

T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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



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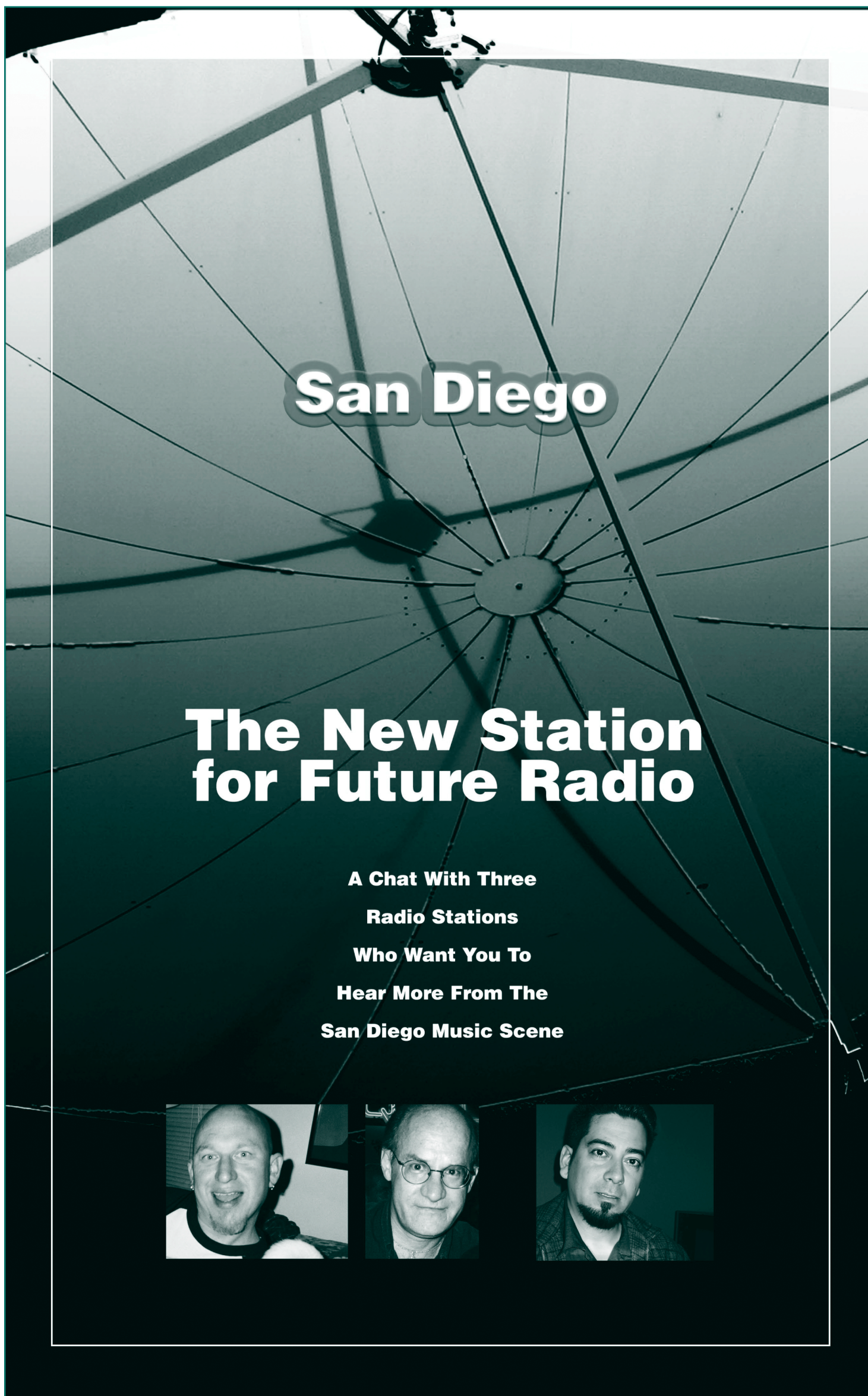
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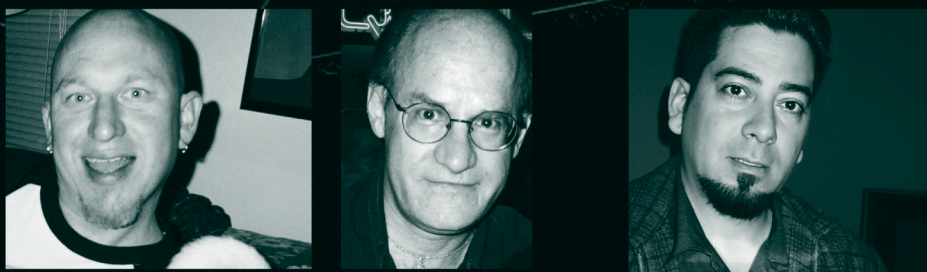
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate,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

SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR, the local source for alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news, is published monthly and is free of charge. Letters to the editor must be signed and may be edited for content. It is not, however, guaranteed that they will appear.

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

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Lou Curtiss

Photo: Bill Richardson

Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Don't they realize that limiting students to the three Rs and not allowing school-sponsored music programs means that exposure to music and dance is narrowly limited to corporate-controlled pop music? Such music often promotes images and ideas hardly appropriate for students of any grade.

The schools are somewhat to blame, too. For the past 13 years the Adams Avenue Roots Festival has been held right next to an elementary school. On occasion I've offered to bring some of the performers over to do free programs. The administrators at the school have shown no interest. I remember hearing Sam Hinton in junior high school back in the 1950s and got my first guitar the next year. It's ideal to discover a passion earlier in life rather than later, but many students never get that chance. And given the therapeutic, intellectual, and social benefits of studying art and music, it seems incredibly shortsighted, if not downright stupid to let all of it pass into a void.

Balancing the budget should not be done at the expense of a good arts and music education. If anything, programs should be expanded to include folk life and world music and arts study. Our entire community suffers with the loss of good music and arts teachers, librarians, and meaningful cultural arts programs. All this so schools can hire one more administrator who makes sure students get the short end of the stick and teachers are laid off, while the few who remain are expected to give up benefits and purchase music, arts, and craft supplies out of their own pockets. Quite a few people are running for school board seats this year but I've heard very little talk about arts and music in the schools. When I do hear about it, it's usually a private group or a parent organization

picking up the tab, and the schools that aren't as blessed can just forget about it. I guess the only way to change things is to make waves. That's what I'm trying to do here. You can help by letting the powers that be know that you care.

Well, another Roots Festival (#33) is in the can and I'm already on the search for artists for next year. It was a nice little festival, although I sadly missed the out-of-town regulars such as Mary McCaslin, Hank Bradley, Larry Hanks, and Frannie Leopold who have helped carry the word about the quality of local talent to other parts of the West. It would also have been nice to have a folklorist like Mike Seeger or Joe Hickerson to carry the word back East about our good works. This year's festival featured artists who won't get a boost from playing it, which hasn't been the case in the past, and I'm going to try my darndest to see that it isn't the case in the future. We need more support from the people who care about roots music. I've been putting the music together for 33 years, so I think I know something about roots music. It's only this last festival that some of the booking was taken out of my hands.

Don't forget that legendary blues pianist Floyd Dixon will be in concert on Monday, July 25, to celebrate 20 years of my radio show, *Jazz/Roots*, on KSDS 88.3 FM (Sunday nights, 8-10pm). The concert will be held in the San Diego City College auditorium. See you there.

Recordially,

Lou Curtiss

GO FIGURE

Every era has had its ugly music and its beautiful music and every era has had music fans and collectors who weren't afraid to speak up and disagree with others about what that music was. Sometimes you hear something on a record and you don't like it. Well, that's okay. It's a recording. It'll be around for awhile. In fact, it might even sound better 10 years down the road. You might even like it then. Old songs that I used to make fun of sometimes even sound good to me now.

Running a record shop (make that *independent* record shop) has made me pretty aware of folks' likes and dislikes. Aware yes, but I continue to be surprised at what people collect and why they collect. I recently read in the *L.A. Times* that, to many, "music is a fetishistic activity in the primary meaning of fetish — an object that is believed to have magical or spiritual powers." In this day of downloading music from the Internet, the question should be asked: "Can one fetishize an MP3 file?" I haven't been able to as yet. As my son Ben will attest, you can fetishize the player but that's a different thing.

Education isn't just about feeding the brain. Art and music feed the heart and soul as well as increase brain function, positively affecting all other things taught, i.e., music is math, dance is geometry. It's really a crime that California doesn't provide a solid arts education for each child. Rather than considering it a luxury, our state educators should consider it a lifesaver. I would think it better to allocate funding to teach arts and music in schools sooner rather than later as evident by our growing prison population. I've seen so many kids who were exposed to music or a musical instrument for the first time move away from behavior likely to get them into trouble.

It seems that the very people who complain about funding for the arts are the same ones who complain about the state of the music business.

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ERRATA

Credit for photos of Cindy Lee Berryhill and Tanya Rose & the Buffalo Chip Kickers on last month's Local Seen page was incorrect. Tim Flack should have been listed as the photographer.

Last month's *Troubadours* were printed with the wrong spot color. It should have been a much darker magenta. Aaaaack! The *Troubadour* regrets the errors.

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WHY SHOP ELSEWHERE?



The Kingston Trio: Two Out of Three Ain't Bad . . .

by Bart Mendoza

While the few local groups that managed to trouble the top 40 during rock's Golden Era tend to be fairly well known by area residents, less easily identified are the number of musicians who called San Diego home on their way to bigger and better things. Without a San Diego born or bred musician, a number of classic groups, including the Byrds, Moby Grape, the Mothers of Invention, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Chicago, the Flying Burrito Brothers, and others, would have sounded at least a bit different. Possibly topping that list would be legendary folk group the Kingston Trio.

Not just one of the biggest selling acts of the 1960s, the Kingston Trio had a major impact on pop culture, setting off a folk music boom, the repercussions of which are still being felt today. Credited with kick starting America's love for acoustic guitar and interjecting social commentary into top 40 radio, the group is considered to be a product of the San Francisco Bay Area, while, in fact, founding member Nick Reynolds was born on July 27, 1933, in Coronado, where he remains a resident to this day.

The trio, which included Reynolds (vocals, tenor guitar, conga, and bongos), Bob Shane (vocals, tenor banjo, and six-string guitar), and Dave Guard (vocals, six-string guitar, 12-string guitar, and five-string banjo), came together during their college days in 1957. As part of a loose group of musical friends at school in Palo Alto, they took part in projects, the most significant of which would likely be Dave Guard and the Calypsonians, which saw Reynolds and Guard teamed with Barbara Bogue and Joe Gannon. While this combo never officially released anything at the time, they did record acetates of at least eight tracks.

