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Alternative country, Americana, roots, folk,  
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July 2005

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P.O. Box 164  
La Jolla, CA 92038

E-mail: [sdtroubadour@yahoo.com](mailto:sdtroubadour@yahoo.com).

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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 new paper.

**CONTRIBUTORS**

**FOUNDERS**

Ellen and Lyle Duplessie  
Liz Abbott  
Kent Johnson

**PUBLISHERS**

Liz Abbott  
Kent Johnson

**EDITORIAL/GRAPHICS**

Liz Abbott  
Chuck Schiele

**ADVERTISING**

Brenda Villegas  
Kent Johnson

**DISTRIBUTION**

Brenda Villegas

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

Steve Covault

**WEB MASTER**

Will Edwards

**WRITERS**

Liz Abbott  
Lou Curtiss  
Simeon Flick  
Joshua Kayle  
Jim McInnes  
Bart Mendoza  
Laura Preble  
Joe Rathburn  
Raul Sandelin  
Chuck Schiele  
Sven-Erik Seaholm  
José Sinatra  
Steve Thorn  
D. Dwight Worden  
John Philip Wylie  
Craig Yerkes

Cover Design: Chuck Schiele



Ric and Karen Lee

**Blues Musicians Rally to Help a Friend**

by Liz Abbott/Photography by Steve Covault

No one expects to go through life without experiencing some hardships along the way, which can come out of left field and turn your life upside down. Nothing, however, could have prepared Karen Lee (wife of Bayou Brothers drummer Ric Lee) for the devastating effects of the stroke she suffered in March, leaving her paralyzed on one side. After the initial shock wore off and Karen was released from the hospital, she began the long and difficult road to recovery, with physical therapy three times a week. Little by little she is gaining movement and building strength.

The best way to endure a crisis is to have support from another person. In the Lee's case, that person was Chet Cannon who took it upon himself to organize a Blues Benefit to help the them out with their medical expenses. On May 30 friends and supporters of Ric and Karen Lee packed Humphrey's Backstage Lounge for a most memorable evening. The impressive roster of performers included the Bayou Brothers, the Boogiemen, Blond Bruce, Kenny Shoppmyer, Greg Willis, Michelle Lundeen, Lafayette and the Leasebreakers, the Shelltown Horns, Jonny Viau, and Chet and the Committee, who rocked the room from 6:30-11:30pm.

Wow!!! We want to thank everyone for such a fabulous benefit/party and for the outpouring of kindness and true friendship. We didn't know how many friends we had until we saw you all together in one place that wonderful night. Karen and I were truly moved seeing everyone having such a good time and are honored to have such good friends in our lives. A super special thanks to Chet, Budd, and Paul for making the whole thing look just as easy as falling off a log. Thank you guys from the bottom of our hearts. All of my musician brothers and sisters who donated their time to play for me, thank you so much for the beautiful music you all played that night! You never sounded so good!! Another special thanks for the donations we received and to let you all know it really is a HUGE help with all the expenses of rehabilitation and doctor bills etc. We are putting it all to good use and it helps out so much. We could never thank you all enough!

Ric Lee

I was deeply moved by all the musicians who helped out and donated their time and effort to make the blues benefit such a success. So many people showed up that it was standing room only after a half an hour into the event. I could not believe the fantastic turnout! The generous donations received that night will allow me to continue my physical and occupational therapy three times a week at Scripps Memorial Hospital in Encinitas.

I am currently learning to walk with a cane and no longer need my wheelchair. It is taking much longer to regain mobility in my left arm and hand. My therapists are confident that with continued hard work I will be back to my old self in a few months time. I'm looking forward to getting my life back on track. Ric has been a wonderful caretaker to me, I am lucky to have someone so devoted. He is getting back into the swing of things and is learning how to balance taking care of me and making us a living playing drums. Thanks to everyone for their prayers and all the cards I received and, of course, for the donations that are helping so much.

Love to all,  
Karen Lee.



Everyone had a great time

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# The Return of Licorice Pizza

by Bart Mendoza

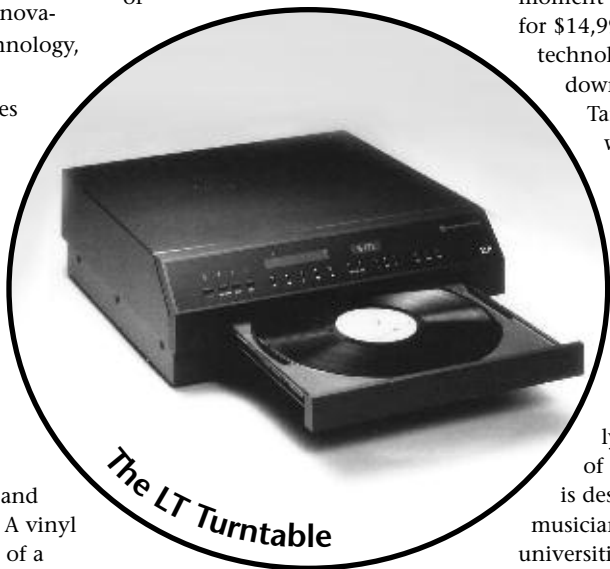
Back to the future. That's really the only thing that can describe the latest innovation in music playback technology, and this time it's not the techies, but the vinyl junkies that are going to be jumping for joy.

We've long been told that the music contained on a record was superior to that on a CD. Now that same laser technology used for CDs and DVDs has been applied to vinyl and proves it, too. The new LT turntable from Audioturntable, Ltd., looks like an LP-sized CD player, and the ease of use is the same. A vinyl junkie's wet dream: instead of a needle and stylus, the player utilizes a laser, offering spectacular sound and allowing the user to play even scratched records. It can play 45s, 10-inch, and LPs, and will certainly become the preferred way to listen to brittle 78s. Best of all, since the light beam never touches the grooves, even warped discs can be played.

Right now vinyl sales for current artists are the only part of the music industry's prediction of an increase, and a player like this has unlimited potential, especially in light of all the used vinyl that's out there. All of a sudden, even a thrift store find in dodgy condition has potential.

These wonderful things are summed up by the companies motto "No Needle. No Wear,"

according to the company's Keith Taruski. "With a stylus, you must contend with the mass and inertia of the stylus/cantilever and magnet or



coil, together with their inherent electromechanical resonance. Laser light has no mass, which means that the LT has an almost infinite transient response and no resonance. The harmonics are always true and uncolored." Taruski draws an analogy, "A moving magnet is like driving a 4000-pound sedan on a mountain road; a moving coil is like driving a 2000-pound sports car; the LT is like a 30-pound sport bike with tires that never slip, but that goes even faster!"

Of course, the machine won't play everything. "The lasers need to reflect off a surface in order to read the information," explains Taruski. "Picture discs use clear vinyl over a picture and colored vinyl is too clear. Therefore the

lasers cannot reflect the information back into analog sound."

Sadly there is a major downside to the player: the price. At the moment the players are retailing for \$14,999! As everyone knows, technology generally comes down in price after time, and Taruski acknowledges that would be the key for reaching a larger market. "It will only reach the mainstream if the price is lowered and the LT is mass produced. [Unfortunately] to mass produce the current model would not work. It would have to be totally redesigned for this type of production. Otherwise it is designed for audiophiles, musicians, archivists, producers, universities, and libraries."

Despite the cost, it's clear that any die-hard music fan will need an LT player eventually. "This is the easiest and most user friendly hardware to play records with," says Taruski. "Once you own one you won't go back to CD."

As yet, no one in San Diego carries stereo components quite this high end, but anyone interested in obtaining one of these impressive machines can contact Coast Recording Equipment Supply, Inc. 6223 Santa Monica Blvd. Hollywood, CA 90038 or go to: <http://www.audioturntable.com>.



## THE ART OF 45 PICTURE SLEEVES

In keeping with the vinyl theme, as well as a San Diego music history angle, here we offer a peek at an assortment of 45 picture sleeves with a local connection from the last four decades. Picture sleeves were infrequently released until the late 1970s, but we may feature labels, albums, 78's and other memorabilia in future editions.

1. **Stephen Bishop - Animal House** (1978) An infamous movie cameo for the ex-singer of late 1960s Clairemont faves, The Weeds
2. **Beat Farmers - Bigger Stones** (1985) First U.S. pressing with stickered back
3. **Listen - Little Black Book** (1977) Bootlegged power pop classic, featuring Marc Intravaia, later of Eve Selis Band
4. **The Union Gap featuring Gary Puckett - Young Girl** (1968) Pre-José Sinatra version of the classic tune
5. **Front Four - Charger Rock** (198?) A rare Penetrators-Beat Farmers side project
6. **Jim Croce - Time in a Bottle** (1972) An iconic image. What if the song hadn't been released as a single?
7. **Crowdaddys - Chicago EP** (1988) Rare Spain only EP with exclusive tracks
8. **Rice Krispies - Direct from Forest Home** (196?) Early San Diego bluegrass, featuring Wayne Rice, later of Brush Arbor

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## Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Continuing with the 37-year history of my involvement with folk festivals in San Diego, there are so many reasons why the 16th annual Folk Festival was the last one held at SDSU (at least for a few years).

First, our original grant from the National Endowment for the Arts had come to an end and the new NEA guidelines only provided funding for local traditional artists, except their idea of traditional excluded people like Johnny Walker, Sam Hinton, Curt Bouterse, and almost any revivalist or country artists who played. Local blues, gospel, and Mexican music was it. They ignored my premise that maybe California was more than a lot of other states — a mixture of people from everywhere who brought their music with them and possibly deserved to be exposed to music from their own origins or roots. (I had already begun to use the term "roots" but it wasn't going anywhere in 1982.)

Second, we had competition for festival sponsorship from the SDSU Center for World Music, which was part of the SDSU Music Department. Their program was sort of forced on us, although the SDSU Music Department had completely ignored us for the first 15 years and refused to let us use their facilities for festival programs.

Third, the Old Time Cafe opened that year, giving San Diego residents year-round folk music. The establishment owners suggested that I be replaced as folk festival organizer, but I guess I still had enough pull for their request to be turned down. At any rate, those folks went out of their way not to publicize us and to make sure that major acts were booked on our festival weekend. Our attendance numbers were down whether the Old Time Cafe was to blame or not. It's too bad. We should have worked together.

Fourth, it was the year Young Americans for Right Wing Activities decided that we were part of the local communist conspiracy and flooded the SDSU Cultural Arts Board with reactionary diatribes about all those left-wing folksingers we had brought to SDSU.

Fifth, there was the matter of Jimmy Murphy who was sent a \$500 advance to drive out to the Folk Festival from Arkansas but never showed, making Russ Wright, the Cultural Arts Board advisor do several slow burns and recommend that we be cut off because "no one wanted to listen to folk music anymore anyway."

Finally, my gray hair and obvious distance from student days at SDSU made it harder each year to sell the idea of a festival to the 20-year-olds on the Board. They had a new outside facility they were starting to book rock bands in to and they didn't like folk and old timey music much anyway.

Still, the festival had some bright spots musically. Folk veterans Hally Wood and John A. Lomax Jr. made a rare festival appearance. Ireland's Joe and Antoinette McKenna participated in their first festival in the U.S. Sammy Vomacka, a 12-string guitarist from Czechoslovakia (then behind the Iron Curtain) was with us as was Minnesota's Scott Alerik. Locally we discovered and presented the great gospel voices of Sister Helen Sanders, her son Melvin, and her musical family. Cathie Whitesides and Barbara Magone played some wonderful Cape Breton fiddle and piano duets. Veteran 12-string guitar bluesman Fred Gerlach made a rare appearance, and Ray and Ina Patterson, who had brightened so many festivals with their close harmony singing and mandolin and guitar duets, made their final appearance. Other players included Jim Ringer, Mary McCaslin, Sam Hinton, Stu Jamieson, the Big Jewish Band, Richard Banke (aka Skid Roper), Los Alacranes, the Siamsa Gael Ceili Band, and many more. The festival started at SDSU and ran a final day on the Old Globe Theater's outside stage in Balboa Park. There was a lot of great music, but attendance was down, and several of the local folkies, thinking to defend me, landed on SDSU's Russ Wright, which only made things worse. The result was no SDSU money for a 17th San Diego Folk Festival.

