

# T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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

FREE



May 2005

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## what's inside

### Welcome Mat.....3

Mission Statement  
Contributors  
Mail Box  
Renata Youngblood

### Full Circle.....4

Gene Bockey  
Recordially, Lou Curtiss

### Front Porch.....6

Mariachi's Jeff Nevin  
Simeon Flick

### Parlor Showcase ...8

Ragtime, the Xylophone,  
and Morris Palter

### Ramblin'.....10

Bluegrass Corner  
Zen of Recording  
Hosing Down  
Radio Daze

### Highway's Song. ...12

Contest Fiddling  
Mark Jackson CD Release

### Of Note.....13

Eben Brooks  
Peggy Watson  
Jack Nitzsche  
Sue Palmer  
Gregory Page

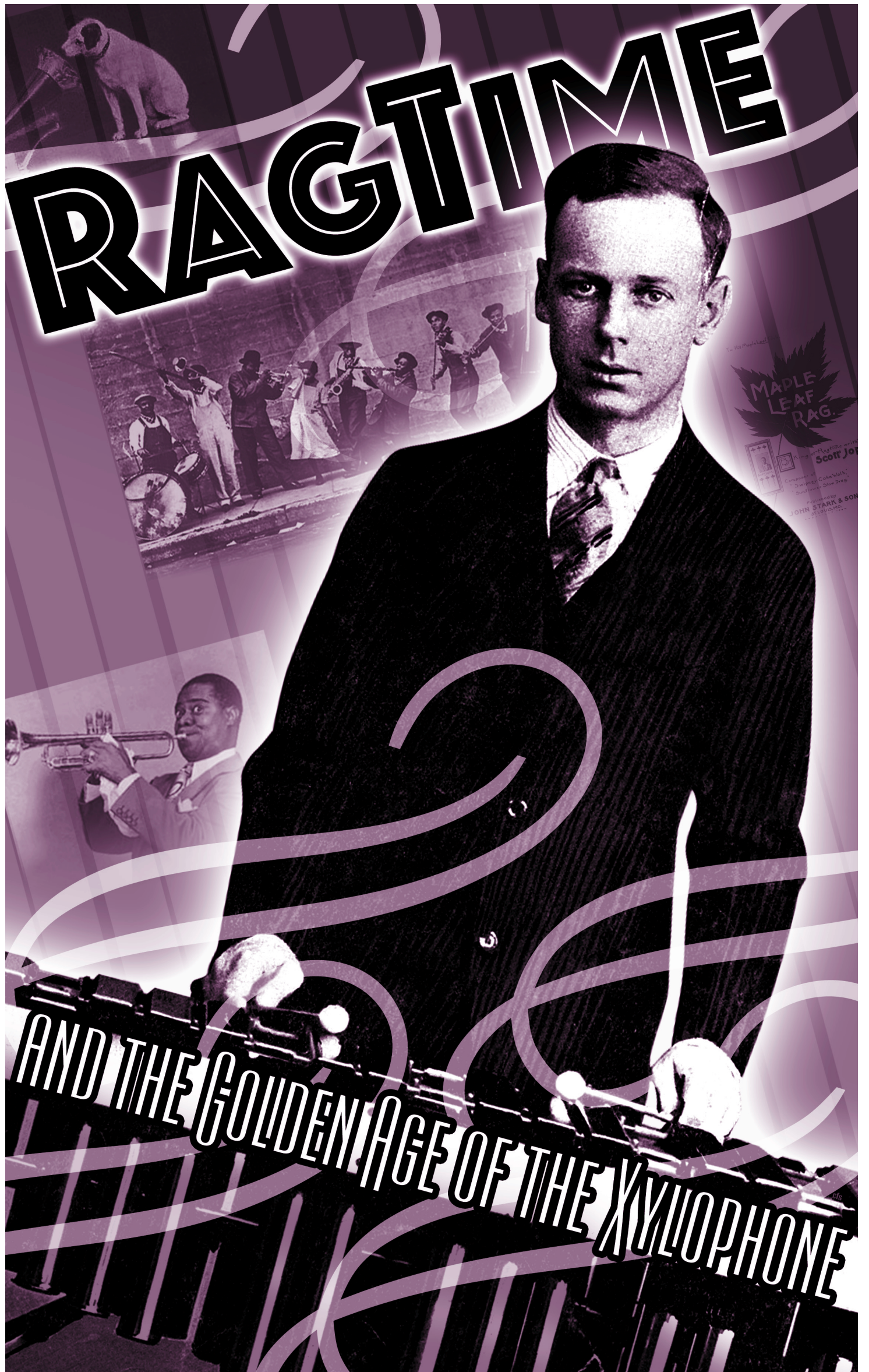
### 'Round About .....14

May Music Calendar

### The Local Seen.....15

Photo Page

MOTHER'S DAY IS MAY 8





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

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**MAILBOX**

Hi there,

I happened to catch your article about Palomar College's radio station. It was a very nice and well done article. They aren't the only college radio station in town to play great music and have great performers on the air. I am a Grossmont College student and I wanted to let you know about KGFN, Grossmont College's radio station. Yeah, they are only a campus radio station and Internet station but they are just as good. Last semester alone they had more than 50,000 listeners via the Internet. Anyway, just wanted to let you know about KGFN, and I think you should do an article about them

because they have helped out small independent artists as well by letting them come in and perform. Thanks for the support of college radio because it's the best out there.

Adam Paul



**PROFILE**  
**RENATA YOUNGBLOOD:**  
**MORE THAN SKIN DEEP**

by John Philip Wyllie

**F**ans of North County resident Renata Youngblood will be in for a surprise when she releases her first CD later this spring. Youngblood, a well-regarded solo acoustic performer has put together a band and recorded 18 songs for her upcoming debut release, *The Side Effects of Owning Skin*. Produced by Bauhaus and Love and Rockets founding member David J., the album, Youngblood says, "encompasses everything that I write about, the experience of being human. The album is about the side effects of being human, both good and bad."

"We recorded 18 songs live with the band over a five-day period in the studio. Never having played with a band before, it was an incredible experience," Youngblood explains. "The first day was devoted to teaching everyone the songs. By the second day we were ready to record them."

Album producer David J. hand-picked the individual band members, hoping to find musicians that would mesh well with Youngblood's reggae-jazz-folk inspired compositional style. Pleased with the results, Youngblood hopes to tour or at least play a number of dates in support of the album with her new-found musical friends.

Youngblood is looking toward a CD release soon, but she will continue performing live both here and in L.A. while the album is being mixed.

Although a fixture on San Diego's coffeehouse scene for the last several years, Youngblood's interest in music began many years ago and far from Southern California.

"I grew up in Utah and I have played the piano throughout most of my life. I was trained (from the age of four) to play concert piano, but now I write everything on my guitar," Youngblood says. Songwriting comes naturally to her.

When asked about her compositional technique Youngblood

replies, "I have no set pattern. The songs come to me in different ways. I don't think any two have been completely alike. Sometimes I will be entirely away from my instrument and away from the music that I normally listen to and I will think of a melody. I've written entire songs in my head before. I have written them down on paper or played them on an instrument. At other times I'll be inspired while practicing my guitar. I'll find some tangent and I will eventually add a few words."

Youngblood wrote most of the songs on *The Side Effects of Owning Skin* individually, but poet Gabriela Valdapena and singer/songwriter Patricia Pixley collaborated with her on "Weightless."

"Weightless" was inspired by a poem by Gabriela Valdapena and co-written by Patricia Pixley. I think it is one of the best songs on the album," Youngblood claims. Having done both, Youngblood has no preference between writing individually and writing with a partner.

"I am deeply inspired by my friends, so even when I am writing alone, I feel like I am co-writing with the people in my life because they inspire my music. [The techniques] are different, but I enjoy doing both."

Among those friends is the highly entertaining performer and gifted songwriter, Steve Poltz. Here is what the always am using Poltz had to say about Youngblood:

"Renata was raised by wolves or something and learned how to sing by following the moon's various cycles. On any given night people will stop their cars and listen to the faint howling in the distance of the lonely moon wolfchild. It has sent many a grown up to brink of madness in search of more. Just like a thirsty wanderer lost in the Sahara searches for water, people from as far away as Saturn are flying their space ships in search of the siren wail coming from the cosmos. I heard she once turned down millions of dollars in sponsorships from Sprint because she hates phones and prefers to communicate



Renata Youngblood

cate telepathically through musical notes"

Hmmmm, O.K.

Singer/songwriter Jenn G rinels was somewhat more down to earth with her response when asked about Youngblood's unique talent.

"Renata is ethereal and groovy at the same time; how many people can be that? Her voice is haunting and very emotional - sometimes emitting strength, others a great vulnerability."

Youngblood enjoys listening to other musicians and feels that San Diego has a wealth of talented female performers.

"There is so much diverse talent in San Diego. Most of the performers I have observed in the various acoustic venues have a unique sound. It's music drawn from their own experiences. I love Saba and her amazing melodies, but she is entirely different from Anya Marina, who I also love. I don't think there is any sort of running trend. I find my own music hard to define. I write about what inspires me. I often write about the ocean and the water, but my music is its own thing because I have experienced different things and I've been inspired by different things." For updates on Youngblood's current inspiration *The Side Effects of Owning Skin* and local appearances visit [renatayoungblood.com](http://renatayoungblood.com).



It was Mother's Day circa 1958 when this photo was taken. My Mom, my brother, and I were on our way to church when my Dad took this photo. I love it because it's so corny, which is kind of the way I feel about the 1950s. The clothes we are wearing in the photo were all made by my Mom, even her bright yellow coat. She passed away in 2000.

I love you, Mom.

Liz Abbott



Gene Bockey

by Steve Thorn

For those who appreciate the value of San Diego's music programs for young people, one need look no further than the life of saxophonist Gene Bockey. A life-long San Diegan, Bockey began his musical sojourn in a city that was affected by the Great Depression but still provided outlets for adolescent musical expression.

Bockey's life growing up in a smaller San Diego and his later contribution to the great swing and modern jazz sounds of Jimmy Dorsey were chronicled in an autobiography called *On the Road With the Jimmy Dorsey Aggravation* (1947-49), published by Gray Castle Press in Normal Heights back in 1996.

Entering the world as Eugene Dale Bockemuehl — later changed to the more jazz "hipster"-sounding Gene Bockey — the 79-year old Mission Hills resident remembers classroom sing-alongs at Grant Elementary. In addition, the school had a fourth grade harmonica band, which performed "I'm Heading for the Last Roundup" under the lights of the California Theater stage in a youth concert program that was sponsored by Wonder Bread.

By the age of nine, Bockey had switched over to clarinet and was playing in the prestigious Bonham Brothers (Mortuary) Greater San Diego Boys Band. The nationally recognized band performed at the California Pacific International Exposition in Balboa Park during the summers of 1935 and 1936, the 1939 San Francisco World's Fair, and numerous appearances in Pasadena's Tournament of Roses Parade.

It was not uncommon for a budding musician to take private lessons at home, and young Gene learned a

great deal from professional musician and strict disciplinarian John Schreiber. "He knew exactly what to say to motivate you to practice harder," Bockey said in a recent interview in his living room. "He would take out a chart and say, 'The kid down the street was able to play this without a mistake.' So naturally, you wanted to do better than that kid."

For the price of 35 cents, Bockey and his parents frequented the movie palaces in downtown San Diego, in particular the Orpheum and the Fox. "The bills usually featured a film, a Movietone reel, a cartoon, a short subject, and an on-stage vaudeville act including a famous name band," wrote Bockey in his memoir. The bands were led by American music icons Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, and Paul Whiteman.

As a teenager, Bockey looked for any opportunity to play live. At 15, he blew saxophone for the Bill Thorpe Orchestra, whose set consisted of only six arrangements that were played repeatedly over a four-hour engagement

at the Emerald Hills Country Club in South San Diego. After performing with the more versatile San Diego High School Dance Band, Bockey organized his own group and played Saturday Night "Teeners" at the VASA Club on El Cajon Boulevard, a building that in 2005 is still utilized as a dance hall.

Every time Jimmy Dorsey performed at San Diego's premier big band haunt, Pacific Square, Bockey would be in front of the bandstand, watching the master at work. Encouraged by his buddies and given the go-ahead by Dorsey, Bockey jammed with the band on "Blues in B Flat" and rounded out the evening by performing a note-perfect rendition of Dorsey's theme song, "Contrasts."



Members of the Bonham Brothers Band in 1935

# Life on the Road: Gene Bockey and San Diego's Big Band Era

Although it seemed like a one-shot deal at the time, Dorsey and Bockey would collaborate in a more permanent musical association after Bockey returned from the European Theater in World War II.

Prior to going overseas, Bockey performed with San Diego's top black jazz talent in the thriving Logan Heights club scene. He could be heard during the wee morning hours at the Black and Tan Cafe, The Pickadilly (sic) Club and San Diego boxing great Archie Moore's Chicken Shack. In his bio, Bockey wrote that he regularly performed with Froebel "Fro" Brigham's group at the Creole Palace located in the Douglas Hotel on Market Street, the only black-owned hotel in town. "I would often be in 'cutting contests' with Harold Land and Kirk Bradford (Mustafa Hashim). I was a big favorite with the fly black chicks, but they scared me to death with their advances — after all, I was all of 18 years old!"

But Bockey grew up fast in the front lines of European warfare, and following his hospital stays for treating shrapnel wounds, returned to San Diego in 1946. This time, when Dorsey made his annual trek to San Diego, Bockey would be able to accept the offer. Bockey's "audition" included a wild night with the band-leader in Tijuana.

During his two-year stint with the Jimmy Dorsey Aggravation, Bockey, who was the second alto saxophonist and clarinetist for the band, traveled, ate, and partied with a colorful assemblage of musicians that included drummer Ray "Mother" Bauduc, trumpeter Charlie "T" Teagarden (brother of bandleader Jack Teagarden), trombonists Brad Gowans and George Masso, and a 16-year trumpet prodigy from Canada, future bebop great Maynard Ferguson.

