

T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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



June 2010

www.sandiegotroubadour.com

Vol. 9, No. 9

what's inside

Welcome Mat.....3

Mission
Contributors
Pokey LaFarge

Full Circle.....4

Merle Haggard
Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Front Porch... ..6

Peter Rutman
Lestat's

Parlor Showcase ...10

Joe Marillo

Ramblin'.....12

Bluegrass Corner
The Zen of Recording
Hosing Down
Radio Daze
Stages

Highway's Song. ...15

Andy Irvine

Of Note.....16

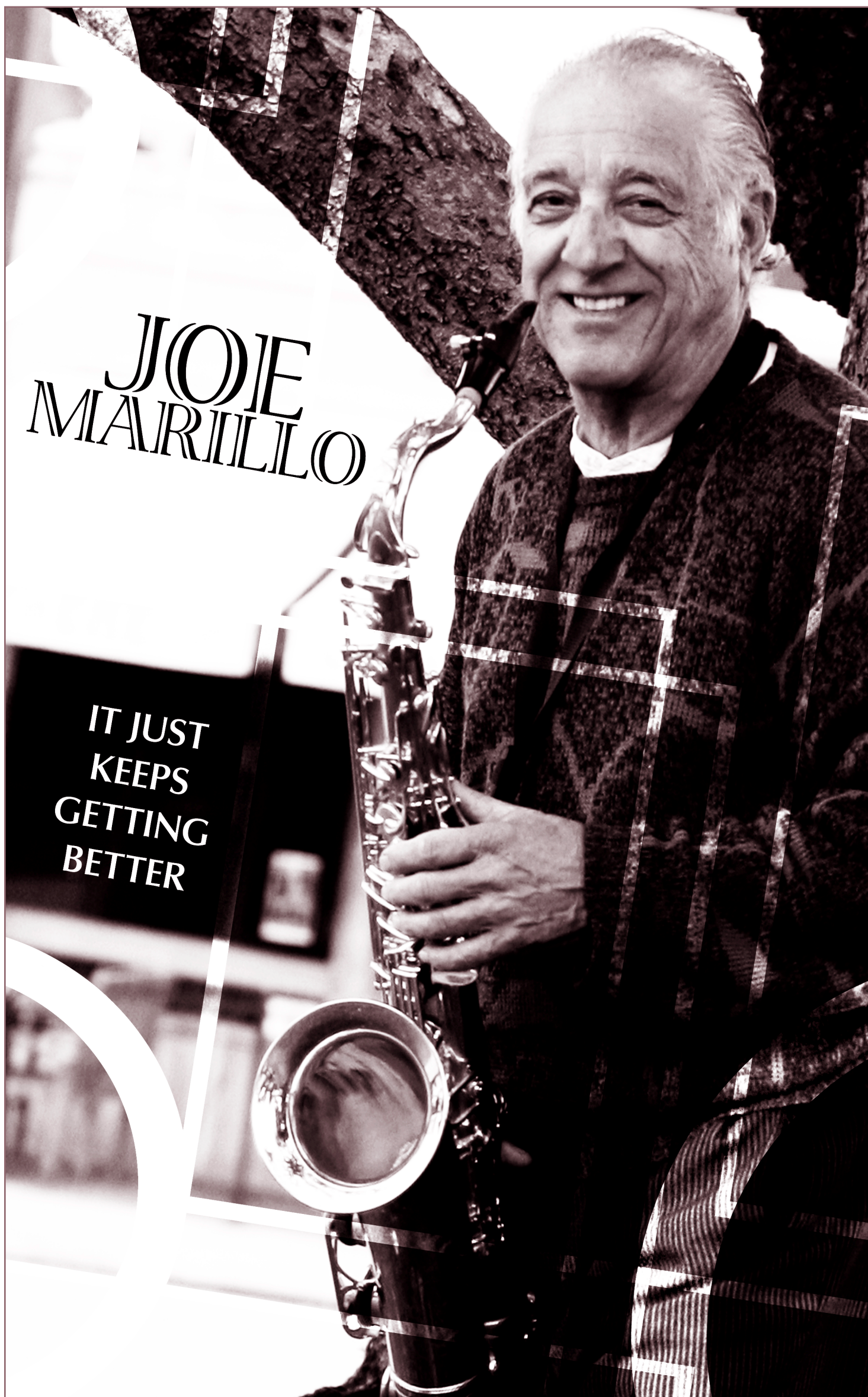
Alyssa Jacey
Sheila Jaffe/Kathy Link
Quimera
Robin Adler
Rob Mehl
Chris Hassett
Daphne Denniston
Wayne Riker

'Round About18

June Music Calendar

The Local Seen.....19

Photo Page



Taste the Fun

Presented by **Albertsons** | **Savon** PHARMACY

at the

2010

SAN DIEGO COUNTY FAIR



JUNE 11 ⓧ Sammy Hagar and The Wabos



JUNE 17 ⓧ Donna Summer



JUNE 19 ⓧ Guy Fieri



JULY 26 ⓧ OneRepublic



JULY 30 ⓧ Jeff Dunham



moving forward

SUMMER CONCERT SERIES on the Heineken Grandstand Stage

- JUNE 12 ⓧ Paul Rodgers of Bad Company
- JUNE 13 ⓧ Los Tigres del Norte*
- JUNE 15 ⓧ Jeremy Camp with Steven Ubarra
- JUNE 16 ⓧ Dennis DeYoung: The Music of Styx
- JUNE 18 ⓧ KC and the Sunshine Band
- JUNE 20 ⓧ La Arrolladora Banda El Limón**
- JUNE 22 ⓧ Mitchel Musso and Honor Society
- JUNE 23 ⓧ Kenny Loggins
- JUNE 24 ⓧ Switchfoot

- JUNE 25 ⓧ Julio Iglesias*
- JUNE 26 ⓧ Gospel Festival featuring Marvin Sapp with J Moss
- JUNE 27 ⓧ Intocable with El Trono de México**
- JUNE 29 ⓧ Uncle Kracker
- JUNE 30 ⓧ Lonestar
- JULY 1 ⓧ Lifehouse
- JULY 4 ⓧ Joan Jett + the Blackhearts with Fireworks and Navy Band Southwest
- JULY 5 ⓧ Show Announced Soon! Visit the website for updates.

* **DINNER PACKAGE AVAILABLE:** Includes dinner in the Turf Club, preferred concert seating, Fair admission and preferred parking. Shows listed are FREE with Fair admission unless otherwise noted. **PAID SHOW:** Limited number of reserved tickets available for purchase to all shows. All acts subject to change and subject to Board approval. For details and updates, visit www.sdfair.com/fair. Tickets on sale NOW at the Fairgrounds Box Office and at www.ticketmaster.com.
 ** Free show for 3rd and 5th level seating. **Sponsored by Cerveza Tecate, Familia Camarena Tequila, Telemundo 33, La Nueva 106.5 & Recuerdo 102.9**



JUNE 25 ⓧ Mark Christopher Lawrence

JUNE 18 "Midlife Meltdown" with Vince Harper + Cindy Burns
 Vince Harper and Cindy Burns—the "Bummed-Out Baby-Boomers of Comedy," as seen on Oprah, The Tonight Show and Last Comic Standing.

JUNE 25 Mal Hall and Mark Christopher Lawrence
 Mal Hall hosts and stars in comedy nights at clubs and colleges across the country, working with headliners Dat Phan, Ian Edwards, Bobby Lee, and Patrick DeGuire. Currently seen as "Big Mike" on NBC's Chuck, Mark Christopher Lawrence has appeared in such movies as Crimson Tide and is known as the Gospel Comic.

JULY 2 The Patrick Henry High School Improv Troupe
 This wildly funny mix of comedy and theatre features a quick-witted cast of PHHS students and alumni interacting with and reacting to YOU, the audience!



SDGE Showcase Stage
 Fridays at 9:00PM

THE SUMMER STARTS HERE



More than 150 breweries and 350 beers from around the world.

JUNE 25-JUNE 27

Tickets available NOW at the Fairgrounds Box Office and www.ticketmaster.com



JUNE 11-JULY 5
 (closed Mondays except July 5)

Del Mar Fairgrounds
 I-5 at Via de la Valle

www.sdfair.com/entertainment



T

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

MISSION

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

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

All opinions expressed in **SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR** are solely the opinion of the writer and do not represent the opinions of the staff or management. All rights reserved.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION
For advertising rates, call 619/298-8488 or e-mail lizabbott@cox.net. You can also find advertising information on our website: www.sandiegotroubadour.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS are available for \$30/yr. Send check payable to S.D. Troubadour to:

San Diego Troubadour
P.O. Box 164
La Jolla, CA 92038
E-mail: sdtroubadour@yahoo.com.

WHERE TO FIND US Can't find a copy of the San Diego Troubadour? Go to www.sandiegotroubadour.com and click on FIND AN ISSUE for a complete list of locations we deliver to.

SUBMITTING YOUR CD FOR REVIEW
If you have a CD you'd like to be considered for review, please send **two** copies to: San Diego Troubadour, P.O. Box 164, La Jolla, CA 92038.

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

©2010 San Diego Troubadour.

CONTRIBUTORS

FOUNDERS

Ellen and Lyle Duplessie
Liz Abbott
Kent Johnson

PUBLISHERS

Liz Abbott
Kent Johnson

EDITORIAL/GRAPHICS

Liz Abbott
Chuck Schiele

ADVERTISING

Kent Johnson

BUSINESS CONSULTANT

Joanna Schiele

DISTRIBUTION

Kent Johnson
Dave Sawyer
Mark Jackson
Indian Joe Stewart
Dan Long
Paul Cruz

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Steve Covault

WEB MASTER

Will Edwards

WRITERS

Mike Alvarez
Peter Bolland
Jennifer Carney
Sandra Castillo
Lou Curtiss
Paul Hormick
Frank Kocher
Jim McInnes
Bart Mendoza
Tim Mudd
Terry Roland
Sven-Erik Seaholm
José Sinatra
Steve Thorn
D. Dwight Worden

Cover photo: Dennis Andersen
Cover design: Chuck Schiele

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

Pokey LaFarge and the South City Three Bring Their New-Fashioned Ways to San Diego

by Terry Roland

Pokey LaFarge, like his new album title, is a Riverboat Soul. Not an old one though, but certainly an enthusiastic one. It's like he's been reincarnated from the inside-out-world of a lost Mark Twain story; he jumps off the page and into our Americana imagination by way of St. Louis. He lives in a ragtime world of his own creation, an extended washtub childhood that refuses to let go of his soul. He was raised in the Midwest on a ragtime-rhyme with a good time glee in his eye. If others dance to the beat of a different drummer, Pokey dances to the rhythm of a wash-tub and kazoo. His songs are a reflection of times gone by brought solidly to the present. He drinks whiskey all night; runs his fingers over the fret board with the ease of a carnival barker outside of a hall of mirrors. His music is America, past and present. It's been called "old-timey," but there's nothing old time about this 26-year-old traveling, guitar-picking, good-timin' boy. Looking like a very young Jimmie Rodgers and even sounding a bit like him, his songs move us through the America most of us don't see. Many think it doesn't exist. But he's been there and returned to tell us about it. Pokey found it on the road when he was 18. If there'd been a freight train nearby, he would have hopped it. Pokey has hitched rides, storing up impressions and experiences that have informed his writing in a unique way. He took to the American back roads unseen,



Pokey LaFarge and the Big City Three

unheard, and ignored by the mainstream media bent on pre-packaged music and the latest "American Idol" contestant. Pokey insists, this is not old timey music. The only thing old fashioned here is the attire of Pokey and the musicians known as the South City Three. They are, respectively, Joey Glynn on upright bass; Ryan "Church Mouse," Koenig on harmonica, washboard, and percussion; and Adam Hoskins on guitar and slide guitar. The guitar, kazoo, vocals, gitjo, and harmonica are all handled on various songs with poise, ease, and confidence by Pokey.

He takes his ancestry from troubadours, vagabonds, bojangled alleyway jail-bound

bums, and street singers of the past; however, he brings us into the present with songs like the ragged "Hard Times Come and Go" and the comically woeful, "Migraines and Heartpains." Pokey LaFarge's *Riverboat Soul* is a universal spin on music once considered race music or of a regional nature. But, these days there's nothing regional about Pokey and the South City Three. When I caught up with him via cell phone in his car, he was on his way from St. Louis to Texas. He was on a national tour of pubs, clubs, festivals, and colleges. And he is on his way up in his world of music. He spoke

Continued on page 8.

Events Pro Sound Lighting Guitars Keyboards Drums

Apex Music

Since 1952

Steven H. Olsher
President

6210 El Cajon Blvd.
San Diego, CA 92115
Phone: 619.583.1431
Facsimile: 619.583.3906
Toll Free: 1-866-Apex4Me
Email: SOlsher@apex4me.com

10% OFF WITH THIS AD

www.Apex4me.com

KEV'S QUICKSTART™ GUITAR WORKSHOPS

KEV'S FUN HANDS ON GUITAR WORKSHOPS



SAT. JUNE 26

Learn to play BEATLES Tunes \$20
2:00 to 4:00 pm: Learn to play Blackbird, and other Beatles tunes. It's Fun. Bring your guitar, no amps please!

FUN! Beginning Blues Guitar I \$20
5 - 7 pm: Learn the basics of the blues - beginners welcome!
Bring a participating friend and you save \$5 per workshop they take with you.

Learn guitar now! It's fun.
Beginning Adults & Kids
contact: kev@kevmusic.com
and to get started now.

LIMITED SEATING!
CALL TO RESERVE YOUR SPOTS.
619-280-9035
Workshops taught by KEV. More information at www.KEVmusic.com

Workshops held at
SAN DIEGO OLD TIME MUSIC
2852 University Avenue
San Diego, CA 92104
www.sdoldtimemusic.com

Lisa Mania!

comes to San Diego!



When you get a lotta' Lisa's in one room, guaranteed to be funny, zany, poignant, and full of surprises!

Saturday, June 5th at 8pm

Lestat's

3343 Adams Ave San Diego, CA 92116
(619) 282-0437

poster by Gary Mazzola



by Bart Mendoza

No doubt about it, country music ain't what it used to be. Indeed, much of what is now considered country music is merely watered down powerpop or amped-up singer-songwriter material. And yet, every once in a great while, an album of true country music slips through the net and lands on the charts. Such is the case with Merle Haggard's latest album, *I Am What I Am*.

That the man is a legend has never been in doubt, but the fact that the album entered the Country Music Chart at #18 (and the larger Billboard Top 200 at #76.) is still amazing. Especially considering that the singer is 73 and the album is his 124th overall. And that's just in the U.S. Indeed, Haggard scored an amazing 38 number one country hits between 1966 and 1987 and with the success of his new album, he may add to that tally yet.

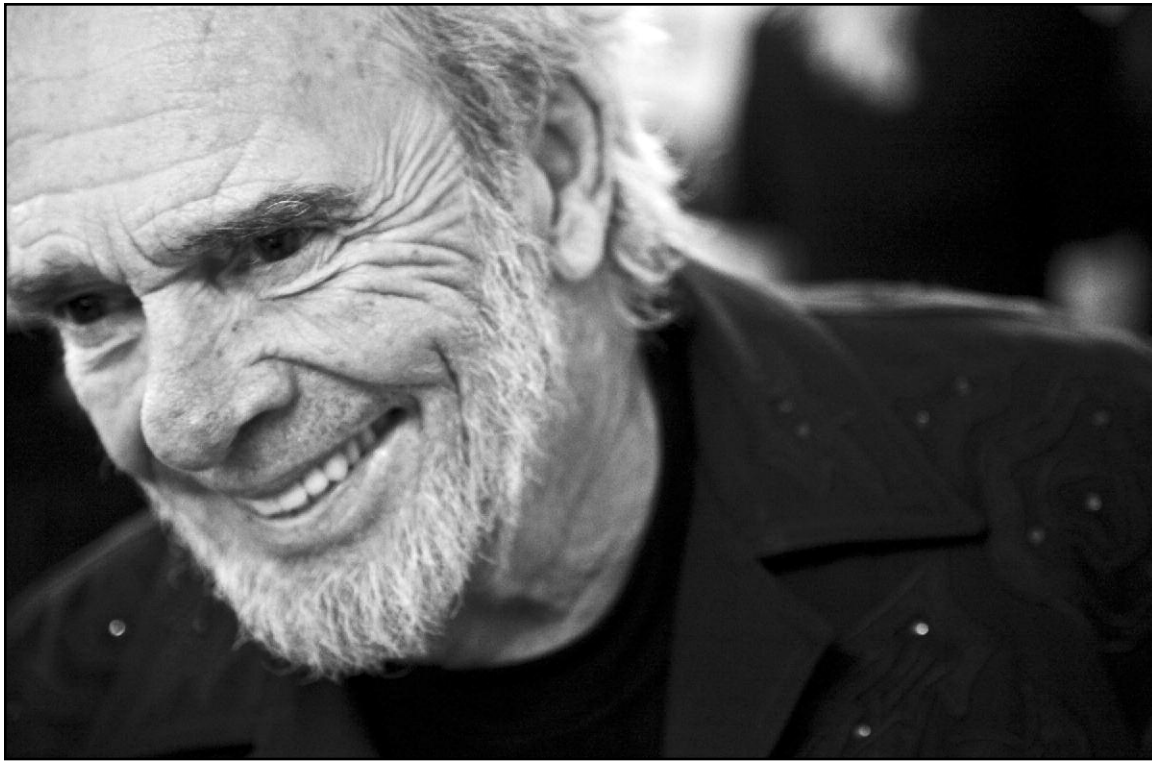
He's been no stranger to this city over the decades, including a 1979 appearance at Golden Hall and a pair of County Fair dates, in 1986 and 1996. The current leg of Haggard's never-ending tour arrives at Viejas Casino's Dreamcatcher Lounge on June 10, part of a series of dates that are seeing him play to some of his largest and most diverse crowds ever, including the recent Stage Coach and Ink 'n' Iron Festival's.

Former San Diegan Jewel is the only local to have actually worked with Haggard, recording the single "That's the Way Love Goes" (#56 Country) and "Silver Wings" with him in 1999. The two songs were included on the album, *For the Record, 43 Legendary Hits* (#38 Country) and the pair made an appearance together at that year's CMAs.