We called a meeting at local fiddler Ed Cormier's house, and my wife Virginia and I, along with John and Mimi Wright, Sandy Dutky, Mark Wilson, and a few others, decided the festival should continue. We sought and secured Mandeville Center on the campus of SDSU's crosstown rival UCSD as a site and obtained non-profit status for our sponsors, San Diego Friends of Old Time Music.

The 17th festival was a good little festival. With only about \$1,000 to spend, we got Wade and Julia Mainer to return; we booked the San

Francisco Celtic band the Isle of Skye, and auto-harpist Bonnie Phipps showed up unannounced. Kenny Hall was back with his then new Long Haul Band and Patsy Montana brought along her old partner from *Louisiana Hayride*, Texas Lil and her daughter Judy Rose. Also down from San Francisco were Redmond O'Connell and Art Peterson, who brought her bluegrass family, and Ken Graydon and Phee Sherline and the New Deal String Band made first appearances. Returning were Johnny Walker, Sam Hinton, Curt Bouterse, and Stu Jamieson. It was a good festival musically (of course I think all of them are) but UCSD was hard to find for our out-of-town audience who were used to SDSU and we only broke even.

I guess you can figure that every one who tried to help was pretty depressed. Most of the meetings we had had up to that point suggested we'd had a good run and should hang it up. The key to putting on a quality festival is money, which was something we didn't have. I must admit that as much as I loved the festival, I was disappointed about the lack of support.

Enter David Baumgarten, who, just back in town from a tour selling ice boxes to Eskimos, convinced me that the festival had a future. He suggested that it be moved to the fall and held at the Old Globe Theater. Well, by that time most of my committee had disbanded because they didn't see eye to eye with Dave. A new bunch of people drifted in and Dave hauled me to a meeting with the Old Globe Theater people, who had a weekend available in October and really wanted to fill it. You remember that weekend in October. It was the weekend the San Diego Padres played in the World Series — not exactly the best weekend to do a folk festival. But when I signed on the dotted line back in May of 1984, no one thought the Padres would be in the World Series! In fact none of us realized it would be World Series weekend, except perhaps the man at the Old Globe. Little did we know.

The 18th was a musically rich festival. We brought Stan Hugill over from Wales, one of the last shantymen who had traveled on tall ships around the horn and author of *Folksongs of the Seven Seas* (the Bible of sea songs and lore), and Lou Killen came down from Whidby Island in Puget Sound. Glenn Ohrlin brought his cowboy songs out from his ranch in Arkansas. U.Utah Phillips, Jim Ringer, Mary McCaslin, and Kenny Hall all came down. Peter Feldman brought his unique old time music and Mike McClellan brought his traditional Hawaiian music. Also with us was Jody Guthrie (son of Woody, brother of Arlo, and a fine songwriter). Lone Star came down from the Bay Area with their western music à la the Sons of the Pioneers. Dave Evans brought his blues out from Memphis, Stones Throw played their old time swing, and Andy Gallaher did some fine blues and original stuff. Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper made their first folk festival appearance as did local rockers the Beat Farmers. Rose Maddox was ill but sent her brother Fred who was a real treat. Maybe the biggest surprise of all were two bluegrassers from England, the Thrift Brothers, who never stopped playing the whole weekend. Cape Breton fiddler Sandy McIntyre came down from Canada and did a set with Barbara Magone, and a just-formed group called Marley's Ghost whose members included Jon and Erika Wilcox, Danny Wheatman, and Jerry Fletcher played too.

The music was terrific and the ambience something special, but we lost nearly \$12,000 dollars, which was mostly owed to Fran Fitting, a great lady who saw that all the musicians were paid and the festival's integrity remained intact. It wasn't anybody's fault, I guess, or maybe we were all to blame. I'd say it was the fault of those who'd given up a festival for a ball game.

Festival number 19, which was held at San Diego High School, still managed to draw some out of towners. Veteran bluegrass fiddler Ray Parks appeared as did the Iron Mountain String Band. Songwriter Bob Franke, England's Thrift Brothers, and lots of local regulars, including Sam Hinton, Joe Swaltney, Gala Parish, Andy Gallaher, Miguel Lopez, and Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper. Attendance was up, so we made a little money and started paying some our debts from the disaster the year before.

Festival 20 saw us back at SDSU but it wasn't the same. New people were in charge and the freedom we once had with campus facilities was gone. The music, as always, was good. Hank Bradley and Franny Leopold came down from Seattle. I finally talked old friends Wayne Brandon and Clarke Powell into doing their Roy



Photo: Bill Richardson  
Lou Curtiss

Acuff stuff. Del and Karl Rey were back. Jon Adams came down from Oregon. Ramblin' Jack Elliott made his first festival appearance. The Red Clay Ramblers came out for a rare west coast appearance. Alisdair Fraser played Scottish fiddle music. Fro Brigham and his Preservation Band played. Blues lady Bonnie Jefferson made her last festival appearance and folk songster Bob LeBeau played.

Again, crowds were down and although we made a little money, I think everyone knew it was going to be the last one for awhile. SDSU told us they didn't want us back, so that was that.

The San Diego Friends of Old Time Music continued to meet, do an occasional concert, and hosted several meetings of various San Diego folkies to see what was what. Mostly those meetings convinced me that what constituted folk music to a lot of them didn't constitute folk music to me.

My feeling was always that there was music worth hearing that could never draw a crowd on its own — people like the Como Mississippi Fife and Drum Band, the Golden Eagles (New Orleans Indians), Rose Holcomb, Leonard Emmanuel (the national hollering champion), and so many others. None of these people would draw an audience by themselves but in a festival setting with locals and well-known personalities to draw a crowd, they'd be heard, appreciated, and remembered. When the festival got down to just presenting the locals and the well-knowns, it was no longer worth doing, for me at least, so I hung it up for awhile.

It was five years to be exact. I continued to do my radio show, started a series of LP and CD reissues of vintage country music, and had a lot of "remember when" conversations. I think it was Tracy Schwarz at a Folk Heritage concert who reminded me that those San Diego Folk Festivals had been "something special" and that he'd been at "few others that were as good." In the next year or so I heard similar comments from Mike Seeger, Big Jim Griffith, and Alice Gerrard. I started thinking about getting back into it, but what I really wanted to do was to make it free. Also, by that time the term "folk music" had too much baggage associated with it. The *San Diego Union-Tribune's* Don Freeman was tied into this left-wing protest thing. Country music people didn't think it was their kind of music. Blues and jazz people were even more adamant that it wasn't their music. It was running through my mind that if I ever did a festival again I'd call it a Roots Festival. Just about this time — December 1993 — I talked to Scott Kessler from the Adams Avenue Business Association about doing some work on the Adams Avenue Street Fair. He suggested we get a folk festival together for the street. I said, "How about a Roots Festival?" He said, "You're on." And so, the Adams Avenue Roots Festival was born, but more about that in the next episode of this column.

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss



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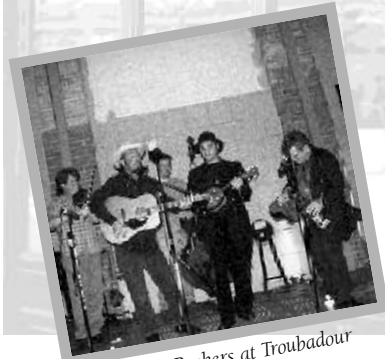
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The 7th Day Buskers at Troubadour Showcase, Dizzy's, 2003.

by Dwight Worden

Located next to the new ballpark in downtown San Diego at 344 Seventh Avenue between J and K Streets you will find a jewel of a music venue that serves up top notch jazz, bluegrass, folk, singer songwriter, Celtic, and other styles of music. Opened in 2000 by lifelong music devotee Chuck Perrin, Dizzy's is not fancy, but it is comfortable and has a great atmosphere with an open beam ceiling and aged brick walls. Music is clearly the focus here. There's no TV, no neon, and no other distractions. A tasteful slide show silently projects pictures behind the performing artists on the wall. Snacks, including organic coffee topped with whipped cream and grated Ibarra Mexican chocolate served with homemade cookies, imported San Pellegrino sparkling water, Martinelli's apple juice or sparkling cider, soft drinks, Starbucks Frappuccino, as well as hot teas, hot spiced cider, soft



Photo: Dennis Reiter

Paul Seaforth, Peter Sprague, and Bob Magnusson

drinks in cans and bottled water, are also available for sale. There are no bad seats in a space that holds about 100.

Perrin says he started the club as a "no boundaries" artists co-op to provide a place for talented jazz musicians and other artists to play. His success in that endeavor is striking. Anxious to take the stage in a club advertised as having "no limits," local jazzers like Peter Sprague, Gilbert Castellanos, and Joe Marillo quickly found spots on the music calendar. When Perrin mixed the stinging blues of guitarist Billy Thompson and the bluegrass improvisations of Sean and Sara Watkins (Nickel Creek) with the adventurous efforts of songwriters like Cindy Lee Berryhill, Berkley Hart, and Dave Howard, the cultural stew began to heat up. Though performances are diverse in style, Perrin insists that it is all jazz and describes it this way: "Jazz is a state of mind rather

## Facts and Figures

**Where:** 344 7th Avenue, downtown between J and K streets  
**When:** Usually Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; occasionally midweek  
**Music:** Jazz predominates, with folk, bluegrass, Celtic, theater, and other  
**Capacity:** Seats approximately 100  
**Level:** Varies. Mid- to top-level local musicians and national touring acts  
**Price:** Usually \$8, occasionally more; cash only, no reservations  
**Information:** www.dizyysandiego.com 858/270-7467  
**Troubadour rating:** Very good listening environment. Great place to perform. Quality of acts sometimes varies. Great place overall.

than a specific type of music. A jazz musician is someone who lives and creates in the moment. Dizzy's is my way of expressing that in a more ostentatious way." Dizzy's also hosts a number of special events, ranging from theater performances to the annual BobFest in May featuring an all-star line up of local talents who perform the music of Bob Dylan on his birthday.

Perrin's agreement with the building's owner allows for most of the revenue to go to the performers. Typical admission is \$8 and well worth it. There are no advance reservations; tickets are all cash at the door. You can pick up your tickets an hour before show time, mark your seats, and then walk to a place to eat out if you want. The Gaslamp Quarter is nearby and so is the Clarion hotel, which is but a couple of doors down, serving dinner and drinks. So, the local eating out options are quite good. No food or drink is permitted other than the snacks that are offered for sale there, and all ages are welcome. Parking is available in the various ballpark lots on non-game nights, and street parking after 6 p.m. is free. There are also a num-

ber of pay lots within a few blocks, and visitors can take the trolley to the Gaslamp Station and walk about three blocks to Dizzy's.

Performing musicians interested in playing Dizzy's should contact Chuck Perrin at wlword@aol.com or phone him at (858)270-7467.

Artists can expect to receive a percentage of the door, be treated fairly by Perrin, and be ensured a great place to play and be heard. Promotion is the responsibility of the musician, since Dizzy's "close to the ground" budget doesn't allow for advertising and the like other than listings on the Dizzy's web calendar. It's hard to identify any real negatives about Dizzy's if you are looking for a true musician's listening environment. Some folks don't like to go to downtown, especially below Market Street, and parking can be an issue.

If you are looking for a place to drink and talk while you listen to music, this may not be the right place for you. That said, the San Diego Troubadour thinks it's a great little place, and Perrin and Dizzy's have done a very good thing for the local music community. So, go enjoy yourself and Dizzy's and tell Chuck thanks!

## LOCAL HOUSE CONCERT VENUE RISES FROM THE ASHES

by Joe Rathburn

Twenty-four years ago in 1981, a girl from Mason City, Iowa, and a boy from Walnut Creek, California were married. A year later they had their first son, Sean, and four years later their second, Corey, was born. In 1996 they bought, and moved into, a tiny house in Harbison Canyon in San Diego's East County. Bill and Shirlee McAndrews, their two sons, and three dogs lived happily in that tiny house — that is until the night of October 26, 2003.

### A FEW MONTHS EARLIER



Shirlee & Bill McAndrews

Both Bill and Shirlee were drawn to music at an early age: Bill when he was six years old by a 45rpm recording of the late Arthur Godfrey, and Shirlee by the

music she heard in her childhood home, which she shared with her eight older siblings. Their love for acoustic music simmered, percolated, and brewed until one night, after hearing the venerable songwriter/bluesman Chris Smither live at one of veteran local presenter Jimmy Duke's house concerts, they decided they too wanted to try hosting concerts in their home. Encouraged by what they found on Americana duo Berkley Hart's website — an invitation to "Host Your Own House Concert with Berkley Hart!" — they began making arrangements. In April 2003 their dream, Canyon Folk House Concerts, became a reality when they invited friends and family into their home for a Berkley Hart performance in their living room.