The touring itinerary of a big band in the 1940s makes most contemporary musicians' concert dates seem lightweight by comparison. A December 1948 schedule compiled by Bockey showed that the band performed 28 nights, had four days "off" for travel time, and once traveled 550 miles between two dates. And no plane rides either, just a temperamental bus prone to frequent breakdowns.

Still, the opportunity to play with Dorsey far exceeded the lack of creature comforts. "There's been so much written about the fighting between Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey," Bockey said. "Of the two, Tommy was the one with the bad temper. Jimmy was actually easy to get along with. He was a great musician and wonderful boss. I enjoyed my years with him."

Contrary to popular belief, rock and roll didn't kill off the big bands. The Baby Boom, the GI's immersion into suburban bliss, and the preference for such solo artists as Doris Day, Frank Sinatra, and Perry Como over orchestras sealed the fate of the big bands long before Elvis took his first shake on the Ed Sullivan Show. These factors and the potential loss of his GI benefits for college compelled Bockey to resign from the Jimmy Dorsey Aggravation and concentrate



San Diego's Pacific Square ballroom in 1941

on his education.

"Jimmy was always hurt and angry whenever someone quit his band and would sometimes not speak to them while they worked out their two weeks' notice," Bockey wrote. "I gave notice to [road manager] Gil Koerner who tried to talk me into waiting until we got to Omaha again, so my train fare wouldn't cost me as much. I'm sure he thought he could talk me out of quitting before we got that far. Finally, in desperation, he said 'Jimmy wants to talk to you.'"

"I girded my loins and headed for a confrontation in Dorsey's dressing room. When I entered and sat down, he quietly said, 'Big bands, as we know them, are on a downslide and will eventually disappear. If you're not doing this because of an involvement with a woman, you've made the right decision.' I left the band in August, 1949."

Dorsey, however, stayed on the road and invited Gene to join him on stage during a week-long engagement in 1952 at Top's restaurant on Pacific Highway, now the home of Frank Fat's China Camp restaurant. Tommy Dorsey died from choking to death on food in his sleep in 1956. By this time, the Dorseys had ended their feud. A despondent Jimmy died six months after his brother's death in the spring of 1957.

Although the Jimmy Dorsey Aggravation was a popular live group, recordings of the big band are rare. Through no fault of their own, the group (and many others) was subjected to a recording ban by the International Musicians' Union. Bockey said that while their recording sessions were sent to radio stations

and played by deejays, the discs were not for sale in record stores.

Bockey wondered what became of those recordings until he received a pleasant surprise nearly 30 years later. Working in the orchestra pit for a 1978 musical revue called *4 Girls 4*, starring Rosemary Clooney, Helen O'Connell, and Rosemarie and Margaret Whiting at the Fox Theater, a young musician informed Bockey that Tower Records on Sports Arena Boulevard stocked recently issued vinyl recordings of the old 1948-49 sessions. Now, more than 50 years later, it is a revelation to hear Bockey dueling with Ferguson and trombonist Chuck Maxon. Particularly worth tracking down in used record stores is the album *Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra Featuring Maynard Ferguson: D iz D oes Everything on the Big Bands Archives* label out of Burbank.

Bockey's final musical stops kept him closer to home. For a number of years he played in Jack McLean's band in the Lafayette Hotel's Mississippi Ballroom on El Cajon Boulevard as well as performed with the San Diego Symphony. Generations of San Diego youngsters learned from Bockey through his tenure as a music teacher with San Diego City Schools.

Occasionally music emanates from the Bockey Home in Mission Hills. Gene still enjoys jamming with a small group that features former KFMB-TV weatherman (and professional musician) Doug Oliver on piano. In the billiards room, Bockey has souvenirs of an extraordinary musical journey, including those memorable sojourns with Jimmy Dorsey.

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# Recordially, Lou Curtiss



Photo: Bill Richardson

Lou Curtiss

Well, I noticed in the *Union-Tribune* that UCSD is looking for a name for their sixth college on the La Jolla campus. As a music fan and kind of a San Diego promoter of things, might I suggest Sam Hinton College. Sam was curator of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography's aquarium for many years and then part of the university's public relations system, all the while being one of the country's leading folk music performers and entertainers. Every public school child of my generation and those before and after me were exposed and entertained by Sam in San Diego and around the country. His music was collected and recorded by the Library of Congress. He made records for major record labels (Decca, RCA Victor, Folkways) and those recordings are an important part of many a music collector's library. Sam helped establish the San Diego Folk/Adams Avenue Roots Festival and played at the first 30 of them until he retired. The San Diego Folk Heritage Festival bears his name today. Perhaps even the new college could include a center for the study of ethnomusicology and folklore. It has always seemed a bit funny to me that none of the great San Diego institutions of higher learning has much interest in folkloric studies, even though a major folk festival has existed in the same town for nearly 40 years.

The Hinton School of Folklore and Ethnomusicology has a nice ring to it. I don't know who's in charge of such things but I'm betting that someone out there does know and could start the ball rolling. I'd suggest that we start a letter writing campaign. Sam, I hope I'm not embarrassing you with this suggestion, but I want you to know that a great number of us think very highly of you and appreciate the things you've done for our city and our music.

Well, now I've got that out of my craw and into yours, I promised we'd get back to the history of the San Diego Folk/Adams Avenue Roots Festival.

**Festival number 11** was the longest of the festivals — too long, some said — beginning on Tuesday and running all through the week until mid-day Sunday. That year featured blues songstress Elizabeth Cotton; the norteño music of Los Hurricanes del Norte; Dixieland and New Orleans jazz from Cottonmouth D'Arcy's Jazz Vipers; French-Canadian fiddler Louis Boudroult; the national hollering champion Leonard Emmanuel (who, it was said, could be heard six miles away); old time banjo player/singer Olabelle Reed; and a quartet of West Coast country music artists Doye O'Dell, Hank Penny, Johnny Bond, and Smokey Rogers. All four of them were playing their first folk festival ever, and since I had grown up with them on *Town Hall Party*, I wanted to expose that generation of folkies to the kind of country music I grew up with.

I remember Hank Penny's reservations about the audience when he said, "I'm sort of like a one-legged man at a butt kickin'. You've got to show me." Hank's humor and stories were one of the hits of that festival. We had yodeling cowgirl Patsy Montana, old timey songster-instrumentalist Tom Paley, saw player and labor storyteller Tom Scribner, cowboy singer Glenn Ohrlin, and a lot more, including Scandinavian singer Anne Charlotte Harvey, bluesman Tomcat Courtney, the Golden Toad, Rick and Sandi Epping, Mitch Greenhill and Mayne Smith, Bodie Wagner, Bruce "U. Utah" Phillips, John Bosley, Hunt 'n' Peck, and the Fly by Night Revue.

In 1978 **festival number 12** brought a veteran country duo from Alabama: the England Brothers (Obie and Orby) whose music resembled the 1930s style of the Delmore Brothers. Lydia Mendoza also returned from San Antonio (this time bring-

ing her conjunto). There was Bob Stewart, a traditional singer and psalter player from England whose area of study was "pagan influences in traditional song" (he wrote a book titled *In Search of Saint George*); New England singer-harpist Margaret MacArthur; Kentucky ballad singer/coal miner/union organizer Nimrod Workman; the Strange Creek Singers (Mike Seeger, Alice Gerrard, Hazel Dickens, Tracy Schwarz, and Lamar Grier); the Hank Penny family; Jody Stecher; Glenn Ohrlin; midwestern folksingers Bob Bovee and Pop

Wagner; Guy Carawan; Vancouver, and Canada folk sonsters Jon Bartlett and Rika Ruebsaat. We also had blues singer Robert Lowery; fine local country singer-guitarist Martin Henry, who was at many of these festivals; and Lani Kurnik (now known as Del Rey), who was as good a jazz/blues singer guitarist at age 15 (her first folk festival) as many well-seasoned performers. She was the blue-eyed soul of many a folk festival. I don't think either Lani (Del) or Martin ever failed to get an encore.

**Festival number 13** brought Red River Dave McEnery, the author of "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight," "When Old Bing Crosby Said Good-Bye," and many other topical country songs. Galax banjo man Kyle Creed drove out to the festival and just showed up. We were more than happy to find space for him. Wade and Julia Mainer brought their fine old timey songs back for a return and for the first time country duo Joe and Rose Lee Maphis brought their show to the festival. Stu Jamieson (who had played the earlier festivals) returned as did Larry Hanks. Bessie Jones from the Georgia Sea Islands was back this time with Frankie and Douglas Quimby

and so was the Cape Breton fiddler Sandy McIntyre. Singer-songwriter Priscilla Herdman paid us another visit as did old timey duo Tracy and Eloise Schwarz. The blues was represented by one-man band Blind Joe Hill and Sparky Rucker. Ed Thompson (a long-time San Diego County fixture at his North County Singing Strings shop) played some vintage Hawaiian steel guitar for us and L.A.'s banjo man Ed Lowe made a return visit. San Diego veteran folk songster Bob LaBeau also played that year.

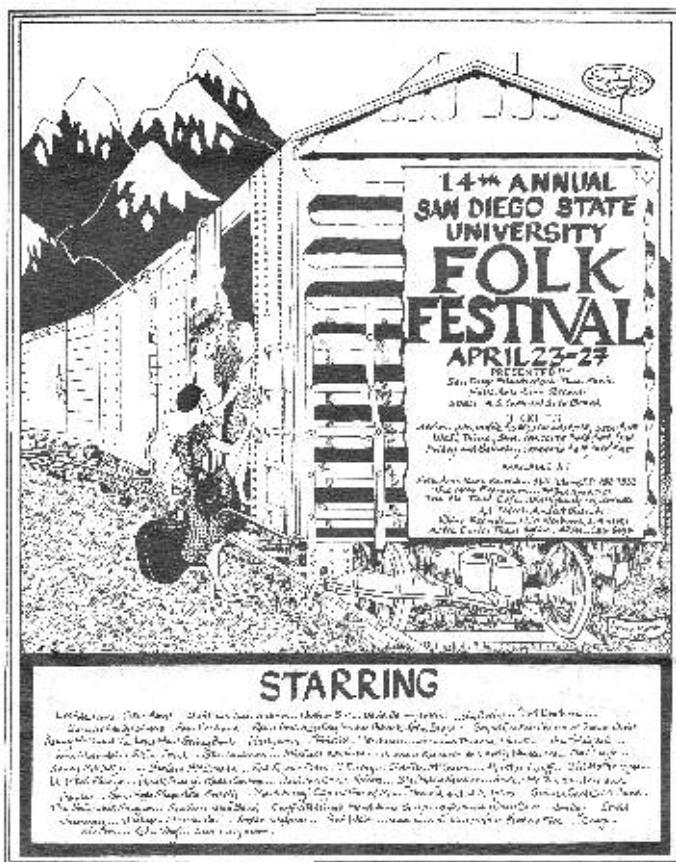
I should mention here a group of Arizona musicians that came over to San Diego festivals nine through 14. Headed by Tucson's banjoist/folklorist/songster Big Jim Griffith, they included the old time singing family of Tom and Martha Jennings and fiddler Clarence Langer, bluegrassers/ jazzsters

years and SDSU was supposed to use that time to come up with other funding, which of course they never did. I worked as a volunteer and never took any money for putting the festivals together, so I likewise had no say in the fund raising. That year we also lost SDSU's premier public relations man Jim Yanizan who knew how to get us a crowd. Sadly, his successors threw out 13 years of public relations photos, biographies, and lists of places to send publicity. The PR was never as good after Jim left and the new people just didn't seem interested in us.

**Festival 14** brought cajun fiddler Michael Doucet and accordion man Marc Savoy. Hank Penny reunited his 1930s western swing band the Radio Cowboys with original members Sheldon Bennett from Port Arthur, Texas, and Slim Duncan from Springfield,

Missouri. This band had recorded some 40 sides for the Vocalion Record Company in the late 1930s and hadn't been together since. You would never have known it. They sounded just like their early recordings. We had Red River Dave back with his gold spray-painted boots and topical songs ("Grand Ole Opry of the Sky," "The Ballad of Emmitt Till") and a desire to lasso female students who came near him. We had Arizona cowboy songster Van Holyoak (who Mark Wilson and I recorded for Rounder records at the festival that year), the Peruvian group Sukay, veteran folk banjo lady Hally Wood with John Lomax Jr., Priscilla Herdman, Kate Wolf, Bodie Wagner, L.A.

songwriter Peter Alsop, the big Jewish Band, and Gabe Ward (who was clarinetist with the Hoosier Hot Shots and did a fine, funny solo act). Roy Ruiz Clayton made his first appearance with us (calling himself Riverboat Roy Clayton in those days), Geoff Stellings



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# Jeff Nevin and the MARIACHI REVOLUCION



by Peter Bolland

Jeff Nevin rolls his eyes. He draws a deep breath and begins to explain, as he has a thousand times before. "When people hear the word 'Mariachi,' they think of four guys in a Mexican restaurant." He admits it's a valid stereotype, but his mission is to expand our understanding of the depth and breadth of Mexico's most beloved musical genre.

As an author, composer, master musician, music professor, and director of the Mariachi Program at Southwestern College in Chula Vista, Nevin is perfectly poised to lead the revolution.

But the question remains: How did a white kid from Chicago find himself on the leading edge of the fastest growing phenomenon in music today?

Nevin's family moved to Tucson, Arizona when he was only two years old. The desert had its way with him and he soon felt at home in the sand and Saguaro. And as a trumpet player, he naturally gravitated to where the action was: Mariachi.

In his classical training he learned how to read music, but it took the Mariachi masters to show him how to play the notes. Even though he was a highly accomplished classical musician, there was still much Nevin had to learn in long apprenticeship with the best in the business.

