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



July 2004

for Lyle Duplessie

Vol. 3, No. 10

what's inside

Welcome Mat.....3

Mission Statement
 Contributors
 Lyle Duplessie

Full Circle.....4

Rose Maddox, Part 3
 Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Front Porch.....6

Stellita and Dave Lindgren
 Ray Charles
 Robert Edwards
 Classic Bows
 Meghan La Roque

Parlor Showcase.....8

Mark O'Connor

Ramblin'.....10

Bluegrass Corner
 Zen of Recording
 Hosing Down
 Radio Daze

Highway's Song.....12

Postcard from Nashville
 Olaf Wieghorst Western
 Heritage Days

Of Note.....13

Steve Collins
 Christopher Dale
 GipsyMenco
 Robert Edwards
 Berkley Hart

'Round About14

July Music Calendar

The Local Seen.....15

Photo Page



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welcome mat



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CONTRIBUTORS

FOUNDERS

Ellen and Lyle Duplessie
Liz Abbott
Kent Johnson

PUBLISHERS

Kent Johnson
Liz Abbott

EDITORIAL/GRAPHICS

Liz Abbott

ADVERTISING/DISTRIBUTION

Kent Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHY

Millie Moreno

WRITERS

Sandra Castillo
Lou Curtiss
Emily Davidson
Lyle Duplessie
Phil Harmonic
Paul Hormick
Mark Jackson
Frederick Leonard
Jim McInnes
Sven-Erik Seaholm
José Sinatra
D. Dwight Worden
John Philip Wyllie

Cover photography: Erica Horn

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



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 MEMORIUM

Lyle Duplessie: Keeper of the Vision

When Ellen Duplessie presented the idea of starting a newspaper to her husband in the summer of 2001, a publication that would be devoted to local music, she expected Lyle to resist in a devil's advocate kind of way. Instead, he thought it was a great idea and almost instantly began writing the mission statement for what was to become the *San Diego Troubadour*. This statement lives in the masthead of every issue.

On June 17, the *San Diego Troubadour* family received tragic news that Lyle Duplessie, while enjoying a day at the beach with his children, suffered a heart attack and died. Nobody could have prepared for something so shocking, so terrible, especially so soon after losing his wife, Ellen, just four months earlier. There was no warning. Lyle was here one moment, gone the next. There is no why.

To envision a future without Ellen and Lyle seems almost unbearable. So genuine and loving, Lyle's strength was in his reserve. He was a quiet man who had a lot to say. He did not waste words, but chose them carefully. Lyle was a man of questions, not answers. A true warrior — God's warrior perhaps — he was fair and kind in every way: in kind words, which inspired confidence; in kind thinking, which inspired love; and in kind giving, which inspired charity. A loyal hus-



Lyle Duplessie, 1953-2004

band, a caring father, and a brother to his co-disciples, he was a man of character and integrity. They say the measure of a man's real character is by what he would do if he knew he would never be found out. Lyle Duplessie was a man with conviction, a man who would always choose to do the right thing. His sensitivity and interest in others nurtured strength, courage, and a finer quality of life in both himself and in others. Most important, however, he was a best friend.

We love you, Ellen and Lyle. And we'll meet again.

Liz Abbott and Kent Johnson
Publishers, *San Diego Troubadour*

SERVICES FOR LYLE DUPLESSIE

A memorial will be held on Sunday, July 11, 3 p.m., at Hospitality Point on Mission Bay, located at the end of Quivira Way. You are welcome and encouraged to bring your acoustic instruments (no electricity there) to play music following the service. In lieu of flowers, please make donations to: Derek Duplessie Scholarship Fund c/o Mount Soledad Presbyterian Church, 6551 Soledad Mountain Rd., La Jolla, CA 92037. For further information, email sdtroubadour@yahoo.com or write to San Diego Troubadour, P.O. Box 164, La Jolla, CA 92038.



Photo: Ellen Duplessie

Happy times: Kent Johnson, Liz Abbott, and Lyle Duplessie at son Derek's eighth grade graduation ceremony last year.

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full circle



by Lyle Duplessie

PART 3

By the early '70s the complexion of life had rapidly changed for Rose. Brother Cal had died from a heart attack and her mother Lula soon followed. She was divorced from Jimmy Brogdon. Now in her mid 40s, Rose had to modernize her image to look more female country vogue. It became necessary to reinvent herself since popular tastes in country music had changed. The image of the hillbilly swing queen was long gone. Out went the flashy Annie Oakley cowgirl outfits, replaced by mini-skirts and slinky gowns. Rose even changed her short, dark tresses to a highly coiffed platinum blonde. Outward changes came, but her inward soul and grit still remained.

By this time country music was increasingly controlled by marketing agents, lawyers, and corporation execs, most of whom had little interest in country music as a form of American expression. The days when artists dealt directly with colorful cigar-chomping talent brokers and regional scene bosses were over. Though no longer a headliner, Rose continued to get plenty of work in small lounges and honky tonks up and down the West Coast. From this point on Rose would continue to record, but only for a succession of small independent labels like Starday, Cathay, Takoma, and Arhoolie.

Though the opportunity for renewed stardom had eluded her, Rose still put her all into every performance. She had a legacy that reached back decades and legions of fans still showed up when she performed, and these folks she couldn't disappoint. Increasingly, she also became more active on the folk festival circuit as an Americana pioneer.

The *San Diego Troubadour's* own Lou Curtiss was the first to introduce Rose to the folk festival format in 1976.

From that date until 1996, she would perform at many of Lou's legendary folk festivals, first at SDSU and later on Adams Avenue. About the same time, Chris Strachwitz of Arhoolie Records, who was interested in reissuing all the old Maddox Brothers and Rose recordings, approached her. Rose became an invaluable source in identifying and compiling these now antique and timeless recordings.

As the late '70s and early '80s approached, Rose spent more and more time at her home in Ashland, Oregon than on the road. Her son Donnie had quit touring with her several years earlier when he had taken a bride and started raising a family, but he was back to his chores behind the wheel and behind the bass when Rose again received some unexpected recognition. First, the movie *Urban Cowboy* sparked renewed interest in country music and the cowboy lifestyle. It is noteworthy to mention that this trend took hold in gay communities up and down the West Coast. Soon Rose and Donnie found steady, well-paying work in gay bars sporting new country-western décor. She also hit a nerve in the neo-rockabilly sect of the fresh punk rock movement. These rough-edged youths were trying to rediscover their roots-rock past, and they soon found that

Queen of Hillbilly Swing ROSE MADDOX

few were as rootsy as Rose. Rose's career was in the midst of a revival, though well out of the mainstream, as it took on underground cult status. Rose's born again vitality resulted in more compilations being reissued by Bear Family and even Columbia.

During this renaissance a series of disasters struck. Though not yet 40, Donnie suffered a heart attack, which required open-heart surgery; additional by-pass operations would follow. Then in December, 1981, Rose suffered



Cover of Rose's 1967 Starday album.



Rose, "the walking miracle," back in action nine months after her 3-month coma, 1990.



Rose, in mod mini-dress, meets the 1970s head-on.



Jay Dee Maness, Paul Bowman, Don Whaley, Rose ca. 1986

two heart attacks, the second of which almost killed her. Somehow she managed to recover by the spring of '82, but with Donnie's health still in doubt, she began touring with the Vern Williams Band, a bluegrass outfit from northern California. In late July, while at home just prior to leaving for a rodeo gig in Reno, Rose got a call from Donnie's wife telling her that he had suffered a massive stroke. Rose was at her son's hospital bedside when he passed away on August 1.

Rose was devastated by the loss of her son, but rather than packing it in, she dealt with the pain by putting forth an incredible spurt of energy. With the Vern Williams Band backing her up, Rose recorded *A Beautiful Bouquet*, an album of gospel songs. She then recorded the album *Queen of the West* with none other than Roy Nichols, Emmylou Harris, and Merle Haggard and his famous band the Strangers. Both albums were dedicated to Donnie. In the late '80s I caught a Rose Maddox show at the Belly Up Tavern. So as to perpetuate this bond with her son, Rose had none other than Donnie, her grandson, playing bass in her new group, the Foggy Notion Band.

In 1984 a video documentary by San Francisco folklorist Gail Waldron was released, chronicling the incredible career of the Maddox Brothers and Rose.

Rose and brother Fred reunited in support of the video, performing around the Bay Area. They then began doing a host of gigs throughout the San Joaquin Valley. The duo were also guests on shows by Merle Haggard, Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, and Loretta Lynn. Fred and Rose were well received and well remembered despite not having performed together in almost 30 years. A European tour was even booked, but Fred had to pull out due to poor health. Rose went, however, and for two weeks was greeted by sell-out crowds of fanatic teenagers. This flurry of activity culminated in 1987 when the two surviving members of the Maddox Brothers and Rose were honored at a fiftieth anniversary tribute by the California Western Swing Society.

In 1988 Rose recorded an LP with all the members of the Desert Rose Band sans Chris Hillman. The album consisted of some new material and some remakes of her Capital hits. Despite the quality of the finished product, inexplicably no label issued it until 1996 when the LP, titled *The Moon Is Rising*, was finally released by the tiny Country Town label. In June 1989, while driving to a gig in Bakersfield, Rose suffered a major heart attack. Somehow she managed to drive into town and check herself into a hospital. Rose's heart condition worsened and she

defray the medical costs. Doctors gave her only a ten percent chance of survival, but in typical Maddox family style, she defied the odds and eventually recovered, albeit slowly.

Rose was released from the hospital in September 1989 with evidence of the physical ravages of the ordeal, but mentally she was ready to storm the stages once again. Understandably, gigs became few and far between, but Rose was not about to retire. Nor was she forgotten by those who revered her and who stood in the shadow of her immeasurable legacy. She was invited to appear in 1990 on a *Nashville Now* TV show with Emmylou Harris and the Desert Rose Band's John Jorgenson. She made a follow-up appearance with grandson Donnie. Then in 1991 she and Fred showed up as major figures in a PBS-TV documentary called *Bakersfield Country*. Also on the show were old friends Buck Owens, Merle Haggard, Red Simpson,

and Roy Nichols. She tried her hand in Branson, Missouri, which was a very popular spot for recycled hillbilly stars at the time. Once there, however, she found that the only ones who made any money were the club owners. In a further attempt to make ends meet, she sold off all her Nathan Turk cowboy outfits, along with those of brothers Henry and Cal, to hillbilly hotshot Marty Stuart.

In October 1992, brother Fred succumbed to heart failure. Now Rose was all that remained of the family band. Though she loved Fred, as she did all her family, she had learned long before to reach for the future and not hide in the past. In short, she pushed ahead — that's all she knew how to do. Again she teamed up with former Desert Rose Band members and fiddler extraordinaire Byron Berline to record her 1994 CD *\$35 and a Dream*. This autobiography, set to music, was nominated for a Grammy in the Best Traditional Bluegrass Album category.

On April 15, 1998, Rose Maddox passed away at the age of 72 in Ashland, Oregon. Though awarded a square in the Country Music Hall of Fame's Walkway of Stars, she has yet to be enshrined as a Country Music Hall of Fame member and probably never will be. Certainly this honor has eluded her for several reasons, all of which can be traced to her own feisty independence. Her music was pure California country, owing little or nothing to Nashville's music industry. In fact, Rose could be downright irreverent toward Nashville's star-making process. She could out-sing, outperform, and flat out outlast any Nashville groomed performer, and indeed her incredible career proves it. Her sense of timing, showmanship, and delivery, if not instinctual, were at least self-taught. She understood that it's all about winning the hearts of a loyal audience for the long haul, which did not come through gimmicks or catering to pop trends but by making honest, uncompromised music. She could be bold, brassy, and brazen, qualities that endeared her to roughnecks and rednecks, but that made the Nashville elite ill at ease. In short, Nashville is not about to bestow glory on someone they didn't create. Ironically, the qualities that endeared Rose Maddox to the masses are the same ones that Nashville can't abide. Despite all of this, Rose Maddox will remain immortal as an American icon and folk heroine. With those accolades, who needs a hall of fame anyway?



Maddox Brothers and Rose on the Adams Avenue Roots Festival poster from 1999, a year after Rose's death



Rose ca. 1986, Santa Maria, CA

Note: This is the last article Lyle Duplessie wrote for the *San Diego Troubadour*, turned in a week before his untimely death on June 17.