Replacing Bogue and Gannon with Shane toward the end of the school year, the trio was set. Barely a month after they had named themselves after a Jamaican town, they were on their way. Asked to fill in for comedienne Phyllis Diller that Memorial Day weekend at San Francisco's below ground nightclub, the Purple Onion, the group's mix of ballads and folk songs was a huge hit. Asked to return for a week-long engagement, the band's stay at the club would end up lasting seven months. Quickly drawing major label attention, the Kingston Trio signed with Capitol Records, releasing their self-titled debut in early 1958. Their first single, "Scarlet Ribbons," was given a major promotional push, resulting in their national TV debut that May. When the three made an appearance as World War II pilots on "Rumors of Evening," an episode on *Playhouse 90*, it naturally offered an opportunity for them to plug their song.

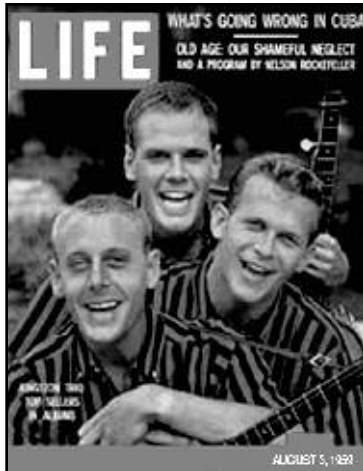
Despite the hoopla surrounding their debut, it was the trio's second single, "Tom Dooley,"

plucked from obscurity by a Utah deejay who remembered the tune from a live performance, that captured the public's attention. Reynolds, Guard, and Shane quickly hit the media spotlight and became regulars on dozens of variety programs and magazine covers. The tune would hit number one on the pop charts and number nine on what was then termed the "black" charts. It would also go on to sell more than 3,000,000 copies and earn the group their only gold disc for a single, although they would earn seven gold album awards by 1964. Oddly, while the song was nominated for that year's Grammy Awards in the category of Best Performance by a Vocal Group, it instead scored a trophy for Best Country & Western Performance. The following year the Academy got it right and the group won a second award for their album *The Kingston Trio at Large*, in the category of Best Folk Performance.

In 1961, despite the group's success, Guard opted out of the trio, and his place was taken by another musician with a local connection: John Stewart. Born in San Diego on September 5, 1939, Stewart first emerged as a member of the Cumberland Three in 1958. Having already contributed the songs "Green Grasses" and "Molly Dee" to the group's repertoire, Stewart was a natural choice to replace Guard. He began rehearsing with the group in June of 1961 and started to work in the studio with Reynolds and Shane. His first album as part of the trio, *Close Up*, was released on September 11, with his live debut five days later at a Boys Club Fundraiser in Santa Rosa, as a warm up for a date at the Hollywood Bowl later that month. Stewart would go on to record 16 albums while part of the trio, scoring hits with such classics as "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"

The plug was pulled on the group's first era on June 16, 1967, with a final show at San Francisco's Hungry I nightclub before a star-studded audience. Interestingly, at a time when most acts' careers revolved around singles, the Kingston Trio were very much an album act. During their heyday — between 1958 and 1963 — the band scored over 20 chart singles, including five top tens and a number one hit. Meanwhile, between 1958 and 1969, almost two dozen albums were released, 23 of which charted, including 14 top tens and five number ones.

After leaving the group in 1967, Stewart quickly landed on his feet, penning the song "Daydream Believer." The song was a number one hit for the Monkees in 1967 and rose to number 12 for Anne Murray in 1980. Stewart went on to critical acclaim as a solo artist and, by the late 1970s, was playing electric-based rock with a band that included Nick Reynolds nephew, future Beat Farmer Joey Harris. In 1979 Stewart finally struck gold with the album *Bombs Away Dream Babies*, the title courtesy of Dave Guard and with Reynolds present at sessions. The key to the album's success likely boiled down to the involve-

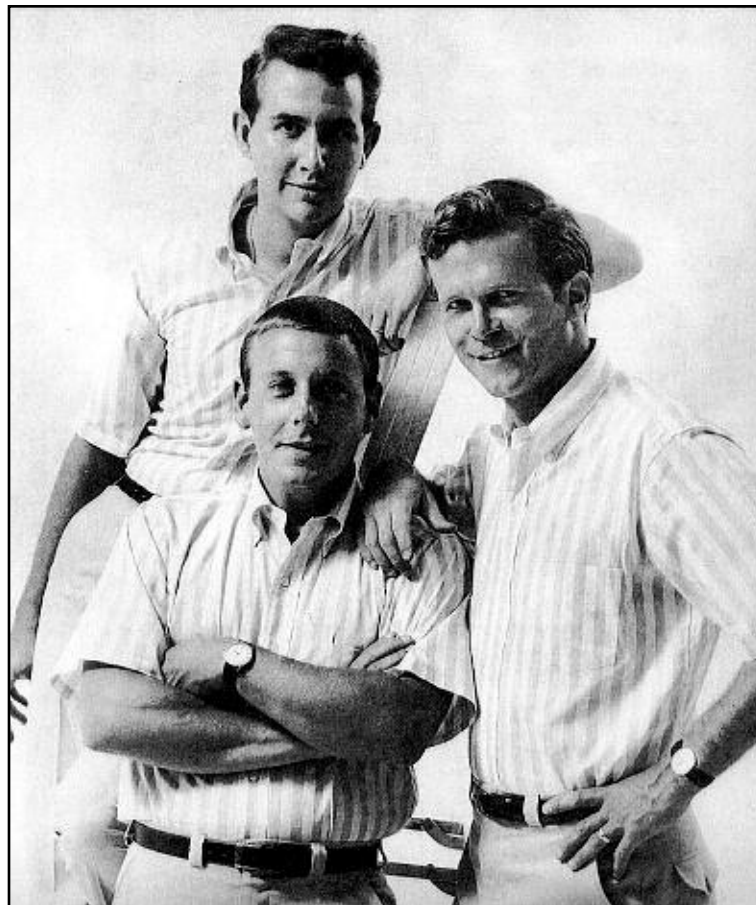


The Trio with Mike Guard (center) on the cover of LIFE magazine, August 1959.

ment of Kingston Trio fan Lindsey Buckingham as well as Stevie Nicks, both then at the height of their fame in Fleetwood Mac. The result was a pair of top 40 chart entries: "Midnight Wind" and "Lost Her in the Sun" as well as the top five song "Gold." Stewart made a slew of TV appearances to promote the single, including a lip sync spot that year with the Solid Gold Dancers. The Buckingham-Stewart connection would continue into the mid-1980s, with the pair collaborating on three more albums — *Blondes* (1982), *Revenge of the Budgie* (1983), and *The Last Campaign* (1985); Nicks would later include "Gold" on her career retrospective, *Enchanted*, released in 1998.

The band was resurrected as The New Kingston Trio just over a year after its split in 1967; now with Bob Shane as the lone, original member, and setting in motion a long string of replacement players. They would revert back to the the Kingston Trio in 1976 following Shane's buy out of the name from his former partners. Although a reunion might have seemed unlikely, on November 7, 1981, PBS brought the original trio together for a TV show, *The Kingston Trio and Friends Reunion*. Broadcast in 1982, the program included each of the various incarnations of the group including Stewart. Sharp-eyed viewers should keep an eye out for Buckingham who played bass for the trio during the show. However, a bigger surprise lay ahead in 1987. Following the death of latter day member Roger Gambill, Reynolds returned to the group, where he remained until semi-retirement in 1999.

The Kingston Trio continues to tour and record, though oddly, now with none of the original members. However fans of the original combo still have a chance to take in some of the original sound, as Reynolds and Stewart join forces annually for the Kingston Trio Fantasy Camp. Now in its seventh year, this event gives fans the opportunity to meet and sit in with their heroes. This year's camp is scheduled for August 10-12 at the Scottsdale, Arizona, Plaza Resort. Participants will even receive a signature striped shirt just like the trio is famous for wearing and a video of their performance with Reynolds and Stewart. For



1961 publicity shot with John Stewart (in back), Nick Reynolds (front left), and Bob Shane



The group at Humphrey's ca. 1999 with original members Bob Shane (3rd from right) and Nick Reynolds (far right)

more information: www.triofantasycamp.com.

It's might just be possible that a resurgence is just around the corner. The current edition of the band will be taping a new DVD on June 17 at the Yuma Theatre. More important, PBS is in the midst of post production on a documentary covering the history of the trio, due to air this fall. At the same time Timeless Media will release a DVD documentary about the group, a refocus of the

spotlight that's richly deserved. Although the Kingston Trio is often overlooked in today's music world, their impact during the pre-Beatles 1960s is incalculable and inspired legions of musicians in their wake.

John Stewart performs in Lakeside on Sunday, June 18. For information and reservations, phone 619/443-9622 or visit www.darkthirty.com.

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There's Nothing Small About Petite's Talent

by John Philip Wyllie

Forrest Gump was right. Life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're going to get. CDs can be the same way.

That turned out to be especially true of my recent experience with Sara Petite's new album, *Tiger Mountain*. I had never heard or even heard of Sara Petite prior to accepting this assignment, so it was with great anticipation that I tore into her new CD's plastic wrapping.

I was immediately taken by her unique vocal style. Something about it reminded me of Lucinda Williams. Not that Petite necessarily sounds a lot like her, but her vocals have a similar originality. I found it somewhat of an acquired taste. The more I listened, the more I liked it.

According to her long-time friend and *Tiger Mountain* contributor Shawn P. Rohlf, Petite has been playing locally over the last several years under the name Honky Tonk Girl. Her new band, the Sugar Daddies, formed about a year ago.

Together, they may be going places. In a more literal sense, Petite already is. At this writing she is on a brief tour in Ireland where she will play a half dozen dates in various clubs and pubs across the Emerald Isle.

Her life as an artist began about seven years ago while she was still in college. Trained as a child on a piano, Petite picked up the guitar while in school and soon realized that she had knack for writing songs. She has been honing those skills ever since. *Tiger Mountain*, which began to take shape last August, is her debut album and one that her grandma, to whom three of the songs are dedicated, would be very proud.

"A few of the songs are about home and my grandma. Those [bluegrass] songs are the ones that sort of tie it together. I didn't want it to be [entirely] bluegrass, but there are some bluegrass songs on it," Petite explained between sets before a capacity crowd at Adam's Avenue's Ould Sod.

Petite received a major boost to her career a while back when two of her songs were honored at the prestigious

Nashville International Songwriting Competition. "Coming Home" and "Shine Some Heaven," both of which are included on *Tiger Mountain*, went on to the semifinals in Nashville, rising to the top from a sea of 50,000 entries.

"Gypsy," another cut from *Tiger Mountain*, made it to the third round. The three songs form the nucleus of what is a very solid debut album, on which Petite demonstrates her versatility.

"Some of the songs are bluegrassy, others are folk. "Coming Home" is definitely country sounding and some of the others are more like folk-rock. "Old Friend" is rocked-up a bit, so there is a lot of variety. I've received really good feedback on it and different people are picking out different songs that they like."

What they all have in common is Petite's considerable gift for songwriting.