Haggard has been a major influence on musicians around the world and San Diego is no exception, with artists from the Mark Jackson Band to Nitro Express citing him as inspirational. "I love Merle Haggard," said singer Sara Petite. "I've covered his songs. It doesn't sound at all like his version, but "Gotta Get Drunk," is one of our staple songs. We play "Sing Me Back Home," "Sit Here and Drink," but a favorite song is a bit hard to pick." She definitely considers Haggard a music influence. "I have a song called "Dead Man Walking" – it isn't really like his "Sing

MERLE HAGGARD

He is what he is.



prison mates. So, I would say that song probably influenced "Dead Man Walking" a bit." For Petite the draw in Haggard's music is his lyrics. "They're absolutely amazing," she remarked. "I am lyric driven and I love stories about hard-luck people. "His stories are so real and human. For example "Walking on the Sidewalk of Chicago" has got to be one of the coolest songs. When you hear his voice, you know it's Merle; he is so unique and original. Everybody writes drinking songs, but his are always so sad and touch the much more emotional downfall side of life, but he is able to keep it mainstream.

intriguing."

Guitarist Skip Heller, also a long-time Haggard fan, concurs. "I think "The Farmer's Daughter," is as perfect a picture as any song could paint, and his singing on it is up there with Bing Crosby or Jerry Butler. A masterpiece." Heller considers Haggard's tunes a staple of his repertoire. "I had a regular gig at a honky tonk in Bakersfield for about two years, so I did a lot of "Kern River," "I Can't Be Myself," "I'll Leave the Bottle on the Bar," "Strangers," "If We Make It Through December" for starters." Heller discovered Haggard's music as a youngster. "A neighbor had

reminded me of my father. Listening to him was like listening to someone who knew my family's life. My dad was a transit worker, a union guy who worked really hard for his family and never complained about it. That's the guy in Merle Haggard's songs. So having songs about guys like my dad meant the world to me," he said.

Guitarist Rick Wilkins, who performs with Sara Petite, first covered Haggard in the 1980s with his band the Outriders, though he didn't know it at the time. "Back then I just figured "Movin' On" was a Hank Williams tune, 'cause it was so right on the

money with the simple chords and strong character described by such well-chosen words. Cool guitar hooks right out of the rockabilly handbook too." Wilkins also considers Haggard's lyrics as key to his success. "Haggard's music was some of the first "country music" that struck me as not silly or corny," he opined. "He was called an outlaw because he wrote from the American legend of the strong individual characters and wasn't afraid to use the feel of rock music to inform his catalog. He was also certainly not afraid to use an electric guitar and even used modern guitar sounds like the phase shifter so prevalent in most of his hits." Wilkins notes Haggard's influence on a recent recording session. "On Sara's album, *Doghouse Rose*, there's a song that features a phase shifter in honor of the man. Most reviews mention that sound and I even bought a new one so I can duplicate that sound live," Wilkins said.

Though this late in the game no one would fault Haggard for resting on his well-deserved laurels, the success of his latest album and accompanying cultural renaissance proves that you shouldn't count older performers out. "He is a true artist; there are many people who copy him," concluded Petite. "I look for lyrics, stories, and emotion when I listen to songs. Merle is such a great storyteller. Of course he has been influenced by other artists, but he is an original." As one of the last major names who emerged from the 1960's country music scene, "...Merle Haggard is right up there with Hank, Johnny Cash, Willie (and Waylon) as an American icon," noted Wilkins. "I love his voice all full of smoke and whiskey. Being that most of my playing is based on the American tradition, Merle Haggard is always somewhere in my playing, especially when the song calls for that attitude."

Merle Haggard: Thursday, June 10, at Viejas Casino's Dreamcatcher Lounge, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, CA. 8pm. 21 and up. \$53.50 - \$73.50. www.merlehaggard.com

PHIL HARMONIC SEZ



Were it possible for us to see further than our knowledge reaches, perhaps we would endure our sadnesses with greater confidence than our joys. For they are moments when something new has entered into us, something unknown.

— Rainer Maria Rilke

“My sweet magnolia,
I want to pull you close to me
I'm not the one that you want,
But baby you're the one that I
need.”

★SARAPETITE.COM★

STAY IN TUNE WITH YOUR AUDIENCE

Advertise
in the
San Diego Troubadour

It's the Best Deal in Town!

Advertising rates and information
(619) 298-8488
www.sandiegotroubadour.com



STAY IN TUNE WITH YOUR AUDIENCE



Recordially, Lou Curtiss

WE HAVE THE POWER

Our deepest fear isn't that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It's our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, "Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?" Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of whatever made this world and you're playing small does not serve it. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure. We are all meant to shine.

In the world of music, this is especially so. I've spent 40-some years promoting the kinds of music and folklore that I care about and I'm still doing it at the top of my lungs and writing about it 'til I get writer's cramp, and pointing it out when an injustice is done to that music or someone gets it wrong. This is the only way I know how to approach it. I can't fight the Adams Avenue Business Association when it's pointed out to me that big crowds attend the Adams Avenue Roots Festival (now shortened to Roots Fest on Adams) when little or no roots music is in it. I'm the first to admit that hiring local folks with followings that come regularly to see them are going to draw more people. That's just the way things are and I can't fight that. I can't fight either that per-

haps the business community on Adams Avenue doesn't want to have something as unique as the Roots Festival was. They want big crowds and if that means drawing an audience whose taste buds were shot off in the war, so be it. I can't fight that.

On my Facebook page on the computer (Louis F Curtiss) I've been posting clips of music at other traditional music festivals around the country (Clifftop, Galax, Merfest, Weiser Cajun Music Fest, Irish music festivals, some of the great Canadian festivals, Fiddle Fest in Port Townsend, Washington, etc.). They all have something our festivals used to have that they don't anymore: folkies jamming!!!!!! Lots of fiddles, banjos, guitars, mandolins, accordions, many times around a central old timer or music master, sometimes not, but always a jam that ran far beyond what the scheduled program did. That was especially so back in the days of the San Diego State Folk Festival when sometimes the music would last all night with old-time greats like Benny Thomasson or Tommy Jarrell or Kenny Hall leading the fiddles; Jon Bartlett, Lou Killen, and Johnny Walker leading the sea chanties; there was usually a blues jam with Sam Chatmon, Martin, Bogan, Armstrong, and others leading the way and the Balfa Brothers, Michael Doucet, and Marc Savoy leading a

Cajun jam. That doesn't happen any more at the Adams Avenue Roots Festival. People are content to listen to local groups mostly do their thing on a stage.

In the early days we had regular visitors from San Francisco, L.A., Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and eventhose from back East who would come out each year. The old SDSU Festival was often referred to as the Southwest Regional Traditional Music Festival and was called "the best traditional music festival in the western United States." When Scott Kessler asked me to move the festival over to Adams Ave in 1994, it was hailed as a big deal for Normal Heights. A festival that already had a reputation moving to our street. At that first festival we had blues fiddler and mandolin player Howard Armstrong who was touring with blues guitarist Nat Reese and the great San Antonio accordion player Santiago Jimenez Jr. (brother of Flaco), Hungarian gypsy fiddler Gezya Berki, and a host of others. Over the next few years we had Mike Seeger, Bashful Brother Oswald, Rose Maddox, Hank Thompson, the Dave and Deke Combo, Glenn Ohrlin, the Fro Brigham Preservation Band, Judy Henske, Fred Gerlach, Tracy Schwarz and Ginny Hawker, Charlie Bailey, U Utah Phillips, Ted Staak and Tony McCashen, Frank Proffitt Jr., Debby McClatchy, Jon Bartlett, the Thrift Brothers, the Earl Brothers, Lila Downs, the Bayou Cafe Orchestra, Sam Hinton, Johnny Walker, Curt Bouterse, Kathy

Larisch and Carol McComb, Paul Geremia, Alice Stuart, Mary McCaslin, Wayne Brandon and Clarke Powell with Tanya Rose, Mark Spoelstra, Peter Feldmann, Merritt Herring, Clyde Davenport, Stu Jamieson, John Jackson, the Iron Mountain String Band, Kenny Hall, Tobacco Road with Preston Coleman, and more. It's hard to imagine that the folks putting the festival together now would want to have folks like that. Music like that is in need of preservation. Music artists that probably cost a little more (certainly in travel expenses if not fees) and maybe artists who aren't as well known and would take time to build a reputation for.

Mr. Schneider seems more interested in making the Adams Avenue business district a bit more plastic than it has been known to be. There are very few antique stores left on Antique Row. Good bookstores on the street (used to be five or six; now there's only one) and, of course, the only good collection of roots music on vinyl at Folk Arts Rare Records. But you all have the opportunity to play old-time music and go to some other city or country place to see it and play it. And, maybe if you all bitch loud enough, along with me, some good community in our area will want to spend some money on a real roots, traditional music, heritage, or folklife festival. Don't feel inadequate. It's your time to shine, and show people that what we once had we can have again.

Recordially,
Lou Curtiss

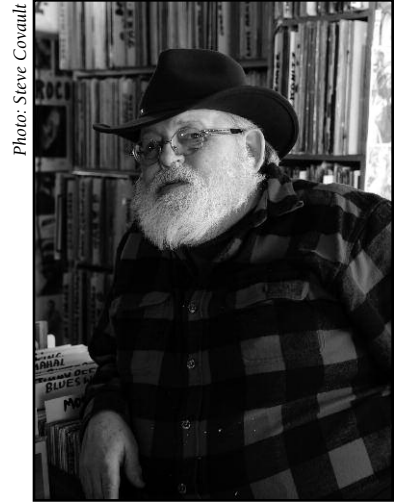


Photo: Steve Covatta
Lou Curtiss

through, it's a fair wonder that he can sing at all, and this is certainly his *hey-I'm-glad-to-be-alive* album. And could there be any better way to celebrate life than by singing traditional folk songs that come from his family and roots? When Levon gives it out on songs like "Poor Old Dirt Farmer," "False-Hearted Lover Blues," and "The Girl I Left Behind" the good feelings are very apparent. He sounds like he's having a good time.

Levon also gets a bit contemporary by covering Steve Earle's "The Mountain" and Buddy and Julie Miller's "Wide River to Cross" (the Millers also do some harmony vocalizing here), but somehow they come out sounding a bit old timey too. There are 13 tracks here for your inspection and Levon Helm re-affirms why he remains a musical entity to be cognoscent of. This is one hell of a CD. (Vanguard 79844)

QUEEN BEE'S
ART & CULTURAL CENTER
619 255-5147

EXPERIENCE THE NEW VENUE IN NORTH PARK!
ACOUSTIC SHOWS / ART EXHIBITIONS
CAFE LOUNGE / OPEN MIC
DANCE CLASSES
3925 Ohio St.
San Diego Ca. 92104
WWW.QUEENBEESSD.COM

FOLK ARTS RARE RECORDS
est. 1967
Old time • folk • blues • jazz,
show tunes • rhythm & blues
rock & roll

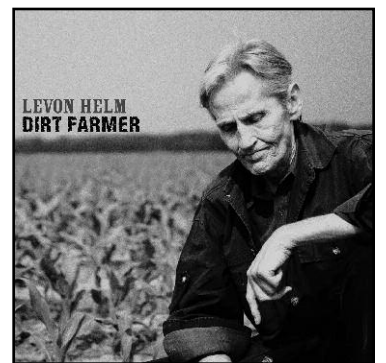
And a vast inventory of vinyl and 78 rpm records!

2881 Adams Ave - Open 7 Days
619-282-7833

LOU'S REVIEWS

Levon Helm DIRT FARMER

As a member of The Band, Levon Helm was certainly one of that premier group's lynch pins with his drums and vocal gymnastics. When The Band called it quits in 1976, Levon went solo with middlin' results; several Band reunions, a critically acclaimed acting career, a couple of deaths (Richard Manuel and Rick Danko), and a battle with throat cancer later, Levon is back doing what he does best. His voice has lost some timbre, but after what he's been



Levon Helm
DIRT FARMER
Lou's reviews, continued on page 8.

across the street

LIVE
music at Mueller College
8:00 PM

PROS PLAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
(open mic Wednesdays)

GET DOWN HERE!

4603 PARK BOULEVARD SAN DIEGO CA 92116

The Blue Guitar
Est. 1961

- **Taylor Guitars**
Taylor's New Dealer of the Year Award Winner!
- **Huss & Dalton Guitars**
Top 10 Huss & Dalton Dealer of the Year!
- **Santa Cruz Guitar Company Guitars**
- **Breedlove and Larrivee Guitars**
- **Tom Anderson, G&L, and Godin Electric Guitars**
- **Fine Concert Classical and Flamenco Guitars from Spain**
- **Rick Turner and Renaissance Guitars**
- **Seagull, Simon and Patrick, Art and Lutherie Guitars**
- **Hawaiian Ukuleles, Banjos, Mandolins, and More**
- **Victoria, Fishman, Orange, THD, and Roland Amplifiers**
- **Repairs and Restorations for All Fretted Instruments by Yuris Zeltins and staff**
- **Lessons with Robin Henkel, Anna Troy, and More!**

5959 Mission Gorge Rd., Ste. 101 in Mission Valley (across from S.D. Toyota)
www.theblueguitar.com • 619.283.2700
New Hours: Mon. thru Fri. 11am-7pm • Sat. 11am-5pm • Closed Sun.



PETER RUTMAN BRINGS BASS DREAMS TO LIFE

by Mike Alvarez

Peter Rutman is a name that should be very familiar to music fans as he is a major player in blues and jazz circles. The Canada native is a highly respected pianist, guitarist, and composer who has dazzled audiences as a soloist as well as when fronting his talented band. Though he now calls San Diego his home, his musical travels have taken him throughout Canada and Europe, Central and South America, and even as far away as New Zealand. He pays the utmost respect to musical traditions while artfully investing them with his own originality and style. Classic standards are refreshed by his deft touch, and his own original music carries forward the vision of his esteemed predecessors. Armed with this approach, he has spearheaded the development of a new version of a revered instrument: the upright bass. Although not primarily a bassist himself, Rutman is a complete artist with many imaginative ideas. It is hardly surprising that his thoughts focused upon the instrument that provides the essential foundation for the music he loves. A soft-spoken gentleman whose eyes are alight with creative intensity, he authoritatively declares, "We're looking for something new. There's got to be a next logical step." Using a fine acoustic bass as a point of departure, he asked a number of bassists what they would like to see in an instrument. From there, he assembled a multidisciplinary team to design and build his dream. Its membership includes an engineer, a luthier, and a cabinet maker as well as a graphic designer and a sculptor.

Three years of effort have resulted in the RutmanBass Stiletto 423, a sleekly minimalist instrument whose clean lines contrast

with the whimsical aesthetic touches that are incorporated into its design. It is surprisingly light, constructed as it is from a single piece of solid rock maple. While tone and playability were obviously the highest priorities, an equal amount of attention was paid to the instrument's presentation and appearance. Rutman says, "High-tech instruments exist that aren't pretty. They're just a novelty. Isn't this the next step? This has all the latest technology but it also has some classic elements." One of the first things he points out is the mirror-like black finish, which matches his grand piano. However, the most visually striking design element might just be the weight that anchors the bass to the floor. It quite literally is a crystal ball! Instead of the traditional endpin found in most upright basses, a hefty quartz orb provides the point of contact with the ground. Rutman proudly reveals that "half of the instrument's weight is in the crystal ball." Additionally, colored LEDs in the orb can be switched on to lend more visual flair to its stage presence. The headstock, which features bass guitar machine heads for easy and stable tuning, is tastefully studded with decorative jewels.

At its recent unveiling at Mira Mesa's Greene Music auditorium, the Stiletto proved itself to be a worthy successor to the trusty old upright. In bassist Roy Jenkins' skilled hands, it produced a warm and rich tone that sat comfortably in the midst of the ensemble, comprised of Rutman's piano and Bob Elie's drums. The bass's slim neck, flat fingerboard, and black tape-wound nylon strings are effortless to play. The shorter scale length of the strings, equivalent to that of a bass guitar, made difficult fingerings more comfortable to achieve. Jenkins was able to execute some very fast and intricate

runs that would be almost impossible on an acoustic upright bass. And indeed, all of these things were confirmed by Rutman himself during a recent demonstration at his home. "We wanted to make an instrument that is dynamically fast. When I play a fine Steinway or Bösendorfer piano, I know that I can push it and it'll keep up with me. You can do the same thing with this bass." He confidently asserts that "you can even slap it!" referring to the percussive technique employed in some styles of playing. He guardedly reveals that "a good instrument settles in and ages. We've done some secret stuff to accelerate that process." The warmth of its sound comes not only from its precise construction but also from an acoustic piezoelectric pickup system and onboard preamp. Easily accessible tone controls give the player full control over the instrument's sound. A brass nut as well as other strategically placed pieces of hardware help to give the Stiletto an impressive amount of natural sustain. "That was the big surprise. It lasts as long as my piano. We timed it at 45 seconds!" All of these characteristics will allow bass guitarists to make an easy transition to an upright instrument. Upright bassists will be pleasantly surprised to find that many of their instrument's more challenging issues have finally been addressed.

The first Stiletto bass that was constructed serves as a template for the design, but Rutman wants customers to know that they can request a whole range of special options. String action can be set to their specifications. Fretted and five-string models are possible. If steel strings are a player's preference, an epoxy fingerboard can be installed for added durability. A curved fingerboard is available for those who wish to



Photo: Frankie Fry

Peter Rutman with the RutmanBass Stiletto.

bow their bass. Perhaps most significantly, the body will be available in three different lengths to accommodate the individual player's height. An early order even specified that the body be detachable so the instrument can be disassembled for ease of transport. Some other features under consideration are an onboard tuner and electronic effects, a selection of preamps, LED position markers on the neck, and a body support to allow the same physical position one would use to play an acoustic bass. In the truest spirit of customer service, Rutman confirms that all requests will be considered.

The RutmanBass Stiletto comes in three models with base prices to suit various budgets. The standard model ranges from \$1800 to \$2100. Those seeking more special options can upgrade to a custom model, which is priced from \$2100 to \$4500. The most discriminating players can order the

deluxe model, which can be priced anywhere from \$4500 to \$18,000. Each comes with a soft case and a lifetime warranty for the original owner; every bass will be numbered and registered. The final sales total will already include tax and shipping. Estimated delivery time would be from six months to a year, depending upon the complexity of the build. Rutman's enthusiasm for his instrument is infectious. He has gone to great lengths to design it intelligently and has selected skilled artisans to ensure the highest quality of workmanship. And, on top of that, his business model places great emphasis on customer satisfaction. The methodical process by which his bass is designed, constructed and marketed is reflective of the exacting standards and innovation he applies to his art. One cannot help but agree with his conviction that this is an idea whose time has come. <http://rutmanbass.com/>

Oasis

House Concerts
in Sorrento Valley

Because music should
always be heard this way...

