

T SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR

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



March 2006

www.sandiegotroubadour.com

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to expand the audience for these types
of music.

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Roots Music Is Alive and Well and Still on the Hill

by Phil Harmonic

One of the most misunderstood genres in music today is the wide open area of roots music. When people think of traditional music, they usually think of Woody Guthrie and songs from 50-60 years ago. However, in reality, roots music is something that is played every day.

Last month Kelley Martin (Acoustic Pie) invited my wife and me to a house concert in North Park at the home of Carol Wilson, where we had the pleasure of experiencing the delightful performance of a husband and wife duo who call themselves Still on the Hill. The music they played sounded old timey yet the tunes were all original, which the couple had written. Before the concert began I had a chance to talk to the husband, Kelly

Mulhollan, with whom the conversation ultimately led to the topic of roots music. I have always felt that, regardless of the genre's history, it is music that should evolve and be kept alive by a new generation of young people who are interested in carrying on the tradition. Kelly and I were definitely on the same wave length as we talked and grew more excited about the idea of new roots music.

As we talked I had no idea what was in store for me — as I had never heard their music before — until they began to play. The moment they started I was blown away. Here was music that was exciting and vital, with a sound that was fresh and new. But it also evoked a deep cultural tradition.

Kelly Mulhollan and Donna Stjerna, who make their home in Arkansas, accompany their stunning vocal harmonies on traditional instruments to create an amazing a kaleidoscope of musical sounds that is truly a breath of fresh air. Kelly is a powerful instrumentalist who has been voted Best Guitarist in Northwest Arkansas several times and has developed a one-of-a-kind fingerpicking style for the banjo and mandolin. His amazing talents were complemented by Donna, an accomplished fiddle player who also played scrub board and thumb piano on some of the songs.

At home in the Ozarks, Kelly and Donna have plenty of opportunity to collect stories about the interesting people they meet. As principal songwriter, Donna has written hundreds of songs that both inspire and delight the wide variety of people who enjoy their music. They especially enjoy performing for children.

This duo is a perfect example of what I would call new roots musicians because they continue the tradition of telling stories about the common man and dying breed of rural Americans

Photo: Carol Wilson



Still on the Hill's Donna Stjerna and Kelly Mulhollan, playing a hand-made instrument

who make their own musical instruments and may still make their living off the land. The music of Still on the Hill reflects the difficult life styles and obstacles many people still face, even in today's fast-paced technical world. By calling their music "new roots," it is implied that it is played in the traditional style with lyrics and stories reflecting today's struggles and what's happening now. Just as Nickel Creek's first CD redefined bluegrass as new-

grass, Still on the Hill keeps traditional American roots music alive by updating roots sounds and stories. To hear them play was an indescribable pleasure.



Across the Internet and Around the World

by Richard F. Burrell

Alternative country, Americana, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news. If ever there was a publication tailor-made for the RadioASB audience it is the San Diego Troubadour! Such were my thoughts as I read the tag line of the Troubadour's December 2005 issue.

The setting was the Troubadour Christmas party, to which I had been invited by renowned San Diego independent jazz artist Chris Klich. Being quite familiar with the premise of RadioASB as an Internet radio station, which was just a few days away from a scheduled Christmas Eve broadcast debut, Chris suggested that I attend the party so that he could introduce me to Troubadour publisher Liz Abbott. It turned out to be an excellent suggestion. It became readily apparent that, although engaged in different communications media, the Troubadour and RadioASB shared a like-minded conviction regarding the significance of the American Songbook catalog as a cultural art form as well as a concern related to the disturbing absence of that genre of music in today's fractured radio marketplace. That evening bore witness, amid an ambience of festive holiday celebration, highlighted by live "open mic" style music performances, to the genesis of a very exciting liaison between the San Diego Troubadour and RadioASB. I anticipate many collaborative efforts in the days ahead!

The objective of RadioASB is to introduce attentively crafted radio program formats that encompass decades of creative genius and musical brilliance, embracing the entire American music spectrum from big band to jazz, ragtime to rhythm and blues, country to rock, folk to indie, and much more.

We share with the San Diego Troubadour a strong commitment to educational outreach by offering music that instills a deep sense of culture, heritage, and national pride.

I look forward to this opportunity, as a San Diego Troubadour columnist, to write monthly articles that showcase the "best of the best" of American Songbook artists and events as RadioASB moves forward, bringing distinctly unique and elegantly sophisticated radio programming to the Internet at www.RadioASB.com.



MAIL BOX



Dear Troubadour,

Thanks for including me in the article [Musings from the Lesson Room]. I share the other teachers' sentiment on their questions as well. Much of my effort is directed into motivating students, as most desire the result sans the process. There are always those 'gems' who have the drive, and that is the reward.

As an addend, staff notation is cumbersome for 6-string guitar, and incomplete without tablature, which adds to the complexity. It may aid learning difficult passages common in modern rock/metal.

Song charts are simple and effective in organizing and learning arrangements. Hear it first, though!

I'll be teaching classes at the Carvin factory showroom starting in March, and being featured in your article really helped. Thanks again.

Peace, Indian Joe +--->

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The Roosters: 1960s' Teen Dance Band

by Bart Mendoza

Some groups are destined to be remembered more for who passed through their ranks than for what they might have accomplished during their life span. Such is the case with the Roosters. Despite releasing a single and scoring a regional hit through then fledgling A&M Records, the band is best known for having Sid Smith (Brain Police, Roy Head), Jack Pinney (Iron Butterfly, the Jacks, the Shames), and Jerry Raney (Powerthud, Beat Farmers) as members.

Not to be confused with the early '80s mod-inspired trio, which featured Ritchie Brubaker and Jimmy Condor, the original San Diego combo flying under that banner was actually a group of musicians who collectively were the house band for the Cinnamon Cinder, San Diego's premier teenage nightclub in the '60s, an entertainment center with a no-liquor policy and no age restriction. Located in La Mesa, the building would show up later on in local music history as Straitahead Sound recording studio. The club's band was led by Richard "Dick" Purchase, a multi-instrumentalist accomplished in trumpet, bass, guitar, and keyboards; the rest of the first line up consisted of drummer Smith and guitarists Joe Gonzalez and Bobby Hijer.

At the club the band played four nights a week, four sets a night, and sometimes even backed visiting guest artists. Known for their cover versions of the day's top 40 tunes, the group built up a substantial following among local teens, bringing the attention of A&M Records. Despite decent sales in Southern California, the relationship didn't last past what would be their only release — sung by Smith — "Shake a Tail Feather/ Rooster Walk" (A&M 746).

The band continued to be a big draw

at the club, but in 1967 Smith, feeling limited by the band's cover song sets, departed to replace Tony Johnson in the Brain Police. Pinney soon took his place. Raney at that point had been a member of the Dark Ages but when Gonzalez and Hijer left soon afterward, Pinney convinced Purchase to bring Raney aboard.

Unfortunately, despite being a big part of Cinnamon Cinder's success and resident band for most of the decade, their tenure expired shortly afterward.

"Basically, we got fired because of me," laughs Raney. "The Roosters were the type of band who, you know, wore uniforms, did steps, and were like a regular nice little house band that did whatever the club wanted you to do."

Initially Raney was happy with the steady work. "That was four nights a week, so it's not like you'd need to play any place else, and you got paid well. I don't remember what it was, but it was good money."

Having to wear club-approved gear was definitely a minus. "I got to the point where I wouldn't wear the uniform anymore," explains Raney. "I felt like a goof up there wearing it. Plus, I was playing too psychedelic for them. I had, like, three fuzztones hooked together." The memory evokes a chuckle from Raney. "I could never tell if I had them all on or off at the same time."

Managers also kept a tight rein on the band's playlist. "I think the club even demanded that you play the top ten songs in the top 40 or something like that, and I was too much of a rebel for them. Although it was mainly really recognizable songs, we played some pretty strange stuff like "Crystal Ship" by the Doors, and we actually did "Sgt. Peppers" and "A Day in the Life," he muses.

For Raney, Purchase was a big part of the group's appeal. "That guy was amazing. He was a really good guitar player in the first place, but we would do stuff

where he'd be playing the bass with his feet, organ through part of the song, and then piano while he had a guitar strapped on!"

Raney remembers the occasions he played with visiting acts as his favorite while in the Roosters. "If there was a guest in town we'd play a couple of sets and then back them up," he recalls. "The greatest thing about being in that band was meeting all these people that were coming around and being on stage with the likes of the Drifters, the Coasters, and the Shirelles. And screwing up their songs."

"I never practiced for any of that stuff," he says with laughter. "I just went up there and winged it." Much of the time, contact between performers was minimal with Raney observing a pattern. "Most of them came up and just did their sound check, and at least one of them would walk up and ask, "Where's the nearest liquor store?" he jokes. "I think the biggest problem was with the Shirelles," he recalls. "A couple of them were just really bitching at each other." Sharing a bill with the Buffalo Springfield, he also got to catch some of that band's infamous inter-band friction up close. "Steve Stills was beating up Neil Young in the parking lot," he remembers. "They were arguing and Steve Stills was being a hard ass." Raney almost got involved. "I was about to get him [Stills] myself," he laughs incredulously. "Because he was beating Neil Young."

The end of the Roosters came soon afterward. "Basically, the owner of the club hated my guts, because I wouldn't go with the flow. I mean, I did for a while, but then I got sick of it, and I was like, 'This ain't where it's at. This is too corny.'" Raney articulated the reason for his disillusionment with the band. "It's just that the band was tied down to being a jukebox, essentially."

The Cinnamon Cinder's owner decid-

ed to fire Raney from the group. To their credit, both Purchase and Pinney stuck by their friend. Raney had already decided to start a new group. "I just figured since I was being fired that I'd start another band, and Dick decided he wanted to be in that band with me, so he quit too."

The end of the Roosters came without much notice, but it set in motion events that would lead to the next era of San Diego's music scene. In the midst of 1968, the pair started Sleepy Hollow, a new group sometimes known as Funky Buckwheat. "We had two names for that band to play union jobs and non-union jobs. Funky Buckwheat was the union band name." Sleepy Hollow soon found a home at Jerry Herrera's club, the Palace. "That's where Glory started being formed," Raney notes. "Glory was

formed by a guy named Greg Willis, and the people in that band had noticed me playing in Sleepy Hollow. He got together all these different people, then he came and grabbed me." The final line up of Glory included another former Rooster, with Pinney taking the drummer's seat. There were still a couple of details to take care of before the new group was ready to perform. "We went through a few different members early on," he explains. "And also the very first line up of Glory was



The Cinnamon Cinder at 7578 El Cajon Blvd.

called the Blue Messenger, which we ended up changing a little later on. I wish we never did," he jokes. "I liked Blue Messenger better." Glory would go on to be San Diego's biggest group of the early '70s.

Still one of San Diego's best live performers, Raney next takes the stage in a band setting when the Farmers perform at the Casbah on March 18 and in an acoustic duo alongside Buddy Blue at the Parkway Bar on March 25.

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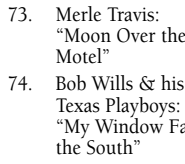
Well, I promised another list of songs that you don't find in some of those flashy rags out there. Like I did last year, the songs range from old country music 78s, which I heard as a kid, to R&B and some novelty tunes that came around a bit later, plus some traditional old songs I heard at a festival or concert along the way. You can find any or all of these if you dig deep enough, some easier to find than others. If you have any questions, you can call me seven days a week at Folk Arts Rare Records, (619) 282-7833.

As I've said before, the search for good songs is an endless one but along the way you should try to listen to something you've never heard before. You might find that you like it.