Recordially, Lou Curtiss

The first time I wrote a set of liner notes for a record, which was an LP 33¹/₂ disc, was for my own festival in 1974. The disc was appropriately titled *San Diego Folk Festival '74* and I was on my way. About that time I met Frank Scott who owned Advent records and turned him on to local Texas bluesman Thomas Shaw. The resulting LP, titled *Born in Texas* (Advent 2801), came out that same year. Nick Perls, who owned Yazoo and Blue Goose records also recorded Tom on an LP titled *Blind Lemon's Buddy* (Blue Goose 2008) as well as Mississippi bluesman Sam Chatmon (John Fahey and I actually recorded Sam and sent the tapes to Nick, which he issued on an LP titled *The Mississippi Sheik* (Blue Goose LP 2006).

The next year Frank Scott and I recorded a variety of San Diego area blues artists, including Tom Shaw, Robert "Rock Me" Jeffrey, Sam Chatmon, Bonnie Jefferson, Tomcat Courtney, Henry Ford Thompson, and Louis Major on the LP *San Diego Blues Jam* (Advent 2804).

About this time or a year or so later, I ran into Mark Wilson, a record collector and philosophy professor at UCSD, who was responsible for a good bit of the traditional recordings issued on the Rounder label out of Cambridge, Massachusetts. During the years that Mark spent in San Diego, we collaborated on a number of LP recordings, including Tioga Jim — *Ranch House Songs and Recitations by Van Holyoak*, a real working cowboy singer from Clay Springs, Arizona (Rounder

0108); *Just Something My Uncle Told Me*, subtitled *Blaggardy Folk Songs* from the Southern United States, which was more or less our x-rated number

(Rounder 0141); Harry McClintock — *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*, reissued from original 78s by this cowboy, poet, union organizer, and movie extra who wrote such songs as "Big Rock Candy Mountain," "Fireman, Save My Child," and "Ain't We Crazy?" (Rounder 1009); Glenn Ohrlin — *The Wild Buckaroo*, which included more cowboy songs by this Arkansas entertainer (Rounder 0158); *Rich Man, Poor Man: American Country songs of Protest*, reissued from original 78s by Uncle Dave Macon, the Monroe Brothers, Gene Autry, the Dixon Brothers, Blind Alfred Reed, and Wilmer Wattes and the Lonely Eagles (Rounder 1026).

After that, Mark and I produced another LP with Sam Chatmon, titled *Sam Chatmon's Advice* (Rounder 2018), and finally I produced two Roy Acuff reissues for Rounder: *Steamboat Whistle Blues*

1936-1939 (Rounder Special Series 55-23), which won an Indie (the independent record label's version of the Grammy) in 1985 as Best Reissued Record of the Year. We followed that up with a second Acuff reissue, titled *Fly, Birdie, Fly* (Rounder Special Series 55-24). And that about did it for Rounder except for an occasional track that has shown up on various anthologies. During this period I helped Sam Chatmon get recorded for Flying Fish (FF202) and for a label in Italy (Albatross VPA 8408) and one in Germany (L&R Records LR 42.032). I also helped Thomas Shaw do one in the Netherlands (Blues Beacon 63-1001).

In 1990 I met Bruce Bastin in Britain at Interstate Music and have worked with

him on a variety of projects for his various labels, including Country Routes, Flyright, Crazy Kat, Harlequin, and Heritage. We've dug into the Lou Curtiss Sound Library's extensive collection of vintage country music radio shows and over the past 14 years have

put out five LPs and 26 CDs of vintage old-time stuff, starting with Merle Travis, who has always been a favorite of mine. From 1990 to 2003 we issued one LP and five CDs of Merle Travis material, taken from radio, the movies, soundies, and live concerts. My favorite is the radio stuff, because he always sounds the most relaxed and easy going. We reissued stuff from old radio shows like *Dinner Bell Roundup*, *Hollywood Barn Dance*, and *Harmony Homestead* from the late 1940s (Country Routes LP:RFD 9001 and CD 09, titled *Merle Travis 1944-1949* and CD 12, titled *Merle Travis: Unissued Radio Shows 1944-1948*). Other Travis CDs include *Hoedown Shows and Films* (CD 14), *Turn Your Radio On* (CD 20), and last year's *Boogie Woogie Cowboy* (CD 29). This is some hot guitar pickin', particularly those first two.

I've provided material or written liner notes for other CDs, including *Town Hall Party 1958-1961* (Country Routes CD 17), *Tex Williams: On the Air 1947-1949* (Country Routes CD 17), *Tex Williams and his Western Caravan 1946-1951* (Country Routes CD 28), *Western Swing on the Radio* (Country Routes CD 07), *Cliffie Stone's Radio Transcriptions* (Country Routes CD 08), *Rockin' at Town Hall* (Country Routes CD 06), *Spade Cooley and his Western on TV* (Krazy Kat CD 14), *Joe Maphis and*



Photo: Bill Richardson
Lou Curtiss

Routes CD 22) and the second, *Solid South* (Country Routes CD 25). The final Country Routes item was *Harley Huggins and the Barn Dance Band* (Country Routes CD 27), a Bob Wills farm team band from the Fresno area, featuring lots of ex and future Texas Playboys.

One other item on Country Routes, though it probably shouldn't have been, was a collection of black vocal groups called *Man, That's Groovy* (Country Routes CD 10, featuring the Golden Gate Quartet, the Ink Spots, the Spirits of Rhythm, the Charioteers, and others from radio transcriptions). Two live concert collections wind up the issued material. The first is *Rev. Gary Davis Live at the Sign of the Sun 1962 in San Diego*. The second is a final tribute CD of Sam Chatmon, mostly recorded at Folk Arts Rare Records in the early '70s (Heritage CD 03 and Flyright CD 63). And that's what's been issued except for two of the early Advent LPs, which have been reissued with some extra songs on the Testament Label. They are *Thomas Shaw: Born in Texas* (Testament TCD5027) and *San Diego Blues Jam* (Testament TCD 5029).

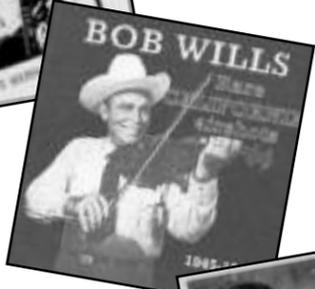
I just finished the notes to *The Women of Town Hall*, which I'm told will be out in the fall on Country Routes. Like all of them, it's stuff I like a lot and think is worth preserving. I keep finding this stuff on the edge of being worn out and the revamp on the sound that Bruce Bastin and the guys at Interstate Music do is nothing short of amazing.

You can write for a catalog c/o Interstate Music Ltd., 20 Endwell Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex TN40 1EA, England. Tell them you heard about it from Lou.

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss

P.S. For those of you who want to see and hear *Town Hall Party*, a good example of what country barn dance shows were all about, I suggest the series of DVDs that have come out on the Bear Family label. That is, of course, after you've listened to the Country Routes Town Hall stuff.



Friends: Live at Town Hall (Country Routes RFD 16), *Hugh and Karl Farr: Hot and Bluesy 1934-1940* (Country Routes CD 11), *Bob Wills Texas Playboys Live at Harmony Park Ballroom* (on Country Routes LP RFD 9004 and on CD 21), *Bob Wills: Rare California Airshots 1945-1946* (Country Routes CD 24), *Hank Thompson: Unissued Radio Broadcasts 1953* (Country Routes CD 19), and a second Hank Thompson CD (same source, different stuff), which was issued on Flyright CD 948.

A second Spade Cooley CD was issued on Country Routes CD 30 with mostly material from Cooley's 1945-46 band. We put out a western swing on L.A. radio compilation from the 1940s and one from the 1950s. The first was called *Sunshine State Swing* (Country

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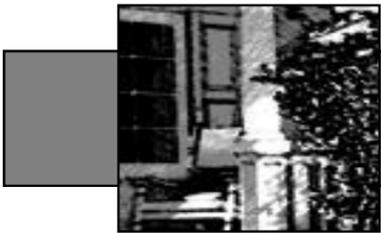
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It's About Stellita and Dave . . . "Finally"

by Sandra Castillo

It seemed as though the question of the evening, being whispered in excitable, hushed tones — “Who is she? Who is this performer?” — created as much fever and cause for celebration as the revelry of the event. Dizzy’s, downtown’s treasured venue for live music, played host to a program of San Diego hit music last year where some of the city’s finest troubadours paid homage to Jim Croce, Stephen Bishop, the Cascades, and more, with a memorable look back at the songs they made famous. Musical guests Stellita Lindgren, San Diego R&B chanteuse and focus of the audience’s curiosity, and guitarist/husband Dave engaged the crowd with their sweet, timeless renditions of “Operator” and “Save It for a Rainy Day.”

Wrapping her warm, sensual vocals around the eloquent stirrings of Dave’s slow-hand sentiments to jazz, it was little wonder that the pair so beautifully enticed the audience with their sound.

Relaxing alongside Stellita and Dave at the Gaslamp District’s fashionable Café Lulu, I was privy to their grand, intimate Sunday afternoon, while rousing the muses of two confidantes on a mission. One voice, two hearts, and a chance was born to touch the world with their songs. Inhabiting a cool and personalized style as provocative as her ballads, Stellita is a phenomenon of sorts in the spotlight tradition of Sade and Anita Baker. Both Stellita and Dave hail from musical backgrounds. She spent many years exercising her vocal prowess in gospel choirs and stage performances throughout the U.S., while Dave played guitar in various rock and funk ensembles, including the popular group Chocolate Shake. It is no coincidence they paved individual destinations to

eventually settle in California. Leaving the Midwest proved to be a turning point in both their careers. It was the West Coast connection that opened the doors of opportunity for their talents and, ultimately, the embrace of their lives: a match made in serenades and marriage.



Stellita and Dave’s latest effort: *Finally*

In 1997, an ad placed in the *San Diego Reader* seeking a female vocalist for Dave’s band Glassy culminated in the spark and courtship of the two, whose original business beginnings slowly yielded to the fragrance of romance. It was the stunning combination of their natural gifts — Dave’s passion for old-school funk and standard jazz and Stellita’s penchant for pop and R&B shimmer — that groomed them for alliance and the altar.

Stellita’s first recording with Dave and Glassy heightened their individual ambitions to branch out musically. It was only after she decided to leave Glassy that the transition abetted the team to pursue their initial plans of forming a jazz and R&B ensemble, which had led them to each other in the first place.

And so it was on this blissful afternoon that the couple recalled the moment that *Finally*, Stellita’s solo debut,

took flight. It was on this project that she began working side by side with Dave and some of San Diego’s finest musicians and producers to herald 12 tracks of faith and opulence. Her debut is a benevolent departure from the feel-good chorale of Glassy, in which she sang lead in a spirited mix of unity and party fueled sizzle. On her latest effort, Stellita graces the role of diva-in-the-making, sans vanity, and waltzes right onto the red carpet.

We talked briefly about the making of *Finally* and the loves and perils of working together on a project filled with promise, yet so personal.

SC: Talk a little bit about the songs you both collaborated on together for *Finally*.

Stellita: When we first started working together, Dave had me put lyrics to his own music. We had different styles musically at that time. With this album, it was a little different because the songs were ones I had already written. I was very adamant about how I wanted them to be and to sound.

SC: Dave, what was it like working on *Finally*?

Dave: A lot of work and hours! It was a lot of fun working with Stellita, trying to come up with music and different ideas and moods to suit her needs.

SC: Stellita, what was it like for you?

Stellita: Frustrating! (Laughter) No, it really was a lot of fun. I mean, it was fun but at times frustrating. You hear a cer-

tain thing or idea, and it’s not there or working with different people, dealing with their personalities.

SC: I think the album is classy. What does it represent?

Stellita: Accomplishment. Even when you do the work, you still tear it down and ask yourself, “Why did I do this? Why did I do that?” The songs represent love and passion. I only write songs that are positive and help bring people together.

SC: If you were to describe the music on *Finally* to someone who has yet to listen to it, what does it reflect?

Dave: It’s a pop and R&B album that’s very easy listening. You could sit down by a fire and listen to it with your date and have some good music behind you as you enjoy your night.

Stellita: The songs “When I Found You” and “You’re Everything To Me” are about loving your man and [being] glad he’s in your life. It’s about love.

Finally is a splendid ode to the tapestries of color and emotion laced from the pastiches of amour. It is elegance and sensuality by design. Comprised mostly of love songs such as “You’re Everything to Me” and “Only You,” Stellita reflects inward to gently convey heart and soul for her man. The standout track “When I Found You,” written exclusively for Dave, is universal and dynamic in its everlasting message and candor. With a little help from her friends (kudos to producers



Stellita and Dave Lindgren

Royal Honor and Nairobi Sailcat for their invaluable technical expertise), Stellita delivers the magic, while sharing the stirrings of her heart.

