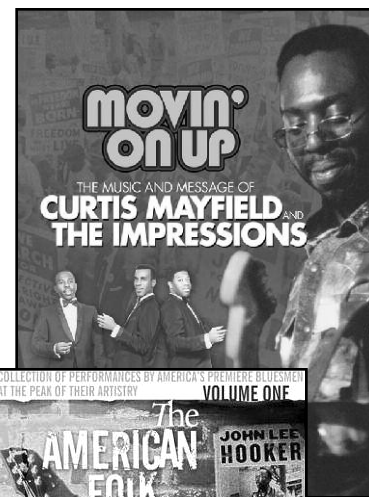
the first discs were the easiest to clear." He notes that not every band would qualify for a series like this. Indeed, though costs vary from title to title, it's not uncommon for costs to reach six figures before a title comes to market. "You have to look at a project like this a couple of different ways. Does a band have enough of a following? There are bands like the Creation or the Move – and I'm not knocking them – that just didn't have enough of a cult status on a worldwide level. Then there are other bands, like the Zombies, who broke up before they even had their biggest hit, so there just isn't enough useable footage to put out a full release." To that end one idea that might be used is a DVD featuring three groups, rather than spotlighting just one. In the meantime, work has already begun on the *British Invasion, Series 2*, set to include the Hollies, the Pretty Things, and Manfred Mann.

For Peck one of the highlights is getting new interviews from the artists and relevant associates. "That can be so rewarding," Peck said. "I mean, it's work and you have to worry about things like sound and lighting, but you're sitting there getting to hear stories and things first hand from someone who was there, someone who was involved." He cites the example of Gerry and the Pacemakers front man Gerry Marsden, who, following his interview taping for the series at the Cavern in Liverpool, regaled the producers with an acoustic rendition of "Ferry Cross the Mersey." Peck describes the moment as "spine tingling" and included it as a bonus feature on the Gerry and the Pacemakers disc.

A quality release is important to Peck, with a complete package that includes detailed liner notes, rare photos, and a signature memorabilia centerfold that is custom made to make collectors drool. He is aware that many consider these releases to be definitive. "I want to put out the sort of DVDs that I would buy myself," he said. "But also, it's important

to get these right because they'll be there for generations to come. They'll be in libraries, additions to the artist's discography, and in some cases the first "new" release in decades. Each title is a part of music history."

Indeed, Peck himself was too young to



have experienced first hand the British Invasion, let alone the jazz, folk, and blues icons he's previously released "I was born in 1966," Peck said. "So I never got to see these artists in their prime. These series get the performers back out there."

Though the list of amazing footage at Reelin' in the Years is truly immense, Peck continues a tireless search for new items. How long does he think discoveries of rare footage can be made? "Every time I think the well is running dry, something amazing comes along," he noted. "It's almost like if you said to an archeologist, 'have you found everything?' Last year a major tomb was discovered in Egypt. You just don't know."

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Duo LaRé: A New Blend of Classical and Jazz

by Paul Hormick

Chris Acquavella and Nate Jarrell were stuck. Somehow or other Acquavella had gotten the band's van into a patch of mud. They were somewhere between far away and nowhere, and after weeks on the road – eating fast food and sleeping on various couches of friends and family – the van's wheels were spinning away and sinking more and more into the mud. The two young musicians were going nowhere.

That was 1995, when both young men were playing in their punk band Born Blind. The van may have been stuck in the mud that day, but the two musicians have kept moving forward, diverging and reuniting in their musical careers in surprising and creative ways. Currently the two form Duo LaRé, a partnership that relies on their divergent backgrounds in classical music and jazz as well as the years that they've spent playing in bands together.

Acquavella plays mandolin and is one of the most accomplished musicians to play the instrument that you may find. He is the classical monopole of Duo LaRé, having graduated with honors first in his class from Trinity College in London with a degree in performance. In 2004 he was the recipient of the Wolfson Foundation Music Award and in 2006 was awarded the TCM Trust Silver Medal for String Studies. He has recorded with the European Mandolin and Guitar Youth Orchestra and released a CD of his own, *Letters From London*, that includes a self-composition and features the music of twentieth century and contemporary composers.

Jarrell plays jazz guitar and is a rarity in today's music world. He is a busy, working

jazz musician. He can be heard at numerous musical venues in San Diego and southern California. He performs often at San Diego's two jazz hot spots – Dizzy's and Anthology – with Tokeli, a multilingual singer who has just been nominated for Jazz Artist of the Year by the L.A. Music Awards.

Composers and musicians have often interbred the genres of classical and jazz, combining and recombining them in different ways for generations. For Jarrell and Acquavella, when they perform as Duo LaRé, the two are grounded distinctly in their approaches. You can see it in their body language. Acquavella is centered and staid, as you would expect from a violinist or pianist playing a concerto, while Jarrell seems to have that inner groove going that all good jazz players have.

Yet there is an interplay between the musicians that goes beyond their different approaches. It's like a wonderful conversation, with two persons speaking in different languages but still easily understanding each other. They say that this sensitivity and interplay goes all the way back to their time together with electric guitars and oversized amplifiers when they met and were both playing guitar in Born Blind.

When Born Blind's singer/bassist wanted to concentrate on singing, it was a contest between the two guitarists as to which one would "take one for the team" and become the band's new bassist, an outside-the-spotlight position that can be one of rock 'n' roll's most thankless jobs. Acquavella was the one to take up the bass, but he satisfied his inner Jeff Beck by playing the bass like a guitar. The rest of the band was not only pleased, they were impressed with his playing. Born Blind received a fair amount of success and notoriety, but by the turn of the

century both Acquavella and Jarrell were moving on to other things. They began playing bluegrass music and formed an Irish themed band, often performing at Dublin Square in San Diego's Gaslamp Quarter.

It was this musical move that spurred Acquavella onward. To play in the Irish and bluegrass bands he changed instruments again, picking up the mandolin. "Next thing you know, it took over my life," he says. It didn't take a lot of pondering for him to decide that the instrument was to be his career. "I also wanted to return to classical music. My father is a classical guitarist. And I'd taken classical guitar lessons since I was ten years old." Once again the universe came together to create an opportunity for him. His life partner at the time received a scholarship in a Ph.D. program at Cambridge University. Wanting to stay together with her, Acquavella applied to Trinity College in London, which has one of the best mandolin programs in the world. On the strength of his musical resume and a letter of recommendation from his teacher and one of San Diego's best classical guitarists, Peter Popping, Acquavella was accepted at Trinity College and spent the next five years living and studying classical mandolin in London.

While Acquavella was off in Europe, Jarrell went in the direction of being a jazz guitarist, a process that had started years before. From the age of 13, when the hormones hit and he heard Metallica, Jarrell left behind years of piano lessons to pick up the guitar and play some heavy metal and punk music. He may have been fashioning himself as the next Yngwie Malmsteen, but jazz was always part of his life. "Even though I got into rock 'n' roll, I grew up with eclectic tastes. And one of my friend's older brothers



Nate Jarrell & Chris Acquavella

was in the Greyboy Allstars, which may not have been pure jazz. They were an acid jazz band," says Jarrell. "It was still a really good thing for me to be around that music and have that experience."

"I kept playing guitar and realized one day that I hadn't learned anything in years," he continues. Jarrell started taking music lessons from Jonathan Barker, a local guitar teacher in San Diego. "And it was Jonathan who turned me on to jazz, and that was probably my biggest influence." Inspired with his new interest in jazz, Jarrell entered San Diego State as a jazz studies major. There he studied with Bob Boss, the guitarist who has performed with almost all the local jazz greats as well as Eddie Harris and tenor madness sax man Richie Cole. Jarrell says that Boss, while being an excellent guitar instructor, was also instructive about the practical aspects of the trade, the day-to-day things a person needs to do to be a working musician. After completing his bachelor's degree Jarrell entered graduate school and is currently finishing his master's in jazz studies at SDSU.

Graduating from Trinity College, Acquavella returned to San Diego and began performing in many classical settings,

including dates with the San Diego Symphony. It was not a van stuck in the mud, but another near disaster at one of these concerts that drew Acquavella and Jarrell back together again. Acquavella had a classical music concert duo guitar and mandolin lined up. At the last minute the classical guitarist cancelled and Acquavella was left stranded. Although he hadn't played with Jarrell since their Dublin Square days, he contacted his old bandmate. "I called up Nate and told him that I know he's not a classical player, but maybe we could try something and see if it works," Acquavella says. Jarrell made the concert. True, he wasn't a classical guitarist, but the strength of his musicianship helped make the concert a success.

Acquavella and Jarrell noticed something else. Since their old days, they had gone their separate ways musically, but they still clicked. Although their punk rock days and the times they spent playing Irish and bluegrass music were years and years behind them – and all the musical genres completely different from both classical and jazz – the time that they spent playing

Duo LaRé continued on page 8.

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Jack Butler, continued from page 4.

On the Air, the 1970 live recording session at KPRI studios was pressed as an LP in 2000. Then, Glory did a reunion show of sorts last year in November 2009 at the Catamaran, which was part of a benefit for the California Music Project, a non-profit that works to keep music programs in public schools.

Glory fans will also have a chance to see the band when they play a set at an upcoming California Music Project fundraiser scheduled for May 26 at Anthology in downtown San Diego. Along with Glory, Private Domain, the Farmers, and Modern Rhythm will play short sets.

These recent Glory reunions complete a perfect circle in Jack Butler's long musical career. Reuniting with Jerry Raney, Jack Pinney, and Greg Willis, Jack is reforming a quartet that met in high school on the rough-and-tumble El Cajon band circuit. These were tough kids who came out of a tough town, a town that has always loved its rock 'n' roll and dusty biker bungalows. If only Lester Bangs were still here to write about it.

Duo LaRé, continued from page 7



Born Blind in concert

Appalachian breakdowns, Celtic reels, and loud power chords had built a musical relationship that bridged their differing musical directions.

I joined the duo recently as they were preparing for an upcoming recording. Their rehearsal hall was filled with the ringing of the mandolin and the more subdued sounds of Jarrell's electric nylon-stringed guitar. Hearing the sensitivity, openness, and trust with which Jarrell and Acquavella play, it's difficult to imagine that this musical relationship was first forged amid screaming amps and mosh pits. They started their rehearsal by playing a composition by Acquavella. The piece used a theme that ran over a simple chord progression. As the theme repeated, the composition changed in meter, going from 4/4 to 5/4 or another time signature and back again to 4/4, in a delightful and beguiling manner. Speaking about the piece, Acquavella explained that he tries to base his compositions on folk tunes, as they serve as the basis for all music. In particular, he likes to work with eastern European folk melodies. For him they offer a great range of harmonic options and a great number of meters that are uncommon to most western music.

They also played a composition of Jarrell's called Molly. Big surprise, the piece had a much jazzier feel. Jarrell once again credits Bob Boss for helping him with writing a jazz tune. He says, "Bob taught me a lot. He taught me how jazz works and how to structure a tune." The last composition that they rehearsed was a collaboration with a friend of his who lives in the former Soviet republic of Georgia. The two had pieced together the composition through email.

Acquavella plays a Neapolitan, or round-backed, mandolin. He explains that the

instruments can vary a great deal, depending on where they are made. "The Italians go for a more treble sound with their mandolins, while the Germans favor a deeper sound," he says. As someone who played the deeper voiced guitar for years, he prefers the more mellow sounding German mandolins. The instrument he now plays was recently made for him by noted luthier Brian Dean and includes beautiful inlays and a distinctive scalloping design on the mandolin's back. During the months that Dean worked on constructing the mandolin, Acquavella took part in every stage of the process, from initial design to the finishing touches.

Acquavella says that people are often surprised to find out that he plays classical music on the mandolin. "There is a rich heritage of classical mandolin, but you wouldn't know that in America," he says. "After World War II most of the classical mandolinists were from Europe and that generation died off." He also mentions that bluegrass music's founding father, Bill Monroe, so forcefully associated the mandolin with the High Lonesome sound that Americans had a hard time thinking of the mandolin as anything but a bluegrass instrument.

Besides the upcoming CD release, each musician continues with plans of his own. Jarrell will be releasing a CD of duets with Tokeli, as well as a disk with his own jazz band. Acquavella's schedule includes classical concerts and teaching at mandolin workshops. Of course they both hope to continue their musical relationship, one that won't be slowed down by last minute cancellations or even getting stuck in the mud.

You can see Duo LaRé perform on Sunday, May 30, 6pm, at Dizzy's in downtown San Diego.



"Mandolin & Guitar" by Pablo Picasso

Steve White Has More than One Artistic Expression to Share

by Paul Hormick

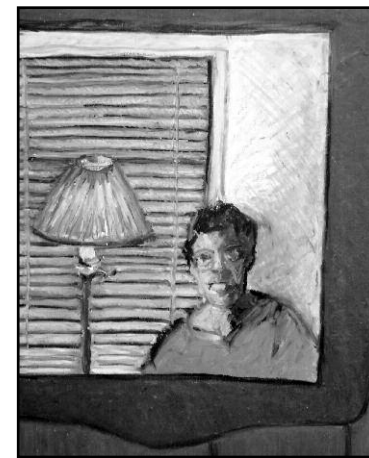
Steve White has lived his life as a musician. Thousands of folks throughout San Diego, and indeed folks from all over the world, have heard him sing his bluesy, funky songs. But as most people who keep an eye on the local music scene know, White had a recent bout with cancer that left him without his vocal chords and the ability to sing. In the ensuing weeks and months after his throat surgery, fans and devoted followers have sponsored more than a dozen benefits here in San Diego as well as in Germany and Hungary to raise money to help White pay his medical bills.

We will never be able to hear White sing his songs, but he still has talents to share. Few people know that for as long as White has strummed his guitar or spent the night crooning away in a restaurant or coffee shop, he has quietly been picking up reds, blues, and greens with his brush and turning them into images of trees, recording studios, or views of the ocean that lie close to his home in Leucadia. Many of these pieces of art are now on display. Throughout the month of May, the First Street Gallery in downtown Encinitas will sponsor a showing of White's artwork.