NEXT UP...



Lisa Sanders

IN A SPECIAL DOUBLE BILL WITH



Carlos Olmeda

AND THEN...

SAT. JULY 24TH
BERKLEY HART

For more information, go to
www.OasisHouseConcerts.com

SAN DIEGO FOLK HERITAGE PRESENTS
A MUSICAL ODYSSEY



SAT., JUNE 5, 10:30AM (FREE)
SAM HINTON

FOLK HERITAGE FESTIVAL

Concert: Templar's Hall, 7pm, \$10
SAN DIEGO STORY TELLERS

Old Poway Park
14134 Midland Road



JUNI FISHER

ALLEN SINGER OPENS

Sat., June 12, 7:30pm

\$18 (members: \$15)

San Dieguito United
Methodist Church
170 Calle Magdalena
Encinitas

COUPON

Bring this coupon to any SDFH event to receive one member-priced ticket.

Expires: August 30, 2010

To reserve a space/further info:
www.sdfolkheritage.org
858/566-4040





by Tim Mudd

PART ONE IN A SERIES OF TWO

Whenever I mention Lestat's to anyone who is unaware of the coffeehouse/music venue, tucked under the Normal Heights sign on the corner of Adams and Felton, an interjection is usually made by the uninitiated: "Like the vampire?" My response usually reads something like this: "Yeah, spelled like the vampire, but nothing to do with it..." When I was asked to write this article I began my research by looking up any past articles on the venue and as an amusing afterthought, Googled "Vampire + Lestat." After I'd read the plot summary of Anne Rice's 1985 novel *The Vampire Lestat*, I couldn't believe the parallels in the stories, which ultimately guided my approach to the following piece.



Set between the late 18th century and 1980s, *The Vampire Lestat* follows the two-hundred year life of Lestat de Lioncourt and his rise from humble beginnings as an impoverished aristocrat in the countryside of France to becoming a vain and arrogant vampire in the French capital of Paris. Having escaped his family with his friend and confidante Nicholas (nicknamed Nicki), Lestat is bitten by the rogue elder vampire Magnus who orphans him on the night he's made. Lestat abandoned Nicki for fear of causing him harm and shuns contact with his loved ones until the day his dying mother, Gabrielle, arrives in the city. In order to save Gabrielle, Lestat bites her, transforming her into his first companion.



A CONVERSATION WITH JOHN HUSLER: THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF LESTAT'S

John Husler is a busy man. After a couple of weeks of schedule juggling, I descended on the venue at 10pm one Monday night during Lestat's widely renowned Open Mic. In a blind attempt to force a guerilla-style interview, I was caught a little off-guard when he welcomed me at the coffee bar. Once I was holding a cup of tea, he ushered me into his tiny office, which sits as a pillar in the heart of Lestat's coffeehouse, where we made ourselves comfortable. Instead of the cursory answers I was expecting to my questions, what resulted was an engaged conversation whose parameters touched on literature, pop culture, business acumen, communal ethics, personal growth, and the effective execution of a strongly held life philosophy...

First off, I just want to clarify that you're not a vampire and you never bit your mother.

I'm not a Vampire and I never bit my mother; I didn't even breastfeed. [laughs] The plot summary parallel is bizarre.

What, if any, importance is there for you in the name?

Although it is a little uncomfortable for people to come up to me and ask me if I'm a vampire...

I'm sorry... But you don't LOOK 47... [laughs] It's a blessing and a curse. I think the name Lestat has a certain mystique. Do you know how we picked it?

No, tell me.

When we bought this place it was called Java de Paradigm, possibly the worst name in the world for a coffeehouse. It was a ladies* coffeehouse and they had really good ideas, but they'd run out of steam. They were closing at random, the employees were bitter; it was a horrible situation. The fact that they still had customers told me there was something here. We brainstormed on renaming and reinventing the location, and I wanted it to be bound to the community. At the time – although this has changed – the community was predominantly bookstores and antique shops. So I figured victorian furniture, which we've maintained, and a Victorian character from a book that would bind everything together. There are two fairly popular books that are Victorian and at the time the two popular

Victorian books were *The Vampire Lestat* or I could name it after Heathcliff from *Wuthering Heights*.

Wuthering Heights is much more British; the Brontë sisters...

It is if you understand it. If I say "Heathcliff" to you, you think of *Wuthering Heights*. If I say "Heathcliff" to an American, they think "the cat!" My reaction to that was, "Well, I'm not naming my dream after a cartoon character!" From that I was left with a distinctive name from one of the Anne Rice novels. Lestat was the most youthful character – very vibrant and exciting – so his name stuck. We asked everyone we could and there was a consensus in the appeal. Lestat's became the name and soon enough we started getting vampire people [laughs].

For those who don't know Lestat's, that first impression can seem pretty scary.

Once you get past the smokers on the front patio, you'll realize that we've got everyone here. Sit here on a Sunday morning and you'll see the Gothic people interfacing with the people who are going to church, interfacing with the people in the military, interfacing with the gamers – all having a conversation about whatever it is that's important to them.

That's interesting, because I've realized that once you get past that "front" here, you find that everyone's actually quite relaxed with everybody else.

You wanna know the mystique of Lestat's?

Sure.

A lot of people come here because they want to people-watch; a lot of people come here because they feel they can belong here. Nobody is judged by how they look; you're judged on your actions. As long as you're behaving and not creating a situation that affects others, you belong. There's not one person who will reject you. That's been the running theme of the place; we don't kick people out based on how they look, if you're imposing on someone else's space or doing something disruptive, that's a different story.

It sounds more like having common courtesy than anything else.

Well, it's reality. This world isn't made up of one type of person. When you take an overall look at this location before we came here, it was failing because it solely catered to one demographic. Normal Heights is probably the most diverse area in San Diego; everybody's here... and [looking around] everybody's here. If you did a survey right now of where everyone's from, you'd be amazed how far people come from to be here. On top of this, welcoming diversity just makes good business sense.

How and why did you establish Lestat's?

I moved to San Diego from Chicago by way of Utah and arrived in town the day of the Redskins-Broncos Superbowl in 1988. I was running an espresso bar for Nordstrom's and knew absolutely nothing about coffee. All of my previous experience was in fast food; management of fast food, training managers, and so on. I wanted to know more about espresso, so I started going to coffeehouses and fell in love with the whole coffeehouse culture. I remember thinking, "This is a great idea," and started writing a business plan on napkins. I kept collecting ideas for about eight years – this works; that doesn't work; that works; if they did it like this it would be better, and eventually came up with what I thought was a pretty well-rounded idea that captured the essence of what a coffeehouse really is; coffeehouses aren't places that just sell coffee, they're places that provide a community space where people can be entertained by themselves. It's really interesting when you come to a room filled with people who are doing exactly the same thing so that you can all be alone together and enjoy the same thing.

I like that, "alone together."

And you're enjoying each other, too, while enjoying your own anonymity if you so choose. That's the idea we're now sitting in. There have been a few

upgrades on that original idea; we used to have two cases filled with books, now we have free Wi-Fi.

Maybe in ten years you'll have a bank of iPads?

Funny you say that; we're researching those surface touch-screen tables that Microsoft make.

That's very "Minority Report" of you...

It is! I'm all about embracing technology and I'm interested in how they will interface with the coffeehouse.

So it's not just about selling coffee?

It's an identity. There's a real pulse; this place has energy. I don't consider other coffeehouses or even Starbucks to be my competition. I consider television to be my competition.

Interesting.

In my opinion, television is the dumbing-down of culture and we're trying to expose culture. Poetry, paintings, music, comedy... Good or bad. Culture isn't something you can criticize; it's personal. Of course there are some very refined elements but then there are also core elements that everyone understands.

Like music?

Music is really important. Music can tell you everything about a culture in the smallest amount of time. Very few things can do that. I could talk for ten hours about Jamaica, but then you could go and listen to some reggae and you'll get it like that [snaps fingers]. You'll get it because you'll feel it.

Nice analogy.

I think music has components that are really powerful. I could take an ad out and say, "This is how great I am!" Or you could come across a musician you love and believe in who tells you Lestat's is a really great place. Who are you going to believe?

So you're a big music fan?

Actually, I've been completely ignorant to music, which is kind of funny considering I have a fairly successful music venue here! I understand the idea behind music and its importance. The truth of the matter is that my hearing was badly damaged when I was younger; everything sounded as though I had a pillow over my head. Within the last year I started wearing hearing aids so I listen to, and appreciate, music more than I ever did. Hopefully, that will explain to everyone I did sound for in the early days why it was nowhere near as good as what Louie does today [laughs].

Back to Starbucks for a moment; I remember there was a lot of chatter on the sidewalk outside when Starbucks opened catty corner to Lestat's. What's your position on this?

I don't see them as a threat. They're going to come in and do business and that's going to be good for the neighborhood. I'm going to be doing business also. All they're going to do is make me work harder – I'm going to benefit, the customer is going to benefit, and the neighborhood is going to benefit. What's wrong with that?

It's healthy competition.

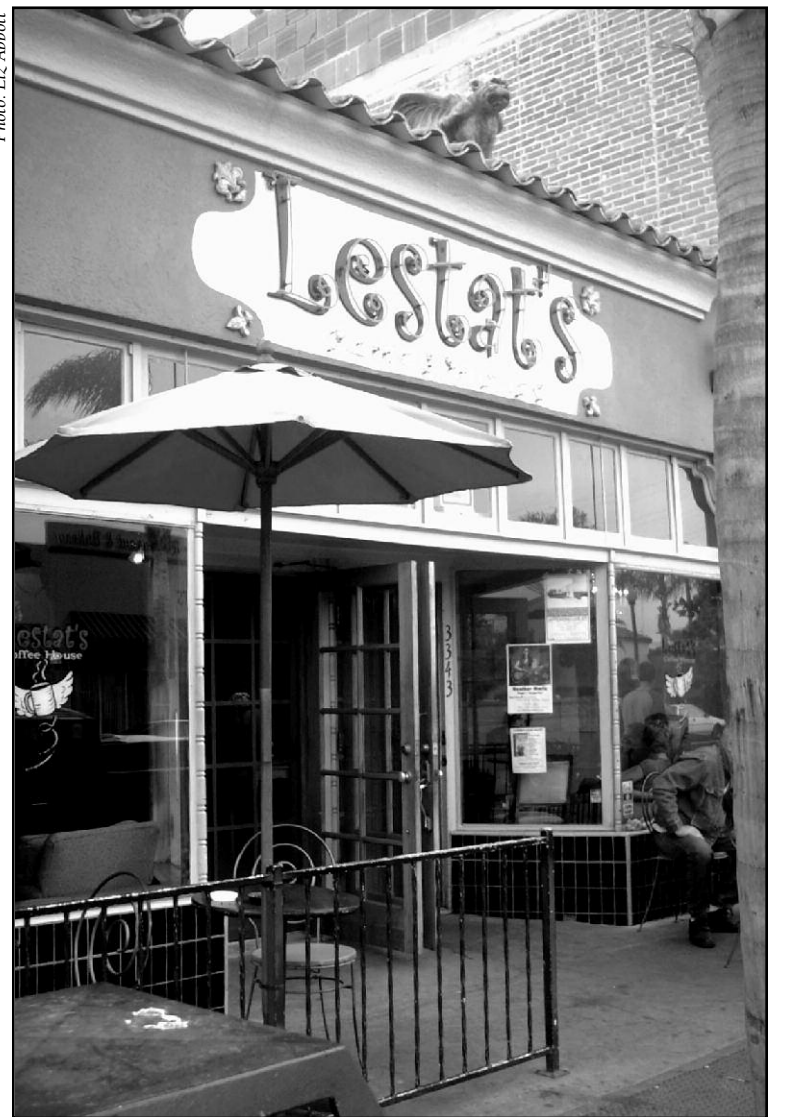
That's why competition is good. If Starbucks had tried to come in and leverage me out of my lease because they've got more money, that would have been wrong. But they don't do that. They went in across the street and presented their wares as best they can. I'm doing the same over here and we both do okay.

There's been a huge revitalization of the vampire culture with Stephenie Meyer's *Twilight* Saga and Charlaine Harris' *True Blood*. Have you noticed a spike in business from that or has it stayed pretty consistent?

Twilight seemed to appeal to very young people and those people are fairly oblivious to who Lestat is; he's one generation removed from them. *Twilight* is the next generation's *Interview with the Vampire*. I think it's unfortunate when people think Lestat's is Gothic because there's really nothing Gothic about this coffeehouse; it's got more of a New Orleans feeling than anything.

THE VAMPIRE Lestat's

Photo: Liz Abbott



Lestat's coffeehouse on Adams Avenue

Lestat's is open 24 hours a day. Does that play into the whole vampire mystique?

It was always part of the idea but mainly because I don't understand why others are not.

My editor holds a great deal of interest in your efforts to help people get back on their feet. Could you elaborate?

I don't know if that's intentional. It goes along with my philosophy that we are our brother's keeper. I'm not a tremendously religious person. I do believe there is more to this world than I can see, feel, and touch. I believe there's a bigger picture that I can't see because of my perspective. But I do think everybody is inherently responsible for each other. When I see someone who is trying – and all they need is a little help – I'm willing to give them that. I don't believe in charity because I feel it takes away a person's ability to achieve. I don't believe in welfare, either. I do believe that people are here to do something and if you do it for them, you take away some of their humanity. Every person on this planet can do anything; all they have to do is put their mind to it. Lestat's was just an idea written on a napkin. I wrote the same idea over and over again in different

* A polite way of intimating, "Ladies of same-gender interest."
** Pun intended?

ways until the idea finally made sense to me. Then I sat on it for a few years until one day I thought, "Now's the time." I wouldn't have done it if my partner hadn't have prodded me.

It sounds like there's no method to this. If you come across people who are in need of a push, you're willing to offer the moral support to do so?

Nine out of ten people that I offer help to take it and run with it. I never try to help anyone to their own detriment. If I find I'm doing that to someone, those are the people I step away from. If all you want is help, I'll help you see that. That's my philosophy.

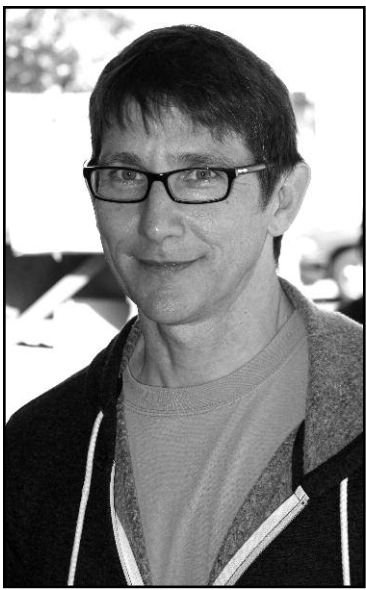
You're opening a new location on Park Blvd. and Meade Ave. where Cream is currently. Isn't it a pretty tough time, economically speaking, for any business to expand right now?

We've been looking to expand for a while now. We were originally looking in Mission Hills and it just wasn't working out. Then the Cream [a coffeehouse in University Heights] opportunity came up. We talked with the current owner, Chris Coogan, and it turned out he was in the market to sell. He wants the idea to continue and he's very excited about his stake** in it. We realize that Cream already has an embedded community so I

Continued on next page.



Lestat's, continued from page 7.



John Husler

Photo: Louis Brazier

vinced that all vampires must worship Satan and do his work on Earth; terrifying their human victims, dressing in rags, and returning to crypts at night. Armand and his followers kidnap Nicki in order to force a confrontation with Lestat and Gabrielle, but when Lestat demonstrates to them that vampires can easily co-exist with humans and live comfortably among them, the coven dissolves, leaving Armand distraught and alone. Nicki, however, is now aware of the world of vampires, and feels betrayed by Lestat. Lestat bites Nicki, turning him into a vampire who takes to his new lifestyle poorly and rejects Lestat. Instead, Nicki bands together with some of the dissolved cemetery coven to form the Théâtre des Vampires. Lestat then begins a worldwide search for the vampire Marius, a wise and ancient vampire whom he learns of from Armand, in an attempt to find out the history of the vampires.



I've spent many years now frequenting Lestat's and one of the more familiar people I enjoy talking with is Nick Garland. We share a love of (the much over-used and impossible to escape term) indie music and occasionally swap new bands we're listening to.

One Saturday morning, just before his shift started, I caught up with him to talk about working at the 24 hour coffee house.

How long have you worked here now?

About seven years. At this point it's like working for family, you know? I enjoy the sense of community it has.

You could be forgiven for feeling a little overwhelmed when you walk in here at night. Do the personalities match up to the imagery?

No! Everyone thinks they're weird Goth kids - and most of them aren't. One night I was playing a Gary Numan album. A kid comes up to the counter head-to-toe in Hot Topic Goth stuff - you know, tons of unnecessary straps - and he points to the speakers and says, "Who is this?" And I was like, "It's Gary Numan, dude. You don't know this?" And said, "No, but it's pretty good, though" [we both laugh]. But seriously, most of the kids here at night are between 18 and 20 and they can't go to a bar. It's a nice safe place to go and hang out with your friends. It's a different scene than, say, hanging out at a friend's house and having an older brother buy you alcohol.

Give me your thoughts on Lestat's in 140 characters or less.

"Fun, nice place to meet people... not as scary as it looks."

want to see what the people who are there already like about the location and understand the place before we make any changes.

Will you be implementing the Victorian theme in the new location?

Yes. The antique furniture has two benefits: first, it's smaller-scale furniture, so there's room for more seating; and second, it inspires romance and ideas in people. Visually, I'm seeing Lestat's on Park to portray more of a French theme than our current location, but that also works nicely with the story.

So, business is good, which would make sense, given that unemployment is up and people are having to do more with less.

Well, there are a lot of reasons to be here. It's a fun place to be, there are a lot of resources for people to use, and it's also a full date. You can see a show, see some art, have some coffee or food, and you've spent around \$10.

After you open the new Lestat's location, what does the future hold?

My dream is for this idea to go coast to coast. Lestat's strikes me as having the potential to be a mini version of the House of Blues chain. Reality will have to figure that out. I may be long dead in my grave by the time that happens, but with any luck, this is a good idea; people believe in it and good ideas that people believe in tend to keep going.