The first show was such a success, they held two more: the Joel Rafael Band in June 2003 and Tim Flannery and Friends performed later that year in September. Three more were scheduled for the rest of the year but the actions of a lost hunter were to change their plans drastically.

On October 25 at 5:37pm, 30 miles from their home, Sergio Martinez set a signal fire in hopes of being found. However, the fire soon spread and became San Diego county's worst fire disaster. More than 2,200 homes were lost, McAndrews' home among them. The McAndrews were evacuated from their home on Sunday, October 26, and when they returned the next day, there was nothing left. They were devastated but undaunted.

After the initial shock, Bill and Shirlee got to work rebuilding. They borrowed a 23-foot motor home for a month and parked it on their lot. They had to plod up the road to use an outhouse and drive to the local community center to use portable showers set up by F.E.M.A. Just before Christmas they were able to buy a 38-foot travel trailer, which became their home for the next year and a half. Luckily, it had a large shower and they were able to hook the trailer up to their septic system.

It took their architect seven months to draw up plans and obtain permits. One year from the day the builder broke ground, the McAndrews moved in. "We will never look at our home the same way, or take it for granted again," muses Shirlee.

Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, Canyon Folk House Concerts will make its comeback on Saturday, July 16. Berkley Hart will christen the new home/venue, since they were the first act in the old place. "We designed the new place with house concerts in mind," Shirlee says. "The goal of our concert series is a simple one: to bring the San Diego's best singer/songwriters to the most intimate of settings: our living room."

The McAndrews plan to host a show every two months and possibly more. Really more like private invitation parties inasmuch as reservations are required, admission includes a potluck buffet, coffee, tea, bottled water, and adult beverages. Parents are encouraged to bring children who are capable of sitting quietly through the performances. Doors open at 7pm and shows start promptly at 8pm. Tickets are \$15 (all proceeds go directly to the performers), and seating is limited to 40-50 with some standing room available. Information and reservations: canyonfolk@cox.net; 619-659-5753; http://members.cox.net/canyonfolk/

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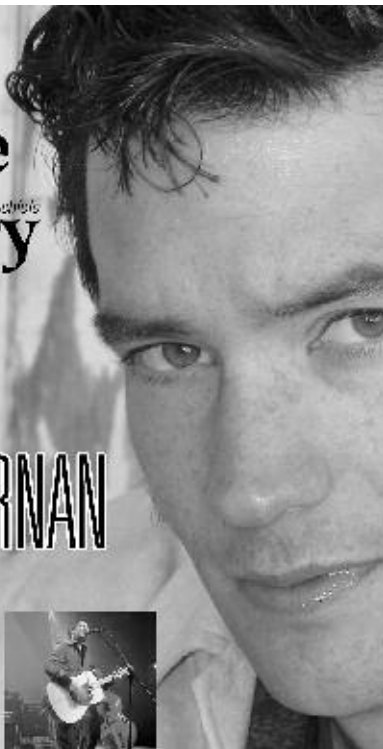
**SAN DIEGO FOLK HERITAGE**



# Not Your Average Music Story

conversations on the road to salvation and rock 'n' roll

with MICHAEL TIERNAN



Michael Tiernan has a unique story. And in this business, everyone seems to have a unique personal story. Some are true, some are embellished a little for the sake of show biz. Some are the product of dissemblance. And some are just completely fabricated. Stories sometimes evolve in legendary fashion, conjured up by other folks such as groupies, fans, and politicians who share gossip small talk to appear part of the "in crowd." I don't know if I've heard it all... I doubt it. But I have heard and seen a lot. Shoot, I even know stuff I don't wanna know and in many, many cases what I'm not supposed to know. Sometimes the stories are more creative than the music made by the very same storytellers. No one ever admits it, but "One's Own Story" has a lot to do with one's own "perceived success" in this racket. It seems that how one "appears" means as much as how one "sounds." And more often than not, the stories are centered around an artist's triumph over some sort of personal descent complete with personal demons and isms resulting in legendary drug abuse, victimization, and boneheaded actions. By now it's a glorified art, but I still cannot bear to watch Lynyrd Skynyrd (or whoever) on some cable-documentary, with moody lighting, going on about how they kicked a habit, overcame a demon or two, and "made it" to middle age. Somewhere along the line I stopped listening to these stories that so often run from the same script. I let them in one ear and out the other, to make more room for the actual music.

But every now and then someone has a story that's different. A story that's more about ascent than descent, or triumph, or...

I met Michael Tiernan a little over a year ago when he came to San Diego in pursuit of his own musical path, having met him through my bandmates Craig and Elise who were out on the town scouting a venue we were soon scheduled to play. To welcome him, we added him to our bill. It's pretty cool meeting new people, especially when they share your love for the same craft — in this case music.

At that gig we got to know each other a little and pretty soon, Michael's story began to emerge as all of us sat at a table over Sushi and cocktails. A very different story. An actual "story."

His story begins early but the part that grabs me is the spiritual side of Michael Tiernan, which includes several years in pursuit of priesthood in the Catholic Church, which in turn includes about two years at the esteemed Vatican School in Italy. To be accepted at the

Vatican School is an amazing and serious acceptance. Michael was there for about a year when he saw his spiritual path changing, and not long after that he realized that his spiritual calling and mission was to be expressed through music. So he left the Vatican School to go home

and write songs. While it probably caused some insult and chagrin to the Vatican after all that acceptance, he followed his heart in full confidence. They say, "The Lord works in mysterious ways." During his remaining time in Italy, pretty much wrapping up affairs and killing some time, he met a girl. He came home and married that girl.

Now he's a Del Mar-tian who got real busy about his music. With two CDs under his belt, Michael Tiernan has embedded himself into the San Diego scene in a big way and in a very short amount of time. He gigs like crazy, organizing shows in San Diego, Orange County, and Los Angeles. He's been a winner/nominee in several songwriting contests since he got here. He's even running his own open-mic at Cosmos Cafe in La Mesa, every Tuesday night. It's fun.

I usually see Michael around at other gigs but recently had him over for dinner and even booked a few shows together for the pure simplicity of having fun playing music together. We had a great time.

Over a post-gig dinner and a few brewskis one night, I realized I knew all about Michael — beginning from his Vatican School days but not much else before that. I wondered when he began playing music.

"When did you get started?" I asked.

Michael begins to tell his story: "I picked up the guitar at age 17. I was inspired to do so through very unlikely means. My mom had forced me to go on a religious retreat at my church when I was in high school. The retreat was put on by a traveling team of Catholic youth ministers — they were such a trip, sorta like young vagabond Catholic hippies. After a whole day of listening to their schpiel and being somewhat intrigued with what they had to say, they did this little play, where at the end, one of the team members picked up his guitar and played a song. His name was Steve, and I credit him for being the one who first set me down the troubadour's path. His amazing tenor voice and simply plucked Martin shot straight through all my high school machismo and went directly to that center in me that made me say, "Wow, I want to do that." It was the first time that a live musical performance hit me in that magical way. That was it. Soon afterward, I was teaching myself Floyd's 'Wish You Were Here' and of course, climbing the 'Stairway to Heaven.'"

"Ahhh, 'Stairway to Heaven!'" I quip. "That makes for a great segue to your days at Vatican School. Not your typical rocker story. How does that fit in?"

Michael looks around the room and makes an unconscious longing grimace



for a few seconds and arrives at this explanation: "Aaaaah...you got the heart-strings tuggin'. Every time I think about Italy, I get a little ache in my chest. I spent two years there from 1998 - 2000 and within that time, I think it became an ingrained part of my soul that will never quite leave me. So when I think about Italy, and Rome in particular, I have this crazy urge to just be there, sitting in Trastevere, sipping on bitters in the piazza.

Continued on page 12.

by Simeon Flick

Behind every artist lies a sensitive disposition and an amalgam of people, events, and circumstances that constitute the crucible in which the artist eventually finds and fulfills a creative destiny. It is a simple concoction with a complex list of ingredients that catalyze an often inexplicable reaction, the results of which are not always explosive, but invariably intense. Some artists take years to mature, often doing their best work later in life; others seem to spring out of now here almost fully formed and begin to create vital art at a relatively young age. Jane Lui, an example of the latter, has barely left the last booster stage of her formative years behind her and has already reaped the first fruits of her musical harvest.

*Teargirl* is the name of Lui's debut CD (reviewed on page 13), and it is rife with the tributary clues of the rich past that led to the ocean these ten songs comprise.

Lui's parents enjoyed the fine arts but weren't musically inclined themselves. Nevertheless, they catered to her latent creative proclivities and she subsequently became addicted to piano from the age of four onward (she's 26 now). She's been involved in choir since the third grade, and as a lonely child she utterly lionized Anita Mui, Hong Kong's answer to Madonna, from whom she vicariously gleaned the nuances of vibrato, tone, and

## Jane Lui: An Artist Emerges

Photo: Jason Nielsen



Jane Lui

range. In college she majored in music education with an emphasis on voice, and the accompanying three years of vocal training tore down what she'd learned from Anita Mui and rebuilt their technique from the ground up.

*Teargirl* is replete with this formative erudition; the piano and vocals of each cut are as subtly virtuosic as they are unforced and unself-conscious, serving the songs most effectively. (This is also sagacious, considering that as of yet Lui still performs by herself live.)

As with many creative types, Lui's sense of all-encompassing theatricality developed from her hyperactive imagination's efforts to relieve the ennui caused by the banalities of an often solitary daily life. She developed the ability to create extraordinary new worlds and fascinating characters based on random bits of otherwise uninteresting reality.

Many of the songs on the album were the result of Lui using a sliver of her reality as a metaphorical touchstone to discuss related issues, or as forays into imaginative fiction that tend to be centered around fictitious, prob-

lematic characters. "Pigeon Woman" is based on someone she met overseas who religiously fed the pigeons in a certain square every day. Lui used the experience as a springboard to discuss the burdens of dogmatic commitment writing in the voice of a cynic, teasing a nun who is a blind and avaricious follower. "Playing God" is an imaginary, confrontational conversation with a nine-year-old version of her father, from whom she has been estranged since her immigration to the U.S. "Freddie Goodtime" spun out of a bona fide, provocative letter she received by accident, addressed to someone else and answered by her poignant lyric: "Dear Fred, I think you got the wrong address, I'm so sorry, but an itch deserves a scratch, I see you're screaming at your halo, my cockroach sends his love." "Phaedon" is a fable about a fish and a bird lost in the pursuit of a seemingly incongruous love, and it explores the alternate lure of differences — as opposed to similarities — in love relationships.

Lui is a compelling mixture of East and West and a perpetual student of music who listens to and learns from many diverse genres. The immigration from Hong Kong changed everything; she went from a virtually monochromatic musical environment of dated, overwrought Asian kitsch to a new world of overwarming rainbow-like diversity. Her new reality filled up with pop, world, electronica, drum, bass, opera, impressionistic classical music, Catholic masses, blues, and gospel; her new idols became Bjork, Tori Amos, Dave Matthews, Oasis, Sarah McLachlan, Lisa Loeb, Toad the Wet Sprocket, and others.

Lui's immigration also marked an ideological shift from the strict traditionalism of Asian culture to the open-minded, often self-oriented interest in

the American pursuit of happiness, honesty, and freedom of expression. It was this shift in ideology that led to the aforementioned break with and subsequent estrangement from her father, whom she hasn't seen or talked to since starting her new life here.

*Teargirl* bears album-wide evidence of this cultural admixture in that her Asian roots are conveyed through her use of a wide emotional range of vocal dynamics, and the music itself is principally American in timbre and instrumentation. However, in no other song is this East/West blend more evident than on the aforementioned "Phaedon," where a classical European harp plucks out a quintessentially Asian melody, and Lui sings in English what is in effect a brand new Chinese folk tale for the ages.

With *Teargirl*, Jane Lui has arrived as an artist who will surely produce a great body of work. But like any good artist she is intent on staying focused on being an effective channeler and nurturer of her art and is anxious to progress to the next milestone in her artistic development. And like a true artist she will probably succeed in ways we can only imagine, but she can already fathom.