Music, White's professional life, is something that came to him naturally, from his harmonica blowing right down to his foot-stomping percussion. However, his formal training is as an artist. He studied painting at the Philadelphia College of Arts as well as at Halifax Art College. His chosen medium is oil pastels on paper, which allows him to draw with the oil paint, as though his brush were a pen or pencil.

For the past 23 years Jim Hornung has been the owner and manager of the First Street Gallery. He says that he had known White for a long time, but just as a musician. "Then one day he came in with some artwork to frame, some really good paintings that he'd done," Hornung says. "I was pretty amazed. I said, 'You can do this too?'"

Hornung describes White's art as "not the typical viewpoint that comes from most artists. He'll take a different aspect of an interior space and really focus in on



Steve White Self Portrait

that." For example, one of White's paintings shows an emptied coffee cup resting on a table alongside the corner of an American flag. The view is so tight that it's impossible not to wonder what lies just past the field of view.

The subject matter of White's paintings is unconventional as well. One of the 64 pastels on display at the First Street Gallery shows a low angle view of a beach fire pit. Another is of a group of birds on telephone wires, with the wires blocking and reblocking the slate blue sky in the background. Hornung also appreciates the composition of White's paintings. He says, "Steve has whole areas of the canvas that are filled with pure saturated colors."



Paintings by Steve White, May 1 thru June 1, First Street Gallery, 820 S. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas. Artist Reception May 1, 4:30-8:30pm. Info: 760.753.5458.

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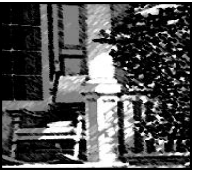
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by Mike Alvarez

It is usually a time for somber reflection when a house reaches the end of its useful life as a home. After all, it is the repository for lifetimes of memories. The very walls are still resonant with the echoes of all who dwelt within their confines. Yet the final days of a small house in Coronado were hardly somber. In fact the edifice may very well have achieved a kind of immortality well beyond its demolition date, thanks to the Riders. After some soundproofing and reconfiguration work, the San Diego-based quintet was able to convert it for their use as a rehearsal and recording studio. Because the house's days were numbered, they were free to knock holes in the walls, build a sound booth for the drums, and hire mobile recording equipment. It proved to be an ideal creative environment for them. By living and breathing nothing but music for an entire week, the band was able to lay the groundwork for their second studio album titled *Crown City Sessions* (see review on page 17). Of almost equal significance is the fact that this was all documented by a video crew for inclusion in a segment of an upcoming television series about the arts.

The Riders are a rock band with a sound that is based in the genre known as Americana, but their music is also informed by a number of other influences. Citing inspiration from artists like Dire Straits, the Band, Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, and Dave Matthews, Tom Cusimano, who is the band's guitarist, lead vocalist, and principal songwriter, reveals a lifelong passion for all kinds of music. In 2003, he found drummer Jimmy Olson through a free newspaper ad in the *Los Angeles Weekly*. Cusimano says, "After we jammed a few times, he asked if he could leave his kit at my house. We've been best friends ever since." Although Cusimano describes the lineup as having been "a revolving door of musicians," he and Olson have weathered numerous changes and obstacles and remain in the band to this day. The online classifieds on Craigslist were instrumental in connecting them with keyboardist Neil MacPherson and violinist Devin Shea, both of whom bring their background of classical training to the table. MacPherson studied piano from a very early age and toured extensively throughout Canada, Europe, and the United States. He has shared the stage with Bobby McFerrin, Marc Ford, and John Popper. Of Shea, Cusimano proudly reveals that "Devin has never been in a rock band. He's new to rock 'n' roll, but he plays his violin like an electric guitarist. He steals my riffs!" Mike Clairmont completes the group by playing bass and singing backup. An accomplished performer on both the electric and upright bass, he is currently finishing a degree at the prestigious Berklee College of Music. Cusimano notes that these are all good friends as well as superb musicians, pointing out, "We really get along well. The five of us shared a hotel room in Memphis and there were no fights." He feels confident that the Riders have finally solidified into a cohesive team.

The original lineup included bassist Lavalle Houser, keyboardist Rami Jaffee (of the Wallflowers and Foo Fighters), and Cusimano's brother Michael. They recorded a demo EP in Los Angeles (whose tracks can currently be sampled and downloaded at the band website www.theridersmusic.com). But that was just the first step. "Jimmy and I were trying to figure out what to do next. We needed to make a legitimate record. So I got a loan to rent a decent studio

THE RIDERS BRING DOWN THE HOUSE

Photo: Steve Covault



Tom Cusimano and Devin Shea of the Riders

for four or five days. There were only two studios in our price range that had what we needed, which was a live room, a Hammond B3 organ, and an engineer." The Riders encountered their first stroke of good fortune by selecting a studio in Calabasas, which was run by Richie Podolor and Bill Cooper, both of whom had worked with such '70s hitmakers as Three Dog Night, Steppenwolf, and Neil Diamond. Of the studio, he notes that the band Phish recorded their landmark album *Hoist* there. "They let us use the studio for months even though we only rented it for several days." Because the Riders were committed to making what he calls "a real album with ambitions beyond demos," Cusimano became involved in every aspect of the recording process. He had every part mapped out and organized on color-coded pages. Most gratifying was the support of an industry veteran like

Podolor, who remarked that he had never seen anyone come into the studio so well prepared. "He was behind us. He wanted to put his name on the album. So the album credits list Richie as the producer, but his main contributions were really in the vocal production. I had never sung harmony – always lead. Richie has an amazing ear for harmonies." The resulting album, *200 Miles From Everywhere*, is something of which the Riders can be justifiably proud. It's a potent mix of rock that's flavored by country, blues, gospel, reggae, and funk. "Richie called it a million dollar record, but we got an incredible discount!"

As meticulous as Cusimano is with the artistic side of his music, he is perhaps even more so when it comes to business. During this period he was employed at Universal Entertainment and was able to use his industry knowledge to get

the album heard by a number of record label executives. A couple of production and distribution deals were proposed, but the band's fortunes took a temporary downturn: they simply ran out of money. When he recounts this time, Cusimano assumes an expression of wry amusement as he sighs, "And thus begins the next chapter!" Formulating a business plan, he went in search of financiers. While waiting for an

Photo: Kate Shackford



The Riders at Sun Studio, Memphis

Photo: Steve Covault



The Riders at Humphries

Photo: Steve Covault



Tom and Devin opening for America at Humphries

opportunity to broker a larger release, the band sold the discs at live shows and made the songs available on iTunes. Luck once again smiled on them as they attracted the attention of the Killers' manager, who liked them so much that he included their music on a couple of CD samplers. The next few months were spent talking with record labels, but after going back and forth with potential investors, a promising deal eventually fell through. So Cusimano resigned from his position at Universal, cashing out his 401K to finance a solo tour. With a guitar and a keyboard in tow, he played 30 dates across the country in as many days. Wherever he went he got decent press and eventually sold his entire inventory of CDs. Indianapolis proved to be especially memorable, as the crowd bought a large number of CDs and expressed a genuine desire to help get the word out. Many contacted radio DJs and



music writers to draw attention to the album. His travels took him from San Diego, through Arizona, into Kansas, and to the East Coast, getting as far as New York. On his return trip he passed through Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas.

Having accomplished that, Cusimano needed to bring the Riders another step forward. In late 2007, back from his solo tour, he sold an amplifier in order to raise funds for a day of studio time at San Diego's Signature Sound. He invited Olson, Houser, and the then recently-recruited MacPherson for what he called "24 hours of drinking beer, eating pizza, and recording." By morning they had completed the tracks for eight full songs, though Cusimano readily admits that "by the twentieth hour you're dead. After too much time in the studio your ears just go dead." He was initially unhappy with the mix but after some tweaking, the songs were deemed satisfactory to post on iTunes. With a little more polishing they will likely appear on a compilation CD in the near future. Recently the current lineup had a rare opportunity to record some songs at the historic Sun Studios in Memphis while they were attending the 2010 International Folk Alliance Conference (Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Carl Perkins are among the legends who recorded at Sun). After receiving the invitation to the conference, they

I was singing right into the front and Devin had to lean his violin into it. It was like a scene from O' Brother Where Art Thou."

launched an innovative fundraising effort by letting fans "Pay What You Want" for the new *Crown City Sessions* album. Originally planning just to send the duo of Cusimano and Shea, they were surprised and grateful to raise enough money for everybody in the band to make the trip along with their instruments. While at Sun Studios, they were impressed by the presence of Larry Mullen's (U2) drum kit and the piano used in the film version of "Great Balls of Fire." Perhaps most interesting is the recording they did on a wax cylinder. Cusimano laughingly recalls the experience as being "nerve racking. It's one take or die, and you only get two minutes. They brought in this old Victrola recorder with a big horn on it. I was singing right into the front and Devin had to lean his violin into it. It was like a scene from *O' Brother Where Art Thou?*" The Sun tracks as well as the wax recording are being considered for inclusion on the proposed compilation CD. A large reason for their Memphis trip was playing live, as they did five showcases in four nights. In retrospect, Cusimano finds some humor in a few of the mishaps that occurred during their main set at the concert hall. An amplifier stopped working but the overall sound mix of the band still ended up being too loud, causing some audience members to leave. However, he notes that many still came to their more intimate acoustic performances and liked what they heard.

Because everyone in the band doesn't live in the local area – Cusimano and Shea are the only San Diego residents – the Riders have worked out ways to perform their music in a number of configurations. While they are able to assemble the full band for special gigs, oftentimes Cusimano and Shea will play as a duo. The two of them have done dozens of local shows, and sometimes Olson will join them to make it a trio. One unforgettable experience for the duo was

an August 2009 concert at Humphrey's by the Bay, opening for the legendary band America. Descending the stairs from the stage after their well-received set, they were delighted when America's staff asked them to return later for the big encore. While watching the show from off-stage, they broke into huge grins as the headliners repeatedly acknowledged them as "our new friends, the Riders." When it came time to return for the radio classic "A Horse With No Name," Cusimano sang backup and played the tambourine. Shea was given an opening to play a violin solo. "Devin nailed it and the crowd went crazy! We couldn't believe we were taking a bow with the two main guys in America (Gerry Beckley and Dewey Bunnell!)" The full Riders lineup has also enjoyed playing important gigs like the KPRI showcase and simulcast at Anthology and, even more impressively, at the downtown House of Blues, opening for iconic guitarist Robin Trower and his band. At this latter performance, they received a very warm and enthusiastic response from the crowd. "Unlike some opening sets where people talk and walk around, everyone there was silent and paying attention." Playing the heavier selections from their catalog, they wrapped things up with their song "Sunday Letter," which Cusimano describes as "a good

jam. There's a point where I scream and there's a little breakdown at the end where we get to thank the audience. When they heard that we're from San Diego they went nuts!" Later this month the whole band

will play a return engagement at the Horned Toad Derby/Memorial Day Weekend Fair in Coalinga, the California town that inspired the song of the same name on the first Riders album. Of that song, Cusimano says that his car once broke down in Coalinga and he had to spend a couple of days in a hotel waiting for it to be repaired. He found the experience memorable enough to pen a song and many people in Coalinga have really taken it to heart.

The chemistry that the Riders display onstage is an honest one that translates well to the recording studio. Inspired by the Band's method of making records in houses using mobile recording gear, the Riders took up temporary residence in the small one-bedroom cottage behind his in-laws home in Coronado. This allowed them to work exclusively on music for seven solid days. "It was like a big camp." The always-organized Cusimano had much of the material charted out on "faux lead sheets – basically lyrics and chord changes," but he readily gives credit to all of the musicians for turning what he calls his "song sketches" into full arrangements. In fact he found that a looser creative process allowed a free exchange of ideas that ended up benefiting the music. "We consciously went in less prepared. It became a collective at this point. Everyone was vocal about their parts." He smiles as he confesses, "We're a band of soloists. We really love our moments in the sun! So yeah. There were times when heads butted but it was good. I'd like for us to be even less prepared the next time around. Spontaneity and mistakes are part of the learning process." The result of that process was a complete set of basic tracks that

Photo: Kate Shackford



The Riders, full band: Neil McPherson, Jimmy Olson, Tom Cusimano, Devin Shea, Mike Clairmont

would serve as the basis for *Crown City Sessions*. While all of this transpired, a camera crew was present to capture all of the action. Although the original intention was just to get footage for a couple of music videos, videographer Rob Henry felt that the Riders would be great subjects for an episode of a television show he is producing. Titled "In the Room," it is a documentary series whose area of focus is people in the midst of the artistic process. Individual segments will spotlight painters, photographers, musicians, and all manner of creative folk. Links to the trailer and the video for the Riders' song "Katie May I" are posted on the band's website.

Over the course of the following few months they were able to turn these basic tracks into completed songs by adding guitar, vocals, and violin. The album's final song "No Easy Way" needed some saxophone, so they got none other than Buddy Leach, George Thorogood's sax player, to make a guest appearance. "We found him because he had an ad on Craigslist. Buddy is a San Diego resident and all around nice guy who was kind enough to help a band in need." When it came time to mix everything, they felt that a fresh set of ears was the best way to go, as they were all too close to the project. A longtime fan of Mark Knopfler, Cusimano emailed his right-hand man, Guy Fletcher. Fletcher plays keyboards for Knopfler's touring group and was also a member of the group Dire Straits. He also has extensive experience in audio production and engineering. "Guy turned out to be very accessible online. I asked if he ever mixes or engineers records he's not directly involved in and he said yes. I sent him some rough mixes and he loved them. Although his rates were beyond anything we could pay, he cut us a deal because he liked the band. So we sent him a hard drive with all the tracks and he worked on it when he had the time. He went over and above what we asked him to do. Like in the song 'Storylines,' we initially had all five of us coming in at once but he did an edit where it's just the guitar and violin at the intro. He also put in some effects that really added to it. Even though he's over in England, we were able to instantly listen to everything he did because he posted the mixes to his Apple iDisk and gave us access. He even gave us mas-

tered instrumental versions of everything. Because we felt that he had gone beyond simply mixing and mastering the project, we gave him co-producer credit." Of all the amazing things the Riders had experienced thus far, Cusimano's animated account of this development makes it clear that this is the one that has made the biggest impression.

