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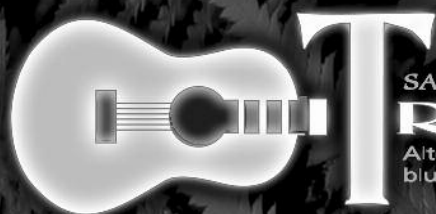
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**SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR**, the local source for alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news, is published monthly and is free of charge. Letters to the editor must be signed and may be edited for content.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

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

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# Looking Back Facing Forward

We here at the *San Diego Troubadour* wish to express our deepest thanks to everyone who is now, has been, or will be associated with the *San Diego Troubadour* in some way or another as advertisers, writers, columnists, former and current staff members, delivery people, and to all of our readers, we are very grateful.

It doesn't seem like ten whole years have gone by, but in putting this special anniversary issue together, we see how much has been packed into this particular period of time. For us, 10 years is not just a marker, it also represents the *Troubadour's* ever-widening circle of supporters, friendships that have been made, a gradual increase in our readership, and the opportunity to be a part of San Diego's unique music scene. To have watched the evolution of this publication from the first issue up until now – almost 120 issues to date – is indeed gratifying.

Ten years is a milestone that calls for celebration and we are planning to do just that. On Sunday, October 9, friends of the Troubadour will gather together at Sunset Temple in North Park to recognize our accomplishments over the past 10 years and to raise a glass to the future of the paper. This fun-packed evening features



Publishers Liz Abbott and Kent Johnson

our traditional open mic session in addition to performances by several of San Diego's most popular performers, including Peter Sprague and Leonard Patton, Berkley Hart, Robin Henkel, Steve Poltz, and A.J. Croce. Watch for some surprise artists as well. Taylor Guitars and Deering Banjo have been good enough to donate two wonderful instruments for an opportunity drawing as well. Tickets can be purchased online:

<http://www.sandiegotroubadour.com/10th-anniversary-celebration/>  
Come and join us!

Photo: Steve Covault

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# Deering Banjo Brings Tradition into the Future

by Will Edwards

Popular music has always been influential in our culture even as the popular musicians have changed time and time again. Pop music has introduced the listening public to new political ideas and it has even been the catalyst for important cultural movements in history. Today, popular music from bands like Mumford and Sons and the Avett Brothers is present on the radio airwaves across the U.S. But, it's not just new music that these bands are introducing. Among other things, they are reintroducing the listening public to an instrument with a long and influential history of its own: the banjo.



Mumford and Sons

Even though Mumford and Sons hail from distant shores (West London, England) and the Avett Brothers formed 3,000 miles away, in distant Concord, North Carolina, both bands have had their definitive sounds shaped by San Diego. That's because San Diego is home to Deering, "The Great American Banjo Company," and it is Deering that designed and built the banjos used by both bands.

Deering Banjo has a distinguished history of making the banjos that the pros want. Bela Fleck has long relied on his Deering Crossfire banjo, which uses custom pickups and a special synthesizer pickup. Currently, many modern pros also use Deering. Taylor Swift, Keith Urban, Gillian Welch, the Dropkick Murphys, and the Carolina Chocolate Drops all rely on Deering banjos when they compose or play live.

Husband and wife team, Greg and Janet Deering founded Deering Banjo in 1975, here in San Diego. Over time they've had many successes. Deering has become the largest maker of



Carolina Chocolate Drops

American-made banjos and is recognized around the world as the premiere company to look to for innovations related to the banjo. Greg Deering started playing the banjo at the age of 12. Equipped with a love of building, especially machining and woodworking, Greg developed new manufacturing techniques. Many of Deering's innovations are aimed at making quality instruments affordable for the average person while still meeting a professional player's exacting standards. Ultimately, Deering made a name for themselves, while remaining true to their own roots and the traditional banjo community.

The fact that a Deering Banjo is the instrument of choice over other manufacturers for many mainstream musicians has helped encourage a significantly broader interest in the banjo among pop music fans. In fact, 2011 is on track to be Deering's best year ever based on dollars of sales. "People are coming into stores asking for banjos," says Dave Bandrowski, Deering's director of marketing.

The banjo was an instru-

ment that dominated popular music in this country from the late 19th century all the way up until the late 1930s. When Gibson started manufacturing amplified electric guitars and Charlie Christian brought the idea of amplified guitar to the Benny Goodman sextet in the late '30s, the banjo fell by the wayside and the electric guitar took its place. Further guitar innovations continued at Gibson, Fender, Gretsch and, other famed guitar makers while the banjo was relegated to the field of "traditional" music, rather than popular music. But, once again the banjo is being heard... and even amplified!

Deering is the only banjo manufacturer in the U.S. that makes all their own parts in house (Greg has even

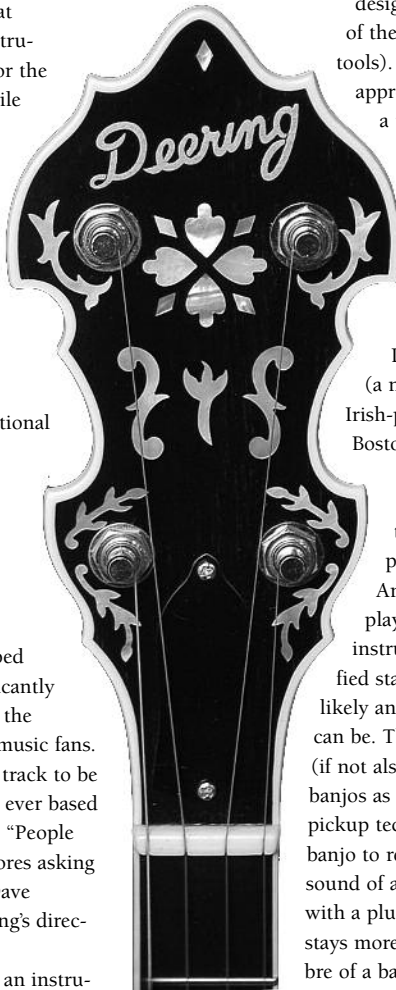
designed and built many of the workshop's custom tools). This do-it-yourself approach is indicative of a trend you can see for yourself at the

Deering factory – they feel compelled to improve all the time. In a recent collaboration with Jeff DaRosa of the

Drop Kick Murphys (a nationally recognized Irish-punk band from Boston) Deering developed

dramatic advances in electric-acoustic banjo pickup technology.

Anyone who has played an acoustic instrument on an electrified stage can attest to how likely and horrid feedback can be. This problem was true (if not also more likely) of banjos as well. Deering's new pickup technology allows the banjo to retain the feel and sound of an acoustic banjo, but with a plugged in sound that stays more true to the real timbre of a banjo.




Greg and Janet Deering

It is wise for any instrument manufacturer to remain prominent in the marketplace (especially if they've got a good product!). Deering Banjo participates in major music festivals all over the U.S., trying to expand awareness of, and interest in, the banjo. Traditional and contemporary players alike showcase Deering Banjos at the RockyGrass Festival, MerleFest, and Walnut Valley Festival in Winfield, Kansas. Deering also supports music in the schools and Greg and Janet's daughter Jamie is spearheading efforts to cultivate even more buzz in contemporary music circles that focus on new banjo music and composition. Every Thanksgiving, the Lemon Grove factory has a special open house and, yes, you can find them on Facebook and twitter. They also offer free newsletters (and email newsletters) and online tutorials designed to help new banjo inductees get started.

Learn more about Deering Banjo online at <http://www.deeringbanjos.com>. You can find them on Facebook (<http://www.facebook.com/deering.banjo>) and twitter (@Deering\_Banjos).



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# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

LOOKING BACK (like that's what I don't usually do)

Well for some 10 years I've pontificated (and occasionally bitched and moaned) on the pages of the SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR. I've told you stories about going to see Hank Williams, meeting Bill Monroe and Roy Acuff, getting to know ROSE MADDOX, CLIFF CARLISLE, WADE MAINER, and a whole lot more fairly well. I told you about gathering seaweed from the Pacific Ocean for Harmonica Frank Floyd, my Dad riding a freight train with Bob Nolan, spending time back stage at TOWN HALL PARTY and HOMETOWN JAMBOREE (where I, at 13 years old, was smuggled into Tennessee Ernie's dressing room by Molly Bee, who was also then 13). I've told you some about hunting for old records in the South while at the same time I was doing work for the Student Non-Violence Coordinating Committee and about meeting up with the folks who would later get the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival together while walking a picket line in New Orleans. I talked with them about doing a festival in San Diego and they talked with me about doing a festival in New Orleans.

As It turned out I got mine going in 1967 and it was the early '70s before they were underway. I talked about earlier Folk Festivals in San Diego like the one in 1965 out at then Cal Western University (where Pt. Loma Nazarene is today) and another festival called the San Diego Folk Festival that took place way back in 1944, which featured as its headliner the great Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly). It was a benefit concert for the Lincoln and International Brigade vets of the Spanish Civil War

In 10 years we've gone thru a lot of San Diego Music History. We talked about rockabilly with Jody Reynolds, Johnny and Dorsey Burnette, and Eddie Cochran at the College Inn in San Diego, about Smokey Rogers, Roy and Don Hogsed, Slim Dossey, and Terry Preston (who would later change his name to Ferlin Husky) in the country music clubs (add the Maddox Bros and Rose to that list). Guys like Merrill Moore who fell somewhere in between with that hot piano. We've talked about the old time jazz guys, R&B, and blues guys. Slim Gaillard, Fro Brigham, Eugene Porter, Little Willie Littlefield, Joe and Jimmie Liggins, Teddy Picou, Ervin "Big Daddy" Rucker, Robert "Rock Me" Jeffery, Bonnie Jefferson, Les Gumbs, Walter Fuller, Ella Ruth Piggee,

Rita Moss, Thomas E. Shaw, Louis Major, and so many others. We talked about the places like the Bostonia Ballroom, the Crossroads, the Honey Bucket, the Palladium (later the Pacific Ballroom), Ward's Jazzville, and that guy named Kennedy who owned seven or eight clubs downtown that catered to Navy guys who liked various kinds of music (he had a rock club, a blues club, a doo-wop place, a honky tonk country, and a country boogie and a rockabilly place, probably a jazz place too).

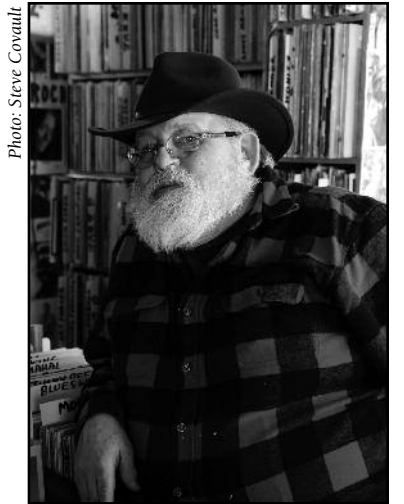
Talked a lot about Folksong, Coffee Houses, Folk Festivals, banjo and fiddle contests, the Great Folk Scare (when folksong tried to become pop). You all know about my involvement with music festivals and concerts so I won't dwell on them here. Suffice to say it was a damned lot of fun doing them and I'd like to do more. Some of the best music I've heard by local artists has been in coffeehouses like the Heritage in Mission Beach, the Ballad Man in La Jolla (got to see Josh White there once), the Upper Cellar, Circe's Cup in the college area (the Candy Company, too, although it was a little farther out on El Cajon Blvd), the Land of Oden and the Bifrost Bridge in La Mesa (two incarnations of the same building), and maybe best of all a little bookstore called The Sign of the Sun (on College Ave near El Cajon Blvd.) that did concerts for an all too short of a time. I got to see Mississippi John Hurt, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, the New Lost City Ramblers, Rev. Gary Davis, Skip James, Jean Redpath, Hedy West, Mike Seeger, Jean Ritchie, Bessie Jones, the Chambers Brothers, and lots more. Maybe of all the places I got to locally, this little bookstore was the most influential on what I later came to do.

Now I know I'm glitzing over a lot of stuff here, and there's probably some of the things I wrote about that I should have mentioned (that's for all you Troubadour archivists to start digging for). I've been promising a couple of readers that I'd do a column on serious record collecting. What to look for, how much it's worth, and so forth. There's a lot of that on my Facebook Page (Louis F Curtiss) and also on a couple

of FACEBOOK FORUMS (the Real Blues Forum and the Real Country Music Forum). There's also some mighty fine listening to do on all three pages. I will get on that record collecting piece and it'll be in these pages.

Til then be real good to each other.

ALLEN SINGER  
Allen Singer, folk songster, songleader of the San Diego Folksong Society, on the board of San Diego Folk Heritage (and the guy who seemed to get things done with that organization), pivotal to the organization that brought about the Poway Train Song Festival, and the Sam Hinton Memorial Folk Festival each year, suffered a major heart attack Tuesday, September 13 and passed away the following Saturday. A lot of us who knew Allen and worked with him on various projects here in town realize, or are coming to realize that there is a very large hole in the musical soul of this city that's going to be very hard to fill. His support for me and the various projects I'm involved with has always been top notch. Just about a week ago he came by Folk Arts Rare Records to talk with me about getting



Lou Curtiss

back to being involved with the Adams Ave. Roots Festival. He had set up a meeting to talk with Scott Kessler and other Adams Ave. Business Association folks. I told him I was trying to keep my big mouth shut on that subject and we talked about bringing San Diego Folk Heritage into the running of that Festival which would suit me fine. This was a very special man that we lost. RIP Old Buddy.

Recordially,  
Lou Curtiss



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# Troubadour Writers Share Their Stories

## Simeon Flick



As I reflect on my involvement with the *San Diego Troubadour* on its tenth anniversary, I can't help but be pleased, in an offhand way, with the synchronous chronology we share, as San Diego has now been my home for a decade as well. The ten-year mark has also just come and gone for 9/11, and my remembrance of that hallowed day finds me even more grateful that, no more than a month later in 2001, the Duplessies (RIP), Kent Johnson and Liz Abbott independently published the inaugural issue of a free monthly paper that would give a localized voice to predominantly eschewed musical genres and artists (such as myself), and provide a professional vehicle for non-vocational writers (such as myself).

2004 was a pivotal year that would cement my involvement with the "Troub" (and its amiable grassroots staff and affiliates) on multiple levels. Simeon Flick the solo artist got his first review, at the insistent behest of the late Jessica Treat, from the graciously laudatory pen of Frederick Leonard (aka Chuck Schiele) in the June issue. Shortly after that, in the September/October issue, budding journalist Simeon Flick was allowed to pen the first of many CD reviews (and then articles and cover stories) on behalf of myriad fellow artists, many of them good

friends whom I feel extremely gratified to have been able to serve with my objective-as-I-can-possibly-be "pen." Then, prompted by the temporary incarceration of Kent Johnson, Simeon the editorial assistant was called on to help with various aspects of the *Troubadour's* website assembly and maintenance. I can't express enough gratitude to Liz Abbott and the rest of the *Troubadour* staff – who are good friends to this day – for all of these enriching professional experiences (I still miss – and will never forget – those great morning meetings at Liz and Kent's place in University Heights).

Remembrance of 9/11 also inspires hypothetical imaginings of what our San Diego lives would be like without the *Troubadour*, which, because of its unfaltering monthly longevity, I feel has made it easy to take for granted. There'd be no insightful, inspirational, often humorous columns by the likes of Peter Bolland, Sven-Erik Seaholm, and José Sinatra, no professionally beneficial coverage of the gargantuan bounty of ridiculously talented, criminally unrecognized artists we have living and working here, and no exposure for the large phalanx of symbiotic businesses who advertise in the *Troubadour* every month and have subsequently allowed it to expand and grow well beyond its initial parameters. Lastly, there would be no ultimate physical manifestation of this community unity the *Troubadour* has engendered in the form of the end-of-year Christmas party, where it's respective denizens gather to celebrate by the hundreds.

And so, on behalf of everyone reading this, I would like to toast Liz and Kent and all my fellow contributors to the *San Diego Troubadour* for a decade of invaluable service to the San Diego music community. Here's to many, many more years of superlative, indispensable alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz and bluegrass coverage. Cheers!

## Chuck Schiele



I first became acquainted with the *San Diego Troubadour* in 2002 when Phil Harmonic reviewed my CD. Upon reading that review, I remember feeling that finally there was a voice that spoke to the acoustic guitar-based genres that are so abundant in the San Diego music scene. I felt that my own music was heard and recognized for what it is – accurately – by ears that had affinity for the subject matter and a voice that knew how to responsibly tell about it. After all, it can be a great disservice to everyone including the reader when a reviewer with, say... a penchant for alternative music ... reviews your music under his or her own frustration of your music not being alternative music.