"Her style of music is very home grown and organic with honest tunes," Rohlf said. "She has good taste in music and she has her own style. Sara has a really unique voice and she executes her songs very well," he added.

Rohlf also talked about Petite's "infectious personality" and her ability

to brighten up a room and bring joy to the people around her. Those same characteristics are heard in her music.

Petite's primary goal in recording *Tiger Mountain* was to make an album that she could truly call her own. She therefore rejected the idea of adding a few covers or collaborating with a co-writer or two. All 11 songs on this album are entirely hers.

With a monster band of local veterans playing behind her, her sound is distilled and refined like a smooth whiskey.

"I'm pretty independent and a bit of a maverick and I also paid for everything, so I got to do everything my




Sara Petite

way. I'm not trying to be like anybody else; I just wanted everything to be original and me."

Find out more about Sara Petite at: www.SaraPetite.com. She will perform June 4 at Acoustic Alliance and later this summer at Lestat's and the Whistle Stop.

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“We’re caught in a trap.”

A Less-than-Undercover Report from Inside Karaoke Nation

by Raul Sandelin

We all remember the good ol’ days, back when everything cost a nickel, everybody had to walk everywhere (uphill both ways I might add), and, after the day was done, the kin-folk would gather on the porch — Pa with his getar, Ma with her fiddle, and some crazy uncle named Scooter with a mason jar filled with firewater. That was all back when the Collective We was burdened with entertaining itself.

Nowadays, the average American home finds 2.3 kids, 1.4 parents, yet 3.6 TVs! We stick a couple of spare computers in there,

maybe an X Cube, and some porno movie trailers on the cellphone, destroying any incentive for the Collective We to do collective jack squat! The point is we don’t really do anything as a collective anymore. And, God forbid, if we were ambushed for one sheer moment of silence without some gadget leaping out of its box and doing some circuit-card song-and-dance to keep us entertained.

Enter Karaoke, imported from the land that builds cars with no built-in obsolescence and robotic dogs that are just like real dogs (They make great pets too!) except they won’t do their business in your shoe if you don’t run them up and down the doggy walk at 5:30 every morning. However, whatever the Eastern and exotic origins of Karaoke, it has found its way into middle America just like those gas pains one suffers after eating too many hot dogs on the Fourth of July.

But we have to admit: Karaoke is at least an attempt to bring our culture home, to make it our own again, to rip the tentacles of microwavable, prefab drive-thru consumerism away from what should be local, communal, and folk inspired. Of course, that doesn’t mean you have to stand next to Pete Seeger in the back of Alan Lomax’s truck. But, it ain’t debating tribal strategies the morning after “Survivor” either. It’s a hybrid. As shameless as a Humvee crashing through a plate glass window at Walmart, Karaoke also requires some personal risk and practice and, God forbid, talent. It also depends upon the Collective We for its energy and spontaneity.

Inspired by Will Edwards’ noble attempt to recreate his experiences on the road in a series of articles, which began in last month’s *Troubadour*, I chose a tackier route. For the past few weeks I’ve been slipping into various Karaoke joints around town in search of the Heaven that gives us golden throated

Honkytonk Angels and Sexual Healers. I’ve been searching out Karaoke Nation!

While nursing near beer and Virgin Marys (I abstained from imbibing as to keep my critic’s ear razor sharp), I learned about the many layers of Karaoke culture, for instance I found out that some people do it for fun. But there are those who are deadly serious. I met a construction worker who got up to sing Donny Osmond’s “Puppy Love” for his wife and a table of her adoring friends. I met Meet-Neil-And-Bob Diamond, who belted out (you guessed it) “Sweet Caroline” while his good lung coughed up the chorus as only Camel nonfilters can sing backup. I met a woman who, with her own entourage of Pips standing behind her, sang “Midnight Train to Georgia” with so much heart and guts that Gladys Knight should be proud if ever offered the opportunity to be her roadie. And, I met Melvis (“It’s really Melvin...get it?”) who, with a straight face, asked all new bar patrons as they entered if they’d ever heard of an obscure song called “Suspicious Minds” and would they like him to sing it to them.

But, back to the question of Karaoke’s aesthetic values: Can Karaoke really be considered “culturally correct?”

“About as redeeming as macaroni art,” a friend of mine commented.

After retorting without thinking, “What’s wrong with macaroni art?” I had to really start digging, or forcing him to dig, for the primal definition of art in the first place.

Do Karaoke singers write their own songs? No, but neither did Elvis nor does Pavarotti! In fact, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards decided to put their own by-line on their hit “Love in Vain,” which is actually a song called “Love in Vain Blues” originally written by Robert Johnson. Are Karaoke singers political? Yes and no. I guess they’re as political as the songs they sing and the

original artists who performed those songs. So, if some guy decides to croon “Wonderful Tonight,” he’s as political as my friend was at that particular moment. And, finally, here’s the big one: Are Karaoke singers artistically serious? The answer to this leads me back to where this dialectic began: “What’s wrong with macaroni art?”

The truth is that defining art, and what qualifies as art and the *artist*, is always problematic. While balancing Andy Warhol and Yoko Ono at one extreme with Olaf Wieghorst and George Jones at the other, artistic sensibility is always going to fall somewhere in the middle. The question then becomes whose middle is the best middle?

It’s 11:30. And, realizing that no one is listening anymore, Melvis stops singing “Suspicious Minds” in mid-song and sulks off. If someone had caught on film the personal tragedy of Melvis’ dejected departure from the small stage half way through his second verse, the sad clown facing the truth that sunrise on the Land of the Working Poor awaited him in just a few hours — now that would have been art!

So, that’s where I’m going with this series of articles if, Dear Reader, you will let me. I’d like to explore the human side, and hence the aesthetic side, of this culture that hunkers beneath its neon rainbows. And, knowing that no art is perfect art, I want to find out if, possibly, in this nation of cultural passivity, there are some redeemers out there in Karaoke Nation. Please stay tuned...



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by Chuck Schiele

For some time now, we've all been aware of radio stations falling into the corporate paradigm. It doesn't matter whether you're a musician looking for some airplay love, or if you're a music lover listening for the tunes that make your day — everyone is bored.

Radio is supposed to be about the music.

However, I learned some time ago that when you're talking about the "music business," the emphasis falls on the word "business." And what that means is that radio stations typically play what the "money" tells them to play. Sure, they try to make it interesting by introducing neat little contests and giveaways and all kinds of "stuff." But, in the meantime, all anybody really wants is to hear something aside from the same spammy selection of 25 or so "hits" that make the typical (yawn) sales-driven cut. Everybody on the planet feels radio would be more fun — much more compelling — if the Man stopped selecting the tunes and let the Jocks go back to doing what "they're supposed to be doing." Radio itself is supposed to be an art form. And when its done right, it seems to have a life of its own. However as the money enters, so does the science of marketing — and pretty soon the number crunchers are picking the same ol' thing, 'cause they saw it on a research list somewhere. And, with that, the passion for radio evaporates on both sides of the knob.

It is no wonder that, ever increasingly, the world is reaching for the mouse instead of the dial in seeking new music. With that notion in mind, I always stop and ask, "Why is that?" There are probably many factors and reasons — all arguable — but really it comes down to one distilled explanation. People can now find exactly what they want on their own terms via the Internet, especially when it comes to music. Music on the Internet is a world where those who are hungry for new music can feast on seemingly infinite choices.

It is a wonder, however, how many radio stations still wear the old school shoes while trying to do the new school dance, a dance where a buncha marketing and sales types homogenize their play lists according to ad sales analysis, further attesting that "this is the way we've always done it."

Am I that far off?

No.

Let's shift the subject a bit and talk about San Diego as a rapidly growing music scene. The word on the street, folks, is that we have a reputation for having the BEST music. Rumor I'm starting to hear over and over. More and more, people are taking notice of our musicians, and we have even changed the landscape of what music venues can be.

For the first time in more than 20 years San Diego musicians are noticing that they are emerging decisively with a serious focus on the wealth of our own music community. And since radio is so much about listening, it's a refreshingly interesting thing to see. Changes of our times and what the people really want.

I recently asked as many radio stations as I could about the relevancy of San Diego music. I was snubbed the opportunity to discuss their station as it relates to the local music community. I raised their antenna to tell us the great news. (I sent all stations one initial invitation from a total of six radio people, three of whom got busy, I suppose, and the other three to you with a new idea for radio. I would also like to note that Jim McInnes responded to me. He did applaud the San Diego Music community and has been doing so ever since. 30 something years ago. In fact, J.M. in the P.M. was the first radio guy I ever saw.

RADIOASB.

AMPLIFYSD.COM



Marc Belankey

My experience while attending a recent open house at AmplifySD.com, the new radio station operating at the Union-Tribune / SignOnSanDiego, provided the inspiration for this article. The station, which is managed by Marc Belankey, features more than 150 San Diego artists in their programming, including over 2,500 tunes in random play radio. That means there is practically no personal bias as to what is playing at any given moment. The station's criteria is that they play San Diego Music exclusively, except for the occasional cut from an act touring through town. And, by all means, the folks at AmplifySD.com are enthusiastic! For example, I brought my own CD press package so that I might be considered, only to be informed that my entire CD had already been included in the play list. I don't know how this happened, but somehow they took it upon themselves to make the effort, and they've made the same effort with everybody — excluding no one for the most part. Not only does that demonstrate enthusiasm, it also indicates a confidence and lack of fear in the music culture of our "finest" city.

Imagine that.

So, I made an appointment with Marc and his colleagues Chris Jennewein, Vice President of Internet Operations for Union-Tribune Publishing, and Alana Seifi, Program Engineer, to find out what's going on at AmplifySD.com

While sipping coffee, as deadline-oriented people, we got right down to it. I opened up and cut to the chase, inquiring about the mission of AmplifySD.com. What they told me is something all San Diego musicians and fans have been waiting to hear for a long, long time ... and from somebody with so much news power.

CS: What makes you guys want to do this?

MB: There so many great San Diego bands that the locals just don't know about. We want to be able to let San Diegans hear local bands that do not get exposure on regular radio. "

I leaned over and shook his hand, and said, "Thank you."

CJ: We set out to do something for the community of San Diego. We wanted to give something back. We also feel that a community is defined by its arts, the basis of its own local culture. And there is nothing more defining of our local culture than the wealth of the local music here. We're excited and feel very strongly about the music of San Diego.

I reached over to him and shook his hand, too. "Thank You."

Marc goes on to say that he's discovered so many artists he would have otherwise never heard in this undertaking, while also noting that he's pretty on top of the scene. We both agreed that, "Wow, that's how fast the scene here is growing."

It's hard to keep up with the explosion of music. Hence, this is the perfect situation — and the perfect time — for AmplifySD.com. to enter. They have a beautiful new studio with state-of-the-art gear; they have the financial support to do it right; they know how to reach a community ... and they are doing it with more enthusiasm than anybody I know.

CS: Do you have any criteria for who gets played, or not?"