It seems that the time is ripe for the Riders to break through to the next level. Throughout their history they have worked with respected industry professionals and played amazing concerts at prestigious venues in support of some legendary artists. They have consistently garnered positive press and their following is growing due to the strength of their musicianship, the depth of their artistry, and plain old hard work. Of course it's a struggle for any act in a tough business like music, and there are periods where progress isn't always upward. Cusimano admits, "It's hard to survive the lows between the highs, but Jimmy and I keep ourselves motivated. We're not really cut out for anything else. We're good at what we do and audiences seem to respond really well. We'd just like to get more consistency. Mike (Clairmont-bassist) said you should take compliments lightly, but I think you should also accept them and take them to heart. Even if you're only playing to two people, you've really done something if you can reach them." Reflecting upon their successes at Humphrey's and House of Blues, he pensively offers, "If we don't play another big show it'll be disappointing, but at least we can have those two experiences to look back on." But he is hopeful for the future. "Our ultimate goal is for this to be our career. We'd like to tour, record, and sell records. We'd like to make enough money for everyone in the band to have a house and support a family." There is a certain measure of amusing irony in that last statement when one considers that a house was reduced to rubble shortly after the Riders recorded *Crown City Sessions*. But with a terrific new album and a growing reputation as a fantastic live act, the Riders have a solid foundation upon which to build their dream.



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



CELEBRATE BLUEGRASS THIS SUMMER!

The summer bluegrass festival season is fast approaching, and there looks to be some great stuff coming up. Here's a quick run-down on some of the highlights:

Parkfield

The annual Parkfield Bluegrass Festival held in Parkfield, California, will be held again this year over Mother's Day weekend (Thursday, May 6 through Sunday, May 9). It features a lineup that includes Don Rigsby, the Rarely Heard, the Brombies, the Virtual Strangers, and a host of others. Details are available at: www.parkfieldbluegrass.com.

Huck Finn Jubilee

Held in Victorville, California, an easy couple hour drive from San Diego, the Huck Finn Jubilee is one of the year's annual highlights. This year's stellar cast of lineup standouts includes Rhonda Vincent and the Rage, Michael Cleveland and Flamekeeper, Russell Moore and Illrd Tyme out, Chris Jones and the Night Drivers, the Traveling McCourys, Sierra Hull, and more. The Huck Finn Jubilee is held over Father's Day weekend, June 18-20 and offers camping, children's activities, and other diversions. Tickets and information are available at (951) 780-8810 or at www.huckfinn.com.

Grass Valley

Also held over the Father's Day weekend in the Sierra Mountains of Northern California at Grass Valley is the California Bluegrass Association's annual Father's Day Bluegrass Festival. This year's lineup is excellent, which features James King, Laurie Lewis and the Right Hands, the Infamous Stringdusters, Rhonda Vincent and the Rage, Michael Cleveland and Flamekeeper, Russell Moore, and Illrd Tyme Out, and more. If you're wondering how some of these great bands can perform both at Huck Finn and at Grass Valley on the same weekend, the answer is that these bands will often perform one day at one festival and the next day at the other.

Summergrass

San Diego's own Summergrass Bluegrass Festival will be held this year from August 20-22 at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum in Vista. This year's lineup includes Michael Cleveland and Flamekeeper, Jon Rieschman and the Jaybirds, Special Consensus, Bluegrass Etc., and the Chris Stuart Band along with local bands Virtual Strangers and Lonesome Otis. Once again Summergrass will present its acclaimed Kids Camp, which provides musical instruction to kids ages 6 to 16. Added this year will be a Boot Camp for Seniors, a workshop for intermediate level or better adults, offering an opportunity to study with some of the great performers, including John Moore, Dennis Caplinger, Jon Rieschman, Trish Gagnon, and Jim Nunnally.

Spring Concert Lineup

There are some great local concerts coming up this month. Standout fiddle performer and teacher **Brian Wicklund** will be conducting two fiddle workshops on Saturday, May 1, at Old Time Music in North Park. From 12:30-2pm Brian will conduct a workshop on "Hot Bluegrass Fiddle" and from 2:30-4pm the topic will be "Blues to Swing Improvisation." Call (619)280-9035 for advance registration and information.

Bluegrass Etc. will be performing at Acoustic Music San Diego on Sunday, May 2. For tickets and info call: (619) 303-8176. On Tuesday, May 4, you can see local band **Highway 76** as the featured band at the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club's first Tuesday event located at Round Table Pizza on the corner of Ash and Washington in Escondido. On Sunday evening, May 16, the great **Laurie Lewis and her band** the

Right Hands will be in concert at the Del Mar Powerhouse. Visit: www.delmarfoundation.org for tickets and information. Coming up June 1 at Acoustic Music San Diego is the outstanding string group **Crooked Still**. Call (619) 303-8176 for tickets and information.

Saturday, June 12, the San Diego Bluegrass Society will again present **Bluegrass Day at the Del Mar Fair**. This event goes all day and into the evening and features a variety of regional and local bands, a band scramble, and a fiddling demonstration. I'll provide more information on this event in next month's issue of the *Troubadour* as the details become apparent.

A Look at Bluegrass Mandolin

In previous issues this column took a look at some of the great banjo and guitar players in the bluegrass world, both locally and at the top national level. Let's turn now to a brief discussion of the mandolin.

The mandolin is an Italian instrument brought to the U.S. by Italian immigrants and quickly adapted in the Appalachian Mountains to what was to become the classic bluegrass sound. At the national level of playing mandolin with great skill one must recognize Adam Steffey (Dan Tyminski Band), Chris Thiele (Punch Brothers, Nickel Creek), and John Rieschman (John Rieschman and the Jaybirds) as true masters of the instrument.

Also playing at the top level are Ricky Skaggs (Ricky Skaggs and Kentucky Thunder), Jesse Cobb (Infamous Stringdusters), Sam Bush (Sam Bush Band), Andy Leftwich (Three Ring Circle), and a host of bright young talents led by Sierra Hull. At the local level Richard Burkett (Gone Tomorrow) and Noel Taggart (Lighthouse, Silverado) are the standouts, along with David Dickey the third (Bladerunners) if we consider that group to be local. Each of these players has a distinctive style, mastery of the fretboard, and great tone.

Tanya Rose



It is with great sadness that we report that long-time local standout Tanya Rose is seriously ill with cancer. Tanya has been active in the local Folksong Society for many years, serving as its membership chair, newsletter chair, and treasurer. Tanya has also been active in the local Bluegrass Society, and has performed with the Bluegrass Ramblers, the Smokey Mountain Boys, and the Buffalo Chip Kickers along with numerous special appearances, including television appearances on local stations. If you have ever heard Tanya sing, you know she has one of the purest and sweetest voices you will ever hear. If you know her, you also know that she is a terrific person, interested in and supportive of all kinds of roots and folk music. Hey, how many people do you know who have a stage named after them? Tanya does. We wish her well and send her our love.



HOW MUCH PERFECTION IS ENOUGH?

"Perfect! Come on in and we'll listen back."

We listen back.

As the last notes slowly fade away, we exchange sideways glances.

"What'd you think?"

"It felt pretty good, but I'm not sure. What do *you* think?"

"I thought it was pretty damn good, but I'm not sure about this one note here:"

I play the note back a few times.

"Is it a little sharp, you think?"

"I'll just go sing it again."

"Well, we did a lot of takes and it's pretty consistent through all of them. Let me see if I can mess with it a little."

This is the point at which modern recording diverges from the path of conventional recording wisdom to now, at least with regard to pitch and/or timing correction. Recent years have seen a proliferation of AutoTune and it's ilk into nearly every digitally oriented home and professional studio. To not have it is considered a disadvantage.

It has seeped in so deeply, in fact, that pop culture itself has absorbed the twisted mechanical sound of its misuse. It is championed by touring artists and engineers and even *featured* by rap and pop artists, as is evidenced in the hottest charting singles today.

Fine. History repeats itself for those who are ignorant of it.

I'm not ignorant. I remember the '80s and their ubiquitous gated snare sound. Thank you, Phil Collins and engineer Hugh Padgham.

Yes, it WAS cool the first time we heard it. Amazing and powerful.

Now picture the *Beverly Hills Cop* soundtrack.

If you can, you see what I mean.

If you can't, well...see what I mean?

Don't get me wrong. I LIKE special effects, the trippier, the better. Hearing that Cher song was pretty fun...at first. But it got old. A joke is funniest the first time you hear it. Less so with each repetition. The same goes for novelty or attention to fashion. Everything in fashion eventually goes out of it.

And country music? Forget about it. Seriously, you will.

Oh, you'll remember the hook to some song you fell in love to or whatever, but the honest, timeless quality that has always been a hallmark of that genre has been undermined, no, superceded by the slavish devotion to an element so obviously dehumanizing as AutoTune. All of that inflection, that truth, that *ache* has been extracted and replaced by automatons...gently soothing, but devoid of real depth of emotion.

So thank you, producers, engineers, artists and label reps of modern country: you killed country music.

You have systematically taken one of American music's greatest musical legacies and disrespectfully distorted its very best qualities.

And for what?

Is your musicality so weak and superficial that robots sound better than humans? Listening to your corporate, dollar-baiting dog slobber makes me feel like I live in the freakin' *Matrix*. Like I'm not being sung to by the artist

on the front of the album, but the label listed on the back.

Go ahead, split hairs as to "country pop" or "country" none of these artists, producers, or labels are making that distinction. Call it country, leave it country.

I know that there are artists out there right now, keeping the flame of true, unaffected and untainted country music alive. I think they just call it "folk" or "Americana" now.

Sermon over, amen.

Back to the subject at hand: how can we make more "perfect" music without losing or compromising the vibe, soul, and heart at its very core?

The quickest answer is: moderation.

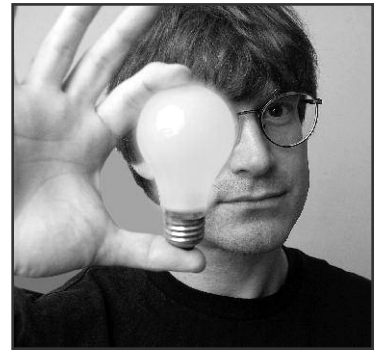
One can use AutoTune or Pitch'n'Time or a dozen or so other options that offer automatic tuning, but it must always be in conjunction with your most valuable pieces of equipment, your ears. I use AutoTune. I use it with as relaxed a Retune Speed as possible. For those of you who use it, I recommend a starting value of about 47. I also relax the tracking a little, like 33.

Then, make an exact duplicate of the track you are tuning, and label it as a "tuned" track. Delete all events on this new track. Remove the auto tune plug-in from the original track. Playing back, stop whenever you hear a pitchy note or phrase, cut it and paste it into the new track. Now play back both tracks and fine-tune your settings until you arrive at a very natural sounding, but in-tune performance. Voila!

But that only works for "monophonic" sources, such as voice, bass, sax, or fiddle.

If you want a product that doesn't require all that workaround to get good-sounding results, if you want something that will allow to "sculpt" your audio to achieve just the performance you want, but can still do it automatically if needed...Celemony's **Melodyne Editor** (\$349, retail) is totally the one for you.

Oh wait...Did I mention it was able to tune *polyphonic* material like guitars and pianos? Do you believe it works



Sven-Erik Seaholm

well?

I tuned a very out-of-tune mandolin track with it. It worked *very* well.

It sounded awesome and took very little time to accomplish. I simply opened the track in the stand-alone version (there's also a plug-in version included) of Melodyne Editor and let it analyze the audio. This took, like, forever. But...once it was in there, I was amazed at how easily I could achieve a great sounding track with no audible artifacts! There are pitch correcting sliders you can use to move things closer to "in" without being over corrected, so seasoning to taste is quick and easy. If it's only a certain note or group of notes, these can be selected independently either manually or automatically corrected.

One can even change the melody completely by dragging the audio "blobs" as they refer to them, to any desired note, making it a great scratch pad for composing harmonies, etc.

I encourage readers to go to www.celemony.com and browse through the excellent (and numerous) tutorial videos they have posted for even more insight into this product's possibilities.

I have never been happier or attained better results with anything as much as I have with Melodyne Editor. It suits my style and my musicality, and I don't feel like I'm sacrificing the message of the lyrics or the feel of the performance. I'm not "killing the music," because I'm able to leave what's perfectly imperfect alone while subtly clearing away any undesired obstacles between the artist's performance and the listener.