1. Tex Williams: "The Big Print Giveth and the Little Print Taketh Away"
2. Kathy Larisch & Carol McComb: "John of Hazelgreen"
3. Sam McGee: "The Franklin Blues"
4. Red Patterson's Piedmont Log Rollers: "The Battleship of Maine"
5. Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith: "Bye-bye Black Smoke Choo Choo"
6. Carson Robison: "When It's Round Up Time in Texas (and the Bloom Is on the Sage)"
7. Tampa Red's Hokum Jug Band: "She Can Love So Good"
8. Gene Autry: "Dust Pan Blues"
10. Ed Smalle & Dick Robertson: "Hum and Strum (on my Little Ukulele)"
11. Mickey Katz: "Bagel Call Rag"
12. Frankie Armstrong: "The Docking Mistress"

13. Annette Hanshaw: "Lovable and Sweet"
14. Carl "Deacon" Moore: "Evolution Mama"
15. Cliff Edwards: "I'm a Hard to Get Can Be Had Papa Looking for a Can Be Had Hard to Get Girl"
16. Babs Gonzales with The Three Bips and a Bop: "Professor Bop"
17. Buddy Johnson: "Did You See Jackie Robinson Hit That Ball?"
18. Arthur Godfrey: "I'm a Lonely Little Petunia in an Onion Patch"
19. Molly O'Day: "Teardrops Falling in the Snow"
20. Al Bernard: "Hokum Smokum Yodel Indian Man"
21. Jim Ringer: "He Used to Sell Acid but Now He Loves God (but He's Still Got that Look in his Eye)"
22. Weary Willie: "Who Said I Was a Bum?"
23. Marie Adams: "I'm Gonna Play the Honky Tonks"
24. Billy Murray: "The Little Ford Rambled Right Along"
25. Pete "Guitar" Lewis: "Raggedy Blues"
26. Count Basie Orchestra: "Free Eats"
27. Bud Billings & Carson Robison: "You'll Get Pie in the Sky When You Die"
28. Phil Harris: "Minnie the Mermaid"
29. Curly Fox & Texas Ruby: "The Wreck of the 1256"
30. The Masters Family: "From 40 to 65"
31. Cowboy Ed Crane: "Bandit Cole Younger"
32. Cactus Pryor: "I Married the Thing"
33. Doc Watson: "The Lone Pilgrim"
34. Luke the Drifter: "Ramblin' Man"
35. Cal Tinney: "Life Gets Teejus (Don't It?)"
36. Doye O'Dell: "Dear Okie (If You See Arkie, Tell him Tex Has Job for Him Out in Californy)"
37. Pappy Gube Beaver: "You Can Be a Millionaire with Me"
38. Wayne Raney: "Red Ball to Natchez"
39. Homer Clemons & his Texas Swingbillies: "Operation Blues"
40. Roy Acuff: "We Live in Two Different Worlds"

41. Hawkshaw Hawkins: "I'm a Lone Wolf"
42. Dude Martin: "Murder on the Radio's Killin' Me"
43. Clara Smith: "Old Sam Tages (Liked his Women Under Ages)"
44. Yogi Yorgesson: "Rita my Clamdigger's Sweetheart"
45. Marlene Dietrich: "Naughty Lola"
46. Billy Murray: "Take Me to the Land of Jazz"
47. Skeets MacDonald: "The Tatoood Lady"
48. Carl Butler: "String of Empties"
49. Josh White: "The Free and Equal Blues"
50. The Three Dukes: "She's Got the Biggest Kanakas in Hawaii"
51. Jimmie Rodgers: "Miss the Mississippi and You"
52. American Quartet: "Gasoline Gus and his Jitney Bus"
53. Gil Tanner & the Skillet Lickers: "Sal, Let Me Chaw Your Rosin Some"
54. Bert Williams: "The Moon Shines on the Moon Shine"
55. Sister Rosetta Tharp & Katie Bell Nubin: "Daniel in the Lion's Den"
56. Sam Chatmon: "Ashtray Taxi"
57. Marion Harris: "Runnin' Wild"
58. Dickey Doo & the Don'ts: "Flip Top Box"
59. Ethel Merman: "Eadie Was a Lady"
60. Connie Boswell & Bing Crosby: "Bobwhite"
61. Sam Hinton: "Long John"
62. Sophie Tucker: "Max from the Income Tax"
63. The Hoosier Hot Shots: "She's the Girlfriend of the Whirling Dervish"
64. Patti Page: "Steamheat"
65. Frankie Laine & Doris Day: "How Lovely Cooks the Meat?"
66. Mildred Bailey: "Old Folks"
67. Joe & Roselee Maphis: "The Parting of the Ways"
68. Woody Guthrie: "Those Brown Eyes"
69. Dan Terry: "Jellybean"
70. Rosetta Howard: "Ebony Rhapsody"
71. The Four Aces: "Singing in the Bathtub"
72. Smokey Rogers: "Texas Tornado"



73. Merle Travis: "Moon Over the Motel"
74. Bob Wills & his Texas Playboys: "My Window Faces the South"
75. Charlie Poole & the North Carolina Ramblers: "Moving Day"
76. Hank Snow: "My Sweet Texas Blue Bonnet Queen"
77. Chick Bullock & his Levee Longers: "Steak and Potatoes"
78. Duncan Sisters: "Mean Cicero Blues"
79. Big Bill Lister: "Blowing the Suds Off my Beer"
80. Jack Guthrie: "Oklahoma's Callin'"
81. The Stanley Brothers: "The Angels Are Singing"
82. Blind Alfred Reed: "How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live?"
83. Merril Moore: "Hey, Bartender, There's a Big Old Bug in my Beer"
84. Maurice Chevalier: "Just a Bum"
85. Dick "Two Ton" Baker: "Deep Freezer Dinah"
86. Jelly Roll Morton: "Don't You Leave Me Here"
87. Bob Hope & Shirley Ross: "Penthouse Serenade"
88. Esther Walker: "What You Gonna Do When There Ain't no Jazz?"
89. Wingy Manone: "Tar Paper Stomp"
90. Gertrude Lawrence: "Experiment"
91. Zelma O'Neal: "Varsity Drag"
92. Hoagy Carmichael: "Hong Kong Blues"
93. Moon Mullican: "Cherokee Boogie"
94. Esmerelda: "Whoopin' in the Holler"
95. The Balfa Brothers: "Drunken Sorrow Waltz"
96. Tennessee Ernie Ford: "I Got the Milk 'em in the Morning, Feed 'em, Milk 'em in the Evening Blues"
97. Horace Wright: "O'Brien Is Tryin' to Learn to Talk Hawaiian"
98. Slim Jim: "Scandinavian Hot Shot"
99. Lee Wiley: "Sugar"
100. Rosemary Clooney & Marlene Dietrich: "Too Old to Cut the Mustard"
101. Reginald Gardiner: "Trains"
102. Fats Waller: "You Run Your Mouth, I'll Run My Business"

So, that's it. 102 songs, each with something to say. If you want to hear some of these, we have a Turntable 78 RPM Session each Wednesday night from 5-7pm at Folk Arts Rare Records (before the live music starts on the front porch at 7pm) or you can hear the jazz and blues stuff on KSDS (88.3 FM) on my Jazz Roots radio show, Sundays 8-10pm.

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Where to Go to Hear Acoustic Music in San Diego Hot Java Café: Carmel Mountain's Indie Music Ambassador

by Will Edwards

North County, San Diego can sometimes feel a bit impersonal. I also find the combination of rolling hills, consistently sunny weather, and fresh air quite restful. For families, it is a safe place where kids have room to run and parents can afford more house for their dollar. But I've also experienced the other North County – a sea of appealing yet sterile strip malls filled with every gizmo on earth but lacking the community-centric appeal of the old walkable Main Streets. This dichotomy is characteristic of a small coffee shop, deep in Carmel Mountain, that has become an ambassador for local independent music and expression amid an ocean of chain stores and SUVs.

Hot Java Café began their music program a few years ago when there were very few, if any, places in North County where a person could hear local acoustic musicians on a regular basis. They are nestled between Jamba Juice (the behemoth corporate agency of wellness) and Barnes & Noble (a mega-bookstore and Starbucks distribution point) in a mall that is so big that you can lose your car in less time than it takes me to say "grande latte." One might not expect a locally owned café to survive for very long in such a high stakes location. But there is a community of locals, students, families, and musicians who find common ground there. For some, there is the desire to support more locally owned businesses in their community. For many there is the attraction of local independent music and the novelty of living, breathing art. At any rate, in recent years one constant at Hot Java Café has been a loyal customer base.

HOT JAVA CAFE

FACTS AND FIGURES

WHERE: 11738 Carmel Mountain Road off the I-15 between Poway and Rancho Bernardo in the Carmel Mountain Plaza next to Barnes & Noble bookstore

HOURS: 7am-10pm daily

MUSIC: Mostly acoustic, blues, pop, traditional, poetry. Open mic nights Thursdays and Sundays. Signups between 6:30-7:30pm. Live performances Friday and Saturday

LEVEL: Local singer-songwriters

PRICE: Music is free; tips are welcome

INFO: 858/673-7111
www.hotjavacafe.net

RATING: Comfortable, friendly place to hang out for shoppers during the day and music enthusiasts in the evening

In the past, many local musicians have been involved in the events at Hot Java Café. Isaac Cheong, the hilarious host of the ultra-successful open mic night at Lestat's, hosted an open mic here for quite some time. Furthermore, these days the café has enough talent to fill, not one but, two open mics. Local musician Hot Rod Harris helps organize the all-free weekend performances at Hot Java Café every weekend and hosts one of the café's open mic nights every Thursday. Local singer-songwriters J. Turtle and Kyle Phelan share the hosting responsibilities for the café's second

weekly open mic night every Sunday. Weekend performers vary from pop and traditional to all varieties of singer-songwriter fare.

The café's décor is modern and very welcoming. There is a mixture of standard chair and table combinations as well as plush sofas and seats that can comfortably seat 40 people. They even have a children's area to the right of the entrance with toys for the kids (or maybe for the musicians?). There is a decent sized stage to the immediate left as you enter and the coffee bar is all the way in the back. The space feels cozy whether its busy or not because of the way these different areas are arranged. The location of the stage makes it very easy for the performers to maintain their focus during shows and the coffee bar can serve its customers without really getting in the way of those patrons who are enjoying the music.

During the day, the Hot Java Café is teaming with shoppers who are in need of some hospitality. By evening, the audience tends to consist more of students and music enthusiasts. One thing about Hot Java Café that I really appreciate as a performer is that they have invested in a PA/loudspeaker system. Naturally, this makes it more difficult to study during shows but, for me, that is the point. There is a difference between background music and songwriting in that the latter expects attention. Musicians struggle enough to engage their audiences but when a venue expects them to perform without any kind of amplification, it just makes it harder than necessary. The PA also helps to transform the space from a coffee shop into an intimate acoustic music setting by commanding attention, which I like. The fact that the café also has a stage large enough to



J. Turtle, Dave Sawyer, and Sam Bybee perform at Hot Java Cafe

accommodate a full band is also a perk. Hot Java Café doesn't want full drum kits (too loud) but you'll frequently find a cajon or djembe player or even a full percussionist.

Guaranteed, Hot Java Café will serve all of your usual caffeinated treats from drip coffee to mochas and iced novelties. They also serve sandwiches and bakery items which, in my experience, neither disappoint nor excite my palate. However, they do have a jar of animal crackers that are cheap, fun, and tasty – these are usually the object of my desire along with some variation of a latte or mocha.