Besides recording, the duo has performed at Humphrey’s Backstage Lounge, the Old Venice Caffè, The Gathering, and Tio Leo’s, all favorite in-spots for music lovers.



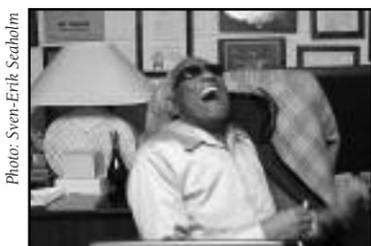
IN MEMORIUM

Ray Charles 1930-2004

The honor of remembering a man as great as Ray Charles is not one taken lightly by any self-respecting writer. The task of doing so in only a few words is even more daunting. And yet I am at a loss to come up with even one that can begin to describe his personal and professional contributions to this world.

Certainly his musical offerings are well-documented by scores of recordings he made during his lifetime, including such hits as “I Got a Woman,” “Georgia on My Mind,” “What’d I Say,” “Hit the Road, Jack,” “Hallelujah, I Love Her So,” “Unchain My Heart,” and a version of “America the Beautiful” so heartfelt that tears still well up in my eyes upon hearing it, all these hundreds of listens later.

Ray Charles grew up in the segregated South at the height of the depression. “You hear folks talking about being poor,” he has said. “Even compared to other blacks, we were on the bottom of the ladder looking up at everyone else. Nothing below us except the ground.” He witnessed the drowning of his brother when he was five, and by the age of seven he had completely lost his sight.



Ray has a laugh in Sven’s studio

He attended the St. Augustine School for the Deaf and Blind, where he learned to read and write music in Braille and learned how to play trumpet, clarinet, organ, alto sax, and piano. After losing his mother at age 15, he played in a few bands throughout Florida for a couple of years before relocating to Seattle, where he had “my own apartment, a piano, a girlfriend, and a Hi-Fi.” If he was handicapped, he certainly didn’t seem to be aware of it.

Ray Charles was not only gifted enough to be successful in music, but he was also a true innovator, an inadvertent architect of soul music who also showed the jazz world a thing or two in the process.

I was lucky enough to accompany my friend George Varga to an interview with Charles about a year and half ago. George’s last question to him was “How would you like people to remember you 100 years from now?” Charles was quick to answer.

“Honestly, what I would love for people to say... is that I was sincere. I was honest with my music. I never cheated. I never tried to shortchange the public. If I was playing to 20,000 or 200 people, I gave the 200 people all I had.” It is in that spirit that I say for all of us: “Thanks Ray, for everything.”

— Sven-Erik Seaholm

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there.
I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn’s rain.
When you awaken in the morning’s bush
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am the soft sars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.
I am not there.
I did not die.

— Anonymous



Robert Edwards: Irish Inspiration for a New Disk

by Paul Hormick

Robert Edwards is a big man, and his hands show the broad development from years of honest labor. He’s the fellow that gets called when heavy lifting needs to be done. He’s a real guy’s guy. So it might be a bit surprising to listen to his first commercially released disk, *Bittersweet*, and hear a collection of sweet reflective ballads.

“I was in Ireland. While I was there, I really let myself go,” he says. “I opened myself up to my feminine side and a lot of stuff that had gotten buried, and let it happen. That’s why these songs are soft and poignant.”

It might be said that *Bittersweet* has been years in the making. Inexplicably, about four years ago, Edwards was drawn to spend time in Ireland. “It was cold there. I was wearing socks on my hands to keep them warm,” he says. The island had a certain effect on him, which may have been the cold, but the charm of Ireland thawed his creativity. The island’s influence reveals itself in the Celtic character that many of the tunes have.

Edwards had released a disk previously, just handing it out to friends and family as gifts. With this new batch of songs, however, he felt compelled to make his first disk for the public. To engineer the recording, he turned to Randy Bemis of InnerFocusMusic, whom Edwards credits with helping to bring out the natural full sound of the disk. Edwards says, “I’d play the guitar, and Randy would move the microphone to get it just right. All the ambiance is from the microphones; we didn’t add any effects for the sound.” Bemis’ partner at InnerFocusMusic, Steve O’Connor, assured Edwards that

his instinct of “less is more” worked for the disk. Many of the tunes feature only Edwards’ voice and guitar, and the instrumentals focus on guitar alone.

Edwards was born and spent his early boyhood not far from his Celtic inspiration in Liverpool and can remember remnants of bombed out buildings flattened in the Blitz in the northern England industrial town. Edwards credits part of his musical development and catholic influences to the BBC. He says, “There were two radio stations, both government controlled, and they played everything. You’d hear Julie Andrews, Elvis, Petula Clarke. Then you’d hear some symphonic work, then *The Goon Show*.”

He bought a guitar for about 10 pounds from a German immigrant who lived across the street, bought the introductory guitar book, and set about to learn the songs therein, like “Skip to My Lou” and “Oh My Darling Clementine”. His richly characterized tenor voice got its training in the choir of Saint Margaret’s Anfield, an all boys school in a section of Liverpool.

Quick with a smile and often a joke as well, Edwards credits his British sense of humor to his grandfather, an actor, comedian, and old vaudevillian performer who entertained his fellow Liverpoolians with traditional English pantomime. Edwards’ father worked for Cunard Line, and as he was so often out to sea, grandpa served as the young boys mentor.

Yes, dear reader — since you may have been wondering — Edwards remembers the Beatles when he was a boy in his hometown. “This is before they got cleaned up, during their leather jacket phase,” he says. A friend’s sister, who was old enough to get into the clubs, had been raving about this



Robert Edwards

new band, the Beatles. “We were too young to get in, but we went down to a place called Wooten Hall and hung around outside to hear them,” Edwards remembers.

Lured by the promise of prosperity, Edwards’ family moved to the U.S. when he was 13, settling in San Diego because an aunt had already moved here. As every high school band is in need of a bass player, Edwards switched over to the bass when he was a student at San Diego High School. He played in the House of Usher, a band that featured covers by the Byrds, the Beatles, Bob Dylan, and the Lovin’ Spoonful. Playing the bass brought him into The Early Morning Blues Band, a featured act that opened for Steve Miller, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, and the Velvet Underground at San Diego’s version of Filmore West, the Hippodrome.

Not one to sit on his laurels, Edwards is already at work on his next disk. As *Bittersweet* is in the folk Celtic vein, he anticipates his next effort will be more world beat in character. *Bittersweet*, which is reviewed in this issue on page 13, is available from CDbaby.com and InnerFocusMusic.com. Edwards will be performing July 18 at the Music Mart Showcase in Encinitas.



Classic Bows: Instrumental Craftsmanship in San Diego

Story and Photography by Dwight Worden



Greg working in his shop

As one enters the workshop, the look, feel, and smell of Brazilian pernambuco wood blends nicely with the visual richness of white horse tail hair from Russia hanging from a rack. A well-worn workbench, once belonging to a Polish immigrant master bow maker in Chicago, sits prominently at the center of this old-world work area. The bench is now occupied by the old immigrant's one-time apprentice and protege, Greg Gohde, hard at work at Classic Bows, his stringed instrument shop.

If you think that skilled craftsmanship, an eye for detail, and old-style hard work in the production and repair of quality musical instruments has all but

disappeared in San Diego, gobbled up by the Guitar Centers and Chinese imports, stop by Classic Bows and meet Greg Gohde and Lois Bach at 2721 Adams Avenue and you will be pleasantly surprised.

As a high schooler in Chicago, Greg Gohde played and taught rock and roll electric bass and guitar until the fateful day when he met August, the grumpy master bow maker who kept his door locked, peering suspiciously at customers through the glass, often deciding not to let them in if he didn't like their looks. Not the best of marketing approaches, but it fit well with the Polish immigrant's view of the world.

He let young Greg in on that first occasion, perhaps because he saw a future bow maker in this young man,



Classic Bows owners Greg Gohde and Lois Bach

thus beginning a lifelong friendship that continues today. Greg went on to study music and, at his Dad's urging, accounting at De Paul University. Through his growing love of violins, violas, and bows, he soon developed an appreciation for classical string music as well, but he is clear that it was his attraction to the instruments and bows that led him to the music.

Greg studied hard with his Chicago bow maker mentor and in college had developed considerable prowess as a musician on the viola and violin. To make money he continued in his rock band, taught music, and worked other jobs, all the while continuing his study of bow making and his voracious reading on the history of bows, instruments, and their makers. Later, he traveled to England where he spent two years studying with another master bow maker as he continued to hone his own considerable skills. Upon returning to Chicago, Greg ventured out on his own, making bows and soon earning a reputation for quality and craftsmanship. He sold his bows around the U.S. and internationally out of his first shop, a small workshop/apartment in a 100-unit artist complex on Chicago's north side.

When a friend of his sister lured him to San Diego for a visit, it was there he met Lois Bach whom he married in 1988. Lois was working in television at the time as a technical director, a job she held for 25 years, but in 1990 they opened Classic Bows on Grape Street, starting with only two violins and 20 of Greg's bows.

Over the 14 years since they opened, the shop has grown dramatically, first relocating to a bigger and better space on Beech Street, and last year moving to its new and larger location on Adams Avenue. Greg and Lois work in the shop full time, selling a variety of violins, violas, cellos, and, of course, bows, along with Lois' musically themed gift items that she painstakingly collects from around the world. One entering the shop is greeted by racks and racks of violins, violas, cellos, and bows, and by several cabinets and display cases of Lois' unique gift items. Greg's workshop is in the back, where there is a practice or "try out" room for those shopping for bows or instruments.

The shop is busy Monday through Saturday, closed on Sunday and Monday. Top players from the San Diego Symphony and visiting performers can be seen in the shop and sometimes heard telephoning in a panic because they need a quick repair or adjustment on their performance instrument. One might also see Nickel Creek's Sara

Watkins (who recently bought a viola that can be heard on their latest CD), or other prominent figures from the bluegrass, jazz, country, rock, Celtic, and classical worlds. Greg has done work for the Dave Matthews Band, the Celtic group Clannad (who called him from Ireland to make an appointment!), and for William Preucil, concert master for the Mainly Mozart event, for whom Greg once recovered a precious stolen violin through clever sleuth work.

Just as often and as comfortably, Greg and Lois cater to first timers, old and young, and to school kids. The shop not only sells and repairs bows and instruments but also has connections with teachers and sells instructional materials available for those who want to learn. Greg and Lois call it the "Cheers of Music" as the shop has served, and continues to serve, as a hang out and gathering place for stringed instrument musicians, be they young music students now playing as professionals who still drop in or the mariachi bands in full regalia who stop in on Saturday mornings for strings and chat.

Greg doesn't have the time to make bows anymore, although he consults on occasion, notably in the design of the now famous Coda fiberglass bows. He is busy now repairing bows and instruments, consulting on all matters of stringed instruments, and in bow re-hairing, which explains the beautiful shock of white horse tail hair in the workshop. Asked what he likes most about the shop, he replied, "having a happy customer come back and share with me how much they love the instrument I sold them or the repair I did for them." Greg and Lois have a nice thing going on Adams Avenue, which could only happen through their hard work, knowledge, and skill. Musicians will appreciate what a great resource this store is for those in the market to buy a new instrument or bow as well as to enjoy a look around to browse through their selection of music-related gift items.



Photo: Heather Elise

Meghan La Roque Gets Noticed

he also plays every instrument on it except for La Roque's guitar.

"Starship 27 is based upon my struggles in the music industry. When I first started writing [music] it was a real natural thing and a way for me to be in touch with whatever was being provided to me through the source or spirit," La Roque explained. She quickly became aware, however, that image, perception, and glamour play an important role in the music industry.

"That song was based upon my struggle to keep in touch with the source while at the same time being aware of my image. I was living in a little office space in L.A. at the time and I had holes in my socks, but people on the street were calling me a rock star."

While many female songwriters tend to write primarily about failed relationships and lost love, La Roque is inspired by a broader range of topics.

"I've written my fair share of heartbreak songs, but I write more about whatever I am going through. When I write songs, it is usually not by choice. [The inspiration] just comes to me. Sometimes I'll be driving on the road and a lyric or melody will pop into my head. Other times, I'll wake up in the middle of the night and have something."

A dream she had several years ago has had a profound impact on her career. "I awoke one night and felt a surge going through my body," La Roque recalled. "A voice that I think was my mother's told me that I was going to take her life to the next level and touch people both nationally and internationally. I remember fighting the voice in the dream, but ever since having it, things have happened. If I hadn't had that dream, I would have given up. That voice is crystal clear now. I don't doubt it anymore."

For more information about Meghan La Roque, her soon to be released CD, and her upcoming schedule of performances go to: www.meghanlaroque.com.



female artists performing on the San Diego circuit and for good reason.