Great job, Celemony. Here's hoping people come to their senses and stop overusing great tools like yours.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent producer and recording artist. www.kaspro.com

ROBIN HENKEL

Sat, May 1, La Costa Grill, 8:30pm-12am, Robin Henkel Band
6996 El Camino Real, Carlsbad (760) 603-1200

Sun, May 2, Lestat's, 8pm, Robin Henkel Band with Horns!
3343 Adams Avenue, San Diego (619) 282-0437

Sat, May 8, Iva Lee's, 7:30-11pm, Robin Henkel Blues Trio
555 N. El Camino Real, San Clemente (949)361-2855

Sun, May 9, Gator by the Bay, Robin Henkel solo
1:30pm Bourbon Street Stage, 3:30pm Bayou Grove Stage
This is a 3 day event featuring many excellent performers
info www.sandiegofestival.com/
Spanish landing across from SD Airport

Sat, May 22, Vintage Lap Steel Guitar Show, 11am-4pm
Adrian Demain, Jack Butler & Robin Henkel
Steel Guitars of North County
3375-D Mission Ave, Oceanside (760) 754-2120

Sun, May 23, Doheny Blues Festival, 9-11am
Robin Henkel breakfast at the Front Gate
Doheny State Beach, Dana Point

Mon, May 24, Humphrey's, 7-11pm
Robin Henkel Band with Horns!
2303 Shelter Island Drive, San Diego (619) 224-3411

Tues, May 25, Wine Steals, 7-9pm
Robin Henkel solo blues
1953 San Elijo, Cardiff by the Sea (760) 230-2657

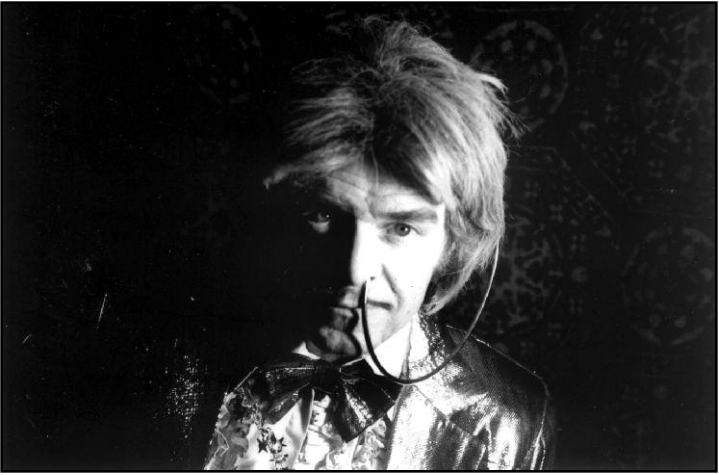
Guitar & bass instruction 619 244-9409
CDs & info www.robinhenkel.com





Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



The piercingly incisive José Sinatra

THE FIRST THREE NOTES OF "YESTERDAY" ARE THE SAME

*Lullabye and goodnight/With pink roses bedlight [?!]
With lilies o'erspread/Here's my baby's sweet head [huh?]*

The song is pervasive these days in an anti-smoking television commercial and is one of the more blatant recent examples of Disinformation. In this case, I suspect it was born of simple ignorance; the creators of the commercial were too stupid to verify the actual words of the song, thinking they had them right all along. The poor saps had themselves been victimized by Disinformation somewhere along the line and felt no need to fully understand the negative effect they're likely to wield against a wounded (yet proud) sensibility.

When I see an anxious pedestrian waiting for the "walk" sign in order to cross an intersection (especially when I'm running toward the same intersection myself, hoping to catch the "walk" sign in time) I'm praying that the pedestrian has already pressed the button. Six times out of ten the idiot hasn't pushed it, and I'll either have to sprint across the street on the green light or wait for the net cycle. If I choose the first option, I prove myself likewise idiotic and dangerously reckless. I'll wait it out, stuck now for the next minute or so with an unknown idiot at a street corner, who's pissed off and wondering why the "walk" sign didn't go on.

I'll press the button, and the idiot will notice. Time slows down while I wonder whether I'll make it home in time to catch the first act of "South Park." The waiting continues and suddenly the idiot goes over to the button and begins fingerbanging it like he's on his first lucky date. Click click click click. Like it's gonna speed things up.

"You know, friend, that button's just like the one you press for an elevator. One hit does the job; it engages the 'walk' sign on the next cycle. Pressing it repeatedly doesn't make the cycle go by any faster." (How darn instructive I can be!)

Responses from the idiot have varied. There's the "mind your own business" one, the "you're wrong, dude," the punch to the face, and, very rarely, the "oh, really?" That's the one I always longed for before eventually learning to keep my mouth shut and appreciate their worthless sense of power as they carpal tunnel into the streetpost. But when they insult me with an "I could care less," I need to restrain myself from going nuclear.

The correct "I couldn't care less" seems to have been Disinformed out of most people decades ago and more and more do indeed seem to care less and less.

The recent Roots Festival had about as much to do with roots music as Rap

has with melody and harmony. Once again, because of someone's sloth or idiocy or greed, the very meaning of Roots Music is bastardized, and a whole lot of unsuspecting innocents will be empowered to perpetuate a falsehood. Dumbed down just a little bit more by a little bit more Disinformation. Complaints are increasingly futile when those with pertinent knowledge are so outnumbered. We need you now more than ever, Lou Curtiss!

Oh, how I often long for the days when men were men and women were chicks. And at those times I realize that I, too, am an idiot, but at least I'm not hurting anyone. Well, except the chick, I mean. But that means I at least know the consequences of my actions, which means I must be somewhat intelligent, doesn't it?

No, let me rephrase that – a task I'll be happy to take on at a later date when I've been able to think it out.

In the meantime: the last album the Beatles recorded was *Abbey Road*. Lennon sang "Because" all by himself. Adam's voice in the movie *The Bible...* belongs to David Warner. Jane's voice in *The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes* is Glenn Close's. Wayne Newton can still sing like a chick if he's in the mood. And contrary to the lie Leonard Malton has perpetuated for 30 years, Zeffereilli's *Romeo and Juliet* was never rated G.

I enjoy being able to judge a book by its cover. When I was a teenager, I was often told that this rather passive act was either dangerous or impossible. But they'd also say "slow and steady wins the race" and I'd say tell that to Mario Andretti.

When I saw the Dell paperback of *Candy* in 1968 with the lovely picture of Ewa Aulin on the cover, I brought it home, read it, loved it, and conceded that it was exactly what the cover had promised. Afterward, every time someone would say "you can't judge a book by its cover," I wondered if I had made a mistake. So, I'd walk on over to Drug Fair and buy another copy. This went on until they'd run out and would have to order more for the weird young "Candy guy." Within a year I had amassed a sizeable collection of this particular book, and I swear that in each case, the cover accurately depicted the contents. When I hear that old "judging a book by its cover" cliché these days, it's a valid indication that I'm listening to an idiot. Even if I do say so myself.



RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

GLORIOUS GLORY

Glory was the biggest "underground" rock band in San Diego during the late '60s and through the mid-'70s. Glory was anchored by the rhythm section of drummer Jack Pinney and bassist Greg Willis, both late of the original Iron Butterfly. Guitarists Jerry Raney and Jack Butler (see article on page 5) were former folkies who got turned out to rock and roll when they each bought electric guitars and realized that, for them, louder was better. Another notable member was raspy-voiced singer-showman Mike Millsap.

I met the Glory band around 1975 at the old University Avenue biker hangout, Neutral Grounds. They had finished their set with a blistering version of John Hammond's version of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love." I approached Raney and commented that I'd never heard anyone cover John Hammond before and that I'd loved the band's set.

I never saw them play again. The band had just one LP, which was released in the '90s, of a live radio concert recorded in 1970 at the old KPRI studios at 7th and Ash. Recently, though, I received a trio of CDs of material Glory recorded between 1970 and 1972 and was astonished at how, uh, *far out* the band was! The material, mostly written by Raney, still sounds ahead of its time, and the musicianship is extraordinary.

The individual band members, with the exception of Millsap are still playing around San Diego. Jack Pinney has been the drummer for veteran blues-rockers *Modern Rhythm* for about 15 years. (I put in seven years with Modern Rhythm, 1999-2006.) Bassist Willis is one of the most in-demand freelance players in town, following a long stint with *Candy Kane's* band. Butler has been lead guitarist for *Private Domain* for about 30 years. Jerry Raney went on to international acclaim as guitarist/vocalist for the legendary *Beat Farmers*. He continues these days with the shorter-named *Farmers*, keeping alive the music of the Beat Farmers mixed with new originals.

These gentlemen have agreed to a charity reunion gig on May 26th, so I will get to see Glory again!

Anthology (www.anthologysd.com), San Diego's wonderful music-supper club on India Street, will host a fundraiser for the *California Music Project* (www.californiamusicproject.org) on that Wednesday night. Modern Rhythm will open with a few numbers, followed by short sets from Private Domain and the Farmers. When those three bands have finished, Raney, Butler, Pinney, and Willis will perform a set of Glory staples for the first time since the '70s.

And they will rehearse for the show, because they want to kick your asses again!



by Peter Bolland

PAYING THE PRICE

Violin virtuoso Friedrich Kriesler was approached by an admiring fan after a concert.

"I would give my life to play violin like that," the woman gushed.

"Madam," said Kriesler, slowly measuring his words, "I have."

Kriesler's droll response succinctly sums up one of life's great truths – that evolution toward the ideal, whether of an individual or of an entire society, is never quick and easy. And yet so many of us act like it is.

If we put even a fraction of the energy we waste on envy, coveting, resentment, and victim-consciousness into the process of cultivating our own greatness we would be amazed at the beautiful butterfly we have become. But we love our cocoons too much.

The Stoic philosophers of ancient Rome called it paying the price. Craving something that you are unwilling to work for is the height of folly. And from there it's a steep slide into misery.

Wondering why you can't keep your weight down while refusing to exercise and reduce your food intake is a prime example of wanting the prize without paying the price. Idly wishing you were a rock star while doing little or nothing to further your mastery of musicianship, singing, songwriting, arrangement, recording technology, stagecraft, and the intricacies of the music business is nothing more than a pipe dream. Wanting a lucrative and rewarding professional career without sacrificing years and lots of money toward education and training is simply unfair. Whatever you were doing those six years when you could have been in college and grad school, well, that bore certain fruit too. Every decision and action plants seeds. And there is always the harvest. You can count on that.

Every choice entails sacrifice. When you say yes to something, you are saying no to everything else. That's what makes choosing so torturous. Kierkegaard, Sartre, and the other existentialists are fond of pointing out that we are radically free and that we invent ourselves with every choice. When we refuse to choose, that too is a choice. There is no escape from our freedom.

Let's not waste any time on remorse and regret about the wasted years and the way fear robbed us of our joy. Own your choices. Forgive yourself. You have a good life. Don't be tortured by all of the paths not taken. You did what you felt was best at the time. You paid whatever price you were willing or capable of paying. And now you're home looking in the shopping bag at what you got. It's too late to complain now. But it is not too late to begin making different choices. Set a new wheel in motion.

It is natural for us to compete with one another. Our tendency to feel envious of others is understandable. We can't help but notice the amazing lives others have created and wonder, why not me? What do we do with this feeling of envy? Do we let it eat us for lunch, or do we let it jolt us awake and spur us toward the life we so richly deserve? We stand at a fork in the road. Down one road lies a life of creativity, emergence, and mastery. Down the other lies a life of safety and regret. Let your envy drive you like a lash. Let it pitch you out of your fear and into your love. Gandhi said that everything we do is driven by one of two things, fear or love. Which road will you choose?

Now it's time to get to work. Instead of

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

envy, feel inspired. Let the success and accomplishment of others convince you that so much more is possible. The only thing holding you back is your limited and limiting vision of yourself. Success has little to do with manipulating objects and events in the outer world. Begin within. Success is an inside job.

Believe that you deserve it. Trust your instincts. Know that there are people all around you willing and able to contribute in powerful and unforeseen ways to your emerging sense of purpose. Show up in the spirit of cooperation and co-creation. None of us are alone, even when it feels like we are. Feeling alone and isolated? You aren't. Snap out of it. That's just your fear trying to take back control.

Do three things everyday to further your dream – just three. By the end of the month, you'll have completed ninety concrete, specific tasks. Put a few months together and see the inevitable progress. Three years from now a whole new life will have taken shape.

There were three brick layers at a construction site. A passerby asked, "What are you doing?" The first one said, "I'm laying bricks."

The second one said, "I'm building a wall."

The third one said, "I'm building a cathedral."

Which one do you think is going to do a better job? Which one is going to work through the exhaustion and tedium? Which one invests each stroke of the trowel with love and precision? Which one sets each brick as if it were the single most important thing they've ever done? Which bricklayer are you?

There is no secret. This is not mysterious. The tools for building a great life are lying all around us. We have only to pick them up.

Are you wasting time and energy on regret? Are you drunk on the poison of envy and resentment, caught in the grips of fear, defeated by the delusion of powerlessness? Or are you awakening to your own boundlessness? Are you sick and tired of feeling sick and tired? Are you reaching for the tools with which you will build the life of your dreams? Don't deny your own infinite potential. What a tragedy, the Afghani saying goes, to die like a pomegranate with all one's seeds still locked up inside.

The world desperately needs you, the real you, to show up. But it's going to take some work. Like Friedrich Kriesler, are you willing to sacrifice your life for something amazing, something bigger than any one of us? Are you willing to pay the price?

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 find him on Facebook at: www.facebook.com/peter.bolland.page or write to him at peterbolland@cox.net





Postcard from Fresno

by Charlie Recksieck

Visiting friends is one of the great benefits of taking your act on the road. Not just because you're looking to save the expense of a motel (which is nice); it's also a terrific excuse to visit good friends whom you don't see enough.

That's why I played in Fresno. Under one roof I had plenty of reasons to visit: my best friend from college, his two sons who are genuinely fantastic...and his wife, my friend Val who's going through chemotherapy.

It's not often that my skill set dovetails with what on the surface seems like altruism. Here's what I'm good at: sitting on a couch, watching TV, taking naps, eating, and making fun of stuff. Wouldn't you know it, but that's exactly what somebody who's been undergoing chemo wants to do. Just like when my sister in L.A. had been battling illnesses, my version of rushing to the rescue is bringing Netflix selections and grabbing take-out hot dogs. I don't have any wise words or even a calming presence...I just kind of show up and hang out.

I have advice for both cancer sufferers and friends of cancer sufferers. To the

patient I say that cancer is obviously one of the worst things that will happen to you; when life gives you a steaming turd, make turdenade! Use "the cancer" as an excuse to get you out of everything in life that you don't want to do. Dinner parties, picking the kids up from soccer practice, doing charity work, taking out the trash—everything. It works and it's empowering. And my tips for those of you who have a friend enduring cancer (or any other garden variety personal tragedy), don't feel intimidated that you have to act right to comfort them. Just be around.

Like the day in college when my dad died, there was really nothing anybody could say...yet my best friend Mike handled it perfectly. We went to the movies and saw *Major League*. (I've just outed myself and how old I am.) What was there to do but pass the time and at least know I had a good friend.