Over the course of the next year things started really working out for me within the scene. I wanted to become more involved in contributing to a healthier scene, knowing that if we all did something to foster a better scene, we'd find ourselves in a better scene. At the same time I had befriended Liz and Kent as well as the beloved Duplessies, simply by being present in the same places a lot of the time. I was asked to write a review or two, and found out I really enjoyed it. Then I started creating the artwork for the covers. With the passing of Ellen and Lyle I learned that the publications existence was threatened in a conversation with Liz. My heart sank and

rose at the same time. I slept on it one night and on a basis of love for our/my music scene, called Liz the next day and told her, "No way we're losing this voice. It's too important to let it go; I have a background in making publications work, so whatever you need from me, I'll do it. That's what it means to me." She took me up on it. I became involved much more and have felt like part of the family ever since. It proved to be one of the most satisfying things I've ever done. Having said that a lot of people have been involved – all of whom made the *Troubadour* a must read every month in San Diego music. I'm very happy to be part of all these generous, talented and super-creative people. Over about eight years I've had the pleasure of meeting wonderful musicians and partaking in some very special events. But mostly, I rejoice that being involved with the *San Diego Troubadour* became a vehicle to stop complaining about the way things are (as so many folks do) and use that same energy to make things better. And that's what the *San Diego Troubadour* has done for San Diego music: They made things better. They gave us acoustic guitar-based musicians a great big voice that, in turn, galvanized a buncha string plunkers into our own special scene.

And what a scene it is!

Thank you *San Diego Troubadour* for being there for us; and thank you for letting me be part of something so good.

~Chuck Schiele is a songwriter/musician, record producer, events producer, music writer, artist, activist, and genuine fan of San Diego music.

## Bart Mendoza



What I most appreciate about the *San Diego Troubadour* is that it's about music. That's it. Music. And everyone involved truly loves it and lives it.

I love the scope of what they cover, and I think that's the key to its success and longevity. Someone wants to read a story or review on Bianca Paras, they'll stumble across something on Joel Scott Hill. Meanwhile, someone investigating the history of saxophonist Harold Land might be hippped to Gregory Page. Or some such.

As a writer, I love the chance to spread out a little, dig a little deeper, than the usual publishing word count allows. The stated purpose of the paper stands, but a bit of leeway means interviews with Pete Best, Grace Slick, Rod Argent, and the Penetrators have also made it in. One really stands out to me: Nick Reynolds of the Kingston Trio. Some of my earliest memories include their music – my mother worked in Coronado during the early sixties and to say their music was ubiquitous would be an understatement. They've always been held in the highest esteem, I remember seeing them on flickering black and white TV. My conversations with Mr. Reynolds are something I'll always treasure.

I've had the pleasure of working with both founders Lyle and Ellen Duplessie as well Liz and Kent – I consider it a privilege to write for such wonderful people (and good friends).

It's hard to believe it's been ten years since the *Troubadour* first hit the scene, but it would be even harder to imagine what San Diego's music community would be like without them. Anyone who has followed local music over the past decade surely has noticed the marked upswing our little "scene" has had, and the *San Diego Troubadour* is one of

the key factors in that. Unifying the area's performers, they give a voice to many artists who might be overlooked by other local media, basically promoting the heck out of the San Diego's musicians (and others passing through). The fact that they cover both the up-and-comers as well as current heroes and make a point of showcasing San Diego's amazing music history, ensures that anyone in the future needing info will always consider the *San Diego Troubadour* an indispensable resource.

The first ten years have been incredible, the next 100 should be *amazing*!

## Paul Hornick



Every time I write an article or profile for the *Troubadour* I learn something new. From the time I started writing for this paper in 2003, this is what I enjoy the most.

In one of my most recent articles I profiled Martin Grusin, a prominent vocal teacher in San Diego. While I visited with Martin, he showed me a book on the vocal chords and singing. It looked like a medical school textbook, complete with diagrams and those *Gray's Anatomy*-type illustrations. What I had expected to be an interview about breathing and voice control turned into a session that touched on physiology and science, all of it about how the voice is created by the human body. Another interview, this one with traditional Celtic fiddler Jamie Laval, turned into a history lesson on Scottish history and Scottish music.

I'm a long-time resident of San Diego, so I'm always eager to learn what I can about local history and culture. For a story on the Granger Music Hall in National City I visited the National City Library. The librarians brought out volumes of old newspapers, scrapbooks, and historical records on the music hall. As someone who has always loved research and who goes back to the old days when the Internet was but gleams in the eyes of an army of computer geeks, I was pleasantly overwhelmed to be surrounded by stacks of documents and card catalogues and doing old-fashioned research.

For many of the persons that I've profiled in the *Troubadour* I've enjoyed their music long before writing their profile, sometimes hearing their performances for years before getting the chance to sit down and interview them. Though I think I might be familiar with these musicians and their music, there is always something that they tell me that surprises me. Bob Magnusson loves to surf! Wes Hudson, who spins the platters on Jazz Night at El Take It Easy, has worked in real estate. Delle Arte Guitar's Alain Cola started his life in business when he was a teen, installing security peepholes on the front doors of the houses of Toulon, his hometown.

We who write for the *Troubadour* talk to musicians, people who love what they do. It's a lot of fun for me to hear the personal stories these individuals share, how they first started to play music when they were children, how they chose their instrument, and who their influences are. I'm always curious to find out where songwriters get their ideas for songs, and I could probably talk for hours to jazz musicians about theory and their approach to soloing. The musicians tell me about music history as well. Charles McPherson spoke about how, decades ago, jazz styles had regional qualities, like accents that indicated where a musician was from. A number of singer/songwriters and folk singers have schooled me about the Great Folk Scare. As long as my relationship with the *Troubadour* continues, I know I'll keep writing and keep learning.

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# What Is a Troubadour?

by Kent Johnson & Raul Sandelin

As we celebrate the 10th anniversary of the *San Diego Troubadour*, it is only fitting that we dwell upon the paper's name and ask, "What does the word Troubadour really mean?" We probably all have a vague conception of the troubadour as some guy who stands up alone in front of a mic and sings songs. But, there must be some history behind that, right?

When Lyle and Ellen Duplessie chose the paper's name back in 2001, they undoubtedly must have thought of the Troubadour in Los Angeles, the long-fabled club that showcased, first, the folk revival of the 1950s then the Laurel Canyon set in the late-'60s before morphing into a cutting edge rock club by the mid-1970s. But, as world-famous as the LA Troubadour has become, it is important to remember that its name too is derivative. (It started out as a carbon copy of the London Troubadour that opened three years earlier in 1954.)

It is significant that the 1950s folk revivalists adopted the imagery and mystique of the troubadour because the word in its modern, 20th-century usage seems to date back to the first wave of consciously "folk" singers, such as Woody Guthrie, who emerged out of the politics and hardship of the 1930s. The word "troubadour" was not invented during the Great Depression to be sure. But, the word was resurrected to describe a certain type of Depression-era singer: one who performed his own songs, often politically motivated songs, while travelling with the large bodies of migrant Americans desperately searching for work.

The politically left-wing troubadour of the 1930s thus replaced the other lone singer-songwriter of American music, the minstrel, who often engaged in reactionary politics,

especially when white minstrels performed the racist parody called blackface, wearing black makeup and mocking African-Americans with crude stereotypes and caricatures.

However, the original troubadours date back even further than the Dust Bowl, to the 12th and 13th centuries to be exact. The word troubadour dates from the French verb *trobar*, which means alternately to explore, to invent, and to disturb. The English word troop is also an offshoot. To apply a modern translation, we might say that the troubadour was a trailblazer, someone who explored new territory, composed new songs, and poked fun at the establishment. The musical addendum is certainly logical since the French word *trobar* ultimately derives from the Greek and Arabic words for melody and singing.

As one follows the development of the word troubadour, one begins to understand that a troubadour-like figure, a traveling singer-songwriter-poet has existed in many countries in different forms, perhaps as far back as Homer. In France, there was an early tradition of wandering musicians who composed their own songs and were known as *joglers*, a term derived from the word *joculatores*. These *joglers* (precursors of modern jugglers) were circus-type performers who were mostly Romans who settled in Gaul and amused the common people by day and the aristocrats at night after their banquets. Later, with the rise of the actual troubadour, these *joglers* would provide a lower tier to the troubadour's upper tier: The troubadours were the best of the best. The *joglers* became their more vulgar disciples.

However, despite the rich etymological roots of the word troubadour, the troubadour itself seems to have appeared out of

nowhere. Its origins are remarkable because they seem to have burst forth as an already developed form with no antecedents. Its nature is also remarkable because its fortunes are so closely linked to the fortunes of its homeland in the south of France, known as Occitania. It is there in Southern France that our tradition of the troubadour truly begins.

The man credited with the genesis of the troubadour is Guillem de Peitien (1071-1126), ninth duke of Aquitaine and seventh count of Poitiers, who was one of the most powerful feudal lords of his day. He was the inspiration for most later singer-poets who were to follow in the troubadour tradition. Perhaps, Guillem (English: William) was to the troubadour what Elvis was to rock and roll. He was the first troubadour to achieve national fame. And, compared to his contemporaries, William was able to combine the highest compositional techniques of stanza and rhyme with the vernacular language and subject matter of the day. Part sublime, part popular, William was able to express the loftiest, refined ideas in a way that all classes could understand, much like William Shakespeare was able to do on a different stage several centuries later..

The troubadours were by their nature itinerant performers. They could come from either noble families or common stock, but neither would have an effect on their reputation. But they were connected to aristocrats and they used *joglers* to circulate their poetry. But a good *joglar* could actually rise to the position of troubadour, whereas a troubadour who wasn't so good could fall to the position of *joglar*. So the troubadour, although having a status of dignity, was dependent on his patron's bounty and needed to constantly hone his skills.

The troubadour ranks included all kinds and sorts of men, monks, churchmen, and even women or female troubadours called *trobairitz*. The most famous female was Beatrice, the Countess of Die. Some troubadours were established as court poets under a patron lord but most were wandering, traveling musicians who desired a change of scenery and eventually traveled far and wide throughout the known world of Western and Eastern Europe and all around the Mediterranean Sea area.

From this original era, over 1,000 troubadour songs have survived to this day and over 300 still have their musical settings.



These are recorded in 35 manuscripts known as *chansonniers*.

Though love was often the main theme, social and political questions also found their way into the troubadour's stanzas. Troubadours routinely satirized political and religious opponents, preached crusades, sang funeral laments, and supported princes and nobles involved in struggles. Troubadour poetry dealt with war, politics, personal satire, and other subjects.

Yet, the predominant theme to which the troubadour returned was love. And because of the worship of the Virgin Mary in a Catholic country such as France, the reverence bestowed on the virgin was extended to womanhood in general. At first troubadour love songs were mostly intellectual instead of emotional, written for a patron's lady and void of the troubadour's own feelings. But, this changed during the Crusades because women were left behind to fend for themselves while the Lords and nobility went out on campaign. The absence of husbands and sons could be as long as ten years if these men returned at all. There is poignant evidence that illustrates the emotional effect that the crusading men's absence had on women. In this environ-

ment, the troubadour's songs often sang about the ideal, often unattainable lady who belonged to someone else. Instead of writing songs for his patron, the troubadour was writing about his own feelings for the lord's wife who was left alone at home.

Eventually, the troubadour would be immortalized and, unfortunately, in his immortality, he would also be corrupted. At one time, there were nearly 500 known troubadours in France. By the time of the plagues in the 14th century, there were none. But, the figure of the troubadour was incorporated into opera, literature, theater, and, ironically, song. The troubadour became the medieval ages' quintessential bad boy, the anti-hero who everyone wanted to be, but who ultimately lost in the end. It would take six centuries for the medieval troubadour to resurface. Now, the troubadour was a homeless Okie escaping his hometown dust, a Jewish kid from Minnesota shuffling into a Bleeker Street hoot, a Mexican-American goddess singing "Barbara Allen" on the Staten Island ferry.

The troubadour who died in 1350 was reborn in the name of class struggle, civil rights, and social justice. Now, the concept was simple: All you needed was three chords and the truth. But, that truth was still a song. Woody Guthrie wrote over a 1000 of them. Bob Dylan wrote around 450. Joan Baez wrote many while also resurrecting many of the lost and forgotten folk songs from around the world.

So, what is a *troubadour*? A rootless wanderer who writes and sings his own songs independent of other musicians or musical groupings. The troubadour is a hopeless romantic who longs for things he cannot have and longs for them in song. The troubadour is always a bit mischievous, not content with establishment politics and quick to disturb the status quo. So, it is quite accurate that our paper should call itself the *San Diego Troubadour* because that's what we all are: explorers, songwriters, mischief makers. Gregory Page, Tom Brosseau, Jose Sinatra, Steve Poltz, Lisa Sanders, Mary Dolan, Steve White, Robin Henkel, Shawn Rohlf, Adam Gimbel, Dan Connor, Joe Rathburn, Derek Duplessie, Jeff Berkley, and Calman Hart are just a few of the troubadours in this wonderful music mecca of San Diego County. But, there are countless others who make this a city of troubadours. May we all wander, sing, and cause trouble for another 10 years!

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3. Pale Moonlight Blues (alt)	3:01
4. High on a Mountain (alt)	4:31
5. Midnight on the Sherry Deep (alt)	3:39
6. New Virginia Blues (alt)	3:49
7. And Going Away (alt)	3:49
8. Stomach (alt)	3:17
9. City Create Belle (alt)	3:55
10. This Morning I Am Born Again (alt)	4:03
11. The L&N Don't Stop Here Anymore (alt)	4:10
12. Short Life of Twisted (alt)	3:45
13. Tempest Station (alt)	7:07
14. Billie Holiday on the Great Divide (alt)	3:44
15. Wreck (alt)	2:54

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# A Heart of Gold Remembering Allen Singer

by Patty Hall and Barry Cohen

Mensch. That simple Yiddish word says volumes: "...a person of integrity and honor...a decent, upright person...a 'stand-up guy,' a person with the qualities one would hope for in a dear friend or trusted colleague...." Allen Singer was all these things. Allen Singer was a mensch.

No one better embodies this fine old Yiddish word than Allen, dear friend and fellow musician, who passed away on September 17.

We first met Allen on a winter evening early in 2005. A bunch of us were sitting around a cluttered communal table at Crossroads Café in downtown El Cajon, a shotgun storefront transformed into a old-time '60s-style coffee house, complete with tie-dye drapes, old rugs, and instruments hanging on the wall. It was Wooden Lips Open Mic night and, as recollection has it, Allen was holding forth with stories about being in Greenwich Village during the 1960s, during the Dylan years. Somehow, we got on the subject of New York neighborhoods, me (Patty) recalling past summers spent as program director of Hudson Guild Farm in New Jersey, which served the Chelsea neighborhood of New York. Turns out, Allen had grown up in Chelsea and knew many of the same people that attended the Farm. More stories emerged, most of them funny, and by evening's end, I thought to myself, geeze Louise, I feel like I've known this guy my entire life! And that was Allen.

After that, we saw him at almost every music gathering we attended. He

seemed always to be at the center of everything, as a performer, a facilitator, a host, an all around friendly guy. His presence was warm and welcoming, and he was always full of news. We looked forward to seeing him at these events, knowing that in addition to his music, we'd usually get the most up to date "Allen scoop" on what was really up in the world of folk music.

Allen's music repertoire was broad – folk, blues, country, traditional, old time, cowboy/western. And his musical style was all his own, with deep nods to the long-gone old bluesmen of the Deep South and Woody Guthrie, whose songs and style he unabashedly admired. Like Woody, Allen was a consummate soloist, his gravelly, no-frills voice best set off by his own guitar, and not hidden behind a band. His rendition of "Stealin'" will forever be imbedded in our memories, linking him to a storied chain of folk and blues musicians: Gus Cannon and the Memphis Jug Band, Bob Dylan, Jim Kweskin, Taj Mahal, Pete Seeger, Jerry Garcia, and David Grisman.

Through the years, Allen turned in some amazing and memorable performances, backed by harmonica whiz kid Dane Terry, and dueting with blues pro Robin Henkel. But he truly shined when delivering his music unadorned and rough-hewn, just him and his guitar, turning out tunes that he flatpicked and fingerpicked with great finesse.