My primary complaint about Hot Java is its location. I wish it weren't in a giant mall. But that is personal taste and a challenging condition to avoid in Carmel Mountain. That being said, they have a nice nook to themselves, complete with a water fountain and plenty of outdoor seating, which does raise the overall quality of the experience. I generally find that parking is very easy to find since there are parking lots as far as the eye can see. The café is a bit challenging to locate the first time you visit so I recommend that you look for its more noticeable neighbor – Barnes & Noble – and then head to the left of that and you'll be all set. If you are a musician and you'd like to

play at one of the open mics, then you'll want to get there pretty early in the evening. There are only so many available spots for each open mic and you secure your spot by writing your name on a ticket. If you arrive too late, you'll find no tickets. Tickets are put out on the coffee bar sometime around 6:30 or 7 p.m. The official closing of the signup is 7:30 but usually the tickets are all gone by around 7 or 7:15 p.m. At 8 p.m. the names are called at random and they raffle off the time slots. As is generally good practice, if you'd like to play your own show at Hot Java Café then you'll probably want to show off your wares at the open mic so that they can get a sneak peek. It is a busy music hub but also quite open and supportive of musicians who are ready to perfect their craft.



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BERKLEY HART: Better Together

by John Philip Wylie

Some things are just meant to be together. Like a hammer and a nail, a lock and a key and fish and chips, Jeff Berkley and Calman Hart just seem to bring out the best in each other. That is evident by listening to their new CD, *Pocket Change*. It is the fourth and latest in a string of recording successes that date back to the year 2000 and their critically acclaimed debut album, *Wreck 'n' Sow*. Berkley remembers the first time they joined forces.

"Calman had this odd gig at a little coffeehouse in Escondido. He was working on a solo album at that time called *John Boy Drum*. He invited me to play percussion and maybe a little guitar up on stage. I didn't know a lot of his songs at that time, but I remember thinking, hmmm, something could happen here. Later on we were part of a band called the Redwoods with Danni Carroll and Jon Katchur. We never really found a focus for that band, but we respected each other and got along great."

The Redwoods were felled before they had much of a chance to grow, but the band did allow Berkley and Hart the opportunity to further develop their musical relationship.

"There was just a sound when the two of us played together. Our harmonies worked really well together. I didn't realize it at the time how rare it is to have that natural fit," Berkley added.

Their vocal harmonies weren't the only thing that fit. Berkley and Hart clicked on a personal level and they soon found that they brought the best out in each other as songwriters. On stage together there was a natural chemistry. Singer/songwriter Doug Pettibone, who has played along side of them in recent years as part of the Tim Flannery and Friends Band, offered his insights.

"They are both great songwriters individually and collectively. They are almost like the Laurel and Hardy of singer/songwriters. [On stage] Calman is the straight man and Berkley is the knucklehead. They both write great songs and together I think they are dynamite."

Before meeting Berkley, Hart had enjoyed some success as a country and western singer, but he soon grew tired of that gig and began searching to find his true musical identity.

"I had wandered into Java Joe's in Poway one night after I had become fed up with playing country bars," Hart recalled. "It was the early '90s and I was doing a lot of country music. I love country music, but I felt like I was posing. That is not me. As much as I love country music and can play and write it, being that hat act wasn't me. I didn't like playing at the rodeo. All of a sudden, this missing piece sprang up. It was the coffeehouse circuit in San Diego. I went in there [Java Joe's] and everybody was doing the kind of music that I loved. Jeff was in the center of everything that was

happening on that stage. He was the common thread that ran through this whole scene. So that is how we met."

Their partnership has grown since the late '90s. On stage, they have fine tuned their act through years of practice and countless performances. People coming to hear a Berkley Hart concert know that they are not only going to hear some great music they are going to be amused and entertained as well. In the studio they have improved and matured as songwriters. If there is any competition or jealousy between them, they keep it well hidden. They are clearly in each other's corners. They speak humbly about themselves, but love to point out the assets of the other.

"Jeff has a [writing] style that is unique. Mine is a little more typical," Hart says. "But that couples with his unique style of writing lyrics," Berkley counters. "I am a musician that has slowly become a songwriter whereas Calman is a songwriter that has surrounded himself with great musicians his whole life. He has become a better musician and I have become a better songwriter."

Somewhat surprisingly, only a small fraction of the duo's material is written together.

"We try to write together every chance we get, but the truth is we are writing at many different times in our lives when we are not hanging out," Berkley explained. "We [sometimes] get together and write, but with that being said we are that way with every songwriter we pass. Calman [for example] writes with his brother." Berkley has the opportunity to collaborate with his Citizen Band bandmates and has had similar opportunities in recent years while playing with the Joel Rafael Band, the Tim Flannery Band, and the Coyote Problem.

Instead of true collaborations, what usually occurs is that Berkley or Hart will compose independently and then bring their songs in more or less finished for the other to hear.

"If a song is almost finished, it becomes a struggle to then jump in to try to help finish it," explained Hart. "We almost have to start the whole process together in order to finish it together," added Berkley. "Coming in at the middle of that process is difficult because you haven't [participated in] refining it."

Photo: Cece Canton



"Two of my favorite [co-writes] are, 'Sink or Swim' and 'Everybody,'" Hart said. "Those are true 100 percent co-writes and you can tell. They just feel different. The songs that we have written really well together begin with a guitar part and a melody and maybe an idea, but there is not much [at first] in the way of words."

"When I play on his song or he plays on mine it becomes Berkley Hart," Berkley concluded.

When they are not cutting records or performing in clubs or coffeehouses you can often find this dynamic duo promoting or performing at house concerts. They have contributed in a major way to the vibrant house concert phenomenon that has recently been flourishing in San Diego and elsewhere. It is clearly one of their pet projects. They call it the Berkley Hart House Concert Revolution. And they want you to be a part of it.

Appalled by what passes for music these days on the radio airwaves, Berkley and Hart are promoting a unique way of bringing authentic Americana/roots music to a wider audience. They invite local homeowners or private citizens who have access to a small indoor or outdoor venue to host their own mini-concert events.

The sponsor invites a group of about 30 or 40 friends and music lovers over and provides light refreshments (usually cookies, cake, coffee, bottled water, and soda). Berkley Hart or one of the many other bands or individual performers involved then provides an evening of great entertainment in this cozy, informal setting.

A nominal admission fee (usually about \$15) is charged and turned over to the performers. The patrons get an evening's worth of musical entertainment and some goodies. They also have the opportunity to get up close and personal

with the individual musicians. The host gets to throw a unique and memorable event for his or her friends. The performers keep the proceeds of a few hundred dollars, but that is not the primary motivation for these musicians.

"House concerts are still my favorite thing to do," Hart said. "It gives us that unique emotion that you only get from people paying attention to something that you have created. [People who attend house concerts] know they are there to listen to music not to attend a party or a social event. It's a great way to hear music. There is a front line element to it where we are going to them. It has a guerrilla aspect to it. Fans of ours [who have hosted concerts] have helped put these people into the correct frame of mind and placed them in the correct setting for us to do what we do best. It's a unique opportunity," Hart added. The Berkley Hart website (www.berkleyhart.com) provides additional information and assistance for those considering a house concert. Included are comments from many of the people who have pioneered this idea locally.

The duo will return to the site of one of their most memorable gigs for the official *Pocket Change* CD launch party. At 8 p.m. on the evening of March 18, Berkley Hart will perform selections from this, their fourth recording at the 400-seat capacity Seaside Church Auditorium at 1613 Lake Drive in Encinitas. Berkley Hart fans will no doubt remember the venue from last year's highly successful O' Berkley, Where Art Thou? concert in which the duo, with the help of a few friends, covered the soundtrack from the popular film *O' Brother, Where Art Thou?* Information for the CD release, O' Berkley, Where Art Thou? (part two), and other upcoming club house concerts can be found on the Berkley Hart website.



Photo: Gail Donnelly Scholten

Calman Hart (left) and Jeff Berkley at the Big Kitchen

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by Chuck Schiele

Unlike most four-letter words, **jazz** is the one that covers the most contextual meaning. That is, when people hear the word "jazz," their mental/sonic imagery is probably very different than someone's else's accounting of that same term. For instance, I think of Miles, Dexter, Thelonious, "Trane, Marsalis, Brubeck, Krall.... names like that. A lot of people do. But, then every musician or aficionado winces in sheer agony when their Auntie Jane answers, "Oh, I listen to Kenny G all the time," when asked if they have any jazz hanging around. (The agony is doubled if you have to remain polite about it, 'cause it's your Auntie...).

Jazz is a universe unto itself. Lots of stars, planets, black holes, and systems there. And I have always looked at the jazz player – the real deal jazz player – as the astronaut of music, more so than any other kind of musician. It is the jazz player who turns 12 traditionally available notes into a few more and then again turns the whole thing into something without boundaries, limitations, and paradigm. They see the math, the patterns, and the language like no other musician. And in those matrices, they also see God. They can be broke, hungry, addicted, racist, socially inept in every way, but the moment they pick up their horn and "blow," everyone feels the supreme presence of genius and grace that is what many refer to as Higher Love.

And the players who live the life of jazz are like slow-blooming roses, taking a whole lifetime to understand and appreciate fully, as they are always in a state of transition, growth, and exploration if they're going about it right. For instance, when folks ask me if I'm into Miles, I sometimes respond with, "Absolutely! Which one?" Perhaps this is why one of the most important art forms on the planet is also one of the hardest to understand. The innate irony being that it is equally about respecting tradition, while throwing that same tradition out the window. But that's exactly what makes it so important.

And somewhere out there, blooming in space, is Chris Klich.

Chris (and his lovely wife Laura Preble) entered my life about six years ago in much the same manner that guardian angels do. It was a very hard time for me and they could have just as easily shaken hands and kept walking. Instead, they reached out and reached in, helping me believe I was on the right planet, when I was convinced I was on the wrong planet. At the time I thought it was more about making friends in music, a little networking, etc. But with a healthier "now" and with the retrospect of wisdom, I am fully aware that it was something more profound than that. There was a matter of soul invested into the whole thing.

Chris lives his jazz in the very same way – investing his soul in his commitment to the jazz life. He gigs like crazy. His ensembles are top-notch. He still practices A LOT every day while pursuing his music from a formal academic level as well. He composes. He teaches. He can sit in with anybody, regardless of any time, place, or key.

He's released several records of his own while appearing on many works generated from within the San Diego Music scene



especially.

Normally, in my editorial interviews, I insist that I meet with the artist over coffee or something unusual to experience his or her personal spice for such a writing. Fortunately for Chris, he is super busy (and so am I), so we decided we would hold this interview via our most accommodating method of communication: e-mail. Nowadays we're so busy that we'll send each other about a hundred e-mails and then see each other at a dinner party or at shared billings every few months.

I've got my coffee on and Chris' CD playing (for mood), when I chat him up.

You have been everywhere for a long time. You've played in a lot of groups on a lot of stages while while immortalizing yourself in a lot of digitized plastic media. How'd you get started?

My mom shares the credit for nurturing my musical creativity and shares the blame for my not going into a career that would be more lucrative. As a child, she played her Dave Brubeck and Ramsey Lewis albums, which I listened to obsessively. She also had in her collection music by Joan Baez; Judy Collins; and Peter, Paul, and Mary; which gave me a love of the folk and singer-songwriter genres. My dad collected the music of the New Christy Minstrels and the Tijuana Brass. If needed, I can still play "A Taste of Honey" or "The Lonely Bull," although I try to keep this a guilty secret.

You seem to be able to handle pretty much anything – rock, jazz.... old-school, new-school... up or down.... What made

Chris Klich — Jazz Astronaut



you realize there was a musician in you?