# CICI PORTER

## sings songs that heal

by Laura Preble

**T**here are two compelling images on songwriter Cici Porter's website. One is a stark black-and-white photo of a young girl whose shy, dark eyes, deep with secrets, stare into the lens, unaware of the pain that will come with age. The other is a spirited, energized painting of a bird in flight, a hawk or a falcon perhaps, rendered in all shades of gold, butter-yellow, daffodil, and ivory. One is the songwriter's past; the other is her future.

These two things are blended for any songwriter, of course. A past is part of the fabric of any artist's life, and therefore her material. But for Porter, a San Diego native who has been making music for more than 20 years, this past brands her work with a unique mark: the mark of a painful childhood checkered with memories of incest and betrayal. But like the photo of the young girl, pale and unaware, Porter herself has come out of a haze of gray pain and, like the bird in her painting, has transmuted the raw elements into gold.

"The impetus for this was simply a crisis in my own life." Porter, a renowned singer-songwriter in San Diego, refers to the creation of her Journey to Wholeness Project, now a nationwide musical endeavor. With it, she has evolved from, in her words, a "pothead PTA queen" to an expert on child sexual abuse who approaches the issue from the perspective of both a survivor and an artist/healer. Earlier this year, she was asked to perform her very personal and powerful songs for Surgeon General Richard Carmona at a National Institute of Health conference on the issue; she has been instrumental in working with schools in Georgia to help bring training to teachers and other mandated reporters about what

constitutes child abuse of all kinds.

Why would a member of such hot local bands as Bordertown and Wooden Angel choose to put herself through this kind of agony to express publicly something that most people won't even discuss in private? That is, in essence, the story of Journey to Wholeness and of Cici Porter's mission as an artist.

"There's something about music that gets under the skin," she says. "People are inspired by humanity, by people getting through it, making mistakes and coming through anyway."

Getting through child sexual abuse is a trauma that most people don't have to deal with. Porter wasn't even consciously aware of the issue until she'd already been married and was pregnant at 27 with her first daughter, Chelsea.

"I was so angry all the time. My husband was a wonderful guy, he didn't deserve all that anger," she recalls. After two years of this upheaval and general anxiety, with a two-year-old daughter and husband, Porter began attending a women's anger support group that changed her life.

"One of the women came out and said she had been molested. When she told the group that, I just burst into tears," Porter remembers. "I had no idea why I was having such an emotional reaction."

After starting individual therapy, Porter began to explore her picture-perfect childhood. "I realized how invested we were in looking good." That was the beginning of her journey of self-discovery, which took her through years of therapy, periods of depression, back problems, and habits that allowed her to "numb out." When Porter was able to recover specific memories of her childhood history after much intense self-exploration and the birth of her second daughter, Maya, she says, "I felt like I was splitting into a million pieces." With the support of her then husband, she escaped for two weeks to a crisis center. Her near breakdown eventually led to the songs that culminated in the Journey to Wholeness. In about 2000, Porter said she "started to feel like I was on the other side of this whole issue. I hadn't had a flashback for a while. I was divorced, remarried [to husband



Larry Groupe, a renowned musician in his own right], and my life was back on track. And I'd known for years that I had songs sitting in this notebook — close to 50 songs — that were the hell I had gone through. I had to take them, put them all in one place, record them, and be done with them. I knew this would complete the whole issue for me if I could say what I wanted to say to the people who mattered most."

In 1998, an art therapist introduced Porter to the coordinator of a conference in San Diego centering on creativity and the healing process for survivors of child sexual abuse. "I'd never done anything like that, but I went in and sang a few of the songs, told the story for this audience. And everybody in the room knew what I was talking about. Everybody was crying and nodding their heads. I felt this thing I'd never felt before, this complete understanding of something I never thought I'd ever be able to explain to anyone, and they got it. They were getting healed and I was getting healed."

The exhilaration she felt from sharing these very private songs was on a different level from the high praise she received from audiences and critics alike for her "normal music." With albums like *Wide Open Spaces* and *Over Oceans* that enjoyed success locally, Porter could have walked away from sharing her painful personal

*"... I went in and sang a few of the songs, told the story for this audience. And everybody in the room knew what I was talking about. Everybody was crying and nodding their heads. I felt this thing I'd never felt before, this complete understanding of something I never thought I'd ever be able to explain to anyone, and they got it."*

— Cici Porter





experiences, but instead a "divinely-timed collaboration" occurred according to friend Jean Panella.

Panella, a core volunteer with Chakti Rising, a holistic recovery center for young women in San Diego, invited Porter to help her with a community project she was doing for a class. Porter calls Panella "the driving force — or more like the twinkle in the wand" that helped spearhead her First Flight Concert, which was the true genesis of the Journey to Wholeness project. For both women, that first real concert was magical and had the ring of a true miracle about it. "My soul had been telling me to do this for ten years," Porter recalls. After advertising the concert, which was held in an Encinitas church, Porter had no idea how many people, if any, would attend such a show. But when nearly 100 people did come, she remembers feeling terrified at the prospect of sharing such painful, personal songs with a crowd.

What resulted was a concert that was so raw and so honest, that it continues to be the most effective tool Porter has for spreading her message of hope for child abuse survivors. The concert was taped that night, and despite the awkwardness she felt, Porter and her supporters say that *First Flight* is a live concert recording that transcends music. "By the end of the evening there was just this joy and freedom in that room. That's the metaphor for what I'm trying to put across. Shit happens, and if you're willing to walk through it consciously, there's freedom on the other side."



Following this emotionally-charged performance, Porter released the live recording of the concert, an album she describes as "sloppy and emotional...but the one that makes the difference to people. That's the one where people break down crying. That's the one the therapists use." Subsequently, she went into a studio with top-flight musicians like Peter Sprague and re-recorded the songs from the concert and released them as a much slicker, more expensive piece titled *Emergence*. "The irony is that I sell both of these now, and their favorite is *First Flight*."

Porter began to send copies of the *First Flight* CD to various national organizations to see if it would be useful in helping others deal with their child abuse histories. That one small concert in Encinitas blossomed into Porter's involvement nationwide as an advocate for child abuse survivors, and her music and her message have been incorporated in many programs and conferences across the country. Ironically, something that was a secret for so long has now made her perhaps more well-known than the music she was doing before.

In March she sang her songs for the Surgeon General, who, she is delighted to tell, "wants to take on child abuse as his thing. If he's serious about making some noise about this, that is phenomenal." Of the concert she gave at the National Institute of Health, she says, "It was an amazing collection of people. I thought I was dreaming. There were experts, people doing phenomenal things around the country. I consider them all to be heroes. That I was included was such an honor."

One of her tunes is also being used in a training video that is being distributed to every mandated abuse reporter in Georgia, and she's pushing for that same tape, or something like it, to be used in California. "One in four girls in the United States has been molested, and with boys it's one in six," she notes. "There are people who have been sitting around with these secrets their whole life." Why is music so vital to the healing process? "It gives people permission to talk about the issue."

"As this started to unfold," says Panella, the person who helped Porter put on the first concert, "you couldn't help but feel that the timing of it was so perfect. Even with all the conversation and awareness there is now, I still feel like this is a significant piece because music deals with it very directly. It's so powerful."

In order to break the cycle of abuse, Porter says, perpetrators must also be treated and society must realize that they, too, are victims, something most abuse survivor groups do not address. "In public safety figures, 90 percent of sexual offenders are released eventually. We need to make sure they don't do it again. They need treatment, very specific treatment."

Panella adds, "The other thing is there is so much anger toward the perpetrators and Cici's compassion for the disease and its cycle and her commitment is unique. Her life is such a testament to what's possible. It tells about the level of success you can have in your life even with something devastating that's happening."

Both women cite a recent film, *The Woodsman*, which deals directly with the issue of the effect of abuse on the perpetrators. "It's a compassionate portrait of someone who'd done this and has that disease, and what someone who has served their time and been rehabilitated has gone through," Panella says.

## MY STORY

by Cici Porter



it's a whole new language I gotta learn how to speak  
to say what I've got to say  
somewhere between striking with a knife  
and turning the other cheek  
not just look away  
deep inside the silence a woman starts to scream  
is it his or her story  
hers or history?

it's a beautiful house and a beautiful yard  
and a beautiful family  
the mother was modern the father worked hard  
the lovely children three  
but every night at bedtime I could not trust my dreams  
is it his or her story  
hers or history?

like a bird in a beautiful cage  
or a rat in a maze  
someone else's shadow play  
(but I'm not going to play that game)  
sometimes words that you say  
or just the look on your face  
makes me hide my head in shame  
but I'm not going to lie for you no more  
I'm going to tell my story my story my story

it's the cruelest betrayal the strongest taboo  
this song, this wrong I gotta write  
it's exactly the last thing that I want to do  
start this losing fight  
but deep inside the silence a woman starts to sing  
is it his or her story  
hers or history  
my story, your story  
his story, her story  
my story

Perhaps the perfect metaphor for the whole journey is that sunshine-yellow bird that Porter painted for the cover of *First Flight*, the one featured on her website. "A bird has always been a symbol of freedom. Birds sing and birds fly; they symbolize the hope of the soul." And if birds freed from cages can go anywhere, Porter is living proof.

Cici Porter  
The Journey to Wholeness Project  
<http://www.wholenessproject.com>  
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# Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



Summergrass 2004 Kids' Camp on Stage

KIDS' BLUEGRASS MUSIC CAMP Summergrass San Diego, San Diego's premier bluegrass festival at Vista's Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum August 26-28 will again offer a Kids Music Camp this year. If you know a kid who might be interested, contact Betty Wheeler at (619) 481-2609 or bettywheeler@adelphia.net. The camp runs two hours on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday and is open to ages six to 16, from beginner to advanced. This year's instructors include members of the hot young bluegrass band Brothers Barton and Overdrive.

Kids are placed in classes by instrument: fiddle, banjo, guitar, mandolin, and bass (if you have or know a kid dobro player or other specialty instrument player, call Betty). They receive instruction on their instruments as well as band instruction that pairs them up with kids from the other classes to play in a band. The Camp culminates in a Sunday performance on the main stage with the instructors, which is a real treat for the kids, not to mention the parents, family, and audience members who love it. Don't forget to bring your cameras! The cost of the camp is \$60, which includes a three-day admission to the festival (advance price \$36). Scholarships are available for serious kids in need of financial help. If you know someone who would really like to attend the camp but who needs financial assistance, call Betty.

Summergrass has lots of other great stuff to offer, including three days of music, workshop, camping, free kid activities, excellent food, and the ever-interesting exhibits at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum. Check it all out at [www.summergrass.net](http://www.summergrass.net), and look for a lot more info in next month's *Troubadour*.

## SAN DIEGO BLUEGRASS SOCIETY WELCOMES HOME THE TROOPS

The SDBS presented the Full Deck bluegrass band in a free concert Saturday, June 11 to help welcome home the Navy's hospital ship Mercy and to honor and thank the men and women at the naval hospital in San Diego. The bluegrass concert was part of a larger event called the Welcoming Arms Festival, organized to welcome and thank those in the navy for all they do. The concert at the Naval Medical Center next to Balboa Park on the main stage featured Don Hickox on fiddle; Dwight Worden on mandolin; John Deckard on lead vocals, harmonica, and jaw harp; Mary Birketton bass; Cmdr Bernie Poindexter on banjo; and Kit Birketton on guitar. Attendance was good although limited to navy personnel and their dependents, with great free food and drink for all.

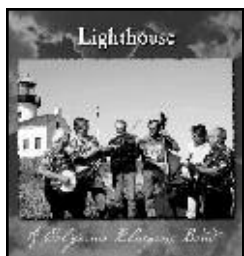
## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

The Huck Finn Jubilee in Victorville over the weekend of June 17-19 included a lineup that was top notch as usual. It featured the Nashville Bluegrass Band



Nashville Bluegrass Band

doing an outstanding job of presenting the best of bluegrass. Look for the Nashville Bluegrass Band headlining at Summergrass this August as well. Also turning in strong performances at Huck Finn were Rhonda Vincent, the perennial Queen of Bluegrass, with her outstanding voice and tight band The Rage. Blue Highway also appeared on Sunday for an extra long set of their usual top notch show as well as a great songwriting workshop. The weather was unusually



Lighthouse

cool — in the mid 70s and windy, and it was downright cold on Friday, unusual indeed for Victorville in June. It was also great to see San Diego's own Lighthouse put forth a great show on the main stage with their brand new CD available for fans. If you don't have a copy, I recommend you get one. It's great stuff.