"I take a lot of risks. I don't sing my songs for someone else. If someone appreciates them I am happy and glad that we can share on the journey, but I am not trying to please anyone. Unfortunately, a lot of artists try to mimic each other. Most great artists take a lot of risks in the beginning and are scrutinized at first and celebrated later."

Tristan Prettyman, San Diego's critically acclaimed rising star, has performed several times on the same bill as La Roque. So naturally, she is very familiar with her music.

"Meghan is not like anything I have ever seen," Prettyman said. "Her music makes me want to float away. She has this sort of '60s, pure thing going on. I don't know quite how to describe it, but it's real music. It's not like pre-washed, produced, pop crap; it's real and it's soulful."

Recently, La Roque has been hard at work recording a follow-up to her 2003 debut album, *Meghan La Roque*. That CD shined on cuts such as "Reality Hoes" where she lampooned reality show programming and skewered TV's big, blonde bimbo, Anna Nicole Smith. A second song on that album, "Starship 27," will be reissued on the new one. The project is scheduled for a late summer release. Once that happens, she hopes to tour in support of it with a nationally established act. She also hopes to continue playing locally at such clubs as the Belly Up, Twiggs, the Martini Lounge in Encinitas, and at her local favorite, Lestat's.

"The new CD deals with many of the same type of subjects [visited on her debut album]. [Like the first one] it has an edge to it, but it is a little more mellow. We have taken our time with this one and it is more meditative. I think this time I am a little more at peace with myself."

La Roque's latest offering will have fuller orchestration and the benefit of the studio expertise of producer David Ybarra (Modern Bakery Productions). Ybarra not only produces this one,

by John Philip Wylie

Life has not been easy for young, up and coming singer/songwriter Meghan La Roque. Having lost her mother at the tender age of nine, adversity has been her frequent companion. Fortunately, so has music.

"There is a strong spiritual vein running through my family. My dad was a minister and we belonged to a Christian fellowship church. It was kind of a tambourine hippy church," according to La Roque. "My family was driven with an overwhelming sense of good."

"I sang before I could speak and I started playing the guitar when I was about 15. Everyone has their own path and mine is through music. It has always been in my soul."

La Roque grew up listening to a wide variety of styles — everything from Gregorian chant to modern jazz. She also performed as a youth in several chamber choirs, vocal ensembles, and on violin. She trained to be a teacher while studying theater arts in college, but her music would not wait. Basically very shy, she had to overcome her initial insecurity to follow her heart's ambition.

"I've infused a lot of different influences. I tend to like deep, passionate music. I've always loved folk music (in particular) because it tells a story. Nina Simone is one of my favorite artists. I don't sound like her, but she sings from the heart and that is what I am about." La Roque possesses a powerful voice similar to that of Chrissy Hinde of the Pretenders, but her style is uniquely her own. Her percussive style of guitar playing developed out of necessity.

"A while back, I was playing up in L.A. and I noticed that the people there were talking (over her music). So I started punching my guitar and stomping my feet (to get their attention). That has sort of become my trademark without me ever wanting it to."

La Roque doesn't sound much like any of the

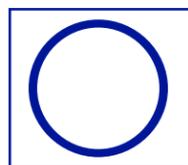


parlor showcase

MARK O'CONNOR

THE MAN CAN PLAY

by Paul Hormick



Opera singers perform Wagner and Verdi, banjo pickers play bluegrass, and blues guitarists play the blues. It's that simple and that's usually the way it stays. Suspicion usually follows when performers step outside their area of expertise.

Classical musicians are thought to be pandering and selling out when they perform popular genres, and it is assumed that popular performers are trying to gain some greater respectability when they put on the tie and tails and try their hand at Vivaldi. A few, and a very few at that, will successfully perform in a setting outside their known genre. One thinks of the King of Swing, Benny Goodman, who relearned the clarinet later in his life to play classical music, and Andre Previn's jazz performances throughout his career.

Even among these rare musicians, violinist Mark O'Connor is noteworthy. He has performed in not just one or two, but in many musical settings, from the barnyards of fiddlin' contests to jazz venues and classical concert halls. Keeping this in mind, the amazing thing — the jaw dropping, astounding thing — about O'Connor, is the degree to which he has excelled at every genre and at each stage of his career. If the Olympics had a decathlon for violin playing, O'Connor would walk away with the gold medal.

As a teen O'Connor won the National Old-Time Fiddler's Contest so often he was asked to retire from the competition. From the mid-eighties through the early nineties he was *the* fiddler in Nashville, winning Musician of the Year from the Country Music Association for two consecutive years and a Grammy for *The New Nashville Cats*, an instrumental release of "newgrass" with other country music heavyweights. More recently, his jazz performances and classical compositions have earned him worldwide acclaim.

Interestingly, O'Connor does not try to be an Isaac Stern when he's playing a concerto, nor is he trying to be another Joe Venuti when he's swinging. He's just plays the violin like Mark O'Connor. "One of the things that is going to be my trade secret is that I don't reinvent the wheel every time I play," he says. "I don't flip a switch when I play different genres or styles. I have a core sound. If I were to play a country track with a country band in the background, then record a swing, and then record one of my classical compositions with an orchestra. If you were to take those tracks, strip away the backgrounds, you'd hear me play and a lot of people would not be able to tell what genre I was playing. I've created an identity. You can learn to play the violin in a manner that lets you do that. There are ways of controlling the bow, vibrato, and crossing strings that can lend themselves well to all styles."

O'Connor developed this belief in himself and his sound early in his career, crediting his two great teachers for helping him develop his self-reliance. "I had two main mentors when I came of age: Benny Thomasson and Stephane Grappelli. What they taught me was that I had

to find my own way, because that's what they did. They both had struck out on their own path. And they saw that quality in me," he says. It bespeaks his ability to find and stay true to his own identity that he learned what he could from his mentors but chose not to follow in their footsteps. He is not a Texas fiddler like his first mentor Thomasson, and he was the protégé of Grappelli, the king of swing violin, beginning in 1979, yet he did not release a recording of swing material until 2001.

His life with the violin started at the age of eight when O'Connor saw the first Johnny Cash television show. Appearing along with Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan was Doug Kershaw, who struck a chord with the youngster. O'Connor had been studying classical guitar but begged for a violin for three years after falling under the spell of the rambunctious Cajun fiddler. After his mother finally bought him a violin, he took lessons from Barbara Lamb, who later gained some notoriety with the group Ranch Romance and with her own solo recordings. And although her emphasis was on classical, she was insightful enough to recognize his passion and suggested that the then 11-year-old O'Connor attend the Old-Time Fiddlers Contest that year.

At the contest O'Connor met the man who was to become one of his two greatest mentors: Benny Thomasson. O'Connor knew immediately that he wanted to emulate the

Texas-style fiddler's ability to create a variation on a theme and brilliant phrasing. At another fiddle contest a few months later, Thomasson heard O'Connor and thought the boy talented. He convinced O'Connor's mother that it would be worthwhile for her to drive her son the 280 round trip from their home in Seattle to Kalama, Washington, where Thomasson lived, for periodic lessons.

The young boy was a quick study. The next year O'Connor won the junior division at the Old-Time Fiddlers Contest. Rounder Records took note of the young competition winner, releasing the twelve-year-old O'Connor's first record, *National Junior Fiddling Champion*. Two other record albums, *Pickin' In the Wind* and *Markology*, followed and were released before O'Connor graduated high school.

O'Connor had continued to play guitar and had even fronted a fusion rock band in his hometown of Seattle. Keeping up these guitar chops paid off; after graduation he auditioned and won the guitar slot that had been freed up when Tony Rice had left the Dave Grisman Quintet. Grisman's tour that year included the legendary swing violinist Stephane Grappelli, and the Frenchman took the younger violinist under his wing. O'Connor says that Grappelli helped him develop his vibrato and showed him how to enhance the singing quality of the violin. At the end of every show on that tour with Grisman, O'Connor would join



Photo: Jim McGuire

Grappelli for a violin duo.

After a brief time performing with the southern country rock jazz fusion band, the Dixie Dregs, O'Connor set up residence in Nashville, the capital of country music. The attention and success was almost immediate. He was soon recording sessions with top country talents like Waylon Jennings, Reba McEntire, Travis Tritt, and Lyle Lovett.

He appreciated the success, but playing simplistic and unchallenging music in a grueling schedule of recording sessions began to wear on him. In 1989 he took an artistic and financial risk and turned his back on Nashville. He set out on a series of solo concerts, the only accompaniment to his fiddle being his loosely tailored suit and fedora. The context of these concerts, without a band or rhythm section, allowed O'Connor free reign to improvise, and these off the cuff rhapsodies inspired him to try composing in a classical fashion. He sought no formal training, instead studying books on the subject and relying on his accumulated knowledge. He says, "I developed my composing style over time. Originally, I remember writing my first caprice. I took something archaic and put my own sound into the motif." The result was his finger-stretching and knuckle-breaking Caprices 1-6.

He premiered his Fiddle Concerto with the Santa Fe Symphony in 1993 and composed his second concerto for the state of Tennessee's bicentennial celebrations in 1996. Also in 1996, O'Connor released the hugely successful (debuting at number one and remaining there for 16 weeks) *Appalachian Waltz*, his collaboration with concert bassist Edgar Meyer and the world's preeminent cellist, Yo-Yo Ma. In 2000, with Christopher Eschenbach conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, O'Connor paired up with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg to premier his Double Concerto for Two Violins. The follow up to *Appalachian Waltz*, *Appalachian Journey* was released that year as well.

O'Connor knows that with classical music he's in the realm of Bruckner and Beethoven, that the emphasis of this music is still based on its birthplace in Europe. He nonetheless believes that the musical heritage of America is rich enough to sustain its own classical tradition. "There is a lot of deference to European composers in classical music. I



O'Connor with the trophy he won in 1974

Photo courtesy of Mark O'Connor Archive

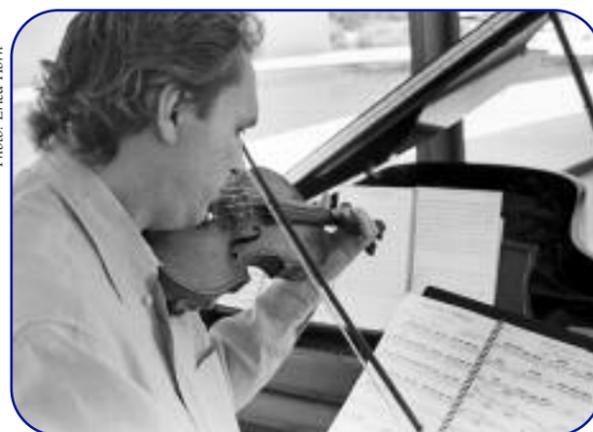


Photo: Erica Horn

O'Connor practices his compositions

parlor showcase



O'Connor with Hot Swing Trio members Jon Burr and Frank Vignola

want to set up a model different from the European model. We have hundreds of years of musical tradition, and there is a wealth in American forms of music," he says. "What I'm doing is taking American music genres, form, technique – and American sentiment, which includes feelings of space, movement,

Westward expansion, and the issues our country has had over race — and using them as a basis for my composition. There is so much to hear and draw from, and all of these are uniquely American."

For O'Connor, drawing on those American forms starts with the violin. "It's from Europe, but I play the violin as though it were a uniquely American instrument. That's part of my signature," he says. "I remember a classical violinist chiding me once at Vanderbilt, kind of snickering and asking me if I liked playing those open strings. I said, 'Actually, I like it a lot.'" Although he has received criticism for using some fiddling techniques in his classical performances, like the use of open strings, most in the classical world recognize his great talent. Edgar Meyer told *Strings* magazine, "There has never been a violinist like Mark. He fundamentally was from outside classical music but played with the same level of accomplishment as people in classical music."

In some respects O'Connor's evolution into classical music is unsurprising. As a child growing up in Seattle, his mother played her collection of classical music records almost constantly, and his first instrument was a nylon stringed guitar on which the young Mark took classical lessons. After five years of study, he won a classical guitar competition – not just for his age group but for all categories – when he was just ten years old. His first violin instructor insisted that O'Connor hold the violin and bow in the proper classical fashion and stressed other classical fundamentals as well. O'Connor sums up by saying, "I studied and played classical, then switched into this world of fiddle contests and folk [music] and now I've come full circle."

Perhaps symbolic of his break with the country hits machine, O'Connor left Nashville in 1998, settling here in a community outside San Diego. A busy schedule of recording and performing keeps him on the road, but he does more than just hang his hat here. He gave a series of concert/lectures on the different styles of violin and fiddle at the San Diego Museum of Art in 2001. He showed his support for music education in our schools by performing with a middle-school level all-city band in 2002. And he holds one of his two annual strings conferences here at Point Loma Nazarene College, the other conference being held in Tennessee (see related story).