I myself am a cancer survivor. I had thyroid cancer a little over 10 years ago; for those of you who don't know, thyroid cancer is a picnic. That's what I love about it—many of you have no idea how easy it is to deal with, so I was able to play the cancer card so effectively. It was surreal enough when I got the news—I just rolled with it when the doctor told

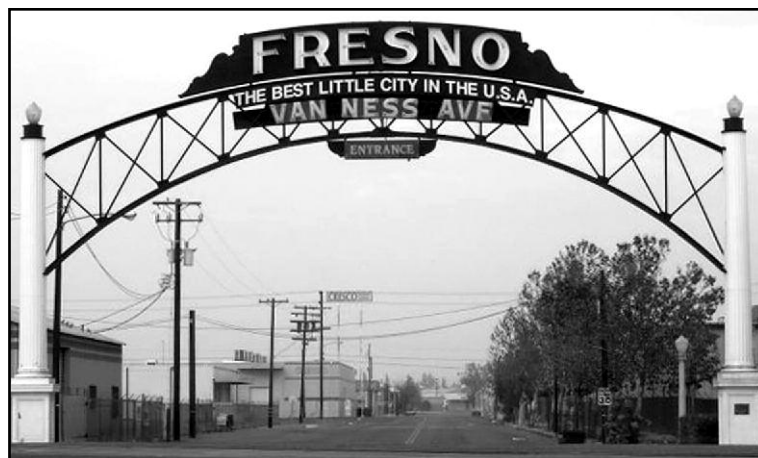
me it wasn't going to be that big of a deal. So, I didn't completely acknowledge it. As a result, I don't remember my cancer days very clearly—just a few things: running a Las Vegas 5K drunk after 45 minutes sleep the day before my surgery; wanting to print "Charlie Recksieck, Professional Cancer Survivor" business cards; Susie stuffing a chocolate covered Nutter Butter in my mouth when I woke up from the anesthetic because she thought I'd be excited for the new flavor. I got a cool scar. I now take a daily "stay alive" pill (which I could skip for about three weeks and be sleepy, but still alive). And that's about it; it really wasn't a big deal.

Valerie is going through much more. She's doing well after breast cancer, this second round of chemotherapy should close the book on the cancer, and things should be getting back to normal starting next week...or as normal as a household gets with two boys growing up there.

Anyway, once I planned the trip, I found a show to play in Fresno as part of a local arts festival. Andy (Val's husband, if you're keeping score) came out with me to catch the solo act and hang out, along with a mensch from his ultimate team. Nobody knew what to expect about the place where I was playing, which was a brewery downtown. You really never do know what you're getting with unknown venues. Lots of the time it seems, whenever you have low expectations for a show and dread it, and it turns out to be a great gig. This was not one of those times.

When I walk into a bar to play, I always start by going to the bartender, introduce myself, ask where to load. Usually the bartender is a fellow human being, says hi, and tells me where to go. This night in Fresno, when I walked in and said I was playing there, the bartender and regulars looked at me like I was a ghost. As if nobody was told there's music there that night or never heard of what earthlings call "music." One of these days it will stop surprising me how thoroughly unprofessional everyone is in both the music and restaurant industries. We musicians and, even worse, non-musicians in music are degenerates, washouts, and reprobates. Don't believe me? Go to a local music night and introduce yourself to 10 musicians; you will not get five handshakes and "good to meet you"s.

Funny thing about this brewery was that none of the men working there had anything less than an eight-inch beard. Every guy there was a hybrid of a Harley



Davidson dude and a sea captain, including Don, the "soundman."

The stage itself looked like a replica of the "Gong Show" set, replete with silver tinsel. But it didn't do much to hide the tractor and miscellaneous equipment popping up backstage left. That set the scene perfectly for one of those weird road shows with few fans. It's different than a thin crowd in your own city. From the moment you're playing the weird road show, you're just quoting GOB from "Arrested Development" in your head: "I've made a huge mistake."

Granted, as a late addition to the festival, I wasn't in any of the literature, schedule, or press. But as folks were slowly filtering in for the big show after me, which was on the schedule, we traversed from a handful of friends in the crowd to several aggressively disinterested patrons and then to people with active disdain for me. I guess I should mention that they were there early to see a burlesque show. Yes, you read that right.

Sometimes it amazes me that I ever get on a stage to play music. I am not a natural entertainer. My prime directive in life is not to "win over" the audience. Quite the contrary; my natural reaction to crowd indifference is combating. When playing solo, my "I don't give a *#\$@ what you think" set happens in two different situations: 1. A great supportive audience where I know I can play anything I want and they're with me, and 2. The impatient yet inert crowd that is inexplicably in a place with live music when they hate live music. So I dipped heavily in my IDGAFWYT set: original songs about a stillborn child, the 1915 World's Fair, and separate songs about the ambivalence of both God and Superman. It's a good thing; it gives me extra reps trying out new material and it pisses off people who are being difficult. Win-win.

After a quick pack offstage (the Bigfellas and I pride ourselves about being the fastest break-down in the business), it was back to the cloying, thick beer w/ Andy. Then the burlesque show started, allowing me to realize how weird

a gig this was. The PG-rated peep show crowd was growing and abuzz. It could have been looking up for me because many of them paid their cover while I was playing, so I stood to be well rewarded for not pleasing people. The crowd ran the gamut from A to B, ranging from 20-something white women in the crowd affecting a Bettie Page look to curious middle-aged white people.

Burlesque is titillation masquerading as fun. For those of you unfamiliar with it, it's your grandfather's strippers. Lots of fan-dancing, garter belts, etc. This evening at the arts festival was intended for people who wanted to be "naughty." Nobody uses the word "naughty" at a strip joint. Burlesque is whimsical; strip joints are serious.

The whole affair is put on by some Fresno burlesque society, which I imagine is something like a Learning Annex class. That's well and good, I suppose. The "art" of burlesque is supposed to be about style and empowerment, which seems like crap. I'm glad Val stayed home that night; she's a feminist and she would agree with my opinion that it isn't the "you go, girl" experience that some of these honeys seemed to believe.

Everybody in the place seemed a little off. The love for burlesque seemed fetishized. Ga ga, goo goo, look, there's boobies! As for the performance, the beginner's class of four gals dancing to James Brown's "Hot Pants" gave me and Andy a giggle fit, not because the ladies were tarted up like five-year-olds playing dress up but because of the sheer lack of coordination and timing in their kickline. It would be difficult to have four entities moving completely at random do a worse job of being in synch. Before the performance, Madame hostess had strenuously read us the riot act in the form of two rules: 1. No touching the ladies, and 2. No photographs. I asked Andy if we could petition for a third rule where the dancers don't touch the patrons.

I'm hesitant to bag too much on the

continued on page 16.

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— Helen Keller



Buffy Ford-Stewart John Stewart's Muse Finds a Road of her Own

by Terry Roland

Her name is Buffy Ford-Stewart. He called her Angel Rain. For John Stewart, who died in San Diego in 2008, she was the muse for one of the great American singer-songwriters of the last 50 years. Without her, he may never have written the body of work ranging from "Daydream Believer," "Mother Country," and "California Bloodlines" to the latter day "Jasmine." As one of the founders of Americana music, she inspired John's lyrical, authentic, poetic, and visionary body of work. She was his all-time woman, the one who believed in him, the keeper of the flame lit by the treasury of songs authored by poet, artist, writer, dreamer, storyteller, and magic man.

Today, she follows a road of her own, a highway she once traveled with John. But, she does not walk it alone. A legion of John Stewart fans or *Bloodliners*, her close friends and family walk with her. And, as always, John's spirit is just a dream away. He came to her in a flock of birds in the days following his passing. He still speaks through her in stories and in the very timbre of her voice. She is a cancer survivor who has walked the borderline between life and death. She is still a daydream believer, still a homecoming queen, still the girl swept away by the lonesome troubadour of her youth.

The story of John Stewart and Buffy Ford is a true American love story, full of twists, turns, ups, and downs ending in such a triumph, their story is epic and one that deserves to be told. If John's vision was one of an often-overlooked America, this is the lady who embodies the compassion,

insight, and love he created in song.

In the following interview she is an established artist in her own right and who, as the widow of a great artist, is on a mission to establish her husband's legacy. A mission of love, dreams, and a path strewn with miracles from this woman John once called his "miracle girl."

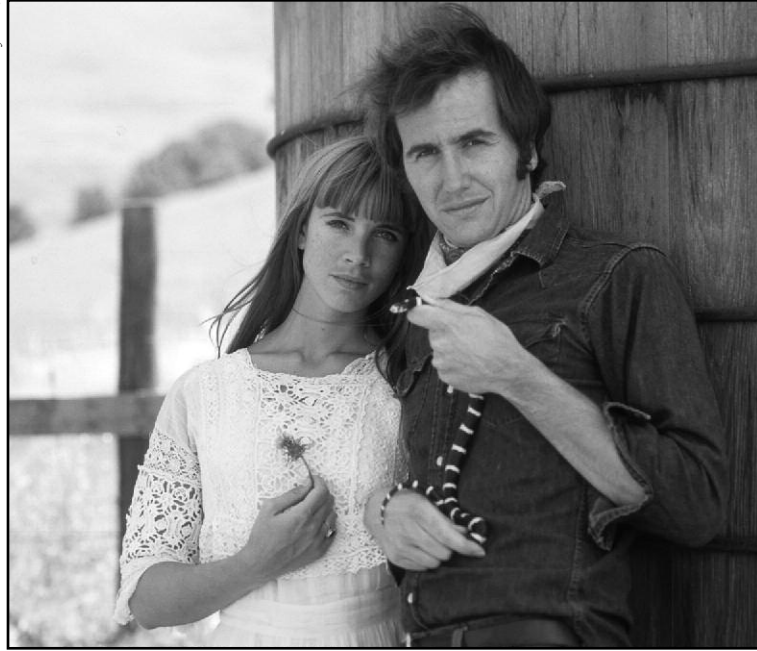
San Diego Troubadour: Since John's been gone, what kind of projects have you been doing, Buffy?

Buffy Ford-Stewart: There's a lot that I have to work on. I recently found a tape of angel songs John and I did together that he wanted to release on Appleseed. I'm going to do something with it. It's in my back pocket. I'm also working on a documentary about his life. Have you seen that movie on Leonard Cohen, *I'm Your Man*? I want to do something like that. It was so soulful. John deserves something like that. I wanted to do a concert at the San Francisco Symphony Hall to go along with the film. I had it ready to go with a lot of people lined up for it – you know, like Kristofferson, Rosanne Cash, the We Five, Jimmy Webb. But the funding was pulled because the backers wanted a really big name...like an Elton John-size name. People are still really interested in doing it, but now, with the economy, it's been harder to get the funding. PBS is interested and there is interest from Jim Brown, the director of *Pete Seeger: Power of Song*. He's done a lot of films about music. He would be the best director. We just need to organize it and get the funding.

SDT: Any other special projects like this on the horizon?

BFS: One of the most exciting things happening is the Kingston Trio Grammy Hall of

Photo: Henry Diltz



John Stewart and Buffy Ford, June 17, 1968.

Fame exhibit. Leslie Reynolds [Nick's widow] and I have been working on it. There's a lot of people on board to help. We have a huge roster of wonderful fans and professional oral historians who are involved in doing the Kingston Trio research. It's being designed by Buster Cram. He directed the film *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison*. It's going to be a beautiful exhibit, which is meant to let younger people know who this amazing group was. It's going to be interesting and fun to hook the young people in. It will be a traveling exhibit and will show how the Kingston Trio, at one time, were the biggest group in the world. This is going to happen and it will be wonderful. And of course, we have Bobby [Shane]. I tell him, "don't you dare die!"

SDT: He's the "oldest living son?"

BFS: [laughs] Yes.

SDT: There's been a lot of talk among the fans about a release of the Malibu Memorial Concert from May 2008.

BFS: Yes. That's going to happen. It's being

edited. PBS is also interested in this. There's also some interest in a CD release. That was such a beautiful day. Lindsey Buckingham made me realize, when he talked about his feelings that day, how living in L.A. takes you away from reality. That day, at the concert, no one's ego was involved. It was so real and so full of heart. It was all just for John. John's son, Michael, is a sound technician. He does the sound for the Grammys. So, we had the best sound, the best camera work. There's other things in the works. There's really so much to do. John and I were writing a book together. John knew he would be leaving, so I spent time with a recorder interviewing him. Usually at breakfast, I'd ask him questions and he'd tell me these amazing stories. I have about 12 hours on tape. I also want to do an art show of John's work. We just need the money to make these things happen.

SDT: And what about you? What's ahead in your life today?

BFS: Well, it's time to get out of my pajamas [laughs]. I'm working on a reality show

about woman's health. Well, really it's about everyone's health. My friend, who is now known as Dr. Yoga-Nirmala Heriza, has written this book, which is a best seller on Amazon. The producer of the show is Jim Boyd and the hostess is the actress – Lindsey Crouse. I give the daily experience. In Dr. Yoga's book, I do the yoga poses and there's a poem I wrote, published in it. With all that I've been through, I can just about cover it all: colon cancer, the brain tumors, breast cancer... We want it to be something that gives hope and faith to people. It will feature the best doctors, celebrity guests. It will address so much of what concerns people today in health with the economy, you know, like health insurance. I was dropped by my insurance company when I had my second brain tumor. John had to sell so many of his special, beautiful instruments. We were able to make it because of so many wonderful friends and fans. But, the show will also address issues like heart disease, depression, stress, diabetes – all of it relevant to everyday people today. I was also featured in a pinup calendar for breast cancer survivors. I was Ms. June. It shows you can survive breast cancer and feel good about yourself. The wonderful thing is that the photographer, Jeanette Zonier, has been through such trauma herself – she made all of us feel and look beautiful. It shows it's possible to survive breast cancer and really live life again. Jeanette uses the art for charity.

SDT: You did a tribute vocal album for Chet Baker called Buffy Sings Baker. Any plans on a follow-up?

BFS: Yes! I'd love to do a follow up to that.



John and Buffy, 1991

continued on page 16.

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Buffy Ford-Stewart, continued from page 15

John and I decided it should be a capella. But, I'd like to go back and do another album with a piano and bass. I loved doing that!

SDT: How did you meet John?