While working on his master's degree at Arizona State University in Phoenix, he paid his way through school by playing in Mariachi bands on the weekends. Doctoral work in music composition brought him out to UC San Diego where he continued to play Mariachi on the side. It became second nature for Nevin



Mariachi Campaña Nevin

to move effortlessly between the halls of academia and the blare of the Mariachi concert halls, although the gap between these two worlds was narrowing, and in that narrowing he saw his own life's work taking shape.

Mariachi's humble origins are in regional folk music found in the small towns of Jalisco and Nayarit. By adapting the instruments brought by the European conquerors from Renaissance Europe, for example lutes and the like, Mexicans began to develop their own national sound. After 500 years, the shapes of the instruments evolved and changed and the Euproean feel began to fall away. Then along came the trumpet. That changed everything. Imagine a nice quiet group with two violins, a harp and a gui-

tar. A trumpet was like the proverbial bull in a china shop. But in time that bright, hot sound would become the trademark of Mariachi.

Mariachi may have humble, folk-like roots, but the Mariachi we know and love today bears little resemblance to those rustic groups from the 19th century. Modern Mariachi music arose in the 1930s and 1940s in and around Mexico City. In fact, it was the birth of a thriving Mexican film industry that propelled Mariachi music to national prominence. By the 1940s and 1950s, matching sequined suits came along. In early American cinema it was jazz bands that held sway. And while jazz bands faded from popularity in the U.S., Mariachi has held strong in the minds and hearts of the Mexican people. When they saw these films, all of Mexico fell in love and Mariachi became the de facto official music of an entire nation.

Nevin is quick to point out that Mariachi is unlike folk music in many ways. Eighty to ninety percent of the Mariachi songs performed today were written by hugely popular professionals over the last 50 years. Crafted by highly trained, master musicians, these complex compositions and sophisticated arrangements were handed down through the generations. They did not well up from the "folk." Rather, they came down from the elite. In fact, there's a closer relationship between classical music and Mariachi than you might think.

Nevin's own group, Mariachi Champaña is a good example of that synthesis, a veritable supergroup comprising top classical and Mariachi players. They've shared the stage with Placido Domingo, the San Diego Symphony, and many other luminaries. It is Nevin's goal to bridge the gap between the two worlds and bring them together. "There's stuff that the best classical trumpet players can learn from Mariachis," says Nevin, "and there's stuff that Mariachis have to learn from the classical guys."

At the lower levels, Mariachi and clas-

sical music seem disconnected. Classical musicians often dismiss Mariachi as rough and unrefined, while Mariachi musicians often dismiss classical music as too stiff and bland. And such assessments are somewhat valid. "But the best classical musicians have every bit of that fire," says Nevin, "and the best Mariachi players are every bit as refined as the best classical musicians." At the highest levels the gap begins to disappear. Nevin explores this vibrant nexus within his own compositions. We might even be witnessing the birth of a new genre: Virtuoso Mariachi.

Nevin wants to train the front line practitioners of the new Virtuoso Mariachi. In the Mariachi Program at Southwestern College, Nevin pushes his students to take Mariachi to the highest level. He's not just training restaurant musicians, not that there's anything wrong with that. "When I was working on my master's in Phoenix, I was making ten or twelve thousand dollars a year playing in Mariachi bands on the weekends. So I say to my students, whatever your day job is, wouldn't you like to play great music you love and make an extra ten grand a year? But," he always adds, "the hard part is making more than twenty." Being a Mariachi is a great second job, but it's not much of a career.

Mariachi musicians can easily make \$40 an hour but they're only working four hours a week. "So the hard part is convincing my students that while the money might seem good now, do you really want to still be making \$12,000 a year when you're 70? For some people that's fine, but that's not what I'm pushing my students to do," said Nevin. He wants his students to love what they play, but he also wants them to make a good living. For example, by learning to sight read, which is not the norm in the Mariachi world, a player can get lucrative recording session work. "The guys in my group are doing three and four recording dates a week because they can read music," said Nevin.

The next goal is more far-sighted.

Nevin wants to train Mariachi teachers. All over the southwestern United States Mariachi programs are springing up at nearly every middle school, high school, and community college, which are often taught by well meaning but unqualified band directors who don't know anything about Mariachi. There are even Mariachi players teaching college courses who themselves never completed high school. The demand for well-trained and qualified Mariachi teachers far outstrips the supply. After completing the Mariachi Program at Southwestern College Nevin's students can get their teaching credential at San Diego State and walk into any school in the southwest and get hired on the spot.

Nevin has been teaching at Southwestern College for eight years, and it didn't take him long to make his mark. Last summer, Southwestern College became the first college in the United States to offer an AA degree in Mariachi music.



Jeff Nevin

And to balance out his work in the classroom, Nevin regularly performs with his own group and others. As the principal trumpeter of the La Jolla Symphony and a frequent substitute in the San Diego Symphony, he stays active in the classical world as well.

Nevin also has numerous recordings to his credit. His accomplishments in the world of music continue to grow with no signs of slowing down. But please don't ask him to play at your daughter's Quinceañera. You couldn't afford it. But he can hook you up with some of his amazing students, who are currently paying their way through college by playing great Mariachi music.

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# Saving Room for Dessert

Hanging out at barbecues with

# Simeon Flick

by chuck schiele



I've always said that my favorite souvenir from being in the music business is in the people I've gotten to meet and gotten to know along the way. Besides huge dollar amounts, of course. I met Simeon Flick (who insists his name is not some made-up Hollywood name) about a year and a half ago on a gig. It was one of those nights where a couple guitar players made sure they introduced themselves to one another before the night was over. About a year ago, I reviewed his CD *Soliloquy*. And by now, after quite a few gigs as backstage pals where we generally drink beer and borrow each other's batteries and guitar chords, we've actually started to become good friends. What a great angle from which to write about an artist and what's on his mind.

Enter Simeon Flick. "I can eat a horse!" he replied when my fiancée, Janna, asked him if he was hungry at a recent soiree at our home. It was a weird little soiree. Half of the invited guests happened to be in the middle of a three-day fast. Simeon and I were chatting by the barbecue, taking delight in how this little "twilight zone" factor will render more seared ahi and chicken for him and me.

Pretty soon we were sitting at a table in the kitchen listening to the Kind of Blue CD by Miles Davis. We're drinking red wine, in complete awe of the food, and scarfing to "So What." Listening. We listened for a long time. The funny thing about Miles is that he's one of the few who plays music that makes musicians shut up for a second. There we were. A warm spring California Saturday night at the beach. Roasted Potatoes. Friends carrying on in the backyard twilight. Coltrane's taking charge of his 32 bars of freedom and all we can say is nothing. Shaking our heads, listening to the masters. I tried a cheeseburger.

We started chatting about music. Now, I knew the first time I saw Simeon play that he was a well-educated musician. Simeon's intelligence — and his intelligence for music — is an obvious thing. I could tell for several reasons, but mainly by his choices when it comes to chord selection, composition, and how the melody is related and incorporated. Simeon is a com-

poser as much as he is a songwriter. With fluency, he's extremely adept in classical, jazz, and rock music forms, throwing each into his own music stew where it is seasoned with equal amounts of homage and disregard for what has already been done. He manages that fine line with apparent ease. With complete modesty, Simeon is a fierce and underrated guitar player, not to mention a killer alto with a big brain for intelligent rock poetry.

We swigged the last of our wine and poured some more. We noted that Kind of Blue is one of the best things ever accomplished in music. And I realize we have enough time to sit and chat a bit, when it occurs to me to ask, "Where did you learn to play music, Simeon?"

Miles was still blowin' in the background as our friends were still out in the backyard fasting by the food table. In the comfort of being a couple music dudes talking about music dude stuff, Simeon explained, "Well, I started playing guitar when I was 14. I took a month of lessons, but it didn't take long before I was better than my teacher, so I was self-taught after that. I took a couple of classical guitar lessons but didn't really get serious about it until college. I began singing, writing lyrics, playing bass and drum and had a few college-prep piano lessons during the same pubescent time frame."

"Didn't you go to Berkeley or something?" I pried.

"I studied classical guitar performance at the University of Redlands and graduated with a bachelor's degree in music in that major in 1992. I studied briefly for a master's in the same major at the University of Colorado, Boulder campus in the spring of 1999, but dropped out. Ironically, there was no time for music, you see. That was the best and perhaps the most expensive three months of classical guitar lessons I've ever had, although it corrected all my bad habits and increased my tone and volume, exponentially. I took a couple months of voice lessons from Tricia Moore in late 2002, early 2003, which have helped me build my voice up to where it is now."

The Miles Davis CD finally ends and the kitchen is without music. We

decided to hit play and listen to it again (a sort of why not approach to "So What"). I asked Simeon if he has played a lot of jazz since then, because he often brings that language in to his own music.

"Yeah, a little, but I intentionally left jazz as a frontier on guitar so I could 'invent' it for myself. I've been improv-soloing since high school and wanted to have something I could save just for myself, some free territory to explore in my own way. I like to do that sometimes because then my take on the 'frontier' stands a chance of being somewhat original, possibly even innovative."

Simeon continues, "Other than that, one of the driving forces behind my art is this thing in my blood, this need to be new and different — to innovate and to be provocative."

"You are," I state. "How do you get your ideas?"

"My ideas come from everywhere and everything, from any medium. I've spent a lifetime listening to and watching everything like a sponge, scouring the sea bottom of pop culture for ideas and inspiration. I have the sensitivity to absorb people and things in their entirety... artistic empathy."

Convincingly spoken. He continues, "Believe it or not, some of my stuff has been influenced by unexpected sources: Beyoncé Knowles, Justin Timberlake, stuff that wouldn't necessarily come to mind from listening to my music."

"It doesn't come to mind..." I quip. We're laughing.

"I'm not below learning something from anyone, even if it's from a musical genre I don't normally listen to. Like Louie Armstrong said (I think it was Louie): 'There's only two kinds of music: good and bad.'"

I agree. And with that we decide to take matters in to the studio where an impromptu jam is breaking out there. Until the wee hours we all passed the guitars around, singing songs to one another, the way we all like to do when we're not working. And we all knew we were having more fun than anybody else at this particular moment. And, as I recall, he played some of his stuff, my stuff. Off the top

of his head he gave us some Steely Dan, Police, Yes, Rush (on my 12-string because it was just sitting there), a classical piece, and Earth, Wind and Fire's "Shining Star."

A few days later we're on a gig together. We had a marvelous time and went on to make plans for dinner over the weekend.

Simeon and his lovely fiancée, Allison, arrive, followed by the arrival of our friend and fellow musician Matthew Stewart shortly thereafter. With greetings, we popped a cork and popped in Miles Davis again, still in awe of patience applied to good grapes and good music. And everyone started blabbing to the sound of chicken sizzling on the grill. Once again, we're talking about music and all the glory and agony that goes in to living this life. We're talking about why we're here and why we do this and what it takes, when Simeon declares "I think persistence is all you need, tenacity. You need to live and breathe it and be prepared for the long haul. Prepared to do it indefinitely and really commit to a more barebones lifestyle [which this country really doesn't encourage at all...F150 anyone???] It encourages having good, solid people around you as your support system. It also encourages you to wear as many of the hats as you can before you hand it off to someone else, versatility. I think Rilke said it best: you have to be able to answer an undeniable 'yes' when asking yourself the question, 'Must I do this? Must I wake up every day and do this because my very existence depends on it? 95 percent of playing music for a living depends on your answer to this question.'"

We head on out to show Matthew the studio, carrying on about the music scene (in and out of town), how things change, and why that's good.



Simeon is optimistic more than most on the state of the arts.

"I think it's definitely thriving on a grassroots level. The music industry has kind of burned out the commercial channels and now good music has gone where it truly belongs: underground. There's obviously a recession going on, so it's a bit hard to be an independent musician these days. We have to be frugal, thrifty, and have low expectations and a bottom line to match. Fan support has been pretty apathetic, if not minimal (!). So I personally have had to look elsewhere, or inward, for my sense of well-being from the satisfaction I take in my music. It can be kind of demoralizing sometimes, but in a way it's been the catalyst for me to push as hard as I humanly can to develop as an artist. The great thing now is that there are even more resources than ever available to independent artisans of all types... especially the Internet, which has been essential in marketing my own music."

Next thing I know there's another jam breaking out. And I am reminded of why I live this life, too.

Simeon Flick is a versatile dude. He has released solo works. He plays in a band with his brother, Nathaniel in Alpha Ray. He's an enthusiastic contributor to the music universe. He sits in on your gig with no problem. He produces records in his own studio and appears on more than several recordings as a support player, such as the recently reviewed Lee Tyler Post CD in last month's San Diego Troubadour. Obsessed with language, his musical intelligence also takes form in the now-and-then music editorial. Regardless of his arena, whether it requires a set of headphones, a laptop, or an able ax — Simeon Flick is here with an appetite for excellence and irreverent originality in music. It's in the music around him, and in his own.

Somebody pass me the peach ice cream and hit play.



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by Morris Palter

When most people think about ragtime music, the first person that comes to mind is usually Scott Joplin, who truly was the king of ragtime music. But ragtime is much more than one person's accomplishments, even a master like Joplin. In its heyday, ragtime was popular music culture in America. It was everywhere from the back alleys to boardwalks, equally infiltrating dingy and dangerous saloons to middle-class American homes and even concert halls. Ironically, although ragtime music is upbeat, bouncy, and happy, it could not have existed were it not for one of the most objectionable periods in American history: slavery.



Scott Joplin, 1868-1917

Slaves brought their indigenous musical styles along with them, which included work songs and field hollers. Following a period of acculturation in the New World, spiritual songs evolved and eventually minstrelsy and "coon" songs were born, the direct predecessors to ragtime itself.

Work songs and field hollers, which can be traced back to the late 17th century, were designed either to accompany the tedium of group labor or to help synchronize the timing of repetitive tasks. Slaves were actually encouraged to sing while working because it increased productivity, which, of course, made and kept plantation owners very happy. Field hollers on the other hand were cries or calls that slaves used while working in the fields as both a method of communication and a means of locating one another. Many slaves, especially those from Africa's Slave Coast, traditionally used drums to perform this task. However, because they were used to sending and receiving secret messages, drums were banned from the plantations.