MB: We are really focusing on men and women in the 18-35 year range. These are the type of people who might hear a band on AmplifySD.com and want to see them at their favorite venue and buy their CD. We play bands from the San Diego area. We may also play music from a band coming to the San Diego area."

CS: AmplifySD.com is paradigm-breaking radio on a number of levels. It looks like the new renaissance is "on" in radio as a technology and, therefore, as an art form. What are your perspectives, thoughts, and feelings on San Diego music, and what are your thoughts on conventional radio in San Diego?

MB: There are too many great bands in San Diego to dismiss. San Diegans need to hear and see these great musicians. Regrettably, the San Diego music scene has been mostly ignored by its radio stations. Of course, you can hear a

small selection of local music very late on a Sunday night. But you can hear these bands on our station 24 hours a day, seven days a week. We've had the pleasure of having guests like Gregory Page, the Black Heart Procession, and A.J. Croce in our studio and we plan to invite many more San Diego musicians into the studio in the future.

CS: Nice!

MB: We also have the capability to have bands perform short acoustic sets, and the live performances we have done so far sound fantastic. We also plan on sponsoring local band showcases and would like to be able to do a live broadcast of the show and rebroadcast those shows on later dates."

CS: You must realize that this is a dream come true for the San Diego musician and the San Diego music fan. It is astonishing to think of the potential, here. We'll have to talk about some shows...."

CJ: Everyone is floored.

I turn back to Marc, since he's programming the show and is super present in the scene.

CS: Where do you see the future of radio, local music. What's the forecast as you see it?

MB: I can't say what is in the future for San Diego radio. I just hope to play a big role in the future of local music."

CJ: We're here as a friend of the San Diego music community. And we're very proud of that.

This is obvious to this music writer. I flick my Bic. Tune in world-class music from San Diego on

www.AmplifySD.com

Turn Up Your Weekend

SignOnSanDiego Entertainment Guide editors run down the weekend's best music.

Tune in: Thursdays at 11am and 3pm; Fridays at 11am and 3pm; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5pm.

New Music Report

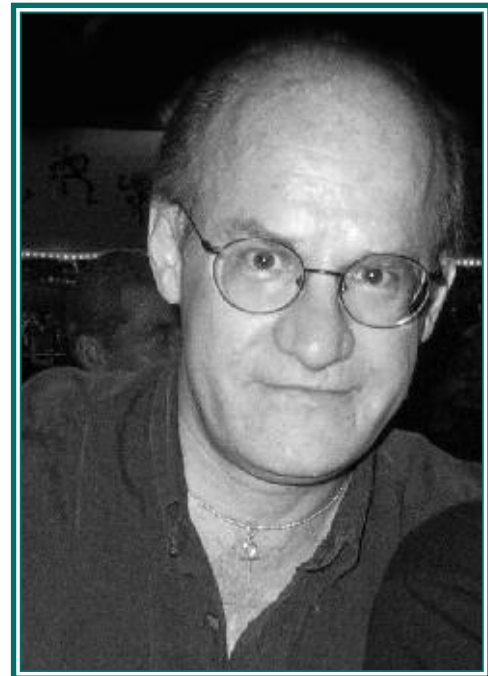
SignOnSanDiego Music Editor Maya Kroth checks out the week's new releases.

Tune in: Tuesdays at 10am and 2 and 5pm.

Photo: Chuck Schiele



Chris Jennewein, Marc Belankey, Alana Seifi



Richard F. Burrell

RadioASB.com has also entered the San Diego music scene with the passionate mission of embracing the music here. I became aware of RadioASB at last year's Troubadour Christmas party, where I was introduced to Richard Burrell through my friend and music pal, Chris Klich, who was currently receiving airplay. We talked quite a while on topics of radio, Internet technology, music, and, specifically, San Diego Music. In the interest of receiving airplay, I sent Mr. Burrell a CD, whereupon he immediately threw it into rotation along with a few other San Diego artists. No dance to do, no humbling condescension to survive. He just got it played.

Since that time my wife, Joanna, and I have become friends with Rick and, by now, even associates, working as "jocks" with our own morning show. We are also becoming increasingly involved with RadioASB.com in general, delighted in its progressive nature. And while RadioASB doesn't play local music 24/7, they support San Diego music by reaching out every day to grow in a direction that includes and embraces the music scene here. And RadioASB.com is doing the same thing in other cities using San Diego as its model. It is interesting to note that they view the entire chaotic shift of technology as it is applied to radio not as a storm to weather, but rather as an obvious opportunity. This is an experience that has been an incredible thing to witness, let alone to be involved with and take faith in.

I had a chat with Richard "Rick" Burrell, Executive Vice President and CTO of Syntarus Corporation and RadioASB.com.

CS: Please tell us, in your own words, what RadioASB.com is all about.

RB: RadioASB is unique in that we provide airplay of American Songbook music that no longer receives the attention it deserves. We are also extremely supportive of independent artists and manifest that support through consistent airplay, on air interviews, in studio live performances, and special RadioASB programs that showcase new indie CD releases. We also provide coverage of select local and national music events featuring indie artists, including event promotion, publicity, and sponsorship. RadioASB also works very closely with independ-



San Diego: The New Station for Future Radio

music force.

ST music scene in the nation at this point. At least it's a
e that we have more venues, more hard-working musi-

at something interesting is happening. New stations are
nity. Their arms are wide open. Their ears are wide open,
ng to see a small handful of stations, listening to the

Diego music. While most of the people I talked to
ulture, there were three stations that enthusiastically
tion to participate and two reminders. I did in fact hear
er three are right here in the following effort to reach out
onded as well. While he didn't say much on the future of
er since he pioneered "Home Grown" records at KGB-FM,
v take interest in local music.)

COM

ent artists on RadioASB projects and activities. Of course,
by now you and your lovely wife Joanna are hosts of the
local RadioASB "Morning Show West Coast with Chuck
and Joanna Schiele" program, which broadcasts every
Monday through Friday, 7-9am PDT. Another local indie
artist, Will Edwards, who provides considerable technical
expertise to RadioASB, was instrumental in the RadioASB
coverage of the recent 33rd Annual Adams Avenue Roots
and Folk Festival here in San Diego. Further, RadioASB
already gives considerable airplay to such San Diego
indie artists as Lisa Sanders, the Chris Klich Jazz Quintet,
Laura Preble, the Grams, Gregory Page, the Eve Selis
Band, Randi Driscoll, Will Edwards, and Berkley Hart. In
addition, we showcase CD releases, such as the recent
Chris Klich Jazz Quintet tribute to the music of the 1940s
titled *Blue Skies* and the Gram's new self-titled CD. Two
other CDs of note are Gregory Page's re-release of *Love
Made Me Drunk* and the forthcoming, much anticipated
Lisa Sanders CD, *Last Night in Roseburg*.

CS: Being an East Coaster, what are your perspectives,
thoughts, and feelings on San Diego music and the
scene itself?

RB: Aside from San Diego, RadioASB has studios in New York
City, Phoenix, Denver, and Nashville and, as a result, we
are very much aware of local talent from major cities
around the U.S. Having said that, we've been extremely
impressed with the San Diego music scene as it relates to
the exceptional quality of local independent artists. As an
East Coaster who relocated to San Diego in 2000, and as
someone extremely well acquainted with the local New
York City music landscape, I can assure you that San
Diegoan indie artists are not only on a par with their New
York City counterparts, but also some of the local music
actually supersedes that of their East Coast colleagues. In
addition, the community support of the local San Diego
music scene is quite impressive. I recently attended a San
Diego music event, which showcased the talent of 17
female artists, and the venue was completely sold out.
The audience response to each and every performer was
the warmest and most sincere that I have ever had the
pleasure to witness. Community support of that nature,
and on that scale, will ensure that indie music continues
to flourish here in San Diego.

Rick comes from a technological background centered
around state-of-the-art Internet and software technology. He
is the mastermind under the hood at RadioASB. He makes the
whole thing work.

CS: What do you think about conventional radio?

RB: Radio has deteriorated significantly over the years as the
result of a combination of factors, including extremely
substandard music presented by thoroughly unprofes-
sional and misinformed program hosts. This has created
a situation where many people no longer even attempt
to seek something worthwhile to listen to on the radio. A
factor that has also greatly exacerbated the problem is
the unfortunate reality that educational budgets have
been consistently reduced over the years, leading to
either inadequate, or more alarmingly, a complete
absence of music and arts curricula. The cornerstone of
the RadioASB philosophy not only includes a deep com-
mitment to preserving and presenting the creative
genius of the American Songbook but also to concerted
and continuing educational outreach efforts through pro-
grams that instill a deep sense of music appreciation, cul-
ture, and heritage. The RadioASB premise is unique in
today's fractured radio marketplace in that our station is
about the music and the format in which that music is
presented.

CS: Aside from including independent artists in your roster at

a constantly growing rate, how and what else does
RadioASB.com do to foster indie music?

RB: RadioASB not only provides considerable airplay to
deserving independent artists, but we also conduct regu-
lar on-air interviews, in-studio live performances, special
RadioASB programs showcasing new Indie CD releases
and coverage of local and national music festivals, which
feature indie artists and includes event promotion, on-air
publicity, and event sponsorship.

CS: How long have you been at it?

RB: RadioASB had its inception with the broadcast of the
"RadioASB Christmas Eve Yule Log," a special six-hour
debut that aired last Christmas Eve. The program, which
was hosted by New York City FM radio veteran Carl J.
Sabatino, created a melodious holiday landscape bursting
with a colorful kaleidoscope of musical moods that fea-
tured exceptional holiday songs, both old and new, from
the American Songbook catalog. Two of San Diego's
finest were featured on that program — The Chris Klich
Jazz Quintet delivered a superbly executed jazz rendition
of that perennial Christmas favorite "Winter Wonderland"
while the Eve Selis Band graced the airwaves with a coun-
try flavored original composition, "When Wishes Come
True." RadioASB welcomes and embraces the contribu-
tions that both of these incredibly talented San Diego
musicians and their respective groups bring to the
American Songbook, and we will continue to showcase
that caliber of Indie talent.

CS: Radio, and media in general, is witnessing a change in
the so-called weather. What's the RadioASB forecast for
the future of radio from your perspective?

RB: The focus at RadioASB is to continue to develop a radio
station that moves across formats and is designed to
appeal to an extensive, musically mature listenership, that
provides its audience with the music, both old and new,
which meets the expectations of that profile. In every
sense of the phrase, breakthrough radio is precisely what
RadioASB will deliver through diverse musical content,
program format variety, professional deejay personality
presentation, and comprehensive play lists. We are also
devoted to maintaining RadioASB at the forefront of the
radio industry through the technological advances and
infrastructure needed to deliver high quality radio broad-
casting to myriad new communication channel opportu-
nities as they emerge.