June 19 also saw Rhonda Vincent at the La Paloma Theatre in a show cosponsored by the San Diego Bluegrass Society. The five-time female vocalist of the year put on an outstanding show to an enthusiastic crowd, performing a selection of both her old and new hits, including some from her Raging Live project. Rumor was that MTV would be there filming, but I didn't see them. Maybe they conducted a stealth operation? It was also great to see what may be San Diego's hottest new band 117° West play a strong opening set for Rhonda with a repertoire ranging from such down-the-line bluegrass as "Blue Night" to broader ranging material like "House of the Rising Sun." If you missed these events, be sure to mark your calendar for Summergrass in Vista on August 26-28 to capture your own share of fun.



# The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

## PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON: A COMPRESSION PRIMER

Of all the tools we use in our daily recording existence, none comes into play on the average session more than the venerable compressor. How ironic it is, then, that this is one of the most mysterious and misused instruments we employ (besides the accordion, of course).

With proper knowledge of the process, compression has the ability to transform decent-sounding home recordings into very professional tracks. In the wrong hands, it can render all your hard work into a well-intentioned, unusable mess similar to my sister's Friday night spaghetti, but even less tasty.

There are a few different stages that comprise the overall compression effect. These work in concert with one another, making the process a collaboration of sorts. Complicating matters further is the fact that not all compressors are designed with the same number or types of stages. Some have two knobs, while others have more than ten! Generally speaking, there are about seven on average: Input Gain, Threshold, Ratio, Slope, Attack, Release, and Output Gain.

Input Gain is simple: The level of the signal coming into the unit. As with most devices, you'll mostly want to have the loudest signal possible without distortion, including the loudest "peaks."

Threshold represents the level at which the effect begins to do its work. For instance, let's assume you've set the level perfectly, so that only your loudest peaks are hitting 0 dB (the maximum without clipping or distortion). Setting the threshold to -9 dB means that once something goes above that set level, the compressor begins to affect the signal, while everything below it remains unchanged.

Ratio controls what or, more specifically, how much of what happens next. If a compression ratio is set to 3:1, that means that for every 3dB of volume increase above the threshold, the perceived increase will be only 1 dB. The compressor is essentially turning down the loudest parts of the signal. This ratio is a very common and

usable one and is a very good place to start when familiarizing oneself with the concept. Lower ratios are generally used to "thicken" a signal by bringing the sharper attack transients (like the picking of a guitar string) slightly closer in volume to the rest of the signal (like the sustaining strings). In the guitar example, 3:1 might work quite well, whereas denser material (like full mixes) would probably fare better with ratios of 1.5:1 or 2:1. Vocalists can be very inconsistent with their volumes, in which case you may need to use ratios between 4:1 and 5:1. Higher ratios like 10:1 and infinity:1 are commonly known as "limiting." This means that anything over the threshold is going to be the same volume. Kind of like hitting a ceiling. This is helpful for not letting something get past absolute 0, as in digital recording. Limiting is often used in the final stages of mastering to give mixes the hottest level possible. Overuse of this ratio by setting your ratio too low can result in a thin, squeezed, unexciting and dynamic free signal, and is one of the most common mistakes that amateur recordists make. The general rule of thumb is that you don't want to really hear the effect, you just want to reap the benefits of it, i.e. a more controlled dynamic range.

Slope can make things slightly more complicated. There are two types: hard knee or soft knee. Soft knee can best be described as a gradual increase of the ratio. As the signal gets farther above the threshold, the more the ratio increases. In other words, if you've set your ratio at 4:1 with a soft knee, with a threshold of -12 dB, your actual compression of a signal at -9 dB might be 2:1 and a signal at -6 dB may be compressed at a ratio of 3:1. This gives a more "invisible" quality to the effect, which many listeners prefer. Hard knee is a stricter type, working more "to the letter," as it were.

Attack specifies the amount of time it takes for the compressor to start working. Faster times indicate that it will start working immediately, while



Sven-Erik Seaholm

slower attack times can play a crucial role in making things sound "punchy." A bass drum compressed with a fast attack can make it much more controllable but a bit dull. By lengthening the attack time, the "click" of the beater and the exciting "thwack" of the attack can be allowed to slip through, while the overall loudness can still be managed. Toms, electric guitars, and bass all tend to sound better with slower attacks.

Release defines the amount of time it takes the compressor to "let go" of the signal once it has gone back below the threshold level again. Too fast a release of a highly compressed signal will cause a pumping or "breathing" effect, as the perceived volume is turned back up too soon. Too slow, and you may lose some clarity, as the compressor may still be turning the volume down when the next note hits. Again, you're generally looking for a more natural sound, so working with these two parameters is very helpful in achieving sonic bliss.

Output Gain (sometimes called Makeup Gain) is a way to correct the loss of volume introduced by the compressor's inherent gain reduction, but here's the good part: because the loud peaks that normally poke out have been controlled, you can turn it up louder.

Proper use of compression means your vocals can sit higher in the mix without riding levels as much. Same with bass. For snares with a lot of "ghosted" grace notes, compressing only the harder back beats will be like turning up the softer parts, making them come more alive. Drummers love this. Well...that, nachos, and shiny things.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an independent producer who owns and operates Kitsch and Sync Production ([www.kaspro.com](http://www.kaspro.com)) and performs solo ([www.svensongs.com](http://www.svensongs.com)) as well as with The Wild Truth ([www.thewildtruth.com](http://www.thewildtruth.com)). He also enjoys squeezing his lovely wife, Gaily.

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

As you read these words from a person so engorged with love that he often unknowingly discharges it even in his sleep, it might be impossible to accept the truth that some time ago, a bitter dash of Hate was a prime ingredient of his life's take-all-you-want-but-eat-all-you-take buffet.

And a delicious spread it was, too, until he became intelligent enough to read and comprehend the ingredients.

While ostensibly loving all creation, in truth there were two types of people he hated: Racists and Eskimos.

Years later, when he added Hypocrites to the list, somehow the concoction blew up in his face and left him giddy and pure.

That coy little fable is my convoluted way of saying right at the gate that I am unable to embrace Hate in any form (while remaining wary of situations that would engender a vulnerability and need for its companionship).

So what follows has little or nothing to do with Race or Eskimos or Hypocrisy, I assure you. My great friend and drummer in the Troy Dante Inferno, Buddy Pastel Jr. (himself the son of the greatest unsung, multi-ethnic percussionist of the '30s and '40s, Onishiro "Boom-Chucka" Bam) wisely put the whole racial thing in perspective for me when he said, "Hose, the fact is that there's only one Race. It's called the Kentucky Derby."

Michael Jackson, who increasingly resembles what must be his own twisted idea of an Eskimo whose remains three months after an igloo cave-in, somehow wound up in the news again last month. To the minds of retards, it may not be my right to comment upon him or his trial-like circus, at least at this time. However, take away my access to any right and I'm likely to go all indignant ovah yo donkey, Balaam. After all, the self-dubbed "Queen of Pop" is becoming an important aspect of the entertainment scene of the Aughts. If the lips of my pen scream to release the inky drool of Truth, who am I to clog their font?

The emergence of CDs, heralding the demise/coma of vinyl LPs presented a brilliant opportunity for

Michael Jackson to introduce his emerging identity as the porcelain result of his own secret, thoroughly misguided experiment in confounding or disproving the science of genetics.

Gone from the "early hits" CD were the original album's graphics and any intimation of Michael's younger, natural physiognomy. Although even his substantial fortune couldn't effect a recall of all circulating evidence of his previous self, he correctly figured that his very brilliance would entice the majority of the buying public to clear their memory's visual log and start afresh, enjoying the unprecedented metamorphosis of the most supertalented entertainer of the age; a true credit to at least his adopted race.

The first public accusations of improprieties with young males presented him with what he saw as an easy mission: to prove his heterosexuality to any and all who would question it. Marriage and babies would take care of that, and money was no object. The rabble, who years later would probably be worshipping the boogers of Tom Cruise, would not only buy this solution to Michael's "little" problem, they'd soften up for more . . .

This is where whatever logic existed in his brain left Michael without even leaving a "Dear Jacko" letter for his boy-tool, as some enterprising, unintimidated reporter will someday point out. (I'm only a columnist/ amateur gynecologist/lounge metal god.)

The explosively concise evidence emerges at any routine observation of "his" children who (if this unavoidable aspect is of interest to somebody someday) are more honky than I am. (Oh yeah, but even if these kids are in danger, at least they're rich. So leave 'em alone, okay?)

It's an ivory thing; you wouldn't understand. And just for the record, I have more soul in my frenum than LaToya or Janet combined; that's a scientific fact.

If he follows his lawyer's edict and refrains from allowing young boys into his tainted bed from now on, there could be bad, dangerous times ahead for the inhumanly delicate Michael Jackson. When any megalomaniacal millionaire goes through and enforced withdrawal of any sort, the result is

Photo: Brinke Stevens



The scintillating Mr. Sinatra

likely to be a real thriller; a killer-diller indeed.

Hot damn. I'm feeling a bit of perverse sympathy, which I would extend to Phil Spector. His unfortunate timing could end up being the deciding factor in the temporary satisfaction of America's need for an occasional sacrificial lamb. How else to ensure the well being of the majority of other wealthy cretins?

Besides felonious politics, I mean, to which we seem to have finally surrendered.

LIVE 8, this month's gargantuan transglobal music fest, is sure to be a milestone in the annals of both entertainment and humanitarianism.

When Bob Gelding called me and I refused his offer to appear at the English portion of the event, he sounded disappointed.

But how could I travel away from this once-beautiful city in its time of need? Aid to Africa is immensely important, but how can we clean our neighbor's yard when our own is in such disarray?

So, along with countless other San Diegans, I choose to remain here at the center of a more immediate crisis and join my own homies in an unprecedented demonstration of patient concern, waiting for some magical miracle to put things right.

Without Hope, who is there to truly entertain the troops? Perhaps in some faraway Neverland, the answer lies in wait.



# RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

## THE ULTIMATE NAME DROP LIST: PEOPLE I'VE TALKED WITH SINCE 1970

(PART ONE OF 4,113)

I have expelled lung gas a gazillion times with my brother, Rick, as well as with my wife, Sandi Banister, Bruce Springsteen, Dave Benson, Frank Zappa (R.I.P.), Karen Faust, Gary Banta, Rod Stewart, Randy Fuelle, Jimmy Page, my father, Mac (R.I.P.) and my mother, Jeanne (R.I.P.).

Our publishers, Liz Abbott, Kent Johnson, and Lyle (R.I.P.) and Ellen Duplessie (R.I.P.), as well as Gary Heffern, Tom Ames, Lee and Tanya Ward, Danyell Millsap, David Cobler, Dustin Millsap, Kelly Logan, Billy Gibbons, B.B. King, and Mr. An all have swapped modulated sounds with moi.

Equally as exciting were my bons mots with Steve Miller, REO Speedwagon (the original members!), Terry (the guy who never leaves his house), Stephen Percy, Kelly Costa, Penny Holladay, Shelly Harms, Athan Vlahos, Gabriel Wisdom, Erik Thompson, Cindy Pace, Cindy Spicer, Cindy Witte, Billy Idol, and Bryan Adams.

Many people with whom I spoke were happy to expell carbon dioxide, including Bob Bolinger, Bob Ramsey, Bob Tedde, Bob Lafrate, Bob Seger, Bob Cowan, and Bob Weir. Other Weirs include Larry Weir, Maria Weir, Pixie Weir, and Michael Damian Weir. Weird Al Yankovic, too!

I almost forgot to mention Ron Jacobs, Jeff Prescott, David Lee Roth, Scott Heath, Scott Chatfield, Anna Fernandez, J. J. Cale, Connie Mathena, Kenny Weissberg, Chris Boyer, Dave



Jim McInnes

Rickards, Brad Messer, Phil (the guy who thinks he looks like me), Jeff Berkley, Levon Helm, Gene Simmons, Trish the Dish, Cookie "Chainsaw" Randolph, Phil Lesh, and Huey Lewis!

I have traded hot air with Don Story, Andy Vereen, Johnny Gun, Jack Pinney, Dave Stanger, and Dr. Paul Kater, as well as with Dr. Gerry Paul, Dr. Geoff Zubay, Dr. Ron Petrillo, Dr. Jan Pragit, and both Drs. Repaire and Graves.