By way of late night camp and revival meetings, many slaves became Christians and, owing to acculturation with whites and hymnody, soon the African spiritual was born. There were many different classifications of spiritual songs such as sorrow songs (arguably the most famous being "Nobody Knows De Trouble I See"), while more up-tempo songs of jubilation were called jubilees, making up the largest group of spirituals. Regardless of the type, all spirituals dealt with the notion of liberation to some degree. Many of the texts and titles of spirituals made reference to the enslaved Israelites from the Old Testament. Songs such as "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jerico" or "Go Down Moses," "Tell Old Pharaoh," and "Let My People Go" were all spirituals that came to both symbolize and parallel the plight of the enslaved Negroes. They also served as emotional nourishment, encouraged positive states of mind, as well as offered hope in light of the terrible conditions American slaves were forced to endure.

The word 'coon' itself, from raccoon, was a derogatory term coined by whites during Reconstruction when making reference to blacks. Probably the best known of the "coon" songs was Ernest Hogan's "All Coons Look Alike to Me" (1896). Ironically, Hogan, who was himself an African American, did not intend for the song to be racially charged. The song is about a broken love affair in which a woman, who now has a new, wealthier boyfriend, dismisses her old love by saying, "All coons look alike to me." Hogan, feeling that he had somehow betrayed his own race,



Bert Williams, a popular actor during the 1920s, in blackface.

# RAGTIME

## AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE XYLOPHONE

### MINSTRELSY

The roots of minstrelsy are as difficult to pinpoint as is ragtime itself. The first documented minstrel show was on February 6, 1843 when four white men performed in blackface and billed themselves as the Virginia Minstrels. Individuals performing in blackface existed in America as early as 1827, but it was the Virginia Minstrels who were the first ensemble to create an identifiable plantation setting through their clothes, makeup, and dialect, which became the framework that turned their individual contributions into a show. Minstrel showmen soon developed certain practices such as performing in blackface made from burnt cork, with exaggerated elliptical mouths outlined in white, and wearing white gloves. Spike Lee's movie *Bamboozled* gives one a good idea of what a minstrel show was like. The quintessential instruments of a minstrel show were the banjo, the bones, and the tambourine. The show itself would include lively banter, soft-shoe tap dance, banjo soloing, a stump speech (a humorous address by one of the members on a topical subject spoken in black dialect), slapstick, and rousing musical numbers.

### "COON" SONGS AND THE ROOTS OF RAGTIME

By the 1870s the minstrel show's popularity was unparalleled in American culture, but it was slowly making a transformation into variety and vaudeville shows by the late 1880s. These types of shows incorporated more visual effects such as slide shows and more dazzling specialty acts like jugglers and tumblers. More important, these shows provided the vehicle for new musical styles including "coon" songs and ragtime. It is important to note that "coon" songs and early ragtime music were seen as the same thing. In fact, Sophie Tucker, usually billed as a "coon shouter" when she appeared in blackface at Pastor's Music hall, was instead billed as Mary Garden of "Ragtime" when she dispensed the burnt cork but performed the same songs!

The word 'coon' itself, from raccoon, was a derogatory term coined by whites during Reconstruction when making reference to blacks. Probably the best known of the "coon" songs was Ernest Hogan's "All Coons Look Alike to Me" (1896). Ironically, Hogan, who was himself an African American, did not intend for the song to be racially charged. The song is about a broken love affair in which a woman, who now has a new, wealthier boyfriend, dismisses her old love by saying, "All coons look alike to me." Hogan, feeling that he had somehow betrayed his own race,

died regretting its composition. This song is notable for another important reason — it is the first time the word 'rag' appears in printed form. In the published sheet music, an optional arrangement of the chorus states: with Negro Rag Accompaniment." Musically speaking, these songs were characterized by high spirits and rhythmic drive.

There are numerous accounts as to when and how this music became known as "ragtime," but it is impossible to know for sure when it was first actually coined. One of the earliest known examples comes in print from 1886, when it was used to describe the rhythm of Negro dance music as "heathenish and ragged." Another example from the same year came from George W. Cable who described the rhythm of a black dance he saw performed in New Orleans' Congo Square as 'ragged.' Also, in 1888, a Nebraskan banjo player wrote to a banjo music magazine requesting some music with 'broken time.' He mentioned that he had heard this music being played by "ear players" (most likely a reference to black musicians who did not read music but played by ear). These examples point toward a syncopated musical style that was understood to have "ragged time." Hence, it was soon afterward that the shortened term "ragtime" was born.

By the beginning of the 20th Century, ragtime music had saturated American popular culture. This new syncopated style of music was infectious indeed! Ragtime, with its African slave roots, was now being played and performed by both amateur and professional musicians alike.

More poignant, it had successfully permeated into "white" American culture by way of town bands (Patrick S. Gilmore, 1829-1892, and John Phillip Sousa, 1854-1932, were two such famed bandleaders) and through the manufacture of more affordable pianos. Story-

telling, newspapers, and Bible readings were now being replaced by live music in the home where families gathered around the piano.

With the influx of pianos into American homes and the growing number of town bands came unprecedented demands for sheet music. Publishing companies pounced on this demand and made huge money. It is therefore not surprising that piano sales, which peaked in 1909, coincided precisely with the height of sheet music sales. Music publishing companies were releasing the latest and "hottest" ragtime works just as quickly as they were being composed. Soon after Hogan's song became popular, the infamous "Maple Leaf Rag" (1899) was published, soon to become one of the highest selling ragtime tunes ever published in America. This work, composed by Scott Joplin and published by John Stilwell Stark (1841-1927) of Sedalia, Missouri, was so enamored by the public that the sheet music went on to sell over one million

copies! It is interesting to note that the majority of people learning to play the piano at this time were, in fact, women — usually the daughters and mothers of families who would be taking piano lessons in the home, not the little boys or fathers.



Through 1902 most published rags still had obvious references to their black origins and stereotypes, many of which portrayed blacks as stealing, eating watermelon, or even razor fighting. By 1903, there was a 50 percent reduction in black references and by 1904 less than 20 percent of published rags contained any black references in their titles and artwork. Instead they showed whites elegantly dressed in tuxedos and gowns dancing in fancy ballrooms.

### GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN, NOVELTY MUSIC, AND THE XYLOPHONE'S RISE IN POPULARITY

The era of "novelty" music was fast approaching and the xylophone, which was now being mass-produced in America, lent itself well to the added complexity inherent in novelty music. This caused an unprecedented surge in both the demand for novelty music and the xylophone itself. Out of its newfound popularity rose one of its most influential figures, George Hamilton Green, who was born on May 23, 1893 in Omaha, Nebraska into a musical family. A gifted pianist and violinist at an early age, George and his brother encountered their first xylophone in 1901 when George was eight years old. They were so enamored by the instrument that they didn't stop harassing their parents until they agreed to buy it for them. George made his debut on the xylophone in 1905 with his father's band in Omaha's Hanscom Park, playing "American Patrol," a popular patriotic melody.

Growing up surrounded by music not only exposed Green to the popular music of the day, but it also provided him with a performance outlet. And because of his all-encompassing love for the xylophone, this was the instrument on which he would ultimately leave his musical legacy.

Green's career as a professional xylophonist can be broken down into three distinct categories: his compositions, his recordings, and, most important, his playing and the development of a xylophone teaching method.

As it turned out, one of the most preferred instruments to record on early phonographs was the xylophone. Its acoustic properties and articulate nature produced clear recordings for the acoustic phonograph. Although there were other xylophone players hired by record companies, it was George Hamilton Green who was recognized as the greatest of them all.

In 1917, Green made his first xylophone recording for the Edison Company. The end of World War I one year later sparked a dance craze



Sheet music for "coon" songs







The Green brothers, George (l.) and Joe Green (r.)

bent on sweeping the nation. The Allies had won, and the boys were coming home. Being in a mood to celebrate, America would see an explosion of both live and recorded dance band music between 1918 and 1925. George Hamilton Green recorded literally hundreds of works in addition to playing in various groups with and without his brother Joe. One particular group, the Green Brothers Novelty Band, recorded frequently over the course of the next two decades and ranged in size anywhere from eight to 16 members with up to three xylophone players! During the 1920s xylophone/marimba bands became very popular and the Green brothers' amazing talent on the instrument won them a broad spectrum of fans.

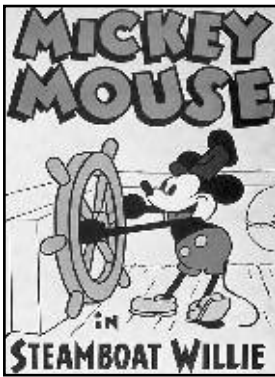
In addition to recording, Green made many live radio appearances including many on famed bandleader Paul Whiteman's radio show. A little known but interesting tidbit is that in 1927, George and Joe were joined by their youngest brother Lewis (1902-1992) and made history recording music for Steamboat Willie, The Opry House, and Skeleton Dance, Walt Disney's first animated sound cartoons — a wonderful slice of American music history!

By the mid-1920s few composers wrote purely ragtime pieces. Jazz music was slowly replacing ragtime as the most popular musical style in the U.S., and composers were adjusting to this phenomenon. The influence of blues, when used in a ragtime tune, was clearly audible. Jazz, on the other hand, was what ragtime itself was developing into. It was during this cross-over period that novelty music emerged.

Novelty music included all of the rhythmical elements now found in ragtime music and blended them with chromatic runs (playing side-by-side notes up or down the instrument) and quicker tempos. A more developed harmonic structure formed the overall basis for this novelty music. It was within this period that Green wrote many of his compositions including "The Ragtime Robin," "Cross-Corners," and "The Whistler." The covers for these xylophone solos read "George Hamilton Green's Jazz Classics for the Xylophone: A Series of Modern Ragtime Solos with Piano Accompaniment," reflecting the ambiguity surrounding the popular musical genres of the time. The fact that these compositions are still performed by percussionists today attests to both their longevity and creativity. Much of this can be attributed to percussionist Bob Becker (NEXUS,

Steve Reich Ensemble) who single-handedly resurrected these tunes in the 1970s by making arrangements of them for percussion ensembles.

Perhaps Green's greatest contribution was the development of a systematic study for the xylophone and, with it, the subsequent awareness he was able to bring to the popular music styles of his time. In 1922 George and Joe Green published "Green Brothers Advanced Instructor for Xylophone." Still considered standard practice for modern day percussionists, the playing techniques included were not only revolutionary but it also speaks to the love and understanding both brothers had for the xylophone. What makes this book truly amazing is the level of detail that the Green brothers offer with respect to every aspect of xylophone playing. In 1923 it was George who went on to publish 50 individual lessons, available through mail order, called "George Hamilton Green's New Instruction Course for Xylophone: A Complete Course of Fifty Lessons." This course of



The Green brothers recorded the music for Steamboat Willie as well as two other Disney films.

lessons focused on a systematic way of applying proper playing techniques to popular music forms, something that was not as thoroughly addressed in the earlier Green Brothers method book.

In 1926, Green followed up his book of 50 lessons with "New Series of Individual Instruction Courses for Xylophone and Marimba," providing the tools for learning how to improvise existing melodies. The two books were and still are regarded as the best resources

for becoming a better two-mallet player. Although Green revolutionized the way percussionists would forever play the xylophone, he was also interested in creating skilled ragtime players.



Early ad for an Edison phonograph

Although books had already been published that dealt with improvising techniques for the popular music of the day (probably the earliest being Benjamin Harney's "Rag Time Instructor," published in 1897), Green's was recognized as one of the first to do it during the ragtime/novelty/early jazz era. That Green used the xylophone to apply his methodology to improvisation is secondary; it is the message, not the means.

When one takes into consideration all of Green's achievements regarding the xylophone within the context of the ragtime music era, it is impossible to deny the impact ragtime music had on Green or Green's contribution to the "mainstreaming" of ragtime music. It is ironic, however, that Green was much more interested in demonstrating to the world that the xylophone was a noble instrument than he was in trying to "mainstream" ragtime music or become one of its



The Green Brothers are becoming more popular every day. They have just established a new Xylophone School in New York City and are using latest business methods. Show them on the radio through records.

greatest performers. That he achieved both was a byproduct of all his endeavors relating to the xylophone itself. For all the ragtime music he engaged in playing, he performed and recorded an equal amount of arranged classical repertoire. He was even a big proponent

of Bach's two-part inventions, which he would have his students practice, demonstrating that Green thought of himself as a musician (who utilized the xylophone) before considering himself a player of any specific genre of music.

When all was said and done, what Green was most interested in accomplishing was proving to people that the xylophone was capable of realizing a wide variety of musical styles, no different in many ways than the piano. During a 1925 clinic he held in Boston, Green commented on how one should keep the mallets low to the

# Meet Morris Palter

by Paul Hormick

Emerson said that nothing is accomplished without enthusiasm. And if the philosopher needed a paradigm for getting things done, he would have wanted to talk to Morris Palter. Whether it's his passions for ragtime, percussion, or the differences of catching a beer in the States or the Netherlands — whatever the subject, Palter is unable to hide his enthusiasm.

Currently finishing up his Doctoral of Musical Arts at UCSD, the percussionist teaches a class titled Ragtime: From Slavery to Stravinsky in which he traces the American musical genre from pre-colonial field hollers and plantation songs all the way through to ragtime's incorporation into classical music. "It's really America's first musical contribution to the world," he says as he lectures to a class on the minstrel show period of racist blackface entertainment.

A onetime drummer for a Canadian rock band, Palter found himself drawn to the music of George Hamilton Green, a great proponent, performer, and composer for the xylophone. Wanting to learn what he could, he sought out Bob Becker, considered to be the world's foremost xylophonist. Palter didn't have to look far: "He literally lived around the corner from me," he says. That study led to one of Palter's recordings, *Novelty Ragtime Xylophone* (reviewed in the San Diego Troubadour, February 2005) on which he performs many Green's compositions.