While the music of Brubeck and Paul Desmond was my first introduction to jazz, it was when I began my college education that I realized the depth of this great genre, due to the influence of Jimmy Cheatham. I started my freshman year at UCSD [in 1978] as a pre-med biology student, with a minor in music. By the end of that year, I changed majors to music. Jimmy saw potential in me and introduced me to the music of John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, and the big band orchestrations of Duke Ellington and Count Basie as lead alto sax player in the UCSD Jazz Ensemble. At the time, he and his wife, Jeannie, held a weekly jazz jam session at the Sheraton Harbor Island hotel [and later at the Bahia], where I sat in with great established musicians and learned all the nuances of the blues and the standards. As a young kid – I wasn't allowed to be in the clubs except on the stage when I was playing; during breaks I had to hang out in the lobby – who started hearing people cheer his solos, I realized I had some kind of ability to move people. I'll never forget the comment of one woman who told me I was "crazy," meaning very good. This was the beginning of my spiritual realization; I figured that God had planned on having me become a musician, and I decided these new fans must be his angels pointing me toward the path I was meant to be on. While I may never discover a cure for cancer or vanquish diseases as the research doctor I'd originally planned on becoming, I know that my contributions as a musician and as a music educator are what were really meant for my

life.

Man. Can I ever relate to that! Funny that you use the word angels. Someone said that "music is the voice of angels." I tend to agree, citing that it's due to the low pay scale. After all, if we were paid what we're worth, they would simply call us employed. Which makes me realize that if you were paid by the number of instruments you play, you'd be able to buy the music store. Whaddya got in all those cases?

I play all the saxes – baritone, tenor, alto, and soprano – as well as flute and clarinet. I also taught myself to play trumpet and trombone, although I don't have enough time to keep up my skills on those horns. I try to get in a couple of hours of practice nightly, which is barely enough to maintain my abilities on the woodwinds; lately, I've been getting back to the project of acquiring competent piano skills, as well.

That makes you among the busiest guys in town. What are you working on these days?

We just released *Blue Skies*, our tribute to the music of the 1940s. It came about as the result of a private party we were playing. The theme of the party was the 1940s, and the client asked if we had any recorded music from that era, since she wished to give a CD of that music to all of the guests at the party. We had a few tunes on the first two albums [*The First Take*, 1999, and *Reflections on Yuletide*, 2001], but there wasn't enough to make for a full-length CD. I offered to pre-sell her at a discount the number of CDs she needed and quickly booked our favorite recording studio [PH Pro in Escondido]. The recording was



Klich in the studio



[*Voices In My Head*, 1998]. We used to perform her music a lot until carpal tunnel problems made it impossible for her to play piano. After years of therapy, I'm happy to report that Laura is starting to play again, and she'll be performing as part of the March 26th Celebrate Women's Herstory concert at Kung Food in Hillcrest.

Ah, somebody who knows innately what to do. Yes, I was at the GoGirls event at the Hard Rock, and it was extremely successful. But that's not all you do, and I know it. Come on man, tell me the rest.

In addition to the recordings, I also play monthly with the Rhythm

Method and frequently with the Mirage Jazz Orchestra, the Fabulous Ultratones, the San Diego Concert Jazz Band, Blue Rockit, and Kenny Ard and Etouffé. I also performed for six years as a member of the Fabulous Mar Dels, three and a half years with Candy Kane, and five years with Sue Palmer's Tobacco Road before making my own group the focus of my activities.

Okay, Chris, let's go for the steak, here. Jazz, as important as it is, suffers greatly in the small world of pop culture. I shake my head with how these great artists can hardly hang on financially, as corporate radio takes over. And meanwhile they have a huge part in healing the world with their music. You're a man with a conscientious mission. Please tell me, in depth, how you'd like to raise the profile of jazz itself and jazz in San Diego.

This is a difficult question.

That's why I'm asking "you," buddy. There aren't too many folks ready to answer such a huge question.

Jazz has become associated more and more as an academic music, more relegated to an "art" music as opposed to the "pop" music it started out as. You mention the term "modern jazz," and half of the people you're talking to will tell you they don't like it, even though there's no real definition of what that genre is. It doesn't help matters when instrumental pop musicians like Kenny G and John Tesh get labeled as "smooth jazz" artists; the public's perception of what jazz truly is has never been so far from the real music, itself.

It doesn't help matters at all.

That's why, at my gigs, I like to introduce our tunes with a little bit of history and raise the profile of some of the great composers of this music. When people hear how much this music really swings, they become fast fans of the genre. We play the whole range of jazz, from standards to contemporary and original tunes. Duke Ellington stated it best when he titled one of his most famous tunes, "It Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got That Swing." I feel that swing in everything, from early Louis Armstrong through current Wayne Shorter, and

when I introduce folks to music by these and many other great jazz artists, they feel it, too.

As an educator I like to share my enthusiasm for this genre as well, and I'm eagerly anticipating sharing this with students at the community college level. I never fail to remember Jimmy Cheatham's philosophy regarding teaching: he didn't teach but rather engaged in "trading experiences" with his students. After 25 years of making a living as a jazz musician, I'm ready to trade some of my own.

Indeed, we as a listening community are ready to witness what you come up with. We're ready to see your next phase of bloom.

You've been an integral part of our music community for a long time. What do you have to say about the San Diego music scene and the communities within it? What do you see from your place on the stage?

It's ironic that we have so many great musicians living here in San Diego yet such meager

audiences for most genres. While the hip-hop and punk fans come out for shows, I often attend concerts by some of the most gifted musicians I'll ever hear and realize that there are only a dozen or so others listening. I attribute this to two factors: 1. In San Diego, the weather is the reason many people are here, and it's

hard for a fan to go to a club late in the evening if they also plan on hitting the waves in the morning. 2. The devastating legacy of Proposition 13 in 1978 is that school funding in California was so severely cut that most districts had to let go of any curriculum not labeled "essential," and the arts were the first to go. This led to an entire generation of kids raised without exposure to music and the resulting lack of appreciation for it. The arts are haltingly making a comeback in the schools, but in the intervening years we've managed to cultivate a bunch of young adults whose idea of music is what the CEOs of giant music labels and media companies decide it should be; millions of

Americans tune in to watch people of varying ability sing recycled pop songs on *American Idol*, but few would pay a \$5 cover to see a great indie artist in the local coffeehouse. I spend a lot of my time trying to change this paradigm wherever possible and am glad to have fellow crusaders like Danielle LoPresti, Cathryn Beeks, and Joe Rathburn as my allies in this challenge.

Thank you for all you do. I always felt that if everyone did "half" of what they expect others to do, we'd all find ourselves in a healthier, more lucrative and culturally rich scene. I'm glad you're one of them who "gets it." You're a great example. Please tell us where we can take witness of crusade.

The Chris Klich Jazz Quintet plays once a month at the Coyote Bar and Grill in Carlsbad — we'll be there on March 12th — and Claire de Lune in North Park [on March 25]. We're also looking forward to our annual appearance at the Wood House in San

Marcos [May 27] and are opening for the San Diego Symphony Summer Pops concert series [no dates nailed down for this year, yet]. We're playing more and more private parties these days, particularly weddings, and we have so many of them booked that it's getting harder to leave time in the schedule for some of our other annual concerts, but we're hoping to schedule our annual appearance in University City in the summer and

want to broaden our presence to some new communities.

You can visit Chris Klich at <http://chrisklich.com>



Chris Klich and wife, Laura Preble, at the San Diego Indie Music Fest

already half paid for this way, and I've now sold enough CDs to reach the break-even point. *Blue Skies* features my quintet — Alan Worthington, guitar; Neal Wauchope, piano; Brian Wright, bass; and Tyler Buckley and Pete Woods alternating on drums — as well as my lovely wife, Laura Preble, whose vocals are outstanding. April West [trombone] and Derek Canon [trumpet] also contribute their wonderful skills on several of the tracks. The CD has actually opened many doors for us. We're getting regular airplay on RadioASB.com, out of New York, as well as radio stations in Arizona, Portugal, and Brazil, and I've sold a bunch through CD Baby to new fans in Asia and Europe.

Yeah. You always have such cracker-jack bands. I always go home thinking I should learn how to play, when I see you guys. Gotta flick my Bic at you. But, tell me the full scope of your music involvement. Aside from gigging, I know you organize your shows, you give lessons, and more....

As the leader of my own group, I wear all of the hats: manager, booking agent, publicity director, accountant, sound and light man, and provider of great coffee at rehearsals. I never have enough time to get everything done, and I'm perpetually exhausted. I also have a very active three-year-old son and a teenage son, and I just finished my master's degree in jazz studies at SDSU. I teach an average of 25 students weekly and will soon be teaching classes at Southwestern College. But, as they say, it beats working!

I'm also proud of my contributions to the indie music scene here in San Diego. I organized the first GoGirlsMusic.com show at the Gaslamp's Hard Rock Café in February 2001 and have helped out with the first two Indie Music Festivals, organized by fantastic musicians Danielle LoPresti, Alicia Champion, and Kelly Bowen. I'm also a great fan of so many other musicians in town and regularly tell my mailing list about their shows. I've also recorded on CDs by Lisa Sanders; David Beldock; Candy Kane; Dana Lee Wood; and many others, including a certain gifted guitarist, singer, and songwriter named Chuck Schiele, and I also play with a lot of other groups besides my own quintet. I'm proud to have recorded and produced the wonderful CD by my wife Laura



Bluegrass CORNER



by Dwight Worden

LOCAL BLUEGRASS ORGANIZATIONS — SHOULD YOU JOIN?

Strange as it may seem, San Diego is a hot bed for bluegrass music. There are more bluegrass jams, more concerts, better festivals, and extensive other bluegrass related activities in San Diego than there are in Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, or San Bernardino Counties, which have 10 times the population base. And you are welcome at all of them! Why is this so? The answer is because San Diego has active and effective non-profit bluegrass organizations with a core of hard working and talented volunteers who get the job done so we can all enjoy great bluegrass music and events. In today's column we'll take a look at what is happening on a regular basis and who is doing it, finishing up with things to consider when deciding whether you should join. In next month's issue we'll cover the special concerts, camp outs, and other events offered by San Diego's non-profit bluegrass organizations.

There is a bluegrass concert and jam in San Diego every Tuesday night of the month (except for the occasional fifth Tuesday).

FIRST TUESDAY: Sponsored by the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club (<http://north-countybluegrass.org/PostNuke/>), the first Tuesday event is held at Round Table Pizza, 1161 Washington, Escondido. The fun starts with an open mic and pick up bands at 7 p.m. On most evenings you can expect a great show from SDBS regulars Full Deck, led by John Deckard and supported by Mike Tatar on banjo, Mary Birkett on bass, Kit Birkett on guitar, and Dwight Worden on mandolin. You will also enjoy the banjo playing and antics of Corky Shelton and Sandy Beesley, NCBFC Board members who do great organizational and emcee work. These folks and the rest of the NCBFC team of volunteers will make you feel very welcome. At 8 p.m. you can enjoy the featured band of the evening in a one-hour concert. Past concerts have included such greats as Silverado, Border Radio, Virtual Strangers, and many more. If jamming is your cup of tea, there is plenty of it going on all night long outside the Pizza Parlor. There is no cover charge, so come on down.



An SDBS pick up band

SECOND TUESDAY: The second Tuesday night event, held at Fuddruckers in La Mesa's Grossmont Shopping Center, is sponsored by the San Diego Bluegrass Society (<http://members.aol.com/intunenews/main.html>). Winter hours are 6:30-9 p.m. Bands and performers can sign up for 15-30 minute slots to perform on stage; performers from the audience are often recruited to play on stage as well. So if you are a performer, bring your

instruments! Look to enjoy great music from such regulars as the John Thrasher Band, Full Deck, and the Bluegrass Ramblers, featuring many of the region's top bluegrass players. In addition, there will always be a surprise appearance or two to keep things interesting. Lots of jamming is available outside on the patio for those who prefer not to play on stage. There is no cover charge, although donations are encouraged.

THIRD TUESDAY: Sponsored by the SDBS, the third Tuesday of the month caters to San Diego's South Bay with an evening of fun at Fuddruckers on Third Avenue in downtown Chula Vista; winters hours are 7-9 p.m. You will enjoy performances by some excellent South Bay players and a variety of bands. And, if you are a player you can sign up to perform on stage. Look for the Jug of Mud and other regulars as well as surprise performances from a variety of local and traveling musicians. There is no admission charge, although donations are encouraged.