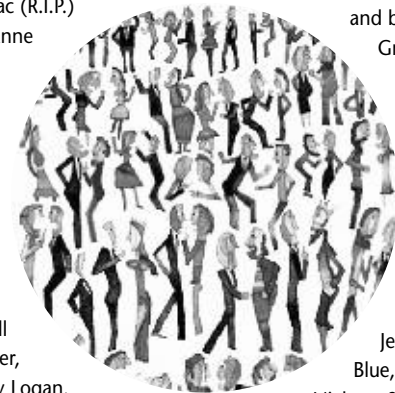
Oh, how I enjoyed shooting the sh#t with Greg Kihn, Cameron Crowe, John Hammond, Linda McInnes (R.I.P.), Country Dick Montana (R.I.P.), Joey Harris, Jerry Raney, Bud E.

Blue, Bun E. Carlos, Rick Nielsen, Stevie Stephens, Ted Giannoulis, Ted Leitner and the team of Bing, Dice, Dog, Duck, Lizard, Asp, and Ski, all from U.W. Oshkosh.

Bill Wyman, Yoko Ono, Simon and Dianna Ashenden, Peggy Thomas, Maureen Levine, Lee Loughnane, Steve Redfearn, Bob Speth, Tim Flannery, Black Jack McDowell, Robert Plant, Eric Burdon, Brian Auger, Ian Anderson, and John Kay have all had their lives enriched through conversation with yours truly.

I have even jawboned with Mojo Nixon, José Sinatra, Yakov Smirnoff, Vladimir Kuzmin, Russ T. Nailz, Sam Kinison (R.I.P.), Larry Himmel, Paradise Patricia, Kathy Scoville, Lou Curtiss, Toody and Muldoon (the two CHP officers who hauled me off to jail on September 18, 1978), and the religious zealots who regularly ring my doorbell when I'm in the garage on a Saturday afternoon trying to fix something I should have just thrown away.

(NEXT MONTH - the names of every reader of this column and more!)



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# Sourdough Slim Rides Again



by John Philip Wylie

One might think there wouldn't be much opportunity for an accordion-playing, yodeling cowboy in this day and age, but Rick Crowder (a.k.a. Sourdough Slim) has made a career out of doing just that. Looking and acting like he just stepped off the set of a Gene Autry Western from the '30s, Sourdough Slim has played at county and state fairs, cowboy gatherings and music festivals all over the U.S. He's even played Carnegie Hall and is set to perform at the renowned Lincoln Center over the Labor Day Weekend.

Sourdough Slim bellowed out a big howdy to the nice folks at this year's Adams Avenue Roots Festival in April. He then lassoed their hearts and put a smile on their faces with his homespun humor, genuine Hollywood cowboy songs, and his world-class yodeling. After sharing the stage for a song swap with Kenny Hall and the Delta Sisters, the Paradise, California native sat down to chew the fat.

"This is not a genre of music that most employment agencies would suggest getting into, but I grew up on a farm in the '50s and '60s at a time when cowboys were on T.V., on the radio, and just about everywhere. I was very influenced by it and it has just stuck with me. I'm still as fascinated by it now as I ever was," said Slim holding his ten gallon hat in his hand.

"Sourdough Slim was born in 1988," he continued. "I had been in several country western bands prior to that and when they broke up, I came up with this idea for a comical character: a yodeling accordion-playing cowboy. I'd never played the accordion and had never been a solo act before [minor details for Slim], but I decided to give it a shot. I faked my way through it for a couple of years until I got the hang of it. I was determined to make this character work, so I

stuck with it."

Slim's persistence has paid off. Each time he takes the stage, he transforms himself into this comical, musical character that seems a cross between Gene Autry, Roy Rodgers, and Slim Pickens. Cowboy ditties from the '30s may not be high on many people's lists of requested songs, but there is no denying that Sourdough Slim is unique and that he performs his music with wide-eyed country enthusiasm and in classic retro style.

Growing up, he had many musical influences. "Carson J. Robinson was probably my biggest influence. He was one of the great cowboy novelty song writers. Tex Ritter was also a huge influence as were Gene Autry and Roy Rodgers. I also enjoy searching out the really rare stuff. There were a lot of artists who only put out one or two 78s. I try to keep it alive."

The Roots Festival this year marked the second of Sourdough Slim's appearances in San Diego and he hopes to return America's Finest City again.

"I've known of Lou Curtiss for many years, but I didn't meet him until I performed here for the first time three years ago. I sent him a few of my CDs and I guess he liked what he heard, since he called me up and invited me to play. This is his festival basically, and I love it. First of all, this music is alive, it is free and it is so approachable. He hires such a variety of roots music that it draws everybody including people who wouldn't ordinarily be exposed to this music. They do a great job of getting a variety of acts here including ones that you won't see anywhere else. I love this festival."

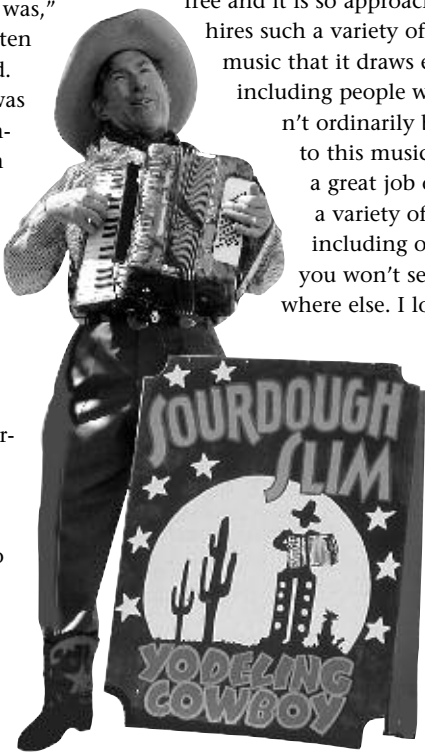


Photo: Steve Covault

## MICHAEL TIERNAN

continued from page 7.

"After college [Franciscan University in Steubenville, Ohio], I had moved to the Boston area to continue playing music with my bandmate and good friend Brian. We continued for another two years playing in our band called Scrap Apple. After that band ran its course, I decided to blow all the money I had saved up to backpack around Europe with my buddy Mark for the summer. While there, I was invited by an old friend of mine [who was then a bishop] to meet him in Rome for his elevation to Archbishop and to meet the Pope. It was a very intense time in my life and a couple months after that experience, I decided to enter the seminary to study to be a priest. Crazy, eh? I spent a year in Denver studying, and was then sent to Rome by the Archbishop of Denver.

"It's pretty wild, but my songwriting skills really got honed while I was in the seminary. It was during that period that I really had the time, space, and freedom to investigate and enumerate my thoughts on the world, on God, and on myself and my place in all these things. At one time, on a 30-day silent Ignatian retreat in the desert of Colorado just before going to Rome, I wrote 20 songs, about 17 of them keepers. I still play some of them today. But being in Rome, especially, gave me the opportunity to deepen my appreciation for art, and especially the art that was coming out of me and my guitar. In Rome you're surrounded by two polar opposites, which at a certain point I think come together and work together [like all things]. You're surrounded by both intense beauty and at the same time meaningless profanity. What great material for songs, eh?"

"Anyhow, I got busted three times for going out to play in the city at a few pubs and at my friend's bar. The third time they put me on probation. It was time to consider whether I could really conform to the things that were expected of me in order to become a parish priest. So I took some time off and never went back."

"Wow! What an important choice to make, a pretty serious life decision," I acknowledge. "The important ones are often difficult yet so simple at the same time. What inspired you in your decision making and songwriting along the way?"

He credits his mother. "The first seeds of music were planted by my mother when she forced me to take piano lessons at age eight. By the time I was 20, music had become my way of processing all the crazy landscape of my own heart. I needed it to get by and not go crazy. Cancer opened me up to deeper thought and to hidden things in life, spirituality deepened that search for understanding and beauty, and so many great people I've met who have encouraged me to get my art out there have gotten me to where I am today."

"What sacrifices have you made to live this music life?" I ask.

"That's a good question," Michael says. "It kind of has to do with the title of the album *Jumping In!* I think when we decide to do anything big — any project, decision, or way of life



Michael Tiernan shakes hands with the late Pope, John Paul II. Pope's personal assistant stands by.

— it requires a big jump, preceded by weighing the costs, looking at all the scary things that could go wrong, and say, 'What the hell!' and jump right in. The reason we are able to jump in despite fear and risk is because of love. Love flies in the face of fear. I knew that going into my marriage, and I knew that about going into music. Anything worthwhile is going to require sacrifice, but love is able to look at those factors and not be afraid of them but actually embrace them as they help you to grow."

And it rings loudly with me as I can relate to this view. "I wish I could make the same point to some people I know. It's too bad more folks don't see things this way," I muse.

Michael nods and clarifies further, "In a practical sense, I've had to sacrifice the comfort and dependability of an employer and have had to become my own employer, which, all in all, has been a very good thing. I think my wife has sacrificed way more than I have. She's the one who has to put up with me being gone, working late, and having that weird musician's schedule. But she understands the calling and she is incredibly supportive of me. I think a person sacrifices more if they don't follow their heart. They sacrifice their dreams and desires in exchange for comfort and stability. Following my heart down the musical path has been much more a blessing than a sacrifice."

"What a great point of view. That in itself is inspiring," I say. We shared stories for a while about gig stuff. War stories. Guitar talk. Stuff like that. Eventually we called it a night, as it was getting kind of late, and say good night.

The very next Wednesday, we're on a gig together again, and we're setting things up, chatting. He's taking out his guitar and setting up his merchandise, also chatting with curious people milling about, collecting in the street for the show. Upon sight of his guitar, I ask, "Hey, what is that thing anyway?" I love guitars. Each one is different in the same way people are.

Michael proudly states, "I'm a Martin man. Yes, I know in a town full of Taylors, which are also beautiful guitars. My Martin has treated me well. It takes a beating and is super thumpy

when I want it to be and then it is nice and sweet when finger picked. Plus, it records well. As far as effects, when I play solo, it's just me, the guitar, the P.A. if necessary, and the room. I love the purity of it all. When I play with my band, I've been slowly adding in some different sounds with my Adrenalinn effects unit — nothing crazy — just a little dirtiness when called for, a little tremolo here and there, a little thickening up in parts in order to keep fresh in a group setting."

It's time for him to start. "Its time to play, dude. Have fun."

"Thanks." And before you know it, he was jumping into his first tune.

We played our sets, hung out for a little while afterward, and talked about the local scene and elsewhere.

Michael is acute in his observations. "I'm so fortunate to have landed here in San Diego. Sven put it best the other day on Joan Rubin's KKSM radio show. He said, 'Here, it's more like a family that looks out for each other.' He was comparing the L.A. music business to the San Diego music scene. Since I started playing here in San Diego about a year and a half ago, I've found it to be just that. I was initially a bit fearful to jump into the music business again because I unwittingly believed all the stereotypes of that cut-throat music world. But I must tell you that I've found it to be the exact opposite here. Most of the people I've met have been so helpful and welcoming, respectful, and encouraging to me as a songwriter and performer. And I think that feeling spreads and multiplies. I know I try to keep that love spreading. One of the first people I came in contact with was Danielle LoPresti, and her mantra that 'there is enough out there for all of us, and all of our art, so let's share and help promote each other' is something that impressed the hell out of me and has stuck with me through all of this.

"I think it's like that everywhere in most any scene. Musicians collect into little cliques by means of artistic and political alignments and are always helpful to a point with a few exceptions, the ones who don't have a way of fading away. It's been the nature of business in the arts for centuries. Do you think it's different anywhere else?" I nudge.

"Well, regarding the scene outside San Diego, I've found that in L.A. too there are different groups of musicians who really respect each other and help each other find creative outlets for their music. In many ways, it's more organized, which also has its own set of problems. But all in all, groups like Songsalve, Songnet, Music Highway, Femmuse — I've found all of these to be very open and supportive as well as in sharing information that can help aspiring songwriters get to know the music scene a bit better." Michael clarifies.

"Indeed, I've met some very helpful people up there," I agree.

And to advocate all sides of the point, he finishes, "Of course, I always get apprehensive about totally identifying with one group or one way of doing things, but they are all great tools of the trade I think. I've had a good experience in L.A. and have nothing bad to say about it. I guess you just gotta be yourself, keep your head down, and do what you do."

And with all that he's done, seen, and experienced so far, Michael still expresses the gist of his story in simple terms: do what you do.



