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SAN DIEGO  
**TROUBADOUR**

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



January 2006

[www.sandiegotroubadour.com](http://www.sandiegotroubadour.com)

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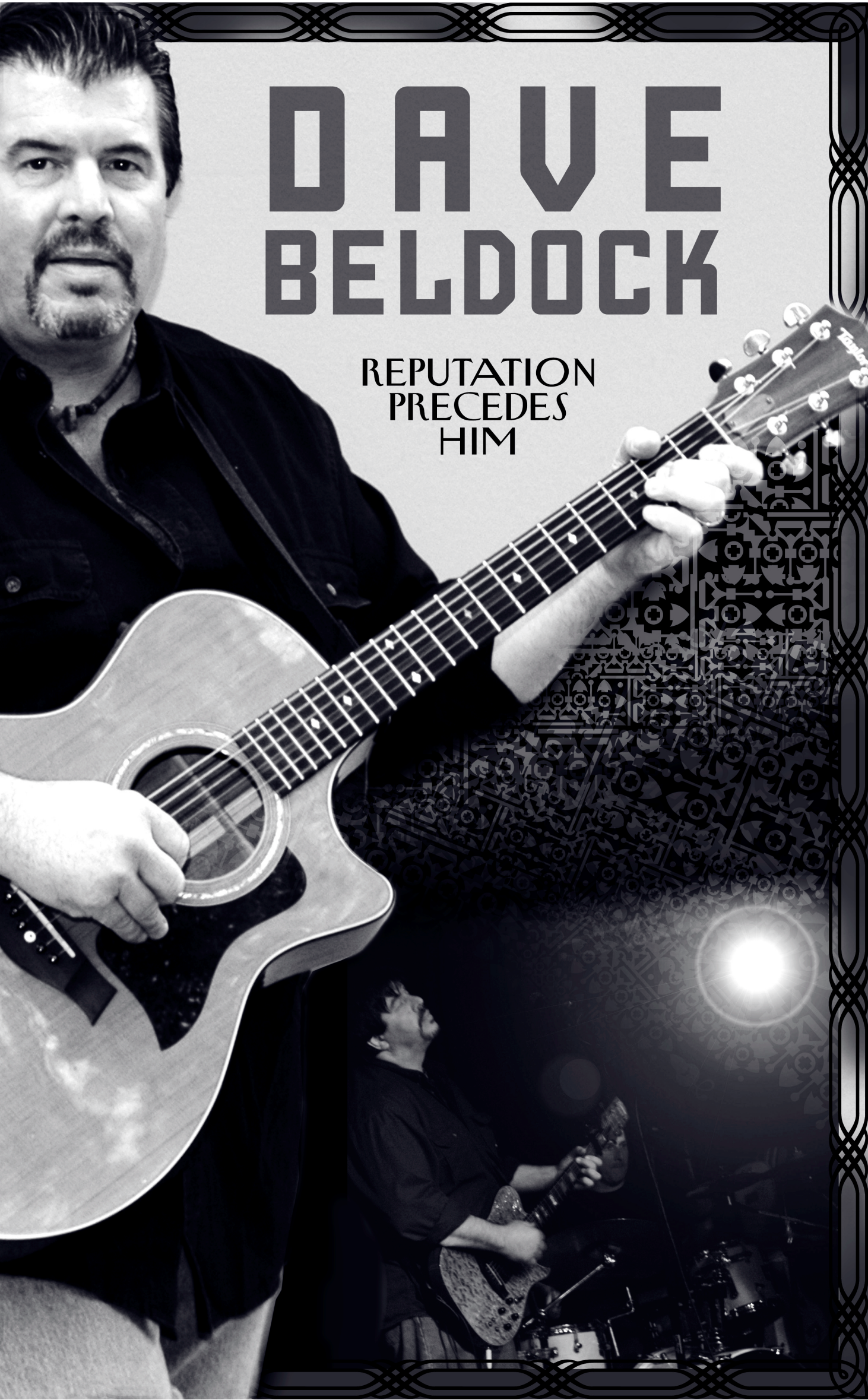
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PHIL HARMONIC SEZ



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— Virgil

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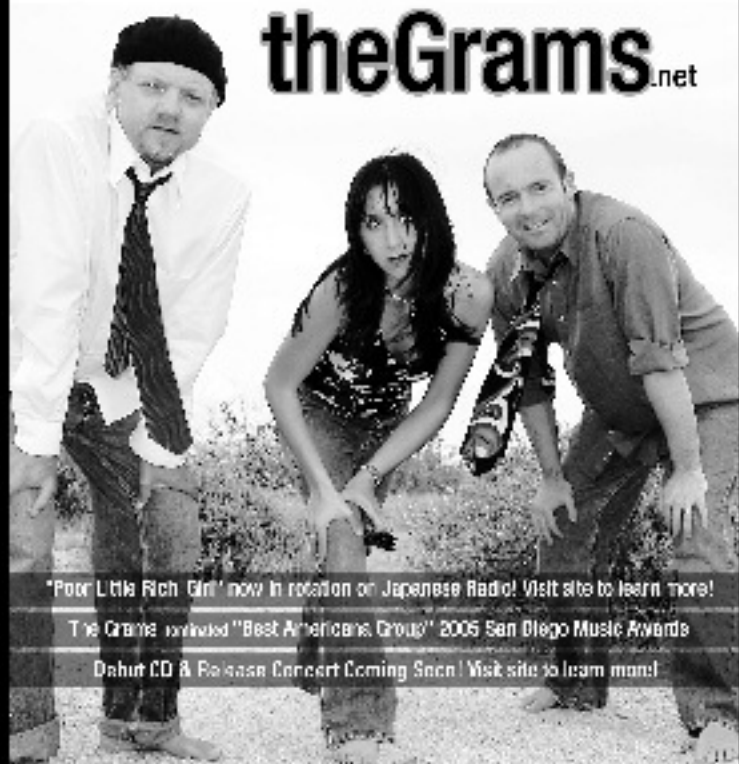
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate, and bring together players, writers, and lovers of these forms; to explore their foundations; and to expand the audience for these types of music.

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



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# MAIL BOX

Dear San Diego Troubadour,

All of us music fans here in San Diego County know there is only one and, always will be, only one band called Bordertown. That's the one that lasted 25+ years under the leadership of none other than David Beldock [the cover story this month], with Dan Connor, CiCi Porter, Randy Renner, Glenn Goodwin, and Larry Groupe. They won the SDMA a couple times and were/are darlings of George Varga himself. The male remnants of the band still perform under the name SOB or Sons of Bordertown, and occasionally the whole band reunites for a show or two. So, I'd let those other poor fellas know that they've stolen from the best and should find another name, pronto.

Joe Rathburn

Hello San Diego Troubadour,

I've been reading your paper for some time and I enjoy it very much. I was surprised to see a cover story on Bert Turetzky in the recent issue. I went through the UCSD Music Department about 15 years ago, and continue to have a great deal of respect and admiration for that man. I was also glad to see that the Troubadour seems to be expanding your focus a little.

Peter Mueller  
UCSD Music Library

Hello San Diego Troubadour!

I wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your latest issue. You folks do a really nice job!

I was disappointed however to notice that a picture that belongs to me was used without



proper credit. It was of the Pacific Ballroom on the corner of 11th and Broadway.

Please keep up the good work.

Best Regards,  
Jon Moore  
S.D. Concert Archive

*The San Diego Troubadour regrets the error. The photo credit should have read: San Diego Concert Archive.*

## Fiddle Girl Offers Workshop Series for Fiddlers of All Ages

by Liz Abbott

Beginning January 6, violinist Celia Lawley will open the doors to her new Performance Academy. A series of workshops designed for fiddlers of all ages and experience, each class will include instruction on technique, improvisation, theory, and tips on performing. Although the focus of the acoustic music studied is bluegrass, old-timey, and Celtic music, Cajun, blues, swing, and popular tunes will be included as well.

Class size can be large or small, depending on how many enroll. Additional teachers will be

added for larger classes and a rotation of teachers will host the main class as the program expands.

The Performance Academy is designed for fiddlers, however students who play other instruments may be invited to perform with the group as an accompanying voice. Special guest groups will also be included as part of the show format.

Lawley, a full-time professional entertainer who has been playing the violin since the age of seven, acknowledges that successful and gratifying performances are achieved through a process of continued experience. This program is designed to groom the aspiring fid-



Celia Lawley

dler for the stage. Whether you are seven or 70 years old and whether you want to play at your church or the Grand Ole Opry, this program will help you share your talent with your community and beyond.

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# The Penetrators

## and the Musical Legacy they Left behind

by Bart Mendoza

It's easy enough to take much of what the local scene has to offer today for granted. Local airplay is a given, at least on the local shows, and the pop machinery is such that there are now literally dozens of local nightspots where a group can perform original music. But in the late seventies, it was a different time indeed. No cable television, no MTV, and VCRs were rare. People now crank out land-fill CDs in their bedrooms while once having something immortalized on vinyl was a big deal. Original music, especially anything that wasn't from the cookie cutter radio mold, was considered radical. The police frowned (heavily) on it at the time, but then so did some of the public. So it was against enormous odds that the Penetrators took hold of the public consciousness.

True enough, when the Penetrators first exploded on the San Diego scene in the late seventies, they were considered by many to be a punk band. Time has shown them to be much more than that. They were precursors to what eventually became known as roots rock, but their sound was actually a unique mix of many different styles. Elements of surf, new wave, sixties garage, R&B, even nascent electronica, all filtered through their music. Just as important, the band were pioneers of the do-it-yourself ethic, inspiring legions of musicians, this one included. They found locations in which to play — from small but essential stages such as those at Abbey Road and the Skeleton Club to the local Lions Club and the Glorietta Bay Recreation Center. A personal highlight was a show at La Jolla Country Day School. If they could set up a P.A. and play, they were there. And they built a huge following, becoming arguably the first stars of the modern day scene.

The core of the band originally centered around the vocals of Gary Heffern, Chris Sullivan's bass and most important, secret weapon Dan McClain on drums. Original guitarist Scott Harrington departed just prior to the release of their first EP, *Untamed Youth*, in 1978. He was quickly replaced by Chris Davies, whose staccato surf-inspired guitar

attack was the perfect foil for

Gary's over-the-top vocals. Their first big break was a gig opening for the Ramones at SDSU circa 1978, but it was with their 1979 single "Sensitive Boy"/"Stimulation" that the band truly hit their stride. Adding Jim Call to the band on drone keyboards and sax gave the band a broader palette from which to create. And they were up to the challenge, although in actual time the time between their first and second 7-inch vinyls was mere months, the difference in music was light years — much more confident and driven, pointing toward today's eclectic modern rock scene.

By the release of 1980's certifiably classic *Walk the Beat* EP, the band was on the verge of big time success, even selling out Golden Hall and crucially gaining airplay on influential Los Angeles radio station KROQ. In today's context, that's the equivalent of RFTC selling out Qualcomm Stadium, with no radio airplay. Pieces in the local press, as well as the *L.A. Times* and an infamous cover story in the *Reader* only added to the legend. The band did receive major label attention, with Capitol among their suitors at one time. The band also shot a series of five videos at A&M studios in Los Angeles for tunes that include "Walk The Beat" and "I'm With the Guys." The videos remain unreleased, but there is, in fact, a sizeable amount of footage available from both live shows and TV appearances, such as their 1982 two-song set on the Cox Cable TV local music show in 1982.

1982 also saw the release of the groups only full-length album, *A Sweet Kiss From Mommy*, which would prove to be their final release. Notably the album added the vocal charms of Joyce Rooks (ex-Dinettes and Trowers) to the mix. Unfortunately *A Sweet Kiss From Mommy* didn't receive the attention it was due, sabotaged by an album sleeve featuring 30 of their friends' rear ends. Today maybe, but in those days the cover ensured that many people wouldn't pay attention to the great music inside and, in the end (pun intended), the album couldn't even be displayed in most shops. And that's a great shame, as the disc included a wealth of should-have-been classics, from the opening "Standing in Line" to the closing "Jimmy Don't Do It," effectively if unintentionally closing their recording career with a song that harkened back to their early days with Scott Harrington.

Sadly, except for a few

compilation album appearances and a wealth of unreleased studio material (be sure to look for the classic "5th & Bop" on the 1983 edition of KGB's *Homegrown*), that was it for releases and the band dissipated.

What's interesting to note is that the Penetrators were the eye of a storm, with all sorts of projects emanating from within. Dan McClain published incredible fanzines such as *New Hippie* and *Hobogue* as well as running one of the first independent music stores in San Diego, Monty's Rockers. He also played with R&B legends the Crawdaddys.

Chris Davies performed with the T-Birds at teen dances, recording an unreleased single that made it to the test-pressing stages. And lots more, of course. McClain, sadly, is no longer with us, but if there was ever a candidate for San Diego Artist of the Century, he is the obvious choice. Everybody knows that he went on to greater fame with the Beat Farmers via many side bands, including Country Dick and the Snuggle Bunnies, and eventually released records on Rhino, Curb, MCA, and Demon. Chris Sullivan formed a few bands, including the Front Four who released a fun single, "Charger Rock," but it was his work with the Jacks that brought him back to the big stages again, eventually signing to Rounder.

Gary Heffern, currently resides in Portland, continues to write poetry, and has released a number of albums under his own name, one of which also included another local ex-patriate, Eddie Veddar. Chris Davies still gigs around town and has performed alongside Cindy Lee Berryhill and others. Jim Call still deejays around town. Of the two short-time members, Joyce Rooks went on to work for Capitol Records and has added her cello to many projects, including a stint with top L.A. powerpoppers Wednesday Week and David J, most recently seen with Bauhaus. Scott Harrington meanwhile produced the first Manual Scan EP, before brief stints in the Upbeats and a legion of short-lived bands. Even all this is just the tip of the iceberg for the world of the Penetrators.