BFS: After John left the trio, he was looking for a girl to sing with him. George Yanuk told him about me. I was doing a variety review show, a musical review. I was singing and dancing to about 500 people. While I was performing, I felt these eyes staring at me like a laser beam. I'd look out and see this guy locked into me. After the show I was told a member of the Kingston Trio wanted to meet me. He came back and I was amazed – it was the guy with the eyes! It was him. He asked me if I wanted to go out for coffee. He was with George. My heart just melted. But, I blew it. I told him I couldn't go. I couldn't believe that. Later, I was babysitting at some friends house out in a forest and I was swimming. I got a call from my Mom. You gotta imagine – my parents were bohemians and Mom sounded like Mae West. She said, "You better grab a towel, honey, because John Stewart from the Kingston Trio is coming to see you." I'll always remember how he looked when I first saw him. I still have the clothes he wore that day. He had a yellow polka-dot colored shirt, necktie, levis, cowboy boots, and a hat. He was tall, skinny and so handsome carrying his guitar. He said, "I'm looking for a girl to sing with. Maybe we could sing a song together." He played the song "Cody." He asked, "Do you want to try a harmony part?" That was the first song I ever sang with him. He said, "We have a good blend, don't we?" When we finished he wanted to start rehearsing. At the time, I was engaged to this guy. I found I wasn't in love with him. I was also being wooed by the Jefferson Airplane; I was also getting ready to go to New York City with this guy. I was going to Broadway. The *San Francisco Chronicle* did an article titled "Look Out Broadway, Here Comes Buffy." I had to tell the guy I was engaged to I wasn't going. It was sad, so hard. As soon as I met John, I turned a corner and everything changed.



John Stewart in 2007

SDT: Was this around the time you both began working on your duo album with him, *Signals Through the Glass*?

BFS: Yes. I would go everywhere with John. He said I was his muse. When we started rehearsing for the album, he would have me sit wherever he was writing – the bed, the kitchen. He'd write down phrases I'd say. He had a whole "Buffy book." That's how *Signals Through the Glass* was born. We'd

watch slides of Andrew Wyeth paintings for hours. That was the inspiration. To catch this vision of America. *Signals* became this prism, like an Andrew Wyeth painting. It was a portrait of America. But, nobody really got it. John was so in tune. He wasn't much of a reader, but for the historians, the people who write the books, they have to go somewhere to get the stories. John was one of those people who gave them the knowledge; [he was] a messenger. He was not always an easy person to live with. He was a genius, an artist, and a writer. He was very in tune with people and with the universe. He was always in tune with this radio station no one else was in tune with. And during our time together we just melted into life with each other. He loved me. I really miss him.

SDT: Can you tell me about John's last days in San Diego?

BFS: Yes, I'd love to. It was a beautiful week before John left – almost like it was choreographed. It was like he knew he would be leaving. He had a doctor's appointment to see an Alzheimer's specialist in La Jolla. I had this feeling inside that I had to go. I almost didn't go because he was going to be recording. But it felt really urgent to me. So, we went together. John's daughter, Amy, and his grandkids came. We saw everybody. His favorite hotel is the Del Coronado. You know, the hotel where *Some Like It Hot* was filmed. So, we stayed a week and visited with Nick Reynolds and his wife, Leslie. Nick was not well at the time. Leslie would pick us up every day and take us to see Nick. They spent the time listening to the new releases of Kingston Trio albums. Nick and John held hands as they listened. It was really lovely. We cooked and sang. There was a lot of family time. Nick's grandson, Liam, was there. We just spent a wonderful week together. The last time Leslie dropped us off there was this sweet hotel employee who was the elevator man named Andrew. He was a Trio fan. He was so excited that John was there – a member of the Kingston Trio! He told John he always wanted to have a CD by a member of the Kingston Trio. John told him, "Andrew, you're going to get your CD." Later, we went to the hotel shop on our way back to our room and John saw a nightgown he wanted me to have. He pounded on the window. The place had been closed for 45 minutes. The owner opened the shop and said it was okay. She said, "Yeah, I have a husband. I know how it is." He bought me this beautiful \$400 nightgown. We went back to the hotel and brought Andrew his signed Trio CDs. John stayed for a few minutes and sang "Tom Dooley" with him. When we got back to the room, he started to feel bad. He said he had a headache. He was laying down and I called Jeremy [John's son] to come pick him up, because I didn't think we could get on the plane. He was on the bed. He couldn't speak anymore. I gave him an aspirin. I called 911. He was unconscious. It felt like there was 50 paramedics in the room. At the hospital, after the [x-ray], the doctor said that surgery could be done, but John would be like a vegetable. I said no. I didn't want that. We waited until after the family came. It was just like a full circle. He saw his children, his grandchildren, his close friends, the band came, and



Buffy at John Stewart's Memorial, May 2008

we all held hands and sang to him. We sang him off.

SDT: What did you sing for him?

BFS: Somewhere over the rainbow... it's a wonderful life.... friends. He died in San Diego in the same hospital where he was born. We stayed with him until he left. He wasn't alone. He came to us as a bird the next day on his daughters birthday. At the bakery... John appeared as a bird. He always loved birds. It was Amy's birthday and I was getting a birthday cake for her. This bird flew into the bakery and circled just over our heads.

SDT: That's beautiful. What was your impression of the Kingston Trio?

BFS: I was not a Trio fan in the beginning. I was into Judy Garland and stage musicals. So, I had to tone down my voice when I sang with John. But then I began to really hear the Trio and today I'm a total fan. Three of the most beautiful voices ever recorded. You just cannot duplicate what these guys had. You can't really get three guys together to sing and come up with such a unique sound.

SDT: Do you have any Trio stories?

BFS: Oh yeah, a lot. On one engagement, the last night at the Hungry Eye in San Francisco, Bobby [Shane] went out, right before the encore, to sing "Scotch and Soda." At that point John was getting ready to leave the Trio. While Bobby was on stage, John looked over at Nick and said, "Hey, let's leave Bobby on stage and drive to Big Sur!" That's what they did. They just left Bob out there alone on the stage.

SDT: It seems like, in 1987, John came out with this burst of inspired energy that became *Punch the Big Guy*. How did that happen?

BFS: Because of the influences on our son, Luke, around Malibu, we decided to move into an ashram with Sri Swami Satchidananda. He was the Woodstock guru. In so many ways, he saved our lives. John softened during that time. He learned

to meditate. It taught him about tolerance. John could be really sarcastic. He could make you feel like you had an IQ of two. But, he changed during this time. This was when so many of the songs from *Punch the Big Guy* were written. You know, like "Botswana." The Swami has this book John used to read everyday called *The Golden Present*. Sometimes he'd read a passage and then a song would come out. That's how he wrote "Star in the Black Sky Shining" from Havana.

SDT: Can you describe John's approach to songwriting?

BFS: He was always writing. He carried a pen and a little notebook. He'd write down phrases during the day. He always had his guitar by the bed. He would wake up in the middle of the night and start playing and writing. He used to write while he watched TV. He would get an idea from something he'd see. He wrote "Armstrong" on the day of the moon landing as he watched it happening. For John, songwriting was about being in tune. It was very much hearing the muse. He loved to write on the road. He'd get in the car, turn on a tape recording, and start writing. I always have the feeling he saved so many lives. He gave us a reason to rise. It's like when you look really close at a painting. John's work was like that. He loved people. He cared deeply about people through his songs. He sang about them. He sang to them. One of the things that I talked with Lindsey Buckingham about is that John's an artist whose work has yet to be discovered. Now that he's gone, he'll be recognized.

SDT: How would you describe John Stewart's legacy?

BFS: I think that John was the most amazing poet of our time! He had such a unique way of seeing the world and understanding the hearts of the downtrodden and expressing through lyric and music their plight. He was a universal poet and man. He was like an archangel who came with a gift to give to this world.

Postcard from Fresno, continued from page 14.



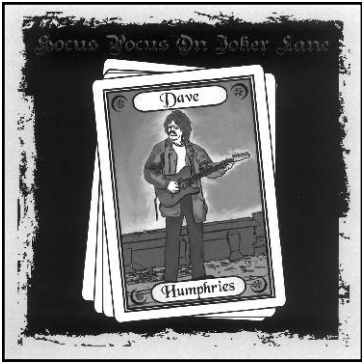
women who performed. And I certainly don't want go all *ad hominem* about their looks. Even though I think burlesque as female empowerment is nonsense, they were still very much taking a leap by putting themselves out there to the crowd. But the whole affair was just sad. When this older dame did her fan dance, I think I went temporarily blind for about 20 seconds. It was like walking in on your grandmother in her bra and panties when you were six years old – you just wish for nothing more than being able to roll back the clock and unsee what you just saw.

Andy and I were looking for the exit about two minutes into the performance. When I went to round up my pay for the night, it was 20 minutes before anybody could get to the bottom of it; the doorwoman had given my bundle of cash to the "soundman" who, of course, was upstairs running sound and lights for the proceedings. (Lesson again: music is unprofessional.) I desperately wanted a Robertito's burrito, a Fresno delicacy, and I was never more proud of myself as a performer than to walk away from a wad of cash (it could have been anywhere between \$20 and \$80) just to get out of that room and get some distance from that bumper. While the gals were feeling what I consider to be a false sense of empowerment, I felt validated as a performer and human being to walk away, not needing the \$40.

So what does this all add up to? I'm glad I played there. Even a show that really is a failure on paper is still a winning life experience. I'm glad I took the trip. I'm more glad I got to see Andy and the kids, watch TV with Val, and play Scrabble. Sometimes playing music on a music trip is just tangential.

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Dave Humphries Hocus Pocus on Jester Lane

by Frank Kocher

Dave Humphries is the product of an era, one that still seems to be going strong: the Beatles and the British Invasion that they brought with them. Originally hailing from northern England, Humphries was a working musician there during the Apple label days. Failure to hit the big time didn't dim his musical drive, even after relocating to San Diego in the mid '90s, and he still had the Mersey beat working in his sound. His music to date, most with his Dave Humphries Band, has been built upon a sound that echoes not only the Fab Four and their individual members but also their early acolytes the Byrds, Electric Light Orchestra, and Badfinger.

His latest is *Hocus Pocus on Jester Lane*, which follows up last year's excellent *and so it goes...* with the same core band backing up Humphries on nine originals. Wolfgang Grasekamp's keyboards are in the forefront, Todd Hidden's guitar touches give a retro feel, and the rhythm section of Toby Hinkle's bass and Fin Park on drums is just right.

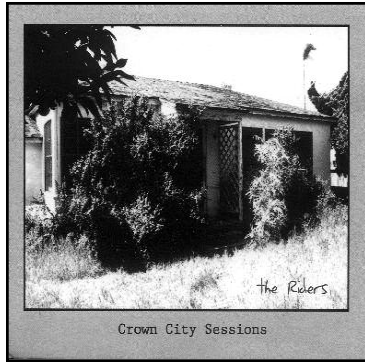
With help from others, the result is music that is familiar in style but still has a fresh pop vitality.

"Years Away Yesterday" opens the disc with a chime-rocker that recalls musical and lyrical themes from the Byrds' "Goin' Back," and shows Humphries' gift: he is one of those who can distill songs into single-length power-pop rockers and ballads with captivating little melodies. The arrangements here help, and "Rolling Up to Heaven" is a nugget that uses some great sax work from Dana Garrett and a small army of backing vocals to create a highlight that fits right in with the best of the early '70s output of ELO. "Sunny All Over" takes a light, upbeat ballad and transforms it to something almost ethereal with a simple chord change, the way the Beatles could.

The next three tracks are a sort of revisit to the Fab Four's glory days. "Why" is good, pounding keyboard rock, with Humphries channeling the ghost of John Lennon in the vocal. "Your Life" quiets back down as a sweet ballad about hooking up for life, this time in Paul mode with a "Revolver" vibe. The best ballad follows, "Love Me Again." With more lyrics of lifelong commitment, superb keyboard and horn work capture this standout track in the way of the best songs on the *White Album*.

Humphries doesn't just play British invasion-influenced music, his "Tell Her I'm Gone (Revisited)" is a pleasant country-rock shuffle about being deserted in Arizona by a lover. His closing tune, "Going Country," is a filler misstep about how he yearns for the old days, and how he is leaving rock and roll for country because the "guitar is out of tune." Since it is recorded with a rhythm guitar track that is annoyingly out of tune, the listener gets to be in on the joke, but this track just doesn't work.

Hocus Pocus on Jester Lane is a good snapshot of Dave Humphries, catchy songwriter. Anyone who enjoys the music of the British invasion will enjoy this, songs that are both simple and memorable.



The Riders Crown City Sessions

by Frank Kocher

San Diego roots-rockers the Riders were last heard from on *200 Miles from Everywhere*, a 2006 release that featured energetic music drawn from many classic rock influences, featuring singer/songwriter/guitarist Tom Cusimano and drummer Jimmy Olsen. The group has since added a new keyboardist and bass player, Neil McPherson and Mike Clairmont, as well as Devin Shea on violin. *Crown City Sessions* is the new disc, recorded in a rented, condemned bungalow in Coronado.

The music is not on the cutting edge, but no worries. Co-produced by the band and Guy Fletcher, an experienced studio hand who has worked with Dire Straits and Mark Knopfler, the music instead goes for the tried-and-true formula of layered guitars, piano, organ, with fiddle accents – with Cusimano's distinctive voice over the top to give the band an identity. Add some memorably crafted songs to the recipe, and the results make for a great listen.

Cusimano has a Southwest twang in his voice, a la the Band's Levon Helm, and "Katy May I" opens things up by capturing the feel of the iconic Canadian group's classic sound. Shea's fiddle adds a dimension of country hickory to the mix. "Storylines," one of the standout tracks as a fast, smoothly flowing riff, carries Cusimano's Van Morrison-vibe vocal through one of those melodies that the listener will both like and swear he or she has heard before (but hasn't). McPherson's keyboards are prominent in the soft "Summer Rain" and the winning hard country-rocker "From Far Behind."