Most of O'Connor's time now is spent composing and performing his classical work, but he has returned to other of his roots as well. After Grappelli's death in 1997, O'Connor teamed up with bassist Jon Burr and guitarist Frank Vignola and performed a mix of music inspired by the Hot

Club of France, Grappelli's seminal Gypsy jazz ensemble that he co-led with guitar legend Django Reinhardt. O'Connor's trio released a live disk, *Hot Swing!*, in 2001 and *In Full Swing*, which featured Winton Marsalis and Jane Monheit, in 2003.

This year O'Connor marks his thirtieth anniversary since his recording debut, and he celebrates this milestone with the release of a two-CD set compilation of his work. Most of the 19 selections are his folk and "newgrass" material, but there are a few classical and jazz numbers as well. A listen gives the impression of the variety and, at the same time, the consistency of O'Connor's violin. The classical caprice has a bit of fiddling, the jazz might hint of a little Texas inflection, and all the rest holds the fire and delight of Mark O'Connor. O'Connor sums up as he looks back on a career that has spanned the gamut, from cornfields to concertos. "It's been a journey," he says, "but a journey that has produced fruit."

Photo: Erica Horn



Creativity and Inspiration at MARK O'CONNOR'S STRING CAMP

Imagination is more important than knowledge.
— Albert Einstein

During the first week in August, Mark O'Connor will be challenging the attendees of his Strings Conference at Point Loma Nazarene College to think outside the box, outside the triangle, outside the hexagram, or any other geometric figure for that matter.

"I try to teach people to be creative," says O'Connor. "Whatever they thought before, I want them to think that all things are possible. I want them to begin experimenting. It's at that point that a teacher can show the student how to be more creative."

Such lack of true creativity had frustrated O'Connor for some time. He found himself continually working with musicians who played one type of music, with little or no ability, let alone interest, in music outside their specialty. He wanted a way to break people out of their preconceived notions about music and their instruments.

He came up with his fiddle camp, designing a curriculum that would force violinists into settings outside their particular genre. He says, "The strings conference lasts for five days. The first two are spent doing the fiddler's shuffle, in which, once students are placed into groups according to ability, they participate in classes of all genres. The last three days the students can set their own schedule, choosing three teachers each day for two-hour sessions. Special classes are set up for beginners."

About 200 violinists and 30 violists, cellists, and bassists from all over the country will be coming to San Diego to participate in this shuffle that gets bluegrass fiddlers to ponder Bach and Beethoven; classical violinists tappin' their toes to some Texas fiddling; and everybody finding that there is more that can be done with their instrument than they previously thought.

San Diego Troubadour writer Dwight Worden, who has been to several conferences, says of the shuffle, "In those two days you're exposed to all different styles. It frees you up to get out of your box. It's exciting. You think, 'Wow! There is so much to learn.'" Babette Goodman, who first attended a conference in 1996 and who now works as an instructor at the conferences, says, "I've learned how to learn, and that there is more than one way to learn." A classical performer, she credits the camps with reinvigorating her work in a symphonic orchestra.

Everything about the conference is meant to break down barriers. The master class format, in which an instructor works one on one with a student in front of a passive class, is abandoned. At O'Connor's String Conference all students are encouraged to participate and try out what they've learned as the classes progress. The typical barriers between students and instructors and amateurs and professionals are abandoned as well. Everyone eats in the same dining hall; even O'Connor pushes his tray through the cafeteria line with everybody else.

The first of these gatherings took place 11 years ago at Tennessee's Montgomery Bell State Park. Due to the increasing popularity of the program, O'Connor added a second conference here in 2001. Originally called fiddle camp, these gatherings are now called Strings Conferences because the program currently includes instruction for viola, cello, and double bass. O'Connor says, "I saw a need there. Once I had recorded with Yo-Yo Ma I was getting requests from cellists for transcriptions and music for cello. And once I formed my Appalachian Waltz group with Natalie [Hass] and Carol [Cook], violists and cellists were downloading things from my web-

site as much as the violinists were. I'd be neglectful if I did not address this need." O'Connor goes on to say that the other strings "add a really exciting dimension to the conference."

Besides the mind bending, rigorous schedule, the stellar faculty is instrumental in attracting students to the conference. World-renowned Cape Breton fiddler Natalie MacMaster, award winning classical virtuoso Catherine Cho, and jazz legend Johnny Frigo are among the 30 plus instructors at this year's conference. Carol Cook and Natalie Hass, the violist and cellist in O'Connor's Appalachian Waltz trio, as well as Jon Burr, who plays the string bass in O'Connor's Hot Swing Trio, will be on faculty as well.

During the conference members of the faculty perform in a nightly concert. And if that much music weren't enough, impromptu jam sessions continue well into the wee hours.

Goodman says, "The evening entertainment is spectacular. It's not one night, but a full week of it. And with all the jams, there's not much sleep."

It might be a bit much to ask a group of string players to attend class all day, jam into the night, and then be back up early the next morning for more of the same for five days, but O'Connor

came up with the formula from his experience. "I developed the structure 11 years ago," he says. "I got the structure from going to the National Fiddle Contests in Weezer, Idaho. It lasted five days. It was the perfect amount of time to pace myself, to learn, and to have fun. When they changed it to six days, it changed. People started to not come. It was too long, one day too many. You wouldn't want to stay up all night knowing that there was all that much more to get through."

O'Connor intends these jams to be part of the learning and creative processes. Kellen Zakula, a high school student who plans on being a music major and who has attended four conferences, three of them in San Diego, says, "There is a core group of attendees who are always there. Every night we get together and jam. These people are incredibly talented and inspiring to me."

Concerts, classes, shuffling, or jamming, it's all part of O'Connor's way of inspiring people to do new things with their instruments. He says, "The whole idea is that someone can walk in on the conference and be hit by something that week. It might be in a class, a jam session, or just in a nice conversation, or even just experience the overall atmosphere. Some of the conferees have sent us letters and describe those moments when they have had a breakthrough when a bigger world opened up musically."



Students performing at last year's String Conference



Faculty performance at Fiddle Camp



O'Connor with Yo-yo Ma and Edgar Meyer



ramblin'

Bluegrass CORNER



by Dwight Worden



Chris Hillman

Get ready for San Diego's great **Summergrass Bluegrass Festival**, coming to Vista's Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum on August 20, 21, and 22. The band lineup looks outstanding with

headliners **Chris Hillman, Bluegrass Etc., Fragment** (from the Czeck and Slovak Republics no less!), the **Laurel Canyon Ramblers, Tim Flannery and Friends, the Witcher Brothers, Bearfoot, Ron Spears and Within Tradition, and Silverado**. Rounding out the program are some of San Diego's finest local bluegrass bands, including **Lighthouse, Gone Tomorrow, and the 7th Day Buskers**. The festival starts on Friday at 2 p.m. and goes until Sunday at 6 p.m., with camping, food, vendors, and lots of activities. Visit the Summergrass web site for photos and a video clip from last year's event as well as info on tickets and everything else you need to know: www.summergrass.net. Look for more info on Summergrass in next month's *San Diego Troubadour* too!

Summergrass Music Camp for Kids



Bearfoot

New this year at Summergrass is a music camp for kids taught by **Bearfoot**. The camp begins with a two-hour class session on Friday and then three-hour class sessions on

Saturday and Sunday, culminating in a chance for the kids to play on stage with Bearfoot. Kids, ages six to 16, are welcome, from beginners to experts, and enrollees will receive instruction on all the bluegrass instruments and on band play. Bearfoot has taught this camp around the country to great accolades. For more information and to sign up, go to www.summergrass.net and click on Bluegrass Camp for Kids.

OTHER NEWS

Godfather's Pizza. The San Diego Bluegrass Society has opened a new venue. Starting Tuesday, June 24, the traditional fourth Tuesday event will be held every fourth Tuesday at **Godfather's Pizza**, from 6-9 p.m., at 5583 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., just west of the 805, instead of at Shirley's Kitchen in La Mesa. The owner of Shirley's decided to close the

restaurant, so this event has relocated. I checked out the new spot and it looks good: good acoustics, places to jam, good seating and viewing, and a nice pizza and salad buffet as well as table service. Everyone is welcome to come by and check it out. Don't forget to bring your instrument for jamming.

Seaport Village. Virtual Strangers and Full Deck, two of our fine local bluegrass bands, played recently at Seaport Village to appreciative audiences. The Strangers played in May, and Full Deck performed in June. Look for more Seaport Village bluegrass in the fall.



Full Deck at Seaport Village

Bluegrass Day at the Fair was held



Winners of Band Scramble competition, Wrong Way Home

of our top San Diego bands and the Burnett Family, who traveled from Flagstaff, Arizona. Wrong Journey Home, comprising James Rust on tenor guitar, Mark Foxworthy on banjo, Becky Green on bass, Greg Burroughs on guitar, and Don Hickox on fiddle, won the Band Scramble competition. Top honors in the Bluegrass Karaoke competition went to



Gary wins at karaoke

Gary "Rhonda V" Kennedy with his presentation of "Worried Man Blues." Congratulations to all the winners!

Huck Finn. The **Huck Finn Jubilee** in Victorville took place June 18-20 with a stellar lineup of many of the greats of bluegrass music. Lots of good jamming, too. If you haven't been to Huck Finn, mark your calendar for next year.

Del McCoury Band. The **Del McCoury Band**, perhaps the top bluegrass band today and winner of essentially every award to be won, gave a great show in Escondido on June 29. These boys can flat out play and sing. Whew! It doesn't get any better than that!

Talk to you next month.



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

ANATOMY OF A GANDHI RECORD, PART TWO, OR HOW I LOST MY MIND IN JUST 15 WORKING DAYS

Last month, we began a sort of "fly on the wall" analysis of how Chuck Schiele, Cathryn Beeks, and myself (collectively known as The Gandhi Method) went about recording our debut release. The two-phase project was to begin as an acoustic demo and later fleshed out into a full-scale production...

At the risk of immodesty, I'll tell you that I've recorded a lot of projects. Several hundred of them in fact. Some have even won or been nominated for awards...blah, blah, blah. My point is that I have a great deal of experience in helping artists deliver their art and ideas to their audiences. I also dispense a lot of advice and knowledge while serving my client as well as through this column. Much of this wisdom (for lack of a better word) comes directly from what I've learned from my clients and our mutual studio adventures. Additionally, I'm an artist in my own right, so it figures that I would have a certain insight and perspective beyond that of my role as producer.

Most of the projects I work on are accomplished within a concentrated period of time. A typical album takes approximately four to six weeks on average. I handle the technical and logistical aspects, freeing the artist to concentrate solely on their performance. Because I am quite often asked my opinion in a variety of situations, I also try to cultivate and maintain a certain objectivity, even while investing myself fully into each project as if it were my own.

Previous to the Gandhi Method sessions, I had never been able to devote a contiguous block of time to my own work. It's always been a catch-as-catch can affair, a few hours here, a couple of days there, then back to work for someone else. It's a rhythm I've grown accustomed to over the years and I feel like it works well enough, but as alluded to in last month's column, I was eager to finally sit in the artist chair for a while.

As detailed in last month's column, we

spent the first of our 15 days getting sounds, setting up the recording space, and finishing up a late arriving song. Chuck and Cathryn arrived the next morning and after listening through the previous days results, we made a couple of subtle eq and level adjustments. Cathryn (wo)manned the PC, and Chuck and I played until we had a recorded performance (both of us playing simultaneously to a click) we felt good about.

It was suggested we finish out the song so that we could hear something in its completed form and get a feel for what the eventual sound of our demo would be. Well, I'm very anal retentive when it comes to my vocals (surprised?), and I was singing lead on this one. Additionally, we have been performing all the slated songs live for months, except this one. Bottom line is that the rest of our six-hour work day was spent recording several vocal takes and editing them and the guitars onto a track that we were all satisfied with. As a producer, I like to think I make things easier. As an artist, it turns out, I'm a total pain in the ass.

Much of the process went pretty much according to plan, but there were many unforeseen circumstances that complicated things: Chuck and I encountered business-related complications that took us out of the studio for a couple of days. Cathryn was suffering from a debilitating pinched nerve in her upper back and was subsequently absent for a few days. I started off our second week with a sort of pep talk to try and get us to pick up the pace a bit, but it backfired unintentionally. Somehow I got myself worked up beyond the level of increased productivity and went straight into a grumpy funk that rendered all my efforts unusable. This only pissed me off more, so I eventually changed seats with Cathryn and spent the rest of the day apologetically recording and editing their vocals.