CS: Please tell the readers in your best radio voice where they
find RadioASB.com

Being a good sport, Rick replies while adjusting his body
to sit up straight to obtain the perfect vocal posture.
"www.RadioASB.com. It's about the music."

TIM PYLES AND THE LOCAL 94.9

Our third
enthusiast is Tim
Pyles from 94/9-
FM's "Local Pyle," a show
featuring San Diego artists
every Sunday night at 8pm.
He is also becoming
increasingly present in the
music community via other
supportive means. We con-
ducted our interview via
email, and it went as fol-
lows:

CS: Please tell me the mis-
sion of your program
as applied to local
music programming.

TP: My show is nothing
but local for two hours,
so I'd say we're very
focused on supporting the local music scene. The station
as a whole does many other things to support local
music, such as playing Pinback, Angels & Airwaves, hav-
ing U.V. Tigers on their annual Independence Jam, and
covering several other local acts during Big Sonic Chill.
We also highlight a local band a day, which we call the
Local 94/9 Member of the Day.

CS: [I now recall that my own band had that privilege a few
month's ago.] Thank you. It made a positive, supporting
difference, and I was delighted, first hand, in your enthu-
siasm for local music. Tell us all exactly what you play.
What do you do that is unique unto yourselves? Your
niche?

TP: My niche is anything local and I truly mean that! I have
some discerning taste but I WILL play anything from The
Locust's most recent release, a movement in four parts
that was over ten minutes, to hip hop to metal to blue-
grass to punk to ska to electronic to rock to ambient to
whatever the hell I think is worthy. It doesn't even have
to have been recorded in a real studio! I've played stuff
that may have had some production issues but was too
good not to play. It's all in the song.
When I asked Tim about what he thinks of San Diego
music, he was matter of fact about it.

TP: The diversity is incredible! I can't say everybody is one
big happy family, but I DO love how many different
styles are represented in the local music scene. It's not
one scene, but many! I love San Diego. It's finally grow-
ing up!

I also find this to be true: our scene is one big collection
of smaller scenes — kind of like gears and networks collect-
ing into one big machine.

Tim offers his thoughts on Radio.

TP: Radio is God! Yes we have loads of diversions now, but
I'm still a radio junkie overall! I would love to have expe-
rienced more of the glory days of radio — the days of
Wolfman Jack! One of my favorites who I did experience
was local Shotgun Tom Kelly, one of the last great's great
from that bygone era. You can still hear him in L.A.!

CS: I heard Shotgun on a radio commercial the other day; I
had no idea where he went to, but you recognize that



Tim Pyles

voice in one word. Aside from broadcasting and/or web-
casting your show, do you incorporate other things into
your effort, such as live show events, in-studio guests, or
community service?

TP: All of the above! I have bands on my show regularly. I
also host events at the Beauty Bar where I incorporate
local designers as well as bands. At the Casbah we have
some big plans for the summer, so take a look at our web
site.

CS: Where do you see the future of radio and local music?
What's the forecast as you see it?

TP: Wow! More venues, more bands, more music fans! More
places for the kids and more for the adults! More bands
being signed! People all over the country will begin to
talk about the San Diego sound! I can smell it! The
problem is that there is no defining sound and that's my
favorite part!

CS: Tell us where to find your music playground.

The Local 94/9: Every Sunday from 8-10pm
The Local 94/9 Member of the Day: Every week night at 9pm
www.fm949sd.com/local/
www.myspace.com/thelocalpyle
www.myspace.com/thelocal949

The Local 94/9 can now be heard via Audio On Demand.
A stream of each show is up for one month on the site, avail-
able for listening on demand.

In closing I'd like to say that myself, the San Diego
Troubadour, and local music fans applaud AmplifySD.com,
RadioASB.com, and FM94/9 for their enthusiasm and real
interest in their music community. Thank you for taking the
time to show your interest.



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

IT'S BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL SEASON

Summer is the season for bluegrass music festivals. Here's a run down of some of the festivals you might be interested in.



HUCK FINN JUBILEE is a popular Southern California festival held at the Mojave Narrows Regional Park in Victorville over Father's Day weekend, June 16-18. This year's festival offers on-site camping, vendors, children's activities, and a great music lineup, including the Lonesome River Band, U.S. Navy Band, Grascals, Laurie Lewis, and Mel and Pam Tillis. It's about a two and a half hour drive from San Diego by car, and it can get hot in the daytime (although last year it was cold - go figure!), but overall it's a great festival in a nice setting with top-of-the-line music. For tickets and more info, visit: www.huckfinn.com.

TELLURIDE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL is one



of the best in the country. Located in historic Telluride, Colorado

(elev. 9,000 ft.), the spectacular setting offers a view of alpine mountains and a waterfall as a backdrop. Unfortunately, this festival is held over the same Father's Day weekend as the Huck Finn Jubilee. This year's festival features Tim O'Brien, Del McCoury Band, Sam Bush, Jerry Douglas, Emmy Lou Harris, John Prine, Bonnie Raitt, and Nickel Creek.

Telluride also hosts one of the top bluegrass band competitions as well as a singer songwriter competition. For details and ticket info: www.bluegrass.com/telluride.

ROCKY GRASS BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL



takes place in Lyons, Colorado, near Fort Collins on July 28-30.

Smaller than Telluride, the music is less eclectic and more straight-ahead bluegrass, but the setting is nice, with good camping. This year's performers include Earl Scruggs; Tony Rice; Roland White; Jerry Douglas; and songwriters Darrel Scott, Steve Earle,



and Tim O'Brien. A live performance of the original *Marzanita* album will be presented as a special treat. Rocky Grass also hosts a band competition, a music academy, and a singer-songwriter competition. For info and tickets: www.bluegrass.com/rockygrass



SUMMER-GRASS SAN DIEGO is held over the weekend of August 25-27 at the

interesting Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum (2040 North Santa Fe, Vista). The 40-acre site boasts antique farm equipment from the 1850s to the 1950s, along with a working blacksmith shop, old-time schoolhouse, model train, weavers building with one of the largest collections of looms in the country, a farm house, and more. On-site camping is available in addition to lots of jamming, vendors, on-site food, workshops, and a Kid's Music Camp. This year includes headliners California and Blue Highway; with the Stringdusters.; Chris Stuart and Backcountry, David Thom Band, Sheri Lee, and Blue Heart; and local favorites Lighthouse, 117 West, and Second Delivery. For tickets and info: www.summergrass.net.

JULIAN BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL, which is also easily accessible to locals, will be held over the weekend of September 16-17 at the Frank Lane Park, an hour and a half drive from San Diego. The festival does not offer on-site camping, but it does offer vendors and food during the day, with the music closing at sunset. Featured this year are the Donner Mountain Band, the 7th Day Buskers, Suzie Glaze, and other locals. For tickets and info: www.julianbluegrassfestival.com.

These five festivals are typically the most popular with San Diegans, but there are others. If your taste runs a little broader than straight-ahead bluegrass you might enjoy the fall Strawberry Festival at Camp Mather just outside Yosemite, but alas, both the fall and spring Strawberry Festivals are already sold out!

If you don't at least make it to Summergrass, you will have really missed a great opportunity in your own back yard. In fact, I'll bet you will like the festival scene so much you would enjoy one or more of these other events in addition to your visit to Summergrass.

Hope to see you there!

The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

FEELING MELLO

It was an exemplary California summer's day in 1988, and like any self respecting melanin-deficient musician ... I went to the mall.

At the time, I had been living in Los Angeles for a little over a year, having made my pilgrimage to the mother ship of the music industry for pretty much the same reasons most other like-minded singer-songwriters do.

Consequently, I shared the similar fate of having quite a bit of free time on my hands (oh sweet, delicious free time ... how I miss you...). So here I am at the Glendale Galleria. I walk into the Sam

Goody music store and after listening for a moment to make certain no Paula Abdul songs were playing, I start to browse around. The music that they're playing is actually really cool, and I'm instantly in my happy place: Digging through the bins and grooving to vibe songs from a band that seem only slightly familiar to my already omnivorous ears. Then I heard it: the creaky, warbly, and unmistakably antique sound of a small string ensemble that sounded as if it were playing from Grandma's old Victrola, minus the static and scratches. As the song continued, I was mesmerized by the rich melody and vivid lyrical imagery. After a minute or so, I realized I had stopped everything I was doing and was just staring into space, trying to take in the full scope of what was going on in the arrangement. Wait...was that oboe? An English horn? I finally couldn't take it anymore and made my way to the front counter. "Is this a new McCartney record?" I asked. "No. This is the new Crowded House," said the poly-pierced hipster clerk with a look that added the word "dumb-ass" to the end of his sentence. I thanked him, bought the CD, and hauled ass home in much the same manner as I had 20 years earlier after first hearing the Jackson 5's "I Want You Back" (Note: Record Stores are cool as hell).

So began my near-pathological lust for the sounds of the Mellotron. I spent months listening to that album (Crowded House's *Temple of Low Men*) with headphones on, picking out all the cool layers that producer Mitchell Froom utilized to frame all 10 of the near-perfect pop gems on that album. Soon I was hearing the Mellotron's distinctive wheeze on other artists' work. Most of the time, the parts were performed by Froom, Patrick Warren, or Jon Brion, all experts on the instrument. Look up their discographies



online to find examples of their contributions.

The Mellotron was invented by Harry Chamberlin in 1946 (he actually invented the appropriately named Chamberlin, but we'll get to that momentarily). In greatly simplified terms, it's the first sampler - a keyboard that has a length of tape corresponding to each of the instrument's keys. As the key is depressed, the tape is passed over a corresponding playback head. These were not "loops" though. Each note was only able to play back about eight seconds before it ran out of tape. The key would then "rewind" itself after being released so you could play it again. Perhaps it's needless to say that the instrument was hugely unreliable due to its complex mechanical nature, and eventually a larger English company purchased the technology and began manufacturing an improved design. Thus, the Mellotron was born.

Reliability issues unfortunately still plagued the instrument, and it consequently became the province of keyboardists with a penchant for fixing things or those who could afford the services of such a person. This has resulted in the near impossibility of utilizing these sounds in independent music pro-



Sven-Erik Seaholm

ductions for the great majority of us fans of the Mellotron and Chamberlin...until now.

M-Audio has gathered an exhaustive library of Mellotron and Chamberlin tape banks and created a simple-to-use virtual instrument called the M-Tron (\$129.95). It's got all those great classic tones with

none of the headaches! Plus, it's installed as both a VST instrument and a stand-alone program. It installs very easily and, in no time, I was checking out all the cool sounds that came with it:

cellos, flutes ("Strawberry Fields" anyone?), choirs, orchestras, horns, harps, wine glasses...it does little justice to list the dozens of sounds. It's in the way that these sounds were altered by the previously described mechanics and the limitations of tape itself, along with the playing style dictated by the "eight-second rule" that really makes the instrument so special.