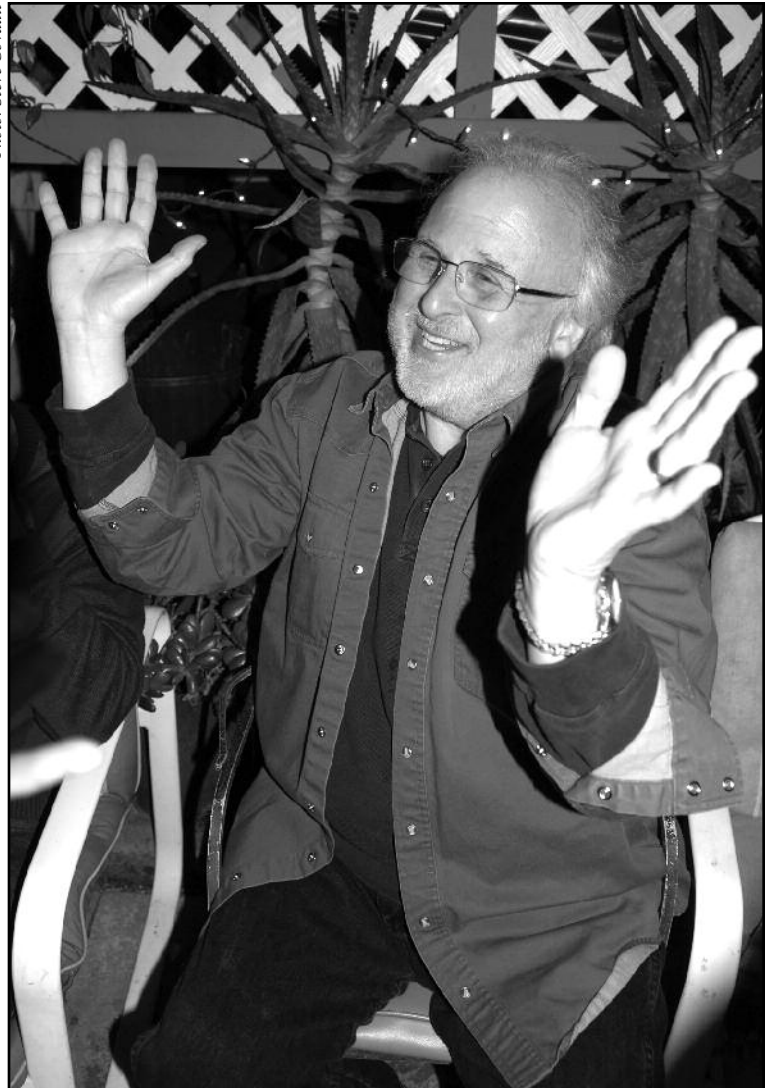
And speaking of fingers, Allen managed to have all 10 of his in the multiple "folk pies" in and around San Diego. The local folk scene here is complex, comprising different kinds of gatherings, affinity groups, festivals,

open mics, publications, concert series, and song circles, each with its own special identity, mission, and devotees. Through the years, Allen served as president, newsletter editor, and monthly song circle leader of the San Diego Folk Song Society. He worked as assistant booker and was on the Board of Directors (as co-vice chairfolk) of San Diego Folk Heritage. He was a regular contributor to the *San Diego Troubadour*, and frequently performed at the many music festivals around town. Most recently he was tapped to be the folk music leader on a Cruise Jam.

Allen's biggest gift, it seemed, was communication. No doubt his skills as a trained counselor and therapist (he had worked for both Kaiser-Permanente and Father Joe's Mission) attuned him to differing sensibilities and group dynamics, and Allen made it his business to learn what made each assemblage tick. Furthermore, he had an uncanny knack for getting along with and forming cooperative bridges between and among the various musical factions. In one of our last conversations Allen confided (without divulging exact details) about a possible future cooperative effort among several folk entities to produce a comprehensive annual San Diego Folk Festival. Our thought at the time was if anyone can help facilitate this and pull it off, it's Allen. He's the glue.

Allen Singer knew how to nurture and champion; to encourage and support. If you were lucky enough to be a friend of his, the friendship felt unconditional. And yet, he was no pushover, didn't suffer fools gladly, and never

Photo: Steve Covault



The ever-animated Allen Singer

minced words. He spoke his mind, was at times comically opinionated, and always held fast to his own beliefs, be they about politics, music, or the human condition. Sometimes we would joke together about aging, our various aches and pains, Medicare, and Social Security. Allen always seemed to have the last word on these fascinating senior citizen topics, and it was always

hilarious.

As a writer, Allen was tireless. Besides being a regular contributor to this publication, he was a skilled poet (see sidebar). And, when he wrote, he did his homework. He was extremely proud of his piece on Klezmer musician, Elizabeth Schwartz (June 2011 issue), in which he not only captured Elizabeth's luminous spirit and energy,

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Allen with good friend Dane Terry at the Sam Hinton Folk Heritage Festival

but also presented extensively researched background information about eastern European music and culture, giving this special profile a fascinating historical context. (see Elizabeth Schwartz's words about Allen at the end of this article.

Allen loved spinning yarns and he didn't need a campfire or spurs, or even a guitar, to weave a good tale. In that regard, he was a true urban cowboy, a quintessential Baby Boomer, nostalgic for the salad days of the 1960s and Camelot, a time of carefree innocence and youthful idealism. Some of his best stories detailed his formative years in folkdom during the folk revival (which he referred to as the great "Folk Scare.") The epicenter was New York's Greenwich Village, and Allen was lucky enough to be there as a teenager, doing his share of hanging out in Washington Square Park, sharing runs and licks with the likes of John Herald, John Sebastian, John Cohen, and Mike Seeger. Whenever Allen would treat us to these tales, should digression threaten, he would invariably rein himself back in with a grin and his familiar aside, "...but that's another whole story..."

Because writing was a part of Allen's DNA, it seemed puzzling that until recently, he had, by his own admission, never written an original song. Then, one day Ken Graydon became the proverbial burr under his saddle, challenging him to sit down and put his

pen to paper. The result was Allen's first original song, "High and Dry," a spare and evocative parable about the precious things we all hold dear.

#### HIGH AND DRY by Allen Singer

*My old boots got cracked heels, they're keepin' me company  
Always movin', ridin' along, never askin' much of me  
Never gave it much thought, asked, or wondered why  
My old boots kept me safe and warm, high and always dry*

*My old hat, brimmed and low, been sittin' on my head  
No matter which way the wind blows, it sits and points ahead  
My old neck got burned some, the sun stayed out of my eyes  
My old hat kept me safe and warm, high and always dry*

*My old well-worked saddle been holding up my hand(?)  
On and on, like my old friend, through dusty rain and wind  
It's been there, on my trail, it's followed me many a mile  
My old saddle kept me safe and warm, high and always dry*

The last time we saw Allen was on Sunday, September 11, at the monthly meeting of the San Diego Folk Song

Society. Gathered full circle in the upstairs room of New Expression Music in North Park, we were there to honor the life and music of Ken Graydon, who had passed away only several weeks prior. Before we began our round-robin musical tributes to Ken, Allen stood and talked for several minutes about Ken and Tanya Rose (who had also recently passed away) and about what a tough year it had been for our circle, having lost these dear friends, and encouraged us to reach out to one another, live in the present, and savor our friendships. He also spoke about the 10th anniversary of 9/11, and asked us to take a few moments to reflect silently. As he stood before us and talked, we couldn't help but be touched by his wise, comforting, and almost rabbinical presence – his proverbial heart of gold shining out to all of us. In a word, a mensch.

When Liz Abbott phoned, inviting this article, she ended the conversation by saying, "What will we do without Allen?" Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a world without Allen Singer – the livewire, curmudgeonly sparkplug whose large presence; warm bear hugs; and wry, dry commentary filled the room. His kind-yet-irreverent spirit, his upbeat attitude, and his forthright observations touched so many wherever he went. And we still keep thinking he's going to be there at the next gathering, greeting, joking, playing. How could it possibly be otherwise?

Allen, you left us way too early and far too unexpectedly. We wanted to hear more of your stories, read more of your articles, hear more of your tunes, and witness the creation of your next great original song. We wanted to come see you at your upcoming concerts. Most of all, we wanted to know you better and to grow old along with you. Of course, we'll do our best to carry on

down here, picking up the slack, trying to hold the folk scene together, no doubt having to job-share the myriad projects and events you seemed able to handle effortlessly all by yourself. But do us a favor, will you old buddy? Save us a seat up there, wherever "up there" is, in that ever-growing folk circle where the angel band sings sweetly, everybody plays in time, and nobody's ever out of tune. Shalom, Aleichem. Peace be with you, dear friend.

#### ELIZABETH SCHWARTZ REMEMBERS ALLEN SINGER

The *San Diego Troubadour* has always been an essential friend to the San Diego music community and its writers our tireless supporters. Is it odd to think of the *Troubadour* family as one big... ear? Maybe I should explain: Musicians contemplate ears all the time. Our own ears, our bandmates' ears, and, obsessively, the ears of our audiences. Is our music penetrating past those ears – through the skull, to the mind and the heart? One hopes so. Our audiences are as diverse as the musicians in our roots music community. And just like musicians, there can be virtuoso listeners. I'm specifically referring to those individuals whose listening is so intense, so exultant, so utterly musical, that they grab our attention as deeply as we grab theirs. Allen Singer was this kind of listener – and I don't think it was only because he was a musician himself. When I first met Allen at a typically raucous *Troubadour* holiday party, I was interested in getting to know him. Not because he'd given me a good review, but because of how deeply he listened. Here's a quote: "The CD sings to the six million lost, bringing them back to the rest of us still here who are alive and dancing to *Borsht with Bread, Brothers*... This is truly world music, culturally created in Eastern Europe, but cross-fertilized with sounds from as far away as Turkey, the Middle East, and North

Africa, brought to life again in those long gone, ghost-inhabited Jewish communities that still exist in our DNA." Allen deeply loved music, but intriguingly, he seemed to love the stories behind the music even more. A conversation with him about klezmer and Yiddish music invariably turned to the history of our people, to his New York boyhood and our favorite Jewish foods. His appreciation for what I did went beyond quality – he genuinely loved and understood why I would play this music and gave me the distinct respect of really listening. All musicians need that kind of intense listening – it sustains and encourages us as much as money or applause (in some ways more – we're doing something intensely spiritual and personal, and we need that validation). In the *Troubadour's* pages, Allen didn't just write about music, he wrote stories – stories about ghosts and about DNA, about the musicians and their histories. In an age when too many people think the pinnacle of musicianship can be heard on "American Idol," Allen wrote about soul. If we read his words as insightfully as he listened to our music, we'll find Allen's. I'll miss his sense of humor, his stories and most certainly not least, his ears.

#### THE OLD TRAIL HEAD

A poem by Allen Singer, dedicated to Ken Graydon  
*Riding out one morning on an old trail head  
Fresh dust in my teeth, smoky breath around my head  
I saw rock angels falling, dancing a slow motion waltz,  
On old trails in old canyons, sage brush crowded draws  
Thinking time's like a dried river, empty and lonesome  
And canyon walls told many tales of tribes, long gone  
Ghostly story tellers, kept alive by the morning's sun  
Chilled and kept peaceful under a new evening moon  
While sly coyote thrown quartz stars lighted my way  
Bedding down for the night, bed rolled on the ground,  
Eating some pemmican pushed along by camp fire coffee  
I remembered I'd ridden this dream trail so many times  
Looking for something that was looking out for me  
Remnants of stories, reminders of yesterday, old friends I rode with  
Down old Indian trails taken to find my way  
Ahead of our troubles like rusty memories now slowly etched in time  
We go riding, recalling, searching memories on life's old trail line  
We go riding, recalling, searching memories on life's old trail line*



Allen Singer interviewing Elizabeth Schwartz for the Troubadour podcast

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by Steve Thorn

In 2001, a three-pronged attack on the East Coast – unprecedented in its scope – numbed the nation and the world. Also in that year, Bob Dylan made another strong album, *Love and Theft*, and continued to play around the globe on his “Never Ending Tour.” One of the top best sellers was historian David McCullough’s superb biography of President John Adams. It was during that intense year that the publication you are currently reading launched its inaugural edition: a joint September-October 2011 issue. Cowboy Jack Johnson’s tribute show to Hank Williams graced the cover.

Inside the *Troubadour*’s “Welcome Mat” page, publisher Lyle Duplessie presented his vision for the new publication. For anyone who had the opportunity to converse with Lyle (I did only once; I recall it being quite substantial), the word “ambiguity” didn’t exist in the man’s vocabulary. He’d let you know where he stood on a potpourri of subjects. The following excerpt was the concluding paragraph to Lyle’s vision;

“The business of music is just that: a competitive, cut-throat machine that is designed to exploit what can be sold to a mass audience. And after saturating the market with the crap until it can’t give away its product, it moves on to the next trend. Unlike the music industry, this publication is dedicated to musicians and music lovers who know the real stuff when they hear it. It is intended to facilitate the camaraderie among players, performers, and songwriters whose vision it is to make quality music, despite the trends, music that they’re proud to share with others. For long after the music industry merges, dissolves, reorganizes, and eventually self-destructs, we’ll still be out here just pickin’ and grinnin.’ ”

(The last sentence of Lyle’s vision paraphrases lyrics written long ago by Richie Furay. The Buffalo Springfield-Poco-Rock and Roll Hall of Fame member would no doubt have been pleased.)

Lyle was part of a Fourth Estate quartet that included his wife and *Troubadour* business partners Liz Abbott and Kent Johnson. Kent was the first to meet the Duplessies. “The first time Lyle and I got together and jammed on Byrds’ songs, I related how much I loved Gene Clark’s music and Lyle told me how he met Gene out in front of his (La Jolla) house on Nautilus Street,” Kent recalled in the February 2005 issue of the *Troubadour*.

“Well, it turns out that Lyle got together with him a few times and got to know him. He even had a stack of photographs a foot high to prove it.

“That was the beginning, although we didn’t know it at the time, of a Byrds’ tribute band that included former King Biscuit Blues Band virtuoso guitarist Gene Rochambeau and drummer-percussionist extraordinaire Randy Hoffman. Lyle played bass, Liz played tambourine, I played rhythm guitar, and we all sang. We named the band, aptly, Fowl Play. We had all been such avid Byrds fans since the ‘60s that it was really a special time for all of us to be able to play our favorite songs from our youth.

“Call it fate, but a few nights after the day

Lyle and I first jammed together, I was at Java Joe’s when Ellen mentioned to me that she wanted to start a music publication called the *San Diego Troubadour* but didn’t actually know how she was going to go about making it a reality. I said, ‘Well, you’re in luck. My wife is a graphic designer and knows all about publication layout. She is also an experienced editor. I am a distribution expert, having delivered the Ken Cinema film calendars for the past 20 years.’ Her eyes lit up.

“After introducing Lyle and Ellen to Liz,” said Kent, “we talked about forming a partnership, and the *San Diego Troubadour* become a reality. The four of us developed a very special relationship over the next three years and the newspaper we started evolved into a valid, respectable publication.”

In the same February 2005 issue, Liz echoed the sentiments of her husband, Kent, describing the foursome as growing “more excited as the pieces of the puzzle began to come together. Ellen had already gotten print estimates, had solicited various music-oriented businesses for advertising, and rounded up people like Lou Curtiss, Paul Abbott, and Russ Bauder (aka Gus Williker) to write columns. She and Lyle would write the main stories. It sounded so homespun, it reminded me of one of those Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney movies in which they’re planning to stage a play in the barn or something and somebody pipes up, ‘My Mom can sew the costumes!’ At any rate, Ellen had done her homework. Now all she had to do was figure out how she was going to put it together and get it out there. She found her answer in Kent and me. With Lyle as head writer, Ellen’s vast network of local music connections, me as graphic designer and editor, and Kent as distribution guy and advertising salesperson, our team was complete.”

Complete – and ready to let the presses roll! With a motto below the masthead that read, “alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, gospel, and bluegrass music news,” Lyle, Ellen, Kent, and Liz provided a different coverage and perspective to the local music scene. Artists who appeared on the cover in the early years included Lisa Sanders, Berkley Hart, Sam Hinton, Chris Hillman, and one of the most successful San Diego groups to emerge from any musical genre: Nickel Creek.

The capacity to find advertisers, meet the monthly deadlines, and develop a core following did not, however, prepare the *Troubadour* family for a grief-stricken 2004. In that year, Ellen lost her gallant battle with breast cancer

on February 24. A few months later brought an incident that mourners could express few words. Families I know personally who have gone through a similar episode use the popular American slang of the “double whammy.” On June 17, Lyle emerged from his time of grieving and enjoyed

a day of surfing with loved ones, only to die on the sands of South Mission Beach from a heart attack after completing a ride. Ellen and Lyle were the parents of three music fans: daughters Megan Duplessie DeLeon and Jenna Duplessie Pabalate and son Derek Duplessie. Derek’s live shows and recordings were prominently displayed in the early years

... my parents originally wanted to model the paper after the iconic, if homespun, Cosmic American Music newsletter, to which my Dad had been a long time subscriber.  
— Derek Duplessie



Ellen and Lyle at the home of Liz and Kent, celebrating the printing of the very first issue of the *Troubadour*.