As the ragtime festivals at which he performs are dominated by pianists and pianos, Palter says that the reaction he gets when he plays the xylophone is sometimes overwhelming. "Some people can't believe they're listening to a xylophone, and some people are relieved that they're not listening to a piano," he says.

Palter studied music in the Netherlands then came to San Diego and UCSD to earn his Ph.D. He

chose UCSD to study under Steven Schick, a great champion of contemporary percussion music. "I wanted to study with him because, yes, he is a classical performer, but he also has his ear to the ground

for pop music culture, and I was interested in his emphasis on performing from memory," says Palter. Because the performers are not staring at a page of music, Palter believes that the musicians have a better chance of revealing their personalities as they play. "And they are more able to play in the moment," he says. In addition to teaching and studying, Palter is one half of the Speak-Easy Duo, which he formed with guitarist Colin McAllister to play ragtime, as well as Red Fish Blue Fish, an ensemble headed by Schick that

includes some of UCSD's top percussion students. Besides concerts in the United States, Red Fish Blue Fish has performed in Mexico, Taiwan, and Paris.

Realizing that there was an abundance of contemporary music on the UCSD campus but little else in the rest of San Diego, Palter co-founded the new music ensemble Noise. The quintet performs music by contemporary composers at concerts four times a year. On Palter will be performing on May 9 at the L.A. Philharmonic's Walt Disney Hall with Schick and Evelyn Glennie, another of the world's great percussionists, as well as with Red Fish Blue Fish. He will also appear at UCSD's Spring Fest on May 20.



Photo: Deborah Palter

Morris Palter

Palter lectures to his ragtime class at UCSD



Photo: Paul Hormick

instrument to create a greater degree of accuracy for hitting the correct notes. As it turned out, a few vaudeville players in the audience felt that the job of the xylophone player was to put on a "show" for audience members — to play in a flashy manner by bringing their mallets high up in the air. Green had no interest in that sort of playing. Green was serious about the xylophone — it was not a gimmicky instrument to him. Rather, he believed it was a versatile instrument, capable of being used in any sort of musical situation, and he spent his professional musical career trying to show this.

Ultimately, it seems that the world did not feel the same way. As technology increased with the advent of the electronic microphone in 1926, the demand for xylophone recordings decreased. Early jazz music was on the rise and the vibraphone eventually took the place of the xylophone in most jazz orchestras. Green also soon found himself losing students to World War II, and many of his network radio concerts were being replaced by newscasts.

George Hamilton Green's exit from professional musical life has taken on mythic proportions when it was reported that in 1946, during a break in recording from a studio session, Green apparently laid down his mallets and walked out of the studio, never to play the xylophone in pub-

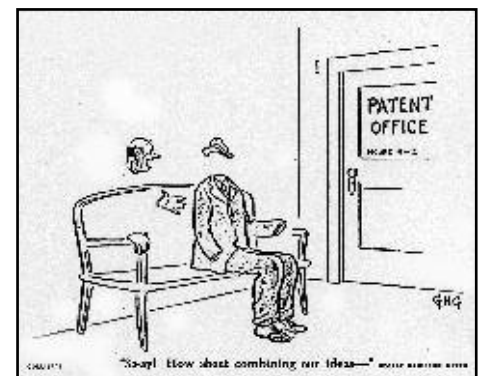


lic again. Harry Bruer, a famous mallet player in his own right, who was on that same sessions stated, "He didn't bother to take his instruments with him, because he knew that he wouldn't be needing them any-

more." After Green's untimely retirement, he went on to a successful career as a professional cartoonist, selling his cartoons to such reputable magazines and newspapers as Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, and Life.

George Green died on September 11, 1970 and was posthumously inducted into the Percussion Arts Society Hall of Fame in 1983. To this

day percussionists worldwide perform his compositions, helping to both promote the xylophone and to keep the wonderful music of the ragtime era alive.



One of George Hamilton Green's cartoons following his retirement from music.



# Bluegrass CORNER



by Dwight Worden

## THE BANJO

What would bluegrass music be without the banjo? Well, whatever it would be, it wouldn't be bluegrass. The banjo is the key signature sound of bluegrass music, characterized by rhythmic rolls and fast finger picked leads; its distinctive sound in large measure defines bluegrass music. So, let's learn a little about the banjo.



The banjo originated in Africa and was first brought to the U.S. in the 17th century by African slaves. Typically made from gourds with animal

skins for the "drum" portion, animal gut (the same as for tennis racquets), and sometimes hemp were used to make the strings, the original African and American banjos had smooth necks without frets. The banjo gained international recognition in the 1800s when American minstrel shows, like the Virginia Minstrels, traveled to England, Ireland, and other parts of Europe. Typically, minstrel musicians were white and performed in blackface as they presented a series of skits and music that prominently featured the banjo. After the civil war some freed slaves, like Bert Williams, gained notoriety in minstrel shows and used these shows as a springboard to greater fame in vaudeville, radio, and movies, taking their banjos with them.

What we think of as the modern banjo began to take shape about 1878 when New Yorker Henry Dobson added wooden

strips or "frets" to the neck. Then in the 1900s steel strings were invented and added. Many believe the shortened five-string was invented and added about this time, but a review of art from the 1700s shows that a shortened five-string was used even back then. Up until the 1930s this "modern" banjo was primarily strummed in dixieland bands and for other styles of music, including blues. Claw hammer banjo playing, or frailing, was also a popular banjo style in Appalachia and other parts of the U.S. where traditional, old time, and mountain music were popular. This technique uses the thumb on one stroke and the back of the fingernails for a second stroke. This style is still popular with old time musicians.

During the 1930s and 1940s Earl Scruggs and a few lesser-known banjo pioneers created the so called "three-finger style" by which the banjo is finger picked, creating a series of "rolls" that deliver the fiery single note leads so characteristic of bluegrass music. The banjo as Earl Scruggs played it when he played with Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys in the 1940s — making some of bluegrass music's most revered recordings — is essentially unchanged today. In fact, "prewar" banjos are highly sought after and fetch hefty prices, especially those made by the Gibson company. Likewise, the three-finger style pioneered by Early Scruggs is still the domi-

nant style of bluegrass banjo, although modern pioneers like Bela Fleck can be heard playing many styles using a variety of techniques, including bowing the banjo.

So, the next time you start to tell a banjo joke, show some respect for this principal bluegrass instrument that, although not invented in the U.S., has certainly been transformed here and molded into a uniquely beautiful and American bluegrass instrument.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

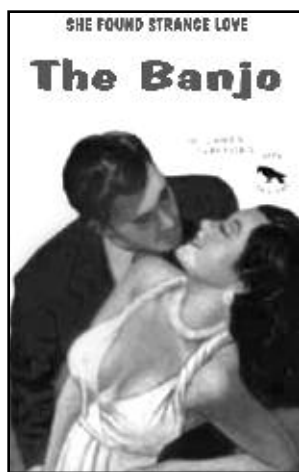
Bluegrass in El Cajon The San Diego Bluegrass Society is inaugurating a new venue in El Cajon at the Downtown Café on Main Street right next to the East County Performing Arts Center. As we go to press, expect a Tuesday event on May 30, 7-10pm, with bluegrass karaoke, open mic, and band presentations, so stop by. If things go well the SDBS will also be presenting bluegrass bands on every fourth Saturday at the Downtown Café. This is a nice place with good food, a large outdoor deck, and a great little stage.

James King The SDBS is presenting the James King Band in concert at the First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach, 4747 Soledad Mountain Road, Thursday, May 12 at 7 pm with a 30-minute opening set by North Forty (previously known as the Les and Lou Ann Preston Band). Admission is free, although donations will be solicited.

## SUMMERGRASS



Now is the time to sign up to volunteer for this year's three-day Summergrass bluegrass festival in Vista to be held on August 26-28. Depending on how many hours you volunteer, you can earn free admission to one or more days of the festival. Four hours earns you one free day, 8 hours two free days, and 10 hours earns a three-day pass. This year Summergrass will offer an afternoon of volunteer training for two hours, a free meal, and a private concert for volunteers only on Saturday, August 13. Get this, the musicians scheduled to perform for the private concert are David Greer (*Acoustic Guitar* magazine's pick as a musician of the decade), multi-grammy winner Todd Phillips on bass, Gabe Witcher (Jerry Douglas band, Witcher Brothers, Laurel Canyon Ramblers) on fiddle, and his brother Michael Witcher (Witcher Brothers, Leah Larson Band) on dobro. This will be one great private party, so sign up to volunteer with Dee Dee Hansen at (619 276-1949) or at volunteers@summergrass.net.



# The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

## UNDER YOUR HANDS

I am haunted. Not by ghosts, memories or some particularly bad pressed turkey (okay, so maybe that last one), but by the words of wisdom I have had the extreme privilege to have heard proffered by true giants of music. Articulated by people who have carved their legacies so deep into the seemingly impenetrable stone walls of musical history, they have transcended the mortal constructs of remembrance and infused their artistic heritages directly into our collective musical conscience, perhaps, even our DNA.

These words were, somewhat surprisingly, not about creativity. Nor did they address matters of taste, melody, or chord progression.

In particular, there was one word that they all agreed was the singular thing responsible for whatever manner of success they had achieved. The singular path by which each of them arrived at what we would collectively perceive as musical greatness, even if their own sense of modesty would keep them from acknowledging their ascension to such stature.

Why this one word would seem so surprising to many of us is in itself perhaps part of the mystery. Mysterious I suppose, because it came from them so matter-of-factly, as if they were proclaiming that the sky was blue or the ocean deep. Yet here I was each time blindsided by this apparently universal truth. Staring at them as blankly as the first person to be told that the earth was indeed round, and not flat, as had been the belief for countless centuries preceding this moment of undeniably profound proclamation.

It is a word that each of us hears at our first piano, guitar, drum, or vocal lesson. Yet here were these harmonious gods some of them over 80 years old, still crediting this eight-letter word for everything they own, are, or will be. Some of them even said it thrice. After 300+ words, it may seem a bit anticlimactic, but it

stands in all of its seemingly benign splendor at both the pinnacle and very foundation of excellence and accomplishment. That word is *Practice*.

I can almost hear the thunder-clap of my ass bored disinterest. Who wants to practice, when there are songs to write? When there are tones to explore? New gadgets to play with? When there are people ready to jam, right now?

Of course the main question for many of us, and I definitely include myself in this group, is how can I express myself from my brain's right (creative) side, if I'm too busy work-



Sven-Erik Seaholm

How does such a strange creature come to exist? Surely the rareness of the individual can be attributed to more than just random chance, though there are certainly precious few Gershwins, Mozarts, and Ellingtons.

I read a biography of the man who may provide at least some insight into this phenomenon. In it, it describes his insatiable thirst for knowledge of every scale and mode. He searched obsessively for every imaginable combination of notes and the technical skill to execute them at will. He played his horn incessantly, in a relentless pursuit of the ability to play whatever he could imagine and, indeed, the ability to imagine more.

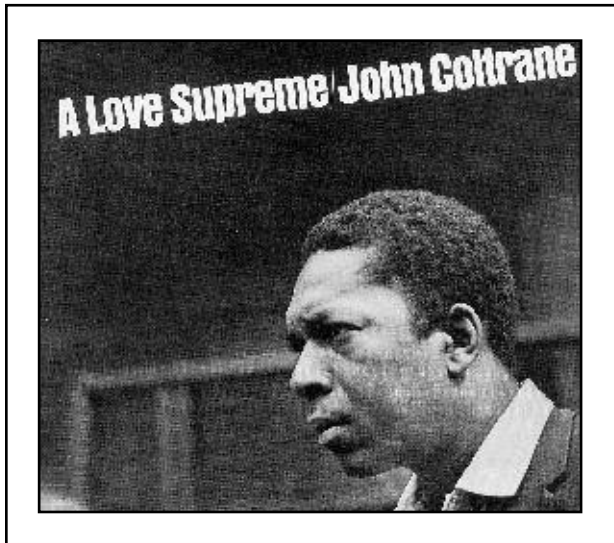
His was a spiritual quest. By his own account, he was God's servant and his service was to give voice to that divine existence. This mission is hinted at in some of his album titles: *Ascension, Expression, Meditations, A Love Supreme*.

Given the previously described zealotry of his search, my guess is that in his mind, he never got all the way there. One man said it best: "The farther you get, the further you see you have to go." He also said this: "If you don't practice for a day, okay. Don't practice for two days and you'll know it. Don't practice for three and your audience knows it."

A friend of mine refers to it as having a song "under your hands." To know it so well as to be able to not think about it. This ideally frees one to be directly in touch with the inspiration and, ultimately, give it true expression.

If you'll excuse me, I'm going to rehearse now. I've got a hell of a lot of work to do.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning recording artist and producer. He plays in *The Wild Truth*, as well as solo/acoustic, and is a former member of *The Gandhi Method*. Check out his sites: *SvenSongs.com, Kaspro.com* and *TheWildTruth.com*



ing on the left (technical, analytical) side? There's another one word answer to that, that all the aforementioned virtuosos alluded to: Coltrane.

John Coltrane was more than just a master of the saxophone. He was more than a great arranger, bandleader, and composer. He has become far more than one of the most influential musical artists of this or any other time, and, yes, I'd stack him up against any number of music's great movers and shakers. I say that with the greatest respect and admiration for all those great artists from Stravinsky to Bach, Django to Jacko, Beethoven to Hendrix.

Most of his contemporaries, and countless more disciples since, have attested to his seemingly unobstructed flow of extemporaneous creation, as if he and his horn were merely a synapse between the listener and the universal mind. Even listening to his recorded works all these years later can give one the sense that he simply tapped in to the maple tree of love and beauty and let its sap pour over us all like a syrup of inspiration.

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

To submit my name as a candidate for mayor of San Diego is the most powerful, tenacious, and humanistic of the community of ideas that visit me during my slow recovery from a stubborn malady.