Hopefully someone will reissue the great music of the Penetrators someday. Other than a pair of compilations, not a note has appeared on CD. Keep an eye out for *Shake Some Action* Vol.

4 or the 2001 *San Diego Music Awards Sampler*, which is the



The Penetrators (l. to r.): Gary Heffern, Chris Davies, Jim Call, Chris Sullivan, Dan McClain



Vengeance/Be American, released in 1978.



Sensitive Boy/Stimulation, released in 1979.

only way to find their music other than a visit to the used record store.

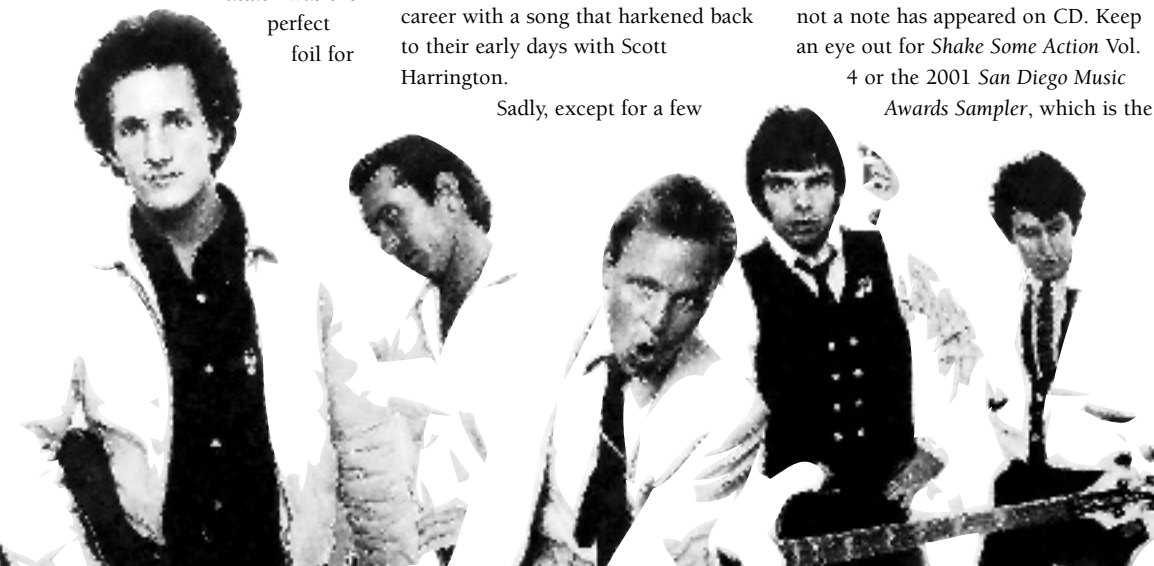
Fans of the Penetrators got a huge surprise last year on November 10 when the band reunited for a five-song set at the Casbah as part of a tribute show for the late Dan McClain. With Joel Kmak ably filling in for McClain, the band received a hero's welcome from the sold-out house, so much that the group has decided to do one more performance at the Casbah this month on January 29. The band will do a full set this time out and anticipation is high, but perhaps in the long run even better news is the fact that the group is in the middle of an archive dig with an eye on releasing an anthology.

The San Diego music scene owes a major debt to the Penetrators. It's safe to say that today things wouldn't be the same without their music and pioneering shows, as well as for the help they gave to local bands throughout their career: always available with a



Untamed Youth, released in 1978.

kind word, a bit of advice, or even an opening spot on one of their shows. January 29 will be a rare opportunity for San Diego music fans. Longtime scenesters will have a chance to relive their glory days one more time while newer music fans will get a chance to see what the fuss was all about, up close and personal. It all adds up to a show that shouldn't be missed and some terrific music that's ripe for rediscovery.



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Lou Curtiss

Photo: Bill Richardson

# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

The new movie about Johnny Cash brings up some old memories for me. It was back in 1956 that I got my first guitar — an old Sears Silvertone arch body F hole that didn't stay in tune too well. Considering that I only knew a few chords, it was okay. About that time I bought the first LP that Cash recorded on Sun Records called *Red Hot and Blue Guitar*. My friend Dexter Sykes, who played guitar a bit better (probably quite a bit better) than I did, and I learned every song on that record. "Cry, Cry, Cry," "Home of the Blues," "Give my Love to Rose," "Hey, Partner," and of course "I Walk the Line." We'd sit on Dexter's front porch and play those songs over and over. I still sing "Give my Love to Rose" (a pretty good old-timey song). Those old Sun recordings are still in my own personal record collection.



Johnny Cash circa 1958

I saw Johnny Cash some time in the late 1950s at the old Bostonia Ballroom northeast of El Cajon (late lamented). He had only the Tennessee two (with Luther Perkins playing his twangy, distinct Johnny Cash style backup guitar) behind him (he hadn't added drums yet). By that time I had a few more Johnny Cash records and had also gotten into some of the other country boogie and rockabilly guys like Warren Smith and Sonny Burgess on Sun and West Coasters like Dorsey and Johnny Burnett, Eddie Cochran, and San Diego's Jody Reynolds.

At the same time I was listening to lots of Doo Wop, music from TV cowboy movies (Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, etc.) and those old vaudeville guys on



Cover of Red Hot and Blue Guitar

1950's TV variety shows (Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, etc.). I've always been hung out to dry by a good lyric. It can be contained in a Cole Porter show, a Chuck Berry rocker, or Roy Acuff or Johnny Cash tune. If the words say something to me, that's the main thing.

I've never understood how someone can be moved by only one performer and no one else, or how a record collector can be turned on by only one performer's records. In the 38 years of running a collectors' record shop, I've met lots of one-artist collectors. From Bob Dylan to Roy Acuff to Patula Clark to Johnny Cash. I've met them all. I even met a guy who had every record except one by the 101 Strings and that was all he listened to. I didn't know how to answer the man, and inside I felt a sadness for that guy or anyone who'd want to limit themselves that way.

If you ask me at any given time who my favorite performers are on any given day, you'll get a different answer every time. Wednesday nights on the front porch at Folk Arts Rare Records I have my autoharp on my lap, Virginia's playing guitar, and I'm probably going to sing something old-timey like Gene Autry's "Silver-haired Daddy of Mine" or Charlie Poole's "If I Lose, Let Me Lose," or a novelty song like Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith's "Foolish Questions." On a Sunday night in the KSDS (88.3 FM) studios on my *Jazz Roots* radio show, I might play a wacky Cole Porter lyric from his show *Nymph Errant*, called "Experiment" or a rural Mississippi blues tune like Willie Brown's "Future Blues" or a New Orleans Spanish-tinged tune by Jelly Roll Morton called "Sweetheart of Mine" or even a turn of the century-old 78 recording of Billy Murray's "Oh, Gee, Say Gee, Have You Seen My Gee Gee from the Fiji Isles?" (by the way, that's turn of the last century 1899-1900).

Now, if you catch me one of the times I play old 78s (Folk Arts on Wednesdays from 5-7pm before the live stuff), you might hear an old vaudeville song or an original song by a Georgia string band like Gid Tanner's Skillet Lickers or Lowe Stokes' North Georgians or some R&B by Bullmoose Jackson and his Buffalo Bearcats or Louis Jordan's Tympany Five or something Voot-o-reeny by Slim Gaillard and Bam Brown or something that swings by the Boswell Sisters.

If you come by during the morning hours on a Monday or Tuesday, I might be listening to old sentimental country songs like those by the Blue Sky Boys or the Stanley Brothers or Roy Acuff. Or I might be checking out most anything in stock or some of the audition CDs I've received for consideration for the Adams Ave. Roots Festival of the Adams Ave. Street Fair.

Now, being 66 years old, not everything is going to appeal to me, but I've certainly heard enough music to know good from bad in most any genre — even the kinds of music that I don't much care for (I'm not going to come down on those here). I try to know enough about them to be able to tell whether they're being played well or



not. I might have to hire some of those groups some day, so I want to hire ones worth listening to. I'm not so selfish that I only want to promote music that I like.

What I do want to get across is that there is so much stuff out there to listen to that it makes no sense to limit yourself to just one thing. And don't wait for a Johnny Cash movie to come around to acquaint yourself with Johnny Cash. Listen to him and appreciate his legacy as well as those who came before him and after him and those who had absolutely nothing to do with him. There are lots of folks out there whose legacies we want to remember even if that legacy is one song like Pinky Tomlin's "Object of My Affection" or Fay Adams' "Shake a Hand" or Guitar Slim's "The Things I Used to Do" or Dusty Fletcher's "Open the Door, Richard" or Harry Richmond's "Puttin' on the Ritz" or even Ersel Hickey's "Bluebirds Over the Mountain." My point is that all those songs have surpassed in fame the folks who made the

original recording of them, but that's no reason to ignore these folks any more than it's right to ignore those Johnny Cash songs that didn't become hits (were there any?)

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss

P.S. I could tell you a secret about a can of condensed milk but I'm afraid it would leak out.

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Chet Cannon

by Raul Sandelin

My first encounter with the blues was the Aerosmith cover of Tiny Bradshaw’s “Train Kept A-Rollin’.” Now, I know that blues purists have just let out a communal, telepathic “Argaaah.” But, at least I didn’t say “Dancing Queen” by ABBA. After all, “Train” is right out of the Apollo Theater and early R & B. And its 12-Bar structure certainly doesn’t harken back to the heyday of Irving Berlin.

But, I have to agree. My introduction to the blues really wasn’t the blues. Neither were the subsequent exposures through the “bluified” lashings of ‘70s acts such as Zep, ZZ Top, and Lynard Skynard who, despite being good ol’ boys from the Old South, did find it worthwhile to slurp from the integrated drinking fountain of music by covering Robert Johnson’s “Crossroad Blues.” But, like so many kids who came of age in between blues revivals, I first learned about the blues through hand-me-downs and sometimes outright ripoffs.

After 30 years I think I’m finally starting to get it. And it wasn’t too long ago — maybe a couple of years, while sifting through used CDs at the Music Trader — that I first met Chet Cannon when we both leapt for the same Lonnie Johnson remaster. He was quick to give me some pointers on the blues yet all the while very friendly. He passed me his card. And, soon, I found myself noodling my guitar at one of his blues jams in El Cajon. However, since my adult ADD prevented me from hanging out long enough to become a regular, I soon faded away and didn’t see Chet for at least a couple more summers.

That is why I was extremely happy when asked to do this interview. I felt like I had some unfinished business to tend to: the business of the blues, that is. And how better to tend to it than by interviewing one of San Diego’s leading bluesmen: Chet Cannon.

**Raul Sandelin:** *When did you start playing? What instruments do you play?*

**Chet Cannon:** First, I’d like to wish everyone a happy new year and thank the crew over at the *San Diego Troubadour* for putting together such an informative music publication. Now, to answer your question. My earliest and one constant instrument — due to its affordability and convenience — would be my voice. Memories of my singing start when I was seven or eight with my grandmother dragging me to church. Even back then I looked forward to the “jamming” segment of the evening. Later on I vaguely recall singing back up with my Dad’s country band at barbeques, family outings, and things like that.

Since my Dad was a drummer in a country and western band, I’d have to say my first bona fide, store-bought instrument would be drums. I tried playing the horn when I was a kid but never really caught on. I’ve also tried to teach myself to play the guitar for years. Several years ago I also

started playing the harmonica and break it out now and then when playing with my band.

**RS:** *Who were your early influences?*

CC: Since I listened mostly to my parents’ music when I was a kid, I’d have to say early on the biggest influences to my singing would be guys like Hank Williams, Buck Owens, Dean Martin, and Elvis. Until I was about 11, I thought Hank Williams was close to the Lord. It wasn’t until much later that I realized just how close.

**RS:** *When did you discover the blues?*

CC: That would have been way back in the dark ages before remote control — in the early ‘70s — when someone turned me on to a little John Lee Hooker music. You have, of course, heard the expression “that changed my world.” It sure enough did, boy! It wasn’t long before I found out about the Canned Heat boogie and some young long-haired albino named Johnny Winter. Oh yeah, it’s still good today!

Seeing the Rolling Stones give credit for a few of their early songs to some guy named McKinley Morganfield eventually led me to the music of Mr. Muddy Waters and this was my one-way, nonstop train ticket straight to downtown Chicago! Every fan of the blues needs to have more Muddy Waters music in their collection.

I was a blues fan for a very long time before putting together my first blues band Chet and the Automatics.

I knew that I was a terminal blues fan after once attending 26 blues shows in only 29 days!

**RS:** *You mentioned opening for Steppenwolf at a NORML benefit in 1979 or so. Could you elaborate on how this came about?*

CC: It was actually a rally and was held over at Mariner’s Point in Mission Beach. I was sitting on the boardwalk one sunny afternoon, beating the crap out of my six-dollar classical nylon string guitar and making up songs that would fit with the three or four chords that I knew at the time — I now know seven! Anyway, some suit walks up to me as I’m clearing my throat with a little medicine, thumps me on the shoulder, says how much he enjoyed what I was doing, and wants to know if I’m busy the next day. He says I oughta show up over here for this “big picnic” around the corner to sing a few songs and how, if I stop by, it would be good for a pint and the price of my lunch. He gave me his business card and said I should give it to the stage manager. Well, you know at the time I pretty much just laughed it off. Oh, the good old days!