Jose Sinatra and Phil Harmonic do a Gary Puckett medley at Dizzy's, 2004.



Lyle, Gene Clark, and Jim Wakefield backstage at the Belly Up, 1980s.

of the *Troubadour*.

Currently enrolled in a Ph.D program at Tulane University, Derek took time out from his studies to look back at the newspaper’s early years. “The *Troubadour* traces its roots back to something resembling a biblical revelation. I remember the morning that my mom sprung the crazy idea on us. It really must have occurred to her in a dream because, as far as I know, she hadn’t even considered the possibility when she went to sleep the night before. I call it a crazy idea, because this particular revelation came on the heels of a string of slightly more plausible revelations, none of which had amounted to much. There was the coffee shop that my parents founded and presided over for a whole five months, the plan to start building and selling vintage skateboards (my parents ended up selling

“Retroskate” to a Japanese entrepreneur), and many other plans that never even made it off the storyboard. This new idea was no worse than the others, but even more improbable considering that neither of my parents had even an ounce of business sense or technical know-how.

Derek continued, “Meeting Liz and Kent was really the determinative moment both for my parents and for the nascent idea. Liz had a great aesthetic vision for the paper’s layout, and actually knew how to use a computer—more than could be said for my parents—and Kent had broad and deep connections within the San Diego music scene, experience with distribution and a personality perfectly suited for rounding up advertisers. If it wasn’t for them, the first – and probably last – issue of the *Troubadour* would have





The Desert Poets w/ Kevin Ryan, Dannie Cress, Derek Duplessie & Lyle Duplessie



Early incarnation of the Byrds tribute band: (l to r) Derek Duplessie, Gene Rochambeau, Liz Abbott, Jim Wakefield, Lyle Duplessie, Kent Johnson



Fowl Play (l to r) Gene Rochambeau, Randy Hoffman, Lyle Duplessie, Liz Abbott, Kent Johnson



Liz, Lyle, and Kent sing Smokey Rogers' hit "Gone" at Sounds Like San Diego, 2003



Ellen and Liz man the Troubadour booth at the 2003 Adams Avenue Roots Festival

been published on my Dad's 30-year-old typewriter and distributed (very) locally from the back of my mom's station wagon. Because of their limitations, my parents originally wanted to model the paper after the iconic, if homespun, *Cosmic American Music* newsletter, to which my Dad had been a long time subscriber. Because of Liz and Kent, the publication ended up coming to resemble a real live paper, a fact that never failed to astonish my parents. I'm proud to point out the one and only contribution that I made to the *Troubadour*: its name!"

Since the passing of Ellen and Lyle, the *Troubadour* has fulfilled the Duplessies' vision. Liz recently mentioned that one of the newspaper's greatest accomplishments was serving as a facilitating tool in getting the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers reunited in 2003, after not having played together since the early '60s. The Squirrel Barkers provided an important foundation for the exploding California country rock movement of the late '60s and early '70s. Ed Douglas (former proprietor of the Double Eagle guitar shop in Normal Heights), Larry Murray (Hearts and Flowers), future Byrd bassist Chris Hillman, Kenny Wertz (Country Gazette), and Bernie Leadon (the Eagles) were some of the Squirrel Barkers' famous alumni. The band's celebrated reunion shows in Carlsbad and Normal Heights were covered in the pages of the *Troubadour*.

Hillman was one of the three members of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame who have been interviewed in the *Troubadour*; the others were Byrds leader Roger McGuinn and John Sebastian, the most prominent member of famed Greenwich Village folk-rockers, the Lovin' Spoonful. The results were the same; like Chris, Roger, and John came off as thoughtful artists who still carry a passionate fire for their songwriting craft. Two other major American songwriters also participated in the *Troubadour*'s Q&A forum: Jimmy Webb, the Oklahoma native who began writing songs in earnest as a San Bernardino college student; and Burt Bacharach, no stranger to the Del Mar community, particularly during the horse racing season. Eclectic artists were also given their space; long marching to the beats of their own drummers were former National City pizza flipper Tom Waits, postman John Prine, and Fairport Convention founding member Richard Thompson.

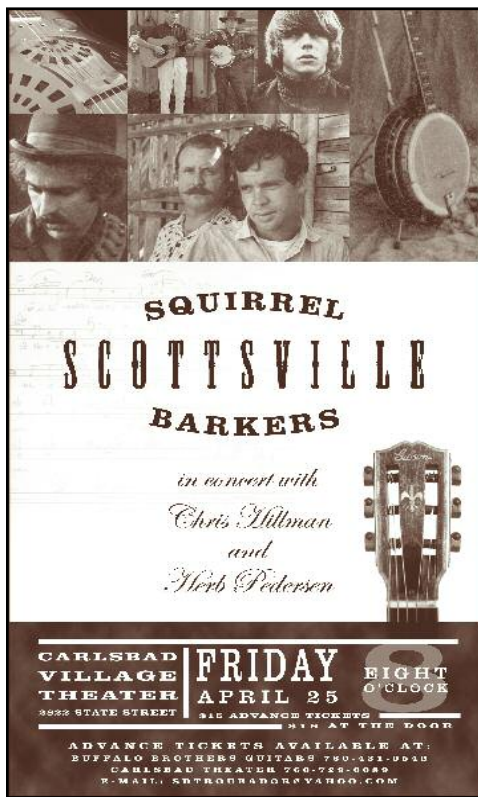
More often than not, cover articles were devoted to contemporary hometown talent. Songwriters have included Jason Mraz, Dave Howard, Gregory Page, and Cindy Lee Berryhill, Joe Rathburn, and Sara Petite; jazz community standouts included saxophonists Joe Marillo, Charles McPherson, Daniel Jackson, bassist Bob Magnusson and guitarist Peter Sprague.

Concept albums were records where the dozen or so tracks were connected by a common theme. Beginning with Frank Sinatra's *Only the Lonely* and continuing with the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* and the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, the concept LP advanced the art of vinyl storytelling. The *Troubadour* took the concept album idea to heart by creating a series of issues devoted to a theme. There was a women's issue concentrating on San Diego females who were performing or were involved in the business side of music, and several Celtic editions which always seemed to fall around March 17th. "How to" editions were designed for the aspiring musician, such as "The New Station for Future Radio," "Where to Begin and how to Excel in the Scene: a guide to the local music industry," Knocking on a Million Doors," and "Conversations with San Diego's Emerging Artists" were the titles of some of the articles.

If there is one staff member who is a true troubadour, it is Lou Curtiss. In his monthly column, "Recordially," Lou takes readers down the roads of his youth (witnessing the legendary "Town Hall Party" television shows



Bart Mendoza jams with Derek and Lyle at a Troubadour Christmas Party



Poster for Scottsville Squirrel Barkers reunion in 2003, in concert and at the Adams Avenue Roots Festival

in Los Angeles, hunting for rare 78 rpm records in the rural south, soaking in the Greenwich Village atmosphere in the '60s), and his current projects (foremost among them, continued funding for the digitization of his massive archives). If you have not tuned into his Sunday night "Jazz Roots" radio show on Jazz 88.3 or joined in his musical jam sessions or visited his record store (Folk Arts Rare Records) in Normal Heights, you should find time to do so. We at the *Troubadour* are fortunate to have him as a fellow writer and a mentor who makes sure we get our facts straight – and he certainly is not afraid to tell us when we don't! Along with Lou, the other columnist from the premier issue who is meeting his monthly deadlines is free spirit Jose Sinatra. Over the decade, other columnists have been added to the roster: Dwight Worden's "Bluegrass Corner," Sven-Erik Seaholm's "The Zen of Recording," Jim Mcinnes' "Radio Daze," and Southwestern College Professor-Coyote Problem front man Peter Bolland's "Stages," a column devoted to "Philosophy, Art, Culture and Music."

Although much of the *Troubadour*'s coverage is devoted to traditional American music, the publication itself is not averse to technological advancement. In 2004 the *San Diego Troubadour* went on line, with webmaster Will Edwards putting together a site embraced by a global audience. Last January,



Poster for Troubadour benefit at Portugalia in July 2006

the *Troubadour* began delivering podcasts of the cover artists. Interviews were recorded in the home studios of Jeff Berkley. Gaslamp Quarter's pioneering entrepreneur Ingrid Croce was the first artist to sit in the interviewee's chair.

On the surface, the upcoming gala at the Sunset Temple to celebrate our tenth anniversary may seem an elaborate form of the publication patting itself on the back. Fair enough. But there is a larger mission at stake. This is a fundraiser as well as a celebration. This will be an opportunity for the newspaper to bring in greater advertising revenue (the life blood of any paper, trust me), to improve the website design, and to increase circulation.

In the pre-party strategy meetings at some local watering holes, Liz, myself, Michael Rennie, and Pete Bayard discussed the fund-raising element of the gala. I believe it was Michael who provided a satisfying explanation when Liz posed this question: "Who is our target audience to help us in our fund raising?" Michael provided the following criteria:

1. If you are an artist who has ever appeared on the cover of the *Troubadour* or have been featured on the inside pages.
2. If you are an artist who has benefited

Continued on page 16.





# Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

## BILL MONROE



Bill Monroe, father of bluegrass music

a look at this man known as the “father” and see why he is so universally regarded as a key figure in the history of bluegrass music.

Bill Monroe was born on a farm near Rosine, Kentucky, in 1911. He was the youngest of eight children. Because his older brothers already played the fiddle and guitar, Bill Monroe was relegated to playing the less desirable mandolin. He recalled that his brothers insisted he remove four of the mandolin's eight strings so he would not play too loudly.

Bill Monroe's musical career began in earnest when he left home and teamed with his brothers Birch and Charlie in the late 1920s, presenting themselves in several configurations as the Monroe Brothers. In 1938 he played a brief stint with a group called the Kentuckians and then in that same year he formed the first version of what was to become the seminal band Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys. One year later he made his first appearance on the Grand Ole Opry.



Earl Scruggs, banjo innovator and key member of Bill Monroe's band

played the instrument with a distinctive three-finger picking style that immediately caused a sensation among Opry audiences. Scruggs joined a highly accomplished group that included singer/guitarist Lester Flatt, fiddler Chubby Wise, and bassist Howard Watts, who often performed under the name Cedric Rainwater.

In retrospect, this lineup of the Blue Grass Boys has been dubbed the “original bluegrass band,” as Monroe's music finally included all the elements that characterize the genre, including breakneck tempos, sophisticated vocal harmony arrangements, and impressive instrumental proficiency demonstrated in solos or “breaks” on the mandolin, banjo, and fiddle.



An older, but still going strong, Bill Monroe

genre, including “Toy Heart,” “Blue Grass Breakdown,” “Molly and Tenbrooks,” “Wicked Path of Sin,” “My Rose of Old Kentucky,” “Little Cabin Home on the Hill,” and Monroe's most famous song, “Blue Moon of Kentucky.” The last-named was recorded by Elvis Presley in 1954, appearing as the B-side of his first single for Sun Records. Monroe gave his blessing to Presley's cover of the song, originally a slow waltz time ballad, and in fact re-recorded it himself with a faster arrangement after Presley's version became a hit. (Thanks to

Wikipedia for much of this history.)

Many were to follow in Mr. Monroe's footsteps, and his mark and the impressions left by this remarkable man and his Bluegrass Boys Band remains the gold standard for bluegrass today. Let's take a look at some of the important innovations and impacts that this man had on bluegrass music, on country music, and on rock 'n' roll. Quiz: who is the only person to be inducted into all three music halls of fam: rock 'n' roll, country, and bluegrass? You guessed it, Bill Monroe.

**Story songs.** Bill Monroe was the first to bring story songs to prominence, featuring stories from the farm and from the daily life of working people. While this approach to songwriting is accepted now as standard, and such story songs colored early and current country music with a heavy brush, Bill Monroe gets the bulk of the credit for starting this trend.

**The five-piece band.** Before Bill Monroe finalized the configuration of his Bluegrass Boys band, there was no set pattern to this kind of band. It was Bill Monroe who set the standard: a banjo, a guitar, a mandolin, a bass, and a fiddle comprise the quintessential bluegrass band, a fact still true today (although it is noted that Bill Monroe had an accordion in his band for a period during the 1940s, played by a woman no less — Sally Ann Forrester, and he later experimented with drums and electric instruments). When you see a five-piece bluegrass band today, you have Bill Monroe to thank for institutionalizing that combination of instruments as the “standard.”

**High Lonesome singing.** It was Bill Monroe with his high tenor voice who was first to sing in the upper keys, Bb, B, and C, driving his voice up to the higher registers, blending it with three-part harmonies that came to be defined as “that high lonesome sound,” which is characteristic of bluegrass. This Monroe style of singing was borrowed by many country and rock 'n' roll performers as many have copied this technique since, but we have Bill Monroe to thank for that innovation.

**Mandolin.** Bill Monroe was the first to play the mandolin with a driving backbeat “chop” rhythm and the first to make it a stunning lead instrument, spinning fast paced melody-based leads. Today, this role of the mandolin in bluegrass is taken for granted, but only because Bill Monroe introduced this approach to the instrument and to the music.

**Some Great Music.** Maybe most important of all, Bill Monroe wrote, perfumed, and recorded some great, timeless music. It has stood the test of time and no doubt will continue to do so. Thanks Bill, and happy birthday!

**Happy Birthday, San Diego Troubadour!** In the winter of 2011, in my role as a member of the International Bluegrass Music Association board of Directors, I traveled to Germany to attend the annual conference of the European Bluegrass Music Association, the sister organization to IBMA. There were delegates from all over Europe — France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Romania, Finland, Holland, and elsewhere. One evening in an after hours pub encounter, in my practiced and best German, I introduced myself to a hot young mandolin player from Germany with whom I was having a great time playing fiddle. His response startled me: “Oh. I know you! You write that column for the *Troubadour*!” Seems he spent time in San Diego and has a friend who occasionally sends over issues.



## The Zen of Recording

*Looking back upon the seven and a half years that I have written for the Troubadour, I have at once a flood of images and yet, a near total absence of amusing anecdotes. I have enjoyed the honor of hanging out with legendary rock photographer Henry Diltz, who regaled me with stories of getting high with the Monkees (and the answer to the often asked question is “No.” We didn't smoke any grass, but we sure talked a lot about it!); I remember the joy of reconnecting with my old pal John Katchur when I interviewed him for a Troubadour cover story. And I was introduced to the wonderful music of The Cat Mary, whom I was called upon twice to review. I think those were the only reviews I ever did, actually. The rest has been an endless blur of suggestions, opinions, adjectives, and information, all lovingly (if often all too earnestly) offered for the betterment of music and the world around us. Proof that mission statement stays in full effect here is the essay below, my first installment of The Zen of Recording in February, 2004. Peace, – Sven*

### SMELL THE REVOLUTION...

I was watching a DVD the other night called *A Decade Under the Influence*. It's a documentary about filmmaking in the '70s, detailing the zenith and subsequent commercial fall of independent American cinema in the span of just 10 years.

The film shows us an America doubled over from the growing pains of social activism. Freshly arrived from the front lines of the civil rights movement and encouraged by the “Summer of Love” and its emphasis on free thinking, our country's people had begun to ask questions of its leaders. These questions covered everything from our involvement in Vietnam to women's rights, and of course there was a whole sexual revolution to deal with.

This dialogue manifested itself in the works of maverick directors and producers of that era. This was the first time we were hearing names like Cassevetes, Scorsese, Ashby, Altman, and Coppola. The passage of time makes it easy to forget that “classics” like *Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *The French Connection*, *Deliverance*, *Taxi Driver*, *The Godfather*, *Apocalypse Now*, and *Being There* were once considered the groundbreaking, taboo-busting work of artistic rebels.

As people began to get their fill of all these “reality”-based themes, escapism once again reared its empty head, and things subsequently began to take a nasty turn in the latter part of the decade with the mega-success of Spielberg's *Jaws* and Lucas' *Star Wars*. The staggering amounts of moneys generated from these sorts of film “franchises” and their accompanying merchandising revenues brought a much larger corporate involvement to bear. Suddenly, the smallest courtesies once extended by producers and studio heads were now the domain of corporate boardrooms and accounting firms, and final cuts were left to the mercy of test audience opinions. Hello, financial success ... bye bye artistic freedom.