Second Delivery on stage at the Boll Weevil last November

FOURTH TUESDAY: The fourth Tuesday of the month is SDBS's premier presentation of its featured band at the Boll Weevil restaurant, 7080 Miramar Road. The evening starts at 6:30 p.m. with an open mic and pick up bands and, of course, lots of great outside jamming; a featured band performs from 8-9 p.m. Featured bands are limited to the very best of local talent and to noteworthy traveling bands from outside the area. These featured band slots are booked months in advance and you won't hear better bluegrass in San Diego. Upcoming featured bands include Gone Tomorrow, Lighthouse, Virtual Strangers, and more.

You don't have to be a member of NCBFC or SDBS to attend and enjoy any one of these regular events, although both the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club and the San Diego Bluegrass Society would love to have you join as a member. Membership in either organization is only \$20 per year, and brings you regular bluegrass newsletters, email alerts, camp out invitations, and other perks. While certainly not much money, your \$20 per year membership helps support both of these hard working organizations so they can continue to bring you their great regular events.

Stay tuned for next month when this column will cover the festivals and special concerts that these two great groups put on. Until then, I hope to see you at one of these Tuesday events. Remember, every Tuesday is bluegrass night in San Diego!

The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

CASTING FOR PODFISH

There are lots of philosophies, credos, and ideals spouted forth between the margins of this column. Some of them weigh more than others on balance, but one that seems to have provided the most momentum (at least for my personal career path) was co-opted by some clever ad agency and distilled down to three essential words: JUST DO IT. This lexis carried a grand total of eight letters collectively, which made it easy to render them in big, blocked text on tee-shirts, hats, billboards, and any other place Nike felt it needed to offer encouragement. Obviously, it was at the bottom line a suggestion that purchasing the company's relatively expensive running shoes (along with any number of related sports and fitness paraphernalia) would have you well on your way to whatever your particular goals were. Strip away the underlying motivations of said monolithic corporation, and you're actually left with some pretty sound advice.

It may seem a bit disingenuous for a writer of a "gear" column to say it (although that's never stopped me before), but people place far too much emphasis on the tools "required" to accomplish a task rather than the carrying out of the task itself. There's further irony in my belief that this is primarily the fault of equipment manufacturers and gear reviewers that constantly belittle the tools we have in an effort to establish the necessity of the latest and greatest gadget on offer. This has prompted me many times to remind folks that "It ain't the plow, it's the farmer" that gets it done.

How many times have you said, "If I just had ____, I'd be able to do ____"? Believe me, I've run into people with studios whose equipment list puts mine to shame. I droolingly look at all the stuff they have, all the wonderful soundproofing, the ergonomic layout and the bitchin' games, the lava lamps, and imported coffee (okay, I have those two), and then they show me some unfinished tracks from the album project they've been trying to get off the ground for the last 13 years. It's due to these experiences that I am sometimes tempted to place recordists into two categories: buyers and doers. This is clearly an over-simplification, and I certainly mean no offense to anyone on either side of the cash register. It's just that the one thing you can't buy is the experience that comes from just doing it. This is what we're all supposed to be up to in between purchases. End of sermon.

Recently, my buddy (and drummer for the Wild Truth) Bill Ray (www.BillRayDrums.com) started encouraging me to enter the world of podcasting. I had no real experience with it outside of an appearance on the June 2005 episode of Cathryn Beek's *Listen Local San Diego* podcast, which can be found at: <http://phobos.apple.com/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewPodcast?id=73802301&s=143441>

Now, I know that link looks a bit ominous (and believe me, the whole process seems that way at first), but all will hopefully be revealed shortly.

Anyway, Bill assured me that the benefits would be worth the effort, so I went about the process of learning about it and "just doing it." What I learned was that although it was initially developed as a way of sharing thoughts, ideas, and music among users of the Apple iPod, pretty much anyone with a computer and speakers can become involved in the world of podcast-

ing. I like to describe the podcasting world as a cross between pirate radio and TiVo. This is because you can do whatever the hell you want without governmental intervention (for now anyway), and people can listen to it at their leisure.



Although there is no way to convey how simple this process can be in less than 500 words without making it seem even more confusing, I'll try to.

First, you create "content." Like the stuff that is broadcast "on air," most podcasts are either music-oriented or like talk radio. Let's say you want to talk about vintage guitars. You may want to title your show "Vintage Guitar Talk." You can record yourself discussing the merits of a '57 Les Paul Gold Top versus a '69 Stratocaster for about 20 minutes, complete with audio samples of their tones, and then render this recording as a 44k, 128 or 96 kbps audio Mp3 with a descriptive name like "vintage_guitar_no_1_57_les_paul_vs_69_strat.mp3" (notice that I didn't use caps or spaces). The key here is to keep things as small as possible in order to ensure a quick and painless download for your subscribers.

Second, you'll need an rss.xml file. This little bugger is the most mysterious component to the process and, unfortunately, the most essential. The best comparison is that of an .html file for a website, as the scripting language is quite similar. What this file does is provide all of the specific information needed for someone who is interested in subscribing to or searching for your podcast. These include The title (Vintage Guitar Talk), keywords (vintage guitars, 57 Les Paul Gold Top, Stratocaster, etc.), a brief description (Joe Bloeson discusses different guitars throughout the history of the instrument),



Sven-Erik Seaholm

and, of course, where to download the actual audio file from (www.joebloeson.com/podcast/vintage_guitar_no_1_57_les_paul_vs_69_strat.mp3) There are a great many podcast file generators out there, and I purchased one. This was a *big* mistake, as it generated some seriously jacked-up code and set me back for at least four to five days of vigorous hair pulling. I'm going to give you a really good link for podcasting resources in just a little bit, but let me just say that the easiest way to ensure that you have a nice rss.xml file is to download someone else's that you know is working perfectly, and then modify the text to point to your stuff.

Third, you'll need to have a place with enough space (and bandwidth, which is basically the amount of kilobytes you're allowed to have coming and going from your site) to host your podcast. In our previous example, Joe Bloeson just posted it to a directory on his website. Based upon the preceding requirements your actual mileage may vary. However, there are lots of places that provide hosting for podcasts that are very reasonable and others are even free!

Finally, you'll need to submit your podcast to a directory like iTunes, Podcast Alley, and Yahoo. I highly recommend that you download and install iTunes. Then, provided you have completed all the other steps, you would submit your podcast to iTunes. Once accepted, you'll be able to direct people to your podcast and they'll be able to search for it there as well.

I know this was not as concise an introduction to podcasting as I would have liked, so point your web browser here for an excellent article with lots of info and links to great resources: http://emusician.com/mag/emusic_art_podcasting/index.html and remember: JUST DO IT.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning producer, songwriter and musician. You may find his podcast "What's In The Sink?" here: <http://phobos.apple.com/WebObjects/MZStore.woa/wa/viewPodcast?id=117398659&s=143441>

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

IDLE CONSIDERATIONS OF AN ADDLED MIND

"You've got no feelings at all."

— Anthony Andrews to Timothy Bottoms, jokingly, in *Operation Daybreak* (1975)

I should have been prepared this time, should I not have? My unique 10-year curse of adulthood has begun to poke its claws into me again and I've been far too preoccupied (or simply too stupid) to prepare for its attack. So I'm alone again for the third time in just over 20 years in this same vacant church parking lot. Trying to magically hasten its departure.

Not actually alone this time. Two small dogs are humping unashamed near the hand-capped spaces, both sets of eyes looking to mine as if for some sign of approval.

This awkward ballet is where babies come from, like it or not.

When I very (rarely) find myself at a loss for feelings, giving myself a quick feel will usually set things right. Feeling someone else — feminine and pulchritudinous — can verge on the ecstatic. But absent her presence and being maddeningly unable to find myself, I'm Helen Keller without my Anne Sullivan, my Tony, or my Oscar.

My thirty-fifth high school reunion (Wheaton, Maryland) is coming up soon. I'm 53 years old going on 54, and I still smoke to feel grown up. The finest and closest of my high school friends (save two!) are dead, and have been for at least a decade. We knew then that Nixon was a crook; history proved us right. Those of us remaining know that someone else is currently worse than a crook but has the ability to brand us anti-patriotic or essentially deranged, while cul-de-sacking any avenues of Debate or Inquiry in the interest of "national security."

But I'm safe for the moment in this lot, though void of even a fraction of the sort of honest enthusiasm the dogs happily lord over me. Show offs . . .

And so, the horror hit a bullseye with me in '86 and '96 and damned if it hasn't again now, but I'm grateful to be able to transfer my thoughts (however valueless) through the lead in this pencil onto these lined sheets, thankful to Liz Abbott who'll type them up and have them printed. If I can save just one person by getting this out, then life itself becomes a worthless cliché.

As for my gone-too-quickly high school friends, my brothers-in-blood pranks and my sisters in saliva, I feel no guilt, really, for having outlived them. And there isn't a soul among them who is able to prove that he or she now feel anything but a pure, selfless joy for my endurance, still wishing me well and expecting at least a modest bounty . . .

After many false starts, this morning I succeeded in transferring, from VHS, an acceptable DVD of the film *Operation Daybreak* for one of my friends at Winston's. Mike (brother of Edwin!) Decker is a student of all things WWII and came to agree with me regarding the film's status as Masterpiece some weeks ago when I was able to corral him for a screening of my 16mm print of the title. But video! The main problem stems from the rare, official VHS release's lack of subtitles during an essential, German-spoken six-minute sequence. This I remedied via some fairly seamless substitution of footage from a decades-old tape taken during an Encore broadcast. Watching my patchwork job earlier this morning (in anticipation of finally presenting it to Mike tonight) I trembled when I noticed still more unsubtitled Teutonic



The allegedly stable Mr. Sinatra at left

moments near the climax of the movie. Hot damn, I'd forgotten. Mike will receive then, in truth, a work in progress, giving me another concrete *something* to live for. (I'm sure Mike would forgive me if I don't make it that long, but at least through this, he'll be aware that I had happily latched onto something called a blessed, concrete goal.

Indulge me a bit more, please? It would be criminal not to laud David Hentschel's marvelous musical score to *Daybreak*. Perhaps one of the first soundtracks done entirely on a synthesizer (an ARP), this by the unsung hero of Elton John's monumental "Funeral for a Friend," a tenacious song that's become a brother to me. Thanks, Dave.

And so I begin to feel better. Had I ever been so morose upon beginning my own monthly as I was just minutes ago? An academic question, ultimately, and when in doubt, do. Just do.

Whaddaman, whaddaman, whaddamighty-goodman. Ah, that's nice. Gotta see this as just another challenge, then: try to remain coherent while a force too evil to understand (much less describe) tries to humble you. Blues are best battled with a forced smile, aren't they?

Sure, they are. Just think of the blues guitarist and the increasing gravity of grimace as the solo creeps higher and higher. Smart teens would say it's a natural manifestation of the difficulty inherent in breaking upward from the enslavement of forces vile and low; a physical representation of the power of the human spirit transmuted into the visage of increasing hardship.

But smart teens would be wrong. It's just slow biz, folks.

The lack of concrete visual replication is among the finer charms of the printed word. The writer must strive to convey that which he wishes your mind to see. Right now, I wish you to see a man fighting his way through a bucketload of pain.

Exactly how much pain this bucketload contains is, for now, a private matter between myself and my pencil, something that stinks faintly of showbiz too, so I'll discard that thought and try afresh:

I was in agony but am beginning to find a

reason to fight it.

So, at times like this, one can occasionally fall back on happy memories, those priceless, misty toys that hang around with the sole purpose of making you smile.

I'll give you two, '06, 'cause I'm starting to feel bitchin' again. Two and that's all you get. Take 'em back to '86 and '96 and knock yourselves out, as we say too much nowadays.