So, in the morning my friend wants to know if I am going to that picnic to sing. “Naw, I think I’ll just sit here on this wall like I always do.” He says, “Well, I really think you oughta check it out, man. If nothing else, it should be fun!” Since he was the closest thing I had to a muse in my life, I wandered over, asked for the stage manager, and told him about meeting the suit, showing him the guy’s card. “Oh yeah, we were wondering if you were going to show up. Come on, let’s get a mic check and get you ready.”

The park was full of beautiful smiling

# Red Hot and Cool: An Interview with Bluesman Chet Cannon

faces. I sat on a crate, slapped that guitar with my thumb in that sloppy A chord, and actually sang “mi mi mi mi” into the microphone. The sound guy gives me a big smile and the thumbs up, and I still can’t help but wonder every now and then what he was drinking!

The stage dude returns and wants to know, “What is your introduction?” Well, this is my first time on an actual stage and I had no clue about being a performer or what exactly I was into.

“How about this,” I said, “Direct from a five-week, all-expenses-paid tour of the Ocean Beach pier, for one show only it’s Fritz the Cat!” Oh, the crowd was friendly and applauded like they knew who I was, “Oh hell, yeah, check it out. . . it’s Fritz!!!” And that was my introduction into the warm and fuzzy world of the “music business.”

I made up two songs that day — don’t have a clue what the first one was, but the other still gets used every once in a while. In fact, a version of it is included on my debut CD, which is due out soon. . . a little blues ditty called “You don’t know Jack!”

So, there I am looking forward to my cheeseburger, getting love and accolades from the crowd. As I’m leaving the stage, I hear the dude at the mic saying, “Yeah, what about that Fritz?! All right now, how about if we welcome to the stage John Kay and Steppenwolf!!!”

“No way,” you might say, ‘cause sometimes I think I made it up myself. . . But it’s true! Was anyone there? Do you have photos? [NORML Rally, 1979] Let me know, I want copies!

**RS:** *When did you decide to sing the blues?*

CC: I had been singing along with all of those old records forever, but I’d have to say that my fate as an aspiring blues man was sealed in September, 1980, after seeing Muddy Waters perform live at the old Bacchanal in Clairemont — from just seven feet away!

Trying to buy the man a drink I found out that he preferred a glass of champagne, but they didn’t have any in the joint. I ended up going to the liquor store next door and buying a \$45 bottle, the good stuff. Toward the end of the last tune, I took the bottle of champagne out to his mini Winnebago tour bus. When the band came out I waved the bottle around over my head and yelled, “Hey there, Muddy Waters, I got a drink here for ya!” They invited me in, and for about 20 minutes I actually got to sit and have a conversation with the king of the electric Chicago blues.

Believe you me, I tried nine ways from Sunday to join the crew that day. I said, “I’ll drive, make beer runs, bring the wild women home, just teach me how to play that blues music!”

Mr. Morganfield smiled kindly and shook his head saying, “Son, I just ain’t got the time for all of that.” It turned out to be true because he passed away not long afterward, and I’m out here still trying to figure out how to play these blues.

**RS:** *When did you begin putting blues jams together? You seem to be a natural at it and have become quite a pillar of the San Diego blues scene.*

CC: Well, I’m not sure about a pillar, but I try to do what I can to support and promote this music that we love and enjoy so much. I think it’s very important work that we are all doing. It’s the music that separates us from the animals. It’s the music that brings us together. It’s the music that is able to transcend all things. It’s the music

that brings me peace!

After a health-related hibernation period of more than ten years, I met someone in 1996 who played at this jam at a place called the Pelican Pub in Lemon Grove. There I met some cool and talented people who welcomed me right from the start. Cats like Angel Hayes, Tomcat, John Frazer, Ted Staak, Henry Ford, Paul Rosko, and let’s not forget Lady Star.

Speaking of friends, I’d like to take a second here and give a shout out to the guys in my band, my right-hand man Tony Agosta, a full-time Committee member since the 2002. Thanks also to Jerry Yetman for slapping that bass line down as needed; to Smedley for the boogie woogie; to our drummers Mike, Dave, John, Ric, Evan, Bruce, Guy, Hal, and Frank for keeping that back beat down in the alley; and many thanks to the unnamed members of the Sub Committee! You all know who you are. I’d also like to send big thanks to the dancers, who always help make it a party!

So, when they closed up the Pub, we needed to find a new place to stretch out a little and this took place at the world famous Blind Melons in Pacific Beach. They had one of the best jams going back then, featuring a different national touring artist each week. Barney Roache was the host at that time and between him and Scott Slaga they had all the awesome contacts!

There I met another group of very talented and friendly folks and had lots of fun, which really served as my blues jam training grounds — with 312 jams and 308 bands, you have to learn to swim with the sharks or at the very least make sure not to sink!

Cutting teeth in that jam environment, it was a natural progression that I eventually started hosting a blues jam somewhere. Now it’s every Thursday at the Downtown Cafe in El Cajon.

**RS:** *How does the San Diego blues scene compare to other areas of the country that you’ve heard about?*

CC: San Diego has a thriving music scene, band-wise, at least. There are fantastic bands playing all around town every night of the week. It’s very important that your

readers come out and support live music, whether it’s acoustic folk, swing, jazz, reggae, R&B, rap, rock, or blues that you enjoy — we need you out there!

**RS:** *Who are some of the players we should know about here in San Diego?*

CC: There is so much talent in San Diego. It’s a tough question but I’d have to include a few of my favorites like Candy Kane, Billy Watson, Sue Palmer, Blue Largo, the Fremonts, Chris James, Earl Thomas, Nathan James and Ben Hernandez, Bill Magee, D.A. and the Hitmen, and I should mention my band the Committee, always working on a good time!

If you’re spending time in the Orange County/L.A. area, be sure to watch for some of my other friends like James Harman, the Mama’s Boys, Johnny Dyer, Mickey Champion, and L.A. Jones.

**RS:** *Have you or do you ever plan to do any recording?*

CC: As a matter of fact, I’m glad that you asked that. Folks should be sure to watch for our debut CD, *Don’t Get Me Started*, coming out some time soon. Ten original songs are sure to get your toes tappin’ along with a few cover tunes by some of the blues legends!

**RS:** *Where do you see yourself in the music world, say, 10 years from now?*

CC: You’ll have to ask me that again at some later date. I’m still trying to take it one day at a time over at this end of the bridge. I will say, however, that I do hope to continue evolving as a performer and that the folks keep diggin’ what it is I’m trying to do. Thanks to everyone for all of your friendship, support, and inspiration. I appreciate all of that. It means a lot to me. See ya soon and remember to be good to yourselves!

Email Chet Cannon at [BluShouter@aol.com](mailto:BluShouter@aol.com).



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by Chuck Schiele

Scott Wilson likes to talk about the weather.

But I'm not talking about clouds and stuff. No. What he's about is a different kind of weather altogether. And the weather in his forecast is more about the state of the world – the state of the soul itself.

I've had many chats and long conversations with Scott over the course of the last few years. We played in the Gandhi Method for a bit, and even though we made some different choices with regard to our music paths, we've become better friends by it. And in turn, I've shared many opportunities discussing music, life, love, God, and politics to great extent at heightened levels that are not only challenging but are also completely open to discovery and exploration.

Scott is about exploration in an enormous way. He's not satisfied with mediocrity nor casual exchanges about the rain expected for this evening. There are more important things to talk about, and, with all there is to do in this lifetime, it's better to be busy than to settle for idle chit chat.

Maybe you've seen him lately. You can find him on stage every so often, either solo or with his band. He's also the guy who shows up with an Ipod at everyone's show, sharing the progress of a video he's been producing, which not only promotes his latest CD release *Kaleidoscope End*, but it also overtly features well over 50 San Diego artists *in* the video! Along with being a real triple threat artist who excels at writing, playing (guitar and bass), and singing – Scott is also up to his neck in video production. His video and documentary credits include Lenny Kravitz, J-Lo, the Goo-Goo Dolls, Foo Fighters, the Beach Boys, Melissa Etheridge, the Rolling Stones, John Mayer, Mariah Carey, Fleetwood Mac. The list goes on and on.

Meanwhile, Scott's been working on his current release for the past several years, respecting the patience of his musical quest and holding out for what he feels is "right," meaning "the most truthful expression of what he feels is his divine mission."

We held this interview – intermittently – over the Christmas holiday.

While most of the rest of us saturated ourselves with food on Christmas night, Scott remained engaged in theological discussions with my father-in-law. I stayed on the perimeter in order to give them room while remaining within earshot. Eventually I got a chance at Scott's ear.

"Tell me how you got started with music. When did you know it was in you?" I began. "Tell me where you've been."

Scott flips quickly through the filing system of his own mental recall. "I got a guitar from my father for my ninth birthday. He taught me a bit when I was about five. One of my earliest memories is of him playing electric guitar while I was playing in a nearby playground and hearing his blaring Gibson 335 from a distance. One of the first songs I played by ear was the song I heard on the playground that day. I took some lessons when I was nine or ten and couldn't quite figure out the

whole sight reading thing. I could do it, but not fluently. At the school I was going to, there was a woman who taught guitar as more of a chordal/song approach rather than a note/reading approach, and I took to that a lot better. I discovered the Beatles in high school, and learned as many Beatles tunes as I could from the *Beatles Easy Guitar Book* [the white one]. I played acoustic guitar pretty much as a hobbyist until I was 18, when I picked up the bass guitar in my freshman year of college at USC. I came back to San Diego in my sophomore year at San Diego State and started jamming with a next door neighbor named Larry, and started discovering the blues at that point.

I went back up to L.A. for my junior year of college and studied motion picture/television at UCLA. I joined a top 40 band that we called First Impression, and the drummer and guitarist eventually joined a progressive-rock band that I formed later called VFX. I played bass in VFX and produced our CDs. We released two CDs and had some success with radio play in America and CD sales as well as good reviews in Europe. I realized while I was mixing the CD for *the next step* that this is what I wanted to do for a living, and the seed was sown.

After VFX, I formed a band called Cruel World. I sang lead and played bass in that band, and we played a lot of gigs in Los Angeles, and briefly toured Europe, to promote a self-titled CD that was released in Germany. We did some more radio interviews and performances, and had some pretty good gigs in places both large and small in Germany, Holland, and Belgium."

People are running around with new presents and cookies. Christmas music is filling in the silences of our home. I wonder and ask, "So, what inspired you to make the "Coffeehouse 101?"

Scott moves his legs to the side of his chair as to let a few kids overdosing on cookies run by, flips his hair out of his face, and continues, "Because I've done so many videos [over 100], I've seen more than a few that missed the mark. After 20 years of [producing] music videos, they've become incredibly repetitive

and formulaic. They've evolved into little more than commercials for hit singles, and they've lost their edge from what music videos were in their early years, when they were much more innovative and creative. I was looking for a way to do videos without necessarily being in them.

By now there is a crew of people on the living room floor, fire blazing away, ripping paper from presents. Scott and I are looking around, taking in the action."

After a minute I keep the interview going. "Cool. How did you get into making videos in the first place?"

"I tried for awhile to get into the music video business, but it was a difficult nut to crack. I had sent out a ton of demo reels, and nothing took, so I was working on a series of video press kits, which are documentaries for motion pictures. I ended up getting a job on a low budget jazz video for a drummer who used to play on *The Arsenio Hall Show*, named Terri Lynn Carrington. The song was called "Message True." Next door to the editing bay a pretty successful rock music video director was working on a video, and when he found out I was a musician, he asked me to edit his next video, which was *Headed for a Heartbreak* by Winger. That video was a huge hit, and I didn't stop working for the next year. It eventually financed the recording of *the next step*, an ambitious 17-song CD by VFX. I worked on a bunch of hard rock videos, including Kiss, Skid Row, and LA Guns. I also did a bunch of different styles, including videos for Melissa Etheridge, Amy Grant, Wynonna Judd, and Babyface among many others. Recently I've done videos for the Rolling Stones, Sting, the Goo Goo Dolls, the Dixie Chicks, and John Mayer. I've also been editing a lot of television lately, and my most recent job was on *Rock Star: INXS* during the summer. Basically I split my time between L.A. and San Diego, earning money in L.A., and spending it in San Diego.

"Nice! So you sorta go between L.A. and San Diego a lot?" "I grew up in San Diego and then moved to L.A. to go to college, and I eventually started working up there. I came back to San Diego in September of 1997. "You've been pretty darn involved with the scene here for a while now. What do you have to say about the San Diego scene?" I wonder. "The thing that's great about the San Diego music scene is the community aspect of it, and that's what I've tried to achieve in the video. Something's brewing down here, and I do feel privileged and honored to be a part of it. I have a group of friends who are all musicians, and we hang out at each others' shows and support each other, which has been very rare in my experience, especially in L.A."

Scott elaborates further. "There's a line in *The Artist's Way* by Julia Cameron – I think that's where I came across it – that says 'leap and the net will appear.' When I decided to stop editing, this is where I ended up, back home where I started. I'm not sure if it's a net or a noose, but I'm here in San Diego, doing what I love to do and enjoying most every minute of it."

"Your new CD kicks booty. What is it about? Tell me the story if there is one."