Sound familiar? Maybe if you substitute your favorite musical artists and producer's names for those of the directors listed above and your favorite albums instead of movies. How about now? Here are some more questions: Why do you make music? Is it artistic expression and contribution toward the furthering of your chosen craft, or is it your main objective to “get signed”?

Oh yes, there it is: the “s” word. Look, don't get me wrong. I want to be able to deliver my work to the largest audience possible, and I'd like to be paid big piles of money for doing what I love. But at what cost?

Let's say you're a diehard blues artist and the Record Company offers you all these things with the caveat that you'll be making your music their way. Let's further suppose that their way is in the form of some sort of techno-dance music, and that you will have very little input as to how the end product



Sven-Erik Seaholm

will sound. Don't forget that solid two years of touring where you get to recreate that unintended vision night after grueling night, just so you can make enough money to pay back the production and promotional expenses of music you don't care about anymore.

Sound like a cynical over-exaggeration? Could be, I suppose. There are certainly a few artists that can be pointed to as being in command of their own artistic destiny, but for each one of them, there are undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of equally talented, but as yet undiscovered artists toiling away in seedy dives and apartment studios everywhere. The real difference is in the cost of these pursuits, and the ability to nurture and explore them far from the calculated eye of The Man. Movies are prohibitively expensive ventures compared to music and it seems like each day, more tools of our trade are made available to us even more inexpensively. What this means is that we now have more control over our art than those who have come before us, and that our decisions regarding our work can come from a place of love and unique expression.

*Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer. In addition to recording, mixing, and mastering services, he also offers home studio consulting and lessons on location: 619-287-1955/www.kaspro.com*

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## BEHOLD, MY TEN!

As I hinted (somewhat erroneously) in my last two columns, it can be difficult to put into proper words one’s true feelings after completing ten years’ worth of time-ly, monthly Scripture, which has done so much to uphold the principles upon which this great Country was founded and still thrives – the selfish, ruthless pursuit of advantage and gain.

Whatever truths I have exposed, whatever chuckles I may have nudged, it all has cost the lives of several trees, and I find my hands dripping green with guilt. It is my purpose today – nay, my solemn charge – to prove that just one of those trees has perhaps not shed its costly bark in vain.

I recall two of this paper’s founders, Ellen and Lyle Duplessie, prostrate before me and near tears, finally acceding to my demands for a typist, a driver, a masseuse, and a monthly supply of Viceroy’s and Magnum 40s before I would take on the task of what at least one critic has termed “[A]n unprecedented monthly display of self-abuse.” Alas, almost as soon as I recall it, it proves itself nothing more than another of my wayward fantasies. The truth is somewhere in between, as I once told Britney Spears, regarding her feet.

Magnum 40s are no longer distributed in San Diego; Viceroy’s are no longer being manufactured (way to go, Brown and Williamson/R.J. Reynolds – thanks for the after effects of my addiction!), and Ellen and Lyle are most certainly with the Lord now. Both Britney and I are still around at this precise moment, proving that there can be, at times, small justice in life.

Oh, I *did* get a typist – and my greatest thanks go to her. Liz Abbott has taken my scribbblings every month and typed them all out for you, as well as doing all she can to keep me sorta on time and focused and within the questionable boundaries of “good taste,” whatever that is. (Notice that I wrote “feet” instead of “legs” earlier; Liz has done much to foster my maturity.) Come January, I should be able to do my own typing (if I live) and give her a bit of a break, but her editorial decisions will be perhaps even more essential. Bless your heart, babe.

And, indeed, we got a driver, an industrious chap who scours the county every month to deliver our finished product to those of you who want it. He’s a fine guy who would probably swear that you *deserve* it; he actually sees something *good* in humanity and tends to make me feel ashamed of myself.

Which is where the massage comes in handy. Yes, everyone can use a sympathetic stroke or four now and then, or a little note saying something like “I believed you. Love, Fig” (which I actually received after a performance of *Plymouth Rock* in 1971). In other words, it can be awesomely bitching to hear somebody say how something you wrote cracked him/her up or stopped someone from murdering an obnoxious relative or kept some dude from forming a Josh Groban tribute band. Lacking the good fortune of such examples, I can still get all tingly down there when I see my own picture in print. So, in a sense, as my homies tell me, “It all good.”

As few of you might believe, I’m not one to make a habit of tooting his own horn. Nor would I normally make a habit of recalling how gosh-darned prescient my column has been over the years.

But let’s face it: these are not normal times, and habits have the habit of popping up when they’re least needed. Was it not in this column:

- In 2003, that the writer (and I refuse to name names) warned that our then-president would “win” a second term?
- Suggested strongly, in 2007, that Michael Jackson was heading for some sort of trouble?
- In 2010, predicted the death of



The Hose: Still, those glandular delusions

Osama Bin Laden “within a decade”? — Predicted in 2002 that before the decade ended, a female superstar would emerge, mashing up the chord progressions of many of the most treasured songs from the 1960s and 1970s, calling them her own and naming herself after one of Queen’s most insubstantial songs? That she would call herself something like Radio Gaga? (Try saying that name with a politically incorrect, Asian comic accent, and you may be weewee amazed.) — Reveal the breakup of the Beatles some 35 years subsequent to their final, true dissolution? — In 2006 vowed to you, sweet readers, that I would never allow Shakira to sleep with me as long as she remained married and until the whole Israel-Palestine situation is amicably settled? Even now the two nations and the musical goddess are suffering the agonies of the damned, and yet have I not faltered in my pledge. The tonnage of my seed increases, the purpose of my pain is to lessen your own.

You’re welcome.

Yes, indeed, it’s creepy, ain’t it? And downright insane when the fact that none of it ever actually appeared here is revealed. That I can say *almost* anything I want gives me a chubbie.

When the Troubadour started in 2001, it was a kind of space odyssey built on a dream. In 2011, I’m even more spaced and odd, you see, than I was then; still built like a dream, but with the added maturity only Old Age can successfully scare into one’s soul.

There is a time for laughter and there is a time for no laughter. This is neither.

Instead, it is a time, perhaps, that each of us looks the future in the eye (left or right, it’s of little import) and say, “You’re hot.” When the future blushes endearingly, you’re half way home. Just don’t forget the condoms.

I hope you’ll come and say “hello” or at least “you’re hot” at the Ocean Beach Octoberfest, taking place this year on Friday, October 7th and all day Saturday, October 8th. Once again I’ll be emceeing the mainstage musical entertainment and hosting the Stein Holding and Bratwurst Eating competition as well as judging something concerning the lung power of some brave female contestants – the anticipation renders me nearly breathless.

Then, after that there’s the Troubadour Benefit, and Halloween, Christmas, birthdays, New Year’s 2012 . . . gosh, I’m happy to have been around with you for these past ten years and I thank you sincerely, one and all, and God, I miss you Buddy Blue and Steve Esmedina and Lyle and Ellen! And, bless you always, Kent and Liz!



# RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

## I’LL BE DOGGONE

I swear that our dog can understand everything we say.

Zeppelin (the dog) is a 17-year-old black Lab/Rhodesian mix who’s named after Led Zeppelin because of their song “Black Dog.” Yes, I said 17 years old. Like any dog of that age (equivalent to about 96 in human years) her legs are weak, she has cataracts and fatty tumors and is, apparently, deaf. Her back legs can no longer lift her off the hardwood floors, so when we’re home, my wife Sandi and I have to pick her up often. We leave her alone when we’re at work and many times we’ve come home to find the poor pooch sprawled out in the middle of the floor, a pile of poop nearby.

Sometimes Zeppy stands and stares at nothing in particular, but most of the time she paces. Our house is 2,000 square feet and the dog must pace every square foot of it dozens of times a day.

And she sheds. Always. I don’t know how any animal could produce so much hair. My Roomba robot vacuum cleaner gets clogged after just a few seconds of trying to Hoover it all up.

Sandi will take her on long walks, hoping to make her tired, but when Zeppelin gets home, she continues to pace...and shed...for a couple of hours until she collapses, hopefully on a rug. At least she isn’t a constant barker. When she does bark, the windows rattle! Zeppy still has major lung power.

Last week, after a particularly difficult day of having to constantly pick up our dog and constantly trying to get her to do her business, Sandi and I had “the talk” about our sweet teenaged pet. We discussed who would drive her to the vet, how much euthanasia will cost and how “that dog has gotta go because she’s driving us crazy!” Zeppelin was snoozing on the floor between us as we planned her demise.

The next day, though, she was like a younger version of herself. She managed to not fall down and she began notifying us that she needed to go outside. She started running and jumping like a puppy, albeit a clumsy one. Now we come home to a dog who’s happy to see us and who’s still on all fours and who has not relieved herself inside the house! It’s as if Zeppelin heard every word of our chat and decided to be her old self. Weird.

I used to scoff at those who said, “Dogs are people, too.” Now I’m not so sure they’re wrong. Welcome back, Zeppy!

**THE SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR AND ME**

I don’t even remember when I began writing for the *Troubadour*. It

continued on page 16



by Peter Bolland

## TEN YEARS

I remember being ten years old in 1968 when Stanley Kubrick released *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Sitting on the curb in front of my house on another long summer afternoon I wondered what my life would be like in 2001. It sounded so impossibly far away. I did the math. I would be 43. That’s practically dead. Would I be married? Would I have kids? Would my wife look like Cammie Ramelli from fifth grade home room, because that would be awesome. Would we have flying cars?

*Sergeant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band* was still a brand new album. Jimi Hendrix and the Doors were the hot young things on the radio. David Gilmore had just replaced Syd Barret in Pink Floyd. Johnny Cash had just left his wife for June Carter and they wrote a little song about it called “Ring of Fire.” Both Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy had just been assassinated. A lot of my big brother’s classmates were dying in a place none of us had ever heard of, called Vietnam.

That’s a lot for a ten year old to absorb. I sat on that curb in front of my house a lot.

Ten years later I was a 20 year old pulling out of my parents’ driveway in my overloaded Datsun 510 wagon on the way to UC Santa Barbara. It was 1978 and the Bee Gees’ *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack dominated the airwaves. An unknown band out of Pasadena called Van Halen and an obscure singer-songwriter named Elvis Costello both released their debut albums, changing the way the rest of us played guitar and wrote songs forever. Getting the most spins on my turntable that year was Bruce Springsteen’s new album *Darkness on the Edge of Town*.

By the time 2001 finally rolled around the world had changed so many times I’d lost count. The vinyl albums and turntables we’d used to play the soundtracks of our lives had given way to cassettes, CDs, and mp3s. Although her name was not Cammie, my wife was gorgeous, we didn’t have any kids, and we most certainly did not have a flying car.

2001 turned out to be a pretty big year. In May, after ten years of part-time teaching at various community colleges in San Diego, I finally landed a full-time tenure-track position as a philosophy professor at Southwestern College. In June, a few weeks later, I turned 43 years old in the Vista jail on my first and last DUI. That September brought the horror of 9/11. And in October the *San Diego Troubadour* was officially launched.

The *Troubadour* was hatched on the kitchen table of Lyle and Ellen Duplessie. They recruited their good friend Liz Abbott, an experienced artist, editor and graphic designer to captain the ship and Liz’s husband, Kent Johnson, to handle the crucial tasks of advertising and distribution. The four of them started calling everyone they knew, lining up stories and writers.

Why bother? Why go through all the agonizingly hard work? Why launch another free weekly paper in an already crowded market? Clearly, there was no real money to be made – this was a break-even project at best. But something had to be done, and somebody had to do it. Sometimes it’s just that

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

# STAGES

simple.

Frustration is the womb of creation. The idea for the *Troubadour* was born out of the frustration at the lack of media coverage for the music that mattered most to the Duplessies. San Diego had just come through an incredible decade of unprecedented musical output, the nineties, and the major papers in town had too many other things to write about to adequately cover it. San Diego had always had a vibrant music scene going all the way back to the dawn of rock and roll, but the nineties saw the rise of the coffeehouse circuit where venues like Java Joe’s and Mikey’s spawned a long list of acoustic singer-songwriters that went on to garner Grammys, White House command performances, and gold records. Genres like alt-country, Americana, folk, jazz, gospel, and roots music of all stripes were routinely overlooked in the mainstream media. Something had to be done.

So the *San Diego Troubadour* was born.

Ten years later, the Troubadour is a well-established musical mainstay in the San Diego region with a raft of contributing photographers, top-tier journalists, and a reputation for humility, integrity, and passion, three qualities not always found in the smarmy, oh-so-ironic hipster world of music journalism. Its DIY vibe and down-home feel stand out in an industry dominated by corporate media and revolving-door writers on their way to better and bigger things. One outstanding exception to the rule is *San Diego Union-Tribune*’s long-time music writer George Varga whose encyclopedic knowledge, nuanced insight and genuine love of music shines through every word he writes. Like many local luminaries, his professional excellence earned him a spot on the cover of the *Troubadour* in 2004.

By playing against type and reaching out to a vast clientele and readership grossly underserved by its competitors, the *Troubadour* has secured its place in San Diego journalism history. And the story’s just beginning. Having proven itself as a legitimate player in a crowded field, the *Troubadour* continues to expand its coverage and influence through digital, audio, and visual media. Who knows what the next ten years will bring.

Ten years is a long time. Ten years is the blink of an eye. But what’s most striking to me is how a vision, born out of love – love for music and a keen desire to share that music with a much wider audience – spanned the chasm between the possible and the actual. Never letting the how interfere with the what, Lyle, Ellen, Liz, and Kent and the great team of people they surrounded themselves with, kept putting one foot before the other, never completely sure that any of this was going to work, but trusting in the knowledge that if you do good things, people will find you and support you.

It wasn’t always easy. In fact, it never was. In February, 2004 Lyle lost his beautiful and loving wife Ellen to a long battle with cancer. Four months later Lyle died of a heart attack while surfing with his family in Mission Beach. They both left us way too young. But they also left us with a vision and a passion and a willingness

Continued on page 16





# NOTES FROM A TRUCK STOP

One of my favorite Troubadour columnists during the early years was Les Brennan, aka Jimmy "Diesel" White, a name that he and Lyle Duplessie concocted over a couple of beers. The column was called "Notes from a Truck Stop." Despite the fact that it was like pulling teeth to get him to turn in his column on time and also that I had to take some crumpled up, hand-written piece of paper and that was full of typos and misspellings, I always forgave him once I started typing his goofy stories. This guy had a true gift for story-telling. I never knew whether the stories were true or whether they came out of that fertile, goofball brain of his, but he was always thoroughly entertaining, so funny I'd howl with laughter, and poignant, too. I thought I share this one from July 2002 so you readers can get a taste! And Jimmy, God bless you wherever you are!

—Liz Abbott

## The Drunken Fool

by Jimmy "Diesel" White

The desert is a hot place. A hot place to work. A hot place to sleep. A hot place to do anything, but there we all stood. Yes, we, just a bunch of us hard-core desert truckers, waiting outside a desert bar oasis known as the "Whispering Palms." A sort of whiskey oasis for the local desert folk. One of those obscure "joints" you see in those lonesome movies, where trains howl and click-clack in the distance. We were all waiting to hear a local musician who drove from dive to dive desert bars to sing and howl honky tonk songs in a rare language, known only to a few as "Texican." When heard by the human hear, well, it has a kind of drawl mixed in with some broken Spanish and coyote sounds. So when you sing like that with an old beat up guitar, it's mesmerizing, to say the least, especially when one is on the swill!

So there we stood waiting in the hot solar winds, waiting for this honky-tonk fool. I spent my wait talking to an old hippie-type trucker friend named Larry Sunquist and his mangy dog Alice. One of those Queensland type bitches that bark at the wind. Larry was a true vintage trucker. He drives a 1948 Kenworth with big fat straight stacks that are loud, very loud, so loud that Larry wears ear plugs. As we talked and waited for this singing joker, I shared some things with Laarrrrry about the truck-driving song articles I had written in the "Troub" and as I inadvertently stooped to pet Alice, the mangy dog, I heard Larry scream "Nooooooooo, don't do that!" Apparently the last poor soul who tried to pet Alice, the mangy mutt, had severe, and I do mean severe, lacerations to the hand and wrist. A terrible incident that Larry and the mutt wanted to put behind them forever, so we just threw an old flattened bicycle inner tube for her to chase and bite!