The sounds themselves are excellent reproductions, which means that there are some inherent anomalies like "pitchiness" and warble toward the end of notes, etc., but damn if this thing isn't the best reproduction of any instrument I've ever heard! The M-Tron also has a couple of new tricks up its sleeve, such as adjustable attack and release times, which means that one can tailor the sounds to better lay into more modern sounding tracks.

I've had a blast laying the M-Tron's creaky vibe into a wide range of projects and can't wait until my next opportunity. Thanks for the memories M-Audio!

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent artist and producer, who is currently in the studio recording his next solo album. Visit www.svensongs.com or www.thewildtruth.com to see where he's playing next.

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

OLD BIZ AND SHOW BIZ

I don't like two-part television episodes any more than I do serializations of stories in publications or musical continuums. (Can you imagine a Gregory Page Love Made Me Drunk serial?) But two months ago the amount of space I'm allowed each issue dictated that I split up what I had been convinced was a momentous, instructive "scoop." It was the first-ever published interview with Ms. Margaret Revere, who heads (or headed then) the National Organization for Cleanliness, Unity, and Morality. My meeting with this awesome beauty, I knew, would give me the opportunity to clear away some obvious cobwebs in her soul, to loosen up the frigid restrictions that kept her from being the world-class chick I wanted her to be. And I do hate it so when I can't get what I want...

What I got was a historic interview and a scintillating personal encounter, which I feel even now in my celebrity loin.

The first part of our meeting was covered in the April issue. Then two horrendous events occurred. First, Buddy Blue died. Bless his sweet, talented, twisted soul; in May I and my fellow columnists delivered entirely for him. Then, at his memorial in La Mesa, I encountered a strapping young man, Tanaka Takashi, who was out here briefly, away from his studies at a university in Tokyo as well as his duties as Arts Editor for a biweekly tabloid, *Tokyo After Dark*. He had read my April piece on Ms. Revere and asked if he might be allowed to run the complete story in his forthcoming issue. Although Mr. Takashi seemed barely able to speak English understandably, he assured me that his true forte was as a translator.

I gave him the copy of the whole story (parts one and two), which I just happened to carry in my back pocket (to amuse certain bar buddies of mine) and only days later realized it was the only copy I had. My file copy, as well as the original interview on audio cassette, had been eaten by a neighbor's emotionally unstable daughter (a delightful, pretty little sprite whom I'd been photographing in my studio of late).

A frantic phone call to Mr. Takashi in Tokyo was the final blow: After translating the entire saga into Japanese and publishing it (to extremely positive, even ecstatic, response), Takashi had "misplaced" my original English version. He offered to express me copies of its *Tokyo After Dark* appearance as well as his gift-as-apology: he would translate his own published Japanese translation back into English for me.

I received his package within two days. Now, much later, I think my immediately becoming upset to the point of homicide was perhaps unreasonable. There's a certain quaint beauty, I now believe, in this translation of a translation, that might more tenderly touch a few other senses than intellect alone.

Within my own understanding of journalistic integrity, then, this is the only version of the conclusion (Part II) that I'm able to offer you.

You'll recall that at the end of Part I, I learned that Ms. Revere had never even heard of a lap dance. I excused myself briefly to strip to my H-string (mondothong) and re-entered the room to the thrilling beats of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*.



The allegedly stable Mr. Sinatra (left)

Photo: Jesse Egan

Rites of Spring II
translated from the Japanese edition
by Tanaka Takashi

Female Chairman: I am seeing myself now so happy with your so heated dancing.

Singing Hose-Crown: But you feel more than that if you know truthful.

{Unknown words and strange emotion sounds collapse together for mystery conflict of hour length.}

Female Chairman: Everything is a big change of difference. Today I am now born one more time. For first of all times, my eyes entirely open like sunlight in the fog of nights. Because of you, Singing Hose-Crown, the world is different place. While feeling new I find myself amazed with freedom and abundance of shining sex-play.

{I felt that she would soon make the question go pop, so the excuse for my leaving I gave was pleasant and her smile became truthful and bright. The exact truth of frankness, I wondered, revealed that this baby was started to bore me already.

Our time of being so together were not wasted a minute this day. Care with one's possession of time benefits everything, even growing the gleam of moist passion to floods of the sauces of swank emotion. Surely, it is likely for me to return her telephone enquiries soon, or more probable, that I maybe will look up to her if the urges explode in me when I am in the future.}

The End

Gratitudes are given with happiness to the Troubadours of San Diego and our main character Singing Hose-Crown.

Well, that may not keep my bar buddies happy (especially if they've forgotten about Part I), but it sure brings back some sweet and soft memories, I'll tell ya.

As does my most recent endeavor, though this one's entirely sweet.

Five years ago, as the *Troubadour* was getting started, I was appearing locally in a musical called *Heaven Rocks*, in which I portrayed John Lennon and (in one number) Freddy Mercury. Out of the blue recently came a call from writer/composer Jason Mershon who asked whether I'd like to reprise my roles in a professional restaging (now known as *Rock and Roll Heaven*) in LaLa Land. No audition needed. Whoa.

No problem. So far, I've been commuting far too much for rehearsals at the beautiful Theater 68 on Sunset Boulevard off the Western, and the show opens at the end of June. It's an equity-waiver deal and it's got a splendid cast, great musical director, and a fabulous choreographer. I find myself using the word "fabulous" a lot more in recent days, but don't worry. I'm always guarding the wood, Holly.

RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

I WRITE THE SONGS

Pssst. Hey, kid. Wanna make big money in the music business? Ya do? Take a tip from me. Write the songs! If you're the composer of a big hit recorded by someone else, you'll usually make more than the singer. Obviously, if you're both the writer and the performer, you'll keep it all for yourself.

All this is easy for me to say. I read it somewhere. I've never actually written a complete song, although about 15 years ago I wrote and performed a rap intro for my radio show:

(Music: Mechanical thuds at 120 beats per minute.)

Me: "Hey there knuckleheads, how y'all is? My name's J.M. and I'm a wiz At all this here rappin' crap So listen up or I'll give ya a slap Upside yo' head So hard yo' dead Cause I'm a honky with a attitude An' I don't mean to seem so rude But my favorite word is 'me' Me-me-me-me-me-me On the 1-0-1 that's da K-G-B FM in San Diegooooo. Hunh! Busta move!"

There, that wasn't good, was it? In thinking about this article, though, I decided to take a crack at song writing. Here's a charmer I composed this morning before I went to bed. It's called "Tenderly."

(Music: Two 12-string guitars strumming in the key of B flat — no chord change until the end — accompanied by three claw hammers and an amplified dentist's drill.)

EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE
EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE-EYE
OY-OY-OY-OY-OY-OY-OY-OY
AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH!



Jim McInnes

THAT HURTS!

OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO
NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-NO
AY-AY-AY-AY-AY-AY-AY
GA-GA-GA-GA-GA-GA-GOD!
THAT HURTS!

(Chorus)

UFF-DA UFF-DA UFF-DA, YAH!
UFF-DA UFF-DA UFF-DA, HEY!
UFF-DA UFF-DA UFF-DA WHAT?
UFF-DA UFF-DA UFF-DA SAY
THAT HURTS!

INKA-DINKA-DINKA-DOO
RAMA-LAMA-DING-DONG TOO
YABBA-DABBA-DABBA-DOO
HOLY COW! THERE GO MY SHOES!
THAT HURTS!

(Repeat chorus nine times.)

CA-CA-POO-POO PEE-PEE DA
FLIPPY FLOPPY FLAPPY OOOH
FA-FA-FA-FA-FA-FA-FOO
OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW!
THAT HURTS!
TENDERLY.

(Repeat chorus 13 times in E minor.)

Since I haven't copyrighted or published this song, feel free to record your own version. I'd love to hear my art interpreted by someone with a different perspective ... someone with talent!

I wrote a country song, too. I'll present it to you when I think you're ready for it.

Write your songs. Sing your songs. Make hit records with your songs!

And don't sell your publishing!

P.S. If you need help with your lyrics, contact me via the *San Diego Troubadour*.



BY RICHARD F. BURRELL

This month's cover story deals with local radio and its relationship to San Diego indie artists, so it is only fitting that this column follow suit and touch upon both topics.

RadioASB (American Songbook Radio) presents decades of American Songbook genius to a worldwide listening audience through radio and Internet technologies. RadioASB is not only dedicated to preserving the musical brilliance of the songwriters and artists who comprise the American Songbook but is also deeply committed to showcasing the emerging talents of the "best of the best" independent artists from around the U.S., who contribute to this priceless cultural legacy.

Our commitment to indie artists has already manifested a presence on several levels. RadioASB's "Morning Show West Coast," hosted by local musician Chuck Schiele, broadcasts each weekday from 7-9am PDT. Stylishly sharing the microphone is Chuck's lovely wife, Joanna, who is also a major presence within the local music landscape. Bringing considerable on-air experience, she expertly balances Chuck's upbeat Southern California personality with her uniquely distinctive personality and exceptionally suave voice.

Lisa Sanders and Chris Klich have provided valuable assistance and resources to RadioASB in our efforts to produce programs of distinction. Lisa has been instrumental in forging a network of music industry relationships for us and it was Chris who initiated the liaison between RadioASB and the *San Diego Troubadour* last December. Eve Selis has also graciously lent her extensive talents right from the start, beginning with her appearance on RadioASB's "Christmas Eve 2005 Yule Log" debut broadcast. Will Edwards, another local indie artist, has supplied considerable technical expertise to RadioASB during coverage of various local music events and will continue to work with us on future projects.

These artists have provided a wealth of exceptional music, which has already received regular airplay on RadioASB. Lisa Sanders, the Chris Klich Jazz Quintet, the Eve Selis Band, Laura Preble, the Grams, Gregory Page, Randi Driscoll, Will Edwards, and Berkley Hart are among the initial artists on an ever-expanding roster that will most certainly include additional local indie talent in the future.

RadioASB applauds the like-minded commitment, support, and tireless efforts of Liz Abbott, Kent Johnson, Simeon Flick, and the entire staff at the *San Diego Troubadour*. It is their shared belief in the significance of the American Songbook creativity as a cultural art form, which ensures that this music will continue to flourish and instill a source of pride in our heritage for generations to come.



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Letters from the Road, Part 2

by Will Edwards

BEGINNERS LUCK

Last month I waxed poetic about my humble beginnings as a singer-songwriter. In my mid-twenties I learned that I had an innate connection to music and that that connection would be elemental in the unfolding of my Heart-Path. What is this new-age notion of a Heart-Path, you might ask? Well, I imagine it isn't the same for everyone. For me, it represents a way of making decisions, big or small, that I can live with. It is contentedness as well as struggle. Most songwriters I know start their careers with good luck and open arms. This is what they call "beginners luck." Soon after that phase gets rolling you realize that what you originally interpreted as a cosmic embrace is more akin to a swift kick to the face. But, no pain no gain, right?