A coven of more "traditional" vampires living in the nearby cemetery Les Innocents start antagonizing Lestat and Gabrielle. Led by the vampire Armand, this coven is con-



Lestat's obviously has a rich history and the future's looking even better for both sides of the business. Have I neglected anything? Of course, I have: the comedy nights, independent film nights*, the write-a-thons, group meetings... But to be perfectly honest, I'm already pretty sure that my editor will pass out when she sees the length of this article and I can't see one paragraph here that I don't deem as essential to the story... apart from maybe this one.



* An interesting point here: These independent film showings, which run Tuesday through Friday (around the venue's music schedule) are curated by Joe Vecchio, a lively gentleman who did intimate during our brief discussion that his portion of this piece would end up on the cutting room floor. For this I apologize. I can, however, encourage you, the reader, to check out Lestat's film schedule. (I guarantee if you read the Troubadour, you've heard of these fine films) Unlike many small local establishments, on Lestat's behalf, Joe seeks permission from the directors of each film they show and John pays the public performance license fee. This staunch requirement adds to John's ethical belief that artists should be paid for their work. For this I applaud both John and Joe; please join me in my support.



NEXT MONTH: The Vampire Lestat's (Part Two) Tim Mudd splits the atom and looks at the musical heritage of Lestat's West, featuring an in-depth interview with Louis Brazier.

Tim Mudd is web director for CBS Radio San Diego, night time DJ on KyXy 96.5 (7pm-midnight, Sun-Fri), frontman for Strangers & Wardens, San Diego's first self-proclaimed "Anglo-American Band" and somehow manages to find time to write ridiculously epic articles for the Troubadour. Check out For Strangers & Wardens live all this summer at the San Diego County Fair. Their debut EP Retrograde is available at all online music retailers. Oh yeah, and Singer-Songwriter Day at the Fair is June 19 this year, featuring the best of San Diego's up and coming talent. Tim organized that too... Greedy!



Pokey LaFarge, continued from page 3.

with fondness of the many musicians who travel the same road, making the same kind of music. He has his ear to the others who traveled before him. Ragtime has been around for a while. Jugband, too. Of course, the subject of Jim Kweskin came up while we talked. As he talked he returned again and again to theme of making this kind of music endure, and wants this music heard by everyone he can. Like many touring musicians, Pokey sees the need for music as an instrument of cure and healing. At one point in our conversation he said with a chuckle, "Is there anything you just have to have and you won't be satisfied by anything else? Like a good drink, a smoke. You're just fulfilled as soon as you have it. That's what this music and playing it is like for me."

He told me stories of hitchhiking through America, which sounded as though he had been on the road with Woody Guthrie and Jack Kerouac for the last decade. The more he traveled, the more his skill and talent developed. He didn't eat or sleep in favor of playing, practicing, and learning his instrument. He has one foot planted in the past, one in the present, and moves into a future where he will continue to bring his own unique vision. He is Americana music at its finest.

To think that this album was recorded in four sessions and then mixed and mastered in just as short a time, with no overdubs, is a reminder of how these records were once made. There is only pure, live, acoustic music to be found on this album. It's impossible not to smile as you listen to his near gypsy-jazz guitar leads; the music comes as fast as he talks, drives, and records.

Riverboat Soul opens with a speedy high-end guitar strum and a Piedmont bluesy harmonica that would make John Sebastian grin, on the song "La La Blues." It's as though Jesse Fuller were welcoming him with open arms as he tells a story of womanizing to the tune and bounce of these happy blues.

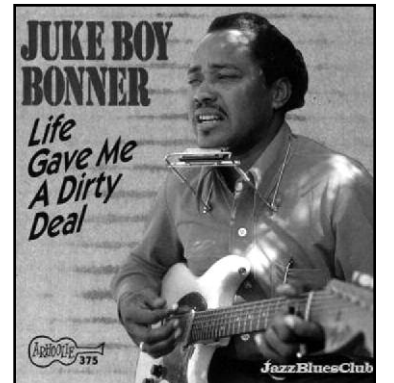
The song "Claude Jones" bemoans the inevitable fate of a bootlegger. Pokey's kazoo jumps in and around the musical acrobatics leading the way into more skillful acoustic lead guitar. "Hard Times Come and Go" sounds like a retro song from the Great Depression but still figures in today's world. Pokey won't let us whine though. He's too busy bringing a smile to our faces. His performance style runs counter to his frenetic song and playing style. Judging from a clip of him playing on YouTube, pure acoustic-bluegrass style playing is used; it's the one-mic technique of the early days of mountain and bluegrass music and live radio shows. His demeanor is cool and low-key with an attitude that defies any world weariness of older blues musicians. This could be the birth of next Bill Monroe as he creates such a fine mix of ragtime, jugband,

blues, folk, and country, he has found his own genre. For now, he's solidly in the contemporary Americana genre, only because the music is hard to categorize. And I think Pokey LaFarge prefers it that way. Catch him on record and live before he leaves us all in his dust.

See Pokey LaFarge at Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub in Carlsbad on Tuesday, June 29, 8pm. ♦

LOU'S REVIEWS

continued from page 5.



Juke Boy Bonner LIFE GAVE ME A DIRTY DEAL

In the early days of our festivals (we called it the San Diego Folk Festival then), I think it was the fourth year (that would be 1971), we had a blues singer out here from Houston, Texas, named Weldon "Juke Boy" Bonner. Juke Boy was a fine singer who played both guitar and harmonica (at the same time) and was also an accomplished songwriter who used the blues form to write about things that troubled him - songs about his experiences, the dangers to be found by those who move to the big city ("at least if I go back to the sticks, I won't have to worry 'bout no sniper's fire") and the plight of the black man in America. If at times his lyrics sound like he's feeling sorry for himself ("Life Gave me a Dirty Deal," "Hard Luck," "Life is a Nightmare"), well, the story of his life was no bed of roses. It was a battle from the start with the environment he was brought up in and the ill health he was plagued with (in fact, he died about a year after his San Diego appearance at age 41). Juke Boy also wrote songs about riots in cities and the dangers of the big city he lived in ("Trouble in Houston," "Stay Off of Lyons Avenue," "Goin' Back to the Country"). He wrote a song about a first (and only) European tour ("I Got My Passport") and some slightly cynical views of the then burgeoning black pride movement ("Being Black and I'm Proud") and, of course, the joys and pain of love won and lost ("Sad Sad Sound," "Trying To Be Contented").

There are 23 tracks here (70 minutes), recorded between 1967 and 1969, most of them in Houston, Texas; they are probably the finest recordings this hugely underrated artist made. About half the tracks find Juke Boy accompanied by the solid and effective drumming of Alvin J. Simon. Juke Boy came across as a laid back, good-natured guy who was proud of his accomplishments yet a bit resentful that more folks didn't pay attention. He certainly deserved more attention than what he got. Juke Boy's music is the antithesis of "laid back blues," but if you want to hear one of America's true folk poets, you won't go wrong here. (Arhoolie 375)

DARK THIRTY PRODUCTIONS

www.darkthirty.com presents

SHANA MORRISON WITH THE JOHN STEWART BAND



Saturday, July 10, 7:30pm Tickets: \$20

RESERVATIONS: (619) 443-9622

Paper Moon Music A music lessons studio dedicated solely to the study of guitar! Friendly and qualified instructors. Lessons tailored to your interests. Concerts. Recitals. Guitar Learning Lab & Library. Educational books, strings and accessories. Improvisation, Flamenco, Classical, Blues, Rock, Jazz, Folk and more! Guitar Lessons for All Ages! All Levels! ph. 619.341.0552 4051 Voltaire St. Suite D in Point Loma www.SanDiegoGuitarLessons.com

BURKE STRINGED INSTRUMENTS Tenor Guitar oburke@san.rr.com • www.owen-burke.com look for ukulele owen burke on the web

IN PERSON THE FABULOUS JUKE BOY BONNER "THE ONE MAN TRIO" GUITAR - HARMONICA - VOCALS For Engagements Call Bell's Bar, 720-8976 Kenner, La.



DreamCatcher at VIEJAS®

MERLE HAGGARD



★
June 10



GEORGE BENSON

★
August 13

LOS LONELY BOYS

LIVE IN CONCERT



★
August 15

Poncho Sanchez



★
October 02

TAJ MAHAL



&



★
October 21

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE VIEJAS GIFT SHOP :: PRINT TICKETS TODAY! :: FRONTGATETICKETS.COM :: CHARGE BY PHONE 888.512.SHOW :: MUST BE 21+



by Paul Hormick

JOE MARILLO

IT JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER

“Now is the time I’m learning to play,” says Joe Marillo. He is

sitting outside at the Kensington Café, a local haunt in his neighborhood, on a warm weekday morning. He rests his hands on the table in front of him and leans back. He looks straight ahead through his dark sunglasses, dead serious, as though there is no irony to what he has just said, that this veteran of San Diego’s jazz scene for over 35 years, someone who has gigged with some of the best musicians at some of San Diego’s premier music spots, someone who has jammed with jazz heavyweights such as Joe Henderson, Stan Getz, Sonny Rollins, and Sonny Stitt, is just now sitting down and doing the wood shedding that the serious pursuit of music requires. “I’m not joking when I say that,” he says. “Now things are happening for me, more so than ever. For my playing, it’s a total world of difference.”

Outwardly, it doesn’t seem that Marillo lacks confidence. When he stands, both feet are always firmly planted on the ground, as though a bus or truck might be needed to move him. Only a cigar store Indian stands more solidly. And there is no hesitation when he steps up to a microphone for a solo. But he says that he never felt confident with his music. “When I’d get a compliment from people, I didn’t like it. I could never take a compliment,” he says. “That’s how bad I felt about my playing.

“But I feel that I’ve finally come into it, that I’m really playing now. Now, I’m getting the technique. I’m getting the tone that I want, and I have that confidence that I’ve never had,” Marillo continues. He confesses that practice, putting in the time that his instrument required, used to be down on the list of priorities for him. “Before, I would just warm up before I was going to play, but now I’m playing more difficult tunes, things written by Chick Corea, Steve Swallow, and other really great composers. I used to be afraid to play certain tunes. I was afraid that they were too difficult for me.” His current practice schedule concentrates on the jazz compositions that he has avoided. And he says that he works on the basics of being a jazz musician, such as practicing scales. “I keep my sax out of the case, so it’s always there for me to practice. And now my piano is in my bedroom. It’s right there for me to play. So I spend so much time on each one. I also practice the flute, but my big emphasis is on the saxophone.”

Ironically, Marillo has almost always been able to put himself as the leader of an ensemble, the one person in the band who is supposed to have more knowledge and command of what is going on, musically. But being out front was just a way of covering up his insecurities. If he were a sideman, he would be at the mercy of a band-leader calling to play a tune that Marillo felt he couldn’t play. As the bandleader, Marillo was

always the one calling the tunes. He never had to play one that was too difficult for him.

Marillo has always been a muscular player, his strong sound revealing an inspiration from John Coltrane and Charlie Parker. He says, however, that his greatest inspiration, the sound and style he wants to emulate, is the saxophone of Stan Getz. Getz, known as “The Sound,” was a lyrical innovator of cool jazz and was the crossover artist to bring the soft beat of the bossa nova to America. It’s Getz playing the ultra cool solo on Astrid Gilberto’s “The Girl From Ipanema.” “The whole time I’m playing, I’m thinking of Stan Getz,” says Marillo. “And I think, finally, that I’m getting closer to his sound, his playing.” In August Marillo will make his first transatlantic journey to Nice, France, to play in the inaugural Stan Getz Festival. For years Marillo has had a relationship with the Getz family and was one of the first performers asked to take part in the new festival. The Stan Getz Festival will be Marillo’s first major jazz festival that he will attend as a performer.

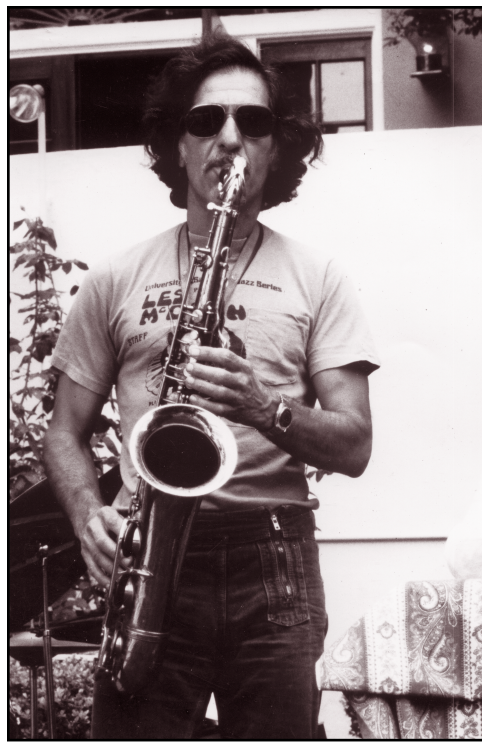
Since 1974, when he moved here, Marillo has been a featured performer at jazz spots like La Jolla’s bygone Summerhouse Inn and Chuck’s Steakhouse. His band has performed at a number of local street fairs and other events. For years in the eighties and into the nineties, before the Gaslamp turned full fledged into Bourbon Street West, Marillo headed up a combo every Sunday at Croce’s. The crowds in the bar may have been thinner than the ones found most other nights of the week, but there was a lot more emphasis on the music.

These days Marillo performs with his band, Now Time, the first three Fridays of the month at Rebecca’s, the coffeeshop hub of South Park. Now Time features Mike Oleta on bass and Quince Mabry on piano. Occasionally Fernando Gomez, a very active and sought-after local musician, fills out the combo on drums. Saturday and Sunday mornings from 9:30am until 12:30pm Marillo performs outdoors on a patio for a brunch gig at the Brickyard, a coffeeshop at the corner of Kettner and G Street, downtown. The configuration for the gig is a one-man-band jazz karaoke sort of set up. Instead of a combo, Marillo has a boom box that pumps out drums, bass, and piano accompaniment. He plays the leads and solos over the pre-recorded jazz standards. Marillo likes the brunch scene. The Brickyard’s proprietor is a big jazz fan and the audiences are quite responsive and appreciative of Marillo’s efforts.

One of four sons of Italian immigrants, Marillo grew up in Niagara Falls. At age 78, there is some gray in his hair that accentuates his dark, Mediterranean complexion. When he blows his horn, he often raises his eyebrows and closes his eyes in easy concentration. And he speaks directly, the way most folks who grew up in working class neighborhoods back East speak.

In 1953 Marillo was 19 years old and he turned on the radio. Over the airwaves came the charged sounds of Charlie Parker’s alto saxophone. He says, “I heard that and I said, ‘I’m going to play saxophone.’ I went to take lessons, but the music teacher wouldn’t take me. I’d bought the wrong saxophone, a C sax, a little toy thing. Then I spent some money on a tenor and got to taking lessons and playing.” He learned quickly. His brother-in-law owned a club in Niagara Falls called the Ontario House, a hot spot that featured big name acts such as Dizzy Gillespie from time to time, and he hired Marillo and his band to play at the club. “We were there for a while, trying to play be bop. We weren’t very good, but bop was new back then. And we were trying new things.”

At the time the Korean War was winding down, but Uncle Sam was still drafting young men and shipping them off to fight the Communists in that Asian peninsula. Marillo



Top left: Joe in the 1970s. Top right: Joe playing with Stan Getz.



Photo: Dennis Andersen

thought he would fair better if he joined the Armed Forces rather than wait and be drafted. After signing up for the Army and spending 12 weeks in basic training in Portland, Oregon, Marillo was prepared for his deployment to Korea, when a staff sergeant heard him playing in a band. Marillo recalls the following conversation:

Sergeant: You’re pretty good.

Marillo: I’ve been playing less than a year.

Sergeant: Are you kidding me?

When Marillo told the sergeant that he was just about to go off to Korea, the officer said, “I’ll see what I can do.” Apparently the sergeant had some weight to throw around, or he was owed a favor or two, or he knew how to pull some strings. Because the next thing the young Marillo knew was that he was now in the 43rd Army Band, and his next destination was Anchorage, Alaska.

Sheet music has always befuddled Marillo. And as he was blowing his horn amid the mountains and caribou, he was still quite a novice with his instrument and reading the notes on the page. He barely knew the difference between a quarter note and a quarter tone. His ear and basic musical talent, however, was enough to get him by. He faked his way through rehearsals and performances. That was, until there was a change of command. His commanding officer was replaced, and the new CO paid more attention to the ensemble. “I got caught,” Marillo says. “The new CO heard me and knew I

was faking it.” He was 86ed out of the Army Band and spent the next few months mopping floors and cleaning dishes. He learned later that his luck had still held out for him, that after he was kicked out of the band the army could have sent him to Korea but had retained him in the cold but safe climes of Anchorage. Marillo was discharged in 1955. He used his GI bill to go to Boston and attend the Berklee School of Music, at the time the still somewhat new institution dedicated to contemporary music. He spent a year and a half there studying new music and jazz.

Marillo once bought Charley Parker a drink. He met Parker in a bar in upstate New York, bought him a drink, and sat at the bar with him. Parker took the drink and put it on the floor. His dog came over and lapped the drink up. It was only weeks later that Parker died. And if you’ve ever seen the 1950’s Allen Freed film paeon to all things teen, *Rock, Rock, Rock*, you’ve seen Marillo. Done up in a classic lamé dinner jacket, he is the second saxophonist with Jimmy Cavallo and his House Rockers as they perform “The Big Beat.” There is no film evidence of this, but one of the gigs Marillo had when he lived in Atlantic City soon after leaving Berklee was playing the sax while swinging on a trapeze.

Marillo worked for Sammy Davis Jr. for a spell. The Rat Packer was in Philadelphia and heard Al Antonio and the Riot Men, a sort of high-spirited comedy review that Marillo was performing in at the time. With Louis Prima



Photo: Dennis Andersen

to bring in the big-time acts for the beach resort. One of the first performers he hired was Les McCann, who played sold-out shows for two solid weeks. Marillo brought to San Diego a list of top-notch talent, including Sarah Vaughn, Buddy Rich, and Carmen McRea. "It all went over really well. People lined up around the corner to get into the shows," he says, his eyes open wide as, over 30 years later, he is still surprised at the response the jazz at the Catamaran received.