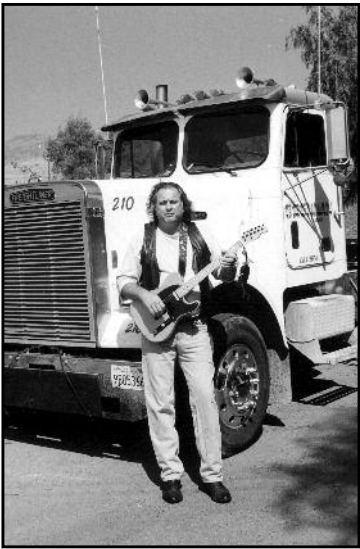
Finally an old Cadillac Coupe de Ville pulls up and parks crooked. We thought nothing about it, just another bum crawling in for his daily shot of mescal. He appeared to be someone in his mid-40s who hadn't shaved for a week. The shirt he was wearing was a typical western-style shirt with some Indian design on it, but the shirt was buttoned crooked. Boots? Oh, yeah! But worn, very

worn, with a hole in one of them. Slicked back hair and a gap between his front teeth told me he was probably just fired from some carnival where he was running the tiltawhirl too fast and made some preacher's daughter throw up. Nevertheless, just another desert bum. But it was *him*.

Taking out a guitar case from the trunk of the Coupe de Ville and staggering a bit made us want to color ourselves gone. How could this guy pull off a gig like this? How could he win our poor lonesome souls to the drunken guitar twangs we loved so much? I had heard about these types before, you know, like Lefty Frizell who would walk to the stage many times with the shakes yet perform without a flaw. Or how about no-show "Jones"? We were here to eat cheese cut by a rusty knife, eat raw jalapeño peppers and wash them down with rot-gut tequila. Then we would sweat to the sound of good honky-tonk. But this guy! I don't know. When he passed us, you could smell the spent liquor on his breath, blood-shot eyes, and two days worth of cigarette smoke on his clothes. His name? Well, I asked the bartender. Back came a booming response with a definite tone of disgust. "Calvin Collier is the name of this moron, and he better not start another fight like he did the last time."

Down went the sun and then came the dusk of the desert I love so much. The wind still blew and rattled the doors. We all waited for some down-home tunes. This guy was known for taking some of the old country-style Rolling Stones songs like "It's All Over Now" and "Dead Flowers" and making them sound like real "country tonk." Then came the sound of a stool being dragged across the stage floor as though on purpose, along with a stupid smirk on Calvin's face. Tuning his guitar was a performance in itself. I knew about different tunings for play, so when I hollered out "whad'ya tune 'er to?" he just smirked again and, with a shrug, said in Texican, "What'eva I ahfaalen like I guesssum," so I chalked it up as another lost cause. At least we had our tequila and "peppas." And so Calvin started to play, and we sat there, not moving, and wondered was it the tequila or the music? This guy was belting it out with all the soul and dusty grit he could muster up. We sat for two long hours cryin' in our drinks and feelin' so bad that suicide was the only option of escaping the song's sad feeling. How can a man look so down on his luck and sound so good when he sings? Calvin did a version of the late great Roy Orbison song called "Blue Bayou" that could make a cactus cry at noon.

Our good time was cut short, however, when I saw the look in his eye. A look of "upcoming events" if you know what I mean! In other words, the liquor tank was full and overflow was imminent. He vomited on stage right in front of God and the audience! The swamp cooler quickly carried the fragrance throughout the joint and the barkeeper kept yellin', "Get out now!" Poor Calvin. He tried to regroup and start a new song, but



Jimmy "Diesel" White

the party was over. Everyone milled about and slowly drifted away toward the dusty desert air for a breath of fresh dust.

I felt sorry for Calvin, sorry for the years of a great talent gone to waste. The scourge of alcohol, the lack of money, and no doubt many lost loves. Why did he continue, why go on and on, not knowing what the next gig will bring or take out of him? As Calvin walked past me, I nodded and smiled. "I love your stuff man," I said, while at the same time an old lady could be heard sayin' "the drunken fool." Those words passed through him like the Texas wind. Walking past me, I saw him take in a deep breath of the desert air and look long and hard up at the starlight. He gave so much when he sang, I wondered to myself what secrets he kept to himself.

So there went Calvin and, as he walked toward the rusty old Coupe de Ville, he couldn't help but notice that 1948 Kenworth of Larry's, and I could hear Calvin say, "Ah love dem ol bhaaaag trucks." So, for a moment, Calvin savored the old beast until he noticed the mangy dog and wondering what her name was, he asked me, "Whet's the name a da nice pooch?" Without warning he leaned down to pet Alice and as Larry ran to his aid, I heard Larry say, "the drunken fool." "Well," I said with a sigh. "Time to take this white trash on down the road."

Bye-bye, baby.

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— James Branch Cabell



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**Scott West**





# San Diego Troubadour – I Keep You In My Heart

by Terry Roland

It's another sleepless night. It's 3am and Warren Zevon sings, "keep me in your heart for a while." My writing assignment for this month finds me wishing we could all stay in each others hearts for a while, or for more than a while. To the founders Ellen and Lyle Duplessie, Liz Abbott, and Kent Johnson I offer gratitude for the opportunity the *San Diego Troubadour* has given me to immerse myself in the music and its makers. At first glance it's been a chance to rub shoulders with such talented, legendary, and famous artists. But, taking a deeper look, writing for the *Troubadour* these past three years, has been much more. Five years ago, after decades of writing songs and poetry and sending it to the wind, a fire lit inside of me to shine a light on the unsung heroes of the music I've loved for the last 50 years. I wrote three articles. The first was for L.A.'s FolkWorks about Richie Furay of Buffalo Springfield and Poco. The second was also for the same FolkWorks, about my friend Barry McGuire and his new show, Trippin' the '60s. The third article, unpublished at the time, it has since been posted online through *No Depression*, was a memorial tribute to San Diego native and one of the key founders of Americana music, John Stewart of the Kingston Trio and "Daydream Believer," fame. I sent all three to Liz and I was hired, even though I live in the L.A. area, to cover out-of-town artists for the Highway's Song column. The first thing Liz said to me was, "We don't pay much." My response was, "You mean, you pay???"

That opened the door to a series of features and interviews on some of the artists I've most loved and to be able to answer the call I felt as a writer to bring to light those artists who just don't always get the notice they deserve. Along the way, in no particular order, I can tell you in a word salad my impressions and experiences along the way.

One of the great advantages of working for the *Troubadour* has been the names its allowed me to drop. This article is that golden opportunity to pick a lot of those names up and see just what they've meant to me and perhaps to a few readers out there

One of my first assignments was Terry Hendrix. She is a Texas Hill Country singer-songwriter whose mentor taught her how to survive by educating her in the business of goat farming. A Texas Buddhist teacher-mentor relationship that brought her growth as an artist. My first interview was with Herb Pedersen who gave me the low-down on just what pure bluegrass is in style and performance. He said something about one-mic and limited electronics. Chris Hillman then painted his own picture of a 15-year-old kid taking a train from San Diego to San Francisco just to learn mandolin after seeing Clarence and Roland White in the Kentucky Colonels at the Ash Grove in Santa Monica. He also gave me his most famous quote: "Back in the early '60s real surfers didn't play surf music. Real surfers played bluegrass." During an interview with Geoff Muldaur, he told me how, as a very young man, he got drunk and drove to Texas and found Blind Lemon Jefferson's grave, bought a broom, and swept it clean as the blues great had requested in his song, "When I Die See That My Grave

Is Kept Clean." Then there was the pleasure of spending hours interviewing John Stewart's widow, Buffy Ford-Stewart, relating her insightful stories of John and his final days in San Diego. Interviewing Ian Tyson by phone while he sat in his box canyon cabin in amidst the blue winter winds of Canada, was quite a challenge. He talked about the disappearing wilderness and the unfenced frontier. I didn't think I we had much of an interview. He nearly out-silenced Gary Cooper. But, it stands as one of my best published interviews.

Then there were those interviews with like-minded artists who I feel such a connection from it seems like a fate encounter. David Wilcox inspired me to get out and write my own songs. His insights were stunning. His attitude certain, humble, but right-sized and real. With knees shaking and voice at near a quiver, I talked with the Doors lead guitarist, Robbie Krieger, last year. He was cooler than cool. The very definition of cool in attitude as he talked of how Miles Davis inspired his guitar playing and how his latest project was modeled on Miles iconic *Sketches of Spain*. I found a kindred spirit in Iris Dement who grew up listening to her mother sing old gospel hymns, which is where she found her strongest connection for her own songwriting to develop and grow. The article I wrote about her in 2009 was also about her mother's influence. She born into a large Arkansas family but raised in Orange County, California. I was born into a large, Texas family and raised on the South Bay in California. When we met she held my hand and gave me an appreciative squeeze, letting me know she got the message about her mother. Talking to Sarah Lee Guthrie on the phone from Florida while kids laughed and shouted in the background and her mom, Jackie, made espresso, was quite an experience. We talked in the early morning about the impact of Woody and Arlo on her life and spirit. Then there was backstage at 2010's, *The Guthrie Family Rides Again*, show with Arlo, Sarah Lee, and generations of Guthries walking by me, around me, even stepping on my feet(that was the grandkids). I think my whole world lit up as I was being introduced to Sarah Lee and her husband Johnny and Sarah Lee finished my name before the person doing the introducing could.

If I had not written the feature piece on Booker T Jones, I never would've known how important he was to both Civil Rights (one of the first integrated bands) and to keeping real good music alive during the pre-Beatle '60s. Seeing him and meeting him in Poway was beyond cool. The man was sheer elegance and eloquence, a strong but quiet talent leaving plenty of space for his band of young musicians. Brian Wilson's daughter, Carnie Wilson, was open and candid and came to tears when she talked about Brian, but also with pride when she described her own musical accomplishments with Wilson Phillips and her solo records. Singer-songwriter, Jesse Winchester, spoke with humility and somewhat apologetically about leaving the country for Canada during the Vietnam War. He also nearly busted my eardrum when he found something I said that was funny. He had a great laugh. There was a strong sense of connection with the great Mary Gauthier when we chatted

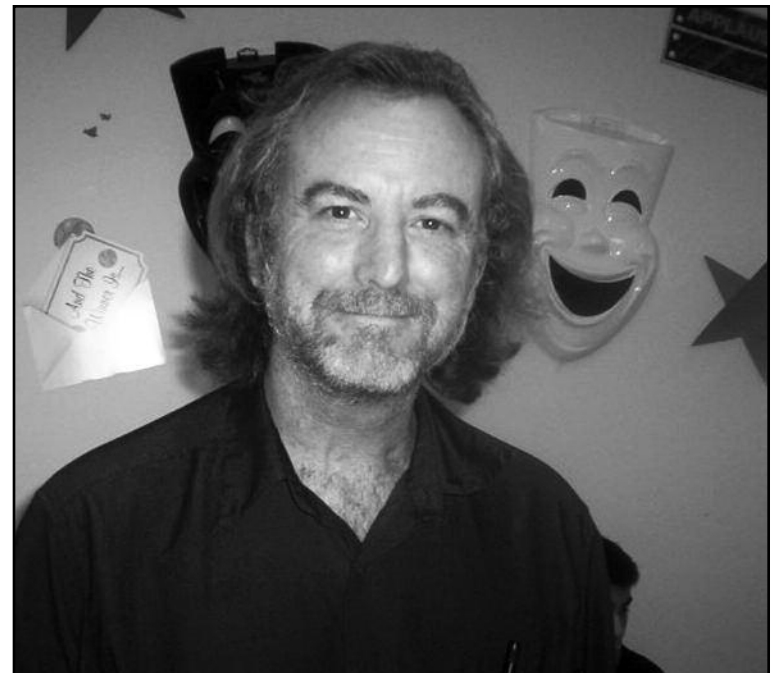
about spirituality, recovery and her latest project, last year's fine *The Foundling*, about her struggles with being adopted and her search for her birth mother. After a great interview with dobro and steel great, Cindy Cashdollar, she made sure she called me back to let me know she had failed to mention a key influence on her steel playing, Marion Hall, a musician from an obscure L.A. country music television show broadcast in Compton, California during the late '50s. Marion was someone she did not want to be lost in the more familiar influences she named during the interview.

Working for the *Troubadour* has also given me the gift of being able to hear so many of San Diego's great local talent first hand. I remember the first Adams Avenue Roots Festival in April of 2008. It was amazing to me that a city would actually allow their streets to be closed off for a promenade devoted to music for two days. Something that's never happened around my home in Los Angeles. That's when I first heard Ross Altman sing "Midnight Special." It's also the first time I heard Gregory Page who seemed to be from England by way of Piedmont, Bluestown U.S.A. Robin Henkel played his goodtime blues and got up out of his chair like a Pentecostal preacher caught by the Holy Spirit trying to spread music smiles throughout the crowd. Chris Clarke and Plow, that weekend, sang songs that sounded a hundred years old, which could have been migrated by way of his native West Virginia. I was fortunate enough to hear Steve White at a song circle playing rhythm on his box and sounding out his rasping beat poet colored lyrics out like a local Tom Waits. The weekend finished with a few sets by Chris Hillman, Herb Pedersen and Chris' first band, the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers, which also included Bernie Leadon formerly of the Eagles, and original members, Ed Douglas, Kenny Wertz, and Larry Murray.

Then, there was February, 2009 when Liz, Kent, and I went to Point Loma to see the Richie Furay Band at writer's symposium. We sat front-row center with fellow writer, Steve Thorn, while Richie and his band brought his past legacy with Buffalo Springfield, Poco, and Souther, Hillman and Furay into the present with passion and energy. It was a stunning and celebrative performance by Richie and his entire band. I'd call it inspired. We didn't know it at the time, but Richie had just been told that his old friend and band mate from the Springfield, drummer, Dewey Martin, had just passed away a few days before.

Finally, I can honestly say, one of the greatest discoveries I owe to Liz and Kent is Antonio Carlo Jobim, Joao Gilberto, and the roots of South American, Bossa Nova. I took an odd-ball assignment, at least for me, to write an article about the Brazilian songwriters and jazz icons for an upcoming spring tribute concert. Although, I've been eclectic in my tastes and knowledge most of my life, these guys somehow got passed me. Now, when I hear references to Jobim from Jazz enthusiasts, I have first-hand knowledge of how a genre of music was created way south of the U.S.A. back in the early '60s.

I'm still sitting at my computer. It's 5am. Sleep never came to visit. I'm still



Terry Roland

listening to the late, great Warren Zevon's *The Wind*. I've listened to the album three times through as I've written this. Warren wrote it when he knew his life, as he knew it, would soon come to an end. It's a reminder of how precious we really are to each other. The music connects us, but the muse, the poet, the musician's flare and craftsmanship, all lead us to deepen the moments and our connections to each other. As the final song, "Keep Me In Your Heart," reminds me of mortality, the passing moments, those who have gone and those of us who remain and all we can do in the end is with faith and hope embrace and appreciate our time here. If anything, this work has given me that insight. How important it is to be able to put down in words, well, hell...like Elton John says, "how wonderful life is while you're in the world?" That goes for you, *San Diego Troubadour*, and those word embrace all

of the talented writers, musicians, advertisers, merchants and most especially dear, dear Liz and Kent for keeping the flame of this music burning for this last decade, even when it would have been easy to let it go. They both held on to each other and to us and the world is a better place for it. Thank you, Liz and Kent.

*Shadows are fallin' and I'm running out of breath*

*Keep me in your heart for a while.*

*If I leave you it doesn't mean I love you any less*

*Keep me in your heart for a while*

*When you get up in the morning and you see that crazy sun*

*Keep me in your heart for a while*

*There's a train leaving nightly called 'when all is said and done.'*

*Keep me in your heart for a while*

— Warren Zevon

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Guitar and bass instruction (619) 244-9409 photo: Dennis Andersen





Radio Daze, continued from page 13

was at the holiday party in 2003 years ago when Ellen Duplessie commented that the paper needed writers and I blurted out, "I can write!" (About WHAT, I still can't tell.)

I first realized that people liked my writing style when a local singer approached me on a Gaslamp street and said something to the effect that he felt like he was "there" while reading one of my columns.

I am still the only staffer who doesn't play acoustic music. Hell, I'm no longer in a band, for that matter! And soon I may no longer be a writer because I am trying to lighten my load. I'm getting kind of tired of working six days a week at three jobs plus this column.

But, then again, I may NOT quit! We'll see. I love this rag!

Stages, continued from page 13

to keep doing the hard work of putting out a fresh edition every four weeks without fail, knowing that there are always more stories to tell, more music to share, and more community-building to actualize.