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<b>wood 'n' lips open mic</b>	

**MUSIC FOR JULY**

FRIDAY, JULY 1  
**lighthouse 7:30pm**

SATURDAY, JULY 2  
**until john, tom-kat**

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6  
**head first**

FRIDAY, JULY 8  
**jim earp 8-11pm**

SATURDAY, JULY 9  
**benchmark 7-10pm**

FRIDAY, JULY 15  
**kelli rudick 8:45pm**

SATURDAY, JULY 16  
**patty hall, john bosley 7-10pm**

FRIDAY, JULY 22  
**impulse 7:30-9:30pm**

SATURDAY, JULY 23  
**free air & guests 7:30-11pm**

FRIDAY, JULY 29  
**eric koch 7:30-9pm**

SATURDAY, JULY 30  
**john bosley, alan james**

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## Taylor Harvey Band Beauty in the Eye

by Joshua Kayle

As the first alt-country tune rocks out of my speakers, I'm reading a liner note that says: "At this stage of the game it's all about those who support you just because they like your songs."

Bands that begin here always begin from the right place in their heart but always fall into a category where they either "truly suck" or are "truly cool." I like this band not because they're perfect, not because they're gonna invent or discover the next "eruption" solo, not because they pay tribute to their influences — which runs from a Stony "Wild Horses" era sound to the sound of Dylan in his "Willbury" days. I like this band because it's fun. It's honest and doesn't pretend for one quarter-note to be anything more than what it is: a buncha dudes rocking out, drinkin' beer at your backyard party, pushin people in the pool.

They play great. Taylor Harvey is out front, writing the tunes, singing and playing guitar. He's got a band that sounds like they play in the kind of band they wanna play in: Tim Edwards plays a gritty lead guitar and sings, while Boyd Gardiner holds down the fort on drums along with Mike Chandler on bass.

"Trailer Park Rhythm Blues," is a fun little track that makes me wonder what ZZ Top would sound like if you hired them for your own wedding reception. It's that much fun.

"Love Song No.4" is also emblematic of some serious writing skills. Overall, the production is a well-done demo-esque effort. But with a slicker production, this tune would be a radio-ready "hit." I hear a slight Tom Petty thing going on here (but not really) and a little Johnny Cash "thang" going on there (but not really)... and yet it arrives in its own matter of style, its own skin, its own voice, its own song.

In lieu of a hidden track, they sport an "unlisted" track of out-takes and crazy band practice hilarity. If you ever wanted to be the fly on the wall at your basic practice, you need to hear this. Bring your own mood lighting, breath mints, and cucumber wrapped in foil. It's balls out... and at full-volume....at the same time. Check them out at [www.taylorharveyband.com](http://www.taylorharveyband.com)



## Beverly Heising Zephyr

by Raul Sandelin

Reminding us that a zephyr is a mild breeze, the artist credits the Sea, an entity both "gentle" and "unpredictable," as her inspiration. Given that, the title-Zephyr is perfect for this collection of songs. This is a ride without speed bumps, potholes, or hurricanes. These ten songs are part of a new genre that I like to call World Smooth Age.

With Irish/Scottish jig music the central motif, Heising blurs the rough edges among the instruments — mostly fiddle, banjo, guitar, and flute — and even between each song. This is a collection to help one get lost in thought, a collection conducive to relaxation while a competent cast of fluid musicians helps Heising and her fiddle massage out the daily grit built up between the neurons. You drift. You drift some more. You float out onto a heaven of clouds, pushed lovingly by that gentle zephyr. Like its Smooth Jazz and New Age counterparts, World Smooth Age doesn't dare make many statements, any frightening pronouncements.

This is an ethereal place so beautiful the listener even forgets to listen. And, this raises a critical issue: Should good art strive for this level of seamlessness? Certainly, there will be listeners and critics on both sides of this debate. For those who want smooth, Heising is as soothing as it gets this side of Yanni or Michael Hedges.

However, I actually preferred the few instances in which the artist took some chances, such as introducing a jazz sax solo in the middle of the jig "Spencil Hill" or when she proceeds to sing nervously yet charmingly in a later chorus of the same song. Another startling attempt to sail against the zephyr is her experimentation with odd time signatures à la Dave Brubeck in the song titled "Take Seven" (Get it?) Unfortunately, these are the only times that Heising shows us that the Sea can also be "unpredictable." Now, don't get me wrong. Calm is good. But, as much as I like the calm before the storm, I also like some gale-force winds added to the mix.



## Glowfriends Leave the Hall Light On

by Steve Thorn

Glowfriends is the vision of Mark and April Morris, the gifted offspring of noted power pop wunderkind Jeremy Morris. While the senior Morris' recordings generally convey compositions of optimism and a deep-seated faith (imagine a pop summit in the pearly gates between Frank Capra and C.S. Lewis), the Glowfriends veer toward the melancholy and have released a compelling, well-crafted folk album.

Favorable comparisons have already been made to Nick Drake (in particular, *Five Leaves Left*) and the wonderful Colin Blunstone trilogy of *One Year*, *Ennismore*, and *Journey*. But it also appears that Mark and April perused long and hard through their dad's record collection, for it's possible to hear the influences of Love (*Forever Changes* era), Nico, and French chanteuse Françoise Hardy on *Leave the Hall Light On*.

For their second release, Mark and April have expanded the Glowfriends into a small chamber unit, with Erin Butler (violin), Brendan Butler (cello), Holly Klutts (bass and vocals), and J.W. Hendrix (drums and percussion), providing an impressive backing quartet for Mark (vocals, guitar, piano) and April (lead vocals, percussion). The strings paint musical pictures of long Midwestern winters where blankets of snow appear to have spring on a long holding pattern. "Nighty Night," "Neverminding," and "Dora" are among the album's 17 tracks, which might best be appreciated huddled in front of a fireplace on a cold Kalamazoo (the band's hometown) night.

Sad and beautiful — sometimes concurrently — *Leave the Hall Light On* may be dream inducing but will provide no nightmares.

(CD available at [www.jamrecordings.com](http://www.jamrecordings.com))



## Patti Zlaket Tunes

by Craig Yerkes

*Tunes* covers a surprisingly wide array of styles within the jazz/adult contemporary framework. Patti Zlaket and Jim Studer (co-writer and producer on two tracks) work some serious magic on track number one, "Your Love is Like Water." Zlaket's stunning vocals and the perfectly matched backing instrumental pack an emotional punch that, with the lyrics, make a powerful and heartbreaking track. The bridge soars with wonderfully effected, ethereal vocals that evoke the poetic imagery of the lyrics perfectly.

"Easier to Learn the Hard Way" takes the music in a stripped down direction and nicely matches a defiant lyric and lead vocal with a reckless sounding acoustic guitar track. "The Road That Used to Be" is a mellow soft rocker that reads like a master class on the challenges of being in a relationship with someone who has lots of grown up obligations. "The Show" is an irresistibly clever, smoky ballad with lyrics that show how one can use wit to diffuse sadness.

The melodic theme in "Where Were You?" is so beautiful that Stephen Sondheim might do himself bodily harm for not thinking of it first. Zlaket's finest vocal work can be heard here as she soulfully riffs with passion and heartache. "Push and Pull" is a 70's throwback crowd pleaser with some very cool ear candy. "Never Love" is a beautiful jazz ballad featuring an amazing, subtly intense interplay between voice and piano.

This CD is filled with excellent musicianship. The always stellar Wayne Johnson on guitar and Duncan Moore on drums do their usual solid work, but I did notice that Johnson's guitar solos are more restrained and "safe" than I would have liked. The tracks I skipped over — "I Want a Man," "Love is Easy," "Backdoor of Your Heart," and "You Need a Woman" — sound too forced, heavy handed, and/or contrived in my opinion. In contrast with the others, they seem to have started with a good lyrical idea but the music was somewhat "force fit" to give all of the words a home. Whether the songs hit the bulls-eye or not, Zlaket uses her voice as a finely tuned instrument, showing she can belt or whisper with equally stunning results. I have come back to listen to my favorite tracks on this wonderful disc over and over and over again.



## Jane Lui Teargirl

by Simeon Flick

Jane Lui may no longer be known as just "Jane," formerly of Jason and Jane, after the old acolytes hear her debut CD.

*Teargirl* finds this seasoned neophyte knocking it out of the solo artist ballpark far enough to clear the wall into the bleachers, but not enough to put the excessive pressure of an unbeatable precedent on future efforts. In other words, it's just about as ideal a debut as it gets.

Lui brings an erudite musicality and a fecund imagination to this CD. She has also penned a dynamically diverse range of material that is rich in metaphor, melody, and emotional depth. The *fait accompli* rests on the wise decisions she made in the process of choosing her team, which is reflected in the selection of the studio musicians who play everything from sophisticated string, harp, and horn arrangements to standard rhythm section instruments, and in the sagacious choice of engineer and co-producer Aaron Bowen, whose instincts have served this music in the best possible way.

The two constants here are Lui's deft, maturely restrained piano chops and her formally trained, emotionally dynamic voice. "Yellow Light" flows gracefully through whisper-soft to top-of-the-lungs changes in vocal intensity, and this, coupled with her adroit piano work, lends a Tori Amos-like timbre to most of the songs.

*Teargirl's* sheer diversity of material, instrumentation, and production is enough to engage layman and pedant alike, even if they ultimately find its heterogeneity unsavory. Anyone thrown off by the subdued, sparse textures of songs like "Blue Square" and "Years of Roses" will take an instant, alternate shine to more energetic, radio-ready tracks like "Pigeon Woman" and "Freddie Goodtime," and vice versa. And yet this is the kind of record that seems capable of that miracle of miracles: the conversion of fans of either sound to an eventual acceptance of the rest of the album.

*Teargirl* augers like Hank Aaron's first home run; the only thing left to do is realize that the game is more enjoyable at the park than on TV.

Edify yourself at [teargirl.com](http://teargirl.com) and [janeshands.com](http://janeshands.com), and buy *Teargirl* at [CDBaby.com](http://CDBaby.com) or at her live appearances.



# JULY CALENDAR

## friday • 1

**Rod Piazza & Mighty Flyers**, TGIF Jazz in the Parks, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.  
Chris Isaak, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
Lighthouse, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 7:30pm.  
**Dave's Son**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Junior Brown, Belly Up Tavern, 9pm.

## saturday • 2

**Billy Watson & his Int'l Silver String Submarine Band/Jump Blues**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**Unknown Legend**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**21 Grams**, San Diego County Fair, 7pm.  
**Jim Earp**, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 7:30pm.  
Until John/Tom-Kat, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 8pm.  
**Band in Black**, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.  
**Jose Sinatra & the Troy Dante Inferno**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Davida**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Rookie Card**, Surf & Saddle, 123 W. Plaza, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Steve Poltz & the Rugburns**, Belly Up Tavern, 9pm.  
**May River**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## sunday • 3

**Cowboy Jack**, Pine Hills Lodge, 2960 La Posada Way, Julian, 10am.  
**Chuck Schiele & Friends**, OB Sun Jam at Tower Two, 5083 Santa Monica, 2pm.  
Simon Flick, Mission Bay Boat & Ski Club, 2606 N. Mission Bay Dr., 3pm.  
**Lyle Lovett**, Humphrey's, 7:30pm.  
Jim Earp, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 8pm.  
**Fruit/Jenn Grinels**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Rookie Card**, Casbah, 9pm.

## monday • 4

The Hank Show, Old Poway Park, 11:30am.  
Band in Black, Uncle Goos Cantina, 274 Harbor Dr. South, Oceanside, 3pm.

## tuesday • 5

117° West, Round Table Pizza, 1161 E. Washington, Escondido, 7:30pm.