"The Minute" is the best tune on the disc, a riveting guitar-rock gem that will have old-timer listeners dredging through record collections trying to find the record that they think has the song's guitar lick on it (this reviewer came no closer than an old Savoy Brown track, "Money Can't Save Your Soul," which really doesn't resemble it that much). This song fuses power, good background vocals, and some nice lead guitar work. As on "Storylines," the band seems to put its own catchy stamp on it.

The Riders' experience doing covers comes through on "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You" and "Ooh La La." While both sound a lot like the originals, Cusimano does a great job of avoiding Bobby D affectations on the Dylan standard, and morphing his voice to sound like Ronnie Wood's on the original Faces cut. As in other spots on the disc, the fiddle playing by Shea on these two fleshes out the band's sound and gives them great dynamics.

Echoes of Bruce Springsteen can be heard in the power ballad "Harvey Noone" and the closer, "No Easy Way." The latter tune rocks with big production, sax, and clearly goes after an E Street Band sound.

The Riders have found the right combination in their approach to *Crown City Sessions*. While the influences often remain clear, the best music on this disc takes it another step, giving the Riders a chance to establish a unique sound of their own.



Delaney Gibson Hurricanes and Forget Me Nots

by Heather Janiga

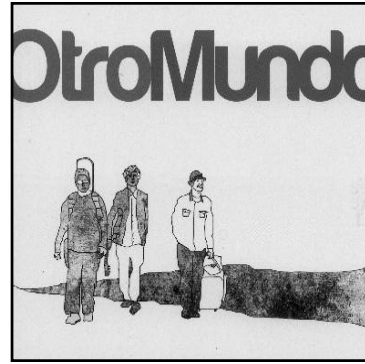
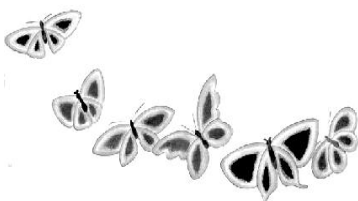
You want to feel a sense of expansion and growth in the evolution of an artist's repertoire, and fiery-haired Delaney Gibson hits the mark on her sophomore release, *Hurricanes and Forget Me Nots*. Ten heavy hitting melodic empires cover vast ground on yet another well-polished studio exhibition. Gibson's sweet and soaring vocals strike deeper, more soulfully than ever before. She exudes sensuality and purpose, and proves to us yet again of her melody making genius.

Gretsch in hand and gemstone boots in tow, this album is a mix of moonshine and cosmos, barnyard banjos and pop/rock symphonies. In "A better Version of Me" Gibson croons "I'm getting back to my roots/hanging up my heels for some cowboy boots." One can surely feel a difference those cowboy boots make on songs like "Rain or Shine," a solemn country duet that Willie Nelson and Co. would surely raise a glass to.

Then we have songs like "Paper Boats," which set us sailing with bombastic emotional power choruses radiating through the speakers – a song top forty radio would surely grasp onto, or "La Di Da," which hints at Lilly Allen perkiness. You wouldn't think the mix of these two styles would lend to easy listening throughout the album, but somehow it works. Perhaps it's the ever-present banjo plucking in the background, even on the pop/rock ballads behind the power chords of the electric guitars. Or maybe it's Gibson's heart-wrenching piano pulsing aside a wailing fiddle...whatever the formula may be, it proves to perk the interest of the listener and reel them in for the ride.

With each listen I find another song I think might be my favorite (a good sign), but I always find myself veering back to the melancholy ballads that Gibson does so convincingly well. The aforementioned "Rain or Shine" secures my top pick, featuring John Bartholomew's dreamy vocals exchanging sad little sonnets of love gone awry with Gibson. Next up is "Kill Me Now," which plays like a lullaby with a broken-hearted twist. The folksy acoustic guitar strums aside Gibson's vocals in charmed company, and the symphonic onslaught of strings wafts through the background painting a landscape Bob Ross could only dream of.

Gibson's status of Pop Maven remains unchanged. She can write a catchy hook like the best of them and proof of this talent plays out in every note. Through artistic and emotional growth, Gibson conjures up her adventurous side while managing to stay within the realm of that which has come to define her. There have been a lot of natural disasters this past year, but *Hurricanes and Forget Me Nots* isn't one of them.



Otro Mundo

by Frank Kocher

Otro Mundo is a trio of San Diego musicians who play jazz, flamenco, Brazilian, and many other styles of music. Dusty Brough handles acoustic guitar and Turkish cumbus (a 12-stringed, banjo-like variation on the oud), Kevin Freeby plays six-stringed electric bass, and Steve Haney handles percussion. Combining fusion skills and jazz trio energy, these guys cook up a fast-moving mixture of rhythmic textures, guitar filigree, and tasty world music accents. They join talents on their self-titled disc *Otro Mundo*, with 11 songs that give the three plenty of chances to display their chops on a collection of interesting originals and covers, including three by Anthony Carlos Jobim.

About one minute into the opener, "Mira Monte," the listener knows this isn't just another record along the lines of Jesse Cook or Novamenco, as Brough's intricate and fast soloing gives way to Freeby, who proceeds to play near-flamenco patterns on his bass while Haney's beat drives everything forward. This is a pattern of things to come; Freeby is amazing on several of the tunes, but they would not work without the strong work in the guitar slot by Brough, and Haney sounds like he can play anything on drums (and based on his bio, he has). "Estela" is a great piece of Latin jazz, a band original that has a melodic pattern, which hits home, and superb solos by both string players, with Freeby again flying. Programming helps the guitar and cumbus sound Middle Eastern on "Kaila" as they get a raga-like tone, which Brough uses to dart up and down scales to create an exotic feel. Jobim's "Corcovado" has a nice guest vocal by Rebecca Kleinmann on a bossa nova that gives Brough some of his best moments on the disc.

Freeby is a revelation, stopping short of overplaying but making a definite electric bass statement. Brough plays phrases often that belong in the Paco de Lucia school of flamenco jazz, but he also seems to know Django riffs as well and has no trouble staying in frame with Freeby, they are a good match here. Haney is a match for them both – not an easy thing.

Cumbus is used to good effect on Jobim's "Favela," with some banjo-like resonance in the plucked melody, while "Vermonter" gives all three players a few bars of spotlight during a brisk samba. A return to world fusion vibe for "Gypsy Tears" includes accordion, more drone effects, and a flamenco strum that evokes a campfire snapping as Brough carves cumbus licks. Freeby is the focus of a quiet "Insensatez," one of Jobim's best known songs. Not too many bass guitarists can carry off the nuance of leading a band on a song like this, but Freeby has no problem, building improvisations and interpreting like a pianist.

Otro Mundo is refreshing, a combination of great musicianship and pleasant music that will keep the listener coming back again and again.



Sue Palmer After Hours

by Frank Kocher

Good boogie-woogie piano is a force to be reckoned with, and San Diego's Sue Palmer has played it in her own Motel Swing Orchestra, with numerous other top blues artists including Lou Ann Barton, Kim Wilson, Dave Alvin, and Earl Thomas, and as a member of local singer Candy Kane's band for years. She has released six previous albums with her own band of blues and boogie music, which feature her energetic playing in a group setting. *After Hours*, her new album, offers a different approach: it is solo piano, and Palmer plays much of it straight up, boogie-woogie style. She recorded this music on two evenings in late 2009 in the living room of local recording engineer Hiro Ikezi. The home recording is okay throughout; there is noise, but also a kind of "live one take" vibe that actually helps the project work.

Things start off with the title tune, a standard that Palmer slows down a bit as she relishes each verse's opportunities to make forays up the and down the scales. "Down the Road a Piece" bumps up the beat to full boogie level, as Palmer's left hand becomes a rapid heartbeat of bass lines and she displays an ease with one lyrical phrase after another with the right hand. On "Boogie Noir" some of the deep bass notes on the grand piano swallow one another up. "Speakin' My Mind" is more of a straight blues piece than much of the material here, as the minor chords and melodies strike a departure from songs like "Room Service Boogie." "Frog Tongue Stomp" is a 1920's tune with a bit of a ragtime feel, played with flair. A definite standout is "Honeysuckle Rose Boogie," with Palmer propelling the familiar jazz classic with the full boogie treatment and sounding like two pianos instead of one.

Palmer has a very complete blues keyboard vocabulary, and one of the big pluses of a solo piano disc is the opportunity to hear plenty of the classic riffs; she has them all down pat and in some ways this is a great boogie piano primer for fans of the style. One of the limitations of the approach is the lack of any other musical focus on a disc where much of the music is similar. While this puts a lot of pressure on Palmer's creative ability, she does a good job of capturing the individual songs and keeps things interesting.

"Lil Rock Getaway/Ferraday Breakdown" is another great track, an example of Palmer filling the room with sound, briskly following a jazzy melody into a full-throttle bass-key thumper. This is one of those tunes that will have the listener looking at every keyboard around for days, thinking about how cool it would be to be able to play like that.

On *After Hours*, Sue Palmer gives listeners a chance to hear the piano all by itself, no holds barred, playing various styles of music that date back more than a century and that will always be with us. Blues keyboard fans will love it, and so will anyone who likes instrumental music with a beat.



MAY CALENDAR

saturday • 1

Brian Wicklund Fiddle Workshops (Hot Bluegrass Fiddle, 12:30-2pm; Blues to Swing Improvisation, 2:30-4pm), Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., North Park.

Buick Wilson Band, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 4pm.

Trails & Rails, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Cowboy Jack & the North County Cowboys, Lake Wohlford Cafe, 25484 Lake Wohlford Rd., Escondido, 7pm.

Neil Innes, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Robin Henkel Band, La Costa Grill, 6996 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 8:30pm.

Nicole Vaughn, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Gonzalo Bergara Quartet, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 9pm.

sunday • 2

Harry & Nancy Mestyaneck w/ Bass Clef Experiment, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.

Carolyn Sykes Classical, Jazz, Contemporary Harp Music, Shambhala Meditation Center, 3139 University Ave., 7pm.

Bluegrass Etc., Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Robin Henkel Band, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.

monday • 3

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

tuesday • 4

Songwriters Showcase Competition, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

wednesday • 5

Graham Dechter Quartet, Birch North Park Theatre, 2891 University Ave., 7pm.

Manny Cepeda Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.

Joey Ryan/Garrison Starr, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 6

Old Tyme Fiddlers Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

Patric Petrie & the Badblokes, Killarney's Irish Pub, 32475 Hwy. 79 S., G101 Temecula, 7pm.

Mesa College Big Band, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 7:30pm.

Marc Antoine/Brian Simpson/Shilts, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Martin Sexton w/ Ryan Montbleau Band, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

friday • 7

Gator by the Bay Louisiana Music Festival, Spanish Landing Park, N. Harbor Dr., 3:30pm.

Sara Petite, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Open Mic, Tuscan Sunrise Coffee & Tea, 14045 Midland Rd., Poway, 7pm.

Eldar, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Carlos Olmeda/JJ Brown, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Palomar College Big Band w/ Christopher Hollyday, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

Joey Harris & the Mentals, Beauty Bar, 4746 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.

Bruce Betz, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

Loomis & the Lust, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Patric Petrie & the Badblokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

KPRI Homegrown Fridays w/ Cathryn Beeks Ordeal/ Rusty King/Citizen Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 10pm.

saturday • 8

Gator by the Bay Louisiana Music Festival, Spanish Landing Park, N. Harbor Dr., 10:30am.

Patric Petrie & the Badblokes Special Dance Concert w/ Irish Dance Schools, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 2:30pm.

Novamenco, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6:30pm.

Bernie Pearl, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

Dave Alvin, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Robin Henkel Blues Trio, Iva Lee's, 555 North El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7:30pm.

Strunz & Farah, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.

Berkley Hart, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Sara Petite & Chris Clarke, Oasis House Concert, Sorrento Valley, 8pm. www.OasisHouseConcerts.com

Paul Seaforth, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

Lisa Sanders & Friends, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Dennis Quaid & the Sharks w/ the Grass Heat, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

sunday • 9

Gator by the Bay Louisiana Music Festival, Spanish Landing Park, N. Harbor Dr., 10:30am.

Sea Chantey Festival w/ the Jackstraws/Ken Graydon/Bill Dempsey/the Westlin Weavers/Gilman Carver/One Shot Bob & Shipmates, Star of India, San Diego Embarcadero, 11am.

San Diego Folk Song Society Mtg., Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.

Way Back When, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Luscious Noise, Anthology, 1337 India St., 6pm.

Bert Lams & Tom Griesgraber, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Marcia Ball/Solid Ray Woods, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

monday • 10

Poway Folk Circle w/ Charles Johnson, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.

Ukulele Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

tuesday • 11

Lou Curtiss Song Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.

Sierra Leone's Refugee All Stars, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 12

Veronica May, Fallbrook Library, 124 S. Mission Rd., 6pm.

S.D. Songwriter Meet-Up, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

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

Jason Parker Quartet, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 7:30pm.

Chuchito Valdés, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Buick Wilson Band, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.

A Night of Belly Dancers & Music, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

thursday • 13

Mountain Dulcimer Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

Simone, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Pasha Tseitlin, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 7:30pm.

Ruby & the Red Hots, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.

friday • 14

Rio Peligroso, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5pm.

Jake's Mountain, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Tom Smerk, Friendly Grounds Coffeehouse, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.

Michael Chapdelaine, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Spyro Gyra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.

Sara Petite/Peter Bolland/Paul Kamanski, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Chase Morrin, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

Groundation, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

Clay Colton & the Badblokes, Molly Bloom's, 2391 S. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 10pm.

saturday • 15

Songwriter Guild Contest Finals, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 3pm.

Tail Draggers, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Adrienne Nims, World Flute Concert, Fallbrook House of the Arts, 432 E. Dougherty St., Fallbrook, 6:30pm.

Sue Palmer Quartet, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 7pm.

Tom Baird & David Silva w/ Diego Grey, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.

Harry & Nancy Mestyaneck w/ Greg Gohde, E Street Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.

Richie Havens, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.