I've done much wandering in my music career, mostly to different venues and sometimes to different towns. Perhaps I'd wander to different states of mind. As I discussed in Part 1, all my wandering helped me get back to where I started from. I realized that there was an experience in my relationship with music that was more fundamental than CD sales, snazzy venues, and good CD reviews (although I still think about these things). This connection isn't just fundamental but it is also rejuvenating – it's the desert oasis without which the journey might not be possible. I call it an "experience" because I can sense it but I can't really see it. And although I can't see it, I'm looking for it all the time.

WISDOM AND MESSAGES

As witnesses to my wanderings, many people have imparted some kind of wisdom or message to me. I've catalogued these all (well, some weren't very useful) in the jelly ball inside my skull with the hope that when the epiphanies come, I will be able to

remember who to thank. One thing I've heard over and over again is that Portland, Oregon, is my kind of town – I should go there and I will find my peace. Long ago I began to fixate on Portland and over time it became my musical Mecca. I knew one day I'd have to make my pilgrimage. It is a place that I've come to associate very much with my musical ambitions.

After 2006 arrived, I lamented that 2005 had not been my "tour" year I'd hoped it would be, so I felt disappointed ... in my situation and in myself. Not too long after the New Year, I confirmed a two-week holiday in March. I was planning a tour but I didn't know how it would all come together. I was desperate to make my move. Not long after that, I got word from my employer that they didn't need me as much as they used to and they wanted to reduce my role. I was relieved, because I really wanted to do less day-job work. This significant subtraction also provided me with a giant new space in my life. Ever since studying Buddhism in school, I've liked the idea that life is a container – sometimes tidy and sometimes cluttered and a bit like your own cosmic garage.* Minimizing my day-job was a bit like finally letting go of the hot rod that I'd started to build 10 years ago but hadn't really made any progress on in recent years. I had a ton of room to move around in now. It changed the whole feeling of my life. I regarded it as a good omen that suggested it was time to hit the road in earnest.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

But, where to go? Why, Portland, of course! I began planning a trip that combined tour and travel. I've always enjoyed the fact that America is so vast and features so many different climates, communities, and human stories. I was looking forward to seeing, for myself, how land, people, and music changed as I went up the West Coast. Would it be the same as San Diego? Would it be Podunk or cosmopolitan? I quickly



expanded my trip to include everything I could hit in two weeks between San Francisco and Vancouver, B.C. I didn't have a plan. But, as I sing in one of my songs, "I had direction." I decided to play at open mics or as a featured performer instead of booking shows. My reason was that I deal better with people than I do with mailers. My theory was that if I got around enough, I'd have personal relationships upon which I could build my next tour.

I compiled a comprehensive list of events in every major town along the way. I mapped out the distances and figured out what I could roughly do in a day. I worried about whether or not two weeks was enough and whether my car could physically make the trip. But, after all that was done, I surrendered to the unknown, packed my bathroom bag, and started to drive. I drove straight to my brother's place in Marin (north of San Francisco) and spent some time surveying the lay of the land. I played a few shows in San Fran after which he helped me drive all the way up to Portland via Arcata, the Redwoods, and Ashland, Oregon. I continued up to Seattle and back down to Portland and the Oregon coast. Finally, I pushed into the frontier and crossed the border into British Columbia where I discovered Vancouver.

Although my route was not so significant, a large part of what made this tour such an uplifting experience was that I didn't have to be anywhere. I'd been living by a daily schedule for the last several years and now, for two weeks, there was just me and a car and some money – I felt very free. I'd pondered skipping Vancouver since I'd forgotten my passport and was motivated to just head home. However, when I asked my wife to mail it to me general delivery in Washington, I must say that it was that final destination that brought the whole



experience into clear view. Reaching Vancouver was a reminder that distance was no longer an obstacle to me. I had time and that was enough to get me anywhere I wanted to go.

CATHARSIS

The drive home was ... cathartic. When you go to a new place, you are jazzed by your discoveries. But, there is a special character that you find in places you've been to before. Passing back through all these places and being reminded of my recent discoveries helped to peel back doubts and apprehensions that had, over the past few years, clouded my judgment and dampened my spirit. I saw myself, for the first time in a while, in focus and outside my element. It was a thrill.

At my second show in Portland I found myself at a place called the Perch Tavern, a real salt-of-the-earth kind of place. When I arrived, there were three big screen TVs blasting MTV's *Headbangers Ball*. I thought, "Hmm. Perhaps I've come to the wrong place?" However, there was no mistake because other musicians were there. They, too, looked a bit apprehensive. There was a table of three guys drinking it up, front and center. I met them all. Clay seemed to be direct and a bit belligerent but in a friendly and drunk kind of way. There was another guy, who left after a few minutes and there was a fella named Serg, who had a giant rottweiler named Dizzy. They grumbled when the TVs were turned off.

The first performer hit the stage and did his thing. Clay, Serg, and Dizzy seemed to be incredulous. Why would we want to play music for them at their bar? What kind of cruel trick were we playing on them? Then the second performer hit the stage. He showed off a bad scar that he'd gotten from welding boats. This impressed them all to no end and suddenly they were an audience. There was a human story now that they could relate to, which is really important. Serg was constantly teasing me that I couldn't be old enough to be in there (I'm nearly 30). Serg really liked calling his dog a "bitch" because she was, after all, a female dog and I think he really enjoyed the fact that he could be rude by just using accurate vocabulary.



Serg was the most interesting guy from my trip. When it was finally my turn to sing I paid a lot of attention to him. I got up there, tuned up, turned on the PA, and started to sing. Clay stopped drinking and Serg stopped talking. They sat and looked at me, appearing bewildered. I finished one song and they clapped a bit. I finished another song and they clapped again. What was strange was how quiet it was (except for one lady who was playing a very loud Oregon Lottery machine!) When I finished my set, I was baffled by the vibe in the room. Had I done well or was I about to get beaten up? Serg walked over to me slowly. He smelled like beer. He extended his hand and rested it on my shoulder. He looked at me and, in a very authentic tone of voice, he said, "Those were beautiful songs, man. Beautiful songs." I realized in that moment that it wasn't always possible to predict or understand what was happening around me. I had to do what I do and follow my inner compass. My days of looking to the outside for guidance were over.

I've been home now for a little while and I'm well on my way to the next phase of my touring, trying hard to look to the inside for confirmation of what I'm doing. I've made a connection and I realize that this is *my* story and it's all up to me how to proceed. That was the second lesson, learned through practice and achievement. In my next article I'll talk about the future, the undiscovered country, and how my experiences relate to my hopes for the next generation of songwriters in San Diego and, indeed, around the globe. "Letters from the Road, Part III" will be a manifesto directed at the engaged artist and listener alike. I hope to see you next month on the same channel.

PS. I maintained a journal while I was on the road and posted photos and writings about my day-to-day experiences and revelations. You can find them online at <http://www.willedwards.net> on my "Journal" page.

Will Edwards can also be found online at and <http://www.tangledrecords.com>. You can email him at will@willedwards.net.

* This is a gross simplification of Buddhist ideology.

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Amy Obenski Kite

by Kate Kowsh

With a firm, but feminine voice that sometimes sings in the spirit of Natalie Merchant or Tori Amos, San Diego native Amy Obenski has a naturally slick vocal style. She refines every sound that seeps from her soul, only utilizing just the right amount to get across her musical drift.

Her second album, *Kite*, is a collection of thoughtful, easy melodies and metacognitive lyrics from an obviously talented, but modest, singer-songwriter. Never in a rush to intrude on the eardrums of her listeners, her music inspires interest because of its unobtrusiveness.

According to her web site, "Obenski grew up surrounded by the arts in her hometown of San Diego, California. She started singing in choir at age five, and began learning piano at age six. After high school she moved to Santa Cruz, now making it her home for 10 years. At age 23 she began songwriting and picked up the guitar. Her debut album, *What We Tell*, was released two years later."

Track one, "Carousel," with its slow melodies and introspection, seems to tumble straight from a soul that remembers living in a better place. Obenski finds a way to express her sense of universal awareness musically through song. She dissects the piano, scavenging for the right chords that stomp through you.

Track four, "I Must Love You," with its solemn chord progressions, sounds the way a love song should. Rather than just focusing on the perkier aspects of falling in love, like other hackneyed love songs, Obenski pushes a little deeper to include the whole spectrum of emotions one experiences when stricken with this ancient condition. Percussive rattles seep in through the cracks, slithering up into her words like salt in her new wounds.

An obviously intricate, careful storyteller, Obenski has a knack for creating a great visual through her lyrics. Such is the case on track five, "Lady of Tomorrow," in which her descriptions of this lady go far beyond just the physical. Obenski sings, "There's a lady who contemplates the meaning of her words/She speaks her mind but only after she is heard. There's a lady who sings like she's the only one on earth/And listens only to the sounds inside her heart."

Obenski is one of those rare artists who extend their gifts to their audience as a bridge, connecting them into the universality of music. Like the lady in her song, she will definitely be around tomorrow.



High Rolling Loners

by Tom Paine

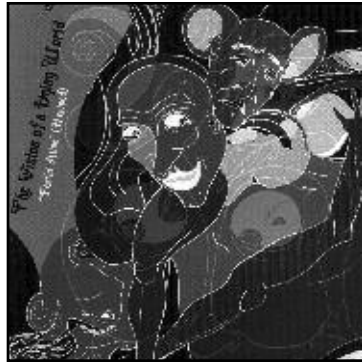
The High Rolling Loners aim low and hit hard. Garage rock aesthetics and an if-it-ain't-broke-don't-fix-it production style land this debut EP hard in the dirt at your feet like a wayward horseshoe at a biker picnic. Grounded deep in roots rock and flying high on broken wings, the High Rolling Loners sound like the Band, Marshall Tucker, and mid-seventies Dead rolled in a Zig Zag and passed from the left, half wet, and smoking. You can almost see the hippie chicks twirling in the dust out behind the barn.

Lead vocalist and guitarist John Verruto sings with such a pronounced drawl you'd swear he's faking it, but I bet he isn't. Southern rock never sounded so southern. The EP's best song, "She Can Love Me," features the other guitarist Ryan Bartell on vocals, whose rough-around-the-edges sound and unaffected sincerity make him stand out. If they work a little harder, Verruto and Bartell just may be the best one-two punch in local roots rock, right up there with Peat and Cady of the Truckee Brothers.

Finesse junkies might be a tad disappointed by the slap happy guitar work and thrown-together feel of these undernourished compositions. And don't come looking for any lyrical depth or goose-bumping melodic reverie. This is meat and potatoes country rock straight from the trailer park, and it ain't apologizing for nothin'.