Easily the most intense and physical song we do is "Justice." It's played hard and fast, and its flamenco-like flourishes require a high degree of precision to pull off. It's also groove intensive, so locking to the click and each other is crucial. Although Chuck and I have performed all the songs simultaneously to this point, we quickly decided this one would be better served by playing my guitar first, then his. It took me about an hour and a half to work up to the right level of power, passion, and concentration, but I



Sven-Erik Seaholm

finally nailed it and we all hi-fived one another until I realized that there was an unrecoverable mistake in the way the tracks were recorded. We had no choice but to start over. Of course now that I had the added burdens of disappointment and knowing I already had it and lost it made what was hard to do become nearly impossible to redo. Three hours later, I finally got an even better performance, but my arm is still hurting three weeks later. On top of it all, I had arranged to finance all of my Gandhi studio time by working through every weekend, which means that I didn't schedule a single day of rest for myself.

Still, we had a great time just hanging with each other and chasing down the inspirations that visited us during the sessions (resulting in five additional pieces of music!), and we did eventually meet our goal of capturing our live sound and great performances on the other songs. We managed to accomplish all of this by not only remaining focused but also by providing the love and support necessary to create a nurturing environment for one another. Chuck and Cathryn deserve huge shout-outs for their artistry and commitment, as well as their ability to hit it out of the park every single time they stepped up to the mic.

Me? I'm still learning.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning recording artist and producer who also writes and performs with The Wild Truth when he isn't working with other artists through his company, Kitsch & Sync Production (www.kaspro.com).



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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

My lovely friend Nodique Deneen recently, briefly turned my thoughts away from June's Gloomy Death Tour and back to the Wonders of the Wealthy. You really weren't aware, she asked me, that cops have been turning blind, shaded eyes away from an illegal activity that has been poking up more and more on the sands and in the surf around Hotel Del Coronado?

Tourists from all over the world love the expensive resort, of course. And we want to make their visits truly enjoyable, ensuring many future returns. The tourist bureaus and our very economy require that visitors have easy, unlimited access to the unique aspects of our often-nifty town while enjoying, at the very least, all the proverbial comforts of home.

CORONADO INVADED BY TOPLESS BATHERS!

I'm glad the word hasn't yet reached the uncouneted voyeuristic perverts of our virginal city. And I'm pretty sure that none of them reads the *San Diego Troubadour*, so if you, dear reader, didn't know about this already, let's keep it to ourselves, okay?

Back to Miss Deneen's revelation to me. She said that females who either enjoy going topless or demand equality (or both) have been frolicking in the occasional rays across the bridge dressed in their one-piece fashion statements, which, like those of their male counterparts, cover only areas of the mid-body. As always, the apparel differs slightly from the male versions by requiring about a third as much material for their manufacture. The bottom line, still, is a notable one: female nipples have been enjoying emancipation around the Hotel Del.

Now, just a second, Hose. Just what does all this have to do with show biz or music, which this column has pledged to expose in all their beauty and deviance?

Aw, c'mon. With due respect and no intended offense, even Stevie Wonder would be able to see the connection. But I'll drop in an occasional subtle hint if you insist.

Stevie Wonder has nipples.

So do Michael and LaToya Jackson (except Michael's are green, I bet). When they were very little, Mikey and his older sister could both moonwalk shirtless along Hollywood Boulevard any time they felt like it. Today, only Michael can legally do that and can continue to do it any time he wants to unless he commits some kind of crime that lands him in jail. But he can moonwalk topless in there too, and I'd bet people would fall in love with him all over again.

Jewel has nipples.

Assuming the liberation of the wealthy female nipples in Coronado is a fact and that Miss Deneen wasn't pulling my own with her story, I find myself very happy about the liberty aspect but incensed that the reason behind it was entirely capitalistic (we want them tourist bucks, darnit) and devoid of intellectual concerns. As I've always seen it, America's cultural/legal take on nudity is such that we're the laughing stock of much of the world, the other countries chuckling secretly at our insanity so as not to offend the self-styled Rulers of the Planet.

Fleetwood Mac has nipples. Lots of them. During a brief rest period at half time in

Photo: Toots von Weston



The debonair Mr. Sinatra

an otherwise energetic game of Doctor with a well-known female physician in Los Angeles, she flattered me with a remark of such candor and surprise that I feel I should now milk it for all of its worth. She was astonished, she said, that my own left nipple appeared to be an exact twin, visually, of the right nipple of a famous female pop star. To protect the singer's identity (at least until the doctor's lab verification is accomplished), I'll call the teen idol Yentirb Sraeps. When the doctor's theory is confirmed as expected, my name will once again be linked with that of Ms. Sraeps in news items month after month just like two or three years ago, and once again the focus switches from my voice to my body (this time just my chest?!). And that becomes annoying real quick.

Donny and Marie have nipples.

I can fight back and make a political statement at the same time. Since I'd like all beaches to be like those of Coronado and France and Spain and Iceland, I've decided to act. Until all female nipples in America have stopped being treated like social agitators, I, in an act of solidarity with the nipples of my sisters, will wear circles of black tape over my own henceforth in my public performances.

Yes, even José Sinatra has nipples.

Superbly designed, secretive and compassionate, perhaps one day they shall feed the world...

In America, once a female begins to develop breasts and her chest area physically loses resemblance to that of a male, our culture (in an edict of supernatural, illogical idiocy) declares her nipples dangerous. Not the beauteous deviation of the expanding mammary glands, oh no. Just the nipples. In effect, it is the nipples of the female, nearly identical to their male counterparts, that require the licensing, concern, and regulation. Their appearance in public or in magazines or on network television can actually become criminal acts — acts that must be carefully controlled lest our lunatic nation head directly to Hell.

Hey, has anyone checked the destination listed on our current ticket?

I'd like to thank you for spending a few moments of your valuable life reading this column, and I especially thank the publisher for having the nipples to print it.



RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

HAUTE COUTURE, NON?

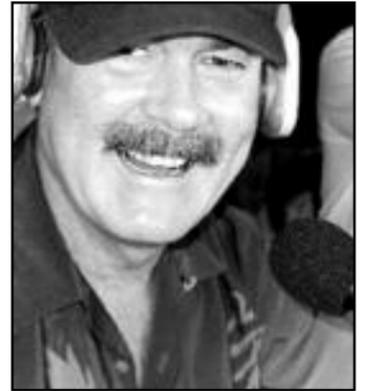
The old saying goes, "The clothes make the man." If that's a fact, the author of that cliché obviously never worked in radio! (Granted, the quote may predate the invention of radio, but that's irrelevant.) Those of you who know me know that I am anything but a "clothes horse." And that goes for almost every rock and roll radio personality.

"Jeepers, Jim, Why is that?"

One of the cool things about being in front of a microphone is that nobody but your fellow employees can

see you while you work. Radio has been called the "theater of the mind." Listeners are forced to form their own mental images of those who they can only hear. That's why the vast majority of radio personalities (except for me, 'cuz I'm a seven out of 10 on the website Am I Hot or Not?) are fat and ugly. That's why you often hear it said, "He's got a face made for radio!" That's why we can all dress any friggin' way we want — usually in a tee-shirt, jeans, boots, a baseball cap, and a jacket (for when we get chilly...like when the studio's air conditioning is set to "ice age"!)

Radio jocks receive a lifetime supply of clothes. Every few years we'll get a new pair of boots or athletic shoes given to us by a sponsor who thinks it's cool that these radio "stars" (whom



Jim McInnes

nobody sees) wear their products.

Ya want baseball caps? We get them from everywhere — from Aids Walk, The Gulls, Heineken beer, and the TV show *Everybody Loves Raymond*. I only have a few dozen of them left, because I had to throw out the other 500 to make room for my tee-shirts!

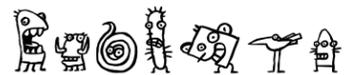
We get tee-shirts from our radio stations (note to 103.7 The Planet promotions: no more white ones, I look fat in white!!!), from every sponsor who's smart enough to make them, from every movie that comes to a theater near you, from every record label and band on earth, and from (and for) every major sporting event. I also get 'em from my wife, who works at a television station. If I never see another tee-shirt, it'll be too soon!

When the weather is cool, radio deejays cover their free tee-shirts with one of their free satin, nylon, or leather jackets. Every year the Ford Motor Company flies radio deejays from around the country in or limo'ed out to the desert to test-drive new vehicles. In return for damaging scores of new Ford products, we are rewarded with nice watches, bags, fedoras, and leather bomber jackets. Although I once had three, I now have only one bomber jacket, which I never wear. It's just cool to have one. When I need a windbreaker, I just put on the black WB nylon jacket, often over my *Sopranos* bowling shirt...both of which I got from my wife, Sandi (she works in TV, remember?).

Unfortunately, deejays never seem to get free pants. I have all of three pairs of pants — two pairs of blue denim jeans and one pair of sorta nice slacks, which I wear when I'm on TV or playing with Modern Rhythm at Humphrey's Backstage Lounge.

Well, it's getting late. It's time for me to take off my *Pinky and the Brain* underwear and crawl into bed, where Sandi is snoozing in her *Sharon Osbourne Show* pajamas.

Bonne nuit, mes amis!



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Phil Harmonic sez:

"A man's dying is more the survivors' affair than his own."

— Thomas Mann



the highway's song

A Postcard from Nashville

by Emily Davidson

San Diego was in flames when I headed home to Nashville last year. It was a strange ending to an even stranger phase of life. There was no logical reason for my moving nor much of a reason to stay. I had lost my job and spent six months wandering, trying to figure out what to do next. After an intense battle with my ego, I wound up back where I

started. Since then, things have calmed down quite a bit. I am happily self-employed and live in an apartment on Music Row. I've met new people. And, finally, I'm writing again. I recently sat down with some local singer songwriters to gather their thoughts on the Nashville music scene.

Joe Nolan came to Nashville for a visit and never left. Originally from Detroit, he found the South to be very different. He says, "Everybody seemed nice and the

waitresses called me honey. It was a really nice place. It was someplace to go and get on with my life. I came here to play music. It seemed that if I was really going to pursue a career in music I had to go somewhere where there was a viable commercial community."

After recording a four-track to take around town to record labels and publishers, Joe wound up meeting people who knew other people who might be interested, and that eventually landed him a deal with Black and White Publishing.

According to Joe, "That's pretty normal here. They're very open to songwriters and musicians here in Nashville, especially if they've heard your stuff and they like it. You're their bread and butter and they're happy to give you access to them. That's one of the great things about Nashville. The bad thing for me is that now most of them are looking for, like anyone in the business, big money. And, in Nashville, big money now means something that Kenny Chesney can break at number one tomorrow. And if it isn't that, then they don't know what to do with it."

Edwina Hayes, a native of Yorkshire, England, came to the U.S. on holiday for a cross-country tour. She rolled into Nashville on a Greyhound bus, hoping to reenact what she had seen in the movie *A Thing Called Love*. Edwina missed the set at the Bluebird Café that night but decided to stick around another week to fulfill her dream of playing at the

Photos: Angela Knowles



legendary music venue. "And in that week I met all these really amazing people here. I came for two nights and stayed for six weeks," she says.

It took some time but Edwina eventually moved to Nashville in March of last year.

Ironically, she landed a publishing deal with Warner Chappell in London right before the move, which turned out to be a great experience for her. Says Edwina, "I've met a lot of known songwriters through Warner Chappell, but I also write a lot with my friends. There are quite a few songwriters in the building where I live and we'll

go over to each others' apartments and drink coffee and write, and I really like that. They are usually people I've met through word of mouth and people I've gone up to after watching them play. I've written with some of the hit

makers too, but it's a bit like writing by numbers. But I enjoy it because I learn from it."

Lemmie Stone is working on his first album, which is due out later this year. Lemmie, who hails from the small Kansas community of Crestline, says that he was "blown away by the songwriting and how the audience respected the songs on his first trip to Nashville years ago." Through friends of friends, Lemmie was introduced to his current producer, Roger Moutenot, who has mixed and/or produced albums with the likes of Lou Reed, Elvis Costello, Gillian Welch, Shawn Colvin, Roseanne Cash, and others. Lemmie credits persistence and "not burning bridges" as the key to making connections and getting where you want to be.

By the time this article is published, Edwina Hayes will have left Nashville for England where she has just signed a record deal with Warner Brothers London. For more information on Edwina and the London acoustic scene visit www.edwinahayes.com. Joe Nolan's music can be heard on 88 radio stations worldwide, from Tunisia to Los Angeles. Visit Joe's website at www.joenolan.com. To hear Lemmie Stone, go to www.lemmiestone.com.