How's this? I shed some very honest tears at some other people's tragedy the other day. I was in the very unique embrace of something I'll only describe as a heavy weightlessness, and I felt for a moment willing to personally explode if doing so could turn back the clock and set things right for these victims. In reality, they are diligently working on surmounting their misfortune, and my tears have water-logged my fuse, rightfully vanquishing any further thoughts of martyrdom I may encounter.

And finally, this: A few hours ago, at 30th and University, I offered to help an elderly lady cross the intersection. She was so appreciative, she tried to "freedom-kiss" me, and damned if I didn't (for a moment) become moderately aroused . . .

Come to think of it, these two energetic dogs, who seem so proud of themselves, are beginning to remind me of . . . another time.

There will be more. I'll head back home now. Thanks to all of you who've cared even a little bit. I'll do my best to be worthy; just give me a few more reasons to be happy.

Next time I notice Life sporting big sharp teeth and acting like a barracuda, I'll do all I can to simply treat it like a puppy. At daybreak we both might be sharing a modest smile.



RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

NOT COMING TO A FILM FESTIVAL NEAR YOU

My latest movie has tanked! Movie? Chances are, if you think of me at all, you'll think, "Oh, yeah, he's that guy on the radio that my parents liked." True, I've been on the air here since Lou Curtiss had a show on KGB, but you probably didn't know that I've also had a hand in at least five films since 1978.

The first two were really music videos, shot a few years before the advent of MTV. My old college buddy, Mr. X, taught film courses in Northern California and spent his summers living in our garage. As an instructor, Mr. X always had in his possession, at the very least, top-notch 16mm film equipment, often accompanied by a shoebox full of peyote buttons. One summer night back in '78, he filmed my then-band, Land Piranha, as we lip-synced to "96 Tears" and "Monster Mash" while wearing paper Devo outfits and cheap sunglasses. There's no point in further discussing those exercises in stupidity, except to mention that the lead "singer" was Joel Madison, who is now an established Hollywood comedy writer (NOTE: Kids, this is how to start your career!) Fortunately, almost nobody has seen them, although they rank right down there with much of the early MTV stuff. For example, do you remember the band called What Is This and their video, *Mind My Have Still I?* I do. It wasn't good, but the field was still wide open.

In 1981, Mr. X, again living in our garage, proposed a longer feature film, to be named, *Sandi and Jim's Dream House*, with an all-star cast and a budget of over \$100. In the film, my wife and I were seen crawling through our rented house in Rolando as we reacted to the bizarre goings-on in each room. It was, unsurprisingly, a very hallucinogenic work. The movie ran almost 12 minutes and included at least three psychotropic substance references; beer; Troubadour publisher Liz Abbott smashing our plates and glasses on the kitchen floor; our seven-year old twins, one as an arm-wrestling champion and the other as a "child psychologist"; Mr. X and his wife in a bathtub, speaking French and making out; future Beat Farmers' guitarist Jerry Raney blowing into the antenna of a WW II vintage walkie-talkie to simulate a saxophone, accompanied by several other local musicians similarly feigning music



Jim McInnes

while strumming/banging on bottles, sprinklers, and photos of instruments. The film's denouement featured Sandi and I lip-syncing to Sonny and Cher's hit, "I Got You Babe."

It was a hit!

An edited version of *...Dream House* aired on Larry Himmel's TV show, *Himmel at Large*, on Channel 8, where it won the coveted Golden Tooter award as the Best Home Movie of 1982.

I just realized that I may have written about some of this in the past. I hope you enjoy it again. I have al...heimen's... weisenheimer's...I forget stuff...never mind.

In 1983, we were at a party in East San Diego with Weird Al Yankovic. I asked Al if I could play his accordion. Then someone who was trying to pour a beer into my mouth accidentally poured it into his accordion! You may have seen that on VH1, because Mr. X, the filmmaker, later sold the footage to the network for \$3,000.

Fast-forward to 2005.

In July of 2005, Mr. X called from his new home in Australia. He suggested that the two of us, plus another college pal, whom we call Dice, meet up in Las Vegas to write a film for Australia's annual TropFest, an annual summertime short - film festival.

Between meals and visits to the casinos, we were able to devote at least three hours to conceptualizing our vision. "Let's call it *Beat!*" I belched. That was the extent of my participation. We all went our separate ways.

Dice, who teaches writing at the University of Colorado, wrote an existential two-character script about the dangers of drinking beer and surfing, in which one character, after being chastised for wasting beer, lets the other drown. Heavy stuff.

Mr. X, now back in Australia to make the film, pulled a director's vision power play by changing the script and the ending. The actual film ends with one guy simply tipping over the bully's beer into the sand. Lame...weak...stupid. What could I do? I'm 8,000 miles away. At least the music was cool, performed by San Diego's Z.O. Voider. Beer didn't even make the Top 50 out of 75 films, and we wasted \$105 for the domain name!

I'm through with movies. I think I'll try writing.

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Muriel Anderson

by Mike Alvarez

Muriel Anderson has made a name for herself among discriminating listeners on the strength of her formidable talent as a guitarist. It would certainly be no surprise to find that many readers of this publication are familiar with her work.

Therefore, it is equally unsurprising that she can enlist the talents of truly world-class performers when she hosts her All Star Guitar Night, an event that has taken place at least once a year since 1993. This year's show was held in the ballroom of the Hilton Anaheim Hotel on January 21, during the weekend of the NAMM convention. The line-up boasted such names as Howard Leese (Heart, Paul Rodgers), Jeff Berlin (bass legend), Stanley Jordan (master jazz guitarist famed for his two-handed tapping technique), Jennifer Batten (Michael Jackson, Jeff Beck), and Joe Lynn Turner (vocalist for Rainbow, Deep Purple). It would have been a rare treat to see them in such an informal setting. For free, no less. Alas, the infinite number of choices to make among NAMM's myriad sights and sounds conspired to prevent my friends and I from catching the show from its very beginning. Yet there were still many delightful surprises to be had that evening, often coming from lesser-known artists.



Sharon Isbin

Classical guitarist Sharon Isbin combined a remarkable technical fluidity with a fine artist's sensibilities, serving up a performance that can stand proudly alongside those of the instrument's great masters. Executing advanced techniques in intricate passages is apparently second nature to her, as she did so with an unruffled grace. The resulting cascade of notes and melodies were mesmerizing, a completely satisfying listening experience.



Patty Larkin

others atmospheric, it always held the listener's attention with its hypnotic vibe and shifting moods.



Kaki King

Just when you thought everything that could be done with a guitar had been invented, along comes an artist like Kaki King. Holding the instrument face up in her lap, she demonstrated an unusual percussive technique that yielded dulcimer-like tones as well as the "normal" sound of an acoustic guitar. Harmonics rang out at various times, adding yet another color to this innovative guitarist's palette. The richness and depth of her music reveals an artistic maturity beyond her 25 or so years on the planet.



Vicki Genfan

Vicki Genfan is another acoustic player who showed that the instrument still has the power to surprise. Her fingerstyle approach is complemented by a variety of other skills, such as two-handed tapping, bass note slapping, and harmonics, allowing her to wring every possible sound from her guitar. At times her music is reminiscent of the late Michael Hedges, but at the same time her style remains uniquely her own.

Muriel Anderson's All-Star Guitar Night



Mimi Fox

Jazz aficionados were delighted by the very deft fretwork of Mimi Fox. Opting to play a traditional jazz box, a hollow-bodied electric guitar, on this evening, she demonstrated a mastery not only of technique but of feel as well. Complex chord shapes intermingled freely with fluid runs of notes, delivered with a robust and confident guitar tone. If there is an advantage to coming in late, it would be the fact that it leaves one open to unexpected surprises. One such surprise happened when Stanley Jordan came out to accompany Ms. Fox on her final number. Using both hands to tap out chords and riffs, he helped to make it sound like there was an entire jazz guitar orchestra onstage. It was a wonder to behold. This performance was definitely a highlight of an already stellar concert.



Jennifer Batten

Jennifer Batten will probably always be known as Michael Jackson's guitarist, having toured with the King of Pop in front of millions while on the "Bad" tour during the '90s. She has since released a number of solo albums. Recently she has worked with another guitar icon, Jeff Beck. At this show she was notable for being one of the few electric guitarists to take the stage. During her solo set, she amazed and delighted fans of a harder guitar sound, culminating in a song called "Whammy Damage," featuring the use of two Whammy pedals. Between tunes, she was a surprisingly soft-spoken, almost shy individual. This was quite a contrast from her aggressive and confident persona when expressing herself through her guitar.



Ellen McIlwaine

Bringing her storied history to the stage was slide guitarist Ellen McIlwaine. According to her bio, she is probably the only guitarist in the world to have played with Jimi Hendrix, Johnny Winter, Taj Mahal, and Jack Bruce. Given such a wealth of experience, it is ironic that hers was possibly the

biggest misstep of the night. In the spirit of innovation, she applied distortion to her acoustic slide playing, but the effect reminded one of a session in the dentist's chair. To her credit, her closing number, "Sidu" (Grandmother) was performed with the guitar's natural sound. After detuning some strings she blew away the crowd with a very authentic-sounding Middle-Eastern piece, complete with vocal ululations. Having grown up in a multicultural environment, she has taken all of these influences and mixed them into her own blend of world music.

This review would not be complete without a few words about the show's talented hostess, Muriel Anderson. She wielded an acoustic six-stringer as well as a harp guitar, playing unbelievably difficult pieces with little more than a gentle smile on her face. Her hands stretched and contorted into mind-boggling shapes, all in the quest to hit that perfect combination of notes. At times guesting with other players, she showed a veteran's knowledge of stagecraft, never upstaging the featured artist. The concert ended with her bringing several of the evening's performers up for a final all-star jam. While a traditional and expected way to end an evening of music such as this, it was perhaps a little disappointing that the limited time remaining gave only a few of the players a chance to shine once more. I wanted to see Jennifer Batten take one last blazing solo, but she seemed content to take on a supporting role during this jam.

This All Star Guitar Night was definitely a worthy edition in Ms. Anderson's concert series. She selected a potent mix of artists, all of whom have dedicated themselves to exploring the boundless possibilities to be found within the six-string universe.

Muriel Anderson at Twigg's

Incredible. Amazing. Unbelievable. Those of us who were there witnessed a masterful guitar performance merging technical wizardry with heartfelt artistry in perfect balance.

One woman, one guitar. A plethora of sounds and emotions. She made the instrument sound like a Japanese koto and samisen during one number. At another time she played all the parts of a bluegrass group simultaneously, simulating the timbres of a bass, mandolin, banjo, and fiddle. From start to finish, there was no doubt that she was in complete control of her music and her instrument. Such is her command of both that she was able to play it loose with her set list, undoubtedly drawing from a bottomless well-spring of musical knowledge.

Her repertoire is vast indeed, spanning genres from classical to bluegrass and everything in between. Yet this is not just eclecticism for its own sake. Ms. Anderson has clearly dedicated herself to the heritage and art of the guitar and is on a lifelong quest to explore the full span of the instrument's possibilities. Her own original songs show how widely her interests range. On her latest CD, Wildcat, one can hear jazz, classical, samba, pop, and country influences, among others.

In addition to her "borrowed" classical guitar (she was just breaking it in for somebody), she introduced the audience to a beautiful custom-built harp guitar, which allowed her to play bass lines to accompany her picked melodies. She would re-tune some of the harp strings on the fly if a note she needed wasn't readily available. All of this was performed with a confident humility, with the songs often introduced by homespun tales laced with humor. No hype. Just pure artistry and a determination to redefine the art of fingerstyle guitar.