I can't claim to possess the magical powers needed to fully turn around the pathetic state of political, social, and economic affairs that are infecting this once-great Naval graveyard. But I understand the illness, since I've been ill myself. For the first time, I completely comprehend the lady who said "Oh, yes, my love . . . only a woman can truly understand the needs and desires of another woman and be able to satisfy them" in a porno flick I saw as a kid.

Still, I wouldn't promise to completely cure San Diego if I were the next mayor. Anyone who does is not only a liar but most likely a drug addict and a pedophile as well. My only pledge would be this: to use the God-given talent and ability that I have bestowed upon myself to make San Diego's impending collapse at least as entertaining as it is catastrophic.

Yea, in a time of famine I shall offer mine own abundance. Bite me. Use me. Just give me the best front-row seat to witness this show of the decade.

Mayor Sinatra. The Honorable Hose. This May, go for the *real* Maypole. Ring around the Hosie. All the way with our José. Ask not what your city can do for you, ask your mayor to sing for your city. José, can you see? You bet. I'm in the mayor's chair. For my next number . . .

But no, it would be useless to run for office. Some opposing candidate would surely bring up that French scandal of '89 again to confuse the voters and make them forget (or ensure that they're at least unaware) that the highest court in Paris declared me entirely innocent.

Yes, my fiancée and *moi-même* had not seen eye to eye on certain intimate issues, and she had become unreasonably hurt and angry. But we would never, either of us, physically harm the other. As my esteemed advocate Guillaume Condu-Visage correctly revealed, Fifi bottled

up so much repressed feminine rage that it exploded in the pressure cooker of her PMS, causing her to grab a butcher knife and completely cut off her own head in order to assure at least one of us a chance at a happy future. I just happened to be the lucky one that day, I guess.

Although I was completely exonerated, her suicide upset me, forcing me to cancel several dates on my resumed European tour. Would I be able to ever perform again? Well, yes. Would I ever run for political office? No way. What Fifi did, in essence, was to destroy my dreams of being mayor, and she was too ignorant to even realize it.

All I can really do then is apologize to all the inhabitants of our ailing city on Fifi's behalf. She's sorry she's kept me from City Hall.

It is perhaps cold and perverse to remember those desperate times in that distant place, but there were benefits and joys as well. I developed my unique composing technique, which I still use: writing the lyrics in English but the music itself in French or some other foreign language. I became a frequent guest at the renowned castle of my attorney Monsieur Condu-Visage, at least until his supermodel wife, Michelle, tricked me into running off to England with her for a year or two.

As a matter of fact, it was with her beautiful daughter Anicée that I returned to San Diego after those adventures. She was ecstatic, realizing her good fortune at having recently encountered the love of her life. A truly singular love, as she put it in a note she slipped me at dinner the night before we "eloped."

"All my life I seek the most gorgeous lover to be with me whenever I want and to make the perfect love all night and all day when we want. Last week I meet my perfect lover. It is me! And you know how! I am so beautiful and I already know everything about what to do. I will let you possess me now when I am not with myself. One of me will be all for you. And I will be able to watch; we will all be happy."

In her dreams. I had been royally deceived on one important count.

Photo: Brinke Stevens



The scintillating Mr. Sinatra

Customs busted her for forged documents and sent her back to her castle Con-du-Visage. The little liar wasn't even 16 years old yet. Those Frenchies . . .

Deception has a way of destroying good things, of derailing destiny. Holding Anicée's note in my hands now, years later, I can touch the tragedy of San Diego from a safer distance: voyeur to the spectacle of an exquisite city loving itself to death.

As I, in my illness, struggle to bring this month's quota of drool to ecstatic bliss, Pope John Paul has become the subject of yet another insane media deathwatch. If PJP does indeed find himself probing the bowels of earthly death, my own (rather biased) choice for his successor would have to be my long-time fan Cardinal Ratzinger. Zingy might continue the ecclesiastic homage to the power of music by accepting my suggestion to become known as Pope George Ringo. That would start a trend, I'd wager, and eventually save us all.

Back to the Beachcomber: The rumors are true, and I wanted you to know before *Time* and *Newsweek* substantiate them: Yours truly has been asked to host a wonderfully wild weekly singing showcase/contest at the South Mission Beach institution on Tuesdays, beginning May 17 at 10 p.m. I may even offer personal instruction in microphone technique to interested females. Such sessions have yielded surprising benefits in recent years. Anyway, it's going to be free. Like you. And me. Yes, . . . we. I'm already moist.



# RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

## WHERE'S MY POT O' GOLD?

Radio stations have always tried to stir up interest by staging goofy publicity stunts. We've all heard the one about a disk jockey who locks himself into the studio and plays the same song over and over for 36 hours. And the other one, about a deejay who climbs up onto a billboard scaffold and threatens to stay there until it rains or his team wins or every new Ford Bronco on the lot is sold or he gets a date or a raise. Luckily, I've never had to do that kind of stuff!

But I've seen and often been a participant in some bizarre promotions.

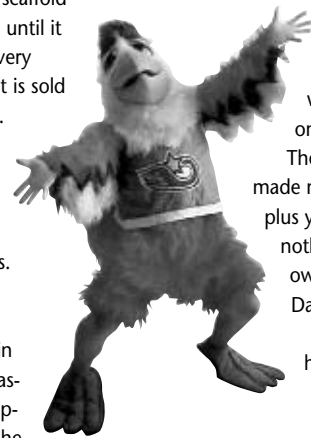
In 1974, when Ted Giannoulas, the Famous Chicken, began his career in costume, he played two mascot roles. As he was developing the Chicken character, he was also Kermit the Frog, the mascot for the AM 1360 morning show, *Huckleberry and his Friends*. Huck sent Ted to the Malibu Grand Prix go-cart track on Miramar Road with the goal of setting a new Guinness World Record for go-cart endurance. Giannoulis rode around the circuit for something like 30 hours and did, indeed, set the record. The weird parts for me were: 1) watching a young college student in full frog regalia driving a go-cart circuit at 2:30 in the morning and 2) being there at 2:30 in the morning watching a young college student in full frog regalia driving a go-cart! I think there were only two other people on hand at the time.

We've all heard the fishing stories about "the one that got away." In 1985 my radio station had a Million Dollar Weekend . . .with fish! Our boss claimed to have tagged a single fish with a token redeemable for \$1,000,000. Other fish were tagged for lesser amounts in multiples of \$1,000. The entire promotion was allegedly underwritten (for ten million bucks!) by Lloyd's



Jim McInnes

of London. The creatures could be caught at one of five locations, including Poway Lakes, Lake Elsinore, and Otay Lakes. For some reason, not a single tagged fish was hooked, but the lakes enjoyed overflow business! I don't think anyone has ever found any of them.



Hmmmm...there's something fish...(no, I won't write that. I'm only writing for scale.)

The promotional gig that made me realize that my 20 plus years on the air meant nothing to my station's new owners was on St. Patrick's Day in 1999.

The station's van had previously been outfitted for Mardi Gras with a wooden dragon's head on its roof. A rope from the dragon's upper jaw ran into the van's cabin, where, through a system of pulleys, the driver could make the beast appear to talk. The driver could also simulate smoke from the dragon's mouth by blasting a fire extinguisher through the opened jaws. Since this contraption was painted green, the company's promotional geniuses figured it could be a part of the St. Patty's Day parade in Hillcrest. "This will be easy," I thought. "I'll just ride along in the passenger seat and wave if anyone knows who I am."

Nope. My assignment was to ride on the roof of the van, hidden behind the dragon, and shout, with a fake Gaelic accent, into the onboard p.a., such witty Irish sayings as "Where's my pot o'gold?" "Happy St. Patty's Day!" and the ever-popular "Hoo-too-too-too!" while the driver made the dragon's jaws move and blow smoke.

Show biz. You gotta love it. Hear Jim McInnes weekdays on *The Planet* 103.7 2-7pm and then again on Sunday nights 6-8pm for his show *The Vinyl Resting Place*®.

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- Sat • 7th José Sinatra
- Sun • 8th Will Edwards
- Wed • 11th Ellis, Kathrin Shorr, Amber Rubarth
- Thur • 12th Reeve Oliver
- Fri • 13th Robin Henkel
- Sat • 14th Saba CD Release
- Sun • 15th Carlos Olmeda, Gregory Page, Plus Special Guest
- Wed • 18th Just John, Cheeky, Kim Divincenzo
- Thur • 19th Acoustic Underground  
Presents Peter Sprague/Fred Benedetti
- Fri • 20th Jane Lui CD Release
- Sat • 21st Two separate shows.  
6-8 pm Allison Lonsdale  
9-11 pm Biddy Bums, Anya Marina
- Sun • 22nd Acoustic on the Rocks, Megan Laroque
- Wed • 25th Bart Mendoza and Friends
- Thu • 26th The Storrow Band, Brian Mitchell, Reserved 16
- Fri • 27th Annie Bethancourt CD Release
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- Sun • 29th Steve Poltz, Samantha Murphy

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# The World of Contest Fiddling



by Dwight Worden

Contest fiddling creates its own world, with its own rules, customs, and cultures. It has existed in this country since 1736. Is it something that might interest you as a contestant? Or as a parent with a kid who might like to give it a try, or perhaps you would enjoy it as a spectator? Let's take a peek inside the world of contest fiddling and see what we find.

Let's start at the top: the National Old time Fiddle Championships have been held in Weiser, Idaho every year in June

since 1953. This year's event will take place June 25-28. Picture campgrounds with RVs, tents, every imaginable kind of camper and campsite, and fiddle music and jam sessions going on everywhere into the wee hours of the morning. Walking around you'll see some of the best players to ever put a fiddle to chin, ripping out some of the hottest, cleanest fiddle music ever played. And, you'll see families and kids, teens, seniors, and everything in between. If you enter the contest area you will see and hear a different fiddler every four minutes play her or his best stuff to be judged in the competition.

Here's a run down on the rules and how it works at Weiser. Each contestant must play three tunes: a hoedown, a waltz, and a tune of choice, which must be something besides a hoedown or waltz — usually a rag. Contestants must complete all three tunes in no more than four minutes (with about a 10 second grace period before points are deducted). The performers are allowed to have no more than two back up musicians; most contestants choose to have two guitar players playing a strong Texas style chord rhythm. The judges, who can't see the fiddlers, listen for danceability, old time style, rhythm, and tone. No shuffle bowing is allowed, and other trick bowing and trick fiddling are either disallowed or at least can hurt your score. Thus, no "Orange Blossom Special." Most of the tunes are played in the Texas style, which means there are lots of single stroke notes interspersed with slurs to create a driving rhythm. Standard tunes that are usually heard include "Durang's Hornpipe," "Sally Goodin," "Sally Johnson," "Beaumont Rag," "Cotton Patch Rag," and others of a similar ilk. If a contestant wins a round, he or she progresses to the next round. Contestants who make it all the way to the finals play a total of 18 tunes.

I chatted with San Diego's Melissa Harley (7th Day Buskers and The Cat Mary) who won the Weiser Championship in 2002 in the 37 and under age category. She has been junior champion twice and has consistently placed in the top five whenever she enters at Weiser. When asked what she likes about contest fiddling, Melissa reports that it is a great activity for kids and young adults — they all travel the contest circuit, camp out with their families and friends, and generally have a ball. Melissa made friends during her



childhood contest days that she maintains to this day. As a musician, she notes there is nothing like contest fiddling to improve your ear and your tone, as "clean" playing is what advances the contestant. What's not to like? Well, as Melissa also notes there is a lot of pressure on contestants who typically pick their tunes months ahead and practice them for hours and hours, all for a pressure filled four-minute payoff on stage, where a loss can be hard to take.

## THE JULIAN FESTIVAL BRINGS CONTEST FIDDLING BACK TO SAN DIEGO

If you're not ready for Weiser and the National Championships, maybe a less pressure packed local contest would appeal to you. Well, you're in luck. On September 17 and 18, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. contest fiddling will return to the annual Julian Bluegrass Festival at Frank Lane Park in Julian. There will be competitions for banjo and fiddle, with the banjo playoffs and finals on Saturday, and the fiddle playoffs and finals on Sunday. The Julian Banjo and Fiddle Contest was an annual ritual for many years, which ran through the 1970s and 1980s and drew thousands of spectators. Some of the competitions were even held in Balboa Park during the 1970s.

While the Festival has continued every year since 1970, the contest was discontinued a few years back, then brought back for one year in 2003 only to be dropped again in 2004 as promoters changed. Now, under the guidance of Melissa Hague Productions, the contest is back this year and it promises to be lots of fun. There will be opportunities for all levels of players, including beginner, intermediate and advanced, and for all

ages. Competitions and winners will be chosen in all age categories for banjo and fiddle. To learn more, to review contest rules and judging criteria, or to sign up, visit [www.julianbluegrassfestival.com/](http://www.julianbluegrassfestival.com/) or call 760/480-0086. There is a \$10 admission fee, which includes a pass to the festival. Entry deadline is August 20.

This is a great event. I know from personal experience, having entered the fiddle contest several years ago. I had a great time. In 2003 I sat as a judge and heard all the great young players as well as many top established players.

Some of San Diego's best know fiddlers got their start in contests, many right here at the Julian Banjo and Fiddle Contest. These players include Mark O'Connor, Sara Watkins, and Melissa Harley to name just a few. You'll be sure to enjoy a day or two in Julian under the pines while you watch the competitions and enjoy the festival.

If you don't want to wait until September and don't mind the drive to L.A. you can go to the Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Contest this month on Sunday, May 15. This contest has been held since 1963. For information, surf to <http://www.topangabanjofiddle.org/> or call 818.382.4819.

The idea of "competitive music" may sound odd to you — a bit of an oxymoron. But the world of contest fiddling can be lots of fun and very rewarding for those who compete. And, to be sure, it's great fun to watch and listen to — imagine every few minutes you get to see a new face to show you his or her best stuff with the pressure on! It's a little bit like sitting in on a bluegrass and old time live version of *American Idol*. Now, that's got to be fun!