In some recent years club goers could hear Marillo sing in addition to playing his sax. Close to ten years ago, Marillo was performing at a blues gig in Chula Vista. "Some guy came up to me and offered me \$100, if I would sing 'Fly Me to the Moon,'" Marillo says. "I didn't even know the words. My girlfriend, Darcy, had to stand behind me and say the words in my ear, so I'd know what to sing." Besides the \$100, the response from the audience was great, and the club owner asked Marillo to sing more. When it comes to singers, Marillo considers Sinatra one of the great jazz talents. His repertoire of songs was almost exclusively those from the Chairman.

Throughout his career Marillo has received a number of honors and awards, including one given to him by the NAACP for his hiring of African-American musicians. He has also worked as a teacher, and he estimates that he has taught more than 500 students. Besides the saxophone, he has given lessons in flute, piano, bass, guitar, and voice. He currently has a few youngsters that he is working with. But the one student he takes special pride in is the 94-year-old La Jolla resident who studies jazz piano. "It's the most special thing," says Marillo. "She has just recently decided that she wants to play jazz piano. She tells me that for the hour that I'm there giving her a lesson she forgets all about her pain."

That he has new creative juices flowing and a renewed commitment to music and his instrument, Marillo credits it all to the philosophy that he has developed through his reading and philosophical inquiry. "It all comes from a book by a man who lives in Sedona – Gene Albright," he says. "The book is called *A New Way of Life*. Albright says that each day is a new day. You don't have to believe what you believed yesterday. Don't hurt others, but believe what you believe in. Express yourself. Life is your only teacher. Allow yourself to find your truth." Marillo underscores this last sentence. "Allow yourself to find your truth, and don't let others interfere." As he speaks about Albright and his book, Marillo becomes more emphatic, punctuating each statement, gesturing with his right hand, "My whole life I've had questions. 'Why do babies die? Why do women sell their bodies and become prostitutes? Why do governments kill innocent people in their wars?' This book has the answers for that." Other more well-known titles that Marillo has taken as an influence are *Conversations With God*, Neale Donald Walsch's compilation of his questions posed to and answered by the Almighty, which Marillo first picked up and read five years ago. He is also a bit of a disciple of Eckhart Tolle, the author of *The Power of Now*. "This all makes sense, and the only way it makes sense, is if you believe in the evolution of the human spirit, which is all explained by reincarnation."

"Playing music is an emotional thing. And to play this music and live this life there are things you have to give up," he says, back on the subject that has been his living and his life for the last 57 years. "Yes, it's emotional, and you have to give up things, but there are the rewards."

Catch Joe Marillo every Saturday and Sunday for brunch at The Brickyard on G Street, downtown San Diego, or at Rebecca's in South Park the first three Fridays of the month.

headlining Vegas, high-spirited acts were the vogue, and Davis hired Antonio and his band to perform as part of Davis' act in Vegas. Marillo remembers, "So we go off to Vegas. And there we were in this room with Sammy Davis Jr. Dean Martin was there, too. The house had some other bigwigs. We're all set to play and Antonio can't perform. He freezes up, can't do anything. Davis fired him on the spot." Though they didn't have their leader, Davis kept the band. Thus began the Vegas period of Marillo's life.

He spent the next ten years amid the crap tables, slot machines, and showgirls that constitute America's adult playground. Marillo's brother Tony, an exceptionally fine drummer, had moved to Vegas earlier and fronted a show band. He hired his brother Joe as part of his ensemble. Even after all his stage work and study at Berklee, Marillo's ability to read music still wasn't what it should be. As leader, his brother was able to get a hold of the sheet music ahead of time and was able to pass it off to him. He read through and memorized his parts before the other musicians had a chance to even see the music. Among the shows that Marillo per-

formed in was the Moulin Rouge-inspired "Viva les Girls." Despite being an entertainment Mecca, not all of Marillo's years in Vegas were spent playing music. He drove a cab for a while, getting the tourists and gamblers to and from the airport. His brother Mike had moved to Las Vegas and had built up a successful cement company. Joe spent several years working for Mike, putting in driveways, building foundations, and otherwise creating the concrete structures for Sin City.

In the early seventies Marillo visited San Diego for a vacation. "The next thing you know, I'm looking at the beach, I'm looking at the palm trees. It's beautiful here. It doesn't get too hot here, or too cold. Vegas gets too hot. And it gets cold there too." Not long after, Marillo loaded up his Volkswagen and drove from the deserts of Nevada to the sunny shores of Southern California.

On arrival he still considered himself "just another sax player and not a hard-core jazz performer," but drummer Ronnie Ogden, who had gotten to know Marillo when the two performed in ensembles in Vegas, introduced him to Steve

O'Connor, one of San Diego's most dynamic and creative guitarists, O'Connor was impressed enough with Marillo to ask him to perform with his musically adventurous and challenging band Stream. Stream was performing in Mission Beach at the Bahia Resort and a few Mexican restaurants. The band performed in some fashion and some sort of incarnation well past the year 2000.

Early on, when Marillo was leering the San Diego music scene, he undertook what would earn him the moniker "San Diego's Godfather of Jazz." In the seventies, every Sunday night at the Catamaran, reliable as rain, a hot jazz jam session attracted some of the best players in town. As there was already a lively jazz scene happening right under their noses, Marillo convinced the management of the Catamaran that the resort could make a success of hosting big-name, national jazz acts. After Marillo convinced the Catamaran of his proposal, the resort went one step further, hiring Marillo to be the manager and booking agent of the venture. Relying on his organizational skills as bandleader, he made the phone calls and signed the contracts



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



Young people perform at Summergrass

YOUNG PEOPLE LOVE BLUEGRASS, TOO!

Lots of adults and senior citizens enjoy bluegrass music and the bluegrass lifestyle. This is true in California, throughout the U.S., and around the world. If one were to take a quick, but superficial, look at bluegrass in San Diego and California one might form the mistaken impression that young people are not an active part of the bluegrass community. Let's take a quick look at some of the opportunities for young people to participate in bluegrass music and quickly dispel the geezer-only idea.

Here in San Diego the Summergrass Festival presents its highly acclaimed **Kids Music Camp** every August. This academy caters to children, ages six to 16. Students participate in two and a half days of intensive training, which culminates in a children's performance on the Summergrass main stage on the festival's final Sunday. Instruction is provided on all the bluegrass instruments, including guitar, mandolin, fiddle, banjo, bass, and voice. And, in addition to instruction on one's instrument, the kids are put into band groups and receive band instruction. The faculty for the Kids Camp is comprised of one of the performing bands at Summergrass (this year it is **Chris Stuart and Backcountry**) with adjunct faculty as needed. Kids Camp at Summergrass is a great opportunity for young people to get involved in bluegrass. You can learn more about the Kids Camp at www.summergrass.net.

For young people interested in jamming and performing on an informal basis, there is a bluegrass jam session every Tuesday of the month. The locations vary, with the first Tuesday of the month at Round Table Pizza in Escondido, the second Tuesday at the Fuddrucker's Restaurant in Grossmont Center, the third Tuesday at Old Time Music on University Avenue in North Park, and the fourth Tuesday at the Boll Weevil Restaurant on Claremont Mesa Boulevard. Each of these events runs from 6-9pm and includes informal jamming as well as open mic and pick-up bands. Youngsters are always welcome and often participate. To learn more, visit: www.socalbluegrass.com and www.north-countybluegrass.org to learn more about the first Tuesday event.

Throughout the year band scrambles are also held in San Diego; in fact there's one at **Bluegrass Day at the San Diego County Fair** coming up on June 12. At these events musicians of all ages, including youngsters, put their name, including the instrument they play on a slip of paper, place it in a hat, and bands are drawn randomly. These bands are then given roughly 15 minutes to prepare two to three songs after which they perform them on stage. This is a great way to meet new people and participate in some fun stage experience. It is very common to find a beginning youngster in a band along with some intermediates and perhaps even a professional or two.

For those in Coastal North County there is a get-together every Thursday night at

Today's Pizza off Santa Fe drive in Encinitas. Hosted by banjo player Jason Weiss, the action happens between from 6:30-9pm in an informally led jam session with everyone, including youngsters, welcome.

Coming up this month on June 22 is the annual San Diego Bluegrass Society special kids night event. On this fourth Tuesday in June SDBS will present a variety of talented youngsters performing bluegrass music in a special program to honor kids and to generate interest in the upcoming **Summergrass Kids Camp**. The public is welcome, and the event will be held at the Boll Weevil, 9330 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard from 6:30-9pm.

If your children are a bit older and academically inclined, there are opportunities for them, too. South Plains College in Levelland, Texas, and East Tennessee State University, among others, have degree programs in bluegrass music. Many of today's top performing professionals are graduates of these programs. For the truly elite bluegrass student there is the Berklee College of Music in Boston, which now offers a degree program in bluegrass music. There are currently two San Diego students in the Berklee program.

If you want your kids to go all the way, the University of Miami School of Law and the Frost School of Music just announced a joint degree program in law and music business. Students can now earn a J.D. and a master's degree in music in music business and entertainment industries. So, the sky is the limit whatever your age.

COMING EVENTS

June 1: **Crooked Still** will be appearing at Acoustic Music San Diego. This alternative bluegrass/Celtic group has outstanding musicians and a great female vocal lead. For info and tickets: 619-303-8176

Saturday, June 5: The 2010 Annual Sam Hinton Folk Heritage Festival features folk, old-time, bluegrass, Celtic music, and much more. Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Road, Poway. 10:30am - 5:30pm. Free Admission.

Saturday June 12: Bluegrass Day at the Fair, 11am - 9pm on the Paddock Stage at the San Diego County Fair. The event includes performances by nine local bands, a fiddling demonstration by the Old Time Fiddlers Club, a band scramble that is open to all, and a closing concert by headliner **Chris Stuart and Backcountry**. Visit www.socalbluegrass.org for details.

Friday-Sunday, June 18-20: Huck Finn Jubilee featuring the **Oak Ridge Boys**, **Rhonda Vincent** and the **Rage**, **Michael Cleveland** and **Flamekeeper**, **Russell Moore** and **Illrd Tyme Out**, **Chris Jones** and the **Night Drivers**, **Nathan McEwen** and **Scott Gates**, **Sierra Hull**, **Lighthouse**, and many other bluegrass bands and special events. It's a fun way for the whole family to spend Father's Day weekend. Visit www.huckfinn.com for more information.

We hope to see you out and about at one or more of these events. And, bring the kids and grandkids; they'll love it!



COOL TOOLS THAT RULE, PART 1: SONY "FORGES" ON

Let's call a spade a spade, shall we?

Observe the ubiquitous shovel: At first glance, it is not the most inspiring of man's developments. In fact, there's very little to see, other than this is obviously one of the very first tools man devised. You've got a handle, which is seated into the blade, which is generally made of sheet steel that has been ingeniously folded back to create a socket for said handle... and that's about it. Of all the things a shovel is, fancy ain't one of 'em.

This is not to say that there aren't myriad types and styles to meet the requirements of a multitude of tasks and situations: hand shovels, snow shovels, gardening trowels, barn shovels, spoon shovels, roofing shovels... all the way up to the behemoths that are utilized in heavy construction to create foundations for skyscrapers, parking garages, and the like.

Still, the basic precepts remain: one needs to know when and where to dig and when and where not to. Once this is determined, you put your damn back into it and get to work.

So why do I constantly hear folks telling other folks that "you can't make any kind of good recording with (that shovel); you'll only get the results you want with (this shovel). Meanwhile, the only thing getting shoveled is a load of crap, in my opinion.

As a fledgling or veteran recordist, the only things you can't buy are talent, skill, and knowledge. No amount of money spent will make a damn bit of difference that the average music listener will ever notice. What they *will* notice, at least at first blush, is the song, the performance and the way it makes them *feel*. Tools don't generally make things feel better, anyway. It's the application of the tools to the purpose and the judicious and proficient use of it in practice.

Maybe I should have used a different metaphor. Perhaps a paintbrush. Van Gogh used the same paintbrush as a million other artists. None of them created "Starry Night." Conversely, Van Gogh didn't paint the "Mona Lisa" or "Girl with a Pearl Earring" or "The Simpsons." His art was his own, and only he knew when it was completed to his satisfaction. Regardless, I'm quite sure the man wasn't waiting around for only a single type or brand of brush to allow him access to his artistic vision. In its absence, I'm quite sure he could have finger-painted something that would have brought many to tears of awe and admiration. It's my very favorite adage with regard to recording and I've said or written it countless times: "It ain't the tools, it's the farmer."

In the digital recording world, audio editors are pretty much the metaphorical equivalent to our friend the shovel. They aren't necessarily

pretty, but they do allow the most intimate access to the manipulation of our audio waveforms. Sure, much of the digital multitrack recording software out there offers some editing features, but fort those hard to get out spots or sewing up those rips (yet another metaphor? Holy...), nothing beats a dedicated editing environment.

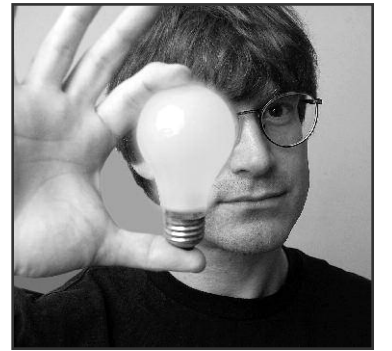
Still standing tall among PC-based audio editors is **SONY's Sound Forge 10** (\$499 retail; \$399 street), as fine an audio shovel as they make. Having been a long-time user, I can say that version 10 is less a total overhaul and more a deepening and solidifying of an already impressive feature set.

This is not to say that there's nothing new here. Chief among Sound Forge 10's new features is event-based editing. For those of you familiar with SF's multitracking sibling Vegas, you'll recognize the ability to quickly move and split events, create fades, apply ASR (attack/sustain/release) envelopes and crossfades on files with up to 32 audio channels within a single data window. It's fast, non-destructive and very flexible.

The file properties editor has been replaced with a more comprehensive Metadata editor, so tagging a file with even more detailed info is possible, which helps with CD-text implementation as well.

Speaking of which, I haven't mentioned that Sound Forge actually comes with one of my favorite CD mastering applications *included*: **CD Architect 5.2!** Professional quality Red-Book compliant masters are incredibly easy to assemble. This is in addition to the integrated disc-at-once (DAO) CD burning functions introduced in this latest version.

Before compiling that master, one can avail themselves of the excellent mastering tools included in the form of the **Mastering Effects Bundle 2**, powered by



Sven-Erik Seaholm

iZotope, which is also included. This is a powerful bundle that includes six professional audio plug-ins: Mastering EQ, Mastering Reverb, Multiband Compressor, Mastering Limiter, Stereo Imager, and Harmonic Exciter.

Another new feature that I enjoyed really good results with was **Zplane's élastique Pro timestretch** DirectX plug-in (also included!). This is a totally new and great sounding feature that allowed me to actually change an entire song's tracks several beats slower in tempo with NO audible artifacts. (I feel like I should be saying "Now, how much would you pay?")

Another cool new plug-in included is the Resonant Filter, which can really be a lot of fun. Listen to "Tighten Up" off the new Black Keys album for an excellent example of how it sounds.

There are so many things included that it's hard to cover them in depth, but suffice it to say that the **Acoustic Mirror** convolution reverb, **Noise Reduction** audio restoration plug-ins, **iZotope's 64-bit SRC sample rate conversion**, and **MBIT+ dither bit-depth conversion** as well as tons of other DirectX effects (and VST compatibility) and a whole slew of online tutorials make for quite a lot of toppings on an already delicious looking sundae (okay, that last metaphor is making me hungry!)

Sound Forge 10 is a solid, peerless performer with an incredible amount of power and value. Shovel this into your PC and cultivate better music!

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer (www.kaspro.com) and the author of Adobe Soundbooth CS4 Essentials, available at Lynda.com.

ROBIN HENKEL

Thurs, June 3 & 17, Terra, 6-9pm Blues & BBQ
Robin Henkel solo blues
3900 Block of Vermont St, Hillcrest
(619) 293-7088

Thurs, June 10, The Cellar, 7-10pm
Robin Henkel & Billy Watson
156 Avenida Del Mar, San Clemente
(949) 492-3663

Sun, June 13, Lestat's, 8pm, \$8
Robin Henkel Band with Horns!
This show is very special to me. It features original compositions of blues, jazz, funk, Americana, slide and steel guitar music.
3343 Adams Avenue, San Diego
(619) 282-0437

Tues, June 22, Wine Steals, 7-9pm
Robin Henkel solo blues
1953 San Elijo, Cardiff by the Sea
(760) 230-2657

Sun, June 27, Mission Bay Deli, 2-6pm
Robin Henkel Band w/ Billy Watson
1548 Quivira Way, Mission Bay
(619) 223-5056

Guitar & bass instruction / booking info 619 244-9409

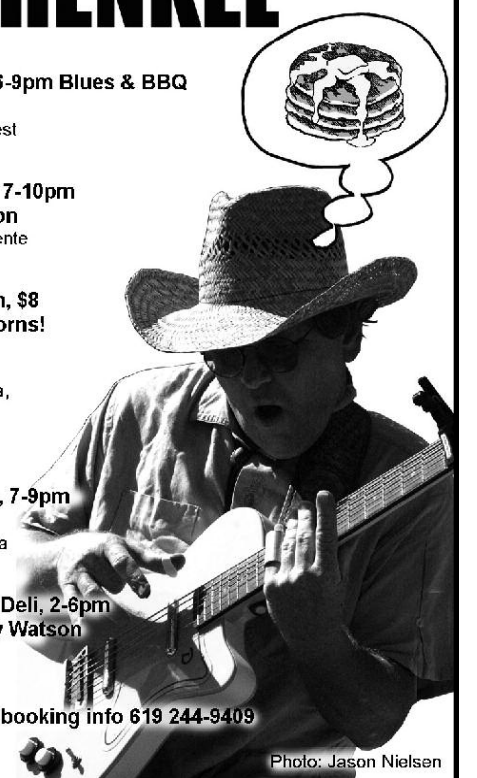
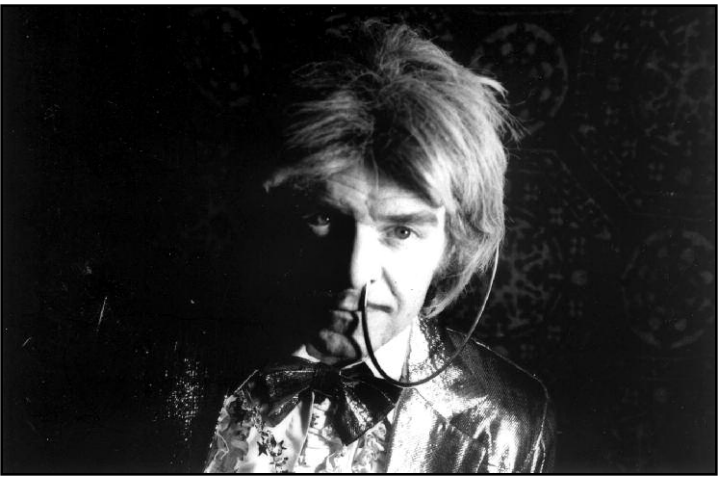