Lisa Sanders/Lisa Nemzo, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Berkley Hart, Frogstop House Concert, San Marcos, 8pm. 760.295.0222 or concerts@frogstop.com

Joey Harris & the Mentals, Tiki House, 1152 Garnet Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 16

Sweet Joyce Ann & Annie Rettig, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.

Dixie Express Jazz Band, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, North Park Festival of the Arts, University Ave. & 30th St., 1pm.

Zymzzy Quartet, RiverFest, Qualcomm Stadium Practice Field, Mission Valley, 2pm.

Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, North Park Music Festival, 30th & University, Drowsy Maggie Stage, 5pm.

Laurie Lewis & the Right Hands, Del Mar Power House, 1658 Coast Blvd., Del Mar, 7pm.

Danny Green Quartet, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 7pm.

Lamb's Players Cabaret Theatre, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.

Harry & Nancy Mestyaneck, Swedenborg Hall, 1531 Tyler Ave., 8pm.

monday • 17

Missy Anderson, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 18

Poway Bluegrass Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.

wednesday • 19

Wild Older Women, Portugalia, 4389 Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 9pm.

Kris Orlowski, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 20

The Wigbillies, Ducky Waddle's Emporium, 414 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.

Old Tyme Fiddlers Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

Leila Broussard, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 21

Folding Mr. Lincoln, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Chapin Sisters/I See Hawks in L.A., Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Will Edwards, Java Jones, 631 9th Ave., 7pm.

Billy Watson, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

saturday • 22

Vintage Lap Steel Guitar Show, 3375-D Mission Ave., Oceanside, 11am-4pm.

Kev, La Mesa Library, 8074 Allison Ave., 3pm.

Shirhouse Bluegrass Band, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Charles Johnson, House Concert, Escondido, 6:30pm. www.jacksolantern.com

Sue Palmer Quartet, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 7pm.

Robin Adler, Dave Blackburn, Mutts of the Planet CD Release, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 7:30pm.

Folding Mr. Lincoln, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7:30pm.

Vienna Teng & Alex Wong w/ Sara Watkins, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Jim Earp & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.

Lawrence Juber, Oasis House Concert, Sorrento Valley, 8pm. www.OasisHouseConcerts.com

Triptych (Joe Rathburn/Peggy Watson/David Beldock), Rock Valley House Concert, University City, 8pm. 858.452.1539

Kelsea Rae Little, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Gilbert Castellanos/Marshall Hawkins/Daniel Jackson, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

Band in Black, Hennessey's, 4650 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach, 9:30pm.

sunday • 23

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind w/ Jim Lair & Warren Bryant, Point Loma Library, 3701 Voltaire St., 2pm.

Bill Staines, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.

Kaki King, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

monday • 24

Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

Bob Dylan's Birthday Tribute w/ Gregory Page/Cindy Lee Berryhill/Steve White/Cici Portar/Louis MacKenzie/Dave Howard, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

tuesday • 25

Lou Curtiss Song Circle, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 6pm.

Crosby Stills & Nash, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

Shelby Lynne w/ Findlay Brown, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 26

Zymzzy Quartet, Ocean Beach Farmers Market, Newport Ave., 5pm.

Legends of the San Diego Rock Scene w/ Glory/Jerry Raney & the Farmers/Jack Butler/Jack Pinney & Modern Rhythm, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.

S.D. Songwriter Meet-Up, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

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

Crosby Stills & Nash, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

Miles Davis Birthday Tribute w/ ESP Quintet, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

The Duhks, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 27

Mountain Dulcimer Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

Mose Allison, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Darwin Johnson, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

Landon Pigg w/ Madi Diaz, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

friday • 28

Mountain Tribal Gypsies, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Average White Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.

The Smart Brothers, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.

Bluegrass Brunch, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.

Daniel Jackson, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.

Zymzzy Quartet, Wit's End Jazz Brunch, 420 Robinson Ave., 11am.

International Ethnic Folk Dancing, Balboa Park Club Bldg., 12:30-4:30pm.

Open Blues Jam w/ Chet & the Committee, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 2:30pm. (no jam on March 28)

Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.

Original Music Modern Jazz Series, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 6pm.

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

Ukulele Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 6:30pm.

Patric Petrie & the Bad Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Ste. A., Carlsbad, 7pm.

Open Mic, Kirin Sushii, 4111 Voltaire St., 7pm.

Open Mic Banjuka Jam, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 7:30pm.

International Ethnic Folk Dancing (intermediate & advanced), Balboa Park Club & War Memorial Bldg., 7:30pm.

Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.

Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

Songwriter's Showcase, Larry's Beach Club, 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 8:30pm.

David Patrone, Suite & Tender, 1047 5th Ave., 9pm.

every tuesday

Lou Fanucchi, Paesano, 3647 30th St., 5:30pm.

Traditional Irish Session, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.

Open Mic, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.

Chet & the Committee All Pro Blues Jam, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm.

Open Mic, Second Wind, 8515 Navajo Rd., 8pm.

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., 9pm.

every wednesday

Chuck Schiele & Friends, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.

Tony Taravella, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

Zymzzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8pm.

saturday • 29

Clay Colton & the Badblokes, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 2pm.

Kev's QuickStart Guitar Series, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2:30pm.

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind w/ Jim Lair & Warren Bryant, KIFM Jazz Festival, Gaslamp Quarter, 4:30pm.

Chet & the Committee, Gio's Wine Bar/Restaurant, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 5:30pm.

Mark Jackson Band, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

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Lou Fanucchi, Romesco Restaurant, 4346 Bonita Rd., 6pm.

Your Mom (Suzanne & Mike Reed), Ciao Bella, 5263 Baltimore Dr., La Mesa, 6:30pm.

David Patrone, Jimmy Love's, 672 5th Ave., 6:30pm.

Jerry Gontang, Desi & Friends, 2734 Lytton St., 7pm.

Sunshine Brooks Music Series, Sunshine Brooks Theatre, 217 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Oceanside, 7pm.

Scandinavian Dance Class, Folk Dance Center, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 7:30pm.

Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.

Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 8:30pm.

Open Mic, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

every thursday

Baba's Jam Night, The Lodge, 444 Country Club Lane, Oceanside, 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.

David Patrone, La Costa Resort, 2100 Costa Del Mar Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.

Lou Fanucchi, Il Fornaio, 1333 1st St., Coronado, 6:30pm.

Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Friendly Grounds, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 6:30pm.

Mountain Dulcimer Jam (2nd & 4th Thursday), Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

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 Sorenado Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.

Gregory Page, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.

Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.

Open Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

every friday

Open Mic, Lion Coffee, 101 Market St., 6pm.

John Kopecky Trio, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 7pm.

Open Mic, Bella Roma Restaurant, 6830 La Jolla Blvd. #103, 8pm.

Open Mic, L'Amour de Yogurt, 9975 Carmel Mountain Rd., 8pm.

Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Open Mic (last Saturday of the month), Valley Music, 1611 N. Magnolia Ave., El Cajon, 6pm.

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

Jane Monheit, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Randi Driscoll, Java Joe's @ Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., Hillcrest, 8pm.

Ian Tordella Quartet, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 8pm.

sunday • 30

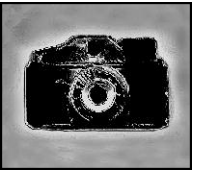
Explore the World thru Dance, Balboa Park Club (across Int'l Cottages), instruction: 10am-3pm; dancing: 3-4:30pm.

Duo LaRe w/ Chris Acquavella & Nate Jarrell, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Drive, 6pm.

Jane Monheit, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

Cash'd Out, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.



Music @ Letat's



Aaron Bowen



Carlos Olmeda



Alex Depue



Happy Ron



Letat's crowd waiting to see Gregory Page



Lisa Sanders



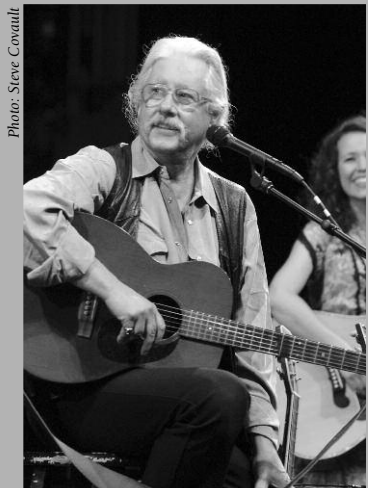
Louis Brazier's birthday



Scott West



Lisa Olson



Arlo Guthrie at California Ctr. for the Arts



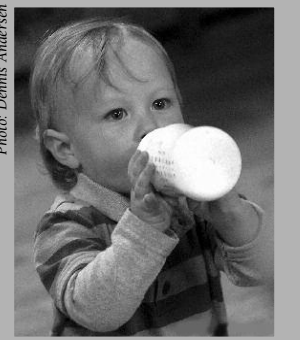
Sara Lee Guthrie w/ husband Johnny Irion



Steve Poltz & Shawn Rohlf @ Roots Fest on Adams

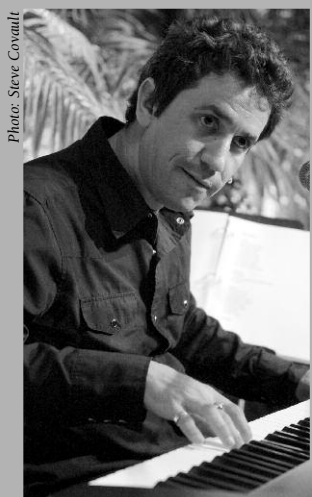


Suzanne Reed, Nathan Welden, Mike Reed @ Ciao Bella in La Mesa



Benjamin Clarke @ Old Time Music

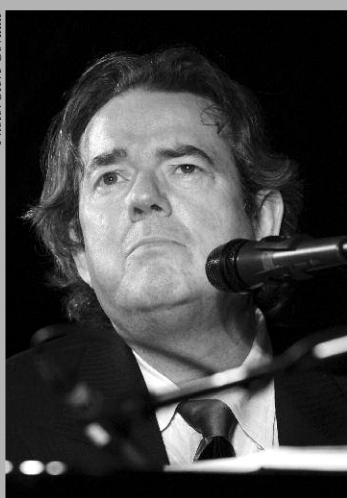
Music Around Town



A.J. Croce @ Oasis House Concert



Jeff Bertino @ Poway Folk Circle



Jimmy Webb @ AMSD



Tracy Grammer @ AMSD



Leon Redbone with Liz Abbott (left) & Jazz 88's Claudia Russell



Chris Klich B-Day party (Laura Preble & Esta Browning looking on)



Houston Jones band @ Old Time Music



Sax player Chloe Feoranzo @ Chris Klich B-Day party



Cathryn Beeks House Concert



Henry Salvia of Houston Jones band



Plow @ Old Time Music



Folding Mr. Lincoln @ Humphries Backstage Lounge



Dave Humphries CD Release



The Tornado Magnets @ Humphries Backstage Lounge

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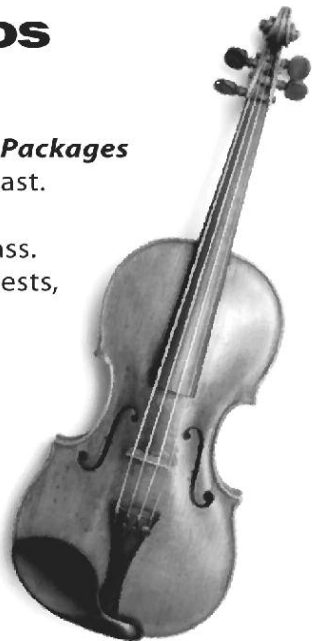
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MAY EVENTS

Sat	May 1	Brian Wicklund Fiddle Workshops - see OTM website for details 12:30 - 2 p.m. Hot Bluegrass Fiddle \$40 each or 2 for \$70 2:30 - 4 pm Blues to Swing Improvisation		
Sun	May 2	Phil Boroff's Beginning Folk Guitar 8 week course See website for details. It's not too late to sign up.		
Mon	May 3	Ukulele Group 6:30 - 9:00 p.m. Free Play along, sing along, bring your ukulele and learn songs		
Thurs	May 6	Old Thyme Fiddle Jam 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Free		
Sat	May 8	Bluesman Bernie Pearl Concert and Workshop Bernie Pearl Blues concert \$18 in advance/\$20 at the door All level Blues workshop noon to 2 p.m. \$25		
Sun	May 9	San Diego Folk Song Society		
Mon	May 10	Ukulele Group 6:30 - 9:00 p.m. Free Play along, sing along, bring your ukulele and learn songs		
Wed.	May 12	San Diego Songwriter Meet up 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Free It's all about the song. Guest speakers, songwriting tips, Song sharing		
Thurs	May 13	Mountain Dulcimer Jam 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Free		
Mon	May 17	Ukulele Group 6:30 - 9:00 p.m. Free Play along, sing along, bring your ukulele and learn songs		
Tue	May 18	Third Tuesday Bluegrass Jam 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Free		
Thurs	May 20	Old Thyme Fiddle Jam 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Free		
Sat	May 22	Folding Mr. Lincoln Concert 6:30 - 9:00 p.m.		
Mon	May 24	Ukulele Group 6:30 - 9:00 p.m. Free Play along, sing along, bring your ukulele and learn songs		
Wed.	May 26	San Diego Songwriter Meet up 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Free It's all about the song. Guest speakers, songwriting tips, Song sharing		

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Thurs	May 27	Mountain Dulcimer Jam 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. Free
Mon	May 31	Ukulele Group 6:30 - 9:00 p.m. Free Play along, sing along, bring your ukulele and learn song

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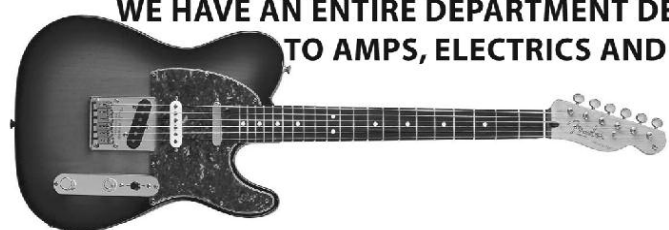
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