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WEEKENDS

## Mark Jackson Band Rocks North Park Venue

by John Philip Wylie

Celebrating its one-year anniversary in May, North Park's Acoustic Expressions provides one-stop shopping for local musicians, offering a complete line of stringed instruments from acoustic guitars to ukuleles, music instruction from its highly trained staff, and instrument repairs under the watchful eye of master craftsman, Jim McCAlexander. Several times each month, it also offers musical performances like the one it hosted in March featuring the Mark Jackson Band.

The Shadow dogs got the evening off to a great start using their tight three-part harmonies and solid songwriting to entertain the capacity crowd of just over 100 with selections from their new CD *Halfway to Someday*. Following their well received hour-long set and a brief intermission, Jackson and his five-piece entourage took the stage.

Opening with "Two Hearts," a song written by Shadow dogs driving force Bruce Fitzsimmons, the Mark Jackson Band performed most of the 12 songs on their new CD, *Love May Take the Long Way Home*, interspersing them with cuts from their 2002 album *Vigilante Road* and various covers. *Vigilante Road* was clearly a crowd favorite. The familiar strains of the critically acclaimed CD elicited im-

mediate applause each time Jackson launched into one of its songs. Jackson has hopes for the band's new CD as well.

"*Vigilante Road* was nominated for a San Diego Music Award, but Nickel Creek's *This Side* won it that year," Jackson explained. "This one took us about a year and a half to record, but we took our time and got it right. Hopefully, it will be just as well received."

San Diegans who have their radio dials locked into KSON will no doubt appreciate Jackson's songs about heartache and longing. It was time to get the hankies out for songs like "Love May Take the Long Way Home" and "Old Loves Come Again." Country music fans will also enjoy the bouncy C&W tempo on cuts like "I'm Sorry" and "Western Radio." Surrounded by a group of very talented musicians, Jackson's songs are buffed to high gloss, especially with the harmonica work of Grant Kester, the pedal steel overlays of David Morgan, and the guitar picking of Kenny Wilcox.

Acoustic Expressions proprietors Mark Bennett and Carol Winn were very pleased with both performances and the reactions to them.

"I've got goose bumps from tonight," Bennett said. "It was completely awesome. Both bands were just completely killer and there was a great audience. Tonight was a good example of being completely sold out. We can seat about

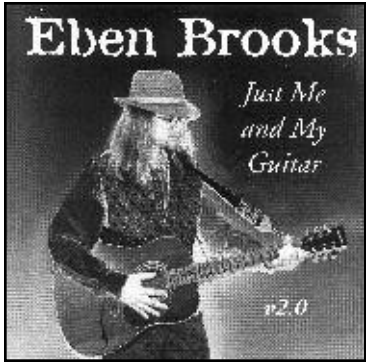


The Mark Jackson Band

115 right now, but we will soon expand to accommodate 20 or 30 more."

"We are not booking agents and we don't know how to promote, but people have been calling us to perform and that is the way we like it," Winn said.

May events at Acoustic Expressions include a performance by classical guitarist Robert Wetzel of the Odeum Guitar Duo on May 6 at 8 p.m., followed by a Wetzel-led guitar workshop the following evening 6-9 p.m. Later in the month Berkley Hartwill perform (May 21 at 8 p.m.) For additional information about these and other upcoming events, visit [www.acoustic-expressions.com](http://www.acoustic-expressions.com) on the internet. The Mark Jackson Band will be performing as part of the El Cajon Concerts-on-the-Green series on May 20, 5:30-7:30 p.m. (Call 619-670-7468 for more information.) The band's website is filled with information regarding merchandise and upcoming events: [www.markjackson.com](http://www.markjackson.com)



## Eben Brooks Just Me and My Guitar

by Craig Yerkes

Eben Brooks alternates between a seriously folked-out, Gordon Lightfootesque vibe and an old English, renaissance faire type sound, sometimes blending the two. Fans of either of these genres will find some things to like here but may also wish that the producers had gone further to provide some of the typical ear candy associated with these types of music. In the liner notes for *Just Me and My Guitar* there is a disclaimer: "No non-guitar instruments were used in making this album." Many times I found myself wishing that a tambourine, violin, mandolin, Irish whistle, flute, or some other instrument had been added to provide more depth and texture to some of these tracks. Also, the harmony vocals are such a welcome addition on certain tracks that I wish there had been more of them.

"Princes, Friends and Lovers" provides the most satisfying and complete effort with its playfully catchy melody, heartfelt lyrics, and some highly effective layered harmony vocals. "Pawns in the Game," "Magician," and "Number On a Page" all offer cerebral and critical commentaries on modern life and the state of the world. "Deified Hebraic Carpenter Blues" offers a very clever and funny first person take on what it would be like for Jesus to come back to earth now in the body of a garden-variety pagan ("I haven't had a day off since AD 33"). If "Dancer" and "Dancer #2" are autobiographical, then the woman who is the subject of the songs should either be flattered or horrified to find that it took two (not just one) melodramatic love-lost songs to cover the emotions she inspired.

"Amadea" is a nice folk tale set to music, the best example of Brooks' "old school" (we're talking medieval here) musical prowess. The bonus track is a cover and I will not reveal the name of the song, except to say that when I first realized what song it was, I rolled my eyes and braced for the worst...but then was impressed at how good it sounded.

Throughout most of CD, I go back to my initial observation: that more instrumentation would have elevated the material. Here's hoping that the next album is called *Just Me and My Guitar and Some Other Cool Sounding Instruments Too*.



## Peggy Watson In the Company of Birds

by Tom Paine

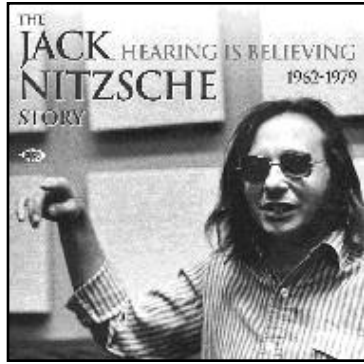
On her sixth album, folk music master Peggy Watson delivers a masterpiece. With acoustic guitars, bass, and a little percussion, Watson and her all-star band create an atmosphere of warmth and space lesser folk bands can only dream of. And in her lyrics, Watson takes the time to let truths reveal themselves.

It would be easy to compare her voice to other folk icons like Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell, but no one can sing like Peggy Watson. Unabashedly timeless, she has found the vein of gold in her own instrument, and we all fall back dazzled.

Again and again Watson finds a way, with a turn of phrase or a melody, to encapsulate and convey the mysterious center of things where categories and definitions slip away. In the gentle front-porch sway of the album opener, "The Moon is Full Tonight," she blurs the juxtapositions between banality, depression, and celestial transcendence so that you don't know where the heartache ends and the ecstasy begins.

Another standout in a string of gems is "This is Love," a reverent prayer to an old love, which is really a song about surrendering to truths you can't change. Watson effortlessly synthesizes the contradictions of loss and grace, longing and acceptance in a ballad of luminous beauty, which is what elevates this album far beyond "folk music" to the status of masterpiece. Only great art transcends even its own forms and carries us over the boundaries of our preconceptions. *In the Company of Birds* soars.

The album closes with a shimmering, majestic, pastoral meditation: "In the Company of Birds." In these MTV times where sexuality in music is commonly delivered in airbrushed silicone containers, this song illustrates the staggering power of real feminine sexuality. Here is a woman opening herself to a lover in a way so strong, so real, so honest, so beautiful that it burrows all the way down into the deepest needs a man ever has: to be forgiven, to be accepted, even celebrated just as he is. Listen to this song, let it shake you down to the core, and tell me this isn't the sexiest song you've ever heard.



## Jack Nitzsche Hearing Is Believing

by Bart Mendoza

Listening to the radio the other day, I noticed how plain many of the songs sounded. Now don't get me wrong. There are lots of great tunes out there, but so many of them sound like glorified demos. The missing link, at least in my humble opinion, is the lack of arranging. Not production or engineering, but arranging — as in backing vocals, strings, horns, percussion, sound effects, and so on. It's a lost art form. If it's done right, the musical additions are "invisible" but an integral part of the sound. And the best in the business was probably the late Jack Nitzsche, easily one of the most important figures in the development of rock 'n' roll.

Maybe you don't know the name, but you definitely know his work on everything from the Ronettes' "Be My Baby" to the Tubes' "Don't Touch Me There" and hundreds more. England's Ace Records has put together a terrific compilation in tribute to Nitzsche, featuring a wide variety of his work from 1962 to 1979, and it's required listening for anyone that might be studio bound. The label was unable to license the above hits or even works with the Stones, Buffalo Springfield, or Ringo Starr among others, but the CD's 26 tracks still demonstrate an incredible range and will leave any music fan in awe.

Highpoints? For me it's a toss-up between Stevie Wonder's "Castles in the Sand" and Judy Henske's dramatic "Road to Nowhere" even though the compilation features one treasure after another. Where else will you find music from the Righteous Brothers, Marianne Faithfull, the James Gang, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Bobby Darin, and Frankie Laine in one place? Making this album essential, even for the diehards who might own some of these tracks, is the excellent 28-page booklet that's included with the CD, which tells the story in the artists' words, accompanied by excellent annotation. It's amazing that one man was able to accomplish so much, but even a cursory listen to the album will leave you thinking the same thing I did the first time. They sure don't make them like that anymore — the music or Jack Nitzsche.



## Sue Palmer In the Green Room

by Paul Hormick

Tilling the well-worn soil of blues and standards is a risky business. Jazz ballads were well past their heyday when Sputnik circled the globe, and all 19,041 blues licks registered with the American Blues Institute have been used thousands of times over. So it's difficult to bring fresh life to the tunes that Sinatra, Smiley Lewis, and Roy Brown were putting out over 50 years ago. Additionally, if you record a disk of standards and old blues, how can you get a potential listener to pick up your disk instead of a reissue of Nat King Cole or Lady Day herself?

Sue Palmer, a veteran of Tobacco Road, Candye Kane's blues band, and an established icon of San Diego blues and boogie-woogie, solves this dilemma with her new disk, *In the Green Room*. Along with various manifestations of her own Motel Swing Orchestra, Palmer does not try to recreate the passions, adrenaline, and excess that drove these American music forms while they were in their prime. *In the Green Room* is a disk of blues and standards for family fun times. These are love songs for the times you wink at your wife, old time tunes for singing around the piano, and blues you put on the stereo when you have a beer with your mom.

The mood is best summed up by the DVD video included on the disk of Palmer playing the old country classic "Cottonwood" in her living room with friends and family. What could be sweeter or simpler? And the montage of old family photos just puts the icing on the cake.

Besides such classics as "Saint Louis Blues" and "Mood Indigo" are a couple new tunes. "Gertrude and Steins" is the one song on the disk with a bit of a wink and a nod. And if my life could have a soundtrack, I'd want it to be the last number on this disk. "Killer Tiki Boogie," a tune Palmer penned while fighting breast cancer during the buildup for war on Iraq, is clever, unworried, and about as hip as it gets.



## Gregory Page Sleeping Dogs

by Phillippe Navidad

Once again our local Treasure — Master Minstrel of Melancholy, Bard of Bitter Ballads, and Sultan of Sweet Sadness — gives us some new reasons to kill ourselves. If we're pathologically impressionable, that is, or maybe a few mountain oysters short of a full scrote. But everyone else is pretty much in for the usual from Mr. Page: gorgeous melodies; superb musicianship, composition, and arrangement; and plenty of those deliciously plaintive contemplations of a narrator who's had his genius ass kicked by love more times than he should want to waste time trying to remember. And yet, he still comes up for more — not because he's a masochist but because he wants every bit of contact with Love he can luck into or arrange, since sooner or later Love will get tired and that's the perfect time to knock some sense into the bitch.

Even the occasional clichéd phrase has been given a nice new set of clothes; the familiar yawning metaphor playfully bounces between several luxurious musical beds, perfect for pleasant dreams.

By now, Page's lucky listeners have gotten used to his narrator's pains. Nobody's likely to abandon this bewildered pilgrim whose possibilities seem endlessly rewarding even as they break your heart.

The hidden audio-bio track was a sweet idea, Gregoire, but your own voice would have been a natural. Yo man, dude.

Music lovers, get this puppy today. Glory be, we hear an angel sing and play; yes, we'll always believe.

And how! And in sum: another lugubrious stunner from the Maestro.





# MAY CALENDAR

## sunday • 1

Adam's Avenue Roots Festival w/ Odetta/Honeyboy Edwards/Little Pink Anderson, Normal Heights, 10am.  
Chris Klitch Jazz Quartet, Bee Hive, 1065 14th St., 6pm.  
Cowboy Jack, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.  
Noise (new music ensemble), Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.  
Greg Laswell, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 2

Devine Guitar Quartet, Lyceum Theatre, Horton Plaza, noon.  
Suzie Reed, Trisler's Wine Bar, Mission Valley, 7pm.

## tuesday • 3

Strange Woods, NCBFC mtg., Round Table Pizza, 1161 E. Washington, Escondido, 7pm.

## wednesday • 4

Christopher Mast/Alex Esther/Jon Kruger, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 5

Chris Carpenter/Michele Rae Shipp/Alex Woodard/Kai Brown, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
Pete Thurston, Lestat's, 9pm.  
High Grass Rollers, The Dog, Pacific Beach, 9pm.

## friday • 6

Roadkill, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7:30pm.  
Robert Wetzel, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
George Svoboda, Pannikin Del Mar, 8pm.  
Roy Ruiz Clayton/Dave's Son/Skott Freedman/Davida/Keri Highland, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
7th Day Buskers, Lestat's, 9pm.

## saturday • 7

Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Valley Ctr. Arts & Music Festival, 3pm. 760/749-8852.  
Suzie Reed, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
Oceans Apart, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.  
Jim Earp, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 7:30pm.  
John McCuen, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
Martin Strow, An estygoing Zax/Campaign for Quiet/Reserved 16M idnight Rooster, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Jose Sinatra & the Troy Dante Inferno, Lestat's, 9pm.