Photo: Jason Nielsen



Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



The piercingly incisive José Sinatra

OVERCOOKED WHOPPER

This is a true story. It was a morning much like any other but had a calendar date entirely different from all the rest. That should have been my clue that something weird was destined to take place, but I was far too enraptured by the sweet, virgin scent of Spring's crisp air and the hearty sound of two stray pit bulls tearing into the carcass of a neighbor's humiliated cat to think of anything more than how invigorating these early morning walks can be. (As I said, what you're reading actually happened. During the second week of May. But I'll continue my unassailed legacy of honesty in stating that for reasons of dramatic effect or some potentially humorous intangible, there exists in this surprisingly instructive edition of "Hosing Down" exactly one sentence that goes beyond exaggeration and strays into the category of Blatant Lie. I'll call that sentence the "Bush Whopper." Because of the trust we've built among ourselves over the past several years, or my sweet lubricious bitch readers, I promise I'll identify the Bush Whopper ere we culminate our June encounter and collapse together in exhausted anticipation of July's debauch.) Strolling along the sidewalk, glowing amid the solitude – no traffic, no pet walkers, I was startled by the blast of a young man's voice very near behind me. "To your left!" My mind was honed and fully engaged. Obviously it was some teenage jerk on a bike who wanted to disturb my reverie and take possession of the sidewalk while the clean, newly paved street to my left lay lonely, empty, insulted. I ignored his absurd directive while maintaining my pace, placement, and direction. Then a huskier, threatening voice screamed out from somewhere a bit farther behind. "Move over, fool! Do it NOW!" rang out to the heavens just as a young bicyclist swept onto the grass to my left, smacked the side of a tree, and spilled onto the turf. The landing had appeared lucky and safe; still I stepped quickly to his aid. Before I had the chance to ask if he was okay, his familiar face turned up to me. With an embarrassed smile, Justin Bieber breathlessly panted, "Sorry about that, dude. My bad." Even before I was able to place the face, the other louder, macho voice that was now directly behind me tried its second attempt to be heard in Oregon. "Freeze, fool! Do not move! Hands in the air! Do not move! Do not look at him! Down on the floor [?!], on your knees *now*, and do not look at him and do not move!" The impossible instructions made me curse once again our inadequate educational system. In a flash, Justin Bieber had gotten up and was approaching us, his hands out as if in supplication. "It's cool, Ron! I'm fine! He's cool!" Thanks, Justin, even if I wanted at that moment to brain you for that tortuous insult. But I reminded myself that right now, he was one of the good guys. This Ron fellow seemed to be the more immediate problem. As it turned out, Officer Ronald S— was an off-duty member of the San Diego Police

Department, picking up some extra cash (I assume) as a bodyguard/workout coach to the city's latest visiting celebrity, our young 21st century's brand new Donny Osmond. Yup, ladies, he's a real cutie. Ron wasn't; I found him to be unreasonably demanding. He demanded my I.D., my reason for being on the sidewalk at such an early hour, my destination, a truthful answer to whether or not I had anything illegal in my pockets, and that I not look Justin Bieber in the face "even one more time!" I recited my name and address and stated that with reluctant respect, since that was the only information I was legally required to proffer, that was the entire amount I would be allowing. I added that no one but myself and God have ever had or will ever have jurisdiction over my enchanting eyes. And that, by the way, riding a bicycle on a residential sidewalk is a violation of municipal codes 5231 and 5232a (making up the numbers since it was obvious Ron didn't have a clue) and that there were a couple of frisky pit bulls back around the corner playing *buz-cashi* with the intestines of an expensive, pure-bred dead cat. I whipped out my camera and snapped some shots as Ron and Justin quickly mounted their bikes to race back toward the carnage. "You stay right where you are! Do not move until I come back, fool!" warned Ron. "It's Mr. Sinatra, officer!" This was sorta fun. "Hey, either of you got a spare dube?" Damned if Justin Bieber didn't start to make a u-turn, reaching his hand into his jacket pocket, his million-dollar smile demanding documentation as he spun toward me. Click. Just as quickly, he got his smarts back and with the cutest "oh, well" look I've ever seen, maneuvered to catch back up with Big Ron. That last shot I got might make me rich. The wind had blown Justin Bieber's trademarked helmet of hair backwards, and what my Minolta Maxxum 5000 caught is astonishing. I won't give it away just yet, but three identical digits are tattooed in a breathtakingly artistic design on his forehead. At least I *think* it's a tattoo, quite possibly designed by the same artist who did the one Lindsay Lohan once showed me just to the left of her... oh! That reminds me! I had promised to identify the Bush Whopper for you before I closed, and I just noticed I'm running out of space. Here's the deal: To quickly get it out of the way, I stuck the Bush Whopper in as the very first sentence, and pray that by now it's thoroughly ashamed of itself for all the hell it tried to put me through.



RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

GETTING MY CURMUDGE-ON

After 90 minutes of writing checks to pay a pile of bills, I was schlepping the pile of envelopes to my beat-up ten year old Honda to go buy stamps, when my wife said, "Off to the post office, Grandpa? I pay all my bills online!" Well, excuuuuse me! I happen to enjoy taking one or two evenings a month to listen to some tunes, pay a stack of bills, and balance my checkbook...the way the folks who founded our great country did! That makes me a great American and a patriot! And if I'm a patriot, my wife must be a socialist! (Sorry! I was beginning to sound like Glenn Beck.) Don't get me wrong here. I love electronics! I am a licensed amateur radio operator with my own transmitter and receiver. I like to talk to and listen to people sending morse code to others around the world through a fog of static and fading signals. Sure, we often use iChat to visit with our eldest son in Iraq, or my college buddy in Australia, but that's not a challenge! Try doing that on shortwave radio! I have a cell phone. Everyone has a cell phone. What I don't understand is why so many people can't go anywhere without their damned cell phone. I work with a good number of professional women in their 20s and 30s. At quitting time I often see many of them already on the phone while they're walking down the hall. Then they'll cup the phone between their ears and shoulders as they open their car doors and drive away, phone still in hand. Why? What's so gall-dang important that it can't wait until they get home? There are a couple of salesmen who sometimes go into an empty office behind my studio, close the door, and yell into their cell phones. Not in anger, but because it's so small! Arrrrgh!! (I still looked at the call log on my cell phone. Since January 1, I have made and received a combined total of 39 calls...and I am, ahem, an important celebrity!!!) I love our computers. Sandi, my wife, keeps her life on the iMac and in her iPhone. My life's on a sheaf of papers in a filing cabinet where I can just go pull out what I need, when I need it. I like hard copies. Tactile stuff. 3-D stuff. I feel less vulnerable to identity theft when everything isn't written in digital ink. I still listen to the radio, for gosh sakes! Sure, that's where I make my living, but I totally prefer the one-on-one relationship I get from radio...when it's done well. * Yes, I have an iPod. There are 800 rock and roll songs on it. I just listened to it in March! (I spent 35 years playing rock music on the radio, so I find myself less inclined to listen to it anymore.) I am addicted to HDTV! I watch way more than the maximum weekly recommended dose. I'll watch HD infomercials, for crying out loud. (I dunno, is eight hours a day too much?) So, go ahead and call me grandpa. I don't care. We have four grandchildren. (*- Aye, there's the rub!)



by Peter Bolland

TO LIVE DELIBERATELY

The campfire faded down to a bed of embers. Lori had already crawled into the tent and fallen asleep. I heard her deep and steady breathing. Lying on the ground and looking up at the stars I felt the pull of gravity pining me down like a moth on a corkboard. A warm desert wind moved through the sage. The stars spread out in a vast field from one rim of the horizon to the other, too many to count. The darkness seemed insignificant in the light of all those blazing suns. A deep and timeless silence fell over the desert. I shifted. Suddenly I was looking down at the stars. They were spread out beneath me in a vast emptiness. Normally we think of the stars above us and the earth below, but in a surprising reversal of relational perspective, I was certain that I was glued by gravity to the bottom of the earth, peering down into a pool of boundless space below me. The vertigo passed in an instant, eclipsed by a warm sense of peace and a deep surrender. I felt oddly safe and entirely lucid. The earth above me and the sky below – I wondered why this had never occurred to me before. And with this came a knowing – all perspectives are relative. There is no such thing as up or down, over and under, above or below. Those terms only make sense from one limited point of view. If you move out of your own perspective (or any singular point of view) and instead take on a universal perspective, all orientations dissolve and there is only here, now. In other words, if you drop your local awareness and adopt a non-local awareness, you see in one singular moment the incomprehensible oneness of all existence. Freed from a parochial, provincial orientation where one ego-identifies with a particular time and place, you move instead into the formlessness of Being itself, an expanded consciousness where the ego recedes to its rightful place, as a captain of a tiny vessel, not lord and master of all it surveys. You don't have to go anywhere to get this awareness. You're always in it. You have only to shift. But going to the desert helps. One of the great services wilderness provides is this opportunity to leave behind our small view of the world. As we leave the city and head into the hills we enter a realm of existence where nature reigns and the arising and fading of forms unfolds in an endless symphony utterly apart from the machinations of human activity. Stepping out of the car and walking into the woods or the desert or along an empty shore brings you into direct contact with a timeless presence untrammelled by the human mind, well, until we get there anyway. Spending time in nature gives us a chance to take a break from the torrential thought stream and its oh-so-important assessments and judgments. And when we do, we have a shot at recovering our original simplicity, our primal purity, our childlike awareness, that Garden of Eden consciousness where we walked in the cool of the evening with God, and we didn't even know that we're different from anything we saw. It's not our mind's fault that we're so easily trapped in an illusion of separateness. It's just doing what it's supposed to do – naming everything, judging everything, ascribing value to everything, crav-

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

ing, pushing away, and attaching to everything. Bravo, mind. Nice job. Keep it up. We need you. But once in a while, it's nice to remember who's really in charge. Once in a while it's nice to say, *mind, you work for me, not the other way around. Thanks for everything you do, but go ahead and take the rest of the day off.* In *Walden*, everybody's all-time favorite back-to-nature manifesto, Henry David Thoreau wrote, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." To deliberate means to cautiously reason our way toward the ideal. And how can we live deliberately if we don't understand the essential facts? For this process to work, we have to have good information. As you deliberate about the big questions like *what is the good life, what is the purpose of life, what is the purpose of my life, what should I be doing with these few short years I have left*, isn't it supremely important to first understand the most important question of all: *what am I?* Only in nature, or, better yet, wilderness are we unceremoniously stripped of all our careful constructions and reduced to our essential core: simple, unadorned, non-local awareness. We are no long defined by the social roles and definitions that layer over us like sediment. We realize that beneath all the layers we are pure, undifferentiated consciousness. With this essential fact in hand, we can re-enter the human world of family, job, duty, citizenship, moral obligation, creativity, and community with a new-found sense of direction and purpose. We know now what this is all for. Our priorities have been re-ordered. Our eyes are firmly set on what really matters. And we are willing to let the rest go. Wilderness has always been our greatest teacher. For millennia, humans have known that despite the comforting safety of our shelters, it is only when we step out under the sky unprotected that we emerge like birds from the confines of our shells. We need the nest, but we need the sky more. Although it's been years, I carry with me that night in the desert when I, for a few fleeting moments, saw the stars spread out beneath me like a sea of pearls. That one shift, that reorientation, forever loosened my attachment to the fleeting forms of the world and the careless devotion we place in our limited perceptions, assessments, and judgments. I know now that there are not only two points of view for every problem – there are millions. I know that I can set myself free anytime I want from the Promethean chains that bind us all to a dangerously small view of the world and of ourselves. I know now that it is not only possible, but it is also absolutely necessary for my survival and for the survival of the entire planet that we learn to live from the core truths of our existence and not the surface trivialities, that we learn to live as if it mattered, that we learn to live deliberately. 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/peterbolland.page or write to him at peterbolland@cox.net



Living the Blues

in 2010 in

Robb Bower Presents



Julian Blues Bash
Menghini Winery

Saturday
June 19th



Featuring: Rick Estrin and The Nightcats, Bill Magee Blues,
Ruby & The Redhots, The Road Dogs w/Josh Gooch,
Bubba & The Big Bad Blues, Robb Bower & Co.
Special Guest Stars on the Backporch Stage TBA

Tickets & Info: robb-bowerpresents.com

Doug Brunelle
Recording Engineer



On Location Live Music Recording
Providing all of your recording/mixing/mastering needs

ddb91977@gmail.com
619-517-2991 www.livemusicrecording.vpweb.com



THE REPAIR ZONE
PARTS & SERVICE

REPAIRS & MODIFICATIONS FOR ALL FRETTED INSTRUMENTS


FRED MAROTTA
GUITAR TECHNICIAN

8125 RONSON ROAD
SUITE B
SAN DIEGO, CA 92111

858-565-7984

therepairzone@san.fr.com

Play Guitar Naked



MOZE Guitars
619 698 1185

• Lessons • Repairs
• Parts • Guitars • Basses
• Accessories • Books

MOZE GUITARS
8415 La Mesa Blvd.
La Mesa, CA 91941



Located in the La Mesa Village!
mozeguitars.com

Classic Bows Violin Shop
OLD WORLD STYLE FOR THE 21ST CENTURY



- Violins, violas, cellos, bows
- Strings at discounted prices
- We purchase stringed instruments and bows at competitive prices
- Appraisals (written and verbal)
- Quality repair work
- Visit classicbows.com for more details

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S ONLY MUSICAL GIFT BOUTIQUE
t-shirts, ties, greeting cards, tote bags, hats, jewelry, decorative items, scarves, rubber stamps, sunglasses, beach towels, magnets, picture frames, stationery items, and much more!

2721 Adams Ave., San Diego, CA 92116
(619) 282-2010 • www.classicbows.com
Centrally located in the historic Antique Row, just south of Mission Valley

STUDIO B92107.com
digital recording studio

record production . mastering . manufacturing . packaging
web & graphics support . effective promotions & media

858.663.9612

Send a Boy
TO
CAMP





Traditional Celtic Music Series Reaches Full Circle with Irvine Show

by Steve Thorn

On September 21, 1997, an ambitious concert program promoting the finest in the traditional folk music of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales was inaugurated in the parish hall of Holy Trinity Church in Ocean Beach. In course of the last 13 years, Holy Trinity has hosted such legendary performers as Martin Carthy, Phil and Johnny Cunningham of Silly Wizard, Aly Bain of the Boys of the Lough, and Jim Malcolm. Beoga and Grada, exciting young bands that stretch the boundaries of Celtic music, have also performed at the concert venue on Sunset Cliffs Boulevard.

This month, the artist who originally broke ground with the series back in 1997 returns to delight Holy Trinity audiences: celebrated singer-songwriter Andy Irvine. The soon to be 68-year-old Irvine may well be a father figure to Beoga and Grada, as he too has spent a life time pushing the musical envelope. To Irvine's credit, he has combined socially conscious lyrics with Eastern European music influences.

As was the case with the Beatles and the vast majority of the '60s British Invasion musicians, Andrew Kennedy Irvine came into the world during the turmoil of World War II Britain. He was born in 1942 in the St. John's Wood section of London to an Irish mother and Scottish father. Andy worked as a child actor in stage, film, and the advent of early British television. He performed with Laurence Olivier and received praise from Peter Sellers, who gave 11-year old Andy a guitar as a gift. Andy initially received classical guitar instruction but abandoned it – as did many of his peers – when the musical movement known as *skiffle* hit Britain in the '50s.

It was through a Lonnie Donegan skiffle album that Irvine became exposed to the music of Woody Guthrie. The famous Oklahoman folk singer publicly acknowledged his young fan across the pond in one of Guthrie's fan newsletters, a gesture of kindness, which made a lasting impression on Irvine. From that moment on, it was

goodbye skiffle, hello folk music.

In the '60s, Irvine gained recognition in Dublin folk circles through his appearances and recordings with Sweeney's Men. By 1968, Irvine had left the trio, and for an extended period traveled through the Balkans. He soaked in the music of Romania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria and became proficient on the bouzouki, the pear-shaped instrument that resembles a mandolin and is often heard at Greek festivals in San Diego. (There is also an Irish version of the bouzouki, an indication of the influence Irvine and fellow Sweeney's Men member Johnny Moynihan had on the Dublin folk scene several decades ago.)

By the '70s, Irvine was involved in another group, Planxty. It was an exciting time for folk music in Ireland and England, as Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span, Fotheringay, and the Strawbs introduced – through amplified and acoustic shows – traditional folk music and lyrics to an eager contemporary audience. As was the norm for many acts of the day, Planxty had personnel changes, but its best known lineup featured the prominent Irish songwriter Christy Moore.

The final link in the triumvirate of the best-known groups where Irvine was a member came during the '80s. Originally billed as "The Legends of Irish Music" – before that generic title was gratefully retired – the group decided on the more appropriate moniker of Patrick Street. This band, like the earlier Planxty, has never ceased to exist, reuniting several times over the years.

2010 finds the indefatigable Irvine busier than ever. The *San Diego Troubadour* caught up with the songwriter via threaded computer discussions as he was completing an Australian tour. Irvine talked about post-war Britain, the continuing influence of Guthrie, and his current recording project.

SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR: *What memories do you have of Britain during the '40s, particularly during the post-war years?*

ANDY IRVINE: I have very, very few

memories of London in the 1940s. For reasons that I have never understood, I was sent to boarding school in January 1946 at the age of three and a half! My first boarding school was in Great Missenden in Buckinghamshire, about 30 miles from London. I was boarded with a farmer and his wife who had twin sons. I remember that she was very kind but have no distinct memories. Later, I went to boarding schools in Surrey.

I remember rationing books. Chocolate and candy were hard to come by in those days. My mother wore a veil... in the summer holidays I don't seem to have done much.