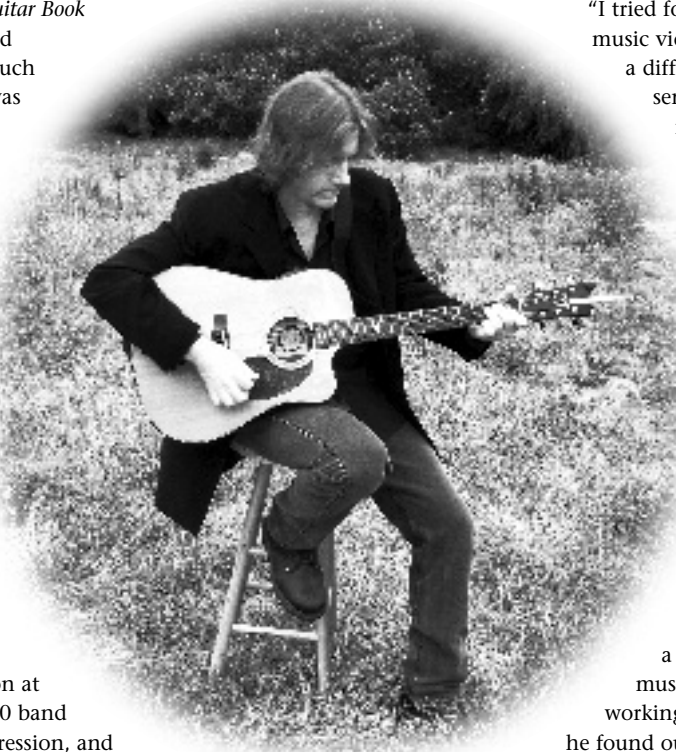
Scott continues, "I started writing songs for the album in 1997. At that time, there was a lot of talk in the media about the Y2K bug, a general fear of the year 2000, the Hale-Bopp Comet, and the end of the world, and that was the original inspiration for the album. I started to think about a spiritual perspective of the world, and the idea that reality is an illusion of matter and light, much like the patterns formed by a kaleidoscope, which was the inspiration for the song and album title. I started looking at the idea of the end of the world from a cultural perspective. Movies like *Armageddon*. TV Preachers like Jack van Impe. Cults like Heaven's Gate. Books like the *Left Behind* series. People drop the idea about the end of the world like a joke in a fake newscast, yet I don't find anything to laugh about in the Book of Revelations. It's pretty serious stuff from what I can tell. Heaven's Gate inspired the song "No Body's Home." Look at Herb Applewhite's eyes in the Heaven's Gate videos and it might be apparent what I'm talking about. A lot of the songs on the CD are related to the subject of the end of the world. I was trying to talk about the reasons why the world seems to be degenerating into chaos, with songs dealing with celebrity worship ["She Won't Stop"] to alienation ["Van Gogh's Ear"]. There's a loose thread connecting all the songs, and most of the songs on the CD bridge together, a remnant of my Pink Floyd influences. I remain hopeful that this end of the world phenomenon is only a cultural trend, but only time will answer that question. It is a very dark album lyrically, but there is a ray of hope that we'll find a way out of the mess that we've created. Albert Einstein said that no problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that created it. There is a possibility that somewhere within that idea lies hope for resolution."

And on that note he refuses a suddenly offered late night dessert, citing a long past few months of decadent eating, which is coming to an end on the very next day. Somehow we decide we're gonna start an exercise routine out of all this.

You can find out more about Scott Wilson – his creative doings and musings at [www.metalogicmusic.com](http://www.metalogicmusic.com). *Kaleidoscope's End* is reviewed in this issue. See page 13.



## the WAY SCOTT WILSON looks at the WORLD



"You certainly managed that objective," I said. "Tell me about the video. You have a lot of locals represented here."

"My original idea for "Coffeehouse 101" was going to be a state of the world newsreel type video with clips from CNN. It was conceived as being very hardcore and heavy, and dark. There were two problems. The first was budget. It costs a fortune to get footage from CNN. The second was that I didn't necessarily want to make a heavy video. I came up with the idea of making a video with all my friends doing the lip syncing, and I ended up getting almost everyone that I wanted for the video."

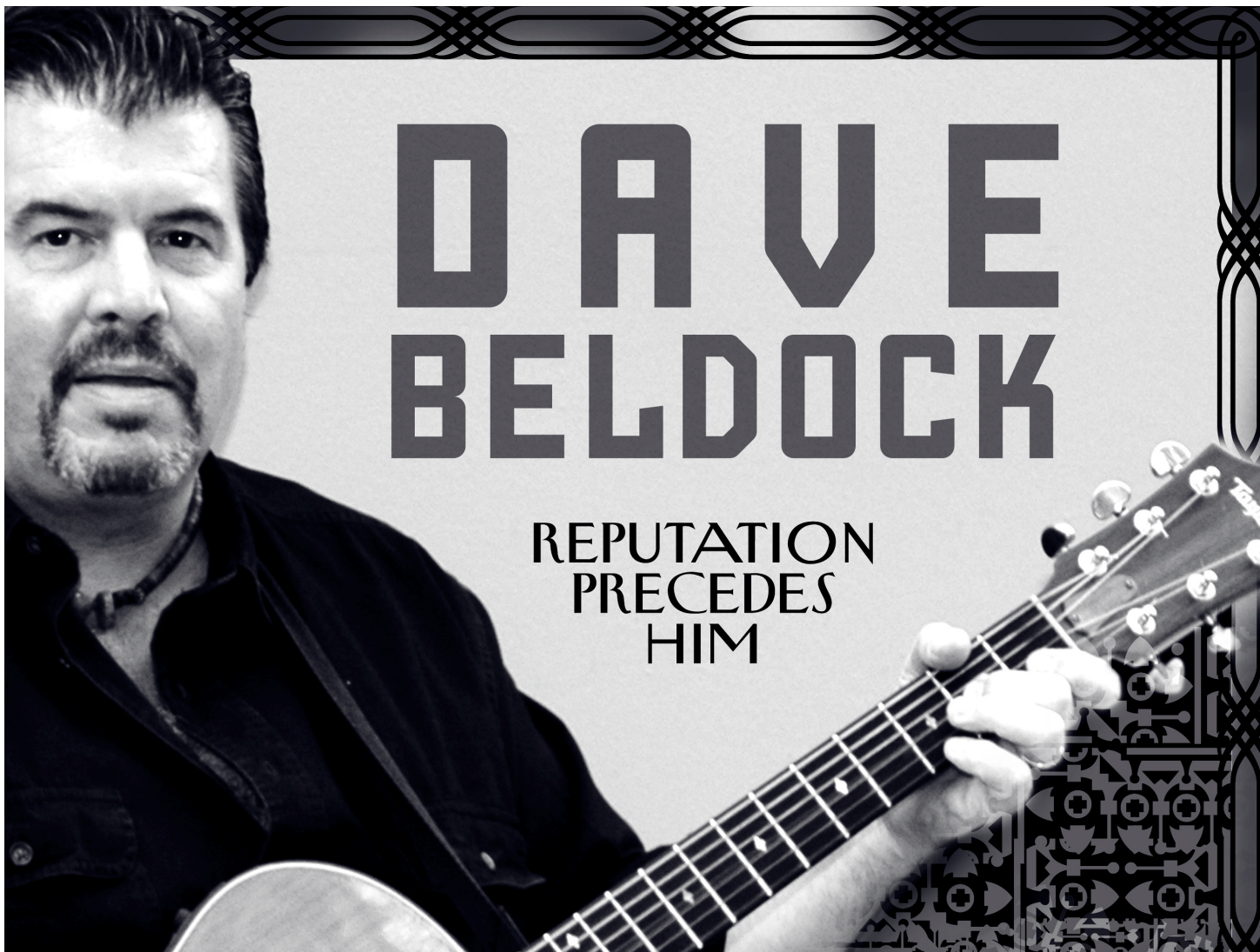
"What are you gonna do with the video, when its completed?" I ask.

"I do plan on trying to get it out there in the public eye. I hope to make it available on my website and on iTunes, and I will seek every avenue that I have available on the Web to play the video. I also plan on taking advantage of whatever contacts I have in the industry because of my work to get the video aired on television, but I don't want to be too specific about that, because it's all a long shot anyway — releasing the album, and therefore the video, independently."





by Laura Preble



About once a month, songwriter David Beldock gets together with a bunch of other songwriters and plays what he calls The Game. What they do is this: in rotating turns, each songwriter chooses a topic, and each musician lets it incubate for a week or two, then hatches a new song based on the topic. Some of the results are gems, while, as Beldock says, “Obviously some of them are going to suck, because you can’t just go off and write a song about frogs or something.” But if you’ve listened to any of Beldock’s music, you’d almost bet that even if one of the songwriters in the circle were to ask for an amphibian anthem, he’d come up with something tasty. Even about frogs.

In local music circles, Beldock is one of those persons who everyone knows, but mainstream popular fame has eluded him, as it has so many other worthy songwriters and performers. In a time when pop music is gyrating prepubescent girls and a canned beat, Beldock’s songs, crafted and lovingly rendered, are an antidote to the Brittany-Jessica-Ashlee-Shakirafication of music. His stuff is carved, polished, buffed one-of-a-kind note sculptures to their Made-in-Taiwan silicone mass production.

“I’ve been writing songs since I was a little kid,” Beldock says. And though he has a wife and a nearly grown daughter, he says writing tunes hasn’t changed that much, in some ways. “I’m writing songs with kids now in schools, and I can relate to that ten- to twelve-year-old level, because that’s where my mind is at. But I’m getting to the point where I’m going, ‘Hey, that was pretty good.’”

The creative process, either with the elementary school kids he shepherds or as a solo songwriter, feels different to each musician, but Beldock describes the moment of inspiration

that makes all the work worthwhile: “To me, the real deal is when you wake up at night and something has been going through your mind. You get up and it’s just stuff passing through you, but it is beyond you and me. That’s the real thing.” This middle-of-the-night communing with the divine or the cosmic connection or whatever name it’s given, is what Beldock taps when he feels he is really channeling the creative spirit that makes music what it is. “That’s what some people call God,” he notes with a chuckle.

One of his most recent cases of fly-by inspiration was for a new song titled “Roam.” “It woke me up out of a dream,” he says. “I had to wake up and write it down. This lyric just got stuck in my head: *Turn your back to the river and cross the sun/ not much further to home/ Say hello and goodbye to everyone / No more shall you roam.*”

“I didn’t know what it meant, really, but I liked how it sounded, how it fit together with the music I wrote for it.” He pauses and adds, almost hesitantly, “Then a friend of mine called me and his father had died. I thought, ‘that’s what this was about.’”

Perhaps part of the reason Beldock is so good at reaching into the ether and grabbing the brass ring in the guise of songs is that he’s been doing it since he was a kid. He estimates that he’s been penning tunes most of his life, and he’s been doing it in San Diego for 23 years. The time he has spent in town has made him the most famous man you’ve never heard of. He’s recorded on so many local albums that you start to wonder if maybe there is a whole army of Dave Beldocks running around playing guitar, to be able to accomplish that much. He’s been a driving force behind Bordertown, one of San Diego’s best original bands (now occasionally performing as Sons of Bordertown, or the SOB’s). *Wooden Angel*, a

project with dazzling vocalist and songwriter Cici Porter and Little River Band’s Wayne Nelson, also made a swift and indelible mark on the scene, but like so many other bands that rely solely on good songs and musicianship, venues dried up and audiences had a hard time finding them. That doesn’t stop the flood of new ideas and songs that challenge each other for Beldock’s attention, however.

And this presents somewhat of a problem. Beldock is a prolific writer, and each new song seems to be better than the last. So how to finish an album? He’s been working on a new CD for more than a year and originally planned to release it in November, then last month, and now after the first of the year. Why? Because as he writes new pieces, the shape of the album changes. “There are songs that I’m now kicking out because I like other songs better,” he says, frustrated but excited. “But it’s time, because it’s taken me so long to do it! I thought it would be done by Christmas. But it’ll be done when it’s done.”

What’s the big deal? Nobody buys albums anymore, right? At a time when music is instant, and downloads can be free or exceedingly cheap, music consumers no longer have to buy whole collections of music, even if an artist like Beldock spends inordinate hours crafting the ebb and flow of one song to another. Most of the Internet generation just wants to get onto iTunes or another music service, download one or two tunes, and create a mix of styles or music to match the mood. Beldock thinks it shortchanges both the artist and the audience.

“I was recording at somebody’s house, and they asked whether we need albums and CDs anymore. I think we do, because I need to see it, feel it, read the words, look at the art.” The way an artist sequences songs — the fades, the lyrical themes — all those things are lost when people simply download songs at random and burn a disk. Although, Beldock concedes, the Internet has done something wonderful for independent artists like himself, he admits to being a bit old-fashioned when it comes to the speed and fast-food nature of Internet music.

“I’m going to have to learn some of that

whether I like it or not,” he concedes. “When I get this album done, I’ve got to have a way to market it, like on CD Baby. People are used to just getting songs quickly now. I like to hold the album in my hand and feel the thing. But there’s a huge need these days for instant gratification.” The Internet, however, offers artists like Beldock a way to reach audiences in ways they never could before. Mainstream radio rarely plays anything edgy or different anymore, so those who crave musical adventure can log on and find literally millions of choices, which in itself can be a problem of a different kind: how to make your presence known in that kind of aural cacophony.

“Any time you play music, and it’s good and people like it’s a good thing,” he says simply. “When I hear good guitar from myself, I’m surprised. There are lots of guys in town who play circles around me. It’s sort of a sweet vibe when you play something good and you can listen to it without cringing.”

So, Dave Beldock ranks high on the humility scale, and he points to his recent work on singer-songwriter Lisa Sanders’ album as an accomplishment for him as an instrumentalist. “I was really pleased with it; it’s how I like to play guitar. I like those songs; I like how they make me feel when I play them.”

