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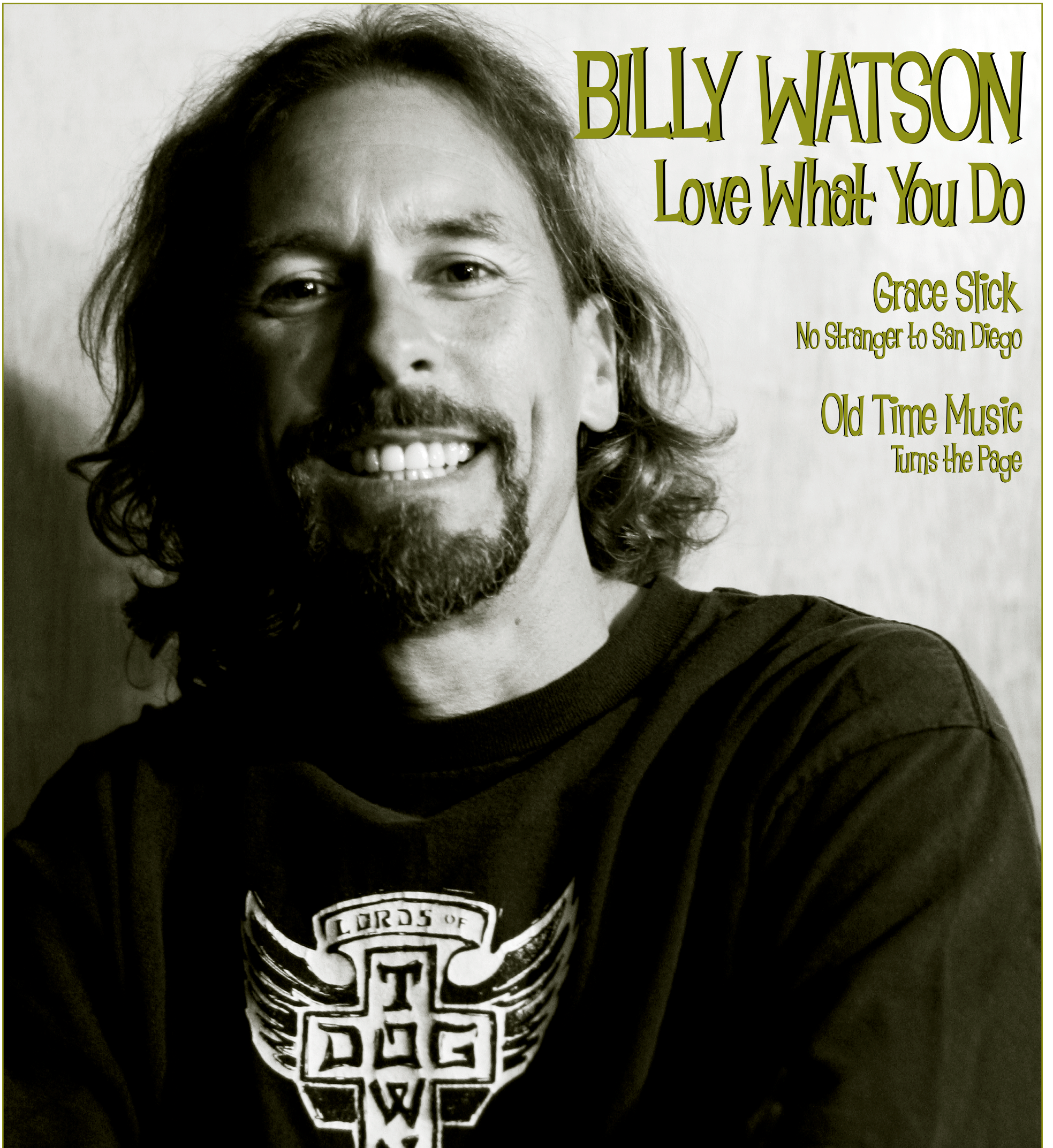
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March 2011

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Vol. 10, No. 6



## BILLY WATSON

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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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Cover photo: Dennis Andersen

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

# Troubadours

## A March Gift from KPBS

by Bill Richardson

If, from the film's title, you expect a *cinema verité* chronicle of the formation and growth of this precocious 10-year-old paper, you're out of luck and should seek counseling. What we have in *Troubadours* (official broadcast title: *Troubadours: Carole King/James Taylor and the Rise of the Singer-Songwriter*) is a cinematic winter coat and a big, warm mug of hot chocolate, waiting to be savored this month on television, courtesy of KPBS.

It is to be treasured, this documentary about the advent of the singer-songwriter, particularly its flowering within the walls of lanky, long-haired Doug Weston's club on Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles. That was a long time ago, but some of those flowers continue to bloom.

*Troubadours* begins with a brief montage of politics, protesters, prisoners, and Graham Nash reminding us that wars are the product of people over 40. Wow. Thanks a lot, Graham.

Then a swift trip back even earlier – late '50s through early '60s and the burgeoning folk scene, tainted with people's desire to be "hip."

This was the genesis of the singer-songwriter movement, whose participants kept their wits about them and waited out the weirdness as the '60s progressed.

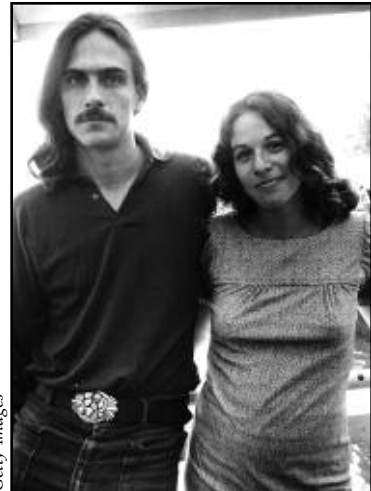
After a few crazy years, many began to feel that rock 'n' roll was beginning to lose its energy and was about to take a break to catch its breath. Perfect timing for the troubadours to strike. It was then, particularly in 1970-1971 that the singer-songwriters began hanging out and participating in the Monday open mic shows at Weston's "living room" (Laurel Canyon was the "bedroom," pot was the "church"). Established acts and the occasional about-to-break wizard held the stage on the other nights; socializing was natural and finally quite productive. Important movers like Lou Adler and David Geffen were regulars, their presence at the "hoot night" potpourris being

responsible for an immense number of names with prominent residences in our brains.

Weston booked an unknown (on these shores) 23-year-old English guy for several nights in August of 1970. Opening night was perhaps only a quarter full, but by the last one, everyone in L.A. knew who Elton John was; the *Los Angeles Times*' Robert Hillburn knew what he'd become as well and put it into print. (That prescience would be tempered by his similar, later prophecy concerning Prince's *Purple Rain* film, which has nothing to do with the film at hand, really, except to point toward the related fallibilities revealed during *Troubadours*' brief visits with two very bitter pills named Robert Cristigau and Richard Meltzer.)

Although the prime focus of the film is on Carole King and James Taylor, I won't fault the decision; there's early footage of each in childhood, sublime clips of them on the Troubadour stage in 1970, and warm, delightful scenes of them together just last year. They come off as sweet, honest, loving people who fought their own particular demons before slaying them through their music, aided always by their unpretentious affection for each other. They are a privilege to witness.

*Troubadours*' admirable humanity and fine music are enough to make it something of a modern classic. But there's much more here: the conception, the recording, the editing all demonstrate the great ability and wisdom of the filmmakers. And there are many fine narrators to guide us through the story, reminiscing and performing: David Crosby, Peter Asher, Bonnie Raitt, the "L.A. Studio Mafia," J.D. Souther, Joni Mitchell, Henry Diltz, Roger McGuinn, and more. Jackson Brown does a spur-of-the-moment playful take on Dylan's neglected "I Want You" and within 20 seconds manages to finally give it a crown. The 83 minutes are soothing and smooth, dramatically nostalgic for those of us who were "there," entertaining and instructive for those too



Getty Images

James Taylor & Carole King, 1970



Photo: Henry Diltz

Doug Weston, outside the Troubadour, 1972

young or not "there" yet. Either way, it's a fine place indeed to visit, and you'll want to go back before you know it.

There is a moving scene of James Taylor and Carole King as they survey the empty Troubadour club so many decades after their breakthroughs on that stage. There are some haunting shots of an empty staircase, a vacant bar ... and the two songsters seem to be so affected by the ghosts and goodness, they end up waltzing together on the empty stage.

I felt like waltzing right along with them. When Taylor says, "Things are not meant to last forever," I was stabbed suddenly by a sadness. If his statement is indeed true, then I'd be willing to settle for having *Troubadours* around just until I stop breathing.

*Troubadours will air Sunday, March 6, at 11am and again on Tuesday, March 8, at 10pm on KPBS.*

*We'd like to thank Jill Linder at KPBS for providing a copy of Troubadours for review.*

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# Grace Slick

## No Stranger to San Diego

by Bart Mendoza with Sandra Castillo

One of the most iconic performers to emerge from the 1960s, Grace Slick has always been outspoken, controversial and blessed with one of the best voices in rock. Monterrey Pop? Woodstock? Altamont? Touring Europe with the Doors? Slick was there, a catalyst for the times. In the four decades plus since she began performing music, she's released four solo albums, but she is most remembered for her 1967 hits with Jefferson Airplane, "Somebody to Love" (#5) and "White Rabbit" (#8), as well as slew of classic albums, such as *Surrealistic Pillow* and *After Bathing at Baxter's*.

She had a second run of chart success in the 1970s, with the even more successful Jefferson Starship, which scored with hits including "Count On Me" (#8) and "Miracles" (#3). The 1980s brought a third chart run. Now with the group Starship, songs such as "We Built This City" (#1) and "Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now" (#1) became radio staples.

Today, Slick is retired from music, although she still takes on the occasional project with a friend. Instead, she concentrates her efforts on paintings and other artwork, taking in a wide range of subjects from rock star friends to white rabbits.

Though closely identified with the Bay Area, Slick once called San Diego home, if briefly. "I lived there in 1961," she confirmed. "My husband at the time, Jerry Slick, was going to SDSU. [Meanwhile], I worked a comptometer, which is this gigantic computing machine. So I did that, he went to school." She continued to model for I. Magnin (1960-1963) and worked in downtown San Diego at Marston's department store, now the site of the Hard Rock Café. But she didn't make music while in the area for what would be a one-semester stay. "No, not yet, because I worked as

a model. [After returning to the Bay Area] I went to see the Jefferson Airplane in 1964 or 1965. I looked at that and thought wow! That's way better than modeling, because you only have to work a couple of hours a night. You can drink, you can smoke, you can hang out. I thought modeling was really boring. So I quit and formed a band with my ex-husband and his brother (Darby Slick)." That band would be the Great Society, which in its set included two future classics, Darby Slick's "Somebody to Love" and Grace Slick's own "White Rabbit."

Slick has scored many hits in her career, however, she is most closely connected to 1967's "White Rabbit" and attendant Alice in Wonderland imagery.

Slick doesn't mind being identified with the white rabbit. "I think the rabbit represents Alice's curiosity. And, she's got the balls to follow her curiosity," she said. "The thing about the rabbit is this: I was born in the year of the rabbit. I lived next door to a guy who had 40 white rabbits. Now, nobody told me what he was doing with them. I was six or seven years old. They didn't tell me that he was raising them and killing them for their fur. In other words, I would've lost my mind. I thought he just liked white rabbits."

She considers the connection to the White Rabbit a strong one. "My house burned down in Northern California about 20 years ago," she recalled. "One of the things that did not get ruined was a ceramic glass white rabbit that I had since I was about three years old. 1943 or 1942, I guess. I was born in 1939. This "rabbit" thing has been going on for a long time. So, I go with it. I figured, hey – if I'm supposed to be recognized by or attached to something "white rabbit," that's fine with me."

Though Jefferson Airplane was a California band, and their drummer Spence Dryden graduated from the Army and Navy Academy in Carlsbad, they only

visited San Diego three times as a group – in September 1, 1967, at the Convention Center with Marsha and the Esquires; July 27, 1969, at Balboa Stadium, on a bill with the Sons of Champlin, Ten Years After, and Congress of Wonders, and on September 9, 1972, at the Sports Arena with Poco. Visits were more frequent when the band morphed into Jefferson Starship, performing twice here in 1974: April 16 at the Civic Center (revisited 2/13/80 sans Slick) with the Guess Who and Triumvirate as well as on November 29 with Fleetwood Mac at the Sports Arena (revisited 5/21/75, 11/29/82). Other dates include San Diego Stadium 6/7/81 and the Del Mar Fair 7/1/84.

Since retiring from music Slick has been no stranger to San Diego, with several exhibitions of her art, most recently at downtown's Alexander Salazar Fine Art Gallery. Although she had drawn for some time, she first began to offer her art to the public in 2000.

Coming out of a bad relationship, she turned to art. "I started drawing pictures of animals to make me happy; they make me smile. So I drew a bunch of pictures of polar bears and rabbits and put them around my house. I was working on my autobiography at the time [and] a woman who was my literary agent said, 'Oh, I didn't know you could draw! I want you to draw some rock 'n' roll people for the book.' I said, 'No, no, no – that's a little too cute.' She said, 'Just do two of them.' So I did, I think, Hendrix, Morrison, or something; it was 15 or 16 years ago. So I realized that I enjoyed it because I could draw the correct bone structure and impose them on the person I knew."

She pauses to reflect on her rock 'n' roll friends that have passed on. She considers her art a way of showing them in a more positive light than is often the case.

"Because there were a lot of stories – 'they were miserable, they killed themselves' – that isn't exactly true," she



Grace Slick today

explained. "So I drew people I knew to go up against all those people who wanted to make money by writing these dramatic stories about how everybody wanted to kill themselves. Believe me, when you're in your twenties, you're being paid to travel around the world, you can screw anybody you want, you can take any drugs you want, trust me, you're not miserable [laughs]. So, all of these 'oh, everybody's miserable' – no, we were just idiots taking a lot of drugs and taking drugs is very much like Evel Kneivel jumping over 30 barrels on a motorcycle. You're liable to kill yourself. That's basically what it was," Slick said. "And heroin – it is so small, in size, of what you take. But, you think you'll have just a little bit more. A little bit more will kill you. So, I'm primarily an alcoholic. Alcohol takes a long, slow, ugly decline. You just don't suddenly die [from] alcohol, usually. So, I had a different experience. The only reason I didn't take heroin is [because] I didn't object to it; I just thought it was too much trouble. In other words, you have to clean the needle, you've got to tie off your arm, you've got to find a vein. It's illegal so you've got to keep track of your dealer all of the time. I'm too lazy for that. It's too much trouble! So, I didn't ever shoot heroin. God made me lazy, apparently, to keep me alive [laughs]. I had a lot of things to do, stupid as they may be!"

It's clear that Slick has led a life with few regrets. "If I were to say anything to young people, [it's] that life is very short,



Slick in the 1960s

and you don't want to say 'no.' Let's say you want to go to Spain. Go to Spain! When you're 70, you don't want to sit around and say, 'I wish I'd gone to Egypt!'"

Slick's artwork is available in several media, from pencil sketches to acrylic paints, with prices ranging up to \$60,000 for an original. Though it's likely there will eventually be a book containing some of her work, to date the only mass-market use of her artwork has been via a set of stationery from Dark Horse Publishing.

Does Slick miss making music? "No, not really," she said. "Stuff I've done is done. I sure don't think about last week very much either, I don't know why."

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A VIRTUAL ROOTS FESTIVAL ON  
FACEBOOK



# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Photo: Steve Covault



Lou Curtiss

I've collected records since about 1952, started taping things in the early '60s, and video taping sometime in the 1980s. A little over a year ago my sister Leona turned me on to Facebook and I started using the format under my name (LOUIS F. CURTISS) to promote the different kinds of music in my own collection (now about 90,000 hours of material I figure), some of the stuff I've taped in the field, at live concerts, and at some of the 55 music festivals I've put together. I've managed to post some 4,000 plus songs, movie clips, and bits for folks to look at, hopfully to expand their musical horizons. I've taken video clips of some of the artists whose 78 rpm recordings I play weekly on my JAZZ ROOTS radio show (KSDS 88.3FM and Jazz88.org: Sunday

nights at 8pm) so you can see what they sound like. I've also taken clips of artists from the roots music field not covered by my show (country, bluegrass, old timey, Western Swing, cajun), which has given you a chance to hear them, download them if you wish, and decide what you like. Go ahead and listen to some things you haven't heard before.

I've also posted clips of exceptional artists who I'd like to see come out here to San Diego, shown you who they are how they sound, and the ones you'd like to see in San Diego (at a Festival, or a Club, or a Concert). The more an audience gets involved in expressing their musical tastes to music producers and organizers about the performers they want to see, the better shows we'll have here. The pop, singer-songwriter, and Americana producers know this and do it well, the many roots music fans don't do nearly as good a job promoting their music genre. Pop, singer-songwriter, and Americana performers do a much better job promoting their own music. Roots performers are much less likely to do the kind of job of job necessary to promote what they do (particularly the old

timers), so we who love these kinds of music have to do it for them. Make noise, and tell folks who are doing festivals to give real roots music some space. Help keep this music alive and hear and meet some very enjoyable performers; listen on Facebook for some of these folks I occasionally recommend, and enjoy the video clips of these guys. Help save old time and roots Music in San Diego!

Now back to the Facebook page, which also includes a lot of vintage music from the age of 78 rpms and the early movie talkies. Every day I try to put up a goodly bunch of new (old) items for you to gaze at and listen too. Sometimes I'll take a topic, like songs about chickens or trains or guys named Joe. Other times it'll be a type of music, such as like 1930's Texas swing or old time clawhammer banjo or early Afro-Cuban jazz or old cowboy songs. Some times it'll be an old time roots jukebox, taking you around the world with various kinds of stuff that interests me (and, I hope, you). Sometimes I'm hoping you'll hear something you like and you'll drop by Folk Arts Rare Records to see if I have a record in stock (and maybe I do). At any rate it's a daily ration of goodies that I think you ought to hear and know something about. If there is interesting info about the track I'm playing, I'll tell you about it. Maybe I'll have questions about the track myself and some of those are answered by a whole bunch of fellow collectors, performers, and folklorists, who tune into my Facebook page to check out the subversive mind of LOUIS F. CURTISS (which spins at 78 revolutions per minute; how revolutionary can you get every day? Become a friend of mine on Facebook and get your roots exposed.

A COUPLE OF EXTRA THOUGHTS

Washington DC attacks the arts. Well that new bunch of crazies in Washington are making noise again about cutting funding for public radio and television, the Library of Congress, the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities and, for all I know, the toilet paper in the White House. Don't let them do it! Write letters and email your

Congress person and call on them to make noise for public support of the arts. You'll never be sorry.

**Folk and Roots Festival tape preservation.** I'm still working on the project to digitize the tapes from the San Diego Folk Festivals and Adams Avenue Roots Festivals that I've worked on. I still have the UCLA Department of Ethnomusicology and the Library of Congress as cosponsors but the grant money we got from the Grammy® folk has run out and we still have 1,500 reels left to digitalize. We need more grant money and if I'm going to go through this stuff and identify all the folks, it needs to be soon. (I'm going on 72, folks!)

I'm a little insulted that folks in San Diego who give regular grant money to local arts organizations haven't come forth with any money for this project. It sure needs to be done

**Taping stuff.** I see so many good local projects that should have been taped. Over the years I tried to tape just about everything I put together in the way of music and, often, stuff other people did, too. Now 20 or so years down the road people are asking that my stuff be preserved. It may take awhile but stuff going on today is going to be someone's treasure on tape (or video, or whatever) sometime down the road. It's worth thinking about.

Recordially,  
Lou Curtiss



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### San Diego Folk Song Society is moving to a new location!

The San Diego Folk Song Society was founded by Sam Hinton, San Diego's Premier Folklorist in 1957. It meets on the second Sunday of each month in its new North Park location.\* All instruments and people at all levels of musicianship are welcome, from beginners on up. Don't be shy! You are invited to come and bring your songs, your instruments, and your friends to join us anytime.

As of March 1, meetings will be held at NEW EXPRESSION MUSIC, formerly known as Old Time Music, 4434 30th Street in the vintage two-story Morse Building. Next meeting: Sunday, March 13, 2pm.  
http://members.cox.net/sdfss/





by Paul Hormick

How did the voice of a large black man wind up in a skinny white girl like you? That was how Nena Anderson's friends reacted when she sang at an open mic at the Art House, a North County coffeehouse. Since her early teens, she had wanted to be a singer, and by the time she had made it to this particular open mic, she had already been singing in a couple of bands. But the 21-year-old still had not found her voice, had not found the match between music, inspiration, and her abilities as a singer. Suddenly, singing the blues, something clicked with Anderson. The 21-year-old was able to take the stage and channel the voices of Smiley Lewis, Joe Williams, and all the men who gave the world the sound of soul. "It was so much fun! Like magic," she says of that night, which set her on her musical path.

Almost 20 years later, Anderson has a demanding and busy musical career. She has branched out from the blues, fronting three bands that run the full gamut of popular styles. With Brawley she sings down home country songs that harken back to the time of Sputnik and 17-cents-a-gallon gasoline. The Mules are Anderson's rock-blues-Americana project. Their sound is sometimes rough, raw, and high-energy. She can also be the picture of sophistication, high heels, and pearls when she sings standards from the great American songbook and her own jazz compositions with some of Southern California's finest jazz musicians.

Anderson doesn't just tip her hat to country or jazz when she sings in the different styles. When she's singing about Cadillacs, trains, Momma, dogs, and rain with Brawley, it's pure country, the way God intended, with a slap bass and pedal steel guitar. You can almost taste the red eyes and smell the sawdust on the floor. She is not interested in the sound of what passes for country music today, rather preferring the classic sounds of Buck Owens and Merl Haggard. The same can be said of her taste in jazz music. It's real jazz, with phrasing informed by the vocals of Anita O'Day, Billy Holiday, and Frank Sinatra. Last year Anderson and all her musical projects were nominated in three categories – Best New Artist, Best Americana, and Best Jazz – at the San Diego Music Awards.

"I have a lot of irons in the fire," Anderson says about her multipronged approach to a musical career. "But I love to experience new things, and I love so many different styles." Having a musical multiple personality has sometimes led to extremely hectic schedules, but it has not held her back from pursuing all of her interests. She enjoys the variety of talents that all the musicians bring to the table and the collaborative process of creating music with them. When she describes one of her jazz trios – with Adrien Demain on guitar and bassist Rob Thorsen – it comes across as some sort of musical free-for-all, in which the three constantly bounce ideas and approaches off each other.

A GenXer, she listened to the New Wave music that was popular when she was growing up and the Beatles records that her father played. She is a contralto and, unusual for a female singer, when she talks about her influences, all the singers she mentions are men, and all of them are from generations past, such as Louis Jordan and Ray Charles.

For a little over a year she has performed on Tuesday nights with the Mules at the Riviera Supper Club, the La Mesa populuxe palace where you can grill your own steak. In January she sang and played guitar on a two-week tour with Cash'd Out. Expecting merely to join the San Diego-based Johnny Cash tribute band for a few June Carter songs, Anderson was pleased when the band insisted that she join them for each concert's full performance to actually perform as a member of the band on the tour.

# NENA ANDERSON Real Country, Real Jazz, Real Music

Photo: Dennis Anderson



Nena Anderson

If the blues came as easily as falling off a truck for Anderson, jazz was a different matter. Assessing her first stab at singing jazz, she says, "I got my butt kicked." During the early nineties she had been visiting the jazz jams that San Diego jazz trumpeter Gilbert Castellanos sponsors in the Gaslamp Quarter's Onyx Room. At the time, Anderson had a jump blues band and was simply interested in singing some blues. Castellanos, however, was insistent that she sing some jazz.

She sang and experienced the chagrin of being out of her element and in over

her head – in other words a butt kicking. The musicians nonetheless liked what she had done and were quite receptive and encouraging. Anderson took to the challenge to sing in a new idiom. "It inspired me, gave me something to work for," she says. Returning to the Onyx jams, Anderson honed her jazz chops. So impressed with her jazz abilities, Castellanos soon started calling Anderson to perform whenever he had an open date for a band.

Her first experience with a musical instrument was pretty much a disaster.

Anderson says, "My father gave me a guitar when I was nine. I played it for two weeks and it was the most horrible experience of my life!" Among her complaints were the pain and calluses she got on her fingers. The bad experience with the instrument aside, Anderson went back to the guitar about four years ago and now plays a classic Kay hollow body for a great number of her performances.

She is thoroughly self-taught on the instrument. As a way of launching the beta version of "Nena Anderson with Guitar," she visited open mics away from her regular audiences until she had sufficiently beefed up her guitar chops. Besides enhancing her performance, picking up the guitar has helped with the process of transforming her ideas into music. "Before, I would write a song and it would be up to the band to interpret what I was trying to do with the song. Now I play my songs and chart everything out for the band. It's been amazing," she says.

The songs that she has written, whether it's country, rock, or jazz, comprise almost all the tunes she performs. When she writes songs, she occasionally sets out specifically in one direction. She says, "Sometimes I'll sit down to write a song and think, 'I need a Waylon Jennings type song for Brawley.'" Otherwise there are usually no rules that she follows. Recently she took five of her songs and performed them all in her differing styles to get a feel for which genre fit each song the best. She says, a little embarrassed, "I'm a singer-songwriter, but I hate to call myself that." Some exceptional talents aside, such as Steve Poltz and Jewel Kilcher and Jason Mraz, Anderson thinks that the singer-songwriter performance vehicle is tainted with a lot of mediocrity.

Growing up in Encinitas in a family that was not particularly musical, creativity was nonetheless a part of her life. "I always knew that I was going to be an artist," she says. Her father was a surfboard shaper, and as a young child she helped him with his boards. By the time

she was 14 she was airbrushing the designs on the boards. Besides a life in music, she has enjoyed a successful career as a freelance art director.

An admitted foodie, she also loves to cook. Her mouthwatering blog, Nena's Cocina, is filled with food adventures and recipes, mostly with kitchen fare from Baja where her parents now live. All that interest in food and nutrition may have paid off. In her mid-thirties, the single mother could easily pass for someone a decade younger. She probably gets carded in many of the places where she performs. Anderson is thin, has brown eyes, and wears her black hair short.

Her latest project is a CD of her own compositions, planned to be release in mid-April. Currently untitled, Anderson is recording the disk with the Mules and a few guest performers. The music for the disk is something of a departure for Anderson, who says that she is finding her own music. "For the last 20 years I've struggled with genres," she says. "My own music, however, this music that I'm working on now, is the most fulfilling. It has elements of all of the things that I've been doing, and I think it works."

Anderson feels that the her different musical interests, which have pulled her this way and that her whole life, have given her a sense of balance and she sees no reason to settle into any one style at this time. "I love all these styles and need them all. Working on them all keeps me progressing, keeps my brain working," she says. "Being in between doesn't interest me. You're not supposed to do something because it's safe. You have to go for it."

Photo: Dennis Anderson



Nena Anderson with Brawley

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# The Saga of Old Time Music Continues with a New Name and a New Location

by Dwight Worden

In a time dominated by cyber-social relations via Facebook and Twitter, North Park's Old Time Music Store provides a refreshingly anachronistic venue: live people actually come in, hang out, play instruments, take lessons, and discuss all aspects of acoustic music with the very real and very knowledgeable staff. Located for the past six years at the corner of University and Utah in North Park, Old Time Music is now moving to a new location.

Fear not, however, as the new location is but a few blocks away at 4434 30th Street, just north of El Cajon Blvd. in the vintage two-story Morse Building. The store will now operate under the direction of veteran teacher/ musician Walt Richards and will continue to provide all those amenities and services that have made it so popular over the years: the best staff of music teachers in the county; top quality guitars, banjos, mandolins, and other instruments at great prices; all the accessories one might need, and a friendly and knowledgeable staff. In addition, the store will continue to host concerts and a variety of community music-related meetings and jam sessions.

Old Time Music has a long and storied history that traces all the way back to the early 1970s, and some of its staff can boast of involvement in the local community music scene even longer than that. Walt Richards, one of Old Time Music's longtime teachers, traces his lineage all the way back to Grayson Music where he worked from 1963 to 1973. When

Grayson closed abruptly (something about an IRS padlock on the door) Walt found himself out of a job and feeling he needed a "new expression," which, appropriately, became the name he gave to the new music co-op store he started and pursued with partners Vicki Cottle, Bob Zink, and Bob Taylor (yes, the same Taylor who went on to found Taylor Guitars.)

New Expression then moved to North Park, ultimately landing on Ray Street. In 1991 Walt sold his interest in the business to employee George Thorward, so Walt could concentrate on teaching. Under George's ownership the shop became the well-known House of Strings, where Walt and his cohorts kept the music instruction going under the name New Expression School of Music. The year 2004 saw George's retirement and sale of the business to one of Walt's music students who, with her partner, moved the store to its current location at University and Utah where it was renamed "Acoustic Expressions." For a while the store struggled from a business perspective as its enthusiastic new owners attempted to "learn on the job."

In 2006 Bob Page, owner of the highly successful Buffalo Brothers guitar store in Carlsbad (previously called Traditional Music in Leucadia), met Acoustic Expression's fiddle teacher Kathleen Paseka (now Green) at the Summergrass Bluegrass Festival in Vista. After learning of the business' struggles, Bob and his wife, Pat, saw an opportunity and bought the store. Bob renamed the store Old

Time Music and put his years of experience in the music store business to work upgrading the instrument collection, refurbishing the shop, setting up a great performance space, and bringing in top-quality staff.

The new location is 8,000 sq. feet (same size as the spacious old location) but is better laid out, with a private parking lot in the back as well as street parking; it will be set up to accommodate all the activities and services that the store currently provides. The space will include soundproofed music studios for teachers, a great improvement over the old location. And, there will be a full-service repair shop.

The new building will also feature a recital hall for concerts, as well as a dedicated space for workshops and group meetings, such as the Ukulele Club of America, San Diego Songwriters, San Diego Bluegrass Society, and the San Diego Folk Song Society. Here is a quick rundown on what you can expect to find at the new Old Time Music location:

**Musical instruction through the New Expression School of Music.** 18 talented and experienced teachers form the core of the New Expression School of Music, teaching all types of lessons in guitar, bass, banjo, mandolin, violin, voice, cello, dobro, whistle, flute, recorder, ukulele, and piano. Visit <http://www.sdoldtimemusic.com/Pages/services/lessons.html> for details. Lesson prices range from \$30-\$40 per half hour. Old Time Music is proud to announce that it will be also be hosting guitar workshops with Sean Watkins of Nickel Creek fame, who is currently touring with his new band WPA (with Luke Bulla and Glen Phillips.) Stay tuned for more news!

**Concerts.** Old Time Music will continue to offer concerts and workshops with an emphasis on all types of guitar, including finger style, bluegrass, flamenco, jazz, and old time, but you can also expect to see an eclectic mix of all kinds of Americana-style acoustic music. Folding chairs in an intimate setting, with affordable prices, will characterize the venue.

**Jam sessions and gatherings.** One of the truly great things the store does in terms of community building is hosting a series of musical jam sessions and gatherings:

- The second Sunday of every month finds the San Diego Folk Song Society at the store holding a traditional song circle coordinated by Allen Singer. All those interested in folk music are welcome, admission is free (donations are solicited).
- Every Monday night the San Diego chapter of the Ukulele Society of America meets at the store from 6:30 to 9pm. The group is led by Hawaiian musicians Ronnie Seno and Quentin Holi and sessions include some instruction on simple and fun material techniques. All are welcome, admission is free (donations are solicited).
- On the third Tuesday of every month the San Diego Bluegrass Society sponsors a structured slow jam led by OTM teacher and manager, Janet Beazley. The slow jam takes place from 6:30 to 7:30pm, is free to SDBS members, and \$5.00 to non-members. Slow jammers learn classic bluegrass tunes at non-breakneck speed. From 7:30 to 9pm the proceedings convert to an open jam for players of all levels to which admission is free (donations are solicited).
- Every other Wednesday presents the

Photo: Susan Simmons



Old Time Music's jolly crew: front row – co-managers, Olivia Pierson and Janet Beazley; back row – owner Bob Page, violin repairman Jim McAlexander, veteran teacher Walt Richards



Violin repairman Jim McAlexander and guitar repairman Scott Quiroz

San Diego Songwriters organized by Cliff Keller. Typical sessions include discussions of songs, presentations, and of course music. Aspiring songwriters are welcome; admission is free (donations are solicited).

- The Old Time Fiddlers find themselves at the store on the first and third Thursday of every month. The get-together is coordinated by Kathleen Green, one of the store's fiddle teachers, along with husband Steve Green of Buffalo Brothers.
- Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for concerts. As you can see, there is plenty of action at the store almost every night of the week.

If your acoustic instrument is in need of a quality setup or repair Jim McAlexander and Scott Quiroz will be there to meet your needs. Jim does lots of work on violins, violas, cellos, and basses, including for local schools. Scott works on anything stringed, specializing in setups and quick repairs.

The front office will continue to display an outstanding array of quality guitars at all price ranges, as well as banjos, mandolins, and other acoustic instruments. The store also specializes in affordable violins, bows, and other stringed instruments. Robert Rotzler, the store's classical violin teacher, not only teaches but can also help students select the best instrument to meet their needs and budget.

One real strength of the store is Bob Page's and his staff's depth of knowledge about all things guitar. And, the shop is famous for its upgrade policy. Under this policy anyone who purchases a new instrument may return the instrument and get full credit for the price paid toward the purchase of a different instrument costing at least \$100 or more, providing the returned instrument is in reasonably good shape. This is a great program for those who want to start guitar or another instrument but who are reluctant to spend big dollars before finding out if they actually want to stick with the



Guitar instructor Phil Boroff in the front office

instrument. One can start out on the cheap and get full credit as one moves up the quality ladder.

Another strength of the store is the depth of knowledge of the front office personnel. Janet Beazley and Phil Boroff both have decades of high-level performance and teaching experience in a wide array of musical styles and contexts. Co-manager Olivia Pierson, who is also a blues singer, brings her expertise as a merchandise buyer from Buffalo Brothers. There is hardly a question that can be asked about acoustic music and instruments that these folks can't answer off the top of their head, and all questions are welcomed. If you need to know about the the newest available capo, what kind of strings are best for a frailing banjo, what the best-priced mandolin is, or any other question, these folks will have the answer. At a time when it is so difficult to sit down and interact on a personal level, it is a treat and a treasure to have a local music store right in our backyard doing so much to build community through music. Check them out at [www.sdoldtimemusic.com](http://www.sdoldtimemusic.com).

Old Time Music, now called New Music Expression, has moved to 4434 30th St. in North Park, just north of El Cajon Blvd.

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by Bart Mendoza

Mention Billy Watson to blues aficionados and you'll get an instant smile. Best known for his virtuoso harmonica playing, he's also a genuinely nice man with a passion for music that is contagious. He makes music because he loves it, simple as that. He's released seven albums to date, but even if you don't own one of those, chances are, if you're a blues fan, you've heard his music. In concert he has been heard performing alongside such luminaries as Robin Henkel, the Mississippi Mudsharks, 2000 lbs. of Blues, the Blues Pharaohs, the Boogiemens, the Joint Chiefs, and Blue Largo, to name a few. Meanwhile, he can be found on many artists' recordings, including Jack Costanzo, Anna Troy, Billy Bacon and the Forbidden Pigs, and Todd Steadman and the Fat Tones. He also takes part in Thomas Yearsley's Exotiki group, performing Polynesian-Hawaiian tunes on the bongos.

The *San Diego Troubadour* was fortunate enough to sit down for a conversation with Watson last month, at Berkley Sound studios. What's most evident is Watson's love of making music and also his wicked sense of humor. Below are excerpts from that interview; further excerpts can be seen and heard on the *San Diego Troubadour's* home page: sandiegotroubadour.com.

Ironically, though Watson is now considered a top musician, all early indications were that he would spend his time doing something else. Born in New York, Watson is a native of Jersey City, graduating from the New York School of Visual Arts with a Bachelors degree. Post-college he was soon drawn to California for the surfing, arriving in 1988.

"I just got tired of the East Coast," he said. "I had a friend that lived in La Jolla; he was a civil engineer with the Navy. So, I had a place to live for a month or two to get established. At first, I thought I would come out here for a vacation but I just stayed. "

He initially made his name locally as an artist, exhibiting his paintings in local coffeehouses. While he had success selling his work (over 300 pieces), the grind of moving his work from space to space eventually saw his interests going elsewhere. "I would just move this crazy show around," he said. "I did that for two years. And some of the pieces got vandalized, some of it got stolen. It just got to the point where I was like 'you're not really doing this right'. You either have to take it seriously and go through galleries and get a better business sense or just do it for fun. And I chose the 'for fun' part."

While occasionally he still does art, music would be his new focus. The harmonica entered his life at age 15. "I had a cousin I looked up to," Watson recalled. "[He] was a recovering alcoholic and drug addict. He gave me a harmonica and he also turned me on to a 1950s harmonica player named Sonny Boy Williamson II. I started listening to that guy a lot and that kind of got me into listening to the right kind of blues for a harmonica player, in terms of traditional blues." Part of the attraction was that no one else he knew played harmonica. "No one was attracted to them. I would go to school, but everyone played guitar, drums, even bass. The only bummer was no one played harmonica music," he laughed. "The only harmonica you heard was, 'oh, you can play this Neil Young song,' and it was like two seconds and that was it; you're done. Now what," he laughed.

It was show by Little Charlie and the Nightcats at the Belly Up Tavern that started Watson thinking about becoming a musician, though not strictly on musical terms. "I love comedy and Rick Estrin was like Groucho Marx, playing harmonica and fronting the band. I'd never seen that before; I was too young, I didn't realize it until I moved out here. The Belly Up Tavern was a place that had that kind of music. On the East Coast

there was really nothing like that around, it was like 'Bruce Springsteen at the Circuit'; it was Asbury Park. But here the music scene was a little diverse, I thought."

A show by the Paladins convinced him that music was the way to go. "And then I went and saw the Paladins; that took it to another level. I was listening to music at that time and pop music was just terrible. As soon as I saw Dave Gonzalez come out and that room was full of people swing dancing and having a good time, that was it. I was hooked." Watson soon met other key players such as James Harmon. "Eventually I got to hang out with these guys; they were my mentors."

By 1992 he had begun his career as a musician. "The music and art [crossed over]," he said. "We were having art shows and we would hand out percussion instruments. He soon ran an open mic session in Carlsbad. "I learned a lot about people and musicians and what to deal with. There were some real tough times there. Musicians and artists are difficult some times [laughs]. There's egos and everyone's sensitive. I'm not saying I'm excluded from that, I fall right into that category, but you kind of get seasoned at it. You want to do it with love and keep it cool. It all comes back to just surrounding yourself with people that want to do that."

Though Watson can be found playing under all sorts of situations from solo to sideman, he prefers fronting his own band, Billy Watson and the International Silver String Submarine Band. "I actually stole that from an episode of the *Little Rascals*," he revealed. The tale involves the youngsters in the series getting a gig and the trials and comedic mayhem that ensue. "What I dig about it now is that it closely parallels all the bull crap that musicians go through. Back then and even today."

It's been joked that Watson's band has a cast of thousands and while that is a slight exaggeration, you never know who might be in his band on any given night. His website lists 20 musicians that join in from guitarist Buzz Campbell (Sha Na Na, Hot Rod Lincoln) to bassist Greg Willis (Iron Butterfly, Candy Kane). "The reason I have a bunch of different guys is because I don't want them get tired of me," Watson joked. "I've been in bands and I feel that blues music's already got a form to it, so you really don't need to rehearse it. If you hire guys that know how to play it, really know how to play it, you can have a different band every night and that's what I've done," he explained. "The reason is that it's improvised music, similar to jazz. And jazz kind of came from blues music. It sounds better when it's improvised, flying by the seat of your pants; it's fresher and the guys don't get bored." The latter is important to Watson. "When you're in a band you start getting tired of each other and it becomes a drag, then it becomes like you're in a day job. You get all jaded, you start fighting, the bass player gets married, has a couple of kids, then the wife gets mad he's out late at night. I don't have time for that and I don't think anyone has time for me. I'm a moody guy, I don't want them to deal with that. I don't want them to be married to me. Go have a family, not a band [laughs]." Using tour musicians between road trips has been the perfect solution.

"You've got to hire the guys that know how to back you up and support you," he remarked. "There's a million great guys out there, thousands of guys I could call, but if the guy comes on the gig and he buries me while I'm trying to talk to people, and he's over there cracking jokes and getting drunk, I can't hire that guy. You've got to weed them out. You've got to find the guys who are cool, gentlemanly, and professional. Even though we're having a good time and I'm clowning around, putting funny masks on, I need a band that can hang and support me even though it looks like we're a bunch of

Photo: Dennis Andersen



Photo: Bengt Nyman



Blues buddies: Robin Henkel, Anna Troy, Watson, Nathan James, Ben Hernandez

clown maniacs. You'd think it'd be great to hire a bunch of freaks, but you've got to hire guys that know what to do."

Humor is a big part of Watson's appeal. Often described as "madcap," he has been known to wear a fez or a Tor Johnson mask, but live it's anything goes to win an audience over. "The influences come from when I was kid. I would watch the Marx Brothers and Laurel and Hardy. The most powerful moments in a lot of those movies were the musical parts and they were often comedic. If you watch Chicolini Marx play the piano, it doesn't get better than that. When I saw that it had a big influence on me." He observes that in the films "the people in background were always laughing. And I don't think you had to tell them to laugh, they didn't have to hold up a sign. You can see them naturally laughing and reacting to those guys, because they were really funny. And that's how I

Photo: Bengt Nyman



Watson with Candy Kane

wanted to be. I wanted to do stuff that made people [react]. If they're just sitting there with a stink face, I wanted to make it so funny that even the most uptight guy would crack a smile. Because it's fun, I like to get people laughing."

With decades of stage experience, he has a myriad of strange stage tales. "I was playing the other night. I like to go out to the audience and I try to get the tip can going, because that's the only way we get paid now. I can't rely on the clubs, I can't rely on CD sales. I just do this little show. I push the tip can out and play harmonica all by myself and I go out in the audience and the band's waiting for me to come back in. People start tipping. As they throw the things in there, I play something funny for each person; I try to match it with the body type. On one occasion, I went up to these people and their backs were facing me the whole entire time.





Watson in the studio at Berkley Sound



Watson with Will Edwards & Bart Mendoza

And I came up to them and I was playing. I was kind of put off by them, I was doing all this funny stuff. And a lady comes up and says, "They're deaf." In another instance, "this lady comes, trying to dance and act all sexy and I'm trying to play. [She says] "give me your hand" and I go to shake it and I started moving it back and forth and then she got mad and grabbed me by the hair and started pulling me," he laughed at the memory.

Watson's first recording was a series of demos with the Bluescasters, with his first solo album released in 1998. His most recent album is 2009's *Lucky Seven*, not coincidentally his seventh disc as he includes the number of issue with each album title, *Número Cinco!*. "What influenced me to do that? *Led Zeppelin*," he laughed. He picks the first album as his favorite. "That was the album that was so cool to me; then they started getting weirder and weirder, but every album was number two, number three. People start-

ed naming them by number, even though by the time they got to their fourth record, it wasn't called *Led Zeppelin 4*, but people just called it that. I just get a kick out of it."

The next disc will be called appropriately enough, *Secret 8* and is already in the process of recording, with an eye toward a late 2011 release. "I don't like to take a lot of time and spend a lot of money making these records," Watson said. "I know it sounds self-deprecating, but I didn't feel that I was good enough to be putting out records and spending thousands of dollars, because I wasn't going to make the money back. I was just going to have them under my bed and it might take two years to sell them, maybe eight years [laughs]. So I just like to do these fast; I'm not really picky. If you listen to some of them, someone with a trained ear might think 'oh that sounds terrible,' but they're pretty easy going." That said, *Lucky Seven* is the complete opposite of that sort of production.

"It was like my *Apocalypse Now* sort of record; it cost a lot of money, it took a lot of time. I had all these guys – Junior Watson, James Harman in the control room, Thomas Yearsley's whole studio, Nathan James, Johnny Vaiu. I had this big cast. By the end of it, I was like, that took a lot of time and money! I was a Nathan James' house and he was getting ready to go out on tour; he had a whole band there, a trio. They were there and we started recording. We recorded a whole record in one sitting, one take to Pro Tools and Nathan's like, 'Yeah I can mix that later today.'" So I thought let's just make a record! I wanted to do another 'fasty,' get it out of my system, and start something new [laughs]."

*"I wanted to make it so funny that even the most uptight guy would crack a smile. Because it's fun, I like to get people laughing."*

—Billy Watson

In addition to his own projects, Watson is also part of the Blues in Schools programs, sponsored by Blues Lovers United of San Diego. He enjoys the interaction with young potential music fans, but admits it can be frustrating work. "Certain schools take it more seriously than others and there is no funding. It's like a broken record, 'there's no funding'," he mused. Working with youngsters also has its challenges. "You can't get too deep with it, because as soon as you start talking, if you start getting windy, they start going to sleep or horsing around; they're just kids you know?" Similarly, Watson also works with Candy Kane on her United by Music Tour. "We go and play with special needs kids and we get them on stage. It's a long process, but it started in Holland. In our music, we're trying to teach them about where it came from, so that they can look at it themselves and then come up with their own thing." Watson will be heading to France with Candy Kane for a six-week tour that opens on May 29.

Although he enjoys touring as a sideman, he's not enthusiastic about touring under his own name. "It's not really a touring type thing. Driving around in a van in the United States to come home with a couple of hundred dollars is not something I really look forward to." That said, a European tour is possible with offers from Finland and Spain.

He considers that audiences in Europe are more receptive to the blues. "Most of them are," he said. "They're at least civil," he joked. "Here, they've just seen it all, they're done. They're just to cool. The cell phone phenomenon [for example], that just blows my mind, the complete rudeness of the people here. It's sad."

He notes that there has been a slight resurgence in blues based music in recent years. "People are tired of the pop scene, tired of being told what's cool; they want to hear real musicians playing real instruments," he said. He cites Karl Cabbage, Anna Troy, and the Red Fox Tails among his favorite young musicians.

If it seems like Watson is enthusiastic about educating future generations of musicians about the blues. He said, "You're right. I don't think people care about history anymore and they don't learn from it. Society is riddled with that. For example, Carlsbad has a B17 [plane] that lands there every year. And the kids get forced to go to it in a Boys Scout troop or something for a field trip. The kids go in it and there's an old guy there who was a belly gunner standing there and he could tell them all about about 18 or 20 missions he went on before he was shot down and nearly killed. [Meanwhile] the kids are just running around the thing like it's a big jungle gym. They don't care. They don't even know what that plane did. That's just an example. [But] take that and magnify it and it goes across the board. You could punch that in on politics, the way we fight wars, the way we treat our society."

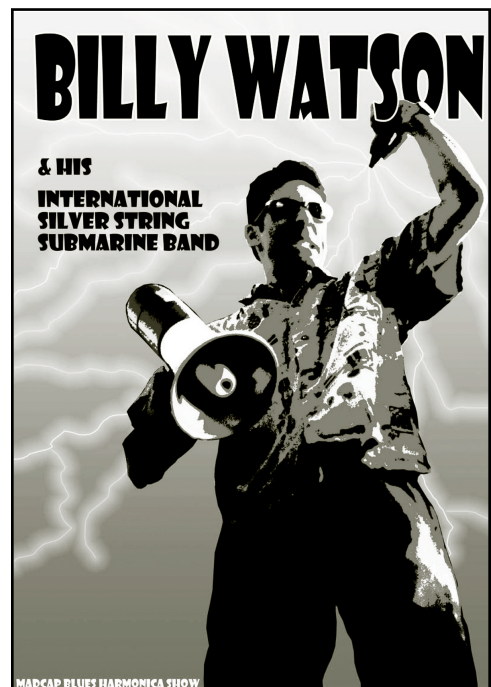
Watson is more than happy with his life as a musician, though he notes that support for the arts in a city the size of San Diego should be more prevalent among the public. "There's a lot of talent in San Diego," he opined. "But, you know? With the millions of people that live here, they should be supporting art and music much better. I always kid around and like to say that if you don't support art and music in your neighborhood, it won't be long before it looks like Temecula [laughs]."

While Watson plans to continue making music, he's realistic about the possibilities out there. "If you're going to be a full-time musician, you're rarely going to get to the point where you are living high on the hog or comfortable. You're not ever going to be that way unless you have a sponsor or somebody to help you," he said. Where does he see himself in ten years? "Probably living in another trailer," he laughed. "Maybe something double wide." Reflecting on the labor-of-love aspect of the arts, Watson is clear. "You can't be materialistic and be a musician or an artist. If it happens and you do make it to a point, it would be like winning the lottery."

While he occasionally misses the East Coast, Watson is more than happy with his life in San Diego. "There's nothing like the light on the West Coast and in Southern California when that sun's going down over the kelp beds off Swami's and that whole area when you drive down the coast highway," Watson reflected. "There's nothing like it in the world." He notes his world travels have confirmed his love of the area. "When I go out of town for long periods of time, it's kind of crazy [but] even though you're in Europe and everyone's treating you great, you miss the conveniences of the United States," Watson commented. "[As] a joke I used to say to the guys, 'don't worry, we'll be stuck in the 805/5 merge in no time,'" he laughed.

See Billy Watson live – March 3, 7pm, with Robin Henkel, at the Cellar, 1256 Avenida Del Mar, San Clemente; and on March 11, 8pm, with his International Silver String Submarine Band, at Book Works/Pannikin, Flower Hill in Del Mar. For more information please visit: [www.billywatson.com](http://www.billywatson.com).

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# BLUEGRASS CORNER

by Dwight Worden



**Hi Bluegrassers!** In response to many requests, This month's column is an instructional overview of bluegrass jamming etiquette. I hope you learn something!

## BLUEGRASS JAMMING ETIQUETTE

Jamming is an essential part of bluegrass and occurs at every festival and at virtually every other bluegrass event. In fact, jamming may well be the central aspect of modern bluegrass music. And, it is certainly true that jammers are the financial lifeblood of the bluegrass industry. Jammers buy most of the instruments, strings, capos, and other accessories; they also buy most concert and festival tickets.

With many musical art forms, there is a small group of professional players who perform and a large group of audience members who listen, with very little crossover. In bluegrass, however, most everyone plays at festivals and events, some on stage but mostly in the parking and camping areas. Many festival goers never even visit the main stage areas but spend their entire time either participating in or listening to a jam. And don't be surprised to see big stage stars in these jams when they're not on stage. It is part of the ethic and culture of bluegrass to jam, and even the best of the seasoned veterans join in.

A few years ago when I attended the Wintergrass Bluegrass Festival in Tacoma, Washington, the headline act, which had been sold out for weeks, was the 25-year reunion of the David Grisman Quartet with all of the original players, including David "Dawg" Grisman on mandolin, Tony Rice on guitar, Darol Anger on fiddle, and Todd Phillips on bass. It was impossible to get a ticket for this show, but the night before you could have jammed, chatted, and rubbed shoulders with David "Dawg" Grisman himself, since he was playing in a hotel lobby jamming circle well into the night!

So, what is the etiquette for jamming and how does one participate? Here are a few simple rules to ensure that you have a great time, that the music is good, and that you will be a welcome addition to a jamming circle.

### 1. APPROACHING A JAM

Listen to a song or two discreetly from outside the circle. Note which instruments are already present and decide whether yours will contribute or be in the way. For example, if there is a bass in the jam and you are a bass player, move on. One bass per jam is the rule. If you are a guitar, mandolin, fiddle, or dobro player, there is probably room for you even if your instrument is already represented, but if there are already three or more of your instrument, it is best to move on. If you are a banjo play-

er, two banjos, maybe three if the players are "sensitive," is about the limit.

Listen to the style and type of music being played. Is it primarily a singing jam? An instrumental jam? Traditional bluegrass? New grass? Old time? Will your playing fit in? Make a judgment before you jump in and find you don't fit.

### 2. ASK TO JOIN

Asking to join is important, especially if you don't know anyone in the jam. Wait until a tune ends and then ask if you might join. This will almost always get you a yes, unless what might look like a jam circle is actually a band scheduled to go on stage warming up, in which case you will be glad you asked in advance! By asking you make sure you are welcome. If you simply lurk around, you may never be asked to take a solo break or to call a tune.

### 3. BE IN TUNE

Tune your instrument before approaching the jam. Unless you have perfect pitch, use an electronic tuner. Even the best are not welcome if they're out of tune!

### 4. HOW THE CIRCLE WORKS

**A. The Kick Off.** Generally, one person in the circle picks a tune, including its name and the key it's in. That person then starts the tune, setting the timing and rhythm with an intro.

**B. Playing the first verse.** The person calling the song plays the entire tune through only once. If it's an instrumental, two A parts and two B parts are usually played. If it's a song, the leader sings the first verse and chorus, while the other jammers play rhythm if it's an instrumental and rhythm and fills if it's a song. Remember, the rest of the circle supports the person playing or singing lead. Do not play too loudly or too "fancy." Save the fancy stuff and volume for your turn to play/sing lead.

**C. Passing the Tune.** After the first verse, the tune is passed to the next person in the circle. Pay attention to which way the circle is going so you know when your turn comes. When it does, play it through one complete cycle if the tune is instrumental, then pass it to the next person and play rhythm again. If the tune is a song, keep your eye on the person who called the tune because that person will indicate where the instrumental breaks are. Pay attention to whether breaks are being played based on the verse or the chorus and play accordingly.

**D. The Ending.** When the tune has come full circle, the leader plays it one

continued on page 12.



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

## LOOSE FIXES FOR TIGHT SPOTS

We've all been there, we studio-dwelling manipulators of sonic wonder. We work tirelessly on every facet of our recordings: getting the most inspired performances. Working the kinks out of every line of the song. The timbers, textures, and timing are all just right, but...there's a problem.

Something that has somehow eluded our most vigilant scrutiny throughout the entire process. What is it and what can be done about it now that we are at the eleventh hour of our project's completion?

Things can and have been done. Creative thinking isn't the sole province of the lyricists and composers, after all. It just takes a little bit of outside-the-box thinking and the willingness to try just about anything to arrive at our desired result.

Just the other day, I was recounting how much more difficult mixing and editing used to be in the tape-based analog past, compared to the relative ease with which these tasks can be accomplished within the digital realm today. As the clients watched me tighten up a sloppy drum track with a nip here and a tuck there, I explained how one would have had to make a razor and tape splice for each and every movement I was effortlessly accomplishing with a simple click of my mouse. At one point, I replaced several weak snare hits with some better ones from elsewhere in the song. I explained that this was something that was only attempted in the direst of circumstances with the largest of budgets, because engineers were actually cutting little tiny windows in the 2-inch multi-track master tape and then pasting these other little "panes" with better snare hits into

them. And if you messed it up, you were basically screwed.

This is how Roger Nichols came to invent Wendell, the first drum sound replacer. It was basically a sampler that could be triggered by an impulse at its input, i.e. you play the snare track into it and record the subsequently triggered sample hits onto another track. I can't swear by any particular instance, but I'm pretty sure it's part of why Steely Dan's "Hey Nineteen" sounds so uniquely tight for its time. Of course, now we have drum replacement plug-ins for that kind of stuff, they may still not be quite the solution for you.

For example, I had a song I was mixing for the Wild Truth's *This Golden Era* called "Very Bad Thing." It has a driving, four-on-the-floor Motown beat and the snare really needed to "pop" on that one. However, the snare was quite dark and dull and any amount of EQ I added only served to make the cymbals overly harsh. My solution was to duplicate the snare track and use a noise gate to filter out everything except the actual snare hits. I then boosted the high frequencies in a very exaggerated way and mixed it back in underneath the old snare track. This gave me all the "crack" I was looking for, while leaving the rest of the drums unaffected. This technique works great for bass drum as well!

Similarly, dull and lifeless bass tracks can be brought new life by duplicating them and adding a bit of distortion to the copy. One can use any amp simulator or fuzz box, but I have found great success using the useful (and free) CamelCrusher plugin. Depending upon the relative level of the distorted track, the results are either subtly forward or big and glammy!



Sven-Erik Seaholm

In a session with the great Woody Barber some years back, it was determined that there was too much of the drummer's high hat, but because of its bleeding into every mic there was no way to really bring it down beyond a certain point. Woody's brilliant suggestion was to employ a de-esser, tuned to the frequency of the high hat cymbals...worked like a charm!

Plosives (sounds like 'P' 'D' and 'T', usually at the start of a word) can be problematic. Often, recordists will reach for a compressor to tame those nasty artifacts, but this can rob your vocal tracks of much needed energy. A quicker, more effective solution is to make a split in the track at the start of the offending plosive and then adjust the fade-in over the plosive until you have the desired balance of clarity and punch to the word or phrase.

Sibilance ('S', 'Sh,' 'CH', etc.) is why the de-esser was invented, but often at the cost of an overall dullness to the track. I often find it easier to take the time to draw little volume envelope moves at those crucial points. Just make a node in the volume envelope at either side of the 'S' in the waveform. Then, add another just to the left of the one on the left and to the right of the other. Then simply pull down the volume to where it sounds best and most natural. It's more like a "custom" de-esser, because you can vary the amount of gain reduction as needed.

Often times, a rock band will be looking for a close approximation of their live sound, without a lot of obvious reverb, delay or other processing. However, they still would like the advantage of being able to overdub the vocals for the best performance and sound quality. I have found that after recording and editing the vocals, I can make things sound more "honest" and "live" by running the vocals back out into a PA that is located in the same room the band was recorded in and recording that ambience back into the song. The resulting sound is less "produced" sounding, but imparts a tougher and edgier, more organic energy.

As I said before, a little thinking and creativity are often all that is required to bring your recordings that much closer to divinity. When a project's frustrations begin to weigh upon you, take a walk or a shower, or maybe wash some dishes. Allow the solution to come to you. As the show *Mad Men*'s main character Don Draper once advised: "If you want to solve a problem, think about it very hard for a while. Then just put it out of your mind. The solution will come to you."

Fictional characters can be so wise...

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer, singer and songwriter. He will perform as half the duo Seaholm Mackintosh at Oasis House Concerts March 12. Google it for details...

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## CURVES OF LIFE

For all of human knowledge, there are occasionally events that are quite beyond our ability to comprehend. I recall my early marriage to a sweet young Catholic girl. Our courtship had been brief; we had both been “saving ourselves” for marriage – a difficult feat indeed, but I’ve always loved challenges. It was everything I had hoped for, and more, if you insist on being nosy. Then, a mere six months later, we were blessed with a beautiful, healthy daughter, whom we named Spike because she reminded us so much of Spike Lee; in fact, she appeared to be African American although neither of us are. I had a feeling that we’d made history, but before I could get the medical community to document these miracles, my sweet bride and Spike disappeared without a word or a “Dear José” note. I was eventually able to have the marriage annulled after a mass of confusion and heartbreak that lasted several hours, nearly destroying my afternoon.

Now, recently, I’ve again been made buttboy to fortune’s devious sodomites. The Paradyokee contests have been proceeding at a rapid, entertaining pace, and I’ve felt secure that I was holding on to the lead. Dawne, the once-homeless urchin whose life was given meaning once I had closed her shameless naked feet, had casually asked for my phone number. Since I had a powerful urge to truly give it to her, I gave her my card but was unprepared for her incessant late night calls she made only to remind me that she intended to win the competition.

Am I *that much* of a threat to her in this silly contest? Of course. Does she truly believe that by intruding into my study of infomercials she’ll be able to disrupt my momentum? Duh. Did she think I was serious when I told her that she possessed what I imagined must be the finest, most stupifyingly perfect pair of *gluteous maximus* ever bestowed upon a human being, that I would do anything to become their intimate friend? Probably. I bet if I had told her she was hot, she’d probably believe that too. Women can be remarkably gullible.

Well, that’s dingaling Dawne; she’s about five-foot six inches of natural perfection who could probably suck a straw through a garden hose’s golf ball, or whatever that old saying is. One night I got so fed up with her incessant calls that I suggested she come over for a nightcap and some romantic music, so that I could tell her face to face to quit bugging me; that I was obviously better than her in the Paradyokee contest and she’d better get used to that fact; that I wished no further personal contact with her aside from being around her at the competition, unless she granted me unlimited exclusive, unlimited access to her flowering physicality.

She was due in 20 minutes. She’s so disagreeable, I thought, so combative. She’s unlikely to listen to reason, however cleverly fabricated it might be. How will I get a word in edgewise? Perhaps dropping a roofy in her drink would calm her down to the required level of receptiveness ... but no, I had used up the last of my supply the week before (and I hadn’t slept that long in *ages*!)

While frantically searching for that funny rubber mallet I had extracted from one of my patients during a recent game of “Doctor,” the doorbell rang. Damn! Eighteen minutes early....

Two hours later I decided it was finally time to talk. No more delaying the inevitable. No matter that it might hurt her deeply. Truth often does....

I went to the door and opened it, demanding to know why she had been standing there, repeatedly pushing that doorbell for what seemed like hours.

“Well, why wouldn’t you answer it? I know you’re here; you invited me!”

What unmitigated nerve. Throw the blame around, blame anyone but yourself. God, when will these young women grow



The Hose. strapping warrior in a jock’s trap?

up?

“First of all, Mr. Sinatra, if that’s your real name [what a disagreeable snot!], I read the poems you slipped in my purse last Wednesday and I’ve been doing some thinking.”

So, she starts off with deception! As if women think! “What poems?” I asked calmly.

She pulled out several papers from her skin-tight black leather, jewelled bellbot-toms. “These! These! This one: ‘Ode to Thy Backside’! And this: ‘Wax my Mustache Proud’! All signed by you with a note: ‘I mean every word, hot mama – yours in Christ, José Sinatra.’

It certainly looked like my handwriting. The poems were damn fine, too, obviously having taken hours to compose.

Kristen’s face was suddenly struck as she noticed a large painting I had recently completed, hanging and still drying over the bidet in the corner. It was the latest in my recent series of classic nudes.

“Oh, my gosh!” Kristen seemed somewhat upset. “You’ve painted me! Oh my gosh! It’s disgusting!”

“You call the human body disgusting?” She was obviously off her rocker.

“When its posed like that – you must be sick! Are you some kind of weirdo or something?”

“Don’t be silly girl, girl. Come on, have a seat. What’s on your mind?”

After at least a couple of minutes’ worth of silence (during which I nearly dozed off), Kristen hit me with her best shot.

“Week after week, Mr. Sinatra ...”

“Call me Hose.”

“Okay. Week after week, you do better than anybody else in the competition. But every week you keep on doing it. Why?”

“Why not? I’m going to win at the finals next month. I’m copping the prize – the money – the admiration – I’m taking it all.” I felt that candor at a time such as this would hasten her surrender.

“But you can’t win! You can’t win, Hose! I read the rules! Have you?”

My reply: “You mean that pompous chick book from years ago? No way!”

“No, the Paradyokee rules! You’re no threat to anyone, Hose. You’re one of the judges! Everyone thought you were just putting yourself ‘in competition’ as a joke. But as time goes by, it’s hit me that you’ve been taking yourself seriously as a contestant. There’s no way, if you’re a judge, you silly fool. The other judges have been letting you keep competing ‘cause you crack everyone up. They have no idea you’ve been serious. Judges can’t compete.”

(She’d obviously missed *Zandalee*, in which Judge Reinhold competes against Nicholas Cage in a game of throbbing passion.) By now my forehead had cracked the kitchen door. What sort of guest would call her host a fool? I dug out a handkerchief, applied it to the gash over my right eyebrow, and turned toward my tormentor who calmly faced me now, standing between the couch and the neat pile of her clothes on the floor.

Truly, life was once again becoming incomprehensible. Even if my future was starting to look tricky, I would enter it unafraid.

To be concluded mercifully next month.

## RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

## TUESDAY

I began my Tuesday, February 15th, at San Diego Imaging, a pain treatment facility in Kearny Mesa. I was there for another round of injections into my lumbar spine...one into the major nerve root on each leg, and two into my sacroiliac. There’s nothing quite like the feeling of a six-inch long spike jabbing into my lower back to kick off the day.

In reality, the injections work almost immediately to relieve the irritation caused by two failed spine operations. The only problem then is the pain caused by the needles themselves, but after a couple of hours, I was walking like a normal person.

So I felt better than when I woke up. After the clinic, I went to my new job as Rick Roberts’ newsman/foil on Talk Radio 760 KFMB. The studio I used made me ill on this particular Tuesday. My guess is the room hasn’t been cleaned for about 25 years. I think there’s Legionnaire’s Disease in the ventilation system! By the end of the show I had developed a sore throat and could feel my vocal cords tightening. Ugh.

When I got home that night I was in a foul mood.

I flipped on the TV to Palladia HD and, surprise, they were running a handful of concert films I’d never seen!

At 8pm, it was The Who at the Isle of Wight 1970. I love the Who. I’ve seen them at least six times. (The first time was at the Sports Arena in 1976. Keith Moon was the drummer. The band was transcendent. It was the greatest rock show I’ve ever seen.)

The Who/Isle of Wight/1970 show was absolute rubbish. Couldn’t have been worse. Everything was out of tune, the rhythms plodded and Roger Daltrey couldn’t find the key if it were hanging around his neck on a chain. No wonder I’d never seen this show!

Luckily, that mess was followed by Motorhead in Berlin, 30 minutes of primitive noise from the self-proclaimed “loudest band in the world.” (Bassist/singer Lemmy Kilmister once said, “If this band moved next door to you, your lawn would die.”)

Motorhead kicked ass. “Ace of Spades” is one of the greatest rock and roll songs ever made, despite sounding like every other Motorhead rock and roll song. They actually performed a lovely acoustic blues, with Lemmy playing harmonica, called, of course, “Whorehouse Blues.” Kilmister, guitarist Phil Campbell, and drummer Mikkey Dee are all solid players who know exactly what they’re doing...keeping it simple, heavy and LOUD! I love ‘em!

Again, I was feeling better. A few commercials later, Palladia HD showed Isle of Wight 2008. This concert was a mixed bag, but I did get to see both the Sex Pistols and The Police on their respective reunion tours, original members intact.

The Police were really tight when I saw them at SDSU in 1983, and it seems they were even better in 2008. Andy Summers continues to be a surprisingly inventive guitarist. Drummer Stewart Copeland showed none of his infamous variable-speed tendencies, and Sting can

continued on page 12.



by Peter Bolland

## THINGS YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO

I know you’re busy. Everybody’s busy. We are being crushed by our to-do lists. Maybe I can help. Here’s a whole list of things you *don’t* have to do.

You don’t have to do everything. You don’t have to be perfect. You don’t have to right every wrong, heal every wound, and bridge every gap between what is and what should be. You don’t have to fix all of the broken things.

You don’t have to understand everything. You don’t have to figure everything out. You don’t have to force the uncarved whole into tiny conceptual boxes.

You also don’t have to explain yourself. You don’t have to reduce the mystery of who and what you are to a category, a type, a box checked on a government form. You don’t have to force your boundless nature into a mold someone else made.

You are not defined by your race, your gender, your ethnicity, your national origin, your political affiliation, your sexual orientation, your ideology, your body, your strengths, your weaknesses or your endless lists of opinions, preferences, and aversions. What you really are lies beyond all of those layers of window dressing.

You don’t have to worry about the future. You don’t have to waste one more iota of energy carefully imagining every possible negative outcome and then struggle to avoid those imagined outcomes with tools forged from your own cleverness.

You don’t have to bear the burden of every conceivable what-if and yeah-but. You can put them down. As the old Zen saying goes, “How refreshing, the whinny of a pack horse unburdened of everything.”

You don’t have to be someone you’re not. You don’t have to compare yourself to everyone you meet, measuring their best qualities against your worst. You don’t have to violate your own nature in a vain attempt to emulate someone else’s.

You don’t have to match anyone else’s timeline. You don’t have to march alongside anyone or anything else. You don’t have to force the natural flow of events and seasons into the rows and columns of anyone’s timetable spreadsheet, including your own.

You don’t have to believe your harshest self-assessment. You don’t have to believe your own definitions of failure. You might be wrong.

You don’t have to be afraid. You don’t have to assume that the universe is a dangerous, hostile place. You don’t have to believe the worst about other people.

You don’t have to buy the next newest thing. You don’t have to want what corporations, marketing departments, and salesmen tell you to want.

You don’t have to obey every craving. You don’t have to believe that happiness only comes later, after every need has been met.

You don’t have to keep running away. You don’t have to keep avoiding the simple truths that are trying to catch up to you. Slow down. They will find you.

You don’t have to be deaf to that still, soft, inner voice. You don’t have to stay so busy, so distracted, so overwhelmed that you remain forever knocked off balance. You don’t have to allow the noise of your busyness to drown out the quiet truths arising in the stillness at your center.

You don’t have to manage everything. You don’t have to scrutinize, assess, and manipulate every piece of the puzzle. You

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

# STAGES

don’t have to write the master plan.

You don’t have to keep eating when you’re full. You don’t have to believe the lie that it’s never enough.

You don’t have to get drunk or high. You don’t have to repeat forever habits you picked up when you were young and scared. You don’t have to obey your fear.

You don’t have to shut down when you feel your feelings arise. You don’t have to push away what you cannot control. You don’t have to make your heart an empty, hostile place full of shadows, open wounds, self-doubt, and endless hunger.

You don’t have to be lonely. You don’t have to hide. You don’t have to feel unsafe outside the four walls of your cage.

You don’t have to be unhappy. You don’t have to struggle against change and strain to hold on to things that are trying to fade away.

You don’t have to have an opinion about everything. You don’t have to mistake your own fleeting judgments for truths.

You don’t have to have a perfect family, whatever that is. You don’t have to feel deep, warm, and vibrant connections with all of your relatives, or feel guilty and ashamed if you don’t. You don’t have to force your family to conform to a fictional, idealized fantasy.

You don’t have to eliminate all anger and pain from your life. You don’t have to iron out every crease, soak out every stain, or chase away every confusion. In the waves of life, you don’t have to define every peak as a success and every trough as a failure.

You don’t have to agree with anyone else’s ideology. You don’t have to accept anyone else’s definition of God, no matter how earnest their pronouncements, no matter how ancient and hallowed their tradition. You don’t have to abandon your own deeply held inner convictions because they conflict with a mass movement or popular theology.

You don’t have to belong to any groups because they’re said to be important. You don’t have to blindly ascribe to any nationalisms, especially if they draw their strength from a sense of exceptionalism or superiority. Empires come and go. Humanity knows nothing of empires. Plant your flag in something that lasts.

Life is short. Don’t waste these precious hours, days, weeks, months and years on things that don’t matter. Do the work that has been given to you to do. Find a way to let go of your fears and live the life your soul is asking for. Let what is trying to emerge through you emerge. Become a part of something larger than yourself. Your bliss depends on it. Shed your limited and limiting definition of yourself. Pledge that you will no longer cling to ways of living that do not serve your highest good. Promise yourself that you will stop waiting for the right time. Now is the right time. There is so much we have yet to do. Each of us has our small part to play. Drop everything that doesn’t matter. Don’t waste another second doing things you don’t have to do.

Peter Bolland is a professor at Southwestern College where he teaches eastern and western philosophy, ethics, world religions, and mythology. After work he is a poet, singer-songwriter, and author. He also leads an occasional satsang at the Unity Center and knows his way around a kitchen. You can find him on Facebook at: [www.facebook.com/peterbolland.page](http://www.facebook.com/peterbolland.page) or write to him at [peterbolland@cox.net](mailto:peterbolland@cox.net).





# Jake Shimabukuro

## Hawaii's stringed prophet brings *Peace, Love, Ukulele* to San Diego's Anthology

by Terry Roland

To repent is to change. At least that's the universally accepted definition. To change one's mind, in today's culture, is no easy task. But, if we were to look on the world of Americana/roots music in biblical terms, Jake Shimabukuro may be today's Old Testament prophet not crying in the wilderness but from the Hawaiian Islands, saying "Repent!" It's hard to doubt that most mainlanders, earth-bound souls who rarely feel the quiet inspiration of a Pacific wind, can only picture Arthur Godfrey with the mere mention of the word ukulele. Perhaps for other mainlanders only slightly hipper envision folk music's favorite son, Arlo Guthrie and his interpretation of the classic song "Ukulele Lady." For the comedy-driven music fan there's Laurel and Hardy, smiling away while they strum "Honolulu" on their matching ukuleles for their vengeful wives in the classic comedy, *Sons of the Desert*. Point being, mainlanders of all generations and persuasions just haven't taken the instrument very seriously over the last one hundred years. But then came Jake Shimabukuro, who has transformed the ukulele to call up associations more with Hendrix with than with Arthur Godfrey. At times he even reaches the improvisational heights of Miles Davis. Don't laugh, listen. With the release of his latest CD, *Peace Love Ukulele*, Jake has assembled a collection of songs that demonstrates not only his versatility on the instrument but also gives the mainland and mainstream music listening public the chance to discover the timeless appeal of the instrument and this distinctly Hawaiian spin on popular music through the clear-eyes, ears, and especially fingers of this 33-year-old artist. Making a near tsunami-like sensation right now on YouTube, with six-million views strong, with near perfect renditions of rock classics like "Bohemian Rhapsody," filmed in 2009 Jake will be performing on March 23rd at Anthology. His recent tour now finds him traveling along the Pacific rim with a coastal tour hitting San Diego, L.A., and San Francisco.

Born in 1976 in Honolulu, a fifth generation Japanese-American, Jake's mother gave him his first ukulele at the age of four. His interest developed fast and he stayed with both the fun and the discipline of the instrument, developing his talent along the way. During the '90s he joined the trio Pure Heart, working with percussionist Lopaka Colon and guitarist Jon Yamasato. Their debut album won four Na Hoku Hanohano Awards, which is the Hawaiian counterpart to the Grammy Awards, including Island Contemporary Album of the Year, Most Promising Artists, and Album of the Year. This is quite an accomplishment for a group of artists barely out of their teens.

Following the release of another successful album, *Pure Heart 2*, which earned two more Hoku Awards, Jake joined forces with Lopaka Colon to form the group Colon, named in honor of Lopaka's famous percussionist father, Augie Colon. After winning yet another Hoku Award for Entertainers of the Year in 2001, Jake began a solo career that has since been going non-stop.

While Jake began playing solo in local Honolulu venues and coffee houses and also with independent solo releases, when Sony Music Japan came calling, he was ready. "I loved just playing those little places, and I was happy with it at the time," he recalls. "But when Sony Music Japan showed interest in signing me, I think it made me take my music seriously as a career." And that he did. His talent and skill have become internationally known, thanks to the producers of a local New York City TV show called "Ukulele Disco," when he was invited him to play his interpretation of George Harrison's "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" in Central Park. With the help of over six-million views on YouTube, Jake became internationally famous. According to Jake, "It was supposed to air once, but it somehow ended up on YouTube – which had just started out at the time – and suddenly people started asking about the Asian guy who plays the ukulele."

What those who tuned in to YouTube found was that this little instrument from Hawaii called a ukulele had been vastly underrated. As other master instrumentalists have shown on their instruments throughout music history, Jake demonstrated the ukulele to have a life of its own within the structure of the song, which could be expanded and changed without sacrificing the integrity and inspiration of the song itself. In fact, what Jake's sometimes gentle, sometimes dynamic and always inspired playing showed was that skill could be brought into the tune, which would add dimension and call attention to the song rather than detract with musical stunts and tricks. This is a fine line and Jake has walked it well and seemingly effortlessly.

The ukulele, brought to Hawaii by Portuguese immigrants during the 18th century, was given the name "jumping flea" because of the way the fingers move so swiftly over the fretboard. Jake's ukulele sounds more like silk lightening. It's both soothing and stimulating in a concoction of fire and lace. Add to this his choice of material and he is able to reach out across pop music history and interpret Harrison, Cohen, and even classic rock bands like Queen with ease, originality, and inspiration. With the use of only two octaves, Jake's talent and imagination works to complement and reignite the original intent of the songs, which have become standards in the catalog of American popular music at

Photo: Sencame



Jake Shimabukuro

the same level that jazz fusion artists like Pat Metheny can do in jazz.

Also noteworthy is Jake's ability to walk the line between tradition and progress; convention and avant garde. While he learned his instrument by mastering the most traditional of Hawaiian music as he approached his teens, Jake began showing an interest in the entire spectrum of contemporary music. This led him to radio classics, smooth jazz, and classical music. "I first picked up the ukulele at the age of four. My mom played and taught me my first few chords. I started out strumming mainly traditional Hawaiian music as a child. But later, [I] enjoyed the challenge of trying to play other styles of music on the four-string, two octave instrument – like rock, jazz and classical."

Since 2001 Jake's circle of fame and influence has been felt throughout the world of popular music thanks to performances with Jimmy Buffett, Bela Fleck, Yo-Yo Ma, Cyndi Lauper, and Ziggy Marley. He's appeared on *The Late Show with Conan O'Brien*, *The Today Show*, and on important radio shows including NPR's *Morning Edition* and *World Café*. He's also appeared at Monterey and Playboy Jazz Festivals. In 2009 he played with fellow Hawaiian Bette Midler at the Royal Variety Show where they performed the Beatles' "In My Life." And, most recently, Jake can be seen performing in the new Adam Sandler film *Just Go with It*.

With the release of his newest album this year, *Peace Love Ukulele*, Jake has compiled an album he says he hopes will bring "joy and happiness to listeners near and far." In a recent interview with the *San Diego*

*Troubadour* he said, "I hope the emotions expressed in the music will connect people and make them realize that we all feel the same things – we just express them differently. I believe music is the greatest gift – and the ukulele is the friendliest way to present that gift to the world." Even his favorite songs on the album display his heart as well as the diversity of his taste, including the more rock-based "143," inspired by the pager code, which means "I love you"; "Go for Broke," a touching melody dedicated to the Japanese-Americans who served in World War II; and the classic Queen song "Bohemian Rhapsody." Another highlight is his beautifully warm version of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah," which becomes just as lyrical, thanks to Jake's artistic expertise, even without the words of the Canadian bard.

I recently heard someone observe the difference between an "idol" and an "icon," which applies to Jake Shimabukuro. An idol, it was observed, takes the energy from the audience and keeps it for themselves for ego gratification, while an icon takes the same energy, changes it, and gives it back to the audience. Jake has been doing this since he first picked up the little instrument we often mistake for something trivial. On his new release, and really throughout his career, Jake has been taking the energy around him and returning it to us through music, transforming our assumptions about the music we've heard all of our lives and turning it into something immortal, to be shared for generations to come.

And so, Jake, as a musical prophet, directs us through his music, to touch, taste, smell, and feel the melodies he experiences in the music drawn from his native island; it's not really a voice in the wilderness but a breeze of island pleasure. And no one could possibly put it better than Jake himself when he says, "With my new CD, *Peace Love Ukulele*, I hope to inspire more people to take an interest in the young instrument. I believe the ukulele is the instrument of peace. If everyone played the ukulele, the world would be a better place."

After experiencing young Jake Shimabukuro's ingenuity and his inspiring music I can easily say to this musical prophet and his ukulele, "I repent!" See Jake Shimabukuro in concert Wednesday, February 23, 7:30pm (\$42) and 9:30pm (\$24), at Anthology, 1337 India St., San Diego. [www.anthologysd.com](http://www.anthologysd.com)

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more time if it's an instrumental and puts an ending on it. If it's a singing song, that person sings the last chorus, or maybe the last verse and chorus, and ends it. Circle members usually join in the ending riff.

E. The next tune caller. After completing one song cycle, the role of the lead song caller is passed to the next person in the circle who will call a new tune, thus starting the cycle all over again. This continues until everyone has had a chance to call a tune.

*Caveat*: It doesn't always work this way. You will often find a jam with a core of two to five folks who know each other well and have worked up some material, while a handful of others sit in on the jam. Often these insiders will call the tunes or only pass the lead role to another insider. This is somewhat impolite, but it's best to just go with the flow. Many times it's more fun to play with a group that knows what they're doing. And, if you are polite and make a positive contribution to the music, you'll eventually be asked to take a turn at lead.

F. When to Sing. When to sing and when not to sing are very important. If you called the tune, you are expected to sing the lead and know the words to the verses and chorus. If you call the tune and would rather sing harmony, you must say so before the tune starts and solicit someone else who is able to sing the lead. If you didn't call the tune and want to sing along, let the group know before the tune starts that you will sing tenor, baritone, or bass. If the song starts before you get a chance to say anything, you need to listen. If no one is singing a harmony part that you can sing, then join in. If someone else is already singing that part, it is best to stay out. And, it is almost never a good idea to sing along with the lead. Remember, singing in a way that conflicts with what the tune caller is doing is as bad as stepping on someone else's instrumental break! *Tip*: Have a couple of standard tunes under your belt and be ready to go.

G. When to Play. Like knowing when to sing, knowing when and when not to play is very important. On instrumental tunes led by somebody else, the rest of the circle plays rhythm. Generally, one does not play fills on someone else's instrumental break. You should also play at a low volume so the lead player can be heard easily. On a song, unless asked to do the kick-off, circle players either stay out or play simple rhythm. When singing is going on, play a quiet rhythm, never so loud that the singer can't be heard. It is also appropriate to play "fills" between singing phrases. But pay attention to who else is playing fills. If six instruments all play fills at the same time, there is no rhythm left and the fill noise will be out of control. And, don't hog all the fills. If you play a few fills and think "this is cool, I sound great, and no one else is doing fills," get off your high horse! The others are being polite and letting you take a few fills. Reciprocate and drop back to rhythm so they can play fills too. Finally, you can play a little bit behind the singing, but be cautious — never play too loud and try to stay off the melody notes as these are likely to conflict with the singer, especially if you play fiddle or dobro, which are closer to the human voice.

H. Be Ready. Be ready when it's your turn. If you do not know the tune, if it's too fast, or you don't want to take the lead you can pass on taking a solo break, but make sure you tell the per-

continued on next page







## Barbara Nesbitt The Bees

by Simeon Flick

I have some confessions to make. First, I’ve never gone completely gaga for Americana music. I suppose it’s my progressively intractable taste and/or too many stereotypes and misconceptions cluttering up my mind (read BOTH kinds of music – country *AND* western). We also find ourselves in a town that generally turns a deaf ear toward anything of or related to acoustic-based genres, which has even forced the featured artist of this review to seek greener pastures in Austin (and recently spurred bandmate Mike Spurgat on to Nashville), further embedding the stigma.

Second, I’m guilty of the journalistic “sin” of knowing my subject personally, which can tend to detract from the perceived objective veracity of a critical review, and I don’t want the gravitas of the following assessment to be reduced too easily.

That being said, Barbara Nesbitt’s second album – *The Bees* – is an uncommon achievement: an independent record with sated big label aspirations. *The Bees* exhibits the harder-than-it-sounds paradox of being relaxed in its tightness, adding innate confidence to the winning formula established by 2007’s *A Million Stories*.

Every song could be an anthem, blanketing the insights of a soul troubled by life and love in the soothing universality of sublime, unobtrusively memorable melodies. “Losing Time” hides its sorrowful lyric in the flaming curtains of a barn-burning rave-up, and the title track is onomatopoeically unnerving, with the lyric revealing the ominous slant behind what initially reads as an inane title (“The bees in my head are so loud now...”).

*The Bees* is the most interesting when it deviates from the traditional production values and ubiquitous violin/banjo/pedal-steel instrumentation and boom-a-tat-a rhythms, illuminating a potential future path of aesthetic evolution with the ebullient psychedelic swirl of “When You Go” and the syncopated Latin-flavored groove of “The Big Picture”.

Nesbitt’s singing shines through it all with exquisite control and grace, and everything surrounding her voice never detracts, but lifts it up – which, when mixed with the production choices of Jeff Berkley, gives *The Bees* the grand feel of Neko Case’s *Blacklisted* (which, coincidentally[?], has a song titled “With Bees”). The three-part vocal harmonies with drummer/percussionist Bill Coomes and the aforementioned lead guitarist Mike Spurgat are so well-timed and tuned that their voices, like CSN or Fleetwood Mac before them, seem to be tailor made to sing together, which you must understand is ridiculously rare. The band sounds exactly the same live, a fruitful testament to years of stage action you should be getting in on.

I’ve got one final confession: through knowing Barbara and her music – not to mention other like-minded San Diego groups like Citizen Band, Berkley Hart, Blackout Party – I have begun to see the light and now consider myself a fan of the genre. This could easily happen to you, too. *The Bees* is available at CDBaby or at [barbaranesbitt.com](http://barbaranesbitt.com)



## Laura Roppé I’m Still Here

by Frank Kocher

It’s not too often that a new disc will pop out of the speakers with track after track of irresistible, catchy, and bouncy pop good enough to rivet the listener from the first play. Local singer/song-writer Laura Roppé manages just that with her latest, *I’m Still Here*, and there is quite a story behind the project. Shortly after getting some attention locally (and in the UK) with her 2008 debut CD *Girl Like This*, she was diagnosed with aggressive breast cancer, and her then-growing career was put on hold while she underwent surgery and treatments.

Roppé is back and healthy, and *I’m Still Here* departs from her primarily countrified debut by sampling funk, blues, and gospel genres. She has a lot of studio help on her 13 originals from Matthew Embree (Rx Bandits). The production is pristine, and Roppé’s vocal personas range from soul belter to folk-pop harmonizer, country sweetheart, and butt-shaking rocker.

“Bail Yourself Out” is funky, with a gospel-vibe background group and Roppé delivering a sassy message to “Get the lead out; move your feet.” A delightful, poetic pop song, “Heart Inside Your Palm,” works on several levels. It’s a catchy, light love tune with great wordplay, and it could also work as a children’s song, or an even a tune for a heart care program. Roppé’s vocal versatility adds a blues edge to darken the verses of “Woobie,” a strong folk ballad about commitment. Light, airy harmonies fly over Hammond keys on “Making a Living,” another highlight that has roots closer to Memphis or Motown than to Nashville or Austin.

“Daddy’s Little Angel” goes a bit the other way; the rocker is all about country girls gone wild, “pure as dirty snow,” and Roppé carries it off with just the right twang. “George Clooney” is framed as a trop frolic as she lists some of the things she wants to do while upright. Roppé shows her country licks again on “I’m So Sorry” and “No Place I’d Rather Be.” “Butterfly Girl” is the closest thing to a weak track, a folk song almost buried in strings, but well-sung by Roppé.

Things get rocking again late in the disc. “Wage Peace” blends gospel back-ups with chop-power guitar chords and some of the most vocal gusto on the disc. It’s a good track, bringing in the soul influence heard in earlier tracks. Even better is the title track and closer. Straight-up guitar hard rock; the super hook is simple but unforgettable. It is three minutes of celebration, as Roppé is telling a banished lover “I beat you up and it felt good,” and “I am strong, I am fierce, I am free.” The metaphor in her own life is as obvious as this song is triumphant.

Laura Roppé has made quite a comeback after spend much of 2009 being treated for a serious illness. *I’m Still Here* is great music, crossing musical boundaries and keeping things fresh and interesting. Beyond her inspirational story, it looks like she has a hit on her hands.



## A Richer Tradition Country Blues and String Band Music 1923-1942

by Lou Curtiss

This one is a set of four CDs with 100 tracks.

An exceptional and varied collection of rural African-American music recorded between 1923 and 1942, including jug bands, songsters, bluesmen, string bands, medicine show performers, and more. Most of the tracks are from the incredibly fertile period from 1924 to 1930 and most of the performers are obscure. Many of them only recorded a few sides, although they are the musical equals of artists who were much more prolific. That’s certainly the case with Jim Thompkins and Freezone who each had only one track released and are among the finest heard here. The most prolific heard here are Sylvester Weaver with his great slide guitar instrumental “Guitar Blues” and Papa Charlie Jackson who deserves a box set of his own. Discs 1, 3, and 4 of this set feature solo artists and duets, while Disc 2 features mostly string bands and jug and washboard bands.

The performances are rarely less than excellent and many, I’d have to say, are even better. If you have a real extensive blues library you may have some of the more familiar tunes here, like Richard “Rabbit” Brown’s “James Alley Blues” or sides by Papa Harvey Hull and Long Cleeve Reed, Ed Bell (his “Frisco Whistle Blues” is always a treat), Pink Anderson and Simmie Dooley, George Bullet Williams, William Harris and Willie Harris (two different guys), and the Old Southern Jug Band. The Mississippi Mud Steppers (with Charlie McCoy’s great mandolin and Sam Chatmon on guitar), Mae Glover, Mooch Richardson, Jack Gowdlock, George Carter, and Eli Framer.

There are reliable liner notes here by Neil Slaven who has done a lot of these over the years and the sound is fine considering the age and rarity of many of these recordings. If you want to hear some early blues masterpieces, mostly by artists you haven’t probably heard or heard of before, this is the set for you. You are going to want to run right out and get more by the likes of the Dallas Jamboree Jug Band, Lottie Kimbrough, the South Street Trio, Alec Johnson, or Whistlin’ Pete, and Daddy Stovepipe, but you are going to have a hard time finding them. This is the obscure of the obscure but the best of the best.



## Celia St. Croix

by Frank Kocher



Celia St Croix has been making the rounds of the local folk coffee house circuit, and her self-titled debut EP features four original tunes, three penned with local music veteran Scott West. Good decisions abound on this release as the production, arrangements, and musicianship are top-notch.

St Croix has a soft, melodious vocal presence, starting breathy and low then smoothly and effortlessly climbing. “Waiting for Your Touch” starts matters out with verses that use the melody from Simon and Garfunkel’s “Homeward Bound”, then shift into a different, harmony chorus. For “Erase”, a minor-chord, finger-picked intro evolves into big buildups with viola and keyboards as she sings “I’m gonna satisfy your every need/ I’m gonna make you shiver, make you bleed”, and other lyrics about the “dirty little things”. It has power and emotion, a highlight. A soft song about a brokenhearted immigrant, “Mr Singh” draws a moving storyboard of a lonely man in a closed store at night with the lights still on, encountered by a similarly lonely St Croix. “Miss You So Bad” is entirely St Croix, on a song she alone wrote. It has a familiar, catchy riff, but like the disc it ends before it really takes off.

The songs on *Celia St Croix* offer a glimpse of a developing songwriter, who can sing very well. Let’s hear some more.

## Trouble in the Wind Gone and Done It

by Frank Kocher



and they are back with ‘Gone and Done It’. This 6-song studio EP of originals again prominently features front man/songwriter Robby Gira. He puts plenty of drama into his vocals, sometimes too much. Listeners who aren’t put off by the howling and affectations will find that Gira writes some compelling songs.

The band has country roots, and several of the offerings here use rockabilly beats and guitar treatments, including “No One Else”, a nifty Johnny Cash-style ballad that overcomes Gira’s over-wrought delivery. “Tim” is an introspective shuffle as Gira muses “And who needs friends if you’ve got a guitar/ I can get new strings if I play too hard”, while guitarist Kyle Merritt does his best work on the disc. The highlight of the 2009 disc was “Damnsel” and it appears here as well, with a Latin beat, exotic melody and edgy guitar work by Merritt. The vocal dramatics don’t hurt, and it is by far the best tune here.

“Information” uses accordion and acoustic guitars but fails to jell; the finale is “Trouble”. This country lament is sort of a band mission statement about “Trouble in the wind/ I feel it now all over me again”, the song picks up steam, and has a reasonably catchy lick-but Gira goes way too far over the top with his agonizing moans, distracting from the impact this time.

Trouble in the Wind has a different sound that takes a bit of getting used to; their songs are what counts. ‘Gone and Done It’ sounds better with each play.

Bluegrass Corner, continued from p. 12



son next to you *in advance*. It is very annoying if the person next to you doesn’t start when it is their turn or says “pass” after the verse as started. Likewise, when it comes your turn to call a tune, be ready. Think of one in ahead of time. Don’t wait until the last minute.

I. **Include Everyone.** When you are the tune caller, announce the name and key of the tune, note when everyone is ready (i.e., capos on, banjo strings in place), and set the pace with a kickoff. Then, “direct” the tune around the circle. My strategy, which I recommend, is to sing one verse and chorus and then pass the tune for a solo break to the next person if you think everyone knows the tune. If it appears many of the jammers don’t know the tune, maybe sing two verses and choruses and then pass it, which will give the group twice as long to hear and learn the melody before they are asked to play it. You should also decide how many solo breaks occur before you sing another verse.

**Leaving a Jam.** It is nice, although not required, to indicate when you are leaving and thank the group for letting you participate. If introductions haven’t already happened, you are likely to find out the names of your fellow jammers and to do some handshaking at this point. This is an important part of jamming and breaks the ice for the next time. Follow these rules and you will quickly become a sought after jammer. Break them and you may wonder why you are not well-come!

Radio Daze, continued from page 11

friggin’ play bass and sing at the same time! And write 99% of the songs.

The Sex Pistols were a pleasant surprise to the now-feeling-pretty-good me.

There they were, the original four guys who signed the band’s original recording contract: “Singer” John Lydon, bassist Glen Matlock, drummer Paul Cook, and guitarist Steve Jones! Lydon has put on a few kilos, as he happily showed by pulling up his shirt during the set. He didn’t really sing during this performance. He shouted both songs.

Yes, I said BOTH. Only two numbers made the cut. The Sex Pistols’ segment started with a bizarre two-minute polka-flavored intro to “Pretty Vacant,” which morphed into a blast furnace of punk fury that extended the song beyond six minutes. “Bodies” was next. It was amazing! If, like me, you thought the Sex Pistols were actually pretty decent players back in 1977, you’ll love them in Isle of Wight 2008.

Steve Jones can now be called “Fat” Steve, as he’s obviously put on the most tonnage (Maybe he’s been in radio too long.) His guitar playing has gotten a lot heavier, too. Drummer Cook is still right in the pocket, and Glen Matlock’s bass anchors the band in a way that the much more famous (and dead) Sid Vicious could never even imagine. The only band I’ve seen that could match the 2008 Sex Pistols in sheer, raw power, would be the Stooges, circa 1970.

So, now I felt really good. I went to bed but I couldn’t sleep. “Bodies” kept repeating in my head. I hate rock and roll, damn it!





# MARCH CALENDAR

## tuesday • 1

**Duo LaRé**, Rancho San Diego Library, 11555 Via Rancho San Diego, 6:30pm.  
**Chick Corea & Gary Burton**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Zapt Dingbats**, El Dorado Cocktail Lounge, 1030 Broadway, 8:30pm.

## wednesday • 2

**Triptych w/ David Beldock/Peggy Watson/Joë Rathburn**, Vision, 11260 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet**, Croce's, 502 5th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Chick Corea & Gary Burton**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Rheanna Downey/Alex Woodard/Jasmine Commerce**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Jess Klein/Tom Freund**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 3

**Hilary Michaels**, Chuck Jones Studio Gallery, 232 5th Ave., 6:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel & Billy Watson**, The Cellar, 156 Avenida Del Mar, San Clemente, 7pm.  
**Peter Sprague String Consort**, Old Town Temecula Community Theatre, 42051 Main St., Temecula, 7:30pm.  
**John Popper/Duskraz Troubadours**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Gary Lefebvre & Gilbert Castellanos**, Dizzy's @ Culy Warehouse, 338 7th Ave., 8pm.  
**Adam Smith/Shane Cooley**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 4

**Chet & the Committee/Kim Simmonds/Savoy Brown**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5:30pm.  
**Lisa Sanders**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Scott West w/ Alex DePue**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6pm.  
**Paragon Jazz Band**, Mission Gorge Cafe, 6171 Mission Gorge Cafe, 6:30pm.  
**Ron Miles/Gary Versace/Matt Wilson Trio**, Athenaeum Jazz Studio, 4441 Park Blvd., 7:30pm.  
**Mikan Zlatkovich**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Java Joe Presents the Forget Me Nots**, Ideal Hotel, 546 3rd Ave., 8:30pm.  
**The Gregory Page Show**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Brothers Shaddox**, Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Little Monsters**, Last Call, 4977 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.  
**The Badblokes**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 9pm.

## saturday • 5

**The Badblokes**, Sunshine Brooks theatre, 217 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Oceanside, 1pm.  
**Dave Howard**, Poway Library, 13137 County Hwy. S4, 2pm.  
**Mark Jackson Band**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Paul Montesano**, Little Italy Carnivale, Piazza Basilone, India St. @ Fir, 7pm.  
**Robin & Linda Williams**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**JJ Grey**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Zydeco Patrol**, Iva Lee's, 555 N. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7:30pm.  
**Yale Stron/Elizabeth Schwartz/Lou Fanucchi**, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 8pm.  
**La Vibre w/ Anthony Smith**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Peter Sprague**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Java Joe Presents Barbara Nesbitt/Lisa Sanders**, Ideal Hotel, 546 3rd Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Chris Ayer/Matt Simons/Renata Youngblood**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Gene Perry Orchestra**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

## sunday • 6

**Harry & Nancy Mestyaneck w/ Chris Clarke**, Rebecca's Coffeehouse, 3015 Juniper St., 10pm.  
**New City Sinfonia**, Church of St. Mary Magdalene, 1945 Iliion St., 2pm.  
**Coco & Lafe**, Fallbrook Library, 124 S. Mission Rd., 2pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Sheldon Rosenbaum**, Downtown Central Library, 820 E. St., 2:30pm.  
**Point Loma Nazarene Univ. Jazz Band/ Southwestern College Jazz Choir**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Java Joe Presents Bushwalla**, Ideal Hotel, 546 3rd Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Adams & Eves/Dakota Belle Witte/Zoe Boekbinder**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 7

**Blue Monday Pro Jam**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer**, Oasis House Concerts, Sorrento Valley, 7pm. oasishouseconcerts.com

## tuesday • 8

**Paragon Band**, Mardi Gras Party, Veteran's Home, 700 Naples, Chula Vista, 1pm.  
**Zydeco Patrol**, St. Paul's Cathedral, 3505 5th Ave., 5:45pm.

**Lou Curtiss Song Circle**, 1725 Granite Hills Dr., El Cajon, 6pm.

**Adrienne Nims & Raggle Taggle**, Rancho Penasquitos Library, 13330 Salmon River Rd., 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Gulf Coast Grill, 4130 Park Blvd., 6:30pm.  
**Hot Tuna Blues w/ Chrlie Musselwhite & Jim Lauderdale**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

**Rebecca Coupe Franks Quartet**, Saville Theatre, SD City College Campus @ 14th & C St., 8pm.  
**Zydeco Patrol**, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., Pacific Beach, 9pm.

## wednesday • 9

**The Badblokes**, Sunset Marketplace, downtown Oceanside, 5pm.  
**Sven-Erik Seaholm**, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 6pm.  
**Zydeco Patrol**, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 6pm.  
**McCoy Tyner w/ Gary Bartz**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**North Mississippi All Stars**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Will Sumner**, Ocean House, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 8pm.  
**A Night of Belly Dancing & Music**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 10

**Adrienne Nims & Spirit World**, Creations in Chocolate, McMillan Companies Event Center, 2875 Dewy, San Diego, 6pm.  
**Lee Coulter**, Davina's Cabo Grill, 212 N. Tremont St., Oceanside, 6pm.  
**Cowboy Jack**, John's Neighborhood Bar & Grill, 1280 E. Vista Way, Vista, 6:30pm.  
**Coffeehouse 101 w/ Marie Haddad/Folding Mr. Lincoln/Katie Leigh & the Infantry**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 7:30pm.  
**The Brubeck Brothers**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Marshall Crenshaw**, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Jake Allen/Jim Earp**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## friday • 11

**Rio Peligroso**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5pm.  
**Paragon Jazz Band**, Mission Gorge Cafe, 6171 Mission Gorge Cafe, 6:30pm.  
**Tank**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Billy Watson**, The Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.  
**San Diego Indie Fest Artist/Industry Mixer**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Fred Benedetti & Daughters**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Jake Newton/Jesse Thomas/Stacy Clark**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Jay Nash CD Release**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

## saturday • 12

**San Diego Indie Fest**, NTC Promenade @ Liberty Station, 2640 Historic Decatur Rd., Point Loma, noon thru 11pm.  
**The Badblokes**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 1pm.  
**Rick Shea & Tom Corbett**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Alan James**, Cozy Cottage House Concert, Ocean Beach, 7pm. www.sheishbrenda.com  
**Tom Griesgraber**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.  
**Ben Carroll/Seaholm-Mackintosh**, Oasis House Concerts, Sorrento Valley, 7:30pm. www.oasishouseconcerts.com  
**Michelle Shocked**, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Richard Thompson Quartet**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Irish Hooley**, Ca. Center for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.  
**Fred Benedetti & Daughters**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Josh Damigo Night**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 13

**Zydeco Patrol**, La Jolla Farmers Market, 7200 Girard Ave., 9am.  
**SD Folk Society**, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 2pm.  
**Joe Rathburn**, El Cajon Library, 20-1 E. Douglas Ave., 2pm.  
**Dusty & the Lovenotes**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**UCSD Summer Jazz Camp Alumni**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Laurence Juber**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Jack Littman**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 14

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

## tuesday • 15

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

## wednesday • 16

**Adrienne Nims & Raggle Taggle**, La Jolla Library, 755 Draper St., 3:30pm.  
**Paul Thorn**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet**, 5092 5th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Zydeco Patrol**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.  
**Aaron & Jane**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 17

**Adrienne Nims & Raggle Taggle**, Hooley's, 2955 Jamacha Rd., Rancho San Diego, 7pm.  
**The Socialists**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 7pm.  
**Kevin Mahogany**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Jesse LaMonaca & the Dime Novels**, Marble Room, 535 5th Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 18

**The Taildraggers w/ John Mailander**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Koncert for Kourtney w/ Chet & the Committee**, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 6:30pm.  
**Temecula Bluegrass Festival**, The Grascals, Old Town Temecula Commity Theater, 42051 Main St., 7:30pm.  
**Chase Morrin**, The Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Java Joe Presents Folding Mr. Lincoln/Zapf Dingbats**, Ideal Hotel, 546 3rd Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Steph Johnson**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Monte Pittman**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Joey Harris & the Mentals**, Bar Pink, 3829 30th St., 9pm.  
**Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

## saturday • 19

**Robin Henkel**, Bird Rock Coffee Roasters, 5627 La Jolla Blvd., 10am.  
**Temecula Bluegrass Festival**, Old Town Temecula Commity Theater, 42051 Main St., 11am-10pm.  
**Mission Hills Folk Song Circle**, Reservations: meetup.com/MissionHills-Song-Circle, 1pm.  
**Chris Clarke & the New Plow**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Ken Wilcox w/ Dave Morgan/Grant Kester/ Bruce Huntington**, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.  
**Tom Baird w/ David Silva & Friends**, Rebecca's Coffeehouse, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.  
**Grant Farm Duo: Tyler Grant & Andy Thorn**, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Mindi Abair**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Irving Flores**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**An Evening of Bulgarian/Balkan Folk Music w/ Dromia**, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 8pm.  
**Ruby Blue Trio**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Kenny Eng/Bianca Paqras CD Release**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Joey Harris & the Mentals**, Tiki House, 1152 Garnet Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 20

**Temecula Bluegrass Festival**, Old Town Temecula Community Theater, 42051 Main St., 11am-5pm.  
**The Badblokes**, Boar 'n' Cross, 390 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 11am.  
**High Society Jazz Band**, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.  
**Paragon Band**, Ferry Landing, Coronado, 1pm.  
**Lava Band**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Joshua White Quartet**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Byron Berline**, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!** Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.  
**Devo**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

## monday • 21

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

## tuesday • 22

**Lou Curtiss Song Circle**, 1725 Granite Hills Dr., El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo, Cardiff, 7pm.  
**Scott West**, The Stage, 762 5th Ave., 7pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 23

**Jake Shimabukuro**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Jim Hall 80th Birthday Quartet w/ Greg Osby**, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 8pm.

## thursday • 24

**Sue Palmer Trio**, 20 Lounge, Sheraton Carlsbad, 5480 Grand Pacific Drive, 6pm.  
**Simon, Mitchell, Joel Tribute w/ Joe Rathburn/ Delene St. Clair/John Foltz**, Vision, 11260 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Coffeehouse 101 w/ Carl Durant/Ben Johnston/ Saba Loo**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Grossmont College Big Band**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.

# 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.  
**Zzymzy Quartet**, OB People's Food Co-op, 4765 Voltaire St., Ocean Beach, 11am.  
**Bluegrass Brunch**, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.  
**Daniel Jackson**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.  
**International Ethnic Folk Dancing**, Balboa Park Club Bldg., 12:30-4:30pm.  
**Alan Land & Friends**, Sunday Songs, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 2pm.  
**Open Blues Jam w/ Chet & the Committee**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 2:30pm.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.  
**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.  
**Pro-Invitational Blues Jam**, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.  
**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).  
**José Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.  
**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

## every monday

**Ukulele Jam**, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 6:30pm.  
**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.  
**International Ethnic Folk Dancing (intermediate & advanced)**, Balboa Park Club & War Memorial Bldg., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Three Chord Justice**, Bar Leucadian, 1452 N Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 8pm.

## every tuesday

**Lou Fanucchi**, Paesano, 3647 30th St., 5:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Maria Maria Restaurant, 1370 Frazee Rd., Mission Valley, 7pm.  
**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.  
**Live Acoustic Music**, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo Ave., Cardiff, 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Chet & the Committee All Pro Blues Jam**, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Second Wind, 8515 Navajo Rd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 8pm.  
**Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

**Poncho Sanchez**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**Steph Johnson**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Toad the Wet Sprocket**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Nicey Nice World**, Ducky Waddle's Emporium, 414 N. Coast Hwy. 101, 8pm.  
**Said the Whale**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**North County Cowboys**, The Kraken, 2531 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 9pm.

## friday • 25

**Paragon Jazz Band**, Mission Gorge Cafe, 6171 Mission Gorge Cafe, 6:30pm.  
**Burnsville Band**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.  
**Julie Feeney/Lucy Schwartz**, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Poncho Sanchez**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.  
**The Wigbillies**, Ducky Waddle's Emporium, 414 N. Coast Hwy. 101, 8pm.  
**Tony Travella & Mark Lopez**, The Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.  
**Peter Puppington Trio**, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.  
**Josiah Laming**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## saturday • 26

**Zydeco Patrol**, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Sara Petite**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Cowboy Jack**, Beach House, 2530 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 6pm.  
**Panache Orchestra**, Cozy Cottage House Concert, Ocean Beach, 7pm. www.sheishbrenda.com  
**Hilary Michaels**, E Street Cafe, 128-130 W. E St., Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Keith Sykes**, Oasis House Concerts, Sorrento Valley, 7:30pm. www.oasishouseconcerts.com

## every wednesday

**Mike Head & Friends**, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.  
**Lou Fanucchi**, Romesco Restaurant, 4346 Bonita Rd., 6pm.  
**Tomcat Courtney**, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.  
**Jerry Gontang**, Desi & Friends, 2734 Lytton St., 7pm.  
**Scandinavian Dance Class**, Folk Dance Center, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 8:30pm.  
**Jesse LaMonaca & the Dime Novels**, Hennesseys, 4650 Mission Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**New Latin Jazz Quartet Jam Session w/ Gilbert Castellanos**, El Camino, 2400 India St., 9pm.

## every thursday

**Baba's Jam Night**, The Lodge, 444 Country Club Lane, Oceanside, 5pm.  
**Happy Hour Jam**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 5:30pm.  
**Joe Rathburn w/ Roger Friend**, Blue Fire Lounge, La Costa Resort, 2100 Costa Del Mar Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Chet & the Committee Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic**, Friendly Grounds, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 6:30pm.  
**Sandy Chappel Quartet**, Cafe LaMaze, 1441 Highland Ave., National City, 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.  
**Traditional Irish Session**, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.  
**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.  
**Open Mic**, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.  
**Bruce Cameron & Full House**, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., 9pm.

## every saturday

**Joe Marillo**, The Brickyard, 675 W. G St., 9:30am.  
**Elliott Lawrence**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11:30am.  
**Open Mic**, Valley Music, 1611 N. Magnolia Ave., El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel** (except 3/26), Zel's, 1247 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.

## sunday • 27

**Slow Jam**, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 1pm.  
**Driftwood Bluegrass Band**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Mark Dresser Quintet**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.  
**Ashford & Simpson**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Scott West**, Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Java Joe Presents Sara Petite**, Ideal Hotel, 546 3rd Ave., 8:30pm.  
**John Brodeur**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 28

**San Diego Youth Symphony Big Band**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.

## tuesday • 29

**Lee MacDougall/Gregory Page**, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Scott West**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 9pm.

## wednesday • 30

**Hawaiian Slack Key Tour w/ George Kuo/ Martin Pahunui/Aaron Mahi**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet**, Croce's, 502 5th Ave., 7:30pm.

## thursday • 31

**Trevor Davis**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Mia Dyson**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.





**STEVE POLTZ'S  
BIRTHDAY PARTY @  
THE BELLY UP**



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Peter Case

Photo: Dennis Andersen



Birthday boy Steve Poltz



Lisa Sanders & Karen

**MIKE SPURGAT FAREWELL @ O'CONNELLS**



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Mike Spurgat w/ Liz Abbott, Rolly DeVore, Barbara Nesbitt, Becky Veen



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Steve with A.J. Croce



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Stinky the drummer



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Matt Silvia, Christopher Dale, Bill Coomes



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Catherin Beeks



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Shawn Rohlf & Chris Hoffee are not amused



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Sara Petite & Steve Poltz



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Former Rugburn Rob Driscoll



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Sarah Lee Guthrie, Charlie Rose, Johnny Irion @ Oasis



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Erika Davies @ El Cajon Library

**AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL  
BENEFIT @ THE OULD SOD**



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Joe Doe



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Berkley Hart



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Dave X @ Lestat's Open Mic



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Carmen Caserta @ Lestat's Open Mic



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Cindy Lee Beryhill & Randy Hoffman



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Gregory Page



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Chuck Perrin @ Dizzy's



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Bob Magnusson @ Dizzy's



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Alan Land @ Winston's

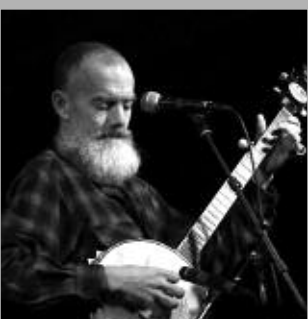


Photo: Dennis Andersen

Tommy Dahill @ Winston's



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jon Ji @ El Cajon Library



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The Yes Team, Lestat's Open Mic



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Happy Ron Hill @ Pure Platinum



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RIP Rick Gazlay aka Slam Bukra



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