A Taste of the Old West

by Mark C. Jackson

Love Old West gunfights! I love the sudden blast of a pistol going off and somebody yelling, "Get off the street, the Hole in the Wall Gang's in town and they're looking for trouble with the Winchester widows!" Before you know it, guns are blazing. When the smoke clears, the only one standing is a poor old skinny cowboy with his pants down around his ankles. Now, I know that in real Western times, it didn't happen like that. In fact, there were very few actual gunfights. But on the weekend of June 19-20, the legends and mythology of the Old West came alive in El Cajon.

The Wieghorst Western Heritage Days began last year as a one-day event to celebrate our country's great westward movement during the nineteenth century. The festival is held on Rea Street, site of the Wieghorst Western Heritage Museum, which is dedicated to Olaf Wieghorst, an internationally known artist whose drawings and paintings captured the spirit of triumph and hardship of this migration with grace and grandeur. Growing up in Oklahoma City, I had seen Wieghorst's paintings at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame many times and at the Gilcrease Gallery in Tulsa. The first time I visited the Wieghorst Museum, I felt right at home. I became involved with the event last year when my band performed for the dance and the barbecue. This year, I was hired to book the music.

The event featured music, cowboy poetry, Native American dancing, Old West gunfights, and lectures about the lives of the Mountain Men and Buffalo Soldiers. There was also an Indian village with tepees and Indian artists from all over Southern California. A small Western town was set up next to the Indian Village, complete with staged shootouts. As long as someone posted bail, you could have one of your friends or family arrested and put in jail. A Mountain Man Camp could be found behind the main stage and what a camp it was! Along with displays of original antiques from the 1800s and axe throwing contests, these guys used only authentic materials, utensils, and dress dating back to 1840 or thereabouts.

Saturday morning came and I was excited and anxious! To open the festival, internationally known Native American dancer Eric Runningpath cleansed his dancers with sage smoke and asked for blessings from the Great Spirit. Then the U.S. Postal Service presented the museum with a commemorative replica of the new John Wayne stamp. For many years, Wieghorst and Wayne were good friends. The music began on the main stage with my old friend Peter Bolland and the Coyote Problem whose three-piece band really got the festival going with their unique brand of western country rock. On the small stage, Tim Chandler soothed the crowd with his peaceful Indian flute. When he was finished, he spent

the rest of the day performing in the museum. After Alyssa Jane shared her wonderful cowgirl poetry, Mountain Echo took the stage to perform some great cowboy songs. Then came the sad part.

I had booked the Big Rigs, a fine honky-tonk country band fronted by Lyle Duplessie on bass and his son Derek on pedal steel guitar. (Lyle was also the co-founder of this publication.) On Thursday, June 17, Lyle died suddenly of a heart attack. Peter Bolland and I first met Lyle eight years ago when we invited him to play bass in the Jackson-Bolland and had maintained strong, musical friendships ever since. The Saturday of the festival Danny Cress, Lyle's long time friend and drummer, was scheduled to play with the Coyote Problem, the Big Rigs, and the Mark Jackson Band! Under the circumstances, my band and I decided to play a few songs that Lyle used to perform. Then, with Kent Johnston and Liz Abbott helping on vocals and Peter on guitar, we performed "Knocking on Heaven's Door." We all left the stage in tears.

Up next was Roadhouse with Frank Williamson, a band with great songs and a great sound, which took the edge off a bit. The Mark Jackson Band took the stage to finish the night with good dancing and even better barbecue!

Sunday was filled with more gunfights, Indian dancing, axe throwing, tall tales from mountain men, and a flag presentation by the Buffalo Soldiers. The bands Bow Willow, Mountain Echo, and High Strung played fine cowboy songs throughout the day in keeping with the the spirit of the West. As worn out as



I was on Sunday evening, I was already planning for next year. So, bless you Olaf, wherever you are. Thanks for the great paintings and a fine festival.



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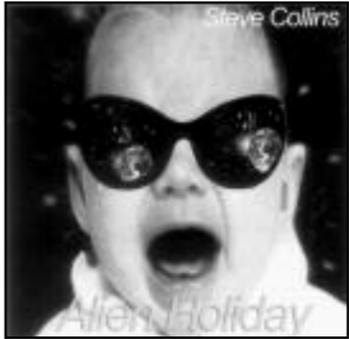
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Steve Collins Alien Holiday

by Frederick Leonard

This five-cut CD from Steve Collins begins with a cover showing a screaming baby wearing Photoshopped shades in space. Hmmm. As I open the CD I found three panels with pictures of Steve, two panels containing lyrics to the title track, and a web address that doesn't work. The only credits I could find were for the photographer. So I'll assume Steve played everything, except camera.

It's a pretty decent recording with pretty decent songs. Nothing too scary or unconventional. While it remains a good job, I would say it has an equal dosage of very good chops to an equal dosage of anemia. He sings well, hits his notes, and plays guitar in tune and on time. The tunes are good, and cover a variety of common styles, ranging from the opening 4/4 rocker "Idowanna" (as in "I Don't Want To") to the rolling acoustic short ballad in 6/8, "Sing Me Your Song." The arrangements are appropriate, contemporary, and solid but not necessarily inventive.

Actually, this is kinda driving me nuts, because A. he rocks. And I like it . . . wanna like it more. But B. it sounds a lot like Dave Matthews at times. Lotsa Dave moves here. It's one thing to bear reference, but it's distracting if the references are glowing on the sleeve. When he steers away from the Dave thing now and then, it lands on the corporate KPRI-John Mayer-what-thinks-cookie-cutter sound. The lyrics are okay but would be "on the money" if he would render the trick of poetic irony via communicating "higher ground" messages through pop culture imagery with just a little more oomph.



Christopher Dale Pick Me Up

by Frederick Leonard

Christopher Dale opens a new season on his own self by ditching the "Scorch" persona much in the same way Bowie was always leaving his old self standing around after every record. Reinvented, Mr. Dale has recruited a new army of local musicians such as Jeff Berkley (who produced the effort and plays guitar), Brian "Nucci" Cantrell (drums), David J. Carpenter (bass), The Gandhi Method (backing vocals), Ben Moore (keys), and Peter Bolland (guitars) among others.

The 11-song CD begins with a hot little number called "High," which draws the innuendo-parallels of falling in love vs. the bliss and affection of California's favorite illegal veggie. It's a trippy rock solid opener that oughta have everyone on their feet screaming in the spirit of that good loving buzz. It's by far the heaviest punch thrown on the CD. But you'll still find the goods in worthy gems such as "Double Time," "Too Easy," and "Every time We Say Goodbye."

Gritty guitars on top of an acoustic foundation is pretty much the sound here. It's familiar sounding, done so in a way that is grounding. But it also has enough sonic surprises peppered throughout to keep the listener alert by way of its variety of material, a snappy sit-in roster, and the overall attitude for production and technique.

Pick Me Up is definitely worth investigating, and you can do so at www.ChristopherDaleMusic.com.



GipsyMenco Perfection

by Frederick Leonard

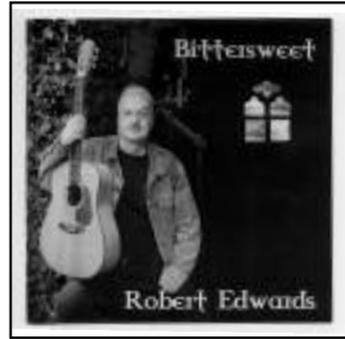
It takes balls to call your debut release *Perfection*, especially when you enter the bullring of Flamenco and Spanish guitar styles.

Led by NovaMenco rhythm guitarist defector Sal Hanna, who steps out as the lead for the first time, GipsyMenco is a mix of Flamenco, jazz, and Arabic influences. Open the lid on this clay pot and you will find percussive guitars, romantic melodies, and upbeat and exotic rhythms that have a way of triggering all the good stuff inside you.

On one hand, I can hear this music played loud in a tech club on its danceability alone. On the other, I routinely play it over weekend morning coffees and a newspaper, softly in the background. I like the way it brings meaning to the filtered sunshine blowing through my morning windows. And, poetically speaking, it makes a perfect soundtrack for a romantic cocktail cruise 'round the Western Mediterranean.

Now, I'm not perfect, so therefore, I'm not qualified to attest to what perfection is. I am comfortable, however, with the notions of what exceptional and stellar are. This record is exceptional. It has *juevos*. The playing and the arrangements are acutely pristine. Every bar is an enjoyable experience. With the aid of drum machines and digital sequencing, the sheen is modern underneath, lending a certain freedom in the old-world attitude of all the guitars, melodies, and other exotic goodies sailing over the top. With an eloquent grip, Hanna peels off one lovely melody after another with a touch that's like pulling petals from a "love me/love's me not" daisy.

Guitar players ought to like this record: GipsyMenco is "all man" about their guitar playing. The ladies will love it. It's a very, very sexy record supported with such titles as "French Kiss," "Coqueta," "Estoria De Amor," "Night in Tarifa," and "Love Bite." Ooh. It's records like these that make people who detest insipid corporate radio turn that radio off. It kicks butt and turns you on at the same time. Get this CD.



Robert Edwards Bittersweet

by Paul Hormick

Delivered with a rich, strong voice and relaxed, beautiful phrasing, *Bittersweet* is an aptly titled, reflective compilation of ballads and love songs from English born San Diegan Robert Edwards.

This disk is not the musings of an aging rocker like Bob Seeger, whose '70's hits such as "Night Moves" and "Against the Wind" show us a man who is left wanting as he looks back on the energies and appetites that now diminish within him. Edwards' unhurried pacing of the first song, "On the Wire," sets the tone for the whole disk with the refrain "I'm letting go." No longer a slave to his passions, here is a man who knows the liberation of accepting and enjoying his maturity.

The title track, "Bittersweet," contemplates the preciousness of life, intermixing the appreciation of simple joys and the natural world with the love for another. And "Darlin'" is one of the shortest love songs possible although complete and full nonetheless. Edwards knows that he so successfully conveys the joy and playfulness of the tune that additional verses or chorus would only diminish its poignancy. He uses this "less is more" approach throughout the entire disk. Interspersed among the ballads are short instrumentals – some Irish in flavor, others bluesy – giving pause and letting the lyrics of the previous song settle in the listener's consciousness.

Appropriately, after revealing himself so openly, Edwards thanks and bids farewell to his listeners with a traditional Irish blessing set to music. The straightforward sentiment closes *Bittersweet* with a benediction of hope and love.



Berkley Hart Twelve

by Phil Harmonic

Calman Hart and Jeff Berkley, two of San Diego's most respected and distinguished songwriters, are two individual talents who have combined to form the duo, Berkley Hart. Not once do these veterans ever "take away." They only add and enhance. In this case, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts in this case. Their latest CD *Twelve* contains 14 songs that are either deep and moving, fun and bouncy, or incredibly clever as in the title song, "Twelve." The chorus counts to 12 using rhyming words: WONder, TUne, REAson, beFORE, I'VE, SICK, HAVIN', LATE, I Never, TENDED, LIVE IN, HELL. Pure genius, I'd say.

Not only do their two well-defined vocal styles mesh to create a distinctive sound, but also their virtuosity in arrangement, instrumentation, and harmonies set their songs apart. If you liked their first CD, *Wreck and Sow*, then this one is right up your alley.

Calman Hart and Jeff Berkley either wrote or co-wrote seven songs each, one together. "BFD" was written by Don Henry and Craig Carothers, who is one of my favorite songwriters from the Portland, Oregon area.

I truly believe that Berkley Hart will have their day. Whether you hear them live or just listen to their CD — if you can tell the difference — their music brings pure pleasure to your audio senses. Berkley Hart, as performers and their overall signature sound, have definitely matured into one class act. They are prolific and have worked very hard to create something that has turned out to be very special.