Beldock has been playing the guitar, piano, and writing songs since he was “a wee lad.” According to a write-up on the Sonic Garden website, at 11 years old, his band, The Bad Habit, performed one of his earliest songs, “Disco Mother-in-Law,” as a closer for the *NBC Nightly News*. After taking classes at the prestigious Berklee College of Music in Boston (his hometown) his band, Bordertown, won the award for Best Contemporary Band at the 1991 San Diego Music Awards and was a semifinalist in *Musician* magazine’s Best Unsigned Band contest. He’s garnered lots of attention from artists both local and national and has added



Beldock in 1959







Bordertown (l. to r.): Dan Connor, Glenn Goodwin, Cici Porter, Dave Beldock

his guitar licks to some impressive collections of music. In addition to the high-energy folk rock and plaintive, lingering guitar on his 1999 album, *A View from Here* (featuring “Feel the Wind,” a song that took top honors in the 1999 John Lennon Songwriting Contest), he’s lent his talents to albums by Lisa Sanders, Joe Rathburn (billing themselves as The Wombats when they play together), Dan Connor, Cici Porter, Berkley Hart, and Peggy Watson.

Watson, a fellow songwriter who has worked as a duo with Beldock, has nothing but praise for him. “I love working with David,” she says. “Not only is he a great songwriter and guitar player, he’s incredibly intuitive. If we’re performing one of my songs, he always seems to figure out where I want to go musically and then he takes me there – any musician’s dream come true! I think David’s one of the best songwriters around and he’s taught me a lot about the craft.” When his songs are covered by other artists, Beldock says, that is perhaps the highest compliment he could be paid, and his contributions to other peoples’ songwriting has won him a score of friends in the local music scene.

Beldock has taken a somewhat unusual route in keeping music alive, both his own and that of upcoming generations. He’s become a teacher, a traveling gypsy who spreads the word to kids who, with severe budget cuts and

war on any subject that can’t be quantified, don’t often have the opportunity to express themselves for the sheer joy of it. While writing his own songs is his artistic bread and butter, the school gig “as a way to make a living is very pleasant. There is something very gratifying when the kids have created something. The things they say remind you of when you said that same stuff when you were 10 years old.”

As for their talents, only a true artist would be able to see the raw skill in what they do: “I love it. They’re better writers than I am. Seriously. They come up with stuff you just can’t say when you’re an adult anymore. They have a beautiful way of describing things. It’s touching and poignant.”

In the current culture of speed, getting kids to settle down and learn something like playing the guitar or crafting a song takes a lot of finesse. Not all kids are cut out for it; about a third of the students who sign up to participate in the program end up dropping out. With the smile in his voice, Beldock notes, “But the guys that hang get something cool. When they slow down and get it, it’s so gratifying. They just get so excited and come in yelling ‘look what I learned to do!’ That’s what happens when they slow down. They really get it.”

Songwriting is different every time, he says. “With the kids’ songs, we take a topic we all want to write about, kids come up with a verse and a musical lick on their guitar, their keyboard, or a drum beat, we put all their ideas together, and then come up with a song. I mean, maybe one kid has written half a verse, but it’s like ‘hey, that’s mine!’ It’s a cool thing, in terms of kids’ songwriting.”

With help from Taylor Guitar in the form of donated instruments, Beldock works with Marshall Elementary fourth and fifth grade students who learn guitar and singing as well as songwriting. He’s also working in San Marcos with kids from the San Elijo School, who are producing a CD of their work.

*Kid Mix*, a project Beldock was involved in, has received good reviews and is now for sale. “The artists behind this CD are San Diego elementary school students, and they have made a little album that will warm your heart,” reads a review by Karla Peterson in the *San Diego Union-Tribune*. “Co-written, produced and arranged by local singer-songwriter David Beldock, *Kid Mix* features bouncy tributes to unity (‘We Come From All Over the World’), bravery (‘Harriet Tubman’) and food (‘What’s For Breakfast’). The students provide the ebullient vocals and the majority of the lyrics, and if the wistful tribute to the Titanic doesn’t get you, the wisdom in lines like ‘People come and people go, and why it happens we may never know’ (from ‘Angels’), should do you in. All proceeds go back to the Visual and Performing Arts Department of San Diego City Schools, which helps tomorrow’s pop stars learn the importance of rhythm, rhyme and soul. This little gem has plenty of all three.”

Artistically, Beldock is fathering a whole new generation of songwriters for San Diego and the world beyond. He’s helping other artists realize their own creative visions by contributing songwriting and instrumental and vocal highlights to their projects. He’s penning the occa-

## A DAVE BELDOCK SAMPLER

David Beldock has contributed guitar and songwriting work to many noteworthy projects, including his own. Until his new CD comes out, you can sample some gems from days past for a fix. Here is a short (and not at all complete) list of albums featuring Beldock and his prodigious talent.



***A View from Here*** (1999) Beldock’s own album, featuring his John Lennon Songwriting Contest-winning “Feel the Wind.” With great reviews from everywhere, Beldock has been compared to other more famous folk-rock heroes: “Sweetly sung and carefully crafted, *A View From Here* celebrates the kind of low-key song craft that nobody but James Taylor seems to bother with anymore. On ‘Rainin’ Beldock’s warm acoustic guitar and rich vocals feel as comforting as a chenille blanket and the cozy ‘Waterside’ and ‘Past’ set their every man philosophies to an easy going pop-jazz swing. Quality-starved listeners will be thrilled that someone cared enough to make an album worth sinking into.” — Karla Peterson/*San Diego Union Tribune*. I myself have a soft spot for the song “Monkey Suit,” which for some reason, just seems to be Dave Beldock incarnate: a little crazy, a little edgy, funny in a bent edge sort of way.



***Would you Please Welcome...Joe Rathburn Live at Dark Thirty*** (2005) Recorded live on December 5, 2004, at Jimmy Duke’s Dark Thirty Productions House Concerts in Lakeside, Beldock is featured mostly in live, spirit-fueled guitar solos here, but the story of how the album came about makes you want to hear it. As Joe Rathburn tells it on his website: “Jimmy wants me on December 5, 2004, and I turn 50 on the 26th. I’ve spent 33 of those 50 years as a performing musician. Why not combine the live CD with the milestone birthday and make this real special? The wheels were set in motion. I realized they could either take me to somewhere great, or roll all over me.” Even if you didn’t go to the concert, you can go to the party by cracking open a bottle of beer and cranking up this CD.



***Wooden Angel*** (2001) This is a band that truly lives up to its name, because it is a blending of talents that would make the celestial singers jealous. Beldock joins forces with Cici Porter, one of San Diego’s most talented singer-songwriters, and Wayne Nelson, bassist, singer, and songwriter most known for his work with the Little River Band. Academy award-winning keyboardist Larry Groupé and drummer Duncan Mooore round out the lineup, and the result is pure pop-folk-jazz-rock magic.

The only downside: you just can’t get a good dose of Wooden Angel very often, except from this CD.



***Someday*** (1996) and ***All Wet*** (1991) Bordertown was *the* band when San Diego actually had a competitive live music market in the late ‘80s and early ‘90s, before deejays took over all the club dates, and martini bars infected the downtown area. I’m not even sure if you can still buy these albums, but if you ever find Dave Beldock sitting on a barstool between sets, you might ask if he has a few extra copies hiding in a closet somewhere and offer to pay him a lot of money for them, because they are wonderful — full of passion and great songs (including “Feel the Wind,” which snagged awards, see above), plus the shimmering “Abandon Borders,” “Letter from an Old Flame,” and “Livin’ on the Highway” (written by Dan Connor, another talented local who has been part of San Diego’s music scene for a long time). Poking around on the Internet, I found out that ‘Livin’ on the Highway’ was featured on one of Click ‘n’ Clack’s *Car Talk* shows, so if you’re a fan of the Tappert Brothers and listen to NPR, you may have heard Bordertown without even knowing it!



And a sentimental favorite: ***Life After Debt (The Save Mikey’s Project)*** (2000) In the year 2000 Mikey’s Coffeehouse in Poway was a place all the local musicians knew about: a coffeehouse where original music was actually sought out and encouraged. It was further made attractive by the quirky personage named Mikey, a guy who worked as an electrician by day and came into the coffeehouse to pour lattes and serve up muffins by night (He was pretty free with a corny joke as well.). During that year Mikey found he couldn’t pay off his start up loan, so this CD was born as a way to help raise money to do that. In the short term, the CD helped keep the doors open for another six months, but then the place closed permanently, leaving only this CD as a record of the amazing parade of talent that passed through its doors. Proceeds from sales now go to The City of Hope National Medical Center ([www.cityofhope.org](http://www.cityofhope.org)) for Cancer Treatment in memory of Doug Millward, a musician and music supporter at Mikey’s who was also a leukemia patient receiving treatment at City of Hope before losing his fight in 2003. Beldock is prominently featured on the CD as are Eve Selis, John Katchur, Jim Earp, Berkley Hart, Sven-Erik Seaholm, and almost every other talented performer who graced Mikey’s stage.

*All of the above CDs above can be purchased at [www.cdbaby.com](http://www.cdbaby.com), with the exception of the Bordertown CDs. Kid Mix, Beldock’s production with the San Diego City Schools students, is also available there.*

sional song about frogs. Is that all there is? Probably not. In the Game of artistic expression, we hope to see David Beldock continue to be in touch with that great cosmic stream of great songs for years to come.

Photo: Steve Covault



Photo: Steve Covault







## Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



### SUPERGRASS IS COMING!



A new bluegrass festival will open its doors next month in Bakersfield on February 2, 3, and 4. The festival, conceived by the California Bluegrass Association, is named Supergrass because it takes place over Superbowl weekend. (Don't worry! There will be a large screen TV on site for those of you who need to see the game.) The CBA has produced the highly successful Father's Day Grass Valley Festival in northern California for many years, bringing great bands, a teaching academy, and an overall worthwhile festival to thousands of fans. Now, the organization wants to reach out to Southern California with its first-ever Supergrass Festival, which looks like it will be a great one. It's only a couple of hours from Los Angeles and a short four hour drive from San Diego.

One look at the lineup will make you drool. The festival features Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver, the Nashville Bluegrass Band, the Cherryholmes, Blue Highway, Richard Greene and Brothers Barton, Marty Raybon, Lost and Found, Due West, Journey's End with Leroy McNees, the Wilders, and more. If you aren't familiar with these bands, take my word for it, they are tops. Doyle Lawson and his band are one of the greatest gospel bands of all time and are regular winners of top awards. The Nashville Bluegrass Band is the grammy-winning *Down from the Mountain* band that wowed the crowds at Summergrass last year in Vista. Blue Highway is a stunning award-winning band that packs them in wherever they go. The Wilders are the hottest, most entertaining old time band you will ever see, and the Cherryholmes were just selected as the International Bluegrass Music Association's Entertainer of the Year, just to mention some of the great bands scheduled to play at Supergrass.

Supergrass will be held at the Holiday Inn Select at the Convention Center in Bakersfield. The concerts will be in the adjoining 3,000 seat auditorium. In addition to the music, there will be a million-dollar Loar Fest, which brings together the owners of many of the greatest Lloyd Loar Gibson mandolins. (Lloyd Loar worked for Gibson and produced some of the best mandolins in the late 1920s, including the one played by Bill Monroe that recently sold for over a million dollars.) There will also be activities for kids, jamming, camping, and various other things planned to keep you busy. Three-day tickets for adults are \$90 and \$45 for teens; two-day passes are \$60 for adults and \$30 for teens. CBA members receive a discount on the cost of admission. For more information, visit: [www.supergrasscalifornia.org](http://www.supergrasscalifornia.org) or

call (661) 589-8249. You can also stop by any SDBS event to pick up your tickets.

### BLUEGRASS ON THE RADIO

Sadly, commercial radio doesn't offer much bluegrass in San Diego. But, what is available is excellent, and there are some Internet and satellite radio options that might tickle your fancy. Here is a quick run-down:

**KSON FM 97.3 and 92.1** in North County regularly programs country and western music, but every Sunday night from 10pm until midnight you can hear the *Bluegrass Special*, hosted by **Wayne Rice**. Wayne presents an excellent program of bluegrass music every week, playing many of the top hits as well as outstanding material from bands on the way up, along with all time classics and music from local bands. Wayne has been hosting the show for 30 years now, making it the longest running bluegrass radio show in the country. Give it a listen, you won't regret it. Or you can record it and listen later. You can learn more about the show and view the current play list at: <http://www.kson.com/bluegrass/index.cfm>.



**Satellite Radio.** For a subscription fee, you can get great bluegrass music 24 hours a day, seven days a week on satellite radio. Check out *Sirius Radio* at: <http://www.sirius.com/servlet/ContentServe?pagename=Sirius/CachedPage&c=Channel&cid=1104779639853>, and *XM's Bluegrass Junction* at: [http://www.xmradio.com/programming/channel\\_page.jsp?ch=14](http://www.xmradio.com/programming/channel_page.jsp?ch=14).

And, for free Internet bluegrass radio, check out *DeskTop Grass* at <http://www.live365.com/stations/255110> where you can listen for free or subscribe if you want additional services. Check out [bluegrasscountry.org](http://www.bluegrasscountry.org), which broadcasts bluegrass full time at: <http://www.bluegrasscountry.org/>. Also check out *Cybergrass* at: <http://www.cybergrass.com/modules.php?name=News&file=article&sid=22>. There are other sources on the Net, so do your own poking around, but recognize that with a little effort you can hear great bluegrass music just about anytime you want it, even in San Diego — if not on commercial radio then via satellite or over the Internet on your computer. How's that for a productive use of new technology!