Through it all, she never forgets that she is also there to entertain. So she will take requests, tell amusing anecdotes, and sometimes even draw from an impressive bag of guitar tricks to ensure that her listeners have a good time. Yes, on this evening she fretted a note with her chin! She has also been known to play three songs simultaneously: one on the bass strings and another on the treble strings while she whistles a third tune on top of that. Just for fun.

While it's a wonderful experience to see her in an intimate setting like Twigg's, talent this big should fill concert halls, which she does play regularly. Her touring schedule takes her across the globe to venues of every shape and size. I'm sure if you asked her, she would say the real reward is in the creation of music and in the opportunity to share it with appreciative audiences regardless of their number.

Considering the enormous talent Muriel Anderson packs into her diminutive frame, perhaps size doesn't matter after all. www.murielanderson.com

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Berkley Hart Pocket Change

by John Philip Wyllie

It may seem a bit premature to bring up the San Diego Music Awards, but in the case of Berkley Hart's new CD, *Pocket Change*, it is altogether justified. The 11-song effort is satisfying and enjoyable from beginning to end.

The title cut, a moving tribute to Calman Hart's single-parent mother, is one this reviewer would place squarely in the brilliant category. It chronicles her struggle to raise the Hart clan on the meager salary she made from waitressing. Hart sings, "when I look back on it now it seems beautiful and strange how much she overcame with pocket change."

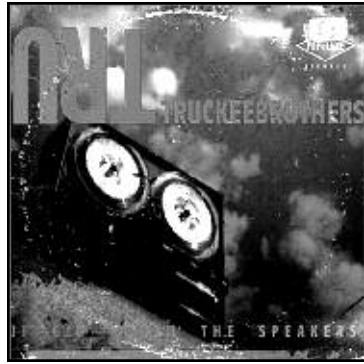
Not to be outdone, Jeff Berkley took a Lizzie Wann poem titled "For Lillian" and added a catchy melody to create a song that acknowledges a type of woman that many can relate to. Lillian may not treat you right all of the time, but there is something special about her that keeps you coming back for more. Be forewarned — once you listen to this song it will stay in your head for days and you may find yourself inadvertently humming the chorus at the most inopportune times.

Hart counters with what might just be his best song since "Barrel of Rain." "Two Small Birds" is based on an unhappy long-term relationship wherein the husband is content with the relationship flawed as it is because it at least offers security. However, the wife yearns to break out of the cage that their life has become to spread her wings and fly in search of a life more fulfilling.

Another gem is "Lay Me Down," Berkley's making up song. He starts out by singing, "It was all my fault" and then evokes a picture of balmy summer night and a lover's skinny dip in the healing waters of a river. The visual imagery found in this and in many of the album's other songs are just part of what make it superb.

They say that siblings often produce the best harmonies, think Phil and Don Everly and Brian, Carl, and Dennis Wilson. Although Berkley and Hart are not siblings, their rich, tightly woven harmonies are present on many of the tracks, including Hart's beautiful love song, "Waking Up With You" and their cover of Mike Scott's and Anthony Thistlethwaite's tribute to Hank Williams, "Has Anybody Here Seen Hank?"

Pocket Change finds this duo at its best, combining poignant lyrics with masterfully crafted melodies and harmonies. There are no gimmicks, studio effects, or outside musicians here. It captures their live sound in its purest form: two guys, two guitars, and an occasional harmonica or banjo. The official release party is set for March 18 at the Seaside Church Auditorium in Encinitas.



The Truckee Brothers It Came From the Speakers

by Simeon Flick

With their latest release, the Truckee Brothers have created an intelligently disaffected record that may very well put the sophisticated swank and swagger of the San Diego area music scene on the international indie-rock map once and for all.

The Truckee Brothers' erudition and influences are revealed through clever wordplay (Not a cad nor a gent/Just a day I'm on the fence/Sam e plain-Jane, chalkboard blank/Poster child for dissonance? from "I'm So So-So"), swanky metropolitan innuendo (Do you wanna play doctor/With what's in your locker? from "Billy Club"), impressionistic chord voicings ("Gin & Catatonic's" lush changes are reminiscent of psychedelic '60s folk-rock), smoothly integrated progressive time signatures (a grooving 7/4 time on "One Little Indian"), engaging indie-rock instrumentation (loud guitars, various keyboards, and stringed instruments), and wink-and-smile, joke's-on-you classic rock hat-tips, such as a full doff to CCR's "Proud Mary" on "Becherovka" and a slew of song title name-checks on the title track ("It's More Than a Feeling," "Hot Blooded Double Vision," "Witchy Woman.")

The dual vocal attack of Cady and Peat Truckee (pseudonyms that invoke the Ramones' spirit of group solidarity) are at the core of this quintessentially San Diegan offering. Although songs like "Billy Club" might make you wish (for a negligible minute) that only one of them were in charge, the harmonies are a breath of fresh air in that they contribute a new twist to the challenge of balancing two distinct voices within a single band. Peat's spry tenor (reminiscent of Radiohead's Thom Yorke) contrasts nicely with Cady's burly baritone (which answers the hypothetical what-would-it-sound-like-if-the-singer-from-Crash-Test-Dummies-were-hip question). The Truckees add another synergistic pairing to the annals of rock 'n' roll; John Doe and Exene Cervenka (X), Ian McKaye and Guy Picciotto (FUGAZI), Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, and now the Truckee Brothers.

The real stroke of genius here is how well the Truckees have managed to reconcile passé (?) classic rock influences with the dumbed-down approach of contemporary indie-rock. With this deft mixture of old and new, they could easily live up to Buddy Blue's recent plea in the *Union Tribune*: "Somebody please give this band a record deal so they can single-handedly save rock 'n' roll from itself."

www.truckeebrothers.com



The Fenians Every Day's a Hooley

by Craig Yerkes

Listening to *Every Day's a Hooley*, the latest release from the Fenians, is a bit like going to a fantastic burger joint for your favorite comfort food and finding that they also serve a very nice crème brûlée. If you buy this CD expecting a raucous good time, complete with all of the usual musical trappings associated with contemporary and traditional Irish music, you'll get what you're looking for en masse. What you may not expect are some of the non-traditional touches that serve not as distractions but as delightful bonuses. These include jazzy horn solos, intricate drum parts/rhythmic accents, unusually sophisticated instrumental parts, and very sly lyrical touches that walk a perfect line between paying respect to their chosen genre and good natured tongue in cheek irreverence.

"Token Whiskey Song" is a perfect example of the band's more sneaky, comic side with lyrics like "don't take away that bottle if you want me to stay true 'cuz you've never been more beautiful than when there's two of you." Besides the non-stop lyrical fun in this opening tune, the music is nothing short of a pub inspired masterpiece with wonderful Irish whistle lines, a pulsating beat, and the kind of chorus that will make the entire bar raise their drinks and sing. Skipping to the end of the CD, "Every Day's a Hooley" follows the same "pub anthem" template with good times guaranteed for all (I loved the UB40-ish, monotone rap). Between the stellar opener and closer you'll find more of the rousing, up-tempo ditties ("Two Ten Train," featuring some amazing mandolin and flute interplay) and also pleasing, mid-tempo offerings that cover topics ranging from serious ("Rebel Sons of Erin" and the powerfully haunting "Go, Move, Shift") to comical ("Baker's Dozen"). Of course, the disc contains one obligatory Irish tearjerker ballad (the beautifully sung "Grace"). The Fenians do an excellent job of keeping different sounds coming at the listener by way of frequent changes in instrumentation, lead vocalists, and production approaches. The only time I felt the disc falter was on "Is It Really You," which somehow seemed out of place and not on a par with the rest of the material. That tune aside, you've got nothing but winners on this recording.

The disc's genius is that it will appeal to a wide range of listeners, from the hardcore Irish music fan to the person who has only a marginal interest in this genre. If you don't have a good time listening to this disc, I suggest therapy or maybe a stiff Irish whiskey....or maybe both.



Derren Raser Band The King of I'll Tell You Next Week

by Craig Yerkes

The *King of I'll Tell You Next Week*, the debut CD from the Derren Raser Band, was very difficult for me to review. Listening to it was a bit like watching those teenage snowboarders in the Winter Olympics — you see their incredible talents and abilities, but you also get a sense that they are all over the place. But what a ride!

One of my initial thoughts when the first few songs rolled by was, "Holy Jason Mraz, Batman!" due to some of the vocal phrasing and the lyrical style, which reminded me very much of Mraz. Four tracks into the CD I was beginning to think that this disc would stick with the currently ubiquitous "clever, sensitive, young white guy with an acoustic guitar" formula. Not that the first four tracks didn't have some appeal. "Crazy Crazy" is a particularly strong offering. Soon, I got to track five, "Strongest Suit." HUH?? All of a sudden, I am hearing a jazzy, breezy ditty that really shows the substantial crooning abilities of Mr. Raser. After getting my ears perked up, "Streets of London" really got my attention with a beautifully melancholy piano ballad that has the same kind of power to transport the imagination that you'd expect from Ben Folds or Coldplay. Now, we get to the track that just about knocked me out of my chair: "History." This tune made me wonder whether my computer had malfunctioned and somehow come up with a masterful remix blending Simon and Garfunkel with the Shins. This truly stunning track takes an incredible mix of complex melodic and compositional twists and blends them perfectly with a beautifully subtle production style. Going back to the snowboarder analogy, "History" is like the final gold medal run by the athlete who finally puts all the elements together in perfect harmony. The CD actually finishes stronger than it started with a nice mix of ballads, which really showcase Raser's amazing vocals. "Honest Truth" and the title track stand out as instantly appealing and show, again, this artist's versatility by moving from an almost classic torch ballad to a clever, deceptively simple folk song.

In the final analysis, this disc left me wildly entertained, intrigued, and wondering which direction this young talent will decide to focus his impressive talents. The good news is that Derren Raser and his cohorts are able to make great music in any direction they choose and who's to say they ever have to settle in to a more uniform approach? Perhaps the ride is more fun without restraints, after all.



Chuck Perrin 44 Minutes of Love

by Chuck Schiele

Love conquers all. All you need is Love. Love makes all things possible.

In a world where there seems to be a supreme struggle for power — whether it's a self-imposed quest for personal empowerment through enlightenment (the truest expression thereof) or whether it's all about the submission of others unto one's self in order to gain a sense of accomplishment, victory, or some sort of satisfaction (which is not only temporary but actually mere illusion) — the world is consciously and unconsciously infatuated with the P word.

In Chuck's world, the "Ps" are his pen, his fretted axe, and his beating heart and are clearly mightier than any sword ever swung by red-seeing aggressors ill with anger. This is an important record in the way that the Beatles and Gandhi are more important than, say, Napoleon ever was.

This extremely refreshing and palatable 44 minute ride of pop jazz-light is a beautiful collection of music, message, and soul, equal parts make-out music and universal wisdom. The tracks are all stellar — outstanding and passionate. Perrin's ambitiously original songwriting borrows nothing but instead opts to look deep within his soul in search of something truly beautiful with no interest in making any threats. Such is the sign of the truly powerful, because only the threatened make threats. It is no wonder that he is surrounded with, and supported by a phenomenal cast of musicians. The result is world-class, deeply felt music full of universal message encapsulated in a 44 minute pill of intimacy, a pill that never confuses anger for passion — a pill this world sorely needs. Perhaps I'm going off a bit, but I really like this work.

Meanwhile, the writing (once again) is stellar, with no boasting for attention; the chops are outta this world. And in this case, inspiration exceeds craftsmanship in exactly the right priority. His vocals are "pillow-talk" sweet yet urgent at the same time. Goose bumps will fill your belly while benevolence fills your heart. The ideas are slyly wow!, while the arrangements are not at all obvious, making it extremely stylish, deliberate, and genuine. It starts out great, and then it grows on you with each listen. If you let it, this CD will start talking to you — an example of how whispers command more attention than demanding that same attention. The recording is of course, pristine — oozing and oozing with excellence. And, its soft, dream-like and "zenny" quality prompts me to complain only once, which is that I wish it played for 4 hours and 44 minutes.