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'round about



JULY CALENDAR

thursday • 1

Rachael Sage/Beezeley/AM/Michael Tiernan, Twigg's, 8:30pm.
The Temptations, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 8pm.
Rip Carson, Tio Leo's, 9pm.
Carol Ames/Truckee Brothers, Java Joe's Pub, 6344 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.
Gully/Bartender's Bible, Casbah, 9pm.
Pete Thurston, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 2

Terry Evans, Magee Park, Carlsbad, 6pm.
Sue Palmer, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Two of Us, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Rachael Sage/Kerrie Caldwell/Ashley Matte/Toria/Quincy, Twigg's, 8:30pm.
Band in Black, Showcase Stage, Del Mar Fairgrounds, 9pm.
Steve Poltz, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 3

Steve White, Flower Show Stage, Del Mar Fairgrounds, 5pm.
Simeon Flick/Matthew Stewart/Alpha Ray, 824 Avenida Taxco, Vista, 7pm. Info: 760/295-7402.
Burnt Earlies, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Rachael Sage/Sacha Sacket/Free Dominguez/Collin Elliott, Twigg's, 8:30pm.
José Sinatra & Troy Dante Inferno, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 4

Steve White, Finish Line Stage, Del Mar Fairgrounds, 4:30pm.
Rev. Horton Heat/Detroit Cobras/Forty Fives, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 9pm.

monday • 5

Celtic Open Mic, Rosie & Joe's, 7986 Armour St., 7:30pm. 858/573-6721.

wednesday • 7

Lucinda Williams/Lisa Sanders, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7pm.
High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 7pm.
Gipsy Kings, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 8pm.

thursday • 8

Carol Ames/Dave Howard/Peggy Watson, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 8pm.
Midwest Dilemma/Brett Wagner/Until Then, Twigg's, 8:30pm.
Lucy's Falling, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 9

Sue Palmer, Magee Park, Carlsbad, 6pm.
Boogiemens, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Harvey & 52nd St. Jive, Mission Hills Park, 6pm.
Steve Anderson, Tabloid Coffee, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.
Jamie Laval Trio, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Lite the Night, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.
Amy Obenski/Curtis Peoples/Tim Mudd/Dave's Son, Twigg's, 8:30pm.
Blazers, Tio Leo's, 9pm.
Robin Henkel, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 10

Benny & Swampgators, Balboa Park

Recital Hall, 6:30pm.

Skelpin, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 7pm. Info: 858/566-4040.

With Intent, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.

Jim Bianco/Jack the Original/Mick Overman/Chris Hobson, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Blue Rockit & Guest, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

sunday • 11

Pat Bianchi w/ Jacques Lesure/Chuck McPherson/Daniel Jackson, Dizzy's, 7pm.

Butch O'Sullivan, Dark Thirty Productions, Lakeside, 7:30pm. Info: 619/443-9612.

Indigo Girls, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 8pm.

Sue Palmer, Hop in the Hood, 7th & Pennsylvania Ave, Hillcrest, 10pm.

monday • 12

Sarah McLachlan, Sports Arena, 8pm.

tuesday • 13

Yousou N'Dour/Lila Downs, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7pm.

wednesday • 14

High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 7pm.

thursday • 15

Modulations, documentary film about electronic music, Museum of Making Music, Carlsbad, 7pm.

Thomas Lee/Chris Seals/Gayle, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Acoustic Underground w/ Lisa Sanders/Peggy Watson/Ryan Hicks/Jocelyn Yard, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday • 16

Gatos Papacitos, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.

Yavaz, Magee Park, Carlsbad, 6pm.

Patty Hall, Tabloid Coffee, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.

John Bosley, Golden Goose, 10001 Maine St., Lakeside, 7:30pm.

Etta James/Earl Thomas, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 8pm.

Martin Storrow/Mark Jackson, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Big Sandy & Flyrite Boys, Casbah, 9pm.

Fremonts, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

Anya Marina/Emerson Band, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 17

Allison Lonsdale (6pm)/Berkley Hart (9pm), Lestat's.

Cactus, Cafe Elysa, Carlsbad, 7:30pm.

American Blues Revue w/ Nathan James/Ben Hernandez, Dizzy's, 8pm.

Band in Black, Parrot Eyes Cafe, Oceanside Harbor, 8pm.

Rebeca Randle/Jane/Jim Bianco, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Bastards of Glory/Todd Stedman & Fattones/Traylor, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

sunday • 18

Mark Jackson, Hooley's Irish Pub, 2955 Jamacha Rd., Rancho San Diego, 6pm.

John Mayer, Coors Amphitheater, Chula Vista, 7pm.

Linda Ronstadt, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 8pm.

Michael Miller/Tim & Josh, Lestat's, 9pm.

Robert Edwards, Music Mart, Solana Beach. Call for info.

monday • 19

LECTURE: Rhythm Sections of the Big Band Era, Museum of Making Music, Carlsbad, 1pm.

Celtic Open Mic, Rosie & Joe's, 7986 Armour St., 7:30pm. 858/573-6721.

tuesday • 20

Boz Scaggs, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.

wednesday • 21

High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 7pm.

thursday • 22

Fiona Wong, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

friday • 23

Cat-illacs, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.

Fattburger, Poinsettia Park, Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.

Poco/America, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7pm.

Peppertree, Tabloid Coffee, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.

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

Peter Sprague & Friends, Dizzy's, 8pm.

The Coyote Problem/Tristan Prettyman/Late Night Waiting/Sweet James, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

The Joey Show, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

Abbie Huxley, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 24

All Day Sacred Harp Sing, Porter House, Old Poway Park, 10am. Info: 858/566-4040.

Hank Show, Pine Hills Lodge, Julian, 6:30pm (dinner)/8pm (showtime).

Hoot at the Park w/ S.D. Folk Song Society, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 7pm. Info: 858/566-4040.

GrooveLily, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Cameron Ash/Jen Knight/Terra Naomi/Will Edwards, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Horace Silver Tribute w/ Gilbert Castellanos, Emb

Flying Putos, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

Baja Blues Boys, Patrick's, Poway, 9pm.

Dehra Dun, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 25

Cindi Lauper, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.

The Weepies/Carlos Olmeda, Dizzy's, 8pm.

Don Henley, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 8pm.

Go-Gos/Jon Heintz/Tristan Prettyman, 4th & B, 8pm.

The Nervous/Little World, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 26

Ani DiFranco/Andrew Bird, Open Air Theatre, SDSU, 8pm.

tuesday • 27

John Fogerty, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 8pm.

wednesday • 28

High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 7pm.

Tristan Prettyman & Friends, Belly Up Tavern, Solana Beach, 8:30pm.

thursday • 29

Judy Collins/Rita Coolidge/Suzanne Vega, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7pm.

friday • 30

Sue Palmer, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.

Apecial EFX, Poinsettia Park, Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.

Greg Campbell/Leigh Taylor, Tabloid Coffee, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7pm.

Al Green/Average White Band, Viejas Casino, 7:30pm.

Ashley Matte/Shane Mack, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Big Daddy Orchestra, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

José Sinatra & Troy Dante Inferno, Winston's, 9pm.

Deirde Flint, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 31

Sue Palmer, Gay Pride, Balboa Park, 3:15pm.

Harvey & 52nd St. Jive, Chula Vista Community Park, 5:30pm.

Mark Jackson, Summer Spirit Jam for Children's Museum Benefit, East County Performing Arts Center, El Cajon, 6:30pm.

Lowen & Navarro, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Opossums of Truth CD Release, Garfield Theater, Lawrence Family JCC, 4126 Executive Dr., La Jolla, 8pm.

Rheanna Downey/Krister Axel/Dave's Son/Shining Thru, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Barefoot Hockie Goalie, Tio Leo's, 9pm.

Split Infinity, Lestat's, 9pm.



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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, Twigg's, 4pm.

Highland Way, R. O'Sullivan's, Grand Ave., Escondido, 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.

Summer Organ Festival, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 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, 7pm.

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, 7pm.

Sue Palmer Supper Club w/ Deeja Marie & Sharon Shufelt, Caffè Calabria, 3933 30th St., 6-8pm.

Open Mic Night, Metaphor Cafe, Escondido, 8pm.

Open Mic Night, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.

Highland Way, R. O'Sullivan's, Grand Ave., Escondido, 8pm.

Open Mic Night, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Highland Way, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 8:30pm.

Hatchet Brothers, The Ould Sod, 9pm.

Live Taping of "San Diego's Finest" TV show, Lestat's, 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.

Aliah Selah & Friends, Exotic Bamboo, 1475 University Ave., 8pm.

Irish Folk Music, The Ould Sod, 9pm.

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

the local seen



Photo: Pam Haan
Mountain Echo at Wieghorst Western Heritage Days



Photo: Millie Moreno

Eve Selis at ECPAC



Photo: Millie Moreno

Jim Mudcat Grant at ECPAC



Photo: Pam Haan

Mark Jackson Band at Wieghorst Western Heritage Days



Photo: Liz Abbott

Rick at Hot Monkey Love Cafe



Photo: Liz Abbott

Jeffrey Barnes of Brave Combo



Photo: Liz Abbott

Louisa & Jimmy Patton at Sage Gentle-Wing Benefit



Photo: Rick Saxton

Phil Harmonic at BobFest



Photo: Millie Moreno

Sharon White at ECPAC



Photo: Liz Abbott

Bubba Hernandez of Brave Combo



Photo: Millie Moreno

Black Jack McDowell at ECPAC



Photo: Millie Moreno

Kelly Folk at Avalon Art Gallery



Photo: Millie Moreno

Dennis Caplinger at ECPAC



Photo: Millie Moreno

Matt of Northstar Session at Avalon Art Gallery



Photo: Millie Moreno

Stanze of Happy Endings at Ken Club



Photo: Rick Saxton

Chuck Perrin at BobFest



Photo: Millie Moreno

Stick Figure at ECPAC



Photo: Rick Saxton

Robin Henkel & Anna Troy at BobFest



Photo: Millie Moreno

Tim Flannery at ECPAC



Photo: Liz Abbott

Lyle & Derek Duplessie perform at Gentle-Wing benefit



Photo: Millie Moreno

Tab Benoit at Humphreys

AUGUST 20-22, 2004

...2nd Annual Spectacular Bluegrass Music Festival!!

Produced by San Diego North County Bluegrass & Folk Club, the San Diego Bluegrass Society, and the Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum



At the Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum, 2040 N. Santa Fe, Vista CA 92083

Featuring...



Plus Favorite Local Bands... **Lighthouse**
7th Day Buskers
Gone Tomorrow

NEW THIS YEAR: Three-Day Kids Music Camp!!
Onsite **Music Workshops** (included in your admission!)
Raffle Prizes (including new instruments from **Taylor Guitars, Deering Banjo, Gibson** and much more!) Lots of **Jamming! Food & Craft Vendors!** Plenty of onsite parking and **Dry Camping!**

Summergrass San Diego 2004 Ticket Order Form

Order Now and Save! Advance ticket orders must be received by Aug. 1, 2004.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Email _____
Day Phone () _____ Evening Phone () _____

Camping Information: On-site dry camping spaces are available at \$40 each for the period (or any portion) from Wed., 8/18 at 3 P.M. through Mon., 8/23 at noon. Optional electric power for Thursday evening through 6 P.M. Sunday is available by reservation at \$75 additional per campsite. If you are ordering camping, please provide information below. Campsite limit is one passenger vehicle, one RV, one tent with three adults and children. If you wish to camp near a friend, we will attempt to accommodate (but do not guarantee) only if all requests are received at the same time. Please indicate if you require medical or handicapped consideration. Include specific disability information that will allow best placement.

Required for camping: Vehicle license(s): State and Number. _____
Recreational vehicle: State _____ Number _____ Passenger vehicle: State _____ Number _____
If tent camping, check here: _____ or for recreational vehicles, provide information below.
RV Type (pop-up, tag-along trailer, motor home, fifth wheel): _____
RV Length: _____ feet, RV Width: _____ feet with pop-out(s) or slide-out(s) extended

Mail this form, your check payable to "Summergrass" and include a business-size S.A.S.E. to: **Summergrass San Diego 2004 Tickets** ATTN: Judy Hass, 9930 Dichondra Court, San Diego, CA 92131-1806

Questions? Visit our website at www.summergrass.net or call (858) 679-4854.

The 40-acre Antique Gas & Steam Engine Museum is located at 2040 North Santa Fe in San Diego County, Vista, California. It is north of Route 78 between I-5 in Oceanside and I-15 in Escondido.

Driving directions will be provided with tickets.

Ticket Selections	Quantity	@ Advance Price	\$
3-Day Tickets	_____	@ \$36 each	\$ _____
2-Day Fri. & Sat. Tickets	_____	@ \$23 each	\$ _____
2-Day Sat. & Sun. Tickets	_____	@ \$26 each	\$ _____
Sat. or Sun. Only Tickets	_____	@ \$13 each	\$ _____
Friday Only Tickets	_____	@ \$10 each	\$ _____
Dry Camping spaces			
<i>Requires order for at least 1 ticket</i>			
Camping Space for entire event	_____	@ \$40 each	\$ _____
Electric Power (see camping info at right)	_____	@ \$75 each	\$ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED - send also SASE: \$ _____			

Sorry, no pets in Festival Area! (But okay on leash in campground. Please clean up droppings promptly.)



www.summergrass.net or (858)679-4854