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## The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

### RESOLUTIONS FOR 2006 AND BEYOND

Yes, it's that magical time of year again. No, I'm not referring to the somehow obligatory holiday shopping that often finds us in lines longer than those at the entrance to Disneyland, where harried and disgruntled seasonal clerks (who are always under 20 or over 80) join in battle with the equally impatient and disheveled sea of customers (who are always "right" and in a hurry) for a good old-fashioned retail smack-down of increasingly epic proportions.

Oh, no, my little consumers, I'm referring to that time of the January variety. The short days and long nights wherein we swear upon whatever it is that we find most holy (for me, it's Elvis Costello's *Imperial Bedroom* album or The Beatles' *Abbey Road*) that we will improve ourselves and our lives and contribute to the betterment of man and womankind in general by either action or inaction. These stated vows are most often referred to as New Year's Resolutions.

Personally, I think it's nice that we have a non-faith specific thing that we can almost all agree on taking part in, one way or another. Sometimes it's just a little deal we make with ourselves and no one else. Like, "I'm going to try to be sure and call my mother more often this year." Other times, we proclaim our intentions to the largest possible audience, presumably not just to strengthen our resolve, but also to bring a few enforcers into things later. For instance, when you say "I'm quitting smoking on New Year's Day," someone will undoubtedly remind you of that announcement when you ask them for a light on January 13.

So what great pledge is it that I most want to be held accountable for in the coming year?

I love these moments. It's like when you find an eyelash on your jacket and someone says, "Hey, that's good luck. Make a wish." You stand there, scanning your gray matter for some mix of substance and exhilaration: Lotto winnings, world peace, health, happiness, rare vintage microphones, an opening slot at Humphrey's Summer Concert Series...perhaps I've said too much...the point is that I usually end up with some fragmented, crisscrossing amalgam — the unfortunate result of synapses that just can't cooperate long enough to conjure a cohesive image that embodies my ideal of happiness and satisfaction. I close my eyes tight with resolve (like I knew instantly what I would wish for) and execute the lamest of invocations, knowing full well that if I'd purchased a Lotto Quick Pick, the dollar spent doing so would at least represent a greater personal investment.

Maybe I should vow to digress less. Or perhaps more? I know my editors would like whatever I write to be turned in at least on time if not earlier, digression-free or not. So

that's a good one...

### Resolution #1: I'm going to turn in my columns in a timely manner.

There, that wasn't so hard. And it wasn't so much for *myself* either, so I'm feeling pretty altruistic as well. Well, okay maybe that's a stretch, but that does bring to mind another good one...

### Resolution #2: I'm going to help find my wife a job she likes.

I mean, come on. You've been enjoying many of her great photos on the picture page and on the covers of many local releases (personally, I think the girl's a visual genius) and yet, she's forced to work in an unrelated field (pharmacy) that takes far too much of her precious remaining time away from her true love and calling: Taking great pictures. So whaddaya say? Who out there wants to employ the world's greatest living human being? She's smart, beautiful, conscientious, and a really hard worker...plus: She has the patience of a saint, what with being married to me and living in a busy recording studio and all...

### Resolution #3: I'm going to learn more.

You know, because there's always more to learn. It doesn't end. There's no Doctorate or Master's degree at the end of all this (okay, a Grammy® for Album of The Year would go a long way toward satisfying the criterion). This is a craft. An art. A life-long quest. Some folks might think I take writing, performing, and recording pop music too seriously. Maybe I do. After all, it's just a drop in the vast ocean of inspiration that millions of people contribute to worldwide, and it's not as "cerebral" as say jazz or classical music, but how complex is a nail? Somebody out there is still trying to come up with a better one, and they will, too.

People often ask, "What's the best record you ever worked on?" "What's the best song you ever wrote?" "The best gig you ever played?" Maybe I can ground it all



Sven-Erik Seaholm

by giving the same answer that an architect, or a cabinet maker, or a truck mechanic would: The next one. I know this, because I know I'm never going to know enough. That alone will drive me to study more and that knowledge will always somehow come into play.

### Resolution #4: I'm going to teach more.

My dream is to write the definitive producer's guide to capturing and presenting an artist's musical vision. This book would be titled *The Zen of Recording*. Will I ever do it? Well, the reason this column carries the same name is that I hope to compile some of these concepts that I blather on about here into that tome. The thing is, I never feel like I know enough to really go there.

In "live" teaching there is a dialogue that arises. When you state a method or describe a technique, a student will invariably ask, "Why?" Within the response to that question there is even more that can be learned, and so a continuous, insatiable cycle of information spins like some sort of demonic carousel. This dizzying concept concurrently calls like a siren's song and scares the bejeezus out of me, as if somehow I'll be found out; that I won't have all the answers...well, screw that. I want the world to have better music in it, and I can't do it all myself. Besides, Phil Ramone was recently quoted in *TapeOp* magazine as saying, "If it's art, there should be no secrets."

The bottom line is that I'll be out there, learning more and sharing more. I hope to see you very soon. Happy New Year!

*Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent artist and producer. He likes to hear from you. You can send him email at [info@kaspro.com](mailto:info@kaspro.com)*

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## RAIL RAGE AND ALIEN POSEURS

*"The buffed-out joggers on Grand Avenue who you see so often, running not on the sidewalk but in the street against oncoming traffic, yes. And the young lady you saw at the mall with bells on her shoes, nonchalantly walking that "invisible dog" on the trick leash . . . I'll go along with you on that one as well. But I assure you," grunted the revered windbag now disguised as the Voice of Reason, "cell phones are necessary accessories of our evolving civilization. They're not used as attention grabbers or status symbols. Never were."*

*"Then please explain," I countered, "the multimillion dollar business of ring tones."*

The earphone is in place. The *L.A. Times* awaits my exploration, coyly resting next to the portable television on the flip-down tray before me.

Thank you, Amtrack, for the electric outlets. And additional blessings for the unlimited supply of orange juice you provide here in business class.

*Cops* comes on now as I glide back toward San Diego, the parade of natural beauty beginning its effortless routine outside the windows to my right. The car I occupy has only five other travellers and a magical amount of room; if I had a new issue of *Bizarre* or *Buttman*, I'd be in paradise.

Moments of the splendid L.A. visit are still playing hide and seek with whatever amount of heart I still possess, that portion now expanding in fits so pleasurable that I'm smiling like an idiot, gifted with the most wonderful sorrow and quite ready, certainly, to cry.

From halfway up the car the silence is accosted for the next half hour. A human voice, which I immediately hate from its first arrogant syllable, one that becomes even more grating after each extended pause.

I promise myself never to make this trip again without bringing my cushioned headphones along. For now, I try plugging my left ear with a finger, trying to remember where that finger's been . . . oh, yeah . . . no problem at all. Still, it's too awkward.

The monologue that continues farting from this loud cretin's distended tongue hole is a classic:

"Yeah. No! No, we need *twenty* at least!" Pause. "I said at least! And the call's for 6 a.m. and they've gotta be in position, out of make-up and wardrobe by the time Spielberg and Cruise get there at 8. Or it's your ass." Long pause. "Oh, yeah? Well, you have that mother call me. I'll bust his butt back to second unit if that's what he's saying. Or worse."

Wow. This guy's important; a real killer. Oh, he's back, now leaning into the aisle, occasionally turning to quickly glance around to catch any of us staring at him in admiration.

"I did lunch with Steve this afternoon and brought up our project. He

dug it, man! Yeah! And I said, 'I don't know about you, but personally I can't see anyone but Julia Roberts doing Deborah!' And you know what he said? He said, get this, 'You may be right, Rick.' Can you believe that? Man, I tell you, we even think alike! We're getting very tight, man. Oh, did *People* or *Playboy* ever get back those slides?"

Whatever pleasure I am to be granted during the next two and a half hours will be catastrophically narrated by a moron on his cell phone.

My mood is befouled. The episode of *Cops* is a cruiser-loser (primarily comprising lengthy vehicular pursuits). The *Times* is lacking the Calendar section. I've run out of orange juice.

I consider smashing the cell phone from Cecil B.'s greasy, evil hand, but despair has dulled my imagined nerve. Anyway, I don't know where else that cell phone and evil, greasy hand have been. I must take care not to wind up in jail. Behold the Hose. Ecce Hosos, originator of Rail Rage.

So, what's your point, Hose? I'll explain.

Over the past several years I've read an enormous amount about people's attitudes concerning cell phones. Cell phone etiquette, cell phones' place in the "postmodern" world, and so forth. Everyone who has a navel has an opinion, and I'll bet that many of you are as fed up with reading about the sociology of the cell phone as I am.

But have you yet *written* anything about the subject? Have you? Neither have I. Well, not really. That's why I'm doing it now, and you're not, so *there*.

I first noticed the vile cell contagion taking hold on University Avenue all along the southern sidewalk from about Fifth Avenue up to Park Boulevard. People would seem to be *posing* out on the walkway, centered as to make it slightly difficult for a pedestrian to pass, effectively announcing loudly to one and all how c--l they are to have so many friends who desperately seek their council so often in such crazy days.

Then came the "cellies'" infiltration of most indoor public venues, and from there, seemingly, the world. Months turned into years, but I remain a proud reservist in the dwindling army of people who continue to prefer keeping their own phone conversations private, wondering why the rest of the world seemed to prefer this nasty, virulent form of social exhibition.

Time and again, in a grocery store, a voice startles me from a foot or so behind. "Can you believe that?" it asks in a friendly tone. "What?" I reply, turning to meet the eyes of the most beautiful girl I've seen all day. Truly, a scrubbed gift of God made



The allegedly stable Mr. Sinatra at left

Photo: Jesse Egan

flesh, now eying me with annoyed contempt as she moves on by, continuing into her cell phone, "I couldn't either! So I said, 'What makes you think I'd let you do it there?! We've only even gone out once!' And you know what he said? He's all . . ."

So these days I remain on guard. And just when I'm learning to adapt, the opposition brings out another weapon of mass distraction.

It's 1:30 a.m. on a recent night. I'm about to order a chocolate shake at the outside window of Jack in the Box. (No kidding, this one's open all the time!) Sure, it can get creepy when the streets are dark and deserted and wet, but it's worth it when I need a chocolate shake.

A pleasant, not-too-loud male voice breaks the silence from directly behind me. "This rain is amazing, isn't it?" I turn, and a friendly looking fellow is smiling, looking at me. No cell phone, his hands are in his coat pockets!

"Yeah, it's really weird. Four days now, isn't it?"

With my reply, his eyes squint a bit, he turns away, his voice softer now while he speaks. "They say it'll be clear by Friday. I don't think so. How many Cokes should I bring? Are you sure that's enough? Okay. Maybe I'll pee in Mary's, heh heh . . ."

Then I notice it. Creeping out of his collar, rising up, branching toward his ear and the side of his face. A headset. He's on the phone.

That does it. The way things used to be (and I'm not proud of this, but I'll bet that more often than not, I was correct) if someone walked by me downtown, mumbling or speaking, or screaming to him or herself, I'd say that person's a coupla mountain oysters short of a full package. In short, an idiot to be pitied, to be avoided.

From now on I shouldn't be so quick to judge; what if it's a headset phone user, not a mentally imbalanced, walking tragedy? Hmmm. Apples, oranges. Alligators, crocodiles.

Logically indistinct, I decide. The solitary orators of each category share far too many genes. Each arrived on the same mother ship. Each can't stop trying, in his own way, to phone home.

*Excerpted from Dr. Sinatra's first book written for preschoolers, Waiting Room Rage: The Second Amendment and Population Control, used and abused by permission, more or less.*



# RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

## MY PASSION

Welcome to 2006. I hope everything is just ducky for you. Me? I'm out of a job!

On October 25 of last year, 1037 The Planet ceased to exist. It reincarnated as the all-talk Free FM 1037, as a result of "The Stern Shuffle."

For the uninitiated, The Stern Shuffle (a term I cleverly thought up) was what Infinity Broadcasting did in reaction to Howard Stern's move to Sirius Satellite Radio. Rather than replace Stern on 26 of its stations and continue with pre-existing formats (largely rock music), the corporate behemoth "flipped" those stations to talk under the brand name Free FM, thus putting hundreds of deejays on the street. The Free FM monicker is a direct swipe at Stern's move to the subscription-based satellite network.

And, as you know, there just wasn't enough chatter on the airwaves!

Hell, I wanted to stay, but the suits, most of whom have never been on the air, decided that we displaced deejays were apparently unable to talk! We're all pigeon-holed, stereotyped, and put into little boxes labeled Classic Rock, Alternative Rock (alternative to what?), Modern Rock, or Adult Alternative Rock (huh?). So, in order to continue my illustrious career, I am only allowed to work within the little Classic



Jim McInnes

Rock box . . . an ever shrinking box at that!

Radio is my passion. In one of my first columns for this paper, I told you how I was turned on to radio as a little kid, got a ham radio license, went to college to study the business, slept on studio floors, paid my dues through hard work and perseverance, got on the air at age 18, came to this city in 1973, hooked up with KGB in '74, and with 1037 The Planet in 2003.

It's tough being on the outside, looking in at one of the two loves of my life (of course, my wife is the other one!).

Yet, as we begin this new year, I still have a lot to be thankful for.

Thank God for my family and friends!

Thank God I still have this space in the *Troubadour*! I love to write, and people like my writing. But the pay is terrible . . . no, make that nonexistent!