I remember the labyrinthine corridors of the block of flats my parents lived in. It was a very large building with seven stories of flats that went up to 315, though some of the numbers were missing. The total length from one entrance to the other was probably about 220 yards. I remember old money... big pennies and half crowns. Trousers pockets had to be pretty strong to hold all that stuff. Not that I would have had any at that time! I don't seem to remember things like trams, which continued 'til about 1956, so I can only imagine that I was rarely taken into the city.

I remember, with great fondness, National Health Orange Juice! This was a substance that was issued to families with children. I was more or less an only child, having a much-loved but rarely seen half sister who was ten years older than me and lived mostly with her father.

SDT: *In your autobiography, you described your classical guitar lessons as a child. Then, at 15, the skiffle music explosion takes off for you. What was the impact of skiffle music on your generation, and, more important, the contributions of Lonnie Donegan? In America he is only really remembered for "Rock Island Line" and novelty records like "Does your Chewing Gum Lose it's (sic) Flavor (on the Bedpost Over Night)".*

AI: The impact of skiffle music, as such, was quite brief. However, I would suggest that many, many would-be musicians could say they were influenced by it in some way. I really have no idea. I know that people like Martin Carthy and many of our shared generation could point back to the brief skiffle era and say that that's where they came in. I would think, possibly, that it had an influence on people like Ray Davies, the Stones, perhaps even the Beatles.

It was a moment in time that struck a heartbeat with many wartime-born youngsters. It's not really surprising that it made no impact in the country that gave it birth, i.e., America. The world was a huge place after the war. America was about as far away as Mars. Chances of getting there and enjoying the benefits of things like blue jeans and chewing gum were slim!! Young lads of my age felt "under privileged" when we thought of the USA! Everything American was wonderful. My parents, for instance, could and did meet U.S. servicemen in the local pub when I was very small. I could come home from boarding school to find that I had been given a bar of Hershey's or some chewing gum. This was like nirvana...

I discovered Lonnie a tad late. When I left boarding school in 1955, he had already had a hit with "Rock Island Line," I think. He made two EPs, *Backstairs Session* and *Skiffle Session*.

To me, these were the height of Lonnie. He had Dick "Cisco" Bishop as



Andy Irvine

second guitar and Chris Barber on stand-up bass. Others I forget. "Midnight Special," "When the Sun Goes Down," "Takes a Worried Man," "Railroad Bill".... these were the tracks that started me on the road to where I am now.

His 10" LP was not to my liking! When he changed Dickie Bishop for Denny Lane on electric guitar, I was done. I went to a concert of Lonnie's once and it was too late in his development. Full drum kit, electric guitar, and probably electric bass were not what I wanted. So.... "does your chewing gum...." was far too late for my interest! Long gone by that time!

I was interested in Dickie Bishop and went once to see his band in about 1957. Sadly, my parents were kinda strict about my returning home and by the time his band came on, I had to leave. I never heard of him since, really. The fact that he was referred to on one of the EPs as "Cisco" was another little intrigue that led me to Woody very soon after.

SDT: *From Lonnie Donegan, it was on to Woody Guthrie; that's quite a transition. What was it about Woody that so greatly moved you?*

AI: It was in 1957 that I passed a shop window of a small record company called Melodisc. There, in a yellow cover, was an LP called *More Songs by Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston*. I went straight in and bought it. It cost about 13 shillings and sixpence, I think. I couldn't believe my luck! I was already a devotee of Woody's, though not having heard him. I was somewhat confused by the title of the album, though, and inquired excitedly as to how many other albums of this pair they might have. "Oh that's all we have," they replied. I thought, how can you name your first album *More Songs...?* Little realizing that this was a reproduction of a Stinson album. I do not know how Melodisc got this franchise but I still have the LP.

I remember well the first sounds I heard of Woody and Cisco. The record player in those days was "automatic" in that you clicked a lever and the record fell down on the turntable and the arm moved automatically to the first groove. Thus, there was a short time of expectation... Dee iddle diddle diddle diddle dum.... The intro to "Columbus Stockade" just blew me away from the first note – for ever and ever. I think my life started at that point....!

I was hooked on everything about Woody from that moment. His voice, the way he played the guitar, the mistakes even – though I didn't even realize they were mistakes at the time, so much did I enjoy them. Later, [it was his] politics and the persona that I assumed him to be. I began to write to him about 1959. The first letter came back, saying that "Woody Guthrie, USA" was an insufficient address! Shortly after that, I met and became a friend of Jack Elliott's and found out how to address letters to Woody right. Somebody told me the other day that all the letters written to Woody in this period have been found!! I'd love to have a look at what I might have said!

SDT: *For many decades, you have been studying and sharing the history of international labor movements. What attracted you to that subject?*

AI: Woody made me focus on labor. My parents were a little bit class oriented and I never could understand that. He just told me something I knew deep inside myself! And that sounds like a Woody quote!! I'm also disgusted how social history is not taught in school. Sometimes you would believe in the conspiracy theory....

SDT: *You have recently been in a touring frenzy. Any new recording projects in the future?*

AI: I am just about to release a new album! This is a bit of a rarity. I haven't made a solo album since 2000. It was produced by Donal Lunny and is a hair's breadth away from being mixed and mastered. Musicians involved are Liam O'Flynn (uilleann pipes and whistle); Donal, of course, on bouzouki, guitar, keyboards, and percussion; Mairtin O'Connor, (accordion); Bruce Molsky (fiddle); Rens van der Zalm (fiddle); Nikola Parov (kaval, nyckelharpa and gadulka); Liam Bradley (percussion); Paul Moore (double bass); Rick Epping (harmonica); Annbjorg Lien (hardanger fiddle and nyckelharpa); Lillebjorn Nilsen (guitar); Graham Henderson (keyboards)..... Yes, it has cost me an arm and a leg!! I make my own CDs and have no truck with record companies.

Andy Irvine performs June 25th at the Holy Trinity Church in Ocean Beach. For information and tickets, phone 858-689-2266.

NORTH PARK MUSIC THING

SAN DIEGO MUSIC & MEDIA CONFERENCE
AUGUST 13-14, 2010

North Park Music Thing is an annual music conference in San Diego, CA.

NPMT will include musicians workshops, mentor sessions, demo reviews, and music showcases on over a dozen stages in San Diego.

NPMT will feature over 175 performers!

BANDS: APPLY NOW TO SHOWCASE

Submission Deadline - June 10, 5pm
Band Submission is available online at:
www.NorthParkMusicThing.com

Proceeds to Benefit the San Diego Music Foundation



elRayo
Guitarworks

- Guitars
- Parts
- Pickups
- Repair
- Accessories

...it's all in the details

3043 Adams Avenue
San Diego, California
619-280-1937
WWW.ELRAYOGUITARWORKS.COM

GUITAR INSTRUCTION with Phil Boroff

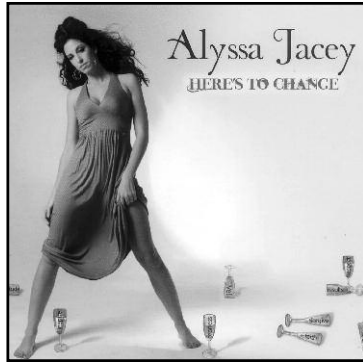
Learn to play folk music (old-timey, bluegrass, country, blues, and ragtime), classical music, and flamenco.

Classes are held at Old Time Music 2852 University Ave. North Park

For further information 619.465.6515 or 619.280.9035



Phil Boroff is a former guitar instructor at the Ashgrove and McCabe's Guitar Shop in Santa Monica.



Alyssa Jacey Here's to Change

by Frank Kocher

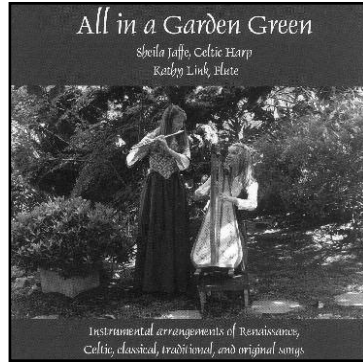
San Diego's Alyssa Jacey has a distinctive, breathy soprano voice and writes emotionally charged songs. The former dancer has released several EP and LP length discs of her pop ballads since 2005 and is back with her most ambitious project to date, *Here's to Change*. The new disc makes good use of a full band, as Dennis Caplinger on stringed instruments and John Shaird on piano stand out. The lush production is a step up for Jacey and gives her voice more bottom than on her earlier work, like 2005's *The Soul*. This gives Jacey a chance to flex her vocal chops on the songs, and her strength is her singing voice.

Jacey is a refreshing break from the many performers nowadays who try to make a "soulful" impression with their singing by bouncing all over the scale, jumping octaves that they don't really have control of, and drawing out sustained notes by excessively warbling or wandering off key. Her singing is clear as a bell, carrying the feeling without getting bogged down with affectations.

Things start off with two strong tracks. "You Are My Passion" is actually about songwriting, and here Jacey uses nice imagery and a nifty guitar lick to lift the ante for the entire disc, combining engaging melody and interesting words. The title tune follows and is just as good; the beat is brisk and the vocal just right as Jacey tells the world that she doesn't care what it thinks: "I know it's the wrong decision/I've known each and every time." The single, "Fall Out of Love," is slower and more of a heartbreak tale, but it still manages to snag a catchy hook as she scat-sings the break.

There are a couple of misses in the middle of the disc, "The Fight" and "Feel Like This." These are intended as a set piece, but the phone conversation with an insensitive/slacker boyfriend in "Fight" seems superfluous and "Feel," which follows it, is a drab tearjerker with a cello-heavy arrangement that competes with Jacey's voice early in the song. A light pop tune, "All Over Again," works surprisingly well with a catchy little keyboard riff and no heavy message. Jacey is backed by piano on "Beautiful Night," and it is the best ballad here; a soft and heartfelt song about lifetime commitment, "Marry me, complete my life/ You're the one I've been searching for/ And now it's time." Jacey gives this one just the right restraint, hamming it up would have ruined the moment. "Dear Life" has a bit of a different flavor, as Jewel's influence is heard in the vocal, banjos twang, and Jacey and is singing about childhood.

Here's to Change is a showcase for Alyssa Jacey's singing talents and also displays some interesting songwriting. She is clearly a writer with a feel for ballads, and several of the songs here are memorable.



Sheila Jaffe/ Kathy Link All in a Garden Green

by Frank Kocher

There is something infinitely calming about harp and flute music. *All in a Garden Green* combines the talents of local Celtic harpist Sheila Jaffe and flutist Kathy Link on a collection of songs that draw from traditional Welsh and Irish folk melodies, other medieval sources, classical pieces, and a few originals for a quiet instrumental pastoral. The arrangements add few overdubs and no vocals, and the well-recorded result conveys a sense of respect for the days of old; the music on the disc is played lovingly with a minimum of focus on the players. Back in the days of Welsh taverns and Elizabethan marketplaces there were probably few showy solos and no flashy improvising, so Jaffe and Link fill the air instead with the baroque atmosphere of each tune.

Jaffe sets the tone on the disc's first track, which combines a traditional Welsh song "Rising of the Lark" with Beethoven's "Ode to Joy." She conveys a lute in her accents, playing chords, bass lines, and finger patterns to provide a structure while at the same time decorating. Link starts by floating notes on the musical breeze, as the two then resolve into "Joy's" familiar unison melody. "Torrey Pines," a Jaffe original, has a bit of a modern feel and makes very good use of Link's full, rich sound. It sounds like the pair sneaked in a keyboard player somewhere to record the airy tune, but none is there.

It's back to traditional music for "The Ash Grove" and "All Through the Night," the latter featuring Jaffe on glockenspiel. This slow, baroque tune is almost a dirge, and "All Things Great and Small," which follows, brightens things up with a light, playful melody. "Temple Dance" and "Ungaresca" are played as an intricate mix, a ballad that flows into a jig-like bridge, and then back out, featuring the best playing by Jaffe on the disc. The traditional "Scarborough Fair" was meant to be heard played on flute and harp, and the two prove it on this disc with a great version, as again both players shine.

While some of the material on this album may be a bit obscure to listeners not familiar with traditional Celtic music, the way the songs are played makes them a nice sampler for this style - for those who don't find it too long (at 15 songs, 12 traditional and classical, most similar). Overall, though, the substitution here of flute for fiddle and other instruments, and absence of drum makes this a mellow, but enjoyable listen.

Link contributes an original, "Tamlin's Lullaby," and the disc wraps with the traditional title song, another 17th century work. As on the earlier songs, the pair hits all of the harmonics just right.

Sheila Jaffe and Kathy Link clearly set out to make *All in a Garden Green* a pastoral record of folk music in the old style, with a soft approach - calming music. It worked.



Quimera Love and Madness

by Sandra Castillo

Another world awaits us as we enter the perfect tempest of *Love and Madness*, the stunning new release from Quimera. A former San Diego resident, Quimera has embarked on an incredible journey with her brilliant debut. Fortunately, she is more than willing to take us along on this magical excursion, as she travels beyond the pale in her quest for Nirvana.

Although some may hasten to compare her creative style to Evanescence or Sarah Brightman, Quimera's musical indulgences are strictly her own. From the moment one steps into the celestial combat of "The Last Battle" to the final fade of "Face to Face," the participant is caught up in a transcendental dreamscape where love and war, sorrow and redemption co-exist in a parallel universe that this queen reigns over.

Somewhat of a dark opera, *Love and Madness* is a series of vignettes about life and love's greatest challenges that ultimately rival most of humanity. The album, described as "symphonic gothic" (a combination of classical/baroque and gothic music), is as enigmatic and mysterious as the artist herself. Quimera has lived to tell these stories through an open book of dreams, where fantasy and reality become one.

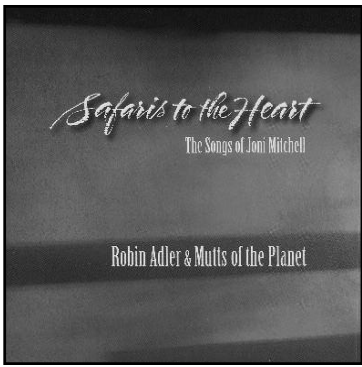
At three minutes and 36 seconds of aural bliss, the ethereal "Pray" is a telling confessional of the agonies and ecstasies of amour. As Quimera stands in the twilight of her soul, "Pray" rises out of the mist as a thousand whispers. Its haunting beauty echoes in its own reflection - a mirror of secrets foreboding. "Requiem" opens the sanctuary's doors to very hallowed ground. Once inside, a Latin Mass, complete with men's choir and soaring cathedral organ, unfolds. Quimera declares that "the end is just beginning" as this sacrosanct interlude segues into her own resplendent rendition of composer Franz Schubert's 19th-century masterpiece, "Ave Maria." This commanding orchestral maneuver transcends time and space to remind us that music is truly one language of the universe.

"When It's All Said and Done" finds Quimera catechizing the inevitable: can this woman still be loved when she is no longer young and pretty? The sound of thunder and falling rain, as a metaphorical response to ageism, plays throughout this aria. When the tempo takes flight mid-song, Quimera cries out to the heavens, then finishes with a wearied sigh. Alas, an uncertain future awaits her.

The most powerful moment of self-realization comes to the threshold of truth in the grand finale, "Face to Face." Having reached a point in her life when she is finally able to confront her past, Quimera proclaims that her "spirit has prevailed." Miraculously, time and tide has allowed her, as survivor, to carry her torch high. As "Starlight" traces the path of Quimera's heart, the elusive one shows us that the illumination from above is the light we should heed. As the mantra "Follow your starlight/Let it take you home" summons the call, it is imperative that we never give up on our dreams.

the
San Diego Troubadour
is looking for
writers to cover
bluegrass news
and events.

please send a sample
of your writing to:
lizabbott@cox.net
you'll be in good
company!



Robin Adler and Mutts of the Planet Safaris to the Heart: The Songs of Joni Mitchell

by Frank Kocher

Fallbrook's Robin Adler, husband Dave Blackburn, and a group of top-shelf local jazz players have gathered together for a labor of love called *Safaris to the Heart: The Songs of Joni Mitchell*. Billed as Robin Adler and Mutts of the Planet, the band is up to the task of both covering and interpreting a batch of ten songs by the Canadian pop/folk/jazz genius, offering both a glimpse of Mitchell's sound and plenty of their own musical touches. Pristine studio work by Blackburn uses his own guitar accents, ear-catching piano by Barnaby Finch, drummer Jeff Olson and bassist Dave Curtis' rhythm section to surround and amp up the vocals. Adler, vocally backed by Britt Doehring, has a full, strong voice that works on both live and studio tracks, and the disc is a mixture of the two. In a recent interview with the *San Diego Troubadour* (February 2010), she claimed she doesn't think that she sounds like Mitchell; while she doesn't copy her or anyone else she does manage to make a few of the tracks here sound a lot like the Mitchell originals, which is a very good thing.

In the disc opener is "Rainy Night House" from *Miles of Aisles*, the band sounds so much like the outfits on Mitchell's mid-'70s albums that it is uncanny: shimmering keyboards, bass guitar in vacant spaces in the sound that make the lyrics stand out, nice percussion. The most heavily represented album is 1991's superb *Night Ride Home*, and "Cherokee Louise," a highlight from that disc, is on here, too. Adler nails the vocal, conveying the emotional mystique of a tale about childhood (including molestation) of the original with an approach that still resounds of Mitchell.

"Woodstock" brings together the haunting tones of what was probably the best song about the festival when Adler's soaring vocal, and a live, keyboard-dominated bridge gives way to a few rocking bars of "Pinball Wizard." If the listener doesn't flash on Pete Townshend doing jumping windmills in 1969, it isn't for lack of the band's effort. Mitchell lovers should like "Amelia," since this cover sure sounds like the tune on *Hejira*, while "The Jungle Line" adds trumpet touches to the rumbling jazz drum tune and makes very good use of some heavy guitar chords by Blackburn as Adler chants about the inner city, or is it Africa?

The ten songs here may leave some Mitchell fans thirsting for other personal favorites not included here, but this is a generous disc lasting over an hour. Mitchell's five folk-heavy early

continued next column



Rob Mehl Out of the Blue

by Frank Kocher

Readers who reside in the San Diego area may occasionally forget just how fortunate they are, with sunny skies and surf hardly ever more than a walk or short drive away. Not to worry, the lifestyle on the sweeping beaches of SoCal, Hawaii, and the Caribbean is celebrated at length in the trop-rock music of Rob Mehl, whose latest disc is *Out of the Blue*. His many previous releases have included *Could You Be More Pacific?* and *Havana Good Time*, and the titles say a lot about the surf troubadour's sound.