Good journalism tells the truth. Great journalism reconnects us with the things that matter most. As we read these stories and see these pictures, we are looking into a world very much like our own – filled with everyday heroes who plug away at their dreams, willing to risk it all on the off chance that passion really is worth living for, no matter how depleted our checking account becomes. Always a passion-first and a business-second endeavor, the *San Diego Troubadour* stands as an inspiration to anyone willing to take a chance on something they believe in, no matter how many consultants tell you it'll never work. As you gather around your kitchen table with friends to consider your next move, ask yourself a few important questions. What's frustrating you these days? What does the world need? Is there something trying to

emerge, trying to be born? Are you the one to help midwife the next stage of our collective evolution? What if we let go of our fear and lived our lives instead from wonder and joy? Maybe tonight around a kitchen table somewhere a new project is beginning to take shape. And ten years from now we'll all wonder how we ever lived without it. Where will you be, who will you be and what will come through you in these next ten years?

Peter Bolland is a professor at Southwestern College where he teaches eastern and western philosophy, ethics, world religions, and mythology. Off campus he is a writer, speaker, and singer-songwriter. You can follow him on Twitter at [www.twitter.com/peterhbolland](http://www.twitter.com/peterhbolland), find him on Facebook at [www.facebook.com/peter.bolland.page](http://www.facebook.com/peter.bolland.page), or write to him at [peterbolland@cox.net](mailto:peterbolland@cox.net)



San Diego Troubadour, continued from page 13

from a CD review in the *Troubadour*.

3. If you are a regular *Troubadour* reader who has looked forward to the free monthly publication appearing in a branch library or local coffee house.

4. If you are a music fan who has attended a concert listed in the calendar section or featured on the "Local Seen" photo page.

I didn't major in statistics in college, but suffice to say, we are talking about a lot of people. And we hope to see many of you on October 9th.

The San Diego Troubadour 10th Anniversary Celebration and Fundraiser will take place Sunday, October 9, 6-11pm at Sunset Temple, 3911 Kansas Street behind Claire de lune in North Park. This fun-filled evening will feature Berkley Hart, Steve Poltz, A.J. Croce, Robin Henkel, and Peter

Sprague and Leonard Patton as headliners alongside the traditional *Troubadour* Open Mic at which anyone can get up and play by signing up at the party. An Opportunity Drawing to win a Taylor SolidBody Guitar or a Deering Goodtime Banjo. Tickets for the drawing are still available for purchase at Classic Bows Violin Shop, New Expression Music, Moze Guitars, the Blue Guitar, and Buffalo Brothers. There will also be a silent auction that features dinner and wine for 10, plus a wine tasting. In addition, Troubadour 10th Anniversary t-shirts will be available for purchase as will a

Troubadour 10th Anniversary Compilation CD, featuring various cover artists from the past 10 years. For further information and to buy tickets for general admission or VIP Seating (includes a table in front of the stage, plus two drink tickets and two opportunity drawing tickets, go to <http://www.sandiegotroubadour.com/10th-anniversary-celebration/>

Steve Thorn is an adjunct history instructor in San Diego. His first record review was Rod Stewart's *Every Picture Tells a Story*, which appeared in a 1971 issue of the Grossmont High School student newspaper, *The Foothill Echoes*.

**SD Troubadour - Happy 10th Anniversary!**

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## The Riders Acoustic Duo

by Mark Pulliam

The Riders, in full complement a quintet playing roots-rock, was profiled in a cover story in the May 2010 issue of the *San Diego Troubadour*, along with a review of their second studio album, *Crown City Sessions*. This time out, the Riders appear as an acoustic duo (consisting of front man Tom Cusimano on guitar and piano and Devin Shea on violin), with an album so titled. The 16 tracks, all original material, were recorded “live” (with no overdubs) at Signature Sound Studios in San Diego. *Acoustic Duo*, which was produced by Cusimano (who also wrote all the songs), includes four new (previously unreleased) songs and 12 covers of tunes previously recorded by the full group from their first album, *200 Miles From Everywhere* (2006), the 2009 *Crown City Sessions*, and a 2010 session recorded at Sun Studios, released via MP3, titled *Memphis*. Cusimano and Shea, who have played 150 gigs as an acoustic duo (including opening for America at Humphrey’s), selected the songs from the group’s repertoire based on their instrumental distinctiveness. The “new” songs are “Simple at its Best,” “These Stones,” “Greatest Day,” and “In Pieces.” The “covers” include the group’s award-winning “Toby’s Song” and their signature tune “Coalinga” (the remote location of which inspired the title of their first album).

As an ensemble, The Riders remind listeners of Dire Straits, Dave Matthews Band, The Band, and Bruce Springsteen – in other words, rock and roll. As an acoustic duo, Cusimano and Shea deliver a folk sound reminiscent of Steve Earle, Townes Van Zandt, and the early Bob Dylan, with an emphasis on story-telling lyrics and unadorned guitar/violin/piano riffs, blending with each other and Cusimano’s soulful vocals. Standouts on this album include the four “new” songs” (especially “Simple at its Best,” which showcases the classically trained Shea’s virtuosity, and “These Stones,” which boasts a beautiful guitar line and Cusimano’s expressive vocals). “Storylines,” from the group’s *CSS* album, is my favorite, channeling the pre-electric Dylan at his best. The spare arrangements focus the listener on the songs’ beautiful but subtle melodies. “Too Far Away Tonight” and “In Pieces” highlight Cusimano’s piano. Shea’s violin shines throughout, particularly in “Til the World Seems Right” and “Katie May I.” The guitar picking in “Summer Rain,” “Wasted Heart,” “Untitled,” and “Sunday Letter” is understated but compelling. Cusimano’s versatile (almost chameleon-like) vocals range widely throughout the album, from a raspy Ryan Bingham sound to a country drawl to a Van Morrison/Bruce Hornsby vibe, but excel in “Sunday Letter.”

In *Acoustic Duo*, the Riders exhibit considerable musical skill: song writing, instrumental mastery, and evocative vocals. They are seasoned performers (playing together since 2003) and have appeared with major acts such as Robin Trower, America, and Chris Isaak in prominent venues like House of Blues, Humphrey’s, and Anthology. This excellent album could be their breakthrough.



## Sons of Edison Strikes Again

by Mark Pulliam

Sons of Edison consist of Michael Casinelli and Richard Livoni, who jointly wrote all 14 songs on this self-produced CD. The San Diego-based duo describe themselves as a “virtual band,” which means that they play all of the instruments on 12 of the 14 tracks (through the magic of multi-track recording), with supporting musicians (including Eve Selis) featured on two. *Strikes Again* is the group’s second album, following their self-titled 2002 debut. Casinelli, a past president of the San Diego Songwriter’s Guild, plays keyboards, synthesizer, and percussion, and provides background vocals to Livoni’s guitar, bass, drums, and lead vocals. Both musicians are seasoned journeymen who are veterans of the studio and the stage. Livoni, who owns and operates Blitz Recording Studio in San Diego (where the album was recorded), was part of the popular southern California rock band, The Blitz Brothers, which, during its existence from 1973 to 1986, frequently opened for touring headliners. So the Sons of Edison have cred in the genre they describe as “classic rock with a contemporary edge.”

For the most part, *Strikes Again* evokes the soft side of classic rock/pop – reminding the listener of America, the Eagles, Guess Who/BTO, and similar groups from the ‘70s and ‘80s. The retro sound is reinforced by a song structure emphasizing hooks and choruses, and lyrics that bemoan lost romance. Yet the repertoire is varied enough to defy easy categorization.

“One Stone at a Time” is a very melodic acoustic rendition of one of the most popular songs from the group’s first album. “My Darling Forever” is a father’s ode to his darling daughter. Casinelli’s synthesizer provides a decent facsimile of a horn section in “You Don’t Know Me,” “Send Her to Me,” and “I Keep Falling,” which captures the mood of Motown. Casinelli’s piano work shines through on the ballad, “Can’t You Hear My Heart.” “In Heaven Already,” “Tryin’ to Survive in America,” “This Can’t Go On,” and “Stardom City” have more of a rock and roll edge, displaying Livoni’s considerable prowess on the electric guitar. “Send Her to Me” has a blues flavor, with background vocals by Laticia Carrington. The catchy “He’s No Good For You” features a soulful Eve Selis on lead vocals and session pro Larry Dent on drums (as well as some excellent guitar work by Livoni) with an R&B beat.

My favorites songs from the album are “He’s No Good For You” and the closing track, “Stardom City,” which is a defiant anthem to musicians who never give up on the “long long road to Stardom City.” The 60-year old Livoni, who has been playing in bands since the early 1970s, seems to be speaking from the heart when he sings: “Payin’ my dues for so many years/Just for a chance to get across that line.”



## Chris Klich Jazz Quartet Blue Skies

by Frank Kocher

As Baby Boomers come to terms with the Great Recession, and scratch their heads about what passes for popular music these days, what better time to take a nostalgic listen back to the music that their parents grew up with. Before rock and guitars, it was big band jazz and horns, but then as now, good music had a good groove and hooks, and the best musicians were stars.

The standards of the 1930-1950 jazz era have a staying power that will outlive all but the very best of more recent music. The melodies are hard-wired into the musical memories of even casual music fans; the best composers of the era include immortals like Duke Ellington, Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin, and dozens of band leaders who were heroes in the radio age.

The music is still played, but 17-piece bands are tougher to put together than rock quartets. Chris Klich and his local Jazz Quintet manage to convey the feeling of a much bigger sound, while keeping some of the advantages of a smaller combo, sticking with classics on *Blue Skies*. Recorded in 2005 and featuring vocalist Laura Preble, the album is billed as a “Tribute to the Music of the 1940s,” and if anything the 12 tracks are a sort of “greatest hits” of the big band era and platform for some great musician-ship.

Klich is prominent throughout on all three saxes, clarinet, and flute. Alan Worthington handles the guitar with taste and restraint and keyboardist (for this disc) Neal Wauchope likewise sets the table for Klich and Preble to take the spotlight and soar. Preble’s vocals are clear and expressive, with good range and a sultry edge when the song needs it.

The eight vocals and four instrumentals include Ellington’s “Caravan,” with some rasty sax work by Klich over the pounding drums getting aid from exotic guitar chords, setting up a nice bass solo by Brian Wright.



## Billy Watson Secret 8: Blues for the Modern Frontier

by Frank Kocher

Fans of the local blues scene are familiar with Billy Watson, either as sideman for various artists (Robin Henkel, Mississippi Mudsharks, Billy Bacon and the Forbidden Pigs, and others) or as a front man of his own band, singing and playing harp with a group of interchangeable players, often including A-list players from other local blues bands. Since 1999 he has seemingly played everywhere with everybody, and has released eight of his own discs. The latest is *Secret 8: Blues for the Modern Frontier*, by Watson and his International Silver String Submarine Band.

His previous disc, *Lucky #7* had an unusual amount of studio polish, with horns in spots and slick production. This was a departure for Watson, who returns to the basics on *Secret 8*. This is push the record button, seat of your pants blues music, which is probably the best way to capture Watson’s unique musical personality and talent; it is raw, echo-filled and spontaneous. The eight tracks (six originals) feature a bare-bones quartet: backing Watson are guitarist Nathan James, bassist Troy Sandow, and drummer Walter Sluppick, and the disc was played and recorded in two days by James in May 2010 – as Watson calls it, a “fasty.”

Listening to the tracks is like being a fly on the wall at a live studio session. All the tracks are in the key of E, the “people’s key,” which was good enough for Bo Diddley and suits the purpose here. On “Oh My Darlin’” the listener gets the first taste of Watson’s wacky vocals, which are a unique blend of such roadhouse blues singers as Kim Wilson, Lee McBee, and Omar Kent Dykes – but with tongue firmly in cheek. The salaciousness of a blues combo lead singer is sent up, played for laughs by Watson in the moment that he does a pretty damn good job carrying it off. This seems to be Watson’s gift: it’s not really a wild man act if you sing this well.

The band gives him both a booming bottom and the clean, fundamental guitar lines needed for this kind of project, as on “I Told You So” and “Ice or Coal.” On these and most other tracks, it is Watson the harp player that dominates song after song. On “Ice” he smokes the solo, then James gets some bars to impress with some licks of his own. Watson’s harp playing, based on what is here, compares favorably with players like Steve Guyger, Rick Estrin (Nightcats front man), and Mitch Kashmar. He makes the bullet mike warble, scream, and wah-wah, has a tasty sustain and works all the riffs into his singing well. The showcases “Awp’ Sorry” and “Retrograde Boogie” give him a chance to air out his harp. “Wolf Pack,” like a number of other tracks, has a reverberated vocal that features Watson giving his wolf howl, and figures to be a live favorite.

*Secret 8* gets better with each listen, and for lovers of blues with no frills, it’s a not-so-guilty pleasure.



## Melly Frances & the Distilled Spirits Nine Pound Hammer Heart

by Mark Pulliam

*Nine Pound Hammer Heart* is the debut CD by Melly Frances and the Distilled Spirits, a group built around singer/songwriter Melanie Sponselee (AKA Melly Francis) and her backing band, fronted by guitarist/keyboard player Tom Cusimano of the local roots band the Riders. The nine track disc is a blues-rock potpourri, with Frances’ husky blues-mama voice pushing hard on track after track. Listeners familiar with Janis Joplin and especially Susan Tedeschi will feel right at home with Frances, though some of the songs work better than others.

Cusimano produced, and the arrangements have a “live in the studio” sound. On some of the songs this results in both Frances and harp player Murph McCree being swamped in a sea of reverb, as on “Bootlegger’s Ball.” She sings with plenty of gusto, and has a good set of pipes, though the intonations and aggression in her growl will sound familiar to listeners who cut their teeth on Janis’ Big Brother discs. “All I Seen” has acoustic backing and Frances powers through, making one wish for the ever-elusive lyrics (not included, nor is it clear exactly who has written what material).

After taking a few tracks to get going, “I Got More Soul Than You” delivers an impressive vehicle for Frances and company to launch into a grinding, bluesy standout track that lets her cut loose with the best vocal here, and has room for Cusimano to play a nasty guitar solo, along with lots of harp by McCree. “Honey” works the familiar buzzing bee metaphors with a more brisk beat, juicy guitar riff, and Cusimano’s acid-rock lead break helps transport the vibe to the late ‘60s. These two tracks lift the entire project up a notch.

Some nice bass work by Darren Wagner powers “Rebel Girl,” which has more of a funk feel than any other track here. Frances chews the scenery with the vocal, though, and the overdone vocal mannerisms and anguished moans demonstrate the one largely missing ingredient on the disc: subtlety, a softer side. The next song, “He Caught Fire,” shows a taste of this with a more restrained and jazzy approach – and it’s a highlight. Upright bass work, background harp, and acoustic lead guitar take an unhurried journey, as Frances sings “Behind every broken woman is an even sadder man” and other lines, without pushing it too hard. “Weeping Willows” has a different, catchy lick that sounds like a tune from a different disc, except for the way-heavy reverb of the lead vocal. But, it is a good song, one of the best here, despite the production decision being made to sound like it was sung at one end of a canyon.

With *Nine Pound Hammer Heart* Melly Francis and the Distilled Spirits shows both promise in several of the songs and performances, and the pitfalls of some independently produced debut discs that lack polish.





# OCTOBER CALENDAR

## saturday • 1

**Stoney B Blues Band**, VFW, 853 Turquoise St., 1pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 3pm.  
**Sue Palmer Trio w/ Deeja Marie**, Buena Vista Audubon Society Benefit, 2202 S. Coast Hwy., Oceanside, 4pm.  
**Baja Blues Band**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Rhythm City Grill, 1020 San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Zel's Del Mar, 1247 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Sonia Rao/Sean Krausz/Taylor Matthews**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Queen Bee's, 3925 Ohio St., 8:30pm.

## sunday • 2

**Harry & Nancy Mestyaneck**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.  
**Peter Sprague**, Arts Alive on the Coastal Rail Trail, Solana Beach, 1pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band w/ Billy Watson**, Mission Bay Deli, 1548 Quivira Way, 2pm.  
**Ricky Ruis**, Fallbrook Library, 124, S. Mission Rd., 2pm.  
**Glory Dayz**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 5pm.  
**Suzanne Reed**, San Diego Desserts & Bistro, 5987 El Cajon Blvd., 6pm.  
**James Farm ft/Joshua Redman/Aaron Parks/ Matt Penman/Eric Harland**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 6pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Coronado Boat House, 1701 Strand Way, Coronado, 6pm.  
**Jesse Terry/Ashley Juavinett**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Scott West**, House of Blues Mainstage, 1055 5th Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 3

**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Acoustic Strawbs**, AMSD Concerts, 4950 Mansfield St., Normal Heights, 7:30pm.  
**Jolie Holland**, The Loft, Price Center, UCSD Campus, 8pm.  
**Kenny Wayne Shepherd**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

## tuesday • 4

**Joel Rafael**, Spring Valley Library, 836 Kempton St., 6pm.  
**Joe Rathburn**, Rancho San Diego Library, 11555 Via Rancho San Diego, El Cajon, 6:30pm.  
**Michele Lundeen**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Patty Ascher**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Zapf Dingbats**, El Dorado, 1030 Broadway, 8:30pm.