Thank God for the band I play in, Modern Rhythm. I love to play music. I made over \$450 with the band in 2005!

Thank God for unemployment. Although it doesn't pay the mortgage, it pays better than writing and music combined!

But there's a hole in my heart for my passion, and I've gotta fill that hole soon!

Happy New Year, my friend.

Oh yeah, thank God for exclamation points!



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The Hackensaw Boys

by Will Edwards

As a college student in New Hampshire, I became a fan of Phish by association. Phish hailed from Burlington, Vermont and the university there (UVM). Their music was neither mainstream nor ever effectively marketed through the usual media outlets and distribution channels, but nonetheless, they filled stadiums and arenas around the country for over 10 years. They were attractive in part because they made their fame fair and square – with talent and persistent touring. It was a beautiful story.

I'd had many a reflective moment at Phish shows as did, I'm sure, the majority of the other fans in attendance. As a guitar player myself, Trey Anastasio (Phish's lead singer and guitar player) was the most engaging of all the players. I wouldn't say I was diehard, but I was chapfallen when I discovered that Phish was going to go on "extended hiatus." That sounded to everyone like a fancy word for "broken up!" I packed up my memories and figured, optimistically, that such events were part of the natural course and I moved on. That was a few years ago...

Then a friend of my wife's offered us tickets to the Trey Anastasio show at 4th & B on December 6. I hadn't really fol-

lowed his solo material, but I was intrigued. I unpacked those memories; the smells and sounds of the old days; the feeling of sweat pouring off my face as I danced under stadium lights. As is usual, I didn't pay particular attention to the opening act and focused my excitement on Trey and his blissful guitar playing. I thought I knew what to expect...

So, it was that, as I traversed the threshold of the 4th and B's tired and undistinguished entrance that my ears discovered an unexpected treat – the openers: a bluegrass band called The Hackensaw Boys! This sextuplet of surrogate siblings from none other than my hometown of Charlottesville, Virginia had been enlisted to open for the majority of Trey's West Coast Tour. With a million watts of power running through a million bucks worth of Trey's equipment on stage, what initially caught my attention was that the Hackensaw Boys were playing acoustic – only a couple of mics pointed precariously at the six of them to share. The sound from those mics mixed with the natural acoustics of the venue to fill the whole place with the punctuated energy and bounce that is so characteristic of bluegrass from the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Piedmont.

I hadn't expected to find a

# The Hackensaw Boys: A Fresh Take on Tradition

jamboree at 4th & B any more than I expected a bluegrass band to be opening for Trey Anastasio, but there they were and it was fantastic! I expected to find jazz fusion or funk rock. But, instead I found upright bass, mouth harp, acoustic guitars, fiddle, mandolin, and banjo. The rhythm of this motley collection of instruments was being driven by a curious contraption called a charismo. The charismo looks like a cross between Dick Van Dyke's bicycle coach in Mary Poppins and a time machine... and it's played with spoons? It hung over the chest of a Hackensaw Boy, who I later found out was nicknamed "Salvage." It sounded like a variety of hardware and implements being rattled around in a box in time with the beat. To add to their mystique, all of the Boys had curious and interesting names like "Pee-Paw," "Shiner," and even "The Kooky-Eyed Fox" (who played a pretty mean banjo).

Between songs the Boys were always prepared with a segment of witty banter – sometimes rehearsed and sometimes spontaneous, but always engaging. Another great aspect of their live performance was the instrument swap – most of them seemed to be proficient in playing most of the instruments. Their different interpretations and playing styles on each one added to the down-home charm of their music. As the show developed, so did the

crowd's affection for the Hackensaw Boys. Here was a band that seemed to have a ton of talent... and fun!

The Hackensaw Boys got together in central Virginia in 1999. Initially, their backgrounds and upbringing were as far flung as Louisiana and Yonkers. They'd all come to central Virginia for various reasons and met through chance and circumstance. In the last six years, they've toured the country more than a few times and made four feature albums. The way their website tells the story, their first disc, *Get Some*, was the product of some tomfoolery involving a tape machine. But it struck gold in Charlottesville and prompted them to take a second look at their long-term aspirations. Their sophomore effort was titled *Keep It Simple* and once again proved that they had a knack for making great music. During their various tours around the country in support of those initial two albums, they collected and organized their live performances into a third release, aptly titled *Give It Back*. Finally and most recently the Boys put out their fourth CD called *Love What You Do*. Their tour with Trey Anastasio and others like it are in support of this latest release.

The Boys played several tracks from their discography, transitioning from country to blues to bluegrass and beyond. Their genre-bending approach is one of the key facets of their

music that attracts audiences. Their influences range from Hank Williams and the Carter Family to the Ramones and Public Enemy. While I never saw a mouth harp on the liner notes of a Ramones album, it makes sense that a broad variety of influences will translate into commanding the attention of a broad audience.


As it turned out, Trey's show was fantastic. His progressive style and his methods of elevating a great guitar jam from plateau to plateau hasn't diminished and has, in fact, become even more refined. His band pulled out some stops and I loved the show, but it was for different reasons. Nostalgia was a key part of the experience. However, the memory from that night's show was definitely the Hackensaw Boys. I rarely see music performed with such a complement of reckless abandon and skilled execution. It was fun and wild but not careless. It seems evident that the Hackensaw Boys do indeed love what they do, and I expect to hear more from them down the road.

The Hackensaw Boys can be found online at: <http://www.hackensawboys.com>



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## Scott Wilson Kaleidoscope's End

by Craig Yerkes

A funny thing happened to me on the way to work the other day. I popped in *Kaleidoscope's End*, the latest release from Scott Wilson, and my reaction surprised me. I had been keeping my eye on my cell phone for an important call and about 20 seconds into the music, I involuntarily reached for the phone and turned it off. It was as if my musical sensibilities alerted my subconscious that this music merited my full attention.

The word "craftsman" comes to mind when I think of Wilson's work on this disc. Not one aspect of this recording sounds like it was phoned in or rushed. Wilson is an artist who understands how to bring his songs to life, fully realized, through the hard work of matching creativity with meticulous attention to detail.

"Coffeehouse 101" starts it all off with a sly, catchy alt-pop rocker, featuring everything you want to hear on a tune like this. The driving guitars, powerful vocals, and grinding bass and drums provide the meat and potatoes that you would expect, but the sneaky chord changes, spacey breaks, sardonic lyrics, and funky production touches provide unexpected audio candy. "She Won't Stop," "Too Tired," and "Nobody's Home" follow a similar alt-pop rock template with equally pleasing results. In particular, "She Won't Stop" packs a serious lyrical and musical wallop with a highly insightful take on the dangers of human ambition. "Marielle" and "Shade of Eden" stand out as the most effective softer offerings. Both feature beautiful melodies and hook-laden chord changes, which serve to bring the reflective lyrics to full life. *Kaleidoscope's End* had me trying to decide if it reminded me of something I heard in the '70s or just last week on alt. radio. "Van Gogh's Ear" provides a fascinating juxtaposition between a confident, almost arrogant sounding musical background and a highly vulnerable lyric ("I feel like Van Gogh's ear, a useless appendage, stashed behind the mirror"). I love the choice of chords used as a backdrop for the guitar solo, which is itself a masterpiece of blistering aggression.

My only beef is a subtle point regarding the lyrics. While the CD's heady, sometimes poetic approach works very well, the overall effect is somewhat impersonal. I would have liked to hear a tune or two that took a more personal, emotionally accessible approach in the lyrics.

The musicianship and vocals throughout this recording are stellar, highlighted by the fretless bass work on a few tunes, the consistently exciting guitar solos, and the powerful lead vocal on "Shade of Eden." Wilson's hard work make for a very compelling recording. Turn off your cell phone and take a listen.



## Fusion Lindsey Yung

by Craig Yerkes

The way Lindsey Yung puts her heart and soul out there with such passion, intelligence, and vulnerability makes her a uniquely powerful artist. In an era where it's fashionable to be aloof, this artist would rather be authentic than hip or cool. *Fusion*, Yung's latest release is a compelling, if somewhat uneven, recording.

The CD's tracks alternate between sincere glimpses into the heart and soul of the artist ("Becoming," "Insecurity") and bold takes on romantic love ("Surrender to You," "Fickle Heart"). There is something very personal in Yung's music and her intense delivery made me feel like I had walked into a live theater to experience a one-woman show.

"Becoming," "Surrender to You," "Fickle Heart," and "Insecurity" shine the brightest on this CD. Yung's voice is a beautifully refined and powerful instrument that makes the melodies, lyrics, and rhythms crackle with life and emotion. Listen to how, on "Becoming," she gradually notches up the volume and intensity of her vocals, starting in a wonderfully restrained tone and ending in an earthshakingly full voice. "Surrender to You" is instantly catchy with hooks and ear candy galore, but the lyrics offer something much more enlightened than the typical "I dig the way you stir your coffee" relationship banter that fills the airwaves these days. "Fickle Heart" offers up complex and somewhat mysterious rhythmic and compositional turns that perfectly complement the dark, poetic lyrics. "Insecurity" reminded me of an all grown-up version of one of those soul-baring, female vocal power ballads that so many pop stars throw down these days, but the difference here is the powerfully honest self-reflection and intelligence in the lyrics.

What I found uneven about *Fusion* is how the instrumental tracks sounded flat compared to the vocals. At times the guitar locks into cool tones (like the twang on "Drawn to You") and/or the keyboards add good techno touches, but it sounded like stock sounds were picked and then played through with skill but not much flair. Some might argue that the producers created an understated backdrop in order to let the vocals soar over the top, but I think there is a difference between sparse production that conveys passion and backing tracks like these that end up sounding somewhat canned. The disc's title conveys the idea of "fusing" Yung's acoustic and techno influences, but there was almost too much restraint to go too far in either direction.

Production issues aside, there are many reasons to fall under the spell of *Fusion*. Yung's powerful artistic expression rings remarkably true.



## Randy Phillips True Stories I Made Up

by Craig Yerkes

Listening to *True Stories I Made Up*, the latest release from Randy Phillips, I felt like I had taken a seat at a friendly, beach side coffeehouse at sundown. The good vibes permeate this disc as it skips between different musical genres, and the glue that keeps it all together is the musical synergy between Randy Phillips and her all-around musical partner, Peter Sprague.

Of the Phillips-Sprague collaborations, the track that comes together with the most pleasing end result is "Tumbling Into Blue," a tasty Latin jazz tune that simply floats out of the speakers like a summer breeze. The breathy, soulful lead vocal and the stellar nylon string guitar work on "Tumbling Into Blue" make for an intoxicating combination from two seasoned talents who have clearly learned how to play off each other to full effect.

I was surprised and intrigued to see that there are a few tunes on this recording that feature lyrics by Randy Phillips set to music by Pat Metheny. Of these Metheny-based tunes, the one that works best is "Farmers' Trust," which seamlessly weaves the lead vocal and heartfelt lyrics into the music.

"Could It Be You," featuring some great lead vocals and fiddle playing from Gabe Witcher, is the strongest of the country/pop flavored offerings with its wonderfully romantic lyrics and melodic hooks. If this song hasn't been shopped to the country music machine in Nashville, it should be.

My only gripe with this CD is that a few of the tracks are more dark and/or bitter than I think Phillips can effectively pull off. For instance, "All About You" (which features a killer jazz guitar solo) is a fairly stern rebuke written to a self-centered lover, but somehow there is still sweetness and light in the lead vocal, making the end result a bit like what it might sound like if Mr. Rogers were trying his best to scold a child. I suppose this could be classified as a backhanded compliment and the point is that the more positive offerings on this recording seemed to ring more true.

Randy Phillips and company have created a warm and inviting musical sanctuary with *True Stories I Made Up* and I highly suggest pulling up a chair at this particular seaside coffeehouse.



## Patty Hall Just Be Glad!

by Katie Kowsh

Call her a singer-songwriter, history teacher, guitarist, poet, banjo player, or author, Patty Hall has earned all of these distinctions.

In her newest album, *Just Be Glad!*, Hall sews together 13 tracks from her bountiful quilt of life experiences. This ever versatile artist sings about topics ranging from a tribute to Amelia Earhart to failed relationships.

Hall is confident in her musical convictions — what she's learned and who she is. The overwhelming impression on this album is that she is just having a hoot doing what she loves to do. You can feel her joy and hear her smile through the wire. Her voice is padded with wisdom, making her sound comfortable enough to just let it all hang out. And, through that, she is able to put others at ease too.

The best part is that she isn't too busy to stop and share what's on her mind with whomever will listen. In addition to performing at local San Diego coffeehouses, Hall also gives workshops and lectures.

She's also got some impressive supporters. Lou Curtiss writes, "I first heard Patty Hall sometime in the early 1970s and immediately booked her for a concert series I was doing at Folk Arts Records, my store in San Diego. Her original songs were clear (still are) and she also played traditional and old-timey music."

A fourth-generation California native, Hall was more than qualified to call herself the "Native Daughter of the Golden West." She recalls what it was like to leave her California home for Nashville in 1975 to pursue an internship at the Country Music Foundation. It begins with an effortlessly graceful kind of acoustic arpeggio that warms listeners up for lyrics and a delivery that's just as thoughtful and seamless. Hall longingly sings, *Far across the valley-far as the eye can see / looking to the hills — the hills of Tennessee/ I swear I saw an ocean — It was shining in the sun where the state of Alabama ought to be.*

These days, Hall is back in San Diego sharing what she's learned during her 25 years away.