Let yourself in, leave your shoes at the door, and visit ChuckPerrin.com.



MARCH CALENDAR

wednesday - 1

Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.
Amber Rubarth/Joel Ackerson/Tyrone Wells/Aaron Bowen, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday - 2

Joe Rathburn & Cici Porter, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.
Eric Taylor, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Side A/B Ensemble, Dzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 8pm.
Stasia Conger, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Pete Thurston, Lestat's, 9pm.
Shoestring Strap/High Rolling Loners, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9pm.

friday - 3

Fred Benedetti & New City Sinfonia, 1st Unitarian Church, 4190 Front St., 7:30pm.
Asylum Street Spankers, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Gunnar Biggs/John Opferkuch/Christopher Hollyday/Duncan Moore, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
George Svoboda, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Jim Earp, Borders, 1072 Camino del Rio N., Mission Valley, 8pm.
Derren Raser Band, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.
Christopher Dallman/Jon & Noah, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Evergreens/Goat Punisher, Lestat's, 9pm.
Crosswinds/Robin Henkel, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

saturday - 4

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts
Dan Levenson Clawhammer Banjo Workshops, Deering Banjo, 3733 Kenora Dr., Spring Valley, 10am & 2pm. Info & Reservations: 619/464-8252.
First Saturday Blues Party, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6:30pm.
Marshall Crenshaw, Casbah, 7pm.
Berkley Hart, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.

Joe Rathburn, CanyonFolk House Concert, East County, 8pm. Info: 619/659-5753 or email: canyonfolk@cox.net.
Lee Tyler Post, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.
Winterhawk, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.
Steve Garber & Dave Curtis, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Elise Levi/Andrea Reschke/New Dadaists, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Anya Marina/Tom Freund, Lestat's, 9pm.
Blue Rockit/Janet Hammer, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

sunday - 5

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts
Juilliard Jazz Orchestra, CA Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 2pm.
Matthew Von Doran/Eric Marienthal/Jimmy Haslip/Joel Taylor, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.
Grada, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Gully/The Gourds, Casbah, 9pm.
Bushwalla/The Gooses, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday - 6

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts
Blue Monday Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 7pm.

tuesday - 7

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts
Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.
Sheri Lee & Blue Heart, Round Table Pizza,
Mellotones, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

wednesday - 8

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts

Allison Krauss & Union Station, Copley Symphony Hall, 1245 7th Ave., 8pm.

Ali Jackson Trio, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Sara Petite & the Sugar Daddies, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday - 9

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts

Sue Palmer Supper Club w/ Deeja Marie/Sharon Shufelt, Martini's Above Fourth, 4940 Fourth Ave., 7pm.

Joe Rathburn & Jeffrey Joe Morin, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

Storrow Band, E St. Cafe, Encinitas, 7:30pm.

Gary Lefebvre/Adam Schroeder/Kevin Kanner/Harish Ragahavan, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Scott Wilson Music Video Premiere w/ Citizen Band/Bart Mendoza/ Sweet Tooth/Christopher Dale/Cathryn Beeks Ordeal/Gregory Page/The Grams/Deadline Friday/Dave Howard/The Wild Truth/Will Edwards, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 8pm.
Laura Kuebel, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
The Autumn Defense, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday - 10

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts

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

Elana James' Hot Hot Trio, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Lee Tyler Post, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.

Blue Largo, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

Fermin Rivera Quintet, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Jane Lui, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.

North County Cowboys, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.

Derren Raser/Jamie Robb, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Amy Steinberg/Kim DiVincenzo/Storrow Band, Lestat's, 9pm.

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

saturday - 11

Carlsbad Multicultural Arts Festival Info: www.carlsbadca.gov/arts

St. Pat's Parade Party, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 3pm.

Berkley Hart, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Anna Troy, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., Ste. 182, 7pm.

Gary Glazner, Artists Colony, 90 A St., Encinitas, 7pm.

Greg Campbell, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 8pm.

Tiamo/Kristina Bennett, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Danny Green Quintet CD Release, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8:30pm.

Triple Cobra/Impulse, Lestat's, 9pm.

Shoestring Strap/Cash'd Out, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9pm.

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

Blue Largo, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

sunday - 12

Siren of the Tropics silent film with Josephine Baker accompanied by **Teeny Tiny Pit Orchestra w/ Sue Palmer/Sharon Shufelt/Scott Paulson**, Seuss Rm. Geisel Library, UCSD, 7pm.

Anna Troy, Twiggs, 7pm.

Crimson Jazz Trio, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Rachel Sage, Lestat's, 9pm.

wednesday - 15

Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.

Citizen Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., Carlsbad, 6pm.

Coles Whalen, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.

Grams CD Release w/ Michael Tiernan/Anna Troy & the Paperboys/Jenn Grinels, Belly Up, 8pm.

Blues Show, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday - 16

Joe Rathburn & Dave Beldock, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

Sue Palmer Supper Club w/ Deeja Marie/Sharon Shufelt, Martini's Above Fourth, 4940 Fourth Ave., 7pm.

The Buccaneers, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. Reservations: 619/443-9622.

Arlo Guthrie, California Center for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.

Levi Kreis/Eric Himan/Dawn Mitschele, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Acoustic Underground, Lestat's, 9pm.

friday - 17

Int'l Silver Strings Band w/ Billy Watson, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.

Andrea Reschke, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.

Shannon St. John/Afterglow, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Joe Rathburn, Lestat's, 9pm.

Sue Palmer Quintet, Oasis Club, Ramada Inn, 5550 Kearny Mesa Rd., 9pm.

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

saturday - 18

Temecula Bluegrass Festival w/ Bluegrass Etc./Silverado/Witcher Brothers/Roadside Cafe/Lampkins Family/Donner Mtn. Bluegrass Band/117° West, www.temeculacalifornia.com

Howling Coyotes, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.

Steve White, Artists Colony, 90 A St., Encinitas, 7pm.

Jim Earp, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.

Pacific Camerata, St. Andrew's by the Sea Episcopal Church, 1050 Thomas St., Pacific Beach, 7:30pm.

Darol Anger's Republic of Strings, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Berkley Hart CD Release, Seaside Church, Encinitas, 8pm.

Javid, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.

Anya Marina, Bamboo Yoga, Coronado, 8pm.

Patty Hall, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.

Diane Waters/Bass/Aaron Bowen/Lee Coulter, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Allison Lonsdale/Greg Laswell, Lestat's, 9pm.

Young Dubliners, Belly Up, 9pm.

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

sunday - 19

Firehouse Stompers, Elks Lodge, 1400 E. Washington Ave., El Cajon, 1pm.

Carlos Olmeda, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.

Cesaria Evora, 4th & B, 7pm.

Alasdair Fraser & Natalie Haas, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.

Gregory Page, Lestat's, 9pm.

tuesday - 21

Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.

wednesday - 22

Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.

Chet Cannon & the Committee, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 8pm.

Jane Lui, Canes, Mission Beach, 8:30pm.

thursday - 23

Joe Rathburn & Chuck Schiele, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.

Sue Palmer Supper Club w/ Deeja Marie/Sharon Shufelt, Martini's Above Fourth, 4940 Fourth Ave., 7pm.

The Waybacks, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Randy Napoleon, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Brian Benham, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

Exfriends/Devon Sproule/Anna Troy, Lestat's, 9pm.

W E E K L Y

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.
Open Mic Night, Hot Java Cafe, 7:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
Hot Fudge Sunday Open Mic, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.
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.
Jazz 88 presents the Rebirth of Cool, Air Conditioned Lounge, 4673 30th St., 9pm.

every tuesday

Blues Jam, Blind Melons, 710 Garnet, 7pm.
Open Mic Night, E St. Cafe, 130 W. E. St., Encinitas, 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.
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.

friday - 24

Sue Palmer, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7pm.
Chuck Pyle, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
Simeon Flick/Lee Tyler Post, Borders, 1072 Camino del Rio N., Mission Valley, 8pm.
Primasi, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Paul Seaforth Trio, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Joe Mersch/Dwayne McCobb, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.
Jim Earp, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.
Amy Ayres/Peter Rutman Blues & Jazz Band/Josh Hall, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Citizen Band, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.
Jaime Robb/Lindsey Troy, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday - 25

Tony McCashen Band, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Wigbillies, Artists Colony, 90 A St., Encinitas, 7pm.
Border Radio, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 7pm. 858/566-4040.
Venice, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619/446-9622.
Dave Stamey, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
John Bosley, Borders, 668 Sixth Ave., Gaslamp, 8pm.
Jim Earp, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.
Waldo/Rachel/Grand Canyon Sundown/Kethro, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos Quintet, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8:30pm.
Coyote Problem/Renata Youngblood/Tim Mudd, Lestat's, 9pm.

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

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, 7pm.
Open Mic Night, Hot Java Cafe, 7:30pm.
Amelia Browning & David Owen (Jazz), Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8:30pm.
Singing in the Shower Karaoke w/ José Sinatra, 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.
Open Mic Night, Milano Coffee Company, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., Ste. B, 7pm.
Basin Street Band, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
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.

sunday - 26

Women's Herstory Month Celebration w/ Danielle LoPresti/Alicia Champion/Jane/Lisa Sanders/Corday/Elena/Laura Preble/Lauren Derose, Kung Food, 2949 Fifth Ave., noon.
Ian Tordella Quintet, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 3pm.
Samite, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.
John-Mark/Curtis Peoples/Stripped Down Hollywood, Lestat's, 9pm.

tuesday - 28

Tonewoods, SDBS Mtg., Boll Weevil, 7080 Miramar Rd., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.

wednesday - 29

Sue Palmer, Jack's, 8863 Girard, 6pm.
Richard Thompson Quartet, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Hamell on Trial, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday - 30

Joe Rathburn/Cathryn Beeks/Matt Silvia, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 5960 El Cajon Blvd., 7pm.
Sue Palmer Supper Club w/ Deeja Marie/Sharon Shufelt, Martini's Above Fourth, 4940 Fourth Ave., 7pm.
David Rogers, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Terrence Hale/Abigail Nolte, Twiggs, 8:30pm.

friday - 31

Simeon Flick, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., Carmel Mtn., 8pm.
Middle Earth Belly Dance Show, Artists Colony, 90 A St., Encinitas, 7pm.
Robert Parker Jazz Trio, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Andy Villas-Boas/JJ Lim/Harley Magassino/Chad Farran, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Stasia Conger, Twiggs, 8:30pm.
Biddy Bums/Ali Handal, Lestat's, 9pm.



Photo: Steve Covault



Jane Lui at Borders Books

Photo: Steve Covault



Tom Rush at Acoustic Music SD



Little World at the Boat & Ski Club

Photo: Liz Abbott



Joe Rathburn and Dan Conner at Hot Monkey Love Cafe

Photo: Liz Abbott



Steve White at Hot Monkey Love Cafe

Photo: Liz Abbott



Suzanne Reed at Hot Monkey Love Cafe

Photo: Gail Donnelly-Seaholm



Chuck Perrin at his CD Release



The Wild Truth at their CD Release

Photo: Gail Donnelly-Seaholm



Photo: Gail Donnelly-Seaholm

at Wild Truth CD Release

Photo: Steve Covault



Matt Silvia and Cathryn Beeks at Acoustic Alliance

Photo: Steve Covault



Rusty Jones at Acoustic Alliance

Photo: Ron Baker



Carol Ames at Acoustic Alliance in Austin

Photo: Ron Baker



Berkley Hart at Acoustic Alliance in Austin

Photo: Steve Covault



Alyssa Jacey at Acoustic Alliance

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Lisa Sanders and Jimmy Lewis at Acoustic Alliance

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Simeon Flick and Lee Tyler Post at Acoustic Alliance

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