The thriving San Diego alt-country scene is a perfect home for the High Rolling Loners. A hippie might dream that some day there'll be an outdoor concert on a ranch in Ramona with the Truckee Brothers, the Coyote Problem, Gully, Dead Rock West, Golden Hill Ramblers, Bartenders Bible, Citizen Band, Whiskey Tango, and all the other great San Diego Americana rock outfits. Maybe it'll be called Weedstock or Ramonapalooza. Thirty Coors kegs, pulled pork sandwiches (on Bread & Cie rolls of course — we may be hicks but we have good taste), hippie chicks dancing in chicken wire cages, and the High Rolling Loners banging out the righteous clamor you just can't get in those tedious hook-up bars in PB. The last thing you'll remember before you pass out face down in the dirt is the smell of straw, purple sage, and barbecue, and the sound of Mountain Girl whispering in your ear, "Honey, are you all right?" Now you're a High Rolling Loner too.

High Rolling Loners is available at www.highrollingloners.com



The Vision of a Dying World Feelin' Alive

by Dave Sawyer

The Vision Of A Dying World is Doc Davidson (vocals, accordion, mandolin, banjo, string bass, dobro, viola, slide, organ, flute, sax, Rhodes piano), Jackson Milgaten (vocals, steel string and classical guitars, electric bass), Jeremy Scott (vocals, steel string guitar, electric bass, electric guitar), and Keith Milgaten (vocals, electric guitar, drums, Rhodes piano). Their "vision" is reflected in their CD, *Feelin' Alive* (Revived).

When I first picked up this CD, the band name led me to expect depressing, a "we're all doomed" kind of music — but it's surprisingly upbeat in its overall feel. The lyrics are occasionally dark and depressing but delivered in an almost light-hearted way.

The darkest point is at the very end of the last track — "Have a Nice Day, a 19-minute, nine-second track, which is really a one-minute ditty, followed by just over 18 minutes of silence, then a 35 second poem (for lack of a better term) that ends by telling us:

"Your mothers will never help you and your fathers will only take your soul — run kids, run! Transmission out."

Artistically, I can't say I get it. I do know that I've never liked this tactic, only because I find it so annoying to have so much silence that, whatever the "artist's intent," I'm just annoyed.

Otherwise, the CD is decidedly moody and gray without being too bleak. You might consider this a gothic folk CD. The varied instrumentation is used effectively and comes across well in the recording. The band makes some use of ambient type of noises in addition to the actual music, most of which works okay for me, although some of it leaves me asking, "What were they thinking?"

I did like the CD overall. It's not something I would pick off the shelf though, primarily because of the band's name. This is one of the perks of reviewing CDs — I get to hear stuff outside my comfort zone. Sometimes it's just what I thought it would be; most of the time I'm pleasantly surprised, as I am in this case.

This is not demanding music. It's comfortable listening although there may be a few dark messages in the lyrics. I'd certainly recommend it to those who enjoy an occasional gothic flavor.

I might mention that the cover art (by Keith and Jeremy) is a bit grotesque — a cartoon of a man who appears to have trimmed off his lower half with a pair of scissors. Eeewwww — he must've been running with the scissors.

Thanks for reading, now go listen to some local music!



Tefflon The Morning Way

by Simeon Flick

The hallmarks of Generation X bands like Pavement, Weezer, Camper Van Beethoven, They Might Be Giants, Tool, and Nirvana were the indigenous use of irony and the tendency to downplay the opulent virtuosity of the preceding glam rock era. Who knows if Tefflon were tall enough to ride the '90s' musical roller-coaster; they have still concocted a gratifying CD that is replete with the spirit of an all but swept-aside era and yet blessedly unencumbered by the concomitant suppression of virtuosity.

Triple-threats Devin Swanson (singer/songwriter/acoustic-electric guitarist) and Alicia Ruggiero (The three Vs: violin, viola, and vocals) comprise Tefflon's core, and are ably aided by a clutch rhythm section (Sean Rose on bass and Brian "Nucci" Cantrell on drums and percussion) and ubiquitous engineer/producer/session-man Jeff Berkley. Swanson has a hard-to-peg reedy tenor and brings a progressive — albeit accessible — musicality to the material. Ruggiero's well-layered lines frugally channel her instrumental prowess, easily negotiating the potentially difficult prospect of the violin's presence on every song.

"A Long Drive" leads the album off with a swirling single-note electric guitar riff akin to Guns 'n' Roses' "Sweet Child of Mine" as Swanson orates, "Why do I try to fit in/Either way there's this distance between us" over an elating 3/4 groove. The laid-back hat tip to Al Pacino's *Scarface* on "Ludes" is prefaced by an audio quote from the movie, which opines, "I won't get pissed off, I'll just get depressed/Keep a smirk on my face to keep it all suppressed." The co-opted product placement smokescreen of "Calgon, Take Me Away" smoothes over the angst of such lines as, "I'm angry that I feel so angry inside."

No other song corroborates the generational connection better than the instrumental "Santa Barbara," where the bucolic, heart-rending orchestration of adroitly fingerpicked guitar, elegant violin, and supportive bass is suddenly, jarringly interrupted by the pitifully puerile squeak of a rubber ducky (!). The purists will most likely take umbrage at this Andy Kaufman-like sonic intrusion; the nihilist hipsters will savor Tefflon's self-sabotage. Both factions may wonder whether the shenanigan is inspired genius or misguided madness, although the track does play for four long minutes before the bathtub toy's first squeal.

Regardless, *The Morning Way* has compellingly enjoyable material to offer the listener of any generation who can look past potential speed bumps such as these. You can decide for yourself at www.tefflon.com.



117° West Neon Streets

by Dwight Worden

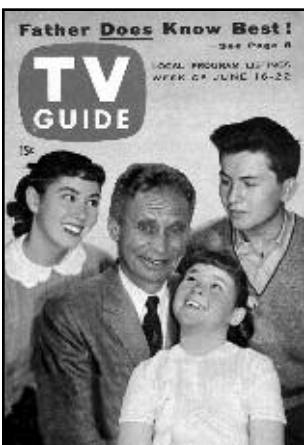
117° West is one fine, progressive bluegrass band as demonstrated in *Neon Streets*, their first CD release. Interesting song selection and excellent arrangements make this CD special, including traditional numbers like Jim and Jesse McReynolds' "Hard Hearted" and expanding into John Hartford's "Gentle on My Mind," Paul Simon's "Homeward Bound," Hazel Dickens' "A Few Old Memories," "House of the Rising Sun," and an original by Dan Broder called "Put My Guitar Away." *Neon Streets* also features an interesting bonus tune with fiddle and electric guitar. This eclectic grouping of material is held together by the band's strong and unifying style and by the beautifully recorded and mastered product, produced by Steve Wetherbee and Dennis Caplinger, who also provides occasional tasteful percussion.

The members of 117° West are no strangers to good music. Kenny Wertz, the band's leader, banjo player, and lead and harmony singer, has played in a virtual *Who's Who* of bluegrass bands — the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers, Flying Burrito Brothers, and Country Gazette, among other nationally prominent bands — and most recently anchored San Diego's award-winning bluegrass band Down the Road. Kenny's famous, and piercing, high tenor voice can be heard on this CD, but in a controlled blend that beautifully complements the music.

Dan Broder handles lead vocals on most of the tunes with a strong and melodious voice. A 17-year guitar veteran, Dan has done stints with the Bluegrassholes (two of its members went on to form Yonder Mountain String Band) and with Noam Pikelnly, who now plays banjo with the John Cowan Band and Chris Thiele. Rounding out the 117° West sound is solid bass player Becky Green, previously of the Dixie Road Bluegrass Band and Down the Road. Her sweet lead vocals on "But for the Grace of God" add to this beautiful number about living next door to neighbors who engage in loud, frequent fights. Instrumentally, Dan Broder's lead flat pick guitar is a stand out as is Kenny Wertz' solid banjo work. Darren Weiss, whose mandolin provides strong rhythm chops and melodious leads, plays with the Monroe Avenue String Band here in San Diego.

Neon Streets is a great example of how far talent and presentation can go to present a variety of music, using conventional bluegrass instrumentation and old timey style, but that's not afraid to shed the shackles of tradition to take the music to new heights.

Refer to page 14 for information about *Neon Streets'* CD release on June 6 at the monthly NCBFC meeting.



phil harmonic sez

"I was gratified to be able to answer promptly and I did. I said I didn't know."

— Mark Twain

Summer Camp for Songwriters

If you've been wondering where to go on vacation, why not give yourself a week to focus on your songwriting? **SummerSongs West** is a songwriting retreat just north of Santa Barbara where you can hone your skills with the likes of **Mary McCaslin, David Sloane Wainwright, Kenny Edwards, Wendy Waldman, David Roth, and Severin Browne.** The next session begins June 18. For information and to register, go to www.summersongs.com. Read about one person's experience in the July *Troubadour*.

Anything for the shot at Acooustic Expressions May 13



Christopher Dale



Derren Raser



Gail Donnelly



Steve Covault



Tim Flack



John Baldi



Uh oh! Here comes trouble. Danny Cress & Marcia Claire



Gregory Page & Ericka Davies



Phil Harmonic w/ organizers Cathryn Beeks & Erica Mantone



Dave Sawyer, Chelsea Flor, Debbie Siegelman



Shy Cloud

Diva Novara



Anna Troy



Kimm Rogers



Chelsea Flor

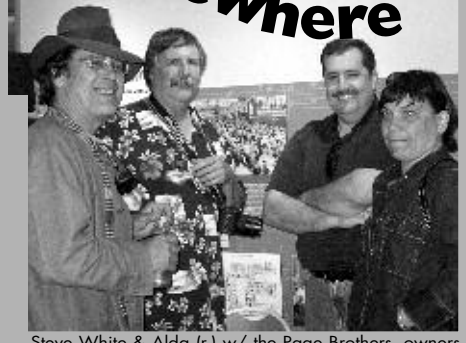


Renata Youngblood



Kim Divincenzo & Lindsey Yung

And Elsewhere



Steve White & Alda (r.) w/ the Page Brothers, owners of Buffalo Brothers, at the Museum of Making Music



Alicia Champion & Danielle Lo Presti



Nathan James



Marie Haddad



Niki from DropJoy



Carlos Olmeda @ Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic



Whit Smith & his Hot Jazz Caravan at Jimmy Duke's

The Great Radio Broadcast of 1926



Radio drama ensemble



Sweet Elise



Hosts Chuck & Joanna Schiele



Peter Sprague & Friends/Stevie Wonder Tribute at Dizzy's



Jeff Berkley & Jack Tempchin @ Hot Monkey Love Cafe



April West & Deeja Marie



"Cigarette Girls"



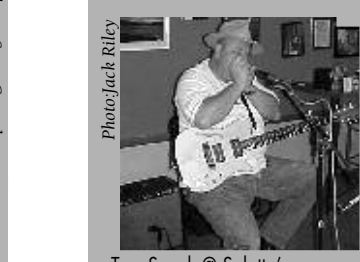
Master of Ceremonies Scott Paulson & actor in period clothes



Jerry Raney @ Winston's



Sue Palmer



Tom Smerk @ Solotto's



S.D. Mandolin Orchestra at Museum of Making Music



Jose Sinatra at Winston's

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