## sunday • 8

Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Gator by the Bay, Spanish Landing, 2pm.  
Loretta Lynn, California Center for the Arts, Escondido, 3pm.  
The Strawbs, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
Will Edwards, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 9

Suzie Reed, Trisler's Wine Bar, Mission Valley, 7pm.

## wednesday • 11

The Waiters, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.  
Ellis/Kathrin Shorr/Ambler/Barth, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Edwin McCain, Belly Up, 9pm.  
Joe Rathburn, Tiki Bar, 1152 Garnet, 9pm.

## thursday • 12

James King Band, 1st Baptist Church, 4747 Soledad Mtn. Rd., 7pm.  
George Clinton, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.  
Reeve Oliver, Lestat's, 9pm.

## friday • 13

William Wilson, solo tango guitar, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coat Hwy 101, Encinitas, 7pm.  
John Prine, Spreckels Theatre, 7:30pm.  
Primasi, Pannikin Del Mar, 8pm.  
North County Cowboys, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.  
Jennifer Lee/Until John/Aaron Bowen/Ted Ehr/Shawn & Chris, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
Robin Henkel, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Ozomatli, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.  
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Croce's Top Hat, 5th Ave. & F St., 9pm.

## saturday • 14

Greg Campbell/Jim Earp, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
Peter Popping, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.  
Haydn's Lord Nelson Mass, First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front St., 7:30pm.  
Peggy Watson, Korova Coffee Bar, 4496 Park Blvd., 8pm.  
Derek Evans/Jen Knight/Sahley Mattle/Jamie Crawford/Tiff Jimber/Curtis Peoples, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Saba CD Release, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Dennis Quaid & Sharks, Belly Up, 9pm.  
Ozomatli, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.  
Sue Palmer Quintet, Lindy Hop Festival, Champion Ballroom, 3580 Fifth Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 15

Angela Patua Band, World Music Stage, North Park Spring Festival, 30th & University, 1pm.  
Joe Rathburn Band, Temecula Valley Church of Religious Science, 26871 Hobie Circle #A1, Murietta, 2pm.  
Sue Palmer Trio, Tina's, 54th St. at Euclid, 6pm.  
Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
Old Blind Dogs, Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, 2083 Sunset Cliffs Blvd., 7:30pm.  
Carlos Olmeda/Gergory Page, Lestat's, 9pm.  
John Butler Trio, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.

## tuesday • 17

Audioslave/Johnny Polanski, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.

## wednesday • 18

Anthony Wilson None, Neurosciences Inst., 10460 Hopkins Dr., La Jolla, 8pm.  
Manhattan Transfer, Sycuan Casino, Dehesa, 9pm.  
Joe Jackson/Todd Rundgren, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
Fred Benedetti, Dizzy's, 7:30pm.  
Hugh Gaskins, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 8:30pm.  
Just John/Cheeky/Kim DiVincenzo, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 19

Straight No Chaser/Theonius Monk Documentary, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.  
Room Full of Blues, Belly Up, 7:30pm.  
Josh Hall/Good Morning Milo/Cindy & John, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
Acoustic Underground w/Peter Sprague & Fred Benedetti, Lestat's, 9pm.

## friday • 20

James Lee Stanley & John Barborf, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
Bluescasters, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 8pm.  
Blue Largo, Pannikin Del Mar, 8pm.  
Carlos Olmeda/Anna Troy/The Weepies, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
Jane Lui CD Release, Lestat's, 9pm.

## saturday • 21

Tom Baird/Kev, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
Berkley Hart, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
Citrus/Victoria Vox/Rheanna Downey/Kristen Axel/Kyle Phelan, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
Allison Lonsdale (6-8pm), Biddy Bums/Any Marina, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Blues Brothers w/Dan Aykroyd & Jim Belushi, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.  
The Wild Truth/Coyote Problem, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.  
Baja Blues Boys, Patrick's Irish Pub, 13314 Poway Rd., 9pm.

## sunday • 22

The Hank Show, Cask & Cleaver, 3757 S. Mission Rd., Fallbrook, 4&7pm.  
Albert & Gage, Dark Thirty Productions, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619/443-9622.  
Kaki King, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
Acoustic on the Rocks/Megan Laroque, Lestat's, 9pm.

## tuesday • 24

Seal, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
Bob Dylan B-Day Celebration w/Anna Troy/Jeff Berkely/Victoria Vox/Coyote Problem/Sven-Erik Seaholm/ Joe Rathburn/Louis Mackenzie, Dizzy's, 8pm.

## W E E K L Y

### every sunday

7th Day Buskers, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.  
Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.  
Traditional Irish Music, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 3pm.  
Irish Dance, Dublin Square, 554 Fifth, 3pm.  
Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4pm.  
Traditional Irish Music, R. O'Sullivan's, 188 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 4pm.  
Traditional Irish Music & Dance w/Cobblestone, 5-6:30pm/Boxty Band, 6:30-10pm., The Field, 544 Fifth Ave.  
Blues Jam, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7:30pm.  
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).  
Open Mic Night, Blarney Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa Ave., 9pm.  
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

### every monday

Kalama Blue, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7:30pm.  
Tango Dancing, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.  
Open Mic Night, Lestat's, 7:30pm.

### every tuesday

M-Theory New Music Happy Hour, Whistle Stop, South Park, 5-7pm.  
Acoustic/electric Open Mic, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
Zydeco Tuesdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.  
Open Mic Night, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.  
Traditional Irish Music, The Ould Sod, 7pm; Blarney Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm.  
Comedy Night w/ Mark Serritella, Lestat's, 9pm.

### every wednesday

Ocean Beach Farmer's Market, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.  
Pride of Erin Ceili Dancers, Rm. 204, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, 7pm.  
High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.

### wednesday • 25

Not So Silent Film Festival presents "Carmen" w/ the Teeny Tiny Pit Orchestra for Silent Film's, San Diego Museum of Art Auditorium, Balboa Park, 6:30pm.  
Miles Davis B-Day Celebration w/ Mitch Marker/Bob Campbell/Lynn Willard/Dave Curtis/Gary Nieves, Dizzy's, 8pm.  
Freedom, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
The Shambles w/ Kenny Howes & Friends, Lestat's, 9pm.

### thursday • 26

Danielle LoPresti/Fabulous Rudies/Alicia Champion/Grant Langston, Dizzy's, 7:30pm.  
The Storrow Band/Brian Mitchell/Reserved 16, Lestat's, 9pm.

### friday • 27

Baja Blues Boys, Le Petit Calypso, 1002 N. Hwy 101, Leucadia, 6pm.  
Off-Campus, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
Bob Magnusson-Peter Sprague Quintet, Dizzy's, 8pm.  
Odeum Guitar Duo, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
Pieces, Pannikin Del Mar, 8pm.  
Lauren DeRose/Brian Goodman/21 Grams/New Dadists/The Night After, Twiggs, 8:30pm.  
Annie Bethancourt CD Release, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Don Carlos, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 9pm.

### saturday • 28

Steve Miller Band, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 619/220-8497.  
North Forty Band, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.  
Sue Palmer & Deeja Marie, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 5:30pm.

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

Open Mic Night, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

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

### every thursday

Acoustic Cafe Open Mic/Open Jam, Milano's Pizza, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 7-10pm.  
Irish Music Class, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7-8pm.  
Sue Palmer, Martini's, 3940 4th Ave., 7pm.  
Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7-10pm.  
Open Mic Night w/ Timmy Lee, The Packing House, 125 S. Main, Fallbrook, 8pm.  
Traditional Irish Music, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8:15pm.  
Joe Byrne, Blarney Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm. (also Fri. & Sat.)  
Clay Colton/B.J. Morgan, R. O'Sullivan's, 188 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 8:30pm.  
Swing Thursdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.  
Brehon Law, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm (also Fri. & Sat.).

### every friday

California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.  
Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8:30pm.  
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., 12:30-4:30pm.  
Talent Showcase w/ Larry Robinson & the Train Wreck Band, The Packing House, 125 S. Main St., Fallbrook, 8pm.  
Fred Heath & the Sidewinders, Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8:30pm.  
Clay Colton Band, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.  
Christian/Gospel Open Mic, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.

John Bosley/Tom Boyer, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
The Waybacks, Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Song Circle w/S.D. Folk Song Society and North County Folk Song Society, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 7pm. 858/566-4040.  
Eve Selis, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

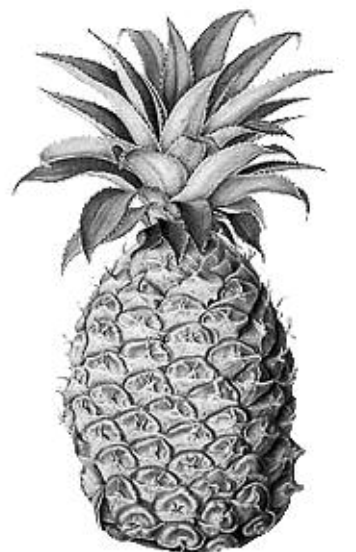
Daniel Jackson Tribute, Dizzy's, 8:30pm.  
Just John & the Dude/Tim Mudd/Paper Saloon, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Berkley Hart/Coyote Problem, Lestat's, 9pm.

Leon Russell, Belly Up, 7:30pm.  
Eve Selis, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

### sunday • 29

Steve Poltz/Samantha Murphy, Lestat's, 9pm.



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Photo: Steve Covault  
21 Grams at Johnny Cash Tribute



Photo: Steve Covault  
Whiskey Tango at Johnny Cash Tribute

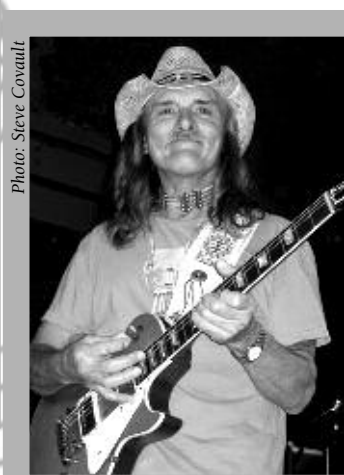


Photo: Steve Covault  
Dickey Belts at the Belly Up



Photo: Steve Covault  
Mark Jackson Band at Johnny Cash Tribute



Photo: Walt Lipski  
Kev at Crossroads' Open Mic



Photo: Steve Covault  
Jack Johnson and the Band in Black at Johnny Cash Tribute

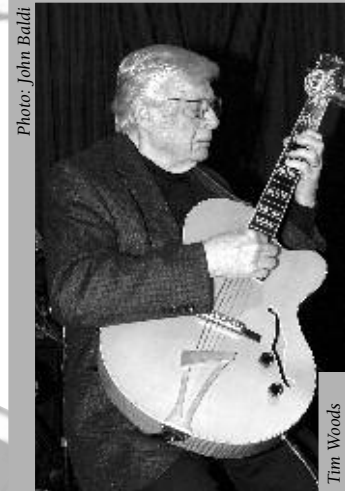


Photo: John Baldi  
Mundell Lowe at Peggy Claire Benefit



Photo: Chris Ulliyot  
Charlie Loach of the Wild Truth



Photo: John Baldi  
Gilbert Castellanos at Peggy Claire Benefit



Photo: John Baldi  
Peggy Claire and Holly Hoffman @ Humphrey's Benefit



Photo: John Baldi  
Charles McPherson at Peggy Claire Benefit



Photo: Tim Woods  
Bari Zwirn at Crossroads' Open Mic



Photo: Tim Woods  
Christopher Robin at Crossroads' Open Mic

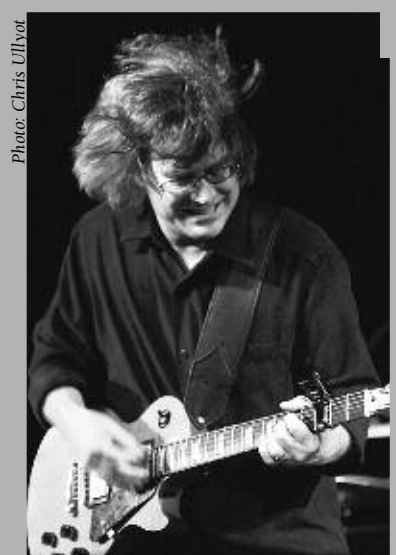


Photo: Chris Ulliyot  
Sven-Erik Seaholm of the Wild Truth



Photo: Steve Covault  
Jeff Berkley and Danny Cress at Johnny Cash Tribute



Photo: Steve Covault  
Chuck Schiele auctions off a portrait of Johnny Cash



Photo: Walt Lipski  
John Bosley at Crossroads' Open Mic



Photo: Walt Lipski  
Two boys perform at Crossroads' Open Mic



Photo: Joanna Scretto  
Doug Benson and Cashed Out at Johnny Cash Tribute



Photo: Steve Covault  
Marcia Claire & Peter Bolland at Johnny Cash Tribute



Photo: Steve Covault  
Jim Soldi and Sharon Whyte at Johnny Cash Tribute



Photo: Chuck Schiele  
A Great Turnout for the Johnny Cash Tribute at Winston's on April 21.

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### MUSIC FOR MAY

FRIDAY, MAY 6  
roadkill 7:30pm

SATURDAY, MAY 7  
impulse 7-8pm  
sugarglider 8-10pm

SATURDAY, MAY 14  
greg campbell & jim earp  
7-10pm

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18  
hugh gaskins 8:30PM

FRIDAY, MAY 20  
bluescasters

SATURDAY, MAY 21  
Tom Baird & Kev 7PM

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25  
freedom 8:30PM

FRIDAY, MAY 27  
off campus 7-10PM

SATURDAY, MAY 28  
john bosley & tom boyer



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kalama blue (blues/rock)

EVERY TUESDAY  
acoustic/electric open mic

EVERY THURSDAY  
wood 'n' lips open mic

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May 6: Robert Wetzel,  
classical guitar, 8pm

May 21: Berkley Hart, 8 pm

May 27: Odeum Guitar Duo, 8pm

May 28: North Forty Band, 2-4pm

May 28: Eve Selis, 8pm

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