## wednesday • 6

**Indigo Girls**, Humphrey's, 7:30pm.  
**Brazilian Girls**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 9pm.  
**Sylvie Lewis/Jane Lui**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 7

**Loggins & Messina**, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 8pm.  
**Roy Book Binder**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Brian Levy w/ Gilbert Castellanos/Mikan Zlaktovich/Rob Thorsen**, Dizzy's, 8pm.  
**Amelia Browning**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise, PB, 8:30pm.  
**Pete Thurston**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Jump Jones, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 8

Nitro Express, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. @ Florida St., 6pm.  
**Los Mocosos**, TGIF Jazz in the Parks, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Jim Earp**, Crossroads Cafe, 169 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Chris Brashear & Peter McLaughlin/Border Radio**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Fred Benedetti & George Svoboda**, Dizzy's, 8pm.  
**Robert Wetzel**, Acoustic Expressions, 2582 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Jennifer Lee/Aaron Bowen/Ted Ehr/Sylvie Lewis**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Jack the Original/Get Back Loretta**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
David Grisman Quintet, Belly Up, 9pm.  
The Blazers, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 9

Vocal, Harmony, Accompaniment Songwriting Workshop w/Chris Brashear & Peter McLaughlin, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 1pm.  
**Mountain Review w/ Jim Wakefield**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
Benchmark, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Cactus**, Cafe Elysa, 3076 Carlsbad Blvd., 7:30pm.  
**Hwy 61 Revisited (Dylan Tribute)**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Deborah Liv Johnson/Peter Sprague**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Tom Smerk**, Caffe Salotto, 2240 Otay Lakes Rd. #303, Chula Vista, 7:30pm.  
**Jim Earp**, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**Lauren DeRose**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Caballero-Verde Quintet**, Dizzy's, 9pm.  
Anya Marina, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Dan Hicks & the Hot Licks**, Belly Up Tavern, 9pm.  
Good Bye Blue Monday, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.  
Harpo, Triple Crown Pub, 3221 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 10

**GrooveLily**, Dizzy's, 7:30pm.  
**Sonya w/ Disappear Fear/Irina Rivkin**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## tuesday • 12

Acoustic Alliance w/Calman Hart/Joe Rathburn/Will Edwards & more, Canes, Mission Beach, 7pm.  
Boz Scaggs, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Chuck Schiele**, Desi 'n' Friends, 2734 Lytton St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 13

**Antik Party**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**21 Grams**, Winston's, Ocean Beach, 9pm.

## thursday • 14

**Bill Charlap Trio**, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7&9pm.  
**Richard Thompson/Ladysmith Black Mambazo**, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.  
**Jon Roniger**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Amelia Browning**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise, PB, 8:30pm.  
**Arman**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Rockin' Aces, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 15

Len Rainey & the Midnight Players, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. @ Florida St., 6pm.  
**Lao Tizer**, TGIF Jazz in the Parks, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.  
**Rascal Flatts**, Coors Amphitheater, Chula Vista, 7:30pm.  
**Carol Bui/Kris Racer/Just John & the Dude/Carlos Olmeda**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
Kelli Rudick, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 8:45pm.  
**Berkley Hart**, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Blue Largo, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 16

**Chris Klich Quintet w/ Laura Preble**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**Howling Coyotes**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Ronny Cox**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.  
**Jen Knight/Delancey**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
**Patty Hall/John Bosley**, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 7pm.  
Allison Lonsdale (6-8pm), Gregory Page, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Joey Show, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## sunday • 17

Prime Time w/Jan Sutherland, Elks Lodge, 1400 E. Washington, El Cajon, 1pm.  
Joe Ely/Joel Guzman, Belly Up, 9pm.  
Jon Kaniš, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 18

Lila Downs, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 7:30pm.

## wednesday • 20

Derek Evans, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 21

Tommy Emmanuel, Bonita Golf Course, 5540 Sweetwater Rd., 7pm.  
**Dmitri Matheny Group**, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.  
**Piano Summit w/ Sue Palmer/Barnaby Finch/Richard Thompson/Danny Green/Bob Hamilton**, Dizzy's, 8pm.  
**Amelia Browning**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise, PB, 8:30pm.  
**Jon Roniger**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
Acoustic Underground, Lestat's, 9pm.  
Dulcie Younger, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 22

Simon Flick, O.B. People's Co-op, 5pm.  
The Vision Band, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. @ Florida St., 6pm.  
**Li'l Brian & Zydeco Travelers**, TGIF Jazz in the Parks, Poinsettia Park, Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.  
Sue Palmer & her Motet Swing Orchestra, Point Loma Concert Series, Catalina Blvd. near Talbot, 6pm.  
Impulse, Crossroads, 169 E. Main, El Cajon, 7:30pm.  
**Big Mo Band**, Dizzy's, 8pm.  
**Hank Show**, Cask & Cleaver, 3757 S. Winston Rd. Fallbrook, 8pm.  
**Paper Saloon**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
Trevor Davis/Curtis Peoples, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Chuck Schiele/Carlos Olmeda/Flathead CD Release/Citizen Band**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8:30pm.  
Blue Rockin' Michelle Lundeen, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 23

Second Hand String Band, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.  
**Mile High**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Jim Earp**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Band in Black**, Pine Hills Lodge, 2960 La Posada Way, Julian, 8pm.  
Joel Rafael Band, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Chris Klich**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Gilbert Castellanos**, Dizzy's, 8:30pm.  
Jim Blanco/Kathrin Short, Lestat's, 9pm.  
**Baja Blues Boys**, Patrick's, 13314 Poway Rd., 9pm.  
Deke Dickerson/Rip Carson, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## sunday • 24

**Chuck Schiele & Friends**, OB Sun Jam at Tower Two, 5083 Santa Monica, 2pm.  
Poco, Humphrey's, Shelter Island, 6pm.  
Mark Knopfler, Copley Symphony Hall, 8pm.  
**Natasha Miller w/ Josh Nelson/Harish Raghavan/Matt Slocum**, Dizzy's, 7:30pm.  
Molly Jensen/Evan, Lestat's, 9pm.

## tuesday • 26

**High Grass Rollers**, Winston's, OB, 9pm.

## wednesday • 27

Anna Troy/Annie Dru, Lestat's, 9pm.

## thursday • 28

Dehra Dun/Le Severance, Lestat's, 9pm.  
HotRod Lincoln, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## friday • 29

Breeze'n, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. @ Florida St., 6pm.  
**Rebirth Jazz Band**, TGIF Jazz in the Parks, Poinsettia Park, Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.  
Odeum Guitar Duo (Fred Benedetti/Robert Wetzel, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Lauren DeRose**, Twigg's, 8:30pm.  
Andrew Foshee/Kelli Scar/Kelly Rudick/Anneliese, Lestat's, 9pm.

## WEEKLY

### 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.  
**Open Mic**, Metaphor Cafe, 258 E. 2nd Ave., Escondido, 2pm.  
**Traditional Irish Music**, Tom Giblin's Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 3pm.  
**Irish Dance**, Dublin Square, 554 Fifth, 3pm.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twigg's, 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 5th Ave.  
**Suzanne Shea**, Trisler's Wine Bar, 8555 Station Village Lane, Ste. C, Mission Valley, 7pm.  
**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

**Dixieland Jazz**, Metaphor Cafe, 258 E. 2nd Ave., Escondido, 6:30pm.  
**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.

Pop Rocks, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## saturday • 30

**Hot Club of San Diego**, Bird Park, 28th & Thorn Sts., 5:30pm.  
**Baja Blues Boys**, Le Petit Calypso, 1002 N. Hwy 101, Leucadia, 6:30pm.  
Abrams Brothers, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
An Evening of Songs & Stories, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 7pm.

Nathan Welden, Radisson La Jolla, 3299 Holiday Ct., La Jolla, 7pm.

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

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

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

### every THURSDAY

**Silverado Bluegrass Band**, Viejas Indian Casino, 6pm.  
**Dixieland Jazz**, Metaphor Cafe, 258 E. 2nd Ave., Escondido, 6:30pm.  
**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.  
**Nathan Welden**, Trisler's Wine Bar, 8555 Station Village Lane, Ste. C, Mission Valley, 7pm.  
**Sue Palmer** (except for July 14), 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.

**Harold's Craic Band**, Blarney Stone, Clairemont, 8:30pm.

**Eamonn Carroll**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 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 Slidewinders**, 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.

**Border Radio**, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield, 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**Tom Smerk**, Caffe Salotto, 2240 Otay Lakes Rd. #303, Chula Vista, 7:30pm.

A.J. Croce, Lestat's, 9pm.

Big Daddy Orchestra, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

## sunday • 31

Los Lonely Boys/Ozomatli, Embarcadero Marina Park South, 7:30pm.  
Matt Hopper, Lestat's, 9pm.

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# BENEFIT FOR LOU CURTISS



Lou and Virginia Curtiss



Tomcat Courtney



Gregory Page & Steve Poltz



José Sinatra



Sven-Erik Seaholm



Benefit organizer Bud E. Blue



The Loons



Winner of the Taylor guitar raffle



Mario Escovedo



The Farmers



Berkley Hart

# AND ELSEWHERE

# SAM HINTON FOLK HERITAGE FESTIVAL



Dr. Sandra Stedinger wins the banjo raffle



Pint and Dale



Greg Campbell/Crossroads Open Mic



Tom Smerk at Solotto Cafe



Jessie & Steve/Crossroads Open Mic



Everyone got on stage for the finale



Tom Paxton



Tom Boyer/Crossroads Open Mic



Marquita/Crossroads Open Mic



Mariachi Band

# CITY HEIGHTS INTERNATIONAL VILLAGE CELEBRATION



Len Rainey



Gray/Crossroads Open Mic



Bo Diddley at the Belly Up



R&B band, Zzaji



Dancers

LIVE MUSIC @ COFFEE BAR @ LUNCH @ DINNER  
BREAKFAST SERVED ALL DAY



286 East Second Avenue, Escondido 92025  
760/747-1882

All shows begin at 6:30pm unless otherwise noted.

## JULY MUSIC CALENDAR

- FRIDAY • JULY 1 Heroes of the Nameless, 8pm  
SATURDAY • JULY 2 Mario Carillo & the Bashers, 8pm  
SUNDAY • JULY 3 OPEN MIC SUNDAY, 2pm  
MONDAY • JULY 4 Die Young, Drunken Immortals, Foreign Eminence, Anglo-Saxon, Of One Mind  
TUESDAY • JULY 5 TBA  
WEDNESDAY • JULY 6 HIP HOP, 8pm  
THURSDAY • JULY 7 JAZZ: Old Town Jazz Band, 7pm  
FRIDAY • JULY 8 ALT. ROCK: Spear Towards Ai w/ Josh Rosenbalm, 8pm, \$5 cover  
SATURDAY • JULY 9 Light the Night, 8pm  
SUNDAY • JULY 10 OPEN MIC SUNDAY, 2pm  
MONDAY • JULY 11 JAZZ: Big Easy Jazz Band  
TUESDAY • JULY 12 TBA  
WEDNESDAY • JULY 13 TBA  
THURSDAY • JULY 14 JAZZ: Second Avenue Jazz Band  
FRIDAY • JULY 15 HIP HOP, 8pm  
SATURDAY • JULY 16 REGGAE: High Tide, Social Green, 8pm, \$5 cover  
SUNDAY • JULY 17 OPEN MIC SUNDAY, 2pm  
MONDAY • JULY 18 JAZZ: Bourbon Street Jazz Band  
TUESDAY • JULY 19 TBA  
WEDNESDAY • JULY 20 TBA  
THURSDAY • JULY 21 JAZZ: Old Town Jazz Band, 7pm  
FRIDAY • JULY 22 TBA  
SATURDAY • JULY 23 HIP HOP: Writer's Block, 8pm  
SUNDAY • JULY 24 OPEN MIC SUNDAY, 2pm  
MONDAY • JULY 25 JAZZ: Big Easy Jazz Band  
TUESDAY • JULY 26 TBA  
WEDNESDAY • JULY 27 TBA  
THURSDAY • JULY 28 JAZZ: Second Avenue Jazz Band  
FRIDAY • JULY 29 TBA  
SATURDAY • JULY 30 HIP HOP, 8pm  
SUNDAY • JULY 31 OPEN MIC SUNDAY, 2pm



## Phil Harmonic Sez:

"Try not to become a man of success but rather try to become a man of value."

— Albert Einstein

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A E

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#### LIVE IN-STORE PERFORMANCES

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 8PM  
Robert Wetzel, Classical Guitarist  
SATURDAY, JULY 23, 8PM  
Joel Rafael Band  
FRIDAY, JULY 29, 8 PM  
Odeum Guitar Duo —  
Fred Benedetti and Robert Wetzel  
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 7PM  
The Abrams Brothers

#### FREE CONCERT

MATINEE ON THE FOURTH SATURDAY OF THE MONTH  
SATURDAY, JULY 23, 2-4PM / Second Hand String Band  
(DONATIONS WELCOME)



Hours: Monday thru Friday, 9am-7pm  
Saturday, 10am-5pm

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