Whether it's a documentation of her longing for the land she loves, living an organic lifestyle, or giving a history lesson about life "Back in the olden times," Hall entertains, teaches and keeps it real. Her "tell it like it is" clarity and candid nature is like a welcome mat on the doorstep or her brain, inviting friends to stick around a while.



## Cahill & Delene Songs for Humanity

by Paul Hormick

Spanning the different pop genres from reggae, to folk, Cahill and Delene have filled their new disk, *Songs For Humanity*, with sweet songs of spirituality and ways to make the world a better place. Delene St. Clair has a beautiful alto voice that she uses expertly. She seems to sing these songs effortlessly, with an unstrained naturalness. Equally appealing is the high tenor of Barry Cahill. They're a great match. Her voice and delivery are easy, almost light, whereas Cahill sings with more verve and volume.

They were also smart enough to record with some of the best musicians in the area. Drummers Dave Blackburn and Paul Kimbarow, bassists James East and Dave Curtis, and keyboardist Barnaby Finch solidly back up the duo, as do violinist Dennis Caplinger; guitarist Jeff Bristol; singers Robin Adler, Cecily Johnson and Devonnaye Allison; and pianist Steve Smith. The disk is expertly recorded.

Cahill is a multi-instrumentalist, playing keyboards, saxes, and flute. His soprano sax is every bit the Kenny G. You might even think that it's the G-man when the soprano comes in for a solo, which is sort of cool but also a problem for this recording. All musicians are thieves, stealing what they can from the ones they admire. Nat King Cole stole from Art Tatum, and Oscar Peterson stole from Cole. But what they stole they took for their own. Cahill and Delene seem unable to break away from their sources of inspiration, almost as though the tunes were actually covers. From song to song I wanted to hear more of them and who they really are.

As the title says, these 13 songs, with a bonus instrumental track, are songs for humanity, meant to inspire and uplift. It's pretty obvious that these are two caring individuals who believe in peace, justice, and a better world. These are admirable traits; there should be more folks like this. But the lyrics often fall short, having a self-satisfied didacticism that often struck me as lacking depth. They stay in a middle ground that, while thoughtful, does not dig deep into gut-level emotion; nor do they reach for irony, humor, and self-reflection.





# JANUARY CALENDAR

## tuesday • 3

**Bayou Brothers**, Patricks II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 4

**The Storrow Band**, E St. Cafe, 130 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.

**Moutin Reunion Quartet**, Dizzy's 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

## thursday • 5

**Joe Rathburn/Jeff Berkley**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

**Anna Troy**, E St. Cafe, 130 W. E St., Encinitas, 7pm.

**Byron Hudson/Ryan Howell/Trevor Hall/The Gooses**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**Pete Thurston**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Jump Jones**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## friday • 6

**Los Lobos**, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave.

**A Close Look at the Jazz Trumpet** (lecture/discussion), Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 10am.

**Slack Key Guitar Festival**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**Hank Show**, Cask 'n' Cleaver, 3757 S. Mission Rd., Fallbrook, 8pm.

**Sue Palmer Trio**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.

**Tommy Edwards/Jon & Noah/Christopher Cash/Korrie Paliotto**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**Annie Bethancourt**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**The Joey Show**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## saturday • 7

**Chris Montgomery Jazz Quintet w/ Jens Lindemann**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 1pm.

**Bayou Brothers**, Galley at the Marina, J St. Marina, Chula Vista, 6pm.

**Little World**, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

**Jim Earp/John Katchur**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.

**North County Cowboys**, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 7:30pm.

**Eve Selis**, Carmel Valley House Concert, Del Mar, 7:30pm. Reservations: sugarijkm@sbcglobal.net.

**Aaron Bowen**, Borders Gaslamp, 8pm.

**Swing NEZ Big Band**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Andrea Reschke/Kristina Bennett/Tim Mudd/Heather Baker/New Dadaists**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**Truckee Brothers**, Casbah, 9pm.

**The Grams/Drop Joy/Free Dirt/Meld**, O'Connells, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

**Gregory Page**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Michelle Lundeen & Blue Streak**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## sunday • 8

**Jim Earp**, E St. Cafe, 130 W. E St., Encinitas, 11am.

## monday • 9

**Bolga Zohdooamah**, Athenaeum Music & Arts Library 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, noon.

## tuesday • 10

**Mark Hummel's Harp Blowout**, 4th&B, 8pm.

## wednesday • 11

**Joe Rathburn/Dave Beldock**, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6:30pm.

## thursday • 12

**Joe Rathburn/Sven-Erik Seaholm**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

**The Gooses/Dave Boodakian**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**North Mississippi Allstars**, Belly Up, 8pm.

**Working Cowboy Band**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## friday • 13

**Baja Blues Boys**, The Boulevard, 925 San Marcos Blvd., San Marcos, 6pm.

**Crash Carter**, La Playa Cantina & Grill, 1020 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7:30pm.

**John McCutcheon**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.

**Harvey Reid**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**Jim Earp**, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., 8pm.

**Berkley Hart**, North Park Vaudeville Theatre, 2031 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.

**Will Edwards/Joe Cardillo**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**High Rolling Loners/Grampdrew**, O'Connells, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

**Randy Phillips & Friends**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.

**Gully EP Release**, Whistle Stop, 2236 Fern St., 9pm.

**The Fremonts**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

**Bushwalla**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## saturday • 14

**Mark Jackson Band/Cathryn Beeks Ordeal/Teflon**, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

**Al Kooper**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**Cindy Lee Berryhill Band**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Tom Brosseau w/ Gregory Page & Angela Correa**, Clarke House Concerts, 4126 Monroe Ave., 8pm. 619/291-4954.

**Kethro/Megan Connelly/Ali Handal/Dan Tedesco/Jamie Robb**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**Allison Lonsdale/Greg Laswell/This Holiday Life/Trevor Davis**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Sue Palmer Quartet**, The Hep Spot, Veterans Museum, Navy Hospital Parking Lot, Balboa Park, 9pm.

**Candy Kane**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

**Scott Wilson**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 10pm.

## sunday • 15

**New Orleans Wanderers**, Elks Lodge, 1400 E. Washington Ave., El Cajon, 1pm.

**Alex Esther CD Release**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 16

**Martin Luther King Gospel Choir**, Lyceum Theatre, Horton Plaza, noon.

## tuesday • 17

**The Game** (songwriters in the round), Honey Bee Hive, 7pm.

## wednesday • 18

**John Jorgenson Quintet**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**The Grams**, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos Ave., 8:30pm.

**G. Love & Special Sauce**, Belly Up, 8 & 10:45pm.

## thursday • 19

**Joe Rathburn/Carlos Olmeda**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

**Willie Jones III Quintet**, Athenaeum Music & Arts Library, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.

**Crash Carter**, Calypso Cafe, 576 Hwy 101, Leucadia, 7:30pm.

**Brazilian Girls**, Belly Up, 8pm.

**San Diego Trip Down Hwy 61 (renderings of Bob Dylan) w/ Sue Palmer, ESP Quintet/Mikan Zlatkovich/Joe Marillo/Gilbert Castellanos/Fred Benedetti/George Svoboda/Danny Green**, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.

**Dawn Mitschele/Afterglow/Trevor Hall/The Gooses**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**Big Rig Deluxe**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## friday • 20

**Eliza Gilkyson**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**Renata Youngblood/Aaron Bowen/Andrew Foshee/Derek Evans/Alex Esther**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**Robin Henkel**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Rodney Crowell**, Belly Up, 9pm.

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

## saturday • 21

**Anna Troy**, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, La Mesa, 7pm.

**Jim Earp**, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 7:30pm.

**Chris Klich**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8pm.

**Jamie Laval w/ Ashley Broder**, Clarke House Concerts, 4126 Monroe Ave., 8pm. 619/291-4954.

**Mary Dolan**, Canyon Folk House Concerts, 124 Frances Dr., El Cajon, 8pm. 619/659-5753.

**Aaron Bowen/Lee Coulter/Lindsey Yung/Tim Fallen/Josh Hall**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

**This Holiday Life/Trevor Davis**, Lestat's, 9pm.

**Tommy Castro**, Belly Up, 9pm.

**Franky Show**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## sunday • 22

**Guitar All-Star Night w/ Claus Boesser-Ferrari/Michael Chapdelaine/Teja Gerken**, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

**Cathryn Beeks Ordeal**, Meeting Grace House Concerts. lizzie@meeting-grace.com.

**Tim Curran/Todd Hannigan/Kate Earl**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 23

**Rob Thorson/Mike Wofford**, Athenaeum Music & Arts Library 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, noon.

## tuesday • 24

**Bluegrass Redliners**, SDBS meeting, Boll Weevil, 7080 Miramar Rd., 7:30pm.

**Tom Brosseau**, Casbah, 9pm.

**Bayou Brothers**, Patricks II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 25

**Joe Rathburn/Dave Beldock**, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6:30pm.

## thursday • 26

**Joe Rathburn/Christopher Prim**, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

**Myra Melford/Mark Dresser/Matt Wilson**, Athenaeum Music & Arts Library, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.

**Honeyboy Edwards**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

**Muriel Anderson**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

## WEEKLY

### every sunday

**7th Day Buskers (Gully plays every other week)**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.

**Connie Allen**, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.

**Celtic Ensemble**, Twiggs, 4pm.

**Traditional Irish Music & Dance**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 5:30pm.

**Hot Fudge Sunday Open Mic**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).

**José Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.

**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

### every monday

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

**Open Mic Night**, Lestat's, 7:30pm.

**Tango Dancing**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.

### every tuesday

**Blues Jam**, Blind Melons, 710 Garnet, 7pm.

**Zydeco Tuesdays**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.

**Open Mic Night**, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.

**Irish Music Jam**, The Ould Sod, 7pm.

**The Sidewinders**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7:30pm.

**Jack Tempchin**, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Hwy 101, Encinitas, 8pm.

**Hot Club of San Diego**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.

**Comedy Night w/ Mark Serritella**, Lestat's, 9pm.

### every wednesday

**Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market**, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.

**Marcia Forman Band**, Twiggs at the El Cortez, 6pm.

**Old Timey Night**, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2881 Adams Ave., 7pm.

**High Society Jazz Band**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.

**Tomcat Courtney**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8pm.

**Open Mic Night**, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

### every thursday

**Marcia Forman Band**, North Park Farmers' Market, 4pm.

**Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.

**Joe Rathburn**, Folkey Monkey Thursdays, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

**Sue Palmer**, Martini's, 3940 Fourth Ave., 7pm.

**Moonlight Serenade Orchestra**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.

**Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic**, Borders Books & Music, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7-10pm.

**Amelia Browning & David Owen** (Jazz), Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8:30pm.

**Singing in the Shower Karaoke**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8:30pm.

**Swing Thursdays**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

### every friday

**California Rangers**, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.

**Basin Street Band**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.

**Jazilla**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8pm.

**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.

**Christian/Gospel Open Mic**, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.

**Baja Blues Boys**, Patrick's Irish Pub, 13314 Poway Rd., 9pm.

**Robin Henkel Band/Smokestaxx**, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

## sunday • 29

**Anna Troy**, Lestat's, 9pm.

## monday • 30

**Karina Bezкровnaia**, Lyceum Theatre, Horton Plaza, noon.

## tuesday • 31

**Bayou Brothers**, Patricks II, 428 F St., 9pm.





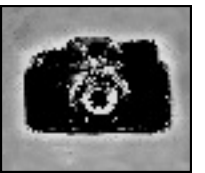


Photo: Gail Donnelly Seaholm

Derek Duplessie



Photo: John Baldi

Indian Joe Stewart



Photo: John Baldi

Joe Rathburn



Photo: John Baldi

Sven-Erik Seaholm



Photo: John Baldi

Greg Gohde and Mike Alvarez



Photo: Gail Donnelly Seaholm

Gail Seaholm, Dave Sawyer



Simeon Flick



Photo: Gail Donnelly Seaholm

Tommy Edwards, Steve Roche



Photo: Gail Donnelly Seaholm

Liz Abbott, Cathryn Beeks, Marcia Claire



Photo: John Baldi

Chuck Johnson, Steve Roche, Tommy Presley, Ed Douglas



Photo: John Baldi

Jeff Berkley, Danny Cress

## Ocean Beach Christmas



Photo: Chuck Schiele

Sweet Elise from the Grams



Photo: Steve Covault

Chuck Schiele



Photo: Steve Covault

Joey Harris



Photo: Gail Donnelly Seaholm

Matt Silva, Sven-Erik Seaholm, Christian

## Borders Books' Open Mic



Photo: Chuck Schiele

Laura Kuebel



Photo: Chuck Schiele

Peter Hall



Photo: Tim Woods

Allen Singer



Photo: Tim Woods

Patty Hall



Photo: Tim Woods

Sandy Lowe



Photo: Tim Woods

Leigh Taylor



Photo: Tim Woods

Jackie Arsenault



Photo: Steve Covault

Podunk Nowhere



Photo: Tim Woods

Josh Bassett



Elsewhere

Chuck Schiele with staff at Children's Hosp. following a benefit

el Rayo  
Guitarworks



TonePros WD Music JOHNSON  
G&L Hipshot Seymour Duncan  
Bartolini Chris Shannon  
Mighty Mite Fishman Fernandes Aguilar  
San Diego Troubadour GROVER  
NORSTRAND Classic Bows DiMarzio Rio Grande  
EMG All Parts Tom Anderson Q-parts  
Brian Arccardo L.R. BAGGS Schatten Design  
Lindy Fralin Bill Lawrence  
Fender John Beamon Anna Troy  
Schaller Tony Muhammad Dan Papaila Joe Rosignolo  
Everyone!

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