This collection of ten Mehl originals uses blends stripped-down, mostly acoustic arrangements with harp and accordion touches. The percussion and work on cajon box, udu, and other instruments by Allan Phillips gives this disc a big boost, conveying the sound of a much larger steel drum band. Mehl has a mellow beachcomber voice, made to mix with a guitar, that fits the material perfectly.

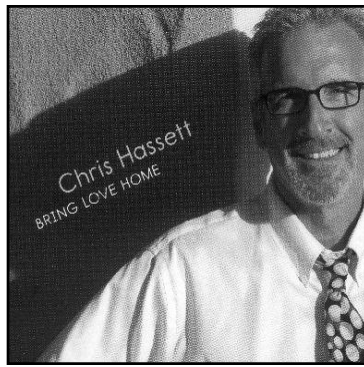
Out of the Blue starts with the title tune, subtitled "Here Comes My Paradise," a light pop tune that uses Mehl's trop lyrics in a swing-jazz arrangement to good effect to establish the sunny mood of what is to follow. Familiar trop-rock themes and arrangements don't hold back "Key Lime Limbo (to a Little Sunny Jimbo)" and "Better Times", these are pleasant and catchy as Mehl has such an infectious delivery with his stories about sailing the keys and catamarans in the South Seas that they draw the listener in. "Floridita (Hemingway in Bronze)" might be stretching things one track too far, though, as obvious comparisons to Jimmy Buffett's similar '70s fare and the earlier "Key Lime Limbo" on this disc tends to dilute the impact.

Robin Adler, continued

discs are lightly represented here, and none of her obscure '80s output, but most of the selections aren't strangers to most music lovers and fans of the singer.

"Help Me" is again, like "Amelia" played fairly close to the irresistible *Court and Spark* original; no argument here, since any re-arrangement would likely fall short. Sandwiched around this tune are two other tracks from *Night Ride Home*, the title track from that disc and "Passion Play" (also known as "When All the Slaves Are Free"). These shine, and things wrap with a snappy beat on "Dreamland," a long, live jazz exercise with sax, keys, scat singing, and Brazilian attitude.

Jazz fans, especially fans of Joni Mitchell and her music, will find *Safaris to the Heart* an irresistible celebration of the works of a great artist. Robin and Dave's project has all of the signs of a labor of love, and sounds great to match.



Chris Hassett Bring Love Home

by Jennifer Carney

Like many Baby Boomers, Chris Hassett has worn many hats throughout his life. That he decided, at age 60, to finally pursue his lifelong passion for singing and songwriting came as no real surprise to anyone – least of all Hassett. He's been performing and singing for decades in one way or another. *Bring Love Home* is Hassett's first release (although another album is in the works), capturing Hassett's essence and talent in the format that he loves best: live on stage, accompanied simply by piano, bass, and drums.

Hassett's influences are many, and a chosen few are explored in *Bring Love Home*. Lovers of jazz, showtunes, and old pop standards will enjoy this album.

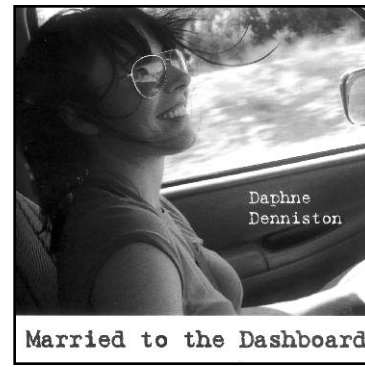
The CD opens with an a cappella "stream of consciousness" original tune titled "Heartbeat," followed by the Cole Porter standard, "I've Got You under My Skin" and gives it a nice turn. The self-penned "A Woman Is My Friend" is a perfect follow-up and a jazzy paean to his close friendships with women throughout his life.

The upbeat, tango-esque "We Face the Morning" champions the thrill of the ephemeral nature of life, and Hassett continues with a heartfelt rendering of Leonard Cohen's much-beloved "Hallelujah." "I Will Whisper Your Name" is an a cappella ode to a beloved that gracefully introduces the poignant "Into the Light," an original ballad written in memory of Hassett's late partner.

"Let Love Be Your Family" is an earlier composition shored up in response to the defeated Proposition 8 in California. The song implores everyone to open their hearts to love, no matter what form it takes. The a cappella "Another Plate" links "Let Love..." and then "Let the Angels In," a country-lite ballad about those who are battling mental illness and the importance of moments of kindness and compassion. "El Centro," a lampoon of the Marty Robbins' country classic "El Paso," follows. Hassett has re-written the lyrics in a satirical manner as the tale of a gay man's infatuation with a cowboy and their triumph at a dance contest.

The album swings back to the sentimental with "Whispers," Hassett's most clear-cut romantic love song. A snippet of the pop classic, "Those Were the Days" introduces the *Les Miserables* classic, "Bring Him Home." Hassett does this difficult showtune enormous justice. The concert comes to a close with the upbeat "The People I Love," which is all about choosing the people you want to have as your family. Hassett calls this his theme song and it's a lovely closer to a solid album.

Chris Hassett is a songwriter with a conscience as well as a keen sense of the universal things in life that resonate for us all. *Bring Love Home* is a diverse collection of poignant songs that could be standards in a new American Songbook.



Daphne Denniston Married to the Dashboard

by Frank Kocher

Listening to certain roots performers' music can be compared to riding in a fast car, or a motorcycle, or maybe an SUV. Local singer Daphne Denniston is more like going down a bumpy road in the worn-out interior of a beat-up 3/4 ton pickup truck, knowing that there is a half-empty bottle of bourbon stashed somewhere in the cab. And, probably, a half-empty gun. Part of the fun is the hard-living danger.

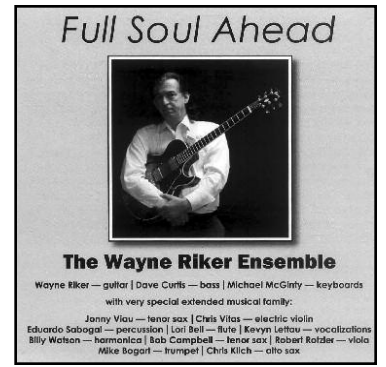
Married to Dashboard is her latest, a great title that follows her 2007 disc *Five Dollars or the Truth*. Sven-Erik Seaholm produced, and the local studio musicians on board (Peter Bolland, Reverend Stickman, and others) enhance Denniston's storyboards about life on the road and the characters to be met there. For the most part her country-rock vocals steer clear of a songbird approach, but they are more the straight-up, unadorned spinning of a raconteur.

After a few tunes, the listener knows that Denniston's world is one of truck stops, dive bars, small towns, quirky people, and the wide open road. "Jake Brakes" is the lament of a truck driver's woman, using great lyrics to paint a picture of a failing relationship. On "Homefield Advantage," it describes a struggle over a man from the unapologetic viewpoint of the woman whose one-night stand starts the trouble. "Bob's Riverfront Diner," an autobiographical slice of life about a real road café, is a highlight, with verses about Denniston, her sister, and apple butter. A lowdown lover is chronicled in "Your Gibson," as she tells him off for selling his prized guitar when jailed: "I only came back for one thing/Your guitar was in love with me." Denniston lets her pipes go a bit on "The City Is Burning," as close as the disc comes to a personal love song, and handles it well.

The 13 tracks don't stray far from familiar country-roots styles, but the pacing is good, and because of Denniston's songwriting savvy, the listener is always engaged and connects to it personally. The lyrics are included, as one hopes would be the case with all such projects. The disc is the kind that gets better with repeat listens.

"Liberty County" rocks along with Denniston and a carload of cohorts trying to outrun the cops, "Hold on to your beers, boys. If I'm going down, I'm going down." Things are much more mellow on "Cigarettes from Nicaragua," as soft guitar is the only backdrop for a quiet commentary about a mismatched couple. The disc closes with a memorable country ballad, "I Can't Tell You About Montana," another sort of life story of someone who has done a lot of traveling, living, and loving.

Married to the Dashboard offers a generous collection of musical stories about blue-collar people who work, play, and drink hard, written with good imagery and insight. Daphne Denniston's uncompromising style is refreshingly different and makes this disc always entertaining.



Wayne Riker Full Soul Ahead

by Frank Kocher

When last heard from on disc, San Diego guitarist Wayne Riker was laying out tasteful acoustic solo guitar on last year's *Fretology*. The jazzy improvisations on that disc clearly confirmed that this veteran blues guitar teacher was genre-jumping talent on the six-string. On his new disc, *Full Soul Ahead*, Riker is back with a trio as the Wayne Riker Ensemble, and he is plugged in, with some good local musical talent along for the session.

The ten original Riker tunes on the disc are built around his crisp and versatile guitar playing, with good bass bottom from Dave Curtis, and a sharp performance by Michael McGinty on keyboards. On most of the tracks, a guest artist is featured for solo spots, which enhances a sound that already clicks. Riker is at home on the electric guitar, with a calm command as the songs span blues, funk, and various jazz forms.

"Jump Rope" gets the listener acquainted with the sound, a funky jump blues-style tune with Riker's round, crystal-clear notes taking turns with McGinty's barrelhouse piano and Jonny Viau's blasting tenor sax; there are no drums needed (here or on most songs) as Curtis moves the groove all by himself. Eduardo Sabogal, who recorded and mixed the disc, adds percussion to three tracks, including "Minor Distraction." This one also adds Chris Vitas on electric violin, as Riker shines while adding a Latin flavor with some distinctive, restrained scales. Flutist Lori Bell is on board for "Blip Blop," a bouncy bop number, and then it is time for "Seriously Blue," which gives the basic Ensemble a few minutes of solo stretching. They don't disappoint; McGinty again impresses and Riker lays down line after line of clean blues, avoiding repetition or showboating. Vocalist Kevyn Lettau's airy scat singing helps "Six Beats Under" take flight, as some of the Riker's best work on the disc gives the tune a Brazilian feel.

Riker's acoustic discs *Fretful* and *Fretology* worked so well in part because of his tasteful approach, avoiding temptations to burn the frets off the guitar just for the sake of speed or do fretboard tricks to dress up his sound. Here, he uses the same approach, and it again helps the music. Highly skilled, and flashy enough, his phrasing and musical vocabulary serve the music, rather than the reverse.

For "Funk Fry," it's a trip back to the sound of the Stax soul days, Steve Cropper style, as the choppy funk guitar and Mike Bogart's trumpet mix with McGinty's organ for a glimpse of Booker T and the MGs. Chris Klich joins on alto sax for "Talk to Me," a mid-tempo tune that again pushes soul buttons, while Riker fires off climbing lines of jazz notes over shimmering keyboards.

Full Soul Ahead offers the Wayne Riker Ensemble, along with some top San Diego area jazz and blues artists, getting together to play some new, exciting music that covers a lot of ground. Guitarist Riker's electric debut is an eclectic delight.

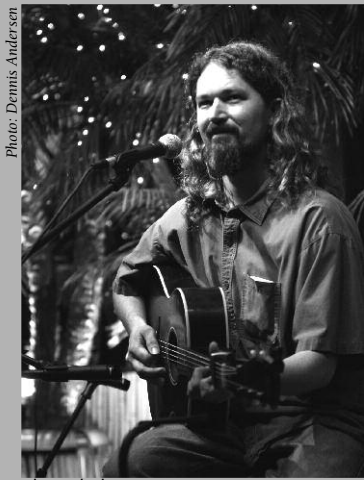
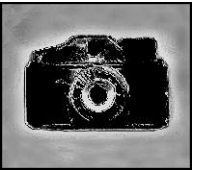


Photo: Dennis Andersen
Chris Clarke in concert at Oasis



Photo: Steve Covault
Neil Innes @ AMSD Concerts



Photo: Dennis Andersen
John Kuhlken @ Oasis



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Acoustic Alliance @ Brick by Brick



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Alicia Previn



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Lisa Olson @ Gregory @ Lestat's



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Lindsey Yung @ Lestat's



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Kim Divine



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Dave Ybarra



Photo: Bob Page
Brian Wikland @ Old Time Music

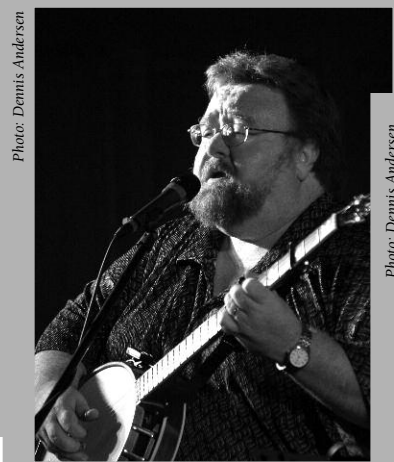


Photo: Dennis Andersen
Dennis Caplinger



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Cindy Santini



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Cici Porter

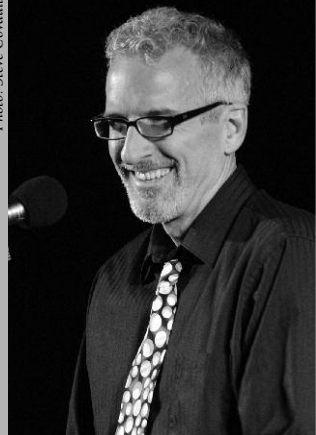


Photo: Steve Covault
Chris Hassett



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Sara Petite @ Oasis



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Veronica Mays @ Acoustic Alliance



Photo: Steve Thom
Rio Pelligrosso @ Humphrey's



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Robin Adler & Dave Blackburn CD release @ Tango Del Rey



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Pater Bolland



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Molly Jensen



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Sara Watkins @ Lestat's



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Paul Kamansky @ Java Joe's



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Benjamin Myers



Photo: Steve Covault
Joe Walsh

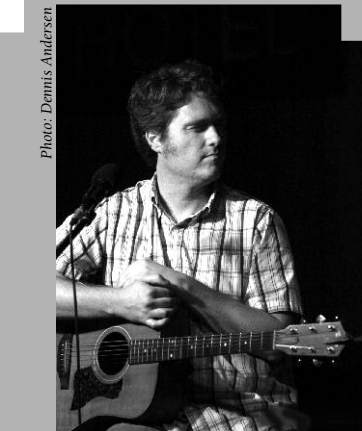


Photo: Dennis Andersen
Tad Wagner



Photo: Dennis Andersen
Renata Youngblood

support your
local musicians

SAN DIEGO
OLD TIME MUSIC

www.sdoldtimemusic.com

2852 University Avenue. San Diego CA 92104

Store Hours: Mon, Fri, Sat, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Tues, Wed, Thurs, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

(619) 280-9035



**We've got Banjos,
Fiddles, Guitars,
Mandolins, Ukes,
Strings, capos,
picks, tuners...
and more!**

JUNE AT OTM

QUICKSTART™

Sat June 26 • KEV's Quickstart Guitar™ Series :

Learn to play BEATLES Tunes \$20

2:00 to 4:00 pm: Learn to play Blackbird, and other Beatles tunes. Fun.

Beginning Blues Guitar I Fun! \$20

2:30-4:30 pm: Learn the basics of the blues - beginners welcome!

Admission: \$20 per workshop

Bring a participating friend and you save \$5 per workshop they take with you.
(Discount good for 1 friend only) Call and reserve your spot! 619-280-9035

San Diego Branch of the Ukulele Society of America

Every Monday • 6:30 - 9 pm

Hosted by Ronnie Seno. Free lesson and play along. It's free, and it's fun. Aloha! Come play Ukulele! Play along, sing along. Every Monday.

3rd Tuesday Bluegrass Jam

7-9 pm the third Thursday of every month.

Sponsored by Old Time Music and the San Diego Bluegrass Society. EVERYONE IS WELCOME to this free monthly event!

San Diego Bluegrass Society Jam

meets here at OTM every third Tuesday each month.

Slow jam meets 6:30-7:30 pm and is free for SDBS members, \$5 for non-members. Bands on stage, open mike, open bluegrass jamming... come and join in the fun!

Old Tyme Fiddlers

biweekly jam 1st & 3rd Thursdays • 7 pm

Fiddlers, old time music, non-stop playing. Visitors welcome. Free

San Diego Songwriters Meet-Up

Every other Wed • 7-9 pm

This group meets every other Wednesday, click on our calendar for dates. Guest speakers, networking, song sharing. A great group for any one who loves song writing. Free

Mountain Dulcimer Jam

biweekly jam 2nd & 4th Thursdays • 7 pm

Visitors welcome! Free

San Diego Folk Song Society

Second Sunday of the Month • 2 - 6 pm Free

Honky Tonk Jam

Third Sunday of the month 2-5 PM

The place to come if you love Classic Country, Hillbilly and Honky Tonk music. All acoustic and fun, this is one of our longest running jam sessions. Now open to all.. Free



Guitars, Banjos and Mandos oh my!

Martin • Taylor • Collings • Deering and more!



**Guitars
Ukes
Banjos
Fiddles
Mandolins
Strings
Picks
Capos
Music Books
DVD's
Repairs
Lessons
Concerts
Workshops
and more!**

In-house repair, string changing and instrument set up services.



Buffalo Bros. Guitars



CARLSBAD

An amazing selection of vintage, brand name electrics & acoustic instruments.

(760) 434-4567

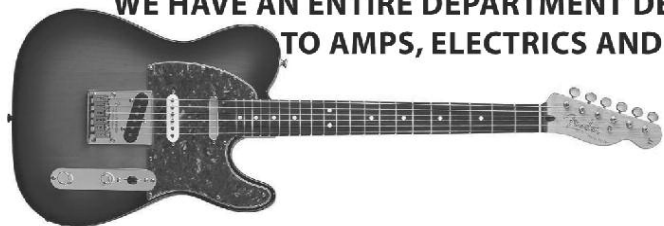
4901 El Camino Real Carlsbad, CA 92008

www.buffalobrosguitars.com

Find the Guitar of your Dreams!

Offering the finest in new, used and vintage stringed instruments since 1971

WE HAVE AN ENTIRE DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO AMPS, ELECTRICS AND EFFECTS.



ACOUSTIC GUITARS
Taylor, Martin, Collings and other Major Brands.

AMPS Marshall, SWR, VOX, Rivera, HIWATT, JMI and other great amps. **Need Tubes? Cables?** We've got them.

ELECTRIC GUITARS
Fender, Gibson, Paul Reed Smith, Gretsch, Jackson, G&L, Taylor, Dan Electro & more!

MON-FRI 9AM-6PM
SAT 10AM - 5PM
SUN 12 NOON - 4PM

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS