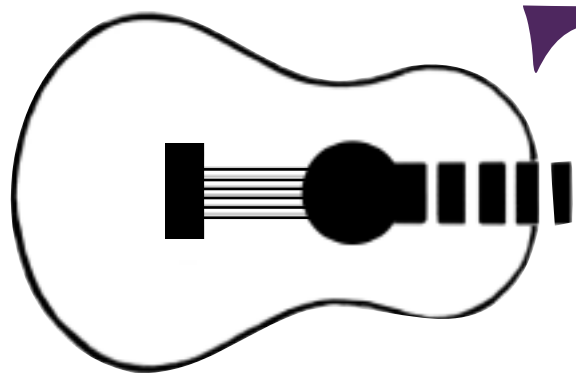


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SAN DIEGO
TROUBADOUR
Alternative country, Americana, roots,
folk, gospel, and bluegrass music news



Girls! Girls! Girls!
THE WOMEN'S ISSUE

May 2004

Vol. 3, No. 8

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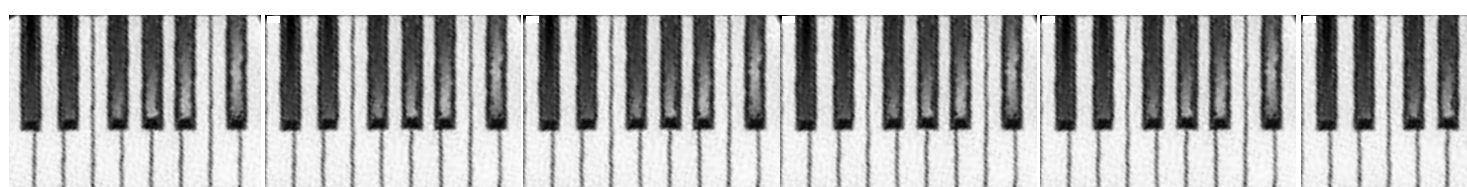
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The San Diego Troubadour is dedicated to the memory of **Ellen Duplessie**, whose vision inspired the creation of this newspaper.

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MAILBOX

Dear San Diego Troubadour,



Thank you so much for your great article in the San Diego Troubadour on our new "Wild Jammin' Women" music camp. I loved your lead-in and the points you made about empowering women through music — not making it about how well anyone can play an instrument or sing but instead getting women together to share their love of music, support and learn from each other, and make music through the experience of being together!"

You really got our essence! We appreciate it tremendously!

With many good wishes and appreciation,

Masa Goetz
Wild Jammin' Women



WRITE TO US!

We'd love to hear from you! Send your comments, feedback, and suggestions by email to: sdtroubadour@yahoo.com or by snail mail to: San Diego Troubadour, P.O. Box 164, La Jolla, CA 92038-0164.

IN MEMORIAM MERRITT HERRING



It's always hard to hear when one of your favorite old-time songsters passes away. Merritt Herring, who played at Adams Avenue Roots Festivals as far back as the second one in 1968 and as recently as two years ago, was always a treat to see and hear and a delight to so many fans. We will

miss him. I always used to ask Merritt to play the old Carter family song "Give Me Roses While I'm Living." I hope he got a few of those roses from his San Diego fans.

— Lou Curtiss

THE S.D. TROUBADOUR NEEDS WRITERS!



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ROSE MADDOX



Article from the Oakland Tribune, April 1933, about the Maddox family's experience traveling from Alabama to California.



Teenage Rose in late 1930s



The formidable Lula Maddox



Above: Rose and brothers Cal, Cliff, and Fred, downtown Modesto, late '30s.



Above: Ready for the big time. Fred, Rose, Cliff, and Cal in early publicity shot.



Right: KGDH publicity shot, Stockton, California, 1938.

The first time I heard of Rose Maddox was about '71 or '72. I was working at an ice cream shop and employees took turns picking radio stations. When my turn rolled around I tuned in to KSON, the only country station in town back then. In those ancient days it was customary to hear classic country and classic artists mixed into the station's top 30 play format. I don't exactly remember which Rose Maddox song played, but it hit a musical nerve somewhere in my soul, and I knew she was the real deal.

My parents, being transplanted West Coast honky-tonkers, were very familiar with her music back in the day when she was part of the seminal California hillbilly band, the Maddox Brothers and Rose. They lost track of her a decade or so earlier when the band broke up and Rose ventured out on her own. But as Gene Clark once sang, "It's funny how a circle turns around." My folks were a bit surprised when I mentioned that old familiar name, but, indeed, great music has a knack of going full circle, touching one generation after another. In her own way, Rose helped to connect the generation gap at the Duplessie residence, if only by a little bit.

Rose was born Roselea Arbana Maddox on August 15, 1925, near Boaz, Alabama, to impoverished sharecroppers, Charlie and Lula Maddox. In 1933 the family followed Lula's dream, conceived via dime store novels, of moving to California. They sold all they had, except for the clothes on their backs and one or two other essential belongings, for \$35. With five of their seven kids in tow, the family made their way to the California promised land. An older son, Cliff, and daughter, Alta, stayed behind for the time being and joined the family later on. Like something right out of Steinbeck, they hitched rides from friendly truckers as far as Meridian, Mississippi. From there they rode freight trains heading for the coast. With the help of kindly brakemen, who fed the family with leftovers from the caboose and shielded them from the dreaded railroad bulls along the way, the Maddox family finally arrived in Los Angeles. Rose was seven at the time.

Soon finding their way to Oakland, the Maddox family lived in a makeshift Hooverville community called Pipe City, named for its huge cement storm drain pipes yet to be laid underground, which provided shelter for its residents. The family earned some notoriety when the *Oakland Tribune* printed a picture of the haggard-looking family with a caption describing their flight, plight, and hope of making a new life for themselves in California. While in Oakland, the family was reduced to seeking handouts and standing in bread lines. But Lula, ever the iron-willed matriarch and family visionary, wasn't about to give up on her California dreamin'. Seemingly unable to differentiate legend from reality, Lula ordained that the family would pan for California gold. Catching a north-bound freight for Toulumne, the Maddoxes were in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. With no gold in them thar hills, the family was at the end of the line.

California was turning out to be as mean as everywhere else the family had rambled. In desperation Lula and Charlie decided to give Rose up for adoption. Rose had become fast friends with the Toulumne postmaster's little daughter. This was a time when children were commonly "adopted" by outsiders for their "betterment" with no more than a simple handshake. Rose lived with the postmaster's family for about a month. So homesick for her family and stung by what seemed to be the cruelest rejection, she simply erupted. In a 1997 interview, Rose shared the following about this bitter experience.

"They gave me to a postmaster to be a companion to his little girl. She was my

friend until then. I hated it. All I wanted to do was get back to my family. I was seven. I was a bitch. I was a mean little kid."

Her strategy worked, and Rose was quickly "unadopted" and back with her parents and siblings.

While living in Toulumne, Charlie and brother Cal finally landed steady work in Modesto picking fruit. Lula and the rest of her scruffy brood soon joined them and the family found themselves living the gypsy lifestyle of itinerant "fruit tramps," following the crop cycles up and down the San Joaquin Valley and as far south as the Imperial Valley and Yuma.

Despite living in the filth and squalor of migrant camps, the family no longer had to worry about where the next meal would come from. Charlie and Lula were even able to squirrel away enough money to buy a secondhand Model A Ford. There would be no more hopping freights for the Maddox family! One day, while the family was working out in a Chowchilla cotton field, brother Fred announced a new, get-rich-quick plan. Fred, though only 18 at the time, was a silver-tongued hustler with the

soul of a carnival barker. He had recently seen a band play a rodeo in Modesto. Finding out that the band was getting paid the unimaginable sum of \$100, he was all but ready to assume this new line of work. To Fred it didn't matter that only brothers Cal and Cliff had any idea about how to play guitar. It looked fun and could be lucrative, even at mid-'30s depression rates. The family had taken more than their fair share of chances, had

come close to starving and freezing to death, risked the perils of riding the rails, and tried every other angle of work, from panhandling to migrant labor. What did they have to lose?

Once back in Modesto, Fred quickly secured a gig for the newly conceived family band, a 6:30-7:30 morning radio slot on station KTRB. As the story goes, he went into Rice's Furniture Store looking for a prospective sponsor. The owner, Jim Rice, was willing to give the band a chance, but only if they had a girl singer and if Fred did all the ads. Fast-talking Fred assured him that they had the best girl singer around, while withholding the fact that this girl singer was none other than 11-year-old sister Rose, whose only prior singing experience had been garnered around migrant camp fires and singing along with Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers at Saturday afternoon matinees. Not one to quit while ahead, Fred made a deal to purchase a new bass fiddle from Mr. Rice at \$10 down and \$10 a month that very same morning. Apparently it didn't seem odd to Mr. Rice that at least one of the band members didn't own his own instrument. Thus was birthed the Maddox Brothers and Rose that same day, with Fred on bass fiddle, brother Cal on guitar and harmonica, and girl singer Rose. Occasionally brother Cliff would join the family combo on guitar.

Inexplicably, these novices proved to be an immediate hit. Their reputation grew, and a lot of furniture was sold too. Needless to say, Jim Rice was very pleased. A morning show would include songs by Elton Britt, Patsy Montana, Sons of the Pioneers, and traditional folk and gospel songs. The band was getting plenty of exposure — but more important, they were gaining valuable experience as live performers and musicians and began to create a unique style all their own.

Since Jim Rice didn't have to pay them a cent, none of them quit their jobs as fruit pickers and Rose remained in school, at least for the time being. They did find a way to make money with their music nonetheless. With Lula in firm control, they commenced to follow the rodeos, fairs, and frontier day celebrations from Bakersfield to Susanville. Lula would finagle a barkeep into letting the band play for tips. Their music and performance were always well received, and they would return home with much more than what they left with. Rose recalled eating a whole lot better as a result. Often they drove all night with brother Cal at the wheel in order to make it back to Modesto in time for their morning radio show.

By 1938 the Maddox Brothers and Rose were netting some modest regional success but beginning to carry themselves as the hottest hillbilly band in the state. They certainly dressed the part anyway. Lula made sure that the family's entire earnings, from both the playing and non-playing members alike, were pooled for the benefit of the band. Their flashy cowboy outfits, automobile upkeep, instruments, etc. were paid for by the labor of all the family members. It was Fred who got the band going, but it was Lula, again, who was the grand visionary. She wanted the band to be more than just a way to supplement their wages as fruit tramps. She saw music as a vehicle for escaping a life of poverty and one that could take the family to the heights of fame and fortune. All they needed was to stick together and galvanize their resources toward that goal.

Soon the band was doing broadcasts on other radio stations with the affable hayseed, Fred, always putting in a plug for upcoming live shows. Besides all the free publicity that the radio provided, the band also gained access to station music vaults.

Continued on next page.



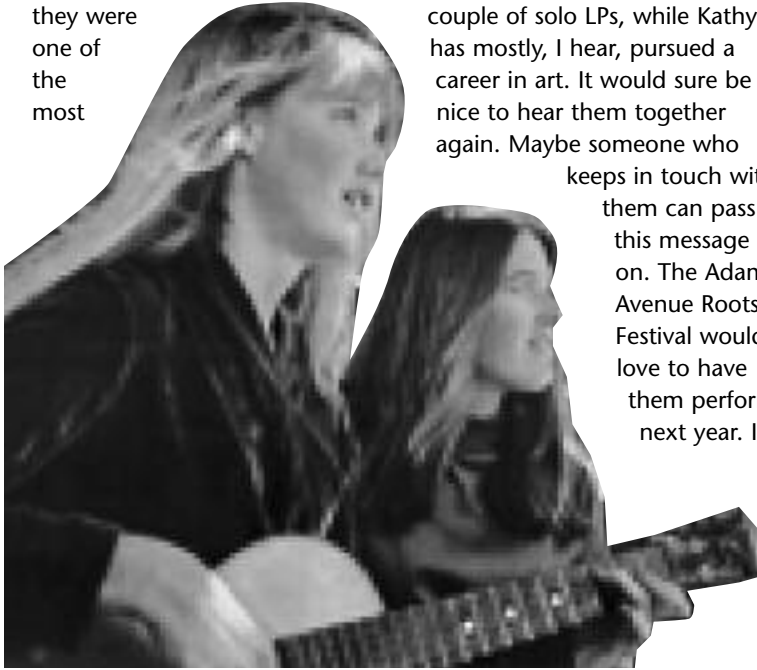
Recordially, Lou Curtiss

A Reunion I'd Like to See

Twice in the early '70s we were able to reunite the old-time country duo of Cliff Carlisle and Wilbur Ball, who had backed up the original Jimmie Rodgers in the early '30s, for a performance at the San Diego Folk (now Adams Avenue Roots) Festival. Over the years we've managed to bring together several other old-time musicians as well who hadn't played together for some time. I recently noticed that Collectors Choice Music has released on CD the only LP that San Diego's (actually Vista's) own Kathy Larisch and Carol McComb ever made. The LP has long been selling on auction lists and eBay for prices nearing \$200, so it's really fortunate for those of us who have played our old LPs out that it's available again.

Speaking of reunions, the last time Kathy and Carol sang together was in 1970 at the third festival. Since then, Carol has been back for a couple of them as a solo act but not together with Kathy. It seems to me that if Wilbur Ball and Cliff Carlisle could get back together after 40 years, Kathy and Carol should be able to get back

together after 34 years for a festival visit in their hometown. Many San Diegans (including me) think they were one of the most



Kathy and Carol

unique groups ever to come out of this area. Their two-part harmony vocals and guitars, auto-harp, and occasional dulcimer accompaniment, along with their reverence for vintage ballads and old-timey country songs made them favorites all over the West. I always thought it a shame that they didn't record more of their

repertoire, which included some original material as well.

Carol has continued to perform, write songs, and record a couple of solo LPs, while Kathy has mostly, I hear, pursued a career in art. It would sure be nice to hear them together again. Maybe someone who keeps in touch with them can pass this message on. The Adams Avenue Roots Festival would love to have them perform next year. I

think they both live in the San Francisco East Bay area. It's time for anyone who remembers them, or is in touch with them, to get crackin' and see if something can be worked out.

Now, on to something else and that is the lack of outlets for folk and roots music on local radio. As popular as folk music

and traditional music are at venues like our Roots Festival and the Sam Hinton Folk Heritage Festival (coming up May 8 at Grossmont College), as well as at various clubs, coffeehouses, and concert series around town, there is still no regular folk music show on the radio and hasn't been for some 15 years. In fact, my own *Jazz Roots* show Sunday nights on KSDS and Wayne Rice's long-running *Bluegrass Special* on KSON are about it, unless you count shows from L.A. and Orange County that drift down our way on a good night. It's time we fans of this kind of music took pen in hand and let the folks who run the radio stations know that we want this kind of music to be played. KPBS used to have a nightly local folk music program



Lou Curtiss

that ran for many years, but somehow it drifted off into the ether sometime during the '80s. Since then, the music is as popular as it's ever been and radio (except for the short-lived *World Music* webcast) has ignored it. It seems to me that America's Finest City shouldn't ignore some of America's and the world's finest music.

Recordially,
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Continued from page 4.

They could continually add new songs and styles to their repertoire as a result. Though they learned to play a wide range of styles, the one that became their trademark was their brand of hillbilly boogie. Eight-beats-to-the-bar boogie lent itself perfectly to their playing aptitude, with the band getting behind Fred's slapping bass. The foundation of rockabilly was being laid via their style, interpretation, and delivery. It was fun to play and fun for the audience to listen and dance to. Whenever the Maddox Brothers and Rose showed up in town, a memorable event was to be had. The band members soon became experts at improvisation, replete with bawdy comedy, risqué read-between-the-lines phrases, and outright suggestive songs like "Sally, Let Your Bangs Hang Low." All this added to the fun factor of a Maddox Brothers and Rose show.

Despite their hell raising and lusty song interpretations, all carnal appetites were checked by the ever-watchful eye of mama Lula. Lula kept a particularly close eye on Rose, quick to shoo away potential suitors. This may have been appropriate while Rose was in her teens, but Lula remained the overbearing custodian of Rose well into adulthood.

In 1939 the band was ready for the big time. Having been alerted by a fan to a hillbilly band competition at the Sacramento State Fair, their performance of "Sally, Let Your Bangs Hang Low" blew out the other 14 entrants to officially make the Maddox Brothers and Rose California's best hillbilly band. As first-place winners, the band won a one-year contract on Sacramento radio station KFBK, one of the many stations

owned by the McClatchy Broadcast Network throughout the West. Soon the Maddox Brothers and Rose could be heard over KFVB in Hollywood as well as stations in Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Arizona. The band now had access to a huge Western audience.

Lula and the band secured new digs in Sacramento, while Charlie, sister Alta, Cliff, and his wife, Gordie stayed in Modesto. Lula decided that the band's sound needed further augmenting, so a very reluctant brother Don was drafted as its new fiddle player. A self-taught stumbler in the beginning, Don often kept his back to the audience to hide his embarrassment, but he would become a signature player in the years ahead. On occasion, Cliff would join on guitar, but he was a good picker who could find work with other hillbilly outfits and preferred to distance himself from his domineering mother. Rose took up bass around this time, which freed up brother Fred for more vocal duties.

By 1941 and the start of World War II, the Maddox Brothers and Rose were an established, accomplished, and very popular band. Music had allowed the entire family to escape the grinding poverty of their recent past. But with the attack on Pearl Harbor, things came to an abrupt halt. Fred and Cal found themselves in the army. Don would follow shortly afterward. It was the war and the absence of her brothers' support that would force Rose to mature as a star in her own right.

Part Two continues next month in the June issue, covering Rose Maddox's life from the war years until her death in 1998.

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A Little Knight Music

by Ben Frumin

Jen Knight took to the sparse stage at Twiggs last month, took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and sang, pulsating an emotive energy through the crowd of captivated coffeehouse connoisseurs.

As Knight wove through an eight-song set, carried by her powerfully passionate voice and backed by moody saxophone undercurrents, she took the audience on a journey through love, loss, growth, and change – themes consistent with the mature, self-reflective introspection that seems to motivate Knight's lyrics.

"I know I'm going through a lot of change right now," Knight said. "It's just about looking at the positive side of the process, accepting it and embracing it."

"I'm evolving every day," she added. "As an artist, you learn something new about yourself every minute."

Though Knight's music ranges from soul-searching acoustic ballads to provocative contemporary pop to rhythmic scats that border on hip hop, her well of musical influence is largely drawn from the ranks of female singer/songwriters like Joni Mitchell, Sarah McLachlan, and Norah Jones.

In line with this tradition, Knight's emotive lyrics seem heartfelt.

"I always sing from my heart and soul," Knight said. "That is what music should be about. I like to write my music on personal experiences

and observations of the world through my eyes," she continued. "When I perform, I think people feel more of an emotional connection with my music because I'm emotional about it."

Knight, 22, projects a mature understanding of her place in the music world and seems committed to the personal integrity of herself and her music – drawing authentic interest from older demographics.

A life-long Californian who studied songwriting and vocal performance at Boston's Berklee College of Music for four years, Knight now finds herself fine-tuning her sound in the studio as she prepares to make a run at a record deal.

Spending 10 to 18 hours a day in the studio has given her an opportunity to develop a genuine and intriguing sound that transfers seamlessly to live venues, testing different textures to bring out the best in each of her songs.

"Every time I play, I'm experimenting with a new way of approaching the song," she said. "Performing should always be a fulfilling experience. Enjoying the moment is so important."

Though Knight has found a niche in the San Diego music scene, she continues to dream big and believes her dreams of playing the whole world are closer than ever.

"I want longevity in my career," she said. "I really want my music to be

timeless. It's just a passion I have that I'm never ever going to give up," Knight added. "No matter what happens with my career as an artist, I'm always going to be doing what I'm doing."

Knowing she still has a tough row to hoe, Knight exudes a confident drive, coupled with an astute assessment of the imbalanced demands of the industry she seeks to enter.



Photos: Joel Siegfried

"I think that the music industry is so image-driven that it's sometimes frustrating for females," she said.

A lyric from one of Knight's original songs, "Someday," which she first performed at her high school gradua-

tion ceremony, provides an optimistic prediction that now aptly applies to her sound in the past tense: "I'll get it right someday."

You have, Jen.

my 15 minutes of fame or princess for a day

by Cathryn Beeks



Lisa, Cathryn, and Trisha



Cathryn, Mabeline, and Lisa at the 9th Street Pub in Hell's Kitchen

When I had cable, The Learning Channel was my favorite channel. I was addicted to "Trading Spaces" and those makeover shows. When my friend Lisa told me that the TLC people had been in her restaurant scouting locations and stories for a reunion show, I was really excited and decided I couldn't pass up the opportunity.

Lisa and I decided it would be cool to have Jimmy, a guy I met at my open mic night the year before, flown in from New York so the two of us could have our reunion at Axis, a restaurant in Del Mar. In an email to the producer I explained that although Jimmy and I had spent very little time together during his visit to San Diego, we had made an amazing connection. We stayed in touch, but due to his busy schedule as a professional musician and my fear of flying, it was impossible for us to visit one another.

I was amazed when Trisha, the producer, called shortly thereafter. She explained that although the show was about getting a second chance with someone you once blew it with, she liked our angle. She interviewed us both and submitted the story. She called a few days later to say the show had been approved and that the reunion would be in New York. They would film one day in San Diego, then I would travel with Lisa, after a session with a therapist about my fear of flying, to the East Coast.

When the film crew arrived at 9 a.m. a few Saturdays later, I was as prepared as possible for someone who is not a fan of being photographed. I was pretty uncomfortable but the crew — Trisha, the sweet/sharp producer; Casey, the hip/hot director; and Scott, the calm/cool Mission Beach cameraman hired for the San Diego portion of the shoot — made it easier.

They followed Lisa and me throughout our day, including lunch at Axis and my intense session with Dr. Chari in Del Mar. The filming was fun but exhausting. Some scenes needed several camera angles so we had to repeat certain sequences three, four, sometimes a half dozen times. Our day ended at the Coaster Saloon where we performed a few songs for the show. The crew left after an hour, and my band, the Gandhi Method, finished up the night.

The crew arrived at 9 a.m. the next morning. While shooting some brief departure scenes, Lisa accidentally rolled her car, which stopped on top of Casey's foot. Nothing broken, we headed for the airport. It was a beautiful San Diego morning, and Lisa and I felt like royalty with the cameras following us around. The captain of our JetBlue flight actually came out to greet us

and gave me a quick run down of his credentials. He then escorted us across the tarmac and up the stairs to the waiting airliner. I felt too cool to be nervous.

We arrived in New York City that evening and checked into the Dorothy Parker Suite of the Algonquin Hotel. It was fabulous. The next day, while the film crew put Jimmy through the same rigors I had endured, Lisa and I skipped around the city, stopping in pubs and thrift stores until we could drink and shop no more. New York is an incredibly beautiful place, full of life.

The next morning was reunion time and I was extremely nervous (and a bit hung over). Thankfully, the dark lobby of our hotel was the site of the big scene. Three new camera crew members had joined us, and one of them positioned me in a large wingback chair. I waited for what seemed like an hour until they paraded Jimmy out. It was really nerve racking, but cool.

He looked great and said the same about me. After the initial embarrassment wore off we became more comfortable and set off walking down the streets of New York City, cameras surrounding us. Starting with tattoos at Fun City Tattoo, we had lunch at Villa Masconi afterward, which included some mushy scenes of us professing our feelings, "... if we didn't live so far from one another, blah, blah, blah." It got kind of heavy; I even got a little misty-eyed, all captured on film. After lunch we jammed on one of my songs in the Oak Room, which was amazing. Later that night we wrapped up the filming and all headed out for our last night in NYC.

The flight home the next morning was a bit depressing. No cameras and no captain to greet us on the plane. I was wishing I'd had more time in the city, because I already missed Trisha and Casey. I was processing all these feelings about Jimmy and my life and — what's it all about, anyway?!!! My flight phobia was in full force, but we made it home safe and sound. I was as happy as a hobbit to get there.

The folks from TLC were great. It was an amazing experience and they hooked us up big-time the entire trip, including spending cash for Lisa and me. Trisha and Casey from the production company, GRB, were two of the coolest people I've ever met. Life in front of a camera was very odd, but I can see how one could get used to it. They shot over 50 hours of film, all of which will be edited down to one half hour. I'm totally freaked out that I won't get to pre-screen before I tell my friends to watch.

What was it like participating in a reality show? I'd say it was great, but maybe a little more real than I had anticipated. See Cathryn and Jimmy's story on "Second Chance," airing May 14 at 1 p.m. on the TLC Network. www.cathrynbeeks.com

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Sat 8 • Anya Marina, The Remotor

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Thurs 13 • Mary Dolan

Fri 14 • Robin Henkel

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Sun 16 • Angela Correa, Tom Brosseau

Thurs 20 • Ivan Cliffs, Sandman

Fri 21 • Tristan Prettyman with Bushwalla

Sat 22 • Kev-Acoustic Guitar Wizard

Sun 23 • Itai CD Release, Jane Lui, Angela Correa

Thurs 27 • Jane Lui with Kevin Tinkle

Fri 28 • Gregory Page CD Release

Sat 29 • Jack the Original, Josh Hall

Sun 30 • The Exfriends and Four Eyes



by Chuck Schiele
Photos by Paul Grupp

Danielle LoPresti is a busy girl. She has her first love, the Masses, a group that features her original material. She's a professional jingle singer. She works jazzy casuals. She's an actress. She runs her own record company, Say It Records. She's coordinated two year's worth of local showcases called Indie By Design, which raise money for charitable organizations. She overtly co-ops her music with art, theater, and dance organizations (which contributes to a very forceful performance). She's constantly driving between San Diego and Los Angeles, which gives her the resting time she needs — stuck in I-5 traffic — to brainstorm and coordinate an indie music festival targeted for November.

It took us a couple tries to meet for this story, but she's here. She's tired but energetic enough to make this gig. It's sunset at my little ocean cliff, so we head down to an indie coffee shop that sports a great view of the sun going down behind the pier. Tonight the surfers have the slopes pretty much to their local selves. Imagine the perfect San Diego sunset postcard and that's where this story begins.

We're munching on hummus and drinking coffee and tea. She has the tea. We always talk easily because we're friends. Backstage buddies. But the fact that we have to formally meet for the concrete expectation of this article was kinda weird. I keep thinking, "How does one tell Danielle's story without screwing it up?" After all, one can't accurately describe her as simply being a musician. You have to view her as a full-on, multi-capacity-with-options energy.

Ah.... and suddenly, it's clear to me that the wisdom here is to let her "say it," herself. I take a big swig of my strong coffee and start poking.

"What is your favorite color?" I smirk in Cheshire fashion. She knows I'm messing with her, but that the article is underway. We're on now, so she's become instantly acute about the moment. She thinks about it and delivers an answer pretty much in line with an answer I'd give. My eyebrow raises, slightly surprised, but not really.

She sez.... "Hmm. The colors of ocean life under water, which is to say, the color of all colors moving around, living, creating, doing life together. Beautiful."

I cut to the chase, now that the ice is broken. "What inspires you to write?"

She's heard this question before. "Life. People. Their stories. Our stories. My loud heart. It is so noisy and permeable in here, it pulls at me constantly... mostly over things like life, people, and all our stories."

So I go for the heart and start shoving a little. "Are you happy? Are you satisfied with the music world? Your place in it? What it's all about?"

"Sometimes Yes, sometimes no. The

status of how the major record labels and corporate radio do business does not make me happy at all; rather, I'm pretty repulsed by it. But I have to thank them, and I do [the title track of self-released CD *Number One* is a thank you note, after all] because it led me to creating and running Say It Records and Indie By Design, and this whole web of indie life that is so deliciously genuine and clear and so much about the music, vs. life at the corporate level, which is about the image and the profit margin."

We collectively think about that answer for a moment, silently nibbling on our pita. A skateboarder zips by our window as cool as he can possibly be, snapping me into my next thought. Logically, along the same rationale, I ask her then: "What is the mission of your art/music?"

"I know it may sound formal, but it's very real for me, so I'm going to reference my mission statement for Say It Records and answer thus: Say It Records believes in using music as a mirror, a powerful means of reflecting back to us our current condition and our potential for positive change. We endeavor to support the honest examination and expression of the human experience as a means of demonstrating how we connect to one another regardless of our differences and in doing so, inspiring a collective respect of and cooperation with one another."

"In less formal speech I will say that I love my music to inspire folks, to feel good, empowered, to speak up, to state their truth, to love themselves! And to respect and love each other, to embrace their perfection as is, to turn it up loud, or to cry oceans over whatever it is that's going on for them."

"And what do you have to give up to live this life and mission?" I keep poking, 'cause she's on a roll.

"Chucky, this is a question that could only come from one who knows what it's like to be a working musician. I forego sleep.... respect...."

And with that, she illustrates with a story. "I was recently at the dentist's office, answering his well-intentioned question about how the music thing was going. I told him about the new CD, he then said, 'Well, do I get a copy?' I said, 'Well, of course, if you'd like to buy one, there are a few in my car.' He looked at me incredulously. 'Buy one?????' I was expected to pay my hard earned \$100 for his hard-earned skills that day, but was expected to give him a copy of my CD, for free. A CD that cost over \$7,000 to produce and release after all was said and done, not to mention the non-monetary costs. I don't ask my mechanic, hair-dresser, Katrina the tomato lady at the farmer's market to give me their work for free. So why is it that we are constantly asked to give away ours?"

And I think to myself we should get Danielle to interview the music-loving population.

"I forgo the right to say to band leaders: *Why* does it matter what I look like? I am a musician, not a model. I forego benefits [i.e., healthcare, retirement]. I

The "Say It" Girl Does It All En Masse Danielle LoPresti



Danielle LoPresti with her band, the Masses

forego the social life, missing a lot of dinners, parties, brunches. Here's what it looks like: I'm asked to a dinner, but I can't go because I have a to-do list the size of California that is beginning to wrap itself around my neck. I forego the free time — there is so much work to be done that it pretty much consumes the majority of my time, which most business folks will attest to."

Empathetically, I acknowledge, and then flip the coin of the questioning. "So then, what do you gain from living this life?"

She straightens up and her eyes brighten. "Joy, people, love, music! And I love to make it, give it, receive it, share it, move in it. A euphoria wiggles its way into my body when a new song is taking

shape and I can feel it moving me. When it grabs me and tugs on my soul and gives me that *uh!* feeling, there's nothing like it."

We complain for a bit, wondering why in the world the ratio of hummus to pita is never in a satisfying proportion. And I charge, "Tell me about your music. Your act is about more than just music. Tell me how theater (and anything else) factors into your gig."

"My songs are stories. Every single one of them. My degree is in theater; I was trained in how to inhabit and tell a story with absolute personal truth, so that's pretty intrinsic in my music and my presentation of it."

"You do good things aside from your own personal art. Tell us about Indie By



Design in terms of its mission," I ask.

This is among her favorite territories. "Indie By Design is an ongoing showcase of several independent-minded musicians who are making music on their own terms."

"Kelly [Bowen] and I created IBD as a means of doing two major things: Turning folks onto great indie music and fostering a powerful sense of teamwork within the indie music community. Several other goals have manifested in the almost two years that we've been producing the shows, one of which is to educate people about what "indie" means, as many folks really don't know."

Continued on page 13.

Why did the chicken cross the road?



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parlor showcase

Story by Laura Preble
Photography by Paul Grupp

Sue Palmer, San Diego's Queen of the Boogie Woogie piano, is perched above the crowd at a local café in what she calls "the go-go cage." Like a trio of hot-jazz angels, she and her band hover above the coffee-sipping crowd and send down heavenly beats and blues, tinged with just enough of the devil in them to make a listener want to testify.

But Palmer doesn't consider herself above the crowd, an elite jazz snob. Although she's obviously gifted as a pianist and entertainer, her message about music is a simple one, devoid of ego and pretense: music heals, musicians are healers, and everybody could use a little of that medicine.

"I grew up in a real musical family," Palmer says. "It wasn't perfect, but everybody played music and it always lifted everyone's spirits."

This mission of carrying music forward and passing it on to future generations resonates in Palmer's choice of work: she's a woman of the twenty-first century playing boogie-woogie piano tunes that were written by, for the most part, old black men and women from an era when live music was entertainment, not window dressing or background on a movie set.

At North Park's Caffé Calabria, home of the go-go cage (actually a second story loft above the main room), Palmer treats the java drinkers each week to a trip backward in time when music was an integral part of socializing, dining, and just being. On a recent night, the homey feel of velvet throw pillows, a crackling fireplace, and the scent of fresh-roasted coffee mingled with the soul-soothing tunes dished out by Palmer and her fellow missionaries — vocalist Deeja Marie and bassist Sharon Shufelt. But this wasn't a hushed, reverent concert performance for a bunch of well-heeled intellectuals; the audience was as varied as the coffee menu and the tunes. A gaggle of excited kids perched in a booth for a birthday party (and shared the cake with everybody in the place); a man with a slobbery dog sat outside chatting with a friend; a mom and her eight-year-old daughter ate a sandwich together; couples chatted and sampled each other's desserts. It was like an old-time family living room, where all the generations gathered after dinner around the piano, sang a tune or two, celebrated milestones, and made the day better by sharing the company.

Palmer is a serious musician, but part of her charm is her approachability. When you hear her play, it feels as if she's playing for you. And this, perhaps, is part of her mission: to get people to appreciate the human connection of live music, and to pass that appreciation on to the future audience.

"It isn't just like turning a knob," she says. "A lot of people don't play music in their homes. If they [children] don't see you doing it or appreciating it, they won't have that mentality. A lot of the music that kids like is so elec-

SUE PALMER

Heavenly Beats from a Jazz Angel

tronic, you can't just spontaneously start doing it."

Palmer has honed her skill over many years, and she recognizes the value of that long apprenticeship, something lacking in the Britney Spears' world of instant fame and fortune, which depends more on a flat stomach than on a sharp technique. And this is one reason she's shied away from established record companies, choosing instead to produce and market her own CDs and concerts.

"I'm not sure a record deal is the way to go for me. I'm trying to work the Internet and sell through catalogs. It seems that with self-produced I can make more money. I probably could get a record deal somewhere, but they expect you to tour six months of the year. It's a hard life; it's difficult to have children and friends," she says.

Instead, Palmer picks and chooses her tour dates, often with blues diva Candye Kane. She says, "I usually go on one cool tour a year, somewhere I've never been.

Last year she [Kane] got me to go to the Ascona Jazz Festival, a traditional jazz festival in Switzerland. We had a private party in Guam at the French embassy one night. This year I'm doing a couple weeks with her in Prague and Germany."

Not surprisingly, Palmer's brand of vintage jazz is more appreciated in Europe than here in the U.S., where it was born. While in towns the size of San Diego, music clubs used to spring up like mushrooms. Today they've been replaced with the more popular (and cheaper to run) venues touting house music and deejays.

"It's pretty much like that everywhere," she says. "Everybody takes local people for granted. San Diego has fantastic musicians here — world-class people like Charles McPherson, James Moody, the Cheathams, Candye Kane." While overseas these acts draw huge crowds of adoring fans, here, "people take them for granted."

"American producers aren't willing to invest," Palmer says, "because they only want what is already a proven formula for instant success. I don't know what the record companies think. People don't just get good all of a sudden. You have to play in places where you can make mis-

"I grew up in a real musical family. ... It wasn't perfect, but everybody played music and it always lifted everyone's spirits."



Sue with her band Tobacco Road, which she fronted from 1986-1994. Left to right: Eric Hybertsen, Sharon Shufelt, Preston Coleman, April West, Phil Shopoff, Sue Palmer

parlor showcase



takes. They don't invest any time in the artists. The record business is really not friendly to grooming talent. It's corporate and money oriented."

Perhaps that corporate focus on the bottom line is one reason Palmer has doggedly stuck to her principles when it comes to music. In the era of Clear Channel monopolization of radio airplay, Palmer notes that people "only get one point of view and whole genres get dropped." And because her mission depends on bringing the music to audiences in a real, tangible way, she has steered clear of the factory-produced *American Idol* brand of insipid pop. But there is hope.

"The whole record business is changing right now. We're in the middle of that. All these things are happening on the Internet. The style of music I play isn't real top 40ish. Never has been. Getting a record and producing it and getting distribution is also becoming passé. You can't tour as easily. There aren't that many venues to book yourself in across the country," she says.

So, reaching fans through the Internet is one way to break those barriers and find a whole new generation of fans. Taking a trip through Palmer's website is like stepping into a retro time machine that is history revisited: a photo of the Motel Swing maven in a '30s style hat and dress coexist with a mini-trailer for a new animated feature, *Attack of the Killer Tikis from Outer Space*, for which Palmer wrote the soundtrack and on which she performs with her Motel Swing Orchestra. As usual,

Palmer manages to take the past, tweak it slightly, and turn it into something hip, as she did with her *Soundtrack to a B Movie* album and the more recent *Live at Dizzy's*. In checking out the site, fans also find out that Palmer's first album, *Boogie Woogie and Motel Swing*, was nominated for both Best Blues Album and Best Jazz Album at the 2000 San Diego Music Awards. *Soundtrack to a B Movie* was nominated for Best Blues Album in 2001 and *Live at Dizzy's* was named Best Blues Album in 2003.

Not exactly a fringe artist, Palmer is still looking for a way to attract a fan base worthy of her talent, especially in San Diego. "People don't drink as much, so they don't want to go out," she states simply. "That's how they [clubs] paid for a lot of that entertainment. People used to go out and support that sort of thing. Maybe that's when I was younger and people went out more, and now I'm over 50, people who might be following me don't because they have to stay home and make their kids do their homework. It's difficult to draw. You have to keep finding new audiences."

Palmer also remembers a time when playing what musicians call a steady gig was a regular occurrence. "Things have really changed since I first started. Some of my friends I met at that time were professional musicians with engagements playing five nights a week for months. Now, unless you're at another level — like playing Caesar's Palace — that doesn't happen. It's hard to get even a once-a-week gig now."

Despite the obstacles, Sue Palmer isn't one to complain. In fact, on any given Wednesday, you can find her perched in her go-go cage at the Caffé Calabria, rattling the roof with a taste of music served up the way it used to be. With a joy and passion missing in so many pop artists, watching the Queen of Boogie Woogie do her thing is worth its weight in Missy Elliott's bling-bling. So grab a kid, get a sandwich, and start helping recruit the next generation of live music aficionados while people like Sue Palmer are still around to testify.

For complete scheduling information, check out Sue Palmer's website: www.suepalmer.com and also the calendar on page 14.



Sue in a beehive hairdo and Candy Kane



Sue Palmer and Preston Coleman



Woodcut illustration: Julie Warren



ramblin'

Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

WHAT IS BLUEGRASS?

Let's review a little of the history of bluegrass music to see if we can find out. First, it must be acknowledged that defining "bluegrass" is difficult, since there is no agreement on a universal definition. There does, however, appear to be a general consensus on several key aspects that characterize bluegrass music. The music is played on acoustic instruments (with the exception of an electric bass), including banjo, guitar, mandolin, fiddle, dobro, and vocals (harmonica and accordions are sometimes injected but are not mainstream bluegrass). Singing is typified by "high lonesome" two- and three-part harmonies as an accompaniment to usually high energy music with breaks or solos passed around the band during a song. A typical bluegrass program also includes at least one or two gospel tunes, which are sometimes sung a capella.

The passing of breaks in bluegrass bands was a clear departure from the earlier string band and mountain music in which the instruments typically played in unison. Bluegrass music also introduced the rhythmic "chopping" by the instruments behind a singer or behind one of the instrument solos. This "chopping" or "chunking" gives the music a characteristic drive while helping to showcase either the singing or the soloing of one instrument.

BILL MONROE AND HIS BLUEGRASS BOYS



Bill Monroe

One can't talk about bluegrass music without bringing up its originator. Bluegrass music was named after its founder, Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys.

Bill (William Smith) Monroe was born on the family farm near Rosine, Kentucky on September 13, 1911. He became the family mandolinist at a young age and, like many musicians who preceded him, learned to sing and harmonize through church music. Bill was often quick to credit his Uncle Pendleton Vandever as the person from whom he learned to play. His famous tune "Uncle Pen" was a tribute to the uncle he adored.

When Bill Monroe first played in public in the early '30s with his brother Charlie, it wasn't bluegrass music that he played but old-time music. During this period the Monroe Brothers — Charlie, Birch, and Bill — played in Chicago and throughout the Midwest. Bill's distinctive mandolin style began to take shape during this period, ultimately taking the instrument to new heights. This innovative new mandolin style was characterized by strong rhythmic chopping and blistering single-note and double-stop solos and fills. In 1934 Bill and Charlie Monroe became full-time musicians with radio station KFNF in Shenandoah, Iowa. Later, joined by Byron Parker, they made their first recording in 1936 with Victor Records. In 1937 Byron left the band, followed by Bill and Charlie going their separate ways in 1938.

BILL MONROE AND THE GRAND OLE OPRY

After the brothers split, Bill hired Cleo Davis, who played guitar, and the two



Judge Hay of Grand Ole Opry

played as a duo for awhile. Upon the addition of Art Wooten on fiddle and comedian Tommy Millard, who played spoons and jug, the name Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys was born. Later, bass player Amos Garen took Tommy Millard's place and the group performed as the Bluegrass Quartet until 1939 when Bill decided he wanted to audition for the Grand Old Opry, which he took by storm along with his Bluegrass boys. In fact, Bill was told by Opry representatives Judge Hay and David Stone, "If you ever leave the Opry, it'll be because you've fired yourself." The first song they played at their Opry audition, which subsequently became a popular signature piece for the band, was "Mule Skinner Blues." Many would agree that the style and drive Bill added to the song became his hallmark, setting the standard for his subsequent songs and for bluegrass music in general. You will note in this tune, and in much of Bill Monroe's other early bluegrass music, a heavy blues influence characterized by the well-seasoned use of blue notes (flatted thirds, fifths, and sevenths) and by much note sliding, particularly in the fiddle playing of Chubby Wise. Their early music is undoubtedly among the first successful efforts to marry old time and mountain music with African-American-inspired Delta and Piedmont blues to create a driving, yet haunting new sound.

If you listen to some of the recordings from this period, you'll also hear that Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys also played in the then non-standard keys of B, B flat, and E. The use of these keys added to the band's special sound and suited Bill's high lonesome voice. Much of current bluegrass music is played in these keys as a result. As a player, though, it must be noted that these are difficult keys to play in, especially for non-capo instruments. Anyone who has tried serious bluegrass playing can attest that, while the music is often thought of as simple and down home, it is actually quite complex and often very difficult to play correctly.

Bill Monroe, ever the innovator, also had his Bluegrass Boys tune their instruments a half note above standard, and they used that tuning for many years. This is a technique that was later used by Flatt and Scruggs in many of their recordings as well. If you are a player and have ever tried to play along with some of these recordings and can't figure out why it is so hard, the likely answer is that they are playing in a key like A sharp!

Whenever they performed, Bill and his Bluegrass Boys expressed an air of dignity in both dress and action, which itself was a departure from much of the earlier hillbilly music, often played in overalls or work clothes. Bill didn't want himself or his Bluegrass Boys to look like



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

Ready, Set, Go!

As both columnist and record producer, I'm occasionally asked the question, "What's the most difficult phase of a recording project?" Maybe I should begin qualifying that question with its own query, like "Do you mean after starting it?"

At first it may seem like a smartass response (especially coming from me), but think about all the musically and non-musically related projects you're currently planning: The gate on the side of the house has a broken hinge. The band needs demos of their new songs, so they can work out their parts. Whatever they are, have you started? If not, that's at least half the reason they're not done.

There's an old carpenter's adage that goes, "Measure twice, cut once." I've known several musicians and potential producers over the years who have expressed a very keen interest in recording either themselves, other artists, or both. They usually had some sort of grand game plan that was almost ready to be implemented, but it always seemed that one last thing was holding them up. Like, they needed some \$2,000 mic they've read an amazing review of, or the studio they've been building in the garage for the last four years of weekends isn't exactly right. I've eventually (after much solicitation on their part) dispensed the following counsel to those friends: "Dude, that's not a carrot you're chasing, it's your tail." The measuring/cutting concept offers some very sound advice, but it also implies that once some solid planning has taken place, the work will actually then commence. Meanwhile, some of us never get the hang of putting down the ruler and picking up the saw.

Nothing ever gets done without the doing part eventually coming into play, which sometimes means soldiering on

without the aid of our weapons of choice. Can't afford that \$2,000 mic? Me neither, but since my landlords wouldn't understand that I can't pay the rent because I spent it on a mic, or couldn't work without it, I've made do with what I have, not what I desire. The results of these efforts are ultimately evaluated based upon how they sound and feel, rather than what was used to make them.

Another common hindrance to starting off on the right foot is overcomplicating the creative process. This is usually due to being unfamiliar with one's own setup. You get all ready to lay down those great musical ideas bouncing around in your noodle only to have to stop and search through the manual to figure out how to accomplish a seemingly simple task that probably should be second nature to you. By the time you've figured it out (if you actually do), the inspiration has dissipated and you're out on the side of the house, fixing that gate hinge.

To further illustrate, think of the difference between playing a single note on a piano, versus its midi keyboard counterpart. With a "real" piano, you just take your finger and press down on one of the keys. Done. With a midi setup, however, it's a bit more complicated. First, you have to be sure you have the proper midi channel selected to transmit the midi info. Then, you set your midi interface to receive that midi info stream from your keyboard. Your midi interface then relays that info to your computer software, which must be set to receive on the corresponding midi channel, and your software needs to send a patch number to your keyboard, selecting the actual piano sound you'd like to use. Then, you just take your finger and press down on one of the keys. Easy, right?

Such is the fate of the individual who buys a whole bunch of stuff right at the outset, because they know what they want to do and the gear they'll need to do it with. They've got their bitchin' computer, the latest software, and all the cool toys connected to all the right ins and



Sven-Erik Seaholm

outs. A total turnkey solution, right? Surprise! Not a clue as to how work with half of it. In this case, a large part of the preparation and planning process is just being familiar with your equipment. This is exemplified by the fact that eBay is currently bursting at the seams with discarded "like new" items that were purchased with the noblest of intentions yet rarely, if ever, used.

So what is the solution, then? Well, familiarize yourself with the notion that complexity is merely simplicity multiplied. Start simple. Do one thing at a time, and do it right. Then move on to the next thing, and the next. Your knowledge will have a cumulative effect and, before long, you'll be surprised at how much you've learned.

Here's another tip: If you read your manuals all the way through before you even touch your new purchase, you'll be surprised at how quickly things begin to make sense to you.

All an artist truly needs is a pencil, so remember that we are music makers, not professional gear collectors. Say it with me: "It's not the plow, it's the farmer." Amen.



Earl Scruggs gets a star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame

Monroe had a very definite vision for his music and could be a hard taskmaster for his band members.

Bill formed a new band with Clyde Moody on guitar, Tommy Magness on fiddle, and Willie Westbrooks on bass. In 1940 the band made its first recording for Victor on the Bluebird label. As you might expect, "Mule Skinner Blues" was at the top of the song list. In 1945 Lester Flatt joined the band, with a style (using a thumb and finger pick) that was somewhat similar to Charlie Monroe or Clyde Moody, except Lester used more bass runs. Most every picker knows the "Lester Flatt G run" that he used at the end of every vocal. Later that year Bill

or be called hillbillies. Dress clothes, courtesy, and professionalism were demanded by Bill of the entire band. There are many well documented stories confirming that within the band Bill

hired Earl Scruggs to replace interim performer "Stringbean," which Lester wasn't very enthused about, but after hearing Scruggs, he wanted him at any cost. Earl played like no other banjoist. Although others had used the three-finger style, Earl took it to unheard-of heights and became a star practically overnight.

By this time band members included Bill, Lester, Earl, Cedric Rainwater, and fiddler Chubby Wise. The band fell apart in 1948, Chubby Wise leaving first. Lester and Earl then left to make it on their own. Whatever their reason for leaving, it caused Bill animosity for many years toward them. The recordings made by Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys, when Lester Flatt, Chubby Wise, Earl Scruggs, and Cedric Rainwater played in the band, are considered the gold standard of bluegrass music. As an interesting side note, Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys also had a baseball team and would often travel to a town, play a concert, then have a go against the local team on the baseball field!

In a future column we will explore the history of bluegrass following the end of this golden period of the Bluegrass Boys.

Note: Thanks to many web pages, which were consulted as sources, especially to J. Pendergrass and to Richard Smith's biography of Bill Monroe titled

Can't You Hear Me Callin'.

JAMMING OPPORTUNITIES

Be sure to get out and play!
First Tuesday of the month at Roundtable Pizza in Escondido, corner of Washington and Ash, sponsored by the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club, 7-10 pm. Featured band, open mic, and jamming. Contact Sandy Beesley at: mzbeez@cox.net

Second Tuesday of the month at Fuddruckers in La Mesa, Grossmont Shopping Center, 5500 Grossmont Center Drive, north side of I-8, just west of 125, 7-10 pm. Open mic, bluegrass karaoke, and a featured band in concert, with lots of jamming. Contact Gary Kennedy at banjofiddle@cox.net or 619/296-0455.

Third Tuesday of the month at Fuddruckers in Chula Vista on Third at F Street, 7-10 pm. Open mic, jamming, and slots for bands. Contact Les Preston at louann.preston@coldwellbanker.com or 619/267-2020.

Fourth Tuesday of the month at Shirley's Kitchen, La Mesa at 7868 El Cajon Blvd, 6-9pm. Open mic, band slots, and jamming. Contact Les Preston at louann.preston@coldwellbanker.com or 619/267-2020.

I hope to see you out pickin'!



Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

Polls have shown that 99% of historians base their findings on previously existing data. As an artist of depth, beauty, and variable lucidity, I scoff at polls. So, when I dabble in cultural history, I find my sources within two undeniably existing concepts: conjecture and revisionism.

"Body Language," the latest song from Queen (Where've they been all these years?), is simply a continuation of an idea originally developed by Olivia Newton-John in her album *Physical* several decades ago. The phrase "Let me hear your body talk" was at first quite controversial, being wrongly interpreted as the delicious Aussie fig's own kinky fetish for burps (and worse) until she placated parents and upset perverts by admitting she cribbed the idea from the ancient chestnut "actions speak louder than words."

Soulless? Perhaps. But I loved Newton-John for far more than her soul.

Both "Physical" and "Body Language" can trace their paternity back to Helen Keller, inventor of what many called "sign language," in which messages were actually painted on signs, placards, and billboards. Miss Keller simply couldn't see what her idea would become. Along with road signs, the modern world is replete with ugly, spray-painted "tags" on innocent buildings, making Helen Keller, in a way, our country's first true gangsta grrrrl.

The Paint Famine of the 1920s was the crisis that President Strother Martin famously called the "failure to communicate." That failure seemed solved when French architect/escargot Marcel Marceau (Louvre, Statue of Liberty) created meaning-in-movement-exhibition, or "mime." And that is why so many of us hate the French to this day.

Thirty years ago, mimes and their contagion were all over the place, from public parks to private parties. They were annoying as hell and had absolutely nothing to say for themselves.

My very world nearly collapsed in nausea when I beheld the beautiful Kate Bush perform her haunting "Wuthering Heights," using that generic two-handed mime movement everytime she sang the word "window." She, too, had been tragically infected by the vile French plague.

Photo: Toos von Weston



The debonair Mr. Sinatra

Every reasonable person detests mimes. And every person except me and three others to this day, when casually explaining some instance of a telephone conversation, will invariably do the gawd-awful telephone receiver mime: thumb to ear, pinky to chin, the other three fingers curled palmward as if in shame. And they hate mimes?

It's called "duplicité" and is a behavioral trait inherent in our national character. So get over it. I won't.

Not when mime has stealthily managed to corrupt the performances of so many of today's popular singers. Keep an eye out, folks. Retain the other and witness:

To illustrate determined passion or anguish, the diva's fist clenches, palm toward shoulder.

Whenever the word "see," as in "I see," is sung, she'll point to her damned eyes, as if to prevent us from mistakenly thinking of the ocean or the third letter of the alphabet. Are we that stupid? (Don't answer that.)

Singing the word "heart" requires at least one hand to fly to the breast. Someone needs to tell her that secondary sex characteristics are not the same material as a life-giving force (unless you're Janet Jackson's career).

As for myself, ladies and gents, I will never dumb-down my performances. It's simply mathematically impossible. As always, on stage my movement, my body language, is performed in Aramaic, an increasingly "in" thing, which itself is a positive sign. I continue to incorporate subtle gestures inspired by my delight in the physicality of Olivia Newton-John, with whom I continue to envision a world-class *pas-de-deux*.



RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

FORN LANGAGE

In 1989, I was asked to emcee a series of concerts at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, featuring Russian rock superstar, Vladimir Kuzmin. I had studied the Russian language for several years when I was in high school and college but had pretty much forgotten everything except the alphabet and a few rudimentary "survival" phrases. Meeting Kuzmin and his band was exciting and represented an opportunity to do my part for detente. Although my new Russian friends preferred speaking English, I wanted to polish my conversational Russian, which annoyed them immensely. I bought a Russian-English dictionary and began trying to learn more than, "My name is Jim," "I live in San Diego," and "where is the vodka?". After a few weeks of practice, the Reds began to shun me completely... "Uh-oh, comrades, here comes the thing that won't shut up! Quick...close the door!"

Luckily, I found another way to practice my Russian language skills. Later that year, my wife and I got to go on a press junket to Chicago to see the Moscow Circus. Let me define press junket: a couple dozen radio, TV, and newspaper employees

climb aboard a chartered "party plane," fly to Chicago, stay in a nice hotel, get to see the Moscow Circus before it hits the West Coast, and are plied with endless amounts of Stolichnaya vodka in order to take the experience home and prime San Diego for the greatest thing that's ever happened anywhere! I had seen Cirque du Soleil before going to



Chicago and thought it was amazing. I'd never been a circus fan...didn't care for eight midgets stuffed into a VW or watching horses crap while galloping in circles, but Cirque du Soleil was art. So was the Moscow Circus, with a live band, extraordinary acrobatics, and illusions I'd



Jim McInnes

never thought possible. Then I remembered that, in the Soviet Union, the government subsidized both the arts and sports. One didn't run away and join the circus in Russia, one was raised and trained by the state to be the greatest. That's why they won so many Olympics—their amateurs were really professionals. When we came home I raved for weeks on my radio show about what I'd seen in Chicago and urged everyone to go see the Moscow Circus at the Sports Arena. To my astonishment, I was tapped to step onto the arena floor and introduce the show (both in English and in Russian) to an opening night crowd of 11,000. I had a script written in Russian and English. No sweat. After the performance we attended a party.

The middle of the room was dominated by a giant ice sculpture studded with ice-cold bottles of Russian vodka. I was ready to chat with the Moscow Circus performers in their native language because most of them spoke no English. I had practiced what I thought were the right things to say — compliments and a few general questions about coming to America.

Upon meeting the ringmaster, I told him (this is phonetic Russian), "Oo vass ochen horoshii chirki!" I thought I had said, "You guys have a great circus," when I had actually said, "You have a great chirp!" He nodded and turned to talk to someone else. I asked the next person I chatted with (phonetic Russian), "Kak vwee nraivitsya eta tsitron?" which I believed meant, "How do you like this city?" Actually I had asked how he liked citrus. He turned to talk to someone else. Then I saw the main trapeze dude (whatever he's called) and said "Hello." He said hello. So far, so good. Next I implored him (phonetic Russian again), "Govoritsya medlenno, pozhalsta, ya nyet plamnaya," thinking I'd asked him to speak slowly because I wasn't fluent. What he heard was, "Please speak slowly, I'm not on fire!" He nodded and walked away, no doubt telling his comrades, "Stay away from that guy, he's the thing that won't shut up!"

It doesn't really bother me because my Spanish is even worse.



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the highway's song



Free Your Dream

An Unexpected and Brief Encounter with the Troubadours of Divine Bliss

by Chuck Schiele

Take two sweeties and stick 'em in a car for eight years and what you do get? Well, maybe I can't tell you what you get, but I can tell you what I got. I got to witness, up-close, the real-deal dream in action.

You know what I'm talkin' about. I'm talking about the totally glamorous and glorious lifestyle that goes into living the music dream. You've heard about it: Limos, cameras, interviews, fans, respect and adoration, fine dining, private luxury jets, paparazzi, the finest hotels, big dough, fast cars, posh VIP parties, agents, all those secret temptations you so desire, power, a staff to whom you refer as "my people," famous friends, and getaway mansions in Capri.

After all, that's what it's all about, right? Right.

Meet Aim Me Smiley and Renee Ananda. They hail from Kentucky. And they recently rolled through San Diego for about a week and a half as the last stop in their recent tour. Aim Me sings and plays guitar. Renee sings and plays accordion. Neither are virtuosos at their particular instrument, but they do their jobs well and cast a magical spell over their audiences. Although neither of them are concerned with seeking fame, they have a serious movie star quality about them in the most charming and unassuming way. They don't even seek riches, preferring the wealth they discover in the people they meet. They don't have a jet but rather a small beater of a car into which they squeeze themselves and their entire tour. There's nobody named "J.B." doing the wheelin' and dealin.' No record contract. No master plan.

Just the dream.

While every musician I ever meet strives for this dream, I really can't say I've ever met anyone so immersed, confident, and satisfied with the whole idea about living completely in the faith (and fate) of their own music and its destiny. In a world of obsession for celebrity, meeting two people whose real consideration is to be real people who care about real music from the soul, I find the Troubadours of Divine Bliss to be exactly what their name says they are. The two ladies shift the concern of self

to the concern of the audience. "It isn't about us. It's about the people we're playing to." And in my 20 years of music business, this feels like a long overdue oasis. Somebody gets it. Over the course of their week in San Diego, I watched them show up, smile a lot, read their audience, and select their material accordingly. For instance they were rockin'-and-a-rollin' at a Friday night dive bar gig on the beach, and the very next morning they were cooing love songs over sunny brunch mimosas, getting the seniors worked up for what would probably be a long overdue episode of afternoon delight.

Absolutley charming.

So, eight years ago they hooked up their music, packed their bags and axes, jumped into a car, and started driving to exotic destinations such as Yourtown, Anytown, USA. With no more preparation than a few phone calls, a few emails, gasoline, and gusto, the Troubadours of Divine Bliss hit the road and freed their dream. And they've been on the road for all of those eight years, passing through their hometown long enough to check the mail, retune, and grab a new untattered road map.

I happened to meet them at a gig through a mutual friend. Two gorgeous Kentucky Gypsies. There they are: Renee, a hippie chick with an accordion and a purple fuzzy hat that bears the essence of a late sixties San Francisco-Haight hippie chick, and Aim Me, who's decked out in a gunnysack and a sun hat, much like that of a plantation southern belle. She's rockin' out like a tilted meter. She's on fire, bouncing

around with a physicality that makes me think of Pete Townshend.

Without disrupting their rapport with the audience, I watched them sing their songs to each other. One after another after another. Know what? What a profound effect! Their singing makes you feel the way a pancake must feel as it's being drenched in warm buttered raspberry syrup.

Sensuously. Downright sexy and —most

important — I think I believed every word they sang. An interesting thing about their singing was the instinctualness of it. I had the sense that it wasn't so much rehearsed as it's what they naturally do anyway, for the heck of it, all the time — probably as a means to pass the time in the

car on their way to Winslow. And before I knew it, in no time at all, they'd turned a buncha tipsy rock and roll show partiers into a very "smitten" situation altogether. And everyone was feeling Divine.

The Divine repertoire includes old lost songs from the lost memory of public domain. They also write their own material,

"Their singing makes you feel the way a pancake must feel as it's being drenched in warm buttered raspberry syrup."



inspired by Rumi, the poet. And they cowrite with some of the people they encounter in their travels. Their sound incorporates Americana, bayou, country, vaudeville, and even some post-Normandy Parisian evocations. Most important, however, is their intuition. They're listening, tuning into the vibe at all times and reaching out to you. I'd also say they have an odd and ironic knack for expressing what is most sweet about life.

It's amazing that they aren't rock stars of the highest magnitude. They don't wanna be. They just want to play music.

By the fifth night, I'm hangin' out with Aim Me and Renee in a cozy little booth, drinking red wine as we take in another band. We've become serious pals by now. A little candle is flickering on our table. Renee is going on and on about her thrift store fetish. "Here, try this throat lozenge! They were only 99 cents!" She's impressed with the killing she made. Nice people visit intermittently to say hello. We're having a ball, giggling away about nonsense. In the din



of the barroom chaos our chit chatting turns to our music adventures, war stories, some of the characters we've met along the way, and music itself, namely the underrated healing power of it. And the subject of "making it in the biz" comes up.

"We're not trying to be famous. We

"Our dream is to get in a car, drive around from town to town, playing music that makes people feel better. We spread the good news, the good vibe. We spread the love. That's what it's all about. That's

what we have to show for ourselves. It's not about us. It's about the [giving] vibe. This is what we've been doing for eight years, and it works for us. We do everything on our own terms with no limitations from the almighty record companies. We make enough to keep our lives in order and don't really need much. I don't need to see my picture in a magazine. I don't need to

be a household name. What good does that do? Sometimes people are kind enough to put us up or make us dinner. Sometimes we stay in weird motels. Sometimes we have to deal with the unexpected discomforts of road life. Everyone has to deal with something, so big deal. Our success is that we do what we love. We live our dream, everyday, doing what we want. And we couldn't be happier. After all, we've made it. Our life is music."

Until San Diego encourages The Troubadours of Divine Bliss to come back this way later this year, you can find a little bliss of your own by visiting www.troubadoursdivinebliss.com.



The author with Renee and Aim Me



Danielle LoPresti continued from page 6.

powerful sense of teamwork within the indie music community. Several other goals have manifested in the almost two years that we've been producing the shows, one of which is to educate people about what "indie" means, as many folks really don't know."

"IBD has been so rewarding, it's like a dream come true. There's just this warm, reverent thread that runs through these shows with the artists as well as the audiences and the venue owners, and it's so damn cool. The audiences feel that they are a part of something important. They are making it possible for us as artists to exist. The artists will often tell me how welcoming they felt the vibe was; they meet each other and are encouraged to connect. And I feel really good about spreading this truth that we don't diminish our chances for success when we share resources with our fellow artists, we enhance them. For example, I often share that a great deal of my work comes from referrals from other female artists; the so-called "competition" is not competition at all but an invaluable resource.

"The IBD compilation CDs are just one more way to get a lot of great indie music out there. Anyone who buys any indie CD at an IBD show gets one for free, and boom! they have 9-13 new artists serenading them in their car or house. I'm so thrilled about the compilation CDs."

"You're always looking forward," I quip. "What do you see in the future of music itself and also your role in music and the arts?"

"I'm excited to see where the industry goes and thrilled to be a small part of the indie explosion taking shape here in San Diego and in LA. I think corporate radio and labels are going to do all they can to emulate the coolness of the indie vibe, to appeal to young people who they see are definitely into thinking for themselves as opposed to being used as buying machines for the limitless stuff they're constantly being sold. I hope this doesn't confuse people and that the indie music scene continues to grow like wildfire. I also see the future of women in music being a bright one. When I released *Dear Mr. Penis Head*, I was ridiculed for being angry, while Eminem was at the top of the charts for a song that's about killing his wife and throwing her off the pier while he explains his reasons to his infant daughter. This kind of sexism will slowly diminish, because women who use their bodies to make a point beyond sex are simply not going away. We will continue to make music and kick serious ass while doing it until we defy all those tired, worn-out molds that have never fit us anyway."

That was enough for us to down the rest of our tea and coffee, but we left the un-hummus-able pita in the basket.

I ask, "Anything new going on? What's next on your plate?"

"Yes. A new Danielle LoPresti and the Masses CD, more IBD shows, and a little project due in November of this year. We're in the process of producing San Diego's first Indie Music Fest. But there's work to do, so I'll have to tell you about that later, Chucky."

After a short walk, we say good night, say thank you, exchange hugs, and she jumps in her car and heads off to her rehearsal. And as she drives away, I think once more, "Now there's a girl who's not going away."



Cathryn Beeks For the Girls

by Phil Harmonic

Cathryn Beeks made a special CD for friends, which she's titled *For the Girls*, an appropriate one for this issue devoted to our better halves. Of the assortment of contributing musicians, the two names that pop out are Sven-Erik Seaholm and Chuck Schiele, which also happen to be her bandmates in the Gandhi Method.

The nine songs on this CD are culled from various live recordings and studio sessions. Overall the production is polished and nuanced. The two cover songs, "Wiser Time" by Robinson and Robinson of the Black Crowes and John Prine's "Angel from Montgomery," are excellent selections. Beeks either wrote or co-wrote the other seven. There are some good songs here. "Two Dates" and "Think of Me" by Beeks stand out, along with "Shameful Thing," co-written with Schiele. Beeks' vocals are strong and powerful, especially on "Candles," and she's capable of changing styles for musical diversity, as demonstrated on "Bring Him." With the various "live" recordings, you get to hear an array of top quality musicians who, I believe, are mostly local.

Beeks has also recently released a 12-song CD titled *Songs for Sale*, which may include some of the songs from *For the Girls*. It is currently on "sale," so look for it at local record stores.



Amy Obenski What We Tell

by Phil Harmonic

How much of ourselves do we reveal to others? We may tell all we think we know, but we may have to look deeper and longer to know more about ourselves to reveal. On Amy Obenski's 11-song CD, *What We Tell*, she conveys a good deal about her past experiences and relationships, and her message of love rings loud and clear. A different approach in the arrangements and diversity of musical styles add color to help define that message. Topical songs such as "Arabian-American," which advises people of Arabic descent to be strong and to hold on through these times of adversity and anti-Semitism, remind me of Natalie Merchant and 10,000 Maniacs with her unusual writing style and treatment of controversial subjects. You acquire a taste as the music and lyrics mesh into one and grow on you.

On "My Baby," the vocal, aided by pennywhistle-sounding flute, helps create a visual of minstrels and troubadours with its traditional old English, Irish, and Celtic melody. "In the Air" is a metaphor for how it feels to be in a state of ambiguity, searching for middle ground while trying to discover yourself in a codependent relationship and to find something positive in this negative world. The aptly titled "Being Free" picks you up with its bouncy, Latin-flavored jazzy rhythm. The message here is somewhat paradoxical, illuminated by a Taoist understanding in its attempt to perceive the truth. On "Sandstorm," highlighted by lush vocal harmonies, and on "Waves of Moments," accompanied by a hypnotic ostinato guitar riff, the message is about being in the moment. We are reminded that always looking forward makes it difficult to attempt to catch "waves of moments"; we may have to accept the fact that the sweetness and satisfaction of life comes through memories.

On the last cut, "No Way to Know," the haunting piano melody with a Carole King feel, tells us to stop analyzing life. Let it go and give yourself up to love in order to feel the "hope within your heart."

The CD is available through <http://amy.obenski.net>.



Troubadours of Divine Bliss Dying, Laughing

by Frederick Leonard

This is one of those records that starts impressively and then grows on you.

There are 13 tracks on this lucky find. While the material transcends traditional and folk styles from several genres — American and European — it possesses at all times a hypnotic, gypsyesque sensuality. Equal parts traditional inspiration and a knack for thinking out of the box, Aim Me Smiley and Renee Ananda conjure up their soundscapes and ditties like they were casting spells with mysterious love potions.

Their unusually gorgeous vocals are trance-like and travel like two leaves blowing in the wind in an improvised and instinctive unison. Swirling. Renee sings low road and plays the accordion. Aim Me sings high road and plays guitar. Over the course of the playlist they include subtle doses of fiddle, guitars and slide guitars, piano, humor, some pretty fun girl talk, and even a little techno-babble in the mix. It's hip, but the quality is such that I find myself wishing I could hear the effect of this music being played on an old Victrola 78 just for kicks. There is a certain haunting nostalgic romance to this work that would be exploited by this medium.

Nonetheless, it remains gorgeous. Now and then these traditional approaches take very unconventional and delightfully inventive and rule-breaking left turns. Sometimes they are subtle, but that's what's fun about it. It makes you feel like you're "in on something." Whether they're screwing around with electronic zaniness on the tongue-and-cheek vaudeville track "Dressing Room for Eternity," or the hillbilly sunshine harmonies of "Secret Admirer," or making overt references (in their poetry) to Rumi on "Trapdoor" and "Rumi at the Inn," this is a great little musical ride worth many listens. "Rumi at the Inn," by the way, despite the evocation of its title, sounds more like the drunken maple leaf rag you'd hear while making your way through Bourbon Street on a wee-hour stagger.

There are lots of goodies in this Kentucky gypsy gumbo.



Annie Dru Undone Day

by Frederick Leonard

Local singer-songwriter Annie Dru puts forth this nine-song effort with all the girl-next-door *joie de vivre* there could possibly be. She sure is cute. So are her songs.

She sings about her ironic preference for motherhood, baby teeth, dust bunnies, clean dishes, and changing diapers vs. the fortune and fame of stardom ("bein' gramma's more fun!") on the title track. She manages to equate "pancakes on the grid-dle" with a feeling of assurance and comfort on "Stepdad Pancakes." The bouncy opener "Take Me Home" is her wedding vow. It's a promise. She's happy. By the sound of her happy pledge, her husband must be too.

Track four, "We Two Are Through," pitches the curve ball of subject matter with a very matter-o'-fact accounting of how things ain't exactly workin' out, and this CD — one that speaks to suburban motherhood — takes on a new layer on the theme.

"Steve's Song" opens up like a puffy plume of incense smoke. This is my favorite song. It's rich and texturally very interesting, with a layered guitarscape and slides over bass, kick, and tambourine. The lyrics take on a less cute attitude and suddenly reveal a different 'tude altogether in her bank of emotional bliss and harmony.

The rest of the CD stays in the same happy backyard. However, in that backyard she's playing with kids like Steve Peavey, Ken Dow, Denise Ford, and Robin Henkel — who contribute to a clean, sparsely beautiful set of arrangements and production decorated with mandolins, slide guitars, backing vocals, a synthesizer, upright basses, and simple percussion.

The overall effect is just a little too happy for my listening curiosity, (I still like it) but maybe that's the reason why I'm still wishing I were as happy as this record is.



'round about

MAY CALENDAR

WEEKLY

every **sunday**

7th Day Buskers, Farmer's Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 9am-1pm.
Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
Traditional Irish Music, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 3pm.
Irish Dance, Dublin Square, 554 Fifth Ave., 3pm.
Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4pm.
Traditional Irish Music & Dance w/ Cobblestone, 5-6:30pm/Boxty Band, 6:30-10pm., The Field, 544 Fifth Ave.
Joe Rathburn, The Galley, 550 Marina Pkwy, Chula Vista, 5-9pm.
Miff's Jam Night, Java Joe's, 6344 El Cajon Blvd., 6-9pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 9-10:30pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every **monday**

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
Open Mic Night, Rosie O'Grady's, Normal Heights, 7pm.
Open Mic Night, Lestat's, 7:30pm.

every **tuesday**

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
Open Mic Night, Casa Picante, 10757 Woodside Ave., Santee, 7:30-9:30pm.
Traditional Irish Music, The Ould Sod, Normal Heights, 7pm.
Comedy Night, Lestat's, 7:30pm.
Traditional Irish Music, Blarney Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm.
Open Mic Night w/ Sage Gentle-Wing, Beachcomber, Mission Beach, 8:30pm.

every **wednesday**

Pride of Erin Ceili Dancers, Rm. 204, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, 7-9pm.
Open Mic Night, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Open Mic Night, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.
Open Mic Night, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Highland Way, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 8:30pm.
Live Taping of San Diego's Finest TV Show, Lestat's, 9pm.
Hatchet Brothers, The Ould Sod, 9pm.

every **thursday**

Open Mic Night, Just Java Cafe, 285 Third Ave., Chula Vista, 7-10pm.
Tony Cummings, Blarney Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm. (also Fri. & Sat.)
Rockabilly Thursdays w/ Hot Rod Lincoln, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.
Brehon Law, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm (also Fri. & Sat.).

every **friday**

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.
Songwriter Showcase, Tabloid Coffee, 9225-27 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.
Irish Folk Music, The Ould Sod, 9pm.

every **saturday**

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., noon-5pm.
Open Mic Night, Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf, 9015 Mira Mesa Blvd., 8pm.
Talent Showcase w/ Larry Robinson & the Train Wreck Band, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.
Christian/Gospel Open Mic, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.



saturday • 1

Art of Guitar Making Exhibit, Geisel Library, UCSD, thru June. 858/534-8074.
World Music Folk Festival, San Dieguito Church, Solana Beach, 12:15pm.
Bryan Bowers, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.
Avocado Moon, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Aaron Bowen/Will Edwards/Kevin Tinkle/Annie Dru/Jen Knight Band, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Gregory Page & Tom Brosseau, noon-4pm, **Illusion 33/Renata Youngblood/Biddy Bums**, 9pm, Lestat's.
Baja Blues Boys, Patricks, Poway, 9pm.

sunday • 2

Gregory Page & Tom Brosseau, noon-4pm, **Split Infinity/Illusion 33**, 9pm, Lestat's.
Anna Troy, Galley at the Marina, Chula Vista, 7:30pm.
Michael Tiernan, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

tuesday • 4

Texas Tornados/Los Alacranes, 4th & B, 9pm.

wednesday • 5

Los Lonely Boys, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Anya Marina, Casbah, 9pm.

thursday • 6

Carol Ames, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Peddling to Strangers/Beezeley/Lucy's Falling/Aaron Strout, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Pete Thurston, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 7

"Jus Jer" Gontang, Tabloid Coffee, Santee, 7pm.
With Intent, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Jamie Crawford/Saba/Ashley Matte/Terra Naomi/Dave's Son, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Dave Howard/Coyote Problem/Crystal

Yoakum, Lestat's, 9pm.

Carol Ames, Coaster Saloon, Mission Beach, 9pm.
Fenians/Skelpin, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 9pm.
21 Grams/Carol Ames, Coaster Saloon, Mission Beach, 9pm.

saturday • 8

Pacific Beach Block Party, Garnet Ave., Pacific Beach, 9am-5pm.
Sam Hinton Folk Heritage Festival, Grossmont College campus, El Cajon, 9:30am-11pm. Info: 858/566-4040.
Valley Center Arts & Music Festival, Lilac Rd., 11am-6pm.
Gandhi Method, Acoustic Stage, PB Block Party, 1:30pm.

Carrickethan Ceili, St. Michael's Catholic Church, Poway, 6:30pm.
Bach/Handel Choral Concert, Unitarian Church, 4190 Front St., 7:30pm.
Dos Dudes, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Northstar Session/Jack the Original/Jim Bianco/Ted Ehr, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Hollis Gentry, Dizzy's, 8:30pm.

Sven-Erik Seaholm & Wild Truth/butterFace, Coaster Saloon, Mission Beach, 9pm.

Anya Marina/The Remotor, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 9

Sweet James/Bushwalla, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Zora, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 10

Eve Selis, Calypso Cafe, Leucadia, 8pm.

wednesday • 12

The Shelleys/Lauren DRose, M-Theory Music, South Park, 8pm.

thursday • 13

Graham Parker & Twang Three, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 7:30pm.
Tim Mudd/Josh Hall, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Mary Dolan, Lestat's, 9pm.

Music for Life Benefit w/ Terren Trousset/Bridget Brigitte/Mermaid's Journey/Ki's Guys/Dora Hall/Simply Complex/Alpha Ray/Gandhi Method, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 6pm.

friday • 14

Duke Windsor/Glasshouse, Tabloid Coffee, Santee, 7pm.
21 Grams, Mocha Marketplace, Restaurant Row, San Marcos, 7:30pm.
Open Road, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Info: 619/303-8176.
Cubanismo!, Ca. Ctr. for the Arts, Escondido, 8pm.
The Two of Us, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Collin Elliott/The Coyote Problem/Pete Thurston/Curtis Peoples/Lauren DeRose, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Robin Henkel, Lestat's, 9pm.
Greyboy Allstars, 4th & B, 9pm.

saturday • 15

MayFest 2004, Dance Festival, Balboa Park Club, noon-5pm.
Allison Londsdaile, 6-8pm, **Peggy Watson**, 9pm, Lestat's.
Eric Schwartz aka Smooth-E/Hugh Gaskins/Late Night Waiting/Cameron Ash/The Inside, Twiggs, 7:30pm.
Kris Delmhorst, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Info: 619/303-8176.
The Quimbys, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.

sunday • 16

MayFest 2004, Dance Festival, Balboa Park Club, noon-5pm.
Chuck Schiele/Joe Rathburn/Dave Beldock, Galley at the Marina, 550 Marina Parkway, Chula Vista, 5-9pm.
Skott Freedman, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Angela Correa/Tom Brosseau, Lestat's, 9pm.

tuesday • 18

2nd Ave. Dan-Toby Ahrens Jazz Quartet, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

wednesday • 19

Lighthouse, Golden Goose, Lakeside, 7pm.
Johnny Winter, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 8pm.

thursday • 20

Kingston Trio, Sycuan Casino, 2 & 7pm.
21 Grams/Sage Gentle-Wing/Truckee Brothers/Carol Ames, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 8pm.
Shane Alexander/Anna Troy, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Ivan Cliffs/Sandman, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 21

Christopher Dean, Cuyamaca Water Conservation Gardens Summer Concert Series, 12122 Cuyamaca College Dr. West, Rancho San Diego, 7pm.
Blind Boys of Alabama/Charlie Musselwhite, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
With Intent, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Meghan LaRoque/Robert Spencer/Kerrie Caldwell/Antonio Sol, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Tristan Prettyman/Bushwalla, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 22

Berkley Hart, House Concert, Rancho Peñasquitos. Info: greenmtnglass@aol.com.
Dan Crary, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.
Antonio Sole, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Rebeca Randle/Rheanna Downey/Emerson Band, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Kev, Lestat's, 9pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Croce's Top Hat, 9:30pm.

sunday • 23

Dave Humphries CD Release, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 4pm.
Chuck Pyle, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. Info: 619/303-8176.
Trio of the West (classical music), Dark Thirty Productions, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619/443-9622.
Creedence Clearwater Revisited, Palomar Starlight Theater, Pala Casino Resort, 8pm.
Alix Olson, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Itai CD release/Jane Lui/Angela Correa/Anna Troy, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 24

Bobfest Bob Dylan's B-Day Tribute w/ Steve White/Dave Howard/Anna Troy/Peter Bolland/Louis MacKenzie/Chuck Perrin & more, Dizzy's, 8pm.

tuesday • 25

Miles Davis' B-Day Celebration, Dizzy's, 8pm.

thursday • 27

AM/Sage Gentle-Wing, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Jane Lui/Kevin Tinkle, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 28

Carol Ames, Galley at the Marina, Chula Vista, 6pm.
Anderson Sisters & Friends, Tabloid Coffee, Santee, 7pm.
Leigh Taylor Band, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Tristan Prettyman/Stewart Lewis/Dave's Son/Trevor Davis, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Gregory Page CD release, Lestat's, 9pm.
Teeny-Tiny Pit Orchestra for Silent Films, Che Cafe, UCSD campus, 10 & 11pm.

saturday • 29

Healing Waters Art & Music Festival, Jacumba, all day. www.jacumba.org.
Lite the Nite, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Broken Shadow/Sara Bancroft/Jen Knight/Martin Storrow/Kristoffer Carter Show, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Jack the Original/Josh Hall, Lestat's, 9pm.
Anna Troy, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.
Healing Waters Art & Music Festival, Jacumba, all day. www.jacumba.org.
Zora/Exfriends/Four Eyes, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 30

Healing Waters Art & Music Festival, Jacumba, all day. www.jacumba.org.
Zora/Exfriends/Four Eyes, Lestat's, 9pm.



SAN DIEGO
FOLK
HERITAGE

SAN DIEGO FOLK HERITAGE PRESENTS

Saturday, May 1, 7:30 p.m.

BRYAN BOWERS

San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas • Admission: \$15

SAN DIEGO
FOLK
HERITAGE

Saturday, March 8, 9:30 a.m.-11 p.m.

SAM HINTON FOLK HERITAGE FESTIVAL

WITH SPARKY & RHONDA RUCKER, KATE MACLEOD, JEFF MOATS, STEVE WHITE, PEGGY WATSON, SKELPIN, HIGHLAND WAY, CONNIE ALLEN & BILL DEMPSEY, FRED BENEDETTI, STEVE BAKER, CESAR DANIEL LOPEZ, KEN AND PHEE GRAYDON, DENNIS ROGER REED, KRIS COLT & THE BLACK ROSE BAND, AND MORE. PLUS WORKSHOPS, STORYTELLERS, DANCE, JAMS, AND AN INSTRUMENT PETTING ZOO!

Grossmont Community College, 8800 Grossmont College Dr., El Cajon • Admission: \$15

SAN DIEGO
FOLK
HERITAGE

Saturday, May 22, 7:30 p.m.

DAN CRARY

San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas • Admission: \$15

TO RESERVE A SPACE AND FOR FURTHER INFORMATION:
www.sdfolkheritage.com • 858/566-4040

the local seen



Photo: Millie Moreno

Chet Cannon at Harmonica Festival



Photo: Millie Moreno

Homeboy Jason Mraz pops up at Lestat's



Photo: Millie Moreno

Sound guys at Harmonica Festival



Photo: Millie Moreno

Pete Thurston at Twiggs



Photo: Millie Moreno

Tristan Prettyman at Twiggs



Photo: Millie Moreno

Jason Mraz and Bushwalla at Lestat's



John Bosley at Tabloid Coffee



Photo: Millie Moreno

League of Crafty Guitars at Dizzy's



Photo: Millie Moreno

Fulfillment at Gospel Fest



Photo: Joel Siegfried

Francisco Aviles at Twiggs



Photo: Millie Moreno

Cindy Alexander at the Belly Up



Photo: Millie Moreno

Billy Watson at Harmonica Festival



Photo: Joel Siegfried

Lauren DeRose at Twiggs



Photo: Millie Moreno

Mishey at Honey Bee Hive



Photo: Joel Siegfried

Alicia Champion at Twiggs



Photo: Millie Moreno

Aspasia and Tim Mudd



Photo: Millie Moreno

Tim Flannery joins Berkley Hart



Photo: Millie Moreno

Eddie Baltrip at "Glorious Gospel"

An Evening of

Classical Music

Sunday, May 23

7:30 p.m. \$20

featuring

Thomas Macfarlane, piano

Raymond Kobler, violin

Daniel Rothmuller, cello



Thomas Macfarlane is a much sought-after concert pianist, music director, vocal coach, arranger, and recording artist. Based in Orange

County, he performs extensively with many leading musicians and in concerts co-produced by him and his wife, mezzo-soprano Marianna Giordano, through their production company, proVoce productions.



Raymond Kobler, violinist, has appeared as soloist on numerous occasions with orchestras worldwide, collaborating with such conductors as Andre Previn, Lorin

Maazel, Sir Neville Marriner, Leonard Slatkin, Christopher Eschenbach, Neemi Jarvi, and Herbert Blomstedt. He served as former associate concertmaster for the Cleveland Orchestra, 1974-1980, and concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony, 1980-1998. In addition, he was appointed concertmaster of the Pacific Symphony Orchestra in 1999 and presented with the Outstanding Individual Artist Award by Arts Orange County in 2002.



Daniel Rothmuller, on cello, joined the Los Angeles Philharmonic during the 1970-71 season and was appointed associate principal

cellist in 1975. He is an original member of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Chamber Music Society and the Philharmonic New Music Group. He is also a member of the ensembles An die Musik, the Jordan Piano Trio, Trio of the West, and teaches at the USC Thornton School of Music.

RESERVATIONS AND INFORMATION

(619) 443-9622

www.darkthirty.com

🌿 Program 🌿

Schubert Piano Trio in B Flat

**Shostakovich Piano Trio No. 1
in C Minor, Opus 8**

Ravel Piano Trio in A Minor