## wednesday • 5

**Terence Blanchard**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Jacob Fred Jazz Odyssey**, The Loft, Price Center, UCSD Campus, 8pm.  
**Laura Roppe & CoolBandLuke**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Nathan Angelo/Matt Simons/Chris Ayer**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 6

**Peter Sprague**, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Keaton Simons/Michael Tolcher/Rachel Platten**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Hargo/Stephanie Schneiderman**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## friday • 7

**John Poleski/Sylvia Isely-Aguilera/Jack Nalbandian**, Sci-Mi Cafe, Center for Spiritual Living, 1441 6th Ave., 6:30pm.  
**Nena Anderson**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.  
**Spyro Gyra**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**John Lennon B-Day Tribute w/ Fred Benedetti & Daughters**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Abigail Washburn**, The Loft, Price Center, UCSD Campus, 8pm.  
**Peter Sprague & Bob Magnusson**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Clara C/New Heights/Lindsey Yung**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, The Kraken, 2531 S. Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 9pm.

## saturday • 8

**Nathan James**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Rhythm City Grill, 1020 San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.  
**Rahsaan Patterson**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**M'taftiti Imara/Russell Bizzetti/Rob Thorsen/ Joshua White**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Berkley Hart/Eve Selis**, Sunset Temple, 3911 Kansas St., 8pm.  
**Cindy Lee Berryhill**, New Village Arts Theater, 2787 State St., Carlsbad, 8pm.

**Liam Finn**, The Loft, Price Center, UCSD Campus, 8:30pm.

**Joel Ekels**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 9

**Erika Davies**, El Cajon Library, 201 E. Douglas Ave., 2pm.  
**San Diego Folk Song Society**, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 2pm.  
**Cowboy Jack**, Fallbrook Historical Society, 260 Rocky Crest Rd., 2pm.  
**SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR 10TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION**, Sunset Temple, 3911 Kansas St. (behind Claire de Lune), 6pm.  
**Nathan Welden**, San Diego Desserts & Bistro, 5987 El Cajon Blvd., 6pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Coronado Boat House, 1701 Strand Way, Coronado, 6pm.  
**Bass Summitt**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## monday • 10

**Poway Folk Circle Bluegrass Jam**, Round Table Pizza, 16761 Bernardo Center Dr., 6:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

## tuesday • 11

**Cowboy Jack**, Robbie's Roadhouse, 530 N. Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6:30pm.

## wednesday • 12

**Trails & Rails**, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 6pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Walden Family Services Charity Event, The Grand Del Mar, 5300 Grand Del Mar Court, 6pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Cowboy Jack & the North County Cowboys**, Tommy Vs., 3790 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Belly Dancing w/ Cairo Beats**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 13

**Cowboy Jack**, John's Neighborhood Bar & Grill, 1280 E. Vista Way, Vista, 6:30pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Joe Rathburn & Berkley Hart**, Vision Center, 11260 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Chieli Minucci & Special EFX**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Steve Poltz w/ Roy Ruiz Clayton**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Johannes Linstead**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

## friday • 14

**Blue Note Project**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5pm.  
**Heloise Love Band**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Simply Sharon's, 27464 Jefferson Ave., Temecula, 6pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Encinitas Elks Lodge, 1393 Windsor Rd., Cardiff, 7pm.  
**Scott West/Missing Persons**, Ramona Mainstage, 626 Main St., Ramona, 7pm.  
**Venice**, AMSD Concerts, 4950 Mansfield St., Normal Heights, 7:30pm.  
**Stanley Jordan**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Ricky Small & Jackson Price**, Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Gregory Page**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## saturday • 15

**Robin Henkel**, Birdrock Coffee Roasters, 5627 La Jolla Blvd., 10am.  
**Lisa Sanders**, Poway Library, 13137 Poway Rd., 2pm.  
**Emi Meyer**, Balboa Theatre, 868 4th Ave., 4pm.  
**KEV (Guitar & Harpuitar) CD Release**, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Venice**, AMSD Concerts, 4950 Mansfield St., Normal Heights, 7:30pm.  
**Tom Baird w/ David Silva**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.  
**The Lovebirds/Jeffrey Joe/Berkley Hart/ Podunk Nowhere**, Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Santa Isabel Casino, 25575 Hwy. 79, 8pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Zel's Del Mar, 1247 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Josh Damigo**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 16

**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Mississippi Room, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.  
**Sarah McQuaid**, Frogstop House Concerts, San Marcos, 3pm. 760-295-0222/ concerts@frogstop.org  
**Benny Hollman Big Band Explosion**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 5pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Orfila Winery, 13455 Pasqual Rd., Escondido, 6pm.  
**Suzanne Reed**, San Diego Desserts & Bistro, 5987 El Cajon Blvd., 6pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Coronado Boat House, 1701 Strand Way, Coronado, 6pm.  
**Marsha Ambrosius**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7&9pm.  
**Terry Holder**, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619.443.9622

**Colbie Caillat**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

**Zee Avi w/ Matt Grundy**, The Loft, Price Center, UCSD Campus, 8pm.

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

## monday • 17

**Catherine Denise**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

## tuesday • 18

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

## wednesday • 19

**Mesa College Big Band**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.

**Julietta Venegas**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

**Brian Vander Ark**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 20

**Peter Sprague**, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.

**Jesse Davis**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

**Jorma Kaukonen**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

**Dusty & the LoveNotes**, Hotel Indigo, 509 9th Ave., 8pm.

**John Hull/Rob Dee**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 21

**Robin Henkel**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

**Tom Russell**, AMSD Concerts, 4950 Mansfield St., Normal Heights, 7:30pm.

**Keiko Matsui**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.

**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, World Rhythms Concert, New Song Community Church, 3985 Mission Ave., Oceanside, 8pm.

**Leon Russell w/ Jenny O**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

## saturday • 22

**Trumpets R Us**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 1pm.

**Ross Moore**, Campo Library, 31356 Hwy. 94, 1pm.

**Jaime Valle Jazz Quartet**, Harry's Bar, 4370 La Jolla Village Dr., 6pm.

**Laurie Morvan Band**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.

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

**KEV (Guitar & Harpuitar)**, Kensington Coffee, 4141 Adams Ave., 7pm.

**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Mediterranean Cafe, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr. #6, 7pm.

**Susan Craig Winsberg & Blackwaterside**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.

**Scott West/Anarchy**, Humphreys by the Bay, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

**Melissa Morgan w/ Gilbert Castellanos/Mikan Zlatkovich/Rob Thorsen/Kevin Kanner**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.

**Big Head Blues Club w/ Todd & the Monsters/ Charlie Musselwhite/Ruthie Foster/Hadden Sayers**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

**Dusty & the LoveNotes**, Ramona Mainstage, 626 Main St., Ramona, 8pm.

**Mason Jennings**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8pm.

**Camille Bloom CD Release**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

**Otis Taylor**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

## sunday • 23

**Suzanne Reed w/ Michael Lille**, San Diego Desserts & Bistro, 5987 El Cajon Blvd., 6pm.

**Blues Jam Session w/ Robin Henkel**, Sky Box Sports Bar, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 7pm.

**Pat Green**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8:30pm.

## monday • 24

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

## tuesday • 25

**Celtic Thunder**, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

**Michael Tiernan/Matt Curreri/Megan Combs/ Ryan Honeycutt**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

**Ethel**, The Loft, Price Center, UCSD Campus, 8pm.

**Celtic Crossroads**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9:30pm.

## wednesday • 26

**Yale Strom String Quartet**, Rhapsody Hall, Music Bldg., SDSU, 7pm.

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

**Kornél Fekete-Kovács & Peter Sprague w/ Duncan Moore/Rob Thorsen**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.

**Burnsville Band**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.

# W E E K L Y

## every sunday

**Joe Marillo**, The Brickyard, 675 W. G St., 9:30am.  
**Shawn Rohlf & Friends**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.  
**Marcia Forman Band**, The Big Kitchen, 3003 Grape St., 10am.  
**Chris Clarke & Friends**, Golden Hill Farmers Market, B St. between 27th & 28th St., 10am.  
**Bluegrass Brunch**, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.  
**Zzymzzy Quartet**, OB People's Food Co-op, 4765 Voltaire St., Ocean Beach, 11am.  
**Daniel Jackson**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.  
**International Ethnic Folk Dancing**, Balboa Park Club Bldg., 12:30-4:30pm.  
**Open Blues Jam w/ Chet & the Committee**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 2:30pm.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.  
**Elliott Lawrence**, Avenue 5 Restaurant, 2760 5th Ave., 5:30pm.  
**Jazz88 Sunday Night Jam**, Spaghetteria, 1953 India St., 6pm.  
**Traditional Irish Session**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8:15pm.  
**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (8&3 FM).  
**Stoney B's Old School Blues Jam**, Gaslamp Speakeasy, 710 4th Ave., 9pm.  
**José Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.  
**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

## every monday

**Open Mic**, Gio's, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 5:30pm.  
**Ukulele Jam**, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 2852 University Ave., 6:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 7pm.  
**El Cajon Music Masters**, Central Congregational Church, 8360 Lemon Ave., La Mesa, 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Wine Steals, 1243 University Ave., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., PB, 7pm.  
**Bill Shreeve Quartet**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**International Ethnic Folk Dancing (intermediate & advanced)**, Balboa Park Club & War Memorial Bldg., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Gaslamp Speakeasy, 710 4th Ave., 9pm.

## every tuesday

**Lou Fanucchi**, Paesano, 3647 30th St., 5:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Joey's Smokin' BBQ & Doc's Saloon, 6955 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 7pm.  
**Traditional Irish Session**, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.  
**Chet & the Committee All Pro Blues Jam**, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Second Wind, 8515 Navajo Rd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 8pm.  
**Patrick Berragain's Hot Club Combo**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.

## every wednesday

**Mike Head & Friends**, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.

## thursday • 27

**Peter Sprague**, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Dusty & the LoveNotes**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 7pm.  
**Soul Persuaders**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Eric Reed**, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 28

**Local Mountain Gypsies**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Rhythm City Grill, 1020 San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.  
**Masters of Celtic Harp: Bráinne Hambly/ William Jackson**, AMSD Concerts, 4950 Mansfield St., Normal Heights, 7:30pm.  
**Thelonius Monk Tribute w/ Randy Porter/ Gilbert Castellanos/Rob Thorsen**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Pal Joey's, 5741 Waring Rd., 9pm.  
**Sara Petite**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Candye Kane & Sue Palmer**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

## saturday • 29

**Stoney B Blues Band**, Pala Casino, 11154 Hwy. 76, 11:30am.  
**Joe Rathburn**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Stoney B Blues Band**, Rhythm City Grill, 1080 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.  
**KEV (Guitar & Harpuitar)**, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 835C W. Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Marla Fishish & Jimmy Crowley**, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 7pm. Workshop at 2:30pm.  
**Gregory Page**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Dwele**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Zel's Del Mar, 1247 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.

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

**Tomcat Courtney**, The Turquoise, 873 Turquoise St., 6pm.

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

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

**Elliott Lawrence**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 7:30pm.

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

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

**New Latin Jazz Quartet Jam Session w/ Gilbert Castellanos**, El Camino, 2400 India St., 9pm.

**Firehouse Swing Dancing**, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 9pm.

## every thursday

**Dan Papaila**, Catamaran Resort & Spa, 3999 Mission Blvd., 5:30pm.

**Baba's Jam Night**, The Lodge, 444 Country Club Lane, Oceanside, 5pm.

**Happy Hour Jam**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 5:30pm.

**Open Mic**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6pm.

**Chet & the Committee Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.

**Esencia Latin Jazz Quartet**, The Turquoise, 873 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.

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

**Jack Butler Acoustic Duo**, Dick's Last Resort, 345 4th Ave., 7pm.

**Elliott Lawrence**, Avenue 5 Restaurant, 2760 5th Ave., 7pm.

**Old Tyme Fiddlers Jam** (1st & 3rd Thursday), New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 7pm.

**Moonlight Serenade Orchestra**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.

**Jazz Jam w/ Joe Angelastro**, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 7pm.

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

## every friday

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

**Joe Mendoza**, Uncle Duke's Beach Cafe, 107 Diana St., Leucadia, 6pm.

**Joe Marillo Trio**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm. (1st three Fridays of the month)

**Elliott Lawrence**, Shooters, Sheraton Hotel La Jolla, Holiday Court Dr., 7pm.

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

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

**Bill Shreeve Quartet**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8:30pm.

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

## every saturday

**Joe Marillo**, The Brickyard, 675 W. G St., 9:30am.





## JULIAN BACK COUNTRY JAMBOREE



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Folding Mr. Lincoln



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Cierra Rayne



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Mark Jackson Band



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Dave Johnson



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Peppertree



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Enjoying the music on a lovely afternoon



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Chris Clarke & Plow

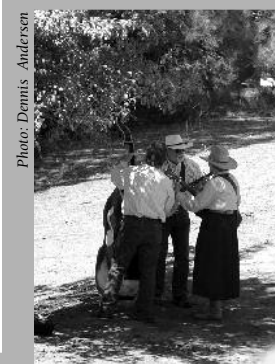


Photo: Dennis Andersen

Trails & Rails, warming up



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Sara Petite & Shawn Rohlf

## AROUND TOWN

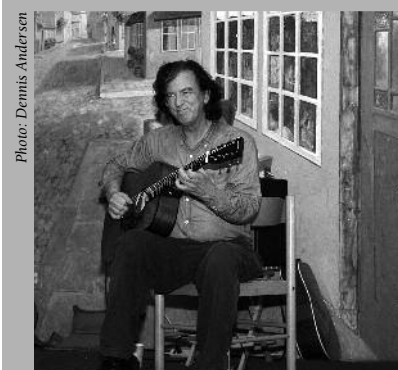


Photo: Dennis Andersen

Wayne Riker @ Rebecca's



Photo: Steve Covault

Carlos Santana @ Cricket



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Nena Anderson CD Release @ Belly Up Tavern



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Sky Ladd @ Oasis

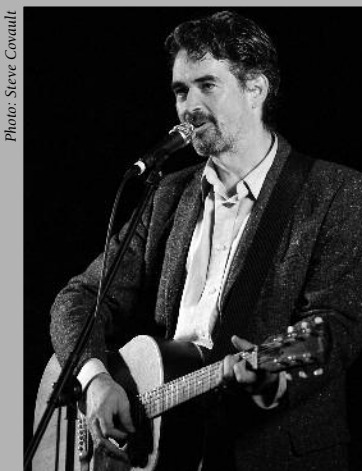


Photo: Steve Covault

Slaid Cleaves



Photo: Steve Covault

Blame Sally @ AMSD Concerts



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jeffrey Joe Morin @ Oasis



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Chris Klich @ Oasis



Photo: Dennis Andersen

AJ Croce @ North Park Music Thing



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jessica Hull @ Lestar's Open Mic



Photo: Steve Covault

Mikey's Reunion @ New Expression Music



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Joe Rathburn @ Mikey's Reunion



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Hailey Plotnik @ Lestar's Open Mic

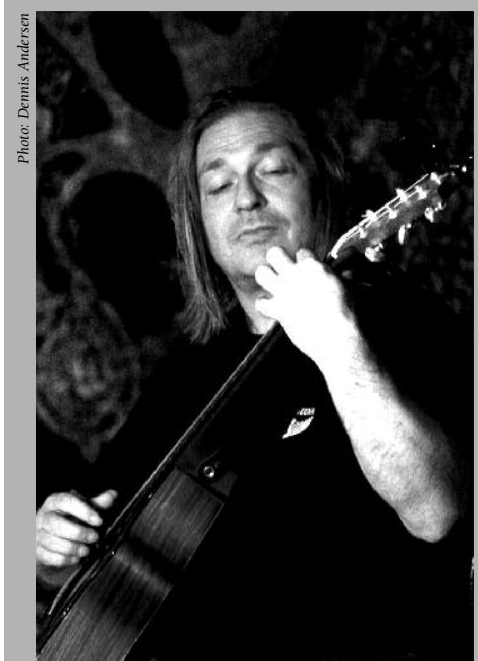


Photo: Dennis Andersen

Kev @ Mikey's Reunion, New Expression Music



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who have donated their time and talents to make  
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